

Character as Virtual Reality Experiment in Identity

Lynda Williams

Abstract

The character of Amel, in the science fiction novel *The Courtesan Prince*, is an enactment of the author's struggle to understand identity as it relates to gender, human nature and medically-induced changes in personality. As the author of the novel, I draw on my life experience as a primary source, with reference to the works which influenced me, in order to establish the targets of my interest and show why identity is crucial to my motivation as a writer. How Amel embodies both my hopes and fears for humanity is captured by the concept of "naked virtuality", which I use to translate my real life concerns into the virtual world of science fiction narrative. This technique is explored in the greatest detail with regard to isolating the concept of sexual abuse from assumptions about gender, but also touches on questions about human nature and constancy of identity despite a traumatic personality adjustment through medical intervention. In conclusion, I suggest future applications of naked virtuality in other contexts.

Key Words: Characterization, Science Fiction, Fantasy, Gender, Virtualization, Authorship, Identity

1. Introduction.

This is the story of how one novelist used a beloved character to run a thought experiment about identity. I am the author, Lynda Williams, and the character is Amel, in *The Courtesan Prince*, book number one in the science fiction series called the *Okal Rel Saga*.¹

Identity bursts upon us in adolescence demanding our attention to define it. Amel was part of my response and lies at the heart of this story. Therefore I will talk about my youth and how Amel came to embody my hopes and fears about identity as I matured.

Arising out of my discoveries as a novelist, as the story unfolds, is a recent revelation about the form and function of virtualization in all media which I summarize with the label of 'naked virtuality', a process I believe may have the power to transcend its literary origins to do work in other spheres.

2. Identity as the arena of meaning.

I grew up in a small city in the northern interior of British Columbia, in a home defined by the contrasts between my mother's upper-middle class British background and my father's pioneer conservatism. My father's family moved to Prince George, from Vancouver, B.C., around 1905, at a time when hitching posts for horses were still in use in the downtown area. My mother's parents were, literally, Victorians, since both she and my grandmother — who lived with us — had children late in life. I did not understand the distinction, in my childhood, between aristocracy and the professional class my mother came from who were able to afford servants, so I viewed myself as a natural cut above neighborhood friends, referred to by my grandmother as “common children”. My grounds for this opinion were vaguely related to tales from British literature by authors such as Shakespeare, Charles Dickens and Jane Austen. On both sides of the family, we were half Welsh, although my father was the one who loved literature and read me the works of romantic poets like Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelly. My mother preferred books related to her profession as a physiotherapist, herself, but stocked our home with riches like the Great Books of the Western World and the complete works of Shakespeare on LPs. Of the Great Books, the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* and bits of *Plato's Republic* stood out for me as foundations for my preoccupation with how to balance power, great or small, with sound moral judgment. And from Shakespeare I gained a lively appreciation for how to dramatize large issues through the escapades of single individuals.

In the years of my childhood, from 1958 to my graduation from high school in 1976, I experienced small town trust and insularity shading into boom town opportunism; and 1950s values infused, for me, with Victorian echoes, perturbed by distant shock waves of the sexual revolution. As an adolescent, steeped in the feminist doctrine promoted by “Why Not?” posters in my school, I felt empowered to take on the world through education and inspired by the mission of the *Starship Enterprise*, imbibed from television.² Earlier in my schooling I had courted the humanities with a passion but had a falling out with them over what seemed to me a depressing infatuation with negativity. *Waiting for Godot*, by Samuel Beckett, rocked my world when I first experienced it at the Prince George Playhouse, but I quickly identified it as an enemy.³ Literature, for me, was about making meaning not undermining it. I concluded that the world needed one, stiff dose of *Waiting for Godot* and its ilk, to make it think, but would sicken on a steady diet of vacuum.

