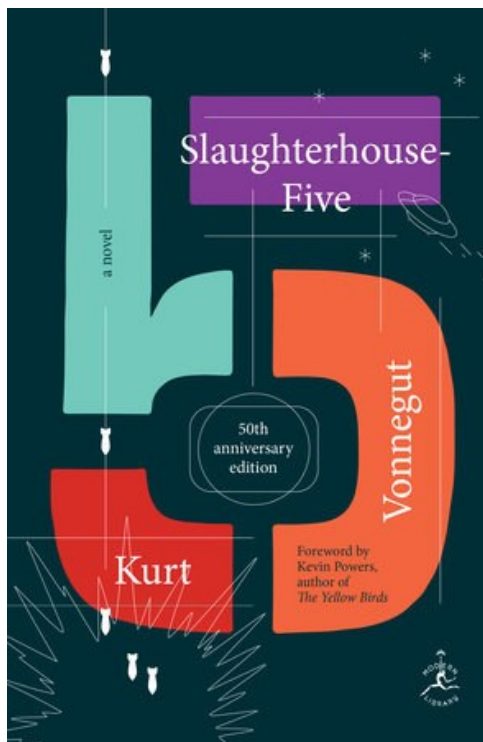


# SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit violence including animal cruelty; inexplicit sexual activities including bestiality; sexual nudity; profanity; and inflammatory religious commentary.

*Adult*

**By Kurt Vonnegut**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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15	We asked him how it was to live under Communism, and he said that it was terrible at first, because everybody had to work so hard, and because there wasn't much shelter or food or clothing. But things were much better now. He had a pleasant little apartment, and his daughter was getting an excellent education.
52	"Ge out of the road, you dumb motherfucker." The last word was still a novelty in the speech of white people in 1944. It was fresh and astonishing to Billy, who had never fucked anybody- and it did its job.
55	Weary to Billy about neat tortures he'd read about or seen in the movies or heard on the radio- about other neat tortures he himself had invented. One of the inventions was sticking a dentist's drill into a guy's ear. ...The correct answer turned out to be this: "You stake a guy out on an anthill in the desert- see? He's facing upward, and you put honey all over his balls and pecker, and you cut off his eyelids so he has to stare at the sun till he dies."
59	He had a dirty picture of a woman attempting sexual intercourse with a Shetland pony. He had made Billy Pilgrim admire that picture several times. The woman and the pony were posed before velvet draperies which were fringed with deedleeballs. They were flanked by Doric columns. In front of one column was a potted palm. The picture that Weary had was a print of the first dirty photograph in history.
111	Their penises were shriveled, and their balls were retracted.
125	the British had no way of knowing it, but the candles and the soap were made from the fat of rendered Jews and Gypsies and fairies and communists, and other enemies of the State.
139	The visitor from outer space made a serious study of Christianity, to learn, if he could, why Christians found it so easy to be cruel. He concluded that at least part of the trouble was slipshod storytelling in the New Testament. He supposed that the intent of the Gospels was to teach people, among other things, to be merciful, even to the lowest of the low. But the Gospels actually taught this: Before you kill somebody, make absolutely sure he isn't well connected. So it goes. The flaw in the Christ stories, said the visitor from outer space, was that Christ, who didn't look like much, was actually the Son of the Most Powerful Being in the Universe. Readers understood that, so, when they came to the crucifixion, they naturally thought, and Rosewater read out loud again: Oh, boy—they sure picked the wrong guy to lynch that time! And that thought had a brother: "There are right people to lynch." Who? People not well connected. So it goes. The visitor from outer space made a gift to Earth of a new Gospel. In it, Jesus really was a nobody, and a pain in the neck to a lot of people with better connections than he had. He still got to say all the lovely and puzzling things he said in the other Gospels. So the people amused themselves one day by nailing him to a cross and planting the cross in the ground. There couldn't possibly be any repercussions, the lynchers thought. The reader would have to think that, too, since the new Gospel

