

Lisa Morton understands what it means to live and write in L.A. She is not alone. I know the streets she describes and have seen countless plays at little theaters like the one in this book. But I will never see them again in quite the same way.

Years ago, I was told to write what I know. It was hard to take this advice seriously, since my life seemed so dull. Why should anyone else be interested? I was not especially interested in it myself. My imagination turned instead to science fiction, fantasy and things that had not yet undergone the formality of occurring. It took me a long time to realize that it was unnecessary to invent places and events beyond my experience. The most banal day may be fascinating to readers, once it has been filtered through a writer's consciousness. An author does not have to strive for individuality. It can't be avoided, any more than a worm can prevent the earth passing through its body from transforming into something rich and valuable to others.

The city Lisa writes about is part of our shared experience. That is the attraction her book holds for me, and its reward. She makes the familiar new, the commonplace fresh and more interesting than I had thought it was, and nourishing in unexpected ways. That she may not yet recognize this aspect of her work is no surprise, since it is the result of a creative process she performs as a matter of course. But she deserves my special thanks for digesting our particular world and giving it back to me in another form, colored by an intelligence that is, whether she knows it or not, as unique as a fingerprint.

--Dennis Etchison