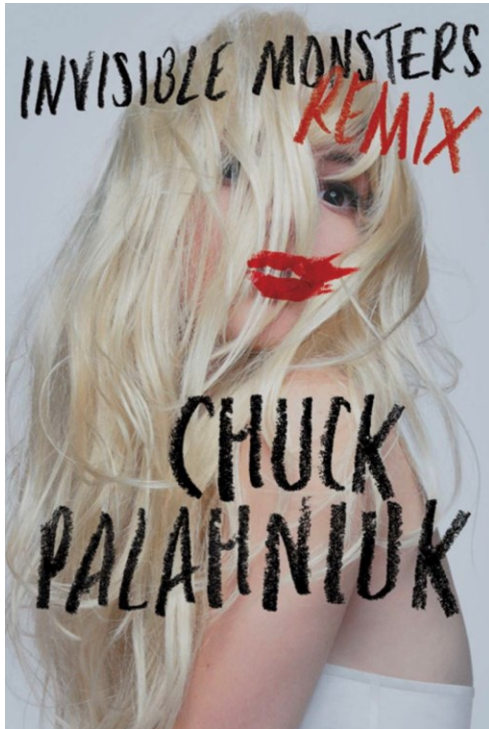


INVISIBLE MONSTERS REMIX



Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

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CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Book Summary:

A young woman seeks a new identity after her modeling career ends following a disfiguring of her face.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities; references to sexual assault involving a minor; sexual nudity; alternate gender ideologies; alternate sexualities; profanity; graphic violence; and drug abuse.

5
/5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
v	<p>Nobody ever had so much fun writing a book. I'd be couch surfing with Alexander Graham Bell and Dolley Madison, watching Echo & the Bunnymen videos. Abraham Lincoln would order a pizza, and Bell would offer everyone hits of MDA. That's how far back this happened, we didn't call Ecstasy "E." We didn't even call it "X." Louisa May Alcott would be rolling us a fatty. I'd shake my head no. I'd whine, "Guys, I can't get high. I need to write my novel." And Harriet Beecher Stowe would say, "Dude, why can't you do both?" You young people, you who think you invented fun and drugs and good times, fuck you.</p>
1	<p>Perfume cards falling out, and full-page naked women coming out of nowhere to sell you makeup.</p>
5	<p>"And this . . ." Brandy's big ring-beaded hand curls up to touch Brandy's torpedo breasts.</p>
8	<p>". . . your breasts," Alfa is telling the realty woman, "you have two of the breasts of a young woman . . ."</p>
9	<p>"We'll do the drugs first, then the makeup. Now start hunting." I take out the first bottle. It's Valium, and I hold the bottle so all the hundred Brandys can read the label. "Take what we can get away with," Brandy says, "then get on to the next bottle." I shake a few of the little blue pills into my purse pocket with the other Valiums. The next bottle I find is Darvon. "Honey, those are heaven in your mouth." All the Brandys look up to peer at the bottle I'm holding. "Does it look safe to take too many?" The expiration date on the label is only a month away, and the bottle is still almost full. I figure we can take about half. ..."Give Brandy a couple. The princess is having lower back pain again." I shake ten capsules out, and a hundred hands toss a thousand tranquilizers onto the red carpet tongues of those Plumbago mouths. A suicide load of Darvon slides down into the dark interior of the continents that make up a world of Brandy Alexander. Inside the next bottle are the little purple ovals of 2.5-milligram-sized Premarin. That's short for Pregnant Mare Urine. That's short for thousands of miserable horses in North Dakota and central Canada, forced to stand in cramped dark stalls with a catheter stuck on them to catch every drop of urine and only getting let outside to get fucked again.</p>
10	<p>In the next bottle are round, peach-colored little scored tablets of one-hundred-milligram Aldactone. Our homeowner must be a junkie for female hormones. Painkillers and estrogen are pretty much Brandy's only two food groups, and she says, "Gimme, gimme, gimme." She snacks on some little pink-coated Estinyls. She pops a few of the turquoise-blue Estrace tablets. She's using some vaginal Premarin as a hand cream when she says, "Miss Kay?" She says, "I can't seem to make a fist, sweetness. Do you think maybe you can wrap things up without me while I lie down?" ...I find Darvocets and Percodans and Compazines, Nembutals and Percocets. Oral estrogens. Antiandrogens. Progestons. Transdermal estrogen patches.</p>
11	<p>I find a vibrator with the dead batteries swollen and leaking acid inside. It's an old woman who owns this house, I figure. Ignored and aging and drugged-</p>

