

Gilles Deleuze

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

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Part 1

Today you can give me your final papers for the credits. So, now we only have this session and the next one, which means we have to go very quickly.

So... the last time we'd reached this point: after defining the crystal-image, we tried to distinguish the different states of the crystal, that is to say, the regimes of the crystal-image. And then we remarked how an oeuvre like that of Ophüls could be presented in the form of a perfect, or supposedly perfect, crystal. The *perfect crystal* is an ideal form that we tried to define.

And then we saw a second crystalline state, the diamond with a flaw or the crystal from which something *escapes*, the *cracked crystal*. And in a way that seemed to us to determine – though not necessarily – that seemed to us to determine the regime of Renoir's cinema, where we indeed have a crystal-image represented by the theater, the stage, from which something always escapes, for example from the back of the stage. But what is it that escapes? Well, the question is, in the crystal or on the stage – and this is Renoir's main problem in cinema – where does the theater begin, where does life begin?¹ We can say that in a way life is what escapes from the crystal.

But why should we need the crystal? It seems to me that in this regard, you see – I never tire of repeating this – we must consider that all artists, including filmmakers, are in part thinkers. So, Renoir, well, he is actually a thinker, it's just that he doesn't think outside of his work, that is to say he thinks through cinematographic images. But thinking through cinematographic images is just as good as thinking through music or thinking through colors and lines, and so on. These are all *forms of thought*. And once again, we can say that among these forms of thought there is also philosophy, but it has no special privileges. It simply has its own world of creation.

So, if I treat Renoir as a thinker, I have to pose the following question: what does it mean exactly to ask where theater ends and life begins? It may sound like a commonplace, but no, not at all, providing we ask... providing we apply it in the context of a specific work. Because it seems to me that Renoir's idea, though it's an involuntary, unconscious idea... I don't know, I don't know what to say... because there really is nothing to know. It's not an idea that springs from reflection, it's an idea that is all part of his way of living and his way of seeing life.

His idea is that in the crystal, or on stage, one never stops trying out roles. His idea is that a role is not something that is played by a perfect actor. Some people have this idea. The role is something that is played by a supposedly perfect actor. For Renoir, this is not the case, and as I said, this is why he's sometimes been accused, by those who don't like his work, of improvising. It's actually nothing to do with improvisation. I believe that it is a deliberate choice. A role is not something that is played by a supposedly perfect actor. It is something that is tried out. And *theater is the place where people try out roles*.

Therefore, we can say that this is the only aspect – though I'm not saying there is any real resemblance between these two authors – this is an aspect that Renoir has in common with Brecht. One of Brecht's fundamental ideas, in fact, is that ultimately theater and pedagogy are the same thing. And we can say that in a way Renoir reinterprets this idea of the equivalence between theater and pedagogy. But in Renoir, this assumes a different meaning from the one Brecht gives it. Theater is fundamentally a form of education, or we can also say that education is theater, since education and theater are both places where one tries out roles.

So, what do we mean by this? Both in the crystal-image and on stage, we never stop trying out roles until... until what happens? Until we find the right one, that is to say, *until each person finds the role of their own life*. The role of my life is not given in advance, but I can't be sure I will ever find it. In which case, I will remain on stage. But if in one way or another I manage to find the role of my life, then I leave the stage. That's why the crystal-image always presents a crack through which something leaks, escapes, or can leak. And at that moment, theater ends. Theater is the creator of a new reality.²

You see, Renoir has an idea of a theater that creates, which is again very different from other conceptions of theater. Theater is indeed the creator of a new reality in the sense that theater is the place where one tries out roles, but only until one finds an authentic role, the role of one's life, and then one leaves the theater. One leaves theater, but not to fall back into reality. One leaves theater to enter a new reality that was created as one tried out different roles. It seems to me that this is what marks Renoir's optimism, that is to say, his belief in the future, his belief in a reality to be created. And I would say... just take any Renoir film. They vary a lot, he has his moments of pessimism where one can't get out of the crystal, where one is condemned to try out every role, and change roles, and there is no way out. This sometimes happens in his films, when things are going badly for Renoir, or for the world. But when things go well, this is the form they take.

In other words, I would say that between the two dimensions of time – the past that is preserved and the present that passes – Renoir places positive emphasis on the present that passes. The pasts that are preserved, are preserved on stage and they go back to the stage. The passing present is the direction of time that issues from the crystal and, as it does so, creates a new reality. The passing present is the gallop. One leaves the crystal at a gallop. The end of *French Cancan*, the wild cancan at the end of the film, is a great exit, it's the great exit into life. It's at a gallop that one comes out of the crystal, while the roles of the past, that is to say, what we would call... – I won't go back over this because we've already looked at it – what we would call the little refrain, turns round and round in the crystal. This is the round of the roles that we have tried one by one. So, here we have a second figure of the crystal.

But, as I said, it doesn't end there because there is a third figure. Now in a sense Fellini would represent the third, third state of the crystal. And Fellini is very interesting, I would say,

because if you take a Fellini film, well, it is neither a perfect crystal nor a crystal from which something escapes either from the base, or through a background, if we remember the role of depth of field in Renoir. Fellini is something else altogether. It's another world, but it remains another crystal world. In terms of his problem of how to get out or remain inside, be neither in nor out... Fellini, as I said, represents the crystal returned to the state of its seeds, *the crystal in the process of its formation*, perpetually in the process of formation. For if the crystal is perfect, as in the case of Ophüls, we know that the perfect crystal is an ideal. Indeed, the crystal is never perfect. And the crystal is never perfect *because it never ceases to grow*. The crystal will not cease to grow insofar as it still has, as we have seen, a milieu to crystallize. What is more, in itself it is only a limit. *The crystal is a pure limit between the so-called crystalline seed and the crystallizable milieu*. So, in a sense it will never stop growing.

It is this aspect... you see, one could say this for each of the filmmakers we are dealing with, we could say that, yes, each of them has seized upon a fundamental aspect of the crystal. They have grasped a particular crystalline state – so the crystal related to these seeds is the crystal perpetually in the process of formation. If you understand this, it's not surprising that in Fellini's work, for example, it seems to me that it is no longer a question of getting out of the crystal, *it's a question of forming it and making it grow constantly*. And this will be the first great opposition, it seems to me, the first great difference between Renoir and Fellini.

For Fellini, it is no longer a question of getting out. But in the beginning – because if we had more time, we would look at things more closely, and it goes without saying that every oeuvre has its own evolution – in the beginning Fellini does not have a perfect formula for this. He gets there, he gets there very, very slowly, by dint of work. In his first films, it's still a question of getting out. If you take a film like *La Strada*, if you take... it's a kind of cinema that is still part of Neorealism from the point of view of wandering. It's still about getting out, leaving. But very quickly, as Barthélemy Amengual³ points out quite eloquently, for Fellini, very quickly it becomes something else, it's no longer a question of getting out. Why? Because *there is no exit*. But not at all in the sense that one would say there is no way out, not at all in the way in Ophüls' films there is no way out. Because if there is no way out in Ophüls, it is because of the supposedly perfect state of the crystal.⁴

With Fellini, it's not at all like that. If there is no way out of the crystal, it is because the problem lies elsewhere. It's because the problem is *how to get in*, since there are only seeds. *And the seeds are the entrances*. So, finally, the crystal itself will be, in a manner of speaking, the transversal of all the seeds or, what amounts to the same thing, the transversal of all the entrances. There will only be entrances, hence the honeycomb structure of this type of cinema. Each honeycomb is an entrance, hence the transversal of all the entrances... Amengual too says this very well in what seems to me a very fine text on Fellini: it is no longer the model of theater, nor the model of the circus, it is the model of the Luna Park. It's always a Luna Park. Because a Luna Park is a series of honeycombs. It's not even... it's more profound than that, Fellini goes through the circus, he goes through many things – but the real structure that suits him suited is a Luna Park type structure. This honeycomb structure is something you find in its pure state, for example, in certain sets of *Satyricon*. So, as I said there are only entrances, and this is what constitutes the entrances. Each entryway is no more than a seed of the crystal, and what is the crystal? I wouldn't say it's the sum of these seeds. It's the transversal of the seeds, that is to say the passage from one entrance to another through a partition or membrane.

Well, if that's what I was saying... Let's quickly take... right away there's a problem, and we can see very clearly that the relationship, for example, between life and spectacle could be said to be common to all the authors we are studying here, but it is posed in a very different way by Renoir and by Fellini. It is obvious that they pose it in completely different ways because in Fellini the problem is this: supposing that there are always multiple entrances that also constitute crystalline seeds, there are some that will abort and some that will succeed, though we can't know in advance which ones. It would be too good if we knew it in advance. What does an aborted entrance mean? It means, if you remember our previous analyses, it means a face that becomes opaque. And what does a successful entrance mean? It means an entrance that becomes a face, that becomes the city.

Hence the special role that light plays in Fellini's work, which cannot be the same as the light in Renoir, which cannot be the same as the light in Ophüls. In Ophüls, from beginning to end the light is crystalline. If you look at *Madame de...* for example, what we have is a crystalline light. It is among the most beautiful ever, but you have to understand in what sense. The handling of light also implies something that is closely related to thought, that is to say, it is not simply for aesthetic reasons that a director needs a particular type of light. Everything, everything is always connected with his thinking.

So, I would say, take films like... I'll take three examples here: *Roma*, *8½* and, finally, the masterpiece *The Clowns*... is that what it's called?

Student: Yes.

Deleuze: *The Clowns*, right?

Student: Yes.

Deleuze: Okay, in *The Clowns*... what do you see? What is the film composed of? What is the subject, taking the word subject in the flattest way possible? What is the idea? The subject strictly merges with an examination of all the possible ways of entering the subject. This is Fellini's diabolical trick. There is no other... there is no other theme. There is no theme other than how to enter the theme.⁵

So, indeed, we can say that this is very modern. But whether it's modern or not, what counts is that he lives it. He lives it. To fully imagine this, we should find a comparison in order to make it more human. Remember when you were doing your baccalaureate. Well, we can imagine all kinds of candidates. There is the candidate who makes his perfect plan in advance... that's the Ophülsian, right? He makes his perfect crystal. There is the candidate who makes his crystal, and the crystal has to leak, and he spends the last hour improvising. I've known people like that, it was interesting, they were Renoirians. And then there is the one, this is more worrying, you have someone that will take the whole four hours of the exam to understand how to get into the subject. He explores all the angles from which he can approach the matter. This would be a Fellinian. But you see how in order to succeed with this method, you have to be a genius, otherwise you will have gotten to the end without having found an entrance. He will examine all the possible entryways into the subject, and the subject will become fused with this. The treatment of the subject will be one with the examination of all the possible ways of entering the subject.

