RINA

A DESIGN FICTION

Story by Anne Burdick and Janet Sarbanes

> Design by Anne Burdick

TRINA

TRINA A Design Fiction by Anne Burdick and Janet Sarbanes

Print Version Story by Anne Burdick and Janet Sarbanes Design by Anne Burdick Trina is played by Marcia Beck

Live Performance Version Story by Anne Burdick and Janet Sarbanes Design by Anne Burdick Electronic Soundtrack by Casey Anderson Trina is played by Marcia Beck

Video Version

Story by Anne Burdick and Janet Sarbanes Design by Anne Burdick Electronic Soundtrack by Casey Anderson Trina is played by Marcia Beck Sound Recording and Mixing by Justin Asher Video Production by Eli Ruoyong Hong

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<u>Special Thanks</u> Marcia Beck, Johanna Drucker, Molly Wright Steenson

Number of 25

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TRINA

A DESIGN FICTION (Print Version for Review)

Story by Anne Burdick and Janet Sarbanes

> Design by Anne Burdick

Thank you for reading *Trina, A Design Fiction*. As both process and product, design fiction offers a way to speculate – through design and literary figuring – about people and technology in the near future.

The *Trina* story considers the perils and potentials of bringing nascent digital technologies and cyberinfrastructures together with the practice of critical interpretation central to the humanities. The intended audience includes humanities scholars, technology developers, design researchers, and readers of speculative fiction.

The story can be experienced through three different media forms: a live performance comprised of a slide show, a reading, and electronic music (played live or recorded); an edited video; and the print version you find here which is a kind of script/graphic novel.

The story's structure is based upon the constraints of a PechaKucha presentation -20 slides, 20 seconds each - for each part. The image and narrative strategy is inspired by Chris Marker's still-based short film, *La Jetée*.

The *Trina* project was created as part of a practice-based PhD at the School of Design at Carnegie Mellon University. This self-published limited edition book has been produced to elicit early feedback from an invited group of critics. In 2019, *Trina* will be presented in the context of a doctoral dissertation tentatively titled *The Trina Apparatus*. But that is just the beginning, for *Trina* is the first of three stories to combine design, theory, and the digital humanities to critically explore the implications of emerging technologies for future knowledge practices.

Trina would not have been possible without the contributions of my collaborators, Janet Sarbanes and Casey Thomas Anderson. I am also indebted to my sister, Marcia Beck, who risked heat stroke to play the role of Trina.

Anne Burdick August 2018

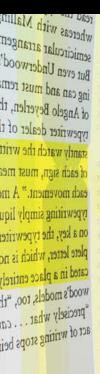
PART 1

00:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	This is where Trina liked to do her work,

out of earshot, and in total isolation.



00:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	In her free time she wound her way through the ghostly wordscape of The Commons.
	But every now and then, the boom of guns from the nearby marine base brought her back to the flesh world with a guilty jolt. Today there was work to be done, a new job from Humanitas, Inc.





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semicircular arrangement of the keys itself prevented a view semicircular attangement of the Nets user Present PresentPresent Present Present Present Prese ing can and must remain a blind activity. In the precise engineering lingo of Angelo Beyerlen, the royal stenographer of Württemberg and the first opewriter dealer of the Reich: "In writing by hand, the eye must consandy watch the written line and only that. It must attend to the creation of each sign, must measure, direct, and, in short, guide the hand through each movement." A media-technological basis of classical authorship that ypewriting simply liquidates: "By contrast, after one briefly presses down on a key, the typewriter creates in the proper position on the paper a complete letter, which is not only untouched by the writer's hand but also located in a place entirely apart from where the hands work," With Underwood's models, too, "the spot where the next sign to be written occurs" is ng that is produced by precisely what ... cannot be seen."84 After a fraction of a second, the act of writing stops being an act of reading that is produced by the grace

> prec. act of writting

00:40 VOICEOVER

NARRATOR: Like other out-of-work literary scholars, Trina was able to eke out a living performing human intelligence tasks for Humanitas. She knew the information she tracked down sometimes got people killed - there was no other possible use for it - and sometimes she let herself think about that, though most of the time she didn't.



01:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Workers with security clearance, like Trina, were required to sync up their implants with the agency's proprietary software. The tradeoff seemed worth it — after all, Humanitas gave her access to
	the cloud. And without the cloud, there

was no Commons.



NARRATOR: HR also required daily sessions with an outdated AI therapist called NANCY. The treatment was supposed to help remote researchers, who had a tendency to fall prey to paranoia or conspiracy theories or other mental health issues, but it was mostly a waste of time.

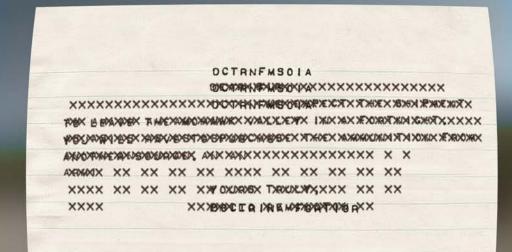


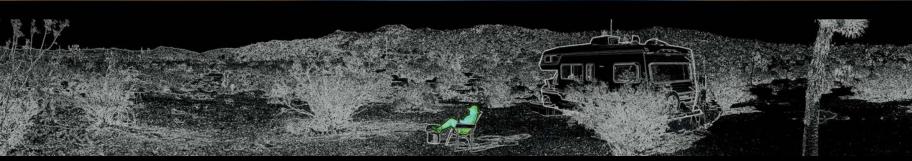


01:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Today's appointment wasn't for a few
	hours so Trina opened the new assignment.
	It was archival analysis, thankfully
	nothing to do with today's wars, a
	document rumored to have been typed
	on a secret writing machine during
	World War I.

SLIDE

06





NARRATOR:	She opened the file in Analyssist, her
	Humanitas tech. She wished she could
	hold the paper up to the sky and take
	an old-fashioned look-see, but the
	original had been destroyed many years
	ago. Fortunately, this was one of those
	archive-quality 3-D scans, better, for
	her purposes, than the real thing.

07



02:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	She ran the letters at the top through
	the writing machine detector but
	the results were inconclusive: an
	early prototype typewriter with an
	unidentifiable keyboard.
	War intelligence? Maybe. But the machine
	was all wrong.

SLIDE

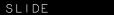
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TECHNOLOGY	TYPEWRITER STANDARD MANUAL (BLIND WRITER)
MANUFACTURER	REMINGTON & SONS
MODEL	TEST PROTOTYPE, C. 1873
	UNKNOWN
SERIAL NUMBER	
SERIAL NUMBER TYPESTYLE/S	SHOLES&GLIDDEN
	SHOLES&GLIDDEN NO MATCH



02:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Luckily she had a plug-in that could peel away the layers, find the one with the message. She grabbed at the air to call up D.I.G. A casual observer passing
	by the property might've thought she was

waving, or dancing, or mad. But nobody ...

_



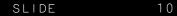
D-I-G • STATUS: LAYERS DETECTED...

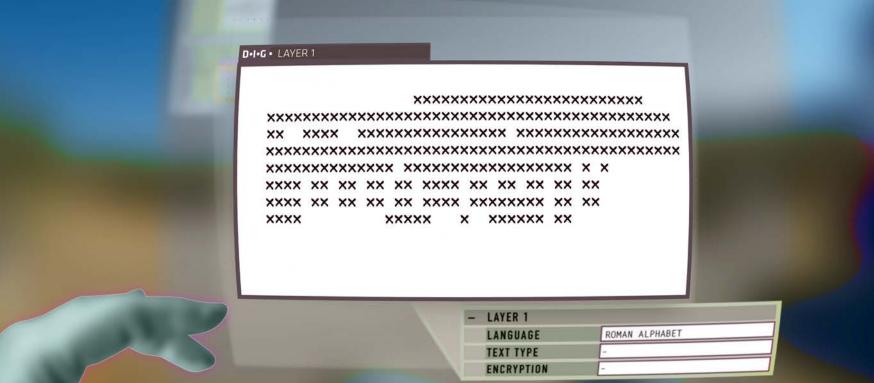
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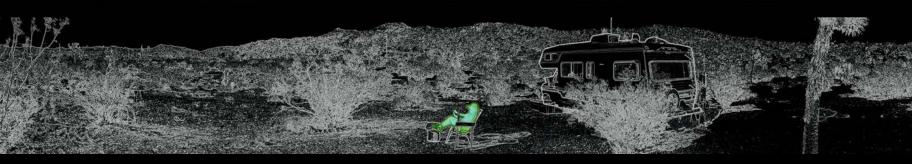
DCTRNFMSDIA (D)CARARY APARTON (A)CONTRACTOR (A)CONTRACTOR



03:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	ever passed by out where she was, except for an occasional coyote, or the rabbits at feeding time.
	The first layer had no discernable pattern. It wasn't an image and according to the software, it wasn't a text either. So she kept on going to the next layer, opening and closing her hands like crab claws.

