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THE JOURNAL OF CREATIVE GEOGRAPHY

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THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF MONTAGE

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE MONTAGE EFFECT
A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

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"To turn a street corner, to blink, or to glance in a rear-view mirror is to experience the world through montage"

(Doel and Clarke 2007, 897)

First theorized and perfected by Soviet filmmakers Lev Kuleshov and Sergei Eisenstein in the 1920s, montage is the film editing technique that entails the cutting and rearranging of shots so as to manipulate time, space, movement, and meaning. In Eisenstein's formulation montage was the central element of filmmaking necessary to emotionally persuade the audience to become involved in the film's narrative, accomplished by asking the viewers to mentally bridge the juxtaposed images. By activating this mental join cinema becomes more than what can be contained in the image (frame):

> [T]he frame refers to what is around the frame – a spatially and temporally contiguous 'unseen' that may, in its turn, subsequently enter the frame and so become actualized as a seen/scene... The essential thing about film, then, is not the framed image, but that which comes between the frames: the cut. (Doel 2008)

When combined with the camera's mobile gaze, the continuous play of the seen/ unseen points to the ways that the principles of montage theory extend beyond cinematic technology. As the camera moves, taking the spectator on a voyage through time and space, montage continually repositions the viewer, stitching together disparate scenes. This roving camera emulates our own itinerant bodies. As we move through the world we are confronted with a series of fragmentary spaces and views, scenes reordered, smoothed out, and held together by what exists outside of the frame – our thoughts, identities, emotions, affects, past experiences, and internal frameworks – the narratives of our place in the world. In other words, in the narrative cinema of our lives, "[i]t is montage that converts space into place, that allows for place-making to occur" (Lukinbeal 2010, 19).

Thinking about place and our experiences of being in the world through

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montage, in this edition of *you are here* we asked for contributions that expressed experiences of place through the technique of montage, but also those that illustrate how our experiences of place are always already a montage effect, constructed by selection, variance, the cut, and the unseen. Following precedent, poems, prose essays, and visual art comprise the majority of the selected submissions, all of which were chosen for their ability to impress upon us the fact that montage is not merely a visual device that differentiates art-house from Hollywood cinema, but rather underpins communication itself.

In addition to these exceptionally creative pieces, this year's journal is unique in offering two new formats that, it is our hope, will become commonplace in future editions. First, *the montage effect* is the first *you are here* to include video, made possible by our new website found at www.youareheregeography.com. The second format unique to this year's edition is a set of theoretically grounded essays written by key thinkers working at the intersection of media, art, and geography. We are excited to include these pieces, as they provide a philosophical foundation on which to situate the creative expressions of place and montage. We believe that together, these academic and art pieces elaborate the rich dimensions of montage as both an analytic tool and emotional experience.

The issue has been organized into three sections in order to highlight themes identified throughout the contributions. The first section, *Framing Geographies of Montage*, provides what we see as a series of establishing shots that explore how montage informs conceptualizations and experiences of geography, as well as how montage as technique can be used to express those experiences. The second section, *Montaging Materialities*, explores montage as verb, an ongoing active presence in the world that concatenates lived experiences, the production of space and place, and socio-physical milieus. Finally, in *The Psychic Life of Montage*, contributors consider the nexus of montage, emotion, and event as mediating and being mediated by the self's ever-shifting internal and external negotiations. While it was necessary to organize the journal into sections, it should be noted that we feel that each piece exceeds and challenges these categorizations. We encourage our readers to traverse the journal as they see fit, creating new meanings and their own montage event.

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FRAMING GEOGRAPHIES
OF MONTAGE

Montage *and* Geography, or, Splicing Splace

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"The model for the sciences of matter is the 'origami,' as the Japanese philosopher might say, or the art of folding."

(Deleuze 1993, 6)

"For a hinge-logic, a hinge-style."

(Lyotard 1990, 123)

The words 'montage' and 'geography' are relatively unproblematic; unless, of course, one begins to give them a poke. Montage splices things together and geography splaces them apart (Doel 1999). But yoke them together —'montage and geography'—and those pigs in a poke soon begin to look more like a lobster telephone or an Exquisite Corpse (Doel and Clarke 2007). What could it mean: montage *and* geography? What could it mean to cross cut and half together splicing and splacing? What could it mean to splice splace?

Geography is concerned with space and place, and the neologism 'splace' underscores the fact that space and place must be thought together—whether structurally (Deleuze 2004), dialectically (Doel 2008), deconstructively (Derrida 1981) or algebraically and topologically (Badiou 2009a). No place without

space. No space without place. Space takes place and place takes space, and both of them necessarily take time (pace, lapse, elapse, duration, etc.). Splace is a space-maker/marker, a place-maker/marker, and a pace-maker/marker. Everything is splaced (out) and splayed (out), like an origami fortune-teller manipulated by the double pincers of a lobster God (Deleuze and Guattari 1988). This is why splace is both *intensive*, implicated in itself as a virtual power of differentiation (an enfolded splace), and *extensive*, explicated as an actual power of differenciation (an unfolded splace that will have been splaced out) (Deleuze 1994; Doel 2010). Splace opens up space, place, and time. It unfolds, refolds, and enfolds them (Deleuze 1993). Splace is neither static nor settled. It is mutable and adrift. It is set in motion. Space, place, and time are ineluctably out of joint and ceaselessly carried away. Splace does not so much consist as desist (Derrida 1989). For there is only ever a splace of disadjustment, disarticulation, and disjointure (Krell 1997). "Ex-centric, dis-integrated, dis-located, dis-junucted, deconstructed, dismantled, disassociated, discontinuous, deregulated ... de-,

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[1]All photos by author

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dis-, ex-. These are the prefixes of today" (Tschumi 1994, 225). In other words, geography is not twofold because of the interminable machinations of place and space, but because splacing is displacing. "Any splace is ... the after-effect or *après-coup* of the destruction of another" splace (Badiou 2009a, 264). Hereinafter, geography is swept along by a hundred-thousand lines of flight: *and ... and ... and ...* (Doel 1996).

Montage is the technique of selecting and piecing together separate portions of visual, literary, aural or some other material to form a new composition that is more or less disjointed and dissonant to the eye or ear. Whether cinematic, photographic, literary or musical, montage invariably expresses a jolt and a shock through the combination of differentially charged materials (e.g. to express contrasts, conflicts, contradictions, oppositions or antagonisms) or the excision and condensation of duration and extension (e.g. to express all manner of lapses, elisions, breaks, and ruptures). Montage conveys a sur-plus of material, a sur-plus of articulation, and a sur-plus of sense. It always expresses 'more than' the mere summation of its parts: one *and* one, which, when halved together and spliced together, invariably make more. Montage is expansive, irruptive, and explosive. It bursts forth. Hence the fact that montage resists closure and remains open—to what, precisely? It remains open to difference and repetition; to the insurgent power

of differential repetition (Deleuze 1994). To borrow a fine formulation from Giorgio Agamben (2002, 315), montage is characterized by a double movement of stoppage and repetition: *stoppage* "is the power to interrupt, the 'revolutionary interruption' of which Benjamin spoke;" and *repetition* is the power to render otherwise. Indeed, editing in general, and montage in particular, owe much to that 'great machine' of swift, inflexible, egalitarian, and Enlightened justice: Saint Guillotine. (For example, read Arasse (1991), Gerould (1992), and Wahnich (2012) against the grain.)

So, if montage were to have a maxim, I wager that it would be a revolutionary maxim: "Repeat to differ, to estrange, to problematize, to render otherwise;" rather than a slavish maxim:

"Repeat to return to the same, to return more of the same." Hence the long-standing tendency for montage to be employed by those with a probing, critical, and radical disposition; as well as by those with a surrealist or irrealist bent. Montage is ideal for disturbing, shaking up, and overturning appearances. It cracks open the surface of things: sometimes to expose a hidden depth and the flash of a more or less repressed truth (e.g. ideological critique); and sometimes to return the semblance of sense to the superficial abyss whence it came (e.g. deconstruction). Montage, then, is differential. It differentiates differences (Deleuze 1986, 1989) and dissimilates the givens (Deleuze 1990; Lyotard 1990).

With or without the scar tissue that would mark out the forcibly detached and reattached pieces, montage never entirely forms a whole. "It's still Frankenstein," say Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari (1988, 171). Cut up and stitch up. These are the two gestures of montage: slice and stitch; deterritorialization and reterritorialization; slice and splice. In other words: splace. Montage is "dialectics at a standstill" (Benjamin 1999, 865). Its cut-up method eludes the present and endures in what Badiou (2009a) calls the '*outplace*,' that a-spatial and an-algebraic void that perpetually threatens to deconstruct and shatter the order of things. If montage is indeed 'dialectics at a standstill,' then this dialectic takes the form of "the outplace against the splace" (Badiou 2009a, 11). It

expresses the force of an Event from nowhere that compels the order of things to deconsist and desist. "The outplace includes itself destructively in the splace that excludes it" (Badiou 2009a, 89). What was nothing, what counted for nothing, will come to take all. This is the axiom on which both deconstruction and revolution pivot.

"The metaphysical error *par excellence* is to have identified the non-existent as nothingness. Because the point is that the non-existent *is*. That is why proletarians, who non-exist, can argue, on the basis of their being, that 'We are nothing, let us be all.' That is the very definition of Revolution: a non-existent uses its being-multiple in order to declare that it will exist in the absolute sense. To be nothing is to non-exist in a way specific to a determinate world or place." (Badiou 2009b, 140–141)

If one were to ask, once again, what 'montage *and* geography' might mean, then we have sketched out the semblance of a answer. Since montage is the '*and*' of splicing together, and geography is the '*and*' of splacing out, then 'montage *and* geography' is simply '*and ... and ... and ...*' (along with its diabolical echo: '*but ... but ... but ...*'). Their world is a special Kafkaesque effect of labyrinthine encounters, of disjunctive synthesis, of guillotine splicing, which is both smoothed and striated (Deleuze and Guattari 1988), and lent consistency, but only ever inconsistently (Badiou 2005, 2009c). It stutters

and stammers: *and ... and ... and ...* (Doel 2001). And the force of the encounter offers nothing but an aleatory drift. Hereinafter, the task is "[n]ot to maintain together the disparate, but to put ourselves there where the disparate itself *holds together*, without wounding the dis-jointure, the dispersion, or the difference, without effacing the heterogeneity of the other" (Derrida 1994, 29). For "it's along this line of flight that things come to pass, becomings evolve, revolutions take place. ... An and, and, and which each time marks a new threshold, a new direction of the broken line, a new course for the border" (Deleuze 1995, 45). When all is said and done, then, '*and*' and '*but*' are the passwords and buzzwords of both montage and geography, of both splicing and splacing, of the splay of the world. Cast of the die. Each is "the crystal of the total event" through which one may glimpse "the cracking open of natural teleogy" (Benjamin 1999, 461 and xi, respectively).

Montage *and* geography. Splice *and* splace. Splicing splace: *and ... and ... and ...*; *but ... but ... but ...* This fractured, differential, and schizoid line cracks open and shatters the apparent order of things. But since both montage and geography are held under tension, they open up a spliced splacing that is twisted and tortuous. So, in the scrumpled splace of montage and geography, not only does one "indeed find folds everywhere" (Deleuze 1995, 156), but the imperative is to "never miss a twist or a fold" (Derrida 1989, 10).

Finally, if you want to catch sight of a spliced splace, then you need look no further than a dash around a street corner or a glance in a rear-view mirror (Doel and Clarke 2007). Or, perhaps look no further than my favourite spliced space of all: Robert Coover's short story, 'Playing House,' which appears in the collection, *A Child Again*.

> "Once there was a house, … which was struck by a hurricane and turned inside out, the outside closed within it, its own dimensions infinite and unknowable at what was once the core, more like the edge. Those within moved out, which of course was further in, and there they built a new house looking out in all directions upon the inverted old. Over time, they enlarged the house and as they added rooms, the old house gradually backed away and faded out of sight." (Coover 2005, 65)
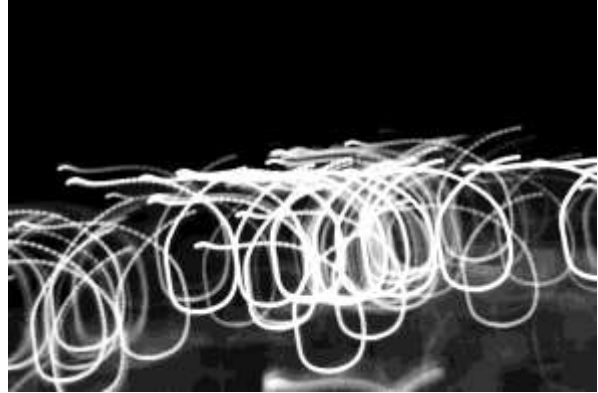
... which reminds me of a beautiful lithograph by Ian Hamilton Finlay's (1987, with Gary Hincks) entitled "Both the Garden Style ..." Cinematic geographers of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your guillotine splicers, swords of justice, and great portrait machines. Cast of the die. Fall of the blade. "'Let us para-be,' that is our war cry. And better yet: 'We are nothing, let us para-be the Whole'" (Badiou 2009a, 124). Let us be terrible in deed.

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WRITE A REVIEW

Rachel Z. Arndt
Creative Non-Fiction
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Which Business Would You Like to Review?

1. Search for business
2. Select the business
3. Write your review!

When driving from New York to Iowa City, stop in Chicago for the night. Drop off some tote bags, pack some bedside tables. Onward. The drive requires two highways, the first named after John F. Kennedy, the second named after numbers.

TIRE TREAD UNDER THE AURORA TOLL PLAZA'S ELECTRONIC TOLLING CAMERAS

★

The highway thralls forward and does not slice the horizon so much as call for it. With no trees to suspend the air, the emptiness streams westward, asking me to practice a different centering, one where I rearrange the scenery until it can hold what I had been calling origin. Chicago recedes behind me, its urban noise reduced to truck sound, wheels humming violently against the flatness. There is no in between, only in, a land that flexes in front of the driver.

SIGN FOR CHAMPION SEED

★

The seeds grow better than anything natural. They have "top-performing genetics" for "many tillable acres." Their DNA is stronger, suited to the violent drought-flood cycle, an exchange like that between a man and a woman shouting until they're not, until one is suddenly atop the other and you can't tell whose voice is whose. The seeds are blind to the origins of this place: Jacques Marquette came from the east not with the intention of settling but conquering. He thought the animals would be bigger out here because the travelers who'd claimed to have come eastward said so. And so there were giants, like some awful colonization of every place I've known, or a calculated reminder that place involves people and people rupture.

★★

What filled the void I left in the Midwest for eight years was not much: nostalgia for the present, shifted westward; a shifting New York.

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I expected infinite horizon, and the land gave it to me. I expected abundance, and the earth shot everywhere. Where cows roam I smile and wait for the chewing to stop. One thing to think about when you come here is what hasn't come with: You don't find the subway everywhere. This is a symptom. The corn monolith spreads. This too is a symptom. The monolithic New York never was, so you need to construct it. I made a mistake thinking the land vast and deadened by factories; here, all that's living really isn't and makes me sway for sidewalks and concrete train platforms. What filled the void I left in New York was boiling pressure: Once you leave, you never come back. The grid in the middle strings you up and asks, politely, if you will please stay.

★★★★★

I see it more as a marker for improper definitions, almost a mythology. Like, what happens when the Midwest you were talking about on the right side of the map is not really the Midwest that sits in

the middle? I mean that it belongs to the right side and not the middle. It is a distortion. By the place and in the person within the place. Against the place: There are so many people who prop up their hatred of New York by making where they're from into fictions. I think maybe the other reviewers are having this problem, this not-seeing or at least this New York-prodded temporary blindness. That's the only time we

really see the first person—in her disdain for where she lived masked as an in-awe-of-perfection gaze at where she came from—and where she knows she'll end up. But the joke's on her because when she gets there it'll be unlike anything she's seen and so will she.

Pigs' smell

★★★★★

The thing about all the other reviews of pigs' smell that bothers me is how everyone else seems to be in search of some personal justification. As if the review could express something more than a justification of the pigs' smell. You are not SPECIAL! You are not MEANINGFUL! You were not meant to smell the swine with your boyfriend to find that you LOVE him, nor were you meant to smell the swine because it's been on your list for ages. You came here because you came here. I too am not on assignment. But let ME tell YOU: As far as fables go, the way pigs smell is a damn good one.

Corn

★★

The problem with corn is quantity. The husks rising from the earth, the kernels inside. It's crowded in a corn. What I'm trying to tell you is I miss New York, and I'm not supposed to. All

those individual kernels so frighteningly bundled up in stalks in mazes make me think of the subway, obviously, and the apartments, and the people on the street and how I would chant "idiots, idiots" on the subway stairs but be glad to be surrounded by so many of them. I can't hear the corn hitting the wind, or the wind hitting the corn, only the concrete highway hum. I knew there was lots of corn here, but this is overwhelming: It's too much. I was from the Midwest before and now on return I wonder if I really could be from a place where there is such abundance, like the ground has been stimulated by some god to *produce*, if I could be from a place that's so opposite where I've been and where I've been surprisingly happy, considering my disdain for the crowds and the movement and the urge to be busy. These corn stalks are busy growing and I'm finally here to hear them, and amidst the landscape's painful infinitude I feel the solitary pull of New York, where there was no solitude, or where there was solitude everywhere among the throngs of humanity.

★

I am back here, and I am unsure.

