#### Διαδραστική Ανάγνωση και Αναγνωστική Ψυχολογία:

#### Η Έλξη και η Διάδοση της Εργοδικής Λογοτεχνίας

Παναγιώτα Ρεβέκα Καραδήμα

AM: 18668106

another obvious oken, now discolored front be more precise, and some of the above, telling a tale ger than anyone has ever obably ever will hear. rue too, though of course harder to read. Their ons do not resemble ease of any tattoo, no sive, colorful or . Scars are the ival, received layed in the

affected Youth me goingver phrased it exactly g just asked me how, in eries, I'd still wself. I couldn't him. I know one thing though, ularly bad I'd instantly cling one I was willing to revisit cetty vivid one too, of a girl, a gh one I'd yet to meet or even see, kle just like the Northern sky I he, when once while sitting on a aving on top of the black-pitch beheld all the light not of this

> as I was briefly revisiting this presence of my two friends, I ear-the ghost-softly saying my

this is what got me on this whole lace. The knocking in the house rivid recollection.

she said in a sigh even more gentle

nd. No one sitting at my table no even remotely like my name. their voices were pitched in

701" aglubni Record bravely refuses to All of which The Navidson ibid, serial killer or aliens. beacuosis' technology, absence of past, vision, assumption, submarine, ibid, ibid, title, totemic perdurability, ibid, ibid, teutrings to notism noia, desert, reverse affirascent to godhood, parareincarnation, phobia, "Johnny."

For an instant then, I understood she was my ghos seventeen year old with gold braided hair, as wild as a o'-the-wisp, encountered many years ago, maybe even in another life, now encountered again, and perhaps here too to find me and restore me to some former self lost on some day no boy can ever really remember-something I write now not really even understanding though liking the sound of it just the same.

"He's so dreamy. I just love the way he smiles when he talks, even if he doesn't say that much."

Which was when I realized, a moment later, that this Ghost was none other than the domed ceiling, rising above the dining hall, somehow carrying with particular vividness, from the far wall to my

wall, in one magnificent arc, the confession of a girl I never see or hear again, a confession I could not even respond to-except here, if this counts.

Sadly enough, my understanding of the rare acoust dynamics in that hall came a fraction of a second too la coinciding with the end of dinner, the voice vanishing

suddenly as it appeared, ] in a cumulative leaving, s that even as I continued t the distant edge of the dining room or the line for to deposit trays, I could find the girl whose expres or even gestures might mat such sentiments.

pecan, southern ma

spruce, alpine fir, americ

red oak, Canada Her

sugar maple, eastern wi

hickory, shagbark hicko

tree, eastern black waln

white fir, northern cata

cypress, american sweet

ifornia live oak, maho

eastern cottonwood; no

floor, sheathing, drywall

lating material, polyicyi

sill plates, sill sealer, reba

alone footings or four

Of course, ghostly voices don't just have to exclusively on domed ceili

They don't even have to be just voices.

I finally hooked up with Ashley. I went over to ! place yesterday morning. Early. She lives in Venice. eyebrows look like flakes of sunlight. Her smile, I'm burnt Rome to the ground. And for the life of me I didr know who she was or where we'd met. For a moment I wond if she was that voice. But before she said even a word, held my hand and led me through her house to a patio overgrown with banana trees and rubber plants. Black, decomposing leaves covered the ground but a large hammohung above it all.

We sat down together and I wanted to talk. I want ask her who she was, where we'd met, been before, but sh just smiled and held my hand as we sat down on the hammo and started to swing above all those dead leaves. She

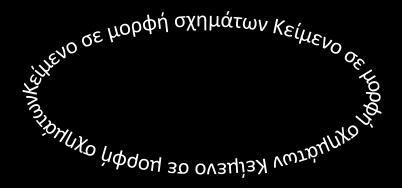
# Τι είναι η εργοδική λογοτεχνία;

