Gilles Deleuze

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

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Part 1

… you promised me. [*Pause*] How beautiful! [*Pause*]

I really think we ought to start with Book Four [of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*]. I don't see why not, [*Pause*] because if you start with Book Four, you get an even clearer sense that there must have been more afterwards; Book Four wasn't meant to be the end. Whereas if you start with Book One, you get to Four and think, well… [*Pause*] Who hasn't read Book Four? [*Laughter*] That's okay. Alright.

So, our topic for the first quarter was the crisis of truth when subjected to time. [*Pause*] Good. I wouldn't want to go over it again, but I almost want to start over based on what we might have gathered thus far, not a whole lot, [*Pause*] but I'll just add a few things to keep us moving. What I was trying to do in the first part of the class, with the crisis of truth subject to time, was to build from authors—and again, my qualm, my concern, is that you might come away thinking all these authors say more or less the same thing. Especially since we've dealt with authors working in very different directions, with very different profiles. We were drawing on philosophers who were already very dis… very distinct from each other, Plato and the Sophists, Nietzsche, as well as authors such as [Herman] Melville, [Alain] Robbe-Grillet, touching on the New Novel. And then we gestured toward cinema—but we've only gestured up to this point. Now, for this second quarter, the proportions might change, but we'll stick with these three points of reference, and we'll need to add others.

Now, I claim—and this is the first thing worth pointing out, because we'll need to come back to it—the crisis of truth results from its being subject to time, but not in terms of its content, of time's contents: it's change, it's what changes. Time doesn't jeopardize truth by way of its content but by way of its form, or its force, to borrow [Georges] Comtesse's turn of phrase.[1] Thus, it's the form or force of time that brings truth into question, on two fronts which have historically been the subject of major Ancient paradoxes.

Briefly recalling said paradoxes: it's a two-fold paradox, a double paradox known as—when both are lumped together—as the paradox of future contingents. [*Pause*] In one version

concerning… Both aspects essentially concern the form or force of time; it has nothing to do time's variable content. From one end, the paradox goes: "the impossible proceeds from the possible," which is rather straightforward. [*Pause*] When I say there might be a sea battle tomorrow, well, from the fact that the sea battle might not take place—there might be one tomorrow—from the fact that it might not take place it follows that, if it does take place, it's impossible for it to not have taken place. "The impossible proceeds from the possible."

The other form of the paradox states: "The past isn't necessarily true [or the past isn't necessary]." We approached these as the two pincers of this paradox of the future, of future contingents. I didn't reference it because it hadn't come to mind, but since it's a book we'll come back to during this part of the course, it's worth mentioning now. I completely forgot that Kierkegaard, in one of his greatest books, *Philosophical Fragments* (1844), spends an entire section—I'll just give you the subheading, since we'll need to look at the passage. Under the heading, "Interlude"—"Is the past more necessary than the future? Or, when the possible becomes actual, is it thereby made more necessary than it was?"[2] We find the same two pincers, and indeed, Kierkegaard's whole chapter amounts to a revival, a modern revival of the ancient paradox of future contingents. So, that's the first point; our first point is: in what sense does the form or force of time suffice to undermine the concept of truth? [*Pause*]

My second point—where I'd like to go back and add a few things—is: what exactly is undermined once truth is subjected to the form or force of time? Well, what's undermined is, as we saw, the organic form of what's true, [*Pause*] of the model, of the supra-organic model this form implies. What's undermined is thus the organic form of the what's true and its model. We saw this whole development play out throughout Herman Melville's work, described in his own particular fashion. [*Pause*] Yet if what's undermined is the organic form of truth, notice that we're going to end up with a series of oppositions [*Pause*] between different aspects of the concept of truth on the one hand, and on the other hand, its being called into question. Each aspect of the concept of truth will be called into question by the form or force of time.

And from here I can now distinguish one, two, three, four… five, five aspects. [*Pause*] The first aspect of the concept of truth corresponds to what might be called "organic" description. What is an organic description? It is a description which presupposes the independence of its object. I won't go back over it; I'll just remind you that we need to understand what "presupposes" means. It doesn't mean that, the object is, in fact, really distinct from my description of it. Indeed, perhaps the object does not, does not exist. When I describe a unicorn, we all know that there is no unicorn. That doesn't mean that it is not an organic description—insofar as my description doesn't fail to presume the independence of its object. Whether the object exists or not—the question isn't whether the object exists; what matters is the mode of the description. The description depends on the assumption that it corresponds to an object distinct from itself. [*Pause*]

With this aspect of truth, [*Pause*] you can already tell when I say, "aspect of truth," obviously, "aspect of truth" includes the possibility of the false: the false doesn't fall outside the concept of truth. [*Pause*] On the contrary, the possibility of the false is inscribed within the concept of truth. If I say, "I've seen a unicorn," that is a false proposition, sure, but it doesn't at all undermine the concept of truth, by no means. Why not? Because it is a—because it depends on an organic

description, a description that presupposes the independence of its object. Contrary to this aspect of truth, that is, truth as organic description, we looked at a completely different approach to description. This other sort of description is one that replaces its object.

What does that mean? At the same time—in this respect, I argued: what is equally important for logic, as much so for logic as for philosophy, for art criticism, for all sorts of things—for cinema, too, as we'll hopefully see, later on—developing a theory of description is theoretically crucial. [*Pause*] A description is not the same thing as a proposition. I believe that having such a theory, a theory of description, is fundamental. It's always fundamental. Propositions point back to implicit descriptions. Hence, again, why I highlighted [Bertrand] Russel, among the first the form a theory of description, upon which the entirety of his logic would depend.

So, the sort of description opposed to truth's organic description is something we borrowed from Robbe-Grillet, whose theory of description I find to be among the most fundamental, although his thoughts on the matter are rather brief and not very extensive. He tells us that his descriptions—that his descriptions are ones that replace their object. What does that mean? Simultaneously, he explains, such description both effaces and creates its object. The latter need not be the same: it might erase one object and create another. In both cases, in both the form that's erased or effaced, as well as the form that's created, the description no longer presupposes an independent object. On the contrary, it precludes any independent object; such independence is excluded on two counts: first, because by describing it, the object is erased; second, because by describing it, the object is created.[3]

Second… those of you in the back might perhaps… There's still some room here, isn't there? [*Pause*] Isn't it lovely outside? [*Pause; students are moving chairs around*]

So, that's our first point. The concept of truth first shows up in the context of description, and as such, organic description is opposite another kind of description, a completely different type of description. Secondly, no longer from the perspective of description but from the point of view of distinction—the concept of truth implies an organic distinction; it's no longer simply a matter of organic description.

Now we're dealing with organic distinction—between what? As we discussed, it was between the real and the imaginary. Where do we run into this organic distinction, determined by the concept of truth? In what aspect? What's real is defined by lawful and causal connections. [*Pause*] I know that what I perceive extends into what I do not perceive, into series I do not perceive, which I could perceive, and which are united to what I perceive *via* causal or lawful links. Behind this door, there is a hallway; behind that hallway, at the end of the hall, there is a stairway, and so on and so forth. You might say that's because I've seen it before, or whatnot. What's real will be defined by a system of laws and causal connections extending beyond my awareness.

The imaginary will be defined, on the other hand, by the pure presence of consciousness. "Only" consciousness is within consciousness. What disappears outside of consciousness as well as what appears within it, capriciously. [*Pause*] Which doesn't rule out the possibility of us discovering laws of the imaginary. You hear, for example, of condensation, of displacement, of

symbolization—that doesn't change the fact that the laws of the imaginary apply to fickle appearances and disappearances, that is, what we can distinguish using physical laws and causalities.

