appendices
Evan Barnett

Unit Details

Age: 20

Year: Sophomore

Technical Background: A few multimedia classes, some Java, C and C++. Currently learning SQL.

Class: Computer Science Major

Primary Weapon: PC / Secondary Weapon: PS3

Background: Born and raised in Austin, Texas. Developed an intense interest in games at an early age. Currently enjoys playing games, hanging out in rooms that aren’t his own (but are owned by friends), sleeping, reading Chuck Klosterman, watching Doctor Who, and generally putting off work as long as possible. Future interests include, but are not limited to, game development/finally putting his 360 to use, doing research, having half his Parallel Processing classes canceled, and maybe getting an internship this summer (because it beats the hell out of shelving books).

Miscellaneous Interests: comic books (mostly The Umbrella Academy), action figures/models, nerf guns, Butter Butterfly Knives (otherwise known as training balisong knives), building a gaming rig.

Skills

Ranting

Cooldown: change of topic in the conversation

Range: 10 ft

Mental Effort: Low

RAGE cost: Variable

Description: Evan embarks on a 2 - 5 minute monologue about a given topic, or tangent related to the topic. Depending on the topic/tangent, various amounts of RAGE may be expended.

Intellectualism

Cooldown: 30 minutes

Range: Personal

Mental Effort: High

Description: Converting RAGE into brain power, Evan pretends to know what he’s talking about, and sounds smarter. Grants a +10 bonus to intellect and wisdom. Affects creatures equal to or lower than Evan’s level in whatever he is talking about.
Marathon Gaming

Cooldown: 1 day
Range: Personal
Mental Effort: High

Description: Evan is able to convince his brain that other assignments and tasks do not exist, and completely immerse himself in whatever game he may be playing.

Special: If intellect is equal to or greater than 50, Evan can convince himself the entire world does not exist.

End Note: some may wonder why this was formatted similar to a unit read-out for an RTS (or just wonder why it looks weird, in which case, it’s because it was formatted as the aforementioned RTS unit read-out). The reasoning is simple: I am eccentric, and I am bored. I guess the entire thing could have been summed up in that line alone, but where’s the fun in that?

Annnnnnd now to fulfill the criteria of the actual assignment:

My name is Evan Barnett, and I was born and raised in Austin, TX. I’m 20 years old, a sophomore, and a computer science major. I am also thinking of doing a double major/minor with communications.

My main interest is in gaming. Ever since I was a child (to be exact, 6 years old) I’ve been playing games, and it’s been my dream to develop them for a long time (God that sounds cheesy). Also, as a side note, gaming refers not to just video games, but board games as well (however, I spend most of my time on video games).

I have a fair amount of experience with general usage of computers, and programming. In middle school I took two multimedia classes that went over a diverse range of topics (and was actually fairly in-depth. Still some of my favorite classes to this day.), and in high school I took two years of Java (and hated the language). In college, I have continued learning programming languages and skills in college.

Aside from computer science, I am also very interested in various communications topics, such as public relations, media trends/analysis, and how to effectively communicate an idea to other people in a business setting.

In conclusion, some miscellaneous stuff: I enjoy Chuck Klosterman books, Gerald Way when he is writing comics, Doctor Who, action figures, nerf gun fights, and raspberries. Also: I have never broken a bone in my body. I have worked at a library for almost 3 years, AND I was a webmaster for PCL at UT.
ANDREW COE

Hey everyone, my name is Andrew Coe (as you can see). I am from Houston, Texas, not born there but spent most of my life there. For all you Houston kids out there, I went to St. Thomas Episcopal School in Meyerland near Bellaire. What else is there to know about me fact-wise? Let’s see, I’m about to be 21 at the end of January and I’m a Junior. That is about all I can think of at the moment.

Now for other useless facts about me....I love sports. If there is one thing I would want to do in life it would be work for a sports team. I grew up playing soccer and I played for 8 years but no longer play on a team due to two blown knees, but I still play intramural sports. Soccer is, as you can probably tell, my favorite sport. But I also love football (college and pro) and baseball. I’m slowly starting to get into basketball. I spend much of my spare time reading about sports and the goings-on in the world of sports through sports blogs and professional journalism sources.

Not to say that blogs aren’t professional; it’s just a way of distinguishing between reading an article on ESPN or Yahoo! Sports and Kissing Suzy Kolber (a fairly popular sports blog). So if anyone ever wants to talk sports I am always game. I’ll talk about any team but my favorites are the Dallas Cowboys, Texas Longhorns, Houston Astros, Houston Rockets, Houston Texans, and the Chelsea Blues. Just as a disclaimer though, I despise the Yankees, Patriots, and FC Barcelona. I apologize if you are a fan of these teams.

I love watching movies too. My favorite movie of all time is The Godfather Part I. Part II is good too but Part III is garbage. Favorite director has to be Ridley Scott. I love the attention to detail he has to his movies and the epic feel of almost all of them. Blade Runner and Gladiator are my two favorite by him. As far as my single favorite scene of all time, it is a tie between the John Travolta/Sam Jackson “Say what again” scene in Pulp Fiction and the scene in The Godfather Part I where Michael kills Sollozzo. The Pulp Fiction scene because it is just hilarious and I like it and the Godfather scene because, in my opinion, it is the most crucial scene in the entire movie and one of the greatest scenes in all of film as far as turning points and such go. I hope that makes sense. If you’ve seen the whole movie you’ll know what I’m talking about, if not then I highly recommend watching the movie.
PATRICK CRIM

I am currently twenty and attend Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas. I was born in Cleveland, Ohio, where my father, Randy, was going through his residency as a surgeon. When I was three, my family moved back to Dallas where my mother, Ellen, and her parents are from and where my dad began his practice. I have three other siblings: Emily, who is twenty two and a senior at the University of Texas in Austin, Andrew, who is fifteen and a freshman at Jesuit College Preparatory School where I went to high school, and Charlotte, who is thirteen and in seventh grade at St. Monica Catholic School, where I also went to middle school.

I have always loved sports. My first sports team was when I was three and played soccer for the Bearcats. I would then go on to play baseball, basketball, track, football, golf, and wrestling, to name a few. I have gone skiing every year with my family since I was four, and I consider myself to be very good at it. I currently play football for Trinity University, where I am one of the punters. I have played the piano since I was four, and I love all kinds of music.

I consider myself a very social person. I like having lots of friends in all different friend groups. I try not to judge people based on their initial appearance but I must admit I have been guilty of doing this before. My friends would tell you I’m trustworthy and a good listener, and I try to always be helpful and thoughtful of my roommate and of others.

Currently I am on my way to be a Communication Major with a Minor in Spanish. I have taken Spanish ever since grade school and I hope to travel abroad to Spain in order to continue my studies. I have always thought it would be cool to be a sports anchor or something involving speaking such as being the spokesperson for a large company or being the P.R. man. Right now, however, I want to attend law school either at the University of Texas in Austin or SMU in Dallas. My mom is from a family of seven children and all of them are lawyers except for her. They are all part of a family law firm known as The Hartnett Law Firm. I hope to one day join them and continue this tradition.
KENDRA DOSHIER

My name is Kendra Doshier and I’m a sophomore Communication Major here at Trinity. I’m probably going to fall into an English minor because I’m obsessed with taking English classes at Trinity, and the department is pretty much second home - same goes for the Communication Department. I’m a writer and a filmmaker when it really comes down to it, so my life pretty much revolves around those two activities. I’m working on two films at the moment; one is in the making, while the other is in post-production. I’m versed in Final Cut and Adobe Premiere, and love being behind the camera. Film school may be in the future, but I know my career will somehow involve creative writing/directing. I hate staying in one place, so hopefully I’ll move around a lot. I went abroad for a year when I was 15/16 to Italy, and I’m pretty good with foreign languages - so that’s definitely something important me. Networking, traveling, exploring, growing... it’s all wonderful and totally necessary.

I’m from Anchorage, Alaska and I’m not best friends with Sarah Palin. I do love snow and cold weather, so you can imagine I’m not the happiest of people when San Antonio goes through its obscenely hot months. Which is kind of all the time. I listen to strange types of music and will usually stand fiercely loyal to ‘bad’, misunderstood movies that don’t make sense. I have a lot of experience with computers and video editing software, though I wouldn’t exactly consider myself a techie. I’m interested in learning more about biohackers, because I’ve been so unfamiliar with the term and the idea is completely jarring to me.

I’m sure that I will gain a lot from this new Lennox Seminar, and I’m excited to learn more! I’m a little worried about the computer game experimenting that will happen in this class, but I’m willing to learn anything! As for Southland Tales, I’m interested to see why this movie got such bad reviews.

CHRIS DUDLEY

I’m Chris D, a computer science major / senior on his last semester of college. I enjoy sci-fi, Internet culture, gaming, and watching a good movie (or a terrible movie. who cares). I’m really looking forward to this class because the topic ideas presented sounded really interesting to me.
ENDER ERGUN

Well, where to begin? Hopefully, some of you might know me by now, if not I guess this a chance to do so. I’m Ender. I’m Turkish (an excuse that I use to exemplify completely unrelated things). I am a junior this year. Now that the basic facts are aside, let’s get down to the fine detail. I think a fine example of something that truly describes me is my astrological sign, which ironically is something I don’t believe in. I am a Taurus, which describes most of my habits of being protective, patient, so on and so forth. I am a boxer, although I hate watching it. I guess that’s why I hardly become aggravated because I take it out on some stranger in the ring. I was once a great fan of Legos, although in recent years my mild OCD (self-diagnosed) has made me into somewhat of a perfectionist when it comes to making things, which makes playing with Legos more of a chore than anything else. I think the best way to know me is just to ask; I like conversation more than typing.

Regarding this year, I think things are going to be great. Awesome classes. Job that pays well. Recently started writing for the Trinitonian, although I don’t like the name of my column, “Ender’s Games,” because it really does not help the fact that when I first meet people they usually respond with, “Ender? Like the book Ender’s Game? Awesome!”

Yes. Great book. Same name. Stop. I’ve been hearing that same line for like five years now. Back to why this year is going to be great. Single, finally. "But Ender, your ex might not appreciate the hinted sign of relief that you’re no longer in a relationship with her!" Good. I’m actually not that bitter, if so at all. Just don’t have to go through the daily grind of being in a relationship, it’s very, pleasant. Well, I think I’ve ranted enough. But like I mentioned before, I enjoy conversation more than I do typing, so feel free to come up and ask something (non-creepy way is preferred).
ASHLEY FUNKHOUSER

I’m Ashley Funkhouser and I am a sophomore communication major from Albuquerque, New Mexico.

After graduation, I hope to go to law school, and will probably return to New Mexico which I’ve realized is actually a really great place, now that I’ve been away from it for a little bit. Now, every time I go home I feel like a tourist, absolutely awestruck by how amazingly clear the sky is, how cool the city looks at night, and yes, how amazing green chile tastes on pizza (and pretty much everything else).

Here at Trinity, I’m currently a sophomore, the Sports Editor for the Trinitonian, the athletics chair for my sorority, Alpha Chi Lambda, and a member of the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and Alpha Lambda Delta.

When I’m not busy with school, the newspaper or whatever else, I love to read and write, spend lots of time outside, and watch way too much TV. In fact, my TV addiction has gotten so bad that my parents gave me a DVD recorder for Christmas so that I can tape any shows that I miss because I’m too busy watching a show on another channel. It’s Heaven.
Hello, my name is Cole Gray and welcome to my blog *The Parapatterner*. In case you’re wondering what a parapatterner is I suggest you read the short story entitled “The Worm that Flies” by Brian W. Aldiss, one of my favorite pieces of science fiction. Pretentious literary references aside though, I’ve never really been that into keeping a blog, visiting Facebook, ‘tweeting’ or even texting so I’m still a bit of a novice when it comes to social technologies but I’ll try my best to accommodate any person so kind enough to read my electronic monologues.

So let’s begin with some basic biographical facts.

I was born in Austin, Texas on June 26, 1989 and I’m currently 20 years old. I go to Trinity University in San Antonio as a sophomore looking into a major in Communication and a minor in Environmental Studies although I’m still not quite sure that this will be my final decision. I have an identical twin brother named Travis who also goes to Trinity and plans to major in History.

I have myriad interests but my main hobbies include reading, writing poetry, drawing, running, weight lifting and video games.

My favorite books are classic literature, authors like Dostoevsky, Kafka, Tolstoy, Hemmingway, Nietzsche and J.D. Salinger. I also like to read Shakespeare as well as Greek or Roman tragedies.

I tend to write a lot of poetry and have even gotten a few of poems published but I also like to read and memorize poetry. My favorite poets are T.S. Eliot, William Blake, Galway Kinnell and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

I do like to draw and although I’ve never taken an actual drawing class I believe that I am pretty decent at it. My style is an attempt to combine photorealistic drawing with surreal landscapes or characters.

For my exercise I usually sprint about eight miles and lift some free weights coupled with a lot of sit-ups and pushups every other day.

As for my religious views I consider myself an existential atheist.

I hope that covers just about everything, thanks for reading.
SARAH HELLMAN

My name is Sarah and I am a sophomore at Trinity University and I am 20 years old. My major is undeclared but I want to be a communication major. With all the classes I will have taken in art and drama by the end of my time here maybe I will be able to minor in one or both of those. Even though I am taking art and drama classes, I am not a very good actor or artist, but I enjoy the classes. Right now, besides this class, I am also taking a photography class, introduction to stage lighting, introduction to dramatic literature, and rollerblading. Here at Trinity I am also involved in the horseback riding team. I show in the open division which is the highest division. We do show jumping.

