



## Affect bleeds in feminist networks: an “essay” in six parts\*

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### ABSTRACT

This essay is one of many attempts to document and process a year-plus long feminist digital media project: ev-ent-anglement. The essay has an irregular construction in six sections to hold and honor the practices, concerns, and findings of the project that all aim to mark the power and violence left usually unregarded after the common and willy-nilly, usually corporate-abetted, movement of digital fragments of ourselves. The ev-ent-anglement, including this essay as one iteration, attempts to mark that every simple cut/paste in a digital environment has an unseen but sometimes felt consequence: a violence and a power. It asks: could this gesture have different meanings or purposes in other formats, environments, and communities? Is affect in Montreal similar to #affect in #Montreal? The essay suggests that perhaps with a dataset made with and for feminist social networks, with a dataset made to feel, our cut/pastes might maintain and pass on some of their original affect. That is to say, principled collections and ethical cuts within coherent datasets might allow for affect to both move and stay within feminist networks.

### KEYWORDS

Event; entanglement; affect; cutting; montage; feminist; digital media; cut-ups

- I. ***Users’ Guide: wherein I supply a primer on use and structure for this “essay”***
- II. ***List of Illustrations: wherein I say who made what with which words as “captions”***
- III. ***List of Captions: wherein I write my own and reflect upfront on the violence of writing and moving words linked and unlinked to photos***
- IV. ***Seventeen Cut-ups to Show and Feel the Bleed.<sup>1</sup> The essay proper, feel free to start and stay here.***
- V. ***Sources: wherein I honor those who participated by gifting words and images***
- VI. ***Notes: wherein I bleed deep in the shadows with perhaps more clarity<sup>2</sup>***

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\*The ev-ent-anglement attempts to use technology to collectively cut/paste+bleed our abundance of digital fragments with principled, self-aware, grounded gestures that add up to more. Among many other concerns, it considers how or if affect flows (and perhaps stays) within on/offline queer/feminist spaces because I am concerned that many of our current digital practices are not yet as grounded as we deserve. We experience entangled events with people, places, technologies, and things that register affect. We try to save and pass some of this on for ourselves and others using more technologies. What sticks in the network? What chips? What stays clear as the light of day and what lives best in the shadows? What registers in, across, and between the many media forms where we effortlessly cut/paste innumerable fragments of ourselves and others? Who uses us? What is lost? How do we account for what seeps out or bleeds between networked relays of affect? Basically: is affect in Montreal different from #affect in #Montreal?

## I. Users' guide

This essay is one of many attempts to document and process a year-plus long project: *ev-ent-angement* (please see Section VI. Notes, p. 26, for more details). The *ev-ent-angement* encompasses several things: writing about and documentation of performances at five academic talks about feminism, digital media, and affect; digital media connected to these many occasions occurring around the world from 2015 to 2016; digital fragments both produced for and received at these events; and the digital platforms that also hold said fragments. As is true for many digital projects, a lot of data, affect, and ideas were mobilized and shared. This essay and its seventeen cut-ups are one possible structure to hold and process all that; I have tried others.<sup>3</sup>

This writing has an irregular construction in six sections to hold and honor the practices, concerns, and findings of the project that all aim to mark the power and violence left usually unregarded after the common and willy-nilly, usually corporate-abetted, movement of digital fragments of ourselves. It has an irregular structure to mark how difficulty of use, odd beauty, and weird poetry are alternative formats to make visible and restructure the movements of our fragments into more ethical collections.

Something akin to an essay proper can be found in Section IV. *Seventeen Cut-ups to Show and Feel the Bleed* (p. 8). The seventeen cut-ups of word/image groupings were created through a mechanical procedure of my design whereby I selected generative phrases and images gifted to me across the project, numbered them, put that in a hat, and produced random groupings (see Note 8 for a more in-depth discussion—and a strangely placed photo—of this process). The seventeen cut-ups are comprised from many selected fragments, or what one reader has called the project's "digital residue," created for and left over from the several feminist academic meetings and performances of the *ev-ent-angement*, particularly its iteration in Montreal: gifts of digital expression about the project's interests in affect, cutting, pasting, bleeding, events, entanglements, and so on. In the *ev-ent-angement* every gift becomes an object—whether people, place, or thing—and each can be cut/paste with others initiating a bleed that it attempts to both see and account for.

I built these cut-ups using my own machine logic. I was not simply using the machine (paper and scissors/computer) as a tool to (more easily) render montage practices or thinking, like a re-mix. Rather my method allowed me to be somewhat (more) remote, detached, uncaring, and disconnected from these generous social digital gifts by performing arbitrary cut/pastes between them. When we are online, algorithms and/or our hands often cut/paste once precious things with little to no attention to their foundational human affect yet with great hard-wired interest in corporate greed. But, take an image or word from one place and put it elsewhere, especially into a platform owned by the man to sell you yourself, and there are consequences.

The *ev-ent-angement* strives for different outcomes based on a similar logic. Here I am trying to see and feel the structuring violence, the jolt of thoughtlessness and contextlessness, and also the possible communal intelligence and beauty, that underwrites the cut/paste and its disinterest in judging or even noting what is precious and tender

from that which is not. I consider, working with my many participants and their objects, that perhaps with a dataset made with and for feminist social networks, with a dataset made to feel, our cut/pastes might maintain and pass on some of their original affect. That is to say, principled collections and ethical cuts within coherent datasets might allow for affect to both move and stay within feminist networks. Unlike much on the Internet, our community is limited, our database is small, the ideas and things gathered are complex and deep, to know what is here demands time, and your presence is generative.

