

Gilles Deleuze

On Cinema, Truth and Time: The Falsifier, 1983-1984

Lecture 2, November 22, 1983 (Seminar 46)

Transcription: *La voix de Deleuze*, Hélène Burhy (Part 1), Marc Haas (Part 2) and Nadia Ouis (Part 3); additional revisions to the transcription and timestamp, Charles J. Stivale

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[Please note that the order of the three parts of this seminar, both at the University of Paris-8 and at WebDeleuze, is completely confused since the transcription of Part 2 (which is about sixty minutes long) is missing altogether and since the initial transcription (marked '1' at Paris 8) does not correspond to this session at all, but instead to the beginning of the following session. With the help of Marc Haas, we have re-established the order that corresponds to the recording; hence, the transcript as well as the translation are solely available on this site]

Part 1

In the first session, I had mentioned the general theme of our research this year, and then the research trajectory that I had started, and that I would prefer not to start over. As you recall, our research theme this year will be “truth and time: the falsifier”, which obviously only makes sense if we discover a deep relationship, in any case a relationship, an enunciable relationship, between this character of the falsifier and truth and time. On this point, I had provided the research trajectory, but I had not said what I expected from you regarding this trajectory. And at the same time, what I expect from you is only one of the reasons we are in this room, and then—I have not said—our task was, of course—before I explain to you what I expect from you with this research trajectory, we need to devote the first part to...how do I put it?—To situating these notions of truth, time, and the falsifier within their relations. And I had begun with something very simple—so I would prefer not to go back—and I would like to finish what I had started the first time.

I had started with a very simple point, which is: if we try to define the false, we can... we can define it as the confusion between the real and the imaginary, insofar as this confusion is assumed, a notion of logical assumption is assumed or effectuated in what we call an error. So, quite simply, I am giving myself—and I am not pretending to say anything interesting or profound about error or the false, I am saying: the confusion between the real and the imaginary constitutes the false insofar as it is effectuated in what we call an error. But that's not what interests me. What interests me is—and this was my whole theme the first time—it's that, on the other hand, there is a... In certain cases [Pause]—not everywhere, and not in any way whichever—in certain cases, there is an indiscernibility between the real and the imaginary. I should point out for the future that ultimately it's not the real or the imaginary that interest me at all, because I can't manage to get interested in these problems—each of us has her own preferred problems—I absolutely cannot manage to get interested in this problem, but that's my misfortune this year: I need, I need to go through it in order to get to what interests me, which is time.

Alright, well, I am proposing that the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary is completely different from the confusion between the real and the imaginary. And why? First of all, it seems to me, I would like to point out five reasons why the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary

cannot be conflated with a simple confusion between the two. My first reason is that we'll talk about the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary—I want to hold off on examples for a little while. I'm just trying to establish one notion right away—we'll talk about indiscernibility once we find ourselves in front of a circuit where the one runs behind the other. To the point where we no longer know which one comes first. And not only does one run behind the other, the real and the imaginary, but one is reflected in the other, to the point that not only do we no longer know which comes first, but we do not know which is which either; in other words, a circuit where the real and the imaginary run behind one other and are reflected in each other around a point of indistinction. Such a circuit, around a point of indistinction, will constitute the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary. [Pause]

Second feature: I am saying that such an indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary does not define, or is not defined by, the false. The false is the simple confusion between the real and the imaginary; it is not the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary. The indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary does not refer to the false but refers to something that we can agree to call, that we can agree to call “the power of the false”. So, in no case will we confuse the power of the false with the false as is effectuated in error. [Pause] But already, problems abound, problems are at our throats. There is a power of the false. What can this be, the power of the false? What can we expect from such a power? Is it diabolical? Well, if you recall the trajectory of our research, for those of you who were here, we know in advance that Nietzsche will have something to say about all of these points, the power of the false.

Third feature: the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary, well, we can't be content in saying: “It happens in someone's head”. [Pause] The indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary never happens in the head. [Pause] By “in the head”, I mean in the brain as well as in the mind. In the brain, if you feel materialistic, in the mind, if you feel idealistic, it bears no importance, absolutely no importance. None of this occurs in the head, it is not in the head. And why do I care about this? It's because one of the auteurs who has taught us the most about the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary so far, namely [Alain] Robbe-Grillet, and who has clearly demarcated the difference between such indiscernibility and merely the false, at a certain point in his analysis—it's not that he's wrong, he must have just had enough, so he looks for the most simple—he tells us: well yes, finally, in *Last Year at Marienbad* [1961]—there is a very beautiful example of a construction of the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary—what should be said? If need be, it happens in the head of one character, and then later, if need be, in the head of the other character; and later, if need be, between two heads, from one head to the other. And it would be even better to say: it happens in the spectator's head, and all of *Last Year at Marienbad* happens in the spectator's head.

In my opinion, it goes without saying that this is a text that you have to consider—the authors' texts, you always have to give them coefficients—it's a text to get over, right? To get over it. For us, it is still interesting because we tell ourselves that if we had to take such a passage literally, that “it happens in the head of the spectator”, which spectator would it be? As we will rediscover with this problem, what is this spectator? What is this spectator's head in which the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary operate? For sure, it would not be your head, there. Then what spectator? Not an average spectator, so what? An ideal spectator, an ideal spectator who does not exist? Perhaps, perhaps an ideal spectator who doesn't exist? And then, how could we define all of this? We'll set it aside for now.

I'm saying that it is obvious that the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary does not happen in someone's head. Why? Because it happens in a certain type of image. There are types of images that not only induce us to confuse the imaginary and the real but, more so, there is a type of image

where the real and the imaginary are strictly indiscernible in the image. The indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary characterizes a certain type of image. Notice that this is where the problems lie, so it doesn't happen in the head. What happens in the head is the possible confusion of the imaginary with the real; that is to say that what happens in the head is error. But the power of the false, which is something else entirely, the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary around a point of indistinction, does not happen in the head. It happens on the faces or in a certain type of image that, from then onward, will distinguish itself from other films. So we will have a formula for this type of image that we are seeking.

Fourth feature: well, let's try to give them a name, but for the moment, this name cannot be justified. That is to say, at the beginning, you have no choice; you have to grant me a lot of things that I can only justify as we go along. Here, I am saying, well, if this name doesn't please you, you can pick another name. I quite prefer to call these images that constitute the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary, I would like to call them "crystalline images" [*Pause*] or "crystalline formations". Obviously, this means that I am endowing "crystal" with a particular meaning; it means that I have to justify this appellation to you. But before I can do all that, why? Why does the word "crystal" appeal to me? To the point of saying: yes, if it is true that the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary refers to a certain type of image that differs from other types, then it's a very particular type of image, and this very particular type of image will be defined, will be introduced as the crystal-image. Oh, there are many advantages to using this word; I can talk about them right now. I should point out that in talking about the advantages, I am not saying everything, and I am not justifying the word. I owe you, by the way, an analysis that would justify the concept of crystal-image, the crystalline image, but I can talk about the advantages right now.

The advantages become clear when speaking about crystalline formation in order to define this indiscernibility, [*Pause*] the crystalline is distinguished from what? The crystalline formation is fundamentally different, it can be put into an oppositional pair, a binary opposition with what? With the organic form. Obviously, it would be very advantageous for us, that is, for the sake of clarity that we are all seeking, it would be very advantageous for us to be able to suggest a sign for "organic form" and "crystalline formation"; why? Because as I showed in the first session—and I'm not going to come back to this, it would take too long, otherwise I wouldn't be able to say anything new, so I'm counting on your own ingenuity; but that goes without saying—for those who weren't here, the true is the organic form. The true is the organic form or it's organic representation.

This is not only true in philosophy, it is also true in art. I was invoking [Wilhelm] Worringer who defines classical representation as organic representation. In Worringer's book, *Form in the Gothic* [1911], translated into French by Gallimard, you will find a definition, a chapter on organic representation, which he calls classical representation, representation of classical art, where you can easily see it, and one can transpose the theory of the true.¹

Let's suppose that the true is indeed representation or the organic form, and here, it interests me even more that crystalline representation can to a greater extent refer to the power of the false. [*Pause*] On one condition, which I will try to explain a little more now, without going back over everything I did last time, how the organic form of the true and the crystalline formation of the power of the false are distributed. You see, this is my fourth point. [*Pause*] Once again, I am calling this real-imaginary indiscernibility the crystalline formation or the power of the false, as opposed to the organic form which is the form of the true.

So, after all, it's not a matter of indifference for you; the true has no potentiality [*puissance*],² the true has a form. I think that all the words I'm trying to situate are important, at least for me, because

when I use “form of the true”, when I use “crystalline formation” and not crystalline form, it's on purpose, because it seems to me that if we can speak of “power of the false” in the literal sense of the word “potentiality”, we won't speak about a potentiality of the true. Perhaps we can speak about a power of the true, but that is not the same thing. In any case, the true in itself is form and the development of form, which is not at all the same thing as a potentiality.

So, you see, with this fourth feature, this fourth point, that I am trying to advance just a teensy bit toward a possible distribution between organic form and crystalline formation. And there is a passage at the beginning of chapter three in *Matter and Memory*, and again, there's a passage of Bergson's that seems very, very curious to me, where Bergson seems to be talking about something else entirely, so I'll tell you what he's talking about [*Pause*], which was very important in his time. Once it was said that *Matter and Memory*, that's 1899 [1896]—No, I don't know anymore, yes....well, I don't know anymore. It's the end of the 19th or the very beginning of the 20th century—and psychology was still of the mind that there is no such thing as an unconscious psychological state, and even the idea of an unconscious psychological state was nonsense. During this same period, Freud began to violently attack this conception of psychology. But during this very period, Bergson did the same just as violently.

And what interests me in the beginning of chapter three from *Matter and Memory* is where Bergson says, it's still curious—it's still curious, he says it like this, he tells us to imagine and think, he thinks, and he writes while thinking—he says: It's still very strange because it's commonly admitted that perceived objects exist outside our perception. But the problem he poses is common; everyone admits that perceived objects—except—everyone spontaneously admits that perceived objects exist outside our perception in one form or another. But we don't admit that psychic states exist outside our consciousness.³

—And if there's any way you could move to the back, that would be good, there or to the sides, that would be good. There's still plenty of space in this room. —

You see the problem, right? He says: It's curious, everyone admits that. Everyone admits that. For example, he says himself, I'm in a room, [*Pause*] I am perceiving. But at no time do I doubt the existence of a background behind me, nor do I doubt that there is a corridor that I do not perceive, that after the corridor, there is a small courtyard outside and then if I go out, there is a street, etc. Good. I don't doubt that the objects of my perception extend outside—remember the word “extend”—I don't doubt that the objects of my perception extend beyond my perception. And here, strangely enough, I doubt that my psychic states extend beyond my consciousness. He asks: But why? It is very curious, why?

