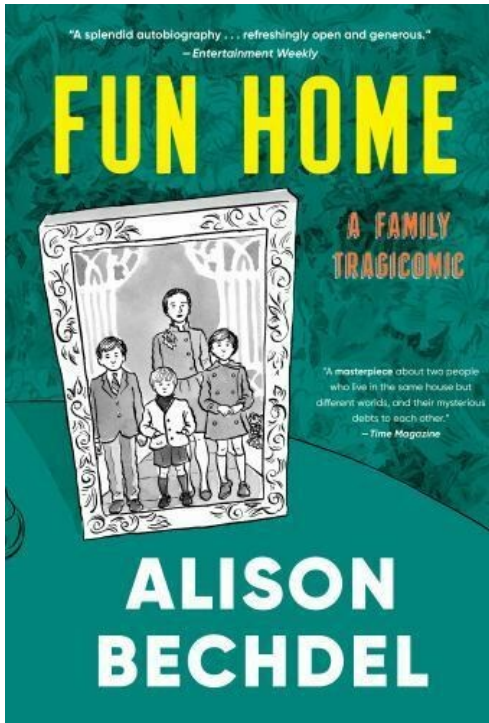


FUN HOME



Adult Graphic Novel

By Alison Bechdel

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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 discovers her homosexuality while seeking a rationale for her father's sudden death deemed a suicide.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; profanity; alcohol use; suicide commentary; inflammatory religious commentary; sexual activities; and sexual nudity.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
17	But would an ideal husband and father have sex with teenage boys?
27	There's no proof, actually, that my father killed himself.
44	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts a dead man, naked on a table with his chest cavity splayed open and his penis in full view.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle-left-side of the page depicts the same man described above in a zoomed in view of his torso and pubic region.</p> <p><i>See Figure 1.</i></p>
57	<p>My father's death was a queer business- queer in every sense of that multivalent word.</p> <p>...It left me feeling qualmish, faint, and on occasion, drunk.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-left of the page depicts a young woman with two liquor bottles in her hands, reading a book.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the same individual described above, with a small glass in her hand, drinking it.</p>
58	<p>I am a lesbian.</p> <p>My homosexuality remained at that point purely theoretical, an untested hypothesis.</p> <p>..."Your father has had affairs. With other men."</p> <p>..."He...he was molested by a farm hand when he was young."</p>
59	Why had I told them? I hadn't even had sex with anyone yet. Conversely, my father had been having sex with men for years and not telling anyone.
71	Later, my mother would learn that Dad and his friend had been lovers.
74	<p>My realization at nineteen that I was a lesbian came about in a manner consistent with my bookish upbringing.</p> <p>...I'd been having qualms since I was thirteen...</p> <p>...when I first learned the word due to its alarming prominence in my dictionary.</p>
76	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts a young woman laying on a bed on her stomach in a profile view. She is holding a book with her right hand, as her left hand is inside the waistband of her pants.</p> <p>The text on the image reads: My researches were stimulating but solitary.</p> <p>...I went to a meeting of something called the "Gay Union" which I observed in petrified silence.</p> <p>But my mere presence, I felt, had amounted to a public declaration. I left exhilarated.</p>
77	<p>My father called after receiving it. He seemed strangely pleased to think I was having some kind of orgy.</p> <p>"Everyone should experiment. It's healthy."</p>
80	<p>"Feminism is the theory. Lesbianism is the practice."</p> <p>The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts two nude women in a bed. They both have a blanket pulled up to their waist. One woman is sitting up on her elbow with her left breast exposed.</p> <p>The text above the image read: And by midterm I had been seduced completely.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>The illustration in the middle of the page depicts two sets of legs intertwined on a bed with books strewn about them. The text above the image reads: Joan was a poet and a "matriarchist." I spent very little of the remaining semester outside her bed.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts two nude women laying on their stomachs with one woman on top of the other. The woman on top has her tongue in the other woman's ear as she reads from a book. The text above the image reads: I lost my bearings. The dictionary had become erotic. The woman on the bottom reads, "Os-. Mouth. Oral, oscillate, osculate, orifice..."</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the book depicts the same individuals described above laying on their backs in bed. One of the women is reading. The text above the image reads: Some of our favorite childhood stories were revealed as propaganda. The woman reading the book says, "God. Christoph Robin's a total imperialist!" <i>See Figure 2.</i></p>
81	<p>The illustration on the top of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women is laying on her back on the bed with her knees hitched over the other woman's shoulders whom is laying on her stomach between the other woman's thighs. The text above the image reads: ...others as pornography. In the harsh light of my dawning of feminism, everything looked different. The woman lying between the other woman's thighs is reading, "...The walls were wet and sticky, and peach juice was dripping from the ceiling. James opened his mouth and caught some of it on his tongue."</p> <p>The illustration on the middle-left-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above from an elevated viewpoint. The text above the image reads: This entwined political and sexual awakening was a welcome distraction. The woman is reading, "...it tasted delicious." <i>See Figure 3.</i></p>
97	<p>Proust refers to his explicitly homosexual characters as "inverts." I've always been fond of this antiquated clinical term. ...It's imprecise and insufficient, defining the homosexual as a person whose gender expression is at odds with his or her sex.</p>
106	<p>"This is Chumley's. Dad and I used to come drink here." ...Years later, on an evening of bar-hopping, I entered this establishment with a gang of lesbian friends. ...We left, too naïve to realized we'd been eighty-sixed.</p>
107	<p>There were many such humiliations in store for me as a young lesbian. ...We used to hear lesbians fighting down on the street outside the bars. ...If her comment was an attempt to sway me from my course, it failed utterly. I</p>

