





Intermediation and the Reader

What does intermediation mean for a lit?

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 Two cognitive systems at work, one simple (computer) and one complex (human)

Intermediation and the Writer

"When a programmer/writer creates an executable file, the process re-engineers the writer's perceptual and cognitive system as she works with the medium's possibilities" (56)

Intermediation and Michael Joyce



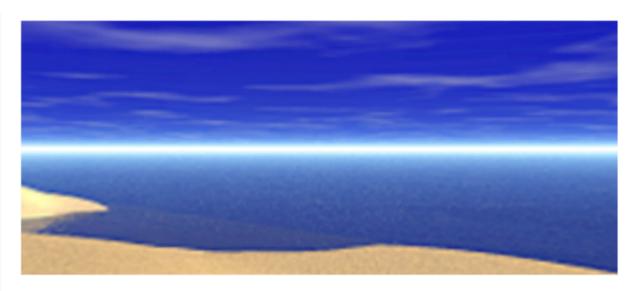


"The leap from afternoon to Twelve Blue demonstrates the ways in which the experience of the Web, joining with the subcognitive ground of intelligent machines, provides the inspiration for the intermediating dynamics through which this literary work creates emergent complexity." (70)

Intermediation Recap

Questions Hayles is asking in this chapter:

- How is computational media related to e-lit?
- What are the differences between electronic and print literature?
- "In what senses is electronic literature in dynamic interplay with computational media, and what are the effects of this interaction?" (43-44)
- How are a user's "embodied interations brought into play when the textual performance is enacted by an intelligent machine?" (44)

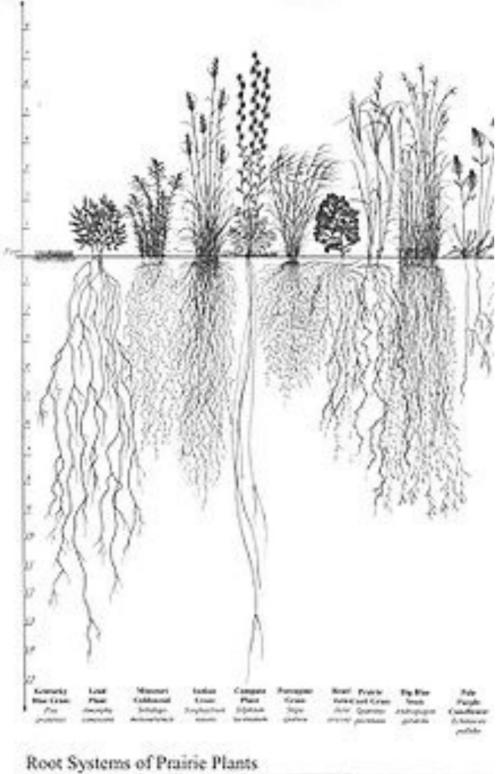


It was midnight on the last day of March, shortly before my eleventh birthday. I was halfheartedly playing with myself. Girls will, you know. Change for the machines. Excuse me, but have you considered the angle of your repose? No response has been recorded. Don't forget to turn back the century. What can you remember? Don't touch that dial.

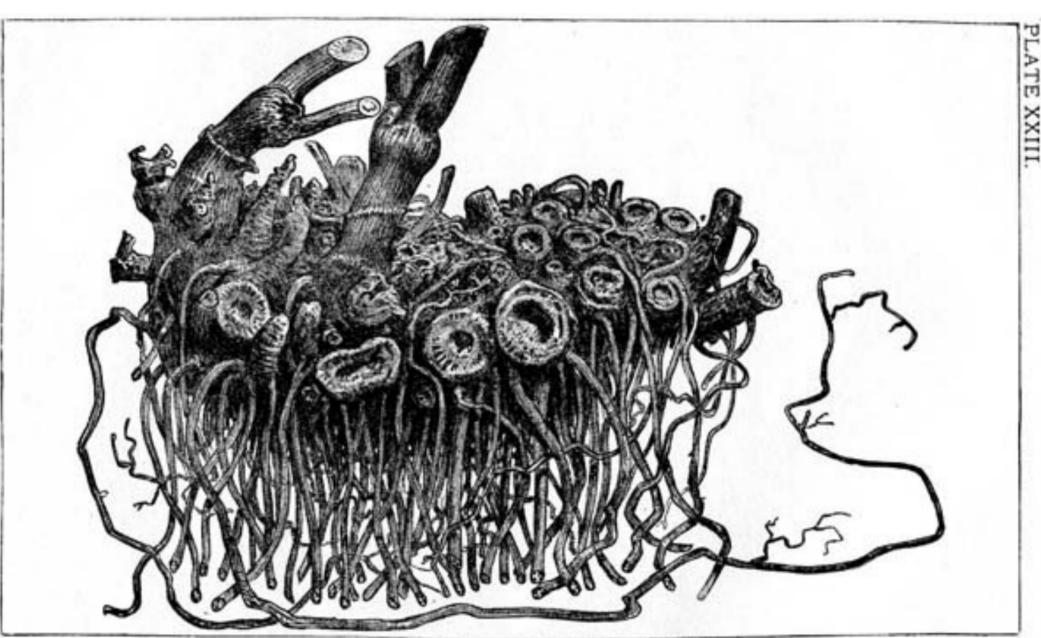
I saw a white cone, hollowed out and filled with stars. Somehow to see this was also to know what it meant, or rather to know that I had always possessed the understanding. The cone was the form of light streaming out into spacetime... Ham dancers... They fell into the clutches of a Clutch Cargo cult... Magenta... Like cutting off your noise to spite your face... Rastaman... Error 404... Precarious dentition... Part of this form was taken away to show the interior, which was the world as we know it and see it, the world of light.