You see the problem. It is very curious, indeed. *I* am here, in this room, and I say to myself: well, alright, there is the room and then there is the corridor, and then there is the street, and then, and then there is the world. Good. But, on the other hand, [*Pause*] I'm in the midst of thinking about something, and I have the impression that it's in my consciousness and that it doesn't extend outside of my consciousness. Not normal, he says, not normal. We would need to explain this strange belief; maybe we are right to believe it, but why? Why? He says, well, ultimately, it is for a very simple reason. It's because we split existence into two distinct parts. We split the existent [*l'existant*] in two distinct parts. And one... [*Pause*]—Or the existent, he doesn't speak like that, but we can say it, we split the existent into two distinct parts—One that we'll call “the real”, [*Pause*] and the real is defined by [*Pause*] the legal and causal connections that we are supposed to obey. It is causal and legal connection that is going to define the real. [*Pause*] Namely, if I am in a room, I had to enter it, that's the causal connection; I had to enter it, that is, a corridor led me there. It was necessary for

this corridor to come from a place, the place from which the corridor comes can be another corridor, but by dint of going through the corridors, one will end by arriving outside. All of this: legal and causal connections. And this is what is going to define the real.

On the contrary, how do we define the imaginary? We define it through capriciousness and discontinuity—“Oh! an idea is running through my head”—capriciousness and discontinuity. And then I forget, then a memory comes to me. But the memory doesn't happen according to legal and causal connections. For example, all of a sudden, here, I have a memory of my childhood. And then it lasts three seconds, and then I come back to what I was doing. Okay. Therefore, about this whole domain, of capricious discontinuity, I will say: without a doubt, it exists, but not in the form of the real, since the real is the legal and causal connection that involves continuity and law. On the contrary, I have the discontinuous and the capricious here. Well, I would say: It is the existent. Of course it is. But it is an existent that is only defined by its presence to consciousness, for as long as this presence endures. *[Pause]* That's why I would say that a psychic state does not exist outside of its presence to consciousness. You see that I have split the existent into two parts: one defined by causal and legal connection, that is the real; another defined by its pure presence to consciousness as long as this presence endures, and that is the imaginary. *[Pause]*

I would say—and I speak for myself—this is the first part of what Bergson says. In a way, it is childish, so you have every reason to be disappointed. But you have to be patient with philosophers. You understand that I can say that what he is in the process of defining for us is what I would call the organic form of truth. That's the organic form. The organic form, is the existent's distinction according to two poles: *[Pause]* the real subjected to causal and legal connections, the imaginary defined by a pure presence to consciousness. *[Pause]* The real is what distinguishes one from the other. In any case, the true is the relationship between the two under the form of distinction. The true is what distinguishes the one from the other. The false is effectuated in error and that is what confuses the one with the other. *[Pause]* Good.

After this parenthetical, Bergson continues. He says: But if you think about it, it doesn't happen like that at all. Because let's think about it. Well, if you want to think about it, this story of exceptions, the object extends and continues outside the perception that I have of it. Yes, but you would have to say yes and no, because it's true, the object is extended outside of the perception that I have of it. I don't see the corridor, but the room that I apprehend extends into the corridor. Of course, but is this corridor that I don't perceive foreign to all perception? Do we have to say that the object extends outside of the perception that I have of it, or the objects are extended? No, no, it's much more complicated than that, says Bergson. Because these objects that are extended outside of the perception that I have of them are possible perceptions. Furthermore, these are perceptions effectuated by the Others.

Now, by necessity, it becomes complicated. I am perceiving in a room where I am someone whose gaze may be turned towards the corridor. I have reasons to infer that Others extend into the perceptions that I have. So, the object that I do not perceive is not radically different from all perceptions, and we can even say to a certain extent that things are perceptions. *[Pause]* But I can't talk like that so quickly: objects in space are extended independently of all perceptions. Of course, we would need to be able to distinguish between the object itself and at least one possible perception. Rather, we would have to say that the objects that I do not perceive are almost perceptions, quasi-perceptions. Alright. *[Pause]* In other words, what exists outside of the perception that I currently have is still perceptions. And if we are speaking about objects that do not exist independently of the perceptions that I have of them, then we are finally forced to speak about unconscious perceptions. *[Pause]*

Alright, but he doesn't care much about that, these are just suggestions that he is in the midst of making. And he says: And suddenly, we realize that there is no difference in nature between the perceived object and the perception. So that when the object is extended independently of the perception that I have of it, it is still the conscious perception that is extended into possible perceptions or unconscious perceptions. If I am forced to say this right now, I would no longer have any trouble saying that on the flip side the imaginary also extends beyond the consciousness I have of it, *[Pause]* and that my memories extend infinitely beyond the consciousness I have of them when I actualize them. *[Pause]* In other words, we will say of both perceived objects and imagined states, of real states and imagined states, that they have a wide fringe of indistinction such that the real extends outside of my consciousness no more than the imaginary extends outside of my consciousness.

There is a fringe of indistinction, there is a fringe of indistinction. This indistinction, as opposed to the first point of view, which, for me, was the organic form of the true, is the crystalline formation this time. What I will call crystalline formation is this fringe of indistinction such that the imaginary extends outside my consciousness no less than the real extends outside my perception. Is that clear?

A woman student: No.

Deleuze: Huh? Huh? What? Is it not clear?

The student: No.

Deleuze: But I'm dumbstruck. *[Laughter]* So, it's going to become very clear, otherwise I can't... It's going to become very clear because, Bergson's last point, and this is what I want to get at: where does the illusion come from? Where does it come from that we don't see or settle into this kind of crystalline indistinction? —Again, he doesn't use the word “crystalline”, but I don't care. —Where does it come from...this is the great illusion, and it's going to make us take a giant step forward, and a step that we don't understand. We don't understand. We are not in a position to understand it yet; we can only register it, and still. There is nothing to understand. He tells us: You know where this illusion comes from, which makes you believe that the states of the imaginary do not extend outside of your consciousness whereas you believe that the states of the real extend outside of your perception? Do you know where it comes from?

Well, it's that you believe and that everyone believes—this is where the great Bergson comes in, the rest were small remarks —it's that we all believe that space preserves, a crazy idea, we live inside a crazy idea. We live inside the following crazy idea: that space is a form of preservation. Namely that things are preserved in space—which literally means nothing, but we are convinced of this—as well as of the idea that time destroys. We think that space preserves and that time destroys. Therefore, psychic states that are temporal are believed not to exist outside of consciousness *[Pause]* and objects of perception that are in space are believed to exist independently of perception.

But this is the most bizarre idea, this idea that space preserves and that time destroys. He is touching upon something here—to my knowledge, only he knew how to say that—It is really a strange idea. Here is the passage: “In order to unmask the illusion [entirely], we would have to go and seek out its origin”—it would be necessary to go and seek out its origin—“and through all of its detours follow the double movement by which we happen to posit objective realities without relation to consciousness, and states of consciousness without objective reality”—we have seen that it was the organic distinction—“Space thus appearing”—the illusion, this is it—“space [appears] then to

indefinitely preserve things that are juxtaposed within it”—space appears to indefinitely preserve things that are juxtaposed within it—“while time would gradually destroy states that succeed one another within it”. [*Matter and Memory*, Part III, paragraph 11]

This sort of mad illusion is what interests me. This is what makes the whole problem of memory completely disturbed, since we will say to ourselves: well, how can we reconstitute the past, since the past is what no longer is? We know that the past is no longer since time is fundamentally destructive, since only the present *is*. Alright, we are going to find ourselves confronted with all sorts of problems. But where does this readymade idea that we construct come from: space indefinitely preserves things that are juxtaposed within it, and time destroys the states that succeed one another within it?

You see, what interests me with this question is that this is the first time we encounter a theme deeply linked to time. What if time did not destroy anything? That answers everything: what if time did not destroy anything? In that case, it would be completely normal for our psychic states to endure outside our consciousness. And why, but why do we have this idea? Well, Bergson's answer is always the same, but the formulation is splendid; it is due to practical necessities. It is due to necessities for action. In the end, what interests us is the present because it is in the present that we act.

So all of our force consists of what?⁴ Bergson's beautiful formulation: “We open space indefinitely in front of us”, we don't stop opening space indefinitely, while “we close time behind us as it flows.” [*Matter and Memory*, Part III, paragraph 13] And he tells us that this is within the same movement, but we have to experience it physically, right? I move forward, I move forward, stubborn head, boom, boom, boom, boom. And when I move forward, it's as if I were opening space in front of me, but on the condition that I close time behind me. What a strange process, and that's what moving forward is all about. That's why it's better not to move forward too much. [*Laughter*] It's a mad endeavor, moving forward, it's a truly mad endeavor. I open space on the condition that I close time. [*Pause*]

Maybe I will realize that it's the contrary, that time is fundamentally open, while space is fundamentally closed. The day I grasp this, a great wisdom will take hold of me, and at least I will have gained something, I won't have to move anymore. That'd be a celebration. [*Pause*] Beckett's characters discovered this fundamental truth, so they hardly move at all. Well, is everything alright? That was my... You see that with this fourth remark, I simply tried to specify the state of the two formations a little bit, the organic formation and the crystalline formation, or, rather, the organic form and the crystalline formation.

