1981

“Encyclopedia Britannica & the Intellectual Tools of the Future”
1982
The Atari Drawings
1984
The Criterion Collection
1987
Amanda Stories (Hypercard)
Bye!

Amanda Stories®
The Voyager Company
1351 Pacific Coast Highway
Santa Monica, Ca 90401 (310) 451-1383

Inigo Gets Out
Inigo Takes A Bath
Inigo’s Snack
Inigo’s Dream
Inigo At Home
I Miss You, Inigo
Your Faithful Camel
YFC Goes To The North Pole
YFC Goes Underground
YFC Goes Home
1992
CD-Companion to Beethoven’s 9th Symphony
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Symphony No. 9

- A POCKET GUIDE
- BEETHOVEN'S WORLD
- THE ART OF LISTENING
- A CLOSE READING
- THE NINTH GAME
1991
The Voyager
Macbeth
Hath borne his faculties so meek
That, though himself might be his seeming, all
Will plead like angels, trumpets to the deep
The deep damnation of his taking physic.
And pity, like a naked newscourger striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horded
Upon the sightless couriers of the air.
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself.
And falls on th'other –

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now? What is the news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?
1992
I Photograph to Remember
1992
Voyager Expanded Books
Who Built America?

RESOURCE INDEX

EXCURSION TITLE DOCUMENT KIND DOCUMENT TOPIC View alphabetically

American Indians
Business & Businessmen
Cities
Class Conflict
Consumer Culture
Economy
Ideology
Immigrants
Imperialism
Industrialization
Labor Movements
Politics & Political Parties
Popular Culture, Leisure, Arts
Race & Race Relations
Radicalism
Reform
Religion
Rural Life & Movements
Sexuality
Southern States
Western States
Women

“All That Is Passed Away”... (Text, In the First Person)
American Indians at Hampton... (Photographs & Images)
Artifacts (Photographs & Images)
Ballad to a Massacre: Private... (Text, Fiction & Poetry)
Battle of Little Big Horn (Photographs & Images)
“Bayonet through . . . the..., A (Audio, Oral History)
Black Elk Remembers the... (Text, In the First Person)
Brutal Rite of Passage... A (Text, In the First Person)
“Burial of the Dead ...Wounded... (Photographs & Images)
“Custer’s Last Fight” (Photographs & Images)
“Educating the Indians” (Photographs & Images)
Geronimo and Apaches in exile (Photographs & Images)
“Ghost Dance” (Photographs & Images)
Gone But Not Forgotten... (Text, In the First Person)

A “Bayonet through . . . the Guts”: George Kills in Sight Talks about Crazy Horse

This 1967 interview describes the death of Indian warrior Crazy Horse as told to George Kills in Sight by his grandfather Big Crow.
1994
The Complete Maus
WENN ICH SCHLIESSLICH DICH GENOMMEN NACH SOSNOWITZ, WO IH NUR WENIG JüDEN GESEHEN.

Aber ich hab' lange erachtet, wo ist die jüdische Organisation.

UND Jemand hat Ihr gefunden...

STAUN.

WVLADEK!

Es ist gesagt, so ein Augenblick, dass jeder um uns herum hat geswient mit uns.

Mehr muss ich dir nicht erzählen. Bére sind wir gesehen sehr glücklich und haben sehr, sehr glücklich gelebt.

SO... LASS UNS JETZT ANHALEN DEN TÖNNCHEN....

ICH BIN MÜDE VOM REDEN, RUCHEL, UND FÜR JETZT IST GENUG ERZÄHLT....

Spielman

Wladek 8. Mai 1941
8. August 1981

Anja 15. Mai 1912
21. Mai 1945

art spiegelman 1978-1991
1998
TK3 Author and Reader
Alternativas al impacto del conflicto armado en los niños
2004

Institute for
the Future of the Book
2005
Without Gods
“Thinking Out Loud”
Retreat to My Study

After a year of mostly daily blogging on this site, I am cutting back.

As most of you know, I am writing a book on the history of disbelief for Carroll and Graf. The blog -- produced while working on the book -- was an experiment conceived by the Institute for the Future of the Book. It has been a success. I have been benefiting from informed and insightful comments by readers of the blog as I’ve tested some ideas from this book and explored some of their connections to contemporary debates.

I may continue to post sporadically here, but now it seems time to retreat to my study to digest what I’ve learned, polish my thoughts and compose the rest of the narrative. The trick will be accomplishing that without losing touch with those -? commenters or just silent readers -? who are interested in this project.

