

CHAPTER 4

Somewhere (2010)

If we were in possession of an instrument which would permit us to penetrate deep into the innermost recesses of the human psyche, we would find not identity, but a void.
Kaja Silverman (1992: 4)

[A] world where people are born in the clinic and die in the hospital, where transit points and temporary abodes are proliferating under luxurious or inhuman conditions . . . where a dense network of means of transport, which are also inhabited spaces is developing; where the habitué of supermarkets, slot machines and credit cards communicates wordlessly, through gestures with an abstract, unmediated commerce; a world thus surrendered to solitary individuality, to the fleeting, the temporary, the ephemeral.
Marc Augé (1995: 78)

Somewhere, initially, seems to be Coppola's first foray into exploring and delineating male subjectivity, since it centres on the masculine body in crisis; however, when one considers this film alongside both *The Virgin Suicides* and *Lost in Translation*, *Somewhere* emerges as a film that effects a complex parsing out of the notion of identity and, more specifically, an intricate transformation of dominant fictions or narratives that hinge on male identity. R. Barton Palmer argues that: 'Coppola's "subject" thus far is at least as masculinist as it is feminist, her films offering sympathetic portraits of men puzzled, frightened, or frustrated by the elusive nature of the feminine' (quoted in Perkins and Verevis 2012: 53). However, it is my opinion, especially in relation to *Somewhere*, that Coppola's sensitive portrayal of the hackneyed trope of 'masculinity in crisis' is nearly always put in service more broadly to throw abiding notions of identity into crisis and to effect a change in the fabric of dominant patriarchal fictions *precisely as a feminist act*. Kaja

Silverman has argued, after all, that the location of crisis within the masculine body is deeply imbricated with the feminist project because: ‘to effect a large-scale reconfiguration of male identification and desire would, at the very least, permit female subjectivity to be lived differently than it is at present. In my opinion, it would also render null and void virtually everything else that commands general belief. The theoretical articulation of some non-phallic masculinities would consequently seem to be an urgent feminist project’ (1992: 3). I will argue in what follows that *Somewhere* is a film in which identity – and its extension in space – is held in abeyance and thus is reconfigured as nonidentity made manifest through nonplace. This is nothing short of a radical gesture, given that the film’s narrative in fact centres on the specificity of face and place (celebrity/stardom and Hollywood). As such, what Coppola reveals is the void at the heart of subjectivity within and through the very industry that fabricates, markets and sells abiding and dominant notions of identity, such as ‘masculinity’, in the first place. Space and time are vital tenets of the film because of the counterpoint this sets up between chronological/productive time and dead time or time as duration, and space as that which either renders us anonymous or opens up possibilities. As I have argued elsewhere: ‘*Somewhere* is a cinema of the body, which is to say that it explores the manifold ways in which time makes itself manifest through the body. That the weight of duration is brought to bear on a notably beautiful body . . . is significant. In an industry that tends to prize eternal youth, the process of ageing is akin to a slow slide into death’ (Backman Rogers 2015: 119). As is the case in *Lost in Translation*, at the centre of *Somewhere* is a confrontation between the individual and the void both within and without the body. Moreover, that body is placed on a timeline that posits and shores up the existential backdrop against which any human life is lived – namely, that not all things are possible and that death and ageing, regardless of how physically remarkable may be the body on which this process is wrought (in this case a hard, white male body), is a devastating force of equalization. We all come from and return to dust.

What the film offers, then, is a sedulous critique of hegemonic and systemic values that suffocate any ability to *live otherwise*. As Todd Kennedy notes astutely: ‘Coppola creates a film that subtly invokes – and comments upon – American identity, the postmodern culture of Los Angeles/Hollywood, and the central questions of modernity . . . the ability (or inability) of individuals to make a place for themselves in the modern world, a place where they can feel at home’ (2015: 52–53). How images create, delimit and contain processes of subjectivity is the

implicit concern, as I have argued thus far, of all of Coppola's films, but *Somewhere* takes this relation as its central theme, for the film explores specifically the detrimental effects of trying to live up to one's own cliché. From the perspective of postmodernism – since everything is reduced precisely to its surface appeal and *affect* – the film works to reveal the fundamentally perfidious nature of identity as created and positioned within a late capitalist context (namely, the film industry).¹ If it is the 'self' – as a highly particular image of celebrity – that is sold here, the film also suggests that complying too tightly with one's own manufactured image results in stasis and suffocation of life. Moreover, by rendering its main protagonist – who is sold as a 'someone', a consistent, abiding and recognizable entity – as 'nobody, not even a person' (as Johnny Marco comes to define himself), the film not only stages a critique of a spurious world in which true connection is always prevented (taking place as it does in a series of contemporary nonplaces and through a series of nonsequiturs), but also makes apparent the lie at the heart of ideologies of selfhood, whether this is made manifest in the form of celebrity culture or vacuous self-help philosophies, that one must be exhaustively *somebody*.

Feminist scholars who have written on male subjectivity, such as Tania Modleski (1991), Kaja Silverman (1992), Susan Jeffords (1994) and Donna Perbody (2011), Hannah Hamad (2013) and Stella Bruzzi (2013), have argued convincingly that masculinity admits cycles of crisis and fracture in order to re-establish its central convictions all the more strongly. Thus, masculinity is always reincorporated into the dominant grand narrative, precisely as a myth, in order, more often than not, to concretize and affirm identity at the both national (as grand narrative) and local levels. *Somewhere*, I will argue, is a direct challenge to franchises such as *Die Hard* and *Lethal Weapon*, which espouse a version of hard masculinity that Sharon Willis (1997) and Yvonne Tasker (1998) have unpacked through politically driven analysis, in which masculinity and male authority is reinstated all the more effectively and powerfully by the film's conclusion. Masculinity therefore only brooks crisis in this respect as a liminal moment, a caesura that works to shore up the very philosophy or set of ideals that is thrown into question by the body of its narrative. Johnny Marco, the film's central character, seems to specialize in or be renowned for – like Bob Harris – a certain kind of action cinema that plays precisely into the mythical ideals perpetuated and effected through an image of hard, white masculinity. Both of these films (but to the greatest extent *Somewhere*) tear asunder this image by not only revealing it as a cliché (that is, in exposing the very mechanics of this performance), but also by replacing plenitude

and strength with vulnerability and void. Most importantly, however, *Somewhere* refuses to assuage the viewer with a resolution of/to the crisis.² This is a profound gesture on Coppola's part because, having painstakingly pulled apart central components of identity and myth-making (cinema, advertising, stardom and celebrity culture), she refuses to recuperate this highly specific image as anything other than a void. Without a doubt, the film functions as an indictment of the specious, shallow and reductive nature of the Hollywood industry as machinery (a technology of selfhood), but it also functions as an investigation into the nature of selfhood as it exists within time. The image *Somewhere* leaves us with is that without genuine community and interaction – that is, if we live in an ethical vacuum – we cease to exist altogether for subjectivity is, indeed, founded upon a void and only comes into being interrelationally.³