What's more, using the same argument: I can always confuse what's imaginary for what's real. Which is what we'll call the false, but the false, again, by no means challenges the distinction between real and imaginary. The false fully belongs—the operation of the false fully belongs to the concept of truth and does not put the concept of truth into question. What it does bring into question is my ability [*Pause*] to reach the concept, but it doesn't bring the concept itself into question.

With this aspect of the concept of truth, this… this second aspect of the concept of truth: the organic distinction between real and imaginary is opposed to, we saw, an unusual aspect of how the concept of truth is disturbed by the force of time. What is it this time? Well, it's the position where, in certain instances, under certain conditions—what sort of conditions? Precisely when we're in a position where the form or force of time challenges our concept of truth through the indiscernibility between real and imaginary. What sort of indiscernibility? I'll cut to the chase: I mean the veritable circuits where real and imaginary circle around each other, reflecting one another, orbiting what we're calling a point of indiscernibility. [*Pause*]

Hence our third aspect. This time, we're not looking at the concept of truth in terms of description, nor in terms of distinction, but from the perspective of form. And here, as we've seen, [*Pause*] with form as with the others, the concept of truth appears in the guise of organic form. Thus, organic description, organic distinction, organic form. [*Pause*] On the other side, what challenges the concept of truth under the influence of time is what we're calling "crystalline formations." What are these crystalline formations? For the time being, all we can say is that what we're calling "crystalline formations"—even if we're not in a position to justify the term, "crystal," our use of the word, "crystal"—are the circuits we just talked about. As soon as I can make out a circuit—which remains to be seen—again, the indiscernibility between real and imaginary isn't something that takes place in our minds. It occurs in circuits that are both objective and subjective. [*Pause*] A circuit where real and imaginary chase each other around, reflecting one another, circling a point of indiscernibility—for now, that's what we're calling a "crystalline formation." And the opposition we set up was between—how do I put this?—the worshipper of organic forms is a person of "good will," a "truth-teller" or "straight-shooter," and the one who makes or fabricates such crystalline formations is someone malicious. [*Pause*] Hypnotist, telepath, sorcerer, influencer—they have many talents. [*Pause*]

How do we characterize these crystalline formations? I've just given you a preliminary definition: the circuit surrounding a point of indiscernibility, the circuit surrounding and reflecting a point of indiscernibility. Which straightaway leads to another characteristic: what is this point of indiscernibility? You see, I can nevertheless discern the circuit and point of indiscernibility in crystalline formations. Which is because I can move from outside to inside a crystalline formation. Whoever made the crystalline formation is still outside it; around the circuit, along its perimeter, are faces: a real face, an imaginary face, running after each other like a rabbit—what is it that chases the rabbit? Around the track, yeah, it's a greyhound. The dog running… Well, yes, anyway… Anyway, that's silly, moving on.

But what about the point of indiscernibility itself? The point of indiscernibility as such refers to an internal perspective. We need to be perspectivists. Nietzsche constantly calls himself a perspectivist. Does that mean our position entails that we always see things from a particular point of view, based on a certain perspective? Obviously not—if that were the case, it would only be a platitude. It's still meaningful, but simply saying that we see things from a particular point of view, a particular perspective—for example, I have a perspective of a table I see—no matter my vantage point, I always assume a point of view. I can only have a perspective of the table—these are all more than just platitudes; there has been some wonderful analysis along these lines, it's the natural condition of perception.

That's never presented the concept of truth with any difficulty. Why not? Because these are external perspectives. Whereby we can move around things, changing our perspective. As someone once said, I always see things in profile, right.[4] It's the nature of perception. Far from undermining the concept of truth, it is a dimension of the concept of truth. Indeed, it's what I'd call an organic perspective; there is always an organic perspective. And the possibility and the necessity of perpetually changing one's organic perspective specifically points back to that which "lacks perspective," a supra-organic model. What is it that "lacks perspective"? The concept. Percepts are always subject to external perspective; concepts lack perspective. The perceived cube is always a cube in profile; the conceived cube has no perspective. That is, you can think of its six sides all at once, but you can never perceive all six at once; you have to move around the cube. But the external perspectives of perception and the concept's "lacking perspective" are tied together, reinforcing each other in the concept of truth, the organic form of truth.

On the other hand, when it comes to crystalline formations, we're dealing with internal perspective. For that, we found a word we liked from both art criticism as well as from Melville: "depraved perspective."[5] It's a perspective that belongs to the whole, to the system, as part of the formation to which it applies. [*Pause*] It might seem obvious that all art—painting, but also architecture—involves depraved perspective, where the system includes its perspective. [*Pause*] A painting of a table depicts a perspective from within its system; you don't walk around a painting in a painting—blatantly obvious—and architecture might very well be three-dimensional, but it too implies a perspective interior to the architectural whole as such. Of course, you can look at it from the outside and move around it, but interestingly, there are internal perspectives in three-dimensional systems. All such perspectives characterize what could only be called depraved perspectives.

In that sense, any artistic formation is a crystalline formation. The point of indiscernibility between real and imagination is the depraved perspective. And on this characteristic, our third characteristic, then—the distinction between organic forms and crystalline formations—our main reference was Plato, and Plato's distinction from *The Sophist* between icons and phantasms.

As a result, this third consideration—the opposition between the organic form of truth and the crystalline formation challenging truth once influenced by time—is what we described as "the power of the false." Being false doesn't call the concept of truth into question. Now the pieces are falling into place; it's the power of the false, the power of the false. [*Pause*] What is it that

elevates the false into power? It's the form or force of time, as we defined it in the beginning through our two-sided paradox. Everything ties neatly together.

Our fourth aspect—this is a new one. But it's just in time, that's both why I'm grouping everything together and—are you following so far? It ought to be perfectly clear at this point since I'm pulling from an entire quarter, but it's so lovely out that… — See, the fourth aspect, I think, follows from this. The fourth aspect concerning the concept of truth would no longer be about organic description, nor organic distinction, nor organic form—it has to do with how things are linked together. The organic sequence of what's true.

How is the truth organically put together? Well, it goes back to what we actually covered last year and the year before, especially—and we'll need to cover them again as we prepare our analysis. Essentially, the organic sequence of what's true is sensorimotor. [*Pause*] What ties things together is sensorimotor, i.e., situations are linked to actions, environments to actions. Can you see why? It can't be otherwise; you must sense what makes consequences necessary. Starting with the organic description of what's true, recall that such description presupposes the independence of its object. What do we mean by the independence of its object? The existence of a predetermined environment, [*Pause*] a clearly defined situation. A clearly defined situation linked to an action. Why? Because an action is a reaction to its situation. [*Pause*] When it comes to the organic sequence of what's true, we find what in years prior we called an *S-A* structure: from Situation to Action. Meaning what? That an action reacts to a situation. To what end? Well, quite simply, in order to either modify or restore it. A truthful sequence fundamentally depends on and is defined by such a sensorimotor sequence. This is the pragmatic aspect of the concept of truth.

And here again, I'm singing the same old song, namely, that pragmatism—at least in the, uh, simplest sense of the term—has never questioned the concept of truth. Famously, there were some schools of thought in the 19th century calling themselves pragmatic, from England and America, and they defined truth as a mode of activity and the results of such action. That might seem like it calls the concept of truth into question. Moreover, at its crudest, pragmatism came down to: truth is what works. Which lent itself to a very American way of thinking; and that's significant, ultimately, because it started to become synonymous with perspectivism, and indeed, the pragmatists took themselves to be perspectivists.

