

Gilles Deleuze

On the Cinema: A Classification of Signs and Time

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Transcription: La voix de Deleuze, Jean-Charles Jarrell (part 2) et Jean-Charles Jarrell (part 1); supplementary revisions to the transcript and time stamp, Charles J. Stivale

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Part 1

... the story of red, from which point of view? From the point of view of our second order of research, on time. That is to say, this second order of research on time was no longer the indirect image of time obtained starting from movement, but the indirect image of time obtained starting from light. In other words, it was what the musician [Olivier] Messiaen names in the title of one of his works, *Chronochromie* [1959-60]. And in *Chronochromie*, Messiaen's text invokes the angel of the Apocalypse, crowned with a rainbow. [Pause] Now, a couple of you intervened specifically to say that, with regard to red, there was something very important which appeared or which occurred with Matisse. And I didn't know, and I didn't have the time to go and look at Matisse's writings. And on that, it's up to you to say if there are any ... [Pause] Is there a *red* of Matisse which holds something important for us, at this particular juncture?

A student: What I would already observe about Matisse's red is that it is a red that is often soothing. Moreover, the two paintings where it's a question of this red, this story of red – there are two paintings, the one is called *The Red Studio* [L'Atelier Rouge] [1911], the other is called *Red Interior* [Intérieur rouge] [1947]. The first thing I would like to say about it is that it is a feeling. One has an immense feeling of inner peace.

Deleuze: Yes ...

The student: That's already not bad! [Laughter]

Deleuze: Certainly. Certainly ... but it is therefore a very special inner peace, it is that of red ...

The student: Yes, it is a peace which has nothing to do with what, still on the subject of time, Bachelard called repose. [Some indistinct words] It is a peace that is not a peace of repose, I would say it is an intensive peace. It is an intensive peace.

Deleuze: Yes ... when ... that reminds me, I didn't think of it, but when Kandinsky talks about red¹, because Kandinsky also felt, knows red well, the schema he proposes is quite curious – Ah, wait, I need my chalk, I think I remember a little picture he proposes, you see ... He gives us a little drawing ... [Deleuze stands up to go to the board] – he proposes to us a little picture of yellow, a little picture of blue ... His little picture of yellow is ... [Pause, Deleuze draws on the board], it is expansion, it is the hot. His little picture of blue is [Drawing on the board]: the cold, it is retraction. And his picture of red, that would

correspond absolutely to what you say – that’s what made me think of it [*Deleuze draws animatedly on the board*], we can say, in effect, it is a whirling peace, it’s molecular peace, it’s the peace of ... I don’t know what. And he also links it to peace. But an effort ... But what then is special about Matisse? When you talk about it, I say to myself: well, Kandinsky, at the limit, could be saying exactly the same thing. What is there in these paintings? Me, I don’t think I know *The Red Studio*, have you seen it?

Another student [*perhaps Hidenobu Suzuki next to Deleuze*]: No, it’s in New York.

Deleuze: Ah, okay.

The student: But I think it’s two paintings of Matisse that play with red, the background is completely red, and it’s an intensive red, but it is not purple, I think, it’s another red. But this red plays the role of being able to unify and distribute at the same time an enormous diversity of objects.

Deleuze: That’s good ...

The student: It’s the same thing in the painting *The Red Studio*, around 1910, and the painting which is in the Beaubourg, *The Magnolias*, from 1942. It is a painting absolutely ...

Deleuze: Are there any reproductions? Who will give me that? Ah good, it’s you! Is that the picture there?

The first student: [*Inaudible remarks*]

Deleuze: The picture is quite small ... [*Deleuze looks at the reproductions provided by the student*].

The first student: It’s especially *Red Interior* which In *The Red Studio*, the red effectively ... [*Some indistinct words*]. In *Red Interior*, there is a wide variety of reds, but at the same time it is an absolutely unique variety [*Some indistinct words*]. ...

Deleuze: That the ...?

The first student: The red makes no shadow by itself. The difference in the red is not at all numerical, in the sense that, as Leibniz would say, it is a difference purely of quality, a non-represented difference, non-represented.

Deleuze: Is that it? Yes, but the reproduction must be really dire ... [*Deleuze continues to study the reproductions*].

The second student: [*He comments on some images*]

Deleuze: Ah, no, it’s *Large Red Interior* [1948] where he takes up *The Red Studio* again. But we can’t get much out of it because the reproduction is so dire. Oh well, it’s not their fault. But wait, those who have interests in this, on this point ... is there a discussion on red in his writings? I don’t remember ... Did you bring them with you?

The student: It’s definitely there in the index.

Deleuze: In the index? There is red? So, for those who want further information, please refer to the writings of Matisse, to the index, under red. Good, perhaps you can take it up later?

Okay, I would now like to do a short summary.² Since I've presented this in a form – you can judge for yourselves – in a form of stages which is quite variable, a kind of narrative which is done in stages, and under this aspect of chronochromy, I would like to recap where we've got to with this story of red. The first stage, we gave it to ourselves as being ... what to call it? Well: infinite positing, the self-positing of the infinite, infinite distance as light. Simply put, if one already knew that one would leave this state, it's because in this infinite distance or in this self-positing of the infinite, it's like there is (but it's not *like* there is, there actually is!) the will to manifest itself, the will to manifestation. Which implies, in effect, that this infinite light, this infinite distance, is not manifest in itself, and we have seen why: perpetually diffusing and never ceasing to diffuse, it does not reveal itself.

The second stage is that, as a function of the will to manifest itself, the infinite light arouses – well, yes, it's very dialectical! – it arouses its other. It arouses its opposite, it arouses, as it were, its other half. And its other half is the infinite force of darkness. So now the infinite force of light arouses the infinite force of darkness. It arouses it as what opposes it, and as what through this opposition will render possible the manifestation of light. Good. I would say that this corresponds – graphically, pictorially, cinematographically, whatever you want, from the point of view of images – it corresponds to that well-known stage where the image is divided in two as if by a diagonal, light-darkness.

Third stage (and we see that, always dialectically, these stages engender themselves – it's as beautiful as a novel, it's the dialectical novel): well, these two opposed infinite forms, force of light, force of darkness, situate a zero, which is like the point of their confrontation. And this zero is the black, which is not the same thing as darkness. And at the same time, in relation to this zero we are already entering into the finite. It is this zero which is going to be the condition of possibility of finitude, that is to say, the point of equilibrium between the two infinite forces is going to constitute a zero which is going to be like the condition of finitude. That is to say, infinite distance is no longer represented as infinite distance, it is represented as finite distance in relation to zero. [*Pause*]. And in effect, for the infinite to manifest itself, it was necessary that, in its very opposition to the darkness, it pass through the finite. That is like a kind of third moment, where we no longer find ourselves faced with the opposition of two infinite forces, but faced with (as it were, face-to-face) distance that has become finite and zero. Distance is finite in relation to zero.

So that one could say ... Schelling has a very nice word for it – I'm taking a bit from everywhere, I can't say that I'm giving an account of Schelling; I try to make a bit of use of everyone I know – it's what Schelling himself calls 'quantitative differentiation', quantitative differentiation, which will engender beings of nature, which will engender finite objects and beings.³ And the stages of this generation, in this third great moment, the stages of this generation, we followed them through. It is that, if black represents degree zero, finite distance for its part is represented by white. I mean that for the infinite light-darkness relation is substituted the finite black-white relation. Black is like degree zero, white like finite distance. What do they have in common? What is there in common in the whole realm of the finite? It is: opacity.⁴ [*Pause*] And white is like the first degree of opaque light; black is the last degree of opaque light, and finite distance is evaluated from white to black.

And then, still in this same third stage, but complicating it, the combinations of white and black will give us all the degrees of chiaroscuro [*clair-obscur*], where things begin to awaken to being, that is to say, where contours, vague contours are sketched out [*Pause*].⁵ And finally, the last stage of this great moment of finitude: things acquire their contours, and nature presents itself simultaneously as the contour of all things, at the same time as things are presented as the divided contour of nature, this time under the species of a qualitative difference, that of yellow and of blue, yellow being a white that has become more opaque, and blue a black that has become less opaque.

Therefore, if you will, finite distance took a step towards zero, and zero took a step towards finite distance, and within that qualitative difference surges up. You see, there is a very subtle passage here; the texts are so much more complicated. I'm retaining a mere skeleton of it. This is the passage, notably in Schelling, from quantitative differentiation to qualitative difference. That was our third moment. At that moment, I can say that there is a nature, a nature and beings, and beings of nature. And this is the domain of the finite, with its double tendency: its tendency to expansion in the yellow, where the contour tends to be the contour of nature itself, and its tendency to contraction in the blue where the contour tends to be the contour of the thing in its particularity. But in any case, this is the domain of finitude.

Fourth moment: it is in the finite, in this play of finite distances, of quantitative differences, of qualitative differences, it is in this play of finitude that the infinite continues its work. And in effect, you will recall why, since all this only happened because the infinite had the strange will to manifest itself. The infinite must therefore manifest itself through finite distance and in finite distance. Finite distance is therefore in turn once again: that of white and black, that of the clear and the obscure, that of the yellow and the blue. These are the three degrees, or the three aspects of finite distance.