I thought of becoming a film director.

hierarchy



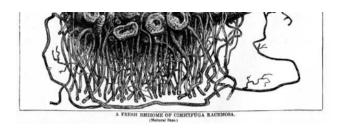
heterarchy



A FRESH RHIZOME OF CIMICIFUGA RACEMOSA.
(Natural Size.)

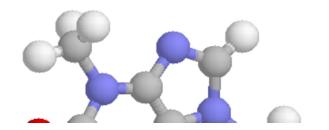
Intermediation

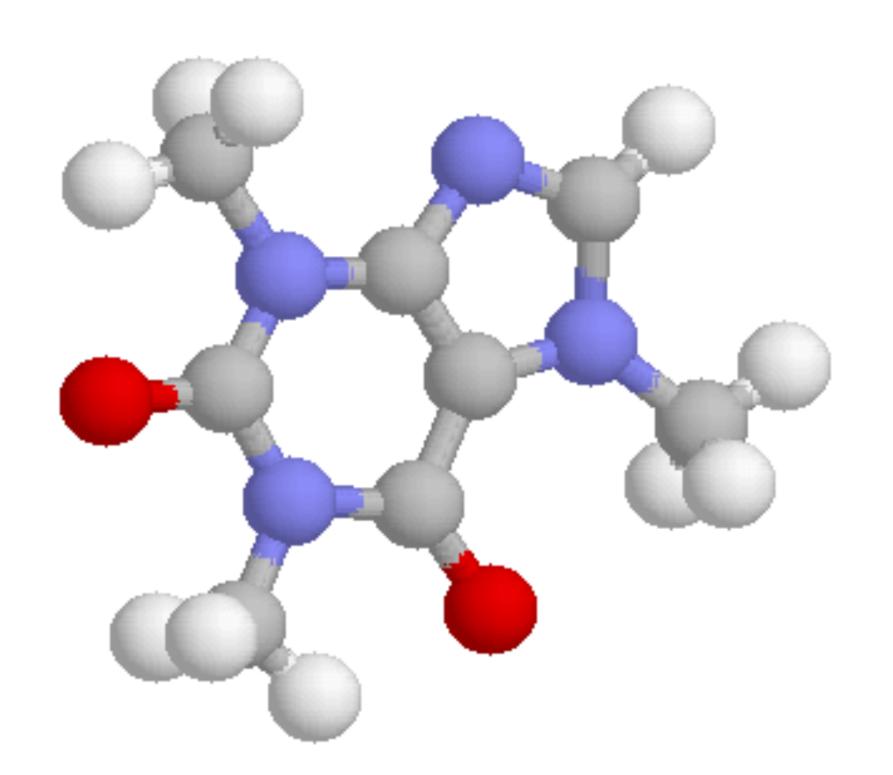
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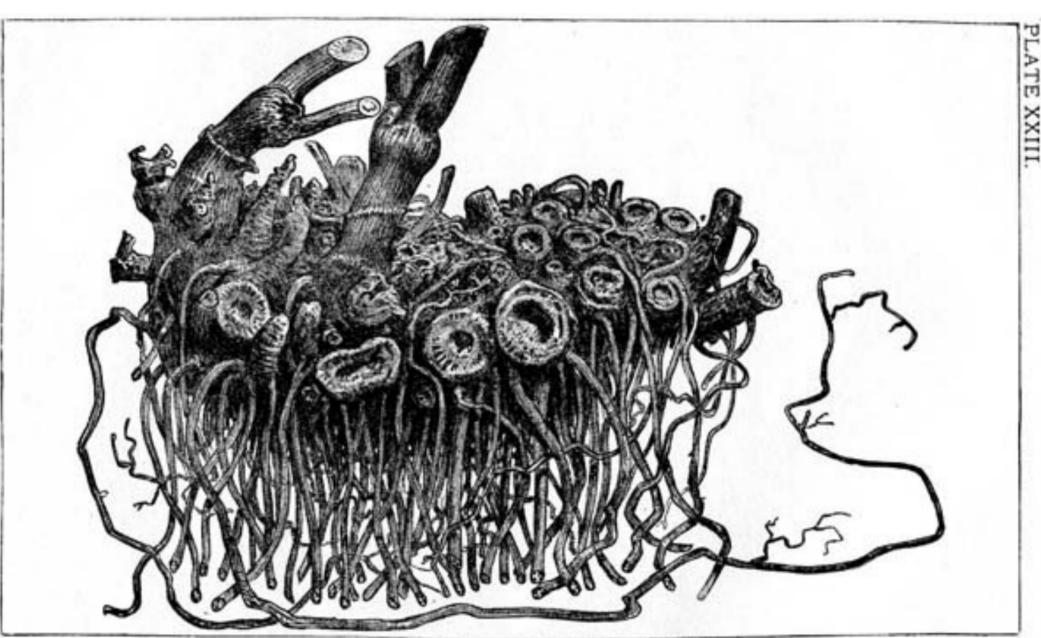
Intermediation