Hollywood as a Dominant Fiction

In *Male Subjectivity at the Margins* (1992), her study of masculinity and subject formation, Kaja Silverman sets out how our governing ideological reality comes to be disseminated through the mode of 'dominant fiction'. She argues that 'it is through ideological belief that a society's "reality" is constituted and sustained, and that a subject lays claim to a normative identity' (1992: 15). The normative identity with which we tend to comply unquestioningly is, overwhelmingly, predicated on binary opposition pertaining to gendered stereotypes. Hollywood, precisely as an industry that manufactures and sustains the dominant fictions that come to stand in for reality, promulgates the notion that masculinity is, above all, phallic, potent, hard and active. Moreover, as Susan Jeffords has noted, this hegemonic ego ideal (as image) is powerfully intertwined with national narratives of identity and race so that: '[a] nation exists, in other words, as something to be *seen*. In such a case, examining one of the chief distributors of images in this country – Hollywood films – offers clues about the construction of American national identity' (1994: 6). The dominant fiction, in other words, plays out at both the national and local levels. We become bound to these images, argues Silverman, through unconscious processes that rely upon psychic mechanisms such as identification, projection and fantasy.⁴ However, unlike feminist screen theorists of the 1970s, Silverman posits the female spectator, and, by extension, her onscreen surrogate, as a vital presence that helps to confer phallic potency

upon the male figure (to read, in essence, the penis and Phallus as coterminous with one another): ‘Hollywood cinema conventionally calls upon the female subject to disavow the male subject’s castration, and – by looking at him with her “imagination” rather than her eyes – to confer upon him phallic sufficiency’ (1992: 8). Here, in contradistinction to woman as symbolically representative of void, it is the male body that is marked out as the site of lack and inadequacy; moreover, the female gaze – as made manifest through psychic projection – is crucial to the rectification and reification of masculinity as an image (nonetheless constructed) of plenitude and power. On a national level, the image of omnipotent masculinity is circulated further through the figure of the husband and father (the ultimate manifestation of patriarchal law). As Silverman suggests, ‘our “dominant fiction” or ideological “reality” solicits our faith above all else in the unity of the family, and the adequacy of the male subject’ (1992: 16). Indeed, the nuclear family is a perennial tenet of dominant narratives of ‘happiness’ and the ‘good life’ (Ahmed 2010) to the extent that any alternative existence is either condemned or co-opted (see Ahmed 2004, 2006, 2010) in order to uphold its cultural dominance.

It is in attending to the gap – the margin – between dominant fiction as a pervasive and potent set of images and embodied, durational existence as lived reality and the failure to coalesce or ‘stick’ to that fiction that critique is able to come into being. As Silverman sets forth: ‘the dominant fiction doesn’t exist in the abstract. Although I have defined it as a reservoir of sounds, images, and narratives, it has no concrete existence apart from discursive practice and its psychic residue. If representation and signification constitute the site at which the dominant fiction comes into existence, then they would also seem to provide the necessary vehicle for ideological contestation – the medium through which to reconstruct both our “reality” and “ourselves”’ (1992: 48). *Somewhere* is a film that situates its critique of this dominant fiction about masculinity from within the very industry that manufactures and maintains its hegemony through tropes of projection, disavowal and fetishism. Its dismantlement of that fiction functions through failure: failure to act, failure to identify, failure to cohere and adhere, failure to be ‘somebody’ and failure to go ‘somewhere’. Its very form, constructed out of repetition, stasis, extreme duration, misdirection and misunderstanding, works to undermine the highly specific and cohesive masculine identity that the central male character cannot even identify as part of himself (precisely because it is a myth). As such, *Somewhere* stages a performance of crisis in extremity and masculinity as performance.

From the film's outset, identity is imbricated with performance; moreover, the formal use of repetition (via the calculated use of graphic matches, matches on action, doubling and replication) serves to remind the viewer that performativity, especially in relation to gender norms, functions through exacting, painful and often oppressive forms or repetition.⁵ In placing emphasis on the trope of repetition, *Somewhere* examines how the mechanics of identity work on us in the first place. *Somewhere* opens with a static shot of a Ferrari circuiting a racetrack;⁶ this shot is held for some two minutes before the driver is revealed to the viewer (a dishevelled Stephen Dorff as Johnny Marco). The car's engine powerfully pitches and purrs, its sound rising and falling in tempo as the car continues its seemingly endless loop. Time is experienced as duration in potential extremis here and human activity is represented as a repetitive set of gestures that reinforce sameness within duration. This is to say that within the opening moments of the film, we are not only presented with the idea that this character is somehow 'stuck' within his environment (indeed, we have a literal representation of this), but that he is, in actual fact, fixed within a recognizable cliché, since the Ferrari stands in as his identity (we know this must be a man in crisis with a point to prove to the world – he's driving a fast car!)⁷ Indeed, the fast car, as commonly conceived, stands in for a paucity or lack of prototypical masculinity, since this is predicated on the idea that the man who occupies such a vehicle must feel compelled to make up for something, very possibly his lack of sexual prowess or physical endowment. This image is therefore presented precisely as a cliché – an image that we automatically know how to read and assimilate – but its repetition ensures that the generative force of this cliché comes unstuck. As such, what the film suggests is that Johnny Marco is a cliché that is running on empty and fittingly, we find out that he is a film star associated with action genre franchises that are invested in the exact replication and recycling of stereotypes (especially that of the sclerotic masculinity of myth).

