



Producing Historicity: Foucault, Joyce and European Art Cinema, 1955–1980

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ABSTRACT

In recent years, it has become increasingly clear how damaging and virulent the obsessively ‘presentist’ orientation is that drives neoliberal and managerial ‘culture’. Its proponents abjure discourses of or on historicity, lest they encounter critical perspectives on our present situation. For that very reason we should be sustaining and promoting our historicisms as tenaciously as possible. This article argues that Foucault and Joyce, in their extremely different ways, did just that, attuned as they were to the subtleties of specificity and the vagaries of contingency. But there is a certain historicity of the body and affect that philosophy and literature, by their nature, cannot fully capture or communicate. We might rather turn, then, to European Art Cinema, approximately from 1955 onwards, and a range of cinéastes, from Godard and Melville to Varda and Huillet-Straub. The discussion brings out the highly nuanced ways in which they use cities and landscapes, and temporal and spatial anomalies, to construct both a historicity of affect and an aesthetic reflection or meditation on that historicity.

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In 1988, Guy Debord presciently noted that a combination of ‘incessant technological renewal, integration of state and economy, generalised secrecy and unanswerable lies’ was being shored up by the appearance of an ‘eternal present’.¹ This now seems less a strikingly accurate picture of at least slightly more conflicted times – though Debord’s principal point of reference was doubtless the long Mitterrand presidency, still in full swing – than it does a forecast or prophecy. Presentism is and remains a crucial historical dominant.² By presentism I mean our culture’s more or less voluntary and

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conscious historical confinement within the temporal horizons of its epoch and its forms of discourse and knowledge, the conviction that no other culture has mattered or can matter as it does, and, specifically that no other culture can matter to *it* more than it does, that it alone really speaks to itself, tells itself about itself. There is no elsewhere according to which we might drastically reconceive who we are, our historical condition and what we might make of it. The culture has surrendered to what Quentin Meillassoux nicely calls 'communal solipsism'.³ Deeply embedded in itself, and still triumphalist in its sense of the justifications for self-immersion, it ceases to hear the call of any imperative save those it has itself already supplied.

The history of presentism is beyond my scope here. As a mode of professional literary and historical analysis and a philosophical doctrine, it arrives (or returns) in the mid-to-late 90s.⁴ But that is not presentism in the sense I have just given the term, and I set it to one side it here, because we shouldn't ignore how, almost immediately, the word takes on a larger political and cultural significance. There are complex factors registering or determining the emergence of contemporary presentism in my sense. One would clearly be, from 1979 onwards, with the rise to power of a right to whom a measure of populism is essential, the collapse in conservative traditions and their emphasis on the past. Another would be the announcement of the death of the grand narratives, also in 1979,⁵ because what it recognised was the end of a confidence in a *savoir à venir*, a knowledge to come.

But it is especially helpful to date the emergence of presentism, or at least its confirmation in place, to the fall of the Berlin Wall, 9 November 1989. For what that event represented was the disappearance of another world, with its own distinctive conception of history and temporality, and therefore of the possibility of a relative or contested conception of the present. There are reasons for supposing that the process begins rather earlier, certainly if we want to avoid Eurocentrism, perhaps at some rather indeterminate point in the 1980s when, in China, Deng Xiaoping's 'socialism with Chinese characteristics' discreetly gives way to the notion of a 'socialist market economy'. But the fall of the Wall has a neatness, not only as symptom and symbol, but, importantly for this essay, as material embodiment. Here plural time ended. Not, it goes without saying, that I want to lament the Wall coming down, still less to plead the cause of 'really existing socialism' in any of its manifestations. In this respect, my point is a point about thought. For the fall of the Wall also finally saw the end of a split or multiple present, and therefore the death of what Rudolf Bahro called 'the alternative'.⁶ 'The alternative' did not 'really exist', but it seriously haunted the world that did, as the work of many thinkers and writers of the period continues to testify, Bahro and his fellow-Germans Christa Wolf and Wolf Biermann being merely amongst the most obvious.⁷ With its death, a single

present remained, a present that was then able to close in on itself as the present or presence of patent truth.

Presentist culture is incapable of thinking the possibility of its own insufficiency, can no longer reimagine itself. Whatever its (abundant) historical discourses, the reality is that it is less and less capable of recognising the exteriority that is history; or, believing that it can no longer hear history, turns history into a simulacrum to which, in what it takes to be its own worldly realism, it then resigns itself as all the history there is to know. By the same token, it has shut off any sense of the radical exteriority of the future as that which may set our present terms at naught, or mean that we do not have to bear with them forever. For they are, it seems, self-evidently good enough to remain, indeed, to flourish. Not, of course, that the culture thinks it has no future or believes it is not making progress towards it. The opposite assumption is still abundantly evident on the websites and in the discourses of what Thomas Klikauer calls the global 'managerial power bloc', 'G7, G20, GATT, WTO, World Bank, IMF, the OECD and so on'. But this progressivism is merely a presentism in disguise, since it imagines a future only as an improved replication of a present which is already its matrix and model. To adapt Klikauer's phrasing, the present itself becomes the prototype of 'progress, modernity, Enlightenment', and even a sufficient vehicle for emancipation, via what he calls 'change without change'. Deeply anti-Kantian, anti-Hegelian and non-transcendent, whilst it 'shapes the entire universe of discourse and action, intellectual and social culture', it disallows 'any conceptual elaboration of a new experience and new facts' as they might emerge in specific critical fields. This is evident enough, as much as anywhere else, in many if not most of the discourses of 'sustainability' currently on offer. What price sustainability, exactly, if it is a merely defensive concept, if we are merely sustaining a new version of what we have already got?

Presentism, then, can no longer recognise the exteriority that is history, even as a distant alterity, intuition or trace. If it is indifferent to anything, it is to alterity; though it would be better to say that it is indifferent to any alterity that is not already anticipated in its own terms, which means that it is indeed effectively indifferent to alterity *tout court*. There is no alterity, in that there is no longer an exteriority to neoliberalism and its various concomitants (managerialism, the neo-sciences, the postmodern liberalisms, the happiness industry, the so-called return of Enlightenment values, etc.). For the whole complex is predicated on one supposedly incontrovertible need, the absolute necessity of preserving what radical economists abbreviate as b.a.u., business as usual. Indeed, outside the limits of b.a.u., there is only death; or, as Alain Badiou has it, in a presentist culture, the only thing that can happen to us is death.⁸ All around me right now I hear the accents of a new kind of preoccupation with death, death the one great

spoiler, the killer of our satisfactions and elations, the destroyer of everybody's good cheer and the end of universal smiling, victory signs at the camera and one's presence on social media.