The project attempts to mark that every simple cut/paste in a digital environment has an unseen but sometimes felt consequence: a violence and a power. It asks: could this gesture have different meanings or purposes in other formats, environments, and communities? It asks to account for the bleed. Thus, the surrounding matter—Users' Guide, Illustrations, Captions, Sources, Notes—also engages in, and hopes to reveal, the consequence of pushing contextual information off-site, as it were, allowing the seventeen cut-ups in Section IV a false purity akin to that which cushions most digital fragments. The surrounding extraneous matter is built to be as ugly and cumbersome as the cut-ups are pretty. This dark matter, which I think of as “the bleed,” rips away and elsewhere from the cut-ups, variously, their original “captions” and “authors” and my own writing about them. Rather than ugly, a reader might find these sections to resemble the creepy architecture that sits just below the web's clean, simple surfaces.

There have been five or more ev-ent-anglements, with hundreds of participants contributing their digital fragments. The first was in Utrecht; a more recent at Montreal; with three stops along the way. Most of the items displayed here in the seventeen cut-ups were produced at a conference in Montreal: Affective Encounters. The participants at that iteration of the ev-ent-angement were asked to consider and then gift digital answers to something like: “Is affect in Montreal different from #affect in #Montreal?” At that event, I gave a talk about the project and then offered them a script requesting their digital gifts about it (you can catch three photos of the script, sometimes with participants too, gifted back to me in some of the most meta cut-ups).

So, dear User, there are several ways to proceed. You can read this essay from beginning to end (my experience of choice): moving through its varied writing formats, each indicating ways of knowing, storing, and sharing that have been cut/paste from the others but should add up to more. Or, you could enter through the end, Section VI, the Notes (p. 26). This section of the writing, something perhaps like an essay in its own right, explains in a more scholarly voice the history, process, theory, and findings of the project. If you enter through Section III (p. 6), I hope you'll enjoy its weird poetry. Section II (p. 4) is as ugly or beautiful as is the language of tweets and hashtags that surround images and people and the many digital images we make and consume. And of course, you can move hyper-textually, or perhaps better yet by scrolling past, fast, and through. Everything here is deeply connected, just as we might want from our feminist networks in these times of networked atomization.

## II. List of illustrations

*Or, front matter that in its awkward, although procedurally correct placement, denies the reader the immediate pleasure of the seventeen cut-ups that form the “essay proper” but in so doing draws attention to a central concern and method of this project, namely, the violence and power, usually invisible, of the cutting/pasting of fragments, and their associated affect and possibility, especially as rendered and regulated across place, time, and media and via words and images in digital networks.*

Figure 1. “Feminist collectivity as the shadow archive of contemporary academic culture.” Photo and text tweeted by [@AgingSuperModel](#) (please see Section V. Sources [p. 25], to better understand the handles, aliases, and names of project participants). Re-tweeted by [@raultishness](#): “Exactly! #eventanglement #montreal.”

Figure 2. A photo I made of a fragment—actually rendered by hand! on paper!—at the first ev-ent-anglement in Utrecht. Its maker is either unknown or has since been forgotten by me (please see Note 3 for an explanation of ev-ent-anglement).

Figure 3. “The haptic in the encounter as a feminist action. #montreal #eventanglement.” Photo and caption tweeted by [@Daynarama](#). Words re-tweeted by [@Komiksgrrl](#) (please see Section III. List of Captions [p. 6], for some of my readings of this and other photos).

Figure 4. After seminar drinks from [@Daynarama](#).

Figure 5. “Thain: suspense, method for #affective potentiality for (dancing) body to be other than what it was.” Still from *TwinPeaks: Fire Walk With Me*, David Lynch, 1992. Photo tweeted with text by me, [@mediapraxisme](#).

Figure 6. Screenshot of Dr Selmin Kara’s Facebook.

Figure 7. “#Montreal Medium notes #eventanglement.” Tweeted by [@Daynarama](#).

Figure 8. “Seminar participants at lunch. #AffectiveEncounter in #Montreal by an alias.” Photo and words tweeted by [@AgingSuperModel](#).

Figure 9. Screenshot of tweet by [@Daynarama](#) of screenshot of her Facebook page.

Figure 10. From Marta Zarzycka’s Facebook with caption:

As Affective Encounter workshop in Montreal draws to an end, my faith in feminist affective collaborative academic activist community is restored. It was a pleasure to spend this week with the most brilliant and generous scholars I’ve encountered in a long time. Maybe there IS joy in academia after all.

[@raultishness](#) re-tweets image with: “Feminist joy.” [@RentschlerC](#) re-tweets and re-words: “The feminist feeling space! #eventanglement #Montreal #AffectiveEncounters.”

Figure 11. “Bertleson: Productive unconscious & ethics of togetherness, micro-politics of resistance via #affect #eventanglement.” I tweeted the Cahoun self-portrait and associated words using the alias [@ev-entangle](#).

Figure 12. From [@discourseontheotter](#).

