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1

Love in the Time of Cinema:
Theory and Context

In *Camera Lucida*, Barthes reflects that '[a]lways the Photograph astonishes me [*m'étonne*], with an astonishment which endures and renews itself, inexhaustibly. Perhaps this astonishment, this persistence reaches down into the religious substance out of which I am molded' (his emphasis, 82; *La chambre claire* 129). Accentuating the delightful asymptotic possibility inherent in art (or, in Paul Valéry's terms, art's inexhaustibility),¹ Barthes' photogenic astonishment persists in spite of (and because of) his skeptical distrust of the photograph's mechanistic underpinnings.² Not only a willing but also a self-reflexive suspension of disbelief, Barthes ascribes ontological import to his photogenic astonishment—a confidence in sensual apprehension, no matter our knowledge to the contrary. Inspired by Wilbur's 'astounded soul' and Barthes' photogenic 'astonishment,' this and subsequent chapters correlate cinematic time with love's accentuated subjectivity and empathy. Such correlative inquiry reflects and creates our experience of intimacy and significance within modernity.

In 1917, film theorist Louis Delluc wrote that '[o]bviously, art would be utterly useless if each of us was capable of appreciating consciously the profound beauty of the passing moment' (137). Delluc indirectly claims that art enables our conscious appreciation (and therefore creation) of ephemeral beauty. Equating the passing moment with cinematic ephemera, this book focuses upon cinema's enrichment of our sensual attention and temporal experience.³ This scholarly focus upon cinematic time and love ostensibly becomes an argument about historical existence and expression. In *The Pleasure of the Text*, Barthes poses what seem initially to be ahistorical questions of sensual experience: 'Is pleasure only a minor bliss? Is bliss nothing but extreme pleasure?' (20). He proceeds to ascribe qualitative value judgments to

such wordplay: 'Is pleasure only a weakened, conformist bliss—a bliss deflected through a pattern of conciliations? Is bliss merely a brutal, immediate (without mediation) pleasure?' (20). And finally, he casts an historical import to these sensual ponderings: 'On the answer (yes or no) depends the way in which we shall write the history of our modernity' (20). Barthes argues for the temporal contingency of qualitative sensation: pleasure and bliss, for example, not only refer to qualities of experience but also measures of time. Our regard for expressing sensual *quality* involves our regard for telling *time*, in contexts as vital and macrocosmic as 'the history of our modernity.'

At stake in our regard for time's sensual intensity and dilution is the very way in which we regard history, time writ large, as it bears upon and carries contemporary experience. I want to argue for an inversion of Barthes' claim: how we regard 'the history of our modernity' determines our notion of amorous sensation relative to time. In exploring modernity as a problem of temporal and experiential intensity, we subsequently create anew our conception of love. Contemplation of 'the moment' involves contemplation of intimacy and intensity—a dynamic no doubt affected (and created, determined and mediated) by the cinema's generation and revelation of time.

Modernity's crisis of the moment

Consider T.S. Eliot's poetic question from 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,' 'Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,/Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?' (5–6). Less a temporal parameter than an intense sensation, the 'moment' becomes a crisis point within modernity's acceleration: how do we measure time *qualitatively*, as it quickens *quantitatively*? Modern speeds have hastened into far swifter cable and wireless connections, and digital photography dramatically collapses the time between taking and developing a photograph; upon snapping a 'photo,' the recorded image appears near-instantaneously in the camera's display. We can keep or 'trash' the image according to its desirable reflection of the sentiment that initially inspired its recording. In just this example, we witness a change in our experience of time and photographic images; what would have previously taken days to process now takes mere seconds to appear. Current technology enables an accelerated transformation from world to image. Formerly novel, a single-lens reflex film camera, for example, now privileges a certain quality of image that seems slower and somewhat nostalgic because of the technology now available to us.

Time increasingly becomes a problem as the hastening world demands yet thwarts our attentive contemplation. Amidst time's increasing speed, we rightly wonder how our time can remain momentous. What qualifies as a 'moment' refers to a concentrated experience more than a short measure of time. Thanks to cinema's seeming ability to allow the endurance of a moment, cinematic time has been celebrated for its expression of what otherwise remains ineffable. Doane claims that the 'significance of the cinema . . . lies in its apparent capacity to perfectly *represent* the contingent, to provide the pure record of time . . . cinema . . . directly confronts the problematic question of the *representability* of the ephemeral' (her emphasis, *Cinematic Time*, 22, 25). Cinema expresses and challenges representations of ephemera, while also revealing expressions themselves ephemeral.

Within these concerns of ephemera and expression, of time and sensation, our experience of love—as intimacy and intensity—is at stake. As time hastens and images abound, the immersion and alienation involved in the cinematic experience might rightly echo and inform our amorous expectations in the world. Cinema orchestrates a time of both immersion and duration. Through the cinema's generation and revelation of time, we glimpse this hope for and expression of endurance and intensity.

Love in the time of photography

Recall Wilbur's 'Love Calls Us to the Things of This World' of the introduction, in which love enables the 'astounded soul's' amorous regard for the world's detail. As my introduction explains, Wilbur's poem also suggests that love *emerges* through this attentive apprehension of the world's sensuality. To cast Wilbur's phenomenological dynamic into the photographic realm, Simone de Beauvoir claims that 'love is the developer that brings out in clear, positive detail the dim negative, otherwise as useless as a blank exposure' that sharpens the world's images (*The Second Sex* 647). In her estimation, love reveals the world as does photographic developer enable an image's appearing.

While de Beauvoir offers this metaphor in passing, this overt correlation between love and photographic attention is the very subject of Barthes' *Camera Lucida*, which ascribes centuries-old questions of love to modern and mechanical aesthetics of photography. Overtly employing a phenomenological method, Barthes pursues the inexplicable regard he has for some photographs over others; moreover, his mother's death prompts such inquiry, as he seeks to articulate the agony and fulfillment

of looking at her photographed image.⁴ *Camera Lucida* figures as both a phenomenological photographic meditation and a literary and benevolent expression of grief. He strives to understand the love inspired by the photograph; whatever detail or sensation inspires his affectation, he names ‘punctum’—that which pricks, punctures and marks the photograph’s beholder.

