
HAPPINESS WITH A LONG PIECE OF BLACK LEADER: CHRIS MARKER'S *SANS SOLEIL*

CAROL MAVOR

Sans soleil: its beauty lies within its blackness.

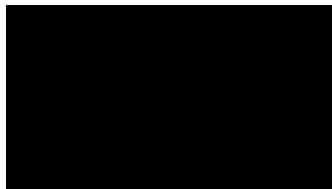
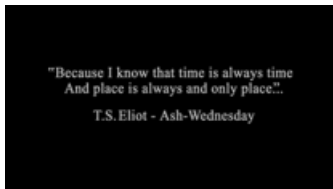
Chris Marker's *Sans soleil* of 1982 begins in pure black with these words burned in ash white: 'Because I know that time is always time/And place is always and only place [...]' (plate 1) The lines are from 'Ash Wednesday', T. S. Eliot's black poem, named for a black day.

Then, the letters slowly dissolve into pure black, as if in a lightless closet, as if in the womb, as if in a bomb shelter, and we hear these words spoken by a woman: 'The first image he told me about was of three children on a road in Iceland in 1965'¹ (plate 2).

And then we are treated to the first moving image that we will see: three beautiful, blond children, two girls and a boy, walking down a road in Iceland in 1965, swathed in the colour of 1960s film (plate 3). While holding hands in a twisted childish fashion, as children often do, the girls look at us. If we are lucky, we feel ourselves becoming children (again) with them. We hold hands with them. We become part of the circle. We are in a game, a game perhaps of 'Ring around the roses' or 'London Bridge'. The children are wearing the delicious rusty colours of autumn apples, of hungry robins, of nests made of twigs, of bowls of oatmeal. These children, their cheeks are healthy. Their cheeks have been kissed by apples.

The boy walks beside the girls looking down at the green velvet ground that holds all three of them, like the crisp blue sky holds the earth. He glances up at us, but just once.

This *moving* image of three Icelandic children in 1965 wounds me with its prettiness. It bruises me with a Roland Barthesian feeling of 'that which has



1 'Ash Wednesday', from *Sans soleil*. a film by Chris Marker, 1982.

2 'Black leader', *Sans soleil*.

3 'Children on the road in Iceland', *Sans soleil*.



4 'Real children', from *La Jetée*, a film by Chris Marker, 1962.

5 'Real cats', *La Jetée*.

6 'Hornet', *Sans soleil*.

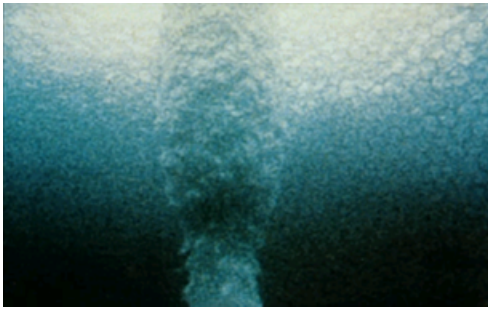
been'. Barthes's *La Chambre claire* is devoted to this sensation. When looking at this footage, I feel what Barthes famously felt when looking at a photograph of his mother as a little girl in the Winter Garden Photograph: 'a sting, speck, cut, little hole ... that accident which pricks me (but also bruises me, is poignant to me)'.² Barthes, '*he writes me*', with his perforating words.

In 1965, I was eight. The Icelandic girl, the one who is wearing trousers, she, too, looks to be eight. She echoes with my personal past (we both walked the earth at the same time, at the same age, both wearing corduroy trousers, both wearing the easy sartorial egos of childhood, both holding hands with other children, both eyeing adults with cameras). But beyond me, she also corresponds with the blond child of Marker's sensational film of 1962: *La Jetée* (plate 4). The Icelandic girl who is not me, but is in me, looks much like the child that the protagonist of *La Jetée* encounters when he goes back in time: before the apocalypse of World War III. (Fittingly, the title of the film sounds like the French phrase '*là, j'étais*', which translates as 'There, I was'.³) If you have seen *La Jetée*, then you know that it is 'a story of man marked by an image of childhood', who is a dreamer, who lives underground, who lives in blackness, after an apocalyptic World War III. As a time traveller, he is returned to an earlier time: to the 1960s. Going back to the past in the present of the aftermath of some future war, he sees what he thought he had forgotten: the beauty of real bedrooms, real cats (plate 5), and real children. Hooked up to machines and wearing black time-travelling goggles (which look curiously domestic and familiar, like those worn by an insomniac to shut out light, or those worn by the experienced traveller on a long nocturnal flight overseas), the man in *La Jetée* returns to the past and sees the blond girl who, it seems, has returned to us, again, in *Sans soleil*.

Sans soleil has hardly begun, but time is already 'swallowed by the spiral'. We are already suffering from vertigo.

After the Icelandic children, *Sans soleil* quickly cuts, once again, to pure black leader (opaque film which has been exposed with the lens cap on and then inserted between shots, so as to cause the screen to go pitch black). And we hear the woman's voice again: '*He said that for him it was the image of happiness and also that he had tried several times to link it to other images but it never worked.*' And we are held for just a bit, seeing the black.

Seconds later, the black leader dissolves into moving footage of an Army Air Force Messerschmitt Me 410 Hornisse – a Hornet (plate 6). The Hornet is being lowered into an aircraft carrier. The Hornet, this menace, which looks like a giant science fiction insect with its horrific rockets attached to its body, is in the process



7 'Polaris shooting up from the ocean', *Sans soleil*.

8 'Polaris in the sky', *Sans soleil*.

of being hidden, like terror itself, below deck. Shocking after the Icelandic children, this footage is not the aforementioned Barthesian 'a sting, speck, cut, little hole [...]'. It is a blow.

The terror of seeing the Hornet is one of many blows throughout the film, which collect and nestle and cut themselves amidst the beauty of *Sans soleil*. By the end, we are blown away by footage of the same Icelandic town where the beautiful children walked. It is five years later. The town is now beneath a blanket of pure black suffocating ash: the result of an (apocalyptic) volcanic eruption. 'And when five years later my friend Haroun Tazieff sent me the film he had just shot in the same place [...] I looked at those pictures, and it was as if the entire year '65 had been covered with ashes.'

But I am getting ahead of myself and of the film. We are still at the start. We have only seen the black twice. We have seen the children. We have seen the Hornet. And then, one more time, the film dissolves into a long piece of black leader. We see pure blackness for the third time, but this time for longer. It is a black pregnant pause of anticipation and longing. And we hear:

*He wrote me: one day I'll have to put it all alone at the beginning of a film with a long piece of black leader; if they don't see the happiness in the picture, at least they'll see the black.*⁴

And then, the film cuts to its opening title. In beautifully bold red on pure black, we first meet the title of the film in Russian: БезСолнца. The Russian letters are certainly in homage to those song cycles by Modest Mussorgsky, also called *Sans soleil* (1874). The red (la rouge) also hints at the red of an earlier film, Marker's *Le Fond de l'air est rouge* (1977), and the politics of being red. But the letters also hail Marker's great admiration for the Russian filmmaker Andrey Tarkovsky. And to nibble on, even further, the Russian typography invokes one of the many Cold War terror bites yet to come in the film. Soon enough, we will see the US Navy's Polaris nuclear ballistic missile emerge with its black tip of dread from the beautiful blue sea and into the beautiful blue sky⁵ (plates 7 and 8).

