

"ONCE JOHNSON GETS HIS HOOKS INTO YOU—IT TAKES ABOUT
TWO SENTENCES—IT'S . . . PRETTY MUCH IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP READING."
—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

ALready Dead

A CALIFORNIA
GOTHIC

DENIS JOHNSON

Already Dead

Denis Johnson

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Denis Johnson

Already Dead Denis Johnson

A contemporary noir, *Already Dead* is the tangled story of Nelson Fairchild Jr., disenfranchised scion to a northern California land fortune. A relentless failure, Nelson has botched nearly every scheme he's attempted to pull off. Now his future lies in a potentially profitable marijuana patch hidden in the lush old-growth redwoods on the family land.

Nelson has some serious problems. His marriage has fallen apart, and he may lose his land, cash and crop in the divorce. What's more, in need of some quick cash, he had foolishly agreed to smuggle \$90,000 worth of cocaine through customs for Harry Lally, a major player in a drug syndicate. Chickening out just before bringing the drugs through, he flushed the powder. Now Lally wants him dead, and two goons are hot on his trail. Desperate, terrified and alone, for Nelson, there may be only one way out.

This is Denis Johnson's biggest and most complex book to date, and it perfectly showcases his signature themes of fate, redemption and the unraveling of the fabric of today's society. *Already Dead*, with its masterful narrative of overlapping and entwined stories, will further fuel the acclaim that surrounds one of today's most fascinating writers.

Already Dead Details

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Author : Denis Johnson

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Carly Safko says

I liked *Tree of Smoke* a little more than *Already Dead*, though they share similar narrative bugaboos and stylistic quirks. I think it has something to do with the choice of content; Johnson is Johnson no matter what he writes, but *Tree of Smoke* was largely propelled by the vast energy that comes from the business of making war. There's a reason so many suspense thrillers are set in the middle of military operations.

Here the energy is generated by a larger than life archetype (think dimensions of Cormac McCarthy's Judge Holden). I loved the experience of reading it but ultimately felt less involved than with his other work.

But I think this, and really the rest of Denis Johnson's work, is a great rebuke to those who focus on plot, plot, plot to keep readers interested. A skilled writer can keep you interested in almost anything; it's all in *how* the writing's done.

Stuart says

Pynchon's "Vineland," Anderson's "Boonville," Christopher Moore's black farces -- many good novels have been set on the Mendocino coast, but this may be the best of the bunch. Johnson completely nails the place, the people, and the vibe; and as usual delivers a satisfyingly complex tale peopled by unforgettable characters. This guy is turning into one of my favorite writers.

Eddie Watkins says

After the potency of *Jesus' Son*, *Fiskadoro*, and *Angels* this is soft-bellied and slack, and only the wild characters kept it interesting. But literature has to be more than just wild characters with wild stories, in the end it's the writing itself that matters, and this struck me as the product of a racing pencil and a lazy eraser.

I'm not sure I'll even attempt the similarly thick *Tree of Smoke* after this bloated stoner of a novel.

Paul Bryant says

I guess when a little fly zooms through a window it might be thinking "whee, a great big room to explore, could be some wonderful rotted fruit or a discarded biscuit behind the sofa" and then SPLAT, it runs right into an angry man with a towel.

In this analogy I was -- ah I see you guessed. And Denis Johnson was -- ah, you guessed that too.

Janet says

Clear, dense, lyrical, convoluted as *The Big Sleep*, a tale of intersecting fates and levels of reality on the Mendocino Coast of California. Fairchild, the grower of pot, son of a real Steinbeckian/Keseyish owner of 10,000 acres of uncut redwood, is the cause and center of the disaster which swirls out from his clever, overheated, lying, imaginative, cowardly, self-justifying self--an inevitable screwup over a drug deal.

What a cast and crew--Fairchild's schizophrenic brother, living in the redwoods where he's trying literally to avoid the radar emitting from large domes in the hills. His soon to be ex-wife, Winona, to whom the father has deeded all Fairchild's inheritance, to keep the marriage together. His little hippie mistress, Melissa, who is sleeping with everyone and has no idea how obsessed Fairchild is with her. Frankenheimer, surfer, paranoid, whom Melissa is obsessed with. Clarence Meadows, Fairchild's partner in the pot plantation. Etcetera. Mix in a witch and a cop from LA and hired killers and ministers of various stripes and soul thieves, a good heaping handful of the lingering Sixties, mix it up and pour it out among the redwoods on the world's most spectacular stretch of coastline, and you have Johnson's 'Already Dead.'