But when it comes down to this vulgar form of pragmatism, this simplified version of pragmatism, there isn't anything about it that calls the concept of truth into question. Because it's obvious that what's true is what succeeds. I mean, assuming that "succeeds" doesn't necessarily mean getting rich. [*Pause*] You never see a failing truth. I mean, take mathematics: what works is what's true. That is, success here means leading to consequences; something with no consequences by definition is not true. What distinguish a true triangle? It's that something follows from it. If nothing can follow from it, it isn't a true triangle. And so, pragmatism does no more than cast the concept of truth in terms of organic sequence. It doesn't question truth at all, no more than perspectivism did before it, inasmuch as the latter's perspectives were external.

Thus, I'd argue that that the organic sequence of what's true is its sensorimotor sequence. A milieu is extended into action, which reacts to the milieu; a situation is extended into action,

which modifies the situation. It's what Bergson called automatic or habitual recognition.[6] [*Pause*] And indeed, from the situation to the action, it's about recognition, the movement of automatic or habitual recognition.

To make sense of Bergson's definition, let's recall two examples. A cow sees a blade of grass, a tuft of grass; I see my friend, Pierre. What does "recognize" mean? The cow recognizes the grass; I recognize my friend, Pierre, on the street. I say, "Oh, hey, it's Pierre." It's exactly the same with the cow. It means that my perception latches on to use-movements. Any cognition is defined by the situation in sequence with movements, that is, by sensory-motor sequences. The perception of the thing is extended into the movement of its use. What law governs this sequence? This organic sequence. Because it really is an organic sequence in both cases. Right.

The cow sees a tuft of grass; they eat it; they recognize the grass. In other words, their perception extends into a motor mechanism. It's exactly the same with my friend, Pierre: I see Pierre; I say, "How are you? How is your mother? By the way, have you… have you seen…?" Right. What does my perception extend into with my friend, Pierre? It extends into my usual, habitual articulations. Such extension is really quite strange because—how do we describe it? I mean, it could certainly be more interesting.

For the cow, recognizing a tuft of grass is just like moving from one tuft of grass to the next; it's—when you recognize a tuft of grass, well, you recognize it and react to it, but what does "react" mean? It means eating the grass, but at the same time, it means moving on to the next tuft. That's its sensorimotor extension. It's exactly the same with my friend, Pierre; I go from one subject to the next: "How are you?", "How is your mother?", "And the kids…"—it's just one tuft to the next. That's what we call a conversation, moving from tuft to tuft; it's our way of being cows. [*Laughter*] It's a sensorimotor extension.

In other words, what does automatic or habitual recognition consist in? [*Pause*] I keep moving from one object to the next, [*Pause*] objects which are all on the same plane. I keep moving from object to object, all along the same plane. [*Pause*] That's what I'd define as the organic sequence of what's true. [*Pause*] What makes the organic sequence of what's true so organic is its being sensorimotor. [*Pause*]

Bergson says that what differs in kind is [recognition]… [*Recording interrupted*] [45:56]

Part 2

… what does he mean by "attentive recognition"? Well, it ought to make sense right away; it's precisely when it doesn't work on its own. What makes attentive recognition interesting isn't that it succeeds. Why? Our immediate answer is that, yes, of course, attentive recognition is different… [*Recording interrupted*] [46:25]

… Say it comes to me and I say, "Oh, yeah, that's the guy I ran into last week," and the sensorimotor flow is restored. There was a moment of suspense, but then it recovers. There was a hiccup in the organic sequence, and when I say, "Oh yeah, it's my friend, Pierre. I blanked and didn't recognize him, but that's my friend, Pierre," I snap back to the concept of truth and

reestablish—at the same time, I reestablish the sensorimotor flow: "Oh! How are you, how is your mother, how are the kids?"—tuft – tuft – tuft. What's particularly interesting about attentive recognition is that it presupposes its own failure. "Where do I know that guy from?" What's interesting about attentive recognition is that it hasn't succeeded, and in some cases perhaps it couldn't possibly succeed.

At any rate, what happens when it doesn't succeed? This is exactly what Bergson describes in Chapter 2 of *Matter and Memory*—he says its movement is the opposite of automatic or sensorimotor recognition. With sensorimotor recognition, I react to an object in order to move on to another object on the same plane. I extend from the first object to a second object along the same plane. With attentive recognition—when it breaks down—it's quite different. I look at the object, searching. I'm searching. I'm searching within. I'm not simply looking at the object. Bergson says that I only hook onto some of its features. [*Pause*] So, that strikes me as reminiscent of Robbe-Grillet, and I think it's obvious that Bergson and Robbe-Grillet overlap and resonate with each other on this point, in particular. By no means am I suggesting that Robbe-Grillet was inspired by Bergson—who knows. But they converge on the exact same idea, almost *verbatim*—or near enough. For example, Robbe-Grillet says, "tiny fragments without importance."[7] I grasp a "tiny fragment without importance" of the object: a certain way of walking, for example, or something about their silhouette."[8]

Thus, I pull out a single feature from the object, and I look within myself—and what does it mean to look within oneself? It means calling out. [*Pause*] I return to the object. I call out—call out to what? Am I calling within me? We'll see what's at stake here. What am I appealing to? My memories, you might say, but it isn't my memories. We can't just assume that they're ready and waiting. What memories? What are we calling on? We call out, we appeal to something. Where the hell do I know that guy from? Where have I seen him? I call out, but only so that I can come back to the object and see if what I've retrieved sticks onto the object, "sticks," i.e., begins to coalesce. We're back to our circuit; sensorimotor recognition is like linear recognition unfolding onto one and the same plane. Reacting to one object, I move on to a second object, and on to a third, *ad infinitum* along the same plane. Before, I was going from one tuft of grass to another tuft of grass to another tuft of grass. This is something different. From the thing, from the object, I extract some feature, and after searching for it, I come back to the object. If what I bring back doesn't coincide, doesn't coalesce, doesn't stick onto the object, I make another call.

Another example of a circuit: I'm walking along, and I see someone on the street who speaks to me, and by "speaks to me," I mean they remind me of something. Attentive recognition—I look at them, like this. I don't make a big deal of it because I don't want them to see that I'm looking at them, and I think to myself: where do I know them from? I'm sure I've met them before. I start searching. Right away, I think, I get some sort of impression—and what are these impressions, the feeling is so… we ought to examine them very closely. I think: "Oh, it's been a minute since I've seen them," and I call out. I can't say that I call on my memories; my memories can only come after I've made my call. Again, they don't exist beforehand.