The *mise-en-scène* of *Sans soleil* has been set: the beautiful children have appeared and they have been cut by a long piece of black leader. The black leader has been cut by the Hornet. And the Hornet has been eclipsed, like the Icelandic children, by the black.

YOU SEE THE BLACK WHEN YOUR MOUTH IS OPEN

Pressing together enigmatic eye-food and mind-food from Iceland, Guinea Bissau, Cape Verde, Japan, the Ile-de-France (that holds Paris at its heart) and San Francisco, Marker released his cine-poem *Sans soleil* in 1982. (Marker's version in English was released the same year.) With open mouths, the audience watched: at times in a yawn, for the film can be boring; at times in awe, for the film can be breathtaking.

Sometimes boring, sometimes shocking, *Sans soleil's* beauty, its poetry makes one hungry for more: hungry for sleep, hungry for relief, hungry for its gorgeousness. It migrates quickly between places, time and a continual collectomania of images by Marker and other cameramen. When you are in Marker's sunless cinema, you lose your location, your perspective, your linear mind. Stuffed full, *Sans soleil* is overcrowded, packed like the Musée d'Histoire naturelle in Paris's Jardin des Plantes, a favourite haunt of the filmmaker. Even if you have not been there, you have seen it before in Marker's *La Jetée* (plate 9).



9 'Taxidermy', *La Jetée*.

Both *Sans soleil* and the Musée d'Histoire naturelle are over-generous places, haunted by death. Like a photograph, they are excessively full as they harken not only the loss of the moment, but also the darkroom of development. Photographs are like taxidermied animals: they preserve with not only sawdust and emulsion, but also regret. Likewise, *Sans soleil* develops around the darkness of its title and a long piece of black leader.

WHAT IS A MADELEINE?

Faithful devotees to 'Saint Marker', chewing and nibbling their way through the chock-full *Sans soleil* will never grow hungry. Yet the film – with its rush of images, impossible to pin down, like butterflies escaping the pursuit of entomologist's pins – keeps desire in check, makes one hungry for more. One never grows hungry, but one never grows full.

Marker learned this trick of anorectic hedonism from his beloved Marcel Proust. In Marker's own words, from his interactive CD-ROM, *Immemory* of 1988: 'I want to claim for the image the humility and powers of a madeleine.'

Sans soleil's image repertoire is as fleeting as Marcel Proust's famous, evasive nibble of madeleine cake, taken with a swallow of tea. As Proust writes at the start of the *À la recherche du temps perdu*: 'No sooner had the warm liquid mixed with the crumbs touched my palate than a shiver ran through me and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary thing that was happening to me'.⁶ Proust's madeleine is at once sensually hedonistic and religiously ascetic. Hedonistic and ascetic, the madeleine is a trigger for both the longest novel in history and for the long medieval pilgrimages walked in honour of Saint Jacques. Long ago, the pilgrims of Saint Jacques attached tiny, scallop-shell badges to their garments. Like the madeleine, *San soleil* hedonistically gives me all of life at once; yet like all journeys of desire, it also withholds with the might of a good ascetic.



10 Pilgrim's Badge: St James the Major, 15th Century. Molded tin and lead. 3.2×2.6 cm. Paris: Musée du Moyen Age (Cluny) (CL5799). Photo: Gérard Blot/Art Resource.

Wearing their tiny scallop-shell badges of tin, the pilgrims of Saint Jacques (on their way to their ultimate destination of Santiago de Compostela in Spain⁷) are believed to have stopped by at the local church (itself called Saint Jacques) in Proust's famed boyhood summer home of Illiers. If you have read Proust's long novel, you know the town through its fictionalized name of Combray. (During Proust's centennial in 1972, the town was officially renamed as 'Illiers-Combray'.)

There is a small collection of these scallop-shell badges, which look like tiny versions of Proust's madeleine cake, in Paris's Musée du Moyen Age (Musée du Cluny), within walking distance from the Musée d'Histoire naturelle. This three-centimetre cake badge of the fifteenth century has suffered a tiny nibble of time, as if it has been partially eaten by some recollecting termite who lives not on wood, but on tin (plate 10).

(Certainly, on his own pilgrimages, Marker must have walked by these miniscule cookie badges more than once.)

Like Proust's memory-laden memory cake, which 'had the effect, which love has, of filling me with a precious essence [...] not in me, it was me' (I, 60; I, 44), *Sans soleil*, it too is 'not in me', but somehow magically, it becomes me, it is 'me'. Watching *Sans soleil* is to be in *Sans soleil*. I find 'me' in a sunless place, in the black of the movie theatre, in communion with the youth (and the animals) that *Sans soleil* celebrates. This is a trick that Marker learned from not only his beloved Proust, but also it seems, from the Japanese:

He wrote me that the Japanese secret – what Lévi-Strauss had called the poignancy of things – implied the faculty of communion with things, of entering into them, of being them for a moment. It was normal that in their turn they should be like us: perishable and immortal.

For Marker, the youth (like his beloved cats) hold a secret. That enigma of unnameable pleasure is, of course, rendered as all but forgotten through an adulthood that insists on blocking out the present in honour of the future. As Marker tells us, while we watch Japanese teenagers dancing in Shinjuku (one of the 23 wards of the metropolis of Tokyo): 'The youth who get together every weekend at Shinjuku obviously know that they are not on a launching pad toward real life; but they are life, to be eaten on the spot like fresh doughnuts' (plate 11). We could, as Marker suggests, learn something from the 'Takenoku-zoku'.



11 'Shinjuku adolescent dancer', *Sans soleil*.

12 'January Light', *Sans soleil*.

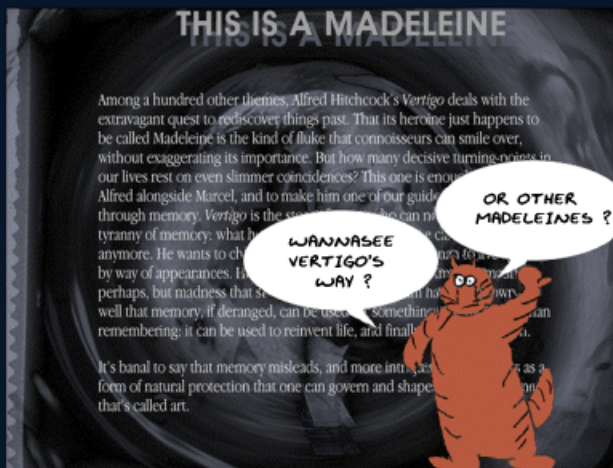
Throughout *Sans soleil*, we witness this strange and 'other' youth-galaxy made up of groups of teenagers from Tokyo's suburbs called Takenoko-zoku. The Takenoko-zoku, alas, has now gone. It had been legendary since 1979 for convening on the streets in garish clothes for the sole pleasures of dancing to the music that boomed out of their portable cassette players.⁸ While we watch them dance, the voice-over elaborates: 'For the Takenoko, twenty is the age of retirement. They are baby Martians. I go to see them dance every Sunday in the park at Yoyogi.'