Figure 13. Alanna Thain’s shadow in photo tweeted by TL Cowan with her own words redux: “Feminist Collectives as Shadow Archive of feminism in contemporary university. #AffectiveEncounters#eventanglement.”

Figure 14. Shared via Instagram by lanatalani: "like this."

Figure 15. "2 Weeks. 2 feminist Workshops. 1 manicure #WhatSticks#WhatChips #FemTechNet#AffectiveEncounters#eventanglement." Tweeted by @AgingSuperModel.

Figure 16. Film reels atop projection of ev-ent-anglement.com. Source/photographer misplaced by me.

Figure 17. Digitized tweet by @RentschlerC.

Figure 18. Alex with iPhone (camera) and tired dancers. Photo by Ingrid Ryberg?

Figure 19. Digital photograph by me of paper photo portrait found in the book, *Ordinary Affect*. Photographer and subject unknown.

### III. List of captions

Figure 1. *Professors Rault and Juhasz cooling off in Montreal. We danced all night. We stayed up late. We revealed what might be hidden due to rules of professional procedure.*

Figure 2. *Another procedural break. Figure 2 falls out of my self-assigned cut-up techniques (see Note 8). It is one of only two images used in the cut-ups that was not made by participants at the Montreal ev-ent-angement, although we did see it there.*

Figure 3. *This image came to me without words, via Twitter. I've added these: "What we must demand from the photographer is the ability to put such a caption beneath his picture as will rescue it from the ravages of modishness and confer upon it a revolutionary use value" (Bertolt Brecht).*

Figure 4. *As paired with Figure 3, my least favorite doubling. Sure, both images are "about" drinking and glassware, objects that hold and allow release. But the cool clarity of Figure 3, its diffident linking of thumb and glass, how it coldly harkens a coming sound, its cruel contextlessness, rubs the wrong way against Figure 4 (gifted by the same tweeter), an image of the blurry blue warmth of the social that actually was.*

Figure 5. *Jenny writes about delight and love. A couple is moved. In word and picture, or through their artificial pairing, I doubly know the residual pull of bodies: to and against each other. An excess zig-zag stressing buzzy attraction; a gravitational pull towards more connection. With stasis. Movement without touch. Squirmy sweaty hope for more.*

Figure 6. *"In the visual world of photography the first people reproduced made their appearance unblemished or rather uncaptioned. Newspapers were still luxuries which one rarely bought, but rather looked at in cafes. As yet they made no use of photography, nor did the overwhelming majority of people see their name in print. The human face was surrounded by a silence inside which the gaze was in repose" (Walter Benjamin).*

Figure 7. *I imagine this is Dayna's once private, now public, multi-format guide for possible cut structures for a video art project that I can't know. I have grown to love how it pours downward into the next photo's similar field of gravitational pull and palette.*

Figure 8. *I am caught wearing the yellow-green work-dress caught in Figure 1 that I'd rather be caught dead in much later that night dancing at queer bars peopled by younger people and even later still while relaxing on the curb with Professor Rault. On many many further looks, seeing beyond my arresting aesthetic reactions to color and composition and my own attire, I realize that someone has caught Jenny and I in the very conversation that she so fittingly describes now sutured to Figure 5, Twin Peaks.*

Figure 9. *Things begin to multiply, double, reiterate, and flatten, as they must.*

Figure 10. *What was once there and still is: joy. Feminist joy; feminist feeling space. A relaxed stance. Alanna's flowing skirt and hair. Jenny's back. A cake! Marta's ebullience. Is it because I was there and was caught up in and then remember those flows that this here becomes yet another feminist feeling space? If you hadn't been there would you feel the joy? Do words help smooth the way? Cover the cracks? Do we prefer joy with digital distance?*

Figure 11. *I tweeted this image and its 140 characters in response to or as record of a presentation. Claude Cahun and her twin live on. Tweeted captions as ungainly blemishes attempting to suture ceaseless countless cheap portraits into some sensical semblance to honor our presence and loss.*

Figure 12. *"The illiterate of the future,' it has been said, 'will not be the man who cannot read the alphabet, but the one who cannot take a photograph.' But must we not also count as illiterate*

*the photographer who cannot read his own pictures? Will not the caption become the most important component of the shot?" (Walter Benjamin).*

Figure 13. *Alanna Thain making and caught in shadows over my ready-made words.*

Figure 14. *"In writing this chapter I have used what I call 'the fold in' method that is I place a page of one text folded down the middle on a page of another text (my own or someone else's)." (William Burroughs, "The Cut Up Method.")*

Figure 15. *The third sticky photo folding in blue shadows, bleeds, chips.*

Figure 16. *New forms of meaning with absence.*

Figure 17. *Ayanna Dozier caught in the break. With a shadow. Made digital and sent back to me.*

Figure 18. *I'm caught again catching in the act. Wanting more than I deserve.*

Figure 19. *This photo was found lodged inside my used copy of Everyday Affect, functioning perhaps for the book's previous owner (the woman with blue eye-shadow and shiny shoulders?) as a bookmark. With no anchoring text of its own except for the place in the book it itself once anchored, this once maybe-precious or only-functional photo, its woman and (her?) child, are ever leveled in the darkness. Remembered here, forgotten still, my digital photo of her paper one replicated here as a cut-up reminds me of the violence and the beauty of free-floating signifiers, of bodies as images and people as texts, of affect as code and networks as glue: and the bleed of it all.*