Ten years before *Camera Lucida*, Barthes began this inquiry with regard to Sergei Eisenstein’s film stills; while photography or film stills might be described in terms of information or symbol (what we, materially, see within the frame and what it may represent, for example, gold suggests wealth), yet a ‘third meaning’ exists, one which accounts for what we ‘keep’ and how we care for the image before us. This third, or *obtuse* meaning, ‘carries a certain *emotion* . . . which simply *designates* what one loves, what one wants to defend: an emotion-value, an evaluation’ (his emphasis, ‘The Third Meaning’ 59). That which remains inexplicable equals that which we love, or ‘defend’ emphatically. Reciprocally, ‘love’ stands for the ‘obtuse’ and elusive emotional investment we have before an image. At once, photographic astonishment inspires love, while love enables and stands for photographic astonishment. Invariably, in both *Camera Lucida* and ‘The Third Meaning,’ Barthes relies upon amorous expressions to concretize his astonishment.

In *Camera Lucida*, Barthes explains that an image can not only punctually inspire one’s love but also contain and attest to its certitude. Upon looking at a photograph of his parents, Barthes writes the following rumination:

What is it that will be done away with, along with this photograph which yellows, fades, and will someday be thrown out, if not by me—too superstitious for that—at least when I die? Not only ‘life’ (this was alive, this posed live in front of the lens), but also, sometimes—how to put it?—love. In front of the only photograph in which I find my father and mother together, this couple who I know loved each other, I realize: it is love-as-treasure which is going to disappear forever; for once I am gone, no one will any longer be able to testify to this: nothing will remain but an indifferent Nature. (94)

In Barthes’ estimation, photography guarantees the life of its referent, while it hardly accounts for the sentiment contained or suggested by that photographic presence. The photograph has the capacity to reveal love, but such potential exists only with the cooperation of a spectator willing and able to witness accordingly. Barthes understands not only

the photograph's testament to his parents' love but also his specific subjectivity relative to this sympathetic perception. *He* remains to tell, and their story lives through his life. In other words, he senses photographic love in the very contemplation of his own mortality. Love appears and sharpens as it wanes, whether for photographic ruin/discarding or his own mortal death. This passage reveals Barthes' fantasy as much as his observation: he knows (and wants to believe in) his parents' intense mutual affections, which compel his photographic inscription of love. Likewise, he affirms his own life through its particular knowledge and capacity to reveal such unspoken and treasured sentiment.

While photography can situate love within a visible and narrative regime, even this form remains susceptible to time and the knowledge of its context. The photograph allows Barthes' parents' love to remain in the world following their deaths, but even this photographic love bears (and exists because of) the haunting certitude of its dissolution. Whether with regard to Barthes' death or the photo's destruction, Barthes' photographic investment *and* the material photograph locate love within the mechanically reproduced realm; whether as materialist ascription of sentiment onto the object or phenomenological negotiation between photo and human subject, photographic love exists both as *presence* and *temporality*. The photograph outlives his parents' deaths, all the while that the photograph's temporality enriches its value.

Barthes' ascription of love within its parameters most notably follows his own struggling with terminology. 'How to put it?' he asks, the answer to which is 'love.' Akin to Prufrock's complaint that 'It is impossible to say just what I mean!' in the context of his romantic struggles, Barthes turns to love *at the point of linguistic frustration* (Eliot 6). Love answers his questioning aside, which reveals his reluctance to speak (or, at least, doubt in finding the words). In his writing 'love,' he resolves not only his uncertainty regarding what appears before him in the photograph, but also a break in linguistic representation. Bear in mind, however, that *Camera Lucida* exists as a *written* text and not oral monologue; Barthes *chooses* to document his linguistic struggle ('mais aussi, parfois, comment dire? l'amour') as it resolves around love, thereby inscribing this very vacillation and resolution as his argument (*La chambre claire* 147). Once arrived at 'love,' he easily could have omitted the question that rhetorically pauses (and heightens) the argument's momentum. Instead, he reveals love as both the answer and the struggle. It is both, perhaps, that love *elicits* the problem of speaking itself (the intensity giving rise to the very question of articulation) and that love *resolves* this underlying problem of filling representational fissures.

Barthes invests the photograph with love (and realizes the limits of that investment, insofar as he is alive to testify to it). Comparatively, Kracauer remains haunted by the violence that the photo's stasis wreaks upon love, as it performs both a violence of indifference and distance by presupposing the subject's death. In his *Theory of Film*, Kracauer turns to a passage from Marcel Proust's *The Guermantes Way* in contemplation of photography's compounding relation to love. Proust's narrator sees his grandmother for the first time after a long absence, and casts his reflection in photographic terms:

The process that mechanically occurred in my eyes when I caught sight of my grandmother was indeed a photograph. We never see the people who are dear to us save in the animated system, the perpetual motion of our incessant love for them, which before allowing the images that their faces present to reach us catches them in its vortex, flings them back upon the idea that we have always had of them, makes them adhere to it, coincide with it. (quoted in *Theory of Film* 14)

The very process and language of photography concretize the startling inevitability of aging, as palpably borne in beloved visages. The narrator registers his grandmother's mortality in terms of imagistic distance; photography runs counter to love, insofar as the latter affords a 'perpetual motion' that thwarts our discriminating assessment of time's passage. Less a blinding than a perpetual forgiving, love disrupts our ability to perceive time's subtle affect upon physical bodies. Consistent with clichés of love that summon eternity, love's animation perpetually forgives and accounts for the markings of age within the 'people who are dear to us.' Enabling our image of a person to coincide more closely with that person's actual physicality, love overrides age's visual registration of change.

As Proust eloquently describes, an extended time or distance thwarts love's capacity to assuage our sensitivity to physical markings of aging; without the 'perpetual motion' or 'animation' that allows our loved ones to 'adhere to' or 'coincide with' our image of them, we are less capable of attending to (or keeping up with) their changes. Aging seems to accelerate in this accumulation of the slight physical changes within our beloved; startled by the temporal gap between then and now (the hastening of physical bodies through linear time), our apprehension can be literalized and analogized as the process of photography. The disparity between past and present perceptions of a person correlates with the

temporal gap between the 'then' and 'now' of the photograph album, for example.

Regarding this passage, Kracauer reflects that Proust 'starts from the premise that love blinds us to the changes which the beloved object is undergoing in the course of time,' and, for this reason, 'emotional detachment' becomes the 'photographer's greatest virtue' (14). The gap between the narrator's past and present image of the grandmother compares with the detached and unadorned stasis that the photographer would capture from this setting. In this scenario, startled by the visible signification of his beloved grandmother's age, the narrator opts for the distance afforded by the photograph, while simultaneously his very memory of her past youth (which must prevail in order for him to realize the contrast) haunts him as if a photographic still, vividly and abruptly heightening her age and giving rise to his desperate yearning for distance.