Page	Content
	<p>out old women, older and more invisible to the world every minute, they must not wear a lot of makeup. ...There's an age where a woman has to move on to another kind of power. Money, for example. Or a gun.</p>
12	<p>We could have Cuban cigars. Fresh fruit. Diamonds. Diseases. Drugs, Brandy says.</p>
13	<p>She says, "Sir, we are citizens of the United States of America, what used to be called the greatest country on earth until the homosexuals and child pornographers—"</p>
18	<p>Seth gives her the mint and a condom. She says, "Let's guess how long it takes him to find a week's supply of girl juice soaking into his ass."</p>
19	<p>Witness how Brandy Alexander recounts the story of her favorite movie: Sissy Spacek is naked, taking a shower in a high school locker room, blurred by the veil of warm water. ...Later, Sissy is naked and taking a bath in a claw-foot tub. For most of that movie, her dirty pillows are out. That's what makes a summer classic: tits and blood. ...That whole movie is just tits and blood and Nancy Allen's full-frontal vagina stepping over a locker room bench with- welcome back to 1976- a surprisingly big bush of dark hair!</p>
20	<p>The tears, the way his dumpling face has lost the chiseled shadows that used to pool under his brow and cheekbones, the way Seth's hand will sneak up and tweak his nipple through his shirt and his mouth will drop open and his eyes roll backward, it's the hormones. The conjugated estrogens, the Premarin, the estradiol, the ethinyl estradiol, they've all found their way into Seth's diet cola. Of course, there's the danger of liver damage at his current daily overdose levels. ...Sure, it's all just for fun. Watching for his breasts to develop. Seeing his macho babe-magnet swagger go to fat and him taking naps in the afternoon.</p>
21	<p>Most times, Brandy is reading some plastic surgeon's glossy hard-sell brochure about vaginas complete with color pictures showing the picture-perfect way a urethra should be aligned to ensure a downward stream of urine. Other pictures show how a top-quality clitoris should be hooded. These are five-figure, ten-and twenty-thousand-dollar vaginas, better than the real thing, and most days Brandy will pass the pictures around. ...I was shaking Percodans out of their brown bottle and into my purse pocket for Percodans. Brandy Alexander, she was digging around under the bathroom sink for a clean emery board when she found this paperback book.</p>
22	<p>Jump back to Seth looking at my breasts in the rearview mirror.</p>
23	<p>"And if you believe that we really have free will, then you know that God can't really control us," Seth says. ..."And since God can't control us," he says, "all God does is watch and change channels when He gets bored."</p>
25	<p>Brandy clutched her paperback open against her straight-up torpedo boob job. The Rusty Rose face pillowed in auburn hair and eyelet lace pillow shams, the aubergine eyes had the dilated look of a Thorazine overdose. First thing I want to know is what drug she's taken.</p>

