Gilles Deleuze

Seminar on Cinema, Truth, and Time: The Falsifier, 1983-1984

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Part 1

… grotesque… the process of [*unclear*]; I'm vehemently opposed to the ones where you find statements like these. It's very hard to not have one pulled over on you by a newspaper. Usually, I'm pretty careful. They've gotten me twice in three months: once by *Le Monde*, once by *Liberation*; that's plenty.[1] Since I still have some respect for people behind this sort of thing, only with official interviews do I recognize something of myself in the claims newspaper attribute to me. The rest is despicable. But anyway, I'm only speaking for myself.

And then there's another concern I have, backing up a bit; I don't want to repeat the same thing over and over again. I'm only getting this squared away because I really want to get to the part I've announced every time, the part where you'll have to do the talking, like we usually do. I'd like to pin down the levels, i.e., what I take to be established, but I'd like to very quickly tack on few other things.

As I see it, we've been working toward three themes. Very quickly, our first theme is—right, I'm not going to get back into it—is the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary. Once again, all I'll say is that this indiscernibility—understand that there cannot be any confusion here, since later on I'll ask whether you, as it stands, whether you buy this set-up—this indiscernibility is different from confusing the imaginary and the real. It's an indiscernibility, and indiscernibility, as opposed to confusion, which strictly speaking happens in someone's mind, indiscernibility is not something that resides in the mind. Where does it take place? We've seen it in a few formations. There is an indiscernibility between the real and the imaginary whenever the real and imaginary form a sort of circuit, perpetually chasing each other around, each reflecting the other around a point or an axis which we might call the axis of indiscernibility. Such that, under the influence of this indiscernibility between real and imaginary, the most objective and the most subjective, the objectivity of what's real and the subjectivity of what's imaginary, are strictly indiscernible.

I claimed that this is the main thrust of the New Novel. The trajectory of the New Novel, which includes having been defined in the most objectivist terms, with the well-known theme of "purely objective description," tempered by the idea that this radical objectivism was also the

purest form of subjectivism, as [Alain] Robbe-Grillet would go on to claim. And on this point, this is the point that becomes so crucial for Robbe-Grillet, I think, regarding the theory of description he offers us. Again, I'm mainly basing this on a book I'll come back to often, and you'll see why, Robbe-Grillet's *For A New Novel,* on page 147: "[…] a description that starts from nothing; it does not afford, first of all, a general view, it seems to derive from a tiny fragment without importance […] starting from which it invents lines, planes, an architecture; and such description particularly seems to be inventing its object when it suddenly contradicts, repeats, corrects itself, bifurcates, etc. Yet we begin to glimpse something, and we suppose that this something will now become clearer. But the lines of the drawing accumulate, grow heavier, cancel one another out, shift, so that the image is jeopardized as it is created."[2] A perfect description of the circuit I've been trying to define, of this point of indiscernibility between the real and the imaginary. We'll get to my reasons for using this book later on—in my opinion, without either influencing the other, there's another text, a book by Nietzsche, which comes rather close to saying the same thing, on a subject that's important for us this year, the theory of description.

And I argue that Robbe-Grillet's type of description does make it rather clear that the description stands in for its object. Such a description is opposed to another type. I suggested that we call this other type of description "organic description." Organic description is a description that posits its object as something independent from it. [*Pause*] It posits its object as something independent, even if its object effectively is not independent. I mean, you can see what I'm talking about: "I saw a unicorn." My proposition is: I saw a unicorn, [*Pause*] an animal with a form, which looks like a horse, etc., or I don't know, anyway. I saw a unicorn defined as such-and-such, described as such-and-such. There is no unicorn. That doesn't stop my description of the unicorn from presupposing the possible existence of the independent object of my description.

See, what makes description an organic description isn't some real existence. What defines organic description is that it posits, the description's act of positing, positing its object as something independent, regardless of whether its object is independent or not. Whereas the sort of description Robbe-Grillet gives us is different; it's a description that replaces its object. That's what's essential. Hence why Robbe-Grillet [*ibidem*] opposes two types of description: one is roughly characterized as a Balzac style of description, organic description, which emerged in the 19th century, in novels, for example. And he opposes this sort of description to that of what he calls the New Novel, a description which presents its object in order to replace it, standing in for its object, instead of presupposing an object posited as independent, instead of referring back to a supposedly independent object. I want that to be clear enough to contextualize our move to non-organic description, what I referred to as "crystalline description," but with one addendum: that the circuit of the real and the imaginary, where the imaginary and real become indiscernible, is precisely a crystalline formation.

Thus, you see, again, saying that in the case of—let's say crystalline—descriptions, the real and imaginary are indiscernible, or become, rather, I won't say *are*, all I can say is that they never stop becoming indiscernible, in the sense that, ultimately, there is a point of indiscernibility as a limit point. The circuit traces the real and the imaginary, running them into each other, each reflecting the other such that they never stop becoming indiscernible. Well, that takes place a

thousand different ways, but what I can say is that, at the very moment where you think it's the most objective, it's subjective, and just when you think it's the most subjective, it's objective.

And that's how it presents itself in the context of cinema. That's how it is shows up in *Last Year at Marienbad*. [*Pause*] And when *Last Year at Marienbad* came out, that's why it was able to come across as a sort of extension of Italian Neorealism—Neorealism, what does that mean? It doesn't mean a new form of realism. It means establishing a reality that's no longer discernible; it was opposed to prior realism. Former, older forms of realism boil down to organic description, that is, if you will, [they're about] the distinction between the real and the imaginary, or what amounts to the same, the possibility of their confusion. As we've seen. You can only mix up what can, in principle, be distinguished. Thus, it's exactly the same thing to say that the real and imaginary are distinct as it is to say that they can be confused.

We saw that indiscernibility is neither distinction nor confusion. To distinguish and to confuse are sides of the same coin. You can say that one is right and the other is wrong, but it amounts to the same. And I believe that Neorealism is a departure from realism. Neorealism comes down to this emergence of a type of description where the real and imaginary are no longer discernible. [*Pause*] A description you could obtain objectively just as easily as you could subjectively. All that mattered, at any rate, was that there be a circuit where both follow each other.

Take an example like Antonioni. You'll see, in particular, what need we'll have for a few excellent and significant lines from Antonioni, the work of a veritable philosopher. Anyway, everyone knows, everyone has pointed it out—we'll have the chance to revisit this throughout the year, revisiting certain types of images in Antonioni's work—but I'll say something obvious. A lot has been made of the "objective character" of Antonioni's film. And that's true. This kind of analysis includes both society and the feelings portrayed by objective characteristics, those of detachment most of all. Moreover, it's been said a thousand times, but what do we find in Antonioni, in the images themselves? What we get are reports.[3]

But what is it that the report serves as an objective form? Likely [the report] is the objective or objectivist form of description. He uses reports; he always uses reports—reports where the point isn't explanation. They aren't meant to explain what's happened. They're kind of like a police report. [*Pause*] Well, if you look at *The Adventure* [1960], *The Adventure* is a report. It's the report, right, of a young woman who's disappeared. It's a report. We never know why. We don't know what's become of her, or what have you; it all starts with a simple report. *The Cry* [1957], there's a rift in the couple: report, objective report; it's really, it's a kind of objective report that's very… and, strictly speaking, not at all—you'll see why I use this word—not at all sympathetic, you know? Antonioni always keeps his characters at a distance, not at all sympathetic. Not that he hates them; it's like… he's just pulling up the relevant reports. I know that some critics, some of Antonioni's commentators interpreted his work as coming close to some sort of extremely Marxist method, only applied to feelings, an analysis, an objectivist analysis of feelings or sentiment.[4] Right.

And yet all the same, in a world of "reports" [*Pause*], something keeps coming loose. What is it that's coming loose? The connection between parts, the connection between objective parts of space. Odd—what forms this [connection]? The connection between parts of space, granted that

Antonioni's space is very particular, corresponding to what we described in past seminars—I won't get into it here—as disconnected spaces, i.e., spaces where parts have no direct connections.[5] It's as though there was [instead] a juxtaposition between parts with ambiguous connections, equivocal connections. [*Pause*] See, these disconnected spaces which we've spoken so much of, there is— compared to other filmmakers, it shows up very clearly in Antonioni, particularly in *The Adventure*. There are these extremely beautiful, disconnected spaces: a sliver of space might be connected one way, [or] connected in some other, indeterminate way. Right.

Well, when it comes to this world of reports, what establishes, what ensures the connection between objective parts of space? For this sort of space, we have reports. What is there to—what will be introduced to connect the different parts, the different parts of the space? Always a gaze, an eye, and not just any eye; it's always the eye of someone—Why a woman? That's for him to say—of someone supposedly distant. In the objective world describing what happens, or rather, in this objective description focusing on what objectively happens in space, based on a report—itself objective—what will connect the parts together? The imaginary gaze of someone supposedly distant. That's what matters.

For example, in *The Adventure*, it's the missing young woman, whose gaze weighs on the existing couple, on the couple moving through space, both the couple and the space traversed by the couple are only objectively connected if you assume that they are trying to outrun the imaginary gaze of the missing woman. In the same way, I'd claim that *The Cry,* in *The Cry*, the poor man's whole flight takes place under the imaginary gaze of the woman who dumped him, a gaze that ends up coming back to act on him at the very end, when he's killed, or at least, when he lets himself fall into the void.

This is important because—If you like, I'll take an example from an objective approach. No matter how objective its starts off, you end up in a subjective turn; based on reality, connections are forged between different parts of reality, connections which imply imaginary events, such that a circuit forms. The circuit starts on the objective or real side. If you consider Fellini, I'd say it's the opposite; with Fellini, it's the opposite, but under a certain light, it amounts to the same thing. They both earn the title [of Neorealist], I think, if you understand what Neorealism means; it never simply referred to kind of social environment where characters are situated, where characters are placed. If his work qualifies as Neo-realism—like the New Novel, the invention of these real-imaginary circuits—Fellini approaches the problem from the other end.[6]

When the circuit begins with the imaginary end of the spectrum [*Pause*] it involves the whole of what's real, the real itself having turned into a spectacle. [*Pause*] It involves different affective tonalities. I mean, with Antonioni, it's a kind of—what to call it—of criticism, critical analysis, a clear form of critical analysis, not just of society but, fundamentally, a critical analysis of feelings or attitudes [*sentiments*], [*Pause*] a critical analysis of decadence. Which I mention because it will be crucial later on, obviously in the context of Nietzsche, since it's of particular interest to him. It's a critical analysis of decadence. With Fellini, it's the inverse; his loyalties were never a secret— That is, the most basic problem for Antonioni — you'll see what aspect of this is relevant for us — the main problem for Antonioni is, basically, what is love today for people who fall in love, rendering them sick, unbalanced, unhappy, miserable? You might think that's a funny sort of problem, but that was the problem Antonioni was worried about.

All problems are good problems; from the right perspective, any problem is a good problem. That's how he'd ask the question; at the end of the day, it's a question of society. He doesn't put it in terms—it's interesting; we can all express it however we like, but it ultimately amounts to the same thing—for him, it's not a question of how people are exploited. Doubtless the two problems overlap. But his way of articulating it, how he immediately experiences it, has more to do with feelings or attitudes: why is it that [*Pause*] that love, rather than inspiring us—he thus talks about true love—makes us need to go get analyzed? [*Laughter*] That's it. That's his objective analysis of decadence, and we'll see how and why it's relevant, what it has to do with the subject at hand.