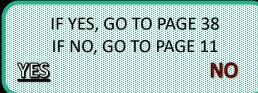
```
"έργον" + "οδός"
```

# Ποια είναι τα χαρακτηριστικά της;

• Ασυνήθιστες διατάξεις κειμένου

- Δυνατότητες αλληλεπίδρασης
- Μη γραμμικότητα
- Δυνατότητες επιλογής
  - Αναστραμμένες λέξεις





- πΟιΚίλΗ ΤυΠοΓρΑφΊα
- Διαφορετικές γραμματοσειρές
- Αξιοποίηση χρώματος
- Ασυνήθιστη αξιοποίηση



χώρου

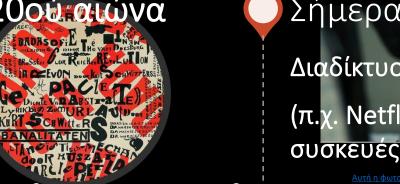
Μεταγραφικά στοιχεία

"Χρειαζόμαστε την βοήθειά σου! Αποκρυπτογράφησε το γράμμα!"

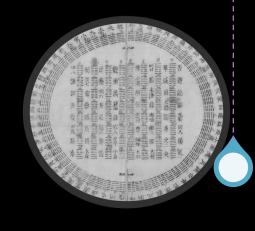
# Ιστορική Αναδρομή







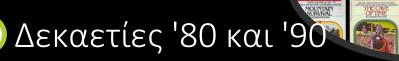




"I-Ching"

Αρχαία Κίνα

"Choose Your Own Adventure"





# Υπερκείμενο vs Κυβερνοκείμενο (Hypertext vs Cybertext)

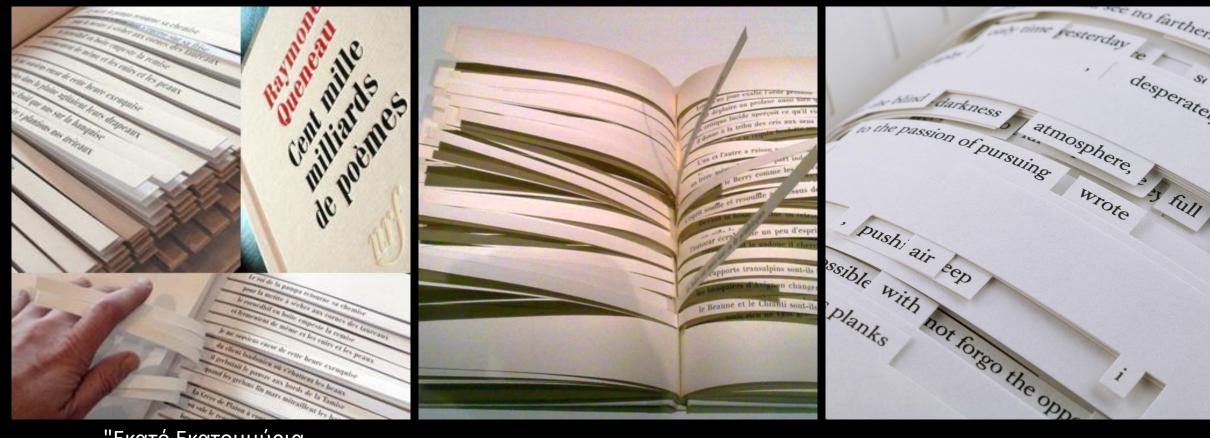
- Υπερκείμενο υπερσύνδεσμος
- Κυβερνοκείμενο

<u>(Stir Fry Texts)</u>

Writers must eat too, but why crusade for further perpercommodity, art as a product no different from other thin within a market society? To crusade for the 'artist's right commodity is to invalidate the subversive force of writing and denigrate the alien and alienating oeuvres of intelled goods and services.