Fifth remark: this is the last one on this point. Well, such crystalline images, which are defined by the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary, such crystalline images [*Pause*] — let's try to multiply names — are what we will call “descriptions”. You will tell me: it is strange to call those “descriptions”. It will be important because for those of you who were here last time, you will remember that I would like our research this year to include a real theory of description. Let's call it “description”, but why? We can follow [Alain] Robbe-Grillet: Robbe-Grillet emphasizes description. He considers one of the new aspects of what has been called the *nouveau roman* to hinge precisely upon descriptions; this is not its only novelty, but it is one.⁵

And he asks us: What do I call description? [*Pause*] Well, he doesn't really try to define it; he tells us what he thinks description does. It is substituted for its object. He says: In the *nouveau roman*,

description replaces the object, is substituted for its object. What does this mean? It means two things. It means: it destroys its object as it describes it. [Pause] This is what he calls an eraser. In effect, it replaces its object; instead of the object, you have a description. It erases its object, it is substituted for its object as it describes it and at the same time it creates its object by its power of description. [Pause] Description such as Robbe-Grillet defines it is an operation by which I substitute something for the object that both erases the object and creates an object, erases an object and creates an object. [Pause] What does that mean?

In concrete terms, we can see quite clearly what this means. You see, a description that is substituted for its object, that is to say, that both erases it and creates it, suppresses it and creates it, means that the description will be an infinite description. It is a description that will not cease to be recaptured and revived. We are familiar with them, the famous descriptions that animated the *nouveau roman*. It will be recaptured, revived, superimposed, etc... It will be an infinite description. Insofar as it erases the object and creates an object, what does it do? It establishes a circuit. It is necessary that the created object constantly exits the description, by the force of the description, by the power of the description. An object must exit the description by the power of the description. And an object must enter the description by the force of the description. It doesn't stop entering and exiting. The description will be the point of indistinction around which the real, that is, the object and the imaginary, the created object, [Deleuze corrects himself] the erased object and the imaginary, the created object, will not stop running behind one another. In the infinite description, the real and the imaginary become indiscernible [Pause] so that the infinite description responds to the crystalline formation... [Interruption of the recording] [45:56]

Part 2

...And [Jean] Ricardou, in his book entitled *Le nouveau roman*,⁶ he provides, analyzes two cases—you will see—that respond to our cases exactly, to the cases we were seeking. He analyzes what he calls the “phenomena of capture”, and what he calls the “phenomena of liberation”. [Pause] There you go. [Pause] Capture is precisely this: an object or a character that is supposed to be real will suddenly become imaginary. [Pause] I am insisting on “supposed” because a supposed character, posed, that is to say, one that refers to a position of consciousness or reality, a supposedly real character will enter into [Pause] an imaginary formation. This is one case. For example, sometimes you start in the same sentence, the beginning of the sentence sets up a supposedly real character, which in the second part of the sentence becomes an image on a postcard. It would be a great misunderstanding to say: it was a postcard from the beginning. Obviously, it was not a postcard from the beginning.

Here is an example pulled from Robbe-Grillet, *Project for a Revolution in New York*. “There is a young girl lying on the floor, gagged and tightly bound”—here, I chose this for you—“From the coppery complexion of her skin and the abundant, long, smooth, supple and shiny bluish-black hair, she must be mixed-race with a good deal of Indian blood. And, seated at the table, a man”—that's still within the real, right?—“Seated at the table is a man in a white coat, with a stern face and gray hair, wearing steel-rimmed glasses.”—Pay attention —“Behind these glasses, whose crystal”—that's in there, that's not me—“whose crystal throws stylized slivers”—why in the hell did he have to invoke the crystal to make the transition? Ah, what intuition—“Behind his glasses, whose crystal throws stylized slivers, he watches the level of the liquid with a concern that high precision measurements require. There is nothing in the image”—there's the image—“to indicate the exact nature or even the intended effect of this colorless product, whose injection needs this type of *mise-en-scène*, and causes the young prisoner to be filled with anxiety. The uncertainty regarding the exact meaning of the episode is all the greater because work's title is missing,” etc. There, it became

a picture in a book. A fragment of reality came and went, was transformed into an image in a book in the course of a single sentence. And in the middle, there was an invocation of a crystal. Good.

There are all sorts of other examples; I'll give you one more example...Here, an example from Ricardou himself, I think. "The blonde girl"—it's questionable, they're always about young girls, well, it's... [*Laughter*]"—"the young blonde who escapes her surveillance, approached the cephalopod. She lifts up a tentacle with her baguette, and the tentacle falls back down. Then, as if she entranced, sits on her knees on the sand, and begins to contemplate"—she is the one who contemplates, she contemplates the cephalopod, and the sentence continues: "By observing more attentively—by observing the mother's red swimsuit more attentively, we notice"—that means that there is an observer—"we notice the effect of a simple piece of detachable cardboard, closed by a strip inserted into a postcard slot". The first part is a real scene position, the second part is its absorption by an imaginary formation. The real enters the imaginary.

You are going to tell me, but it implies a style, novels, all that, what can that do? Crystalline formation. It is a crystalline formation because it doesn't happen in our head. In my opinion, it can't happen in our head, but it can happen in things, in devices, a book is a thing, it can happen in devices, as if... [*Deleuze does not finish the sentence*]

The other aspect, let's look at it. What he calls "liberation", that means that this time something from the imaginary will come out and take up a position in reality. Where is it? Here it is. [*Pause*] Again, *Project for a Revolution in New York* by Robbe-Grillet. He describes—describes—a pattern, a pattern formed by wood, the textures of wood on a door. It's typical of the imaginary, like when I look at stains on the ceiling, and I can detect men in them, you know, or I can detect a landscape, right. "The surface of the wood is covered all around with a brownish varnish, where lighter lines constitute a parallel or barely divergent network of sinuous curves around darker nodules, in round or oval forms, and sometimes even triangular ones. A collection of changing signs, in which I have detected human figures for a long time"—here he is in the process of saying that the hero is imagining human figures through the vague patterns of the wood on the door—"Always, a young woman"—it's sick people—"a young woman is lying on the left side and presenting herself from the front, clearly naked. But here comes a man with silver hair"—period—"But here comes a man with silver hair dressed in a long white coat with a high surgeon's collar, who enters the field from the right, in the foreground." From this point on, a scene is created that refers to a supposition of reality. It is the reverse of what we saw earlier, it is no longer the supposed real, the supposed real that enters into the imaginary. Now it's the imaginary that reproduces the supposed real. The double operation cannot be better understood. Description is what erases the object, that is, forces it to enter into the imaginary, and that which creates the object forces it to leave the imaginary. And in this constant movement, of capture and liberation, what is accomplished is the circuit where the real and the imaginary run after one another around the point of indistinction, while reflecting each in the other.

A student [*near Deleuze*]: [*Inaudible remarks*]

Deleuze: Completely, yes, completely since the young girl is what? She is in both, she is indiscernible. There is always a fundamental element that is indiscernible, that is common, that is strictly common, that is caught in the system, that never stops running behind, behind itself. There is a fundamental point of indistinction without which the circuit could not work. It's necessary that the young girl be there, and in the real scene, and on the door, and on the postcard, and in reality.

This is only valuable if I say: this is the status of the crystalline description, which implies that there

are indeed two types of description. [Pause] What would I call “organic description”? Well, that's quite simple; I don't need to insist on it that much. On the contrary, I would say that organic description is a description that presupposes, and does not describe its object without presupposing it, without really supposing it to be distinct from the description itself. [Pause] Organic description is a description that presupposes the independence of its object. You will tell me, perhaps... [Deleuze changes direction without finishing the sentence]

Let me give you an example. Please understand what I mean by presupposing or supposing. Here, you have to take the word seriously. I am describing the triangle, three straight lines enclosing a space. [Pause] Maybe there is no triangle, nothing tells me that there are triangles in nature, maybe the triangle is not real. Are there even right angles? We don't know, and that's not even what matters. I cannot say: the triangle is three right angles enclosing a space, without presupposing that the object of my description is independent from my description, even if it doesn't exist, it doesn't matter whether it exists or not. That's why I insist on the word “supposed”. And Robbe-Grillet says it himself, he says: we didn't wait for the *nouveau roman* to describe, but before us, he says that description had another function. In my language, I was saying in effect—and he quotes Balzac's descriptions—Balzac's famous descriptions, which at the time were also extremely novel, I think, and they corresponded precisely to what we call, or what we can call, “organic descriptions”, that is, they were descriptions that presupposed the real distinction of the object they addressed. They presupposed the independence of the object they addressed, that is, the object is supposed to exist outside the description, since it was going to constitute the environment acting on the character, and in which the character was going to act.

So, I would say at this point, just as there is a distinction that we tried to see earlier between organic form and crystalline formation, now there is a distinction between two types of description: organic description, which presupposes the independence, or the real distinction of its object with the description; and crystalline description, an infinite description that never ceases to revive the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary. [Pause]

Which leads me to my second point. That's a concluding point, right? I just want to expand on the second point before I ask you if everything is okay. Because maybe some of the problems that remain will be resolved by the second point, since I only did half of it.

What I find very important is that within the idea of a crystalline image, what counts? That's why I'm not interested in the history of the crystal. Well, in a crystal, there's something, there's something, there is something. Last time, I was quoting, I was quoting Victor Hugo's improvised verses, which I find so beautiful, “The emerald in its facets hides a clear-eyed online” [For these verses in Hugo and the corrections made to Deleuze's quotation, see the previous session]. The emerald in its facets hides...well, um, witches know it well: there's always something in the ball, the so-called crystal ball. So, my second point, you see, is organized in a relatively logical way. My first point was about crystalline formation and the power of the false, which had to be distinguished from the organic form and truth. My second point is: we can't stop just yet. If I'm granted crystalline formations in the world, what are they, what's inside them? What do we see inside?

Oh, but we're already in over our heads, because seeing, to see, is what? You see, my doublets, my oppositions, are going to come out because what belongs to the organic form? It's vision, it's vision. And to what does vision belong? Vision belongs to the true. [Pause] Like that, I'm saying it like that, huh? It's a question of the idea, but I could, ah well, it's a tradition that goes back to Plato, right? Whereas when I say: “The emerald in its facets hides a clear-eyed online”, that's not vision. I'd call it “clairvoyance”. It's a function other than sight; there are numerous functions of sight. In

relation to crystalline formation, the eye becomes the eye of clairvoyance and no longer that of vision. But clairvoyance concerns the power of the false. Not that it is false; you recall our distinctions. I am not going over our distinctions again. It's in clairvoyance that the power of the false is most prevalent. Oracles are deceptive, and not because they are false—that is very important—not because they are false, but because they wield the power of the false. [*We hear someone knocking*] Macbeth says it, Macbeth will live it to his doom. Witches tell us things in such a way that... [*Pause*]

A messenger: [*Inaudible remarks in the background*]

Deleuze: Huh? What's he saying? [*Laughter*] What's my interrupter saying? [*Pause*] I'm going to forget my idea, which was so beautiful, just when... Ah, yes, you remember Macbeth, don't you? He's told that he can proceed, that he can sleep peacefully, that a man who is not born of a woman must...