I was born in San Francisco in 1989 and lived there for the first three years of my life with my three sisters and parents. At the age of three my family moved to Hong Kong and my youngest sister was born. My father needed to move there for his job. I went to preschool, kindergarten, and half of first grade there. The school I went to was called Keller School and it was British. I developed a British accent while living in Hong Kong but lost it when I moved back to the U.S.

My family moved back to San Francisco when I was 6 years old. I went to school in San Francisco and Marin for elementary school. For High School I first went to Westover in Connecticut and then Foxcroft in Virginia. Both were all-girls boarding schools. I switched half way through my sophomore year. Since switching I have avoided snow except during the holidays. After high school I came to Trinity and am very happy with my choice for college.

Something I love to do outside of school is horseback riding. I have been riding for 7 or 8 years now. I have had many horses that I share with my sisters. Three of my four sisters and my mother also ride horses.

Burberry is my only horse right now. He is not very big but can jump pretty high. The kind of riding I do on Burberry is called hunters. It is based on foxhunting. A competitor must follow a posted course over about 8 jumps. Hunters started in order for a judge to decide how safe the competitor would be if they were out foxhunting with the solid jumps. The jumps are collapsible so it is not as dangerous. However, you can still be injured. I cut my face open, got a minor concussion, and fractured one of my fingers all in one fall. I am not entirely sure what I want to do in my future. All I know right now is that I would like to finish college and be able to horseback ride for as long as I can. I plan on being one of those crazy horse ladies who isn’t very good at riding and everyone thinks is certifiable. It just seems like a lot of fun. I don’t want to be the kind that thinks they can understand their horse though, that’s a little crazy for me.

Also, I’m almost certain that I will have severe memory loss when I’m older because I am already starting to have memory problems and there is a history of it in my family. I do know that once I am done with all my schooling I would like to live in California. I think it is much prettier than Texas. Texas is very fun, but I love my home state.
I guess I would have to classify myself as a gamer (I have spent too many hours of my life playing videogames not to) but I am not fully devoted to one game or another. I have been through large phases of Call of Duty, World of Warcraft, Team Fortress, and Civilization as well as a few others. Currently the main game I am playing however is unfortunately World of Warcraft.

Outside of the gaming world I really don’t have a specialty per se. I am somewhat involved in a little bit of everything and like with games I go through phases. I work for the admissions office on campus, I sing in two of the choirs, etc. As for field of study, I am a double major in both art and communications with a minor in business. Hopefully this field of study will lead me into advertising and marketing which I find fascinating.

I tend to be a bit scatter brained at times and don’t really like to focus on one thing in particular unless it is really fascinating. So my mind is pretty much on whatever it is I’m thinking about at the time. Maybe it is split between writing a few paragraphs and watching Glee at the same time, and not to mention checking my e-mail in between things. That is why they created tabbed browsing right?
Hey guys! My name is Chris Kradle and I am a sophomore from Eagan, MN. Hopefully, I will be double majoring in Political Science and Communication. My dream job is to be a lobbyist for the MN teachers association. I have only taken two communication classes so far: Media Interpretation and Criticism and Mass Media. So far, those classes have kept my attention with interesting subject matter.

My friends back home are much bigger computer nerds than I am, so they are surprised that I am taking this class, and think I will do horribly in this class. I want to prove them wrong and get a decent grade. I never have had any experience with the topic of hackers, but I was told that this class would not only interest me, but also teach me.

I sit in the back row not because I hate classes, but because it is a ritual I have in the Richardson building. I am already interested in the lecturers; hopefully they don’t let me down. Looking forward to this semester and learning about reality hackers!

Well, if you’re following this blog, you probably have too much time on the Internet.

Be that as it may, I’m going to start posting more stuff on here, not so much as an expression of free will, but as an expression of my desire to satisfy minimum requirements and graduate with a B.A. in Credible Sounding Prestige from my institute of higher learning.

So, basics...

I don’t take anything very seriously,

I’m about to graduate and have only vague ideas about where I’m going next,

I like long walks on the beach, romantic candlelit dinners, and am saving money so I can buy my future wife a lot of shiny trinkets.

I used to have a really high IQ, and then I started drinking Wild Turkey 101 and Red Bull as a breakfast meal replacement.

I’d rather get one of those giant inflatable rafts and float around a swimming pool than program anything in Java or C++, which makes my second major in Computer Science seem kind of worthless.

That’s all I care to think of now, so thanks and have a nice day.
SHEPHERD McALLISTER

First and foremost, I really like to write...just not about myself. I’ll start with the basics. I grew up in Lexington, VA. I’ve included a Google Maps satellite picture of that town below. Exciting, right? Having grown up in such a tiny place, I wanted to be sure to go to school in a city with places open after 8, and preferably a professional sports team. So now I find myself as a sophomore at Trinity University, and couldn’t be happier about it.

I’m double majoring in communication and political science, and took the Hackers class with Dr. Delwiche last semester. Feel free to check out my previous entries in this blog for thoughts on my experiences in this class. I was lucky enough to come into Trinity with a lot of AP credits to put towards my common curriculum, so most of my classes to this point have been in one of my two majors. Currently I’m working on some research with Dr. Nishikawa in the political science department regarding a link between online political participation and real world political action. It is a nice melding of my two academic interests.

In addition to being a full time student here at Trinity, I also have a part time job with the San Antonio Spurs in the new media department. I perform various tasks to assist in keeping Spurs.com, sasilverstars.com, and sarampage.com up and running. My tasks include shooting and editing videos, taking and posting photos, creating some special content, and assisting with game night responsibilities. It’s time consuming, occasionally stressful, and certainly makes my life more complicated, but I wouldn’t trade the experience for anything.

In my free time I enjoy playing sports, especially basketball, tennis, racquetball, and even a little pick-up football. I’m also a bit of a web junkie. Not a day goes by that I don’t check my Google Reader (populated with nerdy feeds like Gizmodo and Lifehacker). I’m slightly obsessed with all things Apple, and I’m a bit embarrassed to say that I look forward to all of their major product announcements. I love shooting and editing videos; I’m getting started with photography. Hopefully my abilities will come in handy in the development of our transmedia project this semester.
MARK MCCULLOUGH

My name is Mark and I am a Junior History major and Communication minor studying in the hills of San Antonio. My classes this semester are proving to be a bit more of a challenge compared with past semesters. I am finally getting into more advanced methods of studying history and the materials are becoming more complex! I am trying to specialize in European history because I find the links to families and dynasties interesting and unique. For Communication I am focusing my attention on the effectiveness of games in the classroom. I am planning on attending the Master of Arts in Teaching (M.A.T.) program for my fifth year, so hopefully I can use my knowledge from Communication to create new ways of teaching. Other than that, each day seems like it’s SSDD... which can make things monotonous from time-to-time but overall liberal arts style here at Trinity has helped me develop and continue to learn!

I was born in Arizona and can’t wait to get back. I enjoy golfing and flying in and around Arizona and Scottsdale. It’s a fun place to live and the mountains are amazing. I’ve been told from time to time that I act like a 40 year old... which is probably true, but I don’t know if it’s necessarily a bad thing. :) I obtained my pilot’s license a few years back and love the feeling of freedom while in the air; it’s almost as if nothing matters except for the tasks in the cockpit.

Golf is also very relaxing even though it can be more than frustrating at times. I never read when I was younger but am beginning to realize what I was missing... I enjoy reading books that will teach me something: ethics, morals, facts, opinions... I like Bill O’Reilly and Keith Olbermann. I think they’re hilarious and equally pompous, arrogant, and cynical, just in their own different ways. It’s fun to watch them both on the same day and see their contrasting opinions and ways of presenting their arguments... Olbermann makes me laugh more, but O’Reilly makes me laugh harder.

The future seems daunting and scary. I want to study for the MAT and see what I can do with that, maybe teach in the years after college until life falls into alignment (will it ever?) I used to be heavily interested in politics and government, but that passion has since faded; not to say that I don’t vote, but it’s just too hard to follow these days!
JUSTIN MICHAELSON

My name is Justin J. Michaelson, but most of my friends call me J-Mike. When I was a freshman I pledged the fraternity Kappa Kappa Delta and the name calling began. At first I loathed this shortened version of my given name but have learned, over time, to appreciate and accept it.

I was born in Madrid, Espana on December 23, 1987. My parents were in the Air Force and we traveled a lot as I was growing up. After Madrid, we moved to Germany where we lived until I was about 4 or 5 and then we moved back stateside to a military town called Abilene, Texas. My younger sister, Jania Nichelle, was born in Abilene and to this day we are pretty close. We later moved to San Antonio for a year before finally settling in Lockhart, Tx (aka, small town Texas) when I was in the 5th grade. Yes, I know Lockhart is know for its Bar-Be-Que, but you try living there!

I am now a senior (although I will be graduating in Dec 2010 and not May 2010) and I’m studying Political Science and Communication. I pretty much despise all things political and found the glorious communication department a bit late in the game, thus the extra semester of study. My most immediate goals are to graduate and work for the HEB grocery company in their PR offices here in San Antonio.

Some things that bring me joy are, but are not limited to: Friends and Family, Music (currently listening to a playlist of Jay-Z and Lady GaGa), Good television (such as Weeds, Mad Men and True Blood) and Crap television (like the Real World and Flipping Out), Expertly mixed martini’s, Mimosas on a Sunday and Cheap Lone Star Light, Backpacking and camping, traveling (to a nearby town or across the world), all things Spain and particularly Madrid, Concerts and great food!
ALYSON MILLER

Hey y’all! So this is my blog for the Lennox Seminar class I’m taking at Trinity University. My name is Aly Miller, and I’m a sophomore and a Communication major/Art History minor at Trinity University. I’m from Fort Worth, TX, and I’m (at the moment) 19, although I turn 20 in about...two and a half hours. Which is weird.

I’m taking this class because, well, it sounded interesting. I didn’t really know what to expect when I came to the class and I’m still not sure what to expect, but we’re watching Dr. Horrible’s Sing-a-long-Blog in class, so I feel like that’s a good sign. While I don’t know much as of now about any of the topics we will be discussing, I am excited to learn more.

In my spare time I like doing pretty average stuff—reading, watching way too much TV (current obsessions include Dollhouse, How I Met Your Mother, Big Bang Theory, Gossip Girl, Lost, Ugly Betty...plus all the shows I watch on DVD), playing video games occasionally, watching movies, listening to music, and making cookies.

ROBIN MURDOCH

Once upon a time, in a generally unattractive land called Houston, Texas, a little girl was born. Her mother was pleased to count the correct number of limbs and phalanges, and delighted in hearing the healthy sound of crying. What she was not prepared for, however, was the oozing wound located right on the back of the child’s head. The doctor threw some papers at her to sign away liability for the child’s wound, and no explanation was ever given as to what the cause might have been.

As the mother slept of the pain medication she begged for all through delivery, her husband decided to get the naming of the little girl over with (unfortunately without the input of the slumbering mother). So, just in time for dinner on the eve of May 30, 1990, Robin Halliday Murdoch officially entered the world. The little girl grew up healthy and happy, the seeping wound becoming nothing but an irritating scar always evoking the reaction of "Ohhhh! That explains a lot...."

It’s always interesting when people readily jump to the conclusion that your personality was formed through some sort of severe head injury. But that’s my life, and I’m not quite sure whether or not these assumptions are correct. Needless to say, the past nineteen years and eight months have been extremely interesting.

My family is slightly insane. Perhaps not in the clinical sense, but they definitely tip the strange scale in a way that frightens some. My dad is a geophysicist with an affinity for sarcasm and jokes that nobody who doesn’t have a ludicrous amount of random knowledge. My mother carries on intense conversations with her pets, one of which regularly responds. My 24 year old brother... still lives at home. We have two birds (and by "we" I mean my mother has acquired them from people who
didn’t want them anymore and we are all forced to coexist with them) named Charlie and Lola. Charlie has about three or four years on me and is a sulfur crested umbrella cockatoo. He spends his days flying freely around the kitchen, and going in for the attack whenever I need to eat a meal. Lola, an African grey, possesses a more pleasant demeanor, and has the added trait of speech. Her repertoire includes "You’re a wizard, Harry", "I’m a gangster", the creak of the door, the phone ring, giggling, names, and "I’m Afrikin Grey" among many others.

We also have Biscuit, the cat who followed my mom home from a walk and never left.... This is the house i grew up in. Insanity surrounding me on all sides, and death dropping in from above, attempting to scalp me while a little voice from the other room screams out lines from Harry Potter. My little madhouse. Ain’t no place I’d rather be.

When not entertaining homicidal birds, I enjoy long walks on the beach, romance novels, and sacrificing virgins to pagan gods. I spend my time between sacrifices experiencing as much musical amazement as I possibly can. Though I have absolutely no musical talent (three failed attempts to play instruments even close to decently has told me this) I have a true passion for music. My iPod is one of my most important assets, though the lifespan of electronics once they reach my possession tends to be relatively short. I have a physical incapability to keep cell phones and iPods working for longer than a year. No matter what happens, death finds them. Sometimes in painfully ironic ways.

Here at Trinity, I am a communication major, a member of Zeta Chi sorority, and often wear false facial hair around campus. I enjoy my friends, my classes, and my professors. Unfortunately, I have no real idea of what I want to do once I leave this place.... But I intend on making large amounts of money to avoid ever having to do real housework of any kind. And I feel that I have now officially exhausted my ability to write about myself.
My name is Aaron Passer and I am from Omaha, NE. Go BIG RED! I have lived in Omaha my entire life and I attended the same small private school from Kindergarten through 12th grade. While growing up I participated in Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts, and when I was 16 I became an Eagle Scout. Through my years of scouting I have developed a love for the outdoors. I have been backpacking all across the United States and even a few places overseas. To me there is nothing better than a night spent camping in the wilderness.

