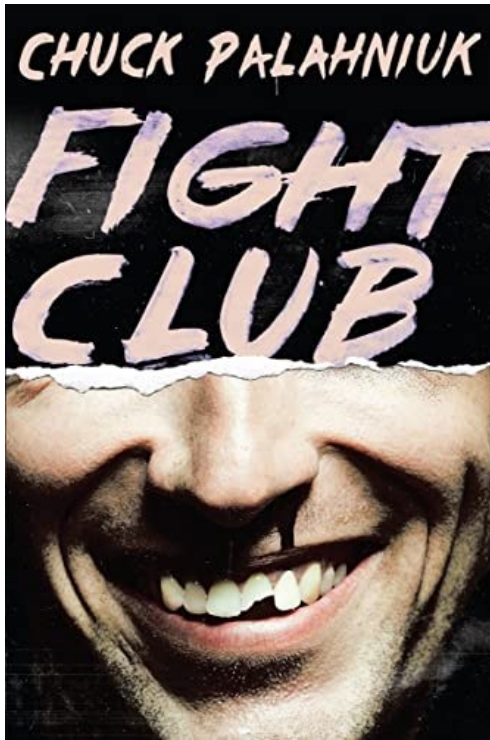


FIGHT CLUB



Adult

By Chuck Palahniuk

ISBN: 978-0-393-06639-5

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:

An insomniac with a multiple personality disorder starts a fight club as a form of therapy.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; references to aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; references to abortion and suicide; alcohol use; and profanity.

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/5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 16 | His arms wrapped around me, Bob's hand palms my head against the new tits sprouted on his barrel chest. |
| 19 | <p>The little skeleton of a woman named Chloe with the seat of her pants hanging down sad and empty, Chloe tells me the worst thing about her brain parasites was no one would have sex with her. Here she was, so close to death that her life insurance policy had paid off with seventy-five thousand bucks, and all Chloe wanted was to get laid for the last time. Not intimacy, sex.</p> <p>...Pornographic movies, she had pornographic movies at home in her apartment. During the French Revolution, Chloe told me, the women in prison, the duchesses, baronesses, marquises, whatever, they would screw any man who'd climb on top. Chloe breathed against my neck. Climb on top. Pony up, did I know. Screwing passed the time.</p> <p>...Chloe had pornographic movies, if I was interested. Amyl nitrate. Lubricants.</p> <p>Normal times, I'd be sporting an erection.</p> |
| 20 | This was therapeutic physical contact, Chloe said. We should all choose a partner. Chloe threw herself around my head and cried. She had strapless underwear at home, and cried. Chloe had oils and handcuffs, and cried as I watched the second hand on my watch go around eleven times. |
| 29 | <p>What else a projectionist shouldn't do: Tyler makes slides out of the best single frames from a movie. The first full frontal movie anyone can remember had the naked actress Angie Dickinson.</p> <p>...By the time a print of this movie had shipped from the West Coast theaters to the East Coast theaters, the nude scene was gone. One projectionist took a frame. Another projectionist took a frame. Everybody wanted to make a naked slide of Angie Dickinson. Porno got into theaters and these projectionists, some guys they built collections that got epic.</p> <p>...You're a projectionist and you're tired and angry, but mostly you're bored so you start by taking a single frame of pornography collected by some other projectionist that you find stashed away in the booth, and you splice this frame of a lunging red penis or a yawning wet vagina close-up into another feature movie.</p> <p>This is one of those pet adventures, when the dog and cat are left behind by a traveling family and must find their way home. In reel three, just after the dog and cat, who have human voices and talk to each other, have eaten out of a garbage can, there's the flash of an erection.</p> <p>...A single frame in a movie is on the screen for one-sixtieth of a second. Divide a second into sixty equal parts. That's how long the erection is.</p> |
| 42 | <p>Nine times out of ten, the security task force guy says, the vibration is an electric razor. This was my cordless electric razor. The other time, it's a vibrating dildo.</p> <p>...Imagine, the task force guy says, telling a passenger on arrival that a dildo kept her baggage on the East Coast. Sometimes it's even a man. It's airline policy not to imply ownership in the event of a dildo. Use the indefinite article.</p> <p>A dildo.</p> <p>Never your dildo.</p> <p>Never, ever say the dildo accidentally turned itself on.</p> <p>A dildo activated itself and created an emergency situation that required evacuating your baggage.</p> |