Fellini never hid the fact that he was more sympathetic to decadence. He doesn't take up an objective critical analysis. He leverages an intense, subjective sympathy, sympathizing even with decadence. If we were to contrast Fellini's way of doing things—which I'm trying to pin down—to Antonioni's approach, to Antonioni's problem, which both has a high level of criticism, a critical objectivity vis a vis what's happening, and is also very concrete—there was kind of a nod to Fellini, there. It would have to be more than sympathy, than empathy. We'd need to coin a new term. With Antonioni it's all about reports [*constats*], so what's the opposite of a report? We'd have to try something like *instat, instat*. With Fellini, it comes down to *instats*. Well, it's a kind of *instat*, a subjective empathy that clings to decadence, saying, "alright, the more the better."[7]

Why? He [Fellini] had held to—I'm not sure if I've already talked about it—he held to a phrase that, unfortunately, I've forgotten; it's an Italian expression for how decadence breeds vibrant creativity. I can think of a French equivalent, but I've forgotten what the Italian was; I was trying to think of a French word, but I've forgotten the Italian. I thought, yeah, there ought to be a word like "procadence," and procadence would indicate [*Laughter*] it's in the fall – his turn of phrase was something like that; it was a composite Italian word, right – he has every sympathy for degeneration, for decadence, and it's more than just a matter of taste. I think it goes further. There's always more than what appears on the surface; perhaps it's not just because [decadence] is fun, perhaps decadence is the only way, for him, that something can be saved one day.[8]

Alright, but what am I getting at? On the one hand, on the side of the imaginary, we have the spectacle-image; on the other hand, with the real image, the report, etc., but once they meet up, the two form a veritable real-imaginary circuit in both cases with, in the case of Fellini, the imaginary becoming real, and in the case of Antonioni, the real becoming imaginary, and in both cases, it hinges on a point of indiscernibility. That's what I thought was essential, what I think is at stake in Robbe-Grillet's conception of description, when Robbe-Grillet says: if you picture a description that stands in for its object rather than presupposing it as something independent, well, first of all, it constantly erases its object, it constantly banishes its object, and thereby it creates its reality. The imaginary is constantly feeding into and coming out of the real. But even that's not quite right, because that would presuppose that the real stays in place, and it does no such thing. Each one constantly swaps places in one way or another; they're swapped in one way with Antonioni and in another way with Fellini.

So, that's my first point: in a nutshell, it's precisely as if the real image were coupled with its virtual image, with both joining together in a circuit, a circuit in which they become indiscernible. The circuit between the real image and the virtual image is such that it establishes the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary. There we go, through this lens, that's our goal for a theory of descriptions. That's our first point.

The second point—be careful—there isn't only an indiscernibility between the real and the imaginary in certain formations, formations, again, we ought to call—we'll need to take a closer look—which I just redefined, yet again, so that hopefully it won't be the least bit ambiguous. At a second level of consideration, there is—and the two [levels] are obviously connected, but the first, which we just looked at, is only the necessary condition for the second, even deeper level— it's no longer the indiscernibility between the real and the imaginary but the indiscernibility between the true and the false [*trans*—or "the real and the fake"], the indiscernibility between the true and the false, and then it isn't a question of description but a question of narration. And we'll define a true or truthful narration as one where true and false ["real and fake"] are decidable, [*Pause*] whereas a falsifying or fraudulent narration or the power of the false [is] a narration where true and false are strictly undecidable.[9] And this undecidability struck me as a wholly positive characteristic *qua* undecidability, provided it's under circumstances where it can take on meaning.

And we saw last time that the undecidability between true and false plays on two paradoxes, or rather, two aspects of paradox. The first side, which I won't get back into, is that the impossible derives from the possible; the first logical paradox, just like how in the first level, I… here, you cannot discern between the real and the imaginary, my first paradox for defining the undecidability between the true and the false: you can get the impossible out of what's possible. And the second side of that same paradox is that you can—yeah, I'll go over it again—you can derive the impossible from the possible, depending on how we define the possible. How to define it? As what is true or what will be true. The possible is what is true or what will be true. You're able to derive the impossible from the possible, the first side of the Ancient paradox, the master paradox that I spent so long developing last time; and the second side of the paradox is that what is or what was isn't necessarily true [trans: or "real"]. [*Pause*] See, the first side of the paradox is that the impossible comes from what is true or what will be true; the second side of the paradox is that what is or what was isn't necessarily true. Notice the role that time plays in both forms of the paradox.

And I claim, right, that all the powers of the false spin out from between these two extremes, between these two extreme propositions. It's on that basis—and this was our focus last time, so I won't dwell on it again—that the undecidability between the true and the false is established. I claimed that indeed, to take another example from cinema, it's clear that [Orson] Welles, throughout his career, explored the question of what's true and what's false, not from the perspective of these terms having disappeared, but from the perspective of their undecidability. That's what he was after; that's what he was always getting at. I'd almost argue that—even though I can't explain until later on, when we talk about time in film, especially in Welles's films—I'd argue that the entire story, the entire plot of *The Lady from Shanghai* [1947] more or less corresponds to the first side—the impossible derives from the possible—and everything

about *Mr. Arkadin* [or *Confidential Report,* 1955] corresponds to the other side—that what is or what was is not necessarily true.

And, as we saw, these are the two extremes, the two major forms of the fraud or falsifier.[10] The fraud or falsifier is, on the one hand, someone who derives something impossible from the possible, and on the other hand, someone for whom what's happened isn't necessarily true. Right. [*Pause*] That was the second level. It's bound up with the first because ultimately the undecidability between the true and the false is what one "sees"; it's precisely what the eye sees in crystalline formations; the crystalline formation is characterized by the undecidability between the real and the imaginary.

Well, for now, let's assume all that is true. What would the third level be? [*Pause*] Well, it's that truth enters into crisis, that is, the concept of truth is submerged in the powers of the false, one and two—that is, what I'm calling the crisis of the concept of truth, speaking for myself—the "crisis in the concept of truth" means truth faces a twofold phenomenon: the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary, and the undecidability between true and false. Then truth starts to lose its footing. Neither of its legs are steady; both begin to tremble; both begin to give way. Thus, the concept of truth begins to falter, since our task is… it falters, ultimately. It's supposed to, it should falter, it ought to falter. Note that I mean "crisis of truth" in a very precise sense; I don't mean just any sort of crisis.

So, I'm saying, right, this is the sort of crisis truth undergoes, very precisely defined in the two aforementioned ways. When? Not only when it's faced with existence or something that exists, i.e., when it stops being the truth of essence and becomes the truth of existence, but when it encounters existence in the form of Time and the different kinds of Time. [*Pause*]

What does that mean? What does it mean that time determines the crisis of truth, the crisis such as we've just described? [*Pause*] A quick confirmation: all the filmmakers invested in the indiscernibility between the real and the imaginary or in the undecidability between the true and the false, are precisely the main filmmakers to have introduced time-images into cinema the most directly. Is it a coincidence, again, that Welles created the first cinema of time and was so interested in the impossibility of figuring out what is true or false? Is it a mere coincidence, or are these two themes connected? Is it the same thing as, likewise, [Alain] Resnais—is it a coincidence that he creates such a peculiar sort of time-image in his films, while taking up, in a different way, in different forms, Welles's basic problem, the undecidability between true and false?

Can it be said that these two themes just happen to coincide? Certainly not. Why? Because, again, it is time that puts truth in crisis, in this double crisis; which is why I say we've come to our third aspect: time as what motivates this crisis. And our first two aspects—see, things are getting clearer and clearer, crystal clear, even, for once; it's surprising—our first two aspects were the two forms of the crisis of the concept of truth, from a certain point of view. Sure, there are plenty others, but this is what I'm concerned with.

And so that's the third aspect: [*Pause*] what causes this crisis? Our answer is time. Which means what? It happens when truth confronts not just what exists, but when it confronts time. You

might think that's the same thing. No, not at all—time might be a dimension of what exists, but it isn't the same thing as what exists. It's when it confronts time that truth is made to falter and enters into crisis. But what does that mean? Again, we've exhausted the simpler interpretation that would say, well, sure, it's very simple, truth changes over time. We did say, truth would never be in crisis if it was simply a matter of changing content, for one simple reason. Recognize that a change in content obviously doesn't affect the form of what's true. At one moment, I believe that the sun revolves around the earth; next, I believe that the earth revolves around the sun. Alright. That's significant. I'm certainly not saying that it doesn't matter. There are a lot of significant things we overlook, if we're focusing on *the* problem. Every problem is its own separate concern. It's significant, but it doesn't affect the "form" of truth. All I'm saying is that, once we establish that it's the sun that revolves around the earth—I'm really simplifying things here—at that point, right, we were, we were mistaking the false for what's true.

At any rate, the false has no form. Only what's true has a form, as we, as the Classics are always reminding us. They're right. There is no form other than that of what's true. There is a power of the false. There is no form of the false, by definition. Alright. Errors never have any bearing on a form of the false. Errors have to do with the content of what's true, they don't affect… Sorry, I mean that they don't affect the form of what's true. Then I'd be forced to say that truth changes all the time. So long as I'm thinking in terms of content, there's no good reason to problematize the concept of truth, the form of what's true. [*Pause*]

I'm saying that what calls—the plot thickens—what calls the concept of truth into question is time in its pure form, the pure form of time is what calls into question the form of what's true. What is the pure form of time? Is there a pure form of time? In any event, it's time independent of content, independent of whatever is in time. I'm not referring to something in time, something that's true at one point in time and stops being true at another; I mean the form of time itself, and I claim that it's the form of time that puts the concept of truth in crisis. What does that mean, exactly, since I've thrown out content? It means that if there is a form of time, right, I'm distinguishing it from chronological time. It's the form of time, hence it isn't chronological; it's an aspect of time deeper than chronology. [*Pause*]

Then, rather than, let's call it, yeah, let's get rid of "form," since that muddies the water, instead, let's call it the "core" [*fond*] of time.[11] That's better. Yeah, everything's starting to get clearer. The "core of time," being non-chronological, is what calls the form of what's true into question or sends it into crisis, on both sides, since we saw that this crisis had two different aspects. It is the core of time—only what is the core of time? Obviously, I wouldn't say, for example, in film where Welles invented the time-image, if all that meant was that he imposed chronological time onto cinema, since time *qua* chronological time has always existed in cinema, not only at the level of the cinema-machine but at the level of what's on screen. And the content of time, such as is marked by time, has always existed—rather, [what he invented was] a pure image of time, that is, an image of time's core *qua* non-chronological time and, at the same time, *qua* time.

That, I claimed, in my opinion, is the essence of three… That's where I ended, I forget when— I'm always circling back to where I left off last time, huh?[12]—Right, this is what's characteristic of three, as I see it, what characterizes the big three: it's there in Welles, the founder, the originator; it's there in Resnais, notably in *I Love You, I Love You* [1968] with its hypersphere,

which—based on what he calls "beyond time"—which specifically highlights the time's non-chronological core, wholly in relation to the power of the false; and finally, [it's there in] the cinema of the third-world, if that means anything in this context, with respect to [Pierre] Perrault, but that's something for another day.