Likewise, but this time in despair, Marker speaks of the lovely twenty-three-year-old women who are celebrated on Japan's 'Coming of Age Day'. They promenade in their fir-trimmed kimonos in Tokyo's beautiful January light (plate 12). He locates them in 'the anteroom of adulthood. The world of the Takenoko and of rock singers speeds away like a rocket. Speakers explain what society expects of them. How long will it take to forget the secret?' Marker does his best to give me back my own lost secret that vanished with adulthood: a visual feast on a celluloid, he gives it to me 'to be eaten on the spot like fresh doughnuts.' Or ... perhaps, like a madeleine cake.

Again, I repeat Marker's anorectic/hedonistic words from *Immemory*: 'I want to claim for the image the humility and powers of a madeleine.'

THE TENSE IS 'FUTURE REMEMBERING'

'Happiness with a long piece of black leader' is a pilgrimage through Marker's beckoning film; a road to follow that is necessarily more circular than linear. As we go round and round, images and themes are re-circled. The spiral of themes include memory, forgetting, waiting, youth, conflict, war, travel, boredom, consumerism, Tokyo, West Africa, guerrilla warfare, fatigue, television, history, memory, nostalgia, Tarkovsky, Marker's favourite film (Hitchcock's *Vertigo*), Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, things that quicken the heart, a panda who died in the zoo in Ueno, earthquakes, a dog named Hachiko, a cat named Toro, and the list goes on. The endless images that sometimes relate directly to the themes being narrated, but just as often seem disjointed, include the children from Iceland, the people of Cape Verde, 'a people of wanderers, of navigators, of world travelers', the people of Guinea Bissau, the people of Japan, pilfered images of war planes and missile launches, cats, owls, more cats, cat food, places in the San Francisco bay area where *Vertigo* was shot and the images march on (plates 13 and 14). Like Marker's famed, unusually large pet cat, the late Guillaume-en-Egypte, who is represented through a cartoon drawing that pops in and out of Marker's *Immemory*, whimsically suggesting to 'the player'



13 'Mother and daughter', *Sans soleil*.

14 'Carnival child', *Sans soleil*.

15 'Guillaume-en-Egypte', *Immemory*, interactive CD-rom by Chris Marker, 1988.

some of the best places to open up with a double click (plate 15), I, too, imagine myself as a kind of pilgrim leader, taking many roads, but not *the road*, nor even nearly *all the roads*, to be 'in' *Sans soleil*.

Just as the bit of madeleine soaked in tea transports Proust back to his childhood, all the while thrusting him forward as the writer he would become, in *Sans soleil* (and in *La Jetée*) we enter the darkness of the film by entering a time of presentness, which is utopically located in the past and the future at once. The magic of Proust's writing is his ability to write within this utopian no-time (u-chronos) that circles around the madeleine, undoing linear time, as if replaying time itself on the circularity of film on a reel. By the end of Proust's

Recherche, we have travelled abroad, through history, through the future, through the skies themselves, but we have done it all while still holding that bit of madeleine in our mouths. When we get to the end of the *Recherche* (which takes most readers about one year, the same length of time that it took most of Saint Jacques' medieval pilgrims to make it to Spain), we still have the madeleine within us. (Likewise, by the end of *Sans soleil*, we return full circle to the footage of the children in Iceland, in 1965.)

By the end of his long, long novel, 'Marcel'⁹ has grown old and is 'terrified by the thought that the stilts' beneath his 'own feet might already have reached' their final, most stretched 'height' – soon he will be 'too weak to maintain' his 'hold upon a past which already went down so far' (VI, 531; IV, 625). Nevertheless, Marcel has just experienced a profound involuntary memory: the famous trip on the uneven paving stones. Marcel, in an 'absent-minded state' (as if he were a sleep-walking fourteen-year-old) trips on the 'uneven paving stones' in front of the coach-house in the courtyard of the Guermantes mansion. This trip sends him travelling through time. Marcel finds himself, in the past, standing on two uneven paving stones in the baptistery of St Mark's, Venice. But the trip also trips (as in to release, to trigger) other body-deep memories including his memory of savouring the memory-prompting bite of madeleine: 'The happiness which I had just felt [as a result of the uneven paving stones] was unquestionably the same as that which I had felt when I tasted the madeleine soaked in tea' (VI, 255–256; VI, 445).

In 2002, Marker made a video about the photographer Denis Bellon (focusing on her work between 1935 and 1955), with the telling, Proustian title of *Le Souvenir d'un avenir* (*Remembrance of things to come*).¹⁰ Catherine Lupton has titled her history of the filmmaker's work *Chris Marker: Memories of the Future*.¹¹ This 'future remembering' is the tense in which Proust writes and in which Marker makes films. This 'future remembering' is the tense of *Sans soleil*.

Sans soleil's blackness is a representation of memory without betrayal; thereby, it is memory futured.

MISE-EN-SCÈNE

We are the Martians of Africa. We arrive from our planet with our ways of seeing, our white magic, our machines. We will cure the black of his illness, that is certain; and he will catch ours, that is certain too. Whether he loses or gains from the change, his art will not survive.

(Chris Marker with Alain Resnais, from the film *Les Statues meurent aussi*, 1950–53)¹²

The man that we are following, who famously hides from the camera and personal contact, is renowned for burying himself from view not only under the guise of his many cats, especially the late Guillaume-en-Egypte, the pilgrim leader of Marker's interactive *Immemory*, but even by hiding from his own name. He has a list of pseudonyms including Chris Villeneuve, Fritz Markassin, Sandor Krasna, Jacopo Berenzi and, of course, Chris Marker. Born Christian François Bouche-Villeneuve, in Paris, France, in 1921, we know little about this man-turned cat, this cat-turned man. ('He described me his reunion with Tokyo: like a cat who has come home from vacation in his basket immediately stares to inspect familiar places.')

Marker, best known for directing *La Jetée* and *Sans soleil* (like most cats) a true intellectual. In his *Chat écoutant la musique* (1990), the first tape in the *Bestiaire* trilogy,¹³ which stars Guillaume-en-Egypte, Marker recalls, 'He was fond of Ravel



16 'Guillaume listening to Mompou', *Chat écoutant la musique*, a video by Chris Marker, 1990.

