From Hawaii to Kairos: Alt. writing and ongoing composition

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From Hawaii to Kairos:  
Alt. Writing and the Ongoing Composition

Myka Vielstimmig

What current experiments in academic writing do is invite the reader to play an active role in the text with the writer, and also apart from the writer perhaps; that's one effect of re-presenting college-like invention processes.

An effort to please the reader, too: to provide an aesthetic experience.

Personal History: Researching Literature and Curriculum (Literal, Alter, Hyper)

Paley and Jipson

Paley and Jipson

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Fastforward

In the new theory of representation, the task of text-makers is that of complex orchestration. (Kress, 87)

If you were annotating this article for a bibliography, you might have trouble. CCC Online editor Todd Taylor tried it with “A Single Good Mind” (Yancey and Spooner), once. Rather than synopsizing in his own words, he said he had to quote little dialogic ‘patches’ of the article to get at the sense of it. It’s difficult to work conventionally to abstract the alt.

Still. If I were the annotator, I’d begin with Gunther Kress and company. “Drawing implicitly on the emerging theory of representation now in discussion among such language researchers as The New London Group,” you could say, “the article explores the role of visuality in texts by composition scholars of the late 1990s. Typeface manipulations, changing margins, multivocality, and a juxtapositional writing style are all features of Myka Vielstimmig’s publications and those of other writers experimenting with the ‘design’ of meaning—a key term of The New London Group.” You could say, then, that this article offers our own sense of the design of meaning—i.e., greater than the sum of its semantics.

Sure, but there are other options, too—less friendly: “The interplay of Vielstimmig’s visual, juxtapositional, and multivocal (not to say schizophrenic) style with the concept of composition—or, more likely, publication—as an ‘ongoing’, always unterminated, work, is perhaps
more provoking than provocative, not something compositionists will find especially surprising or especially appropriate for discussion with students.”

Rewind

What current experiments in academic writing do, is invite the reader to play an active role in the text with the writer, and apart from the writer, too.

DoubleClick

And fundamentally, this kind of writing understands that the writer can’t control how any text will be read or narrativized—will be experienced. Or: how others may join in the plot. “Richard Lanham cites the western visual arts as evidence that digital expression is the fulfillment of ‘postmodern monumentality’ which conceptualizes composing as an ongoing, perpetual project” (Janangelo).

Whose composing we talking about here? Mine? Yours?

DoubleClick

What we’re about to do here is a reflection on ‘composing as an ongoing, perpetual project.’ Or perhaps it’s an illustration, which in its turn permits a bit of theorizing.

Rewind

In the spring of 1998, with four other people, we presented a paper at the annual Computers & Writing conference. We were trying not to make it an ordinary conference paper, and in some ways we did succeed at that. You can see part of the script for that session below.

The fact that s/he is calling it a script tells you a lot. I was there, and no one thought it was a ‘paper’, believe me. Not that they knew what it was, admittedly. Which was the point, as I recall . . . .
Cue house lights
Cue sound one
A dark night in a city that knows how to keep its secrets . . .
House lights down.
Sound one

Bartender, I'd like a Manhattan, please.
Stop me if you've heard this one,
but I feel as though we've met before.
Now tell me did you really think I'd fall for that old line?
I was not born just yesterday.

Cue visual one.

_Dee Dee_ I never talk to strangers anyway.

**Visual One**
I wanted to begin with something French and decadent. Something Baudrillardian, noir as I wanna be. But here at the end of the 20th century, noir is—well, diverting, amusing, but . . . Nostalgic (and as xenophobic as the French). It doesn't move us forward. To explore the territory ahead—where we see what might be a more visible convergence of rhetoric and poetics, of narrative and exposition, and even of visual aesthetics with all of these—we need to construct a more optimistic postmodernism.

However. If you want to start at the beginning, we should go back a year to the 1997 Computers & Writing conference in Hawaii, where we did a similar piece, but we presented it by telephone. The two of us on the phone . . .

(or is it three of us?)

