



Fight Club

Chuck Palahniuk

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

Fight Club

Chuck Palahniuk

Fight Club Chuck Palahniuk

Fight Club Details

Date : Published October 17th 2005 by W.W. Norton & Company (NYC) (first published 1996)

ISBN : 9780393327342

Author : Chuck Palahniuk

Format : Paperback 218 pages

Genre : Fiction, Contemporary, Classics, Thriller

 [Download Fight Club ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Fight Club ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Fight Club Chuck Palahniuk

From Reader Review Fight Club for online ebook

Chris says

Well, now I reckon y'all have seen the movie, so there's probably not a whole lot that you need to know about this book.

You know Tyler Durden.

He's the Id, the unchained spirit that wants what he wants and he wants it *now*. He's the voice in your head that tells you that everything is worthless, that chaos, death and the end of civilization would be better than anything our so-called "society" could ever create. He's the one standing over your left shoulder, whispering "Burn it all down. It'll be fun." He acts in secret, he has an army of minions, and he has a plan.

Oh yes, you know Tyler Durden.

The narrator of this dark and strange cautionary tale knows Tyler all too well, and tells us of how he and Tyler tried to change the world. It all started very simply - with basement fight clubs where men could let out their rage and frustration on each other. There were very few rules to fight club, but that was okay. Rules were, in fact, the *problem*. The regimented society in which we live imposes constant rules on us - social rules, cultural rules, corporate rules - that tell us who to be and what to think. The rules of our society have sapped us of our strength and purpose, making us soft. Pliable. Weak.

But Tyler's plan doesn't end there - the fight clubs morph into Project Mayhem, a well-oiled anarchist movement, determined to bring down the very fundamentals of our society. With an army at his beck and call, Tyler is sure that his plan will succeed.

It's a book with a couple of very powerful messages, one overt and incorrect, the other subtle and accurate. The overt message is Tyler's message - we are a generation with no cause, no purpose. Our lives are governed by what we buy and what we wear, and none of us will die having done anything with our lives. In order to be Real Men, we need to strip away the veneer of civilization - our Ikea furniture, our make-work jobs and our cornflower blue neckties - and rediscover the inner core of ourselves. The brutal, unafraid, unapologetic beast that is Man.

This, to no one's surprise, appealed to a lot of people when the film came out because it's a very believable world view. Those of Gen X and beyond are reminded over and over again that the generations before us were the ones who actually did things. The Baby Boomers got herded into the slaughterhouse that was Vietnam, toppled a President, faced down the chaos of the Sixties and fought to change the world. Their parents, of course, were the Greatest Generation - a label that I have come to despise - who fought Hitler and freed Europe. Their parents struggled through the Depression, and *their* parents fought in the trenches of World War One.

What have we done? Until the beginning of the 21st Century, how had we suffered? What had we sacrificed? Not a whole lot, and I think a lot of us secretly believe that we're not only not pulling our weight in the world, but that since we have not suffered, we're not really *adult*. Our miseries have not been those born of chaos, war and destruction. Ours have been tiny, personal tragedies that are, in their way, insignificant.

I can see where Tyler Durden is coming from on this point - I do sometimes look around me and ask, "Where are our great challenges, our Normandy or our moon landing?" And I fear that without these milestones, my generation will never really be taken seriously.

Unfortunately, this is about where most folks stopped thinking and decided, "Shit, man, he's right! I wanna start a fight club!" And short-lived fight clubs sprang up all over the country, lasting about as long as it took for people to realize that while Brad Pitt on the movie screen can get beaten within an inch of his life and still look cool, a normal human cannot. They missed the subtle message because it wasn't one that they really wanted to hear.

The book is not about the triumph of nihilism over a consumer-driven culture. It's not about being a Real Man. It's not about being a unique snowflake or a space monkey.

It's about overcoming both the desire to destroy society and the desire to be completely subsumed by it. It's about the need for purpose, and the need for connection with other people, and what can happen when one is deprived of those things. Tyler doesn't show up because the narrator is rootless or bored - Tyler shows up because the narrator has forsaken people for things. He has replaced personal achievement with material gain, and that's not a very fulfilling way to live.