The photograph and the photographer's position become effectually a placebo for the pain of recognizing time's imprint upon those whom we love. As Hansen writes in her introduction to Kracauer's *Theory of Film*, '[i]t is not the preserved presence of the grandmother that moves the beholder but, on the contrary, her reduction to a spatialized, arbitrary configuration of time' (xxvi). Barthes' certainty of the photograph's testament to his parents' love compares with Proust's narrator's comparison 'of his grandmother to a photograph, the opposite of a vision charged with familiarity, intimacy, and memory' (Hansen xxv). Yet it is precisely the narrator's affection for his grandmother that requires his photographic supplanting of the otherwise (or additionally) aching disparity between memory and present sight. Both Barthes' and Proust's (via Kracauer) examples feature a subject consoled by photography's intimacy and distance. Proust's narrator can *relate to* the site/sight of his grandmother's age via photographic metaphor; he can be attached to the difficult encounter even through the sympathetic imagining of a photograph. Likewise, Barthes imagines the particularity of his subjecthood as well as the certitude of his parents' marriage (itself affirming his subjecthood) by inscribing love within and as this photographic relation.

Yet, as his conclusion to *Camera Lucida*, Barthes cautiously flags one's overinvestment in the image. In describing his experience of the 'punctum,' Barthes explains that he 'passed beyond the unreality of the thing represented, [he] entered crazily into the spectacle, into the image, taking into [his] arms what is dead, what is going to die, as Nietzsche did when . . . he threw himself in tears on the neck of a beaten

horse: gone mad for pity's sake' (117). Barthes defines Nietzsche's madness as overidentification to a dangerously empathic extreme; yet he upholds such example as a caution against his own 'crazy' entrance into the spectacle. The distinction between photographic affect and madness seems none too clear; Nietzsche's weepingly mad empathy shares with Barthes' photographic investment an intense emotional response to an intensely affective sight. If the photograph can inspire love (or heightened emotion, more generally), then also it can inspire madness, according to Barthes. In his final two pages, Barthes distinguishes between the tame and the mad photograph—the latter seeming more desirable, though to potentially detrimental or debilitating ends. In *Camera Lucida*, Barthes inscribes ideals of sentiment, madness and affectivity—long understood as qualities of Romanticism—to the photographic realm. For example, Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, regarded as the quintessential Romantic novel for its unabashed creation of a sentimental love-struck subjectivity, fictionally upholds the passions celebrated in *Camera Lucida*.

Both texts present the binary of passionate versus dispassionate experience, mad versus tame, risk versus tempered; and both texts, fully aware of the stakes, champion *feeling* (and its risks) over security. In the Afterword to Goethe's *Collected Works, Vol. 11*, David E. Wellbery ascribes to *The Sorrows of Young Werther* 'a lyrical intensity previously unknown in narrative prose' (283). Wellbery claims that the epistolary form functions 'to make imaginatively accessible the tonality of a unique subjective experience. *Werther* is the first European novel in which subjectivity *per se* acquires aesthetic concretization' (283). For Wellbery, Goethe's plot pales in significance to the aesthetic presentation of an impassioned subjectivity; the language with which Wellbery describes Goethe's aesthetic achievement evokes the cinema, and also Benjamin's aura (I take up the latter term further in Chapter 4).

Wellbery explains that *Werther* uniquely blends immediacy and distance: 'Intimately sensed desires and anxieties are cast in an aesthetic structure so rigorous that the novel can dispense with the legitimation of official moral discourse. Few contemporary readers were adequate to the combination of empathy and reflective distance *Werther* demanded' (284). *Werther's* novelistic demand for empathy and distance overwhelms the readerly apprehension of 'moral discourse.' Such a claim posits the negotiation of distance and intimacy as the process of reading as *experience* instead of moral education. Wellbery further underscores *Werther's* unique presentation of a Romantic subjectivity as intrinsic to the aesthetic presentation of romantic love. He claims that the novel

'articulates a subjective experience which is both entirely compelling (leading, for instance, to acts of psychic identification) *and* opposed to the prevailing moral code. The name which our culture has since given to that experience is romantic love' (his emphasis, Wellbery 284). An aesthetic concretization of an intensified subjectivity that both seduces *and* alienates is the readerly equivalent of romantic love. In this example (with obvious correlation to my overarching project), love coalesces within and becomes the artful rendering of a subjectivity, simultaneously passionate, seductive and distant. Cinema's visual, aural and narrative techniques of expressing subjectivity, both through empathy and alienation, accentuate the medium's correlation with our modern sense of romantic love.

Though Werther's headstrong passionate living ends in suicide, the first-person revelation of a vibrant subjectivity comprises most of the epistolary novel. According to Wellbery, *Werther* explores 'emotional experiences which shatter the contours of the responsible self . . . [and] is built around a series of ecstatic transgressions that carry the protagonist beyond the limits of the social . . . such extremity of experience can only be conveyed in a discourse that pushes expression outside the sayable' (286). Wellbery cites these aesthetic feats as definitive of Goethe's novelistic innovation; what Goethe does for the novel, I claim that Barthes achieves within the phenomenological realm of apprehending photographic art. Wellbery calls Werther 'the first romantic hero in European literature; in art, love and nature, he seeks an absolute which—precisely because it exists outside any system of differentiation—appears to the subject both as Being itself, divine presence, and as Nothingness, the radical absence of divinity' (286). Though the limits of this chapter prevent a more thorough consideration of *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (or of *Camera Lucida* relative to Romanticism), let this example situate Barthes' photographic investment within the tradition of a credulous Romantic sensibility, which unapologetically expects intense worldly sensation in pursuit of an absolute—often at the expense of social (or 'sane') subjectivity.

Barthes' 'I' within *Camera Lucida* ascribes a divinity to photographic art (its capacity to 'animate' a spectator, as if to give life); this 'I' also registers the contingency of such divinity, such that without his witness to his parents' love, for example, the photograph reveals 'the radical absence of divinity' (Wellbery 286). Barthes' impassioned contemplation of photographic love shares with *Werther* 'a discourse that pushes expression outside the sayable' yet relentlessly refuses to lessen sentiment in the interest of its (linguistic) containment. Just as *Breathless*

(Jean-Luc Godard, 1959) Patricia (Jean Seberg) chooses grief over nothing, so too do Werther and Barthes live for the palpability or intensity of feeling over its waning, albeit safe, containment.⁵

Barthes' meditation upon sentiment and mechanically reproduced art closes with the warning that meaningful and empathetic relation to sites of spectacle typify and elicit madness. Because of love's irrefutable imagistic mediation and idealization, this conclusion offers minimal prospects for our meaningful living within this age of mechanical (and technological, electronic and digital) mediation and reproduction. To discern or invest emotion in mechanically reproduced art must result in something other than madness if we are to be other than masochistic and doomed. Precisely, this insanity that Barthes reads as inevitable to this commingling underscores the troubling and charged relation of 'authentic' sentiment, as embodied and exemplified through love, relative to photography (and, for my inquiry, cinema). Just as, in Proust's example, love animates and mitigates time's strident passage, so too must we regard intimacy and intensity with a mutability akin to our changing world. As Wellbery's writing on Goethe argues, the aesthetic rendering of intimacy and intensity defines an impassioned subjectivity as well as modern love, both of which figure centrally within the cinema.