★★★★

I will trade you half a cob for a dip in a butter vat. It's not artisanal but it's salty. It'll remind you of the difference between "waiting in line" and "waiting on line." The difference is empathy. Mississippi River

★★★★★

But I have never been propelled across the Mississippi. Spilling over the bridge—because it is an arced bridge, because it is a bridge that rises then falls, because it is a bridge—is spilling over.

★

The bridge above it lets you coast too much on the way down. It says: Heap on the gravity, lest you forget you've crossed a border, one of the old-fashioned jagged ones drawn by geography.

★★

Drunk and wearing a dress, I wanted a shortcut home. I climbed the Gowanus Canal bridge. Things were going well, and that worried me. Which is to say good, the bridge exists: I am on one side and then the other. But that one was not so high, whereas the Mississippi tries to convince me I'm looking at a photo. So used to seeing myself flipped in the mirror, I can't remember which side I part my hair on. Or why I devalued this grid system in terms of the other when both have their merits. The river tells me to forget choosing because it's always a positioning of relativities: that side versus this one, and which came first. If the rest of the reviewers would just listen and visit, they'd see

fields swept through a telescope. The fields only look that way; when I get to what the lens was pointing at, I find false walls, no life in sight.

★★

Happy in Brooklyn but growing Midwestern blindness. All this against the East River, its swimming ferry more than any boat I'd seen on this tangled channel since, after all, this is the first time I've gone westward by land.

★★

The soybean field with furrows sliced keeps itself afloat. Upriver there is runoff, and the banks sag. Farther down some intersection of supply and demand: The sewage from Chicago, diverted from that city's great lake, joins in. I was never sure why the East River was so filthy, and I blamed the Hudson on New Jersey. In Chicago, I explained, we make sure to pump the dirt out. But I did not explain that out was still within, still hugged by the country's middle.

GAS PUMP LEVER LOCK

★★

Here the opposite of what is familiar is what is familiar. I am struggling to translate: The plants are bigger and there are more of them than I could ever have told about, the sky is grayer and brighter and almost blinding in its intense

fulfillment of nothingness, the flatness arches and dips; it writhes. I have to reconfigure these fields so they are not first blown through New York, so they are not first cut into lines and inhaled for euphoria but instead are scattered and lost and picked up in whiteness.

★★★★★

I have always wondered why some gas pumps have those little levers that hold the handle up so you can pump the gas without doing any actual pumping or squeezing and why some gas pumps don't offer such a charming metal convenience. If you are dumb enough to get back in your car while the gas is still flowing and try to drive away—i.e. if you forget why you're parked next to a giant piece of machinery on a lot with the sweet smell of petroleum and decide that forgetting means you shouldn't be parked there and should be driving—then you should not be pumping gas. In New York it's against the law for gas pumps to have these locks, but in Illinois and Iowa, two lands of plenty, I can laze all I want while gas shoots into my car, no hands required.

COWS

★★★★★

I want to *consume* the Midwest. Cows are well-suited for this: You can consume them in

17

watching them stupidly wander, watching their gigantic cuteness spread across fields; you can consume them by eating, or by wearing. They are good at what they do, and here, now, what they do is let me back in to a fantasy I've been building for eight years.

★★★

These cows are not quite right. Shouldn't they be facing the same direction? Shouldn't they be spotted, or at least posing for milk cartons? The closer I get to them, the more they look like cows; that is, the more I am convinced that they actually are cows. But I sense they're different from the ones I grew up with—perhaps because I did not actually grow up with cows, or thinking of them much, except for their meat and liquid components. Like they're wearing cow masks, yes, that's it, like they're wearing cow masks because they're robots dressed as cows, some of them, and they are so good they've convinced not only the other cows that they're the same flesh but also themselves.

"Exit 244"

★★★★★

In 2004 construction crews began replacing highway signs whose text is written in Highway Gothic with Clearview-typefaced ones. I haven't navigated in a while. Perhaps easier to read (you see shapes, not individual letters) but perhaps misspelled. Revulsion is not repulsion, but from far away the p's tail drops off and it's all wrongly familiar.

★

The road lines seem to be narrowing, or maybe disappearing. It's hard to see because my windshield is fogged up, and I can't remember whether hot air or cold air defogs, so I figure it's best to just focus on breathing.

CONSTRUCTION CONES MARKING DUBUQUE ST. LANE CLOSURE

★

What happens when you move to a place where *everything* carries multiple meanings? Obviously things make us think of other things, but it's almost unbearable when *every* thing calls to mind tons of other things. The cones want to be decentered. Can I say they ask for it? At least that they assert being markers of something that they're not: The cone is not constructed where it stands for construction. It is a bad metaphor, one that is its own undoing, the cone falling in on itself, no longer marking where I should go but just showing me where I should not. The cone leads constantly to more metaphor, to substitutions of substitutions, which give me, while driving, the false hope of replacing the sensation of things with the things themselves. I

feel as if I am moving but I do not grasp what it is to move, to glide on pavement or between cities. I can watch the cone substitute itself for something else, and I can substitute that something else for even more something else, but I will never understand what it really is to be a cone marking off a construction area, or, for that matter, to be a driver marking off some path someone may know.

★★

It's too orange. Or maybe I'm being condescending. After all, the leaves here are quite lovely. The way the road turns gently is an easing. But I'm bound to worry at my cuticles, since here, apart or adrift, or just moving on a parallel that stops short, nothing counts. This space and time are removed, blasted from the vacuum and air-dried to stiff perfection. The cones are consonant with building.

The Bathos of Distance

David B. Clarke
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"It became apparent that through montage it was possible to create a new earthly terrain that did not exist anywhere."

(Kuleshov 1974 [1929], 52).

The term 'creative geography,' attributed to the Soviet pioneer of cinematic montage, Lev Kuleshov, is intended to capture the capacity of continuity editing to bring into view new worlds. Like many filmmaking techniques – the tracking shot; stop-motion; etc. –, what retrospectively seems unremarkable was initially far from obvious and arose almost entirely fortuitously.

> All the fundamental principles of montage … were first used by me in the film *Engineer Prite's Project* [1917–1918]. In shooting *Engineer Prite's Project* we encountered a certain difficulty. It was necessary for our leading characters, a father and his daughter, to walk across a meadow and look at a pole from which electrical cables were strung. Due to technical circumstances, we were not able to shoot all this at the same location. We had to shoot the pole in one location and separately shoot the father and daughter in another place. We shot them looking upward, talking about the pole and walking on. We intercut the shot of the pole, taken elsewhere, into the walk across the meadow. (Kuleshov 1974, 51)

Whilst Kuleshov cannot claim sole credit for developing such techniques, his conceptual leap towards 'creative geography' is nonetheless noteworthy: 'In simply matching the spatial cues of an actor's movements, the movements within the film frame suggested that disparate locales constitute a contiguous space for the duration of the editing sequence's linear continuity in its dramatic action' (Goodwin 1993, 34). The imputed sense of 'linear continuity' and a 'contiguous space' perhaps sounds closer to the 'narrative space' of classic Hollywood cinema – which Heath (1981) decried as an ideological means of interpolating the viewer in an illusory position of mastery – than it does to the Soviet tradition of montage. The latter sought not to efface but to foreground both cinema's productive apparatus and the constructed nature of the image – destabilizing the viewer's position, defamiliarizing received understandings, and thus provoking thought and action.

In theorizing film as montage, early Soviet cinema emphasized form over content. Indeed, Kuleshov's most famous experiment sought to demonstrate that the juxtaposition of shots had a determinate effect on their perceived content. The so-called 'Kuleshov effect' refers to reported audience responses to a series of filmic experiments conducted in the 1910s and 1920s (see Tsivian et al. 1996); notably, in relation to spectators' perceptions of the acting prowess of

Ivan Mozhukhin (a romantic lead of Tsarist cinema) in one particular short experimental film. Comprised solely of found footage, Kuleshov's film intercut the same stock footage of Mozhukhin – in close-up and maintaining a relatively neutral facial expression – with a bowl of soup; the body of a child in a coffin; and a woman on a divan. Viewers reputedly detected in Mozhukhin's unchanging 'performance' the subtle emoting of pensive hunger; profound sorrow; and libidinous desire, respectively. Such is the power of montage – not least because the world itself possesses a montage-like quality, as Sergei Eisenstein sought to demonstrate both in his filmmaking practice and his theoretical writings (Eisenstein 1949).

For Eisenstein, an 'architectural assemblage' is 'a montage from the point of view of a moving spectator, but if the spectator cannot move, he has to gather in one point the elements of that which is dispersed in reality, unseizable to a single gaze' (cited by Bois; see Eisenstein et al. 1989, 110). By extension, 'Cinematographic montage is, too, a means to 'link' in one point – the screen – various elements (fragments) of a phenomenon filmed in diverse dimensions, from diverse points of view' (*ibid.*). Now, Lefebvre (1991, 96) typically railed against the false power of the image: 'Where there is error or illusion, the image is more likely to secrete it and reinforce it than to reveal it.' Montage hardly escapes Lefebvre's opprobrium: 'Cutting things up and rearranging them, *découpage* and *montage*

– these are the alpha and omega of the art of image-making,' Lefebvre (*ibid.*, 97) complained, on the grounds that exhibiting fragmentation 'fetishizes abstraction and imposes it as the norm' (*ibid*). Yet Lefebvre grants a notable exception to the 'dialectical montage' practised in early Soviet cinema, insofar as its express purpose was to render abstraction tangible, even visceral. 'Eisenstein was able to shatter photographic realism, treating images not as mere reflections of objects but as the raw material for the world of art; through montage he achieved a reality which was far more profound than immediate reality, making room in his images for the imaginary, for fiction, for emotion, for thought' (Lefebvre 1995, 107). Whilst dialectical montage – exposing contradictions as a way of prompting forms of consciousness that might effect their resolution – invokes a particular image of time (as well as envisioning a particular role for art), what of Benjamin's (1999, 462 [N2a, 3]) recognition that the 'image is dialectics at a standstill' or his notion of the 'dialectical image … flashing up in the now of its recognizability' (*ibid.,* 473 [N9, 7])?

Benjamin's conception rests not merely on the subjection of temporality to a kind of spectral decomposition but also – especially – to a temporally aligned rearticulation of space defined in visual terms. It relates to the awakening of consciousness that Benjamin associated with the 'pathos of nearness' (*Pathos*

der Nähe) (Benjamin 1999, 545 [S1a, 3]); a notion marking a contrast with the appeal to 'empathy' implicit in the distant gaze (*Fernsicht*) of Romanticism: a gaze transfixed on the eternity of history. As Doherty (2006, 160) avers, 'Benjamin invokes montage in connection with his efforts to produce a heightened perceptibility or vividness (*gesteigerte Anschaulichkeit*)' that appeals to a conception of history as 'a structure whose site is not homogeneous, empty time, but time filled by the presence of the now [*Jetztzeit*]' (Benjamin 1968a, 261). Such an appeal is evident in Benjamin's famous passage in convolute N of *The Arcades Project*:

> It's not that what is past casts its light on what is present, or what is present its light on the past; rather, image is that wherein what has been comes together in a flash with the now to form a constellation. In other words, image is dialectics at a standstill. For while the relation of the present to the past is a purely temporal, continuous one, the relation of what-has-been to the now is dialectical: is not progression but image, suddenly emergent. (Benjamin 1999, 462 [N2a, 3])

In a detailed exposition of this conception, Pensky (2004, 177) begins by rhetorically posing a series of questions: 'What possible philosophy of history could explicate the difference between the past and "what-has-been," between the present and the "now"? What could it mean to claim that an alternative version of historical happening depends on a "flash" of synthesis between what has been and a

now?' Starting from a discussion of the role of montage in the films of Guy Debord, Agamben (2002) undertakes an explication that points up the resonance between the conditions of possibility of cinema and Benjamin's conception of history.

For Benjamin (1999, 471 [N8, 1]), 'history is not simply a science but also and not least a form of remembrance [*Eingedenken*]. What science has "determined;" remembrance can modify. Such mindfulness can make the incomplete (happiness) into something complete, and the complete (suffering) into something incomplete.' If this initially appears enigmatic, its sense becomes apparent as soon as one comes to recognize that 'that's also the definition of cinema,' Agamben (2002, 316) proposes. In its capacity to cut and reconnect, to repeat and differ, cinema 'restores the possibility of what was, renders it possible anew' (*ibid.*, 316). Indeed, cinema is a machine harnessing the 'capacity to de-create the real' (*ibid*, 318); subjecting what has become ossified and obdurate to 'the dynamite of the tenth of a second' (Benjamin 1968b, 236; cf. Canales 2009). After Benjamin, 'The camera was no longer an instrument that recorded presences, it was a way of making the world disappear, a technique for encountering the invisible' (to recontextualize a formulation from Auster (1992, 64)). And therein 'lies the proximity of repetition and memory [*Eingedenken*]. Memory cannot give us back what was…. Instead,

memory restores possibility to the past … makes the unfulfilled into the fulfilled and the fulfilled into the unfulfilled' (Agamben 2002, 316). Cinema deterritorializes and reterritorializes. It creates a new earthly terrain.

Another way of putting this is to recognize that 'memory is not an instrument for e x p l o r i n g t h e p a s t , b u t r a t h e r a medium' (Benjamin 2005, 576).

> It is the medium of that which is experienced, just as the earth is the medium in which ancient cities lie buried. He who seeks to approach his own buried past must conduct himself like a man digging. Above all, he must not be afraid to return again and again to the same matter; to scatter it as one scatters earth, to turn it over as one turns over soil. For the 'matter itself' is no more than the strata which yield their long-sought secrets only to the most meticulous investigation. That is to say, they yield those images that, severed from all earlier associations, reside as treasures in the sober rooms of our later insights. (*ibid.*)

On this archaeological conception of history, Benjamin's sense of 'nearness' resurfaces in a manner apposite to montage: no longer beholden to the metric of the near and far; just as the 'now' of *Jetztzeit* is no longer coincident with the present; nor the past with 'what-has-been' (in the sense of being over and done with, dead and buried). Proximity has become a mode of appearance: the 'distant' is shrouded in the aura of history; the 'near' is an unearthing, the excavation of a trace. 'The trace is appearance of a nearness, however far removed the thing that left it behind may be. The aura is appearance of a distance, however close the thing that calls it forth. In the trace, we gain possession of the thing; in the aura, it takes possession of us' (Benjamin 1999, 467 [M1 6a, 4]).

There is one final sense in which this scrambling of frames of reference reaches beyond any possible subsumation of montage within the confines of a given metric, which Lyotard (2011) broaches in relation to Freud's essay, 'A child is being beaten' (*S.E. xvii*). Freud's essay presents a montage of multiple identifications entailed by one particular fantasy, in turn recalling Lacan's (1979, 169) conception that 'the drive is a *montage* … in the sense in which one speaks of a *montage* in a surrealist collage.' Lacan's point concerns the distinction between instinct (*Instinkt*) and drive (*Trieb*). Instinct is far from montage-like, amounting to an automated response (such as the pupil contacting in bright light), which coordinates the body and the world in a sensori-motor fashion (after the model of a pre-programmed thermostat). In contrast, the four constituents of the drive – source, pressure, aim, and object – are, like montage, heterogeneous and fundamentally uncoordinated (akin to the blueprint of a prototype desiring-machine: 'the resulting image would show the working of a dynamo connected up to a gas-tap, a peacock's feather emerges, and tickles the belly of a pretty woman' (*ibid.*)). But whilst, for the most part, 'Stage and screen – that is, the representational frame – come with the drama,' Lyotard (2011,

348) is concerned to point up an instance of fantasy where the image 'envelops the subject, who cannot get it within his sights:'

> This envelopment must not be conceived of as a spatial inherency within a montage in a three-dimensional space. It is rather a matter of the coexistence of mutually exclusive points of view. Such a coexistence finds plastic expression in the aerial view of 'interworld' cities and rooms drawn by Paul Klee. Such aerial views imply an exploded subject, incapable of locating himself, and a non-place where something may take place. (*ibid.*)

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THE MACHINE IN THE GARDEN
FRAMING THE AGRICULTURAL LANDSCAPE

Holly Grace Nelson

Triptych: A picture or carvings in three compartments side by side, especially for an altar.

<div align="right">Webster's Collegiate Dictionary</div>

Multiple-panel artworks are the predecessors to cinematic montage. Before the advent of cinema, artworks comprised of multiple images attempted to cross time, space, and movement to manipulate meaning and engage the viewer in narrative. Prior to the invention of the camera, drawing captured an image. Triptychs and predellas (small-scale narrative paintings along the bottom of the altarpiece) often depicted religious narratives through a succession of images.

I began a graphic interpretation of the agricultural landscape after re-reading Leo Marx's *The Machine in the Garden*. Marx posited in 1963 that the machine has been used to alter the American landscape, even referring to America as "the world's most productive machine"--suggested by "the recurrent image of the machine's sudden entrance into the landscape." (343)

In *The Machine in the Garden*, Marx probes America's relationship to nature in literature from Shakespeare's "The Tempest"

through Hawthorn, Emerson, Thoreau, and Fitzgerald, stopping short of World War II. He juxtaposes the pastoral against the wild.

Marx's American pastoral history stops just short of the transfiguring moment: The American agricultural landscape was powerfully transformed as a result of technological advancements related to the World Wars, from the Haber-Bosch process (and its relationship to man-made fertilizers, mustard gas, and the gas chambers of Auschwitz) to armored cars. As war technology was adapted to a peacetime economy, the machine entered the farm with a vengeance, but society was largely inattentive.

My graphic exploration of the agricultural landscape began at the college farm at Rutgers, a land grant college devoted to "the teaching of practical agriculture, science, military science and engineering" under The Morrill Act of 1862. This farm is located on-campus adjacent to student dorms. It is a main entry onto campus. Yet few students are cognizant of the farm--maybe because it is a place of work.

