Cinema 2
The Time-Image

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Preface to the English edition

Over several centuries, from the Greeks to Kant, a revolution took place in philosophy: the subordination of time to movement was reversed, time ceases to be the measurement of normal movement, it increasingly appears for itself and creates paradoxical movements. Time is out of joint: Hamlet's words signify that time is no longer subordinated to movement, but rather movement to time. It could be said that, in its own sphere, cinema has repeated the same experience, the same reversal, in more fast-moving circumstances. The movement-image of the so-called classical cinema gave way, in the post-war period, to a direct time-image. Such a general idea must of course be qualified, corrected, adapted to concrete examples.

Why is the Second World War taken as a break? The fact is that, in Europe, the post-war period has greatly increased the situations which we no longer know how to react to, in spaces which we no longer know how to describe. These were 'any spaces whatever', deserted but inhabited, disused warehouses, waste ground, cities in the course of demolition or reconstruction. And in these any-spaces-whatever a new race of characters was stirring, kind of mutant: they saw rather than acted, they were seers. Hence Rossellini's great trilogy, *Europe 51*, *Stromboli*, *Germany Year 0*: a child in the destroyed city, a foreign woman on the island, a bourgeoise woman who starts to 'see' what is around her. Situations could be extremes, or, on the contrary, those of everyday banality, or both at once: what tends to collapse, or at least to lose its position, is the sensory-motor schema which constituted the action-image of the old cinema. And thanks to this loosening of the sensory-motor linkage, it is time, 'a little time in the pure state', which rises up to the surface of the screen. Time ceases to be derived from the movement, it appears in itself and itself gives rise to *false movements*. Hence the importance of *false continuity* in modern cinema: the images are no longer linked by rational cuts and continuity, but are relinked by means of false continuity and irrational cuts. Even the body is no longer exactly what moves; subject of movement or the instrument of action, it becomes rather the developer [*révélateur*] of time, it shows time through its tirednesses and waitings (Antonioni).

It is not quite right to say that the cinematographic image is in

the present. What is in the present is what the image .'represents', but not the image itself, which, in cinema as in painting, is never to be confused with what it represents. The image itself is the system of the relationships between its elements, that is, a set of relationships of time from which the variable present only flows. It is in this sense, I think, that Tarkovsky challenges the distinction between montage and shot when he defines cinema by the 'pressure of time' in the shot. What is specific to the image, as soon as it is creative, is to make perceptible, to make visible, relationships of time which cannot be seen in the represented object and do not allow themselves to be reduced to the present. Take, for example, a depth of field in Welles, a tracking shot in Visconti: we are plunged into time rather than crossing space. Sandra's car, at the beginning of Visconti's film, is already moving in time, and Welles's characters occupy a giant-sized place in time rather than changing place in space.

This is to say that the time-image has nothing to do with a flashback, or even with a recollection. Recollection is only a former present, whilst the characters who have lost their memories in modern cinema literally sink back into the past, or emerge from it, to make visible what is concealed even from recollection. Flashback is only a signpost and, when it is used by great authors, it is there only to show much more complex temporal structures (for example, in Mankiewicz, 'forking' time: recapturing the moment when time could have taken a different course . . .) In any case, what we call temporal structure, or direct time-image, clearly goes beyond the purely empirical succession of time – past-present-future. It is, for example, a coexistence of distinct durations, or of levels of duration; a single event can belong to several levels: the sheets of past coexist in a non-chronological order. We see this in Welles with his powerful intuition of the earth, then in Resnais with his characters who return from the land of the dead.

There are yet more temporal structures: the whole aim of this book is to release those that the cinematographic image has been able to grasp and reveal, and which can echo the teachings of science, what the other arts uncover for us, or what philosophy makes understandable for us, each in their respective ways. It is foolish to talk about the death of the cinema because cinema is still at the beginning of its investigations: making visible these relationships of time which can only appear in a creation of the image. It is not cinema which needs television – whose image

remains so regrettably in the present unless it is enriched by the art of cinema. The relations and disjunctions between visual and sound, between what is seen and what is said, revitalize the problem and endow cinema with new powers for capturing time in the image (in quite different ways, Pierre Perrault, Straub, Syberberg . . .). Yes, if cinema does not die a violent death, it retains the power of a beginning. Conversely, we must look in pre-war cinema, and even in silent cinema, for the workings of a very pure time-image which has always been breaking through, holding back or encompassing the movement-image: an Ozu still life as unchanging form of time?

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only one that Visconti completed. But this embryonic 'communist consciousness' here depends less on a struggle with nature and between men than on a grand vision of man and nature, of their perceptible and sensual unity, from which the 'rich' are excluded and which constitutes the hope of the revolution, beyond the setbacks of the floating action: a Marxist romanticism.[6]

In Antonioni, from his first great work, *Story of a Love Affair*, the police investigation, instead of proceeding by flashback, transforms the actions into optical and sound descriptions, whilst the tale itself is transformed into actions which are dislocated in time (the episode where the maid talks while repeating her tired gestures, or the famous scene with the lifts).[7] And Antonioni's art will continue to evolve in two directions: an astonishing development of the idle periods of everyday banality; then, starting with *The Eclipse*, a treatment of limit-situations which pushes them to the point of dehumanized landscapes, of emptied spaces that might be seen as having absorbed characters and actions, retaining only a geophysical description, an abstract inventory of them. As for Fellini, from his earliest films, it is not simply the spectacle which tends to overflow the real, it is the everyday which continually organizes itself into a travelling spectacle, and the sensory-motor linkages which give way to a succession of *varieties* subject to their own laws of passage. Barthélemy Amengual produces a formula which is true for the first half of this work: 'The real becomes spectacle or spectacular, and fascinates for being the real thing . . . The everyday is identified with the spectacular . . . Fellini achieves the deliberate confusion of the real and the spectacle' by denying the heterogeneity of the two worlds, by effacing not only distance, but the distinction between the spectator and the spectacle.[8]

The optical and sound situations of neo-realism contrast with the strong sensory-motor situations of traditional realism. The space of a sensory-motor situation is a setting which is already specified and presupposes an action which discloses it, or prompts a reaction which adapts to or modifies it. But a purely optical or sound situation becomes established in what we might call 'any-space-whatever', whether disconnected, or emptied (we find the passage from one to the other in *The Eclipse*, where the disconnected bits of space lived by the heroine – stock exchange, Africa, air terminal – are reunited at the end in an empty space which blends into the white surface). In neo-realism, the sensory-motor connections are now valid only by virtue of the upsets that

affect, loosen, unbalance, or uncouple them: the crisis of the action-image. No longer being induced by an action, any more than it is extended into one, the optical and sound situation is, therefore, neither an index nor a synsign. There is a new breed of signs, *opsigns* and *sonsigns*. And clearly these new signs refer to very varied images – sometimes everyday banality, sometimes exceptional or limit-circumstances – but, above all, subjective images, memories of childhood, sound and visual dreams or fantasies, where the character does not act without seeing himself acting, complicit viewer of the role he himself is playing, in the style of Fellini. Sometimes, as in Antonioni, they are objective images, in the manner of a *report*, even if this is a report of an accident, defined by a geometrical frame which now allows only the existence of relations of measurement and distance between its elements, persons and objects, this time transforming the action into displacement of figures in space (for instance, the search for the vanished woman in *The Adventure*).⁹ It is in this sense that the critical objectivism of Antonioni may be contrasted with the knowing subjectivism of Fellini. There would be, then, two kinds of opsigns, reports [*constats*] and 'instats',¹⁰* the former giving a vision with depth, at a distance, tending towards abstraction, the other a close, flat-on vision inducing involvement. This opposition corresponds in some respects to the alternative as defined by Worringer: abstraction or *Einfühlung*. Antonioni's aesthetic visions are inseparable from an objective critique (we are sick with Eros, because Eros is himself objectively sick: what has love become that a man or a woman should emerge from it so disabled, pitiful and suffering, and act and react as badly at the beginning as at the end, in a corrupt society?), whilst Fellini's visions are inseparable from an 'empathy', a subjective sympathy (embrace even that decadence which means that one loves only in dreams or in recollection, sympathize with those kinds of love, be an accomplice of decadence, and even provoke it, in order to save something, perhaps, as far as is possible . . .).¹¹ On both sides these are higher, more important, problems than commonplaces about solitude and incommunicability.