If the end of alterity spells *finis* to the historical sense, it is also, more largely, a failure of the imagination of otherness in itself that was part of what enabled the idea of political possibility to survive. Contemporary technology provides ever more formidable resources not only for buttressing the present's involvement with itself, but for the simulation of historical alterity as presentness. It is perhaps the most formidable instrument for closure invented over the centuries. For, as John Berger suggests, if the present becomes 'cut off ... from all futures' save its own, the media in particular add to this 'by cutting off the past'.⁹ The media become global cage and specular image, the mirror in which we ceaselessly look to confirm our present identity as the only one that matters. 'Every morning and every evening', writes Niklas Luhmann, 'the web of news [and advertisements] is inescapably lowered down to earth and determines what has been and what one has to be aware of'.¹⁰ Or, in Klikauer's terms, the universally corporate mass media by now provide and promote a 'managerially-guided mass orientation'.

Thus, swimming against the tide, I want to continue to insist on as alert a consciousness of historicity as possible. Initially, I have two superlative examples in mind here, for me the two great modern masters of historicity, Foucault and Joyce. One way of understanding Foucault's early project, archaeology, is as an attempt to grasp a range of historical logics as having finally an oneiric status only, and, crucially, to evoke them, to write them up as such. Foucault claimed that we have entered an epoch of 'the unlimited reign of the Limit' which reduces all conceptualisation to the level of dreams.¹¹ Our encounter with 'the Limit' points us towards a concept of radical finitude, but radical finitude as above all the principle of *history*. History is radically non-identical through time; that is, it unfolds as an actual dispersion quite distinct from the reassuring frames in which it has been held, unifying notions like tradition, spirit, origin, influence, development, evolution, progress, any concept of *homo natura*. It may seem that, at certain historical junctures, the *savoirs*, the discourses of the knowledges, have 'bound truth and time together'.¹² But no such 'binding' is possible. The 'unifying notions', writes Foucault, are just comfort blankets for 'agoraphobics'.¹³

Foucault will of course counterpose to the 'unifying notions' a rival set of (well-known) terms: rupture, liminality, discontinuity, limit, punctuality, irruption, discrete events.¹⁴ These trace 'ineradicable chronological threshold[s]' (BC, p. 241). They articulate the insurmountable strangeness of historical epochs to each other, a strangeness which historicisation commonly masks, and yet which one glimpses in and through it. Any given

historical formation is haunted by its own contingency. Thus, for example, in *The Birth of the Clinic*, with the contemporary understanding of the body: 'this order of the solid, visible body is only one way ... in which one spatialises disease. There have been, and there will be, other distributions of illness'. There are no truths outside historical contingency; there is nothing to think outside it. Discourses establish their own positivities, but these do not elude or transcend their historicity. Each epoch has its 'evidence'.¹⁵

Foucault's great early work issues out of a singular, hollow space, one that is atemporal without pretending to timelessness. If no historical *savoir* offers an Olympian vantage-point from which other positions can be surveyed and in relation to which they may be placed, our own historical perspective has no special purchase, either. Other historical discourses are beyond or discontinuous with ours and not reducible to it. Foucault suspends historical *savoirs* and the discourses in which they are caught; he refuses them any coincidence with a truth beyond them. He is also intransigent in his repudiation of any conviction that the present might know better or best. This, however, does not mean that Foucault's work has no significance for the present and does not address it. Archaeology 'dissipates that temporal identity in which we are pleased to look at ourselves when we wish to exorcise the discontinuities of history' (AK, p. 131). It interrogates a whole range of shifts and stratagems by means of which we confer consistency and unity on history. Thus, Foucault aspires precisely to awaken us to what he calls 'the difference of our present' (AK, p. 204), and therefore the present as a space of truly significant potential *praxis*.

Here he learnt much from imaginative writing. As the first volume of his *Dits et écrits* makes richly clear, throughout the 1950s, he was saturating himself in the *nouveau roman* and modernist and avant-garde fiction: Blanchot, Bataille, Robbe-Grillet, Sollers, Ollier, Simon, Kafka, Broch, Roussel, Beckett, Borges, more. Foucault 'hollows out' historical languages and discourses, and the novelists are his guide. He creates, as one might claim they do, an 'intermediate' discursive or narrative zone which is not to be to be subsumed under 'the positive categories', and resists them. The term 'intermediate' itself derives from what Foucault says of Sollers, that he opens up a distance 'in the positivity of language', producing an effect of 'l'intermédiaire', an intermediate space which is simultaneously both full and empty. The production of the intermediate zone in effect involves a detached and sophisticated mimicry of historical logics. Foucault evokes *epistemes* and reproduces historical systems of thought without their conviction, but equally with no counter-conviction, since any counter-conviction would imply a position supposedly above or outside the shifting sands of historicity, notably one supplied by and suffused with present thinking.

Joyce is at one and the same time very close to Foucault and very far apart from him. The condition of all of Joyce's works is extreme historicity, the

specificity of a historical condition demonstrably itself and no other, and rendered as such. We may therefore speak of a Joycean historical materialism that is at the same time *sui generis*. Joyce is my other great example of the writing of historicity, the transmission of the concept of it. It is almost as though he and Foucault founded two great schools. It is no accident that one of three words that *Dubliners* begins by emphasising is 'gnomon', which directs us as to how to read Joyce's work as a whole, since, as the rod that indicates the time by casting its shadow on a marked surface, the gnomon stands for historical precision, exactitude in time.¹⁶ Each chapter of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is quite precisely datable and concerned with a particular historical ethos however brief. Compare Joyce's play *Exiles*, which is set in Dublin in the 'Summer of the year 1912' and is exactly if obliquely about that period, when a conception of Ireland, its divided culture, future and history are opened up to question by the Ulster crisis.¹⁷ *Finnegans Wake* pervasively addresses the historical predicament of a newly independent Ireland in the decades when it was written, the 1920s and 1930s. But it is *Ulysses*, above all, with its astonishingly detailed evocation of a single day, 16 June 1904, its specific rendering of that day and its meanings, and its rich and complex pillaging of a large range of contemporary resources for its famous 'styles',¹⁸ that is the instance *par excellence* of Joyce's historicising project.