What am I calling out to? A zone or region. See, I'm searching for a region. It's something else, rather strange—a region, right. What else could it be? A region of the past, not of memory. Now we're finally getting somewhere. It isn't a memory; [it's] a region of the past. Strictly speaking, I

could say that my memories come from some region of the past. But unless I look to a region of the past, as Bergson so admirably puts it: unless I place myself within [the past][9]—without leaping back into a region of my past, I won't recall anything. That's the call, the leap. I leap into a region of the past. My childhood, that's where it is—I jump back. Then memories come back to me. [*Pause*] I'm like, "Yeah, isn't that my old friend from high school?" You see, I've drawn out a feature.[10]

For example, I hear laughter in the street. I think, *Hold on, I know that laugh.* It sounds familiar. I call out. I touch down in a region of the past, and I'm literally listening for it, but I'm listening with a psychic ear, not with my physical ones. I'm listening to high school classmates who are now dead, long gone, etc. I listen to them with psychic ears, and I come back to the object at hand: "Oh, no, it's nothing." So, I have to draw out a different feature from the object at hand and call on a different region. [*Pause*] And I come back. Now how does Bergson describe attentive recognition? We find it in a wonderful passage; he says that whereas sensorimotor recognition entailed the linear movement from one object to another along a signle plane—the organic sequence of what's true—what about the halting sort of attentive recognition, such as we've described? It's one and the same object passing through several cycles, several planes. There's the object at hand and its circuits, but you won't move from one circuit to the other continuously. You have to start from scratch, looping back to the object and pulling out different features. [*Pause*]

But notice how the organic sequence of what's true corresponds to what we called "organic description." Sensorimotor recognition corresponds to organic description [*Pause*] while, on the other hand, what we've just described as attentive recognition corresponds precisely to non-organic description, or crystalline formations, where you form as many circuits as you need, [*Pause*] intersecting on the same—I can't even say they share a common object, since each circuit isolates a tiny fragment of the object. [Corresponding to this] you have, as Robbe-Grillet puts it, a form of description that's always starting over, splitting, etc. [*Pause*]

In other words, [*Pause*] with the organic sequence of what's true, you had a perception that extended into action. Now, your perception is cut off from its motor extension. It's turned into a pure perception. It no longer extends into action. But then what is it linked to? It forms an infinite number of possible circuits. [*Pause*] And these circuits are ultimately where the imaginary and the real run after each other, reflecting one another.

Yet we had said that the organic sequence of what's true implies a well-determined situation or a well-described milieu. On the flip-side, what does the non-organic circuit—what do non-organic circuits imply? Well, they imply—and I'm recuperating this idea because I'd like to use it in a new way, I hope—something we discussed last year and the year before; they imply a totally different kind of space. Far from a well-described milieu, they imply very unusual spaces. We described these spaces either as spaces lacking connection, as disconnected spaces, or as empty spaces. The thing no longer extends into action, the situation no longer extends into motility, tending not to appear in a real milieu but instead in a disconnected space, an empty space. What's going on here? This is where cinema begins to seem so pertinent, but the same could be said of painting. All artistic spaces are empty spaces, disconnected spaces.[11]

What do we mean by a disconnected space? Remember, it's a space whose parts are joined indeterminately, that is, they can be joined in infinitely many ways. It's a space whose parts aren't joined together in a predetermined way. And you can clearly see why. It's because in the real milieus of automatic recognition, on the contrary, things are linked through motility. If you cut off all motor extension, you necessarily end up with a disconnected space, that is, a space whose parts are not joined together—they aren't currently linked, but they could be linked in all sorts of ways. [*Pause*] Or else you get an empty space, empty—even though it contains the object—it is an empty space none the less. It's an empty space around the object. It isn't an occupied space, it isn't a milieu—as if the object were floating in a void. [*Pause*]

Yet that, that again, last year and the year before, we were really focused on that, and now we'll see where it takes us in the context of talking about time. We put a lot of effort into tracking the development of spaces in film. I mean, every filmmaker after the war, at least, has played—I'm not saying that before then there weren't any who did so—has fundamentally played with empty spaces and disconnected spaces. To recall some examples, even if it means nudging them into—there's an example I haven't brought up yet, but I'd like to talk about them this year—one master of empty spaces and disconnected spaces is [Yasujiro] Ozu. Another is [Michelangelo] Antonioni. There are plenty of others. You could even argue that it's all that contemporary film does, to the point that it's led to brand new clichés. What I'm interested in is coming to grips with the relationship between both kinds of space.[12]

Taking Antonioni for example, what's fascinating in his case is that he went from one to the other. It's a general pattern; he started off making disconnected spaces. Meaning what? Here it's very clear what it refers to: its pieces aren't connected; its parts are contiguous, but they aren't joined together. Hence his fundamental use of false match cuts or false continuity [*faux raccords*]. Such false continuity is used specifically so that contiguous parts do not join together. Why? Well, that brings us back to the matter at hand. Why? Ultimately, it indicates something rather strange. You can see the failure of the sensorimotor, the breakdown of sensorimotor sequences. On its own, the failure of sensorimotor sequences gives rise to a disconnected space. Which doesn't mean its parts lack any connection whatsoever; it means that their connection comes from elsewhere.

One example, if we look at *L'Avventura* [1960]—you'll recall, *L'Avventura* is quite simple: a young woman has disappeared.[13] From there, the woman's lover and friend [*Pause*] run off under the pretense of searching for her. Their route forms a space that is completely incoherent. The moment they start looking for her, they do all they can to not find her, to avoid finding her. So, what? As we said, there's nothing new; it's clear that the parts of the space of *L'Avventura* are connected under the imaginary gaze of the missing young woman. [*Pause*] That's what really sets off this strange circuit. But notice that we get a disconnected space insofar as the situation ceases to be sensorimotor, and Antonioni will go on to produce more and more disconnected spaces along those lines. For example, the space in *The Cry* [1957] is still fully disconnected; famously, we get these empty spaces where, when it's all over, when the thing is over with, there's nothing but empty space. In what form? In a rather important way, for us—empty space as countryside, or rather, the countryside as empty space.

Well, the first to have drilled down into that, I think—historically, the first to have depicted it in cinema—was obviously Ozu, but the Europeans didn't get there through Ozu, I think, because many of them didn't know his work. They got there on their own, but Ozu is the first whose approach to film was based on these disconnected spaces, on these empty spaces.

Turning to an example as extraordinary as [Robert] Bresson, you really see…what do we find? He's known—famously, he's known for breaking things into fragments. He shows us a table, but never the whole table, same with doors, or whatever it might be. It's only ever a piece of the table, from a "depraved" perspective—especially since, with such a perspective, even the character can't go around it, since it's only a fragment. But what is Bresson trying to say with this sort of fragmentation? He's pointing to the disconnected nature of this space's different parts. That is, its different parts can be connected in all sorts of ways.

Where will its connections come from? I think there's something special about Bresson's disconnected spaces, something that makes them unique, absolutely different from any others. The connections are tactile. Why, in Bresson's work, do hands come to replace the face? It's because Bresson has an especially perverse way of using hands. What we now get isn't a sensorimotor hand; the hand is no longer mobile—it's not even prehensile. It's a touching hand. The visual space is completely disconnected. And what establish or re-establishes the connections in this visual space is the hand, a touching or brushing hand. Hence it's absolutely essential that the hand takes the place of the face—in close-ups, for example.

Consider one of his masterpieces, *Pickpocket* [1959], what he does, for example, in the famous scene at the Gare de Lyon. There are three companions. The space of the Gare de Lyon is never shown in its entirety; in fact, we only get tiny fragments. What connects these fragments together? In *Pickpocket,* it would seem that it's accomplished by a thieving hand—absolutely not. It's no secret that, while a bad pickpocket might use their hand as a tool for grabbing things, a good one does not. That's a good way to get caught, or to miss your chance. That's no good. Bresson's close-up on all the sleight of hand in *Pickpocket* is a real masterclass, since it teaches us that by no means do pickpockets use a grasping hand to get their target. What do they do? They brush it; they block it. They catch it as it's moving. While the object is moving around, there's a great moment in the Gare de Lyon scene where one of the three pickpockets literally halts an item's flight while someone's carrying it. He doesn't grab it. [*Pause*] The hand is purely tactile—a purely tactile hand corresponding to a purely optical eye. The purely optical eye latches onto parts of disconnected space. The sensorimotor is gone; there isn't any motor extension. [*Pause*] And corresponding to this eye which no longer extends into action, whereby parts of space are left disconnected, there is a hand which is no longer motile, which reestablishes spatial connections.[14]