Page	Content
27	<p>Brandy says, “This little fat brunette re-creates herself as a top celebrity superstar blonde whom a top sex symbol then begs to let him stick his penis in her just one inch.”</p> <p>...So, Rona’s in the hospital, post–nose job, with her head wrapped up like a mummy, when a friend comes in and says how Hollywood says she’s a lesbian.</p> <p>...“And here”—Brandy licks the pad of a big index finger and flips ahead a few pages—“ on page two hundred and twenty-two, Rona is once more rejected by her sleazy boyfriend of eleven years. She’s been coughing for weeks so she takes a handful of pills and is found semicomatose and dying. Even the ambulance—”</p>
28	<p>“In the book <i>Miss Rona</i>, copyright 1974,” Brandy says, “Rona Barrett—who got her enormous breasts when she was nine years old and wanted to cut them off with scissors—she tells us in the prologue of her book that she’s like this animal, cut open with all its vital organs glistening and quivering, you know, like the liver and the large intestine.</p>
29	<p>Squirrels and mammals of all sexes spend all day trying to get laid.</p>
31	<p>Six months of fun, sand, and me trying to suck the lime wedges out of long-necked bottles of Mexican beer. Guys just love watching babes do that.</p>
32	<p>My dead brother, the King of Fag Town.</p>
41	<p>A black veil crosses her torpedo breasts and loops up and over the top of her auburn hair.</p>
42	<p>My face is the last thing the go-go boys and girls want to meet when they go into a dark alley looking to buy drugs.</p>
43	<p>I want Seth’s belt around my neck. I want Seth’s fingers in my mouth and his hands pulling my knees apart and then his wet fingers prying me open.</p> <p>...I want to be rubbed so raw by the stubble around Seth’s mouth that it will hurt when I pee.</p>
44	<p>I change channels and here are another three people:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Gwen Works as Hooker Neville Was Raped in Prison Brent Slept with His Father
45	<p>I hit a button and give Gwen Works as Hooker her voice back for a little sound bite of prostitute talk.</p> <p>...“When they go to jail,” Gwen tells herself in the monitor, “or when they’re not attractive anymore, some girls use the razor nails to slash their wrists.”</p>
47	<p>This was exactly the same look Manus used to give me when he’d ask if I got my orgasm.</p>
51	<p>The little box is condoms.</p> <p>Sitting right next to our sparkling, magic Christmas tree, my father says, “We don’t know how many partners you have every year, but we want you to play safe.”</p> <p>I stash the condoms in my bathrobe pocket and look down at the miniature marshmallows melting. I say, “Thanks.”</p> <p>“Those are latex,” says my mom. “You need to use only a water-based sexual lubricant. If you need a lubricant at your age. Not petroleum jelly or shortenings or any kind of lotion.” She says, “We didn’t get you the kind made from sheep</p>

Page	Content
	<p>intestines because those have tiny pores that can allow the transmission of HIV.” Next inside my stocking is another little box. This is more condoms. The color marked on the box is Nude. This seems redundant. Next to that, the label says odorless and tasteless.</p> <p>Oh, I could tell you all about tasteless.</p> <p>...She says, “You do know to put the condom on as soon as the penis is erect, don’t you?”</p>
52	<p>If I say, Oh, yeah, I roll rubbers onto new dry erections all the time, I’ll get the slut lecture from my father.</p>
53	<p>There’s a fourth box of condoms in my stocking.</p> <p>...The box is labeled . . . safe and strong enough even for prolonged anal intercourse . . .</p>
54	<p>There could be a vibrator to keep me at home and celibate every night. There could be dental dams in case of cunnilingus. Saran Wrap. Rubber gloves.</p>
56	<p>“Pee-flag?” I say. “Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays,” my mom says.</p>
57	<p>My mother starts up from her chair and says, “I’ll go run get those bananas.” She says, “Just to be on the safe side, your father and I can’t wait to see you try on some of your presents.”</p>
70	<p>Jump way back to a fashion shoot at this junkyard full of dirty wrecked cars where Evie and me have to climb around on the wrecks wearing Hermaun Mancing thong swimwear so narrow you have to wear a “pussy strip” of surgical tape underneath, and Evie starts in with, “About your mutilated brother...?”</p>
71	<p>The next worse thing is Manus yanking off your pussy strip if you’re close-shaved.</p>
75	<p>Brandy-land, sexual playground to the stars, she says, “Hit me.”</p>
83	<p>Jump backward to the red Fiat with Brandy behind her sunglasses and Manus locked in the trunk, and Brandy drives us to the top of Rocky Butte, the hilltop ruins of some lookout fort where if this weren’t a school night kids from Parkrose and Grant and Madison high schools would be breaking beer bottles and enjoying unsafe sex up here in the old ruins.</p>
89	<p>“You know”—Manus sniffs and wipes the back of his hand under his nose—“ I’m high right now, so it’s okay if I tell you this.”</p>
95	<p>Franz didn’t even know we were carrying drugs.</p> <p>Not a radio song after we’d cleared the Canadian border, Robin dug the Ecstasy out of the ash. Franz was furious, yelling, “Please tell me you did not just use my car to smuggle drugs!” The rush we felt from not being arrested was better than any bought chemicals.</p>
96	<p>We stayed in the Nelson Place Hotel, but we never slept. Ecstasy will do that.</p>
98	<p>Me, I’m sitting here with a glossy pile of brochures from surgeons showing sexual reassignment surgeries. Transitional transgender operations. Sex changes. The color pictures show pretty much the same shot of different-quality vaginas. Camera shots focused straight into the dark vaginal introitus. Fingers with red nail polish cupped against each thigh to spread the labia. The urethral meatus soft and pink. The pubic hair clipped down to stubble on some. The vaginal depth given as six inches, eight inches, two inches. Unresected corpus spongiosum mounding</p>