- Ποιες οι ομοιότητες;
- Ποια είναι η διαφορά;
- Είναι περιορισμένα σε ηλεκτρονική μορφή;



"Εκατό Εκατομμύρια Εκατομμύρια Ποιήματα" (1961)

"Tree of Codes" (2010)

# Κυβερνοκείμενο

## Βιντεοπαιχνίδια

Λουδολογία - Λογοτεχνία

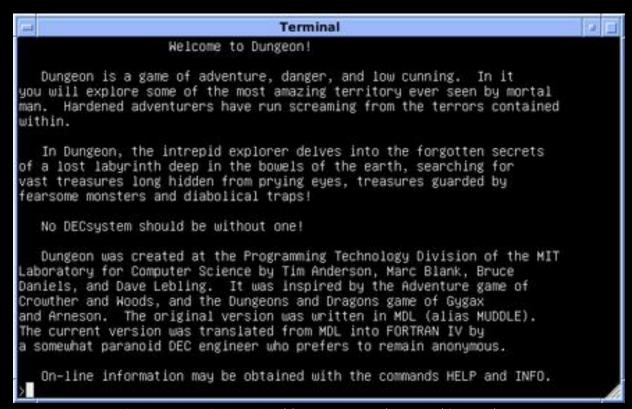
Προσέγγιση - Interactive Fiction (δημιουργία κόσμων, πλοκής, κτλ)

#### Κοινά με την εργοδική λογοτεχνία:

- Ανάγνωση (text-based video games)
- Αλληλεπίδραση
- Μεσολάβηση Επιλογές
- Εμβύθιση
- Poή

#### Διαφορά:

• Μέσο



<u>Αυτή η φωτογραφία (Zork)</u> από Άγνωστος συντάκτης με άδεια χρήσης από <u>CC BY-SA</u>.

Δεν είναι όλα τα βιντεοπαιχνίδια text-based!

Δεν είναι όλα τα βιβλία εργοδικά!

Text-based βιντεοπαιχνίδια = Εργοδική Λογοτεχνία

### Ψηφιακή εποχή



- Πως επηρεάζεται η ανάγνωση;
- Ψυχαγωγία, εκπαίδευση, ενημέρωση
- Τεχνολογίες μέρος της καθημερινότητας
- Πολλαπλά ερεθίσματα
- Πως μπορεί να αξιοποιηθεί η τεχνολογία;
- Νέες δυνατότητες (κυβερνοκείμενο, blog, playlists, forum, Q&A, QR codes)

<u>Αυτή η φωτογραφία</u> από Άγνωστος συντάκτης με άδεια χρήσης από <u>CC BY-NC</u>.

# Μπορεί να "μεταφραστεί" σε άλλα μέσα;

#### Αναλόγως

Πειραματικό είδος λογοτεχνίας



Πειραματικός τρόπος αφήγησης

- Audiobook
- Βιντεοπαιχνίδια
- Κινηματογράφος Kinautomat
- Διαδραστικές ταινίες Bandersnatch
- Μουσεία
- (Σχολική) εκπαίδευση μαθησιακά στυλ

ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΙΚΟΤΗΤΑ

Out-of-the-box thinking

#### Αναγνωστική Ψυχολογία

- Poή flow
- Εμβύθιση immersion
- Αλληλεπίδραση interactivity
- Βαθιά/ρηχή ανάγνωση
- Nόμοι Gestalt
  - Εγγύτητας (proximity)
  - Ομοιότητας (similarity)
  - Κλεισίματος (closure)
  - Συνέχειας (continuity)



"House of Leaves"

Mark Z. Danielewski



- This is not for you.
- House
- Υπερκείμενο
- Διατάξεις κειμένου
- Παραλληλισμοί
- Γραμματοσειρές

December 26, 1987

Dear Johnny, reason for devotion, devotion itself. Yack! Again these dark ribbons wrap me up like a present, a cHrlStmas present, this present, never found, never opened. Tossed like a doll. Spanish.