I also got involved with sports at an early age. As a youngster in Nebraska I played soccer when there wasn’t snow on the ground and I swam when there was. In high school I played football in the fall, swam in the winter, and golfed in the spring (we didn’t have a soccer team so I opted for golf). Out of the three I achieved most success in golf. As a starter all four years I helped our team win 3 district titles and 1 state-runner up trophy. Besides being a big sports nut I am also a concert and music junkie. I have been to several different music festivals across the U.S. including Lollapalooza in Chicago and Austin City Limits (ACL) in Austin.

I am, what many in the online community would consider a noob when it comes to the world of blogging. Never have I had the unquenchable desire to spill my thoughts and ideas out into the reality that has become the Internet. With that said, I know find myself writing this blog. Though reluctant at first, I am excited about the potential our blogs have to expand class discussions and help facilitate collaboration for class projects. It should be a fun semester. I am a junior majoring in accounting, minoring in french, and am looking in to getting a minor in communication also. I am also a member of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity.

While wasting time browsing this morning I came across a page relevant to class and Southland Tales. It’s a list of the most “memorable” fictional drugs used in movies and television, and Liquid Karma made the cut. It doesn’t give too much deep insight into the effects of the drug, but it gives a nice overview if you were at all confused. You can find the page by Googling the phrase “fictional drugs in movies and television” with the words “liquid karma.”
MARICELA RIOS

My name is Maricela Rios, and I am a Sophomore at Trinity University, majoring in communications with a art/ art history minor. I am from San Antonio, Texas and have lived here all of my life. I have a politically active family. My father is a politician in San Antonio and ran for Congress in 1995. I graduated from Incarnate Word High School in 2008. I played tennis throughout high school, and taught summer camps. I was an intern for the San Antonio Artist Foundation before I started college. I enjoy dark room photography along with digital photography and studio art.

I just recently decided on a major this year, and I am happy with my decision. I hope to apply to law school when I graduate, and am currently looking for another internship for this upcoming summer. I plan to go abroad next spring to perfect my bilingual abilities, mainly Spanish/ English.

I am a member of Gamma Chi Delta Sorority. This sorority has made my time at Trinity truly memorable. Gamma Chi Delta is responsible for organizing the Concert for the Cure that benefits the Cancer Society. It is a privilege to be able to contribute with Gammas to that particular fundraiser.

I don't know much about reality hacking. But so far the class readings have sparked my interest. I look forward to the in depth class discussion and hearing the opinions of other class members.
LAURA SCHLUCKEBIER

**Hometown:** Dallas

**Major:** Communication / **Minors:** Classical Studies and Sociology

**Non-School Activities:** Ropers and TigerTV (Studio 21)

**Currently Listening To:** *Glee* Soundtrack (duh)

**Ongoing Obsessions:** *Harry Potter, Black Beauty, Pearls Before Swine,* chocolate

**New(er) Obsessions:** *Glee* (ARTIE), *Dollhouse* (Paul/Echo)

**Favorite Color:** I originally had put "not pink" but after messing with the layout I realized this was hypocritical.

**Favorite Place To Be:** Lost Valley Ranch, Colorado or Austin, TX

**Fun Fact:** My last name means literally gulper/swallower of beer in German.

**Favorite Place to Eat:** Mabee! Not. Torchy’s Tacos in Austin (Fried avocado taco = to die for)

**Favorite Book:** Too many to count. But I am a huge scifi/fantasy fan. Huge nerd. Win.

**Favorite Show:** I watch way too much TV. I don’t even have a TV in my room. Shows include: *Glee, Dollhouse, Fringe, Prison Break, Kings, Battlestar Galactica, Law & Order, Law & Order SVU, Bones, Grey’s Anatomy, Private Practice, Gossip Girl, Smallville, Burn Notice, The Closer, Psych, FlashForward, Heroes, House, Lost,* and *The Soup.*

**Dream Job:** Developing and creating awesome TV shows

**Dream Pets:** not a cat. A German and/or Aussie. Perhaps I will get the horse I have been asking for for (?) Christmas since I was three.

**Place to Live:** Texas. Obviously.

**First Car I Owned:** 1990 Chrysler LeBaron convertible—this (paint job and all) but a convertible. Plus a leaky roof and no hubcabs.

**Current Car:** 2002 Jeep Liberty

**Newest Favorite Activity:** Playing street hockey on top of vacant parking garages

**Patronus:** Horse
RAELLE SMILEY

My name is Raelle Smiley. I am a sophomore at Trinity University. I am from Austin, Texas and have lived there most of my life. I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania but moved to Austin when my father was hired to do restoration on the glass in the capitol dome. I graduated in 2008 from Westlake High School. I am a Communication major at Trinity.

I have been swimming since I was five years old and swam at Trinity last year and for part of this year. I currently hold the school record for the 1000 freestyle. Now I train for open water swims and love working out. My family is very active, and both of my parents ride bicycles. I spent some time in high school teaching swim lessons and would love to do that again sometime, it is very rewarding to see your hard work pay off and to give kids the confidence to swim!

I am a member of Gamma Chi Delta Sorority at Trinity. For me, Gammas is one of the best things about being at Trinity, outside of the academic opportunities. Being a member of a sorority has given me the opportunity to be involved in a variety of service events and things such as the Reflections Body Image Program which originated at Trinity among the local sororities.

This summer I will be working as an intern for the company, ROSS Communications in Austin. I interviewed for the position over winter break and was just informed that I got the position. I think this will be a great opportunity for me and give me an idea of what working in the professional world will be like.

I look forward to being involved in the Lennox seminar and experiencing all of the unique opportunities we will have as members of this class. I hope to get to know everyone and share our knowledge and skills when it comes to the group projects!
My name is Andrew Truelove. I’m 20 years old and am a sophomore at Trinity University. I’m planning on a major in Communication and a minor in Music. I was born in Houston, Texas, but since my dad works for Shell, I moved around a lot growing up. Up until the year 2000, this mostly involved moving back and forth between Texas and Louisiana, but when I was ten, we were transferred to the Netherlands where I remained until I graduated from high school. Holland was nice enough. If there’s anything I can say about the whole Dutch experience it’s that they know how to make a pancake there. That and you should never go to the country on New Year’s Eve. It's the only day of the year where fireworks are legal, which means they like to go to town with their explosives.

My family at the moment is living in Calgary, sort of. My dad’s in the process of moving the family to Abu Dhabi thanks to another transfer. Shell is loaning him out to the UAE national oil company or something to that extent, and the rest of my family is following him. Well technically, my older brother who is in the navy is stationed in Florida, and I have a sister going to school in Kentucky, so we’ve still got a good number of people staying in the Western hemisphere.

As far as my interests go, I’m not exactly sure where to begin. I have a lot of movies on me at my dorm, so I guess you could say I’m into that. I’ve got everything from Goodfellas to Good Burger, which may not exactly be a good thing. I got a lot of James Bonds here at Trinity, and the complete collection at home. If you ask me, there isn’t really a movie series better than Bond. Sure Star Wars has a strong following and the Lord of the Rings may be superior as far as writing and visual effects go, and yes, the James Bond series did give the world Sheriff J.W. Pepper (I’m sorry), but I still like it.

With music, I’m a Beatles fan. No better band exists. Only the greatest musicians in the world could name a song “Everybody’s Got Something to Hide Except for Me and my Monkey.” Honorable mention goes to ZZ Top for beard related qualifications. And finally, my favorite television show has got to be Arrested Development. Really, there’s always money in the banana stand.

I’m not exactly sure what else I can say. I’m a pretty quiet guy, but that should be obvious to anyone who’s ever met me. I like to listen and take in what the world around me has to offer, or something like that. I’ve been told I have a dry, offbeat sense of humor, but I’m not sure how true that is. In any case, if you’re reading this, that either means you’re in my class or you are some stalker reading the pages of random people. If the former is the case, it’s good to meet you, in an indirect, completely impersonal way. If you’re the latter, I really live in Guam and my actual name is Pedro Hasselbrock. Stalk me there.
RICHARD BARTLE

“Biography”

Richard Allan Bartle was born in Ripon, England, on Sunday, 10th January, 1960. His family (mother, father, younger brother) moved in 1963 to the small (population 7,000) Yorkshire seaside town of Hornsea, where Richard attended the local school and did all the other usual things that growing up involves.

Richard’s interests in gaming go back a long way. His father was an enthusiastic player of all boardgames, and soon had his two sons just as interested as he. Hornsea is quite remote as English towns go, and its social life can be most succinctly described by the word “none”, so Richard sought out like-minded games-players among his friends at school, later expanding his horizons by playing games postally. He began a small gamers’ magazine for his local group of fellow players, which acted as a prototype for a national zine he ran for the two years prior to his going to University. Both these projects gave him a grounding in written English rarely seen among today’s computer programmers (or, come to that, today’s game authors!).

The purchase by mail-order in 1975 of one of the first sets of Dungeons and Dragons rulebooks to reach the UK married together Richard’s gaming and SF/fantasy interests. He and his brother had developed several informal role-playing gaming systems themselves, but none in the domain of Tolkienesque fantasy, and none with the depth of the D&D rules. Nightly D&D sessions soon became a regular thing among Hornsea’s dedicated group of gamers.

Being some distance from a large town, the local school couldn’t easily organise trips to visit computer installations, and therefore was granted the special privilege of having a subsidised phone connection to the County Council’s own timesharing system. This meant that computer access was actually better than for most schools in the UK. Richard therefore got an early chance to learn programming, which he immediately put to use by writing (and getting published) a single-player programmed-text book (you know the sort: "if you wish to open the door immediately, go to 19C; to knock first, go to 7F; to run like hell, go to 24A").

At school, Richard passed all his examinations without problem, but almost always relying on flair rather than hard work and revision. This was nevertheless quite sufficient to win him a place at Essex University in 1978, where he registered to study Mathematics. He switched to Computer Science at the end of the (common) first year, however, because "there were people better than me at Mathematics". His subsequent first-class honours degree was (and, I gather, still is) the highest ever recorded in Essex University’s Department of Computer Science. He stayed on to take a PhD in Artificial Intelligence, eventually taking up a lectureship in the subject (which, at the time, made him the youngest member on the academic staff in the whole of the University).

4.1 Richard Bartle. Currently a lecturer at Essex University, Dr. Richard Bartle co-authored the world’s first virtual world as a college undergraduate in 1978. A former university lecturer in artificial intelligence, he is an influential writer on all aspects of virtual world design and development. As an independent consultant, he has worked with almost every major online gaming company in the U.K. and the U.S. over the past 20 years, transforming an undergraduate research project into a multi-billion dollar industry. His book Designing Virtual Worlds is widely viewed as a “tour de force of virtual world design.”
In his first full week as an undergraduate, Richard had met Roy Trubshaw - a brilliant programmer in the year above Richard’s. Roy was thinking of writing a computerised fantasy game, and was impressed by what he saw in Richard’s programmed-text book. He introduced Richard to the game *Adventure* (a transcript of which Richard had seen the previous year in a postal games magazine), and soon after hit upon the idea of writing a similar game which would allow several people to share the game world at the same time. He called his creation MUD and devoted the remainder of his undergraduate career to writing it. Richard was on hand with a ready supply of suggestions and ideas for Roy to incorporate into the game.

Roy had the shell of his third version of MUD running by the end of his course, but didn’t have time to complete the rest of the game. He passed it to Richard, who added perhaps 75% of what constituted the final program. Roy had the "engine" working, but it didn’t do much; Richard enhanced it, and employed it to manage a fully-realised game world.

Through MUD’s success, Richard met a book publisher called Simon Dally. Simon commissioned a book from Richard (Artificial Intelligence and Computer Games; Century Communications, London, 1985), and the two became friends. Along with Roy, they formed a company, “MUSE”, to market MUD. In his spare time, Richard completely redesigned the entire MUD system from scratch, then wrote it anew himself. The new game was dubbed MUD2 by its players (although formally it should be MUD4). Roy’s MUDs had certain limitations that meant some of the more complex concepts that it transpired rôle-playing games required were either difficult to express or necessitated large amounts of surgery to the MUD program itself. MUD2 addressed these issues by having its own fully empowered programming language, MUDDLE, specifically intended to be used for writing MUD-like games but strong enough to be used for general programming (you could write the MUDDLE compiler in MUDDLE if so inclined). So flexible was the design for MUDDLE that it’s still very much in use today.

Richard left Essex University in 1987 to work on MUD2 full time. In 1989, Simon got manic depression and committed suicide, leaving MUSE in a thoroughly awful mess. Although the company survived this, the writing was on the wall. These days, it’s little more than a place-holder for various pieces of MUD-related intellectual property.

Richard gave up working for MUSE full-time in 2000, to head up the online games division of dot com start-up Gameplay. Sadly, the company rather squandered its resources, and all that was left after the dot com bust was a rump that sold games by post.

Richard switched to consultancy, which he’d always done in the past but not very regularly. In between assignments, he wrote the world’s first book on the design of MUDs, *Designing Virtual Worlds*. Published in 2003, *DVW* rapidly became the standard work for anyone developing, studying or playing MUDs (or MMORPGs, MOOs, MU*s, PWs or any of the other acronyms variously applied to this kind of software these days). He is also one of the authors of the popular research blog *Terra Nova*. 

