

Lina Selander. Echo.

The montage, the fossil, the sarcophagus,
the x-ray, the cloud, the sound,
the feral animal, the shadow, the room,
and *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*.

THE MONTAGE

THE FOSSIL

THE SARCOPHAGUS

THE X-RAY

THE CLOUD

THE SOUND

THE FÉRAL ANIMAL

THE SHADOW

THE ROOM

Ed. Helena Holmberg

Oei editör

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ISBN 978-91-85905-56-0

Index – The Swedish Contemporary Art Foundation
ISBN 978-91-980227-2-8

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The Chernobyl
Nuclear Power Plant
Exclusion Zone

The Eleventh Year

The Chernobyl Museum

Enthusiasm

Sala Silver Mine

Photographic paper box
with image of forest

The Swedish Museum
of Natural History,
Department of
Palaeobotany, Department
of Mineralogy, Department
of Palaeozoology

The Hagströmer Medico-
Historical Library

The National Museum of
Science and Technology

Clean-up
crew members,
«liquidators»,
working with
highly radioactive
mud.
1000 roubles
and a diploma.
Loss of hair,
loss of skin.

*They send in an American robot, it works for five minutes, then it
breaks. Then they send in a Japanese robot, it works for five*

Death.
Volunteers.

minutes, then it breaks. But the Soviet robot works for two hours,

*then they send an order by radio: «Private Ivanov, you may come
out in two hours for a smoking break.»*

Rocks, stones, stones
containing uranium, plant
fossils, animal fossils,
illustrations.

CRUZIANA TRACE FOSSIL,
EXCAVATION TRACE MARKS MADE BY THE LEGS OF THE
EXCAVATING ORGANISM. (THE STUDY OF TRACES, ICHNOLOGY.)

T
h e
p h o
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Photographic paper box

with image of forest. Darkroom

Detail.

Model
of Reactor 4

First scene, *The Eleventh Year* (Dziga Vertov, 1928)

The Dnieper River (The Wild River) Sarcophagus

Hospital

School

Theatre

Residential building

Library

Morgue

Wild animals; dogs, horses.

Animals not evacuated,

become wild.

Radioactivity, propaganda, destroyed film.

Film shot under the melting reactor;
cameraman dead within a week (film
destroyed).

Modified

«From a bumbling citizen through the
poetry of the machine to the perfect
electric man.»

Reactor control room
Reconstruction of events
leading to the
accident.

Evacuation of Pripjat.

Bell warning before dynamite blast.

Monitor

*

The electrification of the whole land.

Documents, diplomas, medals.

Railroad tracks, switches. *Enthusiasm* (Dziga Vertov, 1931)

L E N I N ' S L A M P G L O W S I N T H E P E A S A N T ' S H U T .

Stone
containing
uranium

Illustrations

Lina Selander. Echo.

Lina Selander. Echo.

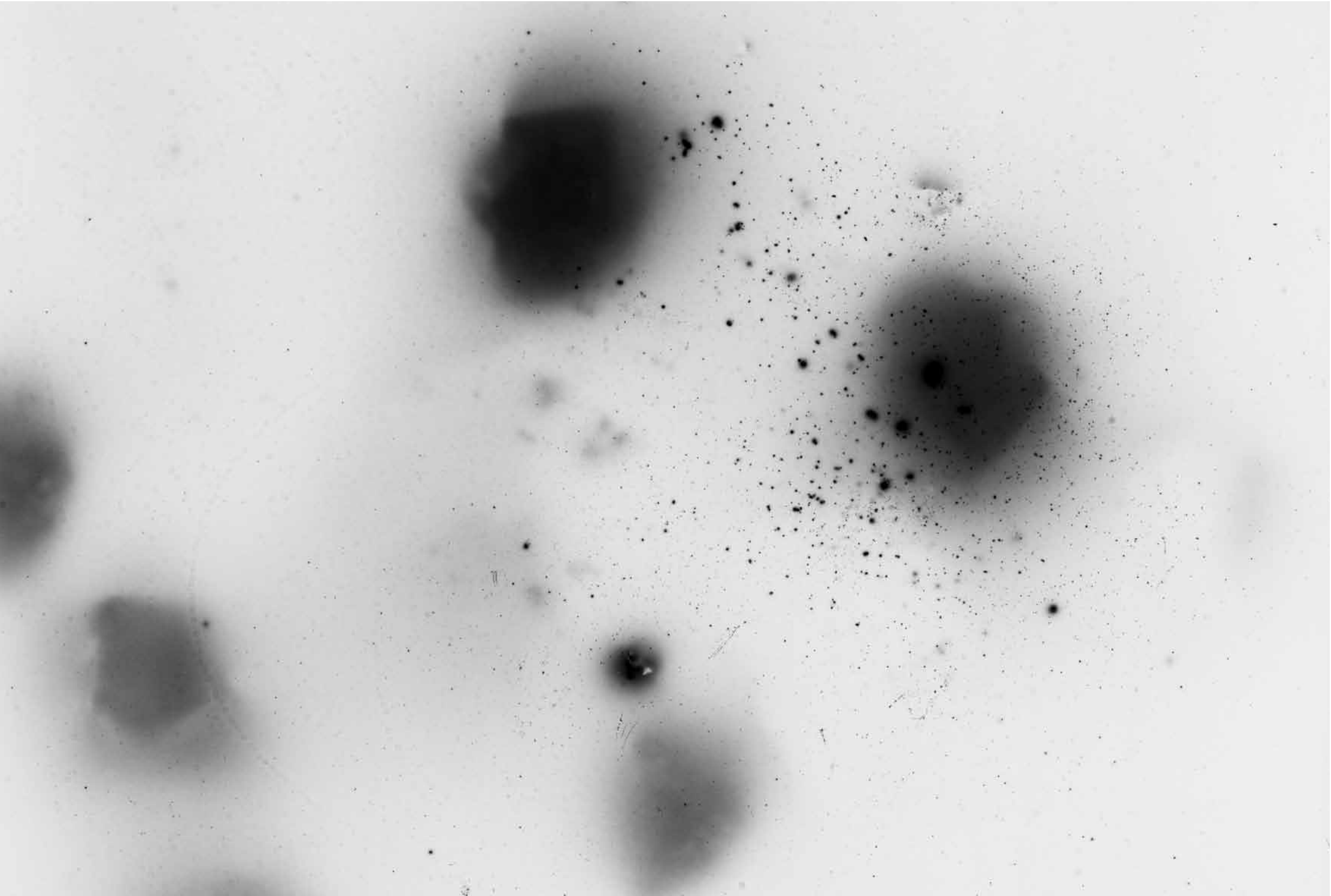
The montage, the fossil, the sarcophagus,
the x-ray, the cloud, the sound,
the feral animal, the shadow, the room,
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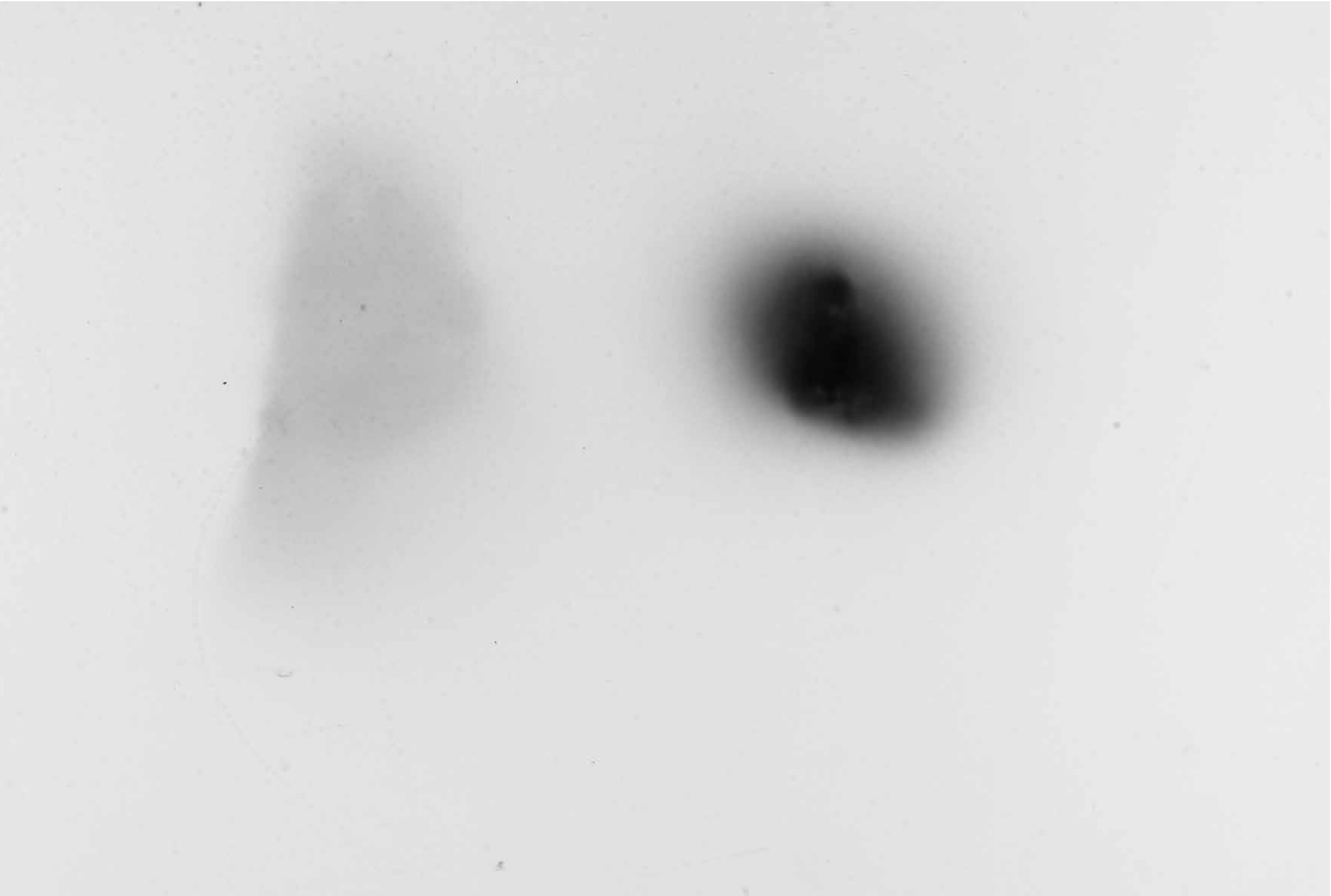
Ed. Helena Holmberg