#### IV. Seventeen cut-ups to show and feel the bleed

CUT UP 1:



**Figure 1**

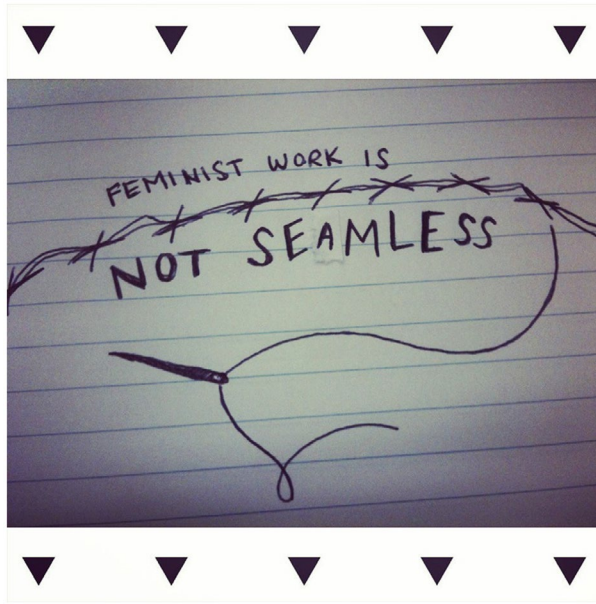
Learning/practicing (1): the difference between spontaneous emotions and educated feelings (@intheintervals).<sup>4</sup>

Yes, there is something that exceeds the mimetic copy of some part of yourself or others—so effortlessly passed along as a digital fragment. We have affect in the network: our bodies, and poetry, and pictures, dance, words, and humor as reminder, and as mediums, to get us ever closer to that uncapturable evanescent event.



## CUT UP 2:

Of course the contemporary act of self-cutting, like editing, can be understood in gendered terms: a violent act of power-seeking performed in yet another of those private places allocated to women in patriarchy.<sup>5</sup> Self-cutting does not bring with it an associated paste. What *this* cut brings with it, what it wants, its dyadic, is a **bleed**.<sup>6</sup>



**Figure 2**

Technologies, like people, slide over some things, stick others together, allow for friction, cuts, pain, and pleasure. Parts of us stay put, others travel on.

CUT UP 3:



**Figure 3**



**Figure 4**

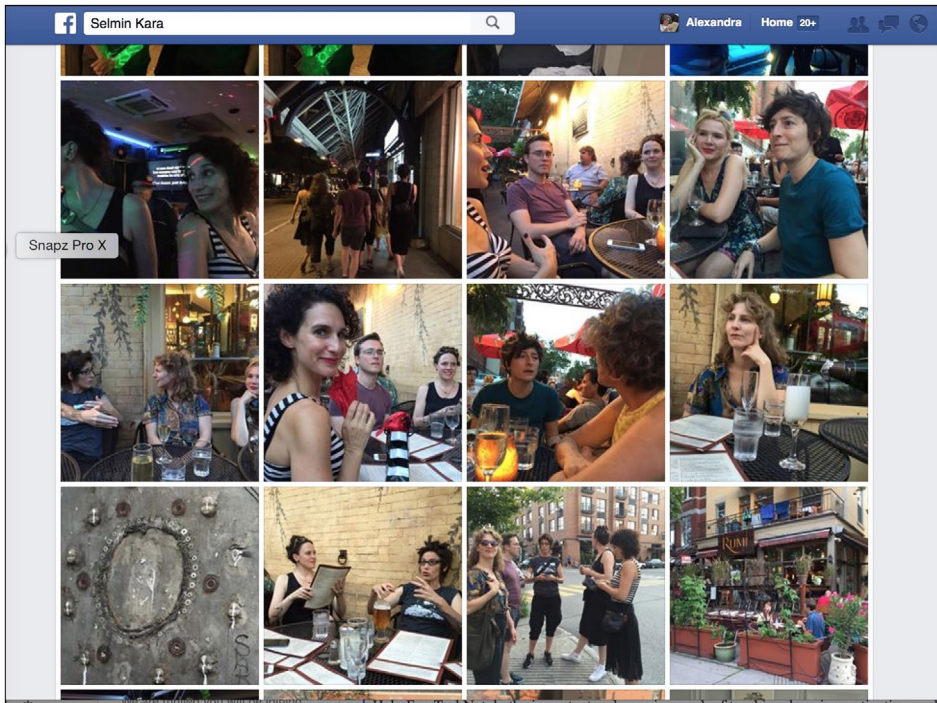
## CUT UP 4:

**Figure 5**

I feel annoyed to be watching the clock to get my kid from daycare. I was so happy when you said you loved "The Argonauts," and then squirmily delighted when you said smart generous things to me after I presented. Very sweaty most of today. I'm curious about everyone's love lives, as always (Jenny Burman).

CUT UP 5:

Feminist collectivity as the shadow archive of contemporary academic culture (@AgingSuperModel).<sup>8</sup>



**Figure 6**

So we wait for our bodies to appear, we wait in the gaps, or cuts, or silhouettes of time; we wait, we exist, and create (@Komiksgrrrl).



CUT UP 7:



**Figure 8**

## CUT UP 8:

Perhaps people stay in places because they *live* or *lived* some place? And yet we move on: for each small paste holds another cut it seems ...