So, as I said, take *Roma* for example... I'm going very quickly here. We have the historical entry, the psychological entry through childhood memories, the archaeological entry through the discovery of the fresco, the geographical entry by the ring road. When Fellini has examined all the ways of entering Rome, he stops, it's over, the film is finished. Some of these will become opaque. As I said, the fresco hardly has time to appear before it vanishes. It is a process of becoming opaque. A particular entrance becomes opaque, and it's the one we thought had the most potential. At the same time, we shouldn't exaggerate, since these entryways become quite mixed. The frescoes are discovered during a dig to construct the subway or something of that order. The childhood recollection fresco and the historical entrance through the Rubicon passage contaminate one another, forming a short-circuit. There are entrances that work, and others that don't. But the description of an entrance that does not work can be crucial. An entrance that becomes opaque can be crucial because it leads us to the discovery of the entrance that will, on the other hand, become limpid.

In *8½*, this is even more evident. Well, not really, it's the same thing, but thanks to Fellini's genius, it varies each time, this structure of multiple entryways varies each time... We have... here we should follow things in the order they happen, but I can't fully remember, it doesn't matter... I'll just describe it as it come to me... It begins with a nightmare. This is an entrance, but into what? We don't know. In *8½*, we don't know what we're entering into exactly because it all begins with a nightmare. The nightmare in the tunnel that continues in the dream, that continues by way of different states of the body such as fever, depression, and this is where everything will come to pass, memories, fantasies, whatever you like. So what is all this related to, what is the work in question? In *8½*, it's about making a work. And what is the work composed of? Well, it's a matter of all the possible ways of entering the work, that's it.

In *The Clowns*, the situation is even clearer. But the same thing works for every one of Fellini's films. Regarding *The Clowns*, I remember the order of entrances a little better. The first would be the childhood memory which aborts, becomes opaque. Here one could follow the order, but the first is a limpid, childhood memory, which Fellini presents as his childhood passion for the circus and clowns. But this becomes opaque because the child is afraid of clowns, so this entryway becomes opaque through the image of the idiot clown, the idiocy of the clown. And then it closes.

The second entrance – it doesn't matter if I've remembered it wrongly, anyway – the second entrance is of a completely different type, it's a sociological entrance: an investigation. The adult Fellini's crew go to interview clowns, old clowns. But here too things don't work out, because the crew is as clownish as the old clown and, in this confusion between the crew and the old clowns, things become opaque

The third entryway, the most grotesque, is the one that we can call archeological: Fellini's team drag their feet in the television archives where Fellini is treated like a dog. I like this entrance a lot, but it becomes opaque right away... [*Tape interrupted*] [26:10]

... the archaeological investigation, the research in the archives, so well, we're better sticking to the imaginary. And here we have a great scene, one could say a kinetic entryway, but in what way kinetic? Imaginary kinetics, that is to say, a kind of movement-of-the-world type of entrance. And this is the great scene, which is almost dream, or almost nightmare, the great famous scene of the clowns' hearse, and of its metamorphosis into a champagne bottle. It's a splendid scene, where the clowns chase after each other in a kind of gallop, the great gallop,

this is a third entrance. You'll notice that in this third entrance, there is one clown who cannot keep up, since the whole theme is the death of the clowns, and the clowns are very old. So, one clown can't keep up, this old clown who is out of breath and has abandoned the procession – for us this is a sign that this is not yet the right entrance. Yet we have made progress from one entrance to the next, it's not just that... but we'll have to find another entrance.

And now, in a last attempt, the old clown, still out of breath, stands up and calls for his dead companion. He picks up his trumpet and sends out a call and, miraculously, the dead clown's trumpet answers. And the two trumpets echo each other. Now we have an entrance. Which doesn't mean that it cancels out the others, it's the sonic entry. It's no longer the kinetic entry, it's the sonic entry where one trumpet responds to another. As Proust would say, it is as if it were... as if it were a beginning of world. A solitary trumpet responds to another solitary trumpet as if it were a beginning of world. Fine, okay.

But you see how it develops from this moment on. I was saying how we have a first opposition, so to speak, between Fellini and Renoir, because in Renoir, it's a question of knowing if one can *get out* of the crystal, and how. In Fellini, contrariwise, it is a question of knowing whether one can *enter* it, and how. And then the second great opposition is that *the signs of time will be reversed*. With Renoir, what counted was the gallop of the presents that pass. Why? He was the one affected by the positive sign. Why was this? Because it is he, with the gallop of *French Cancan*, it is he who allowed us to leave the crystal. At the same time, a new reality was created. But the round of the pasts that are preserved, made of all the roles that we had tried out, remained in the crystal. You see how here salvation is on the side of the gallop of the passing presents, while the preserved pasts are what fall back into the crystal.

In Fellini, it comes as no surprise that what we have is the exact opposite. The gallop of the presents that pass is what will at the same time make the entrances through which they pass more and more opaque. Where do they gallop? To the tomb. The movement of passing presents, far from being the creator of a new reality, is nothing more than the passage that runs to the tomb. This can clearly be seen in Fellini's tracking shots, and in something for which he became a master, the parade of monsters. A tracking shot scrolls through a series of monsters who are all lined up, monstrous individuals, old women caked in make-up, disfigured men.⁶

And what is amazing about these tracking shots? The fact that they are rather slow doesn't prevent them from giving us the impression of a kind of gallop. Where are they running to? Where are they running to? Yet they don't seem to move. It's the camera that moves. The tracking shot, this slow tracking shot, conveys the rapid race of the characters to the grave. How are these monsters filmed? It's amazing. They are filmed exactly... You see, Fellini's tracking shots produce the following effect: it's as if the camera scrolled through the line of monsters, these horrible, abject individuals who resemble nothing other than birds of prey, a whole parade in which you have all these immobilized birds of prey. And as the camera passes, it's as though it were disturbing them. You know how there are rules about looking at birds of prey. You are not supposed to look directly at them, are you? They don't like that. So, it seems as though the camera passes across the birds of prey. And each time, we have a bird of prey more monstrous than the one previous and less monstrous than the one that follows and that, when it is disturbed, dives – here we have Fellini's famous camera look – dives for a very brief moment into the camera, which then scrolls past and passes on to

another bird of prey. This is it, we have indeed what we can call a gallery of monsters. And these are the presents that pass. Where do they go? Towards death. Just like the line of priests, that long line of priests in *8½*.

You see, unlike Renoir – and this is without doubt Fellini's own specific problem, which is different from Renoir's problem – it is clear that the presents that pass are now affected by the negative sign, whereas the pasts that are preserved, that is to say what we referred to as the *refrain* when we were looking at the question of sound, will be the chance for salvation. It is this that will guide us to the right entrance. The clowns' gallop is the present that passes and goes towards death. But the trumpet that answers the other solitary trumpet: this is the refrain and is indeed the entrance to salvation.

And why is it that the preserved pasts mark the chance of salvation in Fellini? It is not at all because he is fixated on the past, or at least it's not because he is fixated on the past in the sense of recollection. I don't believe that Fellini has the slightest taste for recollection, nor for fantasy. Or at least it's not what counts. What counts are the good and bad entrances. What is important is not recollection, or the cult of recollection. What counts is that in the past that is preserved we have the chance to begin again.

One of Fellini's most beautiful phrases is a purely Bergsonian phrase: “we are constructed in memory”, *we are constructed in memory* – colon. I'm wrong to say colon because I'm quoting inaccurately but it doesn't matter. We are constructed in memory: childhood, adulthood and old age coexist within us. Childhood, adulthood, and old age coexist within us. This means that it is not a question of recollection-images that refer to a series of former presents which succeed one another. It is now, and beyond all recollection, that the child, the adult and the old person coexist in us. This is the chance we have to begin again, to reach this supra-psychological *pure recollection* – we'll see how this poses all sorts of problems – this coexistence of different regions: childhood, adulthood, old age, means that it is always possible, or we are always given the chance, to begin again.⁷

And to take what I personally find is one of Fellini's finest images – everyone has their favorites – among the finest of his images is an image from *Amarcord*, where the summer season is over, and the first snowflakes begin to fall. And we have the idiotic, grotesque approach of the high school students as they make their way to the Grand Hotel, which during the summer season they would only approach with great caution and a certain slyness. And they arrive before the hotel, which is now closed, and which has now become their turf. And in an extraordinary sequence we immediately recognize all the different roles among the high school students: you have the class clown, the shy, diligent student... there are, well, you have all the different types of high school students, and there are about six or seven of them. And there's one in particular, the shy one, who is covered in... who has a lot of spots. You can't say he actually dances, but he walks straight ahead with little dancing steps, he walks in a straight line. And there is another one who turns slowly around on the spot. Then there is the one – this is the class clown – who plays on imaginary musical instruments while contorting his body. All of this is splendid, because what we see is a veritable science of distances. Fellini needs to show that they are a group and at the same time that each is alone, on his own within the group.

And there's an art here – I imagine he took meticulous measurements – this is a sequence that would be very long to comment on. You have to see it first, to be able to comment on it. But anyway... So, there's one who turns around on the spot, one who moves in a straight line and

so on, and their movements more or less intersect but always at a distance. It is as if they had become, and we see them becoming... – it is not a question of recollection, it is not recollection at all, we are beyond recollection here, and yet what we have is the profoundest memory – they become, and we become with them, contemporaries of all seasons, in the literal sense of this word “season”, of all the seasons of the Grand Hotel, of all the seasons of the past and future, and they have the chance to begin again. So, there is always a kind of Christianity hidden in this because it's quite close to what we saw in previous years when I was trying to comment a little on Charles Péguy, this chance to begin again that comes from plunging back into the event. This is exactly the image we have in *Amarcord*.⁸

So, you see why the signs are reversed. It is now the past which is preserved, which is affected by the sign of time as the positive chronic sign that contains the chance of all possible recommencements. Whereas the other aspect of time, the movement of the presents that pass, far from creating a future, is nothing more than the race to the grave. If we want to compare the two in the same image: the line of priests in *8½*, where are they running to with their grotesque little tumblers and their big bellies, their vulgar manners and so on? They are running towards the grave. They are running towards their death. And then a luminous young girl, Claudia, emerges from the line to hand out the tumblers, and for a moment the question arises: is she the right entrance? And it is as if the race to the grave of the passing presents were opposed by the refrain, that is to say, the chance to begin again that is represented by the young girl with the tumblers. In *8½* it will later be revealed how the girl with the tumblers was not a good entrance. Well, we had to try it. It will probably give us something anyway.