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Trond Lundemo

Media Archeology and Montage

AT THE BEGINNING of Dziga Vertov's *Odinnadtsatyy* (*The Eleventh Year*, 1928), an image of a skeleton is introduced with the intertitle "Echo". Another intertitle tells us that this skeleton belongs to a 2000-year-old Scythian, and then Vertov creates an archeological resonance between the past and the present construction of a dam in his film. Electrification is the fulfillment of Lenin's 'testament', but also a project built upon the history of a particular place. The geology of Ukraine, where the dam is constructed, endows the Soviet Union with electricity. Lina Selander quotes these shots in her film *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*: the skeleton appears early in the film, and the intertitle "Echo" is the penultimate shot. Lina Selander's inclusion of this shot and intertitle from Vertov's film, juxtaposed with shots from the irradiated ghost town of Pripyat, invests these images with a new echo. They now resonate with another event in the history of the development of electric energy in Ukraine: Chernobyl. The skeleton in particular takes on another dimension as the echo of nuclear catastrophe.

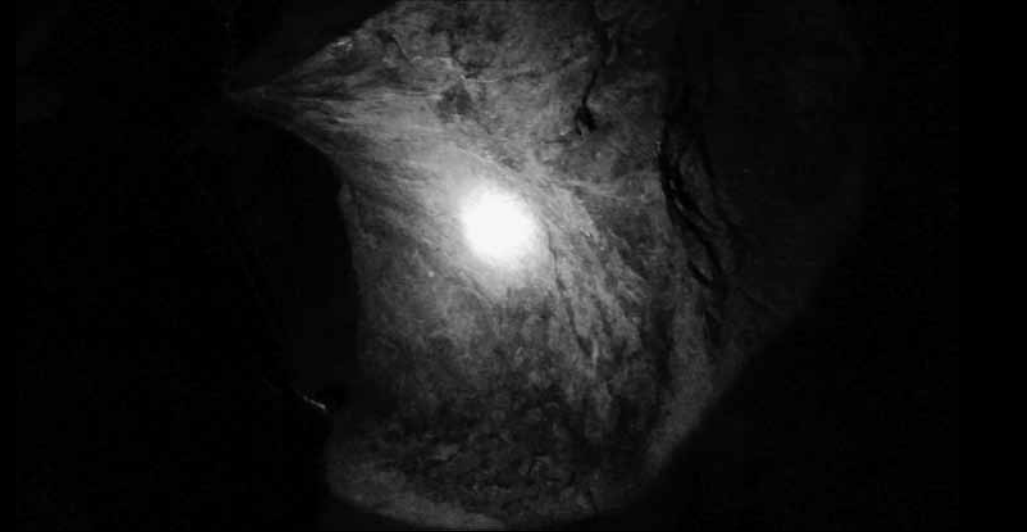
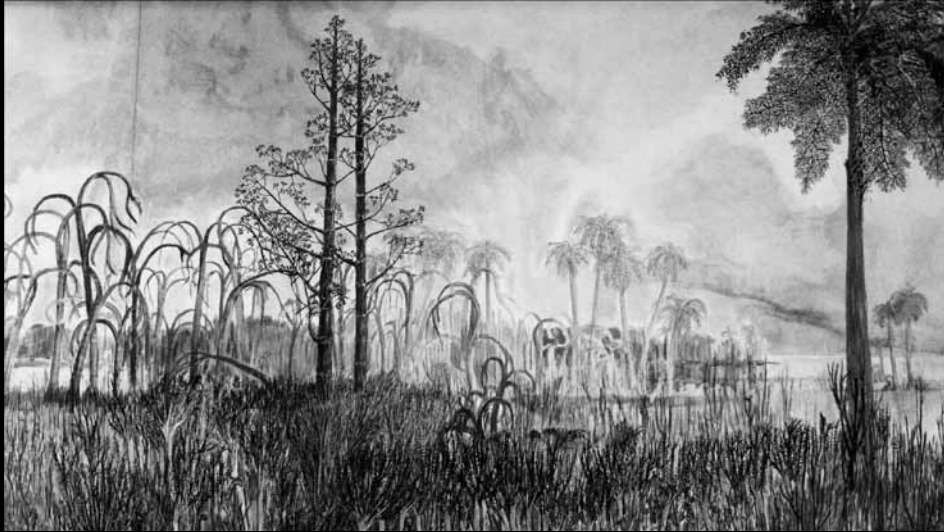
Selander's montage opens new historical connections by engaging with shifts and continuities in media technologies. This work draws upon specific methods of montage in the history of cinema. Jean-Luc Godard explained his