So, in my fourth moment, the infinite works in the finite, and what is that going to be? Well, if the world of the finite was the world of finite distance in relation to zero, that is to say, a world of degrees, the work of the infinite at the very heart of the finite will present itself as *intensification*.⁶ As the intensification of what? Well, the intensification of finite degrees, an intensification of degrees of intensity. But what can that mean, an intensification of intensity? No doubt it will mean that intensity, that intensity such as it is in the finite world, intensity as it belongs to nature, under the form of differentiation, is going to be raised beyond itself, raised above itself. That is to say that the qualitative forms which we had just arrived at, the qualitative figures of finitude, the yellow figure and the blue figure, are going to be borne up, are going to be grasped, are going to be taken up, in a movement which is that of intensification. And to the extent that the two qualities are intensified – the two qualities of qualitative difference, but I would also say the two degrees, the clear and the obscure, and at the limit, distance and degree zero, that is to say, the white and the black –, to the extent that this intensification comes about, as if nature were carried beyond itself, what emerges is the *red*.

And how does it emerge? You'll remember that it emerges under an apparently very modest form: it emerges under the form of the reddish reflection which accompanies the intensification of yellow and the reddish reflection which accompanies the intensification of blue. I won't go back over the difficulty about what the intensification of blue means, because I tried to talk about it last time. You'll remember that it is an attenuation of an attenuation, in response to which someone quite rightly said to me: but of course, it's the equivalent of a negation of the negation. Well, fine, but it doesn't matter.

Now this reddish reflection, it rises up in a brilliance, a scintillation. [*Pause*]. And if it rises to its extreme ... but what is its extreme, since it is the infinite which works in the finite? – Its extreme, then, what is it? What can it be? Well, we know in advance: it is an extreme which is not given in nature, although it may be produced in nature, although it may appear in nature. But it is not given in nature. In fact, at the supreme point of intensification, the two red reflections come together, the red reflection of yellow and the red reflection of blue, the reflection of yellow-red and the reflection of blue-red, and the one abandons the yellow of which it was the intensification, the other the blue of which it was the intensification. A ruby-red⁷ bursts out at that moment, which no longer owes anything to what preceded it, and in this ruby-red what announced itself in the reddish reflections now flares up: nature burns and the beings of nature burn. [*Long pause*].

Goethe will use the phrase “unbearable violence”⁸, which will cause problems, on two fronts. About the yellow-red reflection, he used the phrase “unbearable violence.” You know, it’s a kind of ... you see someone, and then behind them there’s this reddish reflection, and in your soul, what happens? This is what must happen, according to Goethe – and how could he be mistaken? He knows about it, because, well ... He does not say so in the *Treatise on Colors*, but really, he’s talking to us about Mephisto [*Pause*]. Pure yellow passes very easily into red-yellow, by intensification, it’s understood. “Pure yellow passes very easily into red-yellow, and likewise the intensification of red-yellow into yellow-red ...” – the degrees are multiple, you see? From yellow to red-yellow, from red-yellow to yellow-red –, “and likewise the intensification of this latter into yellow-red cannot be restrained. The pleasant, cheerful feeling created by red-yellow” – when the little red glow begins, it’s kind of pretty – “The pleasant, cheerful feeling created by red-yellow is intensified in deep yellow-red to a feeling of unbearable violence.”⁹ And since it will be the same thing on the side of blue-red, or rather the red-blue which will become blue-red, and which will culminate in a red which no longer owes anything to either yellow or blue, this feeling of unbearable violence will become heightened. Another text by Goethe will speak of the *unquiet*.¹⁰

Good, so we are even more romantic than Goethe here, because at other moments he will say that it is terror. It is terror: we know that what burns nature is God’s anger, or that it’s what [Jakob] Böhme already called with a beautiful word, the *wrath* of God. The anger of God. And nevertheless, it is God who wanted to manifest himself. Well, that’s exactly how he manifests himself. Infinite but invisible light, he wanted to manifest himself from the beginning and he was possessed by his own devil. And the devil of God, the personal devil of God, is the will to manifest oneself. Who demanded such a thing of him?

And in order to manifest himself, he must oppose the darkness, and it is necessary that the darkness engender, and it is necessary that the infinite opposition of light and darkness engender nature, in its differentiations. [*Pause*] And thereupon, God must burn nature in an immense wrath that manifests what? That precisely manifests the work of the infinite in the finite. Nature burns: that is the work! That is the work of God! And who is the agent of God at that moment? It is ... as I was saying, it’s Nosferatu, it’s Mephisto, about whom one can say: they are nothing other than God; they are the wrath of God. And in the homage that we paid to Murnau last time, we invoked the phosphorescent mask of Mephistopheles, in the famous light-effects of Murnau, or when Nosferatu becomes completely flat and separated from his own background [*fond*], that is to say darkness, separated from his own background by a kind of fiery halo, a literally reddening halo, a kind of fire which is behind him like a background deeper than the background. [*Pause*]

Good. But everything that has just been said will come in useful for us. This is our fourth moment. We could go off on a reverie, we could summon all sorts of texts on this species of nature that burns. All of it would come in useful. It's the angel of the Apocalypse, it's the spirit of Evil¹¹ ... and it's so many things. [Pause]. But our problem hardly gives us time to breathe, because our problem is: why is red also ... what? Why is red also, as one of you said earlier, a strange inner peace, even ideal? And why, in other passages of Goethe's *Treatise on Colors*, without Goethe posing the problem of reconciling such texts, why is it also gravity and dignity? [Pause] Why are cardinals red? [Laughter] He's got an idea here, eh? Goethe has a highly mischievous idea about cardinals. If I could find it again, but ... I'm afraid I can't find it.

Ah, here it is: it's at the moment when there is all the same ... Of course, in the *Treatise on Colors*, you understand, he is not going to deal with the problem. He is going to leave it well alone because his business is really to make a treatise on colors. So, he's not interested in metaphysics; he excludes it as much as possible. But he has just said to us: it is unquiet, the red. [Pause]. It is unbearable violence. And now he treacherously adds (paragraph 791): "the fact that the higher clergy have taken this unquiet color as its own doubtless permits ..." – he doesn't want to get too involved – "... doubtless permits one to say that it seeks to climb the unsteady ladder of incessant intensification to achieve the cardinal's purple."¹² Obviously, this is to attribute to the church, as Catholic church, an ambition that Goethe is quite ready to attribute to it, eh? But if it is fundamentally unquiet, why is aspiring to red going to become, in a kind of transformation – and here we can't just be content with saying 'it's a dialectical transformation' –, why is it going to become gravity and dignity, benevolence and grace, which is convenient for everyone? And what does that mean, which is convenient for everyone?

Well, because, according to Goethe, red is the only colour that suits old people as well as young people. He also says, in a very beautiful paragraph¹³: it is curious, it is the grace of youth and it is the serenity of old age, so that the only color that can be worn both by young and old is red. [Pause]. Well, the answer is very simple. It's very simple ... You just have to let yourself go ...

Nature burns dreadfully in the red, and you burn yourselves in the red. Okay ... like what? As what? As a being of nature. What burns in the fire of red is your *ego*, that is to say, it is *you* as sensible being. You are on the pyre. [Pause]. But at the same time, and this must remind you of something – and I don't think I'm forcing it, it is ... it is not ... if we find something that we have seen from another point of view, all the better! – at the same time, red irresistibly arouses in you, at the very heart of the violence that it does to you as a sensible being, it irresistibly arouses in you a faculty by which you grasp yourself as a suprasensible being, that is to say, as *soul*. [Pause] So that these two things are not opposed. Disquiet is the unbearable violence of red, it is the effect it produces on you as a sensible being in so far as it burns you; and the gravity and nobility that it arouses in you is the effect it has on you, this time in so far as it makes an appeal to you as suprasensible being, above nature, that is to say, as soul.

Last question: by what power can red arouse in you this nobility, that is to say, this coming to consciousness, this consciousness of self as suprasensible being? Well, before answering this question, which gives us our fifth moment – yes, we are at the fifth moment – we'll just retrace our steps a bit: do you not recognise, word for word, what Kant told us of the dynamic sublime? [Pause] Here we can almost say, in order to simplify everything: well of course, red

is the operation of the dynamic sublime. For the dynamic sublime, as Kant defined it, as opposed to the mathematical sublime, what was it? [*Pause*] It was, you recall, that something unleashed in nature annihilates me, reduces me to nothing as sensible being, but at the same time arouses in me the awakening of a suprasensible faculty by which I think of myself as superior to nature in the form of: what does my life matter! [*Pause*] You see, it is exactly the passage from a red which consumes you as sensible being to a red that summons you as suprasensible being. And it's the same red, it's the same red, taken in two relations with yourself.