So, you see, it's almost the opposite here. I was saying that from a sonic perspective, to take up what we did on the refrain and the gallop, where some of you helped me so much, it's clear that in Fellini, *it is the refrain that represents or assumes the positive sign of time*, that is to say, the chance to begin again. It is the little refrain that becomes the positive element of time while the gallop is now the negative element. What we have is a reversal of Renoir, but a reversal for the most serious reasons, that is to say, for philosophical reasons, by which I mean reasons related to thought.⁹

So, are we now done with the stages of the crystal? No, I still have one left, and then since you are accompanying me in all this, perhaps you will find others you want to add. I do not pretend to exhaust the various stages of the crystal. But I see something that would be very interesting if it existed: *the crystal in decomposition*. Is there such a thing as a decomposing crystal? Of course there is, and you don't have to look very hard to find it. But it's curious how it's the filmmakers who were most influenced by Renoir, who... though it's not a case of them saying: now I'm going to do the opposite of Renoir. No, no. It's that their passage through Renoir probably made them aware of a problem and of their personal ability to transform the problem.

One filmmaker who creates images that to me can only be understood in terms of this process of the crystal decomposing is Luchino Visconti.¹⁰ So now I would have... I don't see any other stages but once again... So, now I would have my four... that's right, four filmmakers who correspond to the four states of the crystal. There too, it's too good to be true, so it can't be true; but that doesn't matter, since it will be. The case of Visconti is very interesting... What happens in Visconti's films? Again, he doesn't immediately arrive, he doesn't arrive at his magic formula straight away. Visconti must have worked a lot to come to this awareness of what he really thought.

It is true that he is an aristocrat. The others are not... they're not aristocrats. And it's true that he has an aristocratic way of thinking. And what does it mean to think in an aristocratic way? My hypothesis would be that it is in *The Leopard* that Visconti begins having all the elements of his cinema at his full command. This doesn't mean that the films he made before this were imperfect, no, but we can say that it is from *The Leopard* on that he is in full control of his work. And once again, his films from before were already sublime. But what do we learn from *The Leopard*? If there is something for which Visconti is very famous it is his great compositions, these great Viscontian compositions, which are aristocratic compositions that bring into play what are aristocratic circles: the ball at the old Prince's house, the music room in *The Innocent*, the luxurious hotel of *Death in Venice*, the picnic in *The Leopard* – all these great compositions typical of Visconti.

But what constitutes a great Viscontian composition? It is *the description of a world that does not belong to creation*. That is to say, it is *the description of an artificial world*, artificial in the sense of being fundamentally unnatural. What does unnatural mean? It means, depending on your taste, outside the order of nature or outside the order of God. By whom and for whom is this world made? I said it was an aristocratic world. And as I say this, I would like you to be able to sense – and I don't even need to develop this – his affinities with Marcel Proust. It is not surprising that he wanted to make a film of Proust, which in the end he was unable to do. It seems obvious, because I would say that Proust has a similar conception of high society as a world existing outside the laws of both nature and God.

Who are these aristocrats? They are old aristocrats who come from old money. They are certainly not the *nouveaux riches*. The *nouveaux riches* no longer understand the aristocratic world. Are we speaking only of the formerly rich aristocrats of the great families? No, we'll see later that this is not yet sufficient as an answer, but for the moment we'll leave it at that. It is the old Prince, formerly rich, but now on the verge of ruin, who maintains certain rites whose secret eludes all those who are not part of them. Take Proust's work, where, for example we have the rites of the Guermantes that remain completely incomprehensible to those outside their milieu and that will eventually lead to their disgrace, since the great Charlus, who in actual fact is the leader of the Guermantes clan, the great Charlus means nothing to the Verdurins, he is nothing because everything... The Verdurins don't understand, or rather they understand something else. But they are *nouveaux riches* who though very close to art and not simply vulgar *nouveaux riches*, have no comprehension of this world, the aristocratic world whose rites can only be understood by those who practice them.

And that's the sign of high society. If you are not high-society and you arrive in a high-society milieu, the signs of high society are the most indecipherable in the world. That's why a non-high-society person can only make blunders. And why there is a kind of very special intuition of high-society mores. Because the laws of high society never coincide with the laws of society in general. The first law of high society is that someone who is socially powerful will not be received and will be considered unacceptable, while someone who is apparently of no consequence socially speaking will, on the contrary, be celebrated. The relationship between high society and sociality is completely inverted... The laws are not the same. So, it's a very, very obscure world, this world, and yet it's a pure crystal.

Now it seems to me, that regarding its artificial character, we see this admirably expressed by the priest, the old Prince's personal priest in *The Leopard*. The priest explains to the people in a restaurant or café I think, I don't remember exactly where... he arrives and explains: Oh, you cannot understand these people... you cannot understand them because they have... – and

here I quote more or less exactly what he says – because they have invented a world, they have created a world that is not part of the order of creation. It is a world that was not intended by God. This is amazing! God has planned for everything except this completely twisted world of the aristocracy. He foresaw the *nouveaux riches*, he foresaw the poor, he foresaw oppression, he foresaw everything except the Duchess of Guermantes' manner of greeting and speaking to people. This was something God never foresaw. Okay. So, what we have here is a world outside the laws of creation.

And the priest continues: so that what seems to you to be of great importance, seems to them to have no importance whatsoever. For example, war, and it's not that they don't suffer on account of war, they lose their wealth, they sometimes even lose their limbs. It doesn't matter. For them, it's nothing more than a series of adventures. They have so many centuries behind them, and they have been through so many wars. One more, one less makes no difference... it's all an adventure. And the priest adds: what seems puerile and of no importance to you is for them of inordinate and crucial importance. And here we have the Prince's picnic. In a country devastated by war, the Prince has only one idea, to organize his picnic. One might think that this is because he is indifferent, because, etc. ... No, as the priest says, these people are strange, they don't think like us. The really important business of state is to have a picnic. It's a bizarre world!

What is it about these aristocrats that really forms the first element – not the first chronologically speaking – but the first logical element of this cinema of Visconti with its great compositions? What are these admirable compositions that he draws from it? Well, these are strange people, they are people who... here's what I already find important about them. Visconti is highly conscious of one thing, the fact that *they are not artists*. They are not creators. I admire this element of Visconti, the way he underlines how the real creators are elsewhere... they are, in terms of their own lives, extremely shabby individuals. The real creator is Wagner. Well, Wagner does not live in an aristocratic world, but he will mercilessly extract from Ludwig II all that he can procure from him.¹¹ And true artists are very pragmatic individuals, because they use everything to serve their work. The only things that matter are their work and their loves. The artist is a cynic.

So these aristocrats are not artists, they are not creators. But neither are they simply art lovers. They are better than that. The only thing we need to say is that they are people who have a profound *knowledge* of art. They know it through what we may call an intimate acquaintance. They surround themselves with art, that's it. Like the old professor in *Conversation Piece*¹², who has a typically aristocratic temperament. But here is their problem: they have a profound and vital knowledge of art, *and it is this very knowledge* that separates them from art and from the life of art. They are unable to create.

We could say the same thing in a different way. They never cease desiring to be free and claiming to be free but what they have is an empty freedom that consists in simply trying out roles. The true artist is not free. Who is it that can claim to be free? Constantly Ludwig II, in Visconti's own film, *Ludwig*, never stops saying how he wants to be free. But what does his freedom consist of? It's an empty freedom, as empty as the castles he commands, and which consists in trying out roles and continually extracting roles, as in the admirable scene with the actor who breaks down, if you remember, extracting roles from an exhausted actor who in the end can go on no longer, saying, please, please, I can't take it anymore, while Ludwig II tells him: Act, act, act out a role, play another role, act, you're here to act! And the actor collapses, that is to say, the true artist cannot hold out. Wagner will not be able to hold out.

But the actor doesn't hold out any better. So, what does all this show, what is this world outside of creation that obeys laws which are no longer either those of nature or of God? It's a world – and this is not only true for the present – it's a world *that does not cease and has never ceased to decompose*.

And this is the second element of Visconti, these worlds outside of everything, outside of the laws of nature and divine laws, are irresistibly swept away in a process of decomposition. And this abjection is the second element of Visconti's cinema. It is the decomposition of the crystal. It is the process of becoming opaque. Everywhere there is abjection, everywhere incest, everywhere murder, everywhere death and everywhere organic rot, moral abjection.... And this describes the organic decay of Ludwig II. It's the abjection of his love affairs with his valets. [*Tape interrupted, text repeated below*] [58:53]

Part 2

... And then, it is the also abjection of the two lovers in *Senso*¹³. Everywhere there is incest and death. It is the abjection of *Sandra*... Sandra? Sanda? Sandra? Sanda? So you see. It's everywhere! It is the abjection of the hero of *The Innocent*¹⁴. It is the process of becoming opaque that leads, finally, to it becoming impossible for the hero of *The Innocent* to distinguish between his wife and his mistress. There is a wonderful process of becoming opaque at work here. Okay. I would say – I don't have time to fully develop this – I would say that this is the second element of Visconti's work. It is a very rich oeuvre.

The third element – which is quite striking – is History, with a capital H. This is not to be confused with the previous element. We could say that History accelerates the decomposition of the crystal, but it is not to be confused with this decomposition. History, in a sense, is one of the elements... Visconti is one of the authors most able to make History present in cinema, and at the same time he does this in a very original way. It always seems to me that History... intervenes like an oblique view, or a slanting ray that arrives to precipitate or even shatter the crystalline world of the aristocrats and which proceeds in two different ways: sometimes it is off-screen in which case it is very interesting, because in a certain way, it becomes all the more present for being off-screen: that is to say, we do not see it.

In *Ludwig* we don't see it. We don't see History for a very simple reason: Ludwig II doesn't want to hear about it. And yet, my god, it is so present, it knocks at the door. It knocks at the door of the crystalline world. And it will leave nothing behind, it will raze everything to the ground. But we won't see it. Indeed, what happens in *Ludwig*? The great historical element here is Prussia's rise to power, which begins with the war, the failed war, and then the Prussian takeover. These are the two great historical episodes, which do not appear. The war appears only in indirect form, where Ludwig, appalled, realizes that his brother has gone mad because of this war in which he was caught up. And Ludwig's reaction is: don't tell me about it! don't tell me about it! I don't want to hear about it! And the Prussian takeover will be the same: it will lead to Ludwig's abdication, but he still doesn't want to hear about it. I would say that in *Ludwig*, history is all the more present for the fact that we literally never see it. But Visconti's art suffices to make it present: we read it in the brother's madness, in the brother's progressive madness, we read it in Ludwig's own end, which sees him interned, interned under the invisible hand of Prussia.