If you would like to be notified of any major activity on this site and of the book’s progress, please subscribe to the blog’s email mailing list.
Gamer Theory
The First Networked Book
2005
Ever get the feeling you are playing some vast and useless game to which you don’t know the goal, and can’t remember the rules? Ever get the fierce desire to quit, to resign, to forfeit, only to discover there’s no umpire, no referee, no regulator, to whom to announce your capitulation? Ever get the vague dread that while you have no choice but to play the game, you can’t win it, can’t even know the score, or who keeps it? Ever suspect that you don’t even know who your real opponent might be? Ever get mad over the obvious fact that the dice are loaded, the deck stacked, the table rigged, and the fix — in? Welcome to gameplay. It’s everywhere, this atopian arena, this speculation sport. No pain no gain. No guts no glory. Give it your best shot. There’s no second place. Winner take all. Here’s a heads up: In gameplay, even if you know the deal, are a player, have got game, you will notice, all the same, that the game has got you. Welcome to the thunderdome. Welcome to the terrordome. Welcome to the greatest game of all. Welcome to the playoffs, the big league, the masters, the only game in town. You are a gamer whether you like it or not, now that we all live in a gameplay that is everywhere and nowhere. As Microsoft says: Where do you want to go today? You can go anywhere you want in gameplay but never leave it.

Leave a new comment

Ben Abraham
posted: 10/2/2007

Hey... what happened to the intro from V1?? I gotta say, I don’t like this one at all! Why all the slogans? It just seems... so PRE dated already (if that makes any sense)... like... if I read this in a year, it would seem similar to blatantly commercial writing, written simply to get on the bandwagon of what everyone else was already doing.

Sorry... just my honest appraisal. Does that make any sense?

Milo
posted: 3/2/2008

I’m happy to see this replaced as the opening. It’s a great introduction. Plus, now it’s much easier to find it in the printed version of the book.
2006
Media Commons—
In Media Res
The Black Panther-A celebratory reclamation of the black body

by Regina Spellers Sims, Ph.D., MBA — Eagles Soar Consulting L.L.C.
February 19, 2018 – 18:20

Curator's Note

Skin tone, facial features, body size, and hair are attributes of the body that are interrelated and must be taken into consideration together when examining black corporeal representations in the media. One example of the relevance of positive, celebratory representations of the black body is Marvel Comic's Black Panther movie. The film has been met with unprecedented audience anticipation; broken presale and opening weekend records and it has become the most tweeted movie of 2018 (TheGrio, 2/15/18). Organizations, schools, and entrepreneurs have bought out theaters and orchestrated themed viewing parties catered to specific audiences; encouraging them to wear Afro-pop attire; and featuring libations, MC's, D.J.'s, poetry, fashion contests and intellectual discussions. The film has a majority Black cast that includes dark-skinned actors/actresses – at a time when white or light-skinned entertainers are often given coveted roles. It features Black men sporting facial hair and displaying warrior arts as well as an elite all-female squad – the Dora Milaje - protecting Wakanda at a time when mainstream media obscures the contribution of Black men to their families and communities; and at a time when Black women's self-advocacy is often conflated with and reduced to being angry. The movie's characters present unique natural hairstyles that emulate the many natural hair journeys resurging among Black women. It also displays cultural attire, unapologetically, at a time when our style, sense of fashion, and our embodied swagger is often simultaneously reviled and appropriated in mainstream media.

The big Black Panther on the big screen makes the scene go Black. And we like it like that. Black Panther is an epitome of celebration, innovation
2007
“A Unified Field Theory of Publishing in the Networked Era”
A Book is a Place Where Things Happen
2008
Sophie Author and Reader
La Siguiriya

La siguiriya, la más alta cumbre del cante. La siguiriya, que tiene un metro propio no apto para ninguna otra forma flamenca, es creación gitana de la Baja Andalucía, caracterizada por una increíble variedad. Aún se conocen e interpretan más de cincuenta cantes distintos.

El alma de la siguiriya es profundamente trágica. Sólo se queja herida por la mano cruel del destino, del dolor de la fatalidad. El amor, la madre (que, según Luis Rosales, no aparece en otros folklores), la muerte, la desesperación, son los motivos inspiradores de la romántica siguiriya. De la siguiriya se induce una visión amarga y pesimista de la existencia. Es el más sentimental de los cantes. (Las Rimas de Bécquer se podrían cantar por siguirillas...)

Abundan hoy, como antaño, los siguiryeros, aunque escasean los maestros creadores.

Close Reading:
Mozart’s
Dissonant Quartet

movement 1
2010
The Golden Notebook
We did. That was months ago. What frightens me now is — why did I go on with it? It wasn’t the self-flattery: I can cure this man. Not at all. I know better, I’ve known too many of the sexual cripples. It wasn’t really compassion. Though that was part of it. I am always amazed, in myself and in other women, at the strength of our need to bolster men up. This is ironical, living as we do in a time of men’s criticizing us for being ‘castrating’, etc., — all the other words and phrases of the same kind. (Nelson says his wife is ‘castrating’ — this makes me angry, thinking of the misery she must have lived through.) For the truth is, women have this deep instinctive need to build a man up as a man. Molly for instance. I suppose this is because real men become fewer and fewer, and we are frightened, trying to create men.