Dell'oro, del oro, deloro. yawns daily to

Love's love in her blackest season,

Sweet, sweet Johnny,

Though you never ask, how many times must I respond? It was an accident. It was an accident is was an accident. It was. I never meant to burn you. I never meant to mark you. You were only four and I was terrible in the kitchen. I'm sorry, so sorry, so so very sorry. Please forgive me please. Please. Please ForgivemeforgivemeforgivemeforgivemeforgiveForgivemeforgi vemeforgivemepleaseforgivemeforgivemeforgive mepleaseforgivemeforgivemeforgivemeforgivemeforgi vemepleaseforgivemeolesseforgivemeforgivemeforgivemeforgive orgivemeforgivemepleaseforgivemepleaseforgiv emeforgivemeforgivemeforgivemeforgivemeforgive emepleaseforgivemeforgivemeforgivemepleaseforgivemefor givemeforgiv

Gonville and Caius College in Cambridge, Burghle amptonshire Meat Hall in Haarlem he House Ten Bosch at Maarssen, the Mauritshuis a ow, the town hall at Augs

ourg, Schloss Johannes u of the Schloss at Heide corial, the Portal of Par and for Charles V le Compostela, the Queen' ourbon chapel at St-Der em the church of the Col

ege of the Sorbonne, the rege of the Soroonne, the Palazzo Corner della Ca'-Grande in Venice, or the Francois I gallery at Fontainebleau, Place des Vosges in Paris, gateway of the chateau at Anet, the Petit Chateau at Chantilly, the Chuteau de Chambord, Square Court of the Louve ourtyard of the Chateau of Ancy-le-Franc. ti Medici Chapel, the open staircase at Blois, the interior II Redentore in Venice, or Villa Rotonda ne icenza, Palazza Chiericati, Villa Barbaro, S. Maria ficoforte di Mondovi, Palazzo Farnese, Caprarol te Strada Nuova in Genoa, the hemicycle of Villiulia, Villa Garzoni, Pontecasale, library of farco in Venice, the Loggetta at the base of the Cam unile Cannella Pellegrini in Verona, Rome's S. Maria Degli Angeli, the giant order of the Rome Capitol, staircase of the Laurentian Library in Florence, or Mantua's Palazzo Ducale or Palazzo del Te, or Palazzo Farnese or Palazzo Massimi or Villa Fa esina or Villa Madama in Rome, or S. Maria della nsolazione in Todi, Belvedere Court, S. Pietro entorio, or Palazzo della Cancelleria in Rome, Maria delle Grazie in Milan, Cappella del Perdo Palazzo Ducale, Urbino, Palazzo Medici-Riccardi in lorence, the Pienxa Piazza, Rimini Tempio Mala tiano, Mantua's S. Andrea, Florence's S. Spirito or Pazzi Chapel, to say nothing of the lack of even a othic signature, whether like the church of Sta Maria le Vitôria at Batalha, the Cristo Monastery at Tomas the palace of Bellver near Palma de Mallorca, cathe-dral at Palma de Mallorca, the Seville cathedral, Ca' l'Oro in Venice, Siena's Palazzo Pubblico, Venice Piazzetta, the Doges' Palace Facade, or the nave of th Milan Cathedral, Orvieto cathedral, or the Florence cathedral, or the upper church of S. Francesco at Assisi, cathedral and castle of the Teutonic Order at darienwerder Poland, the town hall at Louvain, St.

Barbara in Kuttenberg, the Vladislav Hall in the Hradcany Castle in Prague, St Lorenz in Nuremberg, the Starsbourg cathedral, the Ulm cathedral, Vienna

Cathedral, interior of the Aarchen cathedral, th

Prague cathedral, the choir vaulting of the church of

white one intersecting my eyebrow, another obvious one still evident in my broken, now discolored front tooth, a central incisor to be more precise, and som even deeper than all of the above, telling a tale much longer than anyone has ever

heard or probably ever will hear. All of it true too, though of course iedT . bard or rebrad doum era grang mix, silica sand, plastic, hydraulic, or sheet eldmeser ton ob snoitselfni xelqmos vinyl, tile, cork tile, terrazo, rubber, carpet on ,oottat was do ease extraord and ing, cpoxy, ceramic & stone, slate, aput or narble, whether white—Danby siarvaq, or marble, whether white—Danby elaborate the design. Scars are the paler pain of survival, received unwillingly and displayed in the lay, strip flooring with alternate joints, or language of injury. rringbone, inlaid, basket weave, Aren berg, Chantilly, or Versailles parquet: i had no idea what kept me goingon a no loae what kept me of anywhere, whether redwood, treated western hemlock, yellow pine, treated western hemlock, yellow pine, llita b'I ,asirota ym lla to thgil cedar, wood-polymer, Engelmann spruce, managed to sustain myself. I couldn'

answer him. I know one thing though whenever I felt particularly bad I'd instantly cling to a favorite daydream, one I was willing to revisit constantly, a pretty vivid one too, of a girl, a certain girl, though one I'd yet to meet or even se whose eyes would sparkle just like the Northern sky would describe for her when once while sitting on a splintered deck heaving on top of the black-pitch deck of the world, I beheld all the light not of this