THE ELEVENTH YEAR
BELL WARNING BEFORE DYNAMITE BLAST



THE HAGSTRÖMER MEDICO-HISTORICAL LIBRARY



eight-piece video project *Histoire(s) du cinéma* (1988–1998) with the claim that only montage can produce historical connections, because history is always a matter of juxtaposing one thing with another. A date, a name, and a place are just the facts of the past, and only when they are connected to other facts do they form historical relationships. This Godardian approach to montage is perhaps more ‘archaeological’ than ‘historical’; it creates gaps and resonances between things, places, and events, rather than filling in temporal intervals with written, linear explanation.

The echoes created by the juxtaposition of dissimilar events in Godard’s montage were already characteristic of Soviet montage. But whereas the montage of Sergei Eisenstein reconstructs historical connections through signifying practices as metaphors and comparisons—as in the famous juxtaposition between Kerensky and Napoleon in *October* (1928)—Godard’s approach echoes that of Dziga Vertov, where the gap produced by the montage is itself at the center. Vertov’s geological approach to the dam project in Ukraine depends upon a form of montage with no semantic end product. Selander’s methods of montage work in a similar way. Instead of reading the montage sequence of Vertov’s “Echo” and the deserted images of the town Pripyat as a ‘message’ in an Eisensteinian way—a construct of cause and effect telling the spectator how catastrophic the project became, or signifying the end of the Soviet Union or even of communism—the focus is instead on the ‘echo’, or that which is in-between (as in Vertov’s film), the ‘medium’ in its literal sense.

This is because Lina Selander’s montage—both in the film and in the exhibition of the same name—is engaged in media archeology. Her work often proceeds through a juxtaposition of techniques of inscription and preservation, in which one technology is reflected in another: a montage of media and a medium montage. *Lenin’s Lamp* is a film about the conditions of visual inscription, like many of Selander’s works. These conditions change according to the medium, just as the production of electrical energy changes from the enormous dam project of Vertov’s film into the nuclear power plant. The

photochemical inscription of Vertov’s film resonates with both the analog video that exists of the work done to contain the catastrophe at Chernobyl, as well as with the digital video shot by Selander herself. The introductory montage in *Lenin’s Lamp*—of black and white aerial shots of Pripyat today combined with similar shots of the same region from Vertov’s film—highlights these echoes, while also contrasting the finely gridded seamlessness of digital video with the rifts and coarse grains of the film frames of 1928. Selander even freezes a frame in Vertov’s film, in order to examine how it has been broken and repaired in the print Selander uses for her work. The frozen frame, a key trope also in Vertov’s own dissection of the cinematographic technology, later reoccurs among Selander’s DV footage to emphasize the differences between the regimes of the image.

The echo of film in digital video, of hydroelectricity in nuclear fission, reveals how the past is always invested in the technologies surrounding us. The direct impression of light through the lens onto the photographic emulsion of *Odinnadtsatyy* is contrasted with the transference of light into magnetic signals in the images shot at the time of the catastrophe, all echoed in the default technology of today’s images, the digital code of the film itself. The presence of past technologies in the media of today allows Selander to focus on the ruptures and continuities between technologies of visual inscription. The drawings of archaic wooden landscapes, the diorama, the various techniques of still photography are not under scrutiny in their own right but as elements of a montage. These juxtapositions range from geological excavations of fossils—nature’s own visual inscription—to today’s ubiquitous condition of existence: digital code.

The main focus of Selander’s media archeology is photography. The automatic inscription of light has been the most frequently evoked example of the indexical sign: a physical relation between the sign and the referent. The index is believed to preserve and archive the past. In this sense, there is an indexical line of investigation in *Lenin’s Lamp* between sedimented fossils,



still photography, x-rays, Vertov's shot of the 2000-year-old Scythian, nuclear radiation, and digital video. The most important technological drive in photography (literally the inscription of light) was the quest for shorter exposure times, the snapshot, which would eventually lead to the emergence of the technology of cinema. From the extremely long exposure times of early photography to the capture of the instant, there was a shift in belief in reality as located in space or in a landscape to reality as an event, as something that happens in an instant of time. The truth of things is revealed in the flash of a moment. Eadweard Muybridge's instantaneous photography and Etienne-Jules Marey's chronophotography display the unseen by accessing the instant.

Dziga Vertov demonstrates through his theory of intervals and through his montage work—especially in *Chelovek s kinoapparatom* (*Man with a Movie Camera*, 1929)—that photography's flashes of light have become epistemologically defining technological elements. Like Vertov, Selander wants to disturb this notion of smooth epistemological access to the world through photography. This is a recurrent topic in her work. The frozen images of *When the Sun Sets, It's all Red* are produced by re-photographing still images using a flash that blocks out central parts of the image. In photography the flash of light becomes an obstacle to the flash of the moment; the basic condition of the technology works against its preservational and archival aspects. *When the Sun Sets, It's all Red* invests each image with an element of eradication through white noise, blocking visibility through an excess of light. This is echoed in *Lenin's Lamp* by another kind of complication of the regime of the visible.

Henri Becquerel 'discovered' nuclear radiation using the technology of photography in 1896, the first year of cinema. Overcast weather forced Becquerel to postpone an attempt to trace the light emitted by a translucent substance on a photographic plate, so he packed both the substance and the plate into the same light impenetrable drawer, and afterwards found traces of radiation on the plate. Becquerel had accidentally inscribed invisible radiation. This experiment is repeated on photographic paper by Selander, and displayed

in the exhibition as well as in the film. These images are not photographs, but radiographs on photographic paper, not an inscription of flashes of light, but of waves of radiation. The discovery of radiation through the technology of photography is the beginning of a complex history of visibility connected to the elusive phenomenon of radiation. The various x-ray photographs in the film are a part of this engagement with a different visibility, a technique that also emits invisible radiation as a counterpart to the radiographs. Selander's engagement with Becquerel's discovery has a connection, of course, to the radiation that resulted from the Chernobyl accident, but it also evokes the archeology of visual inscription.

These traces of radiation on photographic paper, dating from 1896, are indexical inscriptions like photography, but amorphous and mute. In this respect they prolong the function of the flash of *When the Sun Sets*. The representational aspects of photographic details are absent. These radiographs only indicate that something is there, fulfilling the requirements of the perfectly indexical signs of Charles Sanders Peirce's semiotics, in which the index is a pointing sign, hollow in content. As purely indexical signs, these radiographs prefigure what will later become a representational crisis in photography; radiation is invisible, inaudible, impossible to grasp, smell or taste. The photograph no longer grants secure access to the world, because an invisible dimension exists, which eludes visible inscription. Selander makes this connection to the technological properties of the images from Pripyat clear. The radiation affecting this area is not captured in these images, only the results: deserted buildings, landscapes, dust, and decay.