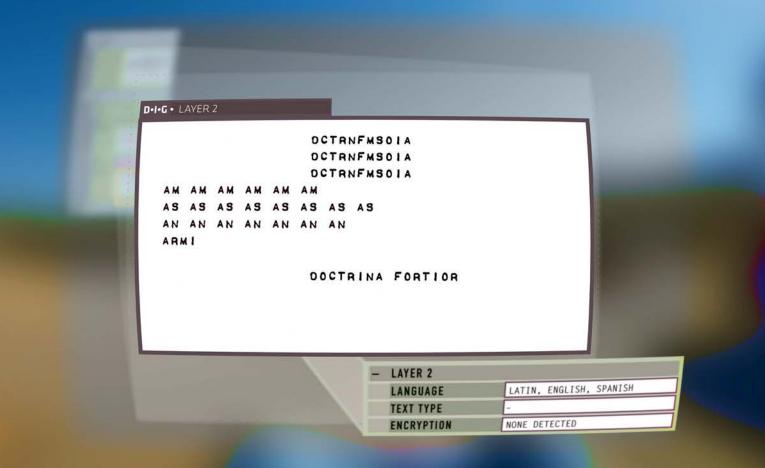


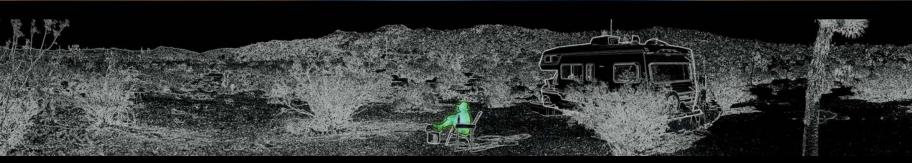




03:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Layer two looked like gibberish but at least it had a structure.
	She ran the text through all known
	cryptography keys and turned up nothing.
	Perhaps this is why it was sent for a
	human reader, she thought. She stared
	intently at the paper then pushed through
	to the bottom.

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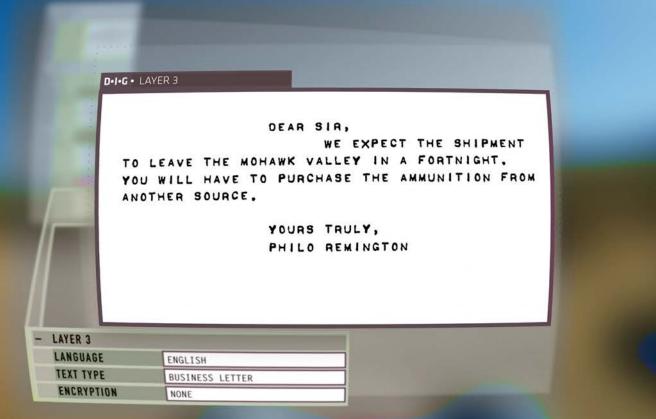
03:40 VOICEOVER

PAUSE VOICEOVER UNTIL 03:50, TO ALLOW AUDIENCE TO READ TEXT ON SLIDE 12.

NARRATOR: "Philo Remington" she said aloud.

"Philo Remington, born 1816, died 1889. Eldest son of Eliphalet Remington, inventor of the Remington rifle," the system ...

SLIDE 1			
SLIDE I	\sim \sim \sim		- 1
	511		





04:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	said in words that only she could hear.
	"Following his father's death, Philo ran E. Remington & Sons, a manufacturer of firearms and typewriters in Ilion, New York, along with his brother Eliphalet III, who oversaw the typewriter division."

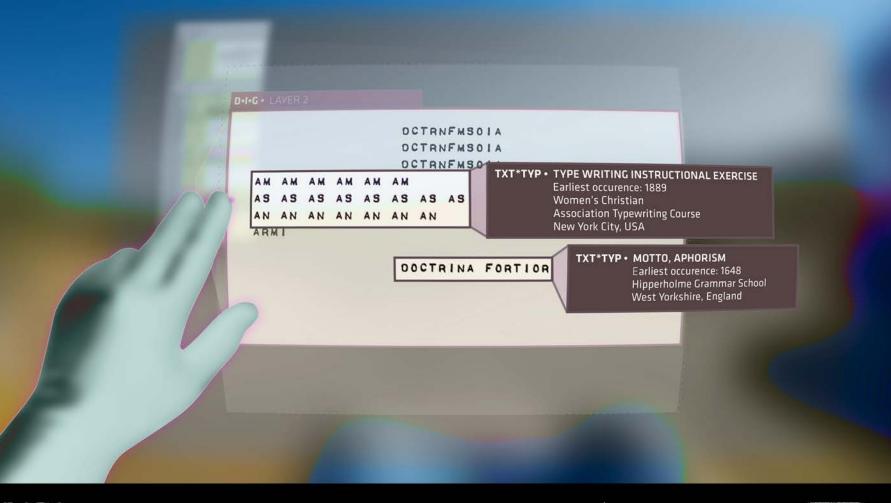




04:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	On a hunch, she went back to the second layer.
	To exhaust all the options, she ran a genre analysis. The results only added to the confusion: typing instructions and a school motto? Was Philo learning to type?

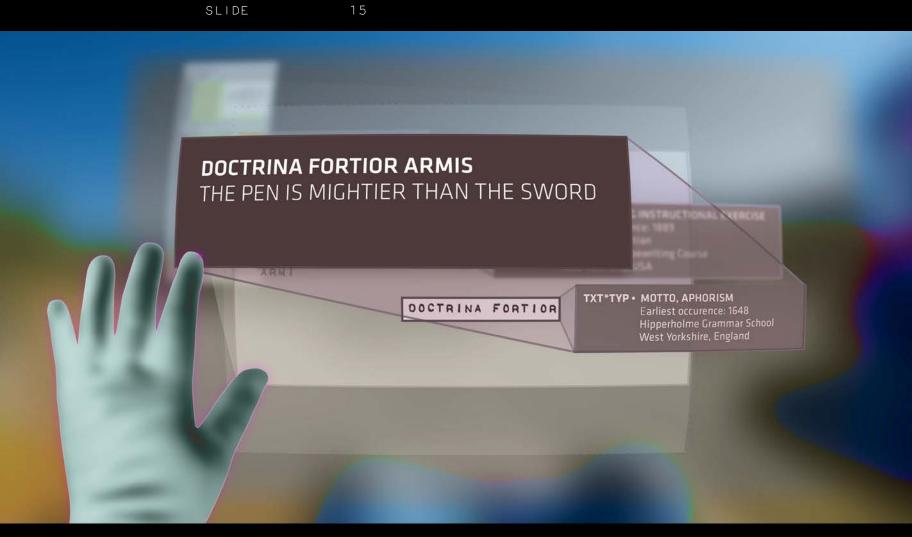
She expanded the motto.

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SLI	1)⊢		





04:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Doctrina Fortior Armis. The Pen is
	Mightier than the Sword.
	Another twist but she still couldn't
	understand how the texts came together
	and the categories of Analyssist were no
	help.
	So she moved to The Commons where she
	could ask the crowd, typing "Doctrina
	Fortior" into a biographical database.





05:00 VOICEOVER

NARRATOR: It turned up a single modest entry.

PAUSE VOICEOVER UNTIL 05:15 TO ALLOW AUDIENCE TO READ TEXT ON SLIDE 16.

NARRATOR: A concrete poet who did funny things with type?

Just then Trina felt a buzz in her fingers.

Fortior, Doctrina

PRSN Fortior, Doctrina

PRSN

Reclusive American concrete poet who lived on the Left Bank in the 1920s, an acquaintance of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas.