Anyway, to sum up: the organic sequence of what's true is defined by a "well-described milieu" and a "sensorimotor extension along the lines of automatic recognition." [*Pause*] Non-organic sequences, crystalline sequences, if you will, are defined by "disconnected or empty space [*Pause*] and perception cut off from its motor extension," which fits in with our understanding of circuits. [*Pause*] From there, everything proceeds as if the eye had lost its function, as if it no longer had a simply optical function. I mean, the very fact that its motor extension is bracketed grants the eye access to a function other than that of simply seeing. It gains what we ought to call

a "visionary" or clairvoyant function. Which, see, brings us back to crystal formations. What do I see in the crystal? What I see in the crystal is the thing itself, or at least tiny meaningless fragments of the thing, features drawn out and floating in empty space or disconnected space. [*Pause*]

Finally, last point. Notice our trajectory has taken us from outside the crystal formation—the one constructing the crystal formation—to the facets of the crystal formation, its circuits, and then inside the crystal formation—its point of indiscernibility, its depraved perspective. And indeed, the last feature of opposition is what distinguishes organic or truthful narration from the sort of narration that challenges the concept of truth, that is, falsifying narration, narration under the power of the false. [*Pause*] That's what takes place, then, in crystal formations. We're no longer thinking in terms of description like we did at the beginning; now we're coming at it in terms of narration.

And that's basically how it is everywhere, I mean, with representation. Representation—a quick primer on philosophy. We can only understand the idea of representation by covering the three terms it involves. In the 17th century, everyone was familiar with these terms and what they meant. They took the reality of representation to be threefold: it had an objective reality, a formal reality, and it had a material reality.

Even in Descartes—it started in the Middle Ages, but even in Descartes, you find these three realities of representation. Quite simply, you were almost expected to know them by heart. The objective reality of representation is its relation to the represented object. [*Pause*] Thus, it's its relationship with the outside. See, it has a lot to do with the concept of truth. Organic description, for example, which assumes an independent object, is related to an object. The objective reality of the idea of a triangle, of its representation, would be this, that, or another triangle. [*Pause*] Formal reality is the reality of representation *as* representation; it has a reality in itself. That is, regardless of whether there are triangles or not, the representation of a triangle has a consistency. Formal reality refers to the consistency of representation as such. And so-called material reality is its relationship, representation's relationship with a thinking subject, that is, representation as the modification of a thinking subject. [*Pause*] So, if you come upon these three expressions in your reading, they should be perfectly clear.

I'd argue that it works the same way when talking about propositions. Propositions also have three dimensions—[*Pause*] [propositions] or statements. [*Pause*] The first dimension: its relationship to a state of affairs. [*Pause*] The second determination, the second dimension: the relationship defining its internal consistency, what we could describe—it's open for discussion, but really, we're keeping things simple—what we can describe as what acts as the statement's subject. Bracketing the question as to whether every statement has a subject. But notice, I've more or less anticipated that by saying what "acts as" the statement's subject. And finally, there's a third dimension: its relationship to the speaking subject [*sujet d'énonciation*], i.e., the subject making the statement, uttering the utterance. [*Pause*] Alright.

What do we get from an organic understanding of what's true? It tells us that the external relationship between representation and its object [*Pause*] can only be assured by the set of internal relationships constituting the representation as an organic representation. Indeed, I

cannot grasp the object independently of the representation I have of it. It's thus by virtue of relations internal to the representation, as organic representation, that I can affirm the truth, i.e., the representation's correspondence to an object. Well, okay, that goes without saying, anyway. [*Pause*]

Implying what, exactly? It allows us to say that truthful enunciation entails the distribution and distinction between the statement's subject and the stating subject. In other words, what determines the truth or the object's correspondence is the relationship between the representation's formal reality and its material reality. What I'm calling "truthful narration"— even when it's "untrue"—is any narration in which the statement's subject and the speaking subject are well defined, [*Pause*] where their relationship itself is well defined, [*Pause*] an organic relationship which defines organic or truthful narration. [*Pause*] In other words, where we know who's talking and what they're talking about.

We all know there are some incredible narrations—which [Maurice] Blanchot so wonderfully highlights—in the third person, "it" or "he"; the third person is so rich that, in some cases, it gets so muddled that you absolutely cannot tell what "it" is. What do I have in mind, exactly? I'm referring—we've gone over this; I'm just recapping—I mean statements where the speaking subject [*sujet d'énonciation*] is itself taken up in a statement that depends on a different speaker, *ad infinitum*.[15]

We saw—I won't go back over this, either—what's accomplished with free indirect discourse, namely, this plurality of voices, where speaking subjects are constantly caught up in statements made by other speaking subjects, that is, when I include within my own statements—me, as the speaking subject—statements that rely on another speaking subject. [*Pause*] It's a multiple voice, a multiplicity of voices. [*Pause*] If you've read Book Four on "The Higher Man," we're told that the higher man has a multiple cry, voices within voices.[16] This is the occasion and context for the power of the false spinning out into a series of powers, plural. The constant referral, right, of a statement whose speaker constantly refers to another speaker, and so on—we might define it not in terms of depraved perspective but instead in terms of a series of powers of the false, or a series of anamorphic forms. [*Pause*]

There, that gives us five characteristics, I believe—yes, one, two, three, four, five—there are five ways of characterizing how the concept of truth comes into question. Right. [*Pause*]

But getting back to my point: what challenges the concept of truth in all five of these aspects is the form or force of time. [*Pause*] So, now we have an itinerary for the work ahead: how does this form work? We've seen… we've seen how it manifests. We examined it using the great paradox of future contingents. But what does this force of time do to challenge the concept of truth? What does it do? And how? [*Pause*] The answer is simple, I think. I'd argue that the force of time appears when time subverts what it's capable of subverting, when time subverts its relationship to movement. [*Pause*] The force of time involves and is even responsible for subverting the time-movement relationship, such that time no longer depends on movement— movement depends on time. While we spent the whole first quarter dealing with the crisis of truth once subject to time, now we'll focus on this movement-time reversal which unleashes a pure force of time. [*Pause*]

So, the focus of the second quarter would be the crisis of truth, then: movement and time. [*Pause*] Well, here we go, then. – I wish I had a watch… [*Pause*] Is that a watch? Glorious. Mind if I borrow it? [*Pause*] – So, here too, I'd like to step back… I'd like to step back from cinema for a bit to try and figure something out and then… Understand, when we say, "reversing or subverting the movement-time relationship," we say "reversing," but does that mean there is no more movement? No. However, in a way, the crisis of truth certainly does fundamentally amount to a crisis of movement.

A crisis of movement—well, you could almost say, yeah, cinema—modern cinema—has embodied a crisis of movement. [*Pause*] One symptom of this crisis is always cutting back to a static shot, for instance. Does that mean—cutting back to a static shot would be one example. Right, but, well, needless to say that Ozu, once again, would be a fundamental point of reference. [*Pause*] [*Recording interrupted*] [1:31:55]

Part 3

Does that mean—here's my first question—that there is no more movement? We're already on shaky ground. Again, it's a reversal. Simply put, it's to be expected that this reversal somehow sorts and filters movement, limits it in one way or another. We have to imagine that it [will entail] a unique limitation of movement. That doesn't mean that movement disappears from the image; it means that, ultimately, the time-image subverts its relationship to the movement-image. [*Pause*] It basically means there will be no movement-image besides what is permitted by the deeper time-image. [*Recording interrupted*] [1:32:57]

… [dimensions] of an image which constantly grows in dimension. What's going on with these growing dimensions? It can no longer be a question of spatial dimensions. Why? Because spatial dimensions can only grow with movement, and their growth is still limited. In addition, returning to fixed shots is quite often accompanied by the return to the flatness of the image, the flat image. So, I maintain that when time subverts its relationship to movement, movement doesn't disappear [*Pause*] but is now only the first dimension of an image whose dimensions keep growing, dimensions which are no longer spatial. Which fits in well with our empty spaces, our disconnected spaces, and so on. That's what I'm getting at with my first remark.