Sometimes, on the contrary, it is visible, as in *The Damned*¹⁵, where we have struggle between the SA and the SS: the liquidation of the SA by the SS, all of which is shown.¹⁶ In

Senso, the famous battle of *Senso* that shows the Italian movement and not long afterwards, the dismissal of the Garibaldians by the regular Italian army¹⁷, all this is explicitly shown. It was even more present in the uncut versions. But even when History is explicitly shown for its own sake, our view of it is oblique. The battle in *Senso* will completely obliterate this world, it will be like a kind of ray that will shatter the crystalline world of the two abject lovers. You see? And this would be the third element of Visconti's cinema. And we feel how they are competing, since History will bring about the rise of the *nouveaux riches*. This is a historical fact, the rise of the *nouveaux riches* that will precipitate the decomposition of the crystalline world of the rich, accelerate the organic decay of the rich... No, no, I don't mean the rich per se, I mean the aristocracy.

And then, obviously, all this is already very fine, but you feel that it doesn't yet constitute a system, it is not a complete system. There is a fourth element that arises. And Visconti's fourth great element is... something splendid arises, something really splendid. An inconceivable splendor, an unheard-of splendor arises, and it has the characteristic of arising too late. So, we could call this aristocratic pessimism. But also, again, there is immediately... what does it matter if it is too late, so long as it happens? Aesthetic optimism, since it happens too late in all respects except one, the work of art. It is never too late for the work of art.

And this is Visconti's refrain: *Too late, too late*. I can only think of the famous poem by Edgar Allan Poe, "Nevermore... nevermore"... "The Raven" as a possible literary equivalent. Poe's "Nevermore" and Visconti's "Too late", it seems to me, have the same intensity and the same grandeur. So, what is this "too late"? Too late for whom? Too late for what? Too late... Notice that this theme runs through all of Visconti's films. In *The Leopard*, the obsessive theme is that it is "too late for Sicily". Even the new regime will not be able to do anything for Sicily. Too deeply mired in death, it is too late for Sicily. But it is also too late for the old Prince.

For the old Prince – and this is a "too late" that has no equivocation, I mean no ambiguity – for the old Prince something extraordinary has occurred: to save his family from ruin, he has authorized the marriage of his favorite nephew to the daughter of a *nouveau riche* family. And this marriage, I might add, is a love marriage between the nephew and the daughter of the *nouveaux riches*. But, but, but... for a short while, the daughter of the *nouveaux riches* is clearly struck by the old Prince. I don't want to insinuate at all... I insist, there is no ambiguity at all, it's not that she is in love with him. She is simply fascinated by the old Prince. She loves her young beau, meaning the nephew, but she is fascinated by the old Prince, and she dances with the old Prince. And in a scene that in my view must be one of the most beautiful sequences of Visconti's cinema, there is the Viscontian composition – the ball in the Prince's mansion – and there is an amazing moment where they each look at the other, the young woman and the old man. And there they are close to one another, but beyond everything, beyond bodies and souls, they are close to one another, they are... and the nephew is completely cancelled out... it's Alain Delon, who plays the role very well! And Alain Delon looks, he looks at this couple... it's all very beautiful, this scene is quite exquisite... and of course it only lasts a moment. And of course, the young woman is not really in love with the Prince, and of course the Prince knows this. Maybe in his head he says to himself: Ah, if I were... if I were fifty years younger, well yes, I would have married her myself. But of course, the old Prince would never have married her in any case. He might tell himself that but that's not what counts. It is beyond the ages that they are devoted to one another in an almost... in an almost unutterable way: too late, too late...

In *Senso*, we have the abject lovers and in particular the Austrian officer, the cowardly Austrian officer, who never stops telling the Countess who has betrayed the cause of the Garibaldians for him... he never stops telling her how it is *too late*. Can't you see that it is too late for our love? And he wallows in abjection all the more because this *too late* continues to echo. In *Conversation Piece*, the old art professor, who is not an artist but an aristocrat, who surrounds himself with works of art, is invaded by an unbearable, vulgar family of real scoundrels. And the professor has a revelation: that the biggest scoundrel among all these invaders would, in truth, be his lover by nature and his son by culture. And here too, we hear the sound of this *too late, too late*.

I don't need to add *Death in Venice*¹⁸. *Death in Venice* presents us with someone who is much less of an artist, but I think it's stupid to equate the composer in *Death in Venice* with Gustav Mahler, because this isn't the case at all. The composer in *Death in Venice* may be an artist – so this would seem to contradict what I said earlier about the aristocrat not being an artist – but in reality, he is much more of an aristocrat than an artist. Indeed, it is formally stated that his work is fundamentally intellectual, that his work is a kind of algebra of music. You can say whatever you like about Mahler's work, but you can't say that it is musical algebra, nor that it is dryly intellectual. But here we have an artist who is too much of an intellectual. His music is a failure because it's too abstract. He is an aristocrat of art, not an artist. And what does he receive? He receives a revelation of sensible beauty. But in what form? In a form dear to Visconti: that of a young boy.

So, what is this *too late*? There's no point in asking whether Visconti is obsessed with homosexuality or not. Because I notice that in the list of examples that I gave, the *too late* only concerns homosexuality in two cases: *Conversation Piece* and *Death in Venice*. In the other cases, by contrast, the revelation of sensible beauty passes by way of heterosexuality. In fact, we should say that there are two modes of revelation of sensible beauty. It is, and this is very common... What is Beauty? It is *the unity of humanity and nature*. It is not by chance that Visconti remained a Marxist, in what was a strange and aristocratic form of Marxism. He invented an aristocratic Marxism. Beauty is the unity of humanity and nature. Fine. Simply one can conceive the unity of humanity and nature in two ways: one can conceive it as sensible unity or as sensual unity. The sensible unity of humanity and nature is landscape or rather, much more profoundly, the unity between human beings and their milieu, *The Earth Will Tremble*¹⁹, where we see the unity of the fishermen with the island.

As for the sensual unity of humanity and nature, there it is a question of... one cannot... well yes, but it's not of much interest... For Visconti, most often – and I am glad of this "most often", which removes him from a too precise interest in developments that aren't really of great importance – most often, it is through homosexuality. In his view, it is homosexuality that more frequently opens the way to a sensual unity between man and nature, or that gives it greater scope to occur, and this was apparent from his very first film, *Obsession*²⁰ where the homosexual gypsy... the homosexual gypsy offered a way out for the hero from his entanglement with the woman in their criminal love conspiracy. But not always. In the case of *The Leopard*, the sensual unity that occurs is between a man and a woman. So, it seems to me that Visconti is not exclusively concerned with the theme of homosexuality.

So, what is this revelation that comes too late? Once again, I repeat, it comes too late for everyone except the work of art. It's this "too late" that will constitute the very dimension of the work of art. And this too is very, very Proustian, completely Proustian. This is what I

called the fourth crystalline state, this kind of decomposing crystal. So, there we have our four states. Once again, I invite you to find others.

On this point, we can move on to another problem, which is the continuation of this, but what is it? It's... the last time, and also today up to the point we've now reached, what is it I've been doing? I've spent my time describing the crystal-image from different points of view. I've described it from two points of view: the elements that compose it and the stages through which it passes. So now we can think about what naturally follows and what naturally follows is not limited to this. We see something in the crystal; the crystal-image refers to a seer, it's a cinema of seers. We see something in the crystal, and what do we see in the crystal? We know it, I'm not going to repeat all that. We know it, we know it well... it is the *direct time-image*. Time no longer results indirectly from movement. What is revealed in the crystal is a direct time-image. We see it in the crystal. So what is this direct time-image? A bit of time in its pure state, we know that too. We have already confirmed all this, so we have made a lot of progress. We see *time in its very foundation*, that is, time insofar as it makes all presents pass and preserves the whole of the past. It makes all the presents pass and preserves the whole of the past *simultaneously*... at the same time. I would say that for us, in terms of the current state of our analysis, is finally the *essence* of time.

And this is what I will call the first schema, the first great Bergsonian figure. Namely, at each moment, time divides, differentiates, into two simultaneous jets, one of which makes all presents pass, while the other preserves the whole of the past. This is differentiation, the figure of the differentiation of Time, *Time as a process proceeds by way of differentiation*. So what I can say of time is that it simultaneously makes the present pass and preserves the past. And this is what I see in the crystal.²¹

Well, clearly the question I would now ask is: might there not actually therefore be *two* direct time-images? In this way I would be able to grasp pure time in terms of two direct images, one based on the present, the other on the past. A pure time, but then, what would this consist of? Neither the empirical past, nor the empirical present. So what can it be? I will have two direct figures of time. Is this possible, and what would they consist of?

So, do you want a little rest? It's going to get a little tough now. But not for long, okay? Three... three minutes! Three... One has already passed! [*Tape interrupted*] [82:00]

... Okay, the first figure. It looks quite simple. As the first figure we take the past which is preserved. So, it appears simple, this past that is preserved. It appears simple, but that's precisely the misunderstanding we have to avoid. Because the past that is preserved has nothing to do with a recollection we may have preserved. And this is what we've been talking about for a long time now. We have spent our time denouncing the flashback, saying that not only the flashback but also the recollection-image itself is insufficient. The past that is preserved has nothing to do with a recollection that is preserved, because at the very least, however vague the formula, we can say that though our recollections may be preserved within us, *the past is not preserved in us*. So where is the past preserved? According to our scheme, according to all we have said, the past... *the past is preserved in time*. This is... this is the great Bergsonian idea: time is not an agent of destruction of the past, *time is what preserves the past*, it is the preserver of the past.

Of course, it's easy to say this, but it is a very obscure idea, and why? And what is this past that is preserved *in time*? If you repeat this to yourself until you start to consider each term of

the formula "the past is preserved in time", you must sense that here we are dealing with a very paradoxical figure of time. If the past is preserved in time, then time will assume a strange figure. What figure will this be? It will be the second great Bergsonian figure: it will be his famous cone.²² There we have "S", Bergson's inverted cone. There is "S" which is the actual present. And the cone is time, or the whole of the past. So how is the past preserved in time? In the form of as many sections of the cone as you wish. And, from here, one dives in, wishing to complicate everything by noting that Bergson considers only the simplest sections, that is to say, the sections parallel to the base. What would happen if he considered also oblique sections? Then we would never be done, because it's already so complicated, I mean this looks quite simple.²³

And by what right does he tell us – and here his texts are not easy, we're on chapter three of *Matter and Memory* and what we have here are some very odd passages where what is in question is the essence of time and where he tells us that in each section of the cone, there is the whole of our past? In each section of the cone, there is the whole of my past. That is, I can... s1, s2, little s3... So, all my past is there. Where, in my head? Not at all! It's *in time*. And what does he mean by this? We're sinking into obscurity. Aah... the traffic is heavy in this room! All these sections coexist, but with what do they coexist? They coexist with one another, and with large S. So what is this large S? The actual present, which is nothing other than the most contracted section of my whole past. All my past coexists both with itself and with the actual present. Where does this happen? In time. It coexists in varying degrees that correspond to s1, s2, s3.