. . . plus a recording of Wendy Bishop reading a poem, with John Barber in Hawaii controlling the Web site onscreen for the audience.

In a Station of the Metro

_In a Station of the Metro_

_Myke V. Computers & Writing Conference 1996_

Myke V. Computers & Writing Conference 1997

_In Wendy Bishop's "If Winston Churchill Would Just Write to Me on Email," we see the "narrative" of her reading and responding to her students' work. We see Bishop differ and agree with other scholars—"exposition." And right in the middle of the piece we have a "poem." This may be one model of a new essay.
The audience could follow along with our script as we read it, and they could see the visuals, along with the layout of the text, which was a sort of performance, itself.

Similar to the kind of layered literacy that Selfe has described. Hmm, but different; a literacy more textured.

Rewind

Yes, true. Or you could go back from there to the Special Interest Group at the 1997 CCCC, where we contributed an earlier version of that Hawaii piece, with only the text and visual, no voices, to Matthew Levy's huge Web site, "Audience Delivers Hypertext" (1997).

Other voices read our text aloud.

A new text that way. It performed differently.

Rewind

Or really, if you want to do the genealogy here, we'd have to include the piece that got into CCC in 1996, "Postings on a Genre of Email" (Spooner and Yancey), where we were trying to evoke both the voice of email and the disjunctive feel of email through disruptive visual effects.

If it's feel, can the poetic be far away?

(My favorite part of that was Carolyn Miller's response: "this is not an essay." She knows genre.)

(And she was right; why fight it?)

DoubleClick

In all of this, one thing we were trying to do was add momentum to the recent 'visual turn' in written discourse. Well, recent. The fields of art history, communication, advertising have known about this for generations, but here in English studies . . .
Even within everyday discourse, you can find visual influence as far back as you like—all the way to hieroglyphics, all the way to petroglyphs.

But the ‘visual turn’ is recent for us because for the past two or three hundred years, discourse in the academy has been dominated by the verbal (Kress). You can see it entering the academy through the study of figures as diverse as Mallarmé, Stein, the concrete poets, Duchamp, and Pound, and you can see discussion of it developing in the work of current figures like Perloff, Kress, Stafford, Turkle, not to mention the many writers at the UNLOC symposium.

It is narcissistic to overemphasize the agency of logos. (Stafford)

... at the symposium, where the subject was “what the hell’s happening to narrative?” One thing that’s happening is that written discourse is re-discovering the visual.

Remind me: is this before or after the Web?

When you gather them all together like that, the composite reminds me of Turkle’s oxymoron: the Romantic Postmodern. I think Turkle’s right that the computer, in its concreteness, has turned loose a new creativity.

I assume you mean creativity as in more than desktop publishing?

Even in code, she thinks. “[T]he new software design aesthetic effectively says that computer users shouldn’t have to work with syntax; they should... be given virtual objects that can be manipulated in as direct a way as possible.” (Turkle 60.)

Suddenly, in composition journals and books, there are more than several examples of academic essays appropriating and
experimenting with the visuality of text, and they have clearly been inspired through the writers' work with computers. Can we say that here on the tech side of composition theory and practice, we are seeing an openness to artful presentation?

Maybe we're seeing the start of that openness. Some phase of an evolution from the traditional monolithic, monolingual academic essay to a more multi-generic, multivocal, multivalent art of written academic discourse.

Doubleclick

Some questions here: Are we talking about what is or what will be? And: what's the connection to narrative? To the Web? Don't we have an assignment here?

Rewind

Look at it this way. One could say that within the ongoing composition over four or five of our published bits, there's an (accumulating) argument for a textuality that foregrounds the intersection of rhetoric with the poetic in all discourse. One could say that Myka celebrates the poetic even in the academic essay.

Our field is used to thinking that all utterance is rhetorical; we recognize the idea that every utterance is political (i.e., situated in culture and ideology). What Myka suggests is that we can also see the poetic plane of every utterance. We do this by watching the form of it, the perform/ance of it.

Doubleclick

So it's Florida, May 1998, hot and sunny and hot and humid and...