17 *Les Statues meurent aussi*, a film by Chris Marker and Alain Resnais, 1953.

(any cat is) but he had a special crush on Mompou. That day (a beautiful sunny day, I remember) I placed Volume I of the complete 'Mompou by Mompou' on the CD player to please him [...] (plate 16). Or, as Marker confesses in *Immemory*, deftly playing cat and mouse with Barthes' 'Death of the Author': 'I used to read Jules Verne to my cat or did he read it to me as though he were the author?'

Marker studied with Jean-Paul Sartre, and like Sartre, Marker is also a true political resistor, joining the Maquis (FTP) during the 1939–45 war and taking up further action in his subsequent writings, photography projects and films. It was after the war that Marker began to write and to make films, including, of course, the very beautiful *La Jetée* and *Sans soleil*, and also the lovely *Le Joli mai* (1962). An inherent world traveller, Marker documented and fictionalized what he saw in his films and his books. Of special note is Marker's *Les Statues meurent aussi* (*Statues also die*) of 1953, which he co-directed with friend (and fellow cat lover) Alain Resnais. *Les Statues meurent aussi* was one of the first anti-colonial films (plate 17). As an attack on French colonialism, *Les Statues meurent aussi* was banned for more than ten years by French censors. (In a later commentary, Marker sardonically commented that if it would take ten years before the completion of the film and the lifting of the ban, 'that would at least measure precisely the extent to which the official powers lagged behind reality.'¹⁴) Released a year before the Algerian War, this gorgeous and sensitive study of African art as bereaved, as eaten up by Western civilization, intersects images of stark formal beauty with Marker's witty and heartfelt commentary. The film (a passionate reaction against the fate of an art that was once integral to communal life but became debased as it fell victim to the demands of Western society) would please even a critic as originally sensitive to the colonization of traditions, of customs, of life itself, as James Clifford, who was but a boy at the time of its release.

ACTION COOKING

Marker's fast-moving cine-collage can be compared to the experience of watching the difficult art of Japanese 'action cooking'. *Sans soleil* is like the 'action cooking' done by Mr Yamada in a restaurant in Nishi-nippori that we witness near the start of Marker's film (plate 18). Like Mr Yamada's performance, *Sans soleil* is also an

exhilarating mix of raw ingredients that fly in quickly before us. Alive with sizzle, Marker's snatches of film sometimes shock us too, like the audible surprise of an egg dropped by Mr Yamada upon his oiled and hot grill. Within seconds the egg frizzles into something unknown. Things land before us, only to be quickly launched, flipped, scooted, pushed and removed: the *cutting* is extremely fast. It is impossible to narrativize the actions. It is cooking that is carefully orchestrated, but there is no recipe. Mr Yamada grabs ingredients from the everyday world. Likewise, Marker uses banal footage from television, film clips that are as sleep-inducing as others are riveting, his own cinematography, bits of cinema shot by friends and, even, passages from Hitchcock. Both Marker and Mr Yamada turn their components into cuisine with elegant, unprecedented simplicity. Both defy the notion of the great *auteur*, while each possesses '*in his humble way the essence of style*'. By watching *Sans soleil* carefully, as if one were watching 'Mr Yamada's gestures and his way of mixing the ingredients', one can '*meditate usefully on certain fundamental concepts common to painting, philosophy, and karate*'.

Marker respects the cooking of Mr Yamada as a model for filmmaking, just as Proust hails the humble (but exquisite) cuisine of the family's country cook in the *Recherche*. Françoise's country table is as full of food as Marker's film is full of images, as is Proust's novel is full of, well, everything. In Proust's sinuous hands-turned-words, Françoise's Sunday lunch is musically 'poured', Jackson-Pollock-like: as if there were no table-canvas edges, as if no place were ever full. Françoise wallpapers the family table with food with the all-over sensibility of an Abstract Expressionist. And like Marker's rhythmic excessiveness, Françoise's lunch is equally disproportionate, with a mind-blowing tempo in tune with the presentness of life: the luck of being at the right place at the right time, the kindness of friends, historicity, curiosity, beauty, hunger, change, the dear-ness of an apricot, the limitability of gooseberries and, of course, reciprocity. Allow me to quote Proust's description of her jam-packed table in full:



18 'Action cooking', *Sans soleil*.

Upon the permanent foundation of eggs, cutlets, potatoes, preserves, and biscuits, which she no longer even bothered to announce, Françoise would add – as the labour of fields and orchards, the harvest of tides, the luck of the markets, the kindness of neighbours, and her own genius might provide, so that our bill of fare, like the quatrefoils that were carved on the porches of cathedrals in the thirteenth century, reflected to some extent the rhythm of the seasons and the incidents of daily life – a brill because the fish-woman had guaranteed its freshness, a turkey because she had seen a beauty in the market at Roussainville-le-Pin, cardoons with marrow because she had never done them for us in that way before, a roast leg of mutton because the fresh air made one hungry and there would be plenty of time for it to 'settle down' in the seven hours before dinner, spinach by way of a change, apricots because they were still hard to get, gooseberries because in another fortnight there would be none left, raspberries which M. Swann had bought specially, cherries, the first to come from the cherry-tree which had yielded none for the last two years, a cream cheese, of which in those days I was extremely

fond, an almond cake because she had ordered one the evening before, a brioche because it was our turn to make them for the church. And when all this was finished, a work composed expressly for ourselves, but dedicated more particularly to my father who had a fondness for such things, a chocolate cream, Françoise's personal inspiration and specialty would be laid before us, light and fleeting as an 'occasional' piece of music into which she had poured the whole of her talent. (I, 96-97; I, 70)

Françoise (the Michelangelo of Marcel's kitchen) is an artist in her own right, though comically modern as she appears to prefigure the dripped and poured painting of postwar American art. The list of foods is as gluttonous as a huge table-top *Number 1* by Pollock (the latter famous for painting on horizontally laid, rather than vertically hung easel-type canvases), and like the artist who danced around his canvases, gracefully tossing paint off sticks and paintbrushes, crossing one foot over the other, Françoise's art maintains its own kind of rhythm, a kind of musicality. Like Marker's visual feast, Françoise's meal is as 'light and fleeting as an "occasional" piece of music' (perhaps like one of those song cycles in Mussorgsky's *Sans soleil*), but it is also heavy.

BLACK AND BLUE: POLITICAL BEAUTY

Sans soleil is scratched with guerrilla warfare in Guinea Bissau, drought in the Sahel, the ditch where 200 Japanese girls used grenades to commit suicide in 1945 rather than fall into the hands of the Americans. ('People have their pictures taken in front of the ditch. Across from it souvenir lighters are sold shaped like grenades.') Indeed, taking Brando's advice in *Apocalypse Now*, Marker 'make[s] a friend of horror'. But the face of horror is hardly Marker's only friend: he also migrates towards the name and face of beauty. Marker's migration can be read as a following of cake-crumbs dropped by his beloved Proust. Little signs postponed, like letters in the mail.