A messenger: [*Inaudible remarks in background*]

A student [*close to Deleuze*]: He is not coming in?

Deleuze: Uh, what... oh.

The messenger [*in the background*]: Open the door!... But they're looking at me and laughing!

Deleuze: But I can't see him; [*Laughter*] they can't open the door?

The messenger: That's because they're blocking it.

Deleuze: Well, if they can't do otherwise, then they can't, they can't not block it.

The messenger: Let me in, please, I have a message. I work in the department. I have a message here for Monsieur Professor.

Deleuze: Well, say the message. [*Laughter*]

The messenger: In order to say it, you have to let me in first. [*Laughter*]

Deleuze: The messenger has entered, [*Pause*] I don't see him but I feel him, I see him, no, yes, I see him. [*Pause*]

The messenger: They won't let me in, my leg is stuck outside!

Deleuze: But can you not deliver a message with one leg outside? [*Pause*]

The messenger: Let me in, please. [*He appears to be getting angry*]

Deleuze: That's not the tone of negotiation, is it? [*Pause*]

The messenger: How could you... [*Inaudible remarks*]

Deleuze: Don't worry about it. [*Pause*]

The messenger [*while coming in*]: It's not possible; there are tons of people in the corridor.

Deleuze: Yeah. [*Pause*] Ah. What's the message?

The messenger: A gentleman from the NRF [*press*] in St. Cloud would like to know if 1 bis, rue de Bizerte, still works.

The students [*exasperated*]: Ahhh, come on!

The messenger: I apologize for the production, for the interruption, it was a gentleman who seemed to [*remarks not entirely clear*] [*Pause*] I apologize, but... [*remarks not clear*] [*Pause*].

[*Laughter*] [*His voice is heard as he slowly leaves the room; interruption, students' voices*: Who is this guy?... Let him go, then! [*Deleuze remains silent*]

A student [*helping Deleuze*]: We were at witches, right?

Deleuze: You see, I'm sure there's a witch's eye here. Witches see with an oblique eye, if you translate them over and over again. The witch's eye is oblique. Macbeth, when he hears that, the witches' clairvoyance: misfortune will befall you of a man not born of a woman, when the forest will move, and then I don't know what else—all the rest, which you remember, go look at your Macbeth, eh? —what's his reaction? Well, he says everything's fine, everything's fine. What the witches say can only be said via indirect language. They don't speak the false; they speak under the power of the false, otherwise they wouldn't be seers. So whoever goes to consult the witches can't understand what they're saying, unless she is a witch herself. Ah, what a story, and Macbeth will figure it out for himself, he'll say something magnificent at some point, he'll say: they speak to us so indirectly that they lead us where they wanted. Right. The witch's clairvoyance is linked to the power of the false, not to the false. Very well.

In other words, what I mean is that the crystal-image, if there are crystal-images, fundamentally refers to a falsifier. The falsifier is not... basically, we know that the falsifier may have a thousand faces. But at the end of the day, at the end of the day, the falsifier is neither someone who deceives himself—that's the confusion between the real and the imaginary—nor someone who deceives us, and yet s/he's someone who is driven by the power of the false. [*Pause*] What's that? S/he's the creator of crystalline formations. What does s/he do? S/he enacts a kind of counter-creation. Creation is organic, but he opposes crystalline counter-creation to the organic creations of God and truth. It could be the devil, couldn't it? The devil acts as the great agent of crystalline counter-creation.

How can we explain—well, here I'm just putting forward a theme, since it's not literature we're interested in, it's philosophy we're interested in, it's cinema we're interested in—how can we explain, in a certain number of authors, and not just any authors, in *auteurs*, there is a perpetual presence of what, what can we call them? Sometimes real hypnotists or magnetizers, like the character in *Last Year at Marienbad*. And in a text commenting on *Last Year in Marienbad*, Robbe-Grillet says: It's a story of persuasion, it's a story of persuasion. It's about—and you'll recognize Robbe-Grillet's theory of description as was just discussed—it's about a reality that the hero creates through his own vision. So who does he persuade? The woman. Is the woman the victim of a falsifier? We don't know. Is the woman herself a falsifier, another falsifier? We don't know. We don't

know. They've gained access to clairvoyance, a reality that the hero creates through his own vision, that's clairvoyance.

How can we explain—in Fellini's [*Pause*], in a film that is very fundamental, very fundamental for us both in terms of time and the power of the false, namely $\delta \frac{1}{2}$ —the strange, very important character of the telepath? The telepath, who deceives neither himself nor us, is illuminating. He'll have two great moments, the telepath, when he does his trick and comments afterwards in terms that are very...and at the end, in the final scene, as if it weren't the final word that he had on the matter, but as if he were fundamental, Fellini's telepath in $\delta \frac{1}{2}$. We'll see, there'll be plenty of others.⁷

So I'm just saying, well, at least we have a definition, an initial definition of the falsifier. What's a falsifier? It's the one who creates crystalline formations. [*Pause*] It could be a magnetizer, it could be a telepath, it could be whatever you like, it could be a fairy, it could be a sorcerer. [*Pause*] But what is it, ultimately? Well, yes, in one way or another, you'd have to say it's the *auteur*. It's the *auteur*. The *auteur*, in fact, brings about a counter-creation. So, for example, depending on the case, it's ultimately—and this is an easy path to follow—the filmmaker herself/himself. Hence Godard's sketch "The Great Swindler",⁸ where he puts himself into the scene wearing a fez while filming. He's the falsifier, the great swindler. If there was a swindler in ultimate sense, it's Godard himself, as he's filming.⁹

Okay, so it boils down to saying—note that we're no longer on the theme of description, we've embarked on a theme that is connected to that of description, which is narration—and it's the *auteur*, it's even the narrator who is the one that creates. If the crystal-image were description, wouldn't it be the narrator who creates the crystal-image? The *auteur*, yes. If we stopped there, it wouldn't work, because—and this is what I was trying to say last time—thunderclap: the *auteur* only comes into existence in this way, under the power of the false, once he himself passes through the crystal. S/he must pass through it, s/he must put herself/himself into it. The falsifier would be nothing if s/he didn't pass through the crystal formation himself. Why?

I've said it, so I'm not going back to it. I'm just stressing, think about it, it's why I was strongly opposing the "form of the true" to the "power of the false".¹⁰ If you attach importance to the notion of power...Once again, power is inseparable from a series of potentialities. "Power" [*puissance*] is either a word used in that way, as the equivalent of power [*pouvoir*], or "power" is to be taken literally, while "the" power refers to a series of powers. Just as "form" refers to the unity of a set, "power" refers to a multiplicity of powers. So it should come as no surprise that there will be a whole host of characters embodying the falsifier. It's just that "the" here is like a generic article.¹¹ The falsifier doesn't exist independently of a chain of falsifiers.

Independently of a chain of falsifiers, and the one who seemed to be the *auteur*—and that's why there isn't a final word for the power of the false—the one who appeared to us as the *auteur* of the crystalline formation, therefore external to this formation, has already passed into the formation, no doubt in another form: a power amongst the powers of the series, and maybe not the highest power. Maybe the highest, but what is the highest power? Will there be one? There are going to be problems, very big problems.

Understand that as soon as I spoke about the power of the false, I couldn't escape the idea of a series of potentialities, a series of powers—just as a number passes through various powers, the power of 1, the power of 2, the power of 3, to the *n*th power—and I can't speak of power except from the point of view of the multiplicity of other powers that collectively constitute a series. And so, this is very important, because in response to my question, "But what do we see in the crystal?", you see, I

had an initial theme in this second part: “Who creates the crystal?” I could say, I don't really know, but we'll call her/him the “auteur”, in any case, the one who creates the crystal, the crystalline formation, yeah? The *auteur* of a counter-creation, we'll call him the devil, we'll call her/him a demon, we'll call her/him any name you'd like: hypnotist, etc., but already this hesitation signified that the *auteur* had passed into the crystal and that there was already a chain of falsifiers, a chain of falsifiers to different powers.

So what are these, these falsifiers to different powers? Well, that's why I could give them names. There's the hypnotist, there's the magnetizer, there's the telepath. Is that all? No, I don't even know where I'm going here, there's the usurper, there's the counterfeiter, there might be the true moneyer. What do you mean, there might be a true moneyer? Ah, that's what really interests us, because my crystalline formation, if it's apt, not only refers to the power of the false, but it's able to internalize [Pause] the series of the powers of the false, since the power of the false can only exist in the form of an unlimited series of powers. Simply put, the power of the false is the creation of the crystal, the series of powers is what's in the crystal, that which clairvoyance sees in the crystal. Well, if the crystal, like the emerald, contains in its facets, if the crystal, in its facets, contains the open series of the powers of the false, from the telepath to the magnetizer to the usurper, etc., etc., what's to say that the truthful man, the organic man of the true, will not unwillingly be caught in the crystal itself? What an adventure that would be for the truthful man. In fact, the truthful man has always been one of the falsifiers. Hence, once again, Nietzsche's striking words resound: the truthful man will understand that he has not ceased to be a falsifier. The truthful man himself would be part of the series. [Pause]

And indeed, it's very curious, I'm using very quick examples here, since we'll have a chance to regroup them later. Take Welles' film, [Pause] *F for Fake* [1973]. As I was saying, “fake” is not the false, it's the power of the false. Orson Welles never hid the fact that he did not at all like the type of cinema referred to as *cinéma vérité* [Pause], nor direct cinema. Besides, he lumps them together; direct cinema, *cinéma vérité*, it's a dead end for him, it leads nowhere. And actually, one of his great joys is in film about the power of the false, he says so explicitly, it's funny, isn't it? Here, I'm going to fling some *cinéma vérité* at you. Okay, I'm flinging some *cinéma vérité* at you, but he flings a piece of *cinéma vérité* at us, or pieces of it, in what? Precisely in this film that claims to be fundamentally about the power of the false and the falsifier.