Like Becquerel's images of waves of radiation, video technology has abandoned flashes of light as a technique of inscription. Video is a steady emission of light, without the black spaces between photograms that were so central to Vertov's use of the revealing properties of the medium. Selander also highlights the role of video as an alternative technology for the new visual episteme that emerged after the Second World War and the radiation caused by the



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MONITOR



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE
RESIDENTIAL BUILDING

A-bomb. Images, which document the rescue efforts of people who tunneled under the reactor, are shot on analog video; and in *Lenin's Lamp*, the video-character of these images is emphasized by being shot (with a DV camera) directly from a monitor in the Chernobyl museum, rendering the video image grainy, and partly decomposed. It is as if the image has been contaminated, and a videographic mise-en-abyme is created when a second DV camera records the images through the viewfinder of the first DV camera. A continuity and interrelation is created between analog and digital video, connecting back to Becquerel's images of radiation from more than a hundred years earlier.

Analog and digital video differ from Becquerel's radiographies in that they do not inscribe radiation itself. But the video signal has emancipated the camera from the human operator, and has thus opened up new regimes of surveillance and operational images. Digital video is for this reason independent of the boundaries of where humans can go, and offers visual inscription of irradiated sites of catastrophe and warfare. DV offers continued visual access to places barred from human presence. Traffic, work processes, and even the interior of the human body can be surveyed using digital cameras today, because the technology was created for an approaching disaster, providing television and teleaction in places where mortals cannot go.

Computer networks were also designed to function in sites of disaster, and especially in areas contaminated by nuclear radiation. The beginning of 'our' Internet, the Arpanet, developed from 1962 on, was constructed by the US Army to secure military chains of command in case of a nuclear attack. This has led Friedrich Kittler to the infamous statement that the "only information of the Internet is the [A-]bomb," and until this information is unveiled, civilians are allowed to play with the net. Digital video is made for the void: unpopulated spaces that will echo our past or future disasters. Digital technology is invited into the zones of Pripjat and Fukushima, because these are places where humans once lived but can no longer inhabit. Lina Selander was physically present with her digital camera when shooting the deserted landscapes

of Pripjat, but equipped with a technology that has been made independent of a human operator. The images from these places are truly uncanny, in the German sense of the word, *Unheimlich*, expressing a ghostly, ambiguous feeling of presence and absence.

It is through the montage, within a context of media archeology, that these shifts of technology become apparent. The older technology is always present in the current media. Selander's inclusion of the intertitle "Echo" from Vertov's film is followed by her film's last shot: a drawing of a pre-historical landscape photographed with a flash, which etches out part of the image, all of which is recorded on DV. Old techniques of visual inscription, like drawing and still photography, are echoed in today's ubiquitous digital video. Vertov and Selander share an understanding of montage as a technique for exploring the gaps emanating from these historical and technological shifts. By re-editing sequences from Vertov's film celebrating the technologies of the future—cinema and electricity—Selander excavates how the conditions of visual inscription and access have changed over a century. The use of DV to shoot Pripjat already betrays one major motivation for the current state of visual inscription.

Photography has become the key technology shaping the modern understanding of the subject of history itself, according to Siegfried Kracauer. Even if photography has strongly contributed to the establishment of concepts of objectivity and a presence of the past in historical formations, the technology of photography has been highly contested as a tool for historiography. Exactly because photography may say more than the proverbial thousand words, its meaning cannot be nailed down, and it cannot by itself convey historical enunciation. The frame, the light sensitivity of the emulsion, and the color technology are all technological selections that may promote or dissipate historical articulations. For this reason, it has often been seen as more apt for juxtapositions than for the linear writing of history. Selander's *Lenin's Lamp* contributes to the archeology of these properties of visual inscription.

Cecilia Grönberg

Photography, fossils, stratigraphy, layers, ichnology, imprints

Fossil footprints, ichnology

“THE IMPRINT touches us, and escapes us,” says Georges Didi-Huberman in *L’empreinte* (1997), insisting on an *ichnologic* perspective within the field of images. “Firstly, because the imprint introduces a disturbance in the representation. In every unique expression the oscillation between contact and distance disturbs the expected relationships of resemblance, it inverts and transforms them. The optic and the tactile, the image and its process, that which is identical and its transformation, will suddenly be entangled again. [...] The imprint will also touch us, and escape us, since it is something worrying in history: a ‘time-symptom’. In every singular imprint the oscillation between contact and distance will invert our relationship to becoming and to memory, so that the action and the detention, Now and Then, anew can be entangled, in a new form. A form disquieting for thought.”

He continues:

But the true origin for ichnology in the 19th century is the relation between Genesis and Geology — the question of vestiges older than the Deluge. Bones from dinosaurs were known and collected since the end of the renaissance, but the first fossil footprint was not found until 1802 by a young American by the name of Pliny Moody. This new science, which also entailed a practicing of as well as a technology of the imprint, was institutionalized in 1828, after two



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CLEAN-UP CREW MEMBERS, “LIQUIDATORS”, WORKING WITH HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE MUD



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ROCKS, STONES, STONES CONTAINING URANIUM



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE

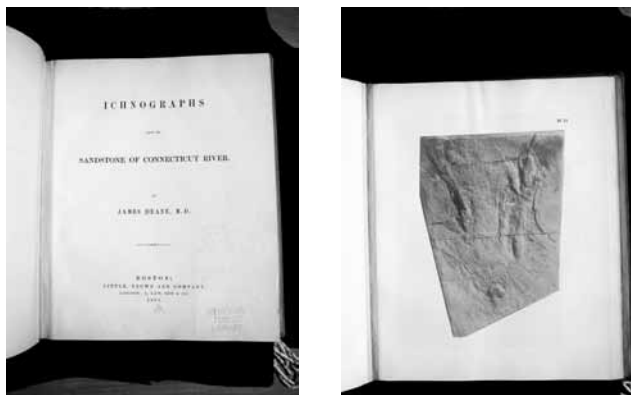


SALA SILVER MINE



THE SWEDISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
PLANT FOSSILS

scholars in England and the US had made casts of fossilised imprints. While all other reproduction technologies — graphic prints, casts, daguerreotypes — were put into use to preserve as well as set these fascinating antediluvian imprints in circulation, the vocabularies of ‘iknites’, ‘ichnofossils’, ‘bioglyphs’ and other forms of *Lebensspuren* gave the name ‘ichnology’ or ‘paleoichnology’ to this new discipline.



One early ichnologist, who lived in the same area as Pliny Moody, was the physician James Deane. In Greenfield, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1835, he saw something that triggered his geological interest: a set of “curious imprints” on slabs of stone taken from a nearby quarry at Turner’s fall, sandstone with different strata, which were going to be used as sidewalks. Deane realized that these “bird tracks” were fossils, and devoted his remaining spare time to documenting, photographing and researching them. He also published reports on his findings and alerted the leading geologists of his time to his work.

Much of Deane’s work was compiled in *Ichnographs from the Sandstone of Connecticut River*, which was published in 1861 and was also one of the first books in the US to be illustrated with photographs. The book was congenially illustrated with lithographs made from Deane’s casts and reconstructions as well as photographic salt prints glued onto the pages of the book.