**Figure 9**

“Cuts are part of the phenomena they help produce,” writes Karen Barad.

CUT UP 9:

Alex argued to cut is to create a silhouette, which can serve as a visual signifier of what was once there but is not a lack ([@Komiksgrrrl](#)).



**Figure 10**

Ordinary affects are public feelings that begin and end in broad circulation, but they are also the stuff that seemingly intimate lives are made of. They give circuits and flows the forms of a life (Kathleen Stewart).



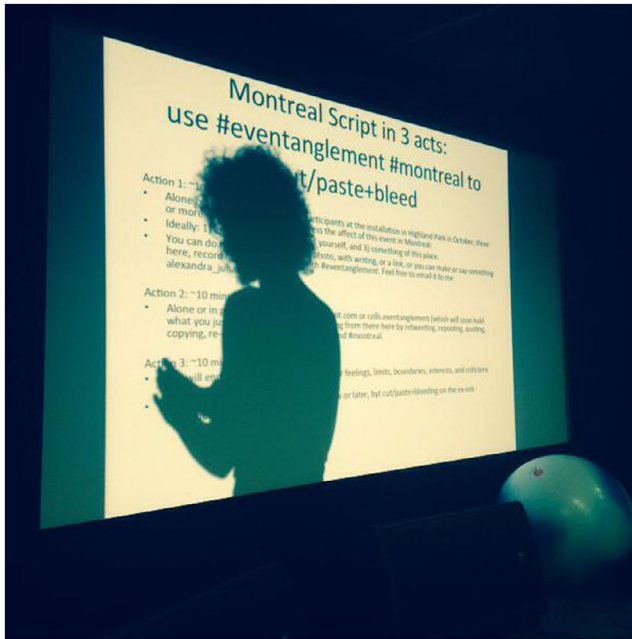
## CUT UP 10:

**Figure 11**

Cut ups are for everyone. Anybody can make cut ups. It is experimental in the sense of being *something to do*. ... The use of scissors renders the process explicit and subject to extension and variation (William Burroughs).

**Figure 12**

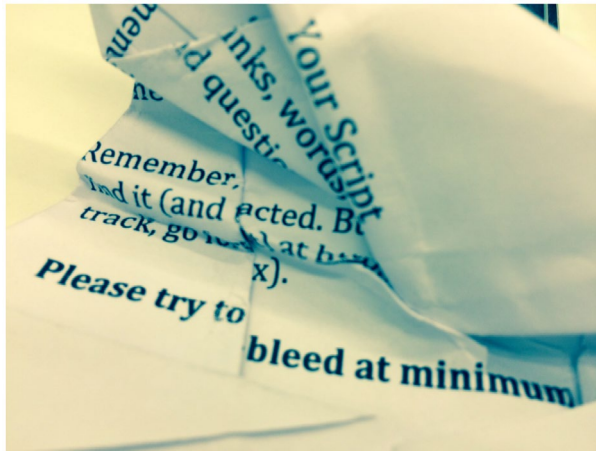
CUT UP 11:



**Figure 13<sup>9</sup>**

I want to try to cut myself and my events back together with a feminist ethic that links deeper, farther, and truer to previous knowledge and current context, to communities and audiences, and to the ideas and analyses that matter to us. That links me to you in a feminist entanglement that links you to me, if you're ready and willing to seep in that is.

CUT UP 12:

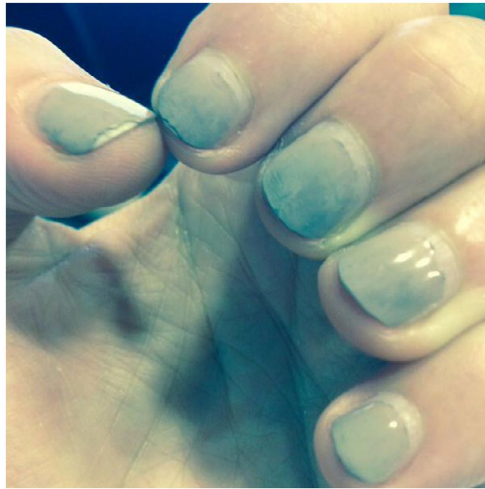


**Figure 14**

I begin with the messiness of the experiential, the unfolding of bodies into worlds, and what I have called "the drama of contingency," how we are touched by what comes near (Sara Ahmed).

CUT UP 13:

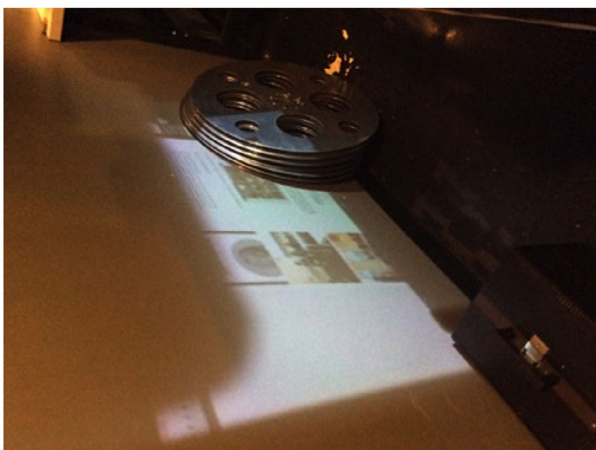
What is the glue that inspires or captivates an audience to assemble linger, and act?