It is a cautionary tale for our generation - you are not your tragedies. You are not the club you belong to. You are not your scars. You are neither worthless nor undeserving.

You are what you make yourself to be, no matter what Tyler Durden wants.

Bill Kerwin says

I wondered whether this book would seem self-absorbed and shallow in our post-9/11 world, but instead I found it prophetic. Throughout the materialism and political correctness of the 1990's and Tyler Durden's response to it, you can sense how all that repressed mama's boy machismo is just hoping and praying for something big and fiery and nasty that would blow our little precious world apart. Well, with 9/11 and the Iraq war, we sure got it. So . . . are all you boys satisfied now?

Sure, this book has its flaws. The rhetorical use of repetition, although effective at first, eventually becomes little more than a stylistic tic. Also, for such a hard-edged book, it gets surprisingly (and disappointingly) sentimental at the end.

Still . . . "Fight Club" is wickedly funny, memorably aphoristic and prophetic. And it holds up well after fifteen years.

Jen says

This is satirical, cynical, Darkly intense. A mind f**k.

What person in their right mind goes to support groups for cancer patients in order to get perspective on their own life and cure their insomnia? That's what kind of story this is. This is how it begins. An Obsession with death.

Then the fight club is born. Blue collar to white collar. There are 6 rules in the fight club. First rule: you don't talk about the fight club. Second rule: you don't talk about the fight club. Third rule: two men per fight. Fourth rule: one fight at a time. Fifth rule: no shoes, no shirts in the fight club. The sixth rule: the fight goes

on as long as they have to.

This is their way of turning down the volume in the real world. These guys are on a mission to self destruct although they would describe it as "enlightenment". A subculture of violence trying to correct all the wrongs in the world with the most primitive emotion and passion that exists: hate.

What a trip Palahniuk takes the reader on. What one may interpret as a mind blowing, head shaking, wtf is going on: let the fights begin! Another may interpret it as a state of mental illness and the effects of it not being treated. A fascinating analysis of the human psyche.

Enough said. 4.5??

Paquita Maria Sanchez says

I finally did it. I stayed up late last night and I read the f****ing *Fight Club*. Normally, Chuck Palahniuk really pisses me off with his initially engaging and fantastically original stories which all too quickly turn into misguided ramblings about a bunch of asshole caricatures with preposterous lines like "we need to get you laid, brother" to signal the beginning of a plot twist (and the end of you thinking that particular novel is going to be any good). However, I must say that *Fight Club* was pretty solid. I enjoyed it from start to finish, thought the timing and character development to be quite good, and found myself actually relating to the narrator on a certain level.

I *will*, however, state the obvious and say that David Fincher took something good and made it stupendous. In short, the movie is actually better, but not by as much as I thought it would be. I don't want to spoil the party so I won't elaborate, but I did find the book's ending to be a bit disappointing in comparison to Fincher's version.

However, there was one element that the film essentially stripped from the story which I was pleased to find fully intact in the novel: Marla Singer actually has a personality. Marla Singer is smart. Marla Singer has hobbies and passions, vices and idiosyncrasies, Marla Singer has a FAMILY, Marla Singer has street smarts and people smarts and general smart smarts. Basically, Marla Singer is more than just an impoverished, codependent, bipolar nymphomaniac who is only around to make weird goth-girl quotes, grab mens' nuts, smoke cigarettes, shop at thrift stores, screw all night, and then whine and cry when her fuck-buddy acts like a fuck-buddy and shows her no love. Thankfully, though the figure in the film is still an interesting character in her own depressed, nihilistic way, the portrait which Palahniuk paints is much more richly detailed, and offers a greater explanation for Marla's behavior than the film ever even ATTEMPTS to offer. In doing so, the novel actually makes sense in explaining why this quirky girl is something worth causing a whole lot of trouble for, such as blowing half of your face off or ratting out a worldwide, powerful, underground militia of men who all know your face and feel obliged to chop your nuts off for doing so. And I mean chopping you nuts off AT BEST. Come ON...even Robin Hood wouldn't do that for just anyone.