Hence, I come to my question: but by what right does red have a pre-power? Without doubt, of course, we said – but that does not suffice – we said: yes, red, it was the work of the infinite in the finite. – But then let's come back a little more precisely to colors, because that would be good, it would be necessary that colors themselves prove us right; if the colors prove us right, all is well! – And well, how does red have the power to consume nature, and from there, to burn as sensible nature? It has this power because it is not itself of nature. It is in nature, but it is not itself of nature, as is testified by the rainbow. The rainbow as a natural ensemble indeed has a yellow which tends to red and a blue which tends to red, but the two do not meet.¹⁴ [*Pause*]

In other words, a red which is no longer either yellow or blue is already the affair of a spirit which is ... which can manifest itself in nature, but which is not itself natural. In other words, red is the intensification as supernatural, as suprasensible, of the two colors, yellow and blue. And the physicist does not know red. For the physicist, there are only two colors: yellow and blue. But the devil knows red, he who burns nature. And the devil, who is that? The devil is the chemist or the dyer. The chemist and the dyer say: there are three fundamental colors. Whereas the man of nature – [as opposed to] the man of magic, the chemist or the dyer – whereas the man of nature only knows two colors, yellow and blue, with which he makes all the others. While the chemist and the dyer work with three colors. Hence the very beautiful lines, very beautiful texts of ... Newton ... [*Deleuze corrects himself*] Goethe, which consist in saying roughly: if Newton did not understand what color was, it was because he was neither a chemist nor a dyer. It is because he was a physicist. Good.

In fact, the infinite intensification of the two finite qualities, yellow and blue, leaves nature behind. But by this very fact, what does it tell us – and Goethe has some extremely beautiful texts on that: red is the true mediation¹⁵ – in fact, mediation, from all points of view on the dialectic, is always spirit –, it is the true mediation of the yellow and the blue. Why does he say: the true mediation? Here too, so as to oppose himself to those who would go too fast. Those who go too fast, they are the ones who tell us: the mediation of yellow and blue arises from their mixture, namely: it is green. No! Green is not a mediation, green is not the mediation of yellow and blue. Green, that will be a mixture, but we are not yet in the world of mixtures; we do not even know what a mixture is. Red is not a mixture of yellow and blue; red is a supreme intensification of yellow on the one hand, and of blue, on the other hand. It is therefore a third fundamental colour. In other words, it is the suprasensible colour, the two others being sensible colours.

But then, thunderclap, theatrical twist: here it is precisely because it is the true mediation of the two colors – the two primitive colors, yellow and blue –, that red is inseparable from an aspiration to totality. What it makes us aspire to is totality. Totality of what? Well, obviously, the totality as spirit, since there is no Whole of nature. It is only in burning that nature raises itself above itself, that is to say, discovers that what traverses it is an aspiration to the totality

that it could not satisfy by itself. So, at that moment, the spirit of nature discovers that it is in a special relationship with something that transcends it ... [*Interruption of the recording*]

... Romantic vision that Murnau will know well in his film 'Sunrise' [1927]: it is the gentle sunrise that raises itself above nature, and which is what? Which announces the ideal totality. But the ideal totality ... wait! In our study of intensity, we are falling back on a notion from which we started when we studied the extensive aspect, movement and not light. What is this totality that will return on the side of the light, as ideal totality? This time it is going to be the totality of the *color wheel*.¹⁶ Hence there is indeed a *chronochromy*, since there is an order of time that has passed through all these stages, all these moments that I have just recounted.

So that brings us exactly to where we are now. You see what a strange seesaw play the *red* involves! If I start again ... And one which corresponds exactly to the dynamic sublime, for when the dynamic sublime invoked in us the consciousness of self as suprasensible being, it was inseparable from an aspiration to totality, to totality as spirit. And the dialecticians have always said that this thing spirit is the Whole. So red, as true mediation of the two primary colors, yellow and blue, will aspire to a totality that it alone can produce. It can be said that, through the red in nature, nature aspires to the totality, but it is only red that can satisfy this aspiration.

And indeed, Goethe will tell us: red, it is the ideal satisfaction.¹⁷ I mean, what I would like to insist on is, you understand, that it's not at all in the same sense that the same author (here I'm taking the example of Goethe, but Schelling will say similar things) can say to us that red is the anger of God and at the same time the spiritual aspiration to totality, that is to say, to harmony. It is precisely the dialectical movement that was in the dynamic sublime: *I destroy you as sensible being, I give birth to you as suprasensible being*. It is the adventure of spirit as pure spirit. So, for those who know a little Hegel, think of everything that Hegel retained from all that, since Schelling is recognized as the great predecessor of Hegel. Well, if that means anything to you, I'm happy; if it doesn't mean anything to you, well, I'm very unhappy if that doesn't mean anything to you, but ...

Therefore, let us continue, just a little. What is this totality which will be engendered by red and satisfied by red, but which at the same time will no longer be red? This is therefore the last moment we have to look at. I would say of red that it is the *ground* of this totality. [*Pause*] How should I put it? It would be the *chronic* ground of this *chromatic* totality: *chronochromy*! If any of you like Messiaen, put on the record of 'Chronochromie', because ... I would also insist, I don't know if I said it last time, that Messiaen is, to my knowledge, one of the rare musicians who was very, very deeply interested in the relationship between sounds and color. When I say one of the rare musicians, I mean that he was not interested in simple relations; he was interested in the relations between complexes of sounds and of complexes of colours.¹⁸ So ... what is this totality? Well, it comes back to things that, I believe, we did two years ago.¹⁹ So it's just for those who weren't there that I recall it (or indeed even for those who were there). We need a little circle. You will understand immediately what this chromatic totality is going to be [*Sound of Deleuze moving to stand in front of the board*] and all the aspects it will allow us to rediscover in our whole first part on movement, whereas here, we are now in the adventure of light.

I have my two colors, I mark them with points. I give myself, there, a supposed totality. I haven't constructed it yet. What allows me to construct it? [*Deleuze sketches on the board*]. There, I have yellow ... there, I have blue ... and there, I obviously have the red that I

obtained by ... So, this was not the circle of nature, it was a circle much deeper than nature, which I obtained by the intensification of yellow and the intensification of blue, and the union of the two intensifications, which Goethe calls 'culmination.'²⁰ Therefore it is through these three points that the color wheel passes. So as soon as I have yellow-blue-red, I've got the layout of a color wheel. Again, what really matters to me is that the idea of mixing has absolutely not yet emerged at this level. If you confuse the levels, the whole progression is lost, because it's only now, once you've laid out, once you've run a circle through your three points, that what will happen? Well, we're going to have, in this last great moment, we're going to have three stages again. It always happens in threes.

Well, my three colors – hence, it's very important that they be three, and not two ... – my three primitive colors – one of which is the intensification of the other two, but we saw that the intensification was absolutely specific and founded a colour that no longer owed anything to yellow or to blue since it did not belong to nature –, the first thing they are going to do, the first stage, is that they are going to mix themselves two-by-two, and that in mixing themselves two-by-two, what will emerge every time in an instant, what will emerge as if in an instant, is a new colour. If I mix red and yellow, I have – therefore I put between the two, since I've mixed them – I mix red and yellow, and I get orange. You see, you have to be very careful in all these accounts, because if I were to say, red is yellow which, passing through the orange, arrives at red, I would wreck everything. I would wreck everything because at that moment, the proper movement of red would become incomprehensible. Orange presupposes red, it cannot be a step on the way to red. It is when you have obtained red by your – demonic! – movement of intensification that, from that moment, you are able to mix it with yellow and get orange, which marks the red-yellow mixture. And then you mix red and blue, and you obtain violet. And further, you mix yellow and blue, and you get green. And now that your color wheel has been populated, it now includes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 ... it now contains the six colours. Good.

And now for the second stage. In this color wheel, whatever its species of inner harmony might be, this inner harmony will precisely manifest itself by the way in which, in the circle, certain colors call for others. And, in order to understand how certain colors call for others, all you have to do is trace the diameters. And what is going to correspond to each diameter? What we can call – I just determined them – the moments of the mixture that gave me orange, green and violet. So, I can say that these diameters are the distances of the color wheel, and you can trace a first diameter from red to green, you can trace a second diameter from yellow to violet, and you can trace a third diameter, which I add on top, from blue to orange. And you say: according to a diameter, one of the colors calls for the other. [*Pause*]

Now, observe that these distances, these diameters, these diameter-distances correspond to a well-known law, which you have just deduced from the color wheel: it's what one calls the ratios between complementary colors. And in fact, what are complementary colors? What does one call complementary colours? One calls complementary colours one of the three primary colors, on the one hand, and on the other hand, the mixture of the other two, the ratio of complementarity, the diametrical relation which unites one of the three primary colors to the mixture of the other two. So I take my three primaries: yellow, that will be the complementary colour of the mixture of the other two. The mixture of the other two is: red and blue, it's the mixture of red and blue, that is to say, violet [*Deleuze indicates these ratios on the board*]. You have your diameter going from yellow to violet; yellow and violet as complementary colors. You have the blue, second complementary colour ... or rather, second primary color: its complementary is the mixture of the other two, that is to say, the mixture of

red and yellow, that is to say, orange. And finally, red, its complementary is the mixture of yellow and blue, that is to say, green. Good. There, through the color wheel, you have made a veritable engendering, a veritable genesis of the complementaries. And you have rediscovered the notion of distance in your color wheel.

Could we go so far as to say, even if it means ... if we made ... after all, Kandinsky made a metaphysics of color.²¹ Certainly, the metaphysics of color absolutely does not mean a symbolism of colors, where such a colour would signify this or that. But just as Kandinsky thinks, not that movements correspond to colour, but that colors have movements of their own, or simply put, intensive movements, could we not also think that colors have their own durations? When Messiaen explains that the business of music is not so much the sound, it is the duration, in multiple senses, all sorts of durations, and that the sound is only there to render – literally, which is a very great idea of Messiaen's, [although] he is perhaps not the first to [say it], – that sound is only there to render durations audible. [*Pause*]. Can't we say the same thing about colors, that colors are only there to render durations visible? Let us suppose so ...