Performance, in particular cinematic performance, is often intimately and obliquely linked with commerce and prostitution, especially within the context of gender.⁸ Indeed, Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex* (2011, originally published in 1949) allies the figure of the female film star and more specifically the sex goddess (as incarnated through a number of 'bombshell blondes' from Jayne Mansfield to Brigitte Bardot to Marilyn Monroe throughout cinematic history) with the prostitute.⁹ As Mandy Merck, taking her cue from de Beauvoir, argues: 'the woman star relies upon male protectors and pursues male consumers ... she may never cross the ambiguous line dividing the display of beauty from its

direct sale . . . but her function is no different . . . the paradox of such a profession is that its practitioners come to be active, independent subjects only through the strictures of self-objectification' (1993: 62). De Beauvoir sets forth that the female actress is divested of creativity, power and control, all of which lies only on the side of the (implicitly male) director and producer, to the effect that, she argues, 'the prostitute who simply yields her body is perhaps less a slave than the woman who makes a career of pleasing the public' (de Beauvoir 2011: 583).¹⁰ This is a problematic claim, but what de Beauvoir foregrounds is the lack of agency an actor or actress has over his or her own subjectivity once that identity is solidified, commercialized and rendered as a commodity. In fact, Merck, following de Beauvoir, asserts that the subjectivity of the film star *comes into being* precisely for someone else (a presupposed audience). Alienation, as such, exists both in front of the camera (as Walter Benjamin famously outlined already in *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction* (2008, originally written in 1936)) as the human figure is reduced to a two-dimensional image that can be infinitely reproduced (effectively as a cliché, as the French etymology of the term suggests) and within the commercial environment that profits from this production of images of stardom.

On two separate occasions, Johnny (presumably) pays two female erotic dancers to perform for him in his hotel room. Both of these scenes serve to foreground the perfunctory and commercial nature of these erotic spectacles and, as such, provide a comment on the commodification of (female) sexuality itself. In fact, the women who perform as Cindy and Bambi (identical twins Kristina and Karissa Shannon) work as Playboy 'bunnies', and thus their very presence onscreen already reads as a clichéd image. Visually, both women are seemingly modelled on the prototype of healthy, blonde 'American Beauty': they are lithe, athletic and spray-tanned; their bodies are hairless, smooth and brown; their hair is bleached to an unnatural shade of blonde and cut into long layers; their teeth are whitened; their attire is chosen to veil selectively their bodies in order to emphasize their near-nakedness. The routine they perform is captured in a static framing that works to de-eroticize their dance as sexual display; a more typical editorial treatment would cut into the dance so as to fetishize and distort the female body precisely as spectacle, but here the static framing naturally fragments the body as it moves in and out of the film frame. They frequently appear as disarticulated figures, without heads or feet; undoubtedly, this is played to comic effect,

but it also renders the scene implicitly violent, since the static framing represents a supposedly objective viewpoint that works to dissect the body through a dispassionate gaze (which here stands in for that of Johnny's narcoleptic and indifferent stupor – he extends no care to the 'products' he consumes). The corporeal, fleshy nature of their performance resonates as a series of awkward sounds between their limbs and the poles that they work their way up and down. Whilst the symmetry of their appearance (they are identical twins and, in fact, Johnny mistakes Bambi for Cindy) lends the scene an almost grotesquely comic air that serves to undercut such a tired priapic fantasy, their dance is not fully synchronized and comes off as amateur-like and stilted. Moreover, the song to which they perform is the loud and bombastic 'My Hero' by the Foo Fighters, the chorus of which proclaims 'there goes my hero, watch him as he goes, he's ordinary . . . don't the best of them bleed it out while the rest of them peter out' and to which Johnny fittingly falls asleep.¹¹ Taken together, these elements of the scene formally work to foreground the labour behind the production of fantasy and spectacle. As such, a gap is effected between performance and image in order that the latter be re-inscribed precisely as construction and notably the tired artifice of this spectacle bores Johnny to the point of losing consciousness. For he is all too familiar with the mechanics of affected public performance; indeed, it is possible that he does not call upon Cindy and Bambi to embody an erotic fantasy for him, but rather because they reveal his own existential predicament to him.

The performative nature of these moments and the banal, pedestrian manner in which they are rendered suggests something about the world in which Johnny lives; he too is paid to perform and, at that, to perform a prototypical role that promulgates and shores up 'strong' and 'hard' masculinity. Outside of this role – which is the mode in which we always observe him – he exists in a provisional and temporary manner, unable to state anything unequivocally about himself. At his press campaign, he spectacularly fails to answer the question 'who is Johnny Marco?'; in fact, it is his sycophantic assistant who feeds him generic descriptors with regard to how to speak about 'Johnny Marco' and assuages his ambivalence about his performance as 'Johnny Marco' with a series of platitudes ('that was awesome!') There is therefore, I would argue, an implicit link between Cindy and Bambi's gregarious display that promotes the commodification of sexuality and the insufferable enactment Johnny must go through on a quotidian basis: they are all acting out roles within and for a public space. They come into being

through performance, but the nature of the performative self is that it ceases to exist within a void or in isolation. Again, *Somewhere* works to insert a discrepancy or holding space between the actor and the performance in order to characterize the nature of celebrity as fickle, insubstantial and specious. Any sense of self that is constructed on a foundation of public celebrity is too constricted and constricting for anyone to thrive within in its confines, let alone lead a meaningful life.¹²

A scene that depicts Johnny's promotional activities in support of his most recent film (*Berlin Agenda*) foregrounds the ludicrous and highly superficial nature of his celebrity standing within the film world. There has clearly been some former sexual liaison between Johnny and his co-star Rebecca (Michelle Monaghan), but he has proved to be woefully disappointing and predictable by fulfilling that most perennial of all romantic clichés – sleeping with her, but not bothering to call her back. In fact, since Johnny himself is nothing but a host of clichés conjoined together and collectively labelled as a personality, he is perhaps fulfilling or playing his role to the hilt. Rebecca puts forward a well-groomed and attractive presence in contradistinction to Johnny's dishevelled and rumpled appearance (having broken his arm by drunkenly falling down a staircase at the Chateau Marmont Hotel and thus being unable to wash or dress himself properly). As if to add to his humiliation, Johnny is not of an equal height to Rebecca, who, wearing heels, towers over him in the publicity photographs for the film; in order to rectify this situation, Johnny is forced to stand on a step to adjust the disparity in their heights. Rebecca's disparaging comments about his lack of sexual prowess are matched visibly by his lack of height and his injured arm. While Johnny tolerates the mortification of Rebecca's sardonic comments, whispered discreetly into his ear, the pair has to maintain all the while a professional and friendly façade for the photographer, who instructs them to look at one another and smile sweetly. The discrepancy between this farcical errand and the polished publicity campaign that will presumably result from it again serves to remind the viewer of the performative labour that is put into constructing and maintaining the products that Hollywood upholds – products that sell highly specific and unattainable lifestyles and norms of beauty. As if to consolidate his bond, however superficial, with Cindy and Bambi (perhaps, as mentioned earlier, because he recognizes the performative nature of his own public identity in theirs), Johnny tries to mollify his shame over his experience during the publicity campaign by heading directly to their house, presumably to engage in sex with one if not both of them (another clichéd and specifically male fantasy).