Page	Content
	<p>around the urethral opening on some. The clitoris hooded, the frenulum of the clitoris, the tiny folds of skin under the hood that join the clitoris to the labia. ...Picture-perfect, state-of-the-art vaginas lengthened using sections of colon, self-cleaning and lubricated with its own mucosa. Sensate clitorises made by cropping and rerouting bits of the glans penis. The Cadillac of vaginoplasty. Some of these Cadillacs turn out so successful the flood of colon mucosa means wearing a maxi-pad every day.</p> <p>Some are old-style vaginas where you had to stretch and dilate them every day with a plastic mold. All these brochures are souvenirs of Brandy's near future. After we saw Mr. Parker sitting on Ellis, I helped the drug-induced dead body Brandy might as well be back upstairs and took her out of her clothes again. She coughed them back up when I tried to slip any more Darvons down her throat, so I settled her back on the bathroom floor, and when I folded her suit jacket over my arm there was something cardboard tucked in the inside pocket.</p>
107	Plus, Cinderella starts out as a lonely little boy.
108	"You know," she says, "I'm on drugs so it's all right if I tell you this."
112	<p>"Then I thought, a sex change," she says, "a sexual reassignment surgery. The Rheas," she says, "they think they're using me, but really I'm using them for their money, for their thinking they were in control of me and this was all their idea."</p> <p>..."I'm not straight, and I'm not gay," she says. "I'm not bisexual. I want out of the labels. I don't want my whole life crammed into a single word. A story. I want to find something else, unknowable, someplace to be that's not on the map. A real adventure."</p> <p>..."When I met you," she says, "I envied you. I coveted your face. I thought that face of yours will take more guts than any sex change operation. It will give you bigger discoveries. It will make you stronger than I could ever be."</p>
115	History tells us the Elephant Man didn't sport sexy Speedo tan lines—those sexy runway lines that point the shortcut to some sexy Elephant Man groin, groin, groin.
116	His thrusting crotch said: Come and get it!
117	<p>He was sweating now, flaunting his Elephant Man nipples and his bushy Elephant Man armpit hair. He sidled up to rub his pheromone-drenched elephant skin, all Brillo Pad-wet, against folks seated along the aisle. Dry-humping the shoulders of elegant gents, he shook his elephant ass cheeks like two scoops of lizard ice cream.</p> <p>...He made those eminent Victorian ladies want nothing more than to be the mama of his Elephant Man babies. Outsider sexy, he made everyone present forget the tragedy they'd been sold about his Elephant Man life.</p> <p>Elephant Joe. The Elephant Dude. He worked that Bloomsbury crowd for all the pound notes they could tuck into his G-string. He lap-danced the blushing bachelorettes until they spilled their Long Island iced teas, intentionally, just to hide the overly excited wet soaking through their hoop skirts.</p>
120	Ellis's strutting around now that he's proved he can seduce something in every category. Not that knobbing Mr. Parker makes him King of Fag Town, but now he's got Evie under his belt, and maybe enough time's gone by Ellis can go back