**Figure 15**

Those queer pleasures & feminist politics that drew us into academia might yet survive (@raultishness).

CUT UP 14:

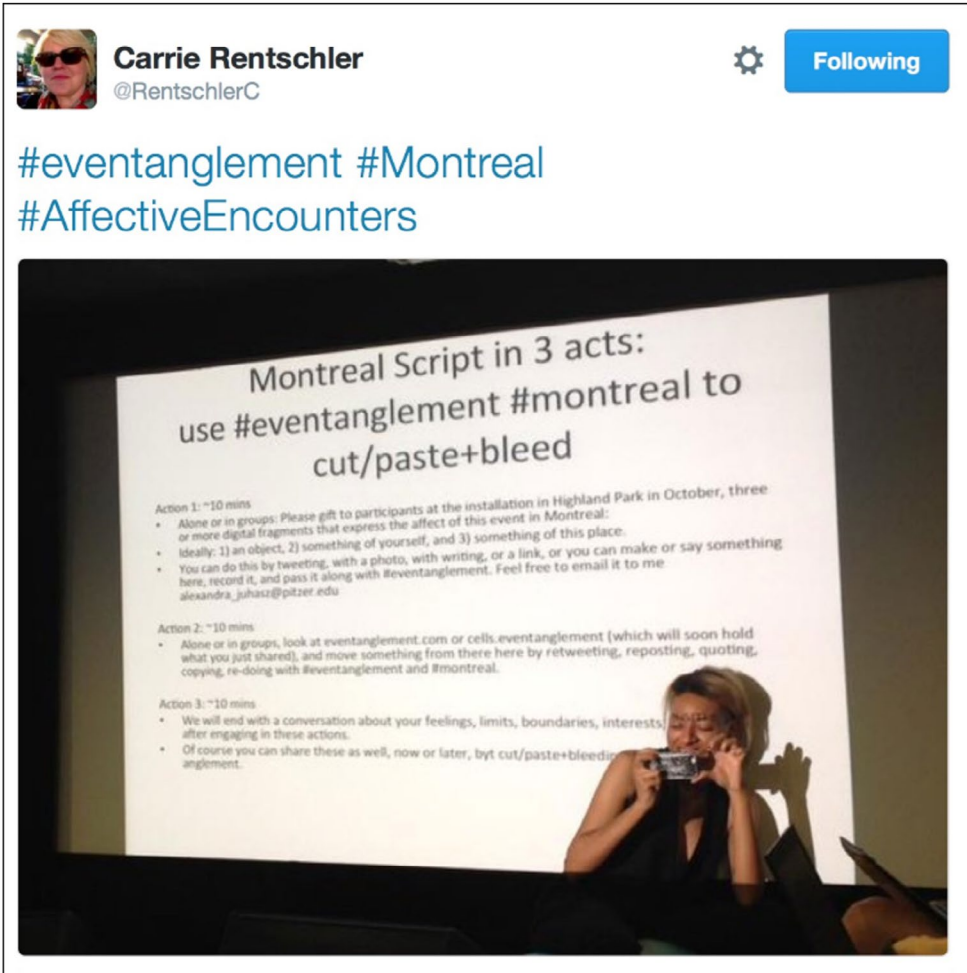


**Figure 16**

I suppose I'm trying to think through that notion of cutting as something that creates new forms of meaning with absence (@Komiksgrrrl).

CUT UP 15:

I remember the wildness of 15 from the inside. I could do anything fucking anything (Jenny Burman).



**Figure 17**

fragilization // politics of care // movements // temporalities (@intheintervals).

**CUT UP 16:**

The most interesting aspect of the image, in other words, is the way that it is not simply itself but is itself plus a nugget or shadow or trace of intensity. An image is itself and more (Jodi Dean).

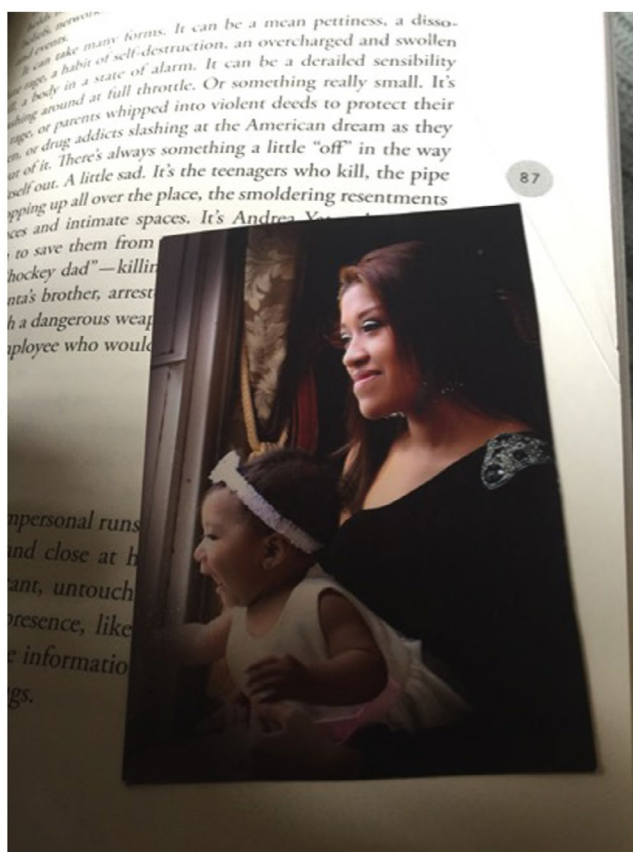


**Figure 18<sup>10</sup>**

We are moved by things. And in being moved, we make things (Sara Ahmed).