Masculinity as Crisis

In her study of the action genre, which she calls ‘Men’s Cinema’, Stella Bruzzi notes that the very form of this kind of film works to attenuate rupture and discontinuity in order to command and convey a highly specific image of masculinity as an omnipotent and dominant force to which we either aspire or submit:

[S]uperficial smoothness is used to make and elide ambiguities ... there is a clear sense ... that the men are in control and that internalised ambiguities and uncertainties are being suppressed or brushed aside quite literally by the momentum of their walk. In turn, the spectator’s ability to remain impervious to the effects of this momentum is limited. Coupled with the symbolic alliance to sexuality (these kind of) sequences coerce their respective audiences into falling in love with masculinity as well as with power. (2013: 143)

One of the central features of men’s cinema is movement, since the narrative centres on tracking the movement of a (male) body through space. It is therefore the trajectory of the male character that binds together the diegetic space of the narrative and, moreover, even determines the temporality of the filmic experience. Since time, in the action-image genre, as Gilles Deleuze (2005b) has delineated is subordinate to movement, we encounter time as a precise, chronological measurement of movement that compliments the Euclidean clarity of the space within which the male protagonist fulfils or acts out his destiny (more often than not to resolve a crisis and domesticate and bring the female body under control). In other words, coherence of time and space affords little opportunity to unpack or attend to the representation of masculinity being proffered, since unity of time and space also ensures unity of thought. This is not to say that one may not read against the grain, but that it is active and hard labour to do so in this case.

Men’s cinema cannot admit cracks, fissures and discontinuities that open up its dominant or abiding narrative to questioning. Critique is rarely held within its scope. The ease with which movement seems to take place, which allows us to believe in the male figure who always knows how to (re)act, functions as a force of coherence for this highly specific representation and, in particular, its seeming given-ness or naturalness. As such, this is nothing less than a superstructure that upholds a mythic version of masculinity as dominant phallic power. As Tania Modleski has argued persuasively, Hollywood and its coterminous norms and

ideals (based in the imaginary) promulgate the allegiance between phallic power (as the centre that holds and to which everything refers or gains subsequent meaning) and the anatomical penis.¹³ This alliance, though, is in fact highly arbitrary and contingent. She writes that:

Lacanian feminists have found it valuable to insist on the discrepancy between phallus and penis and, in their critical practice, to expose or 'unveil' the lack at the heart of patriarchal representations, thereby attempting to undermine the stability of the power structure appearing to sustain them ... Hollywood cinema, easily the largest and most influential such system of representation, has been massively and continually devoted to perpetuating myths of phallic potency. (Modleski 1991: 91)

Whilst I am loath to argue that *Somewhere* is a film that stages a Lacanian feminist intervention in film history, I believe the centrality of discontinuity and void to its very form as a film is vital to understanding what it does extend: a sensitive critique of dominant Hollywood narratives that centre on masculinity. In its refusal to smooth and elide gaps and ruptures – indeed, in its fascination with the liminal and the inbetween – *Somewhere* opens up a space in which we can parse out this construction of mythic masculinity and its accompanying aesthetic. This is a bold manoeuvre, for, as Silverman suggests:

[A] given symbolic order will remain in place only so long as it has subjects, but it cannot by itself produce them. It relies for that purpose upon the dominant fiction, which works to bring the subject into conformity with the symbolic order by fostering normative desires and identifications. When the dominant fiction fails to effect this interpellation, it is not only 'reality' but the symbolic order itself which is placed at risk. (1992: 50)

At the heart of *Somewhere* is a character who cannot identify with his own image precisely as a dominant fiction – a situation that results not only in a fracturing of psychic identity, but also the attrition of mental health and the wherewithal to continue carrying on (we infer that Johnny is taking medication for the sake of his mental health, and the activities in which he indulges could also be viewed as a form of anaesthetic or self-medication). *Somewhere* sedulously examines the coping mechanisms that are invoked to deal with situations that alienate one pro-

foundly from one's own sovereignty and a connection to others and the world. In such an environment, life is replaced with indifference and detachment from feeling – there can be no affective mode of being in the world. As such, I suggest that *Somewhere* recuperates masculinity precisely as a mode of psychic crisis.

Donna Perbedy has outlined in her study of the performance of masculinity in crisis that the figure or trope of the 'angst-ridden' male is already in and of itself a challenge to the dominant fiction, but it is when crisis is not assuaged or alleviated that a more challenging critique emerges:

images of angst-ridden men immediately challenge the idea of a 'true' masculinity (Butler) or 'dominant masculine' (Buchbinder), no more so than when their narratives fail to be resolved or, if resolved, fail to re-establish gender binaries that reinforce male power and domination. Furthermore, the 'unmasked' men . . . exhibit the damaging effect of a 'true' masculinity and imply that it is only in attaining a particular standard of maleness that they can be considered successful 'men'. Their failure to achieve such a standard can be seen as the crux of their downfall. (Perbedy 2011: 173)

Moreover, Perbedy asserts that crisis is usually only invoked thematically in order to recuperate and reassert the central tenet of dominant masculinity; therefore, it is rarely utilized inchoately and does not brook ambiguity. Moreover, she suggests that the crisis of masculinity 'operates according to cycles of crisis and resolution; ultimately, the aim is to restore men and masculinity to their dominant societal position: to reassert patriarchy. If "crisis" occurs when the gendered binaries between masculinity and femininity break down, the threat posed by femininity must be suppressed and the gendered binaries re-established in order for male dominance to be restored (or, at least, the illusion of dominance)' (2011: 28). I have argued elsewhere (Backman Rogers 2015) that the indeterminate extension of a liminal period, in which there is an alleviation of the norms and ideals in relation to individual and group identities, is a radical gesture precisely because in refusing to attenuate or foreclose a period of crisis, dominant or hegemonic value systems are no longer perceived to be the foundation on which everything else is constructed. It is within that liminal holding space that we can remake and reconfigure dominant narratives. Crisis is made manifest on the level of content, but its infiltration of form is more rare; it is this latter sense of crisis, one that infects the very mode or fabric of life, that is more far-reaching and incontrovertible. In

relation to masculinity in crisis, Bruzzi argues that ‘normative masculinity is, even in the most ostensibly straightforward Hollywood films, an unrealisable ideal, and it follows that the anxieties and contradictions that surface as a result of this conclusion having been reached will frequently be resolved at a non-narrative level’ (2013: 38). In other words, masculinity, within such a scenario, is played out or inhabited *as crisis*. *Somewhere* stages a *mise-en-scène* of crisis in which masculinity is perpetually conveyed as a crisis mode of being-in-the-world. World and body are deeply imbricated *as crisis*.