In “The Great Swindler”, a short film, a sketch filmed by Godard, there's a moment when a policeman interrogates a girl who does *cinéma vérité*, and she talks to him, and he says to her, but what do you do? And she says: I'm a reporter. And he says, but I don't understand, reporting with what, you're reporting with a camera? She says, yes. Then the policeman says, ah yes, I see, that's what we call *cinéma vérité*, you're doing the same thing as Monsieur Rouch. [Laughter] So this time it's not the same situation as with Welles, since it's well known that Godard has great admiration for [Jean] Rouch. It's more of a playful joke, which precisely means: don't believe that *cinéma vérité* lays any claim to truth. As Rouch says, *cinéma vérité* means the truth of cinema, not the cinema of truth. But perhaps the truth of cinema means being completely false, in other words, being the power of the false. Rouch has a lot to say on this point. But what interests me is that in both cases, the case of Welles and that of Godard, you see, they introduced the truthful man, the supposedly truthful man, into the chain of the falsifier, of the falsifiers. We'll see how Melville pushed this very, very far in his novels. The production of the truthful man, at some point, is a...it will become quite good, it's one of the powers of the false, not even the best one, not the best one.

Not the best one, I'll say, but then it gets more complicated, because I'll quickly get back to the point: power means that they're not at all created equal, they're not all at the same level. By

definition, not all powers have the same power. No power is truer than another, but some powers are more powerful than others. So when we say there is a series of falsifiers, we don't mean that everything is false. [Pause] And after all, if Welles can say, but I'm a falsifier, in a very cheerful tone, if Godard can say, I'm a falsifier, with a Swiss accent—with which, by the way, he testifies to his status as a falsifier; this accent itself is not clear, [Laughter] and he could very well not have had it, so, it's his own little crystal, like, well—obviously, it's not in the same way that a loser will say: no, I'm not a falsifier. All the same, one must have faith that not all falsifiers are created equal. So, if Picasso is a falsifier insofar as he reproduces Velázquez, as Welles suggests, that's one meaning of the word “falsifier”, then we'll have to see what becomes of the falsifier. Well, even supposing he is a falsifier, but it is not in same sense that Picasso is a falsifier by reproducing Velázquez as it is when someone trying to copy Picasso produces a bad Picasso. They're not the same kind of falsifiers, are they?

There's a... What does it mean, ultimately? So, what would the final falsifier be, the falsifier's final word? You could possibly say—and I'd be all for it, but that would commit us even further, so we shouldn't say it just yet—it's the one who creates truth, the one who creates truth. But that doesn't make it the same as the truth, because the fact that truth is creation is something that still remains misunderstood, I mean, that's so, so curious. What does it mean, to create the true, to create truth? That truth is an operation of creation is so...the last power of the false, that is, the nth power. Well then, we're not there yet.

So, I'm just saying that I already have two definitions of the falsifier. They're mysterious, so we'll see how things progress in the course of this year. First definition of the falsifier: [Pause] one who creates the crystalline image. It's not all...All of that is not justified, it's suggested, it's for seeing, yeah? The one who creates crystalline images. Second definition: he who is in the crystal itself, in the crystalline formation, taking part in a series of increasing powers, a series of implied, increasing powers, insofar as the series of increasing powers refers to the power of the false. Those are two definitions.

Finally, note that, just like earlier, I distinguished between two types of description—the organic power of the true and the crystalline power that referred to the power of the false—now, I'll be forced to distinguish between two types of narration. There will be an organic narration, [Pause] and a crystalline narration? Yes, but it's better to vary the terms. I'd say there's a veridical narration, or one that has veridical pretenses, and there's a falsifying narration. Can I distinguish between them? Yes, I can distinguish between them quickly, because for the majority of you, we've already been working together since, since last year, so I can go just a little quicker, but for those of you who are new, I'd like to be clear anyway; how could we define the two types of narration that would close the circle for us? And so, what's a true narration? [Pause] What is it?... [Interruption of the recording] [1:31:54]

... are decidable. Why? That's fine with me because I have some...that makes me happy, it brings me great joy, even if I don't seem that way. Because throughout the first part of what I was saying, I never stopped invoking the indistinguishability of the real and the imaginary, and that's how I finally defined the crystalline description. At the level of narration, I am saying that truthful narration is where instances are discernible, which implies—you can already guess—that falsifying narration is where instances are undecidable. In other words, at the level of narration, we'll encounter a notion of undecidability just as rigorous as the notion of indiscernibility at the level of narration [Deleuze means: description].

Just, we need to explain a tiny bit, what does it mean, huh? A truthful narrative is not a true

narration, strictly speaking; it's a narrative that claims to be true, and I'm saying that it's perfectly, sufficiently defined if we affirm that, if we define it like this: narrative instances are decidable. What does that mean, and what are narrative instances? Oh, there are a lot of them. There are a lot, but they can be grouped into two terms that are often used by linguists and even literary critics: the subject of enunciation, the subject of the statement. [Pause] I say a sentence: [Pause] "Pierre has, Pierre has left Paris", "Pierre has left Paris": the subject of the statement is Pierre; the subject of enunciation is me saying that Pierre has left Paris. It's not complicated. It's obvious that in some cases, it gets complicated. And there are cases where it does get complicated, but where, at the end of a complicated analysis, you can attribute and distribute the subjects, the subject of the statement and the subject of enunciation. That's it, I'll call narration truthful, every narration where—to put it in the simplest terms, with the simplest conditions—the subject of enunciations and the subject of the statement are ultimately, are immediately or ultimately discernible. [Pause] If we confuse them, then that is what will be called a grammatical or linguistic error. Alright.

Here's another sentence I've talked about so much in other years, so I won't repeat it, but I need it now. [See, for example, session 21 of the seminar on Cinema 1, 1 June 1982] Here's another sentence: [Pause] "Her cheeks were flushed" —that is, she blushed, eh?—"her cheeks were flushed. No, we wouldn't make her feel ashamed." Yes, "Her cheeks were flushed", no, she...yes, it would be better...no, there, no. "She turned completely red"—it's worse literarily, but...—"she turned completely red. No, she would not be ashamed." Well, [Pause] it's a little sentence like that: "She turned completely red. No, she would not be ashamed." Everyone understands what I'm saying.

What do I see? I'd have to...I'm too lazy to go to the blackboard right now, but it wouldn't be difficult to write it out on the blackboard. You frame the entire sentence, and say: what is the subject of enunciation? It's the person who says the sentence. Right. There's no difficulty with "she turned completely red." Who's the subject of the statement? It's her, "she turned completely red." The subject of enunciation is me saying, "she turned completely red." No, she wouldn't be—I don't remember what I said, er—"no, she wouldn't be insulted." "She" is always the subject of the statement. The subject of enunciation, it's not me; it's her, I'm making her speak, right? [Pause] I'm making her speak, she's the one who's supposed to say: "No, I wouldn't be insulted." But since I'm making her speak, I'm subjecting her to the proposition, but I'm repeating her words. And you can sense very well that the two elements of the sentence, separated by a simple comma, have a completely different status. "She would not be insulted" has "she" as the subject of enunciation, by way of me. The heterogeneity of the two parts of the sentence is marked by the conditional tense, right? In other words, "She would not be insulted" has, by way of me, "she" as the subject of enunciation. The whole sentence has "me" as the subject of enunciation, but the part of the sentence that has "she" as the subject of enunciation is part of the sentence that has me as the subject of enunciation. In other words, an enunciation is inserted into a statement that refers to another subject of enunciation.

You'll tell me, we can still manage. Not sure, not sure. Not sure we can manage. In other words, we're on the verge of cases where the subject of enunciation is undecidable. In the sentence, "She's blushing, no, she wouldn't be ashamed," are the subjects of enunciation decidable, even when all is said and done, even after grammatical analysis? Not sure. Why? Because of what I've provided here, and what I've talked about at other times, other years, and which is well known, and which causes all kinds of problems with grammar: free indirect discourse as opposed to simple indirect discourse, which is quite simple, and which is well known, when I say: "She told me she wouldn't be ashamed." And when I say: "No, she wouldn't be insulted," I pretend like I'm the one who is speaking, but in fact she's the one speaking, and I'm repeating her words: I won't be insulted. Where is the subject of enunciation? In free indirect discourse, which grammarians can't escape, perhaps

precisely because it's not a grammatical form, don't I, don't I, don't I find myself in front of an undecidability between the two subjects, the subject of enunciation and the subject of the statement? I would call that a falsifying narration. Not that whatever it says is false, but it's done under the auspices of the series of powers; meaning, it is done under the power of the false. [*Pause*]

Although perhaps, I don't want to go over this once again, but this is what I suggested in previous years—my question was: isn't free indirect discourse, which you find in every language, ultimately coextensive with the whole of language? Is there any reason, as linguists do, to distinguish between the subject of enunciation and the subject of the statement, once you've said that, in my opinion, the whole of language is permeated by free indirect discourse, such that subjects are not decidable, except in arbitrary conditions that are organic conditions, and that language is precisely not an organic formation? Well, it doesn't really matter, does it?

See where we're at, huh, well? So there you have my two definitions of the falsifier. And then I'd just like to say in conclusion—you're not too tired, are you okay?—I'd just like to say very quickly that these are some applications. Some applications, that would resolve the problem, we haven't even started on our main problem, which is time. What's time got to do with it? We saw it crop up a little bit once. I'll tell you what, yeah? I can tell you in advance, so that you understand that all of this is not arbitrarily connected. What's at work in the crystalline formation is time, it's time, that's it. It's time that is responsible for everything, and the series of powers, it's time, it's all time. The falsifier, that's time; the power of the false, that's time. There is no other falsifier, and if we can, well, if we can, the man of time, the falsifier, is Chronos. Chronos is the god of time. And that it's...we don't know, after all.

I'm saying, here, I would like to take a few examples, for the moment, bearing in mind that I'm concerned with all three: cinema, literature, and philosophy. First, I'd like to take a few very quick examples from literature, then from cinema, solely to... Don't expect any more progress in the analysis, yeah? We've done enough today.

A woman student: Shit.

Deleuze: You want more progress? Still more progress, always more progress? I'm all for it, but examples provide a moment of repose, and then it's...and anyway I need them first. And then there can be true progress in the analysis. You have to understand that, don't you? I'll take an example from literature, and two or three examples from cinema. [*Interruption of the recording*] [1:45:04]

Part 3

... A literary example is the novel by Melville, Herman Melville, that I was telling you about, whose title is translated into French as *Le Grand escroc*.¹² And the great swindler is, thus, the confidence-man: the trustworthy man.

