



Amnesia: Mist Memoir
Kadrey, Richard

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About Kadrey:

Richard Kadrey is a novelist, freelance writer, and photographer based in San Francisco. Kadrey's first novel, *Metrophage*, was published in hardcover in 1988 by Victor Gollancz Ltd., and went on to various other American and foreign printings in paperback. Mac Tonnies' *Cyberpunk/Postmodern Book Reviews* calls *Metrophage* "one of the quintessential 1980s cyberpunk novels," going on to describe "a gritty acid-trip through an ultraviolent L.A. where nothing is what it seems... . Alongside novels such as [William Gibson's] *Neuromancer* and Lewis Shiner's debut novel *Frontera*, *Metrophage* helped establish the cyberpunk aesthetic: relentless, paranoid and playfully cynical." Kadrey's second novel, *Kamikaze L'Amour*, is described by the same source as "mesmerizing... a surreal (and distinctly Ballardian) account of synesthesia and mutant desire set in the jungle-choked ruins of L.A." Kadrey's short story *Carbon Copy: Meet the First Human Clone* was filmed as *After Amy*. The publisher website, Amazon booksellers, and other sources list a July 15, 2007 publication date for Kadrey's next book, *Butcher Bird: A Novel Of The Dominion* (Night Shade Books). Other works include collaborative graphic novels and over 50 published short stories. His non-fiction books as a writer and/or editor include *The Catalog of Tomorrow* (Que/TechTV Publishing, 2002), *From Myst to Riven* (Hyperion, 1997), *The Covert Culture Sourcebook* and its sequel (St. Martin's Press, New York, 1993 and 1994); Kadrey also hosted a live interview show on Hotwired in the 1990s called *Covert Culture*. He was an editor at print magazines *Shift* and *Future Sex*, and at online magazines *Signum* and *Stim*. He has published articles about art, culture and technology in publications including *Wired*, *Omni*, *Mondo 2000*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *SF Weekly*, *Ear*, *Artforum*, *ArtByte*, *Bookforum*, *World Art*, *Whole Earth Review*, *Reflex*, *Science Fiction Eye*, and *Interzone*. Source: Wikipedia

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Sandburg said that fog comes on little cat feet. He couldn't have been more wrong. Fog lumbers in like a hung-over logger at the tail-end of a four-day drunk. Fog is the embodiment of forgetfulness. It is always looking for something it lost, though it can't recall the nature or shape of the thing or whether it really existed or not. Fog slips. It falls over hills and rolls down sidewalks, shaking trees and misting the windows of parked cars. Fog is the tears of loss, the fever sweat of memory.

It wasn't always this way. Fog was once a black giant, as solid, strong and dense as granite. In its arrogance, Fog decided that it was more important to the Earth than the Sun and tried to block out its rays. The Sun blazed hotter until Fog's skin turned to a grayish white ash. Knowing that Fog was addled from the heat, the Sun asked Fog, "What is your name, child?" Fog couldn't remember. It cursed at the Sun, though it was unsure why, and went to look for its name. In time, Fog forgot even that much and simply looked for this lost thing for the sake of looking. The more Fog forgot, the less substantial it became, until it lost its body altogether and almost vanished completely, existing only as a tenuous vapor.

In Romania and the Scottish highlands, they nail pleasing names to trees and the roofs of houses, hoping to placate Fog, so that it will freeze them less. In Denmark, Vikings left the names of their enemies in the dense forests for Fog to find, hoping it would freeze their enemies' hearts. Today, we turn up the heat and drive Fog away. But it lives in our dreams and the edges of our workdays, in those stray moments when we look up, not sure where we are, not sure how we ended up in this place, living this life. Fog is what we look like without something to keep us solid. Love, work, faith, desire. Fog is the god of Lost Souls, dead or alive.

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