

V I N T A G E

eBooks



Glamorama

BRET EASTON ELLIS

Acclaim for Bret Easton Ellis's

||||||| **Glamorama** |||||

“One of the passing delights of *Glamorama* ... is to imagine how scholars of postmodern fiction will explain it a century hence The book seems to go insane while you're reading it, but Ellis doesn't fear the appearance of chaos. He invents a fresh hell on every page. [And] through all this mayhem, the style remains mysteriously elegant.”

—*The New Yorker*

“Ellis ... has become one of the finest literary satirists in America.”

—*Minneapolis Star Tribune*

“The book succeeds in delivering a creepy sense of dread about our culture. *Glamorama's* contribution to the world may be the motto of its main character, a male model: The better you look, the more you see. As a sum-up of our decade, it's downright Tom Wolfean.”

—*Time*

“Gets under the skin of our celebrity culture in a way that is both illuminating and frightening.”

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

“A tour de force ... simply his best work to date Ellis remains a laser-precise satirist, but the wit now dominates.”

—*Esquire*

“Ellis's achievement is pristine What's fresh and arresting in *Glamorama* is its uncompromising triviality, its rigorous transience Ellis has written this way before, of course, but never with such

crazy focus. His run-on sentences only seem lazy, his strings of references only feel ad-hoc; in fact they're as calculated as Victor's guest lists. This premeditation shows most clearly in the dialogue, which manages to be pointed and hilarious just when it seems most casual and screwy."

—*New York*

"What Ellis does with cunning and brilliance and style is to dress his models in language that is terminally hip yet vitally comprehensible."

—*Los Angeles Times*

"*Glamorama* boasts memorable if despicable characters and downright hysterical dialogue An important stepping stone in [Ellis's] career."

—*San Francisco Chronicle & Examiner*

"An accomplished send-up that reflects Ellis's considerable talent as a writer, a novel loaded with entertainment and ambition."

—*The Oregonian*

"Ellis's hypnotically perfect prose is able to incorporate just about any convention he puts his mind to His greatest strength is that he not only refuses to state the obvious—that his characters' behavior is inexcusable—but also finds comedy where none would seem to exist."

—*Spin*

"Nearly alone among his contemporaries, [Ellis has] had the courage, and the genius, never to leave the literary playing field as he found it."

—*Salon*

"Brutally funny *Glamorama* courses with energy and intelligence."

—*Bookforum*

“His most ambitious book yet.”

—*Rolling Stone*

“The perfect fin de siècle novel Sick, twisted, and possibly brilliant.”

—*The Advocate*

“A wonderful lampooning of people badly needing a good lampooning Ellis’s dialogue is fresh and energetic. His narration is deliciously decadent.”

—*The Plain Dealer*

“Pure Ellis—brimming with unsettling details, ironic dialogue, and black humor [He] moves Victor through a series of implausible situations so masterfully that the reader is willing to suspend disbelief.”

—*Vogue*

“An American masterpiece This is writing of extraordinary wit and precision.”

—*Scotland on Sunday*

“A comic and frightening story The pleasures of a celebrity-worshipping narrative overlaying a violent, chilling and, in the style of Ballard, instructive plot are too great to ignore.”

—*Newsday*

“An affirmation inside a horror story [Ellis is] a master stylist with hideously interesting new-fangled manners and the heart of an old-fashioned moralist.”

—*The Observer, London*

Also by Bret Easton Ellis

The Informers

American Psycho

The Rules of Attraction

Less Than Zero



Bret Easton Ellis

||||||| **Glamorama** |||||

Bret Easton Ellis is the author of *Less Than Zero*; *The Rules of Attraction*; *The Informers*, a collection of stories; and *American Psycho*. He lives in New York City

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**for
Jim Severt**

my thanks

**Gary Fisketjon
Amanda Urban
Julie Grau
Heather Schroder
Sonny Mehta**

There was no time when you nor I nor these kings did not exist.

—*Krishna*

You make a mistake if you see what we do as merely political.

—*Hitler*

“Specks—specks all over the third panel, see?—no, *that* one—the second one up from the floor and I wanted to point this out to someone yesterday but a photo shoot intervened and Yaki Nakamari or whatever the hell the designer’s name is—a master craftsman not—mistook me for someone else so I couldn’t register the complaint, but, gentlemen—and ladies—there they are: *specks*, annoying, tiny specks, and they *don’t* look accidental but like they were somehow done by a machine—so I don’t want a lot of description, just the story, streamlined, no frills, the lowdown: who, what, where, when and don’t leave out why, though I’m getting the distinct impression by the looks on your sorry faces that *why* won’t get answered—now, come on, god-dammit, what’s the *story*?”

Nobody around here has to wait long for someone to say something.

“Baby, George Nakashima designed this bar area,” JD quietly corrects me. “Not, um, Yaki Nakamashi, I mean Yuki Nakamorti, I mean—oh shit, Peyton, get me out of this.”

“*Yoki* Nakamuri was approved for this floor,” Peyton says.

“Oh yeah?” I ask. “Approved by who?”

“Approved by, well, moi,” Peyton says.

A pause. Glares targeted at Peyton and JD.

“Who the fuck is Moi?” I ask. “I have no fucking idea who this Moi is, baby.”