4.2 The original *Dungeons and Dragons*. Published by Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson in 1974, the *Dungeons and Dragons* became a cultural phenomenon and is the world’s most well-known rôle-playing game.
Richard returned to his Essex University roots in 2002, teaching on its nascent computer games degree. He was appointed Visiting Professor in 2004. Currently, he therefore spends his time juggling teaching duties and research with the occasional demands of his consultancy business. He still plays a lot of games, too!

Richard lives near Colchester in Essex, with his wife, Gail, and daughters Jennifer (born July 1990) and Madeleine (born March 1994).

4.3 Lecturing in Everquest II. In 2006, Richard Bartle delivered a guest lecture to Trinity University students enrolled in a seminar on virtual world research methods. Rather than flying from the United Kingdom to Texas, he met with the students in the virtual world of Norrath.
ANNALEE NEWITZ

“Biography”

Currently, I am the lead editor for science fiction and science blog io9—it went live in January 2008, and in 2010, over 2 million people read it every month. I am also a freelance writer, contributing work to Wired, Popular Science, New Scientist, and other excellent publications. During 2004 and most of 2005, I was the policy analyst at the Electronic Frontier Foundation. In 2006 I published a book based on my doctoral research. It’s called Pretend We’re Dead, and it was published by Duke University Press. In early 2007, Seal Press published a collection of essays I co-edited called She’s Such a Geek—yes, it’s about female nerds.


From 1999 to 2008, I wrote a weekly syndicated column called Techsploitation, which was about the ways that media mutates and reiterates the problems of everyday life.

Formerly, I was the culture editor at The San Francisco Bay Guardian and in 2002 I was awarded a Knight Science Journalism Fellowship, which allowed me to spend the 2002–2003 academic year as a research fellow at MIT.

I was born just after the New Left died and shortly before abortion was legalized. Growing up in the planned suburban community of Irvine, California, I was exposed at a young age to the clash between Information Era techno-utopianism and the disturbing realities of middle-class greed, cynicism, and sexual repression.

When I moved to Berkeley, California, I began what became a ten-year odyssey through the land of academia. During that time, I founded a webzine, Bad Subjects, which is still going strong; I published two books, White Trash: Race and Class in America (Routledge, 1997) and The Bad Subjects Anthology (NYU Press, 1998); and in 1998 I graduated from UC Berkeley with a Ph.D. in English and American Studies. I wrote my dissertation on images of monsters, psychopaths, and capitalism in 20th Century American pop culture. After working for a year as an adjunct professor, I decided to pursue the career I loved most: writing.

I had been freelancing since 1996, mostly for alternative weeklies and online magazines, and in early 1999, I began to write for a living full-time. Having spent so many years studying pop culture and media in academia, I was naturally interested in writing about these topics as a journalist. And that’s what I’ve been doing for a decade now.
In the introduction to her interview with Ekaterina Sedia, Annalee Newitz wrote: “A couple of weeks ago, I told you about a haunting new novel from Ekaterina Sedia called Alchemy of Stone. It’s the tale of a female robot named Mattie who works as a chemist on an alternate world where the industrial revolution is in full swing. Though the engineer who made Mattie has set her free, he refuses to give her the key that winds her mechanical heart. All Mattie wants is control of her own key and a peaceful place to work, but instead she gets caught up in a workers’ revolt and her life begins to unravel. The novel was so thought-provoking that I tracked Sedia down and asked her some questions about female robots, politics, and magic.”

Ekaterina Sedia and Annalee Newitz are at the forefront of this decade’s science fiction revival. Annalee interviewed Ekaterina on August 4, 2008 for the science fiction blog io9. This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 3.0 Unported license.

One thing that makes Alchemy of Stone different from many other books about robots is that Mattie is more vulnerable than the humans around her. She doesn’t have superpowers, and is in fact quite breakable. Why did you choose to take her character in that direction? Along those same lines, what abilities does Mattie have that humans don’t? You mention at one point that her eyes are much better than humans’—are there other super-human abilities she has?

I noticed that in much of SF, written or visual, machines are portrayed as benign or menacing, but almost always as more powerful than people. To me it seems like a bad case of hubris, where we believe that we are capable of creating something more perfect than us, even if it will destroy us in the end. Of course, anyone who had ever owned a computer, driven a car or operated a toaster knows that it’s not true—machines break a lot, redundancies fail, and basically without constant repair and upkeep, machines do not fare too well.

Mattie was in part a reaction to the myth of superpowered machines (Terminator or Six Million Dollar Man or HAL) as a more realistic alternative, but also as a more interesting protagonist. Plus, I believe that we care about characters not because of their perfection but because of their vulnerabilities. Mattie cannot heal, she needs to be repaired constantly—and this is really the crux of her existence, because she wants to be able to survive on her own. Even her eyes, which were made to SEE better are still glass, breakable, and can be taken away from her at any time. As for other superpowers—she is a very good alchemist. And she is strong when working properly. That’s about it.

Though Mattie is an outcast among humans, her life has been privileged enough that she doesn’t fit in with the proletarian revolutionaries either. Do you think Mattie has a political position of her own?
You are absolutely right. Despite her being fairly wealthy, her wealth can be easily taken away from her, by whoever is in power—bourgeoisie or proletariat or aristocracy. Everything she has, she has because of someone else’s kindness. So in that sense, she is in her own camp, simply because people around her are unlikely to accept her as anything other than an inanimate object with no rights. If you were to ask her position, I don’t think she would have a very defined or politically astute one—except for believing that people ought to be allowed to live the way they see fit, and that she ought to be allowed the same.

Despite the fact that you set this novel in a semi-magical world, the chemistry that Mattie does feels very realistic. She does a lot of repetitive tasks to isolate elements, and generally acts as if she’s working in a typical chemistry lab. Do you think there is magic in Mattie’s world, or just events that don’t have a scientific explanation yet?

Souls and the Soul-Smoker [a character who can absorb other people’s souls] are the only explicitly magical things in this book; at least, this was my intent. The rest of it is based on the supposition that alchemy and the Doctrine of Signatures actually work—which are not quite magic, those are just theories that had been demonstrated wrong in our world. So they just have different laws of the natural world, which doesn’t really count as magic, does it? Even the gargoyles appear, to me at least, as creatures that are different but not supernatural.

There were a lot of moments in this novel where it felt like Mattie’s struggles to be accepted as an alchemist mirror the struggles of a lot of women who want to be accepted as scientists (especially in male-dominated fields). Were you trying to touch on those issues, or more broadly on the issue of inequality between men and women?

I am a scientist in real life, so yes, of course I am aware of discrimination and inequality that still exists in most scientific fields, and it colored my depiction of Mattie. At the same time, I did try to talk about inequality and oppression in their many forms—not just gender, but also class, ethnicity, and, in Mattie’s case, chemical composition. Each of those is an added burden, and yes, I think women who work in male-dominated fields will be able to relate to that sense of constant swimming upstream and the simplest things being a chore when you just want to do your job and not to be challenged every time you take a breath. Most of us could do with a bit less overcoming, I think.

What are you working on right now? Any new novels in the works?

Oh my, yes. I have another one coming out in 2009, The House of Discarded Dreams. I also just finished a Victorian Gothic YA based in real-world alchemy; it is about a girl and her salamander. I am currently working on an alternate history/steampunk novel taking place in Russia just before the Crimean War, in which the British and the Ottoman Empires team up against Russian-Chinese alliance. So it’s basically Russian steampunk with wuxia. And British spies.
Zoran Roško: Mr Shaviro, the subtitle of your book *Doom Patrols* is "a theoretical fiction about postmodernism." What is your general attitude toward that invisible continent of time called postmodernism? Is it maybe just another great narrative, great slogan, ideology, late capitalism’s shock absorber, just one arbitrary cultural mode among many others...? Is our life (or your life in the USA) really postmodern, or is it maybe just an exciting possibility to think, write and talk about? Or something else altogether?

After overusing the word "postmodernism" in *Doom Patrols*, I have tried to stop using it entirely in what I am writing now (*Stranded in the Jungle*). This is mostly because the word has come to mean too many different things; everyone has their own definition, and the word has been stretched so broadly in the last few years. I still think, though, that what I wrote in *Doom Patrols* remains valid. If the word has any use, it is not to designate a particular style of writing or philosophy, but a social/political/economic situation that we all are in. A situation of global brand names, multinational corporations affecting every area of life, and the use of relatively new, and increasingly ubiquitous electronic, digital technologies (not to mention bio-technologies, which are also digital since they are based in DNA)—all of this all the more so now that we are living in a post-Communist, post-Cold War era.

Zoran Roško: It seems that you object to the typical pomo leitmotif concerning the importance of language and language games. What are the limits of that idea? And, related to that, it seems that you dislike the Lacanian approach. Why?

Of course language is an important part of what makes us human. But I think it is an exaggeration to say that everything is language, everything is textuality, etc. That is why I don’t accept the idea of some overarching "Symbolic Order" as the Lacanians do (as far as I can tell; in Lacan and followers of Lacan like Žižek, I find what they say about the impossible Real far more interesting than what they say about the Symbolic or the Imaginary). Instead, I would want to emphasize the multitude of different "language games" (Wittgenstein): language works in all sorts of different ways, it is involved in many different forms of life, and it is involved in all sorts of different ways with other, non-linguistic factors (bodies, emotions, architectures and other organizations of space, images, sounds, etc). So I am not opposed to talking about language games, understanding that Wittgenstein says they are always not just linguistic, but also involve forms of life; I find this sort of formulation, or for that matter Foucault’s notion of the materiality of multiple discourses, more to the point than theories that exalt the power of the Signifier.
Zoran Roško: Does pomo consist in negotiating various discursive strategies, are signifiers really so important? Why would it be that FREE play of signifiers is preferable if such a play is always regressive, i.e. purely theoretical. Isn’t the idea of infinite play of signifiers an indicator of just the opposite - that that play isn’t important at all, because all the important decisions and choices are, by it’s immanent logic, being "made" somewhere else (so pomo would be just a big cover for all the important stuff behind the scene of language)? "Our" emotions, joys, pains, decisions, fascinations, tastes are always already some kind of performances, so the MEANINGS of the performance X may be infinitely multiple but that doesn’t undo the "finite" Singularity (mystery) of that performance. Is the deferral of the meaning (and identity) of that X identical to the deferral of performativity of that X? Why should that performance be dependable on the identity of X in the first place: if the X is the same thing with or without its identity, why is it so important to deconstruct its identity? Isn’t a pomo just some kind of secondary narcissism, a compulsive ego-trip, a paranoic rapture (ego’s fear that it doesn’t exist is returning in the inverted form, as a joy in nonidentity)? Is pomo just another narcissistic illusion? Is there anything BEYOND ego?

There are lots of issues being raised here, I cannot answer them all. I would go on from what I said above about why I don’t find it useful to focus on signifiers—there are probably better ways to talk about constraints vs the infinitude of potential play, than one that is focused on signifiers. Following from that, I could agree with what you are suggesting, translating it into the idea that presence/absence of identity is less important than concretely grasping the multitude of performances. As for ego and narcissism, I am inclined to say that one never gets totally BEYOND ego, it is always there, but by the same token one is never ENTIRELY narcissistic, there is always otherness too, the ego is never total—which for me suggests yet again that the best response might be to learn how to talk in a different register altogether, than one that asks whether there is a self, whether the self gets "deconstructed" or not, etc. It may well be that there are other dimensions of "postmodern" experience that it is more interesting to address.

Zoran Roško: I’m very interested for that "different registers" and different formats of experience (exemplified in transpersonal ideas of Ken Wilber and Stanislav Grof for example). Although the postmodernists are supposedly open to ontological multiplicity it seems that they are open ONLY to multiplicities that are rationally accountable (so the paradox is the only liminal tool for them), and very UNRESPONSIVE toward the "altered" (non-reductive, non-united) states of consciousness—understanding here that these states are not only the other "discourses" (even in a foucauldian way, like you said) but the completely other registers (levels) and formats of being (Peter Koslowski said that pomo is a "mysticism without mystics"). For example, Žižek is arrogantly designating all this different reality markup languages "obscuratorism", although, as I see it, he is actually preparing a ground for a mystic play of life.
(and it's his blind spot, I think). But it seems that these new cyber-
postmodernists are much more open to gnostic/shamanistic aspects of
"multiplicity". You have that text about LSD, so how "relevant" that
altered states (from shamanistic to mystical and "paranormal") are
for you? Do you find any appeal in the New Age excitement with new
levels of being and with human mutations and transhumanism. Are
we evolving/mutating into anything (new)?

I have a somewhat nuanced and skeptical answer to this question. Yes,
I am interested in other, "altered" states or levels of being, but at the
same time I am suspicious of attempts to give these other states some
sort of objectified reality. The chapter I wrote in Stranded in the Jungle
about LSD exemplifies this. I wanted to describe the affective experience
involved, but without making any transcendent or metaphysical claims
for that experience. This was in deliberate opposition to the way that
psychedelic intellectuals from Timothy Leary to Terence McKenna have
tried to use their experiences with mind-expanding drugs as the grounds
for all sorts of cosmic theories. So I am equally opposed to those people
who would inflate these limit-experiences (with drugs, sex, mysticism,
dying, etc), and those who would simply dismiss them. Actually I think
this attitude is not just "postmodern"; it goes back to Georges Bataille,
who insisted on an "inner experience" that was its own sole authority,
and yet that "expiated itself", disavowed its own authority. When we
"translate" these experiences into discursive meanings, we thereby falsify
them; the problem is to preserve the experiences without appropriating
them into such meanings.