How does this happen? It happens on a boat. Ah, but what's a boat to Melville? You know, it's not nothing. Melville knows what a boat is; I don't, but he does. And what he tells us about what a boat is, is so beautiful, so beautiful, for it's going to give us confirmation, we who didn't know—ah! but I find it more...—He says twice what a boat is—he says it many other times and just as clearly—he says it in a wonderful short story called “Benito Cereno” [1855]. And in “Benito Cereno”, this is what he tells us: the ship is like a house. He doesn't say that; I'll summarize: the ship is like a house. “Both house and ship, the one by its walls and blinds, the other by its high bulwarks like ramparts, hoard from view their interiors till the last moment.” See, I'm following to the letter: the house and

the ship are hiding something. There's something “in them” —these are formations of interiority—there's something “in them”, and whatever this thing is, we don't see it right away. “But the case of the ship in relation to the house”—but the case of the ship—“there is this addition” [*Pause*—so there, he tells us: but beware, that the ship is even better than the house; well, it has a particularity that the house doesn't have—“the living spectacle that it contains”—both the house and the ship contain a living spectacle—“the living spectacle that the ship contains, upon its sudden and complete discloser”—upon its sudden and complete discloser—“has, in contrast with the blank ocean which zones it, something of the effect of enchantment.”¹³ —The ship sits on the blank ocean, while the house sits on a busy street; that's what he says, and that's it, it's wonderful, because the ship is a house in the void—“the living spectacle that it contains, upon its sudden and complete discloser—that is, the swarming life on the ship—“has, in contrast with the blank ocean which zones it, something of the effect of enchantment”—the ship seems unreal—“These strange costumes, gestures, and faces, but a shadowy tableau just emerged from the deep, which directly must receive back what it gave”. He says: what is the ship, what is the house? He tells us as if textually, the house is an organic image, an organic form. The ship is a crystalline formation. He says this in his own way.

At the beginning of *The Confidence Man*, everything takes place on a ship, on a boat, which happens to be a riverboat this time. “Its great white bulk with two tiers of small embrasure-like windows”—see, there's always a cut into the resemblance of a house—“its great white bulk with two tiers of small embrasure-like windows, well above the waterline, the *Fidèle*, though,” —the *Fidèle*, that's the name of the boat—“The *Fidèle* might at a distance, have been taken by strangers for some whitewashed fort on a floating isle”—you see: it's not the boat that moves; it's as if the boat were perched on a floating island, [*Pause*] and this impression, which already sets up the theme of unreality, is going to be developed in this second passage—“the passengers buzzing on their decks”—that is, life on the boat, life swarming on the boat—“the passengers buzzing on the decks seemed like”—the image, it's splendid because we see what he means even if we are familiar with neither boat nor stock exchange—“the passengers buzzing on the decks seemed like merchants in an exchange, while from quarters unseen, comes a murmur of bees in a comb.”¹⁴ Look at the sailors with the ropes, there, all busy, and it looks exactly like what you see on TV every morning, this joyful spectacle of the stock exchange, or if you remember [Marcel] L'Herbier's film, *Money*, [1928], all these guys climbing on chairs, making gestures, acting like semaphores. Unless we're very knowledgeable, we don't understand a thing, it's a kind of...Just as we don't understand when sailors untie a little knot out of nowhere. Alright.

There in his crystal boat, what is Melville busy doing? He's creating his circuit of indiscernibility, precisely because the boat is a crystal-image. He says: “whitewashed fort on a floating isle”, and he's given himself the impression of unreality on a deserted river, on a deserted sea. The crystal-image appears in the form of an indiscernible circuit, an indiscernible circuit of the imaginary and the real, the boats, the sailors, the money-changers. Although, it is not the same: it's not a metaphor—above all, for me, it's especially important that it's not a metaphor—it has nothing to do with metaphor. It's that, under the conditions of the crystal boat, of the crystalline image, a real-imaginary circuit has been created where the two are strictly—and become strictly—indiscernible. Okay, that's how *The Confidence Man* starts off, but once inside, what's the narrative going to be? That's description.

The narration is not going end up being nothing. Because the narration is going to start with a character, a bizarre character who is a mute albino. I'm going to need all that, so I'd like you to retain it. It all starts with a mute albino who expresses himself—the boat is full of passengers—who expresses himself by writing on a slate: “charity”. And he always keeps to the subject: “charity”, the

subject of the statement, but he changes the rest of the statement. “Charity thinketh no evil”, and he holds up his chalkboard. “Charity is patient, it does not get carried away”, and he holds up his drawing. “Charity endures all things.” The others push him, they kick him. And the other passengers say: “What kind of creature is this? Ah, he’s mute, and what’s more, he’s a mute! Not only is he albino, but he’s mute, and all of that starts off perfectly. Okay.

Immediately afterwards, he’s pushed into a corner and disappears. And he’s proceeded by a legless black man on the boat, a legless black man who’s insulted even worse by the passengers. They call him a “painted decoy”, painted decoy. One of them says: “you painted decoy”. And the poor black guy, he begs for charity, he says: Ah! Yes...—He says: I’m still joyful, because...but charity for the poor black man. Right. And there’s a strange scene amongst the men, how so? How could one not recognize them? The men of truth, the men of truth who say: “but that’s a painted decoy”, “he’s a fake cripple”. And then, a good reverend—after all, there are good men of truth, but we’re getting ahead of ourselves—lo and behold, there are men of truth, there are bitter men of truth. They are what Melville would call misanthropes.

The man of truth is extremely Nietzschean. In Nietzsche, we will find less humorous texts, but they are just as beautiful. The man of truth is the misanthrope. The misanthrope has always claimed truth for himself. The truthful man is the misanthrope. So there’s a misanthrope who says: but you don’t see... You don’t allow yourself to be pitied! And when you say to him: But of course! And even if he wasn’t as legless as he seemed, it doesn’t matter! He invokes the truth, the somber and bitter man invokes the truth. But there’s also the jovial man who invokes the truth: “Let’s trust him”—even if it means verifying what he says—“Let’s trust him anyway”, and the Reverend Father [says], “let’s trust this poor black legless man.”

So there are two series of men of truth, there are the bitter ones, the somber ones and the jovial ones. Right. And now the poor black man, in order for the Reverend Father to save him from the somber misanthrope, who is all set to throw him overboard, saying: he’s a decoy, a painted decoy, the Reverend Father says: “But come on my good sir, do you have people here on this big boat who can vouch for you?” And the poor black starts reciting a strange litany: he says, yes—see, he’s the second of the strange characters, there was the albino with the charity, the mute albino; there’s the legless black man, two, who starts reciting a litany of men who surely know him well, know very well that he’s legless and can vouch for him. And he says: “First, there’s the man with the weeper”, a man with a large crêpe band on his hat, indicating mourning. “And then there’s the man in gray, and then there’s the man with the cap and then...”—in fact, I’m skipping a few because I want to just build up a sufficient enough series—“and then there’s the man with the ledger, and then there’s the good herb doctor, and then there’s the last one”—the most handsome—the last one, is it the last one? The one with a colorful suit. And when we get to him in the novel, he calls himself “the cosmopolitan”. The cosmopolitan. And it’s through him that Melville’s greatest formula bursts forth: “metaphysical scamp”. [*Laughter*] Okay good.

Here’s a series that goes from albino, so you see it’s a series that goes from 1...2...1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, if I only count the main characters, a series of seven characters. Good, so what do we understand right away? They all come face-to-face with men of truth. On the boat, they all come face-to-face with men of truth, in the two forms of the truthful man: the good-natured form and the bitter form. And each in the series is running an obscure scam, but a scam that becomes increasingly complex, which at first seems like small financial scams but then it expands and becomes a massive speech scam, where it’s no longer a matter of taking money from others, from truthful men, but it’s a matter of “persuading them of something”, as Robbe-Grillet would say. But persuade them of what? And

why? And with the cosmopolitan, it takes on a cosmic dimension, but to persuade them of what? We'll see, we'll see.

What is the situation with the narration? Look at the situation with the narration—and that's just what I wanted to say—the situation is very curious. I'll take a specific example: the man with the crêpe band on his hat—one of the powers of the series, one of the men in the series—the man with the crêpe band tells a story about his unhappy marriage. He married a very wicked woman, he explains. *[Pause]* He claims to have married a very wicked woman. He points out that the sign, the main symptom of this woman's wickedness was that she fondled people, she fondled people, *[Laughter]*, which he declares is both an immodest attitude and shows a great falseness of the soul, so he claims. Thus, he tells the story of his unhappy marriage. He's the man with the crêpe band; so the man with the crêpe band has an unhappy marriage. But the story is complemented and corroborated by the man in gray. The story is complemented and corroborated by the man in gray. As it is complemented and corroborated, it is told by a character who says “I” and who is not the man in gray, who seems to be the author, Melville. But this character is there, and it's not clear why at first. So there are already the three: the man in gray...no, the man with the crêpe band, complemented and corroborated by the man in gray, three: a mysterious “I” who tells the story as the man in gray told it. Four: this story is cast in doubt by the man in the cap. *[Pause]* Right. The man in the cap says: oh no, no, no, it can't be true, a story like that. And he convinces a truthful man who had previously been convinced that the story was a sad story. He convinces the truthful man that it's a fake story. But here's the thing, here's the thing: both the man with the crêpe band to whom the story supposedly happened and the man with the cap who denies the story are part of the series of power. In other words: it's the same con man under different powers, under two powers. Alright.

Can I say: the same one? What do you want me to say? How do you want me to speak? No, it's not the same one! Yes, it is! I wanted to talk about the power of the false, on the condition that I make a correction: the power of the false only exists in the unlimited series of powers. Well, yes, it's the same character who tells, modifies, and distorts his own story under distinct powers. Okay.