Though nothing survives of her poetry, she is given brief mention in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*: "The bastard daughter of a humble secretary and an American tycoon, **Doctrina Fortior** did funny things with type this is what writing show ok like in the machine age."

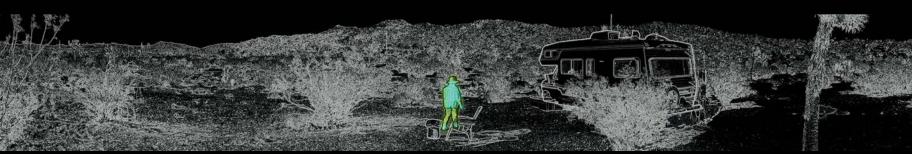
05:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	The Commons evaporated: time for therapy. Trina got up to feed the rabbits.
	She had gotten used to the live transcript, a curtain of text that dangled just beyond the brim of her hat during each session.
	"Trina, hello." NANCY said. "Hello, Nancy," Trina replied.

SLIDE

Launching... NANCY Client Number: 65GKL79 Session Number: N5-211032.100

<u>NANCY</u>: Trina, hello. <u>TRINA</u>: Hello, Nancy.

16-



ALL DISCHARGENOU

10

ARROW

SPOKEN DIALOGUE BETWEEN TRINA AND NANCY. NANCY HAS A SLIGHTLY STILTED, OVERLY POLITE VOICE.

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

NANCY: How's your mood today?

TRINA: Good, I guess.

NANCY: What's going on in your world?

TRINA: I'm on an interesting job. More like what I was trained to do when I got my PhD.

NANCY: And how does that make you feel?

TRINA: No one's life is on the line, so less stress.

ALUE MI

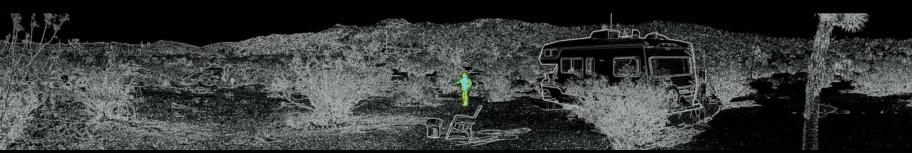
NANCY: How's your mood today? TRINA: Good, I guess. NANCY: What's going on in your world?

TRINA: Well, I'm on an interesting job. Much more like what I was trained to do when I got my PhD. NANCY: And how does that make you feel? TRINA: No one's life is on the line. so less stress.

P.A.P.

06:00	VOICEOVER
NANCY:	I understand. You're feeling stress.
	Here's a five-minute guided meditation to help you de-stress. I'll check in again tomorrow. Okay?
TRINA:	Super.
NARRATOR:	Trina let the exercise run in the background as she sprinkled the last bit of feed under the creosote bush then sat in the shade.

<u>NANCY</u>: I understand. You're feeling stress. Here's a five-minute guided meditation to help you de-stress. I'll check in again tomorrow. Okay? <u>TRINA</u>: Super.|



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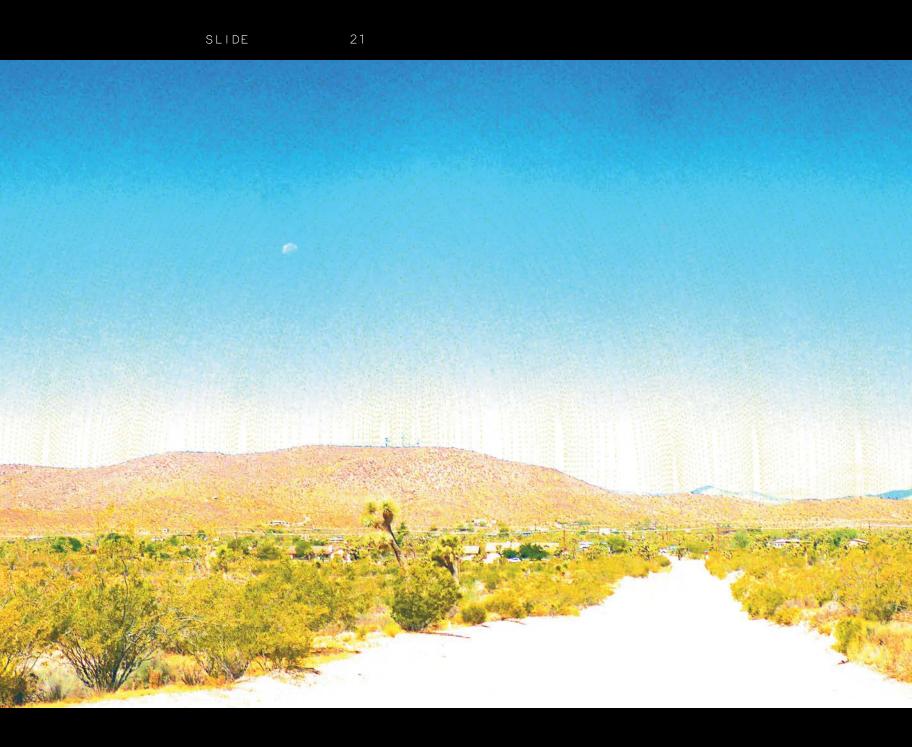
NARRATOR:	She leaned her head against the camper
	thinking she should get back to work.
	lsn't that what the therapy was designed
	for, to get you back to work? She
	wondered what would happen if she told
	NANCY the truth — about the nightmares
	that plagued her sleep or the horrors
	that crept up in the middle of the day.



PART 2

06:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	This is where Trina went when she needed

to stock up on food and water.



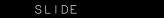
NARRATOR:	Back in the RV, she relived the long
	straight drive to the market in her
	mind. She could still feel the slap of
	heat against her face, still hear the
	gnarled owner's diatribe about the evils
	of technology — against people with that
	distracted look, snatching at the air.

"Leave your work at home," he'd growled. "There's a real human being standing in front of you."





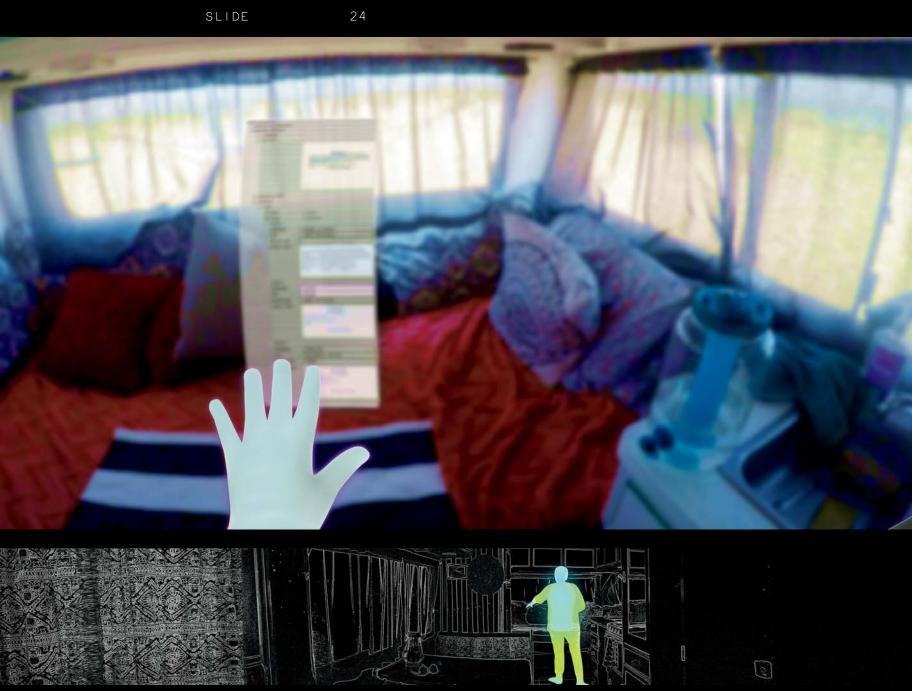
07:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	So she was stuck listening to him rail against AR, against google-chips, against the electrical grid itself for god's sake, until she could make her escape.
	Trina looked around the kitchen and calculated. She'd be good for at least ten days, maybe a fortnight.