My second remark: [*Pause*] Does that mean—are time-images—is time—[*Pause*] we'll run into the same problem we did earlier with so-called attentive recognition—can we say that, okay, it's clear that some films, as has always been case, involve flashbacks, i.e., a sort of temporal exploration according to the guidelines set by one's memory. Again, it's clear that no, that's not it. Subverting the time-movement relationship obviously doesn't simply amount to a feat of memory, no more than it implies the disappearance of movement.

For one simple reason. Why? If you've followed thus far, it's obvious that while our primary example has been cinema, we see the same problem come up again in philosophy. It's obvious that flashbacks are simply signposts in film—let's say the scene fades in, and then, I don't know, there are some overexposed images—something like, "Warning: Memory Ahead." It doesn't go any deeper than that; it's a purely conventional technique. But I don't think it's enough to say

that flashbacks don't stack up to recollection-images—recollection-images are even more insufficient when regarding time. As Bergson was so eloquently saying, you never recall anything if you don't first place yourself in a zone, a zone of time, a zone or region of the past. In other words, zones of time, zones of the past, extend infinitely further than recollection-images. Thus, you can't possibly step outside of time using memory.

There is one thing that stands out in all the filmmakers who use flashbacks, the ones who make liberal use of them, at least. With those who use flashbacks the most, their flashbacks always need to be grounded in something else. [*Pause*] In other words, there has to be something forcing us to revisit past events. If there isn't something forcing us to revisit the past, there's no need to use a flashback at any given moment; it's an empty gesture. [*Pause*] That's true of all the filmmakers who rely on flashbacks. [*Pause*] But I stress, again, for the same reasons, just as the flashback isn't dependent… [*Deleuze corrects himself*] isn't sufficient to account for the recollection-image, a recollection-image is insufficient to account for time. Thus, it isn't enough to say that flashbacks afford a distorted [*fausse*] image of one's memory; it's also that memory affords a distorted image of time.

Regardless of who it is—I'm talking about any major filmmaker using flashbacks, whether it's [Joseph] Mankiewicz, whether it's [Orson] Welles, whether it's [Alain] Resnais, and so on— their flashbacks are always rooted in something, something that establishes the flashback's necessity, but that's beside the point. That's not what they're after. It might make more sense when I tell you that what Welles is more concerned with zones or regions of the past far beyond any memory. That's what Resnais is interested in, as well. In what way does that ground a flashback? Consider the third example of someone famous for flashbacks, Mankiewicz. Why does he use flashbacks? Why does he use flashbacks? [*Pause*] It's an unanswerable question if we're focusing on the flashback itself. However, it becomes obvious if we consider what Mankiewicz is thinking—as a thinker.[17]

Hence why I always insist on approaching Mankiewicz exactly as I might approach Kant or Robbe-Grillet. What is he up to? What makes Mankiewicz tick? He does have a way of thinking, and we can find his thought in his work. What does his work tell us, then? It doesn't seem complicated to me! If I were discussing a philosopher, I'd say that it's rather unusual; here we have someone who, above all, does not believe in fate. [*Pause*] Immediately you can tell why that's particularly pertinent to time. It amounts to saying that, for him, say what you will about time, but there is no fate.

What does it mean to say that he doesn't believe in fate? What's going on in his work? It seems clear that he understands—now, what I'm trying to do is reconstruct a way of thinking as it emerges, and we don't have any proof either way. You might ask, why does he think that? We have nothing to stand on. *Why?* I can't explain *why* I think something, why I believe it. That's the last question to ask. [*Pause*] That's just how it is. Well for him, it's that things are always splitting! Always splitting or branching. And we have to take that literally. We're constantly splitting or branching within time. [*Pause*]

You could imagine a philosopher. Let's say, suppose Mankiewicz never made film and instead wrote books about philosophy. He would have explained himself. Explaining what can be

explained isn't any clearer; rather—is it clearer? Cinema isn't any simpler than philosophy. Imagine it was a philosopher who said it, that things split or branch in time, that we're constantly splitting within time. Which immediately implies that time splits. I'm not talking about things branching in space; forks and branches in space are no big deal! A fork in the road is no cause for concern. Splits or branches in space depend on something deeper: splits in time. It's not even right to say that I'm split within time; I ought to say that time is always branching or splitting. It bends and curves; it's anti-fate. [*Pause*] Time bends and curves; it branches. Right. [*Pause*] And there are always, always—not always, it lets up—it splits into branches, and then those branches split into branches. There are so many splits, and it's time—time is what's splitting.

If only Mankiewicz had been a writer! But it turns out there is a writer who went down this road, someone we've talked about, so I'll just go from memory—wonderful, it's a sort of reunion— I'm talking about Borges, "The Garden of Forking Paths." The main thrust of "Garden of Forking Paths" comes down to saying: a forked path isn't within space, it's time! A bizarre notion. When you have… when you're hit with an idea like that, whether it's your own or one that you encounter, you don't ask, "Why do you say that?" It's obvious that that question wouldn't only be absurd or impolite—it would actually be devoid of all meaning. Why does he say that? The real question is: what does it help us see, what effect does it have on us?

Which brings us back to what I was saying: there is no concept without affect and percept. Here we have a concept: branching time. The statement of this concept: it isn't space—branches don't happen in space; they happen in time, since time as such splits within itself. I hope that just hearing that—I can tell you, because it's not me—it's… you already feel something. If you don't feel anything, no need to come back. It's a litmus test. What I'm calling the affect associated with a concept is the emotion or emotions [the concept] gives you; if you feel no emotion, you won't have a sense for that concept. And so you'll be moved by other concepts. I don't know anyone who isn't affected by any concept whatsoever; to each their own.

The second question concerns the percept, i.e., what does it make me see? Otherwise, it would be—how would you distinguish philosophy from the rest? Let's say that for philosophy, I say, "Well, it deals with concepts." Alright, it deals with concepts, but how do you isolate those from affects? How do you separate them from percepts? In other words, how is it separate from the arts or sciences? It's the same story here, so along the same vein, I don't see why we cannot jump from Kant to Mankiewicz, so long as we don't mix them up. I'll be frustrated if you come away having mixed them together, because that's not what we're doing.

So, that's what Mankiewicz says: time splits and keeps on splitting. Does he really say that? Yes, that's really what he says, all the time. That's all he says; he only has one idea. When you have an idea like that, that's all you need, that's enough for one lifetime, enough for a body of work. Immense bodies of work have been built on less. Anyway. See, there are a number of things involved: splits or branches, since time is branching. Of course, that applies to character development. With Mankiewicz, a character never develops linearly—this is where things become anti-fate—I say "never," but there is one counter-example. Even better—we had to find one, had to, because it proves our point, and not because it's an exception. We'll see why there's one example of someone who doesn't split, as far as I know.