However: Joyce was an intellectual and a theorist as well as a novelist, and he meditates on historicity as well as writing it, as Foucault writes historicity as well as meditating on it. Joyce begins with the void.¹⁹ The void is, in a manner, all there is: Joyce repeatedly states this. The Christian Church, says Stephen Dedalus, is 'founded and founded irremovably because founded, like the world ... upon the void'.²⁰ Later he will 'affirm his significance as a conscious rational animal proceeding ... between a micro and a macrocosm ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void' (*U* 17. 1012–15). Leopold Bloom seems to affirm this too, if more vaguely (*U* 17. 1019–20). The void is intrinsic to all our activities, our matter, our bodies, which, at the molecular level, are 'universes of void space' (*U* 17. 1064). But we are also, like Bloom, 'conscious reactor[s] against the void' (*U* 17. 2210), and cannot be otherwise. Glugg in *Finnegans Wake* will 'sit it all write down' and 'set it up all writhefully rate in blotch and void, yielding to no man in hymns ignorance'.²¹

But one of Stephen's luminous historical meditations is crucial, here:

Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death. They are not to be thought away. Time has branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the infinite possibilities they have ousted. But can those have been possible seeing that they never were? Or was that only possible which came to pass? (*U* 2. 48–52)

A little further down the page, Stephen answers his own question: 'It must be a movement then, an actuality of the possible as possible' (*U* 2. 67). Stephen clearly has on his mind principally the epochal horror and misery that is the tale of Irish history, which he calls a 'nightmare' from which he is 'trying to awake' (*U* 2. 377) – he is thinking by way of analogy. The history has been founded on the void, and because of that unnecessary, not destined to be as it was. Yet its facts are inexorable, 'not to be thought away', branded and fettered in place.²² Historical 'necessity' always 'ousts' possibilities in a movement that is an actualisation of the possible. This is the work of history. But it also ensures the truth of historicity. Nothing is given, except the movement of history upon the void. This great Joycean recognition everywhere underlies his art and is cardinal to it.

The question then becomes how to write out of that recognition. Joyce's answer is what is usually known as Joycean modernism. He pushes in two exactly opposed directions. Joyce the historical writer went to extraordinary lengths to ground *Ulysses* in time, space and the reality of Dublin on 16 June, 1904, and to present its real denizens and its culture in all their immediate vitality. Joyce summons up a specific historical world, in all its vast detail, with unrivalled care and sedulousness. The same awesome specificity prevails in the case of 'superstructures' in Dublin, 1904. Whatever the terms of reference – discourses, political positions, ideologies, theologies, morals, cultures including popular, commercial and promotional practices²³ – *Ulysses* is sunk as deep as is practically conceivable for a novel in a knowledge of the precise time in which it is set.

Yet Joyce also unsettles, destabilises, displaces this historical reality. The first way in which he does so is through Stephen's early meditations. But, secondly and more pragmatically and concretely, he does it by introducing and foregrounding the character of Leopold Bloom. By disposition and temperament and, as a scion of Hungarian Jewish stock on his father's side, first-generation native Irish, Bloom is markedly atypical of the Catholic lower-middle-class world with which the novel is above all concerned. Joyce can therefore deploy him to displace and call into question the automatic assumptions of that world, which are effectively if not consciously assumptions about its historical self-evidence. Joyce extends this particular historicising practice in the last chapter of the novel by opening up another perspective that is in one sense foreign to the patriarchal Irish culture that dominates it, that of a Dublin woman. Molly Bloom is relentlessly if cheerfully dismissive of Dublin men, particularly the Catholic male community she knows best. She insistently and caustically belittles the male-dominated ethos of a specific Irish political culture that has otherwise dominated the novel and suffused its aesthetic practices. Through her, Joyce exorbitantly relativises the significance of both that culture and its historical determinants.

Joyce introduces a sense of historicity into *Ulysses* via Bloom, Molly and Stephen's meditations. But for what is properly and fully a *writing* of historicity in *Ulysses*, we must turn to the novel's famous 'styles'.²⁴ *Ulysses* is remarkable for the degree to which it resorts or responds to discourses contemporary with its setting: the discourses of contemporary Irish journalism in Chapter 7, of contemporary Shakespeareanism (9), Revivalist musicology (11), Revivalist historiography (12), popular literature and culture for women (13), literary anthologies, especially colonial ones (14) and handbooks and primers in 'proper' or 'standard' English (16) and 'Imperial science' (17).²⁵ Joyce sets to work on these discourses. Critics usually refer to the work in question as 'parodic'. But other practices are at stake, too, practices that suggest that Joyce's intentions went a long way beyond parody, beyond more or less critical, affectionate or mocking reproduction. Transplantation, anachronism, infidelity, adulteration, ersatz, wilful updating: this is by no means an exhaustive list of forms of stylistic contamination in *Ulysses* that function as instruments of historical awareness. The range of practices in Chapter 14 that are clearly in excess of 'parody', for example, repeatedly betray English literature in its historical dimension. On the one hand, the shape of a literary history remains, as it does in an anthology. On the other hand, there is a 'deliberate confusion of [historical] margins'²⁶ which is also a deliberate confusion and mutual displacement of historical voices. So, too, by the same means, Joyce constantly writes a sense of historical virtuality into historical actuality, and hollows out discourse in a manner comparable to Foucault's.

What the early Foucault wanted to do, however, was to persuade us that we are always dreamers of our own knowledge. Joyce, by contrast, aims at a kind of hypertrophy of the historical real and its excluded possibilities, together, a project that more and more pervasively suspends discourse, because it can only take place in a kind of endless shuttling between historical presence and a sense of its contingency. But I want to go back for a moment and add to my account of Foucault. Foucault is also concerned with 'the very historicity of forms of experience'.²⁷ When he writes of changes in the 'forms of visibility' accompanying changes in medical discourse, he is meditating on sensibilities and how they construe what surrounds them (*BC*, p. 242). Epistemic shifts involve new correlations 'of the visible and expressible'. In other words, a given historical imaginary is predicated on a 'perceptual structure' not a 'conceptual system'. Foucault alludes to 'the *coloured content* of experience' (*BC*, p. 242). The concept of historical 'colourations' recurs in his work.²⁸ He develops certain discursive techniques corresponding to the concept of historical 'colouration'. These seek to render historicity as a question of affect, of differences in seeing and feeling, for instance: what he calls 'the blazon of images' ('la charge d'images', *HF*, p. 346). Historicity is captured in the image. The image is intrinsic to historical forms of knowledge.