Well, we would have to go ... but so much the better, the imagination would be transcended, but that doesn't mean it has ceased; if you recall the sublime in Kant, the imagination has attained its limit ... So, we still have a relation with the imagination, but it is an imagination which, precisely, in its relations with the sublime, never ceases to confront its own limit. Thus, it would be necessary to conceive that each of these diameters has a duration, is a duration, is a duration heterogeneous to the others, that the duration that ... At this level, I will no longer speak of relations between complementaries; I would say, the relations between complementaries render durations visible. And it is never the same duration twice. The relation, for example, yellow-violet, one must think it as a duration, and it is not the same duration as the orange-blue relation, it is not the same duration as the red-green relation. Good. Let's suppose it's the case, eh? I mean, that would accentuate the chronochromic, or chronochromatic, aspect.

One would have to see it. If someone were to ask me for an example, I would say: at any rate, there are musical examples. I think that the work of Messiaen is a musical example. If someone asked me, I wouldn't say look in Matisse – I'm not saying it's not there in Matisse, but I don't think that Matisse ... You need a spiritualist painter, for this not to be forced. You need a painter who is truly spiritualist, and practically spiritualist, in his painting, I mean, not personally. And the one who would go furthest in this direction, who would come closest to color-duration, is, it seems to me, Kandinsky. But the fact is that he didn't quite get there. It is curious that he didn't. He got there with colour-movement. But he didn't arrive at colour-duration, when everything, everything was pushing him, should have pushed him. Really, I don't understand it. ... Maybe there are posthumous notebooks where we would learn the truth! [*Laughter*]

And then, last stage, last stage. So, the combinations between complementaries, you can make all the combinations you want among the complementaries. You see, there, it is no longer the domain of mixtures, mixtures with their instants. There, it is combinations with their distances, with their durations, with their own durations. This is what Goethe will call harmonious combinations. You see: the harmony of the whole! He will say, the harmony of the whole ... Ahh ...

And finally, one more effort, and we're there: in order to complete your pretty chronochromatic wheel, you still have to do something. [*Pause*] You are going to tense ... what are they called, what will you be tensing here? You are going to tense chords [*cordes*].²² You are going to tense chords, [*Pause*] and you will have three chords. The chords will be defined through this: the lines that you tense on the interior of the wheel, going from one color to another, skipping the intermediary color on the wheel... [*Interruption of the recording*]

Part 2

... This will give you the combinations that Goethe will call, to distinguish them from the previous ones which were the harmonious combinations, the *characteristic* combinations.²³ One chord will go, and will juxtapose, will go from yellow to red, skipping orange. Another chord will go from red to blue, skipping violet. Another chord will go from yellow to blue, and you will have also a chord from violet to green, a chord from green to orange, and a chord from orange to violet. You will have covered your wheel; your wheel will present itself as a perfect totality. And as I was saying, I suggested that the diameters of complementaries were our distances, from which we started. And there, the chords refer us back to what? The chords are true *intervals*, since you are always leaping a colour.

Here we are in the process of rediscovering at the end of the chronochromatic, chronochromic circle, the set of notions around which we revolved as images of time. So if we finally now rediscover them, at the completion of the circle, which is like a pacification, the spirit has risen above nature in a gentle dawn: it has discovered itself as soul. It has sacrificed itself, or at least, it has sacrificed the sensible being to which it was attached. And then you recall, in our homage to Murnau, this time, it's ... – but this also depends on the red, it is the red that governs everything – it's the brilliance of Héléne, who sacrificed herself, who sacrificed herself to the bite of Nosferatu, and who in the end in fact engenders a gentle dawn, to speak like Schelling. Or it's the end of 'Sunrise', the film by Murnau, where the reconciled couple, and the close-up of the woman's face, gives birth to a gentle dawn. This time this dawn is the one that surrounds, or the one out of which the total colour circle comes into being, which is harmony, which is peace, etc., which is dignity, which is nobility, which is young, which is old, etc. etc.

Okay, good. All that, all that, what I've been carrying around with me for several sessions, then, we can sum it up before taking a short break, it is: what belongs ... what is this image of time, of which I can now say that it works through movement and works through light, that is to say, it composes the movement-image and it composes the image-light? This is why I call it the 'indirect image of time', since it can only be grasped through the composition of the movement-image and the composition of the light-image. Well, this indirect image of time, it has four characters – if I bring together everything we've done since the beginning: time as whole – the Whole –; the interval or the variable present; the instant; and distance. You will remember, distance is defined as indivisible length ... as magnitude, ... no, yes, as indivisible length, that is to say, as non-extensive.

Good, well, one last problem is left over for us with regard to this figure of time. It is that we must feel that these four themes are strangely linked, very, very deeply linked, and that we do not yet see how – interval and instant, Whole and distance. Then obviously if we discover how they are connected, we will make a very small step, as it were, into the interior of time; we will mark out at least one path which could lead us towards, no longer an indirect image of time, but towards a time-image. But, for the moment, we can only pose some problems.

And the problems I want to pose are such as almost to give a new answer, but I would prefer to just collect them together this time. However, nothing more is needed; no further prolongation is necessary. It suffices very well to itself. But that doesn't matter. If one were to try to relay and prolong the Kantian theory of the sublime, one would do so on the basis of which problems?

Well, I can see how the present, or the interval, can tend towards the instant. I would even say that the variable present tends towards the instant, to what extent? To the extent that it accelerates. It is variable; to the extent that it precipitates and accelerates, it tends towards the instant. Good. I could even say that the interval is between two instants. Okay: the interval is between two instants. This is the mystery. I mean, we're approaching the mystery. It is that, in so far as the variable present precipitates itself towards an instant, it reveals a strange power. It is as if – here I only want to speak through images – it raised the instant to the square, to the power of two. The present as interval precipitates us into an instant endowed with a second power, or an n th power.

Why? So I would say, the dynamic sublime is this: it is that the instant is never simply an instant, but that it is always an instant squared. By 'instant squared', I apologize, I can't find any other easy formula. I mean to talk of that power, of that elevation of the instant to a higher power. Okay, that's the problem. It is: the relation between interval and instant is such that the instant takes on an n th power. Why? And the n th power of the instant, I would say: well, it is that, the dynamic sublime. Therefore, I link my notion of present-interval to the notion of instant, there. Okay. Is this certain? No? I am trying to define an abstract schema: why this n th power? Why every time we experience an instant of which we think that it is an instant ... – we don't commonly experience instants, what we commonly live are presents – when our present is precipitated in a certain fashion, and sufficiently, in that case it gives rise to an instant, and this instant is to a power, to an n th power.

And then, second problem: each time that, in a certain way, we manage to conceive the Whole, or a Whole, not only do we perceive that this Whole has the immense for dimension, Kant's mathematical sublime, but we perceive that we ourselves are not this Whole, but we plunge into this Whole, and that we ourselves, we strangely take on – but we would have to explain ourselves on this²⁴ – we strangely take on a sort of immensity in so far as we plunge into this Whole, as if we were touching on an infinite distance. That's all of my four terms: Whole, distance, interval, instant. We reach an infinite distance when we plunge into the Whole; we attain to an instant of the n th power when we pass from the interval to its limit.

So what could happen? What is this story? Because that would be time, but under what form? I mean, in what way is it something other than Kant, while at the same time, fitting completely with Kant? My first remark concerns a consequence of the dynamic sublime, my second remark concerns a consequence of the mathematical sublime. It means, in the simplest way: we have a disproportionate place in time. You remember everything we said. We started from an excess of time. What did that mean, an excess? It meant: there is something that is too much, which is what? Maybe it's ourselves. I mean: we occupy a disproportionate place in time, you, me. And on the other hand, we say: we attain to instants of an n th power. Well, that must to some extent be the same thing.

But what does that mean? I mean, at the point where we are, what can that mean? Well, nothing. I mean, we'd have to see if it corresponds to anything. So maybe we should leave that for the moment. But we come back to the experience, and ask: "But where are you

having this experience? In the disproportionate place, which beings, and things, would have in time?" Disproportionate, that would mean what? We can advance a little bit at least. If that means anything, it means: disproportionate in relation to the place that these beings occupy in space and in the exteriority of time. There would be an interior of time, in which, whoever you are, you occupy a disproportionate place.

A student: Is there not the relationship, in Hegel, between the bad infinite and the good infinite, in so far as the good infinite is precisely the interiorised infinite? Perhaps interiorization is the way the dialectician brings the quantity of infinity into play, the way he understands it.

Deleuze: Perhaps, that would be a way of bringing everything together, and it would be kind of the same thing from the other side ...

The student: For Hegel, when it is a question of quantity, with number, one passes from quantity to quality through the mediation of power, because power is number folded back into itself.

Deleuze: Oh yeah, it's all there ... in Hegel, one would rediscover all the notions, one would rediscover all of them. But I would almost say: one might rediscover them all everywhere, eh? In another way. In Kierkegaard: the instant to the n th power, the instant raised to the n th power, is even a notion that would be very, very close to Kierkegaard. Not that that means one should mix them all together!

