

## Like, Books Man, It's the Width, eh?

**Pride and Prejudice**  
Jane Austin  
Engl 210 Publishers

by Ric O'Mortis

One of the greatest works of the Romantic period, Jane Austin's *Pride and Prejudice* is a rectangular object 115.5 mm by 186.0 mm by 17.5 mm. Of course, it is not trivial concerns of length or width that concern us in this essay. Rather, it is the depth, or thickness of the work that is our primary concern.

Jane Austin is commonly acknowledged as a master of style. Every facet of the book is carefully considered for the ultimate effect. How can we ignore the stylistic implications of the all important thickness, that crucial 17.5 mm? How can we presume that it is irrelevant? To do that would be to give short shrift to Ms. Austin's skill as a novelist, and as an artist.

What exactly makes up this 17.5 mm? The introduction inserted by the publishers constitutes almost a full millimetre, the explanatory notes another, and the cover, selected bibliography and contents another. Such butchery, then of Ms. Austin's intended 14.5 mm thickness is hardly to be believed, and indeed, if it were not for the generally good reputation of Oxford publishing, serious protest would already have been launched by lovers of great literature all over the world.

A consideration that must be made is the recognition that Ms. Austin worked within the imperial method of measurement, under which the book is 21/32 of an inch thick. Immediately the significance of this fact becomes apparent, as clearly it is making an oblique reference to the thickness of the edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* that was extant during Ms. Austin's time. That work, with a thickness of 63/157 of an inch, is almost exactly 3/5 the thickness of *Pride and*

*Prejudice*. Clearly Ms. Austin was influenced by Miltonian concepts of thickness and, to an extent, of paper rigidity.

It is here that we see the nub of the matter. Ms. Austin, by being published on thinner paper and yet still maintaining that crucial ratio of thicknesses, illustrates a clear reference to Milton's system of values, and indeed, to what he believed morally. This is clearly resubstantiated in the little known collection of letters that Milton had written to Austin and had sealed in a lead lined case for over a hundred and fifty years. Furthermore, the

existence of these letters proves conclusively that John Milton was in fact Nostrodamus, the famous German seer.

But we digress. Above and beyond the relatively trivial matter of the relationship between the thickness of the two works, we see a far more sinister development in comparing the thicknesses of several Austin works. From *Sense and Sensibility* to *Pride and Prejudice* we see a measured increase of thickness that is clearly in step with the otherwise obtuse stylistic relationship between these two books. However, the change

in thickness between *Pride and Prejudice* and *Mansfield Park* is a jarring, unexpected decrease, and from that to *Emma* is a further jagged break. Sadly, this is conclusive evidence that the CIA had used Ms. Austin in their secret LSD experiments. While the deterioration of her mind is unnoticeable with reference to any other aspect of these works, it is a clear, tragic indication to those true devotees of Ms. Austin that the one aspect of writing she had labored to perfect, the thickness, was so rudely destroyed by U.S. imperialism.



Investigative journalist O'Mortis.

## Trends, dude!

by Spandex Matters

The 1980's were fuckin' weird, man. Reagan was president for eight years, which only goes to show that the 80's were a mindless decade. Any music that had anything to say was pushed underground, and Sylvester Stallone movies actually made money. Believe it or not, disco still thrives. You're still dancing to it in nightclubs, you just haven't realized it yet.

**Top five 80's trends that shouldn't have been trends**

1. *60's revival*. Why doesn't our generation find its own way of expressing a social conscience? Why even express a social conscience? What is a social conscience? Unless we're just into eating sheets of acid. Then it's okay.

2. *The Cosby Show*. All black American families are just like the Huxtables. Give me a break. I doubt most families would want to be like the Huxtables. I know our cousins just did a James Brown air band concert for our grandparents last week. Sure.

3. *Trivial Pursuit*. Do you still play it? I rest my case.

4. *Eddie "the Eagle" Edwards*. Don't buy the crap that ABC and CBC sports feed you. Edwards doesn't embody any Olympic ideal; he's just a wanker, wanking.

5. *Garfield*. How many times can you rework one single lasagna joke? I'm sick of that fat fuck. Garfield is the kind of cat that, if he crosses your path, you kick him. Ack.. Pthfffft.

**Top five things that weren't 80's trends, but should have been**

1. *Skinhead bowling*. Only problem here, you don't know whether to use the skinheads as balls, pins, or both.

2. *Chainsaw Rabbit, Tales from the Flipped, and Zad*. Kicks ass compared to that smart-ass kid and stupid talking tiger doll. If only they had been discovered sooner...

3. *Cellular phone bombs*. It would be groovy to see terrorists get creative. Plus, only yuppies have cellular telephones.

4. *Spandex Burning*. Real aerodynamic, eh? Make your favourite cyclist go that much faster. Make David Lee Roth jump that much higher. Like Jane Fonda says: "Make it BURN!"

5. *Vietnam War Movies*—by Asians. Flicks like *Full Cotton Pajama, Water Buffalo Slayer, Cadre, and Ho Chi Minh Now*. You get the idea.

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**Being and Nothingness**  
Jean Paul Sartre  
Stu's Publishing House

Begins well. Middle is slow. End is kind'a neat. All in all, a good companion to the Gilligan's Island series it was based on.

—K. Verybigliar

## Rambo's just awesome. Fer sure, dude

**Rambo 4: The Carnage Continues**  
Famous Cineplayers \$7 Scam-e-on

plot summary by Jean-Jacques  
"Curly" G. Idderra

[Ed. Note: Mr. Idderra is responsible for several unintelligible books on philosophy and literary theory. His major area of research is the lint in women's underwear. He is currently Professor of theoretical Onanism at the Sorbonne].