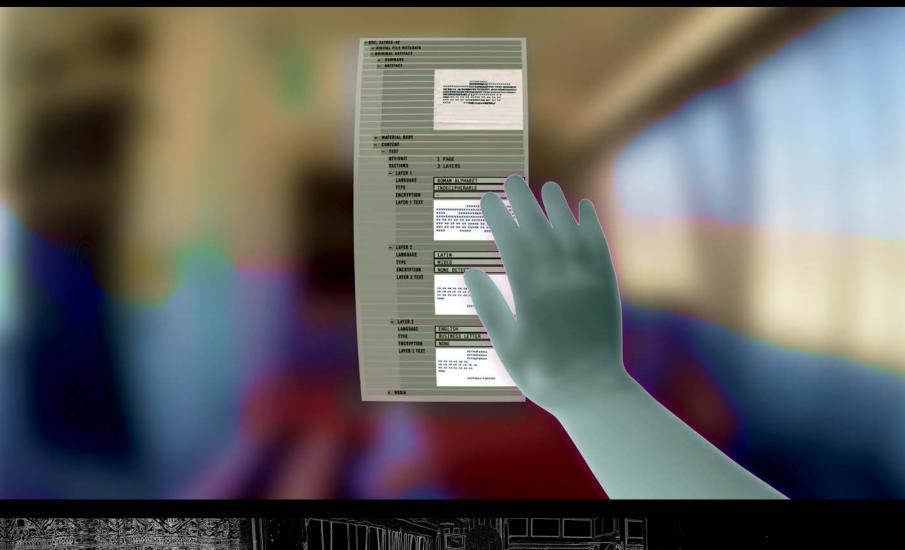
07:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	She was anxious to return to the letter,
	to finish her checklist. Humanitas
	wouldn't want to hear about typing
	schools or obscure poets; it would
	be best to file an incomplete report.
	Missing facts were preferred over
	educated guesses.



08:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Trina pushed a pillow into the small of her back. She purchased a one-time pass to the Remington corporate archives, now a part of Unisys. Even though she could expense it, she always resented having
	to pay.



08:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Nothing useful turned up. That was it.
	Her report was technically finished. But
	she wasn't ready to send it bouncing
	across the sky to some remote data
	outpost in the middle of nowhere. She
	wanted to find Doctrina and had time
	to run one last query before the server
	would kick her off.





SLIDE

08:40 VOICEOVER

NARRATOR: So she entered the archive through the Commons and ran her script. The results returned a single hit which she loaded into her project space.

PAUSE VOICEOVER TO ALLOW AUDIENCE TO READ TEXT ON SLIDE 27.

Persons: Eliphalet Remington, ida Wayne Taga: keyboard, poetry Provenance: Remington & Sons Corporate Archives ARTIFACT:

Remington&Sons letter 18730621_IW

ARTFCT Remington&Sons letter

ELIPHALET,

JUNE 21, 1873

00

Fortiot. Doctrina

Reclasive American concrete poet who lived on the Left Bank in the 1920s, an acquantance of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Tokias.

Though nothing sarvives of her poetry, use is given trief neutrino in The Autobiogenety of Alos E. Toklas: "The bastand daughter of a humble secretary and as American typose. Destrias Forder did Kerny things with type: Everyone thought this is what writing should look like in the matchine age." HOW YOU COULD SO EASILY FOREGO OUR HARDWON VICTORY IS BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING. A KEYBOARD CAN HAVE ANY CONFIGURATION, I ASSURE YOU, AND TYPISTS WILL STILL TYPE AS FAST. SO WHY NOT EMBLAZON ON THEIR LEGION MINDS THELETTERS THAT SPELL PEACE? LET THAT BE YOUR LEGACY, JUST AS YOUR BROTHER'S IS WAR!

GWERTYUIOP: WHERE IS THE POETRY IN THAT? OH, TO WHAT GRIM FUTURE HAVE YOU BANISHED THE PLANET?

WITH HEAVY HEART,



RESUME VOICEOVER AT 09:15.

Unprompted, her research bot spoke: NARRATOR: "According to personnel records, Ida Wayne was secretary to Philo Remington from 1872 to 1873."

Persons: Eliphaiet Remington, Ida Wayne Tags: keyboard, poetry Provenance: Remington & Sons Corporate Archives

ARTIFACT Remington&Sons letter 18730621 IW

ARTFGT Remington&Sons letter

ELIPHALET.

JUNE 21, 1873 873

Reclusive American concrete poet who

lived on the Left Bank in the 1920s. an acquaintance of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklits.

Though adding servives of lier portry, site a given brief modified in the Autobiography of Aloce 5. Tokies: "The based daughter of a numble secretary and an American tycon, becriting Fetters did Name things with type. Everyope thought this is what writing should look like in the middline age." HOW YOU COULD SO EASILY FOREGO DURCHAROWON ON COULD SO EASILY FOREGO DURCHAROWON ON COULD SO TO STATUS IN THE STATUS INTITICES IN THE STATUS INTO STATUS

GWERTYUTOP: WHERE IS THE POETRY IN THAT? OH, TO WHAT GRIM FUTURE HAVE YOU BANISHED THE PLANET?

WITH HEAVY HEART,

IDA

PRSN Wayne, Ida

Wayne, Ida

Employee Name: Wayne, Ida

Job Title: Secretary, Typewriter Supervisor: Philo Remington Start date: February 7, 1872 Termination date: September 2, 1873

exclusively in the manufacture of ri-

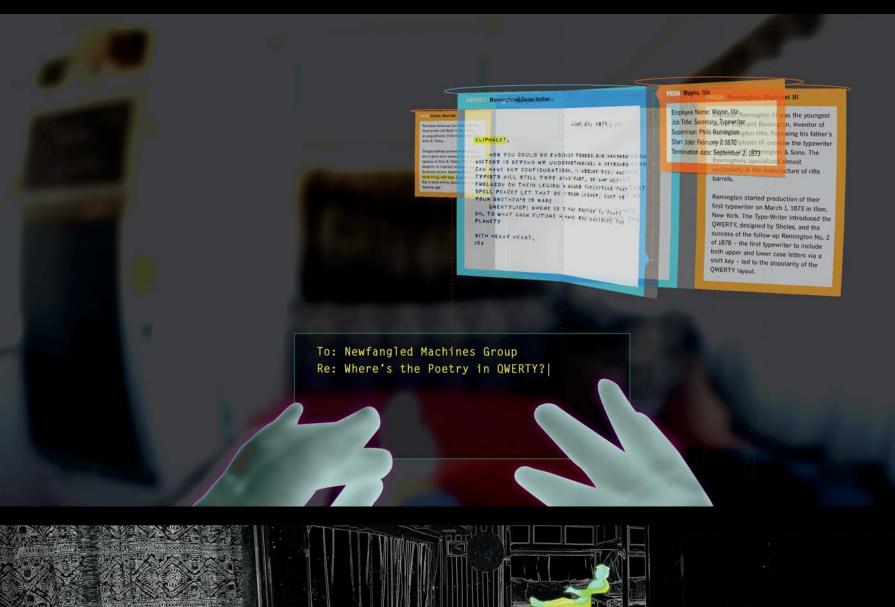
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barrels.

Remington started production of their first typewriter on March 1, 1873 in Ilion, New York. The Type-Writer introduced the QWERTY, designed by Sholes, and the success of the follow-up Remington No. 2 of 1878 – the first typewriter to include both upper and lower case letters via a shift key – led to the popularity of the QWERTY layout.



09:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Of course, Ida had typed both letters.
	But what did they mean?
	Trina tapped out a note to a group of
	amateur typewriter historians whose own
	passion for keyboards might be of help.
	She flicked the message into the air like
	a Frisbee. Just as she swung her feet to
	the floor,



09:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	she felt the buzz of NANCY.
	"Trina, hello," NANCY said.
TRINA:	Hey Nance.
NANCY:	How is your mood today?
NARRATOR:	For a so-called intelligence working with sophisticated learning algorithms, NANCY sure was predictable. Trina wasn't sure whether that was a good thing or a bad thing. She decided to try something new.

NANCY Client Number: 65GKL79 Session Number: N5-211033.1006

NANCY: Trina, hello. TRINA: Hey, Nance. NANCY: How is your mood today?