Page	Content
	became fascinated with lesbian pulp fiction from the fifties- the bar raids and the illegal cross-dressing.
109	<p>And budding is the only possible word to describe the painful, itchy beginnings of my breasts, at twelve.</p> <p>...It's true I had not wanted to grow breasts, but it never occurred to me that they would hurt.</p> <p>The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts a zoomed in view of pre-pubescent breasts. The image contains the labels: "Swollen" and "tender".</p> <p>...Nor had I expected them to be so oddly cartilaginous. Accidental impact was excruciating.</p>
112	<p>The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts a young man looking at a calendar with a nude woman on it. The nude woman's breasts are exposed.</p> <p>...Once we were at the bullpen, my brothers discovered the calendar.</p>
113	<p>The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts two children looking at a calendar with a nude woman on it. The nude woman is in a profile view with her left breast and buttocks exposed.</p> <p>The text above the image reads: Inside I was astonished by what struck me as a bizarre coincidence.</p> <p>...As the man showed us around, it seemed imperative that he not know I was a girl.</p>
120	He's wearing a women's bathing suit.
125	"There's no mystery! He killed himself because he was a manic-depressive, closeted fag and he couldn't face living in this small-minded town one more second.
131	"I have a right to live off you because I married you, and because I used to let you get on top of me and bump your uglies."
166	The convert references to homosexuality eluded me.
167	<p>"How about a gin and tonic?..."</p> <p>...Years later I learned that th Gryglewiczes once made a proposition, which my parents declined, that the four of them engage in group sex.</p>
171	<p>Nor did I know that there was a word for the inevitable result of this shifting about in my chair...</p> <p>...The impulsive spasm so staggeringly complete and perfect that for a few brief moments I could not question its inherent moral validity.</p> <p>When I accidentally ran across this word in the dictionary one day, it was instantly familiar, before I even got to the definition.</p> <p>The illustration on the middle of the page depicts a dictionary page zoomed onto the word "Orgasm."</p> <p>The text on the image reads: I didn't need to know phonetics to recognize the approximant liquid of that "or," the plosive "ga," the fricative "z," or the labial, nasal, sigh of the final "um."</p>