The ev-ent-angement considers how and what we can save, pass, know, and be moved by, together, on the Internet and in the world: how affect moves in feminist networks.

CUT UP 17:



**Figure 19**<sup>11</sup>

An affective approach to images requires a close understanding of the different layers through which a body operates *as an image among other images* (Luciana Parisi and Tiziana Terranova).



## V. Sources

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- @Daynarama is Dayna McLoed, Canadian intermedia artist and scholar.
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- @ev\_ent\_angle is also me.
- @Komiksgrrrl is Ayanna Dozier, Communication Studies PhD candidate at McGill University.
- Ilona Hongisto is Lecturer in Media Studies, Macquarie University, Sydney.
- @intheintervals is Dr. Domitilla Olivieri, Assistant Professor in the Department of Media and Culture Studies at Utrecht University.
- Kara, Selmin is Assistant Professor of Film and New Media Studies at OCAD University.
- Ianatalani may be Alanna Thain who is Professor of English at McGill University.
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- @mediaprxisme is me, Alexandra Juhasz, Chair of the Film Department, Brooklyn College.
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- @RentschlerC is Carrie Rentschler, Associate Professor and William Dawson Scholar of Feminist Media Studies at McGill University.
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- Thain, Alanna is Professor of English at McGill University.
- Zarzycka, Marta is Assistant Professor at the Gender Studies Department at the Institute of Media and Culture, Utrecht University.

## VI. Notes

1. When I sent drafts of this “essay” to the editors of this special edition it had twenty cut-ups. Every time I sent it to them I explained that I would understand if they couldn’t publish it, given its ever-more-strange and ever-less-academic-journal-like form. I was genuinely surprised that I kept getting authorized to go forward. Quite late in the process of production it became clear that its strange structure was okay but the piece was too long, given how much room the photos take up. We decided that the best solution would be for me to cut some of the cut-ups. Three in all ended up being departed along with four photos and some accompanying text. Some of this is gone for good, but some will now sit, ghost-like and even more detached, here in the shadows. A great quote about stickiness from Ane Laukkanen: “I use the concept of ‘Egyptian feeling’ as a named, circulated and sticky emotion, where the cultural, political and biological aspects of emotions merge together.” This caption by me: *When seen paired with Figure 13, I am overtaken by both uncanny mirrors and unruly excess.* And this marvelous and meaningful quote: *“Insofar as affect, as movement, designates the doubling of an image, utterance, perception, or sound into itself as something else, we can account for the affective discharge of reflexivized communication. The additive dimension of communication for its own sake designates an excess. This excess isn’t a new meaning or perspective. It doesn’t refer to a new content. It is rather the intensity accrued from the repetition, the excitement or thrill of more”* (Jodi Dean).
2. Ev-ent-angement, across its many iterations, relies upon a through-line of linked feminist/activist methods/beliefs. Each of its iterations, including this one, starts and is made from traditions of feminist/queer groundwork:
  - Using collaborative processes of doing and knowing as feminist methods of linking that acknowledge difference and power.
  - Acknowledging one blended live and digital space that has its own bleed.
  - Understanding events as co-productions in time/space/knowledge/affect that entangle things, people, and ideas that might be recorded and also shared.
  - Committing to knowledge that is rooted in bodies and practices, as well as ideas and machines.
  - In doing. Different from but related to receiving or thinking, doing theory looks and feels different from reading it.
  - Seeking experiences and their technologies outside the corporate.
  - Enjoying that everything cannot be saved. The event is gone and something remains.
3. I have also written about the ev-ent-angement in these publications. “Ev-Ent-Anglement Cells: Network, Affect, and Feminist DH in Highland Park,” with Laila Shereen Sakr and Brian Getnick in Elizabeth Losh and Jacqueline Werimont, eds. *Screening Mechanisms: Feminist, Anti-Racist, Postcolonial, and Queer Digital Humanities* (Minnesota forthcoming) and “#cut/paste+bleed: Entangling Feminist Affect, Action and Production On and Offline,” in Jentery Sayers, ed. *Routledge Companion to Media Studies and Digital Humanities* (forthcoming).
4. A perfect caption for Figure 1. But the two were randomly cut/paste together, with the bleed showing only back here (and maybe felt there?).
5. One of my anonymous readers for this publication wrote: “the foundational metaphors of cutting and bleeding could be enhanced, or at the very least, I’d urge the author to consider accounting for the complexity of associations that both of these metaphors inspire. Although the author mentions that cutting may refer to an act of (gendered) self-injury and survival in situations of disempowerment, it also evokes a number of different associations that might be just as productive—the relationship between cutting and deconstruction, for example, or the act of cutting up men, cutting the cord, or cutting the flesh (i.e., cuts of meat). This lack of depth is especially pronounced when it comes to the metaphor of the bleed. Does bleeding not equally resonate with acts of injury, death, crime, policing, or risk? Do we not bleed internally as well as externally? Can we not refer to blood pacts, the blood and the soil, or to bloodletting? And why are the sacrificial methods of bleeding left untold—the religious, devotional or the

spiritual?" And to her, I say: yes! It's true. I lost control of my metaphors, as well as my objects; I got messy, even as I tried to tame the project, making it all hold together with ungainly stitches. I'm glad to let these questions sit here—seeping below—and also show themselves elsewhere, through the cut-ups and other awkward connections. I hope that in the doing, theories and practices of Internet culture are known and felt in new ways.