... hot and we're trying to progress along with the academic essay.
A progression from sketch to study to full canvas. In that perspective, what we were trying at the C&W 1998 session can be seen as one iteration in a sheaf or collage or gallery of others.

A progression becoming a collage, made of bits of texts and pieces of visuals from other, earlier texts and some new of course. Put together new, differently. Our collage, our readymade.

In addition to five readers and a mouse-handler, that session included visuals from a Web site, projected on a screen at the front of the room and on smaller screens (controlled by audience members) around the room. It was written as a script for performance, kind of a readers theater piece.

A play within a play, too.

It pursued a set of ideas that could be described in expository prose, but offered them in a performance that was dialogical,

(Or diabolical?)

with interruptions, emendations, hesitations, sidebars and caveats.

(Dialectical to a fault; it out-Hegeled Hegel.)

Four of the five readers took multiple roles, not allowing the audience to identify the speaker completely with a particular argument. You could say it was a rhetorical collage. You could call it academic performance art.

But without hats.

You could say it was poetic readymade composed and performed for and in this rhetorical situation.
When we look at the different texts we’ve done, we see ourselves taking forward patches of text (and it’s the text itself, not just the idea)—regardless of medium.

Well, it’s not regardless. From the beginning, the medium influenced what was said, as it always does. More accurately, then, we’re not ignoring medium; it’s more that we’re pretty sanguine about taking text in one medium and using it in another, making the venues suit us more than the other way around. (Not that everyone appreciates this, to be sure.)

And we might say that we’ve even taken forward text that came from only one of us; e.g., the bit of text you took from the paper I gave at C&W 1996—which included a poem by Wendy Bishop. Is this what we mean when we say ‘ongoing composition’?

I like that expression, and you can make it play out prismatically. For example, Gian
Pagnucci and Nick Mauriello gave the Project UNLOC members a writing prompt, early on, and in it they mention that their students didn’t like publishing personal narratives to the class Web site “where my mother could actually read it.” Is it possible that Gian’s and Nick’s students resist in part because they don’t see what they do as ‘ongoing composition’? I mean, if you understood writing any single text as one move in the Ongoing, then the idea of sharing it elsewhere/otherwise would be ‘natural,’ yes? But my guess is that they see each assignment as discrete, i.e., not to be carried forward, but to be done.

Also, I don’t want to be too metaphysical or metaphorical here, but if we saw ourselves as ‘ongoing compositions,’ then taking our own texts forward and reworking them—not à la Donald Murray, but like Picasso—would be what you expected to do.

Doubleclick

*Then the C&W 1998 performance in Florida morphed into a new form to appear in Kairos, the online journal. Metamorphosis was not what we expected. We thought Kairos just wanted our script; they were doing ‘proceedings,’ after all. But no. Kairos is a ‘webtext’ journal (to use its own parlance), and our C&W piece was a performance script. It would mean changes to the HTML files that we had created, even to submit.*

Genre matters. So does medium. But we aren’t quite as fixed as we think: hence, ongoing.

Rewind

<from the Myka Players’ online reflection>

It’s practically the last minute before Gainesville, and we think of doing “The Handout.” A great parodic idea. Totally straight-up exposition outlining the argument for collage and visuality in one page of courier 12 type. Titled “Courier 12.” We were pretty pleased with that one. (Har har.) Passed it out to the C&W audience without comment.
Here at the end of the 20th century, noir is—well, diverting, amusing, but... it doesn't move us forward. To explore the territory ahead—where we see what might be more visible convergence of rhetoric and poetics, of narrative and exposition, and even of visual aesthetics with all of these—we need to construct a more optimistic postmodernism.

What current experiments in academic writing do, seen through the lens of readership, is to invite the reader to play a role in the text with the writer, and also apart from the writer perhaps; that's one effect of 're-presenting' collage-like invention processes. An effort to please the reader, too: to provide an aesthetic experience. As Lanchester suggests, 'Perhaps there are analogies between the psychic structures of precognition and those of art, which also depend on the accumulating effect of hints, glimpses, and the gradual accretion of that sense of foreboding which also goes by the name "meaning."