Perhaps I knew too much about negativity already, due to the specter of mental illness which haunted our family and only seemed magnified in

importance by my mother's insistence on privacy, making it something I had to work out without recourse to discussion with outsiders. My older brother and sister each suffered in their own ways, but it was my father's lifelong battle with depression and my well-loved grandmother's slide into senility which formed the background for my questions about identity in early life. Clearly people could change. My poor father, who much preferred drug-free interventions from stoic endurance to electroshock therapy was subject to a long list of experiments from early mood-lifters which left him smiling but inane to anti-psychotic drugs, subsequently precluded from the treatment of affective disorders. My mother, on the other hand, was a relentless optimist, reliable as sunrise, and until very late in her long life, seemingly impervious even to time. The sturdy embrace of her unconditional love created a false sense of normalcy for all of us, and set the benchmark, for me, of incorruptible constancy of identity. Abandoning the intimate circle of family life was the only unforgivable crime., although leaving home for school or after marriage was tolerated so long as bonds were unimpaired. I developed a sense of emotional responsibility for family members, other than my mother, which prompted me to imagine a career in social work. To that end, I completed a thousand hours as a volunteer counselor with the Prince George Crisis Centre in my teenage years. My propensity for seeing large issues in personal ones and visa versa also led me to adopt a foster child in Upper Volta, creating ripples of family controversy over this perceived misuse of birthday money, and to follow the work of Amnesty International, both of which shocked and then fascinated me. I followed up by reading books on mental illness, war crimes, poverty and other extremes of human experience, including passages of Richard Burton's original *The Thousand and One Nights*, and books about the historical Dracula, Vlad Tepes, and the Marquis de Sade.⁴

The more I learned the greater my craving to ground my moral instincts defensibly. This led to clashes with my father, a self-styled fundamentalist unable to agree with any church long enough to attend regularly. His solution was literal belief in the bible, a book which struck me for the most part as a particularly bloody fairy tale. I latched onto a little book called *How the Great Religions Began*, by Joseph Gaer, and concluded I was something I later heard described in the science fiction series *Babylon 5* as a Foundationist: someone who believes there must be a more universal truth behind the multiplicity of disagreeing doctrines.⁵ ⁶ I flirted with atheism until rejecting it as a negation rather than a positive statement about anything. Intellectually, I was prepared to believe God was nothing but a byproduct of our mental confusion, an idea first encountered in *Janus: a Summing Up* by Arthur Koestler, but not to deny whatever instinct in me rebelled at violations of basic decency.⁷ Maddeningly, my own sense of logic

made it hard to find intellectual support to defend me from the sort of amoral approach to goal seeking I first encountered, with dismay, in *The Prince* by Nicolò Machiavelli and continue to reject in its modern reality TV incarnations exemplified by shows like *The Apprentice* starring Donald Trump.⁸ Scaling the heights of philosophy was too technically daunting to give comfort, although I probably started with the wrong books for someone lacking any formal training. I remember, in particular, another little book called the *Story of Philosophy*, which I read with pleasure, and giving up in frustration on *Being and Nothingness* by Jean-Paul Sartre.⁹ The Star Trek Universe became my *de facto* comfort zone, which appeared to be based on the notion advances in science would empower mankind not only to conquer poverty, cruelty and the stars but to boldly step out to civilize the rest of the universe once we had our own house in order. But this hope was never entirely satisfying given the ample evidence of the destructive potential of science symbolized for me, as a child of the Cold War, by the movie *Dr. Strangelove*.¹⁰

My quest for moral comfort led to identity via the unlikely vehicle of evolutionary psychology, discovered long after my undergraduate period but settling with a resounding click into receptors in my brain prepared by the many insightful books which paved the way for a naturalistic explanation of behavior rooted in the circumstances under which humans and societies evolved. Two I remember as particularly inspiring are Jared Diamond's *Guns, Germs and Steel*, and Barbara Ehrenreich's *Blood Rites*.^{11 12} The idea that our behavior has been shaped by the game of life based on successful breeding strategies, is as inescapably persuasive as evolution itself, although even more wide-open to multiple interpretations than theories about physical features and forms. It does leave one, however, with the unpalatable facts laid out by Robin Baker in *Sperm Wars*, juxtaposing rape and responsible parenting as nothing more or less than two competing strategies for success in the breeding game.¹³

I concluded that whether or not biology plays favorites with respect to the means by which behavioral predilections are passed down to subsequent generations, those of us equipped with moral instincts need to assert ourselves to promote our view of things, because as Francis Fukuyama argues so convincingly in his book *Trust: The Social Virtues and the Creation of Prosperity*, the good life depends on those nebulous, hard to justify feelings and the evil of self-interested, amorality is parasitic on society.¹⁴

A final insight in the philosophical domain, touching directly on identity, came to me during a performance of the musical play *Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*. Contemplating the great unknown of death, a

boy and girl sing to each other: “But whatever is behind that door, there is nothing much to do. Angel or devil, I don’t care, for in front of that door there is you.”¹⁵

What greater, capping importance could one ask for the role of identity?