This *mise-en-scène* of masculinity as crisis is effected on a formal level in a manner akin to Deleuze’s delineation of the breakdown of the action-image cinema, the symptoms of which are made manifest as ‘the form of the trip/ballad, the multiplication of clichés, the events that hardly concern those they happen to, in short, the slackening of sensory-motor connections’ (2005b: 3). Additionally, the protagonist in this world is struck by the notion that he or she is living in a bad film that is strung together by an interminable series of clichés and vacuous people with shallow opinions who can only communicate through prefabricated platitudes. In an industry such as Hollywood, this effect is compounded: everything is ready-made and pre-formed in a manner that already delimits how a person may exist and grow (one must adhere to one’s own clichéd image or ‘bad film’). Within this diegetic environment, the protagonist feels struck by something ‘intolerable’ within the context of banal, quotidian life and feels himself or herself to be no longer concerned with ‘love and life’ (Deleuze 2005b: 165). The protagonist is prone to function as a ‘seer’ rather than an ‘agent’ (Deleuze 2005b: 3) who contemplates what is before him or her, but cannot react decisively to it. Here, it is time that comes to the fore, since it is no longer subordinate to the coordinates of an agent who always knows how to act (to choreograph the space around him). From the outset, movement in *Somewhere* is presented as a circular, repetitious process that leads to nowhere – Johnny’s Ferrari is a sleek machine that facilitates and exacerbates his own lack of direction. Johnny is someone who – despite his onscreen persona – is passive to an extreme extent. His stardom is the result of a happy accident to which he cannot really lay claim as an achievement; he admits to an obsequious male fan that he has had no professional training of any sort and thus, in effect, his career is merely something that has happened to him (he is fortunate enough to possess a beautiful face). Johnny passes his time by driving around the nondescript and anonymous suburbs of Los Angeles; his journeys are conveyed through a discontinuous editing style that foregrounds jump-cuts, vio-

lations of screen direction, the suturing of noncontiguous spaces and temporalities (for example, the inexplicable transition from day to night in one sequence), and repetitious matches on action that convey a lack of transition or change. As if to emphasize the essential purposelessness of his perambulation, one scene features Johnny pursuing a woman he sees at a set of traffic lights, only to lose sight of her as he follows the seemingly maze-like system of roads that make up the borough he is exploring (lest we forget, this beautiful man is also something of a sexual pest). In other words, his travel proves to be fruitless, aimless and without purpose (other than to fill up time). Moreover, the interior shots taken from inside his car, which taken together characterize these scenes, suggest his essential passivity: it is the car that transports him and, more specifically, cocoons him from the outside world. In other words, there is no transportation effected. Visually, he seems to remain immobile whilst the outside world rushes past him and he misses it. Johnny is someone who misses connections, people and life continuously.

Scenes set in the Chateau Marmont Hotel correspond to the lack of movement and passivity evidenced in the sequences set in the car. A series of graphic matches serves to reveal Johnny's life as a series of tedious routines that allow him to tune out from the world. The prevalent use of dead time is central to our understanding of him as a man who is constantly waiting for something to happen to him. Inbetween moments in which he must promote his celebrity-self as a commodity, we see the void of his private life; namely, that he is entirely absent and disengaged from himself and the world. He leads his life as a mode of nonexistence in which sitting on the sofa, smoking cigarettes and staring into space constitute the major activities of the day – essentially an extreme form of nonactivity. There is no differentiation in his routine – tellingly, he does not seem to know what day of the week it is most of the time – so he cannot distinguish one moment from the next. He lives out his days in always provisional and present mode, passing from moment to moment. This profound detachment from the world in which he lives results in a form of myopia that aesthetically typifies the infrequent but notable use of point of view or focalization from Johnny's perspective. Like Bob Harris, Johnny is assaulted by a cornucopia of images that seem to sell a highly specific version of 'self' via specious product placement; the generic Hollywood star system, which claims to isolate the unique and the special, is recuperated here as a machinery that works to depersonalize and commodify individuality. Indeed, individuality can only be favoured insofar as it is marketable. Airbrushed, digitally altered images emblazon billboards and cut-out cardboard figurines that

litter the Los Angeles skyline. These dematerialized and flattened images constitute an extrapolation and reduced version of reality, yet are the dominant narrative to which we are told we must aspire.¹⁴ Complexity is thus replaced with an artificially constructed and false alternate reality that comes to stand in for – if not erase – what does not fit into this virtual, postmodern reality.¹⁵ In other words, one aspires to be a cliché (an image of a person in contradistinction to a person) in a world in which depth is reduced to surface. And as I have argued elsewhere, this revelation of the cliché as an image of crisis reveals an even more pernicious aspect: ‘that when you are not seen (when you are not rendered as “surface”), you cease to exist altogether’ (Backman Rogers 2015: 122). When Johnny tells Cleo’s mother over the telephone that he is ‘nobody – not even a person’, his devastation evinces not only his inability to live up to his own cliché, but also the detrimental effects that this flattening out and siphoning off of one’s affective capacities creates. A life lived on the surface results in a kind of internal death and a flattening out of all experience (Johnny alternates between checking his phone and watching Cleo perform her ice-skating routine; virtual life holds as much sway over him as his vivacious daughter’s embodied reality).

Hollywood and Celebrity as Nonplace and Nonidentity

Somewhere is set in the definitive and iconic location of Los Angeles and, more specifically, the Chateau Marmont Hotel; these are locations that are part of collective cultural consciousness, in that we can invoke or conjure images of this landscape – especially from films and advertising – as a visual correlate for predetermined ideas about the specificity of this place. In effect, the cultural signifiers exceed the signified (Los Angeles). Yet one of the most striking features of *Somewhere* is the manner in which the diegetic space is rendered as anonymous, sterile and transactional, which is to say that Los Angeles is divested of its signification and is presented as a highly fragmented series of spaces that do not connect or cohere – indeed, in which it is hard to find one’s coordinates. Place (*this* place) is transfigured as space (*any* space). Moreover, the Chateau Marmont, a hotel that has housed many a Hollywood legend under its roof and is therefore historically tied to the myth of Hollywood and is an integral part of its landscape, is not presented as an aesthetically pleasing and luxurious hotel, but rather as an empty holding place that one might ‘check in’ to in a state of crisis. Coterminous with this

divestment of iconicity is the manner in which the face – the signifier of extraordinary celebrity and uniqueness – is treated as a tabula rasa. As such, by way of conclusion, I will suggest that *Somewhere* portrays both Hollywood and celebrity as a void of nonplace and nonidentity, and, by extension, sets forth a critique of the manifold ways in which contemporary Hollywood as a (late capitalist) industry reduces all forms of life to the level of surface image and value.