I'll add that if that's so, if the core of time is responsible for the crisis in the concept of truth in both, in both senses, and well, right, well, I'm assuming that you're with me so far, that it's the core of time—you've granted me a lot of things so far, not too much, by any stretch, not too much, since I've backed it all up; and then, there is, if you don't grant me this, we're headed toward disaster, so it's in your best interest to play along—what am I trying to say, then? Deny even a single premise, and the whole thing will fall apart…!

Well, what was the last, in my opinion, the last sublime effort to salvage the concept of truth? [*Pause*] There was one commendable effort to save the concept of truth, hence I attributed so much importance to it last time: Leibniz. However, we'll see that his project and its character will teach us, will take us a step further. We weren't asking so much of… [*Interruption of the recording*] [45:53]

Part 2

… in each one, a different Sextus, a different Adam. You'll recall that Leibniz's grand vision consisted in saying: Yes, yes, truth undergoes a—undergoes a trial when it confronts what exists. A crisis, in other words. Leibniz acknowledges the crisis of the concept of truth, describing it as truth "colliding" or falling into crisis when [*Pause*] it ceases to be the truth of essence and becomes the truth of existence. An example of an essential truth might be: a triangle's angles add up to two right angles or two plus two is four. An essential [sic] truth might be: Adam sinned, or Sextus was a poor ruler, and so on.

How do we salvage truth when it comes to what actually exists? His answer: sure, everything is possible, *implicitly,* everything non-contradictory is possible. In other words, essential truth can afford any possible existence. Everything is possible. Everything is possible, but you won't—and this is what saves the concept of truth—you won't be able to derive the impossible out of what's possible. Whereby, for those who remember from last time, Leibniz's philosophy at this point lines up directly with Ancient philosophy, with the so-called "master" argument.[13] You can't get… everything is possible, but you'll never be able to derive the impossible from the possible. Why? He says that it's because, surprisingly, creatively, in a response like, if you will—if there were such a thing as a philosophical painting, this would be the most beautiful scene philosophy could ever, ever depict. He invents a suitable concept: the concept of incompossibility. He says sure, everything is possible, but not all possibilities are mutually compossible.

In other words, it's possible that one Adam didn't sin. [*Pause*] The application, the confrontation between truth and existence forces us to say, yes, it's possible. It's not like with essences. A triangle whose two angles don't add up to two right angles isn't possible—that's impossible—but it's possible that Adam didn't sin, or that Sextus didn't go to Rome. That's very possible. However, that wouldn't be compossible with our world. Our world entails that—in our world,

it's implied that Adam has sinned… Adam has sinned. A non-sinner Adam is possible in another world, but our two worlds are incompossible.

Note how astonishing this is, because it implies that there isn't simply a contradiction between Adam as a sinner and Adam as a non-sinner; the relationship is one of incompossibility by way of their respective worlds. Sinning Adam belongs to one world, and non-sinning Adam belongs to another world; the two are incompossible. Hence Leibniz's cry of relief—you can picture him crying out in relief—thank goodness! He's resolved the master paradox in a whole new way. He says no! The impossible is never derived from the possible! On the contrary, what we get from the possible is the incompossible. That is, everything is possible, but not all possibles are compossible; from what's possible, we get the incompossible.

And he judges that this does indeed save truth. And it is—that was the goal of, of… that's why you needed to dig into this wonderful piece from Leibniz; you needed to, you really need to read it. First because it's such a beautiful, such a modern type of story, since it's an intricate story made up of stories. Well, it's quite lovely, it's all so lovely… this whole world, all these little parts… –for fans of Raymond Roussel, it reminds you of Raymond Roussel—with the glass cages, the little men gesturing, performing feats, marvelous feats… That's exactly what happens with Leibniz here, in all these little parts of the pyramid… every compartment has a number. Then we find a book, and every number corresponds to a page of the book, and the pages correspond to everything that happens in the world, wherein you have Adam the sinner in number one, you turn to page one—in a book with thousands of pages—and you learn that Adam the sinner is compossible with the world where Julius Caesar did such and such, as part of the same world. But that that's incompossible with another world where Julius Caesar didn't do that. It's a real delight, a real delight to read.

But what is Leibniz telling us here? He's demonstrated one thing and hid another. He's demonstrated that in order to save the concept of truth, he had to bring in morality. That doesn't seem, that doesn't seem like much, I kept it from you last time, [*Laughter*] I ran out of time, I didn't have enough time to bring up morality. Why? Everything is possible, but not everything is compossible. In other words, [*Pause*] there are multiple, even infinitely many possible worlds, but they aren't an infinite number of mutually compossible worlds. There is a world where Adam doesn't sin, there's a world where Adam listens to the serpent but is able to resist, there's a world where there isn't even a serpent at all, there's a world where the serpent, so on and so forth.

But why does God choose one world over another? Leibniz's solution is well-known: God chooses the best possible world. He chooses the best one. For Leibniz, the "best" is obviously a moral category, but it's mathematical too; it's moral-mathematical, moral-scientific. The concept of truth is bound up with—and here attests that it might always have been the case—is deeply tied to morality. Why is "best" a mathematical category? The famous laws, in mathematics and physics, the so-called optimal laws. Why is this the best possible world? He says, well, the world God chooses is necessarily the best possible world—there are no other criteria. The best possible world only means the one containing the greatest quantity of reality, the greatest quantity of perfection, the greatest quantity of dreams.

You might ask what the other [worlds] are supposed to be. Leibniz immediately says, yeah, that, well, the other worlds—make no mistake, right, you can bet that they're a lot worse. So, to people who still claim that things would be better if Adam hadn't sinned, Leibniz will say, will respond, no, things would have been a lot worse; they would have been a lot worse, since Adam-the-sinner is part of the best possible world. He proves it by saying: a world where Adam doesn't sin would have been a world without Redemption, there wouldn't have been any Redemption, and Redemption is one of the elements, is one of the aspects, of the world God chose, the best possible world.

Using "the best" as a rule, then, Leibniz is able to save truth, solving for the controversy of "deriving the impossible from the possible" in a reassuring and ingenious proposal—"No, only incompossibles derive from what's possible." [*Pause*] But on the other hand, if Leibniz was hiding—I mean!—if Leibniz alleged and recognized and required a profound link between the concept of truth and morality, what is he hiding? He's concealing the fact that truth doesn't confront what exists without confronting time's core, [*Pause*] without confronting the core of time, [hiding the fact] that time had a core, i.e., that time's substance was non-chronological.

That's right, it amounts to saying that the substance of time is non-chronological. Yeah, that means a non-chronological substance of time. Thus, the core of time is time's non-chronological substance. And that's what he glossed over—why avoid it? Because, like another author we discussed last time, he doesn't use the word "time."[14] He has several reasons for not using the word, "time." The simplest reason is that Leibniz understands time as solely chronological. In other words, time isn't a substance; time has no foundation or core—that's the Classical understanding. The notion that time is rooted in something, that the substance of time is non-chronological—we're moving ahead a bit, but that won't come until the Romantics. In that light, we're all heirs to the Romantics. But for a Classic philosopher, time is a question of succession, i.e., time is a mode—by definition, the chronological mode. And if he hadn't bypassed time, if he had come to the chilling, horrifying, absolutely terrifying conclusion that time's substance was non-chronological, that time was rooted in something, how would he have reacted? He would have said that no, incompossibles belong to the same world via the "core of time." Incompossibles belong to the same world.

In other words, our world, this world, contains every incompossibility and every bifurcation you could imagine. Bifurcation no longer refers to a separation between incompossible worlds; now our world contains every possible incompossibility and bifurcation, which is Borges's response to Leibniz across the centuries. The result is that Borges's insight, borrowed from the Chinese—the core of time, time's non-chronological substance—makes it so that all incompossibilities reside within this world. [*Pause*] And, in the depths of time, we're sometimes friends, sometimes enemies, sometimes one of you kills me, and sometimes I kill one of you, and it changes every time, I… etc., etc. It's the garden with forking paths, or the labyrinth, only now it's a labyrinth of a straight line, that is, time in its pure, purest form, such as what emerges from the depths [*fond*] of non-chronological time. That's why I emphasized this passage, with this marvelous author who gave us the key to this passage, namely, the serial novels of Maurice Leblanc.[15]

But what am I ultimately trying to say? Well, I can say, with this third point, I'm able to reach the conclusion that… remember, it's time. My third conclusion was that time, at its core and in

its non-chronological substance, is responsible for the crisis of truth, a crisis in both of its aforementioned aspects, in both senses. [*Pause*] My final conclusion is, fourth, that, okay, what is it that initiates and maintains such a fundamental relationship between truth and time? It's morality. [*Pause*] Morality. [*Pause*] And we are all affected by morality. [*Pause*]

Which makes morality rather ambiguous. In a way, it appears to be the foundation for truth, but in a more profound sense, as we'll see, it's what confronts truth with time and leads it into the mother of all crises. This new development is what I want to flesh out before you—before you discuss, as I hope you will. So, this, this is what I'm trying to say. Let me back up…

Here I have a few texts in mind because it's still complicated; it's all rather complicated. It goes without saying that it's complicated. I'm pulling from two texts that I really like, two texts from Antonioni, and both passages bear out what I'm talking about when I say, you know, whether it's filmmakers or, or whether it's painters, and so on, it's exactly the same as with philosophers—I mean, there are some real thinkers, tremendous thinkers. On the other end, it would be great if philosophers would paint a little now and then. Okay, I'm thinking about two interviews with Antonioni. For this, I need them both.

The first is rather straightforward and rather funny, I think it's pretty funny. He's asked, "What's your relationship to Neorealism? How do you situate yourself vis à vis Neorealism?" And he says, well, that's easy, you know—Neorealism, he says, turns on the actual relationship between a character and their social reality. Which is totally wrong, in my opinion, and he knows it, but that's neither here nor there; that's not what Neorealism is really about, but who cares. From the very beginning, again, Neorealism has been permeated by the indiscernibility between real and imaginary, which is easy enough to prove. Certainly, it appears that way; certainly, you could put it that way. You could say that Neorealism begins with a character in a social situation, and people always cite, people always point back to either Rossellini or *The Thief… Bicycle Thieves* [De Sica, 1948], right. But it wasn't like that even then; even back then, it wasn't about that at all, and you can tell right away. From the very beginning, Neorealism was about—I think this would be our proof—was about presenting a new type of image that depicted, that highlighted the indiscernibility between the real and the imaginary.

What I'm saying is that, fundamentally, Neorealism is—as I discussed in previous years[16]—*Europe 51* [1952]. It's [*Pause*] when the bourgeoise woman visits a factory, a real factory, a real image, and says—she's appalled, she's never been to a factory—she's appalled, and she says, "What I saw were prisoners." "What I saw were prisoners"—and that forms a circuit. I don't mean that images have been superimposed; Rossellini was clever enough to avoid that. What comes about is a mysterious circuit between the actual image (the factory) and the virtual image ("What I saw were prisoners"). That—that's the indiscernibility: a factory is indiscernible from a prison. That's the art of Neorealism. It has nothing to do with... anyway.

Or there's *Stromboli* [1950]. *Stromboli*, where the further the foreign woman ventures into the reality of the island, up to the volcanic eruption, the further she proceeds in her own mental exploration, until both are united—her mental exploration and the exploration of the island—then the volcano erupts, and she, rather than descending, climbs—climbs up the volcano rather than climbing down, crying "I'm done for, it's so beautiful." And then both, that is… "It's over,

my God, how beautiful, it's all over"—I don't remember, you get the idea—then, if you like, everything salient in the virtual image, what's in her head, and everything salient in the real image, all the successive layers and aspects of the island, form a kind of demented circuit that brings her to her knees. Everything's become indiscernible: "It's so beautiful, it's all over." That's the point of indiscernibility, the point of no return! What is true, what is false, what is real, that—*that* is Italian Neorealism.