Well, these are not... What does coexist mean here? It means not succeeding one another. Let's suppose that... There, it's not exactly what Bergson says, because his texts are so complicated, so I'll just mention what I want to draw from them. Let's suppose that here I have my childhood, there my youth, my adolescence, there my adulthood, or things – we can multiply the sections – there, my old age. As for you, your cone terminates before mine, but that doesn't change anything. You will also have all your sections, and whatever moments you take, you will have a multiplicity of sections. In the Bergson-Fellini manner I can say that I am constructed in memory. My childhood, my adolescence, my adulthood and my old age coexist, they coexist in relation to my actual-present; my actual-present is just a more contracted degree of my past, of the whole of my past. Each time, there is the whole of my past; the whole of my past up to a certain point. There, in the childhood section, for example, it stops at the end of my childhood, okay.

But listen carefully: even if it is true that these different segments of the past follow one another, *from what point of view* does this happen? From the point of view of the former presents that they were. Each one has its own limit: the end of my childhood, the end of my adolescence, etc. *From the point of view of their relative limits*, they follow one another, that is, from the point of view of the former presents that they were. *But from the point of view of the past that they are*, they have a common limit which is my actual present. And there, *they don't follow one another, they coexist*. Do you understand? Besides, there is nothing to understand, you just have to let it flow.

Okay, so the whole of my past coexists with itself in its different ages, from the point of view of the actual present, which is simply the most contracted degree of my past. So I would say that *time is the coexistence of all these sheets of past*. All these sections are sheets of past, each of which holds all of my past up to a certain relative point, but all of which has a

common limit which is my actual present. All these sheets of past coexist, and *time is the coexistence of all the sheets of past...* time is the coexistence of all the ages preserved in it.

Aaaah... One could immediately ask, who does this remind us of in terms of cinema, but let's not get things in a muddle. It's beautiful. Let's suppose that this is a beautiful idea, yet this is not sufficient... What makes it necessary? What makes it necessary, that is: why would we say this?

The first point to note here – you mustn't get things confused – but then what fascinates me in chapter three of *Matter and Memory* is that Bergson sometimes makes the distinction quite admirably, but other times he slips up and then it's as though the whole distinction became muddled. I would say, even if it means overdetermining the texts, that you mustn't confuse these sheets of past with recollection-images, like when you say: "I recall my childhood". Why? What is the difference? It's that recollection-images... No. It's that these coexisting sheets of past are *virtual*, they have no psychological reality. This is why Bergson lays claim to a metaphysics of memory, and why he is able to identify memory with time itself. It is not a recollection-image. It is what he calls *pure recollection*, placing this in opposition to the recollection-image, and telling us to beware that *pure recollection in no way resembles the recollection-images we draw from it*. I draw recollection-images from these sheets of past, but on what condition? We will see in a minute. Though I draw my recollection-images from these sheets of past, these sheets of past do not themselves consist of recollection-images. *They make recollection-images possible*, but they are not the same thing. They are pure recollections, sheets of past that have no other existence than virtual. They are purely virtual.²⁴

But remember our rule: the virtual has a reality; the virtual may have no actuality, but it has a reality. Okay. So you will understand me when I say that recollection-images are images in the process of actualization. We have studied this countless times recently. Whereas the sheets of past are purely virtual, they are purely virtual. They exist only in time. They are not actualized in an image that we have at our disposal. They don't even resemble the recollection-images that we will draw from them.

Hence the question: what is going on here? More than this, Bergson says that pure recollection stands behind the recollection-image, and even behind the perception-image. You remember the wonderful text that I quoted last time or the time before last. "as the hypnotizer stands behind the hallucinations he provokes".²⁵ They are hypnotizers, magnetizers, they stand behind the recollection-image the way a magnetizer or hypnotizer stands behind the hallucinations that they provoke. That is to say, they do not look alike. At this point our question is: but why does he need to tell us this? Why is it that recollection-images are not sufficient for him? Why does he feel the need to invoke these virtual sheets of past that constitute the whole coexistence and essence of time? There must be a reason, otherwise everything collapses! One cannot just say: because it's elegant!

The answer is this: because otherwise, the very formation of recollection-images would be incomprehensible. This is his idea, namely that a recollection-image is different from an imaginary image. Why and how? When you say: I remember this episode from my childhood, you don't take the recollection-image for a dream. You might have false recollections, which would be a whole other problem that for the moment is not our concern. But the recollection is different in nature from the imaginary image. Why? Following Bergson, – and here you can very well say, I don't follow, it doesn't matter – following

Bergson, the Bergsonian answer is this: if the recollection-image has a characteristic mark, it is because it relates to the past. What he says is quite simple. Now, no matter how much we turn it around in all directions, *we will not find within it the thing that relates it to the past.*

In other words: the recollection-image will only relate to the past *if it is in the past that we have gone in search of it.* For me this is blinding, it's completely luminous. There are some who will remain absolutely closed to this argument, they will be right, but they shouldn't bother me with objections. They will be right. It just means that this is not for them, but something else will be. This is not bad; you just have to follow the process of the reasoning.

You have a recollection-image: Oh, I remember my mother beating me when I did this. So, okay. You remember this. You don't confuse it with something you imagined. You say, I'm sure. You're sure, okay. It may turn out not to be true, but that doesn't change anything. You invoke a mark of the past that constitutes the difference in nature between a recollection-image and an imaginary image. Where does this come from? You could say that there is a sign in the recollection-image, which already justifies this difference in nature, it is up to you to say what it is. Bergson doesn't see one. He says that you can turn a recollection-image around in all directions, but you will not find the mark of the past that would distinguish it from the imaginary image. If it has this mark, *it owes it to something else:* it's something it *receives.* And from what does it receive the mark? From something in the past where it has gone to look for it.

In other words, this happens in the same way that for us to perceive an object as real – and here Bergson anticipated all the analyses of phenomenology – it is necessary to exit oneself and be, as the phenomenologists would say, *in the object.* That is to say, it is in the real as such, that we perceive the object, *it is in the world* – this idea of “being in the world” – it is not in us, it is in the world that we perceive things. Or rather, we perceive things where they are. This is where Bergson goes much further than phenomenology because he believes that the same argument, the same reasoning, can be valid also for memory. Namely, that just as we perceive things not in us but in the world where they are, *so too we also grasp the past where it is: in time itself.*

We exit ourselves to jump into a region of the past. We settle on a sheet. We jump – this is the expression he uses – we immediately settle on it. We jump into a region of the past, and we explore it – we don't yet have any recollection, any recollection-image – we explore this region. If we find what we are looking for, but in another form – it is all a matter of presentiment, or post-sentiment – then such and such a point of the sheet of past will be actualized in a recollection-image. This recollection-image will be marked by the past, but only because it is in the past that we have been seeking it. But in the place where we went in search of it, there was not yet a recollection-image. Recollection-images will be formed from the sheets of the past on which we settle.

And all the sheets of the past coexist among themselves. And he continually refers us to the example I have often evoked, the very striking example, where I am looking for a recollection. Where have I seen this guy? I pass someone and say to myself, where have I seen this guy? I'm sure I know him from somewhere, where? That is, I try to form a recollection-image. How do I try to form it? Well, I grope around, I grope. At first, I have a confused impression that it was a long time ago. I say to myself: ah well! Perhaps, perhaps it's a former colleague. I move to a region of the past, I grope: nothing responds. And yet, it

may be there, there may be a point in this region, a virtual point, but I overlook it. I can't find it.

So, I come back to S, my actual present, and I send out a new probe that will take me to another sheet of past. No, no, it's not a former colleague. No, no. Maybe it's... maybe it's an old army buddy. So I jump from the past where I was, I move to another region, and again I grope around. So I put a kepi on his head, a hat, like this. I try, but I tell myself it doesn't work. And all this constitutes a whole domain of retention, as Husserl would say, to speak in terms other than Bergsonian; a whole domain of retention that precedes the recollection-image. I am still just groping around. I try to make him march in step, but I say to myself, no, it wasn't in the army.

I come back to S. It's not necessarily in this sense, it can be in another order. I say to myself, a childhood friend from school. And I try to find childlike features on his face. And then I make his cheeks a little firmer and more rounded, I make him smaller, and I ask myself if this works, that is to say, will the recollection-image "take" on this sheet of past? You see how there is always a hypnotist behind it. Each time I have to address myself to a hypnotist, a magnetizer who will tell me yes or no. And I say to myself, oh no, this won't work. That's not where I met this guy. So I might find him or not find him, it doesn't matter. You see why – I'm answering my question – why Bergson feels the need to distinguish the virtual sheets of past and to radically distinguish them from the recollection-images that will arise from these virtual sheets? Because there is an immediate, very important consequence for cinema. You will understand why... why certain filmmakers – and I'm not saying they need to read Bergson – find themselves at the heart of this question. I say this in advance, so the plot thickens.

Suppose a case: there are two people. Let's call one A, let's call the other X. They are both in S. Here X settles in a region of his own past, any region; he jumps into a region of his own past, and he gropes around. And the answer that comes to him from the hypnotist, that is, from this section, is: "Yes, you knew A". Aha! I, X, knew A. I jumped on that sheet. At the same time, A jumps onto another sheet of her own past. She gropes around, and she doesn't find anything that can be embodied in X. She didn't know X. She has never known X. X, the hypnotist, knew A. A is in danger of being hypnotized by X, she doesn't have her own hypnotist. This is just a sketch of the story.

So, perhaps the story can be told in another way. No doubt it can be told in another way. No doubt it must be told another way too. But it can already be told like this. You must have recognized an aspect of *Last Year at Marienbad* here, one that I would say particularly corresponds to the point of view of Resnais, and which, strangely enough, you will not find from the point of view of Robbe-Grillet. But that doesn't matter.