The distinctions, on one hand between the banal and the extreme, and on the other between the subjective and the objective, have some value, but only relatively. They are valid for an image or a sequence, but not for the whole. They are still valid in relation to the action-image, which they bring into question, but already they are no longer wholly valid in relation to the new

image that is coming into being. They mark poles between which there is continual passage. In fact, the most banal or everyday situations release accumulated 'dead forces' equal to the life force of a limit-situation (thus, in De Sica's *Umberto D*, the sequence where the old man examines himself and thinks he has fever). In addition, the idle periods in Antonioni do not merely show the banalities of daily life, they reap the consequences or the effect of a remarkable event which is reported only through itself without being explained (the break-up of a couple, the sudden disappearance of a woman . . .). The method of report in Antonioni always has this function of bringing idle periods and empty spaces together: drawing all the consequences from a decisive past experience, once it is done and everything has been said. 'When everything has been said, when the main scene seems over, there is what comes afterwards . . .'[12]

As for the distinction between subjective and objective, it also tends to lose its importance, to the extent that the optical situation or visual description replaces the motor action. We run in fact into a principle of indeterminability, of indiscernibility: we no longer know what is imaginary or real, physical or mental, in the situation, not because they are confused, but because we do not have to know and there is no longer even a place from which to ask. It is as if the real and the imaginary were running after each other, as if each was being reflected in the other, around a point of indiscernibility. We will return to this point, but, already, when Robbe-Grillet provides his great theory of descriptions, he begins by defining a traditional 'realist' description: it is that which presupposes the independence of its object, and hence proposes a discernibility of the real and the imaginary (they can become confused, but none the less by right they remain distinct). Neo-realist description in the *nouveau roman* is completely different: since it *replaces* its own object, on the one hand it erases or *destroys* its reality which passes into the imaginary, but on the other hand it powerfully brings out all the reality which the imaginary or the mental *create* through speech and vision.[13] The imaginary and the real became indiscernible. Robbe-Grillet will become more and more conscious of this in his reflection on the *nouveau roman* and the cinema: the most objectivist determinants do not prevent their realizing a 'total subjectivity'. This is what was embryonic from the start of Italian neo-realism, and what makes Labarthe remark that *Last Year in Marienbad* is the last of the great neo-realist films.[14]

We can already see in Fellini that a particular image is clearly subjective, mental, a recollection or fantasy – but it is not organized into a spectacle without becoming objective, without going behind the scenes, into 'the reality of the spectacle, of those who make it, who live from it, who are absorbed in it': the mental world of a character is so filled up by other proliferating characters that it becomes inter-mental, and through flattening of perspectives ends 'in a neutral, impersonal vision ... all our world' (hence the importance of the telepath in *8½*).[15] Conversely, in Antonioni, it is as if the most objective images are not formed without becoming mental, and going into a strange, invisible subjectivity. It is not merely that the method of report has to be applied to feelings as they exist in a society, and to draw from them such consequences as are internally developed in characters: Eros sick is a story of feelings which go from the objective to the subjective, and are internalized in everyone. In this respect, Antonioni is much closer to Nietzsche than to Marx; he is the only contemporary author to have taken up the Nietzschean project of a real critique of morality, and this thanks to a 'symptomatologist' method. But, from yet another point of view, it is noticeable that Antonioni's objective images, which impersonally follow a becoming, that is, a development of consequences in a story [*récit*], none the less are subject to rapid breaks, interpolations and 'infinitesimal injections of a-temporality': for example, the lift scene in *Story of a Love Affair*. We are returned once more to the first form of the any-space-whatever: disconnected space. The connection of the parts of space is not given, because it can come about only from the subjective point of view of a character who is, nevertheless, absent, or has even disappeared, not simply out of frame, but passed into the void. In *The Outcry*, Irma is not only the obsessive, subjective thought of the hero who runs away to forget, but the imaginary gaze under which this flight takes place and connects its own segments: a gaze which becomes real again at the moment of death. And above all in *The Adventure*, the vanished woman causes an indeterminable gaze to weigh on the couple – which gives them the continual feeling of being spied on, and which explains the lack of co-ordination of their objective movements, when they flee whilst pretending to look for her. Again in *Identification of a Woman*, the whole quest or investigation takes place under the presumed gaze of the departed woman, concerning whom we will not know, in the marvellous images at the end,

effective reactions."[18] Claude Ollier says that, with *Made in USA*, the violently hallucinatory character of Godard's work is affirmed for itself, in an art of description which is always being renewed and always replacing its object.[19] This descriptive objectivism is just as critical and even didactic, sustaining a series of films, from *Two or Three Things I Know about Her*, to *Slow Motion*, where reflection is not simply focused on the content of the image but on its form, its means and functions, its falsifications and creativities, on the relations within it between the sound dimension and the optical. Godard has little patience with or sympathy for fantasies: *Slow Motion* will show us the decomposition of a sexual fantasy into its separate, objective elements, visual, and then of sound. But this objectivism never loses its aesthetic force. Initially serving a politics of the image, the aesthetic force is powerfully brought out for its own sake in *Passion*: the free build-up of pictorial and musical images as *tableaux vivants*, whilst at the other end the sensory-motor linkages are beset by inhibitions (the stuttering of the female worker and the boss's cough). *Passion*, in this sense, brings to its greatest intensity what was already taking shape in *Le Mépris*, when we witnessed the sensory-motor failure of the couple in the traditional drama, at the same time as the optical representation of the drama of Ulysses and the gaze of the gods, with Fritz Lang as the intercessor, was soaring upwards. Throughout all these films, there is a creative evolution which is that of a visionary Godard.