I would like to take an example, because it troubles me a lot. It's always the example of Proust, precisely, who lifts us up and allows us to enter, as it were, into a completely new kind of element. There is something about this work that I literally can never leave behind, because, to be sure, one can give solutions, [but they only ever partially succeed] ... It is when, at the end of the *Search*, he says ... You see, the whole of *In Search of Lost Time* is constructed principally on what he himself sometimes calls reminiscences. Reminiscences. Now, what are reminiscences? They are contaminations of instants at separated intervals. The intervals, the great intervals between two instants do not prevent two instants from colliding. A very large distance of time does not prevent a very distant instant and a current instant from colliding. This is the famous madeleine. I say that here we have a good example of what? Of what we could call a chord, a chord-interval, an interval or a chord tensed between two instants.

Now, what is the effect of this chord-interval tensed between two instants? To raise one of the instants – not both of them, that would be [impossible] ... and here maybe we will shed a little light on something – to raise one of the instants to the square, to the second power, to the n th power. [Pause] Why? It would be good if we could just content oneself with saying – evidently one cannot content oneself with saying – that one of the two instants will necessarily be raised to the n th power since it is multiplied by the other. This is the mystery of speed. The mystery of speed is v^2 . That speed is a power. The mystery of the instant is i^2 ; it is that the instant is always to a power greater than 1. Otherwise, it is not an instant. So, the chord, the chord from one instant to the other, can in effect explain the elevation of the instant to a second power or an n th power, since it multiplies the instant under consideration by the other.

And in fact, this multiplication, or this elevation to the higher power, one sees it clearly in Proust; it is known, it is celebrated. It is celebrated under what form? It is celebrated because he tells us – I’m going back to the eternal example of the madeleine – that, when he tastes the madeleine, it reawakens a portion of his childhood, a place from his childhood, etc. But once again, it does not at all reawaken them as he experienced them. It is not a living past that comes back to him. Not only is it not an intellectual past, but it is not a living past that comes back to him. It is a past such as it has never been lived. Indeed, this place from his childhood, he never lived it like that. I would say: that is the instant. To the power of two. You see, it is raised to a higher power. Everything happens as if the chord tensed between two instants, the present instant and the past instant, multiplied the past instant by the present instant, and from that moment, raised the past instant to a power that it, this past instant, never had. Okay, so here I would have ... I sense the absolute insufficiency of what I’m saying, at the same time.

A student: There’s a film, ‘A Drift’²⁵ that I saw around the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, in which every part is a certain flashback of something that has been shown at the start, but is different, is also inhabited by something else. One did not see it again in the same way, and practically ...

Deleuze: Yeah ... but that could be a bit dangerous because it could be something else. I don’t know what you’re referring to, but one could understand what you say under the form: every time, we grasp the past from another point of view. It is absolutely not that. Here, we grasp the past again under a power such as it has never been lived, such as it has never been grasped from any point of view [*Pause*]. So, I wouldn’t want to mix everything up, but we’ll see later ... Actually, it’s not necessary ... Otherwise, that ... but I’ll stop because I am going ... [*Someone speaks*] No, one second, because otherwise I’ll lose my idea, you can speak in good time, I’ll let you know.

Now, this is what Proust calls ‘time regained’ [*Suddenly, while changing a cassette, a listener inadvertently plays some notes from a musical recording*] ... That’s nice ... It’s what he calls ‘time regained’ [*Laughter*]. But now, at the end of his book, Proust tells us – I’m not distorting the text at all, he more or less says, he exactly says this ... [*Missing passage on the tape*].²⁶

... these instants raised to the *n*th power. So that there are other means than the madeleine, but that the goal of the work of art, it is that. He says: *I enter into the Guermantes’ salon, and there I meet the gravest of all objections to my enterprise.*” [*Pause*] “The gravest of all objections to my enterprise.” It is this that interests me, it’s in the letter of this text. The word ‘objection’ is there, spelled out; he encounters ‘an objection’, when he was certain of possessing the Whole of his work, the Whole, since it is a work as a Whole. “The gravest of all objections”, and this objection appears at first sight as derisory. He meets people he has not seen for years, and he doesn’t recognise them. And there follows a very brilliant Proustian passage, explaining this aging of people, notably at the level of their faces, as if ... He analyzes all the types of aging, and he explains that aging is a geological, or else zoological, phenomenon ... or else ...

Or even an international phenomenon: a young girl he last saw when she was thin, with the figure of a dancer, now resembles an enormous old Turkish woman [*Laughter*].²⁷ So he asks: how did that happen that she became like that, Turkish? Literally, she has become Turkish, it’s very odd! So, well, he develops that. Or else, Proust, who never misses anything, asks a man who has bags under his eyes just like him: “That doesn’t bother you, does it?”, and the

other man says: “What?”, and Proust understands that it’s not an illness, it’s ... no, it’s the relationships, in ... well, all that. So: an admirable section of Proust, there are pages and pages on this.

But how is that an objection? Why does he say: that is the objection to everything I wanted to do? Well, we can say: the objection is simply that aging is the discovery of aging and death, and that aging and death is the opposite of time regained. Because the opposite of time regained is not simply time lost; time lost is always good, eh. ... What is really opposed to time regained, it is the time of death, and above all the time of aging. So, well ... But why is that an objection? Because I’m thinking of another text by Proust, and it fascinates me on this issue. It stays with you, it’s a text that keeps coming back to you, which presents the following scene: he bends over to tie up his shoes, or untie them, I can’t remember, and he feels within him an unbearable pain. Why? Because that instant has just come into contact with a very old instant, an instant in which his grandmother made exactly the same gesture, and through the chance repetition of the grandmother’s gesture, he takes on a consciousness, but an acute, a super-acute consciousness, a consciousness of the *n*th power, that his grandmother is dead. Are you following me?²⁸

Now for those who have read – I assume most of you have read some Proust –, I ask you: what difference is there between this story of the boot over which he bends, and the story of the madeleine? None! None! In both cases, you have a present instant which revives a past instant by conferring an *n*th power upon it. Now, it happens that in the case of the madeleine, it is time regained and it is ecstasy; in the case of the boot, why is it not ecstasy? Or conversely, in the case of the madeleine, why is there no panic? Why doesn’t the madeleine remind him of death? Why doesn’t it remind him of his mother’s death? [Pause] This story is prodigious. So much so that – I advance a little more in my attempt – when he says to us at the end: *I enter into the Guermantes’ salon, and there I meet the gravest of all objections*, in fact, if it’s the most serious objection to his work, it’s because it was already there. And in my opinion, it was there already in the apparent contradiction between the memory of the madeleine and the memory of the boot. There was not just an objection there; there was a kind of lived contradiction, between two absolutely opposite effects, for two things that nevertheless resemble each other. [Pause] So, how does this happen?

Well, it seems to me, here is the idea he has: we occupy in space and in time, we occupy a certain, a certain place. This place is very limited. I would say, there are two sides of the idea here: we do not live very long, and the place we occupy in space, we can move about in it, but not that much, eh? The place we occupy in time? No big deal. Easy enough to handle! At the same time, however small we are, it does not matter, this is not the real interest of our life: for at the same time, we plunge into a Whole. You ask me, what is this Whole? It is not a question of knowing, for the moment, what it is. It is not the universe, it is not ... it does not mean, in Proust’s mind, it obviously does not mean – as we will see – it does not mean the universe. Let us suppose that we plunge into a whole, as an element. Moreover, this Whole is not the universe, it is: the interior of time. [Pause]. It is the interior of time.

And, in this interior of time – imagine a species ... it’s something monstrous, eh ... He is in the process of saying something monstrous! I mean, this interior of time, it’s ... it’s terrible! It’s ... you’ll understand why it’s terrible, but it’s a monster! It’s ... everything goes well, all goes well, as long as one remains ... Take hold of the place you occupy in space and time. If you let go travel, voyage, change places, it won’t change anything. But if you venture into this other dimension, you go into the interior of time. You will say to me: easy to say, but ...

but we let ourselves be guided, somehow. You go into the interior of time, and there, you discover something terrifying: that in the interior of time, you hold an incomparable place, disproportionate, compared to the place you have in space and time. Once again, it does not concern the universe. [Pause] It concerns your own interior time. It concerns you as a Whole. But we rediscover, we are in the process of rediscovering an idea that we have been carrying around with us from the beginning: the Whole, it is time, and time, it is that by virtue of which the Whole does not close. It is the open, and there is only one definition of time, it is the open. Just as there is only one definition of the Whole, it is: the Whole which changes, and the Whole which changes is time as open being. Good, this is what I've been carrying with me since the beginning.

But I don't want to do anything other than to make you aware of this, what it is, to make you feel it, and then to give it some support. I think that Bergson had a very, very profound intuition. But maybe we are in the process of rediscovering it in Proust, because what is he telling us? In the interior of time, each of your years, each of your instants, each of your days, is underneath you. It is underneath you, that is to say, literally: you are seated on it. Let's not hesitate to make very crude figurations: you are sitting on your days. As long as you are sitting on your days, it's fine. You occupy your place. You occupy your place, your place in space and time. You are anchored, you're fine! And again, you can move, you can travel, you won't leave your place, you will always be sitting on your days. And then it is enough that, suddenly, you grasp yourself on the interior of time.