Marker was not the only French new-wave filmmaker to have felt the pressure of Proust. One thinks, especially of Alain Resnais, who discovered Proust at age fourteen. In 1945, one of Resnais's 'first [...] professional assignments was as cameraman and editor on a 16 mm short directed by Jean Leduc called *Le Sommeil* (or *Les Yeux d'Albertine*)', based on an incident from the *Recherche*.¹⁵

The Artist does not usually migrate between the beautiful (what I figure as the blue) and the political (what I figure as the black): it is taboo. It is outlaw. It is a bit like mixing wine and milk (oppositions so beautifully stirred by the culinary fingers of Roland Barthes in his essay 'Wine and Milk'¹⁶). For colouring blue beauty with the black typographic letters of the political threatens its magnificence and genius. Tainting the content of this *political black* with smears of this *beautiful blue* threatens its charge and even its moral standing. Nevertheless, the image of swallows flying south for the winter (those creatures of return who always circle back to the very same nest as the year before) is a picture of a blue sky (dependent, of course, upon the humour of the clouds) dotted black. It is a filmic view of Seurat's pointillism in flight. Dependent, of course, upon the number of birds migrating, the sky can range from random staccato dots of punctuation to all-out black. The image conceived can range from the joyful bird-like angels on the blue walls of the Arena Chapel that Proust celebrates in the *Recherche* (a blue so beautifully celebrated by Julia Kristeva in

‘Giotto’s joy’¹⁷) to the horrors of a dark, bird-filled sky in Hitchcock’s *The Birds*. Looking skyward, then, we might just say, in unison with Marker: ‘... if they don’t see the happiness in the picture, at least they’ll see the black’.

In my mind’s eye, black and blue as two (often contradictorily understood) are the culturally chosen hues of the political and the beautiful. When singing (not living) ‘the blues’, we find blue happiness: the blue sky, the blue ocean and, even the maternal body. For, the Madonna always wears blue. *La mère* is a mere letter and an *accent grave* away from *la mer*. Such blue signs enlighten Proust’s proclivity for blue throughout the most blissful moments of *Recherche*, when the Narrator is *on cloud nine*, when he is seeing blue all around him, when he is bathed in blue.

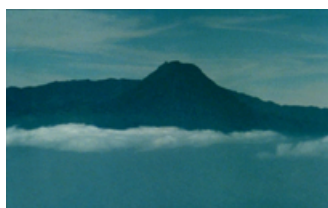
In *Sans soleil*, one cannot find the same penchant for the actual colour of blue, as one finds in the indigo, cobalt, cerulean, sapphire and azure letters of Proust’s *Recherche*. *Sans soleil* is not overridden by blue; it is more often coloured by black. Nevertheless *Sans soleil* does readily embrace the black island emerging out of the blue (plate 19). The film is a film of islands, particularly Japan and its surrounding islands, the island of Iceland and the archipelagos of Cape Verde and Bijagós (plate 20).

Elsewhere, I have argued that the very texture of photography, of which cinema was born, tells the story of the nourishment of race.¹⁸ Photography, at least at its conception and for many years after, is a story of dark and light. In the early days, photography was called ‘the black art’: the collodion would stain your fingers with evidence of what you had been up to. Even after photography grew out of its sepia days of ‘the black art’, and even after it outgrew the slickness of black and white, photography would become ‘coloured’. It is obvious (nevertheless it is important, difficult, troubling): photography (light writing) has always been struck by racial adjectives and metaphors. ‘Black art’ was ‘coloured’ long before the first colour photograph of a tartan ribbon was presented by James Clerk Maxwell in 1861. The skin of the Photograph hails what Frantz Fanon has termed a ‘racial epidermal schema’.¹⁹

We might say, then, that the texture of photography, and, in turn, its close cousin film, is essentially raced. It is little wonder that Zeynep Çelik has noted in her essay on photography and the colonizing of Algeria, that ‘the history of photography is intertwined with the history of colonialism and both are connected with the project of modernity’.²⁰

Black is political particularly because it is a racial marker, but blue is political as well. Blue, after all, is a marker of whiteness, as in Toni Morrison’s *The Bluest Eye* (1970). Blueness and blackness are unequivocally about race, the two colours burst into other, ever-expanding tropes as they shade, highlight, tint and dye this pilgrimage of happiness with a long piece of black leader.

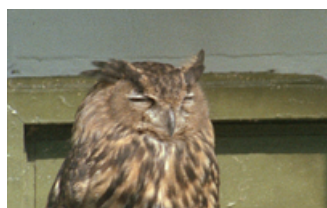
At the start of *Sans soleil*, we get tiny glimpses of the Icelandic sky and the North Atlantic Ocean: blue bits bitten by nostalgic longing. By the end of the film we are overwhelmed to see the same place covered in a black ash. The volcano is a natural catastrophe that harkens the apocalypse of war, something that had already happened to Marker’s beloved Japan, twenty-five years before when, at 8:15 am, on 6 August 1945, ‘Little Boy’ was dropped on Hiroshima. On that day, the sky turned black. On that day, ashes were everywhere. On that day, drops of black rain the size of marbles fell.



19 'Black island emerging out of the blue', *Sans soleil*.



20 'Archipelagos', *Sans soleil*.



21 'Owl', *Sans soleil*.

But to be in the black can be full of goodness. Black is the colour of dreams before they hit the screen of our mind's eye. Black is the colour of development, as in the photographic darkroom. Black is the colour of transport, as in the movie theatre itself. Black is the colour of the nocturnal; those animals that Marker so loves, the cat, and also the owl, know all about this (plate 21). The nocturnal Proust, who also loved the black, turned his days into nights and wrote in his cork-lined room without light. Is it no wonder, then, that Barthes feels good, like a cat, when he leaves the darkness of the cinema, and finds that 'his body has become something soporific, soft, peaceful: limp as a sleeping cat'?²¹

Curiously all of that makes me think of past or future war: night trains, air raids, fallout shelters, small fragments of war enshrined in everyday life. He liked the fragility of those moments suspended in time. Those memories whose only function being to leave behind nothing but memories.

A FORGETTABLE FILM

The black leader is interpretation postponed, a theme embraced by Proust, as I have learned from Gilles Deleuze.²² For despite the fact that the narrator of Proust's *Recherche* takes his famed nibble of madeleine at the beginning of the long, long novel, and although the narrator immediately recognizes the effect as profound, it will take the narrator/author hundreds and hundreds of pages, and then some, to get at the heart of its meaning by the end of the long, long book. As Proust tells us when we are but two bites into the first volume: 'I had recognised the taste of the piece of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime-blossom which my aunt used to give me (although I did not yet know and *must long postpone the discovery* of why this memory made me so happy)' (I, 64; I, 47; emphasis is mine). The blossoming of meaning, I have learned from Proust (through Deleuze) usually comes long after, 'because of the anachronism which so often prevents the calendar of facts from corresponding to the calendar of feelings' (IV, 211; II, 153).