For Rivette, *Le pont du Nord* has exactly the same perfection of provisional summary as *Passion* for Godard. It is the ballad of two strange women strollers to whom a grand vision of the stone lions of Paris will present pure optical and sound situations, in a kind of malicious snakes and ladders where they replay the hallucinatory drama of Don Quixote. But, from the same starting-point, Rivette and Godard seem to mark out the two contrasting sides. This is because, with Rivette, the break in the sensory-motor situations — to the benefit of optical and sound situations — is connected to a knowing subjectivism, an empathy, which most frequently works through fantasies, memories, or pseudo-memories, and finds in them a unique gaiety and lightness (*Celine and Julie Go Boating* is certainly one of the greatest French comic films, along with the work of Tati). Whilst Godard drew inspiration from the strip cartoon at its most cruel and cutting, Rivette clothes his unchanging theme of an international conspiracy in an atmosphere of fable and children's games. Already in *Paris*

whether or not she has seen the hero curled up in the lift cage. The imaginary gaze makes the real something imaginary, at the same time as it in turn becomes real and gives us back some reality. It is like a circuit which exchanges, corrects, selects and sends us off again. From *The Eclipse* onwards, the any-space-whatever had achieved a second form: empty or deserted space. What happened is that, from one result to the next, the characters were objectively emptied: they are suffering less from the absence of another than from their absence from themselves (for example, *The Passenger*). Hence, this space refers back again to the lost gaze of the being who is absent from the world as much as from himself, and, as Ollier says in a phrase which is true for the whole of Antonioni's work, replaces 'traditional drama with a kind of *optical drama* lived by the character'.[16]

In short, pure optical and sound situations can have two poles — objective and subjective, real and imaginary, physical and mental. But they give rise to opsigns and sonsigns, which bring the poles into continual contact, and which, in one direction or the other, guarantee passages and conversions, tending towards a point of indiscernibility (and not of confusion). Such a system of exchange between the imaginary and the real appears fully in Visconti's *White Nights*.[17]

The French new wave cannot be defined unless we try to see how it has retraced the path of Italian neo-realism for its own purposes — even if it meant going in other directions as well. In fact, the new wave, on a first approximation, takes up the previous route again: from a loosening of the sensory-motor link (the stroll or wandering, the ballad, the events which concern no one, etc.), to the rise of optical and sound situations. Here again, a cinema of seeing replaces action. If Tati belongs to the new wave, it is because, after two ballad-films, he fully isolates what was taking shape in these — a burlesque whose impetus comes from purely optical and, in particular, sound, situations. Godard begins with some extraordinary ballads, from *Breathless* to *Pierrot le fou*, and tends to draw out of them a whole world of opsigns and sonsigns which already constitute the new image (in *Pierrot le fou*, the passage from the sensory-motor loosening, 'I dunno what to do', to the pure poem sung and danced, 'the line of your hips'). And these images, touching or terrible, take on an ever greater autonomy after *Made in USA*; which may be summed up as follows: 'A witness providing us with a series of reports with neither conclusion nor logical connection ... without really

This is the very special extension of the opsign: to make time and thought perceptible, to make them visible and of sound.

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A purely optical and sound situation does not extend into action, any more than it is induced by an action. It makes us grasp, it is supposed to make us grasp, something intolerable and unbearable. Not a brutality as nervous aggression, an exaggerated violence that can always be extracted from the sensory-motor relations in the action-image. Nor is it a matter of scenes of terror, although there are sometimes corpses and blood. It is a matter of something too powerful, or too unjust, but sometimes also too beautiful, and which henceforth outstrips our sensory-motor capacities. *Stromboli*: a beauty which is too great for us, like too strong a pain. It can be a limit-situation, the eruption of the volcano, but also the most banal, a plain factory, a wasteland. In Godard's *Les carabiniers* the girl militant recites a few revolutionary slogans, so many clichés; but she is so beautiful, of a beauty which is unbearable for her torturers who have to cover up her face with a handkerchief. And this handkerchief, lifted again by breath and whisper ('Brothers, brothers, brothers . . .'), itself becomes unbearable for us the viewers. In any event something has become too strong in the image. Romanticism had already set out this aim for itself: grasping the intolerable or the unbearable, the empire of poverty, and thereby becoming visionary, to produce a means of knowledge and action out of pure vision.[33]

Nevertheless, are there not equal amounts of fantasy and dreaming in what we claim to see as there are of objective apprehending? Moreover, do we not have a subjective sympathy for the unbearable, an empathy which permeates what we see? But this means that the unbearable itself is inseparable from a revelation or an illumination, as from a third eye. Fellini has strong sympathies with decadence, only in so far as he prolongs it, extends its range, 'to the intolerable', and reveals beneath the movements, faces and gestures a subterranean or extra-terrestrial world, 'the tracking shot becoming a means of peeling away, proof of the unreality of movement', and the cinema becoming, no longer an undertaking of recognition [*reconnaisance*], but of knowledge [*connaisance*], 'a science of visual impressions, forcing us to forget

our own logic and retinal habits'.[34] Ozu himself is not the guardian of traditional or reactionary values, he is the greatest critic of daily life. He picks out the intolerable from the insignificant itself, provided that he can extend the force of a contemplation that is full of sympathy or pity across daily life. The important thing is always that the character or the viewer, and the two together, become visionaries. The purely optical and sound situation gives rise to a seeing function, at once fantasy and report, criticism and compassion, whilst sensory-motor situations, no matter how violent, are directed to a pragmatic visual function which 'tolerates' or 'puts up with' practically anything, from the moment it becomes involved in a system of actions and reactions.

In Japan and Europe, Marxist critics have attacked these films and their characters for being too passive and negative, in turn bourgeois, neurotic or marginal, and for having replaced modifying action with a 'confused' vision.[35] And it is true that, in cinema, characters of the trip/ballad are unconcerned, even by what happens to them: whether in the style of Rossellini, the foreign woman who discovers the island, the bourgeoise woman who discovers the factory; or in the style of Godard, the Pierrot-le-fou generation. But it is precisely the weakness of the motor-linkages, the weak connections, that are capable of releasing huge forces of disintegration. These are the characters with a strange vibrance in Rossellini, strangely well-informed in Godard and Rivette. In the west as in Japan, they are in the grip of a mutation, they are themselves mutants. On the subject of *Two or Three Things . . .*, Godard says that *to describe* is to observe mutations.[36] Mutation of Europe after the war, mutation of an Americanized Japan, mutation of France in '68: it is not the cinema that turns away from politics, it becomes completely political, but in another way. One of the two women strollers in Rivette's *Pont du Nord* has all the characteristics of an unforeseeable mutant: she has at first the capacity of detecting the Maxes, the members of the organization for enslaving the world, before going through a metamorphosis inside a cocoon, then being drafted into their ranks. Similarly with the ambiguity of the *Petit soldat*. A new type of character for a new cinema. It is because what happens to them does not belong to them and only half concerns them, because they know how to extract from the event the part that cannot be reduced to what happens: that part of inexhaustible possibility that constitutes the unbearable, the

intolerable, the visionary's part. A new type of actor was needed: not simply the non-professional actors that neo-realism had revived at the beginning, but what might be called professional non-actors, or, better, 'actor-mediums', capable of seeing and showing rather than acting, and either remaining dumb or undertaking some never-ending conversation, rather than of replying or following a dialogue (such as, in France, Bulle Ogier or Jean-Pierre Léaud).[37]