How, then, does Barthes' *Camera Lucida*—a photographic study—apply to cinematic time, which inevitably inscribes mutability as the expression of *change*? *Camera Lucida*'s closure in madness highlights our need to posit a way to live, enduringly and possibly, in this modern world. This book aspires to move beyond the aforementioned binaries of either celebrating or cautioning against photographic (here, cinematic) expression.⁶ *Sherlock, Jr.* (Buster Keaton, 1924) features a cinephilic projectionist (Keaton) who, akin to Barthes, equally has difficulty determining his livable distance from the image; in a dramatic literalization of cinephilic oblivion, the dreaming projectionist dreamingly leaps into the diegesis, with longing to participate in the idealized, action-packed movie world. After several misadventures, he soon resumes his wakeful real-world role and chooses, compromisingly, to *learn* from film. At the film's end, unsure about how to regard his sweetheart (Kathryn McGuire), he takes cues from a romantic film. In a modified shot-reverse shot, *Sherlock, Jr.* alternates between a framed medium-shot of projectionist/fiancé and a framed romantic film, as it plays in his theater. He mimics the courtship gestures (Figure 1.1) of the romantic hero in a one-for-one orchestration (approaching, embracing and kissing their respective ladies), but the final cut most sharply accentuates the disparity between cinematic and lived time.



Figure 1.1 *Sherlock, Jr.* (dir. Buster Keaton, 1924, USA)

While the projectionist has successfully mimicked the romantic hero's seduction, the in-frame film fades out from the courtship setting and fades in to a domestic scenario: so successful and enduring was the seduction, we are to assume, that the hero has begotten a multi-child family, proudly perched in rocking chairs within the frame. The in-frame film thus collapses the time between tentative courtship and settled family; one shot transition elides several measured years of marriage/procreation, and our mimicking projectionist observes this elliptical edit with bewilderment (Figure 1.2). This example highlights both the temporal alignment and alienation we discover in the cinema. As the projectionist identifies through *real* time with the images on screen, he quickly learns the limits of this relation, through the time he cannot share. The tentative kiss in courtship magically begets a nuclear family; with one shot transition, the couple has not only consummated their relationship but also borne children and settled into a familial posture. Cinematic time thus asserts its capacity to concentrate and edit experience according to narrative momentum.

As exemplified in this ellipsis, cinema's capacity to manipulate time has become its own attraction for spectators and theorists alike; early film and critical theorists (such as Benjamin) seem equally to embrace this expressive potential and to fear its seductive yet numbing governance of our perception. Moreover, if cinema changes our temporal



Figure 1.2 *Sherlock, Jr.* (dir. Buster Keaton, 1924, USA)

experience, then cinema impacts our experience of love (from platonic to romantic); likewise, our expectations of intimacy—as shared proximity, intensity and lucidity—find both fulfillment and challenge through the cinema.

Love's aesthetic and temporal possibilities

In *Love Declared*, an impressive catalogue of amorous literary archetypes, Denis de Rougemont claims that 'love is linked more than any other behavior, impulse, sentiment, or ambition to its literary, musical, or plastic expression, that is, to *language* in general.... Love is both the best conductor and the best stimulant of expression' (his emphasis, 19). For de Rougemont, love both creates and becomes visible through art. Yet, he also cautions that love 'can also be brought into being by its mere evocation: by reading, by a song, an image, or a word, which are enough to induce it, or to fix its choice' (19). While art 'conducts' love, so too can art construct this very sentiment. As de Rougemont suggests, love demands aesthetic expression as much as such forms, in their idealistic brilliance and seductive potential, might themselves induce love. Love violates or exceeds aesthetic expression by virtue of

its intensity, as much as these forms first communicate (or create) this sentiment.

Aesthetic love expressions, definitions and analyses abound, and this book's focus on love and cinematic time hardly allows for such an inventory. Let us note, simply, that art has historically striven (or held the responsibility) to determine love's 'truth' or limit. Whether through words that thwart expression (I love you more than words can say) or inspire love (Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways'), aesthetic form carries love, while love tests and stretches aesthetic form. Regardless of the relation of sentiment to expression, we can be assured of the inextricability of love and aesthetics; they mutually reinforce both their vitality and limits. In effect, the effusiveness of language might mimetically perform the love experience itself. Julia Kristeva insists that '[i]ndeed, in the rapture of love, the limits of one's own identity vanish, at the same time that the precision of reference and meaning becomes blurred in love's discourse' (*Tales of Love 2*).

Many theorists, poets, novelists and philosophers have accordingly noted that, in Kristeva's words, 'the language of love is impossible, inadequate, immediately allusive when one would like it to be most straightforward... The ordeal of love puts the univocity of language and its referential and communicative power to the test' (*Tales of Love 1-2*). Moreover, love also tests the limits and possibilities of visual attention: often regarded as an intense cherishing of the particularity of the 'other,' love crystallizes within the (and often assumes the form of) visual perception of visible details.⁷ For the frequency with which being involves participation within a visible regime (*esse est percipi*), one's subjectivity finds especial validation as both the subject and object of a benevolent gaze.