It seems to me that what Foucault was getting at, here, was a kind of articulation of historicity distinct from both his own version of the spectrality of history *and* Joyce's immense concern with historical factuality on the one hand and the historicity of language on the other. I suggest that what he is pointing towards is a historicity of materiality and the body that is also a historicity of affect, and that that is captured above all by certain kinds of cinema, notably European art cinema in the postwar period, up to its death in approximately 1980. In European art cinema one repeatedly encounters the historicity of affect and a kind of aesthetic reflection of and reflection on, meditation on that historicity. So, in Jean-Luc Godard's first major film, the ground-breaking *À bout de souffle*, which premiered in 1960. First, we should note how important a historically specific materiality is to the film. The new interest in wearing sunglasses; Belmondo's wide-boy clothes; Seberg's cropped hair, all these are very much of the precise moment. So, too, the specific phase of the American presence in Paris is neatly grasped in a few fleeting details: a relaxed and scattered soldiery, not the imposing military presence of 1944–1945 nor yet the tourist influx of the mid-to-late 60s. We might equally note the extreme specificity of the musical context: the dominant music on the soundtrack, is the sound, not so much of Miles Davis; for, though he had produced the music for Louis Malle's *Lift to the Scaffold* in 1957, his major impact on Paris had been earlier, in 1949, notably at the Paris International Jazz festival. The style of the soundtrack of *À bout de souffle* is rather than of the Modern Jazz Quartet, who had boomed in the mid-50s, wowing Paris on their 1956 tour.

But the music cannot be separated from a mood or tone that is also historical. The film supplies a moment in the history of Parisian affect which is also a materialisation of its historicity. The lively but nervous edginess to characters' movements, the cutting, the music, the dialogue, all reflect a culture beginning to awaken from postwar depression and austerity, but still profoundly unsure of its direction. Godard conveys the brittle callousness, the second-order, specious toughness of a postwar Parisian generation living in the wake of an abject military defeat and an awesome and imposing American incursion; hence Belmondo's obsessive, repetitive behavioural and visual echoes of Humphrey Bogart. Related to this, the film is saying something important about a moment in the history of gender: the ineffably ironic presentation of Belmondo's fragile, postwar French masculinity, re-enacting what is already a Hollywood posture; and Seberg, American, confident, sauntering boldly down the middle of a Parisian street selling the *New York Herald Tribune*; even better, her final, unshocked, ungrieving, unsatisfied but above all *thinking* stare into the camera which, more than anything else says, I may be unformed and therefore somewhat uncertain as yet, but the future is mine as it never was his, and I am about to come into my own.

But what I want to stress is how far the double historicity everywhere apparent in the film, of materiality, and the body and affect, is made possible by a double aesthetic, in other words, by a set of practices, and is not merely to do with the happenstance of documentary. *À bout de souffle* was filmed very largely on the boulevards and side-streets of Paris in August and September of 1959. Godard received no permission for this, and little or nothing was staged beforehand.²⁹ The film immediately took cinema vérité to new lengths. Godard's sublime cameraman Raoul Coutard used a hand-held camera for almost the whole film, with the director often pushing him around in a wheelchair.³⁰ At other times, Coutard would hide in a postal cart, for instance, with stamped parcels on top of him, and film through a hole cut in the cart's side.³¹ But the cinema-vérité effects are of course drastically modulated through what Coutard called the 'panache' of the editing, above all, the jump-cuts.³² On the one hand, this was a happy chance: Godard resorted to the jump-cut because he was actually ignorant of continuity rules. On the other hand, the double aesthetic reflects the fact that technical developments had abruptly extended the range both of documentary realism and of expressive formalisms. Thus the film is strewn with instances of a self-reflexivity, as so often in Godard. But this is neither Brechtian nor postmodern. It has precisely to do with effecting a blend of realism and formalism in the interest of conveying a material and affective historicity. The discontinuity of the jump-cuts, the dialogue, the music establish a world where parts miss or do not belong with each other. It is a world lacking in solid linkages, where things seem to come in flashes and bursts, like the sun racing through the trees with the gunfire on the soundtrack. Feeling is discontinuous, and this is precisely reflected in Belmondo and Seberg's unreliability as partners. Expressions of love occur fleetingly, are here and then gone. Nothing claims anyone's attention for very long. The hotel clerk is loyal to her boss one moment, disloyal the next. Seberg loyally warns Belmondo about the police on his track and then promptly betrays him to them. Godard's famous mixture of a kind of melancholy and a kind of laughter of discontinuity and ephemerality has an exact historical sense and flavour – as I have sketched in above – that is inseparable from material bodies and material expressions of affect that are precisely conveyed through a very specific aesthetic.

Or take, as a rather different kind of example, Jean-Pierre Melville's great Resistance film *L'armée des ombres* (1969). Ginette Vincendeau points out, interestingly, that the film appeared at precisely the wrong time for it, since the events of 1968 had happened, de Gaulle and to a lesser extent the Resistance were in bad odour and new voices were exploding the 'Resistantalist' myth.³³ But to say just that is to assume that the question of heroics is central to the film. It is rather about the terms of personal loyalty and the necessary limit to it; or, if you like, about consistency, an implacable

coherence of thought and conduct. It might indeed look like a rebuke to the 1960s left, but of a very specific kind, and one that now seems prescient. It is very certainly not a Gaullist film; there is much more interest in mathematics in it than there is in Gaullism. Luc Jardie, fictional Resistance supremo, is a mathematician who has written five books on set theory and theory of the mathematical infinite in particular. We actually see the books in the film. All of them were in fact products of the hugely revered philosopher and mathematician Jean Cavaillès of the École Normale. Cavaillès wrote them all between the mid-to-late 30s and 1943. He was also a Resistance leader who was betrayed, then tortured, imprisoned and finally shot by the Gestapo, being subsequently buried at Arras as Unknown no. 5. For Cavaillès, his Resistance work was not separable from his mathematics. As Jean Canguilhem wrote of him, 'he was resistant through mathematical logic'.³⁴ It was necessary to proceed axiomatically and to build coherent, reliable structures on the basis of one's axioms.

In a sense, the film asks, precisely: what are the axioms of Resistance? It then elaborates a small series of answers to that question. That is why the characters seem so unemotional. They may feel for their fellows, but one cannot run a Resistance on such feelings. That is the case, not least, because almost all of them are doomed from the start. One needs mathematics, in a sense, because hope is not possible. Hence the fact that Cavaillès, 'loaded with explosives', as Canguilhem again wrote, was 'lucid and reckless, resolute without optimism'.³⁵ But if, as Vincendeau says, temporal and spatial markers are played down,³⁶ what the film captures is precisely the historical mood to which Canguilhem refers. The historicity of the film is inseparable from this mood, from a visual style, what we might call a way of 'thinking-seeing'. The dark and featureless camps, corridors and halls, the many often equally featureless men in dark suits and dark hats; the stark and empty interiors: but above all, from the very start, which has a truck crossing a bare, bleak, landscape in driving evening rain; this is a world of near-darkness, strange greys, crepuscular tones, pewter expanses. Moments of light and colour are very rare and significant when they occur. Thus the film conveys an extraordinary historical melancholy, that of France '40-43. But it also counters it with an argument that has the rigour of a contemporary mathematical proof.