Is it a mess? Probably. Is it a splendid mess? Absolutely. A Pyncheonesque outpouring of invention? Sure. However, it was Robert Stone who kept coming most to mind as I read. The book is very like a gorgeous, perilous, violent, self-justifying, Sixties-inflected Stone. The care taken in every sentence takes this book off the map into the region of pure untrammelled beauty. The richness of observation has all the earmarks of love-- for what do we see this deeply but the object of love? These deeply understood characters in all their dangerous quirks. I loved the unapologetic use of dreams and madness. That the news and newspapers figure in the book, that everyone reads and has had his or her worldview shaped by literature.

Here's a random example of Johnson's descriptive firepower. Here's Fairchild's point of view: "Vagueness came up over the ridge in billows. I'd had PG&E put a street lamp at the head of the driveway, it cost less than seven dollars a month, and they took care of the thing. Its glow a quarter-mile off seemed unattainable, seemed imaginary. A large creature, an owl probably, in this atmosphere it looked white, swept up from under the edge of the hill behind me and passed directly over my head. I could hear its wingstrokes like desperate breaths. I followed around to the front of the house and watched it moving off toward the front gate and the streetlight, where its shadow opened out from behind it like a tunnel through the lamp-lit fog. The tunnel closed to nothing as the bird passed over the source, and now there was only the iridescent mist. Everything looked so much like a science-fiction comic book it hardly seemed possible to be inside it and not to be able to turn a page..."

Here's Clarence Meadows, a decorated Iraqi war vet, thinking about the action which won him his scars: "But the dream had all the feelings, slowed down as if for savoring--or maybe they savored him--that during the actual events had been smeared sideways by motion and soaked in a wondrous deafness. Clarence dreamed of driving in the open jeep across Beirut with the sunrise burning over his shoulder. He didn't know what they were heading for but they were heading straight toward it. This was a general scramble of hysterical proportions, anyway, some brief, giant thing had torn into the day like a can opener..."

It's a very masculine book--there are wonderful women characters, but the point of view characters are all men--another aspect which heightens the Stone-ishness of it. And I enjoyed seeing the various viewpoints of men as they considered the women and their relationships to them--with great acuity.

One of my favorite parts concerned the central character, Fairchild, considering that his whole life has been built on lies. What a remarkable understanding of human weakness, the way each action has its repercussions, definitely the Karmic central theme of the book:

"Maneuvering through my lies was like hopping faster than the eye would follow from branch to branch

across the roof of a jungle, a jungle cultivated to cover up earlier lies, the whole business lacing back delicately to find its mother-root in my first lie, completely forgotten now, and never to be discovered by anybody else, the lie to cover my first little crime, also forgotten--no, I swear I didn't take the cookies--or more probably, a whole childhood fashioned to avoid the question of the cookies in the first place, my every move, to this day, warped around the absence of getting caught, the void where there should have been my arrest and trial and punishment: a new route to school planned in order to avoid the boy who owned the stolen cookies, and a reason invented to explain the new route to whoever might ask, and evidence concocted to demonstrate that the reason isn't a lie--I need the exercise, I'm going out for track and field--and then a career of track-and-field events and long practice in a sport that doesn't interest me, and a new personality shaped, a false persona who thrives on track and field, who loves running (But I do love running. Don't I? Or why else spend so much time doing it?) and hurdling over the intricacies of his falsehoods toward this day, Tuesday, September 4, when I'm ready to commit murder to deal with my mistakes without actually correcting them because... because I don't want to correct them. I can't survive the correcting of them. I just want them erased."

I'll stop quoting but the book is covered with underlines and check marks and notes in the margins.

It had some of the problems that a book told through multiple points of view often have--in dividing the readers' loyalty out among so many characters, it's hard to pull it together for a fully satisfying ending--though Johnson does his damndest.

Friends were surprised to hear that this was my first Denis Johnson--I guess people normally start with Jesus' Son. The new 'Train Dreams' is also a big hit. I happen to love Northern California, so I started here, and don't regret it. Johnson fans--Which should I read next? Jesus' Son or Train Dreams?