Neither everyday nor limit-situations are marked by anything rare or extraordinary. It is just a volcanic island of poor fishermen. It is just a factory, a school . . . We mix with all that, even death, even accidents, in our normal life or on holidays. We see, and we more or less experience, a powerful organization of poverty and oppression. And we are precisely not without sensory-motor schemata for recognizing such things, for putting up with and approving of them and for behaving ourselves subsequently, taking into account our situation, our capabilities and our tastes. We have schemata for turning away when it is too unpleasant, for prompting resignation when it is terrible and for assimilating when it is too beautiful. It should be pointed out here that even metaphors are sensory-motor evasions, and furnish us with something to say when we no longer know what do to: they are specific schemata of an affective nature. Now this is what a cliché is. A cliché is a sensory-motor image of the thing. As Bergson says, we do not perceive the thing or the image in its entirety, we always perceive less of it, we perceive only what we are interested in perceiving, or rather what it is in our interest to perceive, by virtue of our economic interests, ideological beliefs and psychological demands. We therefore normally perceive only clichés. But, if our sensory-motor schemata jam or break, then a different type of image can appear: a pure optical-sound image, the whole image without metaphor, brings out the thing in itself, literally, in its excess of horror or beauty, in its radical or unjustifiable character, because it no longer has to be 'justified', for better or for worse . . . The factory creature gets up, and we can no longer say 'Well, people have to work . . .' *I thought I was seeing convicts*: the factory is a prison, school is a prison, literally, not metaphorically. You do not have the image of a prison following one of a school: that would simply be pointing out a resemblance, a confused relation between two clear images. On the contrary, it is necessary to discover the separate elements and relations that elude us at the heart of an unclear image: to show

how and in what sense school is a prison, housing estates are examples of prostitution, bankers killers, photographs tricks – literally, without metaphor.[38] This is the method of Godard's *Comment ça va*: not being content to enquire if 'things are OK' or if 'things are not OK' between two photos, but 'how are things' [*comment ça va*] for each one and for the two together. This was the problem with which Volume 1 ended: tearing a real iamge from clichés,

On the one hand, the image constantly sinks to the state of cliché: because it is introduced into sensory-motor linkages, because it itself organizes or induces these linkages, because we never perceive everything that is in the image, because it is made for that purpose (so that we do not perceive everything, so that the cliché hides the image from us . . .). Civilization of the image? In fact, it is a civilization of the cliché where all the powers have an interest in hiding images from us, not necessarily in hiding the same thing from us, but in hiding something in the image. On the other hand, at the same time, the image constantly attempts to break through the cliché, to get out of the cliché. There is no knowing how far a real image may lead: the importance of becoming visionary or seer. A change of conscience or of heart is not enough (although there is some of this, as in the heroine's heart in *Europe 51*, but, if there were nothing more, everything would quickly return to the state of cliché, other clichés would simply have been added on). Sometimes it is necessary to restore the lost parts, to rediscover everything that cannot be seen in the image, everything that has been removed to make it 'interesting'. But sometimes, on the contrary, it is necessary to make holes, to introduce voids and white spaces, to rarify the image, by suppressing many things that have been added to make us believe that we were seeing everything. It is necessary to make a division or make emptiness in order to find the whole again.

What is difficult is to know in what respect an optical and sound image is not itself a cliché, at best a photo. We are not thinking simply of the way in which these images provide more cliché as soon as they are repeated by authors who use them as formulas. But is it not the case that the creators themselves sometimes have the idea that the new image has to stand up against the cliché on its own ground, make a higher bid than the postcard, add to it and parody it, as a better way of getting over the problem (Robbe-Grillet, Daniel Schmid)? The creators invent obsessive framings, empty or disconnected spaces, even still lifes: in a certain sense

they stop movement and rediscover the power of the fixed shot, but is this not to resuscitate the cliché that they aim to challenge? Enough, for victory, to parody the cliché, not to make holes in it and empty it. It is not enough to disturb the sensory-motor connections. It is necessary to *combine* the optical-sound image with the enormous forces that are not those of a simply intellectual consciousness, nor of the social one, but of a profound, vital intuition.[39]

Pure optical and sound images, the fixed shot and the montage-cut, do define and imply a beyond of movement. But they do not strictly stop it, neither in the characters nor even in the camera. They mean that movement should not be perceived in a sensory-motor image, but grasped and thought in another type of image. The movement-image has not disappeared, but now exists only as the first dimension of an image that never stops growing in dimensions. We are not talking about dimensions of space, since the image may be flat, without depth, and through this very fact assumes all the more dimensions or powers which go beyond space. Three of these growing powers can be briefly summarized. First, while the movement-image and its sensory-motor signs were in a relationship only with an indirect image *of* time (dependent on montage), the pure optical and sound image, its opsigns and sonsigns, are directly connected to a time-image which has subordinated movement. It is this reversal which means that time is no longer the measure of movement but movement is the perspective of time: it constitutes a whole cinema of time, with a new conception and new forms of montage (Welles, Resnais). In the second place, at the same time as the eye takes up a clairvoyant function, the sound as well as visual elements of the image enter into internal relations which means that the whole image has to be 'read', no less than seen, readable as well as visible. For the eye of the seer as of the soothsayer, it is the 'literalness' of the perceptible world which constitutes it like a book. Here again all reference of the image of description to an object assumed to be independent does not disappear, but is now subordinated to the internal elements and relations which tend to replace the object and to delete it where it does appear, continually displacing it. Godard's formula, 'it isn't blood, it's some red', stops being only pictural and takes on a sense specific to the cinema. The cinema is going to become an analytic of the image, implying a new conception of cutting, a whole 'pedagogy' which will operate in different ways; for instance, in Ozu's work,

in Rossellini's late period, in Godard's middle period, or in the Straubs. Finally, the fixity of the camera does not represent the only alternative to movement. Even when it is mobile, the camera is no longer content sometimes to follow the characters' movement, sometimes itself to undertake movements of which they are merely the object, but in every case it subordinates description of a space to the functions of thought. This is not the simple distinction between the subjective and the objective, the real and the imaginary, it is on the contrary their indiscernibility which will endow the camera with a rich array of functions, and entail a new conception of the frame and reframings. Hitchcock's premonition will come true: a camera-consciousness which would no longer be defined by the movements it is able to follow or make, but by the mental connections it is able to enter into. And it becomes questioning, responding, objecting, provoking, theorematizing, hypothesizing, experimenting, in accordance with the open list of logical conjunctions ('or', 'therefore', 'if', 'because', 'actually', 'although . . .'), or in accordance with the functions of thought in a *cinéma-vérité*, which, as Rouch says, means rather truth of cinema [*vérité du cinéma*].

This is the triple reversal which defines a beyond of movement. The image had to free itself from sensory-motor links; it had to stop being action-image in order to become a pure optical, sound (and tactile) image. But the latter was not enough: it had to enter into relations with yet other forces, so that it could itself escape from a world of clichés. It had to open up to powerful and direct revelations, those of the time-image, of the readable image and the thinking image. It is in this way that opsigns and sonsigns refer back to 'chronosigns', 'lectosigns' and 'noosigns'.[40]

Antonioni, considering the evolution of neo-realism in relation to *Outcry*, said that he was tending to do without a bicycle – De Sica's bicycle, naturally. Bicycle-less neo-realism replaces the last quest involving movement (the trip) with a specific weight of time operating inside characters and excavating them from within (the chronicle).[41] Antonioni's art is like the intertwining of consequences, of temporal sequences and effects which flow from events out-of-field. Already in *Story of a Love Affair* the investigation has the result, of itself, of provoking the outcome of a first love affair, and the effect of making two oaths of murder ring out in the future and in the past. It is a whole world of chronosigns, which would be enough to cast doubt on the false evidence according to which the cinematographic image is necessarily in

the present. If we are sick with Eros, Antonioni said, it is because Eros is himself sick; and he is sick not just because he is old and worn out in his content, but because he is caught in the pure form of a time which is torn between an already determined past and a dead-end future. For Antonioni, there is no other sickness than the chronic. Chronos is sickness itself. This is why chronosigns are inseparable from lectosigns, which force us to read so many symptoms in the image, that is, to treat the optical and sound image like something that is also readable. Not only the optical and the sound, but the present and the past, and the here and the elsewhere, constitute internal elements and relations which must be deciphered, and can be understood only in a progression analogous to that of a reading: from *Story of a Love Affair*, indeterminate spaces are given a scale only later on, in which Burch calls a 'continuity grasped through discrepancy' [*raccord à appréhension décalée*], closer to a reading than to a perception.[42] And later, Antonioni the colourist would be able to treat variations of colours as symptoms, and monochrome as the chronic sign which wins a world, thanks to a whole play of deliberate modifications. But *Story of a Love Affair* already exhibits a 'camera autonomy' when it stops following the movement of the characters or directing its own movement at them, to carry out constant reframings as functions of thought, noosigns expressing the logical conjunctions of sequel, consequence, or even intention.