And in the end, that's comparable to saying—and I suppose Antonioni puts it that way because he's getting at something else—he says that, in the end, what I represent, and here he gets really spiritual, he basically says, what I represent is Neorealism without the bicycle. [*Laughter*] It's Neorealism without bikes, I've taken out the bike. He basically says that's why it's no longer as important—doesn't feel as important—it feels like it's no longer important, it no longer matters today if you make a film about a man whose bike was stolen, i.e., about a character whose significance hinges on the fact that their bike was stolen. He says that's no longer interesting; he says it did very early on, but I think that even at the start, there's something else at issue; it wasn't stealing a bicycle, it was about something completely different.

"Now that we have today eliminated the problem of the bicycle"—It's amazing, he goes on—"I am using a metaphor, try to understand beyond my words." In other words, like a philosopher, but not metaphorically. He's not actually speaking metaphorically. A bicycle, right, a well-known example. Now what he's saying, what he's interested in, instead of the bicycle—he's moved beyond the little bike, because "it's important to see what there is in the heart and mind of the man whose bicycle has been stolen." Today what's important is seeing, he says, after the early days of Neorealism, "it's important to see what there is in the heart and mind of the man whose bicycle has been stolen," how he's adapted, "how he has adapted"—past tense—"what has stayed with him out of all his past experiences with the war, its aftermath, everything that has happened in our country," a country that, like so many others, has come out the other side from something so grave and significant.[17]

What is he trying to tell us? He's saying that, the early sort of Neorealism was impressive, but it didn't account for the problem of time, it accounted for movement: the bicycle. It was still a cinema of movement. See, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter if he's right or not. There's a temptation to jump in and say no, that's wrong, that's not wrong. Let's say that early Neorealism dealt with issues surrounding what's real, what's imaginary, and whether they're indiscernible or not, but it didn't get to the problem of time as something that provokes crisis. What is the problem of time? It's no longer about learning what someone will do once their bike is stolen. That sort of thing has been done for ages. "It's important to see what's in the heart and mind of the man whose bicycle has been stolen, how he's adapted," how he's adapted to it, "what has stayed with him," for example, "of his past experiences with the war," it is time to swap out movement, time to replace it with time, and to replace the problem of movement with the problem of time.

Let's consider why. What makes the problem of time so urgent? It's because time is something terrible. [*Pause*] And on that point, I'm moving on—the writing gets a little confusing, but it's so great—I'm moving on to another piece from Antonioni. Both of the sources I'm using are included in Leprohon's book on Antonioni, published through Seghers. So, the writing is rough.

You'll see. My question is: in a completely different way, don't we find something equivalent in Nietzsche? By and large, yes. This second bit from Antonioni is, I think, unmistakably Nietzschean. [*Pause*]

You're with me, yeah? You all can see where I'm going with this and why I'm bringing up time? The reason is that time, right, if it puts the notion of truth in crisis, it's because—this is only a first step—it's a real mess; time is a real mess. There is something… there's something incredible about time, something incredible that haunts us. Maybe that doesn't make it a mess; it might even be the most beautiful thing in the world, if we reach non-chronological substance, you know, at the root of time. Nevertheless, time is… it's awful. Awful.

What's so awful about time?[18] "From birth"—this is why—"As soon as they're born, a person is saddled with the burden of a sensibility" [*Pause*]—he's talking about feeling, sensibility; I'm taking him literally, right?—"Feelings are linked to time." Time is accompanied by certain feelings. No sooner than we are born does time saddle us with sentiments or feelings. Things are already pretty obscure; it's not clear what he means. We should see where he goes with this… You can tell he has a vision. It's not… Again, it would be stupid to argue whether it's right or wrong; trying to understand what he means is challenging enough. Let's hear him out for… we'll try to understand what Antonioni is telling us. Myself, as soon as I'm born, I immediately, immediately find myself burdened by these sentiments. And that's my being in time. [*Pause*] "[These sentiments] can't exactly be called outdated and outmoded"—and yet that's what he says later on. Because later, to keep us on our toes, he contradicts himself. The word's meaning will change in the interim, though he doesn't say so. "These sentiments, this sensibility"—we find ourselves weighed down by so many sentiments—"They're not so much old and outmoded as they are completely unsuitable"—unsuitable—"conditioning us without guiding us, hindering us without showing us how to get around them." Feels like it's starting to get original. How is it original? Simply because it backs us up; it confirms what we've been saying. We said that it wasn't about content. When the concept of truth comes into question, it wasn't about knowing whether people believed this rather than that three hundred years ago, whether they thought this or that was true. That's only about content. [*Pause*]

What does Antonioni think? [He thinks that] what we ought to interrogate is the form of time, the form of time being defined as follows: that which expresses time's non-chronological substance, or time's foundation [*fond*]. Antonioni is trying to say that what's terrible about time is that it leaves us with—it imposes—from the moment we're born it burdens us with all this baggage, these feelings, these unsuitable sentiments that condition us without guiding us, that hinder us without showing us how to get around them. "They're not so much old and outmoded [feelings]." That is, it's not a question of simply saying, okay, once I'm born, I'm burdened by old moral attitudes; my parents impose their old moral values on me. No. That might be the case, but it's very limited. On the one hand, it's likely false; on the other hand, it's beside the point. It's a platitude. It has nothing to do with anything. Antonioni cannot—when you come across a platitude when reading, when what you're reading is written by someone great, you say, "I must be mistaken; that can't possibly be what he meant." Here he makes it clear: "They're not so much old and outmoded [feelings]." In other words, we don't mean—when we say that what makes time awful is that it burdens us with unsuitable feelings or sentiments—we're not talking about time in its chronological sequence, as if that were what burdens us with old or outmoded

feelings. No, what he's interested in is the form of time. [*Pause*] It's with regard to its form and not particular old or outmoded content; it through its form *as* time that time burdens us with unsuitable feelings or sentiments.

Insofar as we are in time, we are fundamentally unsuited, fundamentally constrained. Oh, hold on, however, if we read ahead—"Because, I repeat, the present moral standards we live by, these myths, these conventions are old and obsolete. And we all know they are, yet we honor them. Why?" What a pickle. It's a disaster. Because I just finished explaining how we specifically *aren't* talking about its being old and obsolete, and he explicitly says as much at first.

And then, ten lines down, he tells us: "I repeat"—he said it at the beginning—"I repeat, the present moral standards we live by, these myths, these conventions are old and obsolete." Suddenly, what's bad about time is that it makes us believe in things that are no longer true, in obsolete moral standards. Well shit, close the book, it's a lost cause. Well, hold on, we can't think of it like that. What might he mean, then? We live by… They don't come from us; it's time—time provides them, time provides us with obsolete moral standards, myths, conventions. And yet it's not—bearing the first part in mind—and yet it's not because its contents are old or obsolete. It's owing to its form, the state of its form, as the expression of its non-chronological foundation. What is the form of time, burdening us with obsolete moral standards, moral standards which are obsolete the moment we're born? This antiquated sort of morality boils down to two words: "you must." "You must." And there's no contradiction between this and when Antonioni says, "They're not so much old and outmoded as they are completely unsuitable, conditioning us without guiding us," and so on. He means that, of the obligations and moral standards foisted upon us as soon as we're born, he's not referring to any of them in particular.

When he says, ten pages—no, ten lines down—"the present moral standards we live by, these myths, these conventions are old and obsolete," he's not contradicting himself at all. He means that the form of time is the "you must," the form of time as it expresses the non-chronological core of time. Its form is simply "you must." It doesn't matter what I "must" do—in one period I ought to do this, in another period I ought to do that—that's what chronology is. That's what might be old or obsolete. But there is something older than any old or obsolete particular. What's older and even more obsolete than any content carried through time, through chronological succession, is the very form of "you must," no matter what it is that I "must" do. It's the ancient form, through time, by way of its form, as the expression of its non-chronological substance, that makes "you must" a point, full stop. What must I do? It doesn't matter. "You must." "You must." Whatever it is—"you must," "you must choose," "you must," "you must." So, you see, his argument starts to get more rigorous.

For me, the payoff, what struck me as crucial, is that what fundamentally binds truth and time together turns out to be morality. What fundamentally binds truth and time together is morality, in the form of "you must." Why? Because the "you must" is always already there, throughout all existence. The "you must" is a given, always already there, that feeds on the non-chronological substance at the root of time. You might think that none of this is all that clear. I'll try to articulate what he's saying a bit more clearly—the series that can… "You must," right. [*Pause*] There's just me, as something that exists, and existing through time tells me that "you must," as something given in advance; see, we've moved beyond thinking about outdated content to a

form, the form of something given in advance, as if the "you must" rose up from the depths [*fond*] of time and lie in wait for every living thing.

And then Antonioni tells us, well, alright, [*Pause*] we live by old and obsolete moral standards, myths, and conventions, and we're fully aware of it. Why do we respect them? Because, he adds—and this is the crux of the matter for him—it isn't a question of knowledge. In the realm of knowledge, ultimately, truth doesn't see itself as being in crisis. It's the opposite of what we usually say. Antonioni is here actually pretty refreshing, because I think he's right. We always talk about a crisis in knowledge. But for knowledge, strictly speaking, it makes no difference; there is no crisis whatsoever. Antonioni says, but with knowledge, you know, "Man is quick to rid himself of his technological and scientific mistakes and misconceptions." In other words— you can't say it changes nothing—something changes, but perhaps not when it comes to our relationship with time. When Einstein's understanding of space more or less replaced Newtonian space, obviously a lot of things changed as a result. Sure. Does that change our relationship with what it means to be true? Does that affect our relationship with what it means to be true?

When quantum physics arrives on the scene, okay, then you might say that that brings about the atom bomb, but does the bomb itself really change how we relate to things, or is the bomb the means whereby something else is revealed? From the point of view of scientific knowledge, whether we have it or we don't, Antonioni says, is hardly the problem; we have no problem discarding one scientific belief for the sake of another. No sweat. Otherwise, there would only be a problem with content. Well, the state of science today, right, doesn't pose many problems. When it comes to science, science has never been so humble, so willing to retract, but when it comes to moral attitudes or sentiments, what we find is an absolute conformism. Interesting.[19]

If one morning you wake up to learn that, okay, today a new particle has been discovered; they've discovered a new particle, and as a result a whole part of physics is no longer true, no longer holds, is called into question—sure, you're fine with that. You say, okay, very well, it's no big deal. It might be a catastrophe for scientists, but for different reasons. So, science has never been so humble, so willing to retract, and ultimately science isn't what frustrates us, science isn't what annoys us so much, but in the domain of feelings or sentiments, we find utter conformism. Alright. So, now, what's pressing isn't a straightforward problem of content or changes in content; what we're facing is a question of form. Okay. [*Pause*]

And so he says, we know the moral sentiments we're burned with from the moment we're born are totally unsuitable, that they condition us without guiding us, that they are unhelpful, that they make us neurotic or worse. Again, it's no longer a question of changing content, it's about the form of "you must," insofar as it weighs on us and emerges from the depths of time. He tells us that it serves no purpose. How do we get away from it? It doesn't do anything for us but lead us into states of conflict, pathological states. It makes us sick. It makes us sick. You might think that I'm exaggerating, that it doesn't make us sick. It does, Antonioni says, who is getting more and more interesting, because, at best, we find a tiny way of escaping, we find a tiny way of escaping. He says, okay, all these "you musts"? Enough is enough. [*Laughter*] So, we treat it like something outdated, and we say: "I'm so clever, I've figured it out," and it's the most pathetic trick in the world; it's the feeblest trick in the world, a trick—I'm stressing this point because I'll

come back to it later—is doubtless what transforms love into pure misery, in a purely neurotic process. And here we get the whole thrust, the entire thrust of his filmmaking.