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	<p>hammered home again and again what a nobody Jesus was. And then, just before the nobody died, the heavens opened up, and there was thunder and lightning. The voice of God came crashing down. He told the people that he was adopting the bum as his son, giving him the full powers and privileges of The Son of the Creator of the Universe throughout all eternity. God said this: From this moment on, He will punish horribly anyone who torments a bum who has no connections!</p>
144	<p>One of the biggest moral bombshells handed to Billy by the Tralfamadorians, incidentally had to do with sex on Earth. They said their flying-saucer crews had identified no fewer than seven sexes on Earth, each essential to reproduction. Again: Billy couldn't possibly imagine what five of those seven sexes had to do with the making of a baby, since they were sexually active only in the fourth dimension. ...They told him there could be no Earthling babies without male homosexuals. There could be no babies without female homosexuals.</p>
150	<p>Billy was on top of Valenica, making love to her. ...While Billy was making love to her,...</p>
151	<p>Billy made a noise like a small, rusty hinge. He had just emptied his seminal vesicles into Valencia, had contributed his share of the Green Beret.</p>
153	<p>It was a simple-minded thing for a female Earthling to do, to associate sex and glamour with war.</p>
154	<p>"I heard you tell Father one time about a German firing squad." She was referring to the execution of poor old Edgar Derby. "Um." "You had to bury him?" "Yes." "Did he see you with your shovels before he was shot?" "Yes." "Did he say anything?" "No." "Was he scared?" "They had him doped up. He was sort of glassy-eyed." "And they pinned a target to him?" "A piece of paper," ...</p>
156	<p>Billy took his pecker out, there in the prison night, and peed and peed on the ground.</p>
159	<p>"Man," said the porter, "you sure had a hard-on."</p>
163	<p>Their most destructive untruth is that it is very easy for any American to make money. They will not acknowledge how in fact hard money is to come by, and, therefore, those who have no money blame and blame themselves. This inward blame has been a treasure for the rich and powerful, who have had to do less for their poor, publicly and privately, than any other ruling class since, say, Napoleonic times. Many novelties have come from America. The most startling of these, a thing without precedent, is a mass of undignified poor.</p>

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166	Montana was naked, and so was Billy, of course. He had a tremendous wan, incidentally.
168	After she had been on Tralfamadore for what would have been an Earthling week, she asked him shyly if he wouldn't sleep with her. Which he did. It was heavenly. ...Billy sniffed. His hot bed smelled like a mushroom cellar. He had had a wet dream about Montana Wildhack.
173	<p>You should have seen what I did to a dog one time." "A dog?" said Billy.</p> <p>"Son of a bitch bit me. So I got me some steak, and I got me the spring out of a clock. I cut that spring up in little pieces. I put points on the ends of the pieces. They were sharp as razor blades. I stuck 'em into the steak—way inside. And I went past where they had the dog tied up. He wanted to bite me again. I said to him, 'Come on, doggie—let's be friends. Let's not be enemies any more. I'm not mad.' He believed me."</p> <p>"He did?"</p> <p>"I threw him the steak. He swallowed it down in one big gulp. I waited around for ten minutes." Now Lazzaro's eyes twinkled. "Blood started coming out of his mouth. He started crying, and he rolled on the ground, as though the knives were on the outside of him instead of on the inside of him. Then he tried to bite out his own insides. I laughed, and I said to him, 'You got the right idea now. Tear your own guts out, boy. That's me in there with all those knives.'"</p>
175	"...And he'll pull out a gun and shoot his pecker off. The stranger'll let him think a couple of seconds about who Paul Lazzaro is and what life's gonna be like without a pecker.
179	Lazzaro was talking to himself about people he was going to have killed after the war, and rackets he was going to work, and women he was going to make fuck him, whether they wanted to or not.
191	Billy Pilgrim accidentally saw a Pole hanged in public, about three days after Billy got to Dresden. Billy just happened to be walking to work with some others shortly after sunrise, and they came to a gallows and a small crowd in front of a soccer stadium. The Pole was a farm laborer who was being hanged for having had sexual intercourse with a German woman.
191	<p>In my prison cell I sit,          With my britches full of shit,          And my ball are bouncing gently on the floor.          And I see the bloody snag          When she bit me in the bag.          Oh, I'll never fuck a Polack any more.</p>
210	She was a dull person, but a sensational invitation to make babies. Men looked at her and wanted to fill her up with babies right away. She hadn't had even one baby yet. She used birth control.
244	A sign in there said that adults only were allowed in the back. There were peep shows in the back that showed movies of young women and men with no clothes on. It cost a quarter to into a machine for one minute. There were still photographs of naked young people for sale back there, too. You could take those home. The stills were a lot more Tralfamadorian than the movies, since you could

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	look at them whenever you wanted to, and they wouldn't change. Twenty years in the future, those girls would still be young, would still be smiling or smoldering or simply looking stupid, with their legs wide open. Some of them were eating lollipops or bananas. They would still be eating those. And the peckers of the young men would still be semierect, and their muscles would be bulging like cannonballs.
249	The magazine, which was published for lonesome men to jerk off to,...
250	The clerk leered and showed him. It was a photograph of a woman and a Shetland pony. They were attempting to have sexual intercourse between two Doric columns, in front of velvet draperies which were fringed with deedlee-balls.
251	"To provide touches of color in rooms with all-white wall." Another one said, "To describe blow-jobs artistically."
254	The illustration on this page depicts two naked breasts in frontal view with a heart necklace hanging between them.

Profanity	Count
Bitch	1
Cocksucker	2
Fuck	10
Piss	1
Shit	7