Is it possible to put forth hundreds of thousands of fragments of time, to feed it to others, without corrupting it through translation? Is Marker not trying to give us everything in hopes that we might find our own madeleine? I believe that *Sans soleil* gives us such food. It fills the mouth but cannot be bitten, magically enabling the possibility of emanating the memory without betrayal. (As Victor Burgin has noted, 'the telling of the memory, of course, betrays it. Both in the sense of there being something private about the memory that demands it remain untold [secreted], and in the sense that to tell it is to misrepresent, to transform, to diminish it.'²³) In the post-nuclear, when the world is threatened by

the most profound form of forgetting – total annihilation – this new technology of memory is rendered necessary: a way to tell the memory, without betraying it, without corrupting it. It is in this way that we can understand Deleuze's little book of 1964, *Proust and Signs*,²⁴ as a post-nuclear reading of Proust, and, in turn, *Sans soleil* as describing the fate of memory and representation after the nuclear.

An exquisite thread, perhaps in the form of a sinuous ribbon of black film leader, unites Marker and Proust in the present tomorrow of a 'puberty of sorrow' (I, 51; I, 38). Both are adolescent becomers, aged children, on their way to writing a book, on their way to making a film. Marcel, the Narrator of the *Recherche*, is going to write a book. The subject of *Sans soleil* is a fictional cameraman named Sandor Krasna. On the liner notes to the DVD, Marker tells us that the fictional Krasna, who shares much with Marker, 'found himself in 1976 in Baler (Phillipines) during the filming of *Apocalypse Now* which would leave a strong stamp on him'. Krasna is making a film that he will never make, but Marker will. *Sans soleil*'s lovely female voice-over speaks through the body of the impossible to pin-down filmmaker, by reading his letters aloud, an approach that Roland Barthes might embrace as 'writing aloud': 'Of course I'll never make that film. Nonetheless I'm collecting the sets, inventing the twists, putting in my favourite creatures. I've even given it a title, indeed the title of those Mussorgsky songs: *Sunless*.'

Sans soleil is a visualization of memories which are either selectively played out or randomly played out (who can say?) of Marker's mindful cine-mind, like Freudian 'Screen Memories', like memory itself.²⁵ The replays are replayed to us as moving pictures (which are often quite still) to illustrate the voice-over: letters written to a woman from a cameraman dispirited by the ineffectual results of global revolutions who is wrought by the problem of memory: 'He writes me from Japan. He writes me from Africa [...] He wrote me: I will have spent my life trying to understand the function of remembering, which is not the opposite of forgetting, but rather its lining. We do not remember, we rewrite memory much as history is rewritten.'

ENVELOPING

Sans soleil is an epistolary film, which ends with the line: 'Will there be a last letter?' A letter comes in an envelope. A letter envelops: encircles, cloaks, swathes, wraps. You lick it closed with a kind of kiss.

If kissing is 'aim-inhibited eating', as Adam Phillips ascetically remarks, then to eat the madeleine cake may be more kiss than bite.²⁶ For, the 'petite' madeleine is just that, and not even an entire petite madeleine cake, but rather a 'morsel' in a 'spoonful' of tea (I, 60; I, 44).

Sans soleil, it too, celebrates the infinitely small, as it chews and kisses its way through space like a tiny insect. Minuscule nibbling, with a bug's eye on detail as the diminutive pilgrim-filmmaker travels and wanders according to his spiritual callings in a kind of temple tourism (a term I learned from Ranji Khanna):²⁷ to a temple consecrated to cats in the suburbs of Tokyo – to Josen-kai on the island of Hokkaido, which combines a museum, a chapel and a sex shop – to the temple of Kiyomitsu where on 25 September there is a ceremony for the repose of the souls of broken dolls – to the zoo in Ueno where people cried more for the death of a panda than for the prime minister who left this world at the same time – even a pilgrimage to all of the locations of Hitchcock's *Vertigo*. 'He followed Madeleine – as Scotty had done.' 'In San Francisco, I made the pilgrimage of a film that I had seen nineteen

times.' To be enveloped in *Sans soleil* is to see parts of the world through Marker's mouth, is to know that there is a connection between Hitchcock's Madeleine and Proust's madeleine, is to turn reading into eating (or is it kissing?) through a melancholic wonderland on the iota of life, as if lost in a sunless fairy tale, as if walking through a town buried in black volcanic ash ('it was as if the entire year



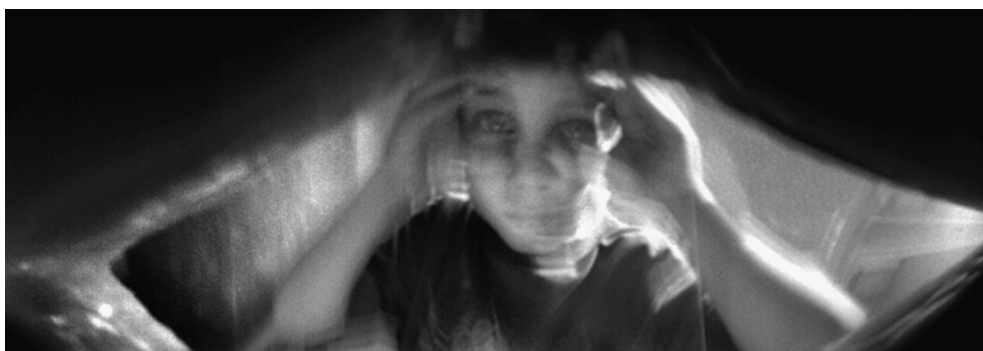
22 Marker with his Roliflex.

'sixty-five had just been covered with ashes'), as if trying to find all of the scallop-shell cathedrals dedicated to Saint Jacques all the way to Santiago (Spain), as lit only by fleeting January light: a migration of the soul. The madeleine cake grew from the scallop-shaped badges that Saint Jacques' medieval pilgrims wore. A trace that you can eat. *Sans soleil* is 'a prayer that slips into life without interrupting it'.

The film critic and painter extraordinaire, Manny Farber, who, like the filmmaker of *Sans soleil* is also a 'bounty hunter of images', with his own eye for chewing on meaning-laden chance detail, forages such space as 'termite art'. Although heavy in many ways, thick with metaphors, thick with

imagery, Marker and Proust do, in fact, avoid large statements, what Farber calls 'white elephant' art,²⁸ even if writers and, especially, filmmakers seriously graze on history, sexuality, race, war, death and more death. Instead of the elephant they are allied with the not-so-admired termite: tender and inquisitive toward the small, the individualizing detail, as termites (perhaps disguised as a cat or a pink hawthorn), they find themselves 'eating ... [their] own boundaries,' leaving 'nothing in ... [their] path[s] other than the signs of eager, industrious, unkempt activity'.²⁹ The termite migrates underground, like a volcano. As portmanteaus of pilgrim and termite, Marker and Farber are *pilgrimmities*.