My Counselor For Disaffected Youth

Which was when, as I was briefly revisiting this same daydream in the presence of my two friends, I heard a voice in my ear-the ghost-softly saying my

By the way, this is what got me on this whole jag in the first place. The knocking in the house turning this vivid recollection.

"Johnny" she said in a sigh even more gentle than a whisper. I looked around. No one sitting at my table

was saying anything even remotely like my name. Quite the contrary, their voices were pitched in some egregiously felt debate over something having Record bravely refuses to

to do with scoring, the details recall, thrown up amidst the equally loud banter of a hundred plates, glasses, knives and forks clattering here and there, and yes everywhere, serving to quickly dispel my illusion until it happened again-

'senueuons 'uondunss bid, ibid, title, totemic nation of spiritual bidi, ibidi, ibidi, ibidi, ioia, desert, reverse amirsecent to godhood, paraincarnation, phobia,

ibid, serial killer or aliens. All of which The Navidson

technology,

For an instant then, I understood she was my ghost, a enteen year old with gold braided hair, as wild as a will-

o'-the-wisp, encountered many years ago, maybe even in another life, now encountered again, and perhaps here too to find me and restore me to some former self lost on some day no boy can ever really remember-something I write now not really even understanding though liking the sound of it just the same.

"He's so dreamy. I just love the way he smiles when he talks, even if he doesn't say that much."

Which was when I realized. moment later, that this Ghost was none other than the domed ceiling, rising above the dining hall, somehow carrying with particular vividness, from the far wall to my

wall, in one magnificent arc, the confession of a girl I would never see or hear again, a confession I could not even respond to-except here, if

this counts

dynamics in that hall came a fraction of a second too late. coinciding with the end of dinner, the voice vanishing as suddenly as it appeared, lost in a cumulative leaving, so that even as I continued to scan the distant edge of the dining room or the line forming

to deposit travs. I could never find the girl whose expressions or even gestures might match such sentiments. Of course, ghostly

ne footings or foundation walls;

voices don't just have to rely

They don't even have to be just voices. I finally hooked up with Ashley. I went over to her place yesterday morning. Early. She lives in Venice. Her eyebrows look like flakes of sunlight. Her smile, I'm sure, burnt Rome to the ground. And for the life of me I didn't thow who she was or where we'd met. For a moment I wondered if she was that voice. But before she said even a word, she held my hand and led me through her house to a patio overgrown with banana trees and rubber plants omposing leaves covered the ground but a large hammock

hung above it all. We sat down together and I wanted to talk. I wanted to ask her who she was, where we'd met, been before, but she just smiled and held my hand as we sat down on the hammock and started to swing above all those dead leaves. She kissed Andrew C. Mackenzie, Stephen F. Voorhees Alen, Paul Gmelin

Albert Kahn, William Van William Lescase, uce, alpine fir, american beech, northe ed oak. Canada Hemlock red maple Ailred Messel igar maple, eastern white pine, butternut ckory, shagbark hickory, american plane ce, eastern black walnut, ponderosa pine hite fir, northern catalpa, common bald lnvd 'suasuag said press, american sweet gum, bur oak, Calgumo 2cumus rnia live oak, mahogany, Douglas fir, Bizlood sunH Bas tern cottonwood; nor any sign of a sub- XDW 'INDI ounig or, sheathing, drywall, any kind of insuing material, polyicynene or other; sills, ишоя глишио Il plates, sill sealer, rebar, anchor bolts, let