While love tests artful (and, as I will elaborate, temporal) expression, scholars of love (in disciplines including literature, philosophy, anthropology, sociology and psychology) have not yet privileged its relation to cinematic time. For example, in her introduction to *Tales of Love*, Kristeva writes that 'love and the loved one erase the reckoning of time' (5). The compound subject of her sentence includes an abstraction (love) and a person (the loved one) that together obliterate time's reckoning. While this definition of love seems a lovely poetic notion, its effusion warrants unpacking. *Reckoning* harkens a knocking at death's knell, an ominous tolling of bells, or an imminent arrival of Dickensian ghosts of past, present and future; *reckoning* entails the settling of accounts, which posits time as an embodied and threatening presence that has come to

reclaim its due. In helpful illustration of what this ‘temporal reckoning’ might resemble, Ingmar Bergman’s *Seventh Seal* (1957) literalizes a version of this threat in the cloaked, chess-playing Death, who lurks looming within Antonious Block’s (Max von Sydow) conscience and stands overtly in his world (and the film’s frame). Yet, at the moment of Block’s reunion with his wife, Death makes its final call—the ultimate temporal reckoning. For this defining example of temporal reckoning that *cannot* be erased by ‘love and the loved one,’ numerous counter-examples of love’s mitigation or assuaging of death exist (one prominent example, of course, being the Christian heaven attainable in proportion to one’s faithful and neighborly love).

We may regard ‘temporal reckoning’ in terms of human mortality but also of historical forgetting, aging, traumatic repetition or even merely linear time. Perhaps any temporal pattern that becomes more desirable because of love’s contribution might just as easily affirm Kristeva’s point. Kristeva’s conception of love valuably introduces spatial, temporal and subjective parameters. In *Tales of Love*, Kristeva claims that ‘[l]ove is the time and space in which “I” assumes the right to be extraordinary...I am, in love, at the zenith of subjectivity’ (5). Kristeva envisions love as less relational than potential, less contingent than independent. For her, love offers a potential time and space for heightened subjectivity. By emphasizing the ‘I,’ Kristeva insists on the singular love experience; and her introduction of ‘subjectivity’ gains visibility within cinematic and spectatorial subjectivity (conventionally rendered as flashbacks/forwards, point-of-view shots, internal diegetic sound and/or superimposition).

Because of its precarious existence between narcissism and accentuated subjectivity, Kristeva’s notion of love cannot account for (or at least does not overtly include) a thriving of self with others. In Kristeva’s estimation, love is ‘the zenith of subjectivity,’ the temporal and spatial coincidence that resembles more a *state* than a becoming. *One is, in love*—and the static experience of *being* presupposes a temporal context beyond the here and now. More satisfying than Kristeva’s subjectively, temporally and spatially ecstatic love, I appreciate Paul Ricoeur’s notion of intimacy as the coinciding temporal and subjective idealization of world, other and subject. In ‘Narrative Time,’ Ricoeur posits intimacy as saying ‘now’ together (171–172). Drawing from Martin Heidegger’s *Being and Time*, Ricoeur claims that the shared sensation of ‘now’ epitomizes the flourishing of an individual and shared subjectivity. Perhaps the simultaneous orgasm most physically embodies this abstract intimacy; but Ricoeur’s notion beautifully accounts for intimacy including and

other than sexual. To say 'now' together involves the miraculous coincidence of (at least) two subjective experiences of heightened time; in Ricoeur's example, what would be Kristeva's 'extraordinary "I"' becomes the first-person plural 'we,' in a union born of temporal and sensual agreement upon the 'now.'⁸ Yet, because of this intimacy, the heightened and shared 'now,' time writes itself according to this privileged moment: the future learns to expect such coinciding being-with-others intensely, as much as the 'now' exists partially in recognition of its uniqueness.

F.W. Murnau's *Sunrise* (1927) affords a compelling cinematic expression of Ricoeur's abstract postulation of intimacy as saying 'now' together. Amidst their immersion in metropolitan pleasures (renewing their marriage vows, posing for a photographic portrait and dancing the 'Peasant Dance'), *Sunrise's* country Man (George O'Brien) and Wife (Janet Gaynor) sit blissfully at a cocktail table. Leaning together in smiling appreciation, they bask within their renewed marital relation. *Sunrise* superimposes images of angels' taking flight within the upper portion of the frame, and we may presume this ethereal scenario as the mentally subjective image of *both* the man and the woman (Figure 1.3). At this point in the film, neither man nor woman occupies a sole protagonist's role, which means that this impressionistic in-frame subjectivity can be *theirs*, together: a shared imagined realm that stylistically accentuates the intimacy of this moment. While gesture and framing emphasize their union, this superimposition intensifies their bond. They share not only an embodied but also a conceptual space and time. Ricoeur's lovely argument that 'saying "now" together' can be our greatest intimacy thus becomes apparent through *Sunrise's* presentation of a shared mental subjectivity.

Murnau cinematically illustrates the compounding and crystallization of this shared now. Yet, for this 'now' to be visually expressed, the film requires its temporal situation to set in relief this intimacy. The couple wouldn't be in the city, after all, had the Wife not run away from the Man's attempt to drown her, which would have enabled his adulterous running off with the Woman from the City (Margaret Livingston)! And this bucolic yet impassioned moment precedes the Wife's near-drowning from a sudden storm. *Sunrise's* intimacy thus portrays a 'now' that intensifies *because of* its surrounding time. In admitting the world (here, the surrounding diegesis), the close-framed relation between this couple gains compounding significance. The film's closure graphically matches the Man and Wife's joyous reunion (all the more intense for her having survived the wicked storm) with, indeed,



Figure 1.3 *Sunrise: A Song of Two Humans* (dir. F.W. Murnau, 1927, USA)

the rising sun, thereby situating their ‘conjunction’ with the natural time as measured by the promise of the sun’s rise. Their warmly lit embrace emboldens within the intimations of sunshine in the final rising shot, and this graphic match also situates their union within nature’s look (thereby reconciling them with the ‘angry’ and hostile nature, perhaps punishing the Man for his previous homicidal intentions). Echoing Wilbur’s ‘Love Calls Us,’ the love is born into the natural cycle of day’s recurrence and newness.

Privileging self and other *as* temporal possibility, Jean-Luc Nancy imagines love as the ‘finite touch of the infinite crossing of the other’ and the ‘indefinite abundance of all possible loves’ (102, 83). Casting love as abundant and asymptotic possibility, Nancy invests love with a momentum and finitude akin to cinematic ephemera, both fixed and moving. Given that both love and cinematic time involve temporal transgressions and seductive sensations, we discover significance and attachment beyond the binary of ephemera and duration. Love includes and requires an ‘other’ that limits the love experience only insofar as a ‘finite touch’—whether literally, in terms of romantic love, or

figuratively, in terms of platonic affect—particularizes our interactions, which themselves hearken infinity. Nancy's bold and abounding casting of love as the 'indefinite abundance of all possible loves' inscribes a perpetual expansion—imagine a perpetual opening of windows and doors to sunlight, if you will—to the love experience. The very words 'indefinite,' 'abundance' and 'possible' sweepingly turn from precision and stasis—all the more dramatically for sake of their compounding placement within the phrase.