Also, Palahniuk writes the dynamic between Marla and the narrator as much more amiable and balanced (though certainly still laced with sarcasm) than the male-slanted power dynamic presented in the film (dominant, powerful sex-machine male vs submissive female sex toy.) Despite the fact that Tyler does not know that they are lovers, he still treats her AS A FRIEND, further explaining why she sticks around for all the madness rather than telling him to get bent. So she's not a complete sucker, and he's not a completely chauvinist pig.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

Fight Club, Chuck Palahniuk

Fight Club is a 1996 novel by Chuck Palahniuk. It follows the experiences of an unnamed protagonist struggling with insomnia. Inspired by his doctor's exasperated remark that insomnia is not suffering, the protagonist finds relief by impersonating a seriously ill person in several support groups. Then he meets a mysterious man named Tyler Durden and establishes an underground fighting club as radical psychotherapy.

????? ?????? ??????: ??? ??? ? ??? ??? ???? 2011 ??????

?????: ?????? ??? ??? ???????: ??? ?????????? ??????: ?????? ?????? ?????? ????: ?????? ??? ?????? 1390? ??

230 ?? ?????: 9789643627379? ?????: ?????????? ?????????? ?????????? - ??? 20?

?????? ???? ???? ?????? ???????: ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ?????? ???? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?

????????? ????: ?????? ???? ?????? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ???? ???? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????????? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

Lou says

1st rule about Fight Club is read the novel first! Well thats my rule, i watched the movie, when it came out years ago (most the population) and only now discovered the real Fight club.

The narrator is a traveling automobile company employee who suffers from insomnia. On advice from his doctor attends support groups and pretends to be a victim. He gains some emotional release here and feels part of a people and becomes addicted to attending these support groups as an imposter. He's not the only one who's a trickster and important character pops up at the meetings Marla and they both find they have an emptiness to fill and befriend each other.

On a flight he befriended a key character of the story, Durden a soap salesman, they arrange to meet at a bar and the rest is history as they say. They set up a fight club the rules are.

- 1.You don't talk about fight club.
- 2.You don't talk about fight club.
- 3.When someone says stop, or goes limp, the fight is over.
- 4.Only two guys to a fight.
- 5.One fight at a time.

- 6.They fight without shirts or shoes.
- 7.The fights go on as long as they have to.
- 8.If this is your first night at fight club, you have to fight.

They are "a generation of men raised by women," being without a male example in their lives to help shape their masculinity. The fight club is not really about physical combat, money, skill or winning but instead a way for participants to experience feeling in a society where they are otherwise numb. The fighting forms a resistance to the impulse to be "cocooned" in society. The fighting between the men stripped away the "fear of pain" and "the reliance on material signifiers of their self-worth", leaving them to experience something valuable.

As the fight club's membership grows Tyler begins to use it to spread his anti-consumerist ideas and recruits fight club's members to participate in increasingly elaborate pranks on corporate America. This was originally the narrator's idea, but Tyler takes control from him. Tyler eventually gathers the most devoted fight club members (referred to as "space monkeys") and forms "Project Mayhem," a cult-like organization that trains itself as an army to bring down modern civilization. This Organization, like fight club, is controlled by a set of rules:

- 1.You don't ask questions.
- 2.You don't ask questions.
- 3.No excuses.
- 4.No lies.
- 5.You have to trust Tyler.

The narrator becomes unhappy with Tyler's extremities and a battle for power and control ignites literally. The narrator and Tyler can no longer accommodate the same space one has to give in on power and control!

I can not comment anymore on the story as i don't want to spoil the story any further.

This was a thought provoking read and written in a wacky style.

Think of the Psycho movie and that Jack Nicholson character from One Flew over the cuckoos nest playing Mr Bates and you might have something close to the protagonist in this story.