It is clear from Augustus A. Gould’s introduction to *Ichnographs* that Deane was a conscientious scientist: “Scarcely a specimen of any interest was obtained that did not pass under his inspection: and as he beheld, in succession, the gigantic vestige since called *Brontozeug giganteum*, then the smaller ones,

Photography, fossils, stratigraphy, layers, ichnology, imprints

gradually descending to those of minute size, the ripple marks, rains drops, trails of insects and worms, presenting themselves, he aspired to divine and determine, if possible their true nature and relations.”

T. T. Bouvé, who compiled Deane’s work posthumously, notes that the coloured lithographs represent the nuances of the sandstone well, and the precision with which they are made makes these plates as useful and necessary for science as the originals themselves. Nine plates, initially intended to be photo-lithographs, are instead direct photographs of the original stones, and are—here we can only agree with Bouvé—exquisite specimens of art.

But it is not only the book’s reproductions that contain such a high level of artistry. The descriptive scientific prose can be intensely powerful:

In Plates 31 and 32 the same type of feet prevails, but their positions and relations are materially different, as if the creature had assumed the jumping movement for the walking. The smaller, or anterior footprints, are arranged in pairs (Pl 32), at the right of the Plate, and are so perfectly defined as to exhibit the phalangeal divisions of the toe. The posterior or ornithic feet will readily be recognized; but in addition to those of the preceding examples (Pls 33 and 34), the tarsus is prolonged backward, so as to present its entire and unblemished impress. The entire group of impressions was produced by the animal when in a sitting posture; but, excepting distinctions depending upon a difference of species, they appear to be essentially identical with those of Plates 33 and 34, one set being impressed in the act of walking and the other in leaping.



33

Photography, fossils, stratigraphy, layers, ichnology, imprints



How then are these fossil footprints formed? In *Ichnographs* we find a description of the process, which brings Fox Talbot's famous formulation of nature making its own drawing to mind, in a passage that describes the remarkable capacity of the flood bank of the Connecticut river to transform itself into a surface of inscription—a place for *Naturselbstdruck*, without the intervention of a human hand.

The fossil-bearing strata present smooth, lustrous surfaces,—a condition that results from the precipitation upon the coarser materials of the strata of such fine argillaceous particles as were held in suspension by the agitated waters; and upon this polished film, when exposed by the retreating flood, the animals impressed their footsteps as upon wax. The plastic and retentive properties of this sedimentary deposit were very remarkable, the minutest detail of organization being engraved upon it sharp as the impress of die.

Events inscribed in geological time, biological inscriptions – of animal forms as well as of their traces—form our contemporary view of history.

Georges Didi-Huberman again:

The ichnologist is, finally, not so naïve that he considers that which he sees as a unique, untouchable point in history. Through his material he is forced to acknowledge the mobile complexity of time present in the visible objects. He is aware of the anachronism, he is aware of the superimposition of modern and premodern traces. In every imprint he experiences the distressing coexistence of the shortest time—the step which disappears, the panic motion, the light touch of the dragonfly wing—and the longest time, the “becoming of form” which is fossilization. He knows that the *forms are time in motion*, contradictory times, entangled in the same image: times of the earth, times of the foot, which at one moment has been set there forever.

Stratigraphy, layers, imprints

It was the Danish pioneer in anatomy and geology Nicholaus Steno (Niels Stensen) who, in 1669, laid the theoretical basis for *stratigraphy*, the study of rock layers and layering (stratification), with his three defining principles: *the law of superposition*, *the principal of original horizontality*, and *the principal of lateral continuity*. Steno's idea that the fossil record was a chronology of living creatures from different eras was crucial to Charles Darwin's theory of natural selection. But it was not until the work of the English geologist William “Strata” Smith in the early 19th century that this theory found its first large-scale application. Smith recognized the significance of strata or rock layering, and the importance of fossil markers for correlating strata, and published the first geological map of Britain in 1815.

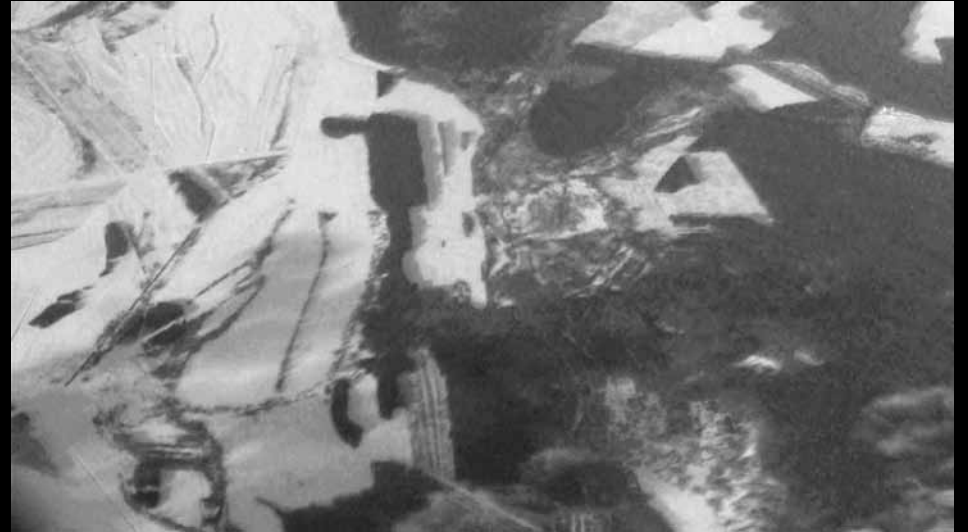
Strata Smith died on August 28, 1839, little more than a week after Louis Daguerre introduced photography to the world at the joint meeting of the Académie des Sciences and the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

When Nicéphore Niépce, prior to his partnership with Daguerre, began his experiments with photography in the early 1820s, he wanted to find a way to mechanically transfer images to printing plates, and experimented with light sensitive varnishes. He used Syrian asphalt, or bitumen of Judea, as the light sensitive agent for the plates for an image that has been called the first photograph: “View From The Window At Le Gras,” presumably photographed over eight hours in 1826.

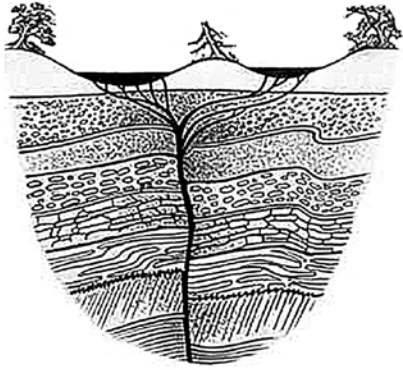
Naturally occurring deposits of bitumen are formed from the remains of ancient, microscopic algae and other once-living things. When these organisms died, their remains were deposited in the mud on the bottom of the ocean or lake where they lived. Under the heat and pressure of burial deep in the earth, the remains were transformed into materials such as bitumen, kerogen, or petroleum. Deposits at the La Brea Tar Pits are an example. (wikipedia/asphalt)



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PLANT FOSSILS



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The La Brea Tar Pits are a famous cluster of tar pits in Los Angeles. Asphalt or tar has seeped up from the ground in this area for tens of thousands of years. The tar is often covered with water. Over many centuries, animals that came to drink the water fell in, sank into the tar, and were preserved as bone.

It would thus be possible to regard these tar pits as archiving machines—biological traps that lure animals and plants to immerse themselves and then preserves them for eternity. It is not a coincidence if sites with sedimentary deposits that exhibit extraordinary fossil richness or completeness are called *Lagerstätte* in German: literally “storage place”.

