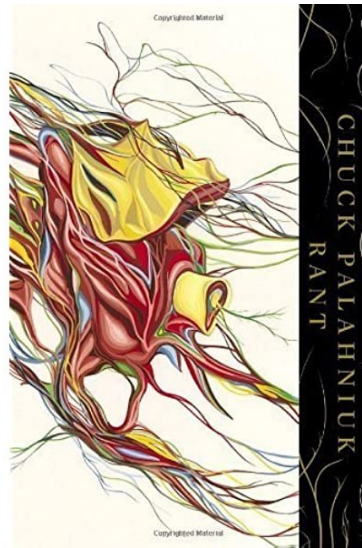


RANT



Book Summary:

After a young man dies, the townspeople, friends, and family provide testimony about his life.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; incest; sexual nudity; drug and alcohol use; excessive/frequent profanity; and alternate sexualities.

Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

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4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	After Gaetan Dugas was dead, the number of sex partners saying they'd fucked him, it went through the roof. ...The stewardess asks him to, please, reach my drink to me: scotch with rocks.
3	And, sipping from his own cup of whiskey, the man swallows.
4	You need to arrive about a heartbeat too late to keep a repeat child-molester from raping your wife. And your mother. ...Wreck his car, a half a hundred times, and hook up with some kind-of, sort-of, not-really prostitute.
12	From the Field Notes of Green Taylor Simms: Despite the dreary scenery, it's all very sexual, these towns. It's only the individual who attains an early beauty and sexuality who becomes trapped here. The young men and women who acquire perfect breasts and muscles before they know how best to use that power, they end up pregnant and mired so close to home.
25	It's Miss Harvey, he can tell, on account of the red shape. "Makes a 'pussy print,'" Rant says, one finger drawing around the outside of the red stain. "A hundred times more personal than your fingerprint." The stain, he says, looks exactly like a kiss of her down-below parts. You didn't have to ask how Rant knowed the shape of Miss Harvey's parts. Same as animal tracks in the snow or sand, he could hand-draw you the kiss of a wide-ranging variety of local pussy. Native-born or just passing through. Just seeing how far a rubber was rolled down, Rant could reckon what dick it come off.
26	This new pussy print, a flower bigger than Miss Harvey's, a sunflower compared to her little violet.
27	Bodie Carlyle: If Rant Casey ever fucked my mom, I didn't never have the balls to ask.
46	After every sit-down piss, Mr. Casey would dangle his dick, trying to get out the last stray drop.
69	LouAnn Perry (Childhood Friend): History is, the girls Rant liked, he used to kiss.
70	Beyond that, a barbed-wire fence piled solid with tumbleweeds trying to get inside. Kotex and rubbers snared and flapping, full of Middleton spunk and blood.
71	Another common symptom is priapism. It's nature's cure for erectile dysfunction. Rant never told his parents, but that Easter was the first time he'd ever experienced an erection. Sex and insect venom were completely collapsed in his childhood psyche.
75	Brenda Jordan blamed her rabies on bobbing for apples during a Halloween party, taking her turn behind Buster, but fact is—she kissed him.
82	There, people who feared they'd become infected would usually commit suicide.
83	Phoebe Truffeau, Ph.D.: One can argue that all early prohibitions to bestiality were intended to prevent the Lyssavirus, or any disease, from jumping to human beings.
88	Echo Lawrence (Party Crasher): To make time stand still—what sand mandalas are to Buddhist monks and embroidery is to Irene Casey—eating pussy was to Rant. He used to wedge his face between my legs and slip his tongue into me. He'd come up on his elbows, smacking his lips, his chin dripping, and Rant would say, "You ate something with cinnamon for breakfast..." He'd lick his lips and roll his eyes, saying, "Not French toast... something else." Rant would snort and gobble, then come up with his eyes shining, saying, "For breakfast, you drank a cup of Constant Comment tea. That's the cinnamon." From just the smell and taste of me, he'd nail my whole day: tea, whole-wheat toast without butter, plain yogurt, blueberries, a tempeh sandwich, one avocado, a glass of orange juice,