Al says

This was my fourth Denis Johnson book, and I think I've read one too many. Set in post-hippie Northern California, it's the story of a loosely connected group of stoners and aimless, dangerous people whose lives intertwine (and many end) for inconsequential reasons. What passes for a plot serves mostly as a platform for Johnson's exploration of his characters' lives, with a heavy focus on nihilism, musings on reincarnation, and the effect of dissipation on human beings. Although Johnson's descriptive powers are good, it requires work to read this because he delights in making things confusing. Many times I just didn't understand what he was saying, and the conversations among his characters were often so long and undifferentiated that it was hard to tell who was talking. He also strings together sentences that, even when read several times, just don't seem to really say anything. Maybe this is purposeful, since many of the characters were strung out, for one reason or another, almost all the time. So, it's reasonable that the descriptive paragraphs should be the same way, I guess. Anyway, in the end, I was just tired, and while I regretted that I wasn't sure what had really happened, I didn't care enough to try to figure it out.

Bob says

One of the great books of all time. I read the last 50 or so pages as slow as possible because I didn't want it to end.

Matt says

Where to begin, where to end, and of course what thoughts do I not say? The last question would be what Denis Johnson forgo to ask himself, the characters are all what you would expect from his writing: lost, searching for some faded dream that is usually fueled by too many ingested chemicals. But that's not the problem of course, the problem would be this feels not even like a first draft but an earlier version where even ideas were still left in the text. This is a hard read, the narration switched from first to third so much, and in that you lose the best of all the main characters (yes that is correct, the way this is written there are around 8 of them) Van Ness. I really wanted so much more from this book, but its length and time spent on characters and sub plots that meant nothing made me only want to shut the book and read Jesus Son again.

Ed says

Totally creepy - with beautiful atmospheric nightmarish spooky world-bending prose Johnson tricked me into reading what counts I suppose as a suspense thriller. For Johnson a murder mystery isn't good enough if you're only wondering whodunit; for much of the book the question is who was killed - by whom is only a secondary (but still captivating) question. And there are ghosts witches and demons. And a fed up city cop out of his element in crazy coastal northern California. In addition to being a fabulously well-written book, it's also just really...cool. Early in I described it to a friend as David Lynch in book form, and having finished it I stand by that.

Szplug says

Johnson writes like a dream, one Dantean page after another. As was the case with its younger sibling, *Tree of Smoke*, this is a flawed work of genius—and you aren't even skim the lengthier metaphysical soliloquies, episodes in finger-drumming vexation though they occasionally descend to be, simply because DJ threads them with phrases of such arresting form and subliminal profundity as to leave your eyes stickily aswim and seated-self shaking, whilst weaving them so dexterously into the logorrheic torrent that they threaten to evanesce if sequestered or pried out of sequence. But the book's genius smoothes any bumps in the road—and the crew of this Northern Californian existential inferno, lost and damaged amidst an oceanic New Age all druggy and infelicitous, are fantastically wrought. And does there exist a writer whose marescape fictive realms are more saturated with a spontaneous sexuality—alight in every conceivable situation—but whose rendering of the act is more passionless, more alienating, more a grotesquely enlarged spotlight upon ass pimples and scummy lips, frightened eyes and filthy fingernails; one which, through frenetic union, serves merely to heighten the panoramic desperation and choking loneliness that fuels that very desire? The giddy energy of happy hippiedom and suntastic shamanism has wasted away, burnt off in pallid couplings and swatch-book spending; and what remains ripples listlessly in the breezes betwixt ancient redwoods—sometimes cartoonish, and sometimes feral. *Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in (Dead) Space*, spiritualized, melodic matrices contracting and expanding, darkness teased forth and set running with the hunters not far behind, surfacing from dream into reality or plunging from life into dream, perhaps both, in succession or simultaneously, with violence the glottal stop that brings everything to a momentary, crashing halt. It's all kinda grim, mountingly tense and temporally elastic, sadder than a spilled cone, peppered with ecstasies, and a shoreside roller coaster of (black) humour, running the gauntlet from wryly-wrung smiles to full-on laughter at the level of DFW or Thomas P or, dare I say it, even T-Burn his-own-dour-self.