We could also turn here to one of the great mainstays, mainsprings and origins of the registration of historicity in European Art Cinema, Italian neo-realism, above all the films of Rossellini. I want rather to focus briefly, however, on the work of two directors scarcely included under the rubric of neo-realism, if at all, Fellini and Antonioni, but clearly deeply influenced by it, not least because their early work seems to me to keep Rossellini's pre-occupation with the historicity of affect going, but in a more stylised form of cinema where stylisation itself actually specifies the neo-realist

preoccupation more precisely. In Fellini's *Le Notte di Cabiria* (*Nights of Cabiria*, 1957), there is a sequence that owes much to neo-realism. Cabiria, extraordinarily long-suffering but indomitably spirited, hopeful and cheerful prostitute, encounters a mysterious, dark figure dressed more inconspicuously and conventionally than anyone else in the film, who takes her for a tour of some of the most obscure hinterlands of Rome, where it turns out he doles out food and blankets to almost troglodytic people who live in caves or hollows they have dug for themselves in the earth. The experience (which was rooted in historical reality) is, for Cabiria, deeply sobering. But what I want to emphasise is that the whole tone of the sequence is different from that of the rest of the film: as the man's clothes and demeanour, his bearing are sombre and simple, so the sequence is darker and bleaker, closer to the classic mode of neo-realism, its frames emptier and clearer of incidental features. It seems to belong to the 1940s, rather than the late 1950s, in which the film is set, and at which point in time Cabiria herself is subjected to such casual brutality. Certainly, the point is partly that the mysterious figure is actually the most impressive person in the film (other than Cabiria). Certainly, it is also that, as a kind of forties throwback, the sequence relativises what otherwise tends to seem like a suburban Roman culture now on the edge of scooter-riding and jukeboxes, an apparently lighter, brighter postwar culture now moving upwards. But what Fellini also conveys is a grasp of the historicity of affect as always actually a composite, a multiple of disjointed histories; and he conveys it precisely through a material difference in the texture of the film, in a mood and a tone, as affect.

But it is worth turning to early Antonioni, not least because we can see things about his work now that were not self-evident at the time they appeared, certainly outside Italy, which gave rise to the sense of him as a strange, bleak if gifted existentialist. Take *Le Amiche* (*The Girlfriends*, 1955) for example. The long title and credits sequence, which consists of a camera panning slowly across a contemporary cityscape, tells the tale. This is a film about Turin. Given that the sequence concludes by panning along a river, the Po, what is also announced is that the film is conscious of being set in a geographical and economic area, the Po valley, which was the chief location and source of the so-called Italian economic miracle of the 1950s. At the same time, the sequence relates the work to a corpus that Antonioni was actually building in the 1950s that had to do with the Po valley and its cities and was concerned with what was happening to their people, their spiritual condition, if you like. But then Antonioni inaugurates two narrative sequences: first, a young woman, Rosetta, has attempted to commit suicide, and other women are taking an interest or starting to get involved. Second, one of these young women, Clelia, who actually hails from Turin but has spent her whole (successful) writing life

in Rome, has returned to Turin to set up a fashion salon. The fashion theme will be central to the film. But what is initially important is that Clelia and others are concerned with the major renovation of a property, an instance in miniature of a city going through a historical and material shift. Brief sequences take us back into a decrepit working-class world in order to emphasise just how distant the middle-class characters, so upwardly mobile, who accidentally touch on it, are from it by now.

The point is that these characters have benefited quite markedly from the new 1950s dispensation ... and yet major damage goes along with that. The seaside scene involving various of them is eloquent testimony to it. Who are the couples? It is hard to tell. Anyone might get into a clinch with anyone. In a way, the most representative character is Lorenzo, failed artist, married to Nene, who nonetheless falls in love repeatedly and has unsatisfactory affairs with one woman in the group after another. Meanwhile, here and there, through it all, the fashion salon starts to operate, the models turn, turn, turn, in their beautiful dresses, including (ironically) wedding dresses, and one increasingly gets a sense of what is at stake in this urban world. Though as characters the models are incidental, in terms of bodies and affect they are key to the film's meaning. Nothing roots anyone any longer, save the historicity of fashion. People's commitments are as ephemeral as the women's dresses. That, in one way or another, is what the characters keep on saying, and that is what Turin life itself is becoming. The city means turnover; turnover of everything, moods, relationships, clothes, it all amounts to the same. This is modern nihilism in action, and the characters' emotional crises – none of which is to be taken too seriously – are a reflection of how baffled and aghast they are at what they are caught up in, what has befallen them. The city has become the pure truth of a definitive lack of anchorage.

But the great instance here is the film that is surely Antonioni's masterpiece, *L'Eclisse* (*The Eclipse*, 1962). It is the paradigm of a certain 'modernist uncanny' at which Antonioni excelled. From the title sequence, which has tinny muzak at first, then surrendering to screechy, avant-garde musical sounds, to the scrapings, rasping and tinklings that form a significant part of the soundtrack; the piles of strange concrete blocks, the building materials, the half-finished buildings or buildings under wraps to the bare lines and strange angles of completed modernist architecture; to the condensation trails of aircraft to the brazen ringing of numerous phones in Piero's office; the film is constantly alive to a newly arrived and unfinished modernism in its materiality as a shock to the system. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the modernism in question is abstract or that the primary content of the film is a kind of existential statement. The film's chief and certainly its most expressive setting is Rome's EUR, the Esposizione Universale Roma district, a residential but also business area south of central Rome and

the forerunner of La Défense in Paris and Canary Wharf in London.³⁷ What Antonioni grasps is the emergence, however oblique and obscure the links may be at times, of a business-oriented modernism directly out of Italian fascism which he grasps primarily as a question of styles, tones and feelings.