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	<p>and a beet salad. “And you had an order of fast-food onion rings,” he’d say, and smack his lips. “A large order.” I called him “the Pussy Psychic.”</p>
89	<p>Echo Lawrence: Get real. Most guys are keeping score with every lap of their tongue. Every time they come up for air, they’re clocking your pleasure. And, lick for lick, you know this had better balance out with the pleasure you give them back. So, lick after lick, you never can relax and get off, not when you know that meter is always running. Every lick an investment in getting licked back.</p> <p>Even guys who hate bookkeeping and doing their taxes, guys who could only shrug if you asked their savings-account or credit-card balance, they’ll compute the exact number of laps their tongue’s done around your snatch. And the payback they have coming. The sexual equivalent of clock watchers or bean counters.</p> <p>That’s every guy—except Rant Casey. He’d stick his tongue into you and years could pass. ...And if you bite into something and find a rag of cloth fabric, folks will know you’re a slut. Imagine that, being branded a slut, right there at Christmas dinner, but Irene Casey swears she read this in a book.</p> <p>Echo Lawrence: One time, face planted between my legs, Rant surfaced for air, picked a pubic hair off his tongue, and said, “What happened today? Something bad happened...” I told him to forget it.</p> <p>He licked me and rolled his eyes, licked again, and said, “A parking ticket? No, something worse...”</p> <p>I told him to forget it. I said nothing had happened.</p> <p>Rant licked me again, only slower, dragging his tongue through me from back to front, his breath hot, and he looked up, staring, until I looked down at him. Met his green eyes. He said, “I’m sorry.” Rant said, “You lost your job today, didn’t you?”</p> <p>My stupid fucking job I had, selling mobile fucking phones.</p> <p>Like, he could find out anything with his nose, and from the taste of you. That was Rant Casey. Always right.</p> <p>And between orgasms, I started to cry.</p>
92	<p>Echo Lawrence: Here’s a single girl’s secret—the reason you eat dinner with a man on a first date is so you know how he’s going to fuck you. A slob who gobbles down the meal, never looks at a bite, you know not to crawl into bed with that guy.</p>
94	<p>Echo Lawrence: This once, after I’d had an orgasm, inside of me is a pressure, not a pain, more like that feeling when your tampon turns sideways. Like I might have to take a piss.</p> <p>Rant put two fingers inside and takes out something pink. Bigger than a tooth. Smooth and shiny with spit.</p> <p>Even naked, we were never touching. Dried sticky or wet slimy, between his skin and mine, you could always feel a thin layer of sweat or spit or sperm.</p> <p>Still propped on both his elbows, Rant’s looking at something cupped in his hand.</p> <p>As if he’s just sucked this pink object out of me.</p> <p>So, of course, I have to sit up and look. But it’s a joke.</p> <p>A little doll. A baby made of pink plastic. And Rant says, “How did that get in there?” His mother’s mantra.</p> <p>He grins at me, says, “This here makes me the lucky king...”</p> <p>It almost didn’t matter that his spit gave me rabies.</p>