***** SPOILERS IN THE FOLLOWING *****

I've been mulling over this latest read by Johnson since finishing it last Tuesday; and notwithstanding that its pointed insights and character failures worked mightily in tandem with that dissociative engine ignited anew within me in leaving me feeling like I was falling to pieces, become that corporeally-challenged shade whose rote routines have been scripted into washed out, plangent theatre—where past and future avenues of life, inside and out, are pressed into oblique angles which cast every perspective in a puzzlingly unreal and hope-leaching hue—an eerie sensation that plagues me *jedes jetzt und dann*; well, I'm left assembling that which disappointed and fell short more than the episodes—and there were plenty of 'em—that grooved me right down to the bone. Frankly, Johnson fumbled the ball with *Already Dead*, because early on all was aligned for a five-star masterpiece. Alas, as another reviewer took note of, it is the *female* characters who are possessed of the most pungent potentialities, and, ultimately, they were, to a one, unrealized and/or abandoned by the author in lieu of focussing upon the more vaingloriously chaotic and spiritually ravaged and lushly verbose—and, in the end, less *interesting*—men. In particular, Nelson Fairchild, Jr., who eventually began to wear on my nerves something fierce. John Navarro and Clarence Meadows were well handled, while Radar Bill and Frankenstein were both furnished to provide true revelations; but, inexplicably, the latter and Van Ness became subordinated in authorial attentiveness. To a lesser degree, the same curious choices infected *Tree of Smoke* and held me back from loving it unconditionally.

What's more, I am becoming more and more convinced that this story would have worked better with the *demonic* element either hinted at but downplayed, or else embraced fully and brought right into the mainstream of the narrative exposition. As it is, Johnson opted for half-measures: infusing *Already Dead* with a rich spiritual element but only teasing with the details, clouding the linkage between characters, floating soap bubbles around the witch, Yvonne, and her conversing ability with the spectral world. IMO, this means that the demonic *walk-ins* and lattices of fate ultimately detract from the story's coherence: it would have made the novel stronger—if less interesting—to allow this collection of human failure their own part in hobbling their lives, rather than excusing them by introducing opportunistic predators from an already-terminated existence—*unless* their introduction was more intelligibly connected to the Nietzschean philosophy and oceanside mythologies being used as fictive fuel. And an event I was highly anticipating—the showdown between Clarence and the two hilariously addled and quirkily philosophical gunmen, Falls and Thompson—was stretched out into that bizarre chain of absurdity outside of the Buddhist temple. I was so fucking *peev*ed at how Johnson was thinning out this material so utterly ripe to be one of the most kick-ass sequences in the novel and a wickedly apt pre-climax to the unveiling of what happened to Nelson—although it must be said that I couldn't help but chuckle at the bearded duo's dope-driven banter and dick-tickling display of newfound swagger.

Finally, the novel was too long. Complaints about an author needing to clip their work, particularly in the genre of fiction, can reek of arrogance and ignorance—more often than not, reflecting simply impatience with having to spend irreplaceable reading time on a story whose gist one deems to have measured to a sufficient degree—and, with that always forefront in my mind, I don't often hoe that row. However, it truly applies in the case of *Already Dead*, of which the final seventy pages contains somewhere in the neighborhood of a four-to-one ratio of padding to substance. Johnson is such a talented writer that I can certainly understand how difficult it might prove to attempt to stem the tide of words and images flooding his mental story-assembler; but it's a shame that he couldn't exert a greater discipline therein, for the indulgent verbosity robs this otherwise spiritually-layered and complexly-structured novel of a major portion of its narrative power heading into that final stretch and utterly etiolates the climax. By the time Nelson Fairchild Jr. *finally* expires (or at least as embodied in our configuration of space-time) amidst the shoreside redwoods of Northern California's *Lost Coast* only the most patient of readers will not be overcome with relief. The writing itself is never less than superb, inspired, an absolute aesthetic pleasure—but with all of that said, and the four stars notwithstanding, I am coming around to the point of frustration with certain author's proclivities for marring their own creations by means of an inattentiveness to what, IMO, constitutes the basics. I'll still read any book by Johnson I come across, beginning with *Train Dreams*, and as the latter is

but a mere 116 pages, I'm excited to discover how he performs in a much more delimited textual environment. Still, *Already Dead*, its considerable pleasures and successes aside, left me reflecting more upon the negatives than the positives, the missed opportunities over the brilliant realizations, and that's something I find regrettable.