1.

10:00	VOICEOVER
TRINA:	Hey, can I tell you about a dream I had last night?
NANCY:	You can tell me anything.
TRINA:	I have it a lot these days. I'm here at the table looking out the window and I hear the sound of guns from the Base, like usual. But in the dream they keep getting closer and closer until they're right outside the camper, and then I see soldiers swarming all over the property,

TRINA: Hey, can I tell you about a dream I had last night?

31

00

NANCY: You can tell me anything.

TRINA: I have it a lot these days. I'm here at the table looking out the window and I hear the sound of guns from the Base, like usual. But in the dream they keep getting closer and closer until they're right outside the camper, and then I see soldiers swarming all over the property.

ECOS

... ducking behind bushes, shooting at TRINA: each other. And I'm terrified - I think this is it, the war has finally come home - but then I realize they're American soldiers running an exercise and I'm on the Base too. And I think to myself, well that's better than being under enemy fire, but then I wake up screaming "NO!" so maybe it's not that much better, at least not in my dream.

WWWWWWWWWW

ducking behind bushes, shooting at each other. And I'm terrified - I think this is it, the war has finally come home - but then I realize they're American soldiers running an exercise and I'm on the Base too. And I think to myself, well that's better than being under enemy fire. but then I wake up screaming "NO!" so maybe it's not much better, at least not in my dream.



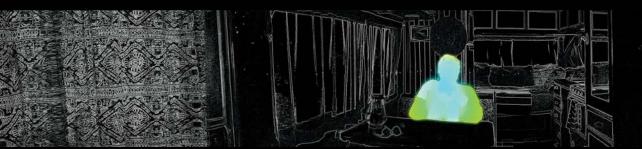
Caller Harden Call

10:40	VOICEOVER
TRINA:	What do you make of that, NANCY?
NANCY:	What do you make of it, Trina?
TRINA:	I don't know, but sometimes I get that feeling in broad daylight too.
NANCY:	What feeling?
TRINA:	That screaming NO feeling.
NANCY:	Sometimes it helps to talk about our feelings, Trina.
TRINA:	Doesn't it help to talk about our dreams?

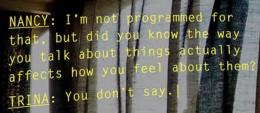
What do you make of that, NANCY? <u>NANCY</u>: What do you make of it, Trina?

TRINA: I don't know, but sometimes I get that feeling in broad daylight too.

NANCY: What feeling? TRINA: That screaming NO feeling. NANCY: Sometimes it helps to talk about our feelings, Trina. TRINA: Doesn't it help to talk about our dreams?

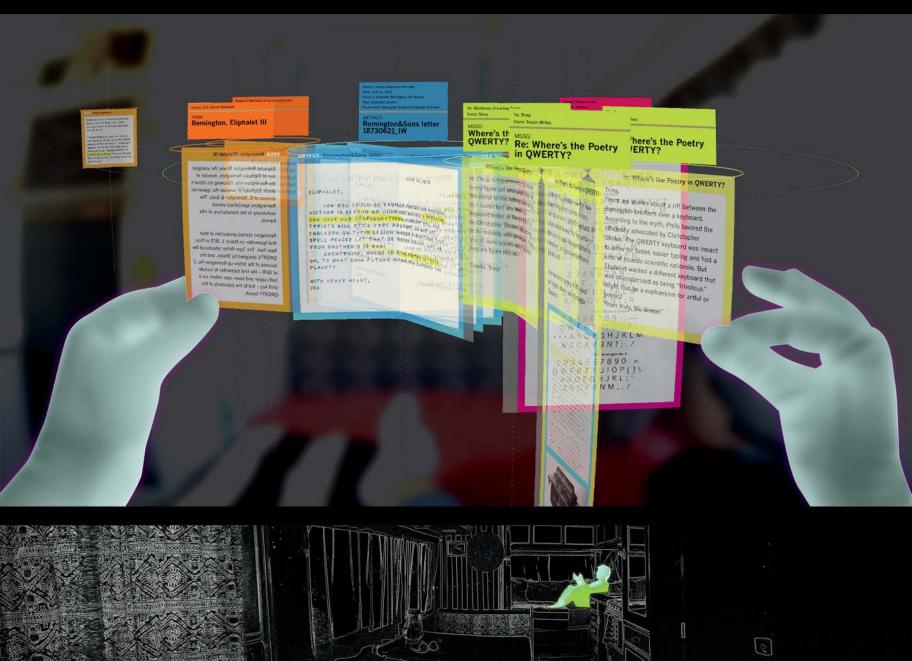


11:00	VOICEOVER
NANCY:	I'm not programmed for that, but did you know the way you talk about things actually affects how you feel about them?
TRINA:	You don't say.
NARRATOR:	Back to data masquerading as therapy. Trina chided herself for feeling let down.





11:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Seeking refuge in The Commons, she settled in and opened her workspace.
	The typewriter enthusiasts had been busy in her absence. She rotated the results and could tell by the spindles' shapes that there was disagreement.

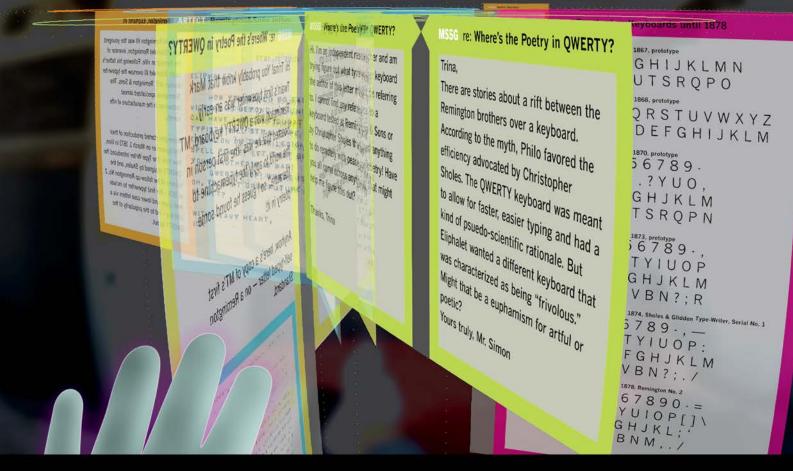


11:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	A collector in New York shared an old
	story about the falling out between
	the Remington brothers. Philo backed
	Christopher Sholes's QWERTY keyboard
	over a "frivolous" layout promoted by
	Eliphalet. But no trace of it had ever
	been found, perhaps until now.

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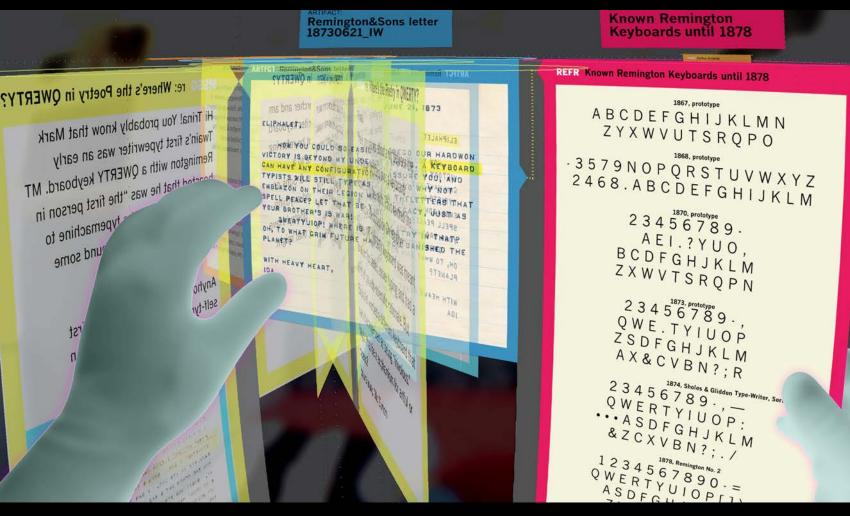


Where's the Poetry in QWERTY?





12:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Trina spun the document around to see
	what her bot had gathered — all the
	keyboards known to have been tested
	at Remington. The arrangements looked
	haphazard, willy-nilly. Ida was right,
	definitely not poetic.