What do we make of the fact that love produces and leads people to such pitiful, such pathological, such desperate behavior? So we find, yes, we find a way, but our little trick for avoiding the "you must" is worse than the "you must" itself. And, since this comes from a commentary on *L'Avventura*, on *The Adventure*, he uses *The Adventure* as an example. He says, see, the heroes are subjected to the "you must"—he doesn't say it in so many words; I, I, I'm tightening it up to…—they're subjected to the "you must." More specifically, the man's fiancée has gone missing, and the "you must" here is that he must get her back. [*Interruption of the recording*] [1:31:51]

… original, space whose parts are disconnected, etc., not because the connections can only be drawn from the perspective of the girl who's still missing, that is, can only be drawn with an imaginary eye.

Right, well, nobody believes it. Strangely, they do a sort of abstract ballet on that rocky island, very lovely, admirable, but no one is really looking. However, the two main interested parties, the girl's fiancé and the girl's friend, fall passionately into each other's arms, and their love story [*word unclear*] more and more the pretense of looking for the missing woman. So, it's a very sensual, violent love story, and Antonioni comments: [*Pause*] since people no longer believe in this "you must", why do we honor its moral standard? "The conclusion the characters reach isn't one of moral anarchy; what they arrive at is more of a mutual sense pity, along the lines of 'I understand you,' 'I understand you.' That's old, too!" In other words, notice literally how the second sense of the word, *old*, also emerges from the non-chronological depths of time. This, too, is old; the Ancient Greeks constantly referred to a mutual sense of pity. This mutual pity is even more effective than moral anarchy at matchmaking. [*Laughter*]

Then how do we explain it when love pulls through? If, as they say—everyone has their own problem—if you consider, those of you familiar with Kierkegaard, if you consider the problem Kierkegaard obsessed over, it's of this sort, but he taken the problem and used it to frame the totality of the world. Antonioni, that's what I like so much about him, his way of pursuing a problem, and we're all like this—but there are some, some of us have a gift for it—obsessing over a problem such that it reframes the world in its totality, i.e., the state of society, industry, everything, the worker, the peasant… His obsession is: What on earth are these lovers doing? It shouldn't be that way, he says. We've become accustomed to it, so we think, okay, it's no big deal. What's he talking about? No way—he won't let it go!

It's like Kierkegaard with Job, I won't let it go! I want an answer from God himself! I won't let up. Philosophers are like assholes, because philosophers won't settle for generalities; I, Kierkegaard, won't give up on God, just like Job said: I, Job, won't give up on God, I need to get an answer from God himself. I won't settle for generalities like, oh, well, that's life… [*Laughter*] "Love doesn't always last." No, no, no, I won't let God off the hook without getting a straight answer: why does love—which ought to be something important—only wear us down, or at best, at best, make us pathetic, making us pity each other. That's what he's after.

Personally, that doesn't strike me as all that urgent, but neither are mine: I stress the idiotic nature of problems, in this sense: the philosopher is really someone who refuses to let go of a stupid problem. Kierkegaard has written some beautiful pages on Job, on the story of Job, and that's what's going on there. Job suffers all these hardships and all his buddies come by and tell him, "Oh, Job, everyone is mortal, God punishing you is proof that He loves you," and then Job says, "No", in the muck, in his despair, "No, I won't let it go. I won't let God off the hook," which means, "I need to hear it for myself." Or, as [Lev] Shestov, an admirable thinker, puts it, "I want an explanation for every victim in the story, I don't want a Hegelian sort of response— 'Of course! History is an unforgiving process whereby reason is actualized.' I want an explanation for each senseless death." You think, he must have gotten a lot of answers, but he will have posed the question for two hundred pages—no—over a thousand pages, and wonderful pages at that, I mean, not simply aesthetically beautiful—this is incredible work, offering so many reasons to live. Well, it's the same sort of thing with Antonioni and his problem.

And he says, okay, the most they've achieved is a sort of mutual sense of pity; we might call that old, too. Indeed, it's tragedy; it goes back as far as Aeschylus, the mutual sense of pity which mortals… "But what else is left if we do not at least succeed in achieving [this sense of pity]?" Antonioni says, "Why do you think eroticism is so prevalent today in our literature, our theatrical shows? It is a symptom"—hey, he's sounding more and more like Nietzsche—It is one of the easiest symptoms to understand, "a symptom of the emotional sickness of our time. But this preoccupation with the erotic would not"—and here we're coming to the end of this wonderful passage—"But this preoccupation with the erotic would not become obsessive if Eros were healthy […] but Eros is sick." Eros wouldn't make us sick, i.e., erotic. Our "preoccupation with the erotic would not become obsessive if Eros were healthy." [*Laughter*] Isn't that great? Eros would not make us sick "if Eros were healthy."[20]

Evidently it isn't our fault, eh? If it were healthy, it would be fit for our human capacity and we would be able to renounce it, that is, if I may add, if we were reconciled with time, and we have not been reconciled with time. "In *L'Avven…*" "In *L'Avventura,*" "In *L'AvvenTURA*"— is that where you put the accent, *L'AvvenTURA* — no, you don't put it there? Where does it go? [*Student:* At the end?] At the end? [*Another Student:* The penultimate?] Oh, the penultimate, the next-to-last… let's just say *The Adventure…* [*Student:* That can't be right.] [*Laughter*]

"The tragedy in *The Adventure* stems directly from an erotic impulse of this type," i.e., when the missing woman's fiancé and friend start to develop erotic feelings for each other, the major scene for Antonioni. "The tragedy [stems from] an erotic impulse of this type"—What I'm calling a little trick, a trick for getting around the "you must," is along these same lines—"unhappy, miserable, futile." Their erotic impulse is messy, they know it, they're perfectly aware—they know it's worthless, that it's an unhealthy Eros, and that what they're getting into is unhealthy, unhappy, miserable, futile. "To be critically aware of the vulgarity and the futility of such an overwhelming erotic impulse, as is the case with the protagonist in *The Adventure*, is not enough." [*Pause*] "If we know that the ancient codes of morality are decrepit and no longer tenable," why do we still heed them? "There's a stubbornness I find sadly moving." And as he wraps up, he asks why we only respond with such pathetic little gambits, thinking, well, I no longer believe in this "you must," only to swap it out for some "unhappy, miserable, futile" erotic impulse, which makes us so unhappy that it makes us need therapy. [*Laughter*]

And Antonioni goes on: "Thus moral man who has no fear of the scientific unknown is today afraid of the moral unknown." That's the crux of the matter: "Thus moral man who has no fear of the scientific unknown is today afraid of the moral unknown." In other words, to summarize my takeaway from Antonioni: behind truth's crisis—no, I'm summing up what comes before my third point—behind truth's crisis is its fundamental relationship to time, that is, to the form of time, or that which expresses time's foundation or non-chronological substance. What I'm calling the form of the time isn't chronology, it's what expresses time's foundation or its non-chronological substance. What is that, tentatively? We can't know yet, since it's part of the work ahead of us. So, what makes truth fundamentally linked to… no, what brings truth into crisis is its fundamental relationship to time.

Our fourth point: what's behind the fundamental link between truth and time isn't scientific knowledge, [*Pause*] it's morality and the moral realm of feeling, "moral" here meaning almost like, like the equivalent of sentimental— for me, moral refers to the realm of feeling or sentiment. See how things are progressing; we keep moving along. Isn't that something? This isn't too fast, is it?

So, my third point was, I think, yeah… I'll repeat it because I, myself, am not too clear on it. What causes truth… no, what provokes truth's crisis is its relationship with time, such as we've just described it in an already complicated way; and fourth, what links time and truth together is morality, as we've just explained. That is, as the realm of feelings, of the purely formal "you must," of sickly Eros, of little tricks for getting out of, getting away from this sickly Eros.

With that, I'm almost done with what I wanted to cover before I turn things over to you. No, I've almost… all I'm saying, before we move on, all I'm saying is that we're going to see this last point, i.e., that what makes truth—yes, I keep on repeating myself, because to me, of course, this is right, my gut tells me that I'm on the right track, so I repeat it again and again—what links truth and time—I mean, it has to ring true before we can understand it. When you think, yeah, I'm on the right track. Well, but that's not so reassuring—So, I'll repeat: the fundamental link between truth and time—ah, I forgot—it isn't a matter of scientific knowledge; it's about morality, it belongs to the realm of feelings or sentiment. Now you're thinking, go over that again in your head. The more you repeat it, the more you think it isn't so great, and in another way, the more you repeat it, the more you think, God, we're not quite there yet. [But] if we manage to pin down what's going on here, we've got something.

Because ultimately, what I'm focusing on is how Nietzsche tell us—this concludes our last point—Nietzsche tells us time and time again, especially in *The Gay Science*: I am the first thinker to have brought the subject of truth into question.[21] No one has ever understood what it meant to question truth. Moreover, I'll say that the powers of the false are infinitely more interesting than truth. I'm heralding a crisis of truth, for the sake of the powers of the false I'm going to reveal. Only the powers of the false are interesting. That's what he says, explicitly. I'm the first to have brought the subject of truth into question. Secondly, he says: the problem of truth and its crisis does not come about in the name of an impoverished and flat scientific knowledge. If you believe that—and it's precisely because we believed that that no one has ever questioned truth or realized the crisis it was in. [*Pause*]

The fourth passage. [*Pause*] So, that's the second passage we find in *The Gay Science*. With the third passage[22] if calling truth into question is strictly related to the realm of feelings or sentiments, it's simply because the notion of truth and the form of truth itself has a moral origin and only a moral origin. [*Pause*] So that, in questioning the subject of truth, or undermining it, what we're interrogating isn't about a variation in moral beliefs, which we're profoundly indifferent to, but the form of the whole moral standard everyone has hitherto respected: you "must" do something, whatever that might be. [*Pause*] And this is where the concept of truth comes from, and he goes to great lengths to prove it.

And the fourth is a great passage from *The Gay Science*[23], where he exhorts all of us, strange as it might sound—very difficult, it's a difficult text, which is why it requires a closer look— "Either abolish your venerations or yourselves!" Abolish your venerations. It's a wonderful text, and it begins with "man is a venerating animal, but he is also a mistrustful one."[24] And so on, and so on, and perhaps that will be how it goes, a final product of nihilism: "Either abolish your venerations or yourselves!" Wow, what a great passage—a wonderful line from Nietzsche. Why do I bring it up now, before we've even begun to work through these texts? Because it corresponds so well to what Antonioni says. Abolish your venerations or abolish yourselves.[25]

What's more, he gives us the right way to understand this line: either abolish your venerations, or you'll be forced to abolish yourselves. How come? Because your venerations are what abolish you, and they do so in two ways: because from birth they burden you with a form given in advance, the ruinous form of a "you must," which you can only fend off with pathetic little tricks that do nothing but enhance your discomfort. If you don't abolish your venerations, you abolish yourself, either because you'll be forced to honor your venerations, to obey them, or else—which isn't any better—you'll be forced to escape them, but in a way even more useless, more desperate. In either case, in either regard, these parts of Nietzsche work through this knot, this conceptual knot between morality, truth, and time.