Page	Content
173	"Dad has got to go to court in a few days, and he might lose his job. He bought a beer for a boy who wasn't old enough."
180	"Yeah, he offered me a beer once too, but I didn't take it." ...But a whiff of the sexual aroma of the true offense could be detected in the sentence.
191	"One day I looked at myself in the mirror and said, 'you're fourteen years old and you're a faggot...'" ..."It was probably the fist time I realized I was homosexual and I got so depressed because I thought being gay meant being a bum all the rest of my life and I said..."
203	Remarkably, this interview with Mr. Avery occurred on the selfsame afternoon that I realized, in the campus bookstore, that I was a lesbian.
205	"Contemporary and historical perspectives on homosexuality" would have had quite a legitimate ring.
206	"Also, it took Ulysses ten years to get home, and it's been ten years since Bloom had sex with his wife."
207	Colette could write better than anyone about physical things; they include the feel of a peach in one's hand. A man could only write in this way about a woman's breast. The illustration on the bottom of the page depicts a woman lying on a bed in a profile view. She has her pants unbuttoned with her right hand inside her panties.
210	"I'm a lesbian." ...Dad called that evening. If he had mentioned his own homosexuality at this juncture, it might have explained his oddly procuress-like tone. "At least you're human. Everyone should experiment."
212	He thought that I thought that he was queer.
213	Lesbian singers? These people are weird. Maybe I'm not a homo after all.
214	The illustration on the top of the page depicts two nude women. One of the women is lying on her back on a bed, while the other woman is lying on her stomach with her head between the other woman's thighs. There is a shirt hanging on the wall behind them which reads "Lesbian Terrorist." There is also a sign which reads "Keep your God off my body." The illustration on the bottom-left-side of the page depicts a zoomed in, profile view of the same individuals described above. The woman whose head is between the other woman's thighs, is looking at the pubic hair of the other woman. The illustration on the bottom-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women has her mouth on the other woman's vulva with her eyes closed. Her hands are gripping the woman's hips. <i>See Figure 4.</i>
215	The illustration on the top left of the page depicts the same individuals described above in a zoomed in profile view from their torsos upward. The outline of one of

Page	Content
	<p>the women's breasts is shown.</p> <p>The illustration on the top-right-side of the page depicts the same individuals described above. One of the women is lying, propped up by her elbow, beside the other woman. The outline of her breasts are depicted.</p>
221	<p>A dad and his daughter, whom is young woman, are talking while riding in a car. The dad says, "when I was little, I really wanted to be a girl. I'd dress up in girls' clothes."</p> <p>The daughter says, "I wanted to be a boy! I dressed in boys' clothes! Remember?"</p>
223	<p>After the movie, Dad took me to a notorious local nightspot. The front was a topless club. The back was a gay bar.</p> <p>"I.D.?"</p> <p>This might have been our circle chapter, like when Stephen and Bloom drunk at the brothel in nighttown.</p> <p>"I'm her father."</p> <p>"Twenty-one, bud."</p>
224	<p>The illustration on the top-left-side of the page depicts two women from a profile view. One of the women is standing in her underwear with her pants around her ankles. She is pushing down the other woman's pants.</p>
226	<p>Rudolph Bloom, Nee Virag, had not been as resilient as his son to the strain of life in anti-semitic Dublin.</p> <p>He'd taken an overdose of something. But at least he'd left a letter.</p>
229	<p>Perhaps it's just a coincidence that these women- along with sylvia's lover Adrienne Monnier, who published the French edition of Ulysses- were all lesbians. But I like to thin, they went to the mat for this book because they were lesbians, because they knew a thing or two about the erotic truth.</p>
230	<p>Perhaps my eagerness to claim him as "gay" in the way I am "gay," as opposed to bisexual or some other category, is just a way of keeping him to myself- an inverted Oedipal complex.</p>