Once again, the interior of time ... you can sense what I'm getting at. It is not closed at all; it is, on the contrary, the open, and that is why it is going to be catastrophic. What is closed is the space and time one occupies. These are the sets [*ensembles*]; the space and time that we occupy, are sets. These are relatively open, relatively closed sets. But when you grasp yourself on the interior of time, and not in an exterior time, you see, you grasp yourself in what I called – here everything comes together, everything becomes mixed up again – a temporal perspective, no longer a spatial perspective. And the temporal perspective is something that the spatial perspective cannot give us any idea about. The temporal perspective, well it's the hour when the monsters come to the surface. You are no longer seated on your days, and you get up. And at that moment, your days become like stilts – it's Proust who says this²⁹ – your days are as if on stilts, stilts that you know all too well will fall at any instant, enter an intensive fall. And it is in relation to these stilts, when you stand on your days, that you occupy a disproportionate place in time. Disproportionate in relation to what? Disproportionate in relation to the place you obtain, the place you occupy subjectively and objectively in space and time. I mean, what I call the interior of time is not subjective. It is no more subjective [than objective]. The subjective and the objective are completely in the space and time that you occupy.

Here's the last sentence of *In Search of Lost Time*, the last, and so one must believe that he attaches a particular importance to it: “I understood now why it was that the Duc de Guermantes, who to my surprise, when I had seen him sitting on a chair, had seemed to me so little aged [...] – he has seen the old man there, sitting on a chair, and he says to himself: oh, well, he has not aged so much, has he? Yes, I recognise him; I skip a long metaphor, because otherwise we'll get lost in it: “[...] when he rose to his feet” – the Duke – “advanced with difficulty, trembling like a leaf, upon the almost unimaginable summit of his eighty-three years,” – this is where it starts – “as though men spend their lives perched upon living stilts which never cease to grow until sometimes they become taller than church steeples, making it in the end both difficult and perilous for them to walk and raising them to an eminence from

which suddenly they fall.”³⁰ That is a beautiful text! One does not need to have lived eighty-three years, like the Duke of Guermantes. That happens at twenty years, it happens ... it happens from time to time. I mean, this type of experience, really, twenty years, it's enormous, that's already stilts. Three years, it's stilts. They are stilts from which we fall, but we always fall from the interior of time. It is the interior of time, and it is in the interior of time that I occupy a disproportionate place, [*Pause*] whether it is in relation to my twenty years or my eighty-three years. In any case, on the interior of time, I will always occupy a disproportionate place in relation to the place I occupy objectively and subjectively in space and time. I believe this is what he means.

“I was terrified that my own ...” – my own stilts – I'll re-read it, it's so beautiful, isn't it? “[A]s though men spend their lives perched upon living stilts ...” – that is only valid for this Proustian description of the interior of time, which once again is neither subjective, nor objective: “[A]s though men spend their lives perched upon living stilts which never cease to grow until sometimes they become taller than church steeples, making it in the end both difficult and perilous for them to walk and raising them to an eminence from which suddenly they fall. And I was terrified by the thought that the stilts beneath my own feet might already have reached that height; it seemed to me that quite soon now I might not have the force to maintain my hold upon a past which already went down so far. But at least, if it were granted me for long enough to accomplish my work” – the force, if the force were granted to me for long enough – “... to accomplish my work, I should not fail to describe men first and foremost” – I should not fail *first and foremost*, it has become first and foremost! – “I should not fail to describe men first and foremost, even if the results were to make them resemble monsters, as occupying a place, a very considerable place compared with the restricted one which is allotted to them in space, a place on the contrary prolonged past measure – for simultaneously, like giants plunged into the years, they touch epochs that are immensely far apart, separated by the slow accretion of many, many days – in the dimension of Time.”³¹

It's astonishing! He is saying to us: in the interior of time, – which you must not think of as either objective or subjective, I would say; think of it as a pure form – in the interior of time, and however little you have lived and however young you are, you are like giants, who touch on the one side a millennial past and on the other side to a profound future. And you have a size, an interior of time, which has nothing to do with your size in the sense of position that you have in space and time. And, when you think of yourself or when you experience yourself on the interior of time for short moments, you perceive, in effect, at that moment, that you are standing within the interior – and only within the interior of time – a disproportionate place, like a size, but an inner size.

In short, an infinite distance passes through you. An infinite distance traverses you because on the interior of time, what is there? Well, on the interior of time is the Whole of time as open. And here I return to the Bergsonian definition, or to the Bergsonian intuition: time is the open. And well, in the open, in the open, each of us occupies a disproportionate place which makes him a giant on stilts from which at each instant, he can fall, or risks falling. What is he is trying to tell us? On the interior of time, the distance between the instants widens in such a way that the two instants separate themselves, rising to a power without common measure with their succession in time, which is the immense or the disproportionate. In other words, in the Whole of time as open, it is each of us who is excessive. Which is not to say wonderful. It is also our ridiculousness, it is also our grotesqueness that is excessive, it is ... it is each thing, each being, that takes on this gigantic excess on the interior of time.

I'll now make a leap – even if it means confusing everything ... but I don't know ... although it does seem pretty complicated to me – but it occurs to me that in cinema – to return to that – the stature of giant that someone obtains on the interior of time is also a problem of the image. If that's what interests you, you can make ... You are a painter or you make films, and you say to yourself, one day, like that, out of good will, you say to yourself, you are tormented by this problem: how to account for this disproportionate place that the most insignificant beings occupy on the interior of time as if they were giants? How to do that? For my part, I don't know. I would say that in a painter like El Greco, there is a problem of this type. There is a problem of this type in El Greco.

But there is a kind of cinema I can see which is nevertheless not Proustian. There, it is not a question of Proust, you understand; it's about [something else]; there's no relation to what I've been saying, no longer any relation ... Think of Dovzhenko.³² Dovzhenko: he's all about the peasants, isn't he? His people are the peasants, Ukrainian peasants. For those who have seen films by Dovzhenko, this stands out. But it's the same thing ... we can also talk about the fantastic in Dovzhenko, the otherworldly in Dovzhenko. Well, his fantastic is to do with this. But how does he do it? Well, he's got all kinds of procedures, that's for sure; it would be necessary to study his procedures in that regard, just as it is necessary to study the Proustian procedures.

In fact, when one reads *In Search of Lost Time*, it does not belong to theoretical reflection. We have the feeling that each character he describes takes on the stature of a giant and walks as if on stilts, however grotesque they may be. Such a character is grotesque in the manner of a giant. In other words, following an expression of Proust himself, he's a "sublime old gaffer" [*sublime gaga*]. I can't remember which character he says, at the end, is a "sublime old gaffer."³³ Well, you've got the sublime right there. You see how this is what the dynamic sublime really is: it is this disproportionate place we take up on the interior of time, as if we were joining, however few days we have lived, as if we were joining together, on a stack of days upon which one is seated as if on stilts, what is most ancient, what is most current, and what is most to come.

Now with Dovzhenko, one always has the impression that the characters do not exist in length [as opposed to depth]. It is not that the characters themselves are magnified, rather they are characters whose every gesture, every image, whose light, etc, are explained as if they radiated from the very beginnings of Ukraine, and yet were at the same time the contemporaries of the Russian revolution; that is to say, the millennial Ukraine – which for some puts Dovzhenko in a bad light – the millennial Ukraine, and the most profound future. The most stupid peasant has the stature of a giant and touches the millennial Ukraine with his head, while with his feet (or the opposite, if you like – with his head, if you want to reverse the terms), he touches on the Russian revolution. There is something extraordinary there. These are truly, as he makes one of his characters say, heroes ... only I'm missing an adjective, the something heroes, I can't remember – I don't dare to say it's 'gigantic', that would be too good ... but let's say: the gigantic heroes of a fabulous epoch. But the fabulous epoch ... [*Unfinished sentence*]

Another example, I would like to say – because in my opinion, he didn't have the genius for that, his genius was elsewhere – is Eisenstein: what does he want to do? He wants to do the same thing, but he doesn't have the means, he doesn't have means to succeed in it as directly as Dovzhenko. Eisenstein noted that it was said that he always took up short durations – 'Battleship Potemkin': two days; 'October': in my memory, it's ten days; the two days of

‘Potemkin’, the ten days of ‘October’; but what does he want to do, what is the *mise en scène*? It is, with quite other means, it seems to me, precisely to make these two days of Potemkin truly participate in an interior of time such as it reverberates, so that the battleship itself and each sailor become like kinds of giant, out of all proportion with the specific location, finally, of this particular incident, of this pre-revolutionary incident, but which in the interior of time go on to acquire another dimension, one that Proust will call – somewhat confusing matters – an “inconceivable dimension”³⁴, or what I will call, or what I have called from the beginning: a temporal perspective. Temporal perspective is what makes us giants on the interior of time. Again, grotesque or not, that is another issue. And I would say, that is the sublime; it is the mathematical sublime. In other words, it is on the interior of time that we have conquered an infinite distance [*Pause*].