Zoran Roško: You also have that text about the aliens? What's your
interest in them? What can they not tell us that may be interesting,
are they showing by not showing? Are they blinding us with light (one
character in The X-Files said - "what is hidden in the light")?

In my chapter on alien abductions, I wanted, again, to get at some sort of
affective core of the experiences as they have been reported, without either
saying that "I want to believe" in the truth of the experiences (as Mulder
wants to), nor just skeptically debunking them (because, even granted
that they didn't "really" happen, the sense of lostness, of dislocation,
of something that might be called "alienation" except that there is no
wholeness to be alienated from—all that still remains.

Zoran Roško: Can you shortly summarise the po-mo legacy, what
is still alive in the "classic" works of Lyotard, Baudrillard, Deleuze,
Lacan, Foucault...? May we say that something like the post-
postmodernism is on the horizon?

I am not sure how to answer this question (though it is a good question).
Personally, I feel that I have learned a lot from these postmodern thinkers,
and for that very reason I do not tend to read them much any more. Most
of these people are now dead (all except for Baudrillard and Derrida) and
I have assimilated them sufficiently that they do not seem 'new' to me
any more. I have not really come across anything of similar weight among
younger, more recent generations of philosophers (except perhaps for
—this may just be my limitation, that I have not encountered the right texts. But for the most part what has inspired my more recently have been novels, films, music, etc, more than theoretical writing. I would say also, that even now as we enter the 21st century, we are still under the domination of 19th century thought. Most of contemporary, 'postmodern' thought still refers back to the great 19th century thinkers: Nietzsche and Darwin above all. (Perhaps also to Marx and Freud—Freud’s major works, I know, come from the first few decades of the 20th century, but his background and formation are still very much 19th century—but Marx and Freud are more the wellsprings of modernism than of postmodernism).

Zoran Roško: On your web-site we may find some information concerning your taste in fiction. In a way you are associated with the avant-pop sensibility. Is that just your private idiosyncratic taste, or you can recommend those authors to the wider audiences, for example even in Croatia?

I don’t always know how well the American fiction writers whom I like the best right now will travel in international contexts. The people who coined the term 'avant-pop' are my friends, and I like many of their works, but I think the term is more a marketing concept than an actual movement. I would say that, in the United States today, I don’t find many of the writers who are more conservative aesthetically to be very interesting. But there are a lot of ways to be innovative, I don’t think there is any unity among the writers I am interested in in this sense.

Zoran Roško: Are there any authors in the USA that share your views, or resemble your style, are you alone?

My aesthetic perspectives are not shared with, say, the major US intellectual journals, but I do not feel isolated, because I have lots of friends or people I share aesthetic affinities with, even if they don’t publish in these major journals.

Zoran Roško: In croatian you cannot have non-gendered assertions, so when you say "I took a knife", it is either he or she that is speaking. So, what is the gender of the narrator in the "Kathy Acker" text (Doom Patrols)?

Actually I cannot give you a definitive answer to this from the point of view of how best to translate the text, because I quite deliberately took refuge in the fact that in English the first and second persons are not gender-marked, only the third person singular is. You could say equally well that the speaker is male (to the extent that the text is autobiographical—I do not claim to be doing Cixousian écriture feminine or anything like that), and female (to the extent that the text is build around quotations from Acker which are themselves paraphrases, translations, or deliberate rewritings and mistranslations, of quotations from texts by Laure).
Zoran Roško: My first reading of the "Kathy Acker" text was rather naive (it was my first encounter with Doom Patrols, without reading the introduction first). I thought that YOU were ACTUAL lover of Kathy Acker, and that possibility seemed exciting and sort of sad to me (considering what happened to "two of you guys" and Kathy herself). Only on the second thought, and especially after the conversation with Goran, the translator (who translated the text, to my surprise, as she-gendered) I recognized the undecidability of what is going on. Mybe I was just projecting myself into the text too much (in a way I "recognized" myself in a story, in an old fashioned reader’s way). Now, what is that telling us? Who is that "being" in me that is doing an "identification", and unconsciously wanting it? Just my ego? Kaja Silverman is talking about "idealization from a distance" and about constitutive role of identification with an (idealized) image for the making of ourselves and for the enjoyment. Mark Pesce said that giving a meaning to something is a MAGICAL act - so, can we find any magical-voyeuristic power in anything without that notorious being aka "ego" (be it an illusion or not)? Maybe an ego is not so bad an invention after all! Maybe an ego is just the last stand of magic (and magical terror, of course) in a nonmagical age! In that case, question is - Who or What in us, or through us, is needing that magic, and for whose agenda is that magic lobbying for? Should we pay attention to what is that "being" telling us, should we belive our desires, or is it just something that we have to "overcome" and surpass with "better", cleverer reading of ourselves? Besides, have you ever met Kathy?

I will start answering this question backwards—yes, I knew Kathy Acker pretty well. She was an extraordinary person, I think, as well as a great writer; somebody who meant a lot to me and who taught me a lot. There is a chapter in Stranded in the Jungle which is my personal response to her death. The chapter which bears Acker’s name in Doom Patrols is "autobiographical" in the sense that I am talking on some level about my own emotions; but I am also trying to channel these emotions through Acker’s texts and the texts that she was already channelling and transforming. Which, I would say, is my way of projecting myself into the text—not (I hope) by idealizing and appropriating the text to my own ego-needs, but rather, to the contrary, by trying to discover what it is in "my own" inner experience that is already in a real sense impersonal or transpersonal. I'd even say that this is what is most uncanny and powerful about those moments which we classify as "aesthetic": that, far from reflecting us back to ourselves, they make us realize how much of ourselves really isn’t our own, how much otherness already pervades us.

Zoran Roško: Are you familiar with the work of such "radical" thinkers as Hakim Bey, John Zerzan, Robert Cheatham (from Perforations), Critical Art Ensemble, Avital Ronell, Robert Anton Wilson, Terence McKenna? Are there any authors that you think we MUST read (besides Thomas Carl Wall, who is really wonderful)?

Tom Wall is a friend of mine, his work is great, and I am glad that you know about it and like it. Otherwise, I have read most of the people you mention, with varying degrees of interest and enjoyment, but none of
them have really affected or influenced me very strongly. I find Terence McKenna vastly entertaining, but I do not take his intellectual assertions very seriously. I don’t know if there are any MUST-READS that I can name. The novels by younger (i.e. under the age of 40) English-language novelists that have delighted me the most in the last few years are Glamorama by Bret Easton Ellis and Slaughtermatic by Steve Aylett (I have no idea if either of these are known in Croatia).

Zoran Roško: You’ve been cyber-addict, what are your cyber-doses now, when the heroic era of the cyber-frontier turned out to be just another parcel of our ordinary virtual lives?

Yes, I think that being online is no longer a novelty for me; it has become just another taken-for-granted part of my life. The Web is where I first check when I am doing research or looking for information; it has become pretty much routine. Now that I have a fast connection that is always on, I even do things like checking the definition of a word in an online dictionary, because it seems less effort than getting out of my chair to take the print dictionary off the shelf. On the other hand, I don’t spend as much time in MOOs or chat spaces as I once did; I think I got burned out on the intensity of it all. To live an active online social life takes up a lot of time as well as being emotionally draining. So usually I go to a cafe instead.

Zoran Roško: What is hot in the Seattle (alternative) cultural mileu now? And is there anything cool in the USA academic world?

Seattle had its moment of glory in the early 1990s with Nirvana and other bands; I don’t think there is any local scene that is "hot" or "cool" or potentially influential like that now. The city and its surroundings have radically changed in the last couple of years, because of Microsoft, Amazon.com, Real.com, and all the other software and Internet companies. This basically means that the number of arrogant rich people has increased, to the detriment of everyone else and of the city in general. In academia, I don’t really know what the trends are now, I more or less deliberately try to avoid contact with academic writing because I don’t want it to affect or influence my own writing.

Zoran Roško: What are your experiences with the academic establishment and publishers, since you must have been some kind of freak to many of them (or not so)?

In fact, I have had bad experiences with academic publishers—ones who ended up not publishing my books—but I prefer not to name names. I welcomed the opportunity to have my last completed book, Doom Patrols, published by a non-academic press [Serpent's Tail]. But this is mostly because I am actively trying to write in a less academic prose style, and address a less academic audience.

Zoran Roško: Are you paranoid about anything? Are you a paranoia-fan (in Pynchonland-style, or in the context of Jodi Dean’s and Jerry Aline Flieger’s texts about paranoia - if you’ve read them).

Personally, I am not very paranoid. I am inclined to think that you don’t need to invoke conspiracies to explain the vast quantity of stupidity, oppression, and injustice in the world; “business as usual” and the everyday functioning of corporations and bureaucracies is enough to account for it all. I’ve looked at Dean’s and Flieger’s books; I would agree that they are pointing to something that does have a real presence in contemporary popular culture, just because the pace and magnitude of technological change, combined with the power of elites, gives reasons why the idea of conspiracy is so prevalent in so many minds. I enjoy The X-Files, but I was a bigger fan of Chris Carter’s other TV show, Millennium (I don’t know whether this showed in Croatia; it only played in the US for 3 seasons, never got good ratings, and was then cancelled). Millennium was a little different than The X-Files, because its main trope was not conspiracy-theory paranoia, but a kind of religious mania and metaphysical anxiety. As for Pynchon: his most recent, and I believe, greatest book, Mason & Dixon, pretty much renounces the paranoia of Gravity’s Rainbow.

Zoran Roško: In Croatia we’ve had only The X-Files on TV. If you are not paranoid enough, maybe that’s so because you are information-hysteric too much (I’m just kidding). What reviews, magazines and journals are you reading and like the most? Have you discovered some new exciting web-sites or e-journals lately. Are you a victim of the information overload yet, or, in other terms, are you capable to download the Silence?

I wonder whether information overload and The Silence aren’t really the same thing–the excess of too much, and the subtlety of almost-nothing (since when all is silent you find yourself hearing the silence itself) might be the two interconnecting moebius-strip sides of the same thing.

Zoran Roško: Have you jumped to any “conclusions” considering net-art, digital art, tele-art, hypertextual fiction (and the theory behind it, for example Roy Ascott’s)? Do you consider it as the NEW BIG THING?

I’d say we should always beware of the NEW BIG THING, which is usually just an effect of marketing. Or, to put the same idea differently, in a “postmodern” age where everything new is instantly commodified, where continual ”innovation” is itself the way the system of control reproduces itself and thereby remains the same, that maybe the strategy to adopt is not one of being the next big thing, but of flying under the radar as it were, of moving so stealthily and so close to the ground that you don’t get noticed.

Zoran Roško: In your texts, you are writing about My Bloody Valentine, Sonic Youth, Bjork, Prince etc and in this conversation you said that you are finding more inspiration in music than in theory, at least lately. In "Spasm" the Krokers said that ”music rules today as a dominant ideogram of power... [ that it is ] a real ruling laboratory of the age of sacrificial power... the key code of the postmodern body as a war machine" and that ”sampler technology is the forward

4.13 Möbius strip. A Möbius band is defined as “a surface with only one side and only one boundary component.” Image shared by photographer David Bembenick under the terms of a Creative Commons Attribution ShareAlike 3.0 license.
mechanism of late capitalist culture". But Kodwo Eshun said that new music is the laboratory for the creation of NEW EMOTIONS for which there is no language yet (he means it positively). What is your opinion - are we just slaves to the rhythm (of cyborg money) or are we at last getting tuned to the real rhythm of "history" (whatever it's acid house of being turns out to be)?

It should be evident that I am on the side of Eshun, not on that of the Krokers. I don’t think that the Krokers’ politics are wrong, exactly; many of their warnings are indeed relevant, and I have no utopian delusions that the current cyber-euphoria is a movement of true liberation. Still, I don’t think that is ALL there is to the story. Counter to Adorno and the Krokers, it isn’t JUST alienation and cynical ruses of power: though these are never absent, they also aren’t the full story. I do think that music (probably music is the privileged case today, but the same is possible in other cultural forms) is grasping, and concretely bringing into being, new emotions or new modes of being. Though I do not think this is “the real rhythm of ‘history’”; there is no finality to it, it is rather just the continual creation of newness out of repetition (here I am channelling Deleuze channelling Bergson and Nietzsche).

Zoran Roško: Some authors are emphasizing the religious/spiritual/gnostic aspect of (new) technologies (tech-gnosis). Are you religious in any way? What will you be doing after you die?

I quite admired Eric Davis’ book *Techgnosis*, which deals thoroughly and intelligently with all this. But I have to say that I myself don’t have any sort of religious or spiritual longings that I am aware of. All that leaves me unmoved. I don’t think I will be anywhere, or be doing anything, after I die.