"But I'm Tyler Durden. I invented fight club. Fight club is mine. I wrote those rules. None of you would be here if it wasn't for me. And I say it stops here!"

"I love everything about Tyler Durden, his courage and his smarts. His nerve. Tyler is funny and charming and forceful and independent, and men look up to him and expect him to change their world. Tyler is capable and free, and I am not. I'm not Tyler Durden."

"This was the goal of Project Mayhem, Tyler said, the complete and right-away destruction of civilization. What comes next in Project Mayhem, nobody except Tyler knows. The second rule is you don't ask questions."

"It's Project Mayhem that's going to save the world. A cultural ice age. A prematurely induced dark age. Project Mayhem will force humanity to go dormant or into remission long enough for the Earth to recover."

www.more2read.com/?review=fight-club-by-chuck-palahniuk

anarki says

You do not talk about *Fight Club*, but...

Upon winning the Oregon Book Award for best novel and the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association Award, Chuck Palahniuk's visionary debut novel, *Fight Club*, was shot to the veins of mainstream fiction. Following the success of its 1999 film adaptation directed by David Fincher, *Fight Club* gained cult classic status and has become a disturbingly accurate interpretation of our modern world.

The unnamed male narrator, suffering from a long streak of insomnia, finds cure by attending cancer support groups. But when Marla Singer—a sallow, heavy-smoking nihilist—enters the evening meetings and mirrors his own fraud, his insomnia returns, so he confronts Singer to split schedules with him.

On the night when his condominium mysteriously blows up, he calls Tyler Durden, whom he had previously met—under strange circumstances—on a beach. They agree to meet at a bar, where, after drinking, Durden asks him a favor, “I want you to hit me as hard as you can.”

The narrator swings the punch that cradled *Fight Club* into the world. Shortly, a multitude of men with white-collar jobs join them. Every weekend, in the parking lots and basements of bars, they hold these late-hour no-holds-barred-and-barefisted fights that “go on as long as they have to.”

These one-on-one melees curiously evoke psychotherapeutic effects—resembling that of enlightenment—within the men: they are reborn from their entombed lives.

Fight Club soon evolves into Project Mayhem, an anarchic army led by Durden, who seeks to fulfill his visions of global enlightenment through organized chaos, public unrest, and demolition.

Fight Club is a social satire on the dehumanizing effects of consumerism: alienation brought by chronic materialism, illusory comforts, overindulgence, and career and lifestyle obsessions fueled by advertising. “The modern world is for business—not for the people,” as what the great psychoanalyst Carl Jung said.

“It’s only after you’ve lost everything that you’re free to do anything.” Skillfully fusing Zen elements with Durden’s extremist ideologies, Palahniuk has written a provocative expression of metaphysical rebellion. The collective revolt against the existential vacuum is Durden’s nucleus and what draws men toward him.

Fight Club’s noir ambience and the solid economy of its prose are reminiscent of Albert Camus’s *The Stranger*, but with the sharp nonlinear narration executing its plot; inheriting Kurt Vonnegut’s dark humor, Chuck Palahniuk is among today’s distinct and intriguing voices.

ruzmarì says

Mary Ann Evans, in the 1850s, spoke out against the notion that “lady novelists” were capable of producing only “silly novels” - precious, sentimental, illogical and improbable claptrap - while men produced high literature. She changed her name to George Eliot and wrote as a “gender neutral” narrator, highly educated and worldly, and mostly transparent (i.e., not silly).

The 1990s finds us again at a crossroads where literature is concerned, with the rise of Oprah’s book club and the whole genre of “chick lit” on the one hand (in many cases just “silly novels by lady novelists” revived), and a sort of phallic-anxiety heavy-on-the-masculine literature on the other. This second group, I like to call “guy crap.” It’s not a bad label ; there’s some good stuff in guy crap, just like there is on Oprah’s book list. Guy crap includes genre fiction (Dennis Lehane, Jonathan Lethem), as well as insistent intellectualism (David Foster Wallace, Martin Amis, Paul Auster) ... and, of course, the violent, psych-you-out, latter-day-Robbe-Grillet disturbances of Bret Easton Ellis and Chuck Palahniuk. Some of these are done well, and some of them are just as silly as the lady novelists’ claptrap.