There is no unique forger, and, if the forger reveals something, it is the existence behind him of another forger, if only the state as in the financial operations in *Stavisky* or in *Le grand escroc*. The truthful man will form part of the chain, at one end like the artist, at the other end, the nth power of the false. And the only content of narration will be the presentation of these forgers, their sliding from one to the other, their metamorphoses into each other. In literature and philosophy, the two greatest texts to have developed such chains of forgers or such series of powers are the last book of *Zarathustra*, in Nietzsche, and Melville's novel, *The Confidence Man*. The former presents the 'multiple cry' of the higher man who passes through the divine, the two kings, the man with the leeches, the sorcerer, the last pope, the ugliest man, the voluntary beggar and the shadow: they are all forgers. The latter presents a series of forgers which includes a dumb albino, a legless negro, a man in mourning, a man in grey, a man in a cap, a man with an account book, a herbal doctor, up to the cosmopolitan with the colourful clothes, the great hypnotist, the 'metaphysical scoundrel', each metamorphosing into the other, all confronting 'truthful men' who are no less false than they are.[10] Godard outlines a similar series whose characters will be the representatives of *cinéma-vérité*, the policeman, the confidence man himself and finally the author, the portrait of the artist in a fez. *Last Year in Marienbad* only connected the hypnotized woman (the truthful woman?) to the hypnotist provided that it revealed, behind, yet another hypnotist. Or the series in *Muriel*, all forgers in some respect. Robbe-Grillet's series develop in the style of *Trans-Europe Express*: Elias, the man of the false, connects with Eva, the double agent, from the perspective of the gangster Frank who presupposes an organization, itself connecting with Jean and Marc, the author and his critic, who pass over into Commissioner Lorentz . . . Such a construction seems common to some very different films and very independent authors. We might mention Hugo Santiago's film *The Others*, in which Borges and Casares collaborated: after the death of his son, the bookseller metamorphoses into a series of forgers, the magician, the man with the wand, the man in the mirror, and the son himself, who constitute the whole narration, whilst the camera jumps from point to point to carry out pure descriptions (the empty observatory). Everywhere it is the metamorphoses of the false which replace the form of the true.

This is the essential point: how the new regime of the image
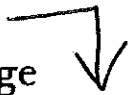
(the direct time-image) works with pure crystalline optical and sound descriptions, and falsifying, purely chronic narrations. Description stops presupposing a reality and narration stops referring to a form of the true at one and the same time: hence Agnès Varda's *Documenteur*, where the documentary describes situations which are now only optical and of sound (walls, the city), for a story which now invokes only the abolition of the true, following the disconnected gestures of the heroine. Undoubtedly each great author has his own way of conceiving description, narration and their relationships.[11] The visual and the spoken also enter into new relations each time. For, as we shall see, a third element now intervenes, which is the story, distinct from description and narration. But, to remain with these two instances, we must propose that they form the framework which, after the new wave, is indispensable. The neo-realist resolution still retained a reference to a form of the true, although it profoundly renewed it, and certain authors were freed from it in their development (Fellini, and even Visconti). But the new wave deliberately broke with the form of the true to replace it by the powers of life, cinematographic powers considered to be more profound. If we look for the inheritance of the new wave or the influence of Godard in certain recent films, we immediately see characteristics which are sufficient to define its most obvious aspect. Bergala and Limosin's *Faux-fuyants* tells the story of a man in a car who accidentally runs over another man and makes off, then makes enquiries and enters into closer and closer relation with the daughter of his victim without us knowing what he wants. But the narration does not develop organically, it is rather as if the offence of making off was sliding along a chain, metamorphosing each time, *following* the characters like so many forgers each of whom comes up with an excuse [*opère un faux-fuyant*] for his own purposes (we can count eight in all), until the offence is reversed, and the original witness in turn becomes the offender whom a final offence of flight will leave to die in the snow, whilst the circuit is completed by a telephone call which reports this death to the first character. Now, such a falsifying narration appears to be intercut with strange scenes whose sole function is pure description; the man telephones the girl, who is baby-sitting, simply for her to describe the flat where she is; then he asks the girl to come and watch him, for no reason, when there is strictly nothing to see, when he is preparing to go into the cinema with a girlfriend; and the girl will repay him this 'politeness', asking him to be there

when she in turn is simply out walking with a girlfriend. Doillon's *La pirate* proceeds quite differently, but on the same basis: the film presents us with a passion between three characters who want to be 'judged', but who simply fall under the purely descriptive gaze of a little girl, and into the plot of a detective who wonders which story he will be able to draw from it. Passion becomes the essential element of this cinema because, as against action, it ties falsifying narration to pure descriptions.

If there is a unity to the new German cinema — Wenders, Fassbinder, Schmid, Schroeter, or Schlöndorff — it is also here, as a result of the war, in the constantly variable link between these elements: spaces reduced to their own descriptions (city-deserts or places which are constantly being destroyed), direct present-ations of an oppressive, useless and unsummonable time which haunt the characters; and, from one pole to the other, the powers of the false which weave a narration, in so far as they take effect in 'false movements'. The German passion has become fear, but fear is also man's final reason, his nobility announcing something new, the creation which comes from fear as a noble passion. If we were looking for an example not to sum up all the others, but among others, it would be precisely Schlöndorff's *Circle of Deceit* in a devastated and divided Beirut, a man from a different past, caught in a chain of forgers, blankly watching the movement of a windscreen wiper.

Semiology of a linguistic inspiration, semiocritique, has addressed the problem of falsifying narrations as part of rich and complex studies of the 'dysnarrative'.[12] But, since it identified the cinematographic image with an utterance, and every sequence with a narration in general, the differences between narrations could come only from language processes which constituted an intellectual structure underlying the images. What constituted this structure was the syntagm and the paradigm, which were both complementary, but under conditions which meant that the second remained weak and undetermined while the first alone was decisive in traditional narration (Christian Metz). Hence, it only needs the paradigm to become crucial to the structural order, or the structure to become 'serial', for narration to lose the accumulative, homogeneous and identifiable character that it owed to the primacy of the syntagm. 'Grand syntagmatics' is overtaken, the Great Lady is dead, subverted, and the minor elements eat away at her or make her multiply. New syntagms may arise (for example, the 'projective syntagms' of Chateau and

Jost), but they show the change in predominance. The cinema is always narrative, and more and more narrative, but it is dysnarrative in so far as narration is affected by repetitions, permutations and transformations which are explicable in detail by the new structure. However, a pure semiotics is unable to follow in the tracks of this semiology, because there is no narration (nor description) which is as 'given' of images. The diversity of narrations cannot be explained by the avatars of the signifier, by the states of a linguistic structure which is assumed to underlie images in general. It relates only to perceptible forms of images and to corresponding sensory signs which presuppose no narration but from which derives one narration rather than another. Perceptible types cannot be replaced by the processes of language. It is in this sense that falsifying narration depends directly on the time-image, on opsigns and chronosigns, whilst traditional narration relates to forms of the movement-image and sensory-motor signs.