But apart from that, things are always splitting, character development included, but the concept of branching or splitting goes further than a character's development. Characters change, but how do they change in Mankiewicz? Every character changes. How do they do so in Mankiewicz? [*Pause*] They do so by constantly getting off track. When something derails it goes off course, like a train: a diversion. It's always deviating. Hence his narration is constantly twisting. I consider him to be one of the great falsifying narrators. His narration is constantly twisting and turning. It splits and branches even before things get off the ground. Right. [*Pause*]

Why? One example *Cleopatra* [1963], which he later disowned. You know, he made two major historical—or theatrical, rather—films based on two Shakespeare plays: *Julius Caesar* [1953] and *[Antony and] Cleopatra*. He vehemently disowned *Cleopatra*, claiming the film was foisted upon him, that he hadn't been free to do what he wanted, etc., etc. Still, many regard it as a wonderful film. Why is he interested in Shakespeare? Something wonderful in Shakespeare fascinates him—it shows up in *Cleopatra*, in Shakespeare's Cleopatra, namely, that Cleopatra is constantly portrayed as temperamental, as the all-wavering, universal wavering, her wavering having become a cosmic power. She constantly splits and branches. She is the great brancher, does not consist, does not stop deviating with her own deviation. She links her deviations together. She branches and splits, just as we might say a hair has split ends. Cleopatra has split ends.

You might think, sure, she's fickle, she's inconstant, granted. So, what? She's inconstant—that's obvious. But that isn't the point. What's important is *why* she's so fickle and inconstant. She can't help it. And yet it isn't fate. She is time; she is time personified, she is time become woman, that is, she splits into branches, and her branches split into branches. She's constantly splitting. Marc Antony is madly in love with her. She betrays him, but she isn't the one betraying him; time is splitting. In Mankiewicz's hands, Cleopatra *is* time. Time is a split end, whose split ends keep on splitting, proliferating into further split ends—that's what time is. "The Forking Garden Path." Then poor Marc Antony is reduced to nothing; he drinks to forget, he constantly breaks up and makes up with Cleopatra. And then in the fantastic conclusion, in one final split, Cleopatra will ultimately return his love for her, she he can die happy, in a way.

And we find some of the same characters in the earlier tragedy, *Julius Caesar*. Marc Antony is back. And this time, it's funny, because here Mankiewicz was able to do what he wanted. Brutus is not a man to split. Certainly, he has a lot of affection for Caesar, and yet he kills him. He kills him, right, but that doesn't qualify as a split; he's a unilinear man. Once he commits himself to the Republic, he won't turn back; he'll go all the way. He may be close to Caesar, but he kills him. He might be a clever politician and skilled orator— he goes straight to the people and explains, linearly, why he killed him, saying, "You all know that Caesar was going to put the Republic to an end."

In other words, naïve Brutus doesn't know, doesn't understand what it means to branch or split. And then there's Marc Antony—before he falls in love with Cleopatra, before they meet— who… the second Marc Antony, right, for those who haven't seen the film, is played by Burton, who does a wonderful job; the splitting Cleopatra is Elizabeth Taylor; in *Julius Caesar,* Brutus is played by [James] Mason, and Marc Antony is [Marlon] Brando in a marvelous performance. Mankiewicz's interpretation of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* is fascinating. Brando is a branching

or splitting man, one who constantly splits; he understands how time works. In a major scene from *Julius Caesar*, Brando—Marc Antony—presents himself as a man of battle, a warrior who doesn't mince his words, doesn't mess with politics, and yet he delivers a ten-minute speech to a crowd of Romans, causing their opinion to split, [*Pause*] rallying them to Caesar in a fantastic, split speech out of Shakespeare. All Mankiewicz had to do was pull from Shakespeare. At every point of Marc Antony's speech—look it up in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar,* no matter the translation—it splits at every point; each time Marc Antony lauds Caesar's murderers as honest citizens so devoted to the republic, he deviates, with an aside about Caesar's glory. To the point that Brutus, unaware of this splitting and branching, unaware of its power, before he can even learn what it might be, finds himself banished, driven to suicide and dying before he knows what's happening.

And that's what's extraordinary, I think, about Mankiewicz's interpretation, which, in my opinion, is totally Shakespearean, but he takes this interpretation to the extreme in his film. You can't simply say that Brutus is an idiot, you know, and that Marc Antony is clever. Yes, Marc Antony is clever, but what makes him clever is that he's familiar with the branching or splitting nature of time. What was Brutus' blunder? He didn't think to have someone observe Marc Antony's address to the people. Not only did he go off on his own; he didn't have anyone observe it because of his upright character: an upright character doomed by time—because time splits, branches.

Good, if we understand that, sure, it's obvious why. Why are there all these flashbacks? Why, in most of the films that – I'm getting too far afield, but hey, it will be useful for another day, uh… why are there so many flashbacks in Mankiewicz's films? [*Pause*] Try to understand; we're closing in on something. There have to be flashbacks in Mankiewicz because, if time splits, it splits in such imperceptible ways that time could be branching or splitting at any given moment, and most of the time you can't tell when it's happening. I'm not the one splitting; what's branching or splitting is something within time. I feel it unconsciously, I follow the branch, but I couldn't have a clear awareness of the split in the moment. That's because the splits or branches in time are beyond people and consciousnesses, can only be grasped in the past, save for certain instances where there is no flashback. But if there are so many flashbacks in Mankiewicz, it stems from his theory of time or his sense of time, an understanding of time I find extremely significant, extremely profound. An understanding of time where, in its essence, time constantly splits or branches; as a result, if any other writer comes close to Mankiewicz—and I'm not ruling out… I don't know enough to be sure, but I'm not ruling out the possibility that they knew each other, that Mankiewicz was an avid reader of his—if any author came close to Mankiewicz, it was Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald.

With Fitzgerald, too, there's no point in asking why. The question, "Why?" is so ridiculous. There is one question, the question of questions. He paid for it with his life; he paid for it all his life; it's the question that shaped him, the question he was born for. Imagine each of us were born for this question, the tragedy of never finding your question. At which point, you do not die, you're immortal, you hang on for your entire life, looking for the question you were meant to embody. So, find it quickly in order to find peace; you're not likely to answer it, but you will have peace once you find your question. Fitzgerald's question was, literally, "What happened?" What could have happened here? For some, the question is "What will happen?" Not so for

Fitzgerald. His question was never "What's going to happen?" It was "How could it have come to this?" You must be devoted to a question. So here, it's a matter of affect; hence there's this constant, diabolical kind of circulation between concept, percept, and affect. You can't tell which comes first. Fitzgerald is always put in situations where he ends up, like, "it's come to this"—all of his writing is: "What could have happened to make it come to this?" [*Pause*]

Handsome, rich, happy—now he's miserable, down on his luck, aging and basically incapable of writing anything at all. What could have happened? How did we get here? And when it comes to a couple—Fitzgerald and his wife—it turns into a sort of musical duo, one of the finest things in all of literature. How did we get there? Well, I think "How did we get here" can only be understood once we approach time as essentially branching or splitting. Because it isn't our fault, it's no one's fault—as Fitzgerald is always saying—it's not your fault, it's not mine. What is it? It's easy to just say "time," but what we've come away with is a time so unusual, so forceful— time that splits, that's always been splitting. And so, we've derailed, gone down split ends, gone off track before we even realized it, and here we are—this is what it's come to.

See, it can only be grasped in a flashback. At that moment, the flashback is no longer purely conventional: something else makes it necessary. It is essential for splitting time, but in Mankiewicz there isn't one single response. What's essential is that the workings of pseudo-memory are rooted in time. In other words, memory never uncovers time's secret. [*Pause*] What our pathetic memory can recollect from time it can only do so based on the side of time it's familiar with. Right, so, not all time forks or branches; but it's certainly the sort of time Fitzgerald lives through, Mankiewicz as well.