Fight Club is one of those novels where the unrelenting GUY-ness of narrator and storyline begins as an intriguing challenge and ends up fatiguing and gimmicky. In case there’s anyone out here who hasn’t either read the book or seen the movie, I won’t spoil anything, I promise. It’s a book about a bunch of young men, frustrated in their low-on-the-ladder white-collar day jobs and the emptiness of modern society, who meet routinely to pound each other close to death and plot destruction on a less personal scale. The novel is Palahniuk’s testament to the counter-culture of yuppiedom, a world in which squalor and presentability, upward mobility and civil disobedience, live side by side and take each other’s measure daily. Palahniuk asks

pointed questions about the world we live in, and his prose is the strength of this novel - he keeps you interested, even when you realize how much you hate what he's saying.

And you should hate what Palahniuk is saying. Because at the heart of the novel sits a troubled foundation. It's not the acts of (juvenile, for the most part) sociopathy, or even the ultimate real pathology the characters fall into. What you should hate as (or after) you read is the book's central three-part idea, that (a) the disaffected youth of the video-game generation really do hold the truth about society ; (b) society in turn is nothing but a reflection of the video-game generation's disaffected world-view ; and (c) once a disaffected youth of the video-game generation, always a disaffected youth of the video-game generation - there is no improvement, there is no connection, there is no healing, there is no "out," because boys never grow up. Even the support-group conceit that could represent the narrator's redemptive attempt at relation turns out to be just a device, as egotistical for the character as it is ultimately for the storyline. Relation between people doesn't exist, not really : you don't talk about fight club. We're all just wandering bruised through the wasted LCD landscape, staking out our independence like rebel teenagers, promising to blow up whatever we disagree with.

Palahniuk has said he wrote this book as a kind of provocation, to get back at a publisher for turning down his earlier manuscript. I wonder if he peed in the publisher's soup, too : it wouldn't altogether surprise me.

F says

Liked the short chapters but it took me longer to read than it should of because i went into hospital half way through it.

Loved the film.

Was a total mind fuck.

Kira says

I read this book as a self-absorbed 18-year old and never looked back. Brilliant modern critique of western consumerism and masculinity, told through the story of an underground club of men who beat the hell out of each other as a way of working through their disillusionments.

Each sentence of each chapter is quotable, things like :

'You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake. You are the same decaying organic matter as everyone else, and we are all part of the same compost pile.'

and

'We don't have a great war in our generation, or a great depression, but we do, we have a great war of the spirit. We have a great revolution against the culture. The great depression is our lives. We have a spiritual depression.'

(As a trivial aside, you can hear a selection of them in the Dust Brother's song 'This is Your Life' featuring Brad Pitt, who incidentally does a pretty good job as the aforementioned anti-hero in the movie.)

What is most poignant however, is the lingering effects of the narrator's troubled relationship with his father throughout his adult life. The quote I remembered most explicitly, even years after reading Fight Club is this one:

"What you have to understand, is your father was your model for God. If you're male and you're Christian and living in America, your father is your model for God. And if you never know your father, if your father bails out and dies or is never at home, what do you believe about God?"

I'm waiting for another book to come along that will speak as loudly to me about modern day malaise.

Phryne says

Well I never saw the movie because I have zero interest in watching people hit people. And I never thought I would read the book, but I needed to read this author for a challenge and decided to make it his most famous book. Justifiably famous because it was really good!

The writing is excellent and action packed. There are no spare words or wasted pages, just a very cleverly spun tale about some very mixed up people. Not having seen the movie I was also unprepared for the magnificent twist although I had started to get a bit suspicious that something odd was occurring.

The characters are all equally awful and there are some really gruesome scenes but it was all to the point and necessary for the book's objectives. I am amazed I am saying this about a book that is way out of my normal reading tastes but I really liked it!