2

Orson Welles is the first: he isolates a direct time-image and makes the image go over to the power of the false. These two aspects are undoubtedly closely linked, but recent writers have attached increasing importance to the second, which culminates in *It's All True*. There is a Nietzscheanism in Welles, as if Welles were retracing the main points of Nietzsche's critique of truth: the 'true world' does not exist, and, if it did, would be inaccessible, impossible to describe, and, if it could be described, would be useless, superfluous. The true world implies a 'truthful man', a man who wants the truth, but such a man has strange motives, as if he were hiding another man in him, a revenge: Othello wants the truth, but out of jealousy, or, worse, out of revenge for being black, and Vargas, the epitome of the truthful man, for a long time seems indifferent to the fate of his wife, engrossed in the archives in amassing proofs against his enemy. The truthful man in the end wants nothing other than to judge life; he holds up a superior value, the good, in the name of which he will be able to judge, he is craving to judge, he sees in life an evil, a fault which is to be atoned for: the moral origin of the notion of truth. In the Nietzschean fashion, Welles has constantly battled against the

system of judgement: there is no value superior to life, life is not to be judged or justified, it is innocent, it has 'the innocence of becoming', beyond good and evil . . .[13]

This problem of judgement is no less familiar to the cinema than to the theatre, and has undergone a complex evolution. Since expressionism, it is the struggle between good and evil, as between light and darkness, that constitutes the metaphysics of the true (find truth in light and atonement). But Lang's position is already unique because he creates a human rather than Faustian dimension of evil, whether in the shape of a hypnotic genius (Mabuse), or of irresistible impulse (*M*). This time the question of truth, that is, of tribunal and judgement, will reveal its full ambiguity: *M* can be tried by a court of thieves which is hardly motivated by truth. And the evolution accelerates when Lang moves to America and finds there a genre of literally judicial films whose assumptions he will renew. It is not simply a matter of pointing out the difficulty of reaching the true, taking into account the shortcomings of the investigation and of those who judge (this will again be the case in Lumet's *Twelve Angry Men*). In Lang, and also in Preminger, it is the very possibility of judging which is called into question. For Lang, it is as if there is no truth any more, but only appearances. The American Lang becomes the greatest film-maker of appearances, of false images (hence the evolution of the Mabuses). Everything is appearance, and yet this novel state transforms rather than suppresses the system of judgement. In fact appearance is what betrays itself; the great moments in Lang are those where a character betrays himself. Appearances betray themselves, not because they would give way to a more profound truth, but simply because they reveal themselves as non-true; the character makes a blunder, he knows the visitor's first name (*Beyond a Reasonable Doubt*) or he knows German (*Hangmen Die Too*). In these conditions, it remains possible to make new appearances arise, in the light of which the first ones will be judicable and judged. The resistance fighters, for instance, will bring out false witnesses who will get the traitor who knew German condemned by the Gestapo. The system of judgement thus undergoes a great transformation, because it moves within the conditions which determine the relations on which appearances depend: Lang invents a Protagoras-style relativism where judgement expresses the 'best' point of view, that is, the relation under which appearances have a chance of being turned around to the benefit of an individual or of a

humanity of higher value (judgement as 'revenge', or displacement of appearances). Ultimately, we can understand the encounter betweenLang and Brecht and the misunderstandings of this encounter. For, in Lang as in Brecht, judgement can no longer be directly exercised in the image, but passes to the side of the viewer, to which the conditions of possibility of judging the image itself are given. What in Brecht rested on a reality of contradictions, in Lang, in contrast, rests on a relativity of appearances.[14] In both of them, the system of judgement, if it undergoes a crisis, is none the less saved and transformed. Things are very different in Welles (even though he made a 'Langian', but disowned, film: *The Stranger*, where the character betrays himself). In Welles, the system of judgement becomes definitively impossible, even and especially for the viewer. The ransacking of the judge's office in *The Lady from Shanghai*, and especially the infinite sham of judgement in *The Trial*, will be evidence of this new impossibility. Welles constantly constructs characters who are unjudicable and who have not to be judged, who evade any possible judgement. If the ideal of truth crumbles, the relations of appearance will no longer be sufficient to maintain the possibility of judgement. In Nietzsche's phrase, 'with the real world we have also abolished the apparent world'.[15*]

What remains? There remain bodies, which are forces, nothing but forces. But force no longer refers to a centre, any more than it confronts a setting or obstacles. It only confronts other forces, it refers to other forces, that it affects or that affect it. Power (what Nietzsche calls 'will to power' and Welles, 'character') is this power to affect and be affected, this relation between one force and others. This power is always fulfilled, and this relation is necessarily carried out, even if in a variable manner according to the forces which are present.[16] We already sense that short, cut-up and piecemeal montage, and the long sequence shot serve the same purpose. The one presents bodies in a successive way, each of which exercises its force or experiences that of another: 'each shot shows a blow, a counter-blow, a blow received, a blow struck'.[17] The other presents in a simultaneous way a relation of forces in its variability, in its instability, its proliferation of centres and multiplication of vectors (the scene of the questioning in *Touch of Evil*).[18] In both cases, there is the shock of forces, in the image or of the images between themselves. Sometimes a short montage reproduces a sequence shot, through cutting, as in the battle in *Chimes at Midnight*, or a sequence shot produces a short

montage, through constant reframing, as in *Touch of Evil*. We have seen how Resnais rediscovered this complementarity, by other means.

Is this to say that, in life, everything is a matter of forces? Yes, if it is understood that the relation of forces is not quantitative, but necessarily implies certain 'qualities'. There are forces which are now able to respond to others only in a single, uniform and invariable way: the scorpion in *Mr Arkadin* knows only how to string, and stings the frog that carries him over the water, even if it means death by drowning. Variability thus survives in the relation of forces, since the scorpion's sting turns against itself, when it is directed in this case at the frog. None the less, the scorpion is the type of a force which no longer knows how to metamorphose itself according to the variations of what it can affect and what it can be affected by. Bannister is a big scorpion who knows only how to sting. Arkadin knows only how to kill, and Quinlan how to fix the evidence. This is a type of exhausted force, even when it has remained quantitatively very large, and it can only destroy and kill, before destroying itself, and perhaps in order to kill itself. It is here that it rediscovers a centre, but one which coincides with death. No matter how large it is, it is exhausted because it no longer knows how to transform itself. It is thus descending, decadent and degenerate: it represents im-potence in bodies, that is, that precise point where the 'will to power' is nothing but a will-to-dominate, a being for death, which thirsts for its own death, as long as it can pass through that of others. Welles multiples the list of these all-powerful impotents: Bannister and his artificial limbs, Quinlan and his cane; Arkadin and his helplessness when he no longer has an aeroplane; Iago, the impotent *par excellence*.[19] These are men of revenge: not in the same way, however, as the truthful man who claimed to judge life in the name of higher values. They, on the contrary, take themselves to be *higher men*, these are higher men who claim to judge life by their own standards, by their own authority. But is this not the same spirit of revenge in two forms: Vargas, the truthful man who invokes the laws for judging, but also his double, Quinlan, who gives himself the right to judge without law; Othello, the man of duty and virtue, but also his double, Iago, who takes revenge by nature and perversion? It is what Nietzsche called the stages of nihilism, the spirit of revenge in various shapes. Behind the truthful man, who judges life from the perspective of supposedly higher values, there is the sick man,

