

It was like being on the bottom of a Coney Island grab-it game, one in which the eclectically ungrabbed had been accumulating for decades. He looked up, imagining a giant three-pronged claw, agent of stark removal. - pg 9

His attempted smile felt like something forced from a flexible squeeze-toy. - pg 10

An overly wealthy, dangerously curious fiddler with the world's hidden architectures. - pg 18

We do brand vision transmission, trend forecasting, vendor management, youth market recon, strategic planning in general. - pg 21

Addictions (start) out like magical pets, pocket monsters. - pg 53

His limbic brain was grooved for this, like the tracks of the wheels of Conestoga wagons, worn ankle-deep in sandstone. - pg 55

"It was, some newer part of him thought, amazed, like having a Nazi tank buried in your back yard. Grown over with grass and dandelions, but then you noticed its engine was still idling." - pg 56

"No good, said the other voice, causing his shoulders to narrow, bone and sinew tightening almost audibly." - pg 57

"...the soulless suction of sequential hotel rooms." - pg 58

"Reading, his therapist had suggested, had likely been his first drug." - pg 93

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"Some very considerable part of the gestural language of public places, that had once belonged to cigarettes, now belong to phones." - pg 103

Something was unfolding within him. Like a brochure, he thought, rather than the butterfly he imagined to be the more common image. An unpleasant brochure, the sort that lays out symptoms all too clearly." - pg 123

"...structures aimed heroically into futures that had never really happened." - pg 133

"All the while scrawling graffiti on the secret machineries of history." - pg 154

"We only walk by continually beginning to fall forward." - pg 177

She watched as he sank instantly into whatever it was that he did on the Net, like a stone into water. He was elsewhere, the way people were before their screens, his expression that someone piloting something, looking into a middle distance that had nothing to do with geography. - pg 179

"When you want to know things really work, study them when they're coming apart." - pg 212

"Gear queer" An obsession with the idea not just the right stuff, but the special stuff. Equipment fetishism." - pg 213

"...a bright green exercise suit, one of those silky two-piece outfits sometimes still worn here out of nostalgia of an extinct American style of triumphal ghetto criminality." - pg 230

"The hydraulic driver whooped three times in rapid succession, as though recognizing one of its kind across a clearing." - pg 311