And if I had anything, there is one philosopher who I think was the greatest of the pre-Socratics. The greatest of the pre-Socratics was the one who gave meaning to philosophy. It's not—it's not cut and dry. But as I see it, it's Empedocles. Everyone has their favorites, so I'll tell you mine: for me, it's Empedocles. [*Laughter*] It's Empedocles. I would have said… since we don't have the text, I might have said Heraclitus, or Parmenides, instead of Empedocles. Some of Empedocles' work has survived, but not all that much, really—so, that's my choice. Yeah. Because Empedocles did something outstanding. He—look, you'll see why I'm bringing this up—he did something—everyone knows, right, that philosophy isn't… it means "friend of wisdom," you know? Heidegger had a big part to play in the shift, and he tried to explain what "philos" means in Greek, because it wasn't exactly the same as "friend." Because I'm not much of a Heideggerian, I'm not exactly on board with Heidegger's commentary, on what he thinks the real meaning of "philos" is.

I see it differently. Empedocles pulled off something incredible. He made it so that the problem depends—up to then, there was an interest in the difference between true and false, even before Empedocles. And generally speaking, it was a question of wisdom, of "*sophia.*" Even then, the problem of what's true and false was a question of "*sophia.*" Empedocles is the first one to have

said—we'll see why later on; we'll talk more about Empedocles next time—Empedocles is the first one to have said: no, there's something else behind true-and-false. [*Interruption of the recording*] [1:55:21]

Part 3

… Behind true and false, there is love and hate. Personally, when I say that, it sounds so novel, it's flips everything around. I won't say that I really buy it, that it's love and so on. It's a complete revolution. It's huge. We talk about what's true, about "*alatheia*," but behind that, there is love and hate, and the conflict between them. It wasn't like that with Heraclitus—there was conflict, but it wasn't like that, it wasn't a struggle between love and hate. In other words, [Empedocles] reveals love and hate to be behind true and false. From then on, from there on the "*sophos*," the sage, becomes "*philo-sophos*." The act of philosophy is that of discovering that the question of love and hate lies at the very heart of the question of truth. Nietzsche is a philosopher insofar as he always reminds us that the question of love and hate lies at the heart of the question of truth, to the point that those who say, "I want the truth," are fundamentally hateful. It's a peculiar turn of events. Empedocles was the first to carry out this reversal. And we'll see why he did it; he did it in a very, very precise way. What Empedocles did was incredible. He's truly one of the greats.

Anyway, for the time being, as we transition from Antonioni into Nietzsche, and what I still have left—then I absolutely have to go to the office, unfortunately—what I still have left is, first, reaching where I'd like to intervene with these four points, four very particular points, and we'll more or less stick to that for today, and I'd like to divvy up our research topics since now you might see and understand how the topics I outlined at the very beginning, in our first meeting, are starting to become relevant. And I'd like to hear from anyone who's ready to pitch in. And anyone who isn't ready to participate, as cruel and hateful as you are, you're obviously free to go. I'll be back in 15 minutes, then I'd like for us to have a conversation about these four points and how to organize the work ahead of us.

Next time, then—that will let me clarify anything that's still unclear when we end class today—I'll start by commenting on the four passages we're pulling from Nietzsche's *The Gay Science*. So it's important that you all read as much of *The Gay Science* as you can. Fortunately, some of the paragraphs stay the same, no matter what translation. With *The Gay Science*, I'm particularly interested in 344… paragraphs 344, 345, and 346, three main—three—three main passages, two pages each, they aren't long, six pages total, but [these are] three major passages from Nietzsche, after paragraph 319, from *The Gay Science*. I'll get into it later.

Student: And you're coming back?

Deleuze: Yeah, yeah, of course. [*Interruption of the recording*] [1:59:00]

… But here soon, we won't always get along. Soon enough it might be that you're happy with me but I won't be, but I'm pretty pleased at the moment! Because…

Student: Happy with us or with you?

Deleuze: With you—oh, I'm always happy with you, always, across the board. Because, only because I managed, in my mind—which doesn't necessarily mean it's clear for anyone else—managed to clarify what I've been trying to say from the beginning, and then we won't talk about it anymore. Anyway, I have these four levels. But I'm sorry to say that this won't last; we'll start all over, because we'll get six other levels when we start talking about the relationships between these four. And finally, we'll finish our introduction. That'll be around Easter. [*Laughter*]

So, there you go. Personally, what I need are two things. [First,] your reactions. I'm only talking about the four levels, if only to see if there's anything I absolutely do not understand, so I can make it our task to… anyway, on the one hand, [I need] your reactions, and on the other hand, we'll come back to our research topics that I described at the very beginning in our first meeting, and see if I can count on some of you to handle one topic or another—not handle, but look into—and see if you can package your thoughts in the form of either an in-class intervention or, quite honestly—whatever works, I'm not against it—you could honestly put it in writing and send it my way, and I can relay it for you—but anyway, what I'm saying is that you're time has come.

So, first off, do you all have anything important to add—though I guess it's unclear… on that note, I understand if some of you find this completely unpalatable; [if it] doesn't speak to you at all, well, there's an easy solution: you should find a different class. I mean, I can't pretend to please everyone, and I say that with total modesty. But if you are generally on board, anything to contribute, straightaway? Something like, for example: in the discussion ahead of us, some point or other, in particular, that we'll need to expand on. So, that's the first type of question or response I hope to get out of you. And then there's another type of question. We'll start with the first. What do you have to contribute? Is there anything we need to… I'm not saying we're through with…

Georges Comtesse: [*Some of what he says is unclear at the start*] … regarding the question of time in Antonioni, and even Antonioni's trilogy after The Cry, that is, *The Adventure, The Night, and The Eclipse*. Because, when Antonioni approaches, for example, from a limit, from a limit of philosophical thought, that is, Kant's thought with the idea of time having a caesura and of time as an empty form, the difference between long and short time. When you approach this question, I think, of course, that's certainly related to what Antonioni sometimes says in his writing. But is that totally compatible with what's captured in the space of his films, exactly? That's my question. I'll explain. When Antonioni talks about time, we said it was a raw signal of time, the same as we said about Resnais. Telling you he actually believes… [*Laughter, noise in the room*]

Deleuze: Already, you aren't giving me an inch… [*Laughter, commotion*]

Comtesse: …What he's doing is his way of not getting pinned down, not being saddled with the label like Resnais. Because if we're sticking to a philosophy of cinema, you might even say that it's not so much a non-chronological core [*fond*] as it is the empty form of time. When it comes to the space of film, it's more—it's a lot more complicated than that because the point, after Antonioni's *The Cry*—at first at least— [what he's trying to capture] isn't a non-chronological substance overflowing the empty form of time. What he's trying to capture is what might be called the force of the time. And the force of time, as the force of solitude, perhaps—there are

several things going on here, but primarily it's the force of the void, or more precisely, the force of empty time.

And why? Well, because in the film you discussed, it's that force, capturing a particular block, which effectively suspends the domain of feelings [*sentiments*] and sends love into a fundamental crisis, since this block, which is the force of time, the force of empty time—empty time is a moment above or below, whether it's chronological time or Aeonic time—this force of empty time is the force of a certain, you could call it a certain block, for Antonioni, it's a block of distance, of neutralization, extension, disappearance, the woman's disappearance, she doesn't have to really disappear. This block, the man's block, implies the woman's disappearance. It's just as much a block of anesthetized indifference, whence the little erotic impulses you spoke of can emerge—it doesn't matter, that would still fall under this block of anesthetized indifference, an eclipse, the eclipse of desire. That is, this dominant block of desire is the block eclipsing a determinant desire, for which time is a void. And that's precisely what's at issue concerning Antonioni and the mutation that he undergoes through his trilogy, specifically when he talks about space, or about the melancholic machine in *Red Desert*, a devouring machine, he calls it.

And this devouring machine, for example, in *Red Desert*, before we go through this machine, he ends up saying or seeing, in a certain regard, that it's an envelope. So, there is a whole mutation in Antonioni, it's rather an exploration, let's say, an exploration, carrying out the events of desire, based on or by way of the block of empty time, which is the empty force of time, and which is precisely the block of incommunicability, incommunicability as a kind of state: you say nothing, there's no communication between… Meaning there is something, an eclipse, which is the block of the desire, which is never communicated between, and which imposes, and which imposes the realm of feelings, but which equally imposes upon love, and which makes love time [*word unclear*]. Thus, the question—which is a slight, minor difference—is that instead of talking about the relationship between the empty form of time and the core—oh, no… the substantial core of time—perhaps we instead ought to come up what it is, exactly, that filmmakers have captured in their film's cinematic space, that is, in the block of an empty force, an empty force of solitude, a force of empty time.

Deleuze: Listen, Comtesse, I'm struck, because it's a text that I've reread pretty recently after I went to see a film by Mankiewicz. I always get the feeling in our conversations that I'm Brutus, and you're Marc-Antony. [*Laughter*] Because, everything you said—granted, you said more than me, you said more than I did about Antonioni, but then again, my goal wasn't to examine Antonioni's films in general. Above all, I wanted to examine two texts that I found lovely, from my own point of view, and not in terms of Antonioni's films per se.

And that being the case, I think you could say that what you've said totally lines up with me or that I totally line up with what you've said. The only difference—I'm not saying that it isn't significant—is that your word choice is better than mine. I wasn't satisfied with mine since, sure enough, I *was* talking about the empty form of time, which you so ruthlessly pointed out, and it bothered me while I was talking about it—though I wanted to reserve the word, "form," for the "form of the true," since that was the subject at hand—[it bothered me] to the point that I clarified that the "form of time" only meant the expression of time's a-chronological substance, of time's non-chronological foundation [*fond*]. So, it isn't the only takeaway, but that's my main

takeaway from what you've said, right, if you want to avoid any equivocation, it would have been much better to call it the *force* of time. I think you're absolutely right—though I think it's only a matter of wording, and yours is better. "Form of time" won't work if we're trying to indicate what it is that expresses this non-chronological foundation since, indeed, it harks back to Kant, who was referring to time's non-chronological foundation itself.

Thus, it's a thousand times better—if we want to describe what it is that expresses time's non-chronological foundation, it's a thousand times better to call it the "force of time," especially since that ties it directly to the power of this base or this foundation. And I could then argue that this power and the force of time are the same thing. So, on this point, I'm fully on board, that is, if it's alright with you, I'll adopt your terminology, and I'll only talk about it in terms of the force of time in direct comparison with the power of the false. Alright, then.

As for the rest of what you said: in my opinion, it all squares with what I was getting at, i.e., we agree on what's at stake in the force of time. Through the concept of truth, it is indeed a problem with us, sick of Eros, because Eros is sick of himself. Then, on that point, you brought up issues particular to Antonioni's films, after *The Cry*, and so on—I can go ahead and sign off on what you've said. But it really is a lot better to put it in terms of time's force, a force of time—nevertheless, is it necessarily empty? At any rate, a force of time regarding the power of the false… I'm more than okay with that. Yeah. So, that makes things… as I said, I clarified things as well as I could. No, there was one more step; we shouldn't describe it in terms of the form of time because then you can no longer tell between the form of time or the form of the true—you risk confusing them—whereas the ambiguity disappears once we adopt Comtesse's proposed terminology. So, personally, I'm totally on board with his position. Yes, perfect. Are there any other comments? Any other comments?