The EUR was planned by the Fascists and supposed to be the site of the 1942 world fair commemorating 20 years of Mussolini's triumph. It was even intended to serve as a new city centre for Rome. However, the war intervened and the project remained unfinished, only to be revived in the 1950s and 1960s. The film, set in 1962, takes place at quite an advanced stage of this process, whereby business-and-enterprise modernity succeeds but also inherits from Fascist modernity. The Rome of the film is above all the EUR in 1962. The modernist uncanny here is therefore twofold: that of people trying to live, to adjust spiritually, to modernism; and that of consciousnesses dimly aware that what they are adjusting to is from the start a tainted modernism, a modernism that is actually a *material* fulfilment of Fascism, if not a fulfilment of Fascism to the letter. And, in what is often cinema vérité footage, that is registered bodily and affectively, on the faces of stray individuals the camera appears to pick up here and there: shock, bewilderment, emptiness, a kind of nullity; and, in bodies, a sort of stolid frozenness, listlessness, aimlessness, a lack of concrete and vivid orientation or spontaneous vitality.

What this necessarily leads to is the eclipse of the film's title; but this is threefold. On the one hand, there is the crash which finally ends the narrative of frantic pandemonia on the Rome Stock Exchange. On the other there is the love affair gone horribly dead with which the initial narrative is mainly concerned; and third, there is eclipse as what Elizabeth Bowen calls the death of the heart,³⁸ a generalised but not immediately apparent atrophy of feeling which means that the relationship of Vittoria (Monica Vitti) and Piero (Alain Delon) simply cannot get off the ground. What the film has been telling us from the start, especially via Vittoria, is that the modernist uncanny is partly a psychic or spiritual condition that is not to be merely individualised: Antonioni himself was clearly aiming at this, asserting that, as he said, *L'Eclisse* 'is not a film about characters. It's a story of a feeling, or a non-feeling perhaps';³⁹ that is, the real subject of the film is affective, a state of sensibility. This is very subtly built up through a range and variety of bodily movements; by the awkward and dead silences between Vittoria and her initial lover Riccardo; through hesitant and unresolved gestures, but also through trivial if mad sequences. But the sense of bodily historicity comes across perhaps above all in a certain laugh that Antonioni is inspired to get out of Vitti (as he does elsewhere, e.g. *L'Avventura*). It is a laugh of false cheerfulness or false elation so superbly executed that one can barely detect the falsehood it indicates, though we know it as such precisely because it does not correspond to any of her dominant moods in the film. It

is a laugh, harbinger of many millions to come, trying and failing to persuade itself of the reality, normality, ordinariness of its world, its justifiability, its rightness, even the rightness of laughing itself.

But what is most striking about the film is its closing sequence, beginning with Vittoria and Piero in bed in his parents' house, and Vittoria then leaving. What Vitti brilliantly engineers is a wholesale change in her body language even as she goes downstairs. The look on her face starts to sadden and does so increasingly; her body slightly slumps, once, then again. Meanwhile, a seemingly blandly contented Piero puts three of his eternal telephones back on their hooks. Nothing more is said, and there is no explicit indication of how things may go. What tells us is the very beautifully assembled and paced 6–8 minute collage of images of the EUR and its scattered denizens which rounds the film off. A young woman stands and stands, as if in arrested movement, looking bewildered and blank. Wraps flutter and rustle on a half-finished building. Water dribbles away over a nondescript stony patch. A child stares deadpan into the camera. An empty bus trails through brand-new empty streets. New neon lights trail off for hundreds of yards into an empty, unspecific distance at night. This, Antonioni appears to be saying, a material environment, itself defines what Piero and Vittoria are and tells us all we need to know about their prospects.

A more protracted analysis of the film would dwell on the extent to which, Like *Le Notte di Cabiria* or *Le Amiche*, it in fact deals with a present as a split or multiple time, a time divided between times. Images like that of an ancient-looking man driving a deeply out-of-date *carozza piccolo al cavallo*, a little horse-drawn cart, through the EUR not only suggest a composite temporality. They also give Vittoria's anomie an edge of hidden angst in the knowledge of a substantially different historical world that such images convey. For it also suggests the possibility of a world, of a historical development or concatenation, where more and better psychic nourishment might conceivably have been forthcoming. Yet at the same time, what one sees in the early Antonioni, as in the early Fellini, is a radical questioning of regarding the progressivisms, though this does not necessarily indicate a drastic cynicism. Film, they seem to be saying, as much of the *nouvelle vague* and neo-realism seemed to be saying, is not there to endorse any progressive ideology, that is not how it thinks history. But there are of course examples of a different kind, involving a different kind of material semiotics, a different grasp of the historicity of the body and affect. I am thinking here of Agnes Varda's 1976 film (the date is important) *L'une chante, l'autre pas*.

Here we get a composite cinematic temporality which is also a composite grasp of historicity, but differently distributed and modulated. Like Godard in *À bout de souffle*, Varda by this time had long learnt how to reconcile structured meaning with cinema vérité effects, with which the film is

dense. What I want to focus on is the shift in the film after the first 20 minutes. These are deeply melancholic in tone. The colours are austere and muted. With Pauline (or Pomme), we tour Jerome's photographic studio. The images are haunting. They could have almost been constituted out of a set of films by Carné, Bresson, Godard, Resnais and Eustache. Alongside Pomme's fledgling positivity, her friend Suzanne, Jerome's lover, seems frail and anguished. Then Jerome commits suicide, and at that point the film begins to bid farewell to the world of affect it has established, postwar melancholia and the male melancholia dominant in the *nouvelle vague*, together. The farewell then unfolds in stages. The countryside in which Suzanne ends up living with her hostile parents is beautiful but bleak. But then we more and more move into a world, centred on Pomme but into which she draws Suzanne, of hippiedom, the counter-culture, Sixties literature and women's liberation. And then, in a range of colours, sounds, movements, gestures accompanied by a change in shooting and editorial procedures, the film decisively parts company with an earlier language, rhetoric and semiotics of affect. This is, as Varda declared, a feminist film – '99.5% of the films you see are so much against women', she also rightly said⁴⁰ – and, in her terms, *L'une chante* is rooted in a knowledge of 'laws and institutions regarding women's rights between 1962 and 1976'.⁴¹ But it is also saying something very important, in its texture, about what challenging those laws and institutions might mean for the future. Of course, both the languages, the semiotics that Varda puts at stake in this film, the language that supersedes and the language superseded, will have faded from view by the 1980s, swamped by the languages of neoliberalism. But it is nonetheless the case, indeed, it is all the more the case, that she grasps a certain moment in the modern emergence of women, and renders it formally in terms of a very specific moment in the physical and affective life of Frenchwomen.