6. The violence of this cut comes from disjuncture. An abrasion in form and content. The first groupings have enjoyed a natural flow—elegance, eloquence birthed from a nimble collective intelligence. The bleed—this space here that eases out, through the use of language, the rough transitions between the machinic cut/pastes that randomly connect fragments from Montreal—indicates the violence, the power, ownership, and uses of the definitive disruptions of social media that are expertly hidden in the effortless cut/pastes of the digital.
7. The artificial flow of this cut/paste of two images is not entirely contrived. These two images come from Dayna McLoed, who proved to be one of my most active Montreal interlocutors, so linking them through a random cut/paste makes an easy sense on its own. And, we were all at the same place at the same time: Montreal and its almost-same-time digital renderings on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, and *ev-ent-angement.com*. It was intense and coherent: intellectually, socially.
8. I do not think of Facebook as a shadow archive. It is glaring, bright, screaming, tight. Joy from a distance. But TL's words address something else entirely; not Facebook. They were cut/paste violently with my hands and scissors and moved to join a different image using my computer and machinic process. Now context-less, they serve to worry for all Internet fragments, stripped of the place they started, ripped of the affect they stored, generating new feelings and meanings, thus ruining fun even as this creates other intensities. Jodi Dean writes about Facebook: "People enjoy the circulation of affect that presents itself as contemporary communication. The system is intense; it draws us in." In grave contrast, I worry about how hard and cold it is here, where the cut/pastes are *not* seamless and where the stakes are made clear. Less to enjoy—unnatural, complicated, dense—but somehow, yet, some say, full of "feminist joy"?
9. Down here, in the underworlds, is a shadow I can work in: an inorganic form and process that somehow still stays true to connections, vernaculars, goals, methods, and processes of people who share(d) space with difference (intellectually, politically, socially, culturally, artistically, sexually).
10. We just might be able to stitch together fragments of ourselves, outside the logic of capital, when we are linked-by-choice within coherent communities that share an explicit, flexible, intellectual, bodily, social, spatial practice.
11. I will admit, I love my cut-ups. I really do. Our cut/pastes are generative for me because place, context, complexity, time, shared goals, and vernacular are live in the network, even as we take account of the bleed: the productive, painful violence that is the cost of movement, connection, and cutting. The cut-ups produce a "feminist feeling space" (words gifted to me that work) that travels with complexity and clarity between shadow, paper, digital, professional, and personal archives, rendering something (again) at once like and also different from #AffectiveEncounters in #Montreal. I worry that only I can feel this love, and decide that's okay. I forgive myself and the project. I have felt that much of *ev-ent-angement* has been a (productive?) failure: too complicated, too sprawling, too diffuse, too different, too weird, metaphors left to run amok. And yet, experimental intellectual activism sometimes allows us to see, or to render, what is otherwise obscured by the protocols of more controlled participation. My participants, connected by my methods and desire—and their own—collectively produced alternative ways to think about, see, and feel affect in a/our network. Or maybe they didn't or couldn't. I tell you, I love it even so.

## Disclosure statement

No potential conflict of interest was reported by the author.

## Notes on contributor

**Alexandra Juhasz** is the chair of the Film Department at Brooklyn College, CUNY. She makes and studies committed media practices that contribute to political change and individual and community growth. She is the author of *AIDS TV: Identity, Community and Alternative Video* (Duke University Press, 1995); *Women of Vision: Histories in Feminist Film and Video* (University of Minnesota Press, 2001); *F is for Phony: Fake Documentary and Truth's Undoing*, co-edited with Jesse Lerner (Minnesota, 2005); *Learning from YouTube* (MIT Press, 2011: <https://mitpress.mit.edu/books/learning-youtube>); co-edited with Alisa Lebow, *The Blackwell Companion on Contemporary Documentary* (2015) and with Yvonne Welbon, *Sisters in the Life: 25 Years of African-American Lesbian Filmmaking* (Duke University Press, 2017). Dr Juhasz is also the producer of educational videotapes on feminist issues from AIDS to teen pregnancy as well as the feature fake documentaries *The Watermelon Woman* (Cheryl Dunye, 1997) and *The Owls* (Dunye, 2010). Her current work is on and about feminist Internet culture including YouTube ([aljean.wordpress.com](http://aljean.wordpress.com)) and feminist pedagogy and community ([feministonlinespaces.com](http://feministonlinespaces.com) and [ev-ent-angement.com](http://ev-ent-angement.com)). With Anne Balsamo, she was founding co-facilitator of the network, FemTechNet: [femtechnet.org](http://femtechnet.org). E-mail: [Alexandra.Juhasz@brooklyn.cuny.edu](mailto:Alexandra.Juhasz@brooklyn.cuny.edu)