Now we only have to follow the reverse path. On the other side, the present interval, we have seen, is the variable present. The interval is indeed variable, it is the interval of movement. But it is not arbitrary, it is vectorized. – Here, I’ll go very quickly, because it’s hard going. – When the interval is grasped as a vector, when this variable present is vectorized, what does it become? It literally becomes – we saw it, we talked about it ... or, I don’t know ... yes, we definitely talked about it – it becomes the qualitative leap, the qualitative leap, the leap from one quality to another.³⁵ – You can sense that I’m trying at the moment to bring together all the notions we have passed through for the last one or two months. – It becomes the qualitative leap, that is to say the passage from one quality to another, and, because there are two things at work here – happily this week I found a text that confirms that there are indeed two things, because I asked myself: do dialecticians really distinguish between the two things? It turns out that one of them, at least, does. It is not enough to speak of a qualitative leap. The qualitative leap is a double notion, the leap from one quality to another. For example, I pass from liquid to solid, ice, at degree zero. Or I pass from sadness to anger. In the qualitative leap, there are two things: there is the idea of a passage from one quality to another, and the idea of an accelerated passage. The latter is what I am calling ‘vectorization’, the accelerated passage from one quality to another – if the passage is not accelerated, we would not obtain the effect I am looking for – the accelerated passage, from one quality to another, and the sudden emergence of the new quality, the passage having been accomplished. But the one does not come after the other, since the emergence is instantaneous. I mean: it comes at the end of the passage, the emergence; there must be an accelerated passage and a bursting of the new quality.

I go back to my grotesque example of going bald: I’m losing hair, but at that point, there is no interest, there is no qualitative leap because I’m losing them day by day. There has to be a precipitation in it: then it begins to be interesting. It’s when they’re falling in clumps [*Laughter*]: that’s better, that’s great. Then it becomes very interesting. The new quality emerges: I am bald. Good. There must, therefore, be an accelerated passage from one quality to another and the instantaneous emergence of the new quality. Here you can sense that we are in the process of bringing together my two notions of the interval or variable present and the instant [*Pause*].

So I came across this text by Eisenstein in the *Memoirs*, which moves me enormously, where he says: “the center of equilibrium of my work” – he says it in passing – “the center of equilibrium of my work is often said to be the explosion” – that is to say, the upsurge of the new quality – and he says: but no, make no mistake about it, “before the explosion, there is what is even more important, there is the compression.”³⁶ That is to say, the qualitative passage is not only the leap from one quality to another. In fact, the leap from one quality to

another involves two things. It is a complex notion, I shouldn't have talked of the "leap from one quality to another" as if it were a simple notion. It is a complex notion because it implies the accelerated passage and the sudden bursting through of the new quality. – Consequently, it is by virtue of the acceleration of the passage that, necessarily, the new quality arises. In so far as it arises under this condition, under the condition of the accelerated passage, the new quality emerges in an instant, and the said instant is to the second power, to the n th power.³⁷

I have found my operator, I mean, what elevates the instant – you will say to me, that wasn't too difficult – it is that in the qualitative leap, there is indeed this acceleration of the passage from one instant to the other which will truly function as a multiplier, and which will constitute the qualitative leap – this is what I want to say – but here I also join up anew with another idea of Eisenstein's: the qualitative leap is never simply material. When he says 'material', understand what that means: it does not simply concern, at the level of images, if I speak once more about cinema, ... the qualitative leap does not simply concern the content of the image. One does not pass from sadness to anger, one does not pass from liquid to solid, just like that, as if there was simply a change in the content of the image or in the object of the image. He adds: the qualitative leap implies not only a change in the content of the image, but in the form, but in the form of the image. The emergence of the new quality is not only material, it is formal. This is what he will call, for example, the leap from gray to color. The change is not just material, it is formal. As one passes from sadness to anger – material change – another change is necessary, a formal leap is necessary. This is what he will expect from sound, and it's this that will fascinate him with the talkie. It's because the talkie implies precisely this multiplication of dimensions. The formal leap is the elevation to a higher power.

And all of a sudden, then, well, let's return in order to finish – for real this time, no more time for diversion – let's return then to Proust. I return to the story of the madeleine, okay, the story of the madeleine. You have two instants, however distant they are this time, and you have an accelerator. [*Pause*] The accelerator is that he's currently eating this cake, the madeleine. And the accelerator will take you from one instant to the other, from the present instant to the past instant, but in a leap which is not simply a 'material leap', but which is also a 'formal leap', that is to say, with a supplementary dimension, or supplementary dimensions, or, if you prefer, with an n th power.

So that if I now try to unify all my aspects of time, I would say: on the interior of time as Whole – here are my conclusions – on the interior of time as Whole, we occupy an infinite distance, that is to say, we occupy a disproportionate place. In our present as present, – second proposition – in our present as variable present, we attain to these instants of an n th power. Rectification: is this forced? No, happily not. So, what happens otherwise? Otherwise, we content ourselves – and that can be very good, it can be prodigious –, we content ourselves with the place we occupy in space and time. And that can make for a life of adventures, it can make for a wonderful life, etc. Moreover, in the other regime, namely where we penetrate into the interior of time and where we attain to the power or to the powers of the instant, we cannot hold out for very long. So, it literally happens from time to time, and that's enough; one does not need too much. Good.

Therefore, I would say: a disproportionate place, that is exactly the power of time as Whole. This is what it gives us. The instants of n th power, that is the power of time as interval. So if we took up again, for example ... if, starting from that, we wanted to join up again with cinema, we would take up Eisenstein's whole scheme once again. The open spiral – I'll say it

very quickly for those who remember or who know his texts – the open spiral is the open Whole, the fundamentally open Whole. The well-determined spirals are the parts and the set, the parts and the set. But precisely, the parts and the set – from the beginning of this year, I have tried to distinguish very firmly between the parts, the set and the Whole – the parts and the set plunge into the Whole.

And then, if you recall Eisenstein's complete schema, not only are there clearly distinguished spirals, which correspond to the special proportions of the golden section, but there are chords which go from one point to another marked on the spirals. And these chords are no longer the great organic spiral; these are pathetic leaps, what he calls the pathetic, that is to say, leaps from one point to another, leaps between points. It's a bit like the spiral ... I would say that the spiral is ... the bow. The organic spiral is like the bow, and the pathetic, that is to say the chords which will pass from one instant to another are at the same time like the string [*corde*] of the bow and arrow. The chord is the vectorized present, the accelerated present, and the arrow is the emergence of the new quality at a new power.

So that, in this set – Whole; the place that we have in the Whole; the variable present; and that toward which the variable present leads us – there would be that indirect image of time which sometimes corresponds to the movement-image, and sometimes to the light-image. So that what would be left for us to do in the last part, without further ado, since I had announced that movement-images and light-images not only gave rise to an indirect image of time, but that they also gave rise to figures of thought ... well, that's what I would like to look into next time, to start looking at next time. So I'd like to ask you, therefore, if it's possible, to read some Pascal, to read in particular the famous text on the wager in Pascal, because I will be needing it.

I feel ... I have been extremely off-mark, today ... But that doesn't matter, it doesn't matter ... [*End of recording*] [2:17:30]

Notes

¹ Wassily Kandinsky, *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, translated by Michael T.H. Sadler (Auckland: The Floating Press, 2008), pp. 59-64.

² Cf. the material towards the end of Lecture 16 (12 April 1983), and in Lecture 17 (19 April 1983).

³ Cf. Schelling's early use of the phrase 'quantitative difference' in *Presentation of My System of Philosophy* (1801, from the period of the 'Identity Philosophy'; translated by Michael Vater in J.G. Fichte and F.W.J. Schelling, *The Philosophical Rupture between Fichte and Schelling*, Albany: SUNY, 2013), # 23ff. In *Difference and Repetition*, Deleuze highlights the importance for him of the 1810 *Stuttgart Seminars* (translated by Thomas Pfau in *Idealism and the Endgame of Theory: Three Essays by F.W.J. Schelling*, Albany: SUNY, 1994), which contain a more nuanced discussion of 'quantitative difference' (cf. pp. 216-17 [*Sämmtliche Werke*, VII: 445-46]). Deleuze uses the French edition of Schelling's essays translated by S. Jankélévitch (*Essais*, Paris: Aubier, 1946), where the discussion of *différence quantitative* in the 'Conférences de Stuttgart' can be found on pp. 327-328.

⁴ On opacity and transparency, and their relation to Goethe's fundamental concept of turbidity [*Trübheit*], see Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Theory of Color* (translated by Douglas Miller in Goethe, *Scientific Studies*, New York: Suhrkamp, 1988, Vol. 12 of the English Suhrkamp Goethe edition), # 146-149. In *L'Image-Mouvement*, Deleuze cites the French translation by Henriette Bideau, *Traité des couleurs* (Paris: Triades), first published in 1973, revised in 1980.

⁵ Cf. Goethe's Introduction to the *Theory of Color*: "The eye does not see shape as such, since brightness, darkness, and color operate together as the sole means for the eye to distinguish among objects or parts of objects. Thus we construct the visible world out of these three elements, and in the process we also make possible the art of painting, an art capable of producing on canvas a visible world far more perfect than the real world" (*Ibid*, p. 164).