Mark Miano says

With about 200 pages to go in ALREADY DEAD by Denis Johnson, I'm crying "Uncle!," waving the proverbial white flag, and just plain old giving up.

Johnson is clearly a gifted writer, evident from the pyrotechnical first sentences of the book, but if those magical words don't amount to a story I care about, I can't keep going.

In my younger days I would have continued to toil away, little by little, until reaching the book's denouement. Now I just don't give a damn. Life is too short and there are far too many other books to explore.

Alex says

Pure. Epic. Dark. Glorious. There really are so many ADJECTIVES I could use to describe this one. I am very picky. I always have to be sure the book is worth reading. This one is.

J says

The master of the iconoclast...Johnson sheds California's darker underbelly in way I'm only beginning to understand having lived here for just over five years now. Perhaps one of the few contemporary fiction writers who can present addled characters amidst drug-induced euphoria without overt or gimmicky counterculture tones. I'd love to see him explore the long form again in his career.

Matthew says

This is a Northern California book. Ukiah and Point Arena and redwoods and such.

I was not enjoying this book at all until I got to the middle, and Denis Johnson's special sense of humor finally showed up to the party. The characters get more interesting as the book goes along, and there are a lot of characters - then the book fell down toward the ending for pages and pages and kept hitting the same branch: Rambling descriptions of paranoia, psychedelia, drunkenness, and spirit voyage. As fun as that all sounds it gets a bit redundant.

FRUSTRATING me was Johnson's refusal to take the perspective of the many female characters in the book (the most vibrant characters this book has) including a beautiful witch, a wandering Canadian born-again Christian, a waitress, a wife that gets taken by a mischievous spirt, and a promiscuous Bavarian woman.

I root for Denis Johnson because he is alive and American and still writing books that are very original and funny. One of his endearing methods is to write books inspired by disparate literary sources. This book, for example, was inspired by a 55-line poem by Bill Knott. He also quotes from something called 'A Course In Miracles', a book published by the Foundation for Inner Peace in Tiburon. AND he quotes Pedro Meseguer, SJ, a Catholic priest and psychologist. Oh yeah, I almost forgot, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' figures HEAVILY in the plot.

I guess he can't thrill me every time, but luckily I still have more Denis Johnson books to read and he is still alive to write new ones.

Ryan says

As I write this review, I have to come to terms with the fact that I've finished this novel. I didn't want it to end. It's so ridiculously well written that on average, every 3-4 pages, there would be a sentence or a paragraph or turn of phrase that is so bravely and perfectly conceived that it stops you, and you have to reread it. So as you are hurling through what amounts to a neo-noir and vaguely metaphysical thriller set in the haze of NorCal, you have to stop and marvel at passages that have no business working, never mind achieving brilliance. A truly grand novel from a master.

Liz says

I have been obsessing over Denis Johnson this month. He has yet to disappoint me. Of all his work that I've read, though, "Already Dead" is the one that made the largest impact on me. It is one of those novels that you pick up and can not put down. The kind of book you feign illness and cancel plans with friends to stay in and read. Some of the mystical/spiritual aspects are a little hippy-dippy, but I didn't mind for once as it was in keeping with the Southern California feel of the book. Johnson never shies from tragedy and is a master of depicting lost souls, but this book takes his writing to a new plane. The prose is painfully, brutally beautiful and the issues he's dealing with here -- death, conscience, redemption -- are explored in a much more profound and honest way than most contemporary authors are capable of. Highly recommended.

Jonathan Briggs says

It's interesting that the New Age concept of channeling plays such a prominent part in "Already Dead" as Denis Johnson seems to be trying so hard to invoke the voices of other authors. Mostly Don DeLillo. There's an overpowering DeLillo influence here. Johnson also clomps down trails well-traveled by California fantasists Tim Powers and James Blaylock. He writes a leaden, tin-eared imitation of Elmore Leonard dialog that floats off the tongue like dribbled shot pellets. And God help us when he starts regurgitating Nietzsche to impress the black-turtleneck crowd. It's all terribly contrived and artificial. Among the novel's would-be colorful cast of freaks, criminals, drug dealers, drifters, mystics, cops, surfers and assassins, there's not one single three-dimensional human being; not one genuine, believable relationship or interaction; not one honest line of dialog that might conceivably be spoken by a real person. Occasionally, Johnson wrestles his pretensions under control to write something interesting enough to suggest there was the seed of a good novel here before it was positively buried in bullshit. What a waste. Some novels are so wondrously conceived that they take on a vibrant life in the reader's mind. Other stories lie there stillborn, never getting off the page. "Already Dead" was aptly named.