The act of making several drawings at the farm enabled me to "see" the farm and its interstitial spaces. Did my pastoral inclinations blind me to what was before my eyes?

I began by drawing tractors—the quintessential machine in the garden, but I wanted to also include the pastoral—the animals and fields. Pulling off the entrance drive, I sat in a folding chair and drew what was in front of me --the feeding apparatus for pigs and for cattle. The final composition, Industrial Agricultural Triptych, combines the industrialized animal farm scenes with monoculture row-cropping.

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Granaries, charcoal on paper
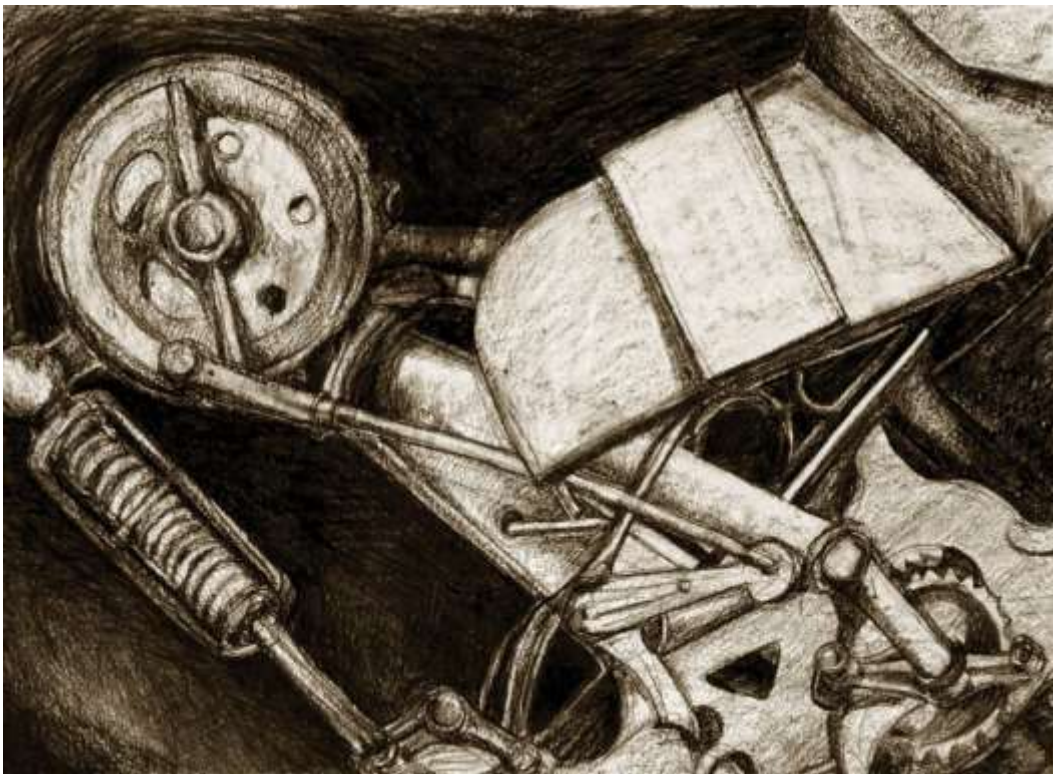
Cultivator Gears, charcoal on paper

Tractor Detail, china pencil and black cardboard
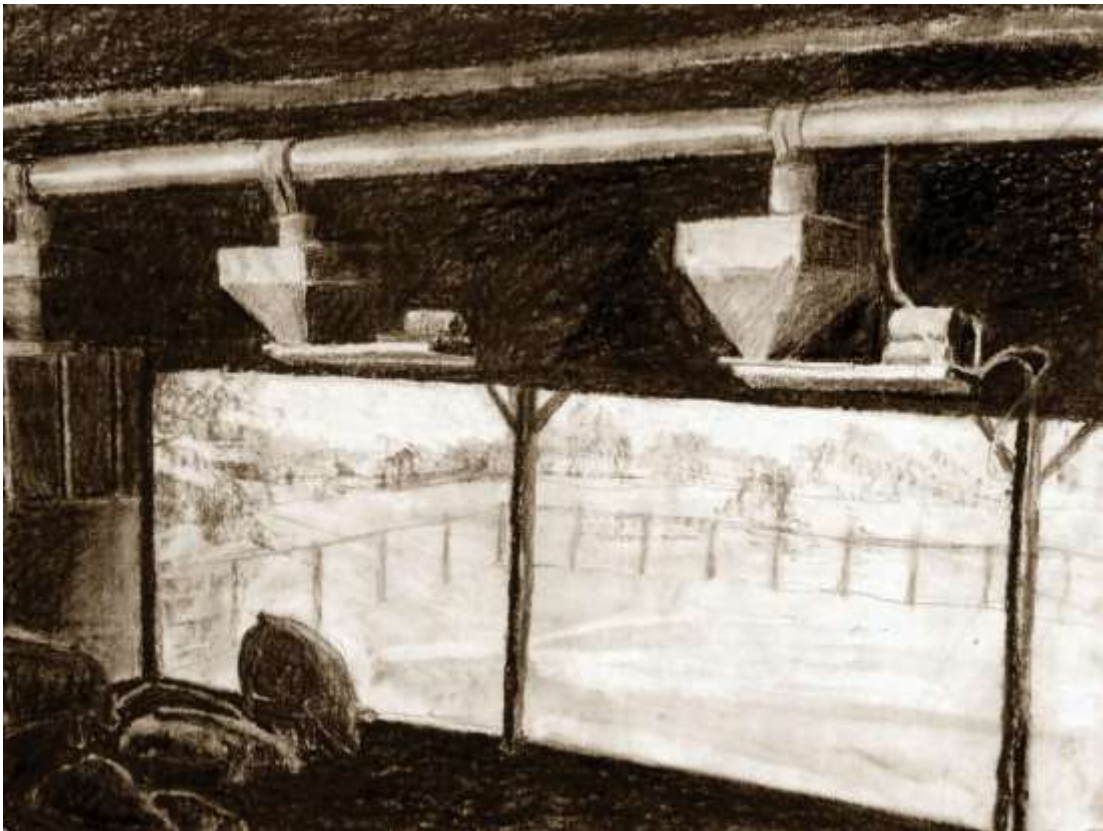
Pigsty Feeders, charcoal on paper
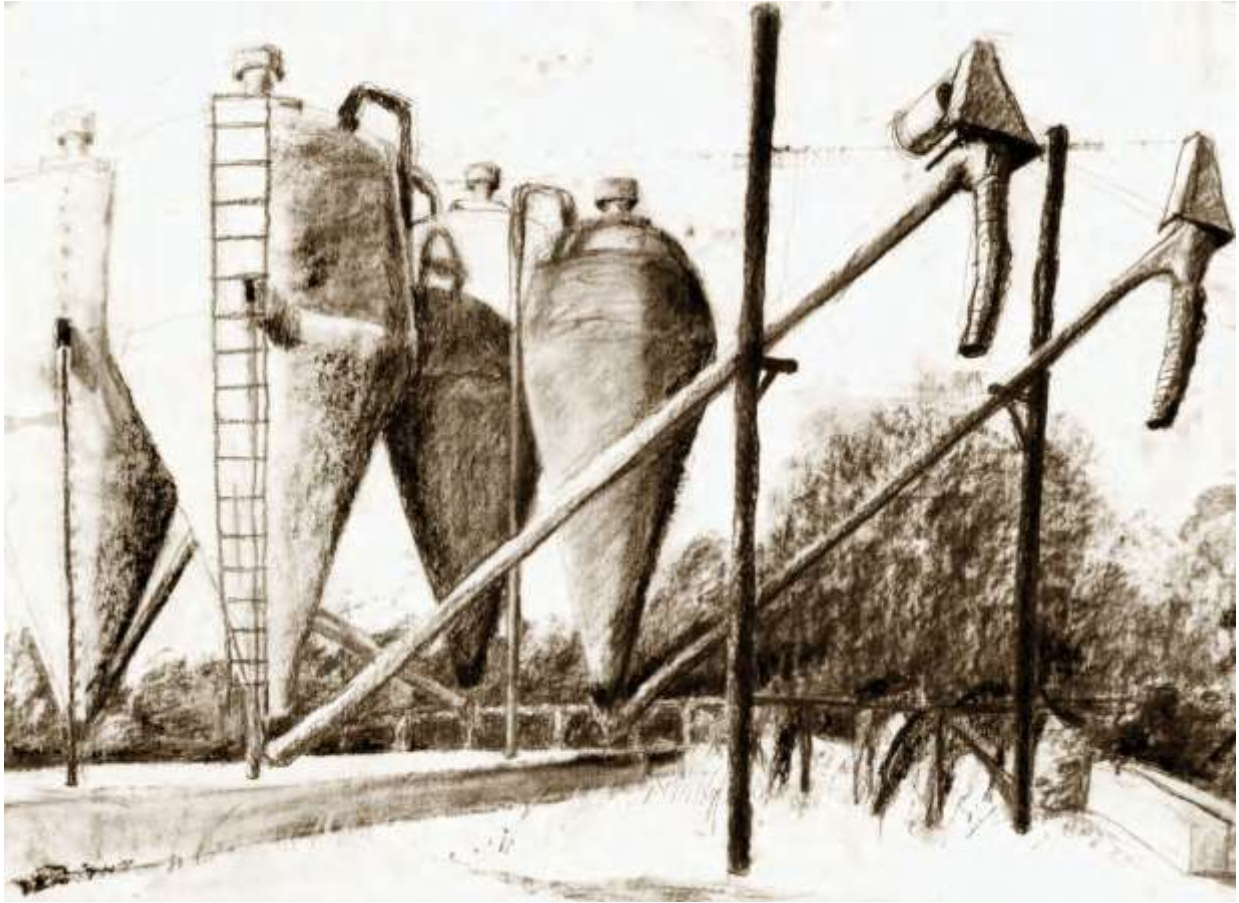
Cattle Feeders, charcoal on paper

Tractor Predella, charcoal on paper
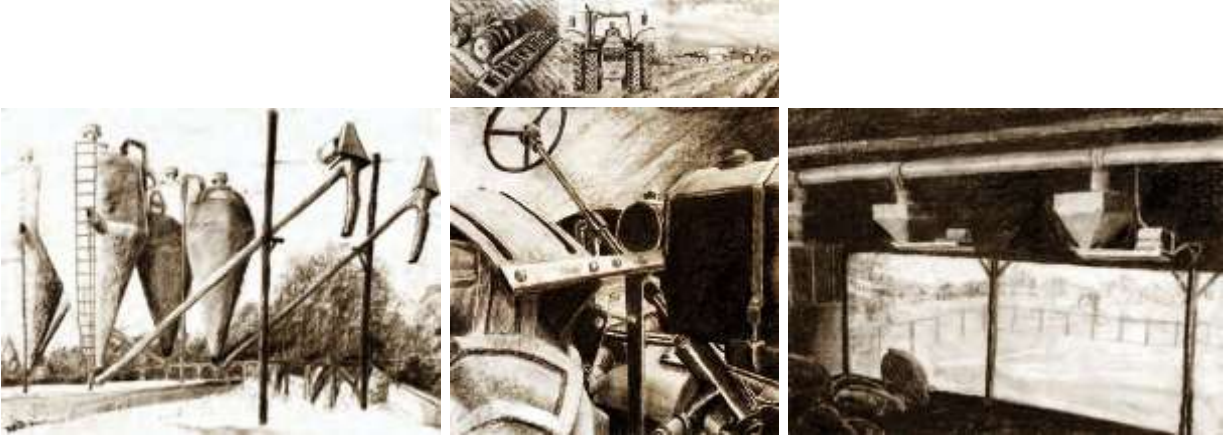
Industrial Agriculture Triptych, charcoal on paper

FROM SPLICE TO DEHISCENCE:
PUMMELING SPACE THROUGH THE CINEMATIC EVENT

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Theories of montage invariably stress the difference between at least two types of splices. Rational cuts – so-called Hollywood-style "invisible editing" – are designed to smooth out the transitions between shots in order to create a sequential and teleologically-driven causal narrative through which the spectator is "sutured" into the protagonists subjective "viewing-views." Alternatively we have a more self-reflexive, meta-communicative form which stresses the constructed nature of the medium, typically associated with Soviet montage and the impact of Brechtian alienation techniques on the French New Wave. In the case of the former – what Gilles Deleuze calls the movement-image – the momentum of motor-action moves us quickly and easily across cuts and splices, linking segments and sequences in a fluid, mechanistic continuity driven by cause and effect relations. Thus a character leaves a room, we cut to them stepping into the street, and we make the necessary linkages to assume that the character has "gone outside." If we then cut to them sitting in the back of a taxi, it is not difficult to assume that they are on their way somewhere.

However, what happens when this degree of motor-connection breaks down? What if we find it difficult to link together scenes in a logical continuity? We become more aware of the cut and splice *between* scenes than the scenes themselves. The latter become autonomous and self-contained, forcing us to read continuity as a disjuncture – as in the case of Dziga Vertov's *The Man With a Movie Camera* where the director inserts shots of the audience viewing and the editor editing the film we are watching, thereby creating a split between diegetic and exegetic points-of-view. In fact, in extreme cases – Alain Resnais's *Last Year at Marienbad* or Chris Marker's *La Jetée* – the sheer discontinuity produced by motor breakdown opens up the gap of the irrational cut – the interstice – as itself the immanent content of the film as (a) Whole.

Hamlet's famous observation that, 'Time is out of joint' can be read simply as temporal discontinuity, but also in its more literal sense of a dehiscence, in that time has escaped out of the 'between of the joint', like blood escaping from the sutures of a wound, disclosing the immanent, ever-changing temporal Whole that is usually covered up by the smooth sequencing of montage itself. It is the autonomy of the interstice that allows immanence – Bergsonian difference-in-kind as a durational multiplicity –

to well up from below. This is what Deleuze calls the time-image: cinema as a multiplicity, cinema *as* becoming-difference. It is only discernible because of the false movement that the montage of the time-image makes manifest, for 'aberrant movement speaks up for an anteriority of time that it presents to us directly, on the basis of the disproportion of scales, the dissipation of centres and the false continuity of the images themselves' (Deleuze 1989, 37). With modern cinema we see the sensory-motor schema shattered from the inside.

This has far greater philosophical ramifications than simply creating a disjuncture in the smooth spatial continuity of the movement-image, for this demolition of the subject-object binary creates nothing less than a Deleuzian *event*, which is simultaneously both an invention and an erasure, a virtual affect that simultaneously creates and pummels space. As Tom Conley explains, "The interstice is the interval turned into something infraliminary in a continuum in which an event can no longer be awarded the stability of a 'place' in the space of the image. The interstice becomes what exhausts – and thereby creates – whatever space remains of the image in the sensory-motor tradition. It supersedes the interval and, by doing so, multiplies the happenings of events" (Conley 2000, 320).

It's also important to note that the interstice/event isn't necessarily tied to the material splice between shots. It can also take the form of tearing hiatuses and holes (in the form of silences) in the surface of the sound and image track as a means of triggering the incommensurable event that is itself a form of unrepresentable space-time on a stratified plane of immanence (Deleuze's Stoic-inspired time of Aion that connects past, present and future as pure becoming). Using silence to construct bridges across and between consistencies is a common tactic in Godard – *Vivre sa Vie*, *Bande a Part,* but also a staple of experimental films such as Hollis Frampton's *Zorns Lemma* and the work of James Benning. In such cases, what remains is less causal relations than longitudes and latitudes, haecceities, non-subjectified affects and collective assemblages; in short a war machine of displaced affects, a smooth space of continuous deterritorialization always searching for the limits of an absolute outside.

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Digital Cinema, Montage and Other Visualities

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Digital technology is enabling a reconceptualization of film and cinema. The pliability of digital media opens up, particularly, the theory and practice of montage to revision. This pliability allows for cheap and easy copying and combining of images, and, relatedly, the transition from film frame to digital screen provides a less precious and more flexible creative space for filmmakers. In my documentary, *Comic Book City, Portland, Oregon USA* (2012), I leverage these qualities of digital media to experiment with aspects of both cinematic and comic book visualities to create a different sense of montage than the one historically associated with film.

In film studies and criticism, the term 'montage' is used in a number of ways. Generally, the word may simply be a synonym for editing, suggesting nothing more than a series of shots assembled into a desired order. In more particular terms, the word may refer to a dialectical philosophy of editing aimed at creating new meaning from the deliberate juxtaposition of images, or to an aesthetic practice of combining several short shots so as to compress the presentation of information to viewers. Philosophically, montage may also be seen as an alternative to 'continuity editing.'

Whereas 'montage' in this sense works via the differences between edited images, 'continuity' functions to smooth out those differences (see Monaco 2000, 216-217 and Clarke and Doel 2007, 598). Whether used more generally or in a more specific manner, the dominant, and historical, practice of montage entails the arrangement of images into a linear sequence such that shots are viewed one after the other in a series.