⁶ On intensification [*Steigerung*], cf. *Theory of Color*, #517-522 and # 699-700 (already cited in Lecture 17 of this course, 19 April 1983). # 150-151 are also fundamental for what follows: #150: “The most energetic light is blinding and colorless (e.g., sunlight or phosphorus burning in oxygen). Similarly, the light of the fixed stars comes to us largely without color. When viewed through a medium which is the least bit turbid, however, this light will seem yellow. As the medium becomes more turbid or its thickness increases, we will see the light gradually assume a yellow-red cast and ultimately intensify to ruby red.” #151: “On the other hand, darkness viewed through a turbid medium filled with light will create a blue color which grows lighter and paler as the medium becomes more turbid, but darker and deeper as it becomes more transparent. With the minimal degree of the most rarefied turbidity this color will appear to the eye as a beautiful violet.”

⁷ Deleuze uses the phrase *rouge-rouge*, but Goethe’s German is *rubinrot*, translated into English as ‘ruby-red’.

⁸ *Theory of Color*, # 774. The German phrase is *unerträglich Gewaltsamen*, translated into English by Douglas Miller in the Suhrkamp edition as ‘unbearable power’. The whole passage in Miller’s translation reads: “Pure yellow passes very easily into red-yellow, and the intensification of the latter to yellow-red is equally inevitable. The pleasant, cheerful feeling created by red-yellow is intensified in deep yellow-red to a feeling of unbearable power.”

⁹ *Theory of Color*, # 774, translation modified.

¹⁰ Bideau translates Goethe’s *unruhig* as *inquiète*, which is translated here as ‘unquiet.’ In # 777, blue-red is described as *unruhig*; and see footnote 12 below for the appearance of the term in # 791. The term *inquiétude* returns in sessions 10 and 17 of the seminar on Leibniz and the Baroque, 24 February and 12 May 1987.

¹¹ Cf. Schelling, *Stuttgart Lectures*, p. 232 [*Sämmtliche Werke*, VII 468]: “It is not the body that infests the spirit but rather vice versa. It could indeed be argued that evil itself proves perhaps the most spiritual [phenomenon] yet, for it wages the most vehement war against all *Being*; indeed, it wishes to destroy the very ground of all creation.”

¹² # 791 of Goethe’s German reads: “*Indem die hohe Geistlichkeit diese unruhige Farbe sich angeeignet hat, so dürfte man wohl sagen, dass sie auf den unruhigen Staffeln einer immer vordringenden Steigerung unaufhaltsam zu dem Kardinalpurpur hinaufstrebe.*” Deleuze uses the following French translation: “*Le fait que le haut clergé se soit attribué cette couleur inquiète permet sans doute de dire que sur les degrés mouvants d’une ascension toujours progressante, il aspire irrésistiblement à la pourpre cardinalice.*” *Inquiète* translates the German *unruhig*; but note that the term ‘intensification’ [*Steigerung*] does not explicitly appear in the French version. Murray’s translation is used here, but with ‘unquiet’ instead of ‘uneasy’.

¹³ *Theory of Color*, # 796.

¹⁴ “Here we may note that past observers have mistakenly used the rainbow as an example of color totality although a major color—pure red or purple—is missing; this color cannot appear because, as in the usual prismatic image, yellow-red and blue-red cannot merge”, *Theory of Color*, # 814.

¹⁵ *Theory of Color*, # 794. The German text states that “*nun in der Vereinigung der gesteigerten Pole eine eigentliche Beruhigung, die wir eine ideale Befriedigung nennen möchte, stattfinden könne*”, which the English translation renders as “a genuine resolution occurs in the union of the intensified poles, a satisfaction in the ideal realm.”

¹⁶ The French term *cercle chromatique* will usually be translated here as ‘color wheel’, but sometimes as ‘chromatic circle’. The German is *Farbkreis*. On Goethe and the color wheel, see *Cinema 1: The Movement-Image*, 79-80.

¹⁷ See note 15 above.

¹⁸ See Claude Samuel, *Conversations with Olivier Messiaen*, translated by Felix Aprahamian (London: Stainer and Bell, 1976; original French edition, 1967), p. 17 (and pp. 18-23 on color more generally).

¹⁹ See Lecture 6 of Deleuze’s Seminar on Painting, 19 May 1981.

²⁰ On ‘culmination’, see *Theory of Color*, # 523-530 and 828.

²¹ On Kandinsky, see Lectures 3 and 4 of the Seminar on Painting, 28 April and 5 May 1981.

²² The French term *corde* can mean chord or string/rope. The ensuing reference to Goethe’s ‘characteristic combinations’ leads us to the first paragraph under that rubric in the *Theory of Color*: “Besides the purely harmonious, self-generated combinations which always contain a totality, we can identify arbitrary combinations produced along the chords rather than the diameters of our color circle, i.e., so that the color lying between any two other colors is skipped.” (# 816). Thus ‘chord’ is meant here in a geometrical sense. However, at the end of the lecture, Deleuze will also use *corde* to designate the string of a bow.

²³ “We say these combinations have character because they possess a distinctive quality: they make a certain impression without satisfying us. Character appears only when the part stands out from the whole, when it is related to the whole without being lost in it” (*Theory of Colors*, # 817).

²⁴ See the discussion of Proust below.

²⁵ It is not clear which film the student is referring to.

²⁶ Given what Deleuze says in what follows, the passage must be the following one: "... I found myself suddenly in the salon, in the middle of a party which, as I soon discovered, was to seem to me very different from those that I had attended in the past, and was to assume a special character in my eyes and take on a novel signification. In fact, as soon as I entered the crowded room, although I did not falter in the project which I had gone so far towards formulating within me, I was witness of a spectacular and dramatic effect which threatened to raise against my enterprise the gravest of all objections. An objection which I should manage no doubt to surmount, but which, while I continued silently to reflect upon the conditions that are necessary to a work of art, could not fail, by presenting to my gaze in a hundred different forms a consideration more likely than any other to make me hesitate, constantly to interrupt my train of thought" (Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, translated by C.K. Scott Moncrieff, Terence Kilmartin and Andreas Mayor, London: Penguin, 1983, Vol. III, *Time Regained*, pp. 959-960; translation modified).

²⁷ Here is the passage: "Mme X-, for instance, had never seemed to me to bear any resemblance to her mother, whom I had known only as an old woman, looking like a little hunched Turk. The daughter, on the other hand, I had always known as a charming woman with an upright carriage, and this for many years she had continued to be, for too many years, in fact, for like someone who must not forget, before night falls, to put on his Turkish disguise, she had left things late and had then been obliged precipitately, almost instantaneously, to hunch herself up so as faithfully to reproduce the appearance of an old Turkish woman that had once been presented by her mother" (Ibid, *Time Regained*, 984).

²⁸ Cf. the following passage from *Sodom and Gomorrah I* in *In Search of Lost Time*: "On the first night, as I was suffering from cardiac fatigue, I bent down slowly and cautiously to take off my boots, trying to master my pain. But scarcely had I touched the topmost button than my chest swelled, filled with an unknown, a divine presence, I was shaken with sobs, tears streamed from my eyes [...] I had just perceived, in my memory, stooping over my fatigue, the tender, preoccupied, disappointed face of my grandmother, as she had been on that first evening of our arrival, the face not of that grandmother whom I had been astonished and remorseful at having so little missed, and who had nothing in common with her save her name, but of my real grandmother, of whom, for the first time since the afternoon of her stroke in the Champs-Élysées, I now recaptured the living reality in a complete an involuntary recollection. This reality does not exist for us so long as it has not been recreated by our thought (otherwise men who have been engaged in a titanic struggle would all of them be great epic poets); and thus, in my wild desire to fling myself into her arms, it was only at the moment – more than a year after her burial, because of the anachronism which so often prevents the calendar of facts from corresponding to the calendar of feelings – that I became conscious that she was dead" (*Remembrance of Things Past*, translated by C.K. Scott Moncrieff and Terence Kilmartin, London: Penguin, 1983, Vol. II, *Cities of the Plain*, 783).

²⁹ In the final paragraph of *Time Regained*.

³⁰ *Time Regained*, op. cit., 1106-1107.

³¹ *Time Regained*, p. 1107.

³² Compare the discussion of Dovzhenko in *Cinema 1: The Movement-Image*, pp. 38-39.

³³ The passage concerns M. Argencourt and occurs in the section on the Guermites' salon in *Time Regained*: "I was tempted to laugh aloud at the sight of this sublime old gaffer, as senile in his amiable caricature of himself as was, in a more tragic vein, M. de Charlus, thunderstruck into humble politeness" (*Time Regained*, op. cit., 962).

³⁴ Proust's phrase is "*cette dimension inconcevable et sensible*", translated as "this inconceivable yet apprehensible dimension" (*Time Regained*, p. 966).

³⁵ See Lectures 11 and 13 of this course, 22 February and 8 March 1983.

³⁶ Deleuze refers to this passage from the French edition of Eisenstein's *Memoirs (Mémoires)*, translated by Jacques Aumont, Paris: Union générale des éditions, 1978) in *Cinema 1: The Movement-Image*, p. 35 (cf. p. 222, note 4).

³⁷ Deleuze discusses this 'new quality' in the same section of *Cinema 1: The Movement-Image*, pp. 35-37.