Student: [*Beginning is unintelligible*] … Could you elaborate on Kant's antinomies?

Deleuze: On Kant's antinomies?

Student: Yes. To know whether you could fit them into a previous narrative.

Deleuze: Whether …?

Student: … If you would place them in a previous narrative. [*Pause*]

Deleuze: I will have the chance to dip into Kant later on, but not on this aspect, I think. I'd be curious to hear—I don't really see why you're linking these two problems. I can't see the connection. I'm curious—if you have the time and patience—next time, for next time, make a short note for me—just something jotted down, you know, I'm not asking for a dissertation—explaining the link you see between the subject of narration and Kant's antinomies. It's true that the antinomies are two ways of describing, of narrating the world—that *does* sound right to me, so I'm sure you have something in mind. So, if you'll write a little something along those lines, I could answer you more directly; I could either tell you that no, I don't see the connection you've drawn, or I could give you a more specific answer.

C. Finkelstajin: I'd like to…

Deleuze: Yes?

Finkelstajin: Just now, ultimately, several times you repeated that truth was in crisis confronted with time, but its problem was posed in terms of morality and not in terms of knowledge.

Deleuze: Yes, exactly! Our four points—I'm happy to go over them again; I'd go over them again because I haven't quite pinned them down in my head. But that's exactly right…

Finkelstajin: I happened upon something written by physicists, biologists—scientists, let's say [*Pause*]—who in a way have pushed the principles we discussed last time vis à vis Leibniz a bit further, in their attempt to define what physicists call the principle of entropy. The principle of *entros*, the end of humanity. In Classical philosophy, objects were always thought of as existing outside us—well, what you talked about last time, to define truth…—that objects exist outside the perception we have of them. In fact, and what they try to prove—what these scientists attempt to establish—is that the world only exists… when it comes to the biological possibility of human existence, [the world] only exists insofar as there is an observer to see it. Meaning that, because we can observe the world, that's proof enough that it exists, and proof enough that there is only one possible world, I mean, when it comes to the hydrogen, water, and air temperature [that we need to live]. And I find that—how to put this—when it comes to scientists today, I find that position rather interesting, that is, they might be in the midst of rendering questions of morality and knowledge indiscernible, in a way that I'd argue is rather Spinozist, and I don't know, I wanted to know…

Deleuze: Yes, but that—yes, but that, I think, thanks to you, that will be one of our goals. Because, if it's alright with you, if you could send me a copy of that piece, hang onto it—we'll both look back over it to see what we can draw from it. Because indeed, I think we'll explore what you said a bit more next time when we talk about Nietzsche, where he says, "the true, the true adventure doesn't take place in science, it takes place in morality." What does he mean?

Finkelstajin: Yes, of course, it's effectively an ethical problem…

Deleuze: There is an ethical problem; for him, it's a matter of lived experience. Ultimately, it's about lived experience; what's important isn't so much ethics as it is that there is a domain of feeling or sentiment. Whereby certain instances of scientific problems can be precisely articulated in terms of feelings or sentiments, where what's at play is really… we'll have to see. We'll have to work it out with this text, which I haven't heard of. So, we'll need to discuss it, if that works for you. [*Interruption of the recording*] [2:17:48]

… highly expected, we immediately want to say, straight away, well, [*word unclear*] certainly Nietzsche means something else. And that, when he says that the real crisis of truth takes place not at the level of science but at the level of feelings, or morality, he obviously doesn't rule out the fact that what he's calling feelings, morality, might apply to science. Thus, what he's saying might be a lot more complicated than it seems.

If your first thought is "What does he mean?" I can't help you; you'll have to read the text, you'll have to go look, but that's what I can recall. Afterwards you can present it yourself, as the first objection to come to mind, and why science… involves something you could call the crisis of truth. But I do believe we'll uncover what Nietzsche means, if you have any doubts. It doesn't take place in science. So, in a way, it might be that there are no pure sciences, that, when it takes place in science, it's by way of an experience, a whole other sort of experiment. What he's signaling is that, in the end—but it's a very difficult concept in Nietzsche—what he's gesturing towards is life. What I mean is that it isn't about science; it's about life. While there is life in science, life, the way Nietzsche understands life, is so… Well, anyway. I'll save that for later; I'll have to hold back…. Anything else?

Student: Yes, I had another question about Leibniz. It seemed to me, well, I think I agree with you for the most part, but going back to what you said, when you said that selecting the best of all possible worlds involves a moral decision—wouldn't there be ontological repercussions?

Deleuze: That's why I said the choice was moral, mathematical—I could have also added theological, or what have you. It's still the case that God chooses the best—the best in every sense of the word—as a law, as a rule. And since—Leibniz having worn so many hats—since Leibniz is a lawyer, it's also lawfully, legally the best; the judge is making the right decision. He's a mathematician. [So] it's the optimum, the law of maximums. But he's [also] an ethicist, a moralist…

Student: Then it absolutely isn't something Spinoza is worried about?

Deleuze: Well, it absolutely isn't a problem for Spinoza, by definition. At that time, there was another philosopher who shared this problem, and they articulated it in almost the same way, apart from one crucial difference: Malebranche. Malebranche also talks about possible worlds, but he doesn't develop a concept of incompossibility; a comparison to Malebranche is rather intriguing, but I maintain that for Leibniz, the false, uh… the true can only be salvaged by invoking, if you will, the [concept of] "right" [*juste*], in every sense of the word. Both in the sense of… the mathematician's calculations were "correct," and in the sense of a judge or moralist being "right" or "just."

Student: I'm not really sure what to ask, but I have an inkling, an intuition: I'm suspicious, you know? You're talking about morality, but what I'm really interested in is when you talk about time in Resnais and especially in Orson Welles—whom I really enjoy—and you mention time. And I think that time slides further towards aesthetics. Right away, Leibniz comes up, and Leibniz was an aesthetician. It's not really about ethics, it's not really about truth, it's aesthetics. And then the two or three filmmakers you brought up, and that's how it was, right? All three are purely aesthetic filmmakers… incredible things…

Deleuze: Let me tell you, because your intervention is already great, and it specifically allows me to… You've understood that, when either Antonioni or Nietzsche talk about morality, what interests them isn't morality—not at all. What they're interested in is what they call, and for them it's synonymous, the world of feelings. And, simply put, to use the word "morality" again, because morality for them is defined by or as a certain regulation, the regulation of law and not

of form. But what they're interested in is the world of feeling. They don't say that the crisis of truth takes place in morality rather than in knowledge; what they're saying is that the crisis of truth takes place in the world of feeling, in the world of feeling, which is something very new, tantamount to saying: the crisis of truth isn't situated in the world of representation but in the world of feeling. But they're forced to invoke morality, since morality is the normativity of feeling, or the regulation of feeling. You follow? And thus, they certainly do participate in what you've just described—at bottom, it has to do with aesthetics, aesthetics as in feeling or sentiment. It encompasses a lot more than morality.

Student: Aesthetics is about… affects, not exactly feeling, but in the end my impression is that it's close to feeling…

Deleuze: Aesthetics is still a matter of feeling. So, on that point, completely agree.

Comtesse: On the "you must," in particular…

Deleuze: Yes?

Comtesse: Bringing it back to the realm of philosophy, it's Kant, who, when it comes to the *a priori* sense [*sentiment*] for the moral law, that is, respect for the decree, "you must," the categorical imperative to universalize he despises of action. Well, we also know that the categorical imperative of the "you must" implies, as Kant says, an "infinite reduction," in his own turn of phrase, of perverse sensibility [*sensibilité*], of perverse desires, in other words.

Then, the question that I might ask, regarding the question you've raised about the substance of time, is: Is this substance of time—instead of approaching it or grasping it in terms of either the Kantian "you must" or in terms of the very opposite of the Kantian "you must," that is, as the radical force of destruction of the other *qua* other, which is the [*word unclear*] and which in a way harkens back to the law and thereby means rising back up to God—instead of bringing things back, therefore, to the philosophical and classical, should we not perhaps approach it through the lens of Fritz Lang's great film, which was playing again the other night, *M* [1931]? Because at the end of *M,* with the sequence with the courtroom and the sentencing [*word unclear*], in the courtroom scene "the murderer" utters these three words. The murderer's three words are: *fire, voice, torture.*

In other words, the murderer is overcome by an undecidable drive to kill these girls. This drive brings the eye to its limit, i.e., the eye *bulges* [*Translator—"Ex-orbite."* The wordplay is lost in translation], it basically revolts; it is within this repetitive drive, the drive of an undecidable fire, because if he fends it off, he's crushed by guilt or overwhelmed by anxiety, at which point, as the impulse takes over, what he calls "the voice" emerges, and the voice is none other than the "you must," i.e., "you must kill." He tries to resist. He says, "I must, I must, I will not." So, he's attempting to resist the most classic force, the will, and he is forced, then, to consummate or satisfy his compulsion. Put another way, the torture that results from the struggle between the voice telling him, "you must," and the will to resist this law, where he's swept up by a murderous compulsion—doesn't this voice's "you must" offer us a new way of approaching the a-chronological substance of time?

Deleuze: New, I think—it's very interesting, but new… there's no reason to think that it would be newer than anything else. See, because everything you just described, I think, applies to one instance. It's a very specific case, where what's in question is the evildoer, and I'd like to frame things from the perspective of the fraud or falsifier. Because our image always has something of a fraud in it, too. And personally, I could only approach that when I come back to… I think, yeah, no, I don't really think that would get us very far. The example you use, at any rate, given its shape, its complicated constellation, I'm looking for the same things you are. I only see one instance of this combination between the power of the false and what you cleverly named the force of time. One instance—certainly not a privileged instance—you say it would somehow be more novel; in my opinion, it's no newer than anything else because, at the end of the day, it goes back as far as Plato; it's already there in Plato. Plato has some wonderful passages concerning what he calls "the phenomenon of depravity according to nature," which he opposes to other types of depravity. What exactly is an evildoer? What complex, what constellation corresponds to the naturally deprave? It comes up explicitly in Melville, and that's why I'm so insistent on discussing Melville.[26] I believe that the principle you're describing is incredibly important, but I don't think it's particularly unique among the powers of the false or the forces of time; or, at any rate, *I* can't see a reason to privilege it over others. Yeah, it belongs to a long list… but that it does belong on the list, we can agree on that much.

Anything else? Anything else? Anything? Nothing else? First, this is what I'd like. I gave you series of research topics—very abruptly, now that I think about it, so you had no reason to understand them. Now I reckon that you can understand how they're connected. I no longer can remember what was on the list. No one wrote it down, did they?

Student: He did…

Deleuze: Him? Ah always, always, always a bit of truth. Alright. I thought this first line of inquiry would be particularly well-suited for anyone who's done a bit of crystallography—or physics, even. All I would ask of them, then, would be to have at it, just play around, play around with the crystal philosophy, much like they did in the 19$^\text{th}$ century with the philosophy of nature. So, I don't want an outline of things about crystals, or what have you—what I want is for you to use what you know and what you can figure out about crystallography to attempt, on your own, to figure out the idea of a crystalline image, since not all images are crystalline. I'd be very interested to see, then, you work through this kind of transplant. You'd take what you understand about crystallography and figure it out, if necessary adjusting my initial definition of crystalline images—as this sort of indiscernibility between real and imaginary, the real image and the virtual image, the actual image and the virtual image—to see if that holds up, or what have you.