LIERK, Friiz Höger

er Mey, Michel de Hannes Meyer, Walter 28y Theo van Doesburg, Loos, Laszlo Moholy-Oudok, J.J.P. Oud, Adoly sumuny mullem Marinus Fahrenkamp, Gerrit I essenow, Emil Albert Speer, Heinrich Walter Johnnes Kruger harles-Frederic Mewes Auguste Perret, Rene Sauvage, Iony Garnier, Pierre Chareau, Henri Robert Mallet-Stevens, Tournon, André Lurcal, Ber-fiehr Expert, rau Ostberg, Martin Nyrop, Wahlman, Ragnar Klini, Lars Israel Lindsren, Kaare Klini, aglind Ericson, Herman Petersen, Lars Sonck, Edvard Thomsen, Can

Kay Fisker, G.B. Hagen,

momo Sant Ella, Cesare

Giuseppe Pagano, O. Frezzotti, Marcello

Edwin Latyens, Grovanni

Piacentini, Pio Piacentini



incarcerate the Minotaur, a creature born from an illicit encounter between the queen and a bull. As most school children learn, this monster devoured more than a dozen Athenian youths every few years before Theseus eventually slew it. 123

423

risk of station

risk of stating th

no woman can mate with

bull and produce a child.

Recognizing this simple scientific fact.

Lam led to a somewhat interesting suspicion: Kine Minos did not build the

labyrinth to imprison a monster but to

child his child.

While the Minotaur has often been depicted on a creature with the body of a bull but the torso of a man—contaur like—the myth describes the Minotaur as simply having the head of a bull and the body of a man—21 or in other words, a man with a deformed face—I believe pride would not allow Minos to accept that the helir to the through the discovered bull the proposal of the contact and the contact

eating with a male bovine.

Having enough conscience to keep from murdering his own flesh and blood. Minos had a labyrinth constructed, complicated enough to keep his son from ever escaping but without bars to suggest a prior. It is interesting to note how the myth states most of the Athenian youth—"fed—"to the Minotura estuality starved to deaths in the labyrinth.

thus indicating their deaths had more to do with the complexity of the muze and less to do with the presumed feroeity of the Minotuur.)

Lam conviced Minos' maze really serves as a troop for

repression. My published thoughts on this subject (see "Birth Defects in Knosson" Sonny Won! Wait Ther. Sont Cress. 1968; "Impred the playweigh Tagger Chiclitar to author a play called The Ministratus for The Seattle Repertory Company." 22. As only eight people, including the doorman, got a chance to see the production. I produce

here a brief summary:

Chiclitz begins his play with Minos entering the labyrinth late one evening to speak to his son. As it turns out, the Minotaur is a gentle-

and misunderstood creature, while the so-called Athenian youth are convicted criminals who were already sentenced to death back in Greece. Usually King Minos

craminds who were already sentenced to death back in Greece. Usually King Minos has them secretly executed and then publicly claims their deaths were caused by the terrifying Minotaur thus ensuring that the residents of Knosos will never get too close to the labyrinth. Unfortunately this time, one of the criminals had escaped into the maze, However, even as Holloway Roberts, Jed Leeder, and Wax Hook make their way further down the stairway in Exploration #4, the purpose of that vast place still continues to elude them. Is it merely an aberration of physics? Some kind of warp in space? Or just a topiary labyrinth on a nuch grander scale? Perhaps it serves a funereal purpose? Conceals a secret? Protects something? Imprisons or hides some kind of monster? Or, for that matter, imprisons or hides an innocent? As the Holloway team soon discovers, answers to these questions are not exactly forthcoming. Is

encountered Mint (as Chielitz refers to the Minotaur) and nearly murdered him. Had Minos himself not rushed in and killed the criminal, his son would have persisted. Staffice it to any Minos is furnous. He has enuglit himself earing for his son and the resulting guilt and not one incenses him to no end. As the play progresses, the King slowly sees past his son's deformities, eventually discovering an elegine spirit, an artistic sentiment and most importantly a visionary understanding of the world. Soon a deep paternal love grows in the King's heart and he begins to conceive of a way to reintroduce the Minotaur back into society. Sailly, the stories the King heart to conceive of a way to reintroduce the Minotaur back into society. Sailly, the stories the King has spread throughout the world concerning this territying beast prove the seeds of tragedy. Soon enough, a brisiser named. Theseus artives (Cheitz describes him as a drunken, virtually related, fat boy who without a second though backs the Minotaur into little pieces. In one of the play smost moving seenes. King Minos, with tears streaming down his face, publicly comments. Theseus-