So I'll say: cinema, in order to go very quickly, well, that...An entire section of modern cinema, contemporary cinema, is preoccupied with this theme. The falsifier, the powers of the false. I'll cite three cases without making any value judgments about these bodies of work. The most fundamental case is obviously Welles. Welles never stopped...I believe that if there is a unity to his body of work, this is it, in the question of the power of the false and the series of powers in which this power of the false is made manifest, in other words, the fundamental theme of the falsifier. Which he expresses quite clearly in his final film, that bizarre sort of testament, *F for Fake*. It's crystal clear. I should point out that here too, the film is constructed in a serial form, a series of powers of the false. Indeed, it's not difficult; in *Positif*, Gérard Legrand gave an excellent...recalled a very good découpage in *F for Fake*.¹⁵

First: There's the introduction of a very strange lady who is dressed like Orson Welles. Let's see. Although she differs from him in every respect, Oja Kodar is presented and all the men in the street turn around to look at her. The first scene: Oja Kodar, who has the same large hat as Orson Welles, etc.. And they look at one other, and they're posed as doubles of one another. Second: a scene presenting Welles as a conjurer; well, he's the picture of the falsifier. Oja Kodar, too, is a falsifier. It's an analogous series to that of Melville. Right. The third one doesn't matter, I don't need it.

Fourth: The introduction of the journalist Clifford Irving, author of the fake memoirs by—how do you pronounce it? *[A student helps him pronounce the name]* - *[Howard]* Hughes, the presenter of

Hughes' fake memoirs, Hughes being an American billionaire famous for his life, really his life as a falsifier. You'll recall that "Citizen Kane" [1941], Welles' first great film, was about another American billionaire, no less comparable to a falsifier and the powers of the false. In other words, from beginning to end, it runs through Welles' *œuvre*; the introduction of Irving, the journalist, the author of Hughes's fake memoirs. But I've already raised this question: remember that the story isn't so clear-cut, since Hughes himself had doubles in his capacity as the great falsifier. He had his own series of Hughes fakes and that...Who dictated the fake memoirs? Did Irving do them himself? Did a Hughes double dictate them? Was it the real Hughes pretending to be his double? All of that is the power of the false: it's impossible for the power of the false to exist without it being presented in the form of a series, a series of characters where the subjects...And in the series, the subjects will be undecidable. Is it Hughes? Is it his double? See for yourselves!

So the presentation of Irving, the author of Hughes' fake memoirs, and prior to that, a book on the counterfeit painter Elmyr de Hory [*Fake*, 1969], is a presentation of the latter, who immediately sets out to justify himself. So then, Irving says: he liked Hughes' fake memoirs and a fake painter, a falsifier in painting. He intends to justify himself, a falsifier in painting.

Fifth: An intervention from Welles who reassures the viewer. This is fantastic. For an hour, the viewer will not hear or see anything false. He emerges in his rightful place in the series: "I am the truthful man." I am the man of truth: "For one hour, you will not hear anything false." It will be true! It will be true, for one hour you won't hear anything false. But it turns out that the truthful man is no less a part of it. It's not the false truthful man who's part of the series of falsifiers. Already in Nietzsche, it's the truthful man as such who takes part in the series of falsifiers. Good.

Sixth: a dialogue between Elmyr, the falsifier painter, and Irving. The painter discloses his method, his ambition and his activities, a disclosure that is often corrected by Irving. Which of the two is the falsifier? Seventh: and there's nothing false about it, it's a dialogue in direct cinema. Welles has a good laugh. Seventh: commentary by Welles and Reichenbach in one of the best Parisian restaurants. More stories of falsifiers. The series continues. Eighth, etc., well, never mind. Ninth: Welles' meditations in front of Chartres Cathedral, and the way he integrates the image of Chartres Cathedral is magnificent. Because I assure you, I seem like...but it's really filmed in the way that is sometimes painted by painters, by the Impressionists, by Monet. It's truly symptomatic of the crystal-image. There's Welles' long meditation in front of Chartres Cathedral, where he fully assumes the role of the great man of truth. Tenth: the story of Oja Kodar. We return to the young woman from the beginning, her affair with Picasso. She is said to have had an incredible affair with Picasso. The story of Oja Kodar's grandfather. At the end of this scene, Welles intervenes again to point out to the viewer that an hour has passed and that during the previous twenty minutes, the affair with Picasso, we've been pulling the viewer's leg. You've got your series. This is even a circular series, because we're back to the point of departure.

I'm just going to say this really quickly: if you take all of Welles' work, that's it; you discover it constantly, but constantly, constantly. He needs a series of falsifiers. And the problem is that he likes posing a question, it's cinema of the question. These falsifiers are obviously not equal. But what are Welles' great series of falsifiers? Take *The Lady from Shanghai* [1947].¹⁶ *The Lady from Shanghai* is magnificent, because there you rediscover the boat theme, the Melvillian boat theme. Needless to say, Welles has boundless admiration for Melville, otherwise he would never have starred in *Moby Dick* [an unfinished film from 1971], which isn't a very good film, but there you go. As I was saying, the boat is called Circe, a theme that harkens back to Homer. Circe is the falsifier par excellence, the falsifier witch. Everything takes place on the Circe and with which series? A trio, and we don't know which one is the greater falsifier. There's the man with the pig's face, scheming

his own pseudo-suicide. There's the lawyer, the hemiplegic lawyer, who makes it out to be an actual murder...no, sorry, who arranges his pseudo-murder—no...or suicide; actually, I don't remember anymore, it doesn't matter—the lawyer makes it out to be a true death, and what's more, there's the lady from Shanghai who is a falsifier, who is the falsifier par excellence, since she...we learn that she runs all of the gambling in Chinatown. And it all ends in one of the most beautiful crystal images in all of cinema, the famous image where the boat is no longer the crystal, but it's the mirrors that multiply the characters, that multiply the two characters, the lawyer and the lady from Shanghai, as the lawyer goes to kill the lady from Shanghai and himself, I believe. There you go.

Falstaff [1965; *Chimes of Midnight*], what is it about *Falstaff* that is so fascinating? In... Why? You have to look at Welles' treatment of Shakespeare. What is fascinating about *Falstaff*? It's that it's a fantastic network of falsifiers. They're falsifiers, they're all falsifiers. And he arrives... And his stroke of genius was to insist on that point. I'm not saying it's not in Shakespeare, but in my opinion, if I dare say something to this effect, he's really twisted Shakespeare, because it's in Shakespeare, but secondarily. I don't think that...They're all falsifiers, namely Falstaff, the very name, the very name evokes the false, but it's one of the powers of the false. As it happens, he's fundamentally good, and Welles values Falstaff's goodness enormously. Really? He values goodness. Well, yes, why not? Why shouldn't there be a beneficial power of the false? Why not, at this point where we're at, we're putting everything into the crystal, and why not the good too? He's fundamentally good, and how does that prevent him from pushing a falsifying narrative? What's to stop him from being a falsifier? He's good, that's all. But his friend, the young prince, is a troubling kind of falsifier. And why is he a falsifier? He's the falsifier of falsifiers.

Because what Shakespeare perfectly insists upon, but what Welles insists upon enormously, is that the old king is a usurper. He's the first of his dynasty, he's usurped the throne. He's usurped the throne. And in the famous scene in which Falstaff and the young prince embark on a bizarre comedy in which they each take turns playing the role of the old king scolding his son—in other words, where there's a scene of inversion—where first the son plays his own part, the prince plays his own part, and Falstaff plays the part of the old king saying to his son: “Behave yourself...” etc., etc., and then all of a sudden the son has an angry outburst and says: “I'm the one who is going to be the old king, and you're going to be the prince!” And Falstaff senses that something fishy is going on; he loses control, and he gets out of it as best he can. But you've got this trio: and the old usurper, the old usurping king, who takes on a very noble attitude, who takes on, etc... who lectures his son and is basically a usurper, and Welles' stroke of genius is to have constituted a series of three in this form. Three falsifiers, good.¹⁷

I'll think of other films, but I don't need to talk about this one. I'm not even going to talk about it...Talk about *La Soif du mal* [Touch of Evil, 1958]¹⁸ because it's really poorly translated, it's really an avatar of, like, the devil, the title, it's a speck, a speck of the devil, a speck of the demon, I don't know what, a trace, a trace of the devil... [Interruption of the recording] [2:17:51]

... or the man who looks for the proof that never was...When it comes to his wife, of course... He couldn't care less. What he needs is proof, proof, proof. He's the truthful man in all its ugliness. And the other one, the other one, the disturbing American policeman played by Welles, and so the falsifiers, it's the relationship between the two falsifiers that is going to be very, very important.

If I'm thinking of other films—and I'd like to go quickly in order to finish—if I'm thinking of another film... I'm just saying, but it's constant, here I don't need to invoke Robbe-Grillet's filmmaking for once. One of Robbe-Grillet's best films is *The Man Who Lies* [1968], and we'll have the opportunity to look at *The Man Who Lies* more closely, to talk about it at greater depth, but the

man who lies is obviously not the man who tells lies. The man who lies is...not even, I can't say the falsifier, because the man who lies has absolutely no control over the situation. He's inseparable from a chain of falsifiers.

And finally, I'll quote a little—it goes without saying—Resnais, Resnais and the importance... Do you want crystalline images? In Resnais, we're going to see the sphere of *I Love You, I Love You*, the sphere of *I Love you, I Love You* [1968]. And is the sphere of *I Love you, I Love You* going to be? An aspect of fundamental indiscernibility, I'd say, first between the real and the imaginary, and then between what and what? We're going to see...We've only got a few moments left, so let's wrap it up. And was it by chance that he made this film, *Stavisky* [1974], which wasn't successful. Are we to believe that he made *Stavisky* just like that? You have to listen to what Resnais says. The theme of the falsifier is not only as powerful as it is in Robbe-Grillet, but just as powerful and important for him, albeit in a completely different way, as in Welles.

And that this theme—I'm not at all saying that it exhausts contemporary cinema—that this theme is decisive. Why is it decisive for contemporary cinema, for part of contemporary cinema? It's not difficult: We already have the answer... If it's true that contemporary cinema is partly defined by its ability to create images that must be called crystalline or of a crystalline type, then it's only natural that contemporary cinema, part of contemporary cinema, should find itself absorbed in this problem of the power of the false.

Because, ultimately, in order for everything to be slightly coherent, I've just quoted three *auteurs* for whom, and I'm sure you'll agree, the power of the false and the theme of a series, of a serialization of the powers of the false, is fundamental. So I'm going to ask the brute question: is it by chance—well, we're stumbling on something here—is it by chance that these are filmmakers of time? Is it by chance—I realize that cinema has always been preoccupied with time, but, but, but... —In the majority of *auteurs*, time and images of time end with something else. That's what I was trying to show last year, that they generally end with the movement-image. It was an extremely important moment in cinema when cinema tried to construct the time-image, which I called direct time-images, and which last year I didn't have time to develop, to analyze in detail.