Fossils are, however, not necessarily always dead. *Living fossil* is an informal term for a living species, which has no close living relatives, and that appears to be the same as a species otherwise known only from the fossil record. These species have survived major extinction events, and generally retain low taxonomic diversities. One example in the plant kingdom is the ginkgo tree, whose leaves are only slightly different from those of its 170 million year old fossilized ancestor. Not only does the ginkgo tree’s remarkable capacity to “survive major extinction events” include an unusual resistance to air pollution in modern metropolitan areas, but four ginkgo trees survived at the hypocenter of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1945.



In 1798 the German playwright and actor Alois Senefelder invented lithography (*Steindruck*) in order to print his manuscripts. He used lithographic limestone from Solnhofen, in southern Germany, which due to its fine-grained surface came to be the medium for most of the fine prints made from the early 19th century on. A quarry had opened in 1781 (the year Senefelder was born), but it was an increase in demand caused by the popularity of lithography that caused the quarrying there to skyrocket. This in turn moved so much stone that it uncovered new layers revealing one of the most famous of all Lagerstätten—the Solnhofen Limestone, a Jurassic Konservat-Lagerstätte. A rare assemblage of fossilized organisms was preserved at Solnhofen, including highly detailed imprints of soft-bodied organisms such as the medusa. The most well known fossils of the Solnhofen Plattenkalk include specimens of the ancient bird *Archaeopteryx* (found in 1861, the same year Deane’s *Ichnographs* was published), which are preserved in such detail that they are considered some of the most beautiful fossils in the world. Preservation was so detailed, even some soft tissue and delicate feathers were preserved, and as already noted it is mainly because of the 200 years of intense quarrying, that this “photographic” glimpse of the Jurassic Period was recovered.



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DOCUMENTS, DIPLOMAS, MEDALS



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PLANT FOSSILS

The fossil has been at the centre of a debate on history for centuries, even millennia. How should one understand these petrifications that preserve the shape or the traces of animals and plants, some of which are without correspondence in the present fauna? How should one understand these forms embedded in rock, when sea animals might be found on mountain slopes?

Should one follow in the footsteps of Aristotle and the concept of *abiogenesis*, that fossils were created inside the rock; that they, like minerals, grow in cavities, and are the outcome of a sprout shooting from mineral salts? Kircher's notion on *lapides sui generes*—self generated stones—was one of many along these lines. A phenomenon he ascribed to a “plastic spirit” giving form and life to the matter. Steno, on the other hand, was not a devotee of this notion. He decided to *practice* geology; to “read nature as one reads a book,” to think of the crust as an archive of an older history of the earth. To think of the earth, and of nature, as something with a history. Steno was a skilled anatomist and he studied the strata as one examines a body, he examined fossils and historical rock layering in order to find “clues which will reveal the place and the method of its formation,” like a detective looking for evidence.

Steno, the son of a goldsmith, was familiar with the process of casting, and knew how easy it was to make an imprint of an object in a material, and then mould a copy of it in another. This was how he understood the process of fossilization. He was a religious man, but his reading of nature was in some decisive aspects not compatible with the Bible. He did not believe in fossilization by divine intervention, and rather understood it as nature providing a technical reproduction technology, providing the requirements for the mould and material for the cast. The Austrian printer and botanical illustrator Alois Auer's 1853 invention of *Naturselbstdruck* highlighted this notion of an interaction between nature and technological reproduction.

You place an object between a plate of steel and a plate of lead, both of which are smooth and polished, and then draw them through a pair of rollers under considerable pressure. When the plates are separated, a perfect impression of the object has been pressed into the leaden plate. Since this depression follows the contours of the original exactly, an electroplated version of it can, filled with pigmented gelatin ink, be used to print an image onto a sheet of paper. The image is as perfect a duplicate of the natural object as any mechanical process could ever hope to achieve. It is a technique which can produce astonishingly lifelike results in which the object itself seemed to be lying on the surface.

Photography, fossils, stratigraphy, layers, ichnology, imprints

Or as the caption to a *Naturselbstdruck* of a bat that appeared the year 1855 in Auer's magazine devoted to printing technologies *Faust*, written by Cary Graphic Arts Collection at RIT, reads: “Flat objects worked best, as may be deduced by examining one nature print in this publication which shows a bat. The wings are perfectly reproduced, but the body is less well-defined for reasons that are somewhat unpleasant to contemplate!”

This oscillation between giving form and ceasing life seems to be one of the undead components in this tangled relationship between biological and technological reproduction, between the time of the imprint and the time of history.



A longer and visually augmented version of this text was first performed on November 10, 2010 at the Finnish Academy of Fine Arts in Helsinki.



Kim West The Camera and the Sarcophagus

Except a man be born again,
he cannot see the kingdom of God.

— John 3:3

TEN MINUTES into *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*, a sequence of still images shows interiors from a museum archive. There are no people in the shots, only the simple furnishings of a working environment: office tables, shelves, filing cabinets, lamps, etc. One of these images stands out. In its centre is a sphere of light. Around it is what resembles a cone of dark stairs, leading from the four edges of the picture down toward the aperture. We soon realize what we are seeing. The sphere of light is a camera lens, seen from the inside of an old-fashioned camera. We are watching the lens from the point of view of the film.

Another chamber forms a second central motif in the work. We only see it—or, in fact, a semblance of it—in a bizarre scene in the middle of the film. Accompanied by a perfectly misplaced soundtrack, a serenade of triumphant fanfares reminiscent of some Soviet propaganda newsreel, a scale model of the Chernobyl nuclear power plant is suddenly lit up by a flash of light. Small fires—shreds of silk paper blowing in gusts of wind, lit by spotlights—break out on the roof of the model. Then, suddenly, the whole ground upon which the plant rests turns 180 degrees around its own axis, and a new model of the nuclear plant appears. Now, instead, this peculiar, mechanized exhibit at the



National Chernobyl Museum in Kiev shows us the plant in its post-disaster state, with Reactor 4 encased in what is known as the *Chernobyl sarcophagus*.

The Chernobyl sarcophagus was built under extreme conditions following the catastrophic meltdown on April 26, 1986. The first step involved sending in 400 coal miners to dig a tunnel directly under the reactor, where a giant cooling slab was then inserted in order to prevent nuclear lava from penetrating into the ground water. The structure was completed in a mere 200 days using 400,000 m³ of concrete and over 7,000 tonnes of steel. Countless workers perished during the construction. According to certain sources, the gargantuan engineering feat exhausted the resources of the Soviet economy as such. The purpose of the sarcophagus is simple: to contain the radiation, to not let anything either in or out. It is—or should be, should have been—a closed environment, in which the energy of the raging plutonium core would gradually be consumed.

The *camera* and the *sarcophagus*: how should we understand their relationship? This question—or better yet, this mystery, this cypher—is the device that generates the logic and propels the development of *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*. Listening to André Bazin, the answer seems fairly straightforward. “[A]t the origin of painting and sculpture there lies a mummy complex,” he writes. “The religion of ancient Egypt, aimed against death, saw survival as depending on the continued existence of the corporeal body. Thus, by providing a defense against the passage of time it satisfied a basic psychological need in man, for death is but the victory of time. To preserve, artificially, his bodily appearance is to snatch it from the flow of time, to stow it away neatly, so to speak, in the hold of life. It was natural, therefore, to keep up appearances in the face of the reality of death by preserving flesh and bone.”¹

According to this understanding, the sarcophagus, the mummy's resting place, is a chamber that preserves the traces of life, and thereby, *so to speak*, life itself. Just as the camera, which records the traces of that which passes before its lens onto the film in its interior, it is an instrument, a weapon in man's battle

against time, that is, death. The camera and the sarcophagus, in short, would be two versions of the same thing: chambers for the safekeeping of remnants of life for a possible future resurrection, whether metaphorical or magical.