Page	Content
	<p>on duty, get his old beat back in Washington Park. So we take the gold-engraved wedding invitation that I stole, Brandy and Ellis each take a Percodan, and we go to Evie’s wedding reception moment. ...Evie, she could be the wedding cake, in tier on tier of sashes and flowers rising around her big hoop skirt, up and up to her cinched waist, then her big Texas breasts popped out the top of a strapless bodice. ...And I’m amazed I never saw it before, how Evie was a man. A big blonde, the same as she is here, but with one of those ugly wrinkled, you know, scrotums.</p>
124	<p>You Met Three Drag Queens Who Paid You To Start A Sex Change Because You Couldn’t Think Of Anything You Wanted Less.</p>
125	<p>And: And I Did Not Make That Hairspray Can Explode. Brandy says, “I know. I did it. I was so miserable being a normal average child. I wanted something to save me. I wanted the opposite of a miracle.” ...And on the baseboard, I write: The Truth Is I Shot Myself In The Face.</p>
126	<p>Jump back to the La Paloma emergency room. The intravenous morphine. The tiny operating-room manicure scissors cut Brandy’s suit off. My brother’s unhappy penis there blue and cold for the whole world to see. The police photos, and Sister Katherine screaming, “Take your pictures! Take your pictures now! He’s still losing blood!”</p>
127	<p>Jump to Evie installed talk-show–style under the hot track lights, downtown at Brumbach’s, chatting with her mother and Manus and her new husband about how she met Brandy years before all of us, in some transgender support group. ...Jump to someday down the road soon when Manus will get his breasts.</p>
130	<p>A year from now, I want to turn on the TV and see you drinking a diet cola naked in slow motion. Make Sofonda get you big national contracts.</p>
138	<p>Evie’s shouting about how she done found her butt-sucking fag-assed new husband face-downed enjoying butt sex with everybody’s old boyfriend in the butler’s pantry. ...I remember all his porno magazines, and all the details of anal, oral, rimming, fisting, felching. You could put yourself in the hospital trying to self-suck.</p>
139	<p>Go figure, but Texans seem to be a lot more comfortable around disastrous house fires than they are around anal sex. I remember my folks. Scat and water sports. Sado and masochism. ...You hear loud spanking from the butler’s pantry. The painful kind where you spit on your hand first. Brandy, the socially inappropriate thing she is, Brandy starts laughing. “This is going to be messy good fun,” Brandy tells me out the side of her Plumbago mouth. “I put a handful of Bilax bowel evacuant in Ellis’s last drink.”</p>
140	<p>With everybody looking up the stairs at Evie wearing nothing but wire and ashes, sweat and soot smeared all over her luscious hourglass transgender bod, we all watch Evelyn Cottrell in her big incorporated moment, and Evie screams, “You!” ...“Sure, yes, I slept with your boyfriend, but who hasn’t?” Evie says, with the gun and everything. ...You hear that butt-slapping sound from the butler’s pantry.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...You hear the rifle cock. The fire inches down the walls. "Oh, God, yes, Jesus Christ," Ellis yells. "Oh, God, I'm coming!"</p>
141	<p>And. Evie aims. "Yes!" Ellis yells from the pantry. "Yes, do it, big guy! Give it to me! Shoot it!" Evie squints down the barrel. "Now!" Ellis is yelling. "Shoot it right in my mouth!" Brandy smiles.</p>
147	<p>And Ellis says, "Evie was a man?" Evie was a man. And I just have to sit down. Evie was a man. And I saw her implant scars. Evie was a man. And I saw her naked in fitting rooms.</p>
158	<p>Brandy says, "Darvon." She says, "Quick, please." And she snaps her fingers. I fish out another red and pink capsule, and she gulps it dry.</p>
159	<p>"The police guy," Brandy says, and every wire is rising out of her tight yellow silk, "he puts his hand on me, right up the leg of my shorts, and he says we don't have to reopen the case. We don't have to cause my family any more problems." Brandy says, "This detective says the police want to arrest my father for suspicion. He can stop them, he says. He says, it's all up to me." Brandy inhales and the dress shreds, she breathes and every breath makes her naked in more places. "What did I know?" she says. "I was fifteen. I didn't know anything." ..."The police guy," Brandy says, "he was young, twenty-one or twenty-two. He wasn't some dirty old man. It wasn't horrible," she says, "but it wasn't love." With more of the dress torn, the skeleton springs apart in different places. "Mostly," Brandy says, "it made me confused for a long time."</p>
161	<p>If she knows, she could be lying to me about Manus. If she doesn't know, then the man I love is a freaky creepy sexual predator.</p>
166	<p>What Brandy wants are the Tylox capsules she left in Suite 15-G at the Congress Hotel. ..."Here," Denver says to her. "Get yourselves pretty, and I'll show you how we can scam some prescription painkillers."</p>
168	<p>Denver tells Brandy and me how to go upstairs while he keeps the realtor busy. The master bedroom will have the best view, that's how to find it. The master bathroom will have the best drugs. Sure, Manus used to be a police vice detective, if you consider wagging your butt around the bushes in Washington Park wearing a Speedo bikini a size too small and hoping some lonely sex hound will whip his dick out, if that's detective work, then, sure, Manus was a detective. ...Then Manus goes to in front of a mirror in the apartment we used to share, wearing his white Speedo, and he asks, if I were a gay guy would I want to bang him up the butt? Then he changed to a red Speedo and asked again. You know, he says, really stuff his poop chute? Plow the cowboy? It's not a morning I would want on video. ...He takes the slice of bread and stuffs it inside between himself and the crotch of the Speedo. "Don't worry, this is how underwear models get a better look," he</p>