Intermediation: "a first-level emergent pattern is captured in another medium and re-represented with the primitives of the new medium, which leads to an emergent result captured in turn by yet another medium, and so forth" (45)





"Because these interactions go up as well as down, down as well as up, such a system might more appropriately be called a dynamic heterarchy." (45)



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Human and machine are "partners in a dynamic hetearchy bound together by intermediating dynamics" (47)

Humans and machines both have "multiple layers of processes, from ones and zeros to sophisticated acts of reasoning and inference" (55)

"Humans engineer computers and computers reengineer humans in systems bound together by recursive feedback and feedforward loops, with emergent complexities catalyzed by leaps between different media substrates and levels of complexity" (48)

Like a work of electronic literature, a book "is a technology designed to change the perceptual and cognitive states of the reader." (57)

But:

"the letters never shift once the ink has been durably impressed on paper" (57-58)

Intermediation and the Reader

What does intermediation mean for e-lit?

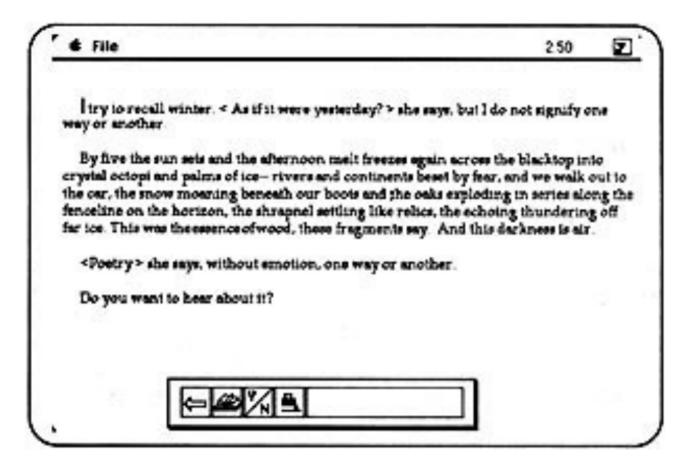
- It describes the interaction between human and computer
- Reader of e-lit notices patterns, makes a choice, and sends the program in a different direction.
- Two cognitive systems at work, one simple (computer) and one complex (human)

Intermediation and the Writer

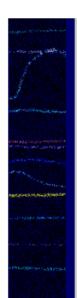
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Intermediation and Michael Joyce

Print-like



approximates the experience of the Web.



Each river flows two ways for at least an instant, whether a gasp at the source, the spring half lapsing before going on, or a watery wavering at the uncertain edge which joins her to sister or the sea. Nonetheless the long sigh of the estuary is something different, the Hudson easing swollen and recumbent upward halfway to Albany, plumping in her banks like the bluish flesh of an oyster, pregnant with pearl sheen even when no stone forms.

When you make a slide, for an instant as you capture the smear before staining it you can see life itself in microcosm in the mucousy swirl. A diviner wouldn't need science. She could look along this shore of the body's river and see lifeforms: virus, pearl, cancer, fetus, yeast spore.

The violet stain is like no color in nature. Alkali, Kali, Queen.

Instead she gazes on the samples with a neutral eye, labwise and detached as a river in December. In the microscope there is no difference between the birth of an infant savior or the death of a crone at year's end. Life is a river that flows both ways, it doesn't do to get caught up in the threads the water weaves. So the men taught who tutored her in these alchemies. Even so she sees dreams in algae, lotus blossoms in saline solution, a sister in the oyster.

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