In a lyrical elision of love's amorphous temporality and cinematic and natural time, Terrence Malick's *The Thin Red Line* (1998) offers a sequence that correlates this ascription of possibility within familiar forms and a vulnerably yet seductively shared 'now.' In this example, film style accommodates mentally subjective expressions of love's temporal manipulations. Malick's example also illustrates Nancy's eloquent yet amorphous conception of love as the 'finite touch of the infinite crossing of the other' and the 'indefinite abundance of all possible loves' (102, 83). Nancy's love accounts for both the delicate fragility and emboldened abundance of love's temporal and sensual qualities. In voice-over reflection (as aural subjectivity rendered through writing a letter to his 'dear wife'), Romantically spirited Private John 'Jack' Bell (Ben Chaplin) reflects upon war's bloodshed and expresses his nostalgia to return to peace, embodied in his home with his wife, Marty (Miranda Otto): 'how do we get to those other shores, to those blue hills?' Echoing Barthes' response to 'How to say it?,' Bell answers 'love' to his rhetorical questions, the utterance of which spawns a lyrical and disorienting sequence, which visually defines love in accordance with Nancy's conception of its abundance, momentum, finitude and possibility. Within Bell's mental subjectivity (an amalgamation of flashback, flashforward and reverie), he aurally utters the word 'love' in the last beat of a long take of what seems to be his wife's point-of-view shot of a rocky sea line. A direct cut connects this seascape to an ambiguous time and space: a frame of luminous emerald grass in which appears a moving shadowed figure. The shadow's mystery quickly reveals itself to be Marty's sun-lit radiant presence sweepingly swinging through the frame (Figure 1.4). In slight slow motion, the camera and soft rising chords accommodate the startling and punctual beauty that she offers both to Bell's life and the film's style. The camera hardly moves, yet the prescribed arc of the swing guarantees her arrival in medium close-up (MCU) proximity to the camera, at which she romantically gazes. The shot closes with Bell's question regarding love's source: 'where does it come from?'



Figure 1.4 *The Thin Red Line* (dir. Terrence Malick, 1998, USA)



Figure 1.5 *The Thin Red Line* (dir. Terrence Malick, 1998, USA)

This inquiry begins a multi-angled montage of Marty's swinging, which altogether disorients the film's otherwise pantheistic yet realist perspective (Figures 1.5, 1.6, 1.7). Shots whimsically appear from different angles, as if the world sees her omnisciently. Bell's subjective reflection thus casts his beloved within a natural omniscience; the world sees her, and likewise she radiantly flourishes within the world. This lyrical montage disorients the viewer stylistically in accordance with love's capacity to overwhelm perception. Luminous cinematic disorientation answers Bell's inquiry of love's origin. Furthermore, the temporal and spatial imprecision of Bell's mental subjectivity evokes love's timeless and amorphous connotation. Eliot writes that '[l]ove is most nearly itself/[w]hen here and now cease to matter,' yet, equally, love creates a here and now that *matter* in exceeding gravity ('Four Quartets' 189). Bell's mental subjectivity accentuates love's timeless evocation within



Figure 1.6 *The Thin Red Line* (dir. Terrence Malick, 1998, USA)



Figure 1.7 *The Thin Red Line* (dir. Terrence Malick, 1998, USA)

the fixity of the moving image, thereby inscribing love stylistically as an emergent form outside of narrative but *within* cinematic time.

The fixity of the frame, the material world of the *mise-en-scène*, accentuates love's 'finite' connotation, yet the film visually inscribes this finitude with a luminous abundance that stylistically promises possibility amidst a cyclic repetition. The swingset literally enables suspension and momentum, a movement forward yielding its return, an exhilarated suspension of self within a process of becoming and return. If love always requires a 'new,' for example, then commitment and longevity of any kind of relationship is tempered and impossible. Yet, equally, if love needs only a familiar return, then we cannot imagine mutability or change; and the very action and sensation that connotes goodness and intimacy turns stale and static. Nancy's and Malick's illustrations of love together account for mutability and dynamism while yet allowing for

finitude and familiarity. This example further highlights love's enduring ephemera, insofar as this sequence is soon followed by Marty's epistolary revelation of her leaving Bell for another man; the faith through which Bell made sense of the world betrays him, yet this betrayal only accentuates the fragile sublimity to which Bell earlier refers ('Where does it come from? Who lit this flame in us?').

Cinema matches this cycle of repetition and progression, recurrence and newness; likewise, love balances tried and true enduring affection with a 'new,' itself knowable by virtue of recollection. Both love and cinema can focus our attentions by revealing anew what we've already known. Both cinema and love can take us out of and situate us more intensely within time. And cinema can portray and *become* a shared 'now' between diegetic characters but also between spectator and film—a 'now' that bears a history.

Living historically and aesthetically

In the novel *Love in the Time of Cholera*, Gabriel García Márquez describes a character 'still too young to know that the heart's memory eliminates the bad and magnifies the good, and that thanks to the artifice we manage to endure the burden of the past' (106), a fictional transformation of the past that echoes Nietzsche's claims that an aesthetic transformation of history alleviates its burden by amplifying its use. In *Untimely Meditations*, Nietzsche describes our human condition as burdened by history: for the past that builds and compounds within the present, we have an increased and inevitable obligation to remember *more* time. According to Nietzsche, this weight of the past distracts from our ability to live in the present; the struggle to carry our histories defines the human condition, however burdensome. To this dilemma, he proposes the solution of aesthetic transformation. If we can transform history into art, then we turn this burden into something useful, meaningful and shareable.

Nietzsche insists that 'we require history for life and action,' but cautions that too much history 'brings with it a withering and degenerating of life' (7). According to Nietzsche, this balance remains a dilemma intrinsic to humanity; the negotiation of our responsibility to the past essentially qualifies our humanness. He turns to a fictional hypothetical in establishing his argument:

Consider the herd grazing before you. These animals do not know what yesterday and today are but leap about, eat, rest, digest and leap again; and so from morning to night and from day to day, only

briefly concerned with their pleasure and displeasure, enthralled by the moment and for that reason neither melancholy nor bored. (8)

Nietzsche continues his imperative by meditating upon the man who considers this herd, and declares that this man can only see the animal's happiness with envy because, he, too, wishes to live thusly unfettered. The man's thoughts, Nietzsche estimates, turn inward:

he also wondered about himself, that he cannot learn to forget but always remains attached to the past: however far and fast he runs, the chain runs with him. It is astonishing: the moment, here in a wink, gone in a wink, nothing before and after, returns nevertheless as a spectre to disturb the calm of a later moment. Again and again a page loosens in the scroll of time, drops out, and flutters away—and suddenly flutters back again into the man's lap. Then man says 'I remember' and envies the animal which immediately forgets and sees each moment really die, sink back into deep night extinguished for ever. (8–9)

For Nietzsche, humanity bears time in a way that other species cannot possibly experience. Regardless of the biological truth of his argument (and the rhetorical flourishes deserving of more close-reading), Nietzsche makes clear his own longing for such an unchained and transformed relationship to the past, which 'oppresses him and bends him sideways... [and] encumbers his gait like an invisible and sinister burden' (9).