Page	Content
	says. "You get a smooth unoffensive bulge this way." He stands sideways to the mirror and says, "You think I need another slice?"
171	<p>In San Francisco, old people are all over selling their big rich houses full of drugs and hormones. We had Demerol and Darvocet-Ns. Not the puny little Darvocet-N 50s. Brandy was feeling beautiful with me trying to OD her on big Darvocet 100-milligram jobbers.</p> <p>After the Fiat, we rented a big Seville convertible. Just between us, we were the Zine kids:</p> <p>Me, I was Comp Zine.</p> <p>Denver was Thor Zine.</p> <p>Brandy, Stella Zine.</p> <p>It was in San Francisco I started Denver on his own secret hormone therapy to destroy him.</p>
172	We zigzagged everywhere I thought we'd find enough drugs. Evie's money could wait.
173	<p>If I was a gay guy, did I think he needed to trim back his pubic hair? Me being a gay guy, would I think he looked too desperate? Too aloof? Was his chest big enough? Too big, maybe?</p> <p>...Did he look, you know, too gay? Gay guys only wanted guys who acted straight. "I don't want guys to see me as a big passive bottom," Manus would say. "It's not like I'd just flop there and let just any guy bone me."</p>
175	<p>Writing: here, take a few more Vicodins.</p> <p>It was after Manus couldn't get guys to approach him for sex that he started into buying man-on-man sex magazines and going out to gay clubs.</p>
177	Jump to us on the road, after the hospital, after the Rhea sisters, and I keep slipping the hormones, the Provera and Climara and Premarin, into what he ate and drank. Whiskey and estradiol. Vodka and ethinyl estradiol. It was so easy it was scary.
185	The kid from Gilbert Grape draws a naked picture of her boobs.
188	<p>Another bottle off the countertop, Bilax capsules, I look it up in the Physicians' Desk Reference book.</p> <p>Bilax capsules. A bowel evacuant.</p> <p>Maybe I should drop a few of these into that nonstop mouth between my feet.</p>
189	I was very invested in love, but it was just this long, long sex thing that could end at any moment because, after all, it's just about getting off.
192	<p>She leans on the edge of the countertop. She picks up a handful of Bilax capsules and squints down at them.</p> <p>"My back is killing me," Brandy says. "Why'd I ever let them give me such big tits?"</p>
193	"Oh." Brandy turns her hand over to spill the Bilax into her purse, and some capsules fall but some stick to the sweat on her palm. "After they give you the tits, your nipples are cockeyed and way too high," she says. "They use a razor to shave the nipples off, and they relocate them."