Hungry with desire for the world, Marker hides behind his Roliflex mouth (one of the only pictures of himself he officially allows to be reproduced; plate 22). His camera-mouth: an image at once futuristic as if he were a cyborg in *La Jetée*, yet historically quaint with all of the nostalgic charm of the famous photographers of the past with their beloved Roliflexes, yet so present in its photographicness. For, it is the camera that can hold on to a present moment for ever. As it is said in *La Jetée*, a film made up entirely of stills taken with a Pentax 24 × 36 camera (save for the bit of *cinema* with the blinking of the women's eyes), 'Images appear, merge, in that museum, which is perhaps that of his memory'. Like Marker's *La Jetée*, perhaps like all of Marker's work, the world is always-already Proustified, because he, like the author of the *Recherche*, makes use of everything. Marker chomps on the world, as often as possible, but it is hard to get much; it is hard to get full. As Marker notes, 'William Klein says that, at the speed of 1/50th of a second per shot, the complete work of the most famous photographer lasts less than three minutes.'³⁰



23 Ann Hamilton, pin-hole photograph of her son Emmett, taken with a camera in her mouth. Courtesy: Sean Gallery, New York. Used with permission, 2006.

Imagine now, if you will, Marker as his beloved Guilleme-en-Egypte, not as a grinning Cheshire Cat, but with his mouth opening and closing as if the mouth was a shutter, as if he were 'Chris with his Roliflex', moving from Proustian yawn to Proustian kiss, migrating the location of one sense to another, as the author of the *Recherche* always does. (For Proust the smell of touch, the taste of smell, the sound of sight, etc., all are inseparable and enveloping paramours). By marking the mouth as also eye, one sees how the shape of the mouth is very much like the shape of the eye, perhaps especially like the eye of the cat. If I could take a picture of you with my mouth, you would become my eye, my I, my pupil within. Subject and object become wrapped and wrapper, and wrapper and wrapped.

I am reminded of a passage in Proust, where a jar for catching minnows in Combray's River Vivonne is alternately 'in flight' between contents and container. In Proust's own words:

I enjoyed watching the glass jars which the village boys used to lower in the Vivonne to catch minnows, and which, filled by the stream, in which they in turn were enclosed at once in 'containers' whose transparent sides were like solidified water and 'contents' plunged into a still larger container of liquid, flowing crystal, conjured up an image of coolness more delicious and more provoking than they would have done standing upon a table laid for dinner, by showing it as perpetually in flight between the impalpable water in which my hand could not grasp it and the insoluble glass in which my palate could not enjoy it. (I, 237; I. 167)

It is unlikely that the contemporary American artist Ann Hamilton came to put a pinhole camera in her mouth because she had read about the jar in the Vivonne; nevertheless it is an excellent example of illuminating the lining of the contained and the container. She made a picture of her son, holding her pin-hole camera in her mouth (plate 23).

When you are immersed in what you are doing, your mouth often falls open. To take a picture of the other, Hamilton looks face to face with her subject and exposes the film by holding her mouth open in a pregnant pause. Her act is a curious performance of Emmanuel Lévinas' notion of alterity. Face to face with her subject, Hamilton is altered by the other (rather than the other way round). The photographic evidence of Hamilton's altered state is in her mouth.



24 Madeleine pointing to the sequoia tree in California in Hitchcock's *Vertigo* as replayed in *Sans soleil*.

25 The sequoia in the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, *La Jetée*.

The camera is usually associated with 'the dread of being bitten, skinned and eaten by the camera'.³¹ Hamilton's biting is more like a kiss. Hamilton's is a gentler eating, hailing what Baudelaire's contemporaries called 'the culinary period of photography', when photographers reportedly held their stolen images as kisses in 'sugar, caramel, treacle, malt, raspberry syrup, ginger wine, sherry, beer, skimmed milk'.³² Photography as food for the half-measure of kissing turned to biting. Nevertheless, there was also photo-holding in vinegar, arsenic, morphine which anaesthetizes and embalms, rather than offering the gentle feeding of a planted kiss. Morphine, vinegar and arsenic pressed to the lips is a violent sugar. ('Ah well . . . after all history only tastes bitter to those who expected it to be sugar coated.') Such sugars are not the 'flowing crystal', the streaming glucose that is the container and contained in and of Hamilton's jaw, in and out of the jar in the Vivonne.

When taking a picture, Hamilton's mouth wide open turns (like a soufflé) from a sign of initial vulnerability into absurd comedy. After the exposure, Hamilton gently brings her lips together and the picture is taken as if in a kiss, as if in an act of aim-inhibited eating.

From the mouth as darkroom back to Marker's sunless film with a piece of black leader, one sees Hamilton's wrapping of subjectivity in the repetition of the phrase, 'he writes me'. When the velvety voice-over says, specifically, 'he writes me' or 'he wrote me', not he writes *to* me or he wrote *to* me, one feels the border and the lining as an undecidable contained and container. Who is 'me'? The woman reading? Sandor Krasna? Chris Marker? Hitchcock? Madeleine?

The small Victorian hotel where Madeleine disappeared had disappeared itself; concrete had replaced it, at the corner of Eddy and Gough. On the other hand the sequoia cut was still in the Muir Woods. On it Madeleine traced the short distance between two of those concentric lines that measured the age of the tree and said, 'Here I was born . . . and here I died'. (plate 24)

He remembered another film in which this passage was quoted. The sequoia was in the Jardin des plantes in Paris, and the hand pointed to a place outside the tree, outside of time. (plate 25)

In *Sans soleil*, Marker refers to *La Jetée*, where the protagonist back in time goes with the beautiful woman he loves to the Jardin des Plantes and stands before the

cut-away of the big ringed sequoia: 'the hand pointed to a place outside the tree, outside of time'. The tree in the Jardin des Plantes in *La Jetée* is, of course, hailing Hitchcock's *Vertigo* when Madeleine and Scotty are in California's Muir Woods in front of a cross-sectioned giant sequoia, and ... 'On it Madeleine traced the short distance between two of those concentric lines that measured the age of the tree and said, "Here I was born ... and here I died"'.