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96	And Rant says, "Shit." He stuffs his free hand down the front of his pants and grits his teeth. "Spider-bite boner," he says. "Always happens." And he twists around inside his crotch to hide it.
97	And Rant ducks his head, his chin nodding down, he tilts his hips up, points with the gun fingers of both hands at his crotch, where the zipper is tented, pointed, poked out so stiff you can see the silver teeth of the steel metal inside. "Mr. Wyland, sir," Rant says, "I've had a serious erection here for going on two hours..."
99	Cammy Elliot: The outline of Rant's boner slung sideways in his jeans, almost pulsing with his heartbeat, he went to the office. ...Lowell Richards (Teacher): A clear corollary formed between sunny weather and the number of boys suffering from painful penile erections. At issue wasn't the penises, but the failure to occlude them while in their turgid state.
101	Leif Jordan: We'd maybe talk some doctor into calling it "chronic boner syndrome." ...Lowell Richards: Instructors hesitated in prompting full participation from male students out of the anxiety that students required to stand might exhibit inappropriate arousal, generating classroom disruption and undermining the instructor's authority. Sheriff Bacon Carlyle (Childhood Enemy): If we were talking about naturally sprung boners, that would be another kettle of fish. But these here were store-bought, chemically engineered woodies sprouted on purpose to disrupt the peaceful classroom environment.
102	Lowell Richards: Though it was widely rumored that certain students abused medications designed to treat erectile dysfunction, legal counsel advised that no just cause existed for requiring that students submit urine for drug testing. Legal counsel cautioned that, though some tumescence may result from illegally obtained prescription drugs, the majority of genital arousal was naturally occurring and thus protected under the Americans with Disabilities Act. ...Dr. David Schmidt (Middleton Physician): My slide show consisted of color photographs documenting penises suffering extended priapism and the resulting gangrenous injury. For the purpose of this lecture, I selected the most extreme examples, members on which the foreskin, glans penis, and engorged corpus carvenosa had discolored to a purple-black or iridescent dark green, typical of advanced necrosis in oxygen-deprived tissues.
104	Silas Hendersen: Without him, the Erection Revolution kind of lost steam. Gone limp. Left us just dumb kids with vegetables stuffed down our shorts and rubber bands wrapped around our wieners. ...Rubber bands was a bigger mistake. Nothing hurts more than snipping a rubber band, snarled and tangled, all mangled up in your short hairs.
116	You can taste the bourbon still in his mouth.
117	This industry is full of assholes ready to let you remix your porno peaks through their kid. It's beyond tasteless, but you can tell porn peaks reboosted through a kid's soft, sensitive skin.
118	If some asswipe's handing over his time, he should get the train trip sweetened by having the whole mess rewitnessed through a Playboy Bunny on heroin. Morphine at least. Watch those boring, bullshit mountains roll past while zonked on opiates and fondling your own set of love-a-luscious titties. ...In school, after all the film schools switched over, after the entire film industry switched over to neural transcriptions, I did my best work by getting it reboosted through junkies.

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	Hang around any transcription program and you'll meet needle freaks who'll sweeten student work for the extra cash. Or speed freaks who'll let you boost a boring peak through them to amp the pace. If you only need some soft-focus, hook up with a codeine fanatic, run your final mix through him for out-cording, and your edges will look a little relaxed.
119	Even boosted through an OxyContin high, it's beyond impossible to remove a headache from your tactile track. ...A good way to flatten a peak—say, lower it from an R rating to a PG, is you rewitness through a dope-smoking stoner. An easy fix. ...I threw a party. Invited one Asian friend. One Jew. One black. One queer. One hot lesbian.
120	Four hours of sentiment, tinted with Percodan. You can tell by the slight halo effect you get boosting through somebody on painkillers.
121	These days, every month, when I have to send the school a payment on my loans, at the bottom of the check, where it says "For...," in that blank I always write, "Thanks for the best rim job ever!"
124	Ask Echo what she does for a living; if she tells you anything except sex work, it's a lie.
132	Echo Lawrence: Tina's slammed against her headrest. Her tits and pearls thrown up, high, around her neck. Veil burn. Steam rises behind them, and their six o'clock's been tagged.
159	And to Echo's ass, to the wrench poking out of her pocket, Tina Something says, "Your girlfriend you like so much, she fucks for money." Tina crosses her arms over her chest, leans back, and yells, "Your little girlfriend is a gaddamn whore."
164	The Lawrence girl, she explained that sex workers regularly perform oral sex as part of foreplay. She told us the true purpose of the act is to routinely test a client for illness. Syphilis, she said, tastes like curried chicken. Hepatitis tastes like veal with capers. Gonorrhea, like sour-cream-and-onion potato chips. HIV, like buttered popcorn. She looked at my wife and said, "Let me lick your pussy and I can tell if you've been exposed to venereal warts, and if you're at risk for developing cervical cancer." Most forms of cancer, she said, taste similar to tartar sauce. ...At some point in the evening, she set down her glass of Merlot and went to the bag, unzipping it and unpacking these... things. Long thick pink rubber things that were so worn in places that you'd be terrified of them breaking in half inside of you. Pink rubber that looked stained and smudged. Brown stains that might've been old blood. Black deposits, where the batteries had leaked. Things, I couldn't say what they were. Handcuffs and blindfolds. An enema bag with a nozzle that didn't look any too clean. Latex gloves. Some horrible spring-loaded things that looked like jumper cables—she called them "tit clamps."
165	Echo Lawrence: My routine—where I talk about tasting people for hepatitis or gonad warts—I was saying that long before I met Rant Casey. The fact he could actually do that trick, it was un-fucking-believable. He licked me one time and told me to lay off eating whole eggs. From the taste of my pussy, he said my cholesterol was too high. ...Canada Mercer: This girl, Echo, she took out a thick white candle and lit it, telling us to let the wax melt so we could pour it onto her bare breasts. She shook out the match and told us, "I don't want you to torture me just because you feel sorry for me. I want you to really enjoy hurting me." She said, "I want tonight to be about you." The young lady said she despised what she called "Pity S& M."
171	Tucked in the same envelope was a snapshot of him kissing some strange boy.