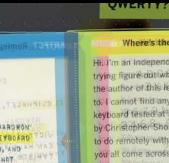


SLIDE



12:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Someone forwarded the first letter ever typed by Mark Twain.
	She stared at the row of test characters along its top edge. Something about it reminded her of the Doctrina letter and she was itching to compare the two.
	But Analyssist was like a fortress and exports were strictly forbidden.

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Where's the Vetry in QWERTY?? EV3

Hi, I'm an independentsearcher and an order trying figure, dut what pender keyloard in u don the author of this lett man be retening of in the to. I cannot find any denosate at a keyboard tested at Rington's Sorsers on by Christopher Shotebalkal anything to to do remotely with pacearpoetry Have have you all come across adding nationary in the help me figure this of

Thanks, Triha

23

Q

Hi Trina! Yo Inghoipadday, know that Mark Twain's fir forty bet yoshner was an early Remington Rewerk and AMAERTY keyboard. MT boasted (Heat's lawas as the first person in the world Reversion and the typemachine to

literature. "So T gelassistie found some poetry in Refyring Anyhow, here's the earpy of MT's first

self-typed Teyret Hiter crisica Remington Standard ARTECT Mark Twain Letter, Dec. 9, 1874

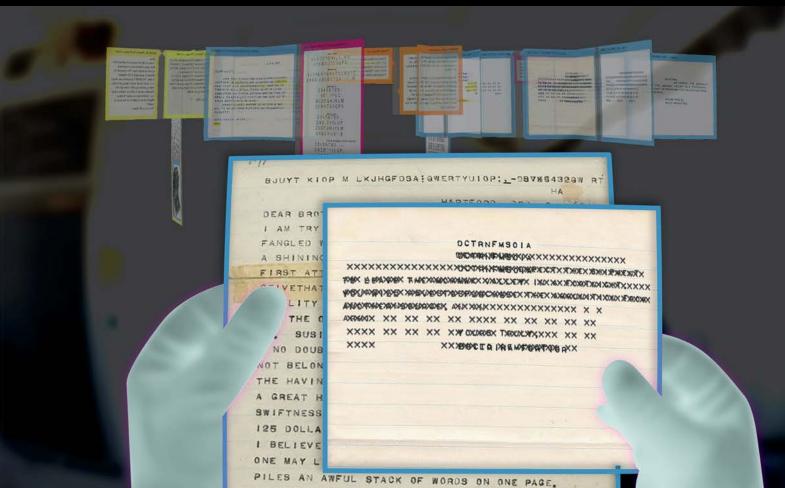
BJUYT KIOP M LKJHGFDSA: GWERTYUIOP: -987%8432GW RT HA DEAR BROTHER: HARTFORD, DEC. 9, 1874 I AN TRYING T TO GET THE HANG OF THIS NEW F FANGLED WRITING MACHINE, BUT AM NOT MAKING A SHINING SUCCESS OF IT, HOWEVER THIS IS THE FIRST ATTEMPT I EVER HAVE MADE, & YET I PER-CEIVETHAT I SHALL SOON & EASILY ACQUIRE A FINE FACILITY IN ITS USE. I SAW THE THING IN BOS-TON THE OTHER DAY & WAS GREATLY TAKEN WI: TH IT. SUBIE HAS STRUCK THE KEYS ONCE OR TWICE, E NO DOUBT HAS PRINTED SOME LETTERS WHICH DO THE HAVING BEEN A COMPOSITOR IS LIKELY TO BE A GREAT HELP TO MEJSINCE O NE CHIEFLY NEEDS SWIFTNESS IN BANGING THE KEYS THE MACHIN



12:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	She hesitated.
	Were old typewriters worth risking her security clearance — or worse?
	She pushed the thought aside, hacked into Analyssist, and dropped the letter into her project space.
	It was now accessible to anyone.



13:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Looking closely at that first string of characters she saw that they might also be a test, the top row of keys on Ida Wayne's Remington prototype.
	And was it her imagination or did it also contain every letter in DOCTRINA FORTIOR ARMIS?





PART 3

13:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	This is where Trina spent her nights, lulled to sleep by the chatter in The
	Commons.

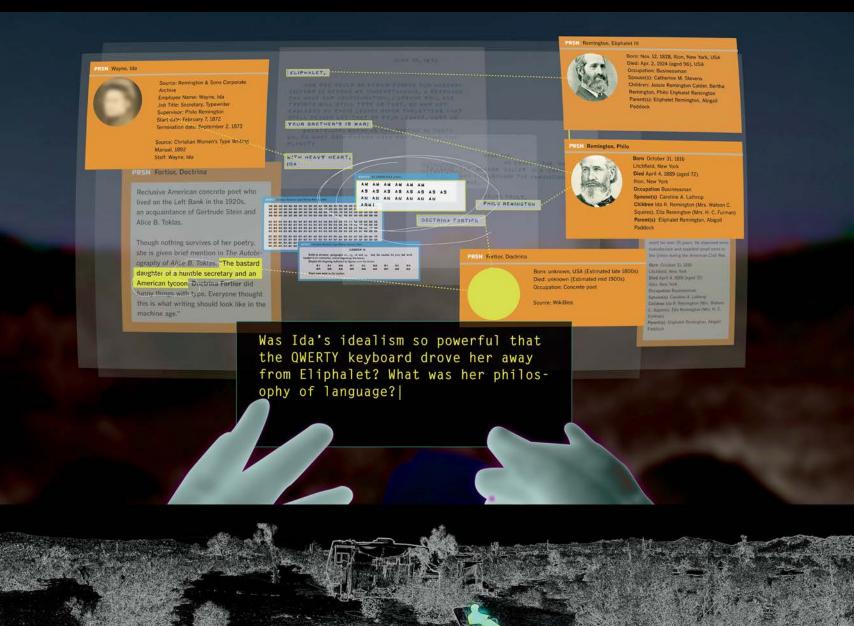


13:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	But tonight she was wide awake.
	"At last a project I'm not afraid to
	learn more about," she thought, half
	paying attention as the bot arranged her
	snippets the way she liked them.



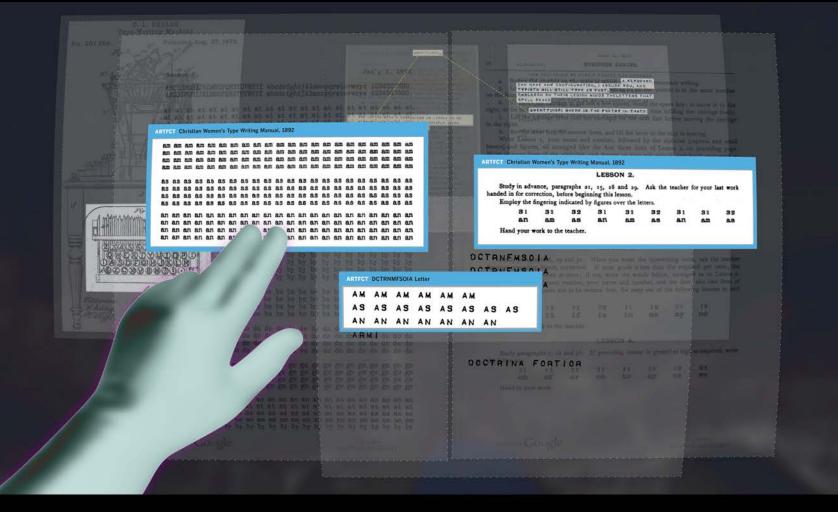
14:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	She zoomed in on the people. She homed in on Ida. She wanted to know more about Ida's relationship to words — and to typing, especially the typing manuals.

"Am. As. An. Army." she said out loud.



14:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Trina imagined Ida starting the first
	women's typing school, sneaking DOCTRINA
	FORTIOR ARMIS into the exercises, hoping
	to achieve through her teaching what she
	was unable to change in the technology
	itself.

44



14:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	She had no proof, but she had artifacts
	and she could craft a convincing argument. So she shifted modes and began
	to sequence her content chunks into a
	line.

45



12.20

15:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	When she was done, she released her document into The Commons, watching as the spindles adjusted to the latest addition.
	She sat back, waiting for the moon to rise. Listening to the sounds of the desert and the network,

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POST Concrete Poetry or Typewriter Activism?