Could we call emerging experimental styles in exposition a cubist genre of (academic) prose? Flashbacks and jump cuts, schizophrenic sensibilities, and characters outliving themselves would seem to the late Victorian narrative a passable analog to what Picasso and Duchamp were to the visual art of the world grown accustomed to Monet. The current multivoiced, multiform textualities appropriate the fragmented rationality from the intellectual culture of our day to re-present it in the development of the essay. It owes something perhaps to electronic hypertext, something to experiments in print genres (Woolf is a predecessor in this regard)...

I didn't see the 'handout' until Gainesville. It struck me immediately as a wonderful spoof, from the title on down the page. It was a piece of paper, which, with enough creativity, could be folded into hundreds of differently shaped hats.

In Gainesville, there were six of us, and we read from a script, with visuals appearing right/left right/left in an HTML frames document projected on a big screen. Pictures; lots of them. And the script was a script, not a paper, not part of what the audience saw.

My right side didn't get the handout joke because my left side needed the assistance. I read the handout as a gloss.

(How many sides does a postmodern have?)

Huff huff.

Where's the interpretive responsibility?

Conceals the writer's intent.
Huff huff.

Multivocality?
Different opinions in a single text?
Mere novelty.
Entertainments.

Readers lack the interest and training to read experimental texts.
No fulcrum for critical practice.


Yikes. Not wanting to do too much work on spec, we dumped the script into one side of the frames, and pushed all the visuals into the other. OK, Kairos, you want a document from Gainesville: here it is.

The reviews were funny in their range. One was: yes-understand-it-perfectly, very-funny, very-alt.text. One: well-ok-but-what-does-this-have-to-do-with-teachers. And one: huff huff, there's-really-not-much-here-but-'entertainment.' (The very word; I couldn't believe the match between the reviewer and the parody in the script.) And one of these last two said it would have helped a lot if we'd put the Handout first. (Mad laughter and crashing sounds offstage.)

I'll go out on a limb here and say that I'm sympathetic to the impulse behind that question about what this has to do with teaching writing.

But we were provisionally accepted and then assigned to Kairos board members who would guide us toward a more fully acceptable version of the text.

On the Web, you understand. What happens to performance there?

Which meant that "Cosmic" has to meet the very specifications that divided the reviewers above.

Sounds a lot like print, no?

Now these next readers (ed. boarders) said, Well, this isn't a hypertext really, so could we break it up more and build links between the pieces? And they said they didn't care much for frames. And one of them suggested that we do without so many visuals. Like the Duke says to Mozart too many notes. Or
Not a Cosmic Convergence:  
Rhetorics, Poetics, Performance, and the Web

or Writing with My Eyes Open  
(or Never Talk to Strangers)

Myka Viestimmig

Cue house lights.  
Cue sound one.  
A dark night in a city that knows how to keep its secrets.

House lights down.  
Sound one.

_Denender, I'd like a Manhattan, please._  
Stop me if you've heard this one,  
but I feel as though we've met before.

Now tell me did you really think I'd fall for that old line?  
I was not born just yesterday.

Cue visual one.

_Quarterdeck:_  
*Besides I never talk to strangers anyway.*

I wanted to begin with something French and decadent. Something Baudrillardian, noir  
as I wanna be. But here at the end of the 20th century, noir is—well, diverting, amusing,  
but...  

just make them smaller, you know, like thumbnails. Oh, and  
could we write up some context, intro stuff, so that readers  
can make better sense of it; you know, make it more linear.  
Well, and if you could just go  
ahead and sign the parts, will ya?

Sign the parts?, asks I.  
Nope. Can't do it. I ain't  
signing no parts, no way,  
not today, not tomorrow,  
says I. Welllllll, ok,  
says they.

In short, the editorial advice was  
to go more hyper but more linear,  
more web but more textual, less  
jumpy, less playful, less visual. They wanted a nice gray linear dialogue  
between named speakers about teaching writing with computers in the  
form of a pseudo-hypertext that would (oh by the way) show the 'paper'  
we presented at the conference.