To sum up, the need for moral integrity makes identity crucial to a just society; and since emotional bonds depend on mutual recognition, identity lies at the core of spiritual comfort and belonging.

How then, dare identity be changeable and fragile? This is the problem I created Amel to explore by imbuing him, as a virtual reality experiment, with extraordinary goodness and a property called grip, which is a measure a character’s sense of identity, in the *Okal Rel* Universe, then subjecting him to equally extraordinary affronts to his nature. If I could get Amel through all I inflicted on him, and still believe in him as a character, it would mean something to me and also to my readers: a detail I find all important since one of the strongest motives for my art is the hope it will, in some small measure, support other people of good character in the same war of ideology I waded through to reach my conclusions, leaving us all better able to resist the sophistry of nihilism and amoral ambition when the proponents of these schools of thought seek to convince us it is foolish to believe in anything or to be held back from obvious personal gain by less obviously beneficial principles.

3. **Amel and Identity in *The Courtesan Prince***

What does it mean for a character to have identity? Much the same thing it does for the couple in the Jacques Brel play: to work as one half of a relationship. The ultimate second half for Amel’s relationship is, of course, the reader. But while I could make claims for his success on the basis of affectionate comments and pictures of him offered to me spontaneously by women, aged twelve to sixty; or muster reactions from men and women alike attesting to his coherence as a character, whether they liked him or were annoyed by him, I would rather make my case in terms of his relationships with other characters in the book, because this is the world in which his own relationships exist.

Amel, in *The Courtesan Prince*, is the archetypal Victorian of high rank raised as a commoner, with a couple of modern variations. First, in keeping with my early belief in science as the means to improve mankind, his high status stems from his nature as a product of genetic engineering: a common enough trope in science fiction. Such beings are called *Sevolites* in the *Okal Rel* Universe. The challenge here is to Amel’s identity as a human being when he is proved to be one hundred percent Sevolite, possessing traits of personality which could never have arisen through natural selection. Second, although a male lead in an

adventure story, he is encumbered by explicit female traits of character such as arresting beauty, exceptional goodness, and his role as a victim of sexual abuse. The challenge here is to his success as an object of romantic interest to women, something very much a part of his makeup as a character. Lastly, despite a more than normally robust sense of identity and purpose, referred to as ‘grip’ in the *Okal Rel* Universe, Amel is drugged and mentally re-programmed more than once in ways which alter his behavior, and without the easy out of merely willing himself back to normal as is all too often the case in fantasy fiction. The challenge here is whether he remains the same person, in his interaction with others, despite the constraints imposed on him.

Amel is hyper-good and very beautiful, because he is a male version of a base model of female-only *Sevolites* created to be perfect women according to a prevailing standard. The details are not explained in *The Courtesan Prince*, but come out later in the series. What is made explicit in *Prince*, is the odd nature of Amel’s psychological profile, exposed to scrutiny by the advanced brain science of his captors, the Reetions. In the following revealing quote, a Reetion counselor explains Amel’s psych profile to his Reetion lover, Ann, who has rejected him for the wrong reasons.

Her hand shifted, altering the image. “The emotional integration, here, is more typically female than male, but that’s shading into general personality, and while this might confuse the issue —” her fingers played through a spiky region, “— it is actually a pan-sexualization pattern, typical in chronic sex abuse victims with an onset in childhood.”¹⁶

As a victim of sexual abuse, Amel has been through the worst his society could offer, surviving only by virtue of an aggressively regenerative physiology, another common trope among bioengineered supermen. I use the super-healing cliché, among other things, to help model the catch-22 of the abuse victims I encountered doing crisis intervention, which is: if you are still on your feet, it couldn’t have been so bad, and if you aren’t then you’re just weak. Amel’s ability to heal, on the outside, encourages people around him to downplay the enormity of the offenses against him, as the character H’Reth does, in this passage, referring to Amel by his commoner name, Von:

It was here H’Reth had brought the ten-year-old Von when the boy refused to pay for the loan of a ship with simple, willing

affection ... H'Reth regretted that now, but consoled himself with the belief that Von's suffering could not have been too bad, since there was not a mark on him to show for it, now.¹⁷

Long after I had fixed on these themes, for Amel, I encountered a literary term for what I was doing coined by Robin Roberts in her book, *A New Species: Gender and Science in Science Fiction*. Roberts points out how female authors of speculative fiction, from Mary Shelly in *Frankenstein*, to Ursula Le Guin in *The Left Hand of Darkness*, exploit the plasticity of the genre to allow male (or alien) characters to represent the female condition. She calls such non-female characters codedly-female with respect to the experiences modeled.¹⁸

But why make Amel male at all, if I wanted to dramatize the harm done by men abusing women? My worldview embraces men and women as participants in a shared human experience. I did not, therefore, want to write only about men abusing women. I wanted to focus on abusive behavior as a 'naked virtuality', by which I mean a topic separated from its usual associations and presented in circumstances designed to refocus attention on what really matters. And Amel, the companion of my youthful creative outpourings, was the raw material I had to work with. One result is that Amel is also victimized by female characters at different points in the series, most notably by Ev'rel in the novel *Throne Price*.¹⁹ I researched the extremes of female aggression towards men, and discovered an odd reluctance to condemn them best described by Patricia Pearson in her book *When She was Bad: Violent Women and the Myth of Innocence*.²⁰ I wanted to get at the core of my outrage over abuse: physical, mental or sexual; and it seemed to me the gender of the victim shouldn't matter, but it always seemed to, hence the need to destabilize assumptions in the *Okal Rel* Universe. I further confused matters by giving Amel an overlay of female psychology, but not enough to let him escape typically male longings for status among men, and the desire to have sex with women. I have written, elsewhere, about my reciprocal treatment of female Sevolites of the Vrellish variety, who are based on male-only progenitors.²¹

Medical interventions in Amel's identity include use of drugs to attempt sterilizing him and to force sexual performance, but the two most blatant examples are the conscience bond used by H'Reth to enforce obedience on pain of death, and the more subtle but pervasive way in which the Reetion scientist, Lurol, rebalances his personality using a device called the visitor probe. I will deal, here, only with the visitor probe incident.

When Lurol discovers Amel's hyper-goodness, her initial intent is to rebalance his psychology to make it easier for him to put his own interests before

others, like a normal person. Later, afraid for her own life, Lurol reverses her original plan and tips the balance in favor of strengthening Amel's potential for self-sacrifice, even going so far as to program him with an obsession to lead an invading force away from the Reetions.

Lurol's actions when she has Amel at her mercy are tantamount to torture, which she fails to grasp because she puts her trust in her station's ubiquitous computer to intervene if her treatment of him contravenes the Reetion code of human rights, instead of relating to him as a person.

“Interrogation!” exclaimed Lurol, dismayed.

“Our definition of humanity is based on the human genome,” said Milap. “And Von's DNA isn't human. It isn't in our catalog!”²²

Success for Amel, as a character, lies in the many ways in which he remains consistent across all transitions, allowing him to sustain relationships with others.

His sweet nature, coupled with his history of bad experiences, keeps him courteous but wary in negotiations with people who have power over him. Here he is, conniving to obtain the book he wants from an ailing patron, when he is Von, the courtesan:

“Such cynicism,” she said, “in one so young! I think I will give you the book, just to prove that nice things can happen.” She paused, studying her attractive bookcase of dogerel. “Although it would break up the set to make it that one.”

He pounced. “Perhaps something less valuable?”²³

And this is Amel in the process of having his new, exalted status thrust upon him:

“Nobody said,” she muttered under her breath, “that babysitting Souls of Light set loose in a nasty universe was going to be easy work.”

He trotted to keep up with her brisk pace. “You're angry with me,” he fretted, forgetting to speak down to her in

his contriteness. He didn't know what he had done, but he was sure it was a mistake.²⁴

Of course, like any good character in a series, Amel will evolve as he matures from a traumatized sixteen-year-old into whoever he will become as a grown man, but that is another matter different criteria for evaluating coherence of identity.

With respect to Amel's essential maleness despite some codedly-female aspects to his character, I appeal to the book's female characters.