courage. The crowd believes the tears are a sign of gratitude while we the -audience understand they are tears of loss. The king's heart breaks, and while he will go on to be an extremely just rules, it is a justice forever informed by the deepest-kind of account. Sign of a contract of the contract of

Note: Struck passages indicate what Zampanò tried to get rid of, but which I, with a little bit of turpentine and a good old magnifying glass managed to resurrect.

124 "Violent Prejudice in Knossos" by Zampano in Sonny Will Wait Flyer, Santa Cruz, 1969, 125

1251've no idea why these titles and cited sources are different. It seems much too deliberate to be an error, but since I haven't been able to find the 'flyer' I don't know for certain. I did call Ashley back, left message, even though I still don't remember her.

126 The Minotone by Tuggert Chielitz, put on at The Hey Zeus Thenter by The Seattle Repertory Company on April 14, 1972.

1224. H. Matthews writes "A similar small labyrinth, with a central Theseus Minotaur design, is to be found on the wall of the church of San Michele Maggiore at Parin. It is thought to be of tenth century construction. This is one of the few cases where the Minotaur is represented with a human head and a basis body as a sort of Centaur, in fact. See his body Marce & Labyrinths. Their History & Development (New York: Down Publishinton, Inc., 1970). p. 56. Also see Fig. 40 on p. 53.

128 Even in Metamorphases Ovid notes how Minos, in his old age, feared young men-

Qui, dam fui integer aeri, termenti magnas ipso quoque nomine gentes; tune erat invalidas; Deimidenque irrentas robore Miletum Phochoque parente superbum pertinuit, credensque suis insagger, reguis, laut tunen est puriti u acres penullina musis.

c:"When Minos was in golden middle age/ All nations feared the mention of his name./ But now he'd grown on importent, so feeble. He shied away from proud young Miletus. The forward son of Phoebus and Deimer Though Minos half supported Miletus! Had eyes upon his throne and farmed a plot 17 make a palace revolution, he feared to act./ To sign the papers for his deportation." Hornee Gregory p. 258-259.) Perhaps Miletus reminded Minos of his alain son and out of guilt he cowered in the presence of his youth.

129Strictly as an aside, Jacques Derrida once made a few remarks on the question of structure and centrality.

An idea Escher beautifully sub-verts in House of Statrs; disen-chanting his audience of the gravity of the world, while at the same time enchanting them with the peculiar gravity of the self.

'above' and 'below.'

and Hell, cannot exchange the words

standing inside a very seconds and he is

long ceased to believe in Heaven

the word 'up.' Even those who have

redemption. That is due to the force of the word 'above,' and the power of

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The climbing of a mountain reflects

Erich Kästner in Ölberge Wein-berge (Frankfurt, 1960, p. 95) comments on the force of vertical meanings: Thirty minutes later, tenacity is rewarded.

rung. A few more he reaches the last

for a little longer. His continues to push on

unappealing he however, is so

sleep. This idea, rung and try to

tie himself to a probably have to

admits he will bar, Navidson

high-caloric energy have a bite of some

gulp of water or stops to take a

with only brief of climbing,

hours and hours after presumably

the ladder. But pulls himself up

Navidson

hand over hand,

Slowly but surely,

Νόμος της ομοιότητας - γραμματοσειρά

coward and orders him to get moving because the powers above have taken a personal interest in his salvation.

For hell's cartographer, the answer is mildly satisfying. For Navidson, however, there is no answer at all. During "Exploration #4" he even asks aloud, "How the fuck did I end up here?" The house responds with resounding silence. No divine attention. Not even an amaurotic guide.