Lyn says

I believe in love at first sight, and I'm talking about books.

A few pages into *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. LeGuin and I knew that this was the book I had been looking for my whole life. The same for Robert A. Heinlein's brilliant *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*. These books are speaking to me, the author and I are sharing a conversation and I am hearing what I want to hear but the writer, through the osmosis of shared visions, is saying for me what I want to say. I had nebulous thoughts and that writer succinctly stated, set down in black and white, what for me was pre-language thought only.

Chuck Palahniuk's *Fight Club* is another, and Palahniuk speaks for a generation; he boils down and dilutes what we all want to say but felt only. The primal fears and drives that we know deep down but before this book could give no voice; Palahniuk has found a pigment to paint on our collective cave wall. What Palahniuk illustrates in words is Edvard Munch's *The Scream* amplified and multiplied by ten million.

"I am Joe's fear of death".

He is talking about repressed anger spread out over an actuarial table of life expectancy. Stripped down to fighting weight and stepping into the ring with borrowed gloves, this book is a gritty explanation of the dark side of Generation X men.

"What you see at *Fight Club* is a generation of men raised by women". This quote is the hard nucleus around which the novel forms, growing fruitlike around a solid core.

The next great, definitive quote is “The first rule about Fight Club is that you don’t talk about fight Club.” This is a charismatic catch phrase, to be sure, but it is more than this. Palahniuk goes to great length, albeit subtle, to reveal that much of what is felt and experienced in Fight Club is either beyond or beneath language, inexpressible. Palahniuk is grasping at deep roots. One of the foundations of feminist thought is communication, the need for women to relate to one another and to talk about feelings. Men are encouraged to express themselves as well and Palahniuk takes time, the same as Hemingway in *The Sun Also Rises*, to draw a misdirected connection to the narrator’s affinity for self help groups and his need to cry. I can hear the echoes of Jake Barnes crying by himself and of Romero’s desperate but heroic fist fighting accomplishments. Palahniuk resurrects the strong, quiet type and raises him, dead from the grave, in a post-modern zombie-like caricature; Fight Club’s protagonists are still “30 year old boys” trying to be what they were never raised to be.

I cannot help but compare this book with Bernard Malamud’s *The Natural*. I saw both film before reading the book, and both film adaptations have significant variances from the original literature.

Fight Club was brilliant and disturbing all at the same time.

??????? ????? says

Bulgarian review below/?????? ?? ?????????? ? ??-????

Since I began marching in step with the people who (try to) earn their daily bread (and fruits and vegetables too), I take the subject of the forsaken rank-and-file employee in a crappy office to heart and it’s quite painful for me. Is there anyone who haven’t made the discovery that nothing makes you go off your wits as surely as a job that suffocates you? We all dwell in the miniature boxes of our lives and offices so we can successfully squeeze in the petty hole which our dear consumerist society has left for us. Yes, that’s right – in order to buy stuff we don’t need with money we don’t have to impress people we don’t like.

Too many human beings live their lives as in a dream. They eat, speak, and do whatever they do with the sluggish mechanical movements which suggest a lack of a more significant thought process. Same shit, different day, some would say. We are all Pavlov’s dogs and we just wait for the respective cues to do the next thing for the day.

‘This is how it is with insomnia. Everything is so far away, a copy of a copy of a copy. The insomnia distance of everything, you can’t touch anything and nothing can touch you.’

Chuck Palahniuk constructs surrealistic metaphors. His sarcasm’s whip stings you harshly and it smarts. Is this who I am? Boring life, empty like a shell, meaningless, I get out of bed, I’m not quite awake all day long, I go to bed, I hoard, and hoard, and hoard. Wherefore? And when you compress the spring all the way through and it can barely hold the tension, it swears at you and springs out sharply. This is when Tyler appears. And Tyler is not like you. Tyler pisses over the established order (literally) and knows what he wants – and especially how to get it.

‘Fight Club’ leaves you raw as the knuckles of a hand which has hit something. It is the cold shower of the future. Of that future when even the sleeping cocoons have realized that something has to change.