Profanity	Count
Bitch	2
Fag/Faggot	2
Fuck	4
Homo	1
Piss	1
Shit	3

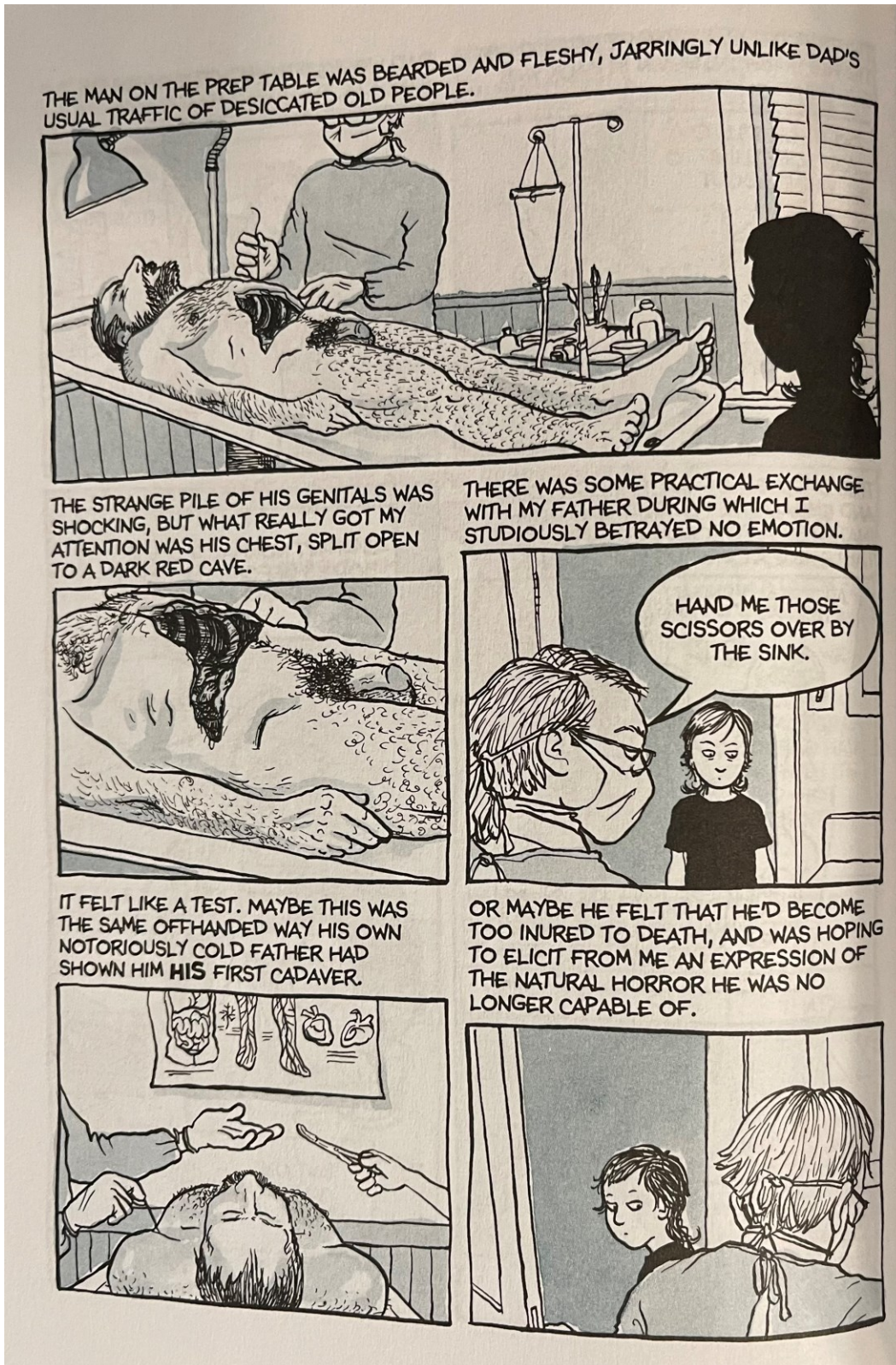


Figure 1



Figure 2

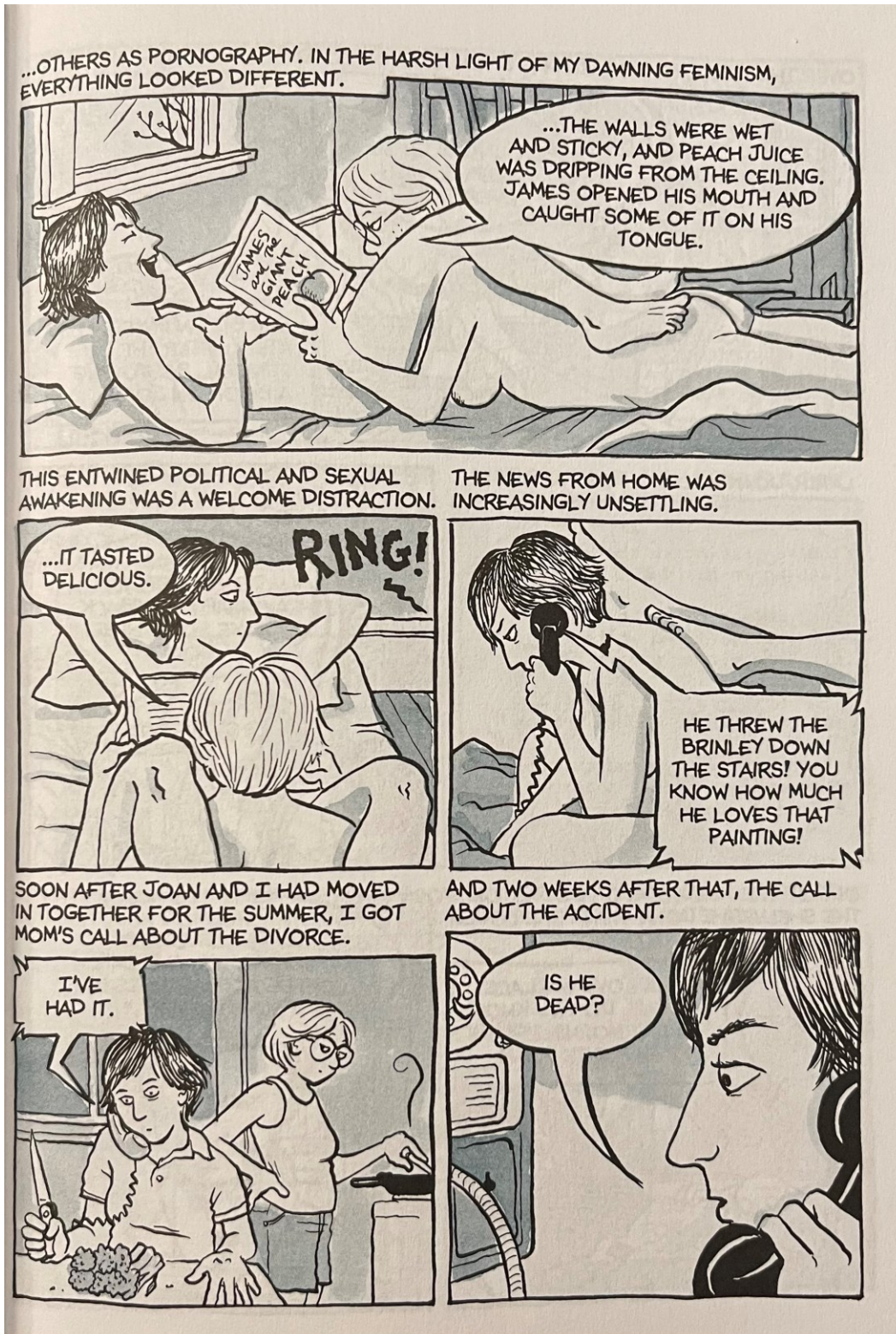
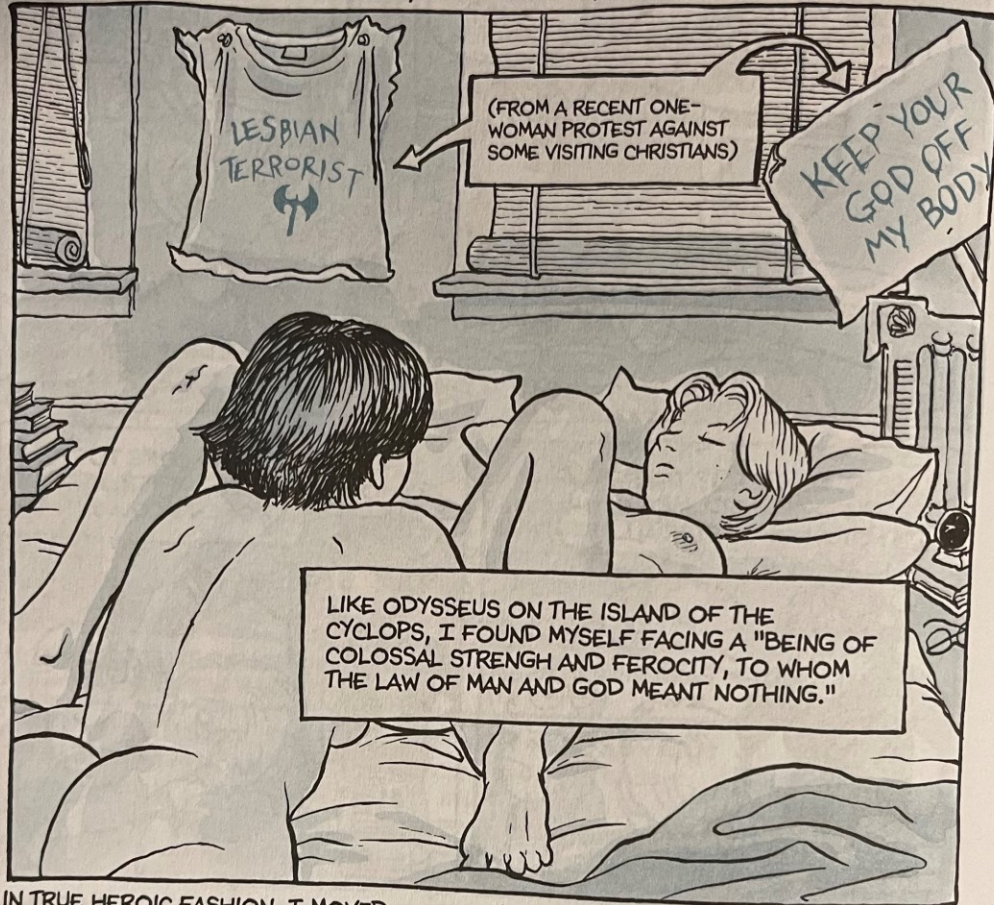
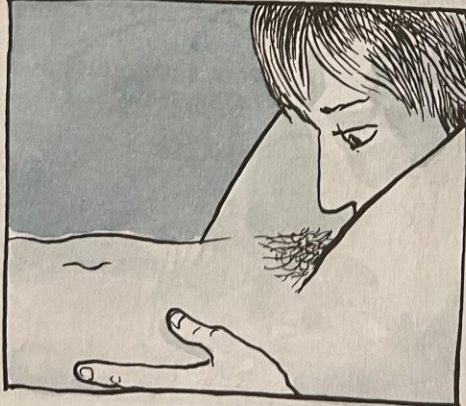


Figure 3

VEERING TOWARD SCYLLA SEEMED MUCH THE SAFER ROUTE. AND AFTER NAVIGATING THE PASSAGE, I SOON WASHED UP, A BIT STUNNED, ON A NEW SHORE.



IN TRUE HEROIC FASHION, I MOVED TOWARD THE THING I FEARED.



YET WHILE ODYSSEUS SCHEMED DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE POLYPHEMUS'S CAVE, I FOUND THAT I WAS QUITE CONTENT TO STAY HERE FOREVER.



Figure 4