Some have suggested that the horrors Navidson encountered in that house were merely manifestations of his own troubled psyche. Dr. Iben Van Pollit in his book *The Incident* claims the entire house is a physical incarnation of Navidson's psychological pain: "I often wonder how things might have turned out if Will Navidson had, how shall we say, done a little bit of house cleaning." 26

While Pollit is not alone in asserting that Navidson's psychology profoundly influenced the nature of those rooms and hallways, few believe it conjured up that place. The reason is simple: Navidson was not the first to live in the house and encounter its peril. As the Navidsons' real estate agent Alicia Rosenbaum eventually revealed, the house on Ash Tree Lane has had more than a few occupants, approximately .37 owners every year, most of whom were traumatized in some way. Considering the house was supposedly built back in 1720, quite a few people have slept and suffered within those walls. If the house were indeed the product of psychological agonies, it would have to be the collective product of every inhabitant's agonies.

It is no great coincidence then that eventually someone with a camera and a zest for the dangerous would show up at this Mead Hall and confront

What can I say, I'm a sucker for abandoned stuff, misplaced stuff, forgotten stuff, any old stuff which despite the light of progress and all that, still vanishes every day like shadows at noon, goings unheralded, passings unmourned, well, you get the drift.

As a counselor once told me—a Counselor For Disaffected Youth, I might add: "You like that crap because it reminds you of you." Couldn't of said it better or put it more bluntly. Don't even disagree with it either. Seems pretty dead on and probably has everything to do with the fact that when I was ten my father died and almost nine years later my crazy Shakespearean mother followed him, a story I've already lived and really don't need to retell here.

Still for whatever reason, and this my Counselor For Disaffected Youth could never explain, accepting his analysis hardly altered the way I felt.

I just glanced over at the trunk. The first time I saw it, I mean when I discovered what was inside, it appalled me. Like I was staring at the old guy's corpse. Now it's just a trunk. Of course, I also remember thinking I was going to toss it by the end of the week. That was before I started reading. Long before I began putting it all together.

You know this is still the simple answer.

I guess the complicated one I don't feel like getting into.

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>26</sup>Regrettably, Pollit's proclivity to pun and write jokes frequently detracts from his otherwise lucid analysis. The Incident (Chicago: Adlai Publishing, 1995), p. 108, is a remarkable example of brilliant scholarship and exemplary synthesis of research and thought. There are also some pretty good illustrations. Unfortunately almost everything he concludes is wrong.

#### Νόμος του κλεισίματος

As Grundberg, Alabiso and Mitchell contend, this impressive ability to manipulate images must someday permanently deracinate film and video from its now sacrosanct position as "eyewitness." The perversion of image will make *The Rodney King Video* inadmissible in a

court of law . ¶Inc seem, Los Angele s statement - "Ou deceive us. We sa and what we saw w seem ludicrous. Tr ain revert to the sh the word and hum judge its peculiar m this a particularly tion. Anything fro ton's Rising Sun, to Tricks, or Lisa Ma er's Confession of a into the increasing of a digital univer "True Grit", Anth e New Yorker clai the most difficult e ct and will always e dio magician. Grit,

redible as it may s Mayor Bradley' eyes did not what we saw as a crime."-will uth will once ag ady territories of anity's abilities to odalities. Nor is original predicm Michael Crich-Delgado's Card rie "Slit Slit" Bad Porn Star delve ly protean nature se. In his article ony Lane at Th ms "grittiness is lement to constru lude the finest stu however, does no

t elude Navidson." ¶Consider the savage scene captured on grainy 16mm film of a tourist eaten alive by lions in a wildlife preserve in Angola (Traces of Death) and compare it to the ridiculous and costly comedy Eraser in which several villains are dismembered by alligators. 190

#### Νόμος της συνέχειας

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and

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Εργοδικό κείμενο - πολλές μορφές

Εξατομικευμένη εμπειρία

Συμπεράσματα:

Μέλλον του βιβλίου

Το βιβλίο είναι ζωντανό

Έλξη - διαδραστικότητα

# Ευχαριστώ πολύ!

Παναγιώτα Ρεβέκα Καραδήμα