Nate says

wow. I don't know what to say. I may have to stop reading novels for a while after this one.

Tony says

He was the check-out clerk who always had something to say. Not in an annoying way; not like, just because he worked in a used book store, that made him some kind of expert. Rather, that there was a better than average chance that your purchase could give him a moment's joy. So, he didn't just zap the stuck-on bar code. He *held* the book. Bit by bit, his face broke into a wry smile. "'A California Gothic'"?

He set this book in California, specifically with an opening scene driving on U.S. 101 in Mendocino County, but also with cultural hues like a 'time-chasm', 'karmic aether' and 'the fire-breath of her astral shelf'. A fog of cynicism, a smoke, from having one foot still in Vietnam, will not lift. *We are lost. . .we are scrotally alone in the universe.* There is death, but, more so, dying. The act and art of dying. He 'dates' the chapters by separate days or by a handful of days, all between August and October, 1991. Yet, even in those few months, the days crisscross, like 'Pulp Fiction', a character we know to be dead, returned to die again. *Already dead.* So, yes, a California Gothic.

He uses constantly shifting points of view, almost always a third-person observation with a hint of omniscience. The third-person is invariably one of the handful of main *male* characters, the female characters having roles which allow the male characters to react or which serve to perpetuate a stereotype (a Wyccan priestess; a born-again; a Black Widow). This allows him to open virtually every chapter with a few paragraphs of HE, challenging the reader to identify which of the guys is wandering in the fog. In a few chapters, he failed to figure out which he he was writing about.

He is not unintelligent, some say, but he can be an asshole, others believe.

One of the main characters is a cop, flawed, but with a capacity for understanding.

It wasn't the badge's fault. The badge caused nothing. It didn't give you the disease, it only warned the others that you had it.

Modern movements might nod knowingly, in unison; might bookmark it for later usage. But that's not what this was about. This was neither chant nor rant. It was a Blues. Of souls lost in a certain time and a certain place. California Purples.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yhKzg...>

Keith says

God, where to begin. Other than to say *possible spoilers*.

Is it possible for one book to be perfectly balanced between addictive and repulsive, lucid and impenetrable?

This is my second novel by Denis Johnson (Tree of Smoke being the first) and both left me feeling completely hollowed out by the end, which is appropriate for a story that involves the creation and re-animation of empty vessels, empty lives.

I picked up this book in a Pacific Northwest airport, and nearly missed my flight because I could not stop reading. There was a shock of recognition in that he was spiraling into a part of Northern California that I know and love, and that he had nailed the sense and sweep of it so well that a flood of memories came back almost instantly.

This is not unknown territory for writers, it is almost a complete geographic overlay with Pynchon's Vineland, and perhaps the slightly more southern cousin of Kesey's Sometimes a Great Notion. I count both books among my favorites so I figured I was in for roughly more of the same. Eccentric characters with intertwined lives. Desolate towns. Forbidding, beautiful landscape and sense of place.

What I was not expecting was the darkness, the almost operatic sadness that fills nearly every page. Like every good gothic or horror story a few cracks of light break through, but they seem weakened here, almost to reassure the reader that there really is no return from the Lost Coast, at least, not for everyone. And also like all the best, almost a prerequisite for the genre, it has a truly original and charismatic monster in Carl Van Ness.

Johnson is a master at conjoining the obscene and sublime, renderings of ugly truth with the surreal and magical. They are his treble and bass. However, I found the chronological rambling and difficulty of sensing the players in the various interpersonal dialogues to be disorienting. Perhaps this was the intended effect, but I can tell from the 8 months I've spent with this on my bookshelf, nightstand or suitcase that it is not easily left off and returned to. It deserves and rewards your attention and careful scrutiny.

Already Dead is not for everyone. It's not for the casual reader, the squeamish or easily depressed to be certain. It will definitely be coming with me though on my next trip into the dark and wild corners of Northern California.