Page	Content
194	We better walk you back upstairs. Rest you some more. Give you a nice fresh handful of Benzedrine spansules.
198	<p>This is what else Brandy told me between faking orgasms in the speech therapist office.</p> <p>...What she would be as a real woman is 46-16-26. As a real woman, Katty Kathy could buy a total of nothing off the rack. You know you've seen this doll. Comes naked in a plastic bubble pack for a dollar, but her clothes cost a fortune, that's how realistic she is.</p>
204	<p>"If Brandy goes with you," says Pie Rhea, "she can pay for her own conjugated estrogens. And her vaginoplasty. And her labiaplasty. Not to mention her scrotal electrolysis."</p> <p>..."None of that is cheap." Die Rhea lifts the picture and holds it up to me, my past looking me eye to eye, and Die Rhea says, "This, this is how Brandy wanted to look, like her bitch sister. That was two years ago, before she had laser surgery to thin her vocal cords and then her trachea shave. She had her scalp advanced three centimeters to give her the right hairline. We paid for her brow shave to get rid of the bone ridge above her eyes that the Miss Male used to have. We paid for her jaw contouring and her forehead feminization."</p>
206	The one I love is locked in the trunk of a car outside with a stomach full of Valiums, and I wonder if he still has to pee.
207	<p>This is after Brandy says she has to go, she needs to think about things, you know, before her big surgery. You know. The transformation.</p> <p>..."It's just such a big commitment," Brandy says, "being a girl, you know. Forever." Taking the hormones. For the rest of her life. The pills, the patches, the injections, for the rest of her life. And what if there was someone, just one person who would love her, who could make her life happy, just the way she was, without the hormones and makeup and the clothes and shoes and surgery?</p>
208	She says, "I have to live one whole year on hormones in my new gender role before my vaginoplasty. They call it Real Life Training."
211	Of course, thank you, Evie, I'm wearing this concubine evening wear Chinese yellow silk kimono slit up the side to my waist with black fishnet stockings and red Chinese dragons embroidered across the pelvic region and my breasts.
216	<p>On the telephone message pad, I write:</p> <p>in a minute i'll open the door, but i still have the gun. before that, i'm shoving valiums under the door. eat them. do this or i'll kill you.</p>
223	Manus cheated on me with Evie, but I still love him so much I'll hide any amount of conjugated estrogen in his food. So much I'll do anything to destroy him.
224	"The world is big enough we can all love each other." she says, "There's room in God's heart for all His children. Gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgendered. Just because it's anal intercourse doesn't mean it's not love."
234	<p>I write:</p> <p>i know girls who say that about their dildos.</p>