The dominance of this practice can be related to the relatively fragile, inflexible, and expensive nature of film as a physical medium. These qualities limit, and constitute incentives to limit, the number and nature of cuts that can be effectively made before combining shots (Ganz and Khatib 2006, 24-25). The way in which movies are viewed, or, 'read,' by running reels of film through a projector, also influences the dominance of linear sequencing in cinema (Dittmer 2010, 226). As noted in the "Call for Submissions" for the current issue of this journal (http://geography.arizona.edu/youarehere), and following Doel and Clarke (2007), cinema, and montage in particular, is not simply a form of art, but is part of the "optical unconscious" that informs how the world is seen and experienced by human geographers and other social

scientists, as well as in everyday encounters, whether in the theater or on city streets (see 893 and 896-897). Dittmer (2010) suggests that human geographers consider comics as a related or alternative 'visuality' for understanding how the world can be encountered as montage.

represents, "a singular moment in time (or nearly singular, usually 1/24 of a second)" (229). The comics 'frame', the panel, by contrast, is "of indeterminate duration" (229). Drawing on, particularly, Thierry Groensteen's *The System of Comics* (2007), Dittmer argues for comics as an
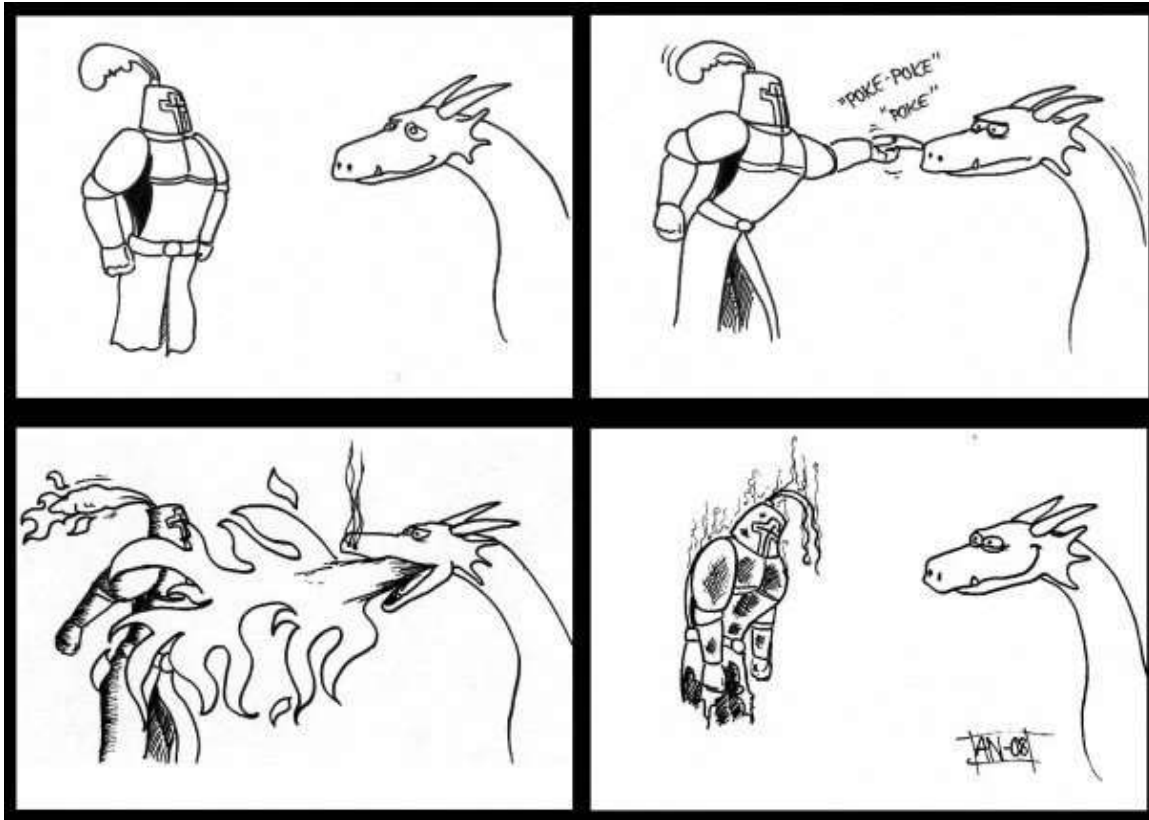
Figure 1: Comics: panel and page, "Knight and Dragon" by Dwarven Architect. [Used here under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 license via http://dwarvenarchitect.deviantart.com/art/Comic-Knight-and-Dragon-100154955]

Dittmer notes that, largely due to the aforementioned 'preciousness' of film as a physical medium, the visuality and practice of montage in cinema, and with film, has been limited to, "a certain rigidity of form and standardisation of film speed" (2010, 223). He notes, for example, that the film frame

alternate reference for montage because the form allows for greater, "possibilities of simultaneity and polyphony" (223).

As with film, comics are typically read with an assumption of narrative coherence that leads readers and audiences to construct relationships between different images. With

film, this primarily occurs between shots, or cuts between shots, and in comics this occurs primarily between panels – enclosures of images – laid out on a page. Dittmer argues that reading comics:

> nevertheless incorporates a great deal of openness and ambiguity, and producers' expectations for clear transmission of narrative are often unmet, with the potential existing for readers to consume comics in any number of ways in large part because of comics' symbolic openness (225-226).

The quality that gives comics this sense of openness is what Dittmer, following Groensteen, refers to as the medium's 'plurivectoriality' (see 230).

For Groensteen, reading comics occurs on multiple levels, or along multiple lines (hence, 'vector'). As distilled by Dittmer (2010, 230), this process starts with recognition of what drawings represent, moves to deriving meaning from those representations in relation to other panels and images, and ends with an understanding of a whole sequence. In addition to involving these different layers of meaning, this kind of reading is also 'plurivectorial' in the sense that the second level, in particular, often entails reading back-and-forth, or skipping ahead in the narrative, before arriving at the end of a linked sequence. In other words, readers do not read in a single line, but along multiple lines, while still, essentially, reading in a particular order, that is, the relevant sequence is ultimately placed in 'proper' perspective even if the reader has to break that order to arrive at that point.

Dittmer points out that comics can be seen as a more open medium than even Groensteen allows (2010, 230-231). Readers may, for example, persist in reading a comic 'out of order' without arriving at the 'proper sequencing.' Indeed, with any comic a question can raised about the very assumption of 'correct' ordering of panels/images. Furthermore, the previously referenced assumption of narrative cohesion may not necessarily be shared equally by readers and authors, or writers and artists. Creators may make comics that are intentionally vague as to where to begin and where to end reading. As Doel (2014) puts it, in a given comic:

✦ "There may be any number of sequences in play, such as a sequence of words and a sequence of pictures" (164).

✦ "... just because panels are contiguous in space does not necessarily mean that they are contiguous in time" (164).

✦ And there may be a number of devices, "that disrupt sequentiality, offering the would-be reader multiple entrances and exits that may short-circuit one another, lead into a labyrinth or give rise to lipogrammatic comics, tabular comics, palindromic comics or some other twisted form" (165).

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In both Dittmer (2010) and Doel (2014), comics by Chris Ware (*Jimmy Corrigan, the Smartest Kid on Earth*, Pantheon, 2000, *Building Stories*, Pantheon, 2012) are deployed as concrete examples to demonstrate the potential of a more radicalized understanding of plurivectoriality (or, in the case of Doel, to reject the notion of lines altogether).

If plurivectoriality makes montage in comics different from cinematic or filmic montage, it is due to the way in which the comics form gives readers more control over how to spatially and temporally construct the text during reading. While writers and artists may offer visual, structural, and textual clues or directions on how to read a book, and the shared assumption of narrative coherence may result in shared readings, ultimately, the reader holds the book – or device – in their hands and has agency to order panels and pages, or to spend whatever time on whatever panels and pages, that they want. In a typical film experience, the filmmakers have more control over the ordering and pacing of images, and on the uses of time and space in the film, than do viewers. It is this difference in reader agency that leads Dittmer (2010) to advocate for geographers to also consider the possibilities of comic book visuality alongside the cinematic. However, while such distinctions may be helpful when trying to conceptualize the senses of montage to be derived from these media, as suggested by Doel (2014), it is possible to overstate the formal differences between comics and film.

What ties together comics and film for Doel is, "their common fate – which, as we have begun to see, concerns their relationship with the void," that is, from the nothingness that comes from the cut in film and in the 'gutter' for comics (2014, 171 and also 175). 'The gutter' is a term popularized by Scott McCloud (1994) to refer to the spaces between panels. While McCloud emphasizes the ways in which readers may bring 'closure' to these empty, open spaces by reflexively filling in the necessary details, the missing images, to transition from panel-to-panel (1994, 63, 70-72), Dittmer describes the gutter "as an anti-optical void – there is no story to reconstitute in that space, no missing images, only a relationship to be formed in the reader's mind" (2010, 230). In advance of Doel's (2014) own writing on comics, film, and 'the void', Dittmer references Doel and Clarke's (2007) emphasis on the relationship between the seen and the unseen in film as a parallel in explaining the gutter, further underscoring the possible relationships or similarities between the two media.

One of the transformative qualities of digital technology for filmmaking is the ability to translate different forms of audio and visual media into, "zeroes and ones, which can flow seamlessly between what were previously discrete areas of production" (Ganz and Khatib 2006, 24). In a broader sense this quality enables "remediation", or, creative processes where, "the

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aesthetic strategies from one medium are recycled into another" (Cossar 2009, 7; see Bolter and Grusin 1999). Putting this into practice with regards to comics and film was one of my purposes in making *Comic Book City*.

In one sense, my documentary is about the connections between people and place and more particularly the connections between Portland, Oregon (USA) and comics creators – primarily writers and artists, but also publishers and editors – many of whom have chosen to live and work in the city since, particularly, the early 1990s. In another sense, the film is an experiment in, and exploration of, the different and complementary temporal and spatial qualities of film and comics. I have previously written on the people and place aspect of the

project for the anthology *Comic Book Geographies* (Huston 2014). My focus here is on the visual design of the documentary.

In editing, I worked by drawing analogies between shots and panels and scenes and pages. These analogies are not perfect – a panel has qualities of a film frame as well as those of a shot, while a page may function like a shot, or a 'scene' can extend beyond a page or be limited to a single panel – but as a heuristic device for thinking through how I might employ 'aesthetic strategies' from comics in a film, making these comparisons was useful. The shot and the panel are both single, enclosed images that are often conceived, however problematically, as the fundamental units of meaning in their respective media (Dittmer

Figure 2: Image from *Comic Book City* featuring writer and artist Kevin Moore.

2010, 228, Monaco 2000, 160). 'Page' and 'scene' are concepts that I employed more loosely to work through the idea of combining panels/shots into sequences, or series, or collections, of images that could be interrelated by reference to a particular subject or theme. The result is arrangements of images into montages that have qualities of both a film and also a comic.

By way of illustration, you can view an excerpt from the film prepared for use with this article here: https://vimeo.com/90419482. You can also view the film in its entirety, as well as longer excerpts from here: http://vimeo.com/album/2278357. For more immediate reference, see Figure 2.

As demonstrated here and in the linked clip, by giving viewers multiple images to read simultaneously, particularly throughout the running time of the film, and not just in the context of a brief split screen or other cinematic effect, I open up the documentary to the kind of plurivectorial reading that Dittmer (2010) ascribes to comics. At the same time, because I was engaged in remediating comics to film, there are limits to the extent to which the documentary works like a comic. The appearance of shots/panels on screen is up to my discretion, and was driven by practical and aesthetic considerations such as movement between themes, a subject's speech rhythms and length of comment on a topic, and visual matching to other cuts, rather than elected by

readers/viewers to the same extent it might be in an actual comic book. I was attentive to the analog of the comics page such that I sought to provide opportunities for readers to order and reorder images visually, but the same considerations for movement and rhythm and matching, all practices and codes associated with film and cinema, means that viewers are not afforded the same control over duration that they would with a comic.

The various collections of images I have assembled in the film often exhibit no obvious connection to each other. The images are frequently from different source media – digital still photos, video, artwork from various file formats – have distinct subjects, and serve different purposes, some denotative, some connotative. As underscored by Dittmer (2010), like a comics artist, I rely on the reader's assumption of coherence, to make these collections work narratively. My film engages viewers particularly at Groensteen's second level of meaning, where images are given sense in relationship to other images and, in this case, to what my informants are saying. Unlike a in a comic, the timing of any given shot/panel often provides a direct reference for making meaning, that is, the image appears in concert with a particular statement from an interview. At the same time, but also unlike in a comic, that moment often passes quickly; in other cases, I am able to hold on an image, or images, while an informant discusses a particular topic for an

extended period. These latter instances are where the film scenes begin to function more like a comics page.

The visual disjunctures and simultaneity of images in the film demonstrate Doel and Clarke's (2007) assertion that, with film and in cinema, "every combination of images bear witness to the Open" (899), that is, to the never-ending multiplicity of meanings that could be made from the 'non-sense' created by the act of cutting a shot before combining it with another in an attempt "to withdraw sense from non-sense" (899). In the same way, particularly set against a black background as in the featured still, the film's 'pages' show comics in Doel's (2014) terms, as a medium that "presents a constellation of stills suspended in the void" (162). By bringing different shots together on a 'page', separated by 'anti-optical' emptiness, my visual design for the documentary can be seen as demonstrating the "voiding" of images via cut and gutter (Doel 2014, 162; see also Doel and Clarke 2007, 905).

The fluidity of digital media is what allowed me to experiment with these different forms of montage in *Comic Book City.* While the manipulable qualities of digital film is associated most frequently with CGI, or computer generated imagery, and the transformation of mise-en-scéne (see Cossar 2009, 10), here I was not altering what's in the frame, but the frame itself through changes in image size, aspect ratio, and cropping. By combining multiple images to

be viewed at once, there is no longer a frame marking the 'seen and unseen', but *frames* creating simultaneous, "spatially and temporally contiguous" 'unseens' (Doel and Clarke 2007, 905) in a way that is both cinematic and also like a comic book (Dittmer 2010, 234-235).

In digital cinema the frame becomes more of a suggestion than a limit. The primary creative space is no longer the frame, but the screen, which is where the filmmaker assembles and shapes their images – their data – without the physical constraints imposed by analog film (Ganz and Khatib 2006, 24). In my non-linear editing program, the space on the screen where I can see the film as it comes together is the 'canvas', a term that suggests an association with arts like painting, illustration, or comics, where images are composed on a surface rather than in a space, which is the traditional task of the filmmaker (Monaco 2000, 187).

In practice, a filmmaker employing digital technology will, at some level, first compose for the frame before composing on the screen, but, following Cossar (2009), "Digital cinema … recontextualizes the notion of production and workflow and thus leads to spatial and stylistic shifts with regards to screen shape. As Manovich asserts, 'production just becomes the first stage of post-production' for new media and digitextual products" (11). In my own experience, while shooting video footage, I was always thinking about how I might want to alter the image in editing. This meant leaving

space in the frame for later cropping and re-orienting. The frame is not irrelevant here, but neither is it absolute.

As Dittmer (2010) suggests, my purpose here is not to supplant one form of visuality for another, but to experiment with different ways of seeing:

> … if, as Doel and Clarke (2007) argue, cinematic montage is the foundation of academic geography's 'optical unconscious', what insights might be gained by emphasizing the specific qualities of comic books' montage? … What new geographies can the possibilities of simultaneity and plurivectorial narration of comics help us envision (234).

In *Comic Book City* I demonstrate a third possibility, one that has qualities of both the more directed and 'linear montage' of film and also that of, "the more open comics page and the multiple paths through its frames" (Dittmer 2010, 235). A persistent theme in theories about montage and human geography is that of the multiplicity of possibilities for seeing, or combining images of, the world. To enact that multiplicity will require continued experimentation with different forms of visuality and practices of montage.

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URBS IN HORTO

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Urbs in Horto (City in a Garden) examines Chicago from cultural, historical, and sociological perspectives. This documentary video's unflinching realism counters the sanitized city of the popular imagination. Its montage sequences, comprised of archival film clips and digital footage, immerse viewers in a timeless sense of place.

View that film at: http://vimeo.com/92892615

Contextualizing Cultural Landscapes and Political Geography with Montage

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Much of my work as a cultural and political geographer is an effort to make sense of borders from multiple points of view. Landscape photography is often useful in this regard, but is inherently partial and limited by perspective. By crafting reconciliation or creating disjuncture through the juxtaposition of divergent imagery, however, montage highlights

Figure 1: Friendship Park: North, South, East, and West; Photos by Kenneth D. Madsen

Figure 2: Octagon Earthworks; Photos by Timothy E. Black

the diverse positionalities that are present and approaches a fuller understanding of a place's essence. In the accompanying photos (Figure 1) four distinct aspects of Friendship Park – located between a double border fence near San Diego, California – were framed in 2013 within a few feet of each other and are re-assembled. By themselves each helps communicates a specific aspect of the contemporary U.S.-Mexico boundary: order, security, environmental setting, and ultimate limits. Together the collection

further elaborates and qualifies the geographic context of the border: access for who? control over what? at what price? where and how far?

In another case, consider how a montage of images provides insight to the relationship diverse groups have to the Octagon Earthworks in Newark, Ohio. Built by Native Americans about 2000 years ago in alignment with lunar cycles, title to this property is currently held by the Ohio Historical Society while an exclusive country club holds a long-term lease to use the

site as a golf course. Access to the general public and indigenous people with deep cultural ties to this geography is limited to a few days a year. How is this place controlled and disconnects and understand the images relationally that are telling here.

In a very different way, movie mashups bring together multiple cinematic traditions – a

Figure 3: Anti Immigration Thanksgiving by Jeff Parker, Florida Today

contested? What is its past and future as an indigenous place? What is so important about this particular space? Such geographic questions are ultimately answered more effectively through the intersections created by montage than a singular image and perhaps even more succinctly than a traditional narrative. As in film and other creative works, it is the gaps and our attempt as viewers to bridge those

montage of montages. In case someone missed the point behind James Cameron's 2009 film Avatar, for example, the overlay of that movie's soundtrack with video from the 1995 movie Pocahontas makes for a compelling commentary on the history of colonialism and the politics of place (See Szuch 2010). Confronted in the context of an animated children's film and reference to a specific colonial history, however, the veneer of a futuristic action film fades away

and the violence of economic colonialism is laid bare.