I take another example by Resnais, from a very fine film, *Je t'aime, je t'aime*, which is really one of the most profound films ever made on the question of time.²⁶ I remind you, for those who haven't seen it, that it concerns a point of view from a pod-like structure that plays exactly the role of a crystal-image, but an opaque crystal. I would even say that it's one of the finest opaque crystal images in cinema, something similar to frosted glass²⁷. A man will be made to go back in time to a precise moment, and Resnais continually insists that this is not a flashback, it's not a recollection-image. And he says that the hero is supposed to relive a moment of his past. And disasters will occur. He's enclosed there in the crystal along with a little mouse. The mouse will emerge unharmed, having supposedly relived an instant from its

own past, without being damaged. And here, Resnais is very ambiguous about whether or not it has relived a moment of its past. Regarding this, he is very discreet. But, for the man, the experience will be catastrophic because he won't be able to return to S, except at the very end, when he will be brought back in a state of death. Okay.

What happened here? *Je t'aime, je t'aime* has a structure that will be of immense importance for us and that regards the essence of time. So I just want to make one small remark for the moment. I'm interested in the question of why the mouse gets away with it while the man does not? It's that... it's a mystery, I know, I know. So, all right, I put myself in the mouse's shoes, this little mouse that's supposed to be able to relive a moment of its past like that. Why is this? It's the animal state. It is not too difficult for the mouse, it can... let's allow it this possibility, it can relive a moment of its past. But a man cannot. Why is the man unable to do this? That is to say, why is it that the experience conceived by the diabolical scientists can only be valid for the mouse, because if they had given it a minute's thought, that is to say, if they had read some Bergson, they would never have put the man in the pod. They would have known that *the man could only make the machine break down*. It's obvious! They're idiots, that is to say, they haven't done enough philosophy! If had, they would have known that a man cannot relive a moment of his past. And why can't a man relive a moment of his past? Not because he can't relive the past, but because he can't relive the moment... [*Tape interrupted*] [1:56:30]

Part 3

... he can very easily relive the past through memory, that yes, it's something we never stop doing. But I can't relive the moment. Why not? Because *any past moment that I relive belongs to a sheet of past*, pertains to a *continuum*, as we would say in Latin. Right? A continuum. Every moment pertains to a continuum. I wish to relive the past, but at that moment, what I relive is a continuum of the past, that is to say, a sheet, a sheet of past. The man cannot abstract a moment from the sheet to which it belongs. So, it's clear that the sheets of past jam the machine and that the hero of *Je t'aime, je t'aime* is thrown from sheet to sheet, and can't get out of the machine. The scientists were criminals because they didn't think about the difference between man and mouse.

If I settle on a sheet of past, I will find the sought-after moment only by going over the whole sheet. I can contract it, I can scan it at full speed; I can scan the sheet, but I cannot abstract an instant from it. An instant always pertains to a particular sheet or even to several sheets. And, in fact, the precise moment of *Je t'aime, je t'aime* is the moment when the hero came out of the sea and saw the woman with whom he went on to live, whose name was Catrine. Instead of reliving this precise moment, according to the machine's program, he will relive all the sheets of past which involve this moment, either directly or indirectly. He will be tossed from sheet to sheet, causing the machine to shudder and groan. So I would say that in the end, just permit me to state that the first figure of time would be *the coexistence of virtual sheets of past*, the present being only one of these sheets, the most contracted. So there we have the first direct time-image.

Except that these are therefore not recollection-images, since recollection-images are what derive from them. These are the sheets of past that make recollection-images possible. So, you might ask me how we obtain these sheets of past, since we can't rely on recollection-images to provide them? They precede recollection-images, they are the foundation of recollection-images. But luckily, we have the answer. We have it in what we called

paradoxical spaces. You will say to me: Aah! but this reintroduces space, so everything is ruined! But no, we have seen that it does not reintroduce space. What we called paradoxical spaces, that is, disconnected spaces, desertified spaces, crystallized spaces, crystallized milieux, probabilistic spaces that we have not yet studied, topological spaces and so on, an infinite list. As opposed to Euclidean space, in what way do they appear? As spaces *which do not themselves account for their spatial characteristics*, that is to say as spaces whose spatial characteristics are paradoxical for the simple reason that *they can only be explained by time...* [Tape interrupted] [2:01:16]

... and as we have seen, depth of field, in Welles for example, through the particular spaces where it is established, is, as we have seen, a factor of temporalization, that is to say it is an exploration of sheets of past. It is in time that the character moves through the depth of field. We also saw this in Visconti's tracking shots, for example, in *Sandra*. It is in time that a character goes back, either through a tracking shot of the Resnais type or of the Visconti type. So, regarding the first figure, where can I find it? In terms of the history of cinema, where do I find it?

In cinema, I see it in the work of two filmmakers in particular: Welles and Resnais. And here, the homage to be paid once again to Welles is that, in my view, he is the first filmmaker to introduce and construct direct time-images in cinema, and this was a fantastic adventure, and that, once again, depth of field is not a question of space, depth of field is a factor of temporalization, depth of field is the basis of the time-image, of a completely new time-image.

And, from Welles to Resnais, we see a kind of relationship that is extremely interesting, but if we were to draw out – which is always an arbitrary matter – if we were to extract, independent of all the rest of their cinematographic context, the essential thought behind it, we would see that both of them fit in with... they equally play on this idea of time as the coexistence of all the virtual sheets of past. Except that each has a very different manner of exploring this, though the two methods fit together very well. I'm not saying that this is the only kind of time-image, there are many. What's more, they are endlessly subdivided.²⁸

I just want to say very quickly regarding Welles... I can just do a quick survey. The way... try to imagine that this Bergsonian schema, though I'm not applying it abstractly to Welles, is something that chimes quite naturally with a number of Welles' films, a strange adventure that will bring some brio to this struggle, I would say. Everything starts with *Citizen Kane*. Now, everyone knows that in *Citizen Kane*, we can always begin from the notion that the characters are witnesses to a given period of Kane's life. But everyone knows too that this is an inadequate reading, that even if this is the case – and of course this is the situation – there is something else at stake too, something more profound. It is that each of their testimonies in fact constitutes a sheet of past that contains the whole of Kane's life. At which point you will tell me, the whole of Kane's life up to a given moment. Yes, up to a given moment in relation to the former presents that these moments were, and which contains all of Kane's life more or less contracted in relation to the actual present. And what is it that defines this present? The fact that Kane is dead, Kane has just died.

So we see that the key depth of field scenes in *Citizen Kane* have two roles: first, to embody the maximum contraction from which the recall of the sheets of past will begin. By this I don't mean the summoning of a recollection. One has to settle on a certain sheet of past for recollection to become possible. So the contraction is the point from which I jump onto a

sheet of past. And the other aspect of depth of field is, on the contrary, its uniquely lateral aspect, namely the fact that once they have jumped onto a sheet of past, *it is in the past itself that the character moves*. When Kane crosses the depth of field of the entire corridor that unites him with the journalist-friend with whom he will break off relations, and whose review he will finish himself, the spectator reads, actually reads the image under the heading: "this was their break-up". They don't at all read it in the form of "this will be the breakup". Along with the character himself we are in the process of walking in the past, of exploring a sheet of past from which recollection-images will arise. Good.

Okay. But let's return for a moment to this question of the recollection-image. I settle on a sheet of past, and the recollection-images come down and become embodied, at which point I say: Ah yes, here is the recollection I was looking for. They become embodied, I go and look for the recollection-image in a sheet of past. It does not pre-exist; the sheet does not present us with a recollection-image. But one point of the sheet, if I land on it well, will become embodied, it will descend in an S and become embodied or actualized in a recollection-image. Except that something might happen. Fortunately, accidents do happen.

And in his psychiatric theory of the brain... Bergson, in his psychiatric theory of the brain, said that there are two possible accidents that can happen regarding recollection.²⁹ In any case – not in any case – in the first case you are in S, the actual present; you jump onto a sheet of past, you find the point you were seeking in this sheet. Then this point descends and as it descends, it is embodied in a recollection-image. Do you follow me? Except that in the first case that can occur, the recollection descends without problem, only to encounter sensory-motor disorders in S.

These sensory-motor disorders are in S, the actual present. You have sensory-motor disorders, so the recollection-image descends without a hitch, but you don't know how to use it. If you like, you have apraxia – that's not quite the right usage but it's just in order to simplify things – you have apraxia without amnesia. It's not common, well I don't know if it's common now in hospitals. You know this is the tragedy, this is the real tragedy in the way doctors are trained. It's the fact that people are increasingly treated at home, you know! And it's terrible, terrible. Young doctors, that's why young doctors... it's chilling, hospital patients have become very, very thin on the ground. I mean, in the old days at the hospital, you used to see... you used to see some, you used to see some incredible cases, but now they've been put out on the street. This is not so well-known, but we used to see people who had perfectly preserved recollections, but who were unable to use them in any way, meaning that a recollection, even if it is perfectly embodied, might turn out to be empty.

For example, someone might be able to describe in perfect detail the streets in their neighborhood. I'll take an example: yes, there's this street that intersects with so-and-so street, you know, this is how they describe it, quite accurately. But when we take them there, they don't know, they don't know how to orient themselves. Here we would say that this is a case of apraxia with preserved recollections. You see? In other words, the recollection has become unusable. What has been struck? The sensory-motor movements through which I could make use of the recollection-image are in S. I have settled on a sheet of past, a point of this past has been actualized in a recollection-image, but I no longer know what to do with it, given the sensory-motor disorders I have either at the medullary level, at the level or at the level of the cerebellum, or at the cerebral level. Are you familiar with such cases? It can be useful to know all this.

Another example would be so-called cases of amnesia that Bergson will interpret in a very specific way. For Bergson, in my view, the case of amnesia is even worse. Here, what I can no longer manage is the movement of recall, that is to say, I can no longer jump. It's not the person who makes use who has disappeared in me, it's the one who jumps, the dancer thanks to whom I am able to settle on a sheet of past. I can no longer evoke the past. Here is what we call true amnesia. There are all kinds of particular cases, but that doesn't change anything. Nonetheless I insist on this aspect of Bergson, because Bergson is, to the best of my knowledge, the only philosopher who has influenced psychiatry... along with Heidegger. Heidegger through the work of Binswanger, but that would really be... No, no, what I'm saying is nonsense. There was Schelling too, and then there was a whole school of German psychiatry at the end of the 19th century. So it is in fact quite common for philosophers to be interested in psychiatry! And, those were good times, those were good times because psychiatry was in a better state. They let the subjects stay in hospital, which was a great advantage for everyone involved.

You see, Bergson will tell us that in the case of amnesia, the sheets of past have in no way disappeared. It's simply that the subject can no longer reach them. They have become impossible to recall, but they have not disappeared because in themselves they are virtual. They have the reality of the virtual.