In the spring of 2006, I went on my own Marker pilgrimage to *Le Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, in part to find the ringed sequoia that reveals in its cross-section cut the circles of time, one concentric circle after another. (Marker's *Immemory* bemoans the fact that the tree has been relegated to a basement, but like a good pilgrim, I was determined to find it.) After two days of wandering and questioning numerous employees of the gardens with my own little sketch of the circles of the ringed sequoia, I finally found it: not in a basement, but certainly destitute and abandoned in an uninhabited building on the premises. A plaque on the tree informs the viewer that it is 'a souvenir' and 'a gift', of and from the people of California to the people of France. In the spirit of Madeleine's coiled hair and her remark, 'here I was born ... and here I died', more little brass plaques mark individual circles on the tree, indicating what happened during particular 'rings' of growth. (A lot could be said about which events in history are highlighted, but that's another story.) There are two engraved plaques that hail the 'blackness' of this essay: the eruption of a volcano, '71, Destruction of Pompeii' and '1865, Abolition of Slavery'. Likewise, images of pilgrimages are hailed by the plaque inscribed with '1039, First Crusade'. In sum, the sequoia is history/memory (*souvenir*) as spiralling vertigo.

As if I were inside Marker's madeleine-filled mouth, the ringed cross-section of the sequoia cut in Muir Woods (that I once saw as a child) is wrapped by Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, which is wrapped by the ringed sequoia tree that I just saw in Paris, which I had seen before in *La Jetée*, and is wrapped again in *Sans soleil* and now wraps me. One concentric circle after another in the spiral of time.

Inside ... I can see the black.

Notes

- 1 Chris Marker, voice-over of *Sans soleil*, 1982. Hereafter all other text from the voice-over of *San soleil* will be noted in italics. Marker released a French version and an English version in the same year. In the English version the woman's voice is that of Alexandra Stewart and in the French it is that of Florence Delay.
- 2 Roland Barthes, *Camera lucida: Reflections on Photography*, trans. Richard Howard, New York, 1981, 27; first published in French as *La Chambre claire: Note sur la photographie*, Paris, 1980.
- 3 I am indebted to Jennie Carlisle for discussing this pun of Marker's with me.
- 4 Before the title(s) of *Sans soleil* we read 'Anatol Dauman proposes ...' Dauman formed Argos Films with Philippe Lifchitz. Dauman produced the first films of Chris Marker. In 1959 Argos instigated the production of Resnais' *Hiroshima mon amour*.
- 5 And then (that is, if you are watching Marker's production of the film in English), while still in the black, the title appears in English in violet letters: Sunless. And finally, while still in the black, we are graced with the title in its mother tongue, yellow letters that finally spell *Sans soleil*.
- 6 Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*, vol. 1 of *In Search of Lost Time*, trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff and Terence Kilmartin, revised by D. J. Enright, New York, 1992, 60. Hereafter, citations to this edition will appear with the volume and page number of the (American) Modern Library, Random House edition in parentheses in the body of the text. There are six volumes to this edition; vol. 5 contains both *The Captive* and *The Fugitive*. The British edition has different pagination. In French: *Du côté de chez Swann*, vol. 1 of *À la recherche du temps perdu*, ed. Jean-Yves Tadié, Paris, 1988, 44. Hereafter, reference to the French will follow the parenthetical English citations in the

- body of the text. There are four volumes to this edition.
- 7 St James is St Jacques in French. The cathedral in Santiago is the destination of the important medieval pilgrimage route, the Way of St James, which is still walked today.
 - 8 While there is some disagreement as to the circumstances of its actual start, many believe that the dancing youth, the 'Takenoko-zoku', gathered spontaneously for the first time in Yoyogi Park in the summer of 1979. The 'Take-noko-zoku' broke up after several years and were eventually replaced by rock bands performing in the street.
 - 9 Here, like Roger Shattuck. I am now favouring the convention of referring to the first person protagonist of Proust's novel as 'Marcel'. Roger Shattuck, *Proust's Way: A Field Guide to Proust* New York. 33. While the decision of whether to call Proust's protagonist the narrator or Marcel has been, of course, laboriously debated. The reader will notice that my own text slips and slides between naming the protagonist as variously Proust, Marcel or the narrator, according to what seems most appropriate in various contexts. Throughout *Immemory*, Marker calls the protagonist Marcel.
 - 10 When translated into English, *Remembrance of Things to Come* sounds like an inversion of *Remembrance of Things Past* (the earlier translated title of Proust's great novel, before it was decided, perhaps more accurately, to translate it as *In Search of Lost Time*).
 - 11 Catherine Lupton, *Chris Marker: Memories of the Future*, London, 2005.
 - 12 Quoted in Lupton, *Chris Marker*, 36.
 - 13 The other two shorts in the *Bestiary* are *An Owl is an Owl* and *Zoo Piece*.
 - 14 Lupton discussing *Les statues mereunt aussi* in *Chris Marker*, 39.
 - 15 Roy Armes, *The Cinema of Alain Resnais*, London, 1968, 20.
 - 16 Roland Barthes, 'Wine and Milk', *Mythologies*, New York, 1983, 58–61; first published in French as *Mythologies*, Paris, 1957.
 - 17 Julia Kristeva, 'Giotto's Joy', in *Desire in Language: A Semiotic Approach to Literature and Art*, ed. Leon S. Roudiez, trans. Thomas Gora, Alice Jardine, and Leon S. Roudiez, New York, 1980.
 - 18 'Black and Blue: Roland Barthes's *Camera lucida*', in the forthcoming volume edited by Geoffrey Batchen, entitled *Photography Degree zero: Reflections on Camera lucida*, New York.
 - 19 Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, trans. Charles Lam Markman, New York, 1967, 112; first published in French as *Peau noire, masques blancs*, Paris, 1952.
 - 20 Zeynep Çelik, 'Framing the Colony: Houses of Algeria Photographed', *Art History*, 27:4, 2004, 616. These links were earlier made by Maud Sulter in her issue on photography of *Feminist Arts News*.
 - 21 Roland Barthes, 'En Sortant du cinema', in *Communications*, 23 1975, 104. The 'cat' is lost in the English translations, 'Leaving the Movie Theater', in *The Rustle of Language*, trans. Richard Howard, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1989, 345.
 - 22 Gilles Deleuze, *Proust and Signs: The Complete Text*, trans. Richard Howard, Minneapolis, 2004; first published in French as *Proust et les signes*, Paris, 1964.
 - 23 Victor Burgin, *The Remembered Film*, London, 2004, 16.
 - 24 Deleuze, *Proust and Signs*.
 - 25 Sigmund Freud, 'Screen Memories', *The Standard Edition of the Complete Works of Sigmund Freud* (1899), vol. 3, New York, 1960, 47–69.
 - 26 Adam Phillips, *On Kissing, Tickling and Being Bored: Psychoanalytic Essays on the Unexamined Life*, London, 1993, 97.
 - 27 In conversation. I have been in a writing group with Ranji Khanna for many years now and I thank her, as always, for her help.
 - 28 Manny Farber's term for termite art's opposite is white elephant art.
 - 29 Manny Farber, *Negative Space*, New York, 1988, 135.
 - 30 Marker, liner notes for *Immemory*.
 - 31 Olivier Richon, *Allegories*, photographs and three essays by Olivier Richon with a preface by Darian Leader, London, 2000.
 - 32 Richon, *Allegories*.

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