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175	That thick pink club she's rubbing on with sandpaper and steel wool, and staining with shoe polish and old tea bags, it looks exactly like some giant's sex thingy. A girl like that, with a gimp arm, making herself a dirty, bigman thingy... It's a stretch to see that girl as the mama of my future grandbabies.
177	Or was I some erotic fantasy? Was sex too boring with normal girls, people with two arms and legs that matched, mouths that could kiss back? Was fucking me some one-time goal in the great scavenger hunt of his sex life? ...A guide into the Nighttimer life. Was sex his way of clinging to me because he was too afraid to be alone in this scary new world?
180	And Rant says, "Pink." Still kissing my forehead, smelling and tasting my skin, my closed eyes, my nose and cheeks, he says, "Two dozen. Nancy Reagan roses mixed with baby's breath and white little-bitty carnations." ...Echo Lawrence: Kissing my mouth, Rant tells me my showerhead is brass instead of chrome.
182	Echo Lawrence: As Rant's lips move down my throat, I challenge him to smell what type of birth control I'm on. As his lips move down my chest, Rant says, "None. You had your period thirty-four—no—thirty-six hours ago." When I said "down my throat," I meant on the outside.
183	Snap my fingers, and go from sideshow freak to sex kitten?
186	Mind you, back then all the dancers boosted some effect to stay high, at least while they were performing. Most our dancers indulged in an opiate effect the club knew to provide. ;;;Somebody gets high—an actual, primary high, shooting or snorting—then they boost some packaged episode, let's say a Little Becky transcript. ...What's left over is pure opiate effect. A wireless high. Just a rush we can narrow-cast on the stage, looping it so the effect never lets up. A dancer steps into that feel-good spotlight and she won't have a care in the world.
187	One out-corded lap dance can wreck the career of some poor girl. The first shitheel pays to be with her, but everyone after him gets her for free.
188	This hyperactivity, in tandem with the disinhibitions caused by said brain damage, can also spur the infected individual to seek the pleasure of compulsive, casual sexual activity, further spreading the disease, and earning syphilis the common moniker of "Cupid's disease." ...Carlo Tiengo: Viv's poking her toes the way she does to accept tips. The Drooler's just some perv who stops in after work on his payday. He stands up from his stool and leans over the edge of the stage. Viv's sitting, leaned back on her hands, pushing one foot into his face, the ways pervs like. Then she's screaming. ...Vivica Brawley: See here, on my right foot, where the three little toes should be? That's how much he crammed in his mouth. The bald Teamster. He grabs both hands around my ankle and bites down, and I'm screaming for Bernie.
190	And I'm only just finding out... But not really. I'm stoned on the boosted effect, and I'm bleeding and in shock.
191	Additionally, the damage caused by the Lyssavirus to the central nervous system prevents the sufferer from "boosting" or otherwise enjoying the solitary entertainment of neural transcripts. This inability increases the likelihood the infected individual will seek amusement outside his home, indulging in risky social interaction such as "Party Crashing" and casual sex.