'the man sick with himself', who judges life from the perspective of his sickness, his degeneration and his exhaustion. And this is perhaps better than the truthful man, because a life of sickness is still life, it contrasts life with death, rather than contrasting it with 'higher values' . . . Nietzsche said: behind the truthful man, who judges life, there is the sick man, sick with life itself. And Welles adds: behind the frog, the epitome of the truthful animal, there is the scorpion, the animal sick with itself. The first is an idiot and the second is a bastard.[20] They are, however, complementary as two figures of nihilism, two figures of the will to power.

Does this not amount to restoring a system of judgement? Welles constantly says of Quinlan, Arkadin, etc., that he 'detests them morally' (even if he does not detest them 'humanly', according to the amount of *Life* they have kept).[21] But it is not a matter of judging life in the name of a higher authority which would be the good, the true; it is a matter, on the contrary, of evaluating every being, every action and passion, even every value, in relation to the life which they involve. Affect as immanent evaluation, instead of judgement as transcendent value: 'I love or I hate' instead of 'I judge'. Nietzsche, who had already substituted affect for judgement, warned his readers: beyond good and evil does not in the least mean *beyond the good and the bad*. This bad is exhausted and degenerating life, all the more terrible, and apt to multiply itself. But the good is outpouring, ascending life, the kind which knows how to transform itself, to metamorphose itself according to the forces it encounters, and which forms a constantly larger force with them, always increasing the power to live, always opening new 'possibilities'. Of course there is no more truth in one life than in the other; there is only becoming, and becoming is the power of the false of life, the will to power. But there is good and bad, that is, noble and base. According to physicists, noble energy is the kind which is capable of transforming itself, while the base kind can no longer do so. There is will to power on both sides, but the latter is nothing more than will-to-dominate in the exhausted becoming of life, while the former is artistic will or 'virtue which gives', the creation of new possibilities, in the outpouring becoming. The so-called higher men are base or bad. But the good has only one name; it is 'generosity', and this is the trait by which Welles defines his favourite character, Falstaff; it is also the trait which we suppose is dominant in Don Quixote's eternal project. If becoming is the power of the false, then the good, the generous, the noble is what

raises the false to the nth power or the will to power to the level of artistic becoming. Falstaff and Don Quixote may appear to be braggarts or to be pitiful, history having passed them by; they are experts in metamorphoses of life; they oppose becoming to history. Incommensurable to any judgement, they have the innocence of becoming.[22] And it is clear that becoming is always innocent, even in crime, even in the exhausted life in so far as it is still a becoming. But only the good allows itself to be exhausted by life rather than exhausting it, always putting itself at the service of what is reborn from life, what metamorphoses and creates. Out of becoming it makes a Being, so protean, instead of despatching it into non-being, from the height of a uniform and fixed being. There are two states of life which are in opposition at the heart of immanent becoming, and not one instance which would claim to be superior to becoming, whether in order to judge life, or to appropriate it, and in any event to exhaust it. What Welles sees in Falstaff and Don Quixote is the 'goodness' of life in itself, a strange goodness which carries the living being to creation. It is in this sense that we can talk about an authentic or a spontaneous Nietzscheanism in Welles.

Nevertheless, in becoming, the earth has lost all centre, not only in itself, but in that it no longer has a centre around which to turn. Bodies no longer have centres except that of their death when they are exhausted and return to the earth to dissolve there. Force no longer has a centre precisely because it is inseparable from its relation to other forces: so, as Didier Goldschmidt said, short shots constantly topple to right and left and the sequence shot likewise throws up a jumble of vanishing centres (the opening of *Touch of Evil*). Weights have lost the centres of equilibrium around which they were distributed; masses have lost the centres of gravity around which they were ordered, forces have lost the dynamic centres around which they organize space; movements themselves have lost the centres of revolution around which they develop. There is here, in Welles, a mutation which is as much cinematographic as metaphysical. For what contrasts with the ideal of truth is not movement: movement remains perfectly consistent with the true while it presents invariants, point of gravity of the moving body, privileged points through which it passes and point of fixity in relation to which it moves. This is why the movement-image, in its very essence, is answerable to the effect of truth which it invokes while movement preserves its centres. And this is what we have been trying to say

from the beginning of this study: a cinematographic mutation occurs when aberrations of movement take on their independence; that is, when the moving bodies and movements lose their invariants. There then occurs a reversal where movement ceases to demand the true and where time ceases to be subordinate to movement: both at once. *Movement which is fundamentally decentred becomes false movement, and time which is fundamentally liberated becomes power of the false which is now brought into effect in false movement* (Arkadin always already there). Welles seems to be the first to have opened this breach, where neo-realism and the new wave were to be introduced with completely different methods. Welles, through his conception of bodies, forces and movement, constructs a world which has lost all motor centre or 'configuration'; the earth.

Nevertheless we have seen that Welles's cinema kept some essential centres (and it is on this very point that Resnais parts company from Welles). But what we have to evaluate here is the radical change to which Welles subjected the very notion of centre. The question of depth of field already took up in a new way a transformation of painting in the seventeenth century. It is possible that Welles's cinema has been able to re-create, for the use of our modern world, a transformation of thought which originally took place in that distant century. If we follow an important analysis by Michel Serres, the seventeenth century was not the 'classical' age of the ideal of the true, but the baroque age *par excellence* which was inseparable from what is called classical and where truth passed through a definitive crisis. It was no longer a question of knowing where the centre was, the sun or the earth, because the primary question became 'Is there a centre or not at all?' All the centres, of gravity, equilibrium, force, revolution, in short, of configuration, were collapsing. It was at that point that a restoration of centres undoubtedly occurred, but at the price of a profound change, of a great evolution of the sciences and the arts. On the one hand, the centre became *purely optical*; the point became point of view. This 'perspectivism' was *not* defined by variation of external points of view on a supposedly invariable object (the ideal of the true would be preserved). Here, on the contrary, the point of view was constant, but always internal to the different objects which were henceforth presented as the metamorphosis of one and the same thing in the process of becoming. This was *projective geometry*, which lodged the eye at the apex of the cone and gave us 'projections' as variable as the

sectional planes, circle, ellipse, hyperbola, point and straight lines, the object itself, at the limit, being only the connection of its own projections, the collection or series of its own metamorphoses. Perspectives and projections – these are neither truth nor appearance.

