

# Fight Club

## tailor made for the sadist within

BY MARK EVANS

*Lord of the Flies* is a book that concerns itself with the decay of society within an isolated group of individuals. David Fincher's *Fight Club* is the same thing, except it has soap.

Also, while people are likely to be studying *Lord of the Flies* in twenty years, *Fight Club* will be lucky if it's remembered in 20 days.

Reminiscent of a knockout punch, *Fight Club* is fast, brutal, and you aren't likely to remember many details when it's over. Edward Norton plays Jack, an ordinary working class who

suffers from insomnia. Relief comes when he begins to frequent support groups for diseases that he doesn't even have (testicular cancer, etc). However, a woman named Marla (Helena Bonham Carter) soon begins doing the exact same thing and Jack is back to his insomnia because he finds her presence annoying.

Jack's life changes when he meets up with Tyler Durden, a slimy looking soap salesman played by Brad Pitt. The two invent Fight Club, a place where guys go to pound one another in vicious combat.

Soon everybody wants in, and that's only the start of what

Tyler has planned. Things rapidly spiral out of control for Jack, who begins to wonder just what he's gotten into. The Fight Club itself quickly begins to aim for getting more than just its own members back to their feral roots.

The problem here is that the kind of societal breakdown postulated by *Fight Club* is absolutely ridiculous. If this is a fantasy world, so be it.

But it's not. We are shown that Jack is living in the "real" world so therefore the rest of the film has to be bound up in it too. The notion that so many people would go for the club philosophy and thus allow even a portion of

these events to take place is nonsensical at best.

In *Se7en*, Fincher's best work, he illustrated the decay of society by giving the world through the eyes of one man. Here he runs rampant and completely shatters his premise by sheer force of numbers. One is fine, two is fine, a dozen is iffy; after that, things start becoming laughable.

Speaking of *Se7en*, it used gore to good illustrative effect, while *Fight Club* always feels like it's deliberately shooting for a gross-out factor three times that of *Se7en*, rather than trying to make a point.

Too many films have lame or insipid endings, and *Fight Club* is at the top of the heap. Without revealing the already flaky ending, the movie finishes with a major event that is tossed aside like it doesn't matter.

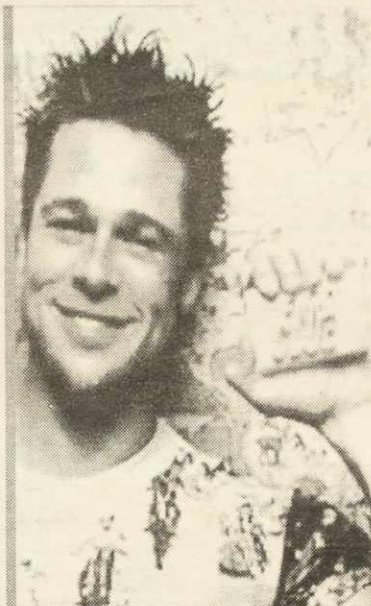
Problem is, it does matter,

and leaving the movie in this state at the end is both annoying and unfair. Perhaps all for the best though, as things are clearly slipping over the brink of idiocy they've been teetering on for the last 45 minutes by this point.

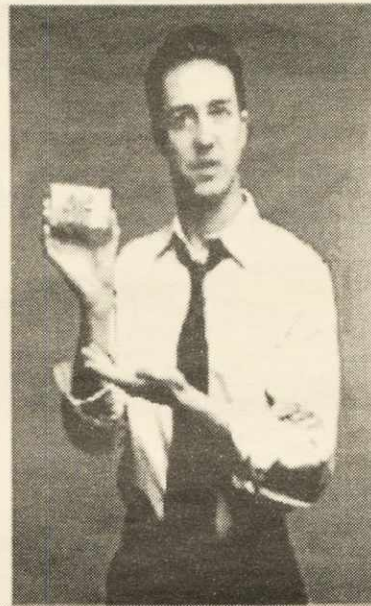
Bottom line: yes, it's fun; yes, it has its moments, but ultimately *Fight Club* falls short of expectations set by Fincher's other films.

All the clever camera work in the world can't save a hard-to-swallow premise and lackluster conclusion.

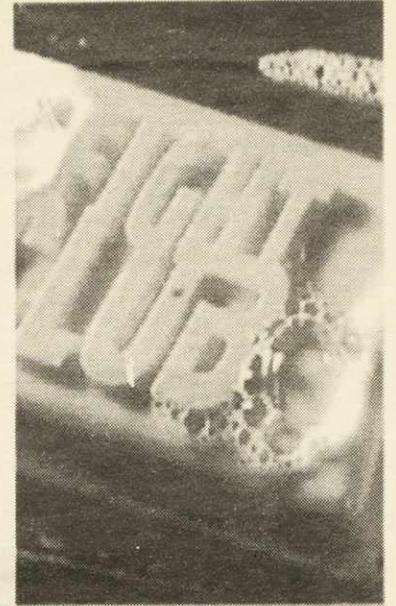
I do give the film credit for its brilliant plot twist, I never would have guessed it in a second, and for its laughs. This was originally going to be a three star review, but the more I think about the movie the more annoyed with it I get, so two and a half out of four. Above average, but not by much.



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Marla meets Jack — Post "me" and pre-@ generation mid-life angst.

# Random Hearts lulls audience into disappointed slumber

BY AMY MACDONALD

Here is a free tip that will save you ten bucks and two hours. Do not, under any circumstances, see the movie *Random Hearts*.

Summed up in a word, it is putrid. In several words — horrible, awful, and boring. Even those that are easily amused will fidget, looked at their watches, and daydream throughout this boring flick. Even if you don't give *Random Hearts* your entire attention, you won't miss much.

Apparently there is a plot, featuring two main characters, played by Harrison Ford and Kristen Scott Thomas. The storyline involves the two attempting to recover from the affairs their respective spouses had with each other. Ford and Scott Thomas learn of this affair when their spouses perish in a



Lots to make up for: Ford and Thomas share a boring moment in a boring film.

plane crash together — a plane that neither of them should have been on.

Ford was obsessed with finding out why his wife cheated on him; Scott Thomas wanted to forget and move on. Ford and Scott Thomas began to develop feelings for each other, but Ford found it difficult to get over his deceased, betraying wife. How-

ever, the ending implies that the two will develop a more permanent relationship. One of the most annoying things about the movie was the cheesy, Melrose Place-esque saxophone music in the background.

In my opinion, Harrison Ford will have to make some more *Indiana Jones* movies to make up for this one.

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