Why am I telling you this? Let's try to introduce a progression in the films of Welles. *Citizen Kane*, here I'm talking about S: Kane is dead, Kane has just died. And I have something to look for. What is *Rosebud*? Witnesses will be summoned to jump onto the different sheets of past, always presumably in terms of the same question: Is it on this sheet? Is it on this sheet and in this region of the past that ... is it in this vestige of the past that the point called Rosebud lies? And all kinds of sheets will be explored, and it is in time that they will be explored. Of course, we won't find a Rosebud. And yet, childhood itself is explored, but we miss this Rosebud. Good!

And then only at the end, when the removal men are emptying Kane's mansion, they throw away the childhood sled that is inscribed with the word "Rosebud". They throw it on the fire that is blazing in the fireplace. The recollection has finally become embodied, but no-one is interested. The mystery is solved. It was in the childhood sheet that Rosebud lay, but no one cares. The recollection is unusable. And far from being a filmmaker who is turned towards the past, Welles will develop the sheets of the past with a purpose... and we will see why he passes through the sheets of past? But his first idea, Welles's first great idea is *the radical uselessness of the recollection-image*. Either it is not actualized, or it is actualized for no-one, that is to say, it is useless. What a lovely idea! So why all these explorations, again so many...? Let's stick with this problem.

Second great film: *The Magnificent Ambersons* and here, what remained localized with the Rosebud story becomes generalized and explodes – it's amazing! – It concerns the ruin of an entire family, the precipitous ruin of a family through a system of levels. Here you will find everything you want regarding temporalization and depth of field as it relates to temporalization. In *The Magnificent Ambersons*, it is... it is even more evident than in *Kane*. But what is new is the affirmation of a generalized uselessness. Namely, what I find here, the heart of *The Magnificent Ambersons* is really the moment when Welles' famous voice says this: "and now it came at last" – I'm not quoting exactly, I'm reconstructing – at last, the final ruin, the ruin of the Amberson family. At last, their ruin was final – that is, they passed through all those levels, all those sheets of past where the Amberson family had dwelt. "But,

those who had so longed for it were not there to see it. And they never knew it" – they had been dead for a long time – "Those who were still living had forgotten all about it"³⁰ – meaning those who wanted it didn't even remember that they had wanted it. This is unthinkable! It really is. I mean, all the recollections... you have all manner of recollections in *The Magnificent Ambersons* but accompanied by a sneer: Aha! They're finished! Those bastards are done and dusted! But nobody is interested anymore. And this is the story of *The Magnificent Ambersons*, it's the fact that nobody's interested in it anymore, and this is the incredible thing.

And this is redoubled by one of the most beautiful scenes in *Ambersons*, the one where the Major dies. You remember, it occurs about halfway through the film? The great death scene of the Major who says to himself: "Ah, yes" – it's a visionary death – "Ah yes, I'm going to die". I don't know, he says something of that order. Yes, I'm going to the grave, I'm going to a place where I'm not even sure I'll be recognized as an Amberson.³¹ Which is natural, where I'm going, which is to the last judgement. Amberson or not, who cares? In other words, it's all useless.

So, I would say that the first two great films by Welles involved an exploration of the sheets of past that would reveal the obvious fact that *recollection is unusable*. You will say to me that this is a rather negative conclusion. No, because, from the fact that recollection is unusable, something fundamental emerges, namely that *time consists in the coexistence of all the sheets of past*, but as a result, *time never ceases to be in permanent crisis*.³² And, it is in terms of this permanent crisis of time – because time is what stirs up all the coexisting sheets of past, and what never ceases to stir them – it is in terms of this stirring of all the sheets of past that recollection is unusable, that is to say, of no interest to anyone.

Time as permanent crisis. And in an interview where an interviewer says to Welles: "Yes, in *The Magnificent Ambersons*, you capture a great moment of crisis in the city that coincides with the advent of the automobile," his reply is, "If it hadn't been that, it would have been something else. I don't know of a time that is not in a state of permanent crisis."³³ So for us, the notion of time as permanent crisis now completes this idea of the coexistence in time of virtual sheets of past. The link between the two is the perpetual stirring of these sheets. The permanent crisis is the state of permanent stirring of the sheets of past.

But let's continue with the chronological examination, and you can immediately sense that after two films like this, which demonstrate the unusable character of recollection, he takes a step further, as if he were a Bergsonian without knowing it. But the good Bergsonians are always those who don't know it! Because it will occur quite naturally, and here, I'm not forcing things. Listen to me carefully, I'm not forcing things at all, I only seem to force them, but I don't really force them. What does he show us next? He tackles another aspect of the question: the moment when the past becomes impossible to recall and yet for all that does not cease to be real. Note that I say *real*, I don't say *actual*. It cannot be recalled, that is to say, it is impossible to actualize. But it has all the reality of the virtual, it is there, it is there, weighing all the more because of the impossibility of recalling it. So here, it's no longer a question of apraxia, it's something much more disturbing. And this is the concern of Welles' third great film, *The Lady from Shanghai*. Because what is *The Lady from Shanghai* about? He states it very simply: it's about someone who is caught up, literally caught up in the past of others, in the past of an infernal trio, a poor guy who is literally caught up in the past of a demonic trio.

So here it's quite obvious that in this situation – a privileged situation – it's quite clear that the past in question cannot be evoked since it is the past of the others. The poor guy knows nothing of this past, and neither do we as spectators. We too know nothing. All we know is that it's a very grim past. What happened between them? And what is being prepared in relation to this past? What settling of scores? And each one has their own sheet of past. The woman has a sheet of past from the Far East. What went on in the Far East to make her the current mistress of Chinatown? Where does she get this power from? A past that is impossible to recall. And he, Bannister, the lawyer, the husband, where did he acquire his extraordinary scorpion-like viciousness? Where did he get his crutches, his prosthetics? How did he acquire them? Was he born crippled birth? And the third guy, who appears on the scene like a kind of bewildered sniggering half-wit, what does he want? Does he want to be killed? He wants to organize a fake murder that will turn out to be a real murder. But why? What's going on with these people?

So, what was quite amusing – well, not exactly amusing because... – in many interviews Welles has shown how little regard he has for Minnelli. So, I say to myself that this isn't exactly fair because, if there is someone in cinema whose problem – which he didn't owe to Welles – whose problem, for a long time, was the question of someone who becomes absorbed by the past of others or by the dream of others, it's Minnelli. It's certainly Minnelli! All of Minnelli's films turn around this question. Someone who willingly or unwillingly is introduced into the dream or the past of another or others and who will try to cope as best they can with the dangers of being engulfed like this.

By this I don't mean to say that Welles is a disciple of Minnelli, but what I am saying is that this fortunate encounter between the two means that Welles' harsh judgement of Minnelli is somewhat unfounded, though I suppose like everyone else they had their own scores to settle. So it doesn't matter. So, here again we see that the past is just as unusable as it is in the first two films. It is the past that cannot be recalled, and which becomes all the more powerful for this impossibility. And this is a typical case, since it concerns the past of others. So Welles could not leave it at this all too simple given situation, to express what he had to say. He sets up a privileged situation that everyone can understand. Of course, I can't recall the past of people I don't know. They hired me to pilot their boat, I don't know their past. So under very simple conditions this past becomes impossible to recall.

One step further is *Mr. Arkadin*. For what is *Arkadin* about? It's about how to make your own past incapable of being recalled. It is no longer the past of others. How to make one's own past impossible to recall? And in the beginning, the investigator, if you remember *Arkadin* – it's one of the depth of field scenes – the investigator as he crosses the courtyard, emerges from the past where he has been exploring the different sheets of Arkadin's past. And, each time, Arkadin has followed him and eliminated the point likely to become embodied in a recollection-image, that is, the witnesses to his past. How to make it impossible to recall... That's how? The theme seems to be "killing the witnesses of the past", which is a highly melodramatic theme. The philosophical theme that is no less present in the film is: how to make one's own past impossible to recall? But why do all this? Why do it? Well, for a simple reason, a very simple reason, it's that at this level it's no longer time... the useless recollection would return us to the idea of time as permanent crisis that stirs up these sheets of past. But what does the impossible recollection take us back to? Here, the sheets of past are stirred, but not simply by the crisis, the perpetual crisis of time. They are stirred by something deeper, which is an originary becoming.

Here it's almost... I'm jumping to this, too bad! This time Welles is much closer this time to Nietzsche for whom originary becoming refers to the earth! It is life, it is life that arises from the earth, that is to say, autochthonous life. Autochthonous, meaning: "coming directly from the earth". The autochthons. And the earth from which they spring is a muddy earth, it is the earth of origins, it is *becoming*, what Nietzsche will call becoming. And it is a land that stirs all the elements, water, air. It is an earth that does not distinguish itself from the other elements. And this is the splendid earth of *Macbeth* that Bazin beautifully described as precisely this indeterminate element where the earth, strictly speaking, the waters, fire, all of these are mixed in a kind of originary becoming.³⁴ This is primordial time. And what we see in Welles' cinema from one end to the other is that the characters die in damp, muddy earth, they drag themselves through muddy earth... [*Tape interrupted*] [2:32:52]

... the end of the inspector in *Touch of Evil*³⁵, the famous pasteboard sets of *Macbeth*. Well, you see that, I would say... so why do I refer to all this? Because... What time is it?

Student: Five to.

Deleuze: Five to! So, there's not much time left, and you might have had enough already... Where are we... why all this? It's because, in my view, there's something very important that happened with Welles' cinema. I'll state it very briefly like this, and then we'll be done. What happened very quickly is that *the center no longer had the same role*. There is a transmutation of the notion of center, which is fundamental, which is fundamental to... I mean, bodies no longer have a center. Neither bodies nor souls have a center any longer. There is no center anymore, what we have instead is this lack of center, the acentric. Why is this? Because there is no longer a center of force, you understand? Because for Welles, given that he is also Nietzschean, a force always relates to another force. Force is the relation of one force to another.

Thus, here force is never related to a center but only to other forces. These forces are absolutely decentered, which is what marks Welles' greatness. The autochthonous earth, the land of the autochthons is really without center. There's no more center, there's no more center in the sense we intend when we speak of the center of a body, the center of a configuration, center of a mass, center, of whatever you like. Hence, he will re-establish the center, and this will be a completely new type of center: it will be a question of *optical centers*, optical centers of perspective. This is exactly the passage from classical physics to perspective geometry, to projective geometry. The center will be the point of view, but not at all the point of view on a thing. It will be the constitutive point of view of projection, *things will now exist only as projections*. It is not at all a point of view *on* something. Projective geometry has never been a point of view *on* something, which would be a subjective optical center. Projective geometry consists of constituent optical centers, that is to say, that the optical center will constitute a thing that is nothing more than its perspective or the metamorphosis of inter-related perspectives.