In his study of supermodernity, Marc Augé (1995) outlines a theory of nonplace, which he believes characterizes the contemporary, late capitalist experience. For Augé, historical and definitive (*this*) space is intimately tied to identity, whereas nonplace effects a decentering of self;¹⁶ in nonplaces, the individual becomes an anonymous passenger who travels through space, but is never ‘at home’ there.¹⁷ He argues that the world of supermodernity is:

a world where people are born in the clinic and die in the hospital, where transit points and temporary abodes are proliferating under luxurious or inhuman conditions . . . where a dense network of means of transport, which are also inhabited spaces is developing; where the habitué of supermarkets, slot machines and credit cards communicates wordlessly, through gestures with an abstract, unmediated commerce; a world thus surrendered to solitary individuality, to the fleeting, the temporary, the ephemeral. (Augé 1995: 78)

The world that Augé describes is one of disconnect in which anonymity is the defining feature of space and its population; to be sure, Augé’s study is not a critique of post or supermodernity, but rather an attempt to describe and think through our encounters with the proliferation of nonplaces and why this may precipitate a nostalgic sense of longing for a mythical past.¹⁸ I suggest, as I stated in the opening chapter of this study, that in contradistinction to scholars who have described Coppola’s work as postmodern, careful reading of her images reveals that her critique is often situated on the side of modernism. I therefore suggest in what follows that *Somewhere* offers precisely such a critique of the postmodern environment that is ripe with nostalgia (even the lenses she uses to create the film’s specific aesthetic hark back to the golden age of 1970s and early 1980s American independent cinema).¹⁹

What Augé delineates as nonplace could be described as a series of disparate spaces that are not connected organically, but rather that can only be traversed through various modes of transport (car, plane, train); crucially, these are also

spaces of commerce that are designed purely for functionality and in which the interaction is recuperated as transaction – one is defined by one’s market value and productivity. Moreover, if specificity of place fosters connection and community, nonplace tends to produce isolation, solipsism and void. Since, for Augé, space and identity are imbricate with and implicated within each other, the former determines the latter. Thus, nonplace affords non-identity; as Augé suggests, ‘a person entering a non-place is relieved of his usual determinants: he becomes no more than what he does or experiences in the role of passenger, customer or driver . . . he surrenders himself to . . . the passive joys of identity loss, and the mere active pleasure of role playing’ (1995: 103). Identity is reduced to a series of tropes which one can be made to abandon at various transit points – as Augé reminds us, ‘it is in the manner of immense parentheses that non-places daily receive increasing numbers of individuals’ (1995: 111). As such, identity is transactional – it is something that is bestowed upon you by appropriate officials and, conversely, can be taken away. In fact, in *Somewhere*, it is consistently the staff at hotels and airports that recognize and acknowledge Johnny by naming him (he is reduced to his most superficial attribute: his stardom). The nonplace is precisely such a liminal zone in which one is emptied of identifying characteristics and reconfigured into the role of neophyte or passenger (that is, a ritual subject).

Indeed, as Augé states, ‘the passenger through non-places retrieves his identity only at customs, at the tollbooth, at the checkout counter . . . the space of non-place creates neither singular identity nor relations; only solitude, and similitude’ (1995: 103). This is identity instilled on a superficial level and does not facilitate connection or community. In fact, the attribution and acquisition of identity has to do with one’s correspondence to type; that is, how well one correlates with a predetermined ideal of what it means to be a person in a public or culturally shared space. This categorization (which is a form of violence) has to do with adherence to (arche)type (racial profiling in airports would be but one example) and is based entirely on spurious assumptions extrapolated from one’s appearance. Vitaly, the effective corroboration of certain stereotypes is not internally but externally driven by a visual culture saturated with images purloined from advertising and mass entertainment. Augé notes that this is a distinctive feature of postmodernity and the postmodern subject’s interaction with that world: ‘Assailed by the images flooding from commercial, transport or retail institutions, the passenger in non-places has the simultaneous experiences of a perpetual present and an encounter with the self. Encounter, identification, image’ (1995:

105). This external identification with an ego ideal (more often than not, an air-brushed, dematerialized body that is reduced to ‘attractive’ prototype) is, Augé argues, predominantly phallic in nature: ‘if these invitations to identification are essentially masculine, it is because the ego-ideal they project is masculine; at present, a credible businesswoman or woman driver is perceived as possessing “masculine” qualities’ (1995: 105). In other words, the superstructure of supermodernity is held in place by culturally dominant fictions, which are often predicated on a potently masculine culture that promulgates certain ideals and ideas about what it means to be a man in a public space (dominant, expansive, extrovert, confident, active).

Somewhere recuperates the nonplace as a space of crisis in order to critique ‘the passive joys of identity loss’ and life lived through a series of ahistorical and perpetually present moments.²⁰ The inability to enchain a past to a present, and thus to envision a future, results in nihilism and a repetitive existence. Indeed, the film explores the pernicious effects of leading out one’s life in an always provisional (yet not creative or experimental), clichéd and hedonistic fashion, for it is quite clear that Johnny Marco is someone for whom the failure to live up to his ego ideal (a packaged image of himself) has resulted in the attrition of his mental health (for which he self-medicates). As such, it situates its critique of an industry that is overwhelmingly responsible for the production of dominant fictions from *inside* that industry. Johnny is but one casualty of the dominant fiction, but we are also reminded that this is a fiction that denies the existence of lives lived otherwise and does not offer anyone existing outside of hermetic clichés, which image a very specific form of ‘the good life’, any form of mirror or representation. In short, it suffocates the actuality, richness and the complexity of daily life in favour of what it promulgates and centres as the common denominator (white masculinity) – the perceived normality of which requires unpacking. That this is a culture that reinforces repetition and homogeneity is not only evident in the way in which *Somewhere* is structurally built out of, as we have seen, motifs of circularity and sameness, but also in the way in which specificity of place and time work to shore up these themes as well. For instance, Johnny’s itinerant hotel life offers no variation or difference; rather, regardless of whether he is in Los Angeles or in Europe, his routines and outlook remain the same. This is evidenced by a canny match on action that renders a seamless transition between LAX Airport and Malpensa in Milan. Johnny and Cleo travel from one liminal zone to another and never leave the behind the status of passenger. Moreover, Johnny’s rote of distraction contin-

ues unabated in the Principe di Savoia hotel – and Cleo is noticeably annoyed by the presence of a woman she hardly knows at their breakfast table.