For this reason, 'when he sees a grazing herd, or, in more intimate proximity, sees a child, which as yet has nothing past to deny, playing between the fences of past and future in blissful blindness,' this man 'is moved, as though he remembered a lost paradise' (9). Nietzsche proceeds to equate directly happiness with one condition: 'being able to forget or, to express it in a more learned fashion, the capacity to live *unhistorically*' (his emphasis, 9). While we could (physically but not socially, emotionally or politically) live with almost no memories ('consider the herd'), 'without forgetting it is quite impossible to *live* at all' (his emphasis, 10). Nietzsche's impassioned argument for history's burden itself becomes tenuous in considering the necessary degree of forgetting (and the stakes thereof).⁹ Happiness arises from a balanced and idealized ability to forget and remember: '[cheerfulness, clear conscience, the carefree deed and faith in the future] depend... on one's being able to forget at the right time as well as to remember at the

right time' (10). Contingent upon the *right time*, Nietzsche inevitably locates the *answer* to historical living within an exceedingly historical time; living thus invokes the very temporal pressure he seeks to overcome. No matter the plausibility or difficulty, Nietzsche's conception of humanness remains inexplicably poised as remembrance and forgetting. A subject must contend with historical time so as to lessen its burden.

Nietzsche thus claims that life 'requires the service of history' just as 'an excess of history is detrimental to life' (14). Herein lies our governing temporal dilemma: how might we make the past *usable* for a desirable future? How much history can we bear, without being excessively consumed? How might the past gain significance beyond an obligatory regard? To these questions, Nietzsche offers the answer of art. As Matthew Rampley states, a 'fundamental aspect of Nietzsche's understanding of history is the sense that the past should always be appropriated aesthetically, in contrast to the mummifying practices of academic historical discourse' (152). Transforming history into art not only keeps salient moments but also regards the past within a conceivable expression. Nietzsche claims the mechanism of history needs to be 'guided by an inner constructive drive' or else it 'destroys illusions and robs existing things of their atmosphere in which alone they can live' (Nietzsche 39).

Akin to Nietzsche's insistence upon history's 'inner constructive drive,' Benjamin highlights citations and intertextuality as intrinsic to humanity's endurance: 'only for a redeemed mankind has its past become citable in all its moments' ('Theses on the Philosophy of History' 254).¹⁰ Regarding Benjamin's project, Eva Guelen claims that, in Benjamin's view, the

purpose of representation is not to catch up with the past, but rather to free it and to open it up ... the past is to become citable ... citation preserves as well as destroys, because no citation remains the same from context to context. The citation preserves tradition in that it destroys it ever anew, because the citation puts the new and the old in a relation of simultaneity. (138)

Benjamin's citation neatly answers Nietzsche's question about the degree to which one must remember and forget. Citation both keeps and destroys its past. This notion of simultaneity achieved through quotation agrees with Nietzsche's expectation that the past's burden can be alleviated through a meaningful rendering and present simultaneity. Central to Nietzsche's aesthetic transformation is the presence of

'temporality *within* the work of art and within aesthetic experiences' (Rampley 153, emphasis in original). Recall Nietzsche's 'consider the herd' hypothetical: in the interest of making an argument about historical time, Nietzsche turns to a fiction (the imagined 'herd' before us) through which to ponder the temporal excess that defines humanity. He solicits our imagination of a time and space that is simultaneous to the time of our reading, in which we might understand the rhetorical and historical urgency of his argument. In even this example, Nietzsche's *own* aesthetic project (his generation of fiction) carries a temporal complexity as it strives to unwind temporal complexity.

Moreover, Nietzsche explains that history can be transformed aesthetically through the creative energy of love:

Only with love . . . can man create, that is, only with an unconditional faith in something perfect and righteous . . . only if history can bear being transformed into a work of art, that is, to become a pure art form, may it perhaps preserve instincts or even rouse them. (39)

Whether for frenzy, passion, inspiration, faith, hope or other generative connotations one might ascribe to love, Nietzsche privileges this force, syntactically defined as 'an unconditional faith in something perfect and righteous,' as necessary to aesthetics and creation, which in turn are vital for history's capacity to be useful. Cinema uniquely contributes to this balance of aesthetics and temporality, insofar as cinematic time expresses both mutability and subjectivity.

Historical and cinematic time

In 'The Cinema,' Virginia Woolf reflects upon the subjectivity generated by and contained within cinema, a medium uniquely unaffected *by* our spectatorship (at least before the age of the home theater) yet—because of this distance—enabling our temporal entrenchment and thereby emotional investment. Woolf claims that, in the cinema

We see life as it is when we have no part in it. As we gaze we seem to be removed from the pettiness of actual existence . . . From this point of vantage, as we watch the antics of our kind, we have time to feel pity and amusement, to generalize, to endow one man with the attributes of the race. Watching the boat sail and the wave break, we have time to open our minds wide to beauty, and register on top of it

the queer sensation—this beauty will continue, and this beauty will flourish whether we behold it or not. (181)

In Woolf's estimation, *we have time* to appreciate phenomena, courtesy of cinema enabling both our distance from and immersion within the time of the art form. Though the 'antics of our kind' occur within cinema's fixed temporal momentum, that we are 'removed from the pettiness of actual existence' makes possible our newly conceived attachment *to* beauty all the while that we 'queerly' register its cinematic continuance independent of our perception. The distance between medium and spectator affords a temporal grace, within which we might advantageously attune our perception to what otherwise passes swiftly before our overwhelmed senses. The simultaneity of our time-granted emotional investment and our acknowledgment of cinematic continuance ('this beauty will continue . . . whether we behold it or not')—the coexistence of this temporal immersion and endurance—defines cinematic time, which challenges as it portrays our conception of intimacy and distance in the world. Recall Goethe's fictional creation of a subject both objectively distanced from our readership and intimately wound into our own readerly consciousness: in this disparity, in this 'sheer and utter incommensurability of the two modes of discourse,' emerges the limits of empathy and indifference (Wellbery 288). Cinema's lending of visual and aural attributes to a narratively inscribed and aesthetically immersed subjectivity (such as Goethe's Werther) intensifies, at least through sensorial compounding, the means by which distance and intimacy can be expressed and experienced.