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Concrete Poetry or Typewriter Activism?

The Doctrina Fortior Palimpsest and the Peace Keyboard Letter, which I suspect were both typed by Ida Wayne, remind me of the words Nietzsche typed, half-blind from syphilis, his fingers feeling their way across one of the first typewriting machines ever built: "Our writing tools

Did Ida Wayne really think that typing the letters in the words "The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword" could stop the war machine and bring about peace on earth? Do our technologies shape what we understand to be possible, scripting our relationships to imperialism, violence, capitalism—even patriarchy? >>MORE

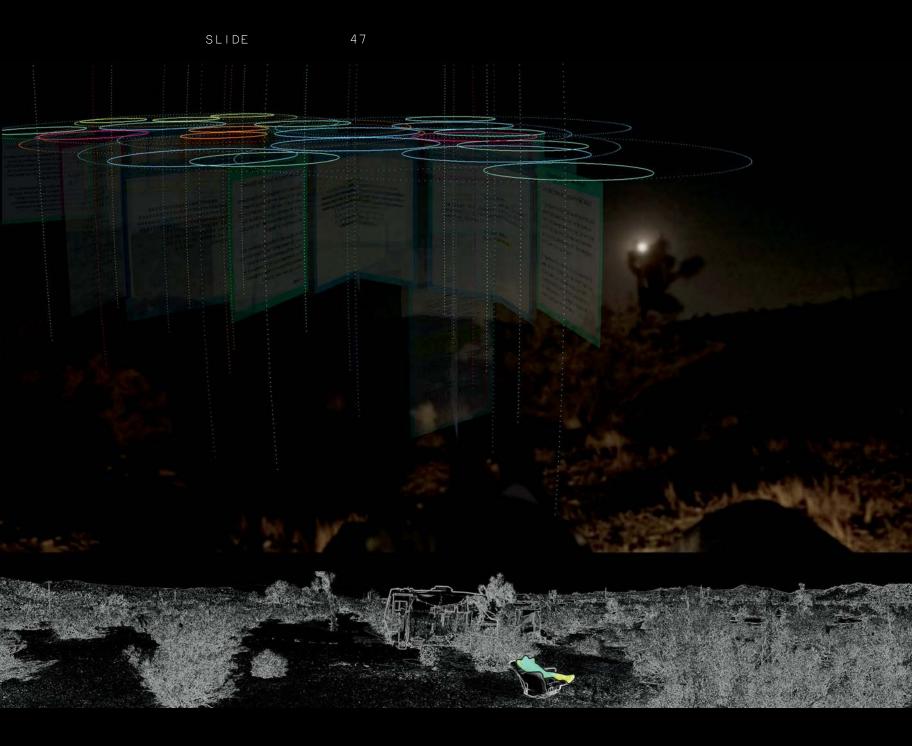
15:20	VOICEOVER

NARRATOR: ... she drifted off to sleep.

In this dream, there was a little girl crying in the yard, as guns blazed around her.

(PACE QUICKENS)

"Doctrina! Doctrina!" a woman's voice yelled, hoarse with fear. Or was it "Deeba! Deeba!" the woman in the black veil screamed as she raced toward the girl?



15:40 VOICEOVER

NARRATOR: <u>(FAST-PACED)</u>

A soldier appeared behind the RV, ripping the pin from a grenade with his teeth. "NO!" Trina shouted, but no sound came out - only text. A transcript dangled in the air between the soldier, the woman and the girl, but it made no difference, nobody saw it but her.

BOOM!



16:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Trina startled awake but the explosions continued — they were running an exercise

She shook off the nightmare as her eye caught movement in the Commons.

out at the base.

Relieved, she reached to open the first response, even though it was only a lowly comment.

Concrete Poetry or Typewriter Activism?

PSN Wayne, Ida

Employee Name: Wayne, Ida Job Title: Secretary. Typewriter Supervisor: Philo Remington Start date: February 7, 1872 Termination date: September 2, 1873

> Born October 31, 1816 Litchfield, New York Died April 4, 1889 (aged 72) Ilion, New York Occupation Businessman Spouse(s) Caroline A. Lathrop Children Ida R. Remington (Mrs. Walson C. Squires), Ella Remington (Mrs. H. C. Furman) Parent(s) Eliphalet Remington, Abigail Paddock

POST Concrete Poetry or Typ Concrete Poetry or Ty

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CMMT FROM: HARLIE 42

I think Doctrina Fortior is the key to this whole story. The Autobiography says she was the bastard daughter of a humble secretary and an American tycoon - DUH! The thing I want to know is - did Eliphalet ever know about his daughter? Did Ida name her Doctrina Fortior to spite him after he rejected her keyboard, or did they choose that name together?

ABCDEFGHIJK ZYXWV_TSRC 3579NOPQRSTU 2468.ABCDEFGF

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ULCOLLYTRENO ASD=GHJKL:

L.M.ABYOXS

16:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Just then a literary scholar posted
	a paper aiming to "debunk" Trina's interpretation, calling the Doctrina
	letter a literary prank crafted by the
	concrete poet Doctrina Fortior.
	A flurry of responses followed,

50

Concrete Poetry or Typewriter Activism?

When Literary Pranksters Find Their Perfect Readers

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Concrete Poetry or Typesertier Activisin?

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POST When Literary Pranksters Find Their Perfect Readers

When Literary Pranksters Find Their Perfect Readers

This post will address a recently discovered document I believe to have been written by Doctrina Fortior, the mysterious concrete poet mentioned by Gertrude Stein in the Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, about whom literary historians have speculated for years. I will debunk the currently held notion that the document started as a business letter and ended up as a piece of scrap paper at the Christian Women's Typing School.

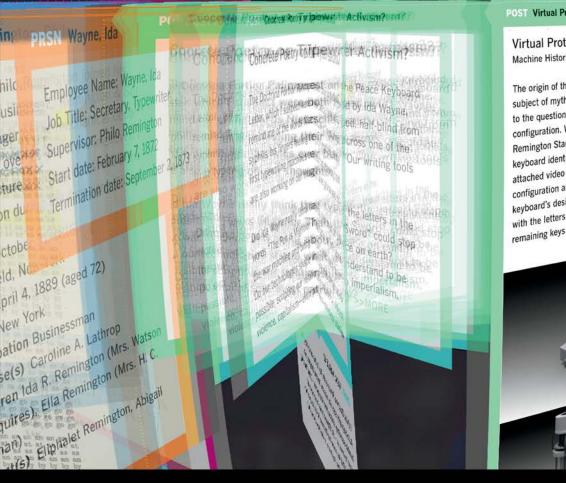
Instead, I will argue that Doctrina Fortior crafted it precisely to elicit this interpretation, creating a text that highlights the material qualities of language. Concrete poets were consummate literary pranksters, a 20th century tradition I will trace from the Futurists through Dada and Surrealism in order to locate Fortior's own practice therein. >>MORE

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ASDEGHIKL

L.M.M.SVOXS

16:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	with reactions as varied as the research methods employed.
	The Machine Histories Lab built a virtual typewriter with Ida's keyboard to test her assertion that "a typewriter can have any configuration and type just as fast."