No, what terrifies me is my willingness. It is what Mother Sugar would call ‘the negative side’ of the woman’s need to placate, to submit. Now I am not Anna, I have no will, I can’t move out of a situation once it has started, I just go along with it.

Within a week of my having gone to bed with Nelson the first time I was in a situation I had no control over. The man Nelson, the responsible quiet man, had vanished. I could no longer even remember him. Even the words, the language of emotional responsibility had gone. He was driven by a shrill compulsive hysteria, in which I was also caught up. We went to bed for the second time: to the accompaniment of a highly verbal, bitterly humorous self-denunciation which switched at once into hysterical abuse of all women. Then he vanished from my life for nearly two weeks. I was more nervous, more depressed than I can remember being. I was sexless,
2013
SocialBook
(Text)
Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noses and Lips, where they hang a great many little Things: as long Beads, Bits of Tin, Brass or Silver beat thin, and any shining Trinket: The Beads they weave into Aprons about a Quarter of an Ell long, and of the same Breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of several Colours; which Apron they wear just before 'em, as Adam and Eve did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread these Beads also on long Cotton-threads, and make Girldies to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waste, and then cross, like a Shoulder-belt, both Ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties, which indeed are finely shap'd, as almost all are, and who have pretty Features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddish Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the Colour of a new Brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extreme modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And tho' they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an indecent Action, or Glance: and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes, there being nothing to heighten Curiosity; but all you can see, you see at once, and every Moment see; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsome young Indian, dying for Love of a very beautiful young Indian Maid; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While she, as if no such Lover were present, or rather as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but she looked down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most Severe and Cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute Idea of the first State of Innocence, before Man knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and virtuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion would here but destroy that Tranquility they possess by Ignorance; and Laws would but teach 'em to know Offences, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Fasting for the Death of the English Governor, who had given his Hand to come on such a Day to 'em, and neither came nor sent; believing, when a Man's Word was past, nothing but Death could or should prevent his keeping it: And when they saw he was not dead, they ask'd him what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a Thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a Man was a Liar, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, Governor, you are a Liar, and guilty of that Infamy. They have a native Justice, which knows no Fraud; and they understand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the White Men. They have Plurality of Wives; which, when they grow old, serve those that succeed 'em, who are young, but with a Servitude easy and respected; and unless they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

The ignorant noble savage characterization seems to be in play here, and coming on the heels of The Pilgrim’s Progress. We again have the idea of knowledge being burdensome with the earlier Garden of Eden allusion. Texts with travelogues or frameworks (e.g., Melville’s first work, Typee) regarding mysterious foreign lands seem to diagnose the lack of systems of vice and virtue to be almost idyllic when viewed through the lens of calcified Western value systems. Having minimal hierarchical rule or codified consequence equates to a seemingly free society, despite the writer’s true understanding of the foreign culture. Having to go through language barriers and incomplete observations of daily life presents a partial optic. The alien culture becomes idealized, as the observer sees what she wants to see. One would have expectations that Behn’s time in the field of espionage would contribute to a more objective worldview and consideration of evidence, but since it was after her time in Surinam, I am not sure if she carried that mindset at the time. The description of nature as “most harmless” seems slightly odd in this context. If religious obliviousness is ideal, then the daily struggle to survive against nature would be the greatest challenge, as there is no afterlife to worry about. The material existence for the people would be to endure daily hardships in order to live on.

I was also really interested in this passage, and wondered what readers of Behn at the time would think of her assertion that “Religion would here but destroy.” Is she putting down religion? Even if she isn’t, was it ever taken that way?
2013
SocialBook
(Video)
A mí me gusta la manera en que avanzamos por los habitantes de Comala durante la secuencia de apertura. A medida que cada cara se disuelve a la siguiente, la gente en realidad se mezclan a una representación del pueblo. Esta técnica no sólo nos introduce a los personajes de la película, sino también expresa eficazmente la atmósfera efímera de la novela y establece el sentimiento que toda es una memoria. ¡Buen trabajo, Vicente Rojo! (el diseñador de los títulos)

El decisor de ponderar todos los personajes alrededor de Pedro Páramo al principio de la película en los fotos es muy interesante. Indica muy temprano que Pedro va a ser el personaje más influyente en la película y que todo lo que pasa y todos los relaciones en la película están conectado a él; un hecho que ya sabemos por nuestros estudios de la novela.

Piense que la manera en que cada cara disuelve representa la presencia de fantasmas en Pedro Páramo. Piense que la música representa también la atmósfera; es un poco extraño y exótico como Comala.

La decisión de incluir la madre de Juan antes de ella morir es interesante. Discutimos que en esa novela, no es posible definir todo a poner importancia en los detalles. Eso es muy difícil en la cine. Piense que representar la voz de la mamá en en la novela como una memoria o una voz de una persona muerta es difícil. Entonces el director creó una mamá viva. Es muy difícil hacer una película de Pedro Páramo porque hay tantos detalles ambiguos.