But the modes of the cinematic articulation of the city and historicity, the body and affect together in European art film are far more varied than I can describe here. In effect, we need an elaborate typology. There is a different cinema which, though rare and strange, whilst acutely concerned with historicity and the body, is also very deliberately affectless, or thinks in terms of an affect of non-affect. I am thinking here of the late Godard, but also, particularly, of the films of wife and husband Gabriele Huillet and Jean-Marie Straub. Huillet-Straub abruptly call an end to narrative pleasure, filmic pleasure as we habitually understand it. In Huillet-Straub, it seems to me, the imperative is always to think historicity, but to think it, more radically, from the Idea. Thus, in *Every Revolution is a Throw of the Dice*, what do we get of Paris (Straub said the film was about Paris, about his love of Paris)?⁴² At the start, a shot of the wall of Père Lachaise, a footpath and a few trees around that huge cemetery and then, right at the end, banal shots of the humdrum outer city; but nothing much else, save of course

the people in the film, strictly of the time (1977), dressed as the time proposed; and of course they do nothing throughout but recite Mallarmé's *Un coup de dè*, which they further fragment, also reflecting on its fragmentation. The point is, exactly, that Mallarmé was a Parisian who also fled from the city to his house on the Rue de Rome, who thought it in radical abstraction.

Then there is Florence, in *Fortini-Cani* (1976), presented merely in a few undistinguished streets (though one has the Duomo at the end), plus, in one long shot, the Arno; the point being the beguiling and specious innocence of appearances, since a voice has been reading of the specific horror of life as a Florentine Jew under Fascism, the complexity of Italian Jewish life and experience in Florence.⁴³ Such affectlessness seeks to get us thinking about the historical other in the city; as in *Every Revolution*, this time, however, not as potentiality, but as occulted truth. Then there is the city in *Class Relations* (1983), a rendering of Kafka's novel *Amerika*, ostensibly set in large part in New York in the early twentieth century, but in fact ostentatiously set in the Hamburg of the 1970s and 1980s, with Hanseatic merchants' buildings doing duty for New York waterfront and the Saxon countryside replacing upstate New York. What this does is precisely to get the viewer to reimagine Hamburg features as American ones and thus register the impact of the postwar American presence and postwar American practices and idioms in West Germany. This very much overdetermines the presentation of masculinity in the film, in a manner unusual for Huillet-Straub, who more customarily get their actors to 'de-dramatize their speech'.⁴⁴ Men tend to be big, hectoring and overbearing, as though Americanisation were reawakening vestiges of a Prussianism now thankfully buried in the past. Interesting, however, this goes only for male power in the film; it is only this kind of male voice and body language that are made to seem historical. Otherwise, we have the much more familiar static bodies and postures, the usual lack of physical movement, the tonelessness more characteristic of Huillet-Straub, what Richard Roud, quoting André Bazin, called 'existentialist physiognomy',⁴⁵ and it is clear as to why. The young underclass on whom the film is most focussed have yet to find a voice and tone, are persistently placed as disempowered at a certain moment of history, whether American or German. They inhabit the mute world of possibility as yet unrealised, of identity as yet undeclared.

But the modes of the cinematic articulation of the city and historicity, the body and affect together in European art film are far more varied than I can describe here. We need to elaborate the typology not choose between the types, nor between them and Foucault and Joyce or Foucault and Joyce themselves. Politically, we stand in vital need of all these and a multiplicity of other versions of such projects: that is why I have focused so intently on styles. Such projects matter very seriously, especially now. Foucault's most significant target is the awesome effectiveness with which men

and women ceaselessly persuade themselves of the rationality or rational self-evidence of their own historical set-up, their plausibility to themselves, the rightness of their reason. I wonder whether there has ever been a period when there has been more of that around than now. Yet it is in giving up on any such conviction that people become capable of significant *praxis*. For that reason if no other, we need more major exponents of historicity. Our historicity is always with us, everywhere, all the time; bodies, voices, speech, space, temporality itself are all historical. We undergo unconscionable changes in who we are, changes that are spatial, temporal, intellectual, somatic, material and experiential together. Our modes of signification and representation, and therefore commonplace thinking, usually lag woefully behind such changes. But politics is the greatest laggard, and remains backward. Until it begins to accept, live and articulate its historicity much more fully than it has so far been capable of doing, it is hard to see how the so-called ζῶον πολιτικόν (*zoon politikon*) can really forge and sustain a successful major politics of any kind.

Notes

1. Guy Debord, *Comments on the Society of the Spectacle*, trans. Malcolm Imrie (London: Verso, 1990), p. 4.
2. This article was written and completed before the pandemic. After a little reflection, there seemed to be no need to change such description as it offers of contemporary culture. Like 2008, 2020 has shaken the foundations of neoliberalism and its cultural features, but neither promised nor brought any serious change. One need only listen to what is around one. Gavin Walker is exact and unbeatable, here: 'Certainly, there will be political consequences of this moment', but there is 'no political content to the coronavirus as such, and the crisis of our moment is not even necessarily an exception'. See Gavin Walker, 'The Discreet Charm of Coronavirus', *episteme 2*: 'positions politics' (May, 2020); at <https://positionspolitics.org/episteme-2-walker/> [Date accessed: 28 June 2021].
3. Quentin Meillassoux, *Après la finitude: Essai sur la nécessité de la contingence*, pref. Alain Badiou (Paris: Seuil, 2006), p. 70.
4. For two examples of presentism in literary criticism see one of its major proponents, Terence Hawkes, *Shakespeare in the Present* (London: Routledge, 2002); and with Hugh Grady (ed.), *Presentist Shakespeares* (London: Routledge, 2007). For a statement opposing presentism in historical studies aware of the situation at the end of the millennium, see Lynn Hunt, 'Against Presentism' (2002), <https://www.historians.org/publications-and-directories/perspectives-on-history/may-2002/against-presentism> [Date accessed: 21 June 2021]. For a sophisticated introduction to philosophical presentism see Craig Bourne, *A Future for Presentism* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006). For an excellent set of responses to its new version, see Roberto Ciuni, Kristie Miller, and Giuliano Torrenco (eds), *New Papers on the Present: Focus on Presentism* (Munich: Philosophia Verlag, 2013), especially Ulrich Meyer, 'The Triviality of Presentism', pp. 67–87.