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208	Shot Dunyun (Party Crasher): How weird is this? You'd cruise past a Santa Claus standing on some corner, and jolly old Santa would flash you his rack. Her rack. Tits on St. Nick. That's the kind of carnival that Tree Night turns into.
215	Shot Dunyun: Off the record, but, weeks ahead of that night, I'd been dosing Echo's root beer with that Plan B, morning-after abortion pill. Just in case. I can't say how many little Rant Caseys I made her poop out.
220	Because so many of these encounters were of a so-called covert nature, mostly involving illegal drugs and sexual contact, the infected Daytimers were slow to recognize and report their symptoms.
223	They expect life to be just one big party. Their lives revolve around sex. Crashing their cars, and meaningless one-day stands with strangers.
233	To me, the girl says, "You know what a 'Porn Buddy' is?" She says that if somebody dies, most times they have a close friend who's designated to hurry over and search their place for drugs and sex stuff. All the junk they don't want their parents to know about them. ...Just to tie up any loose ends, I'd loaded that soup with those Plan B birth-control pills. To really flush her out, I mean beyond loaded.
235	The first time I meet him, this middle-aged doofus, he grabs my neck with one hand. He gropes me, plants his mouth over mine, and says, "Miss me?"
250	I mean, what if you found yourself a long time ago—by accident—and you met your own great-great-grandmother before it was wrong to date her? And what if she was a babe? And let's say you two hooked up? And how about she has a baby who'd be both your daughter and your great-grandmother? In the wrong, sick-minded guy, could you see where this plan might be headed? A hybrid you with superpowers? Couldn't you keep living, maybe hooking up with your next ancestor babes—your grandmother and your mom—stoking your own genetics so the future you—even the present you—was more strong, smart, crazy... some extra something?
257	Echo Lawrence: Of course, this is the man's version. He didn't rape anybody. He didn't guess who she really was until, laying there, waiting for dusk and her folks, Hattie said, "The only way they'll let you stay is if I get knocked up..." And they had sex again. Midway through that second time, Hattie said she hoped it would be a girl baby. So she could call it Esther. And this strange young man came to orgasm, seeing the clock and calendar on her dresser. He asked her, "Is that thing right?"
280	I didn't want to, but when he worked my zipper down and slipped his cold thumb inside all those panties, inside me, I peed. All hot, creeping through my jeans and underwear. The hot wicking up the yarn of my sweater. The rest of me, ice cold. In the dirt, in my Christmas sweater, with this man crushing the air out of me, calling me "the mother of the future," I couldn't picture how this'd get any worse. I remember him turning his hand in front of my face, his fingers wet and steaming in the cold, and me saying, "I'm sorry." I said, "We're safe." His wet fingers inside me, I kept calling him "mister." Kept saying, "Those dogs are long gone."
281	Irene Casey: Worse than Basin Carlyle fouling you, nailing you too hard, down there with a dodgeball in phys ed. Worse than the cramps. That punching, pushing, shoving inside, it hurts. Gritty and grinding with dirty water, the ice, melted under me. That thin part of ice,

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	<p>turned to mud puddled under me. I pictured fabric, stuck in one place, stabbed again and again in a big, slow sewing machine. My arms wrapped tight as a baby or a mummy, just-born or dead-helpless, the man moved on top of me, faster, until he stopped, and every muscle and joint of him turned hard as stone, froze. Then all of him went loose, relaxed, but he didn't let go. His fingers kept a hold of me. His heart slowed, and he said, "It didn't happen, not yet. To be safe," the man said, "we'll need to go again."</p>
283	Irene Casey: The man pulled up his pants, his thing still steaming with pee and blood. Still dripping sperms. He pulled up the zipper and looked his head around. Looking down at me, he said, "Stay until I'm gone."
290	In contrast, a typical "liminoid" event such as a rock concert, a rave, or a polyamorous consensual group sex party occurs outside of the mainstream, but a liminoid event marks no such life transition.
297	Gregg Denney (Student): These day bitches come around, not wanting to be virgins no more. I provided myself a bottomless supply of clean pussy. Day bitches only had to hear I was infected and they'd hunt me out. The rest of us, we called them "spittoons," they was after spit so bad.
309	He drank my scotch and told me that time is not a straight line.
312	<p>Shot Dunnyun (Party Crasher): Maybe Rant wasn't so... ballsy or big as we remember him. Maybe this is how any religious figure gets created—his friends brag him up, huger and huger, so they can get laid. You can picture St. Peter in a bar telling some pretty girl, "Yeah, I hung with Jesus Christ. We were best buds..."</p> <p>...Shot Dunnyun: Bullshit. You know, if Echo jumps back in time, she'd be around today, but with both regular arms and legs. Normal. And with living, alive parents. Not whittling and staining sex toys.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	25
Bitch	8
Dick	8
Fuck	48
Piss	13
Prick	1
Pussy	12
Shit	94
Tit	3