Page	Content
235	You know the trope about men? How they'll pay twice as much for sex with someone who has three extra arms and a dorsal fin? Want to venture a guess about the going rate for sex with someone who has two heads?
243	My mom leans over to scoop yams onto my plate, and says, "Your father wanted a black border, but black on a field of blue would mean Shane was excited by leather sex, you know, bondage and discipline, sado-and masochism."
244	<p>"I wanted pink triangles but all the panels have pink triangles," my mom says. "It's the symbol for Nazi homosexuals." She says, "Your father suggested black triangles, but that would mean Shane was a lesbian. It looks like the female pubic hair. The black triangle does."</p> <p>My father says, "Then I wanted a green border, but it turns out that would mean Shane was a male prostitute."</p> <p>My mom says, "We almost chose a red border, but that would mean fisting. Brown would mean either scat or rimming, we couldn't figure which."</p> <p>"Yellow," my father says, "means watersports."</p> <p>"A lighter shade of blue," Mom says, "would mean just regular oral sex."</p> <p>"Regular white," my father says, "would mean anal. White could also mean Shane was excited by men wearing underwear." He says, "I can't remember which."</p> <p>...Between the yams and the stuffing, Dad looks down at his plate and says, "Do you know about rimming?"</p> <p>..."And fisting?" my mom asks.</p> <p>I say, I know. I don't mention Manus and his vocational porno magazines.</p> <p>...To my father she says, "Do you know what felching is?"</p> <p>...All this sick horrible sex talk over Thanksgiving dinner, I can't take this.</p> <p>..."Felching . . ." I lower my voice. I'm calm now. "Felching is when a man fucks you up the butt without a rubber. He shoots his load, and then plants his mouth on your anus and sucks out his own warm sperm, plus whatever lubricant and feces are present. That's felching. It may or may not," I add, "include kissing you to pass the sperm and fecal matter into your mouth."</p>
247	She'd wear shades of lipstick you'd expect to see around the base of a penis.
249	Each little closed loop of one guy flexible enough or with a dick so big he doesn't need anybody else in the world, Manus would point his toast at these pictures and tell me, "These guys don't need to put up with jobs or relationships."
250	The clerks would sneak off to find sex in the men's room.
252	"I'm getting my guiche pierced," she'd say. "It's that little ridge of skin running between your asshole and the bottom of your vagina."
255	Lost in her own little closed circuit. Licking her own buttock, Evie says, "It's nothing."
262	We went sailing one time, and he wore a Speedo, and any smart woman should know that means bisexual at least.
263	Me and Evie, we're hired to be walking sex furniture to wear tight evening dresses all afternoon and entice the television audience into buying the Num Num Snack Factory.
282	The big jeweled arm muscles of Brandy sit me down in the seat still hot from her ass, and she holds the compact so I can see inside. Instead of face powder, it's full

Page	Content
	of white capsules. Where there should be a mirror, there's a close-up photo of Brandy Alexander smiling and looking terrific. "They're Vicodins, dear," she says. "It's the Marilyn Monroe school of medicine where enough of any drug will cure any disease." She says, "Dig in. Help yourself."
285	The suit, it's this white Bob Mackie knockoff Brandy bought in Seattle with a tight hobble skirt that squeezes her ass into the perfect big heart shape.
293	In a side chapel a few steps away, Kelly Macdonald's character is seducing Sam Rockwell's. Plotwise, her goal is to conceive a fetus in order to puree its unborn brain and use that neural tissue to cure the dementia of Anjelica Huston's character.
296	Jump to New York City, to a sex shop in the West Village where I'm buying their entire stock of latex anal stimulation beads. Every movie shoot needs a wrap gift, and Clark Gregg's original thought was to give everyone custom-made chrome Ben Wa balls, highly polished and engraved with the film's title and the dates of principal photography, but that gesture would've cost half the production budget. Instead, I've gone with Gregg's assistant to every sex toy shop in Manhattan. Two men buying every string of butt beads in every store . . . in New York that doesn't raise an eyebrow. In the West Village shop, a middle-aged female clerk warns us, "The ones with the white cotton string are sold strictly as a novelty. You use those one time, and you'll never get that string white again." After that, we go to the Chelsea Kmart to buy a child's car seat. Our car filled with sex toys and a baby seat, we go to collect Jennifer Grey, Clark Gregg's wife, at her father, Joel Grey's home.
297	Sam Rockwell wears a red satin dressing gown, more like a prizefighter's robe, over a black mini-Speedo type of bikini, which he wears to look nude in the next scene. Dave Matthews jokes about this stripper wear. "I always thought you stuffed it, man," he says, loud against the noise of thunder and jets, "but that's all you in that banana hammock."
299	Twice, flight attendants knock at the door, loudly asking me to return to my seat because they've heard the noise and assume I'm having wild sex.

Profanity/Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass	24
Bitch	6
Cunt	1
Dick	3
Fag	3
Fuck	19
Goddamn	1
Piss	3
Pussy	2
Shit	19
Tit	6