5. Famously, by Jean-François Lyotard, in *The Postmodern Condition: A Report on Knowledge*, trans. Geoff Bennington and Brian Massumi, foreword by Fredric Jameson ([1979] Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1984).
6. See his *Die Alternative: Zur Kritik des Real Existierenden Socialismus* (Frankfurt am Main: Rowohlt, 1977); translated as *The Alternative in Eastern Europe* (London: New Left Books/Verso, 1978).
7. Bahro's declension to leader of a then small Green movement, to quitting it, to spiritualism and sustainability, to social ecology charts the eighties trajectory I am describing in miniature.
8. Alain Badiou, *Ethics: An Essay on the Understanding of Evil*, trans. with an introd. Peter Hallward (London: Verso, 2001), p. 35.
9. John Berger, *Keeping a Rendezvous* (London: Granta, 1992), p. 156.
10. Nicklas Luhmann, *Die Gesellschaft der Gesellschaft* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1997), p. 1097.
11. Michel Foucault, 'Préface à la transgression', *Critique* nos. 195–6, *Hommage à Georges Bataille* (August–September 1963), pp. 751–69; in *Dits et Écrits: I, 1954–75*, eds Daniel Defert and François Ewald, with Jacques Lagrange (Paris: Gallimard, 2001), hereafter cited in the text as *DE*, pp. 261–78, at pp. 263–4.
12. Michel Foucault, *The Birth of the Clinic*, trans. A. M. Sheridan (London and New York: Routledge, 1989), hereafter cited in the text as *BC*; p. 65.
13. Michel Foucault, *The Archaeology of Knowledge*, trans. A. M. Sheridan Smith (London and New York: Routledge, 1991), hereafter cited in the text as *AK*; p. 174.
14. See *AK*, pp. 22–5.
15. Michel Foucault, *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences*, trans. from the French (London: Tavistock, 1974), hereafter cited in the text as *OT*; p. 89.
16. See James Joyce, *Dubliners*, with introd. and notes Terence Brown (London: Penguin, 1992), p. 1.
17. James Joyce, *Poems and Exiles*, ed. with introd. and notes J.C.C. Mays (London: Penguin, 1992), p. 114. For a full account of the play along these lines, see my *The Strong Spirit: History, Politics and Aesthetics in the Writings of James Joyce 1898–1915* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), pp. 209–34.
18. For one coherent and articulate account of which, see Karen Lawrence, *The Odyssey of Style in 'Ulysses'* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1981).
19. Cf. Jean-Michel Rabaté, *Joyce upon the Void: The Genesis of Doubt* (London: Macmillan, 1991), *passim*.
20. James Joyce, *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler, with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior, afterword by Michael Groden (London: Bodley Head, 1993), hereafter cited in the text as *U*, followed by page and line number; 9.840-2.
21. James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, with introd. and notes Len Platt (Ware: Wordsworth, 2012), 229.26-8.
22. On English enslavement of the Irish in the seventeenth century, see T. C. Barnard, *Cromwellian Ireland: English Government and Reform in Ireland* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), pp. 44, 74. On the transported convicts, see Con Costello, *Botany Bay: The Story of the Convicts Transported from Ireland to Australia 1791–1852* (Cork and Dublin: Mercier, 1982).
23. For the last, see *inter al.* Matthew Hayward, 'To Arrest Involuntary Attention: Advertising and Street-Selling in *Ulysses*', in John Nash (ed.), *James Joyce in the*

- Nineteenth Century* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2013), pp. 113–27; and ‘Ireland at War in Peace: Commodities, Consumers and Ideology in James Joyce’s *Ulysses*’, Alison O’Malley-Younger and John Strachan (eds), *Ireland at War and Peace* (Cambridge: Cambridge Scholars Press, 2011), pp. 71–89.
24. I am summarizing a case I made in far greater detail in *Joyce’s Revenge: History, Politics and Aesthetics in ‘Ulysses’* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002). See pp. 103–251.
 25. On the last, see for instance Michael Worboys, ‘The British Association and Empire: Science and Social Imperialism 1880–1940’, in Roy Macleod and Peter Collins (eds), *The Parliament of Science: The British Academy for the Advancement of Science 1831–1981* (Northwood: Science Reviews, 1981), pp. 170–87.
 26. J. S. Atherton, ‘The Oxen of the Sun’, in Clive Hart and David Hayman (eds), *James Joyce’s ‘Ulysses’: Critical Essays* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), pp. 313–39, p. 323.
 27. Michel Foucault, ‘Preface’, *The History of Sexuality*, vol. 2, trans. William Sock, in Paul Rabinow (ed.), *The Foucault Reader* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1984), p. 311.
 28. Michel Foucault, *Histoire de la folie à l’âge classique* (Paris: Gallimard, 1972), hereafter cited in the text as OT, p. 334; cf, for example, DE, p. 118.
 29. Benjamin Bergery, *Reflections: Twenty-One Cinematographers at Work* (Hollywood: ASP Press, 2002), p. 200.
 30. See, for example, Ryan Gilbey, ‘Remembering Raoul Coutard, the French New Wave Cinematographer (1924–2016)’, *New Statesman*, 11 November 2016; and Phillipe Lopate, ‘Breathless Turns 40, Impudence Intact’, *The New York Times*, 16 January 2000.
 31. See e.g. Ed Garea and Jean-Paul Garrieux, ‘Breathless: Godard’s Pop Culture Noir’, 11 September 2014, *Celluloid Club*. Online: <http://celluloidclub.blogspot.com/2014/09/breathless.html>
 32. Raoul Coutard and Pierre Rissient [assistant director], in *Breathless: A Documentary*, The Criterion Collection, OCLC 960384313, 1993.
 33. Ginette Vincendeau, *Jean-Pierre Melville: An American in Paris* (London: British Film Institute, 2003), p. 91.
 34. George Canguilhem, quoted in Alain Badiou, *Abrégé de métapolitique* (Paris: Seuil, 1998), p. 12.
 35. Georges Canguilhem, *Vie et mort de Jean Cavaillès* (Paris: Éditions Allia, 2004), p. 35.
 36. Vincendeau, *Jean-Pierre Melville*, p. 91.
 37. The definitive work on the history of the EUR from which most of my detail is taken is Italo Insolera, *L’EUR e Roma dagli anni Trenta al Duemila* (Rome: Laterza, 1986).
 38. See her novel of that title (1938).
 39. Antonioni, interview, in *L’Eclisse: A Documentary*, The Criterion Collection, OCLC 881181177, 2014.
 40. Varda, in interview with Ruth McCormick, *Cinéaste* (Winter 1977–78).
 41. Ibid.
 42. Tony Rayns, ‘Every Revolution is a Throw of the Dice’, *Monthly Film Bulletin* (February, 1979).
 43. The text being Franco Fortini’s *I Cani del Sinai* (*The Dogs of the Sinai*, 1967).

44. Richard Roud, *Straub* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1971), p. 22.
45. Ibid., p. 20.

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