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| 46 | Tyler and I, we met and drank a lot of beer, and Tyler said, yes, I could move in with him, but I would have to do him a favor. |
| 50 | After you've been to fight club, watching football on television is watching pornography when you could be having great sex. |
| 56 | All night long, I dreamed I was humping Marla Singer. |
| 58 | Tyler comes to breakfast with hickies sucked all over his neck and chest, and I'm reading through an old Reader's Digest magazine. This is the perfect house for dealing drugs. There are no neighbors. ...No kidding, and Tyler comes to the kitchen table with his hickies and no shirt and says, blah, blah, blah, blah, he met Marla Singer last night and they had sex. |
| 59 | This wasn't a for-real suicide, Marla said, this was probably just one of those cry-for-help things, but she had taken too many Xanax. ...And dreamed I was humping, humping, humping Marla Singer. ...After Tyler and Marla had sex about ten times, Tyler says, Marla said she wanted to get pregnant. Marla said she wanted to have Tyler's abortion. |
| 65 | Except for their humping, every night in Marla's room. Doing it. Doing it. Doing it. |
| 67 | Marla pinches the edge of the skirt and turns it up for me to see little dots of stitching on the inside. She's not wearing any underwear. And she winks. ...Before she leaves for the store, Marla lifts her skirt with her fingertips and sort of dances around me and the kitchen table, her ass flying around inside her skirt. ...You see those trees and think of roadkill animals or sex crime victims wearing their underwear inside out and bound with black electrical tape. ...Marla looks at me as if I'm the one humping her and says, "I can't win with you, can I?" |
| 103 | Kneeling next to Marla's bed with my hands still cold from outside, feeling Marla's cold skin a little at a time, rubbing a little of Marla between my fingers every inch, Marla says those warts that are God's French ticklers give women cervical cancer. So I was sitting on the paper belt in an examining room at the medical school while a medical student sprays a canister of liquid nitrogen on my dick and eight medical students watched. |
| 106 | To warm her up, to make her laugh, I tell Marla about the woman in Dear Abby who married a handsome successful mortician and on their wedding night, he made her soak in a tub of ice water until her skin was freezing to the touch, and then he made her lie in bed completely still while he had intercourse with her cold inert body. The funny thing is this woman had done this as a newlywed, and gone on to do it for the next ten years of marriage and now she was writing to Dear Abby to ask if Abby thought it meant something. |
| 113 | Movies had gone back to the distributor. Movies had gone back out in re-release. Comedy. Drama. Musicals. Romance. Action adventure. Spliced with Tyler's single-frame flashes of pornography. Sodomy. Fellatio. Cunnilingus. Bondage. |

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| 115 | Crack my ribs, but if you miss one week's pay, I go public, and you and your little union go down under lawsuits from every theater owner and film distributor and mommy whose kid maybe saw a hard-on in Bambi. |
| 122 | "The explosion blasts a metal slug off the open end of the shell, and the barrel of the gun focuses the exploding powder and the rocketing slug," Tyler said, "like a man out of a cannon, like a missile out of a silo, like your jism, in one direction." |
| 132 | Marla and I walk on raked gravel paths through the kaleidoscope green patterns of the garden, drinking and smoking. We talk about her breasts. |
| 159 | I call Marla from my Seattle motel room to ask if we've ever done it. You know. Long distance, Marla says, "What?" Slept together. "What!" Have I ever, you know, had sex with her? ...Have we ever had sex? "You are such a piece of shit." Have we had sex? |
| 160 | Marla says, "You saved my life. The Regent Hotel. I'd accidentally attempted suicide. Remember?" ..."That night," Marla says, "I said I wanted to have your abortion." |
| 174 | Whenever Tyler was having sex with Marla, I was asleep. |
| 183 | "It gets worse," Marla says. "I dated a guy, once, who wanted me to fake a lesbian scene with his blow-up doll." |
| 206 | IN MY FATHER'S house are many mansions. Of course, when I pulled the trigger, I died. Liar. And Tyler died. With the police helicopters thundering toward us, and Marla and all the support group people who couldn't save themselves, with all of them trying to save me, I had to pull the trigger. This was better than real life. And your one perfect moment won't last forever. Everything in heaven is white on white. Faker. Everything in heaven is quiet, rubber-soled shoes. I can sleep in heaven. People write to me in heaven and tell me I'm remembered. That I'm their hero. |
| 209 | HE LEANED FORWARD, his breath the smell of whiskey drunk straight from the bottle. |
| 210 | Before a zillion "Fuck Club" porn sites... ...He insisted it was really about gay men watching one another fuck in public steambaths. |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 18 |
| Bitch | 7 |
| Dick | 7 |
| Fuck | 22 |
| Piss | 13 |
| Prick | 2 |
| Shit | 26 |
| Tit | 7 |