If I ask myself who the great film auteurs who made direct time-images are and who finally understood memory in this way, in a non-psychological way, I'd say it's Welles and Resnais above all. In two different ways, it's them, it's them, both of them... I don't even need to say the two greatest, those who posed this problem: how can the cinematographic image directly reach time? This implies non-chronological time, obviously, since chronology is a way in which the time-image is always derived from something else. So how does the time-image reach directly into the flesh, into the flesh of time? The answer is a-chronologically, by overthrowing chronology, thus convening all the powers of the false.

And the sphere of *I Love you, I Love You*, which I'm invoking as a crystal-image, what is it? It's the sphere known as “beyond time”. In *I Love you, I Love You*, you have a film that isn't even about time, a film that constitutes as many time-images as in *Muriel* [1963], as many as in *Last Year in Marienbad* [1961]. And in all three cases, you also still had the problem of the perpetual falsifier. And I would say, in the same manner, it was Welles who first invented the time-image in cinema? It goes without saying that what we call depth of field in Welles is not simply a stroll in space: it's someone who enters into their past. It's someone who enters into their past. It's a stroll into a past. It's an exploration into the past. It's a temporal exploration, much, much more than the simple addition of a third dimension of space. And if you think of Welles' great depth of field images, you'll see that each time, they're connected... [*Deleuze doesn't finish the sentence*] And I'd like to add...

For me, there are a number of great filmmakers, Welles and Resnais, above all, who have risen to the challenge of constructing a direct time-image in cinema. They were able to pass through crystal-images. Alright, good.

And then there are others who are in a completely different situation. I would almost say that...It really strikes me that...If this category makes sense, so-called Third World cinema, I think that cinema...I only have one idea about so-called Third World cinema, and what strikes me is that, in very different ways—I'm not claiming to create a category for it, between Indian film, Filipino film, Moroccan film, or Egyptian film, for all that—I'm saying: if there were a constant? Why shouldn't there be a constant? Just as we can speak of German Expressionism, why can't we speak in some way about cinema in Third World? I'm saying that what they have in common is the direct construction of memory. You'll tell me that's a platitude. No, it's self-explanatory. It's not at all the case that they wish to relate to the past; first of all, it's extremely equivocal—so I'll add: the constitution of a non-psychological memory; it's not a question of finding one's roots, it's not that. —It's that oppression, misery, colonization, whatever the case—there are very, very different cases in all these countries—which have made a veritable break from their chronology, a kind of chronological rift. This can come in the form of: but yes, we've stolen their past, it can be that. But it can also take more complicated forms: a sort of chronological rift. We didn't just steal their past, we transplanted them, we exported them, we put them in other territories, and so on. Right. [Pause] So it's not a question of them reconstituting a memory. First of all, their government would hate it, and that would be nothing, strictly speaking. But that's not the issue. Reconstituting a memory has never served anyone. What has been of service—and this is much more upsetting, much more aggressive—is to serve the world as a memory, to constitute a place that can only be a memory of the world. Because that upsets the world.¹⁹

Where's my memory? Even people have a memory, but not me, huh? but that a place... It's the secular mystery, it's the secular mystery of oppression. I mean, what's the Christian mystery? In some tiny village, Christ was born, the universal became incarnate. You have countless beautiful passages by Péguy on this theme; you also have passages by Kierkegaard on this universality that is incarnated in the purest singularity: this tiny village, etc. Okay. But what about the secular mystery? There are mysteries in secularism too. It's that a disinherited place, a disinherited place—not at all because it's rediscovering its memory, but precisely because of its misery, as a precise consequence of what was suffered, etc.—is like the irrefutable witness of the memory of the world. —I don't mean that it should be put in a museum, that it should be conserved like that. Everything that happens is valuable for the memory of the world.

Everything that people do now in this regard serves as a memory of the world, [but] it's not up to them to remember! I am not saying that the Third World as to reestablish its memory. I'm saying that all actions in currently poor, destitute, exploited countries, that everything occurring there is inscribed in a memory of the world. So, it's not surprising: I think that in cinema, I'd almost say that the exemplar of all these cinemas, one of the most advanced, it seems to me, is nonetheless Canadian cinema. I think that a guy like [Pierre] Perrault is quite important in modern cinema, fundamentally important, fundamentally. So, of course, the younger generation treats him like an old fart, in the manner: you're hassling us with your tales of memory. And I think it's because they haven't understood him. He's not at all pretending that the Quebecois – well, yes, he is pretending this; I won't at all say, it's less clear than I'm stating it; of course, the Quebecois... -- they have to rediscover their memory. He says this, but he also say something much more profound, much funnier: Quebec also has to make an effort and, in this location, a location surrounded by an entirely different civilization, the memory of the world must be inscribed there, for a memory of the world.

The memory of the world and time are the same. Time is not something that destroys, but something that conserves. The form in which time conserves is the memory of the world. Well, the memory of the world is in Quebec or in the Philippines, not in our libraries. Well, it's this memory of the world, this is what the cinematographic image is...It would be another way of reaching the time-image, and I think that in this respect, Third World cinema, when it doesn't fail, let's say, there's a danger...It's that filmmakers...It's not by chance! I'm thinking of the Egyptian, I don't even know his name anymore...The theme of memory, you find it constantly...²⁰

A student: Youssef Chahine.

Deleuze: You constantly find it in...Chahine, you find them constantly in the most diverse Third World films, and I think once again that our misunderstanding as Europeans is to believe that—but it's also a bit of a trap for them—it's to believe that it's a question of reconstituting a memory that would be that of their people or even that of their own lives, that of their own individuality as an exemplary or representative individuality. It's not that. It's an act that is much more...—how shall I put it? —much more culturally revolutionary. That is where the memory of the world will take on these rough edges! It won't have, it won't have at all the clean, smooth edges you find in manuals, whether they're—in manuals or in books—whether they're Marxist or whether they're bourgeois.

In the third world, cinema has a kind of chance to make disruptive time-images where cinema takes on intense political value. And I have to say that while it's true that in Welles, the political aspect is connected to the cinema of time, in my opinion, it wasn't fundamental, it was occasionally present, but it wasn't fundamental. In Resnais, on the other hand, it seems to me that the political aspect of the cinema of time is already in Resnais.

So, here we are. Next time, we're going down...Oh yes, I'm specifying so that next time we can follow up on what we just did, if you will, the encounter between time and the power of the false. Why are these the same auteurs? Now we need to establish a solid connection between the problem of time and the power of the false. [*End of the session*] [2:23:02]

Notes

¹ On Worringer, see session 3 from the seminar on Painting, April 28, 1981; session 3 from the Cinema seminar I, November 24, 1981; and session 14 from the seminar on Leibniz and the Baroque, April 7, 1987.

² *Puissance* and *pouvoir* are both translated as “power” in English, but *puissance* denotes potentiality. See: “‘J’ for Joy”, a Spinoza-inspired discussion of the creative potential of *puissance*, as opposed to the representational power of the sad passions, *pouvoir*, in *L'Abécédaire de Gilles Deleuze* (1988-1989).

³ The quotation in the chapter from *Matter and Memory* that comes close to what Deleuze attributes to Bergson is this quote, in part III, paragraph 11: “Everyone admits that the images actually present to our perception are not the whole of the matter. But, on the other hand, what can be a non-perceived material object, an image not imagined, unless it is a kind of unconscious mental state?” We refrain hereafter from using quotation marks except when Deleuze quotes Bergson's text directly.

⁴ *Élan*, signaling the *élan vital* in Bergson.

⁵ See Robbe-Grillet's discussion of description in *The Time-Image*, p. 15 and especially pp. 63-64; for Robbe-Grillet's text here, see *Pour un nouveau roman* (Paris: Minuit, 1963) pp. 65-66, 126-127, and 140; see also Deleuze's analysis of Robbe-Grillet in sessions 18 and 19 of the Cinema seminar I, May 11 and 18, 1982.

⁶ Jean Ricardou, *Le nouveau roman* (Paris: Seuil, 1973).

⁷ See Deleuze comments on the telepath in 8 ½ in *The Time-Image*, p. 16 and p. 102.

⁸ Occasionally translated as “The Confidence Man”.

⁹ See Deleuze comments on Godard's film in *The Time-Image*, p. 173 and p. 175.

¹⁰ The “power of the false” is a translation of “*la puissance du faux*”, but the English term “power” is used in the literature to translate both “*puissance*”, which is akin to “potentiality” in English, and “*pouvoir*”, which denotes representational power in Deleuze’s philosophy. In all future instances where “power” appears in the translation, the original is “*puissance*”, unless stated otherwise.

¹¹ Unlike in English, a noun in French is typically preceded by a definite article that often serves to mark generality (e.g. *la puissance*, *le pouvoir*), whereas English typically denotes generality by omitting a definite article (e.g. *potentiality*, *power*). Deleuze’s remarks here are intended toward the specificities of French grammar.

¹² Herman Melville, *The Confidence Man*, 1857.

¹³ The original passage from Melville’s “Benito Cereno” reads, “Both house and ship, the one by its walls and blinds, the other by its high bulwarks like ramparts, hoard from view their interiors till the last moment; but in the case of the ship there is this addition; that the living spectacle it contains, upon its sudden and complete disclosure, has, in contrast with the blank ocean which zones it, something of the effect of enchantment. The ship seems unreal; these strange costumes, gestures, and faces, but a shadowy tableau just emerged from the deep, which directly must receive back what it gave.”

¹⁴ The original passage in Melville reads: “Merchants on ‘change seem the passengers that buzz on their decks, while, from quarters unseen, comes a murmur as of bees in a comb.”

¹⁵ *Positif*, Issue 167, March 1975; Deleuze gives a partial reference to it in *The Time-Image*, p. 190, note 25, along with the subsequent découpage.

¹⁶ For this film, see *The Time-Image*, p. 148.

¹⁷ On Falstaff, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 185-190.

¹⁸ On *Touch of Evil*, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 185-190.

¹⁹ On Third World cinema, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 282-291.

²⁰ On the “memory of the world”, see *The Time-Image*, p. 159 and pp. 286-287.