The following passage, from the point of view of the impetuous Reetion heroine, Ann, demonstrates both Amel's ruffled feathers in male-male conflicts, and his instinctively sexual interest in women at a physical level despite his romantic idealism. She is calling him 'Beauty' as a nickname.

One of the guards made some gruff remark in Gelack. Beauty's gentle intelligence turned peeved and sullen in mild measures, telling her that he had been insulted, which seemed incongruous. Wasn't he the one in power?

Beauty shook it off the minute the door closed on the source of irritation, leaving them alone. His gray eyes spoke a universal language — he liked her.

Well, he likes my body, Ann forced herself to be objective.²⁵

And here is Amel dealing with mixed feelings about the robustly sexual Vretla Vrel, one of his clients while he is still Von, the courtesan, which illustrates how, far from undermining his identity, the conflict between his romantic sensibilities and sex drive work to help define him.

"What do Demish women do with you, Von?" Vretla asked him. "Dress you up like one of their dolls?" She stopped and turned him around, giving him a look that communicated directly with his groin, without checking with his brain on the way down.

Von swallowed. "Demish women ask me about Vrellish women, too, you know," he told her a bit huskily. "Would you want me to answer their questions?"

"I wouldn't care," she said. Three hard fingers snagged firmly under the top band of his jock strap.

Not good, he thought.
 She pushed him up against a wall.
Oh come on Vretla! he thought, cursing his body for
 its indiscretions. *Not in the hall!*
 She jerked down his strap, proving what she knew,
 and grinned at him. "Lie down!"
I am going to give up Vrellish women, he promised
 himself, with the good intentions of all thrill seekers at the
 crest of the next dangerous plunge. *Before I turn twenty.*²⁶

Finally, even when half-mad due to Lurol's meddling, Amel consistently demonstrates a whole complex of established personality traits such as compassion even for the enemy; a sensualist's love of luxury and aversion to discomfort; an idealized passion for literature; propensity for hero-worship towards abstract entities; and a knack for living in the moment.

Here he is the first time he sees Lurol after she gives imprints him with his obsession.

He woke to find himself in the visitor probe. Its lid opened. He blinked up at the ceiling, tears and saline itching where they had trickled from his staring eyes. He sat up.
 Lurol stood with her hands jammed into the pockets of her lab coat. She looked upset, her body clenched with nervous tension. He felt sorry for her.²⁷

Many additional examples could be cited to illustrate how Amel's identify, and therefore his ability to maintain relationships, is sustained through many small consistencies in the face of major disruptions, while repetitive reminders of his masculine traits and fundamental humanity are used to counter-balance the contradictory themes of his codedly-female aspects and artificial origins.

4. Naked Virtuality

The more experience I gain in new and old forms of expression, the more scope I find in novels for their ability to manipulate complex arrays of carefully selected subject matter for that endangered species of readers with the mental software to run their own simulations.

As author John Barth puts it, in his essay 'Virtuality':

The virtual worlds of literature are unencumbered by literality. It is both their great limitation and their indispensable virtue that their virtuality is virtual; that they exist not in our nerve-endings but in the pure hyperspace of our imaginations.²⁸

From the point of view of an expert reader, in other words, people who need video games or movies to bring a text to life suffer from a disability and there is nothing new about the plethora of options for virtualization in the world today except their greater accessibility to the imaginatively disabled. No shame attaches, therefore, to learning new tricks from old art forms.

Computer-based self-expression is far from alien to me. I have spent the last twenty years of my life as an innovator in the human uses of computers and am currently employed as an instructional designer for web-based delivery. Both my graduate degrees relate to information technology, and even my fictional endeavors include digital manifestations on the web. The critical tone of my observation arises solely from frustration with the mania for all things digital in modern culture which appears to have dethroned complexity of thought in favor of showy status symbols and impressive graphics. But as someone who has long spanned both worlds, it seems to me that the medium is no longer the message despite the influential proselytizing of this point of view by Marshall McLuhan.²⁹

Instead, stories arising in one media play out in a plethora of others retaining their identity to a greater or lesser extent depending on which elements in the original are extracted as the naked virtuality around which the new work is rebuilt. Young people are particularly prone, in my experience, to expressing themselves this way, whether inspired to draw Amel after reading *The Courtesan Prince*, like some of my young friends in Prince George, or to write fanfic about their favorite anime series like my thirteen-year-old daughter. But the phenomenon is no less true of movie adaptations of novels or comic book series.