Political cartoons (Figure 3) can also bring together diverse issues. While not a montage as usually envisioned, this form of commentary uses humor to make a point and as a result can be quite effectual despite its explicit political perspective. This medium catches people with their guard down but also does not require its readers to change their position – only to recognize a kernel of relevance in the disjuncture that it creates. In the accompanying example which draws an analogy between contemporary fence-building efforts and the arrival of pilgrims in what is now the United States, readers are pushed to think about the hypocrisy of building such structures, the risks of letting one's guard down in terms of national defense, or in a more philosophical sense even the very nature of territoriality. While interpretation is ultimately in the eye of the beholder, contemplation is sparked by such an encounter. There is power in the contrasts and comparisons created by montage.

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THE LAST PICTURE SHOW, RED RIVER, AND THE CINEMATIC SPIRIT OF TEXAS

Isaac D. Davidson

Peter Bogdanovich's 1971 film *The Last Picture Show* opens with a slow panning shot of the desolate main street of Anarene, Texas as a howling wind scatters leaves, dust, and other minor detritus through the air. After a brief, spartan title card, the film fades-in from black to reveal, in a stark black-and-white cinematography, the titular picture show, with its particular architecture of vertical "Royal" sign, marquee announcing the showing of Spencer Tracy in *Father of the Bride*, twin poster displays, box office, and white paint signifying it as a singular landmark. The uniqueness of the picture show within the town is furthered as the camera pans left to reveal it as the endcap to a series of nondescript storefronts with darkened or boarded windows, the only other signified building being the Texas Moon Cafe at the far end of the chain. Despite its architectural distinctiveness, however, within the context of the shot it appears nearly as forgotten as the other buildings; a hollow indicator of life within the otherwise decrepit town.

The picture show, along with the cafe and nearby pool hall, is owned by the weathered patriarch Sam the Lion (played by Ben Johnson, whose casting intentionally evokes the cowboy persona of his earlier career), and serves as a vital social gathering place for the wayward inhabitants of this 1951 Texas town, including high school teammates Sonny Crawford (Timothy Bottoms) and Duane Jackson (Jeff Bridges). The two live in a boarding house together despite each having a living parent and share a friendship close to brotherhood. Among the many relationships explored in the film, theirs holds a certain significance in the way it transforms explicitly against the backdrop of the picture show. Initially, they use the show as a pretext to be intimate with their girlfriends, in an early sequence that introduces the film's crucial themes of sexuality and jealousy. But by the film's denouement, jealousy over Jacy Farrow (Cybill Shepherd) has destroyed their friendship. When an Army-enlisted Duane returns to Anarene on the eve of his departure for Korea the disconsolate Sonny suggests they visit the picture show one final time before it closes down, where they see Howard Hawks' 1948 film *Red River*.

This pivotal sequence is introduced with a long shot of the theater interior, the screen dominant in the top middle of the frame. On screen, *Red River* plays as Thomas Dunson (John Wayne) rides his horse into the foreground to speak with protégé Matt (Montgomery Clift) and hired hand Cherry (John Ireland). Bogdanovich then cuts to a medium two-shot of

Sonny and Duane sitting in the dark, chewing gum, their eyes fixed on the screen. Another cut shows a medium shot of Billy (Sam Bottoms), the mentally challenged friend of Sonny, sitting in his usual balcony perch near the projector, broom habitually at his side, eyes fixated on the screen. It then cuts to a closer shot of the screen, still bordered by the interior of the theater, but centered in the frame as *Red River* plays on: a leftward pan on the dawn-lit, unmoving covered wagons, massive herds of cattle, and expectant mounted cowboys that finally lingers on a medium long shot of a surveying Dunson. The cattle softly moo and the underscoring remains subtle, anticipating but not yet fulfilling a potential crescendo. Dunson looks off the left of the screen and his gaze is answered with a cut to a medium long shot of Matt backgrounded by two cowboys and the herd of cattle behind them. Following this is a return to the shot of Dunson, who smiles before saying, "Take 'em to Missouri, Matt." There is a cut back to Matt as he discards his chewing tobacco before standing in his stirrups and bellowing a high pitched "Yee-hah!" Matt's call to action is followed by a long shot of three cowboys, backgrounded by a wagon and the herd, returning the holler and rearing their horses. In a crucial shift in film rhetoric, Hawks follows this sequence with a rapid procession of two medium long shots, one medium shot, three medium close-ups, and eleven close-ups, each of a single cowboy framed without relation to his surroundings meeting the

cheer with his own. Variances in the direction the cowboys face and the timing of each shot work alongside the layered, repetitive shouts and rapid, crescendoing underscoring to create a swell of anticipation. The last close-up is then matched by a cut to a long shot of the same cowboy, who directs his horse toward the cattle and begins the drive, followed by two similar shots that depict the movement of the cattle onward, accompanied by a now bombastic score. Finally, Bogdanovich cuts back to Sonny and Duane, still watching the western, with Duane apparently lost in thought, his eyes briefly wandering toward Sonny, then back again toward the screen. View the sequence at: http://tinyurl.com/jwpz24m.

Within the continuity of *Red River*, this sequence holds significance as the beginning of the primary thrust of its plot: the attempt to drive over ten thousand cattle from Texas to Missouri, where Dunson will be able to sell them for a better price than he could in the depressed post-Civil War South. Though much of the film depicts a move away from Texas, the first act of the film establishes it as a seminal location. In the initial sequences Dunson crosses the Red River and founds his ranch optimistically in South Texas, despite tragedy and poor fortune leaving him only with his friend Groot (Walter Brennan), a young Matt (Mickey Kuhn), and a single bull and cow. A fourteen year ellipses reveals the ranch's enormous success and it is the outside forces of

the war, not Texas itself, that necessitates the cattle drive. After a period of preparation in which Dunson relates to his volunteers the enormity and danger of their mission, the essential early morning sequence begins, which simultaneously marks their leave of Texas but emphasizes its spirit that will accompany them.

The use of montage within the context of *Red River* stands out as an anomalous formal strategy in a film that largely abides by the tenants of continuity editing. These principles of editing typically and intentionally remain invisible to the viewer as they construct a coherent space in which the characters are able to perform their actions. This is generally achieved by establishing the space with long shots and by using close-ups to signify individuals or important elements within that space, while simultaneously retaining the integrity of the space in the viewer's mind by adhering to the axis of action and utilizing eyeline matches. Indeed, these conventions are used by Hawks for the majority of the film, including the first several shots of the sequence employed by Bogdanovich. From the establishing panning shot of the wagons, cattle, and cowboys, through the shot reverse shot pattern of Dunson and Matt, to the long shot of the three cowboys responding to the call, these are expressly linked through the conventions of continuity editing. It is when the first shot of a lone cowboy appears that the convention is broken and the strongly emotive power of

montage takes over. The seventeen shots that complete the chain serve primarily to signify the mounting emotion of the moment; the only information these shots provide is the action of cheering, of removing hats, of raising fists in the air. No attempt is made to relate each shot to the space established by the pan, both by refusing spatial context within the mise-en-scène and by the rapidity with which each cut occurs. As such, the sequence transcends the spatial continuity of the film to accentuate the emotion of this particular moment, which ultimately imbues it with a place-making energy. Though they are leaving Texas for a turbulent journey, the moment is underlined by their optimistic spirit, which is to say the Spirit of Texas.

It is that very spirit that Sonny and Duane encounter as they sit in the picture show during its final showing, its optimism a stark contrast to the Texas they know. On their way out they encounter the theater's current owner, Miss Mosey (Jessie Lee Fulton), who laments the lack of patronage due to summer baseball and the constant presence of television. She then contends that if Sam the Lion, the old cowboy, was still alive they could have kept it afloat, but the picture show has become obsolete in Anarene. Sonny spends the rest of the evening drinking beer with Duane and at dawn his friend boards the bus out of Texas. In the following moments Billy is hit and killed by a cattle truck – the 1951 degradation of *Red River*'s triumphant drive – unable to see him sweeping

in the road though the blowing dust and cold dawn light. A stunned Sonny observes the aloof witnesses of the accident, the men of Anarene who are oblivious to the state of the town, its energies of indifference already having taken their toll on them. They exonerate the truck driver of guilt while remaining incredulous that the dead boy at their feet would be in the middle of the road at that time of day. Sonny finally snaps; admonishing them ("He was sweeping, you sons of bitches! He was sweepin'!") as he drags the body through the street and lays him to rest at the front steps of the picture show.

These two sequences work as a thematic call and response. The mythological view of the dawn cattle drive has been updated to the early 1950s, where the malaise hanging over the town has reduced the moment to pointless death and callous ignorance. The montage sequence serves as a juxtaposition of both mood and style, counterpointing the decay of Anarene with a particularly optimistic vision of the Texan past. The Texas of *The Last Picture Show* is scarcely

similar to the frontier depicted in Hawks' film; instead of an open country ready to be transformed into a profitable cattle ranch, it is a desolate husk whose inhabitants have fallen prey to sexual jealousy and simmering depression. Furthermore, the bombastic visual rhetoric of the *Red River* sequence works to underscore its difference, its foregrounded technique in stark contrast to the realist mode employed by Bogdanovich's film. Undeniably, Bogdanovich's employment of Hawks' montage creates a vital statement, as he ironically invokes cinema's place-making power to examine its plasticity. He demonstrates how a film contemporary to his diegesis aspires to a mythological and idealistic vision of Texas, while he simultaneously holds it at a distance, counterpointing its statement with his own dreary vision.

MONTAGING MATERIALITIES

MONTAGE/ COLLAGE: ART-MAKING, PLACE-MAKING

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How to move beyond dichotomous thinking that casts place either as static fixity, a bounded, reactionary concept, focused on rootedness, attachment and singularity, or as distributed, open, progressive, associated with flows, networks and relations?

How to get to grips with understandings of place as based in variously obdurate and provisional inter-weavings of heterogeneous bits and pieces that compose lively worlds of difference?

How to engage with the lived experiences of places with all their material and forceful gatherings and dissipations?

Questions such as these and others have catalyzed potent new conceptual imaginaries of "place" within and beyond geography. In this essay I want to examine how aesthetic strategies of montage might offer geographers a material-conceptual strategy that is equal to the challenges posed by the manifold spatialities and temporalities, the ethos of materially diverse configurations and the open-ended nature of the social formations, that shape our understandings of place. I do so through the lens of the collaborative artist's book project *insites* (Figure 1), that I developed with artist Annie Lovejoy.

Montage is one term of a compositional pairing collage/montage that is generally recognized as the "the single most revolutionary formal innovation to occur in artistic representation in our [the twentieth] century" (Umar 1985, 84). Pioneered by Cubist artists Picasso and Braque in the first few decades of the twentieth century, this ancient technique became firmly part of the canon of art, and one of modern art's defining forms. Key to the formal and conceptual innovation of these compositional modes was their incorporation into artistic canvases materials drawn from everyday life, including newspapers, wallpaper, scrim and other household materials. Such a strategy has been interpreted as having formal, conceptual and socio-political imperatives (Taylor 2006). For many artists these material assemblages provided a solution to the illusionism of perspective that had dominated Western painting since the early Renaissance. As such, these innovative "combines" played a key role in Cubism's evolving exploration of representations of time and space. Alongside such formal innovations, the materials that were

Figure 1: *Insites* (2009), Annie Lovejoy and Harriet Hawkins.

drawn into productive discussion with one another have also been 'read', sometimes literally in the case of fragments of newspapers, as forms of social critique, often constituted by commentary on key political events of the era, such as the Balkans war (Danto 1998). As strategies that foreground process over a finished end project, and create meaningful relations between the ordinary and the extra-ordinary, collage/montage has rich critical potential.

Montage/collage are often understood - from visual arts to literature and in cinematic forms- in rather generic terms, "lift[ing] a certain number of elements from works, objects,

preexisting messages, and to integrate them in a new creation in order to produce an original totality manifesting ruptures of diverse sorts" (Ulmer 1995, 84). Other theorists have, however, sought to deepen our understanding of the forms of critical work that this compositional pairing might do. Sometimes this occurs by thinking about the differences between the two terms; collage is the transfer of material from one context to another, whilst montage is the dissemination of these borrowings in their new setting (Ulmer 1985). For others, four key principals delineate the "work" of this compositional pairing; découpage or severing of the materials from their original context, the

potential of preformed or existing messages or meanings of materials, processes of assemblage of the materials, and discontinuity or heterogeneity in their bringing together (Poggi 1992; Ulmer 1995; Taylor 2006). Ulmer draws on Derrida to deepen his engagement with the critique of mimesis mounted by these compositional strategies. Focusing on the formal, he elaborates on the importance of artistic practices of material assemblage and their associated lexical fields of "building, joining, uniting, adding, combining, linking, constructing, organizing". He affirms however, that this process is not a reproduction of the real, but the construction of an object, more than this though, he concludes, montage actually mounts a process in order to intervene in reality, to change it, not merely to reflect it (Ulmer 1985, 86).

For geographers these principals of collage/montage have already proven invaluable with respect to thinking about space and place. Perhaps most famously, David Harvey in *The Condition of Post-Modernity* evokes the compositional pairing as a means to get to grips with the complex temporalities and spatialities of modernity; "freezing time and all its fleeting qualities; and getting to grips with the need to spatialise time" (1992, 21). Collage/Montage, "provided one means of addressing this problem, since different effects out of different times (old newspapers) and spaces (the use of common objects), could be superimposed to create a

simultaneous effect" (Harvey 1992, 21). Allen Pred, in his book *Recognizing European Modernities: A Montage of the Present* (1995), and in a debt he acknowledges to Walter Benjamin, experiments with montage as a literary method. He was primarily interested in its potential for overlaying information and ideas to bring about a re-layering of multiple pasts and ongoing presents. More recently, we find Cresswell (2014) citing Pred's influence, conducting written experimentations with textual 'gatherings', montages of created and found texts as a way to engage with place. His experiments bring together archival sources, theoretical discussion and personal reflections to evolve a form of place-writing that is equal to the contemporary issues around thinking place in all its complex spatialities and materialities.

If geographers have a history of finding in textual and visual forms of montage the means to explore some of the discipline's key ideas of time and space, I want to take up these ideas with respect to contemporary questions of place and assemblage theory. Discussion will query what it might mean to move beyond merely noting a semantic resonance between montage as a material-aesthetic strategy involving the assembly of bits and pieces from everyday life, and assemblage as rapidly emerging as one of the bodies of theory that geographers are using to think about place.

DOING MONTAGE: PLACE AS ASSEMBLAGE

In the context of the complex spatialities and temporalities through which we have come to think about place, foregrounded in the questions which opened this essay, we witness concepts of place finding form in ideas such as "constellations of lines of becoming," for Doreen Massey, as "mesh-works" for Tim Ingold, or for Tim Cresswell as linked movements of gathering and dispersal that resonate with recent propositions of an ethos of assemblage.

Assemblage, as "descriptor, ethos and concept" (Anderson and Macfarlane 2011, 124), has become common across geography, often used as way of thinking about everything from security, to ideas of the region, territories, and scales, and recently theorizations of place (Adey 2013, Allen and Cochrane 2007, Anderson 2012, Cresswell 2014, Legg 2009, Painter 2010). Assemblage has been put to varied forms of work, but tends to amass around certain key ideas, concerned with "emergence, multiplicity and indeterminacy," and with processes of the provisional compositions of "diverse elements into socio-spatial formations" (Anderson and Macfarlane 2011, 124). As Anderson and Macfarlane (ibid), go on to note, "assemblages are composed of heterogeneous elements that might be human and non-human, organic and inorganic, technical and natural." They summarize interrelated sets of processes that work across these ideas of assemblage, most importantly, assemblage emphasizes dispersion
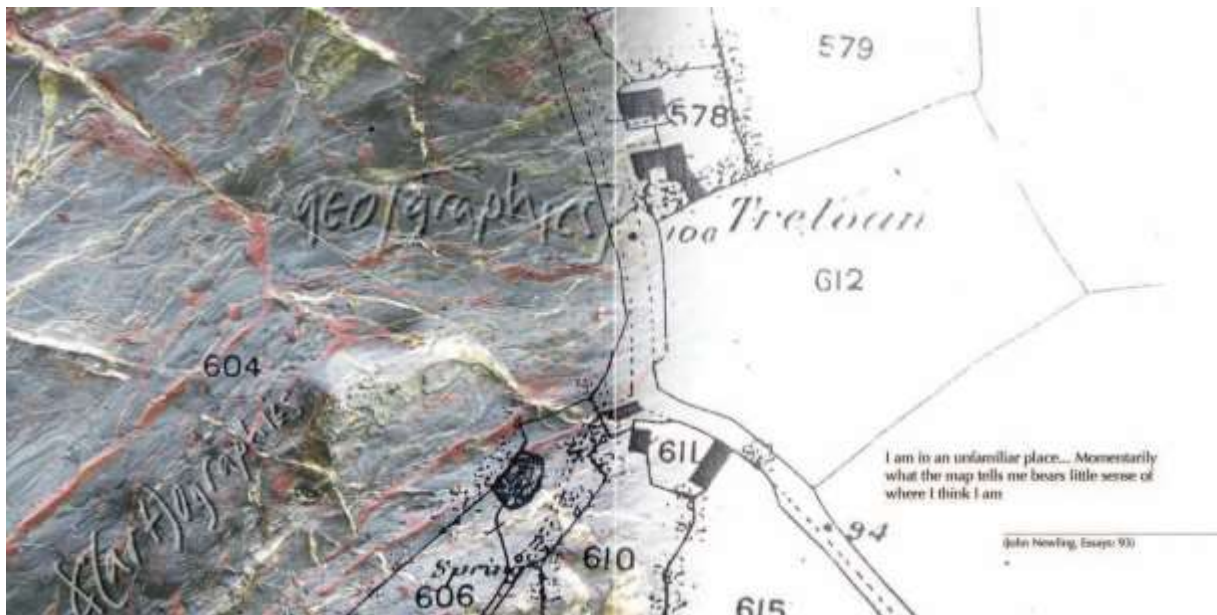
Figure 2: A page from *Insites,* Lovejoy and Hawkins (2009).

as well as gathering, things that endure as much as things that might change or be disrupted. It concerns issues of both spatiality and temporality, and the labour of "assembling and reassembling socio-material practices, that are diffuse, tangled and contingent" (Anderson and Macfarlane 2011, 125). Assemblage also connotes collectivities, and as such distributed agencies. The emphasis, above all, is on formation, rather than only on form, assemblage as a verb rather than a noun, a process rather than a finished composition. Perhaps unsurprisingly, assemblage has become associated with a certain ethos of engagement with the world, an ethos that "experiments with methodological and presentational practices in order to attend to this lively world of differences" (Anderson and McFarlane 2011, 126). It is the potential of montage to become part of that ethos of engagement with the world that I want to begin to explore here by way of reflecting on the practice of composing *insites.*

Figure 3: Page from *Insites* (2009) Lovejoy and Hawkins.