Zoran Roško: I think that Baudrillard and you are the most exciting pomo theorists that I know, and, trying to find some parallel and opposition between two of you, I’m inclined to say that you are for the end of pomo just what Baudrillard was for it’s beginning: alibi. You guys have made pomo - it's first, coital coming (to life), and it’s second, postcoital coming (to death) - ontologically glamorous so that pomo looked like it’s a natural born celebrity right at the spot (of its birth/death). So it seems that B. discovered an "ecstasy of communication" and that you discovered something like the postecstasy of noncommunication, i.e. postcoital tele-orgasm (excitement, or even sense, comes to us arbitrarily, randomly, madly, parasitically, just when we think that it is all gone and that there is nothing more to remember, pretend about or believe to). "Meaning" or willingness to live has nothing to do with the structure of that living. "Meaning" is digital (independent of the life to which it transfers the meaning) and demonic (outside of the interiority that is it’s medium): meaning of life is a DIGITAL DEMON. We are ruled not by the spell of analog magic (layed bare and disenchanted by pomo deconstructions), but by the spell of digital magic - by the spell of joy that is alien to us, that comes from without. Meaning is here not to comfort us and save/deliver us but to devour us. Because of that, your...
glamour is more dark, indie, carnal, fetishistic, scatological, bizarre and emotional, in one word - deadly: joy doesn’t come dramatically, it comes like death, fatally, not to reward you or to flatter you, but to stop you and to punctuate you with destiny, to make you digital - made of ones of life and zeroes of its meaning. While B introduced puritanic, bright angels of ontological dadaism and dandysm (with some nostalgic shades), you've delivered us to angels of electronic ontological disturbance (with lot of futuristic and post-apocalyptic extravaganza). Besides, I think that you help us to us recognize (since the life is a medium without a message) that pomo is ultimately about the perverted emotionality of being (what is the emotion if not the medium without a message): drag-queen of emotion turned into paradoxical thought. So, I think that pomo helped us to develop not an idea but the particular sensibility of life. So, pomo turns realities into virtualities, emotions into thoughts and by laying it bare shows us the next challenge: why are emotions so perversely powerful, why we can't live with or without them. Good old/new question. Is this crap?

Thank you, it is very flattering to be read and re-written in this way. I cannot say you are right or wrong, since this is the way you are transforming my words just as I have transformed the words of others; which I think is a process that cannot be controlled beforehand, and that never stops.
Let the story beginning in the Spring of 1967. I am 14 years old and in 9th grade. It’s early evening and the doorbell rings at the suburban house in Binghamton, New York where I live with my mom and dad. It’s a group of my friends and they’re each carrying a plastic bag and looking mighty pleased. They come in, we shuffle into the guest room (where the record player is kept) and they show off their gatherings—buttons (“Frodo Lives!” “Mary Poppins is a Junkie” “Flower Power”), beads, posters (hallucinatory), incense with a Buddha incense burner, and kazoo. A lonely looking newspaper lays at the bottom of the pile, as though shameful, the only item unremarked.

Without realizing the implications, I happen to throw side one of Between The Buttons on the player. Eventually, the song “Cool Calm and Collected” plays and a kazoo sounds through the speakers. In an instant, newly purchased kazoo are wielded and The Rolling Stones only-ever kazoo solo is joined by three wailing teenagers, bringing sudden shouts of objection from my famously liberal and tolerant Dad in the living room. It’s quickly determined that it’s late, Dad’s tired, and it’s time to send all kazoo-wielding teens packing. As each of the friends moves to retrieve his items, I grab the newspaper to see what it is. There are, I now see, two of them—two editions of something called “The Oracle.” It has hallucinatory visuals on the cover and boasts an interview with a member of The Byrds (David Crosby). Vinnie, who had bought it—but who, despite writing poetry—avoids any signifiers of intellectual curiosity as the teen status crushers that they are, feigns disinterest and gives the copies to me.

And that’s where it begins, this strange love affair with the periodical, particularly the periodical that has flair and style... where you can almost feel the energy and fun emanating off the pages.

I remember only one thing from the content inside those two Oracles and that’s David Crosby denying that he was “some kind of weird freak who fucks ten chicks a day.” That stuck in my mind. I didn’t know it was possible even to think that, much less print it, much less be in a position to find it necessary to deny being it!

Let the story continue some time in early 1969, I’m 16 and in my junior year at Binghamton Central High School. The student/youth protest movement has fired my imagination—and the more radical the better. The Columbia University takeover with obscenity screaming Mark Rudd! The French Revolution of May ’68! The armed black student takeover of the Cornell administration building, just 45 miles away in Ithaca! WoWeeee!

I wanted a piece of it. So I started a high school “underground newspaper”—The Lower Left Corner. Wanting to spring it on the school as a total surprise, I brought in only one co-conspirator (memory fails me,
but he was more a collegian liberal type while I hung with the freaks.) Anyway, what we came up with was, I am sure, a completely lame and absurd piece of adolescent indignation. While college students revolted against the war, racism, and authoritarianism in school, we boiled it down to authoritarianism at school. The one thing I remember is that we had a cartoon of a teacher wearing a swastika armband busting a student for smoking in the boys’ room. (Eat your hearts out, Brownsville Station!) It was that stupid.

To this day, I consider The Lower Left Corner a great success. Eight pages, Xeroxed front and back and stapled together… we entered the school each armed with a boxful… probably about 80 copies each total, and started handing them out selectively, avoiding the jocks and straights (by the way, straight used to mean “not hip.”)

We got to homeroom—official start of the school day. The principle came over the loudspeaker. “Anyone caught with a copy of the paper called The Lower Left Corner will be immediately suspended from school.” All eyes on me. Homeroom ends and as the door to the hallway swings open, I step out into my first taste of celebrity. All the jocks that usually threaten to beat me up or cut my hair off are jostling for a copy of the forbidden paper… even thanking me upon receiving. Laughing, I thrust the pieces ‘o’ crap into the grasping hands, happy also to get rid of them so that I wouldn’t be caught with any copies… and then I waited for the administrative consequences.

None were forthcoming. I had beaten the system… and in two ways. I’d gotten the administration to act out the very authoritarian impulse that we were lamely dithering about in print; and I learned something that served me well through the rest of my career as a high school “sixties radical. “ If the authorities think you’re political enough to run to the ACLU, they’ll leave you alone and bust your intended audience instead!

We created and “printed” one more issue of The Lower Left Corner. As I recall, it was on an antiwar theme and we paid more attention to the quality of the text and design the second time out. This time, we handed them out without any attempted interference. Teachers even used it as a source for classroom discussions. And of course… no one cared.

Let the story continue in Fall of 1971. I’m 19. I meet Tommy Hannifin at a rally against the killings at Attica State. He’s shouting the not-so-secret codeword… YIPPIE! We converge and excitedly share our mutual love of the Yippies funny and fun acid-infused, prankster, wild-in-the-streets take on The Movement as a Youth Culture Revolution. I tell him that I want to create a Binghamton Chapter of the Yippies and start an underground newspaper. And so we did.

I should be clear. I had never thought… even for a moment, about journalism as a craft and/or a career. It didn’t even occur to me that I should think about it in those terms. Indeed, to the constant worry of Mom and Dad, I never thought about career at all. I assumed that The Revolution would render those issues moot. I simply reached for the
print medium because it seemed like a tool that was accessible. (It was… relatively speaking.) I seem to recall that Tommy, at least, knew something about layout—that you had to get these boards, type out the text, get visuals and paste it all up. And so, we pasted together Lost In Space, Binghamton's little underground newspaper, ripping off a few frames from an underground cartoon titled Nancy Kotex: High School Nurse for the front page. This thievery was utterly naïve. The idea of copyright and intellectual property was unfamiliar to me—like so many things in life that seemed obvious to so many, it hadn't occurred to me. The cartoon just struck us as funny, and when we imagined people getting all upset and offended by it, it became twice as funny. And so I learned about the double scoop of pleasure you get from prankster humor that confounds or freaks people out. You get to laugh at the joke… and then you get to laugh at the over-reaction to the joke.

Like The Lower Left Corner, Lost In Space (changed by issue #2 to Space because movement types told us Lost In Space sent a negative message) was a piece of crap. And unlike the underground papers of the bigger urban centers and hip college towns like Madison Wisconsin and Ann Arbor Michigan, we had no tributes to George Jackson and Ho Chi Minh; we had no quasi-sophisticated neo-Marxian analyses of the movement; no major statements from Robin Morgan about the rise of militant feminism; and probably not much news. Like The Lower Left Corner, Space was locally focused, reflexively against all authority, and juvenile. But it was probably a bit more stylishly written… and it certainly had a puckish sense of humor.

Let the story continue in 1980. I'm 27 years old and a Junior at the State University College at Brockport, New York, near Rochester. (The Revolution having left me stranded.) My friend Brian Cotnoir wants to start an avant-garde art newspaper. He calls it Black Veins—which comes from an interpretation of a line from Lautreamont's epic proto-surrealist misanthropic horror poem Maldoror (Les Chantes de Maldoror)—and he signs me on as co-editor. The paper features dark, perversely angled bits of poetry and fiction, but I bring something else in. Since the mid-1970s, I have been nursing a growing obsession with the neuro-futurisms of Dr. Timothy Leary and Illuminatus author/philosopher Robert Anton Wilson.

For the first issue, I have a written exchange with Wilson, performed by the soon to be archaic means of letters sent by mail. (As best I recall) the exchange essentially involves me wringing my hands that the world is a terrible place and that his optimistic weltanschauung may actually be a dangerous diversion. (I would later get letters like that myself at MONDO 2000 and, generally, respond with dismissive quips intended to communicate my lack of commitment to an optimistic—or any—point of view.) My letter includes a pretentious, portentous quote from a Village Voice review of Hans-Hurgen Syderberg's 6 hour film, Our Hitler.

And then word comes that Dr. Leary himself is coming to Rochester on his “stand up philosophy” tour. Brian, his girlfriend Ellen, myself, and our ex-girlfriend Liz pile in Ellen's car for the 30-minute drive to Rochester.
for the Sunday afternoon performance. Our goal is to interview the Dr. after the show for the second issue of Black Veins and then to film him. I plan to try and incorporate him into an 8mm movie called Armed Camp I’m making for a film class. (Incidentally, that’s camp in the Susan Sontag sense.) The film involves, among other things, some 20-somethings playing poker in pajamas using the Aleister Crowley Thoth Tarot deck and then dancing to The Archies “Sugar Sugar” 45 rpm played at 33 (makes the vocals sound sort of like Jim Morrison). There is a vague narrative structure to this odd little attempt and I have reworked it so that it required Timothy Leary to say a few lines.

My posse—myself excluded—is negative about mind-altering drugs and cynical about Leary, and this makes me anxious. As we take our seats, the end of the Pink Floyd album The Wall blasts out of the loudspeakers and the cover of Leary’s book The Intelligence Agents—which shows multiple copies of the same baby attempting to climb over a brick wall which appears to have no end—is projected onto a screen on stage. Then comes Side 2 (The “1984” side) of David Bowie’s Diamond Dogs. Given his recent byzantine adventures with prison, exile, revolution, and compromise with the powers of state, it seems as if Leary is trying to tell us something. To the final echoes of Bowie singing “We want you, big brother,” Dr. Leary walks on stage. Liz mutters a bit too loudly, “Ohmygod, it’s Johnny Carson!”

The performance is not particularly impressive or funny, but Leary agrees to be interviewed. He unleashes that famous laser beam smile on each of us, one at a time, and the vibe immediately changes. Instant intimacy. Timothy Leary is now our special pal and we’re his co-conspirators. We move into the restaurant attached to the club, order drinks and peruse the menu. Liz, a slightly moralistic vegetarian, asks Leary if he eats meat. “I’ll eat anything!” he says directly to her, smiling. It’s something that has been said a million times before by both jackasses and geniuses, but it comes out like a blast of freedom. Everybody feels this.

We all have a roaring great time interviewing Leary about life, drugs; his hatred of followers, his futurist theories, and the 1980 Democratic primaries (“If I’d done a better job, you wouldn’t have all these paste-faced white guys running around New Hampshire.”) We’re all dazzled, feeling like the host of Planet Earth’s party had lifted the velvet rope and let us in. As we finish the conversation, Ellen urges me to ask Tim about appearing in Armed Camp. I’m feeling shy, but I share the script—such as it is—with him and point him at his two-sentence part. “What’s it about?” he asks. A bit flustered, I blurt out, “Nothing really.” He laughs and looks at my friends. “Thaaat’s wonderfullll, isn’t it? Nothing. Isn’t thaaat wonderful?” Everybody laughs, including me. He won’t read the lines but he will let me ask him a question and film his response… which turns out to be useless for my movie, but a treasure (that I will soon lose) nonetheless.

As we wrap up, Tim asks for a ride back to his hotel. He shrewdly picks Brian to dismantle and pack up the photo projector he’d uses to backdrop his talk. As we head to the car, night has fallen. Liz is pawing...
Dr. Leary, while they both gaze up at the stars. He points and describes a constellation or two. In the car, Liz continues to stroke and flirt, offering to come up to his hotel. Leary tells her she is very beautiful and wonderful, but he's married. As “Sympathy For the Devil” pops up on the mainstream rock radio station, we pull up to a raggedy-ass little hotel that's near the Rochester Airport and the good Dr. takes his leave of us.

Let the story continue in early November 1983. I am 31 years old and have just recently moved into a weirdly straight (see above) shared household in Mill Valley, California, a ‘burb of San Francisco. The house is made up mostly of sedate 50-something recent converts to new age philosophies—an oddly pale white man who emanates a bland but likeable passivity seems to be the eminence grise of the household scene. And then there's a Hindu Hippie couple around my age that lives in the back room. They smoke pot (I can smell it) and they pretty much keep to themselves.

I have moved from Brockport, New York to the San Francisco Bay Area (starting off in Berkeley) with a “note to self” in my pocket—the only thing I could write during several months of writer's block, after a briefly successful academic and small town rock and roll career as a writer of fiction… and writer and singer of song lyrics. The note contains my California to-do list: “Start the Neopsychedelic Wave. Start a Neopsychedelic band. Start a Neopsychedelic magazine.”

In late 1980, having written two darkly comic short stories to great local academic approval, and even winning a scholastic award (best fiction) for one of them (titled “Glib Little Holocausts”); having written darkly comic lyrics for a punk-tinged rock band (called “Party Dogs”) and performed to some approval in both Brockport and Rochester; and looking ahead vaguely to either trying to make a run at a career as a rock and roll eccentric or hiding in obscurity as a writing professor; I came in for an odd reckoning—an interruption, really. It was a really good LSD trip.