If, according to Wellbery, this double movement marks the modern experience of love, then so too does our relation to cinema evoke the experience of love. I turn again to Woolf's regard for the cinema, as exemplary of a literary and intellectual perspective that strives to understand the cinema's significance within the early twentieth century; I appreciate Woolf's fascination with the cinema, especially given her literary portrayals of time and experience (lauded for their own cinematicity). In Woolf's opinion, so long as film artists draw upon the medium's uniqueness, cinema has the capacity to express sensation and thought heretofore absent from aesthetic form: 'if a shadow at a certain moment can suggest so much more than the actual gestures and words of men and women in a state of fear, it seems plain that the cinema has within its grasp innumerable symbols for emotions that have so far failed to find expression' (Woolf, 'The Cinema' 184). Within this new art form, Woolf inscribes her hope for new

expression of emotions otherwise nonexistent as art¹¹; while artists have hardly ‘failed to find expression’—or failed to cease *attempting* to find expression—for the ubiquitous emotion of love, I argue that cinema’s own ontological and phenomenological generation of intimacy and distance, of immersion and observation, of time frozen (especially as emerging technologies enable) and ephemeral, itself becomes analogous to if not constitutive of a modern experience of love. These temporal qualities of cinema, this capacity of cinematic time, Gunning correlates overtly with historical time.

In his monograph on Fritz Lang, Gunning privileges cinema’s relation to twentieth-century history. Claiming that ‘[f]ilm was the art form of the twentieth century,’ Gunning explains that

cinema recorded not only the stories and events of the twentieth century, its tastes and fashions, but also its forms of aesthetics and experience, especially those new configurations of space and time that I have termed the terrain of modernity—experiences which often called on terms from cinema to create images adequate to them: montage, flashback, close-up view, superimposition, fast-motion, dissolve. (his emphasis, 475)

Historical time thus registers within cinematic time, insofar as film’s stylistic flourishes coincide with the ‘terrain of modernity,’ in Gunning’s terms (recall this chapter’s earlier discussion of digital photography as an example of technology’s creation of images ‘adequate to’ and generating of our contemporary experience of time). Alongside the dazzling, metropolitan speed and innovation that parallel the cinema, its registry of trauma and horror equally informs the equation between cinematic and historical representation.

In *Theory of Film*, Kracauer celebrates cinema’s capacity to visualize such ‘phenomena overwhelming consciousness,’ which he explains as follows:

Elemental catastrophes, the atrocities of war, acts of violence and terror, sexual debauchery, and death are events which tend to overwhelm consciousness... they call forth excitements and agonies bound to thwart detached observation. No one witnessing such an event, let alone playing an active part in it, should therefore be expected accurately to account for what he has seen. Since these manifestations of crude nature, human or otherwise, fall into the area of physical reality, they range all the more among cinematic subjects. Only the camera is able to represent them without distortion. (57)

For our despairing ability to witness atrocity (and, ultimately, the truth that witnessing presupposes survival), the camera affords a 'detached observation,' not unlike Proust's narrator's reliance upon photographic distance with regard to his aged grandmother. The stakes here, of course, involve public historical strife; yet Kracauer, rather idealistically and naively, imagines that '[o]nly the camera is able to represent them without distortion.' To his credit, he complicates this claim by explaining that 'without distortion' might simply mean 'rendering visible what is commonly drowned in inner agitation'; cinema beneficially contributes to our historical consciousness by 'transforming the agitated witness into a conscious observer' (58). In spite of (or because of) the distance/detachment afforded by the camera, the cinema can focus and reveal historical attention.

Similarly, Kristeva claims that 'the actuality of the Second World War brutalized consciousness through an outburst of death and madness that no barrier, be it ideological or aesthetic, seemed to contain any longer... What those monstrous and painful sights do damage to are our systems of perception and representation' (*Black Sun* 222–223). For Kristeva, such debilitated perception and representation can be assuaged through the cinema (it is no coincidence that her chapter focuses on Alain Resnais' *Hiroshima mon amour* (1959), though privileging Marguerite Duras' script over Resnais' images). She claims, 'films remain the supreme art of the apocalypse, no matter what the refinements, because the image has such an ability to "have us walk into fear," ... Within this image/words dichotomy, it falls to films to spread out the coarseness of horror or the external outlines of pleasure' (*Black Sun* 224). While Kristeva envisions language as communicatively ineffective, resulting in words being withheld in times of crisis, film offers the presence of a visual and aural track, which both withstands (and, to some degree, preserves) historical ruptures. Whereas written texts may turn inward, withdrawing from the world, film as a medium cannot exist without an imagistic presence (and the potential community created through shared spectatorship). To this imagistic presence, I would add mutability—precisely the *change over time* that defines cinema enables this predilection for historical expression.¹²

André Bazin's theories of early film similarly champion cinema's capacity to represent change. Bazin envisions photographs of human subjects as bearing a 'disturbing presence of lives halted at a set moment in their duration, freed from their destiny; not, however, by the prestige of art but by the power of an impassive mechanical process: for photography does not create eternity, as art does, it embalms time' (14). While

Nietzsche describes art's alleviation of historical burden, Bazin claims that art creates eternity. Both Nietzsche and Bazin understand aesthetic possibility beyond a contemporary significance, as if history and eternity equally proffer a temporal inconceivability, whether cast as past or future. Contrary to his sentiment about photography, Bazin asserts that cinema liberates the object (the subject of the photograph) from its temporal stasis, from its enshrouded instant captured in the picture. Bazin sees the image of things, filmed, as 'likewise the image of their duration, change mummified as it were' (15). Bazin's oft-quoted 'change mummified' captures the world's mutability, its balance of ephemera and duration, such as Doane develops in her *Emergence of Cinematic Time*.

Like cinema, love's dynamism involves change and idealization in order to be other than static (and thus finite). Cinematic time, then, can render subjectivity *as it changes* and is *idealized*, which evokes the definitions of love that this chapter has introduced. As outlined in the Introduction to *Love in the Time of Cinema*, the following chapter-length film analyses focus upon cinematic mediation and expression of various forms of love and time.

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