Insites (2009), was produced as part of wider investigations into the relations between

art and site that were developed during the course of Lovejoy's socially engaged art work, *Caravanserai.* As a material object *insites* is five-inches square, designed to be roughly palm-sized, and covered in stiff black card. It is a limited edition multiple; only 1500 were printed. Its 52 pages of text and images were produced by the digital manipulation (using Photoshop and Indesign) of materials generated during the period of shared ethnographic research. The discussion that follows centers on how we deployed montage as an aesthetic-material strategy in composing both the individual pages and the volume as a whole. The account will interweave the four principals of collage/ montage outlined above.

INSITES AS MONTAGE – DÉCOUPAGE, MEANING, ASSEMBLAGE, HETEROGENEITY

The content of *insites* was selected from a body of material collected and created during ethnographic research into Lovejoy's artistic practice, together with material drawn from the ongoing processes of her development of *Caravanserai.* The collection included interviews, readings, focus groups, participant observation, photos, sketches and all manner of found and created material. Arranged into short sequences composed of three or four-page spreads the material interweaves elements of the materiality, practice and meaningfulness of a particular place: Porthscatho, Cornwall, UK, where

Lovejoy's project was based. The found material included newspaper articles, diagrams and images made by those participating in the wider *Caravanserai* project, pictures of signs and texts from interviews, local history books and local collections of myths and legends (see Figures 2 and 3). The created material included drawings, sketches, rubbings, photographs, sound files and creative written reflections developed by Lovejoy, myself and her group of resident artists. The rich, sometimes conflicting, meanings of this material enabled an opening out of some of the socio-political tensions in a place that once had a thriving local community, with a strong history of local skills and traditions. This was not simply however, a story of the history of the place, but also a thinking through of how, while some facets had endured, others had fallen away or been excluded as the local community was priced out of the village by wealthy second-homers. These materials tell critical stories about the specificities of place, doing socio-political work as commentaries on the changing lives and landscapes of that rural location.

We were concerned to resist the page as primarily a narrative space in which to tell a story of place, we wished instead to explore page and book as spaces within which to compose a series of aesthetic experiences that created an imaginary of place that resonated with those central tenants of assemblage theory. Post-Modern thinking about montage has long

posited its critical force to lie in the gathering together of materials less to suggest equivalency, than to create, after Walter Benjamin, novel disjunctions of the dissimilar. An awareness of difference in sources and forms of information is retained as a force generative of instability, and so of energies of interruption and disruption from which the new can emerge. In *insites* we were concerned with rather different alignments of composition and concept. We were not looking for disjunctions but rather to compose gatherings that enable the recognition of multiplicities of differences.

We experimented with creating sequences that brought together different ways of knowing place, composing for example, geological diagrams alongside parish maps (Figure 2), and splicing these multiple mappings with local lore, myth and embodied accounts – our own and others – of the same cliffs, rocks and paths (Figure 3). We sought aesthetic-formal strategies by which the make space within the tales we told for multiple stories and voices. Furthermore, in place of storyings of place that appeared fixed down and stable, we wanted to emphasise place, its stories and meanings as unstable and shifting over time. As such we sought image combinations, sequences and forms that not only made dislocations, mis-matches and discontinuities clear, but which also sought to replace a sense of resolution of the text into a complete whole, with a sense of the ongoing processes of composition of page, and of

place.

To develop these ideas of place as provisional and contingent, we made use of material dissolves and blank spaces. We were trying to develop a visual vocabulary that promoted "an open-ended interest in a multiplicity of trajectories (themselves ever in transformation) and the concomitant fractures, ruptures and structural divides" (Massey 2005, 189). So, for example, weaving its way along the scribbled out contour-lines, and tracking the gradually fading out of coastline paths of reprinted maps are quotations from anthropologist Tim Ingold concerned with way-finding as story-telling rather than map-using. The line of text leads us over the page to an image and textual description of vernacular knowledge in the form of a long-used local pathway, a short-cut that does not appear on any map. Seeking to use visual devices to keep alive the sense of place not as a "whole" a finished achievement or composition, we experimented with layerings, fade-outs, as well as creating gaps and fissures in meaning and visual effect. As the path-way fades out, skeins of twisted nettle string wind their way across the pages, linking narratives on the histories of local making practices with accounts of the contemporary housing market and reflections on critical art practices. We sought, in short, to formulate image sequences that in terms of both

form and content, resisted closure, completeness and seamless coherence in favour of seeking forms that opened out the possibilities for on-goingness of place; assemblage as verb, rather than as noun.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS: "THE POETICS OF MY TEXTUAL STRATEGY ARE THE POLITICS OF MY TEXTUAL STRATEGY"[1]

If montage/collage are understood as compositional practices of bringing things together, we are also required to think about how they stay together or fall away, meaningfully, conceptually, formally and materially. With respect to the complex materialities, spatialities and temporalities of place that currently confront us, what is sought is a strategy that moves beyond merely suggesting an ecology of relations, but rather is able to engage us with questions of composition of gathering, dispersal, of endurance and of precarity and provisionality. Montage, I would suggest provides some form of material-aesthetic answer. Its four principals of collage/ montage; découpage, found meaning and forms, assemblage and heterogeneity, draw us towards queries of the form and quality of the gatherings that constitute places, we can examine and depict accretions and endurances, as much as absences and changes. There is not sense of a whole, a totality that is either progressed

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[1] A, Pred, 2005: xv.

towards or reached, rather it is all in the processes of ongoing formation. Furthermore, such thinking about montage as a process, over and against a composed end product, situates it as potentially politically powerful strategy. A strategy that does not reproduce reality, or even critique it, but has the potential to intervene within it and so in the process change it, in this case to make place. To paraphrase Allen Pred (2005, xv), the poetics of our geographical strategies, just might also be the politics of our geographic strategies.

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* Caravanserai is detailed further at Lovejoy's website: http://tinyurl.com/od3jhom, 2/8/14.

MAP COLLAGE WORK

MATTHEW CUSICK

Matthew Cusick's work involves the excavation, intervention, and reconstruction of remnants from the past, which he then employs as a surrogate for paint. Using collage as his primary medium, he meticulously cuts and inlays fragments of maps and other repurposed material into the picture plane. By employing the historical narratives that are embedded in the printed ephemera he selects for each piece, Matthew's work resonates with a seamless yet densely layered representation of his emblematic subject matter.

ABOUT THE IMAGES

Chasing the Dragon

Chasing the Dragon, a euphemism for smoking heroin, is a depiction of the interchange between I35 and the George Bush Turnpike (635) in Texas. Adjacent to the main highway is a flyover highway made up of maps of the middle east and the region often called 'the cradle of civilization'. The foreground is painted a deep cyanide, which is used in open pit mines and is incredibly toxic to the earth. Coupled with America's addiction to driving and oil, the landscape that the highways lead towards has decayed into an ethereal floating dragon.

Geronimo

Geronimo is a more specific piece, yet has a very strong historical context as it is made from an atlas printed the year Geronimo died. The maps are of all the major cities in America and the railroads connecting them, emphasizing the closing of the frontier and the radical transformation of America into an industrial nation.

Kayli's Wave

The wave is the most fractured and contextually broad collage, even though it is predominately all water maps. The geographic locations and time periods, and shades of blue, of each map fragment in the wave is unique and merge together to form a wide spectrum of the earth and our history.

All images courtesy of Pavel Zoubok Gallery, Matthew Cusick © 2014.

Chasing the Dragon, 2006
Inlaid maps and acrylic on wood panel
40 x 64 inches

Geronimo, 2007
Inlaid maps on wood panel
30 x 24 inches

Kayli's Wave, 2013
Inlaid maps, acrylic, on wood panel
42 x 63 inches

FROM HITHER GREEN TO CHESTER BROWN

Jason Dittmer
Department of Geography
University College London

Near where I live in London is a neighbourhood called Hither Green. Hither Green, legend has it, was so named because of its relationship with Yon Green, which was just down the way and didn't fare as well as Hither Green when London suburbanized (without a train station to anchor the place name, it disappeared). Hither and Yon, Here and There. To me Hither Green is indicative of a wider truth about geography: places, people, and things only gain meaning in relation to other places, people, and things. Indeed, it is the juxtaposition of people, places, and things that is the ultimate creative act, unleashing new meanings, narratives, and affects.

For me, this insight has animated my research on comic book geographies[1] in that when I see comics I see a topological space composed of images not in sequence, but laid alongside or near one another in provocative ways. They invite not so much a reading as an exploration, with the narrative invented and re-invented as I arrange and re-arrange the images in my mind to produce a montage that 'fits'. Note that the montage isn't on the page, or, more precisely, it isn't *only* on the page. Surely, there *is* the comic, a materialized product of the artist's creative energy (and the publisher's capital). But the montage is far more than that; it is also the bringing together of the dead comic with the live reader, an unleashing of creative energy to produce the event of reading. This is the montage of a montage, and it hints at the web of relationships that compose the social world. In fact, it is probably better to think in terms of montaging, a process of constant interrelating, or conversely of maintaining isolation. The latter is not meant to be a negative contrast to the creativity and excitement of montage. Rather, it is a necessary hold – a delay – in the process of montaging that enables difference to emerge and distinguish itself before being exposed to wider currents. That, too, is exciting. Maybe the people of Yon Green should have delayed their montaging with wider London a bit longer.

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[1] *cough, cough* http://www.amazon.com/Comic-Book-Geographies-Jason-Dittmer/dp/3515102698

I CAN ONLY PICK UP THE STONES AND THROW THEM LIKE MY VOICE

to categorize we look for green
        the noise is constant

Azolla only looks up, poor thing, except when it gets splashed to the side of the concrete pool,
affording it a new angle of view while it desiccates its way to dormancy

                    but the self is never the same

Then again, I've never heard of bowling balls doing a lot of reproduction anywhere else.

            the universe sticks together just enough
            our minds feel less

                            except here, I'm in a building, in a natural

                            via synaptic networks we can even
                            imagine things that were not currently
                                    in front of us

how will we make something on cue,
        separate from
        tree bark enactment under

broken water

yet cloudy, we push nowhere, but nowhere
misty & obscured in unnoticed ways

thanks for showing me the cave! where texture

Can we research nothing at all?

I think nothing is pretty open.

Tough question. "Move or die!" says a climber in the Sentinel Range in Antarctica.
That message rides the gyres to a tepid reenactment of life
amid the dust of lichen on paint chips where

snails get high on magnetic flux from electrical wires.

I can only pick up the stones beneath my feet
and throw them like my voice as a probe.

outside is the leaf, the lung organ, inside is the mud, concrete
outside, the bird, the weather is inside, outside is the control, cognate,
the brain, neither does not stand for,

does not surface

NOTE:
One morning in January 2014, we visited Biosphere 2 together, a site where we
have both conducted research. This piece is composted from fragments of our
conversation, note-taking, and collaborative writing that morning as we investigated
the rainforest, paddled on the ocean, and experimented with sound in the lung.

View the video montage at: http://tiny.cc/throwingnothing

FORCED PERSPECTIVE: ODESSA

Deanna Morse

A film about Eisenstein, montage, underlying visual structure, and the filmmaker's experience of being at the steps at Odessa. View this film at: http://tinyurl.com/kxjtwly

THE SEA BELOW the HEAVENS ABOVE the GIFT of RAIN

Maxine Silverman

We shall not speak of the flood, nor allude
to the almost familiar ridge line,
our gate hanging by a single hinge. So
charged, each of us turns his/her vision in-
stead to the near stand of trees, bright ringing
words—elemental, those we make use of—
watershed, groundswell, bedrock, well spring, and

of course there are others: hearthstone, causeway—
peopled words. Consider understory.

Ferns, moss, lichen, and their fossil remains.

Nuthatches appear to understand chickadee—
seet seet (again, softly) seet for a hawk,
owl or falcon on the wing. Chick-a-dee-dee-dee
for a predator perched nearby, seven
or even twelve more dees, variations
on the threat, tonal, encoded meanings.
Really? You thought they sang for our pleasure?

Maps of lost worlds
Cultures more ancient than
more encoded than
before the iron relics of
or calendars

Earth is its own alphabet.
Glyphs of birds,
                    migration
of continents and seas,

pentimento of seasons   weathers   traces
tracks of creatures dragging their bodies, glistening,
 on fin-feet,
                gills beating instinctually, wildly—

mythocartographies.

As I said: understory or

the lone ivory billed woodpecker
sighted in a swamp, the Grail Bird caught
on grainy video tape,

the Grail Bird, the "Lord God!"

For fishes water is not a surface
 homeground their prairie.
(O say can you hear) bark, chatter,
chirp, plink, groan, drone, cry,

language of need and pleasure—
in mating season the Black Drum booms
and in channels of the Gulfstream
  Toadfish drone loud, fast,
three times the wingbeat of hummingbirds

and choristers of dolphin

and if they pray
is it for rain?

if their bodies thirst
their souls must too

O the sea below the heavens above
and the ponds between—

light metallic tzicketa tzicketa tzicke
spring peepers spooning by moonlight,
a screen of small dark ecstasies—

Selah

Scuola Italiana di Montevideo

Valentina Cano

There were rooms like drawers.

One that held a flag which

had to be woken and fed before unfurling.

Another with a staircase as thin as a spine

that whispered the scientific names

of the animals that had died beneath its boards.

There was an attic that held

portfolios of everyday massacres

stuffed into construction paper animals.

Rabbits full of severed thoughts which our

parents signed at the end of the year.

Frogs in the Fog

Changming Yuan

For the past half century, I have never seen
A single frog in this city, not even in the whole country
But there are four big-mouthed frogs leaping around
Afar in a ricefield of my native village, four frogs
Squatting under the rotten bridge on the way leading
To my junior high school, four frogs playing on a big
Lotus leaf in my heart, four frogs calling constantly
From the dark pages of history invisible at midnight
Four frogs meditating under a puti tree transplanted
In a nature park, four frogs swimming into a fish net
Like bloated tadpoles, the same four frogs whose
Monotoned songs resonating aloud in different tongues
With different pitches, yes, the four frogs still there

MEXICAN MURALS
MEXICO CITY

Lorraine Caputo

I.

    Tamalitos
        oaxaqueños
            calientitos
The voice echoes down the near-
midnight streets,
    around trunks of trees and
bougainvillea. Their
    flowers sweeten the air.

    Pides tus ricas
        tamales
            oaxaqueños
His yellow bicycle cart sways with each
pedal. From
    beneath the lids of the large pots,
steam escapes.

    Deliciosos
        tamales
            oaxaqueños
His call becomes louder. The lamplight
reflects off him,
    his cart, the pots.

    Tamalitos
        oaxaqueños
            calientitos

II.

This still afternoon up in the light, airy
study is broken by
    the sound of a strong trumpet &
drum wending through
    the congested streets.

I abandon my work & run down the
stairs, through one door
    & out the second.

The last strains of the blare, the last
boom of the beat echo
    amidst the buildings & stalls.

& there, on the corner, stands the young
bugle boy. The horn
    & tip coins shine in his hands.

III.

In the great Plaza, olive-drab   soldiers
stand at attention,
    guns over shoulders, forming a
blockade between
    people & pole.

Nearer the center, other *militares*, clad in
maroon. The
    voice of one's lone coronet rises
above the others'
    tap-tap-tap of drums.

The giant *bandera*, green-white-red, falls
slowly into
    the hands of a dozen men. They roll
it up, then
    march into the Palacio Nacional.

The heavy doors shut behind them.

The setting sun reflects gold in the
cupola windows of
    the cathedral. Stone carvings of the
façade fall into
    deep shadows.

The volcanoes are hidden by the smog
that still fills this
    valley. Popocatepetl's white spume is
barely visible.

Silently, secretly, the flag is raised again
– a twilight sleight
    of hand. It bends & twists in the chill
wind of dusk that
    scuttles across the grey stones of the
Zócalo.

Near the Metro entrance, a woman &
child huddle beneath
    her Chiapan *rebozo* that does not
cover her feet, shod in
    open-toed plastic shoes.