Two days after the murder of John Lennon, laying in a room in a small apartment in which the heat pipes played oddly angelic music that had gone heretofore unnoticed, my girlfriend Lisa and I laid face to face, took the clean 250 microgram doses of liquid LSD-25 we had gotten from the colleges' hippiest Deadhead and made off for the cosmos.

Up until then, even my best trips had been fraught with ambiguity. My friends and lovers were weird. My hometown was relatively small… and contained parents who worried, and hostile lawmen and jocks who knew who I was. There was always at least the hint of trouble or shame—the feeling that my neurological nakedness was something to hide and someone lurked around the bend ready to give me a bad—or, at least, a strange time.

Now, there I was, safe and high and with a girlfriend who I actually liked and felt comfortable with, primed by my readings of Leary and Wilson to tap into an elegant symmetry, a generosity, even a sense of frivolity in the heart of all-that-is.
At first, the acid hit strong. It jolted up and down my spine like kundalini lightening, then shooting out the top of my head in a glorious explosive overabundance—an excess of multicolor wow! and then it smoothed over into an endless and sumptuous multidimensional layer cake of pastels filled to the brim with warm congratulations at having arrived. Later, it took me into deep space, and the heat pipes, which had been playing a pleasant kind of Tuvan throat music drone started, instead, to play John Lennon’s hit song, “Starting Over” and, well… the message seemed clear. What the Lizard King had said was true: “Everything must be this way.”

The aftermath of the trip found me disastrously happy, playful, optimistic, frivolous and energized… and writing about the coming of a Neopsychedelic Wave in lyrics and fiction. In the real (small) world of Brockport, New York, I’d shifted into a master’s course in Fiction Writing, and attempts to give expression to my new head in that context weren’t working. What came out was the sort of gibberish that has been produced before and aft by so many in the throes of psychedelic wonder—shards of flashy words that tried to convey – no, make that impart the energy of being aliver than thou to the recipient with FLASHY CAPITALIZED WORDS. Finally, after a couple of floundering semesters, I heard the siren call: “California is the place you oughta be!” There was really, after all, only one state from which to start a Neopsychedelic Wave.

So I’m sitting in the living room here in Mill Valley in 1983 just sort of gazing out the window when something bordering on an apparition appears. The Hindu Hippies plus their friend, a tall thin man in white robes—a visitor who occasionally slinks in and out of their room to use the bathroom—are opening a side door, and walking with them into the very back yard that I am gazing upon is a tall, thin, curly haired man, speaking something not quite audible in a familiar, nasally voice. I recognize the man. I had attended a lecture he gave at a place in Berkeley a few months earlier. It was something about magic mushrooms and UFOs. In a nasally voice that reminded me of Jello Biafra, the man—Terence McKenna—had woven an astounding linguistic spell, rich with references ranging from Learyesque projections of future space architectures and superhuman amplifications to McLuhanistic media meanderings and, to top it all off, erudite descriptions (damn, why couldn’t I do that?) of psychedelic experiences… including one that involved something along the lines of forty days and forty nights on mushrooms in the Amazonian Rain Forest during which he “channeled” a message from the logos that was calling us forward through time and using the acceleration of technology and consciousness and social crisis to bring us to some kind of psychedelic Singularity in which exteriority and interiority would trade places!

Well… far out! But what the fuck is he doing at my house with the Hindu Hippies!? Here am I, on cosmic assignment from something or other to start the Neopsychedelic Movement and feeling meek and quiet and ill prepared and there’s this McKenna guy at my house. They quickly retreat into the back room. It takes me a good half hour to work up my nerve and tap on the door.

4.21 Food of the Gods. The philosopher Terence McKenna (1946-2000) believed that low doses of psilocybin-containing mushrooms helped our tree-dwelling primate ancestors make an evolutionary leap to spoken language (“the ability to form pictures in another persons’ mind through the use of vocal sounds”).
What happens next is (like an alien probe) wiped from my memory. Let it be said—and many will attest to this—that Mr. McKenna always brought the powerful fucking weed with him when he came. All I know is that, somehow, at the end of the visit, which probably lasted all of an hour, Mr. McKenna is handing me a baggie with 6 grams of dried psilocybin mushrooms and a joint of his way-too-strong pot and telling me (McKenna familiars… hear the nasel): “Eat these on an empty stomach. An hour later, go into a darkened room and smoke this joint. That will get you where you want to go.”

So it’s about a week later, and it’s Monday, the start of a Thanksgiving weeklong break in my job selling season ticket subscriptions by phone for various Bay Area arts organizations. I have decided that tonight’s the night. I will take the 6 grams of mushrooms late that night and lie in the dark in silence in my room and I will make contact with The Others—the alien intelligences that Mr. McKenna says are available on the Psilocybin frequency (when you take enough)—or I won’t… and either way, it will be a groovy trip.

I have decided to try a borderline fast—nothing but toast and water (and my morning cup of coffee) all day. It’s a big mistake. It’s around 5 pm and I’m heading home after strolling into town and I start to pass the McDonalds on the corner when the hunger overwhelms me and the biological robot commandeers my brain. By the time my brain returns to ordinary consciousness, I have downed a bag of Chicken McNuggets and a small bag of fries. Now I’m unhappy with myself and I’m deciding that I’ve blown the opportunity. No trip tonight.

I get back to the house and, oddly, it’s empty. It’s a large household, yet no one is home. A thought grips me. If they all stay away for an hour, I have a chance to get off on the mushrooms alone, having the run of the house during those energetic, intensely physical early moments that occur when you first come on to psychedelics. Then, I can hide out in my room with the lights out for the remainder of the trip. The time is nigh. I chew down the biggest batch of ‘shrooms in my life by far and I find myself pacing the house, nervously. Suddenly, after about 20 minutes, it slices through me like a shard of angry glass. A shattering angry splinterly energy thing is outside me lacerating me and I am in everything’s sights and all-that-is is pissed at me. The house cats start scurrying around yowling, running furiously, scratching at and trying to climb the walls. The suburban Mill Valley street suddenly looms very small and enclosed and conservative, and me… Mistra Inappropriate… not in control of my basic social signals and I’m now being lacerated by demons from a peculiar occult/Rolling Stones mirrorworld for abandoning them back in Binghamton, New York. Multiple car engine noises scrape the insides of my gut (In reality, it’s around 6 pm, the time when people in the suburbs get home from working in San Francisco)—each one of them very likely carrying narcotics cops or agents of some hostile control system and, worst of all, I see it like it is now… They’re the good guys and I am cast out, having done wrong; having eaten magic mushrooms on a corporate McDonald’s stomach… heedlessly. I stare out the front window expecting incoming—hoping merely that the inevitable death is not too tortuous.
And then it happens. A car actually stops right in front of the house. This is it. It’s over! But wait. The doors open and several clearly preoccupied corporeal and painfully ordinary humans emerge—all my housemates. They are opening doors and the trunk and picking up grocery bags. In an instant, things shift. The immediate danger lessens but does not disappear. I still may be attacked by angry beings, but right now I have another challenge. I have to act normal. I shuffle to the front door and open it, thinking that the best strategy is to wander out and offer to carry grocery bags. I take one step outside. Can’t handle it. I go back inside and close the screen door. Now I’ve given myself away. But the roomies walk in the house, preoccupied with their normal activities and blandly saying hello, to which I manage a normal sounding reply. All, that is, except for the Hindu Hippie guy. He makes a beeline for me and looks me right in the eyes. Quietly, he says, “Oh boy. Come with me” and, with his girlfriend, leads me by the hand into their back room. I start to tell him what I’ve done but he already knows. “You’ve taken Terence’s mushrooms.” The thin man in the white robes is lying on his side on a cot looking calm. He has been sitting in there all along. They say very little at first. They bring me a cup of warm tea; have me lie down on a cot, and the Hindu Hippie girl gives me a shoulder rub. I mutter something about demons from a Rolling Stones mirrorworld and start to explain about the friendship I had with a strange and charismatic guitar player who was fanatically and uncannily tapped into Keith Richards almost to the point where the evidence suggested a mystical connection and how we spent five months together in borderline isolation learning the entire Rolling Stones catalogue, and how he played it better than anybody alive except maybe Keith (better than Ronnie, by far), and how we talked long into the night about the occult dimensions of The Rolling Stones and the gut level pagan authenticity of the sex and drugs and rock and roll left hand path to enlightenment and how this friendship had all the elements of an intense sexual affair but without the sex and he started talking about Rimbaud & Verlaine and how it made me self-conscious and I couldn’t handle it and then I gave him my song lyrics to start writing originals and he said he lost them and laughed at me and I left town and never spoke to him again.

And this makes perfect sense to my Hindu Hippie friends. I mean, christ… they were California hippies. They were probably at Altamont as teenagers! Demons sent from a Rolling Stones mirrorworld made perfect sense. And then, as I settled into a state of calm, the thin man in the white robes told me his story. Vijaya was a former leader of the American Hare Krishna cult. He had left the group because they had started to behave—as do pretty much all cults—like gangsters, with all the corruption and violence that implies. He still believed in Hare Krishna’s brand of Hinduism, but he was part of a renegade group of psychedelic Hare Krishnas. And the Hare Krishna cultists had tried to kill him… and he was hiding out. So here we were, me hiding out from mirrorworld Stones demons and him hiding out, ostensibly, from Hare Krishna assassins, both of us in the back room of a very bland Mill Valley shared household.

While the LSD trip that had sent me to California was a “good trip” and the trip on McKenna’s shrooms was a “bad trip,” they both propelled me
A couple of days after the psilocybin trip, the resolve to go forward with the creation of a psychedelic magazine took hold of me. I contacted Will Nofke, a new age radio host who had done a series of interviews about psychedelics with Albert Hofmann, Timothy Leary, Terence McKenna and Andrew Weil on Berkeley’s Pacifica station KPFA, and asked him for the tapes to transcribe and publish the content. He sent me the tapes and granted me the permission. On New Years Eve—as 1983 was becoming 1984—I stayed home alone. I finished transcribing the last of the tapes—the Leary interview—while watching the avant-garde video artist Nam June Paik host a very special New Years Eve 1984 show titled Good Morning, Mr. Orwell on PBS’ Alive From Off Center, featuring many of my culture heroes: Laurie Anderson, John Cage, Allen Ginsberg, and Paik himself. Later I would have my first date with my wife Eve at a Nam June Paik exhibit in San Jose, California and I would co-create a TV show proposal and sample titled “The R.U. Sirius Show” for the consideration of PBS with John Sanborn, the Producer of Alive From Off Center. When the show ended, I channel surfed and found Timothy Leary on a silly, long forgotten entertainment talk show (I have mercifully forgotten the host). It was lame, but still, it was Timmy on network TV. A great signifier for the beginning of a new life. As 1984 dawned, I started reaching out to find compatriots to be part of a magazine that would be called High Frontiers and later Reality Hackers and then finally MONDO 2000.
Aaron Delwiche is the curator of the fantastic Reality Hackers lecture series going on this spring at Trinity University. Aaron, a professor in the school’s communication department, has rounded up a mind-meltingly cool gaggle of futurists, technology-focused critics and science fiction writers to take part in the series, which is free and open to the public.

So far, the series has presented talks by io9 editor Annalee Newitz and cultural critic Steven Shaviro. Journalist and hacker R.U. Sirius will speak at 7 p.m. on Monday, March 29, at Trinity’s Chapman Auditorium. It’s pretty clear that Aaron not only knows who the important thinkers are when it comes to our rapidly evolving technoculture, he’s obviously done some pretty important thinking on it himself.

You’ve assembled an impressive list of lecturers for the Reality Hackers series. How did you make your selections?

All five of these speakers are inspiring thinkers who combine critical analysis with innovative creative projects. These speakers enjoy theory and reflection, but they are equally passionate about using their own hands to create blogs, magazines, virtual worlds, short stories, and – with any luck – a better future.

What central thread seems to run through all of these thinkers’ work?

The easy answer is that all five thinkers are clever, imaginative, and thought-provoking. At a deeper level, these thinkers transcend clichéd assumptions that pit knee-jerk technophobes against breathless techno-evangelists.

These writers refuse to be mystified by computers and biotechnology, and they are quick to criticize aspects of our media landscape. However, they also recognize that emerging technologies can be used to make the world a happier place. Perhaps most important, their work is characterized by compassion for human beings (and other life forms) and a corollary belief that ordinary people should be empowered to make decisions about their technological future.

The next lecture in the series is R.U. Sirius, editor-in-chief of the transhumanist magazine h+ and former editor of the ‘90s magazine Mondo 2000. Tell us why people don’t want to miss it.

For decades, R. U. Sirius – a.k.a. Ken Goffman – has been on the forefront of science, technology, and social change. His magazine Reality
Hackers (a predecessor to Mondo 2000) inspired this entire lecture series. He’s smart, funny, anti-authoritarian, and — much like his friend and co-author Timothy Leary — he confronts accelerating technological change head-on. Like much of the best science fiction, his books have the ability to warp the reader’s perception of reality while simultaneously enlarging the reader’s sense of possibility.

If Robert Anton Wilson, Timothy Leary and Philip K. Dick were still alive, you can bet that they would be attending Ken’s talk to find out what R. U. Sirius has to say about the Singularity.

On the website for the lecture series, you write that “if democracy is to continue as a viable alternative to technocracy, the average citizen must become more involved in these debates (about technology).” Do you think the average citizen, right now, is dangerously underprepared for a serious discussion of how emerging technologies will affect their lives?