Is this e-literacy? Is this new narrative on the Web?
(Not to complain, but I did feel we were getting the old 'bait-n-switch,' invited to contribute a conference session, then told to change everything about it.)

But we were getting into the spirit now. I don't know, did we cross some Rubicon where we gave up hoping that we could save the Gainesville piece? Did we decide its emerging form was actually better for the new (online) audience? (Did we just enjoy the absurdities?)

I vote for absurdity.

We chopped it into arbitrary hunks to create the need for links and make it more Kairos-like. We pitched the frames to make it *less* Kairos-like. We added brief bits and sidebars and links among all the pages to make it more hypertextual and associative. We explained a thing or two; we talked to the readers about the play; we wrote 'intro' stuff and 'how to read this' stuff, to make it more textual and linear.

We didn't sign the voices; we let the characters sort themselves out via type colors and fonts. In fact, we slipped in three new fonts and one new visual, just to be passive aggressive. We added a cast party. Very fun.

A page, a screen.

<end Myka Players' online reflection>

DoubleClick

So is there a word for this? It's not an essay, though it is indebted to the essay as Montaigne, not Bacon, practiced it.

It's 'un essai,' an effort, a venture,

We're back to a piece of the ongoing composition, with monuments from earlier versions embedded like found objects. Like readymades . . .

It's ad venture. It argues, you could say; it is purposeful; it is (hyper)conscious of rhetorical situation. It is situated in culture and ideology. But its form is exploratory, disruptive, digressive, playful, hypertextual.

(Who put the hype in the hypertext?)
Vielstimmig

Selected pages from the last version submitted to Kairos for the published webtext, see http://english.ttu.edu/kairos/3.2

Not a Cosmic Convergence:
Rhetorics, Poetics, Performance, and the Web
(Well, not necessarily . . .)
or Writing with My Eyes Open
(or Never Talk to Strangers)

Myka Vielstimmig

A dark night in a city that:

"A dark night in a city that:

Bartender, I'd like a ma
Stop me if you've heard this:
Now tell me did you read
yesterday.

VII

They make new and difficult
demands on readers.
--Kirsch

It's a last point and like the irony
that not so long ago, many CSW
theorists were close to certain that
the net was ushering in a new age
of radical democracy. Still, and
obviously, "radical" in this
discussion has to be understood
as a strategic hyperbole: surely
there is no escape from choosing

Visual Ten, please,
and cue Sound Seven.

and/or structuring in any act of
creation. Sometimes a writer is
only a writer.

Cast Party

So, not a cosmic convergence—Jackson Pollock
notwithstanding.

You? Did you like that last one? Very funny, I thought.

Well, I'm Not in the Least Cosmic Convergence (who's afraid of

Hand me a beer, will ya?

Reality? Why not convergence?

I still don't get it. I mean, who was I supposed to be?

Can you just reach me a . . .

OK . . . Writing with My Eyes Open (I still like that name)
or Never Talk to Strangers (did you ever hear Walt and Delta Miller
do that tune? dyn-o-mite.)

Can I get a . . .?

And what's with the pictures interrupting all the time?

I never cared for the Cubists. So groupies readers, talk talk,

Give me the beer, please?
Collagic, dialogical, multivocal, multiple, multivalent.

It's an essay the academy is learning to write, as you always say.

I thought that was you.

Notes

* Vielstimmig is German for ‘many-voiced.’ Myka Vielstimmig is
  the electronic writing partnership of (in alphabetical order) Michael
  Spooner (Utah State University) and Kathleen Blake Yancey
  (Clemson University). The portion of this text marked <Myka
  Players’ online reflection> was written with John Barber (Texas
  Womens University) and Dene Grigar (Texas Womens University),
  Tina Perdue (Indiana University of Pennsylvania), and Mike
  Williamson (Indiana University of Pennsylvania). We all wrote this
  together separately via email.

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III

Pixels of Heroes and Heroines

Literature Hits Cyberspace