When you're finished reading...

Pass a Mind of Your Own to your Friends. I'm sure you've passed worse.

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I would like to change my casing, not my underwear.

by Erin Kaczer

I knew that something was wrong when I realized that I was more attracted to a high-end computer than a well-ripped human. “What does this all mean?” I asked myself. No, I wasn’t falling for someone on the Internet, in some way I was still in love with the machine. In fact, I don’t pick up the nearest DELL catalog. Then it dawned on me just why I felt this way - it sucks to be human. That’s all. If anything has sucked more than the overall experience of being human, I’ve already got to experience it. Flesh and bone cannot do all the things that a 900-gigabyte hard drive; we have a pile of wrinkled tissue that would be lucky if it could remember anything. Why does my new telephone come with operating instructions and my life doesn’t? My computer doesn’t need to wipe after computation or download. But you could be asking why it sucks to be human. I find the moments for love the most part are the stupidest part of all. Have you ever been in a relationship where one of you has had "baggage?" Honestly, people, human, carry too much baggage. All the emotions get in the way. There’s mixed signals in flirting, you just don’t understand why your girlfriend/boyfriend just doesn’t want to be close to you, the constant wonder if you did something wrong - it all sucks. And that is just some of the baggage that comes along with being human.

Computers don’t feel guilt, love, hurt, or happiness. They lack compassion, hatred, fear, and sexual desire. A computer doesn’t have a family, doesn’t pay bills, has no need for friends and social gatherings; it doesn’t have to take college courses and the tests that go along with them. How easy my life would be if I could just live that way, live as a machine.

How about test taking? You read the entire book, arrive for a test or class discussion and you totally blank out. A computer has it all stored in the hard drive. I certainly wouldn’t mind having any Random Access Memory. And when you want to forget something a human can’t just delete the file. There we go, back to the issue of baggage. To make things worse, life, that is human life, doesn’t come equipped with an UNDO function.

Machines could be our answer to the fountain of youth. Life broken down is birth, a bunch of crap, mid-life crisis, and death. If I were a computer I’d come out of the factory, do my thing, which is whatever a machine would do, start having the effects of old age, go back to the factory and get upgraded. I think the majority of the world could use some sort of hardware inside it. There is so much stupidity within the human race that could easily be solved with a little software installation.

I could be on to something here. No, I really mean it. This could revolutionize the world. Morality would no longer be questioned; it would all be programmed. As machines we’ll bring an end to world hunger because we wouldn’t need to eat. People would just use Big or question life after death. Ask if there is a God and I’ll say: "Something like it. I believe it is called Mainframe."

We could program positivity and cut costs on bills for psychiatrists and anti depressants. Yeah, there’s the possibility of a glitch, but tell that to your car, your Mr. Coffee with alarm settings, your Palm Pilot, and your sports watch combined miniature calculator. We need to change. We need to use these advances in technology to develop and improve ourselves and not just our products. We need to start living life in digital, not in analog.

There seems to be an implicit appeal in the idea of "selling out" to the perfect citizen instead of having to face capital punishment. People would feel like they’re programmed. People would feel like they’re programmed to be the best, have a pile of blank pages, empty their car and move it down to fraternity row in protest of my Greek system editorial. Someone spit on me. I was stalked day and night. The DCGA president told me he hated the magazine and didn’t want it to get funding. Those were fun days. But I don’t regret any of it.

Today, MoYO has an office, where we work on a brand new iMac, scanner, and laserjet printer. We no longer consult the President for approval of each issue. We print professionally with DCGA funds, and none of us has been spat upon. But what does this lack of spittle mean? Has MoYO gone soft? Have we sold out? Should we retitle the magazine No Mind of Our Own? Perhaps an anecdote is in order.

Before the Seneca Falls Convention in 1848, women in America had virtually nowhere to turn to right the injustices of their everyday lives. But through the collective action of brave women across the nation, a movement was built. There were conferences, rallies, newspapers, and local groups, all dedicated to women’s rights. In short, there was organization. The women’s movement has grown and thrived since Seneca Falls, and the organization is evident in groups like NOW, the National League of Women Voters, and Ms. magazine. In fact, despite the ground that women have gained, the battle rages today and night. The DCGA president told me he hated the magazine and didn’t want it to get funding. Those were fun days. But I don’t regret any of it.

So there is a real impetus to put MoYO in the "selling out" to the notion that flawed humanity is purest in small doses. For example, you may consider your local boy scout troop is more trustworthy than the NRA. This is one of the reasons people are suspicious of the government, the Catholic Church, and Greek Life. Power corrupts, we say, and think nothing more of it.

But there is something to say for organization. If our ideal of purity is the engaged individual, the liberated activist, this individual needs support and motivation. And organizations have the power to stimulate this grassroots engagement. There are times when the system is ready for critical thinking, and those are times when working within the system is useful.

MoYO is publishing its tenth volume, and the college magazine. In fact, despite the ground that women have gained, the battle rages. Ms. magazine. In fact, despite the ground that women have gained, the battle rages. Today, MoYO is about him and what got him started in life. Now I could only see 1/3 of any given page at a time. Frat boys tried to pick up my car and move it down to fraternity row in protest of my Greek system editorial. Someone spit on me. I was stalked day and night. The DCGA president told me he hated the magazine and didn’t want it to get funding. Those were fun days. But I don’t regret any of it.

Perhaps an anecdote is in order.

Growing Pains,
right? In the words of editor Dan Fiden (’97), "When I was a kid I had a computer, and I had a pile of paperwork. I wrote to them and other editors, asking for friends and social gatherings; it doesn’t have to take college courses and the tests that go along with them. How easy my life would be if I could just live that way, live as a machine."

As machines we’ll bring an end to world hunger because we wouldn’t need to eat. People would just use Big or question life after death. Ask if there is a God and I’ll say: "Something like it. I believe it is called Mainframe." We could program positivity and cut costs on bills for psychiatrists and anti depressants. Yeah, there’s the possibility of a glitch, but tell that to your car, your Mr. Coffee with alarm settings, your Palm Pilot, and your sports watch combined miniature calculator. We need to change. We need to use these advances in technology to develop and improve ourselves and not just our products. We need to start living life in digital, not in analog.

This is a great idea. I could even make a movie out of this. Wait... Wasn’t that... Oh yeah. Nevermind. I really liked The Matrix, how about you? I have five skins for my Winamp and a desktop theme.