The frame precedes all else. the light, the sound, the audience, the director, the actors, the script — all are secondary, and hence irrelevant. It is the frame — or the act of framing — which makes possible the screen, and the reflection of the cinematic light.

But let's turn from the frame (which Heidegger calls 'das Gestell'), let's step back from the ex-centric, let us accomplish the directive of the newspaper editor who told me to review this film. Let us move closer to the nearing of the lighting of the clearing of the un-concealing of the truth of Rambo 4, as disclosed in the 'movie'. (The point of issue, from which we must take our bearings and depart along the path through the forest to the gathering in the clearing of Being, is of course the 'movie', as opposed to the movie. Not the substance of what is pro-jected, thrown forth out of the nothing which nothings ('das nichtet nichtens' Heidegger tells us) this is not the site of our discourse here. What must be attended to, that which must fix the horizons of our hermeneutical enquiry, is the ongoing paradox of the motion of what is static. Nothing moves in the 'movie'; only the technical apparatus of the projector.)

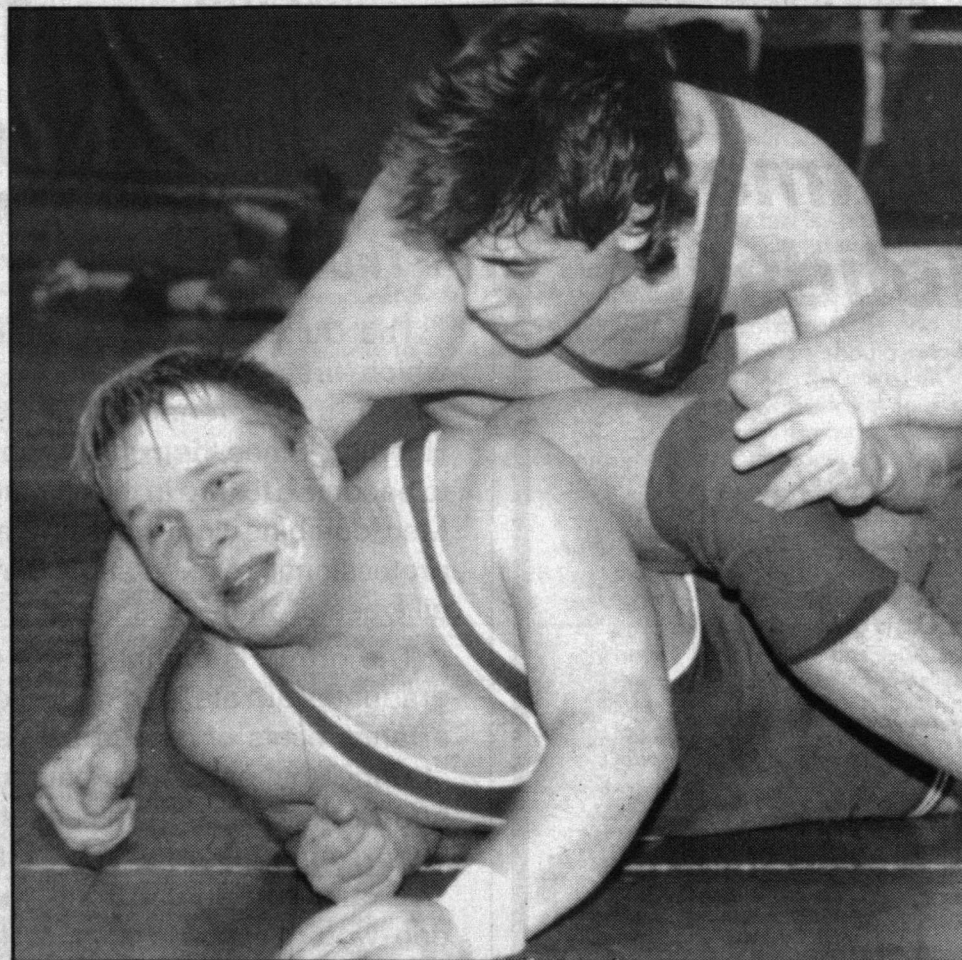
Stallone is the living paradox of the film; he occupies the center of the film yet 'they' tell us that he is a war veteran, confined to the margins of his society. As such, he is the essence of the post-modern condition. Stallone dis-rupts/inter-rupts thinking. His film is the film of dis-ease, of dis-content, of dis-embowelment. The violence, of course, conceals something concealed, whose meaning is indeterminable, or rather, interminable; it is something which lingers at the margins at the film.

Rambo 4 is the accomplishment of human

ek-sistence in and through the pro-jection of the image on to the screen (which, as pointed out, is always already preceded by the frame). The image is thrown, as it were; the spectator is called forth by what is thrown forth, in the con-fusion of the muffling of the spoken. Because the dialogue is unintelligible (this is Stallone's boldest stroke), the 'movie' makes us (who us?) aware of film as text, as movie, as images on the 'paper' of the screen; Rambo 4 is the most fully realized example of self-reflexive cinema yet to be encountered.

The star of the movie is not Stallone. It is his

phallus. This is of course the necessary consequence of psychoanalytic theory; the guns, the umbrellas, the baseball bats which occupy Rambo 4. It is best to walk in on the film 45 minutes late, and leave 37 minutes early; thus, the spectator can exert his autonomy in the face of the dictatorship of the filmmaker. The quote which most fully describes the ultimate effect of Rambo 4, is Joyce, from "Finnegan's Wake": "It is told in sounds in utter that, in signs so adds to, in universal, in polygutteral, in each auxiliary neutral idiom, sordomutics, florilingua, sheltafocal, flayflutter, a con's cubane, a pro's tutute, strassarab, ereperse and anythongue athall."



There is no Greco-Roman wrasslin' in the latest Sly flick, but it's the most violent photo we could find on short notice.