IV.
Shortly after eight in the evening

Suddenly I feel ill, a pull at my solar
plexus. The man at the
    other side of our table also feels
woozy. All around the room
    everyone else, too, has that unsteady
look.

Someone yells, *Earthquake.*

I duck beneath a desk. The earth
continues to roll.

A Californian declares, *We should go
downstairs.*

& as we descend, so does the lull.
Suddenly another shock.
    The lights violently sway. We are
riding on a rough,
    stormy earthen sea. The minutes
seem endless. A third
    shock as we push chairs out of the
way & hide beneath
    the large *comedor* table. Some hold
onto the spiral-carved
    legs.

Finally this storm calms.

But that sense of queasiness, the
memory of that pull upon my

solar plexus will not for many
weeks.

V.
Tamalitos
        oaxaqueños
            calientitos
The voice echoes down the near-
midnight streets.

    Pides tus ricas
        tamales
            oaxaquenos
His bicycle cart sways with each pedal.

    Deliciosos
        tamales
            oaxaqueños
A man flags him to the sidewalk. As he
slows, the voice silences.

VI.
Cold nights unfold into ochre-grey
dawns tangled with traffic,
    scented with *atole*, steamed by pots
of tamales.

Soon the sidewalks are crammed with
stalls selling everything
    & whatever. & everybody in this city
has their trade –
    the prostitutes – musicians strolling
from restaurant to
    cantina, from metro car to car –
windshield washers &
    jugglers & single-stem-rose vendors
at traffic lights.

Everything, anything to make a survival.

& everyday, it seems, a demonstration
will stop that endless
    traffic. The intersections will clear
for its passage, the
    vendors, the jugglers & windshield
washers passing through

the snarl in hopes of a few pesos
here & there.

VII.
One Friday over 100,000 *campesinos*
march against the North
      American Free Trade Agreement.

¡El pueblo no aguanta más!

A Fox-faced scarecrow, US flag across
his chest, is hung on
      the doors of the Palacio Nacional.

A sharp wind scurries empty water
bottles, cups, handbills
      across the stones of the Zócalo.

People lay down upon their signs, wrap
themselves in their
      banners. Others group around
bonfires of placard stakes.

Salvamos al campo para salvar a México,
reads the banner
      strung above the crowded stage.
Suddenly that cry falls
      in flames.

VIII.
The days dawn warmer & filled with
shrill birdsong. Bluer
      skies emerge above   the curtain of
smog.

A miles-long march of students,
professors & workers chant
      the resistance of the UNAM
strikers, chant the memory
      of the police invasion of that campus
three years ago.

The repression continues & movements
join voices, their
      banners fluttering with the winds –
Frente Popular

Francisco Villa, leftists, anarchists,
colectivos de Poder
      Popular & labor unions.

Chanting & marching into the distance,
towards the center
      of the City. The traffic stands still,
drivers stirred by
      this resistance.

IX.
In Chapultepec Park, beneath fine-
needled pines, a child
      chases a ball.

The *voladores* swing, winding head-first
from sky to
      Mother Earth. Shrill flute & drums
weave through the
      deep shadows of late afternoon.

The sinking sun glints off new buildings
scraping the sky.

X.
Almost midnight.

In silence we wait upon the platform for
that last metro train
      to arrive. The hour flashes, minutes
pass in red lights.

A mournful accordion song drifts
through the station & down
      blackened tunnels. At one end of the
platform on the other
      side, an indigenous *campesina* plays.
Her children sleep
      at her feet, beneath a soiled *rebozo*.

Wind whirls our hair before the chain of
cars opens its doors,
      engulfs us & speeds off.

Leaving behind the strains of her
mournful song echoing down
      the tunnel.

XI.

Tamalitos
       oaxaqueños
              calientitos
That voice echoes down the near-
midnight street.

Pides tus ricas
       tamales
              oaxaquenos
His bicycle cart sways with each pedal.

Deliciosos
       tamales
              oaxaqueños
His call fades into the distance, echoing
past
       sleeping homes & shuttered shops.

Tamalitos
       oaxaqueños
              calientitos …

ODE TO LIMA
(*ODA A LIMA*)

Liana Kapelke-Dale

A metallic smell hangs in the air.
I walk outside to the scent
of waste from countless taxis and
beaten-down *combis* that streams
into the perpetually grey sky to
form an unbroken veil of
contaminación. I can never get
used to it, this aroma of ironclad
blood that perverts the air, or to
the bitter-cold humidity of
Limeñan winter that infects it.
The atmosphere's tinny taste
stalks my opened pores, and the
heavy dampness burrows
deep enough to freeze and
crack my pale bones. Somehow,
I remain intact, though chilled
and shivering like a fawn newly
pulled from her mother's womb.

But even in winter, the flowers
bloom here. I wander past the
green cliffs of Miraflores, watered
by disappearing Peruvian ice
caps, and wonder at the brevity of
shallow roots within the
stubborn permanence of an
ageless landscape. I walk by

cacti as tall as the three-story
houses that they guard,
houses colored brightly like the
fervent graffiti and surreal murals
that cover Lima's jaded walls in
raw, idealistic hallucinations.
La esperanza es nuestra, one
tells me as I pass by, its
flamboyance compensating
vigorously for the oppressiveness
of *las nubes grises* that bury
the sun.

Here an ironic solitude filters
through nine million people,
only to catch me in its lonely net.

Here my eccentricity, tattooed
and dancing in platform shoes,
invokes harsh stares that contain
all the anxiety of youth growing
into maturity.

Here the beautiful and the
broken bind like particles
of ocean and desert melding
together into a clarity that
drifts through the air and seeks

my nostrils.

The city calls me closer and

La ciudad me llama más cerca y

moves away from me all at once,

se aleja de mi a la vez,

as I tread its congested streets

al pisar sus calles congestionadas

towards the bluff where I once

hacia el acantilado donde una vez

lost myself in the pulse of a

me perdí en el pulso de un

brokenhearted sunset. But

atardecer con corazón roto. Pero

somehow I know that Lima

de alguna manera, yo sé que Lima

will never put me down, but

nunca me dejará, sino

rather draw me to its damaged

que me llevará a su centro

core and, with all the ferocity

dañado y, con toda la ferocidad

of a wounded tiger, brand me

de un tigre herido, me marcará

with its name.

con su nombre.

THE HOUR FALLING LIGHT TOUCHES RINGS OF IRON (AT THE FIRST IRON WORKS OF AMERICA, SAUGUS, MA)

Tom Sheehan

You must remember,
Pittsburgh is not like this,
would never have been found
without the rod bending right here,

sucked down by the earth.
This is not the thick push
of the three rivers' water
hard as name calling…

Allegheny, Susquehanna
and the old Monongahela,
though I keep losing the Ohio.
This is the Saugus River,

cut by Captain Kidd's keel,
bore up the ore barge heavy
the whole way from Nahant.
Mad Atlantic bends its curves

to touch our feet, oh anoints.
Slag makes a bucket bottom
feed iron rings unto water,
ferric oxides, clouds of rust.

But something here there is
pale as dim diviner's image,
a slight knob and knot of pull
at a forked and magic willow.

You see it when smoke floats
a last breath over the river road,
the furnace bubbling upward
a bare acidic tone for flue.

With haze, tonight, the moon
crawls out of Vinegar Hill,
the slag pile throws eyes
a thousand in the shining,

charcoal and burnt lime thrust
thick as wads up a nose.
Sound here's the moon burning
iron again, pale embers

of the diviner's image loose
upon the night. Oh, reader,
you must remember,
Pittsburgh is not like this.

IRON WROUGHT ACCESSORIES

It is only sad nights
after long falling-down sad days
that I hear the angular
and inordinate breathing
      of bellows' leather
and the greaseless roll
of waterwheel axle
sounding like old barn doors
in an economy of wind.
 Think of a sooty black
Scotsman, rushed off a moor
or tarn, obligated
to an iron barrow
by servitude
as vile as cancer,
the haunt of heather
smelling up his
sleepless nights,
or a boy
soft in the face,
hard brown in arms
leather-tough,
dreaming of books,
how words run into magic

In a corner of his mind,
a little each day
breaks down,
breaks down.
The quill snaps
without the hand grasp.
Iron pours from a sea-green vapor
Into sow bars in sand molds.
Someone besides the Scotsman
or the boy, slams the hammer
to fine cut nails, draws down
to doctor an ax head, a hinge,
an edge for cutting.
The furnace is like that,
There are hot spots,
cool spots, a degree
of happening. More
than wood burns,
more than lime
passes on;
 a heart, an infusible desire,
a short sigh of a word
breaking in every component –
IRON – IRON – IRON!

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF MONTAGE

LACAN'S CRITICAL SURREALISM

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In his eleventh public seminar on the "four fundamental concepts of psychoanalysis", which took place at the École normale supérieure in Paris during 1964, Jacques Lacan (1981 [1973], 169) asserted that the spatiality of Sigmund Freud's notion of the "drive" (*Trieb*) was a "montage" which "having neither head nor tail" could be compared to a "surrealist collage". Lacan further suggests that the resulting image of the drive

> would show the workings of a dynamo connected up to a gas-tap, a peacock's feather emerges, and tickles the belly of a pretty woman, who is lying there looking beautiful. Indeed, the thing begins to become interesting from this very fact, that the drive defines, according to Freud, all the forms of which one may reverse such a mechanism. This does not mean that one turns the dynamo upside-down— one unrolls its wires, it is they that become the peacock's feather, the gas-tap goes into the lady's mouth, and the bird's rump emerges in the middle.

By using the montage metaphor, Lacan brings to the fore the disruptive partiality, plasticity, reversibility, and incoherence of the four components of the drive: the "source", that is, a specific zone of the body, the "pressure", that is, psychical stress, the "aim", that is, relief from somatic tension, and the "object", that is, anything that the drive encircles around such as an idea, bodily organ, person, or everyday object. Very briefly, the notion of the drive refers to how human subjectivity is constantly buffeted and frequently tormented within the "borderlands" or "frontiers" (to use Freud's terms) that stretch somewhere between biology and culture. That is to say, the drive takes place *between* the human subject's living body of somatic excitations and her social circumstances that consist of language, technology, and cultural norms (see Kingsbury and Pile 2014). Because the drive's components have about as much in common as a peacock's feather, a gas-tap, lady's mouth, and a bird's rump, and because they continually undermine the Ego's attempts to synthesize an imaginary sense of control and wholeness, psychoanalysis frequently "elicits a description of the human body so anarchic and fragmented that it makes surrealist anatomy appear positively classical" (Dean 2008, 132). Furthermore, Lacan suggested in his famous "Mirror Stage" (*stade du miroir*) theory that the structure of the Ego itself was constituted through a disjointed montage comprised of the infant's identifications with alluring and threatening specular images of totality that reflected but contrasted sharply with her fragmented and uncoordinated body.

Lacan's associations with the Surrealist movement during the 1930s profoundly influenced the above formulations. Lacan published several articles on paranoia in the Surrealist journal *Minotaure*, attended James Joyce's inaugural public reading of *Ulysses*, and was friends with Georges Bataille, André Breton, Slavador Dalí, and Jacques Prévert. Lacan was also Pablo Picasso's private physician. Given Lacan's life long passionate attachments and pedagogical commitments toward the shocking, scandalous, and flamboyant (all of which helped propel his twenty seven public seminars) it is useful to think of Lacanian psychoanalysis as concomitant with many of the goals of surrealism. By asserting the lived realities of the drives, Lacan asserts that life is lived through the structures and logics of montage. Put differently, from a Lacanian perspective, reality is inherently surreal.

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Florisexual

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Most trees are perfect. All flower. Perfect trees are also known as hermaphroditic trees. Their flowers have functioning male and female parts: the same flower has stamens that produce pollen and a pistil attached to an ovary. Perfect trees are also known as cosexual trees. The flowers may produce functional pollen and pistils at the same time, or they may stagger maturity.

Some trees change gender over time. One season only the pistils will reach maturity, another only the stamens. In many cases, the flower looks exactly the same; sexual function isn't encoded in aesthetics. Flower shape, color, size, and smell are highly variable depending on environmental conditions. Cones are considered flowers. Catkins are considered flowers.

*

Laura bounces her Volvo into the gas station and stops under its awning. She steps out and starts the gas, then leans into the open window and squints at me. "Would you mind washing the windshield while I pee?"

There are two women our age in the adjacent slot, cute, talking and laughing. They glance at me absentmindedly as I walk around the car for the squeegee. I assume they notice my oversized tank top that says "LESBIAN GAY BISEXUAL TRANSGENDER PRIDE" in big block letters. I imagine they're eligible and interested and force myself not to look away too quickly. It's the first time I've worn the shirt in public, any shirt so self-identifying in spite of its vagueness.

I bend over the cleaning solution and feel like someone I've never felt like before. Better start with the passenger side first—I need time to summon the confidence to give them my ass.

*

Very few trees (ten to fifteen percent) are dioecious. These trees have only one gender over the course of their lifespan. Gender expression is variable within species, though some do exhibit trends.

The magnolia, for example, is mostly perfect. The dogwood, and the apple, and the peach and plum too. The elm.

The only sexual fact a layperson can know for certain when looking at a perfect tree is that when there are nuts or berries present, the tree has functioning female organs. These only grow when an egg has been fertilized, and very few self-pollinate.

*

I smile at the two twenty-somethings, trying not to laugh at the idea of being in a parody fantasy as I scrub down the windshield with my lady muscles. I'm also trying to understand a growing sense of entitlement and glee. I've never had so much fun feeling like a cliche.

I cross in front of the car to refresh my squeegee before starting on the driver's side, the ass side. After a quick dunk in the graying water and a glance across the column to see if they're watching, I turn around and lean into my work. In general I don't look like a lesbian, which I guess just means I don't look like a dyke, which I guess just means I don't look like a man. But in this shirt I'm not a straight imposter or a queer ghost. It turns out I don't give a damn if the women are assessing me sexually or culturally, because either one is better than a false presumption.

With its lack of eye contact the ass side turns out to be the less awkward of the two. I turn back toward the other car and drop the squeegee into its grimy plastic slot three feet from my audience, as though I were taking a bow.

When Laura comes back I don't quite know how to tell her what happened, because nothing happened. I only know that leaning over a windshield made me feel like I was blossoming.

*

Acacias are perfect. The amur maple, striped maple, red maple, sugar maple. Buckeyes. Manzanitas. Chokecherries, pawpaw, woolybucket, buttonbush, eastern redbud, silverbell are perfect.

Catalpas, hawthorns, camphor laurel, Kentucky yellowwood, pepper bush, oleaster, eucalyptus.

Montage as a Radical Ethical Act:
Revolutionary Film-making from Eisenstein to Anakiev

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Over twenty years ago I wrote an essay that focused on montage as it is contextualized in what I called the image-event of film. Within this context, I defined these events as "images in motion over time through space with sequence" and produced an elaborate diagram to illustrate the process (Aitken 1991, 109). As a prosaic film technique, one of the primary intents of sequencing image events through montage is to condense space and time in particular ways – usually in short bursts – that leave an audience with an abridged but understandable narrative. Alternatively, as an extra-ordinary film technique, I wrote about image-events as creative processes where certain images when juxtaposed with others heighten awareness as a precursor to transformation and change; I was concerned about how montage shocked audiences into new realities. This was the original intent of Russian filmmaker, Sergei Mikhailovich Eisenstein, who pioneered montage as a "collision" of shots used to manipulate emotions (Eisenstein 1949). He believed that an idea should be derived from the juxtaposition of two independent shots, bringing an element of collage into film that told a new

and different story. Eisenstein first used montage effectively in the Odessa steps sequence of *Battleship Potemkin* (1925) where a massacre by Tsarist troops is portrayed through a juxtaposition of images of neatly ordered soldiers firing repeated volleys of shots at the top of the stairs, Cossacks charging the crowd at the bottom of the stairs and, on the stairs themselves the montage jumps from an old woman wearing glasses, a young student, a schoolgirl and, famously, a mother who loses control of the pram containing her baby. The scene comes together to leave the audience with feelings about the undeniable brutality of the imperial Tsarist regime. This, I think, is the power of montage: it can take us beyond the mundane to an intense emotional and political engagement. Run-of-the-mill filmmakers use the technique to abridge and condense narrative. Good filmmakers use it to engage audiences and shake them out of their sensibilities.

Gilles Deleuze (1986, ix) suggests that movies grab us because they present preverbal intelligible content, which is not about any kind of existential or psychoanalytic lack or repressed desire but, rather, is about desire that is always

positive. This takes Eisenstein in a different direction, because not only does it remove us from the bind of desire as a hole or lack we try to fill, but it positions us as active and positive in the creation of our own identities. Well, almost. Thankfully, Deleuze does not fall into the neo-liberal trap of burdening us with complete responsibility for our desires. He acknowledges that there is also something distinguishable from us (perhaps external but integrally tied to who we are) that affects our desires (It is Lacan's *big Other*, Guy Debord's *society of the spectacle*, Fred Jameson's *political unconscious*, or whatever you want to call it). Here's how Deleuze characterizes the internal/external processes interwoven through image-events: movement-images are comprised simultaneously of a *perception-image* that moves us from indistinguished knowledge at the periphery of our universe to a central subject position, and an *action-image* that is about our perception of things at the center of our universe and grasping the 'virtual action' of those things. Concurrently, there is the *affection-image* that "surges in the center of indetermination" between our perceptions and our actions (Deleuze 1986, 65). This is very much what Eisenstein had in mind when he talked about montage as a dialectical process. It is also precisely about the spatiality of montage; it is an affect that alludes to the "motion part of emotion that sloshes back and forth between perception and action" (Aitken 2006, 494). The effect of montage, then, points

to an intensity that exceeds representation, but is also about shocking us into action. Montage, when done well, is more than just about condensing a series of images to proffer information efficiently. As I sit in the movie theatre I want to be moved; I want to understand bodily and viscerally in ways that do more than suspend my disbelief, I want them to take me to new revolutionary places. I want the images to speak to my poetic soul, and to the activist part of me that desires change in the form of radical ethical acts.