The concept of naked virtuality, as it arises from Amel's story, is a tool for getting at what to carry forward into any kind of virtualization, and what to purposefully obfuscate or leave behind. I evolved the idea as a mental trick for shedding light on old problems in new ways as a novelist, but because a novel is a kind of virtuality, I plan to explore its potential as a kind of Occam's razor for simplifying complex challenges in other fields: such as eliminating distracters that hinder absorption of concepts in instructional situations and possibly, also, as a midwife in achieving authentic ports of stories between different formats and media. And, of course, I plan to keep translating my real life concerns into the *Okal Rel* Universe by passing them through a stage of naked virtuality.

Notes

¹ Williams, L., *The Courtesan Prince*, Edge Science Fiction and Fantasy Publishing, Calgary, AB, 2005.

² Roddenberry, G. (creator/producer), *Star Trek*. Aired from September 8, 1966 through September 2, 1969 [Television series]. NBC

³ Beckett, S. *Waiting for Godot*, 1953.

⁴ Burton, R. *Book of Thousand and One Nights*. I cannot be certain of the edition I possessed in my late teens or possibly early twenties, but I remember it was an uncut version with nothing but a preamble and footnotes to help me with the steamy, matter-of-fact misogyny I found in it, rolled up into powerful old stories.

⁵ J Gaer, *How the Great Religions Began*, Signet, 1956.

⁶ JM Straczynski 'Meditations on the Abyss', Episode 14, Season 5, *Babylon 5*, TNT, 1998.

⁷ A Koestler, *Janus: A Summing Up*, Random House, 1978, p. 96.

⁸ N Machiavelli, *The Prince*, Scholar Press, 1969. Once again, I cannot be certain which edition of this book I found lying around the house, and do not claim to have read it thoroughly in my youth, only to have grasped the key idea that the ends were supposed to justify the means when seeking power.

⁹ W Durrant, *The Story of Philosophy*, Simon and Schuster, 1928. I recall the title with clarity, not the author. The Durrant book seems most likely given the dates.

¹⁰ S Kubrick, *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, 1964. Based on a novel by Peter George.

¹¹ JM Diamond, *Guns, Germs and Steel*, W. W. Norton & Company, 1997.

¹² B Ehrenreich, *Blood Rites: Origins and History of the Passions of War*, Virago, 1998.

¹³ R Baker, *Sperm Wars: The Science of Sex*, 2005 reprint of 1996 edition.

¹⁴ F Fukuyama, *Trust: The Social Virtues and the Creation of Prosperity*, Simon & Schuster, 1995.

¹⁵ J Brel, *Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*. I saw this play while still living at home, in my teens or early twenties, but the impression made by the song about death and companionship stuck with me as a keystone of my thinking.

¹⁶ Williams, op. cit., p. 170

¹⁷ Williams, op. cit., p. 64

¹⁸ R Roberts, *A New Species: Gender and Science in Science Fiction*, University of Illinois Press, 1993.

¹⁹ L Williams and A Sinclair, *Throne Price*, Edge Science Fiction and Fantasy Publishing, Calgary AB, 2003.

²⁰ P Pearson, *When She was Bad: Violent Women and the Myth of Innocence*, Random House of Canada, 1997.

²¹ L. Williams, 'Vrellish Evolutionary Biology', presented on the web to Science Fiction and Organization Conference, 15 Sept 1999, viewed 6 June 2008, <<http://www.okalrel.org/saga/reference/essays/vrellish.html>>.

²² Williams, op. cit., *The Courtesan Prince*, p. 234

²³ *ibid.*, p. 46

²⁴ *ibid.*, p. 390

²⁵ *ibid.*, p. 81

²⁶ *ibid.*, p. 36

²⁷ *ibid.*, p. 238

²⁸ J Barth, 'Virtuality'. *Johns Hopkins Magazine Electronic Edition, Special Issue: Straws in the Wind*, Sept 1994, viewed 9 June 2008, <<http://www.jhu.edu/~jhumag/994web/culture1.html>>.

²⁹ Marshal McLuhan
<http://www.marshallmcluhan.com/main.html>

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