POST Virtual Prototype: Typewriter for Peace

Virtual Prototype: Typewriter for Peace Machine Histories Lab, UVC

The origin of the QWERTY keyboard has long been the subject of myth. This quick test adds another perspective to the question about typing speed and keyboard configuration. We modified an existing 3D model of a Remington Standard Manual (Blind Writer) with a keyboard identified by an independent researcher. The attached video shows how, "a keyboard can have any configuration and typists will still type as fast," as the keyboard's designer states. We made the top row of keys with the letters DCTRNSFMOIA and mapped the remaining keys randomly and >>MORE

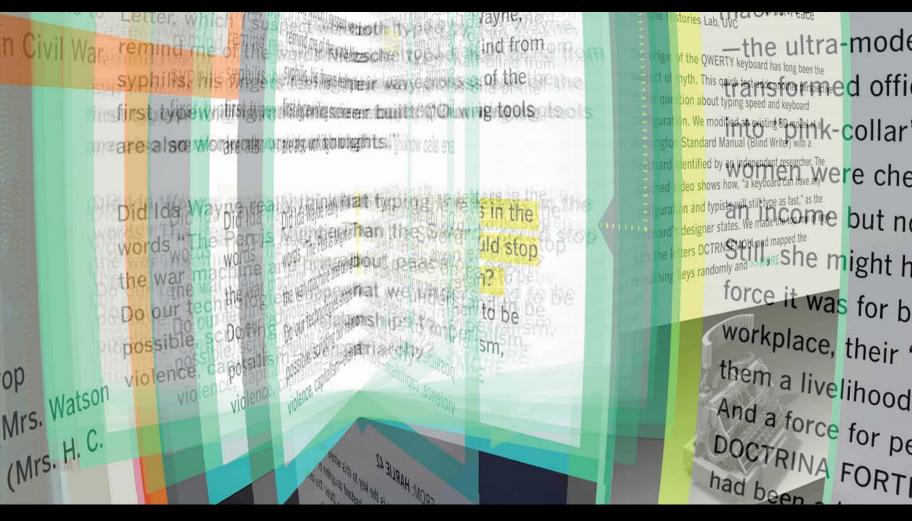
17:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	From a private note, Trina learned that in the late 1800s the typist was seen as the ultimate liberated woman. Even though women were cheap labor, their "dainty fingers" gave them independence.
	This last comment struck a chord and Trina paused, remembering the day she got her finger implants

	And the second of the secon	SSG Ida's Trina, you to typing? typist was woman, c machine —the ultr transform into "pinl women w an incorr Still, she force it w workplace them a li And a foi DOCTRIN had been typed on
go g	after he rejected and handle to be a set of the set of	

Ida's relationship to typing

u asked about Ida's relationship g? Well, in the late 1800s the as seen as the ultimate liberated closely identified with the e itself-even called a "typewriter" Itra-modern device that med offices from male bastions nk-collar" workplaces. Of course, were cheap labor, so it provided me but not very much of one. he might have seen typing as the was for bringing women into the ace, their "dainty fingers" bringing livelihood and independence. force for peace, I guess, if her INA FORTIOR ARMIS keyboard en adopted and it were what we all n today.

17:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	No need to hunt and peck, free to move about untethered.
	But now Humanitas Inc. owned her fingers, and her eyes and ears too. She worked all the time and the jobs paid less and less.
	Maybe it's time to start my own typing school, Trina laughed to herself.

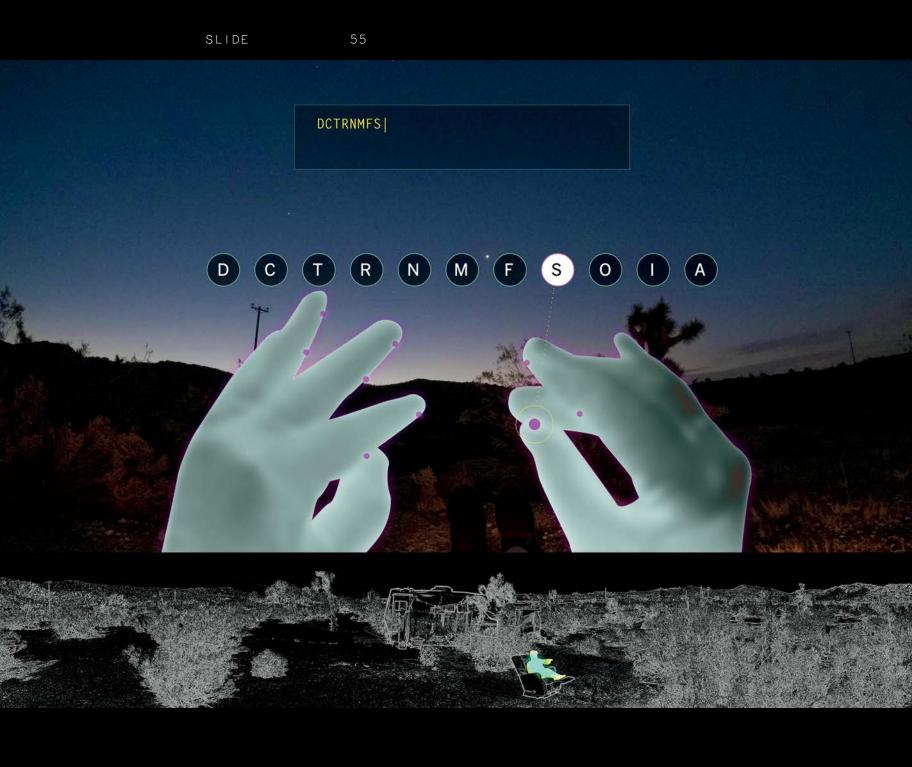


17:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Curious to try an actual typewriter, she downloaded the Machine Histories Lab's virtual prototype.
	Dainty fingers? Compared to her implants, pushing down the simulated mechanical keys was a workout!



18:00	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Then she got an idea.
	Rubbing her thumb up and down each finger methodically, she reprogrammed her FingerTyps, using only Ida's sequence and nothing else. She tapped out a test to see if it made her feel anything.

Peace? Pacifism? Might?



18:20	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Suddenly the characters disappeared, replaced by the slow-blinking insistence of NANCY'S cursor.
	This was an odd hour for NANCY.
NANCY:	Good morning Trina.
NARRATOR:	Trina typed a response.

TRINA AND NANCY CONTINUE THEIR EXCHANGE THROUGH TEXT. VOICEOVER STOPS, ALLOWING AUDIENCE TO READ TEXT ON SLIDE 56.

NANCY Client Number: 65GKL79 Session Number: N5-221032.0445

<u>NANCY</u>: Good morning, Trina. <u>TRINA</u>: TATA NANCI <u>NANCY</u>: I see you have decided to type today rather than talk. How's your mood? NO VOICEOVER. AUDIENCE READS TEXT ON SLIDE 57.



AUDIENCE READS TEXT ON SLIDE 58. RESUME VOICEOVER AT 19:15.

NARRATOR: Trina rubbed her SkyEyes, disconnecting them from Humanitas Inc.

She turned off her audio and walked away, through the creosote and out onto the dirt road. <u>NANCY</u>: This is an anomalous pattern for you. How are you feeling? <u>TRINA</u>: DCTRNFSMOIA

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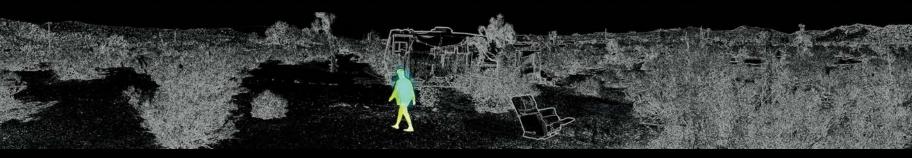
<u>NANCY</u>: Trina, there may be a problem with your feed. So that I can test the connection, please enter your full name and today's date.

NARRATOR: Surprisingly, she did feel a sense of peace.

She was through with all of it — with Analyssist, with the War on Terror, with translating words into bombs.

But her fingers were still transmitting which meant that the machines and people at Humanitas could read what she wrote. And there was one last message she wanted them to see. SLIDE 59 <u>NANCY</u>: This is an anomalous pattern for you. How are you feeling? <u>TRINA</u>: DCTRNFSMOIA <u>NANCY</u>: Trina, there may be a problem with your feed. So that I can test the connection, please enter your full name and today's date. . . .

JMANITAS INC. // 65GKL79 // AUDIO: CONNECTION LOST // VIDEO: CONNECTION LOST // DIGITS: ON // CAMERA1: ON // CAMERA2: ON // CAMERA3: ON // CAMERA4: ON //



19:40	VOICEOVER
NARRATOR:	Like Nietzsche before her, she typed blindly, carefully counting the spaces.
	When she reached the end, she snapped to turn them off.
	(PAUSE)
	A short while later NANCY referred

Trina's gibberish for interpretation by a human.

SLIDE



DOCTRINA FORTIOR

>|

60



JMANITAS INC. // 65GKL79 // AUDIO: OFF // VIDEO: OFF // DIGITS: CONNECTION LOST // CAMERAI: ON // CAMERA2: ON // CAMERA3: ON // CAMERA4: ON // HUMANITAS IN