So I should really explain all this, but in fact it's really quite simple. As I said, it's an optical center, and this explains everything in Welles' cinema. That is to say that geometry, the equivalent of a projective geometry, is what explains his rapid, chopped-up editing. The depth of field is precisely the correlative of projective geometry, that is to say, what in mathematics was called the theory of shadows. It is through depth of field that the shadow is introduced, which is the direct correlate of projective geometry.

Well, I don't know, we'll see, but the next seminar will be the last. [*Tape ends*] [2:36:56]

Notes

¹ As in the previous seminar, Deleuze misquotes this line from *The Golden Coach*, spoken by Anna Magnani: “Where does theatre end and life begin?”

² See *The Time-Image*, pp. 87-88.

³ Born in Algeria, Barthélemy Amengual (1919-2005) was a French film critic, educator and essayist. A partisan of Algerian independence, he lived and worked in Alger until 1968, creating cine-clubs, publishing monographs on directors such as Chaplin, Pabst, Eisenstein and Pudovkin, and contributing to reviews such as *Les Cahiers du cinéma*, *Positif*, *L'Écran français*, *Jeune cinéma* and *CinémAction*. Among his best-known books are *Présence et évocation au cinéma* (1953) and *Clefs pour le cinéma* (1971).

⁴ Deleuze's cites Amengual's articles on numerous occasions in *The Time-Image*, see p. 5, 89, 184, 281 n. 8, 282 n. 15, 291 n. 21, 296 n. 31, 299 n. 21. These articles appeared in the review *Études cinématographiques*, published by Lettres Modernes, Minard. See in particular “Fellini I and II” that according to Deleuze appears in vol. 15 (28-29), “Federico Fellini, 8 1/2” (1964), and vol. 44 (127-130), “Federico Fellini 2. Aux sources de l'imaginaire” (1981).

⁵ On Fellini and these themes in light of the crystal-image, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 88-92.

⁶ Deleuze often refers to Fellini during this year, notably in sessions 2 and 4 (November 22 and December 6) and in sessions 9, 14, and 20 (January 24, March 20 and May 29).

⁷ On these words of Fellini and the questions of memory, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 98-100.

⁸ On *Amarcord*, memory and Péguy see *The Time-Image*, pp. 91-92.

⁹ On the gallop and the refrain see session 14, March 20, 1984, and the beginning of session 18, May 15, 1984.

¹⁰ Regarding the decomposing crystal in Visconti, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 94-97. On Visconti see also session 8, January 17, 1984.

¹¹ Ludwig II of Bavaria was Wagner's patron.

¹² *Conversation Piece* (It. *Gruppo di famiglia in un interno*, 1974) is a film by Luchino Visconti, starring Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, Helmut Berger and Romolo Valli. The story concerns a cultivated old professor, whose life is disturbed when a vulgar Countess along with her family and younger lover install themselves in the apartment above his. Despite the family's debauched ways, the professor finds himself increasingly drawn to the young lover of the countess, a former gigolo and left-wing activist, with whom he shares a passion for art. However, inviting the group to dinner at his apartment leads to some startling revelations that have tragic consequences.

¹³ *Senso* (1954) is a historical melodrama by Visconti starring Alida Valli and Farley Granger. Set against the backdrop of the Italian war of independence, it tells the story of an Italian countess who falls for a young Austrian officer, unleashing a mad passion that will see her betray both her Garibaldian cousin and the independence cause only for her manipulative lover to humiliate and abandon her, provoking her to a final act of vengeance.

¹⁴ *The Innocent* (It. *L'innocente*, 1976) was Visconti's last film. Based on Gabriele D'Annunzio's novel *The Intruder* and starring Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli and Jennifer O'Neil, it tells the story of a Roman aristocrat who neglects his wife in favour of his demanding mistress until she falls in love with a novelist who gives her a child before dying of a tropical disease. Intolerant of the newborn child, the aristocrat exposes it to the elements, causing it to die, and his wife, who knows he is responsible for the death, to leave him. Finally, after a failed attempt at reconciliation with his mistress and unable to come to terms with what he has done, he shoots himself.

¹⁵ *The Damned* (It. *La caduta degli dei*, 1969) is a historical drama film by Luchino Visconti starring Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, Helmut Berger, Umberto Orsini and Charlotte Rampling. Set in the Germany of the 1930s, in the period when Hitler seized power, the story concerns a wealthy family of German industrialists who become entangled in business with the Nazis, a decision that leads, through endless machinations, betrayals and counter-betrayals, to their disintegration and eventual destruction and to the party seizing control of their industrial empire.

¹⁶ The Sturmabteilung SA was the original paramilitary wing of the Nazi Party. It played a significant role in Hitler's rise to power in the 1920s and 1930s. Its primary purposes were providing protection for Nazi rallies and assemblies, disrupting and fighting against the paramilitary units of the opposing parties. Most of its leading figures were liquidated by the SS in a 1934 massacre that became known as “The Night of the Long Knives”, depicted in *The Damned*.

¹⁷ *Senso* suffered several cuts due to the intervention of the Italian Ministry of the Armed Forces, notably a scene in which the cousin of the Countess and his Garibaldian Veneto partisans are told by an officer of the

Regular Army that they will not be needed in the battle against the Austrians, that the army will win or lose alone. It appears this is the dismissal Deleuze is referring to here.

¹⁸ *Death in Venice* (It. *Morte a Venezia*, 1971) is a film by Luchino Visconti based on the novella by Thomas Mann and starring Dirk Bogarde, Bjorn Andresen, Silvana Mangano and Marisa Berensen. The second film in Visconti's German trilogy, it concerns a fastidious German composer who goes to stay at a luxurious hotel on the Venice Lido on account of his failing health. There, he is struck by the apparition of a beautiful boy, the son of a Polish family. His attraction to the boy leads him to question his own overly cerebral approach to music and to pursue the elusive phantom of the youth through a Venice stricken by cholera, precipitating his own eventual demise.

¹⁹ *The Earth Will Tremble* (Orig. *La terra trema*, 1948) is Luchino Visconti's second feature film. Considered a key work of Neorealism and loosely based on Giovanni Verga's 1881 novel *I Malavoglia*, the film uses a cast of non-professional actors to document in three distinct movements the economic and personal decline of a family of poor Sicilian fishermen and women, as their livelihood is ruined by shipwreck and abstract economic forces.

²⁰ *Obsession* (Orig. *Ossessione*, 1943) is a film by Orig. Visconti, based on James M. Cain's 1934 novel *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Often considered an early work of Neorealism, the story concerns a drifter who stops at a gas station where he becomes romantically involved with the wife of the owner, a passion that eventually leads the couple to plot his murder.

²¹ In fact, according to Deleuze in *The Time-Image*, this is Bergson's "second great schema" from *Matter and Memory* (see p. 294, note 22), which he emphasizes at the beginning of Chapter 5: "There are, therefore, already, two possible time-images, one grounded in the past, the other in the present. Each is complex and is valid for time as a whole. We have seen that Bergson gave an assured status to the first image. This is the model of the inverse cone." See p. 98.

²² See again the aforementioned diagram in *The Time-Image* p. 294, note 22.

²³ The following discussion corresponds to the first section of chapter 5 of *The Time-Image*.

²⁴ On pure recollections, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 53-54, 56-57, 79-80, and in this context particularly pp. 122-123.

²⁵ Deleuze quotes Bergson on this subject in *The Time-Image*, p. 123.

²⁶ *Je t'aime, je t'aime* (1968) is a film directed by Alain Resnais from a screenplay by science-fiction writer Jacques Sternberg and starring Claude Rich and Olga Georges-Picot. Structured through a vertiginous interplay of fragmented, discontinuous scenes, it concerns a man who after a failed suicide attempt is recruited by a group of scientists for an experiment in which he will be placed in a special pod and transported back in time to relive a precise moment of his past. However, this initial moment triggers a labyrinthine chain reaction of memories in which the man becomes lost as he tries to piece together the mystery of his doomed relationship with his depressive lover, Catrine, believing himself to be responsible for her accidental death while contaminating and modifying his spiralling recollections with the present-day thoughts they trigger and are triggered by. Regarding Deleuze's commentary on Resnais's cinema, including *Je t'aime, je t'aime*, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 116-125.

²⁷ Contrary to Deleuze's recollections, the strange pod that forms the opaque crystal of *Je t'aime je t'aime*, actually has a more organic form, its outside resembling something between a pumpkin-like vegetable and a cerebellum, while the interior in which both protagonist and mouse are ensconced seems upholstered in a kind of velour-like material which on closer inspection looks more like veined and marbled skin.

²⁸ On Welles' cinema in this regard, see *The Time-Image*, pp. 109-116.

²⁹ Deleuze quotes Bergson on this subject, from *Matter and Memory*, in *The Time-Image*, p. 145, note 19.

³⁰ In the film, Welles's voice off narration at this point is focused in particular on George Amberson's "comeuppance", though it is implied that this is meant to embody the ruin of the entire Amberson dynasty.

³¹ In the film, the Major's thoughts at this point are voiced indirectly by Welles' voice-off narrator.

³² In *The Time-Image*, it is from page 112 that Deleuze develops these perspectives on the crisis of time.

³³ Welles' words, attributed by Deleuze to Michel Estève, appear in a different form in *The Time-Image*, p. 299, note 22. "The very foundations of existence are tragic. Man is not living, as people are fond of saying, in a transient crisis. The whole thing has always been a crisis."

³⁴ In Bazin's words: "Those cardboard sets; those barbarous Scots, dressed in animal skins, brandishing crosslike lances of knotty wood; those strange settings trickling with water, shrouded in mists which obscure a sky in which the existence of stars is inconceivable, literally form a prehistoric universe – not that of our ancestors, the Gauls or the Celts, but a prehistory of the conscience at the birth of time and sin, when sky and earth, water and fire, good and evil, still aren't distinctly separate. Macbeth is at the heart of this equivocal universe, as is his dawning conscience, the very likeness of the mud, mixture of earth and water, in which the spell of the witches has mired him." See Andre Bazin, *Orson Welles: A Critical View* (trans. var.) Venice CA: Acrobat Books 1991, epub version.

³⁵ *Touch of Evil* (1958) is a film by Orson Welles, starring Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, Marlene Dietrich and Welles himself, which recounts the investigation of a Mexican prosecutor to unravel a series of murders in a

Mexican border town whose corrupt sheriff has a reputation for planting evidence in order to win convictions. Like most of Welles' films after *Citizen Kane*, *Touch of Evil* suffered major studio interference leading to its initial release in truncated form. It was only restored to the director's original vision in the 1990s.