However, this new perspective does not yet give us the means of establishing a true progression in the figures so described, or of spacing out the volumes on the flat sections. Thus we must, on the other hand, link it to the *theory of shadows*, which is, as it were, the inverse of the projective: the luminous source now occupies the apex of the cone, the body projected is the opaque and the projections are produced by reliefs or bands of shadow.[23] These are the two aspects which form an 'architecture of vision'. We see them particularly in Welles's art; and they give us the final reason for the complementarity between short montage and the sequence shot. Short montage presents flat and flattened images which are so many perspectives and projections, in the strong sense, and which express the metamorphoses of an immanent thing or being. Hence the appearance of a succession of 'numbers' which often marks Welles's films; for example, the different witnesses to the past in *Mr Arkadin* could be considered as a series of projections of Arkadin himself, who is simultaneously what is projected on to each plane and the commanding point of view according to which we pass from one projection to the next; similarly in *The Trial* all the characters, policemen, colleagues, student, concierge, lawyer, little girls, painter and priest, constitute the projective series of a single instance which does not exist outside its metamorphoses. But, from the other aspect, the sequence shot with depth of field powerfully emphasizes volumes and reliefs, the bands of shadow from which bodies emerge and into which they return, oppositions and combinations of light and dark, violent stripes which affect bodies when they are in a see-through space (*The Lady from Shanghai*, *The Trial*; a whole neo-expressionism which has rid itself both of its moral assumptions and the ideal of the true).[24] One might say that Welles subjected the notion of centre to a double transformation which established the new cinema: the centre ceased to be sensory-motor and, on the one hand, became optical, determining a new regime of description; on the other hand, at the same time, it became luminous, determining a new progression of narration. The descriptive or projective, and the narrative or gloomy . . .

By raising the false to power, life freed itself of appearances as well as truth: neither true nor false, an undecidable alternative, but power of the false, decisive will. It is Welles who, beginning with *The Lady from Shanghai*, imposes one single character, the forger. But the forger exists only in a series of forgers who are his metamorphoses, because the power itself exists only in the form of a series of powers which are its exponents. There is always a character destined to betray the other (Welles stresses that the prince *must* betray Falstaff, Menzies must betray Quinlan), because the other is already a traitor, and betrayal is the link between forgers throughout the series. Since Welles has a strong personality, we forget that his constant theme, precisely as a result of this personality, is to be a person no longer, in the manner of Virginia Woolf's Mrs Dalloway.[25] A becoming, an irreducible multiplicity, characters or forms are now valid only as transformations of each other. And this is the diabolical trio of *The Lady from Shanghai*, the strange relay-characters of Mr Arkadin, the chain which unites those in *Touch of Evil*, the unlimited transformation for those of *The Trial*, the journey of the false which constantly passes through the king, his son and Falstaff, all three imposters and usurpers in some way, culminating in the scene where the roles are exchanged. It is finally the great series in *It's All True*, which is the manifesto for all of Welles's work, and his reflection on cinema. F for Falstaff, but above all *F for fake*. Welles certainly has a conscious affinity with Herman Melville, even more important than his less conscious affinity with Nietzsche. It is in *It's All True* that Welles constructs a series of forgers as extensive and perfect as that in Melville's *The Confidence Man*, Welles scrupulously playing the role of the cosmopolitan hypnotist. This great series of Welles, the story that is continually being modified, may be summed up as follows: 1. 'presentation of Oja Kadar, whom all men turn to look at in the street'; 2. 'presentation of Welles as conjuror'; 3. presentation of the journalist, author of a book about a forger of paintings, but also of false memoirs of Hughes, the millionaire forger with a multiplicity of doubles, concerning whom we do not know if he has himself harmed the journalist; 4. conversation or exchange between the journalist and the forger of paintings; 5. intervention of Welles who assures us that, for an hour, the viewer will neither see nor hear anything else false; 6. Welles recounts his life, and reflects on man in front of Chartres Cathedral; 7. Oja Kadar's affair with Picasso at the end of which Welles arrives to

say that the hour has passed and the affair was invented in every respect.[26]

Nevertheless, everything is not equivalent to everything else, and all the forgers are not all so to the same degree or with the same power. The truthful man forms part of them, like the frog, Vargas, or Othello, and Welles in front of Chartres Cathedral: for he invokes a true world, but the true world itself implies the truthful man. In itself, it is an *inaccessible and useless* world. Like the cathedral, its only quality is to have been made by men. Thus it is not hidden by appearances; it is it, on the contrary, which hides appearances and provides them with an alibi. Behind the truthful man there is the forger, the scorpion, and the one constantly refers back to the other. The expert in truth gives approval to Van Megeeren's false Vermeers precisely because the forger has created them by reference to the expert's own criteria. In short, the forger cannot be reduced to a simple copier, nor to a liar, because what is false is not simply a copy, but already the model. Should we not say, then, that the artist, even Vermeer, even Picasso, is a forger, since he makes a model with appearances, even if the next artist gives the model back to appearances in order to make a new model? Where does the 'bad' relation of Elmer the forger of Picasso end and the 'good' relation of Picasso and Velázquez begin? From the truthful man to the artist, the chain of forgers is long. This is obviously why it is so difficult to define 'the' forger, because we do not take into account his multiplicity, his ubiquity, and because we are content to refer to a historical and ultimately chronological time. But everything is changed in the perspective of time as becoming. What we can criticize in the forgers, as well as in the truthful man, is their exaggerated taste for *form*: they have neither the sense nor the power of metamorphosis; they reveal an impoverishment of the vital force [*élan vital*], of an already exhausted life. The difference between the forger, the expert and Vermeer is that the first two barely know how to change. Only the creative artist takes the power of the false to a degree which is realized, not in form, but in transformation. There is no longer either truth or appearance. There is no longer either invariable form or variable point of view on to a form. There is a point of view which belongs so much to the thing that the thing is constantly being transformed in a becoming identical to point of view. Metamorphosis of the true. What the artist is, is *creator of truth*, because truth is not to be achieved, formed, or reproduced; it has to be created. There is no

other truth than the creation of the New: creativity, emergence, what Melville called 'shape' in contrast to 'form'. Art is the continual production of *shapes*, reliefs and projections. The truthful man and the forger form part of the same chain, but, in the end, it is not they who are projected, elevated, or excavated; it is the artist, creator of the true, in the very place where the false attains its final power: goodness, generosity. Nietzsche drew up a list of the characters of the 'will to power': the truthful man, then all the forgers who presuppose him and that he presupposes, the long, exhausted cohort of 'superior men', but, still behind, the new man, Zarathustra, the artist or outpouring life.[27] There is only a slim chance, so great is the capacity of nihilism to overcome it, for exhausted life to get control of the New from its birth, and for completed forms to ossify metamorphosis and to reconstitute models and copies. The power of the false is delicate, allowing itself to be recaptured by frogs and scorpions. But it is the only chance for art or life, the Nietzschean, Melvillian, Bergsonian, Wellesian chance . . . Kamler's *Chronopolis* shows that the elements of time require an extraordinary encounter with man in order to produce something new.

3

There would be still a third instance beyond description and narration: the story [*récit*]. If we attempt a provisional definition, as we have done for the other instances, still without taking into account the special importance of the talkie factor, we believe that the story in general concerns the subject-object relationship and the development of this relationship (whilst narration concerned the development of the sensory-motor schema). The model of truth thus finds its full expression, not in the sensory-motor connection, but in the 'adequation' of the subject and the object. We must, however, specify what the subject and the object are in the conditions of the cinema. According to convention, what the camera 'sees' is called objective, and what the character sees is called subjective. Such a convention has a place only in the cinema, not in the theatre. Now it is essential that the camera sees the character himself: it is one and the same character who sometimes sees and sometimes is seen. But it is also the same camera which gives us the character seen and what the character