Augé remarks that time in supermodernity is defined by the present moment – it is ahistorical: ‘What reigns . . . is actuality, the urgency of the present moment . . . Since non-places are there to be passed through, they are measured in units of time’ (1995: 104). This results in an extreme isolation of the present moment that renders everything (including space) as noncontinuous and fractured: ‘Everything proceeds as if space had been trapped by time, as if there were no history other than the last forty-eight hours’ (1995: 105). *Somewhere* explores the tension between scientific, chronological (and modern capitalist) time (a teleological timeline that is predicated on productivity and profit) and time as a lived duration felt in the body as ‘the revealer of the deadline’ (Deleuze 2005b: 182). As a cog in the Hollywood machinery, Johnny Marco’s experience of time is sharply binary, which corresponds to the discrepancy between his public and private selves: on the one hand, his every manoeuvre, gesture, statement and appearance is choreographed by a team of personal assistants (his time is not his own) and his star personage is synonymous with a kind of action genre film that precisely subordinates time as the measure of movement; on the other hand, his ‘own’ time is felt as an almost unbearable duration that he seeks to flee from through repetitious routine. His nightly activity of sitting on the sofa, smoking cigarettes, drinking beer and staring into space is not only an attempt to vacate himself from the measured activity of his professional life, it is also an attempt to kill time – to make time, and by extension his life, disappear. Extradiegetically, the viewer experiences these moments as ‘dead’ time in which nothing is quite literally made to happen onscreen. What comes to the fore in such moments is the ‘tiredness and waiting’ (Deleuze 2005b: 183) inherent to human existence that is then sedimented within the body. Notably, this is also not a productive or active body, but one that registers the process of ageing. Throughout *Somewhere*, key lighting is eschewed in favour of more natural or low-key lighting. In fact, Johnny’s face is frequently underlit or ill-lit, which serves not only to deflate his ‘star’ qualities (since the ‘film star effect’ is in no small part due to the technicalities of manipulative and strategic lighting), but also to immerse him in or merge him with his anonymous surroundings. In the scenes in which he merely sits on his sofa, he appears as one object amongst a world of objects or as part of a still-life portrait – it is only his slight movements that distinguish him from the inanimate world around him.



Figure 4.1. Dead time. Screenshot by the author.

In this regard, a scene in which Johnny has a plaster cast mould made of his face in order to fashion a prosthetic facemask that will artificially age him is, in my view, the fulcrum of *Somewhere*. After the plaster paste is applied, Johnny is left alone to allow the mask to set and dry. A process of forty minutes is reduced to approximately two minutes of screen time, but despite its relatively short duration, this sequence has a similar effect to the film's opening scene set at the race-track. The camera painstakingly tracks inwards in slow motion to hold Johnny's face in midshot and finally in close-up; the soundtrack, which foregrounds the diegetic noises of the make-up studio, complements the increasing sense of anxiety the scene conveys in spite of its slow pace. As the camera draws into proximity with Johnny, his breathing is heightened within the sound mix and this functions as a form of metronome that precisely measures out the duration of the scene. As the camera pulls in, the foreground and background planes of the image flatten out so that the prosthetic masks of ghouls, zombies and creatures that adorn the studio walls seem to encroach in on Johnny. This moment is, I would suggest, an exemplary use of the Deleuzian time-image – or specifically *time as series* (2005b: 183) – in which duration is the prevailing and central force of the image in contradistinction to movement. As I stated earlier, in such moments, what the

image sets forth is ‘the attitudes or postures of the body . . . which puts the before and after into the body, time into the body, the body as revealer of the deadline’ (Deleuze 2005b: 182). Johnny becomes a liminal entity here, for his body contains at once his relatively youthful face and body (although he is on the cusp of middle age and thus perhaps experiences time more pressingly or with greater urgency) and the aged and depleted body that he will inevitably come to inhabit. This is what those ghoulish creatures – themselves inherently liminal creatures called back from the dead – seem to taunt him with. The effects of this scene dovetail together to function as a visual *memento mori* for Johnny – and, by extension, us. Moreover, the use of the close-up here works to depersonalize rather than isolate and individuate the face. Deleuze reminds us that in close-up ‘the actor himself does not recognise himself’ (2005a: 124), and here the misrecognition that is the basis on which all identification is based (especially in relation to the ego ideal) is extended to the future self. As such, what this moment suggests is that nobody, regardless of the arbitrary gift of beauty, is sacrosanct or kept from the levelling that mortality necessitates. Johnny’s identification with his own commodification as *image* is damaging and has far-reaching consequences for his ability to exist within the world (a world that views him precisely as an object and wants a piece of him), but it is also highly foolish. The false version of himself – the one he is paid to be – is as ephemeral and fractious as his own beauty. When he finally admits he is ‘nothing, not even a person’, it is because he has confronted, albeit in artificial form, the ultimate or final nothingness that is certain mortality. His life has been parsed out on a different form of timeline to the one his obsequious and shallow team of personal assistants feed him; this is, very possibly, a moment of emergency for him both as crisis and revelation. The question, then, is how to become awake to and not somnambulate through life.

Notes

1. Todd Kennedy asserts that: ‘*Somewhere* is, aesthetically speaking, a postmodern film that is about images – the degree to which they are shallow, the degree to which they both attract and repel us, and the degree to which they dominate our identity’ (2010: 59). Furthermore, he suggests, in line with my argument outlined in this chapter, that: ‘In short, the film is, at its heart, about the lack of authenticity and connection available in a postmodern world’ (2015: 62). However, we differ in the sense that I believe the film persuades us that there is not a central core of selfhood from which we have been alienated. It is my contention, therefore, that the film addresses the primarily psychological notion, after Lacan, that subjectivity is founded on a void.