‘We are the middle children of history, raised by television to believe that someday we’ll be millionaires and movie stars and rock stars, but we won’t. And we’re just learning this fact,’ Tyler said. ‘So don’t fuck with us.’

Our great depression is our life. In a world where communication is everything, people have forgotten to talk

Generation X Gladiators and Their Quest for Identity and Meaning (*Twelve-Stepping Middle Class White Male Melancholia?*)

Violence is the quest for identity. When identity disappears with technological innovation, violence is the natural recourse. Marshall McLuhan

Until November 2015, I was apparently one of the few WASP men who had not either seen the *Fight Club* movie or read this skillfully turbulent novel which wields a wallop in relatively short order (224 pp.). In interviews I've read, Chuck P says he wrote this as a male counter to the plethora of best selling novels in the early 1990s in which women get together for a social gathering, such as *The Joy Luck Club*, *The Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood* and *How to Make an American Quilt*.

The narrator tells this story in the first person. He doesn't give his name. He's struggles with insomnia and finds relief in impersonating a cancer survivor at several support group meetings around town. He then somehow meets Tyler Durden, a cinema projectionist, waiter and anarchist, who he describes as "funny and forceful and independent, and men look up to him and expect him to change their world." He moves in with Tyler after an explosive device destroys his apartment.

Together they start a Fight Club where white collar guys get together on weekends to pummel one another then show up at work on Mondays covered in bruise with some teeth loose. The basic idea is:

I see in the fight club the strongest and smartest men who've ever lived... and I see... an entire generation pumping gas, waiting tables, slaves with white collars, advertising has us chasing cars and clothes, working jobs we hate so we can buy shit we don't need. We're the middle children of the history man, no purpose or place, ...no Great war, no Great depression, our great war is a spiritual war, our great depression is our lives, we've been all raised by television to believe that one day we'd all be millionaires and movie gods and rock stars, but we won't and we're slowly learning that fact, and we're very very pissed off."

But underlying this rage against the Man, is a concept familiar in 12-step circles:

"Only after disaster can we be resurrected. It's only after you've lost everything that you're free to do anything. ..." *"The lower you fall, the higher you fly."* *And, "only through destroying myself can I discover the greater power of my spirit."*

Things quickly evolve (or devolve) into a more exclusive club of the most loyal Fight Club members: Tyler Durden's anarchic "Project Mayhem." I won't spoil the rest for those of you, who like me when considering this book, haven't seen the movie or read the book.

I'll add that this novel includes the most sinister and hilarious prank played on the host of a social party I've ever read of or heard. A maliciously merry amusement.

This novel is a remarkable, raucous romp with a twisted ending, that you can get through in a couple of days.

Sarah says

Dear Chuck,

I have tried to like you. Really, I honestly have. I tried to read Rant, I tried to read Choke and then I attempted this book. Rare is the moment where I realize I enjoyed the movie much MUCH more than the novel it is based on. I simply do not like your style of writing, and I have been ridiculed by fanboys who will defend your honor to the grave. Your style comes off as unique, but I can feel the pretentiousness like a piece of meat stuck in between my teeth. You know full well that a vast majority of your audience shops at Hot Topic, and you lead them by the fishnets to your thin plot lines, monotone voice and the "gritty" and "edgy" characters that seem to recycle themselves with your stories. (You wake up in Miami. You wake up in Des Moines. You wake up in Botswana...straitlaced man meets crazy man: life changes. Rinse. Repeat.)

I have been told that I do not "get" you. That I do not understand the basics of a male love story, a male writer who understands the male psyche and who can convey what it really feels like to be, a male. Perhaps this is the core of my issue, being a hapless female who fails at trends. Either way, I have friends that adore you and for that reason only I will not completely denounce you on the internets. Keep appealing to your trendy fan base and keep raking in the dough. Maybe someday I will swallow my pride and appeal to the masses just like you. And James Patterson.

Best wishes

Sarah