Eisenstein was working his magic with montage in the post-revolutionary communist Soviet Union. Dimitar Anakiev is a Serbian-born film-maker working in post-independence democratic Slovenia. Both filmmakers are revolutionary in their politics and film practices. Amongst Anakiev's films are three documentaries that portray the plight of the 25,671 people (including 5,600 children) who were officially erased from Slovenia's permanent residents' register and, as a consequence, lost basic human rights to health-care, education, housing and so forth. As a Slovenian of Serbian descent Anakiev was erased as part of the 1990s purge. *Rubbed Out* (2004) and *Citizen A.T.* (2010) tell the story of activist Aleksandar Todorović and other activist members of the Association of Erased Residents. *Slovenia, My Homeland* (2012) focuses on Irfan and Nisveta, who suffered horrendous abuses and privations during their erasure. *Slovenia, My Homeland* (2012) begins

with a scene from Bled, an iconic picture-postcard lake in the Julien Alps used for touting Slovenia's beauty, and a choir singing "Gloria in Excellus Dio." The scene then switches to a ramshackled room where an American filmmaker is interviewing Irfan and Nisveta as they describe some of the abuses they suffered with erasure. Later, in a particularly poignant scene, Anakiev's camera bounces between Irfan and Nisveta who are now in their respective apartments talking about the joy of their youth in Tito's Yugoslavia and how their families were torn apart by the erasure. With each corresponding shot the camera pans in until we are focused on Irfan and Nisveta's eyes. The whole movie is a powerful montage between state violence, erased people's plight, official ambivalence, the destruction of youthful dreams and families torn apart. We are opened to Irfan's joy in memories of youth when he was part of Yugoslavia's Youth Work Brigade; Nisveta's strength is seen as emanating from her Islamic faith and anger at being unable to return to Bosnia for her mother's funeral. There is juxtaposition with the resilience of erased people and their willingness to organize politically and fight back. The final, powerful juxtaposition comes at the end of the film when we realize that Nisveta is one of the Catholic choir-members singing "Gloria in Excellus Dio." Her ability to transcend religious differences between her Muslim culture and the Catholic choir are in sharp contrasted to the state violence against

difference in the "ethnic cleaning" (to quote Todorović) of erasure.

As part of my embeddedness in Slovenia these last six months I've been talking to erased children and their families, as well as to filmmakers like Anakiev. I've also read everything by Slavoj Žižek that I can get my hands on; a tough task given that he writes faster than I read. Žižek (2014) latest tome is about events and transition, which speaks in some ways to the power of montage. He writes that "an event is [about] the effect that seems to exceed its causes – and the space of an event is that which opens up by the gap that separates an effect from its causes" (2014, location 63 of 2411). In this book, as elsewhere, Žižek is indebted to Deleuze. He also points out that there is something miraculous about events in terms of the ways they disturb the sensible ("the pure flow of (non)sense" (2014, location 96 of 2411)) and this is where he gets to political ruptures and radical ethical acts. Radical ethics are elaborated best by Žižek's (2010, 326) Marxist focus on the "base" of freedom that disrupts "a traditional ethic of common sense and common decency among ordinary people." As a neo-Lacanianist, Žižek wants to find ways to topple the *big Other*. He argues that this is only possible when there is simultaneously change from within that also changes "ensuing and pursuant external forces through *un passage à l'acte*" (Žižek 2010, 326) that radically transforms the subject and all her contexts.

By moving from despair to hope through activism, Nisveta, Irfan and other erased people radically transform themselves and those around them; last week (March 15, 2014) the European Court found in favor of the Slovenian government paying reparations to erased people who had filed suit, opening the door for more reparations and reconciliations. As an erased person, Anakiev's radical ethical act was to give up practicing medicine to become a film-maker. He helped educate a generation of Slovenians through powerful films that juxtaposed the actions of politicians and right-wing nationals with the day-to-day privations of erased people. His use of montage reflects Eisenstein's revolutionary dialectics and, ironically, Anakiev's film practices raise awareness of the brutal imperialism that is sometimes embedded in what we have come to think of as democracy.

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Maya and I are discussing appropriate levels of melodrama in a café of beautiful women

Because today the municipality
        of Tel Aviv
is testing its missile sirens, and my friend
        has two sons in
the army, one on the border of Gaza, and one
        on the Syrian,
and we remain skeptical about whether the civil war
        will spill over
or if it's solving all our problems without our having
        to do a thing.
We wince when we say it—we are just repeating
        the word on the street—
and I remember how my mother forbade curse words
        at home. When the urge
came we'd quote grandpa, who couldn't say three words without a hell
        or damn, until
she said not even in quotations. At 11:49 Maya starts gripping
        the table. The sirens
will go off in 41 minutes, and she gets panicked just thinking
        of it, starts counting
the family passports. But it's better than living in America, after
        you factor
the cost of higher education and insurance, not to mention
        the 18
gun deaths a day, the higher risk of diabetes, she says. Also
        she is thankful
her daughters are girls, the army is all she thought about when
        they were born.
I tell her I'm glad she said that because I'm translating
        Orit Gidali,

whose speaker in one poem imagines a future-fatally wounded soldier son

   in the stray cat on the lawn

one sleepless dawn, and another friend said that that poem was in fact,

   too melodramatic

for her taste, but I got even more worked up imaging my daughter

   hit by a car

as a baby in America, and when she leapt from my shoulders at

   the intersection of Q and 16th,

I felt almost a relief, so this is it, then, as I caught her like

   a football in the crook

of one arm and messed up the elbow I landed on and broke

   the metal shopping cart

and the eggs, while passersby picked up the scattered groceries.

   Maya is transcribing

her grandmother's memories of the war and death camps. That lady could just switch

   off normalcy and switch

on the survival mode, Maya says. That explains Israeli

   culture to a tee.

Then the siren sounds, and I ask her what we're actually

   supposed to be

doing, and she says we're supposed to be finding a safe place.

   We are facing

a picture window in South Tel Aviv;

   I ask her where a safe place is.

READING THE WATER

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Reading the Water (40 minutes) is a high-definition experimental 'home video' and personal-poetic essay that mobilizes the coast of Maine—the sandbox of the Vollmer's youth and his marine biologist and naturalist professor photographer father's area of expertise—as a metaphor for exploring the depths of masculine relationships and family ecosystem sustainability across three generations. The videotape's title employs the idea of "reading" the surface of water—akin to unpacking the meaning of a photograph—as a means to navigate what is below; it "reads" the water both in content and form and utilizes playfully reflexive editing techniques and wry cinematic disruptions to unveil the complex and fragile dynamics of the family ecosystem vis-à-vis a behind-the-scene reveal of the videotape's construction. Vollmer also harnesses on-screen text to incorporate his (then) 3-year-old son's well-expressed need for emotional presence from his biological 'fathers'—a strategy that also gives voice to the maker's own buried, yet still present, need for his own dad. The work is also a love letter to his son and father.

View the film here: https://vimeo.com/12257410

Living Montage: A Gastronomy of the Eye

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"To saunter is a science; it is the gastronomy of the eye. To take a walk is to vegetate; to saunter is to live."

(Balzac 2014 [1901], 48)

Gila Residence Hall (built 1937) is a three story, brick, Spanish colonial style building, fronted by large Eucalyptus trees, centrally located in the confines of the oldest part of The University of Arizona campus. A small, prickly pear cactus perches on top of Gila's red tile roofed building. The architecture of the Hall relies on the idea of a seemless space, or thinking cinematically, an extended, uncut longshot. In contrast, montage relies on interruption or cutting of images to create space and meaning. Though this Spanish colonial campus dormitory may seem to be a fitting garden plot, the ungrounded cactus offers a moment of disruption, two clashing images that expose the concept of operational montage.

Operational montage is central to the argument put forward by Lorens Holm in his book *Brunelleschi, Lacan, Le Corbusier: Architecture, Space and the Construction of Subjectivity*. Here, Holm puts Lacan's mirror stage into conversation with Brunelleschi's linear perspective, teasing out the intersection of architecture and identity. Holm challenges us to confront the normative perspectival space of

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[1] Photos by author

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architecture by positioning the production of space as inside/out, a dialectic of subject in the world. By conceiving of our relationship to the world through operational montage, one is always mediating between the inside and the outside. As we project our inside outwardly, we

simultaneously appropriate the outside inwardly, producing space and the subject in a process of projection and introjection. Significantly, we never wholly occupy either the inside or the outside, but rather rely on montage to splice together our existence, our world.

The montage of lived experience is perhaps best grasped through an example, a common event, going to lunch. It's Monday and our paths collide. One of us asks, "Are you hungry"? This question inevitably leads us on a

regular spatial trajectory. While each time the path varies slightly, the experience is new each time. Making our way down Second Street we

experience a metric montage, a calculated use of time to depict events in the most efficient and explanatory way. The event up to this moment is about progressing to a determined point and an exchange of information. Shot reverse shot. We occupy our landscape as space; the focus is on our social relation. Projection and introjection occur dialectically between us; we affect and are affected by one another. The streetscape is boring: sidewalks, functional buildings (bank, hotel, museum, office building) move passed unseen because our attention is on our sociality. The cuts grow shorter and the pace more rapid

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as the debate on where to eat becomes more dire: Wilco, Pasco's Kitchen, Firkin and Frogs, Sinbad's, Chipotle… Heading West on a township and range grid, Chinese food beckons from beyond the Tucson Mountains. Our destination and ultimate goal becomes clear: Pei Wei.

In contrast, the return to work past Gila Hall is a tonal montage. Here, images that are technically superfluous to a linear progression become necessary to convey the overall feeling of the event. Satiated on food and dialogue, our movements, thoughts, and images become fluid, and we express ourselves outwardly. The addendum that is inherent to the tonal montage is similar to the inferential walk in that it brings in outside elements in order to create meaning. However, thinking of Balzac's epigraphic statement above, we no longer walk. Rather, we engage in an inferential saunter, which pulls us out of introjection, and impels us to project onto and produce the landscape. As we encounter the small patch of well-kept green grass beneath the shade of Maple trees our minds move to retrieve

information from the past to create a coherency of space and meaning. The trees and grass are incongruous to the desert climate, becoming a little piece of Kansas for Laura, California for Chris. The world's tiniest park, a utopic greenspace dropped into the Tucson urbanity. Who mows this lawn?

Our inferential saunter has engaged us in the gastronomy of the eye, satiating our eyeballs on flying Spanish colonial cactuses, mundane streetscapes of a Western city, placeless parks that could exist in anywhere USA, all for the sake of lunch. We are full from lunch and a collage of projected and introjected images. Every waking moment in every day we are living montage.

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The Road Led Here

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With this film, I reflect on the magical and poetic notion of a person finding emotional attachment to a specific place, while raising the possibility that it is not the placer per say, but ones accumulated memories associated with a place that is the real attachment to the place.

"The road led here" tells the story of a discontented voyager who finally finds a place to end her journey--but what is it about this place? The film is shot on 16mm film, HD video and moss grown on 16mm leader. The film employs text that nods to the literary tradition of odyssey/journey stories, such as The Wizard of Oz, On the Road, The Odyssey and others.

The film's footage features iconic imagery of the Pacific Northwest: roses, waterfalls, ferns, and evergreens. This footage is overlayed with whimsical animation that is not meant to be polished but rather show the hand-made-ness of the animation. Because the animation is not seamlessly integrated into the footage, it creates a montage effect between the photo-real and the constructed with the synthesis being a magical realist effect on the viewer. My hope would be that some time in the future when the viewer is looking out a natural space, they could imagine the magic that could

be there, for example, the mermaids that could be swimming just beneath the surface of the ocean.

View the film at: https://vimeo.com/50119119

OUR SPIRIT LIFE

Stephen Mead

These photomontages had a long hibernation period and eventually became part

From Trees to Mega Malls

of a book entitled "Our Spirit Life".[1] My mom passed away in January 2002 and then a decade later in the same month, in the same hospital wing, my father passed away. Both times boxes of family photos came into my possession. Over the years, I'd written poems and done tribute

pieces of art for my parents, but I'd been intending to do something with these inherited photos in particular.

Going through them again as I prepared a slideshow for dad's wake, lines of a Laurie Anderson song kept coming to mind: "when my father died it was like a whole library burned to the ground." Indeed, knowing how much of my insular upbringing has vanished, interweaving photos of skies and landscapes, cityscapes, from my own collection, I created these montages as a memento mori for the life which was, yet also as an acknowledgement of how much it is encapsulated as a living story within me.
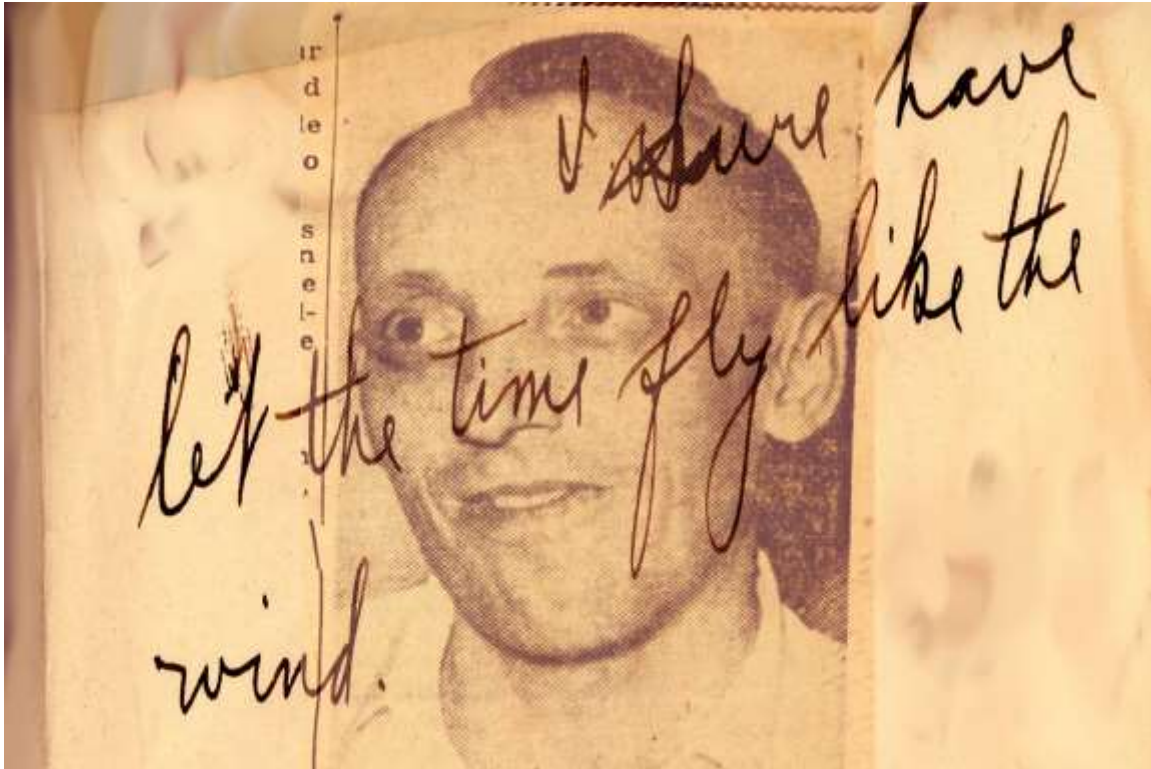
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[1] http://tinyurl.com/l2bvhz2

From Farmers to Smokestacks

From Blue Skies to Silent Springs

I Have Let the Time Fly Like the Wind

From Farms to Parking Lot

Thanksgiving, 2004

Matthew Lowen

Answers
don't come easy
and the sympathy card
I delivered
with trembling hands
was a mere stab at
believing
in something.

Maybe I could have
died the other night
on that busy street
squabbling over a few
green bills.
He with the gun,
me with my Friday night plans.
Maybe.

Tina's nephew
was shot in the face,
and then some.
It happened just the other day,
but it will never stop
happening. It was
two days after
Thanksgiving, which
will never be the same again
for Tina and her family.
Never.

I spend every Tuesday
evening in prison
with men who will spend every
last one of their Tuesdays
in prison.
When I told them
every last one said
sorry for
what happened
in some way.
They don't have
any answers
either.

Thanksgiving night
out for a walk
under the nearly full moon.
Standing beneath
the sycamore trees
in the wind.
I watched
a sailor climb out of a taxi
bound up the stairs,
a box with a bow under his
arm.

This was going to be
good.

I still hear that mother's cry
at the return of a son

and the closing of distance.
It rings in my memory
over and over, echoing
down the blustery
cold night.
If only my card could
have contained a mother's cry
and a son's arrival, or
something close to an answer.

But answers
never come easy,
and sympathy cards, like
Tuesdays and Friday night holdups
will never stop
happening.

WISHES. ARRANGED.

Chad Hanson
Department of Sociology & Social Work
Casper College

The plane leaves the ground and it carries me into the air over the city of Newark. When I look down I see patterns. Roofs aligned in rows. Driveways, set in between the public and private versions of ourselves. Bluegrass lawns with the blades cut off at two and three quarter inches. Roads paved on a neat grid, able to carry us away or home. From the window of the plane I look down onto hope. Millions of aspirations, set into groves among the tamarack and pine.

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