2. Todd Kennedy has also noted the film's lack of resolution or moment of epiphany, but in a different context: 'By not showing, emphasizing, or showcasing any actual moment of transformation or connection – in fact she denies both – Coppola seems to accept the basic postmodern tenant that authenticity is impossible. That image is all. But, unlike Baudrillard, she refuses to accept that such surface imagery is a desirable destination' (2015: 64).
3. Silverman suggests that a renegotiation of our dominant fiction would entail that we 'collectively acknowledge, at the deepest level of our psyches, that our desires and our identity come to us from outside, and that they are founded upon a void' (1992: 50).
4. As Silverman puts it, 'this belief is less an effect of consciousness than of identification and fantasy' (1992: 42).
5. These arguments are now well-known and established through the work of Judith Butler and theorists and writers who have taken their cue from Butler's theory of gender as performance. See especially Butler's *Gender Trouble* (1999) and more recently Maggie Nelson's *The Argonauts* (2015).
6. I attended a screening of *Somewhere* at the London Film Festival in 2011. Members of the audience became uncomfortable during the film's opening sequence and thought that the film had somehow become stuck on the opening shot. Although the scene is relatively short by avant-garde standards, its duration of approximately two minutes was enough to provoke unrest and boredom amongst film viewers, which I found most curious.
7. Coppola already utilized this cliché in *Lost in Translation* by having Charlotte ask Bob about his midlife crisis, the severity of which she links humorously to whether he has bought himself a Porsche or not.
8. Jean-Luc Godard has made this an explicit concern of his film oeuvre to date in films such as *Vivre sa vie* (1962), *Two or Three Things I Know about Her* (1967) and *Sauve qui peut* (1980), all of which thematically link performance, gender, commerce and prostitution.
9. Simone de Beauvoir wrote an article on Brigitte Bardot and 'the Lolita syndrome' for *Esquire* magazine in 1959; she considered this to be one of her most important pieces of work, despite it being a piece of popular journalism in which she outlined the ambiguity of Bardot's sexual persona and emphasized the importance of her as an agent of her own desire. See <https://www.scribd.com/doc/106130845/Simone-de-Beauvoir-Brigitte-Bardot-and-the-Lolita-Syndrome-1959>.
10. The problematics of linking sex work to slavery are addressed in a variety of texts by feminist scholars and writers, but it is not within the scope of this book to provide a full account of this; as such, this spectrum is perhaps best exemplified at either end by Kathleen L. Barry's *Female Sexual Slavery* (1984) and Virginie Despentes' *King Kong Theory* (2010). I recommend both of these studies highly.
11. The Foo Fighters are a hard rock band initially formed after the demise of Nirvana and Kurt Cobain's suicide. Their music is a far more palatable, commercial and 'pop' packaged version of the grunge sound that made Nirvana a groundbreaking group alongside bands such as the Meat Puppets and Sebadoh. The demographic to which the Foo Fighters now appeal is largely made up of middle-aged men – indeed, Johnny Marco would arguably be one of them. Moreover, the song 'My Hero' is a tribute to Kurt Cobain by the former drummer of Nirvana and now lead singer of the Foo Fighters, Dave Grohl, which is to say that while Cobain has been immortalized as a punk-grunge poet (if not god) of rock music, Grohl suffers the distinct dishonour of being a fading rock star who is no longer as 'cool' as he used to be and, by extension, his music lacks the cultural cachet that Nirvana's oeuvre still carries for many fans. 'My Hero' is therefore not

- only a testament to Cobain, but also arguably to Grohl's own former glory and could be read as an anthem for masculinity in dissolution and crisis. The lyrics 'there goes my hero, watch him as he goes, he's ordinary . . . don't the best of them bleed it out, while the rest of them peter out' is especially evocative of the different trajectories Cobain and Grohl's public personas have taken: one now immortal and the other middle-aged and tame.
12. Todd Kennedy notes that Johnny: 'is controlled and commodified by the image-machine that is Hollywood . . . Coppola reveals how culture creates spectacle via images that Johnny fails to live up to. Thus, her depiction of Johnny trapped by an empty world of room service and strippers acts as a treatise on the denied potential for movement in a postmodern world. Her Los Angeles is anything but the "paradise" that some postmodern critics, such as Jean Baudrillard, describe, and Johnny Marco's powerful Ferrari that circles LA's freeways never gets him anywhere . . . it is a crisis of identity depicted almost entirely along spatial lines' (2015: 55).
 13. Likewise, Kaja Silverman also contends: 'indeed, that equation (penis/phallus) is so central to *vraisemblance* that at those historical moments when the prototypical male subject is unable to "recognize" himself within its configuration of masculine sufficiency our society suffers from a profound sense of "ideological fatigue"' (1992: 16).
 14. Interestingly, Coppola has admitted her admiration for the photography of Helmut Newton (indeed, there is an implicit reference to the car crash in which he died in *Somewhere*). Newton was celebrated for his images of high fashion models that work through and explicitly reference the male gaze. As such, Newton's images also deconstruct and thus comment on the commodification of the body as cliché. Images that feature in *Somewhere*, such as the bare-breasted woman having her hair cut in a blunt Louise Brooks-style 'bob' and the models ambling down a corridor in haute couture clothing, could be viewed as an homage to the work of Newton.
 15. Todd Kennedy (2015) argues that *Somewhere* constitutes a critique of Jean Baudrillard's celebration of the postmodern landscape of contemporary America. In this environment, one is highly constricted in one's ability to flourish, he suggests.
 16. '[I]f a place can be defined as relational, historical and concerned with identity, then a space which cannot be defined (as such) . . . will be a non-place' (Augé 1995: 77).
 17. 'In a world of supermodernity people are always and never at home' (Augé 1995: 109).
 18. For an excellent analysis of Augé's argument, please see Buchanan (1999).
 19. Coppola borrowed the lenses her father, Francis Ford Coppola, used for his film *Rumblefish* (1983) – a film that is itself an homage to avant-garde new-wave movements, especially the films of La nouvelle vague period (roughly 1958 to 1968).
 20. Elsewhere I have argued that *Somewhere* is a film that utilizes Deleuzian *any space whatever* in a similar manner to the effects wrought by the nonplace: 'it is a space in which perception leads not to reaction and action, but rather to delayed reaction and protracted states of contemplation . . . this often transpires as a crisis of the "everyday", a suffocation from the banal or pedestrian . . . there are many facets to the any-space-whatever, then: as a state of possibility, and as a space of profound crisis (political, personal and existential). Moreover, this space does not need to be extraordinary' (Backman Rogers 2015: 126).