Yes. In his 1960 farewell address, President Eisenhower warned that the growing power of scientific and technologic elites threatened the very fabric of our democracy. Some on the left interpreted this in conspiratorial terms, but Eisenhower was putting his finger on a more intractable problem. Citizens are far too willing to believe that only a small percentage of the population is capable of understanding the scientific creations that are reworking the fabric of society.

Consider cultural phenomena such as the Apple Store, the Geek Squad, Big Bang Theory, and those creepy Intel commercials which constantly proclaim the intellectual superiority of the company’s employees (e.g. “Our joke aren’t like your jokes” “our big ideas aren’t like your big ideas.”)

The difference between the self-proclaimed technological elite of the 1960s and the self-proclaimed technological elite of the 2010s is largely cosmetic. Eisenhower’s technocrats wore lab coats, business suits and oversized horn-rimmed glasses, while contemporary technocrats wear hipster t-shirts, trendy sneakers and oversized horn-rimmed glasses. Yet the underlying message is largely the same: “We, the technological elites, are building and creating your future. We are the sponsors of your tomorrow.”

There is also an unfortunate tendency to view science and technology as domains that are beyond the comprehension of mere mortals. Sure, we’re all required to take basic science and computing courses in college and high school, but our scientific education typically ends when these prerequisites are satisfied. As a result, citizens are far too willing to yield decisions about vital scientific matters to the experts.

Really? The experts? The same people who brought us the atomic bomb, electroshock therapy, phrenology, lobotomies, the Tuskegee experiment, DDT, Thalidomide, and the Hollerith Tabulators used by the Nazis to keep track of Jewish prisoners during the holocaust? These are the same experts who I’m supposed to trust to make decisions related to genetic
engineering, nanotechnology, and Internet privacy? No thanks.

But this sort of paralysis isn’t something that is done to us. It’s something that we allow to happen.

**Ekaterina Sedia and Annalee Newitz are both pretty well known in the sf world. In fact, both are probably better known for their involvement in science fiction than science fact. Why is it important that sf authors/commentators be involved in these discussions?**

Science fiction authors and commentators are vital precisely because they bridge this gap between the world of science and the world of civil society. The best science fiction writers mine the pages of scientific journals and trade publications for ideas, and they use their gift of storytelling to encourage the rest of us to reflect upon the social and ethical implications of new technologies.

**Let me play devil’s advocate here. Some sf authors have a pretty good track record for predicting future technology trends, but many have widely missed the mark. Isn’t most sf more of a comment on contemporary issues and society than a real attempt to predict where technology is taking us?**

Very true! Among people who don’t read science fiction, there is a tendency to equate this wonderful field with television programs such as The Jetsons. But, as your readers know full well, that is hardly science fiction. The Jetsons was an ideologically loaded futurist counterpoint to the Flinstones. Those television programs projected consumer culture, the nuclear family, corporate power, and gender roles into the future and the past simultaneously – right down to the identical aprons worn by Wilma Flinstone and Jane Jetson. But that’s not sf.

The most interesting science fiction is speculative fiction, and my favorite writers are those who leverage the imaginative power of the genre as a strategy for provoking the reader. Orwell wasn’t saying that totalitarian dystopia was inevitable when he wrote 1984; he was warning us to not let it happen. Ursula K. LeGuin wasn’t predicting the ascent of androgyny when she wrote Left Hand of Darkness; she was prodding us to consider the socially constructed nature of gender roles. Cory Doctorow isn’t suggesting the death of privacy rights is inevitable in Little Brother; he is encouraging us to hack back against those who would crush those rights.

A great example of science fiction’s power is Ekaterina Sedia’s short story “The Mind of a Pig,” which you can find online in Apex Magazine. Though only a few pages long, her tale raises unsettling issues that continue to haunt readers long after the story is finished.

**Could you briefly talk about your academic background and how it’s led you to examine the emerging technologies that are “reshaping collective identities and challenging our understanding of what it means to be human?”**
My parents have all been deeply involved in science, technology and education, and this has shaped my life path. My Mom and Dad were graduate students in the 1970s; she studied biochemistry and became fascinated with DNA while he studied computer science and helped build out the precursors to the Internet. They often brought me to school with them, and they taught me how to use the computer mainframe as a kid. My stepmother is passionate educator—a middle school principal who taught social studies for years. My stepfather, who has worked with NASA since the 1960s, spearheaded efforts to convert the Ames military base into a center for interdisciplinary scientific research. With these sorts of role models—and all four of my parents have been hugely influential—it was inevitable that I would end up teaching, researching and writing about emerging technologies. And don’t even get me started about my grandmother!

I studied political science as an undergraduate, but quickly realized that the field of communication is an ideal home for anyone interested in the social implications of new technology. (My doctorate is in communication.) These days, if you want to study web development, user-centered computer programming, game design, film, social media, participatory subcultures, Internet law, or on-line journalism, communication is the place to be.

How important was reading/seeing sf books, movies and the like in leading you down this academic path?

Life without science fiction and fantasy books, movies, games, and graphic novels would be empty, drab and miserable. It’s almost impossible to contemplate.

How difficult was it to convince Trinity to fund this series of lectures by mavericks, sf weirdos and self-described geeks?

Not at all difficult. One of the many great things about Trinity University is the institution’s liberal arts mentality and the administration’s willingness to fund a wide range of creative projects. It’s important to note that the Martha, David and Bagby Lennox Foundation provided financial support for this series. The Lennox Foundation has funded several seminar series on topics ranging from the role of poetry in contemporary society to aesthetics and the philosophy of music.

Historically, Trinity University has recognized that some of the most interesting discoveries emerge from the margins. Statisticians are obsessed with developing mathematically sound generalizations about the “mean” and “median” of the population, but statistical outliers are just as important—often much more so—than those data points captured within the “normal curve.” Of course science fiction fans already understand the limitations of normality and the value of statistical outliers.
And, now, the question we throw at all of our Q&A subjects: Can you list your five favorite sf, fantasy or horror books, films and comics/graphic novels?

It is so difficult to reduce the list to just five items! (Ed. note—We actually meant five of each category, but we admire your discipline!)

- Andrew Niccol, *Gattaca*, 1997. (Film)
- Bill Willingham and Mark Buckingham, *Fables* (On-going comic book)
- Paul Kantner with Grace Slick, David Crosby, Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart (among others), *Blows against the Empire*, 1970. (It’s a Hugo-nominated science fiction rock and roll fantasy about a rag-tag bag of hippies who escape oppression by hijacking a starship and trekking across the universe with “free minds, free bodies, and free music.” What’s not to love?!) Also, who can forget *Harry Potter*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Star Wars*?
4.30 Promotional poster for Steven Shaviro’s public lecture. (Cuban propaganda style.)
"Some Years From This Exact Moment": Neveldin/Taylor’s Gamer and the Control Society

Feb 18 7-8pm -- Trinity University Holt Center
A Lecture by Steven Shaviro

http://transmedia.trinity.edu

4.31 Promotional poster for Steven Shaviro’s public lecture. (Created by John Key)
REality HACKER

ANNALEE NEWITZ

PUBLIC LECTURE ON BIOHACKING AND IMMORTALITY

3.10.10 Trinity University's Fiesta Room, 7:00 - 8:00 pm

4.32 Promotional poster for Annalee Newitz's public lecture. (Cuban propaganda style.)
Want to remember Friday night?

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Back up your memories with Google Mind
Free information session at
7 PM in the Fiesta Room
March 10, 2010

Tired of blending in with the crowd? Join the Transhumanist Alliance, and you can transcend the crowd.

Send us your Neural Transmitter's IP address, and we'll send you the information you need to ascend.

http://tinyurl.com/ylk8qju
“I like to think of the transhumanist movement as an ongoing project to hack the human body and the brain, and the social and material worlds outside our bodies and brains, and get them to do things that they can't do now... we’re looking at hacking our biologies for extended lifespans, hacking our brains for increased intelligence, hacking molecules for material abundance, building intelligences that are greater than ours... we also might be looking at engineering our level of happiness or bliss, engineering out painful forms of insanity, hacking our skin pigmentation color or our physical design. As Debbie Harry put it back in 1990, ‘A tail might be nice.’”
R.U. SIRIUS

Public lecture: “Hijack the Singularity. Why the future must be post-scarcity or not at all.”

March 29, 7:00 - 8:00 pm. Chapman Auditorium.

R.U. Sirius (real name Ken Goffman) is currently editor-in-chief of the transhumanist magazine h+. Sirius was widely known in the early 1990s as editor-in-chief of the popular "cyberpunk" magazine Mondo 2000. He has authored or co-authored 11 books, including Everybody Must Get Stoned, Cyberpunk Handbook, True Mutations and Design For Dying with psychedelic legend Timothy Leary. In 2000, Sirius ran a write-in campaign for president of the United States for the Revolution Party, an organization that offered a platform that combined left and libertarian themes.

Learn more at transmedia.trinity.edu and hplusmagazine.com.

RICHARD BARTLE

Public lecture: “Is the virtual too unrealistic? Crying over non-spilled milk.”

April 8, 7:00 - 8:00 pm. Chapman Auditorium

Currently a lecturer at Essex University, Dr. Richard Bartle co-authored the world’s first virtual world as a college undergraduate in 1978. A former university lecturer in artificial intelligence, he is an influential writer on all aspects of virtual world design and development. As an independent consultant, he has worked with almost every major online gaming company in the U.K. and the U.S. over the past 20 years, transforming an undergraduate research project into a multi-billion dollar industry. His book Designing Virtual Worlds is widely viewed as a “tour de force of virtual world design.”

Learn more at transmedia.trinity.edu and www.youhaventlived.com/qblog.
4.36 Advertisement in *Trinitonian* for Ekaterina Sedia. (“Mind of a Pig” is reprinted in this book.)
EKATERINA SEDIA
Science fiction author

Public lecture on “Genetic modification and copyright.”

April 22, 7:00 - 8:00 pm (Chapman Auditorium)

Ekaterina Sedia is a Moscow-born author whose third novel, *The Alchemy of Stone*, has been hailed as one the best novels of the previous decade. Her next one, *The House of Discarded Dreams*, is expected in July 2010.

Her prose has been described as haunting and magical, and reviewers praise Sedia's knack for "leaving readers to reach their own conclusions about the proper balance of tradition and progress and what it means to be alive." She is an award-winning editor of the *Paper Cities* anthology; her next anthology, *Running with the Pack*, will be released in May 2010. In addition to writing, she teaches genetics, botany and plant ecology at a state liberal arts college in New Jersey.

Ms. Sedia is visiting Trinity University as part of the Lennox Seminar Series on Reality Hackers. This series is made possible by the Martha, David, and Bagby Lennox Foundation. For more details see transmedia.trinity.edu or contact Dr. Delwiche in the Department of Communication.
314 Reality Hackers: Appendices: Promotional materials

4.38 Science fiction blog "Missions Unknown" profiles Annalee Newitz.

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Missions Unknown

Unknown profiles Annalee Newitz.

By Mission Control on March 8th, 2011

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Missions Unknown: Fantasy & Horror

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The Devil in Green Final Cover Art

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Unknown profiles Annalee Newitz.
R.U. Sirius tonight
By Sanford Allen, on March 29th, 2010

Tonight, Trinity University is presenting the latest can't-miss installment in its REALITY HACKERS lecture series: author R.U. SIRIUS.

Siris, current editor of the transhumanist magazine h+ and former editor of the cyberpunk magazine Mondo 2000, is speaking tonight at 7 p.m. in Trinity’s Chapman Auditorium. The free lecture is entitled “Hijack the Singularity, or Why the Future Must Be Post-Scarcity or Not at All.”

Siris has authored or co-authored 11 books, including Everybody Must Get Stoned, Cyberpunk Handbook, True Mutations and Design For Dying, with psychedelic legend Timothy Leary. In 2000, Sirius ran a write-in campaign for president of the United States for the Revolution Party, an organization that offered a platform that combined left and libertarian themes.

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Missions Unknown profiles Richard Bartle.

By Sarah Allen, on Aug 7, 2010

McKinney and Bartle geek up your Thursday night

Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror

The Queen of Minster Fand Convention

316 Reality Hackers: Appendices: Promotional materials
Ekaterina Sedia closes out Reality Hackers series

By Sanford Allen, on April 21st, 2010

Clear off your calendar for the final lecture in Trinity University’s astoundingly cool Reality Hackers lecture series — fantasy author and genetic scholar EKATERINA SEDIA.

Sedia’s lecture on genetic modification and copyright takes place tomorrow, Thursday, April 22, in Trinity’s Chapman Auditorium. It starts at 7 p.m.

Moscow-born Sedia’s third novel, *The Alchemy of Stone*, has been called one the best books of the previous decade, and her anthology of urban fantasy, *Paper Cities*, also has drawn profuse critical praise. Her next novel, *The House of Discarded Dreams*, and another anthology, *Running with the Pack*, will hit bookstore shelves this summer.

Reviewers have lauded Sedia’s lyrical prose for “leaving readers to reach their own conclusions about the proper balance of tradition and progress and what it means to be alive.” Read her story “THE MIND OF A PIG” online if you haven’t experienced it yet.

In addition to writing, she also teaches genetics, botany and plant ecology at a state liberal arts college in New Jersey. Guess that qualifies her to discuss genetic modification.

If you have missed any of the Reality Hackers lectures, organizer AARON DELWICHE has been nice enough to post videos on the SERIES WEBSITE.

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April 21st, 2010 | Tags: Aaron Delwiche, Ekaterina Sedia, Reality Hackers, Trinity University