As a result, when you consider the main Mankiewicz [*Pause*] films that use flashbacks, notice there's constantly this skewed story set in the past. One film came to television not long ago: *A Letter to Three Wives* [1949]—what is it about? It's about three woman, three flashbacks, [*Pause*] and what are they looking for? How and when their households started to fall apart, and the forks in the road are plain to see.

Sometimes characters seem to have a unilinear development, but they never do. Take a movie with only one flashback, like *Suddenly, Last Summer* [1959]. What do we learn as things start to unfold? We gradually learn that the mother, now old, is jealous of a young woman who's taken her place regarding her dead son. But her son is dead; he died under mysterious circumstances, and he did so while on vacation with a young woman. Worse, the mother is jealous of this young woman because, up until then, she had been the one going on vacations with her son. Right, so at first, there is the mother's jealousy. You think, okay, she's a jealous mother!

Then, second, we learn that the son switched companions and went with the young woman instead of his mother because his mother had gotten old, and he couldn't use her as bait. It's horrible—he was using his mother as bait for young boys, and he brings the young woman for the same reason: he uses her to lure in young boys. At this second stage, it's not the mother's jealousy; it's homos—it's her son's pederasty. [*Pause*] And it feels like Mankiewicz never explains anything. It's the definition of a time with no end-point, of splitting time. So you think, alright, there's our explanation—nothing of the sort.

At the third stage, in a terrifying moment, we get the only flashback: [*Pause*] through the young woman's memory, we see the circumstances of the son's death. He died, it seems—it seems, we can't… we can't, it's awful—he died in some orgiastic ritual, dismembered, lacerated, likely—I think, but I'm not sure… I'm pretty sure—likely eaten by his poor lovers to the barbaric sound of slum music, when they chase him beating on pots and pans, the kind of powerful sounds we sometimes find in Mankiewicz… not powerful in the sense of force, but in the sense of, of their effectiveness. Right.

I say pederasty, but that's not the whole story. In falsifying narration—we know going in that everything's framed by another subject of enunciation, and so on—there is still [the question] wasn't he devoured? He… He… what was he doing? What sort of rites were those? And indeed, when it comes to the final flashback, all the stuff sprinkled throughout the film (in narrative form), i.e., the poisonous flowers—no, you know, the flowers that eat insects—carnivorous flowers, the terrible fate of the tiny, little Galapagos turtles scrambling as birds of prey swoop down to gobble them up, where maybe only one in a thousand survives… all of it hinting at some mysterious cannibalism behind his secret pederasty.

So, it curves and bends every step of the way. The narrative might seem unilinear—it's anything but. Every step of the way, time splits or branches—these three splits time—and it won't stop splitting, to the point that in the end, the old mother spirals into madness and sort of hallucinates; she takes the doctor who treated the young woman, who is in love with the young woman—she takes him away, but, but it's probably for the better. It might not work out in the end because— taking the doctor to be her resurrected son, or pretending to do so—she brings him in the house, and you think she's obviously going to devour him one way or another, psychically if not physically, and that the branches will keep on branching or splitting, and it's the same way with… I could use other examples, like *All About Eve* [1950]; it's clear that each of Eve's branches speak to a splitting or branching sort of time, which is specifically the sort of time Mankiewicz is constantly pushing.

So, you see, I've worked out—it's as good as done; I won't have to develop this point any further; I've belabored it only to say, "Be careful!"—first, when it comes to the movement-time reversal, first: that doesn't mean that movement disappears. What it does entail is more profound, I think: time subverts its own subordination to movement; movement becomes subordinate to time. And second: it doesn't mean [*Pause*] that it will take the recollection-image for its image, that memory will stand in for movement. [*Pause*] What it does mean is that memory and memory-images—what Bergson so aptly calls "recollection-images"—recollection-images strictly depend [*Pause*] on time's being, which has to be determined every time.[18]

So, we've seen an example of splitting time in Mankiewicz. It does, in fact, subvert time's subordination both to movement and to memory. [*Pause*] All of which leads us to—don't worry about it for the time being; I'm pretty tired, myself—which leaves us with something to think about next time: time's two-fold reversal, bucking its subordination both to movement and to memory, which we'll track using two absolutely unrelated authors—which is why I ask that you don't get them mixed up—[first] how it plays out in Kant's philosophy. Kant, I think, subverts time's subordination to movement [*Pause*]—How so?—and at the same time, time's subordination to memory. And [second] how it plays out—completely unrelated, of course;

there's no such thing as a Japanese Kantian [*Laughter*]—how does it play out with Ozu, with… [*Deleuze doesn't finish his sentence*]? He is, he is, I think, the first one to cinematically portray the subversion of time's subordination to movement and, in so doing, reveal something of time's essence. But we shouldn't expect it to come back to a splitting or branching time—even though that seems like a Japanese notion—not Borges's sort of forked time; instead, we'll see that Japan has a completely different sort of time.

See… I wish it weren't so confusing. That's where we'll leave off, eh? Next time, if there are… Tell me, okay? Think on it and tell me next time! [*Pause*] Anything else to say for now? No? [*End of recording*] [2:14:24]

Notes

[1] See Session 4 – December 6, 1983.

[2] *Philosophical Fragments,* translated by David F. Swenson, revised by Howard V. Hong (Princeton: Princeton, 1936).

[3] For more on this subject in Robbe-Grillet, see Sessions 2 and 3, November 22 and 29, 1983.

[4] This "someone" might be Maurice Merleau-Ponty, whom Deleuze cited along these lines in Session 5, December 13, 1983.

[5] The original wording from Jurgis Baltrusaitis describes anamorphosis as "*la perspective dépravée par une démonstration logique de ses lois"*—Perspective skewed or distorted by following through with its own logic. The reader may refer to the English translation. See his *Anamorphic Art*, translated by W. J. Strachan (New York: Abrams, 1977), p. 1. However, note that Deleuze's terminology does not appear in the translation, as Strachan rewords this sentence and omits the "*dépravée.*" "Depraved" has been preserved for the sake of Deleuze's earlier comparisons with Melville's *Billy Budd* (Session 4, December 6, 1983).

[6] See *Cinema 2,* p. 44-45.

[7] *For A New Novel,* trans. Richard Howard (New York: Grove, 1965), p. 147.

[8] For more on Robbe-Grillet, see Session 4, December 6, 1983.

[9] In Chapter 3 of *Matter and Memory*, Bergson writes, "But the truth is that we shall never reach the past unless we frankly place ourselves within it." The sentiment appears throughout the work.

[10] On zones and circuits, see *Cinema 2*, p. 46.

[11] On empty, disconnected, and whatever spaces, see (among other places) Session 11 of the Cinema 1 Seminar, March 2, 1982, and Sessions 6 and 11 of the Cinema 2 Seminar, December 21, 1982, and February 22, 1983.

[12] On Antonioni and space, see *Cinema 2,* pp. 8-9. For Ozu, pp. 13-16

[13] See Session 4, December 6, 1983, where Deleuze discusses this film.

[14] On *The Pickpocket,* see *Cinema 2,* pp. 12-13.

[15] Although Deleuze's comments speak to themes throughout Blanchot's *Infinite Conversation*, see especially the passages concerning the narrative voice ("he" or "it") in Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation,* translated by Susan Hanson (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 1993), pp. 379-387.

[16] See *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

[17] See *Cinema 2*, pp. 48-53.

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[18] At the beginning of this sentence, Deleuze refers to the "*image-memoire*," but then switches back to Bergson's original term, "*image-souvenir*." Although Bergson's term is usually translated as "memory image," the translator has followed Tomlinson and Galeta's *Cinema 2* translation with "recollection image," in case the reader chooses to distinguish between the two phrases.