So, if some of you have a bit of training in physics, if you could look through a crystallography textbook and help me out, that would be terrific. Straightaway, are there any? Anyone? [*Pause*] Aha! You're just the man we need. Well, then, come and see me, I don't know when, but come see me. You'll get started on it, will you? I would really appreciate that. And reflect on whether, at any rate, we'll need you to take notes and give them to me, and then we'll talk over them a bit. And then we'll see how you do, if you can… if you're willing to write up a report, if, but you'd have to willing for us to develop it, right? Terrific. What is your name?

Student: Joani.

Deleuze: Joani? Have you been with us before?

Joani: No, this is my first year.

Deleuze: It's your first year, so you don't know—you don't have our habits—with time, you'll get into the habit. [*Laughter*] So, all the more reason I need to see you. If you want, next Tuesday we'll set up an appointment before Christmas break. Terrific, crystallography.

Moving on to our second research topic. I would have liked for some of you to take the opportunity to do an overall rereading of Melville, the novelist—Herman Melville, the American novelist. Anyone have a particular interest in Melville, someone already familiar with his work, who feels up to overviewing his work in order to organize it, and even putting it to paper?

Student: [*Unclear, but likely referring to the difficulty of obtaining Melville's book*]

Deleuze: [*Laughing*] *The Confidence-Man* is a problem. At a glance, none of the students here are all that interested in English literature. I'm sure there's one out there, but what was his name? What?

Student: [*Unclear*]

Deleuze: But if you're into Melville…

Student: But I haven't read him! [*Laughter*]

Deleuze: This is your chance to read all of him; it's now or never. But obviously, while I hope I can make you want to read him, I can't force you to jump straight into… Who here has read Melville, anyway?

Student: [*Unclear*]

Deleuze: Show yourselves! Well, they don't want to. I'm sure there are plenty, but they aren't interested. For example, he's read Melville… I can tell—there, the tall blond guy… I can tell, call it intuition. Aha, see, he's playing dumb. [*Laughter*]

Student: [*Unclear*]

Deleuze: Ah… I wanted him to lie. I was hoping he'd lie, and he says, "I haven't read Melville." "I've never read Melville," he tells me. [*Laughter*]

Student: Yes, you!

Student: [*Unclear, but it sounds like he's suggesting something else by Melville, "Bartleby."*]

Deleuze: Huh? Oh, apparently that's his favorite; he already has a favorite. How is it? "Bartleby," evidently, yeah, "Bartleby" is so wonderful. It's around 50—no—40 pages, so you could call it a novella, you know? It's a novella which I think—wasn't it translated in "Benito [Cereno]"?

Student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: No, no, I swear it isn't. Well, "Bartleby," would work in a pinch, yeah, we'll need "Bartleby" soon enough, anyway. I guess I'm not seeing many for Melville, then…

I'd like to set something straight, when it comes to cinema. A third research topic I'd like for you to pursue—because it's a pet peeve of mine, nothing major, but something that's come up between Comtesse and me for almost two years, where, no, if it's not this, it's something. I claim, I maintain that Welles, Resnais, as well as Robbe-Grillet, fundamentally represent a cinema of time; they invented the time-image, and Comtesse suggests that yes, many have said as much, it's clearly important, it's an idea with a lot of traction, but interestingly, he suggests he doesn't see it that way at all, and he invokes—we got into this a bit two years ago, I think—he invokes some of Robbe-Grillet's formal writing. Since I've also brought up them up, and because his writing covers a wide range, I'd like for some of you to dig into what's going on with time-images in Welles, in Resnais, or regarding the time-image, etc. That involves a whole bunch of film. I'm not even asking for that since—while there are some—I don't believe many of you study cinematography. Otherwise, I *would* expect [you to watch it all], if it speaks to what they remember or currently understand about this group of filmmakers.

The third subject—now you're starting to see how they're connected. This one is Nietzsche, a close reading of *The Gay Science*, I've already pointed to four books: *The Twilight of the Idols,* and obviously *Zarathustra*, especially the last part, since the last part includes a procession of so-called supermen, where the so-called supermen each represent a power of the false. This particularly hypocritical and insidious parade of all the powers of the false, which will be dominated, mastered, and transformed by Zarathustra into something [*word unclear*]. Thus, it's kind of a stunning opera, a very modern opera where each comes in with a song, and all of them appearing as powers of the false, for example, the whine of a crying infant, a young girl's mask for singing Ariadne's plea, and behind, an old man's head, and in all of it, there is a whole game of the power of the false with the senses. Thus, I'd be really interested if some of you did a close reading of Nietzsche.

For the more hardcore philosophers among you, I'm eagerly looking forward to a close reading of Plato. And as I said last time, the sort of reading we need is one focused on *Protagoras, Gorgias,* and *Hippias*, three of Plato's dialogues named after Sophists. That's precisely what I'm interested in, the fact that they're Sophists. Then two major Platonic dialogues, *The Sophist* and *The Statesman*. Plus, [Eugene] Dupréel's book, which I've just learned has been reissued, so it's easy to find—a book about the Sophists, where he tries to discern Protagoras' position, and Hippias, and Gorgias. So, that would be another research option.

Anyway, alright, I think… Ah! Finally, for anyone with some training in logic, I'd love it if you take another crack at it—formal logic, modern logic—it would be great if you went back—and here, you can see how everything is connected, that these different research topics are, in fact, coherent—if you could dig down into an oft misunderstood part of logic, which I think is fascinating: the theory of descriptions, which holds an important place in the history of modern logic after [Bertrand] Russel, the theory of description—I don't need to say why it's interesting—and pair that with contemporary narrative theory or theories, which are part of literary criticism rather than logic. For example, Gerard Genette's recent work on narrative or stories. Add these both together, theories of narra… ideas about description-narration. That's what I'd be really interested in, especially in the context, again, of a system of knowledge, formal logic—accounting for Russel and the extraordinary approaches to description we get from English logicians. So, those are our all of our research topics, then—I've already met with some of you; if there's anyone else, come and see me. Come and see me.

Student: [*A question about Genette's work*]

Deleuze: By Genette? Yes, there's *Figures III* or *II,* I think… There are either two or three *Figures*… [*End of recording*] [2:40:47]

Notes

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[1] Given the span of these three months, Deleuze is likely referring to articles: an article/interview by Serge Daney in *Liberation*, October 3, 1983, p. 31, and an interview by Hervé Guibert, *Le Monde*, October 6, 1983, pp. 1, 17, both regarding the publication of *Cinema 1: The Movement-Image*. See also *Two Regimes of Madness,* trans. Ames Hodges and Mike Taormina (Los Angeles: Semiotexte, 2006), pp. 210-221).

[2] Alain Robbe-Grillet, *For a New Novel: Essays on Fiction*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Grove, 1965), pp. 147-148.

[3] On "reports" and disconnected space in Antonioni, see *Cinema 2,* pp. 6-9.

[4] *Sentiment* is tricky. In most cases, "feelings" works perfectly well for *sentiments*. In some cases, however, "sentiment" has been left when it could also be taken to mean an impression or opinion (as in "I share your sentiment"). In some instances, such as Antonioni's interviews below, words like "sensibility" or "attitude" are used. Antonioni says that, from birth, we are burdened by certain moral *sentiments*—"moral feelings" does not appear to work as well as "moral attitudes" or "moral sensibilities." For the sake of clarity, I sometimes double up on these options ("feeling or sentiment").

[5] On disconnected and whatever-space, see (e.g.) Session 11 of the Cinema 1 Seminar (March 2, 1982), as well as Sessions 6 and 11 of the Cinema 2 Seminar (December 21, 1982 and February 22, 1983).

[6] On Fellini, see *Cinema 2*, p. 8

[7] Deleuze's neologism, *instat,* is also introduced in *Cinema 2*, p. 6

[8] Deleuze brings up the term, *procadence,* in *Cinema 2,* p. 91

[9] While *le vrai et le faux* literally means "true and false," the reader should not confuse these terms for "correct and incorrect." In the context of these lectures, the reader might consider phrases in English such a *real* or *true friend* versus a *false* or *fake friend*, a *reliable* or *unreliable narrator*, a *real* or *forged* signature, *authentic* or *falsified* documents, etc.

[10] While "falsifier" is a perfectly good translation of *faussaire*, in English we tend to think of a falsifier as someone who falsifies *something* (e.g., documents, testimony, etc.). A falsifier passing something fraudulent off as genuine. In this context, a *faussaire* might *themselves* be phony: an imposter passing themselves off as genuine. In English, a "fraud" could refer to someone who does either or both, so I sometimes couple "falsifier" with "fraud" in case it aids the reader.

[11] *Fond* could be "foundation," "base," "basis," "depths," etc. I opt for whatever seems most natural in context.

[12] It's actually the latter part of Session 2, November 22, 1983.

[13] Diodorus' so-called "master argument" was discussed in Session 3, November 29, 1983. Regarding what makes this the "master" argument, Pierre-Maxime Schuhl's interpretation appears in *Le Dominateur et les possibles* (Paris: Vrin, 1960), pp. 8-10.

[14] Actually, Deleuze doesn't mention another author in the previous session in this regard; however, he might be referring to Michel Serres's book, *Leibniz's System*, which Deleuze cites elsewhere.

[15] For more on Deleuze's reference here to Leblanc, see Session 8 of his seminar on *Leibniz and the Baroque*, January 27, 1987.

[16] See Sessions 18 and 19 of *Cinema 1*, from the 11th and 18th of May, 1982, as well as Session 23 of *Cinema 2*, from June 7th, 1983.

[17] Deleuze attributes these comments to Antonioni, from a book by Pierre Leprohon, *Michelangelo Antonioni* (Paris: Seghers, 1962), p. 103, which Deleuze cites in *Cinema 2*, p. 284, no. 40. *Translator*: I've made a few adjustments to Tomlinson and Galeta's translation of the quote.

[18] Deleuze's reference in this passage is Leprohon, pp. 104-106, as cited in *Cinema 2*, p. 6. See p. 281, no. 9.

[19] For more on Antonioni's text as it appears in Leprohon, see *Cinema 2*, p. 6. See p. 281, no. 9.

[20] Text adjusted to accommodate wording of the quote as it appears in "A Talk with Michelangelo Antonioni on His Work" from *Film Culture,* no. 24 (Spring 1962), pp. 45-61.

[21] Based on Deleuze's later suggestion, he's primarily thinking of §344.

[22] Probably §345.

[23] §346.

[24] This comes from the middle of §346, where Nietzsche writes, "For man is a venerating animal! But he is also a mistrustful one."

[25] At the end of §346 Nietzsche writes: "[a suspicion concerning ourselves] that could easily confront coming generations with the terrible Either/Or: 'Either abolish your venerations or – *yourselves!*' The latter would be nihilism; but would not the former also be – nihilism? That is *our* question mark." *Translator*: I've quoted Nauckhoff's translation, from Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, ed. Bernard Williams, trans. Josefine Nauckhoff and Adrian Del Caro (Cambridge: Cambridge, 2001).

[26] See Chapter 11 of Herman Melville's *Billy Budd*.