If we listen to the etymology of the word “sarcophagus”, however, we realize that the camera and the sarcophagus are in fact distinct, even antithetical. Dating back to the 17th century, “sarcophagus” is derived from the *lithos sarcophagos*, a special kind of limestone (*lithos* is Greek for “stone”) that was thought to have the ability to devour human flesh (*sarcophagos* comes from the conjunction of *sarx*, flesh, and *phagein*, to eat). The sarcophagus, then, was a kind of coffin in which a body was placed in order to decompose quickly (within 40 days, it was believed). Of course, this places the sarcophagus at the opposite pole in relation to the camera. Where the camera preserves the traces of life, the sarcophagus consumes them. Where the camera safeguards remnants of life for a possible resurrection or rebirth, the sarcophagus instead inflicts upon the dead body a second death, a *death of deaths*: it annihilates those remains in which the light of life could have been reignited. We can note that the *Chernobyl sarcophagus* stays faithful to this etymological descent. Its purpose is not to preserve and resuscitate, but to contain and extinguish (that it fails in doing so is another question).

We therefore have two diametrically opposed models, two chambers that perform radically different operations. On the one hand, the camera, that is, the *resurrection machine*, which brings things from darkness into light, from the past into the present, from non-life into life; which animates, creates meaning and soul from matter. On the other hand, the sarcophagus, that is, the *annihilating container*, which on the contrary draws things into an eternal darkness, which envelops them and devours them, leaving nothing behind to be resurrected. *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*, I believe, could be described as a set of narrative components that, combined, suggest how one of these chambers, the miraculous technology of the camera, an object of limitless enthusiasm, comes to be replaced by the other, the final enclosure of the



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DEPARTMENT OF PALAEOBOTANY



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE
RESIDENTIAL BUILDING

sarcophagus, an emblem of the extinction of hope. The film's narratological structure, although in a certain sense "open", that is, non-compelling in the way that it develops its plots or arguments (which does not mean that it lacks either structure, plot or argument), is resolutely that of the tragedy.

It is, first of all, the familiar tragedy of the end of the great dream of communism, of creating a new man who would live in a new world, a classless society with modern technologies and egalitarian modes of production. *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* in fact *inhabits* another film: Dziga Vertov's silent *The Eleventh Year*, from 1928. A number of images from this film reappear in Selander's: an airplane above a rural landscape, a great river, women working at a quarry, etc. But perhaps the most conspicuous elements from Vertov's work to return in *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* are the intertitles. At decisive points in Selander's film, text frames from *The Eleventh Year* appear, imparting the only discursive information in the work as a whole (aside from stray text fragments inside the images): "Half way between Dniepro-Petrovsk and Zaporozkie the Wild River rushes over the rocks", "We Construct", "Echo", etc. These scattered words and phrases constitute something like a sleek armature, a frail structural frame that supports the edifice of the film. Although minimal and to a large extent decontextualized, they provide essential hermeneutic keys. Their mode of representation is consistently double: they only carry a direct, denotative significance in Selander's film to the extent that they also silently connote the old context from which they originated.

"Here electrical energy emerges", one of these intertitles states by the end of the film. Vertov, of course, was the great *enthusiast* (and in fact *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* also incorporates several images from Vertov's *Enthusiasm*, 1931), for whom the new technology of the camera was the promise of a radically new way of seeing, even of existing. The "kino-glaz", the "camera eye", would open a new world of experiences in harmony with the revolutionized systems of production and new modes of common life, with the construction of the new industries and the "electrification of the whole

land". "From the bumbling citizen through the poetry of the machine to the perfect electric man," reads a quote from *The Eleventh Year* that figures on a metal plaque adorned with a visual poem that is a part of the larger installation of *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*. The images from Vertov's films in Selander's work remind us of this great dream: the wild river that will soon be tamed by the power plant, the rail tracks that connect the different parts of the vast Union, the enormous industrial constructions that will provide steel and energy equally for the masses, etc.

Juxtaposed to these images are a number of shots that record the aftermath of the Chernobyl disaster—an event, then, that itself precipitated the fall of the already moribund Soviet Union. The most dramatic example is perhaps the sequence that cuts directly from the women who are sorting and crushing stones at a quarry to the terrifying interiors from the ghost town Pripjat; the passage between the images is secured by their common angle, both shot from bird's-eye view. But in fact a whole series of correspondences and analogies, of visual *echoes* are established between the enthusiast's images and the inscriptions of destruction, between the camera eye and the Chernobyl sarcophagus: the shots of miners and mining equipment correspond to the ghastly images from inside the mineshaft below Reactor 4, the author of which himself is supposed to have died from the radiation; the shots from the Chernobyl Museum in Kiev, depicting memorial displays and photographs of the "liquidators", that is, the brave men who sacrificed their lives—who were, in a sense, electrocuted—attempting to contain the meltdown, recall the "perfect electric man", that is, the anonymous hero of Vertov's films and the subject of the great Soviet experience, etc. Piecing together the film, following its play of resemblances and echoes, its morphological connections and thematic accords, we gradually come to see how the chamber of the camera *turns into* the chamber of the sarcophagus, enclosing the fallout of the lethal energy that it once released.

The second tragedy of *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* is also, in a sense, the tragedy of a certain dialectics of enlightenment. Here the transition

2. Ibid, 8.



from the camera to the sarcophagus is ensured through a montage of images that connect the camera as a mnemonic and scientific apparatus, a chamber of traces and a recorder of light, to the excavation of fossils, silver mining and the discovery of radioactivity. The founding event, the first scene—in the economy of Selander’s film, a veritable Faustian contract with the devil—is here Henri Becquerel’s experiment in 1896, when he, investigating the properties of x-rays, discovered by Röntgen the year before, placed uranium crystals next to “Lumière photographic plates” in a light-proof environment and realized that the crystals had emitted a natural radiation that “reduced the silver salts” in the plates—in other words, became visible as dark shapes once the plates were developed. At the origin of radioactivity, in short, there is the camera. In Selander’s film, this is the genealogical point of departure, the original bifurcation from which two separate series of images emanate, in between which, again, a system of correspondences, resemblances, analogies and contrasts is set in play.

One sequence of still images, also near the end of the film, shows plant and animal fossils, as well as various illustrations of forests and wildlife, from the collection of the Swedish Museum of Natural History. “The photograph as such and the object in itself share a common being, after the fashion of a fingerprint”² writes André Bazin—but of course “a fossil” would have done just as well. The indexical nature of photography, the relationship of cause and effect between the represented object and the representation, mediated by nothing but an objective, dispassionate mechanism, guaranteed the camera’s promise as a scientific instrument of documentation and classification. Following this lead, the images of the fossils in *Lenin’s Lamp Glows in the Peasant’s Hut* connect through direct juxtaposition and clear visual resemblance to a group of shots showing x-ray photographs: dark, ghost-like images in which we see the contours, the bone structures and the internal organs of various animals, of fish and birds; the skeletal shapes seem to mirror the animal imprints in the fossil rocks.



PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER BOX WITH IMAGE OF FOREST
DETAIL



THE CHERNOBYL MUSEUM
REACTOR CONTROL ROOM. RECONSTRUCTION OF EVENTS LEADING TO THE ACCIDENT

But the images from the Museum of Natural History also connect to another group of images, and here the reference to radioactivity is more ominous. Between the shots that detail various intricate, fantastic, vaguely scientific illustrations of forests and wild natural landscapes—these are, in fact, the final shots of the film as a whole—and the prior, equally beautiful images of desolate landscapes on the outskirts of Pripyat, the abandoned worker’s city next to the Chernobyl plant, there is a distant yet harrowing echo. The uncanny effect of the correspondence works both ways: compared to the decorous, somehow nostalgically charged images of the wild nature illustrations, the images of a snowy Pripyat landscape, populated only by stray animals, acquire a quiet serenity, an almost blissful calm; but, in reversed order, compared to the images of the post-apocalyptic world of the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone, the same detailed scientific tableaus become fateful premonitions of impending doom, as if they were displaying some contaminated, savage, post-human environment.

Similar correspondences—between images that directly as well as metaphorically refer to the technical and ideological origins of the camera, and images that show the immediate as well as the distant consequences of the discovery of radioactivity—recur throughout Selander’s film, for example between a sequence of shots from the Sala silver mine in Sweden and—once again—the nightmare of the mineshaft below Reactor 4 in Chernobyl. And once again the play of correspondences and analogies leads us from the camera, the chamber that safeguards traces of life and resurrects them, toward the sarcophagus, the chamber that contains death and annihilates the remains.

It could be argued that the technology of the camera, on account of its very nature, corresponds to a certain type of montage, a certain way of stringing images together to generate a new totality in which the elements in turn acquire a new meaning. “The image will come at the time of the resurrection,” Jean-Luc Godard often states, quoting St. Paul: to photography’s ability to safeguard and restore to life corresponds a montage that, through the force of its juxtapositions, saves images from their miserable non-existence and brings

them back to life as the elements of a different whole. A *redemptive montage*, in the tradition of the great, modern montage artists, from Walter Benjamin to the late Godard. The obvious question here would then be: which type of montage would correspond to the opposite type of chamber, to the enclosing and devouring sarcophagus? Is there a *sarcophagous montage*, a way of assembling images that correlates with the ability to contain and annihilate, to destroy even the possibility of a resurrection? Perhaps, in a sense, this could be an appropriate name for the compositional principle of *Lenin’s Lamp Glows in the Peasant’s Hut*. Through its incessant transitions and analogies between images of hope and depictions of the resulting disasters, between shots that refer to discoveries and breakthroughs and shots that confront us with their catastrophic aftermath, it seems to want to lay a certain image definitely to rest: the image of an inherent connection between, on the one hand, scientific or technological enthusiasm and, on the other, political salvation. In its stead, Selander offers us—borrowing an expression from Benjamin—an exquisitely organized pessimism.

Notes

1. André Bazin, “The Ontology of the Photographic Image”, trans. Hugh Gray, in *Film Quarterly*, Vol. 13, No. 4. (Summer, 1960), 4f.
2. *Ibid*, 8.



Solveig Jülich Röntgen Wounds

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL, though somewhat overtold, anecdote about the day x-rays were discovered in November of 1895. The German physicist Conrad Wilhelm Röntgen had been investigating electrical discharges in vacuumed glass tubes for some time. His laboratory was completely dark, and the vacuum tube was wrapped in black paper. When Röntgen passed a charge through the tube's spark inductor, he noticed that a piece of cardboard, coated with a fluorescent substance, gave off a pale green glow, though no source for the rays were visible to the naked eye. When he placed his hand between the tube and the piece of cardboard, his bones appeared as a dark, moving shadow on the board. But what was the origin of the peculiar phenomenon he had observed? On one hand, he could present striking proof of his discovery—an image of the bones in his wife Bertha's hand—but the photographic plate only registered the effects of an unknown force. Röntgen was certain it must be a new type of radiation, quite unlike regular light, but he was unsure of its nature. It was for this reason he chose to call them x-rays.

Even among other physicists and scientists, the uncertainty surrounding Röntgen's discovery was extreme. In a series of lectures in 1896, Svante Arrhenius reported on various efforts to define the true nature of the radiation.



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ILLUSTRATIONS



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HOSPITAL



Röntgen himself put forward the hypothesis that the rays were longitudinal waves in the ether, a special substance that filled the universe. (Ether was a central concept throughout the 19th century.) For a long time light had been thought of as a wave motion in the ether, and James Clerk Maxwell's studies of electromagnetic phenomena in the middle of the 19th century seemed to confirm this notion. Some physicists accepted Röntgen's explanation, but others remained sceptical. Soon a number of competing theories were in circulation. One of the most widely accepted—particularly in England and the US—was formulated by the chemist (and occultist) William Crookes and suggested that Röntgen's rays were not waves at all, but particles.

Arrhenius seemed to want to end this uncertainty as soon as possible. At a lecture in May 1896, he presented new results that went against both Röntgen's and Crookes' hypotheses. X-rays were not actually a radically new kind of light. Instead, there seemed to be evidence that x-rays and cathode rays belonged to the same family as light rays and could ultimately be considered ultraviolet rays. Therefore, according to the lecturer "the mysterious darkness, in which the nature of these peculiar rays has been shrouded, can be dispelled, and one no longer has reason to see the workings of a new, previously unknown natural force in these rays." But Arrhenius was a little too quick in his judgement. By November of that same year he was forced to conclude that the experiments, which at first seemed to prove his position, did not stand up to scrutiny.

It was not understood until years later that x-rays had harmful side-effects on human beings. Though there were early warnings. For example, there is a newspaper article about a 17 year-old man in Germany who had "been used in experiments with x-rays." Who conducted these experiments and for what purpose is not stated, but "the observer had a special interest in seeing the heart beat and in the movements of the diaphragm." They had gone on for four weeks almost daily, once and sometimes twice a day. The consequences of these experiments were described in detail:

The skin on the side of the face turned towards the tube flushed intensely with tints of brown. At a few places desquamation occurred. Swabbing with vinegar only resulted in, as the young man put it, “the skin being torn to shreds.” The flush, on the other hand, remained; even if later on it seemed to lighten. The x-rays also made their mark in an unpleasant way on the skin beneath the hair of the head. Around the temples an almost completely bald spot appeared, the size of a 2-crown coin. The scalp was surprisingly pale at this place. The few remaining hairs were short, thin, and could easily be pulled out. Also, sores from the experiments were clearly visible on the chest. On his back is a place the size of a dinner plate where the epidermis has completely fallen off, and the underlying tissue is exposed with many small bleeding wounds. A large portion of the surrounding skin has turned brownish red. Peculiarly, neither the young man, nor those conducting the experiments, had noticed any sign of illness, or the experiments would certainly have been cancelled earlier.

In Swedish newspapers and medical journals similarly alarming reports appeared about the danger of the rays on several occasions, but it was not obvious what the danger consisted of or how you could protect yourself and others from it. Hence, the experiments continued.

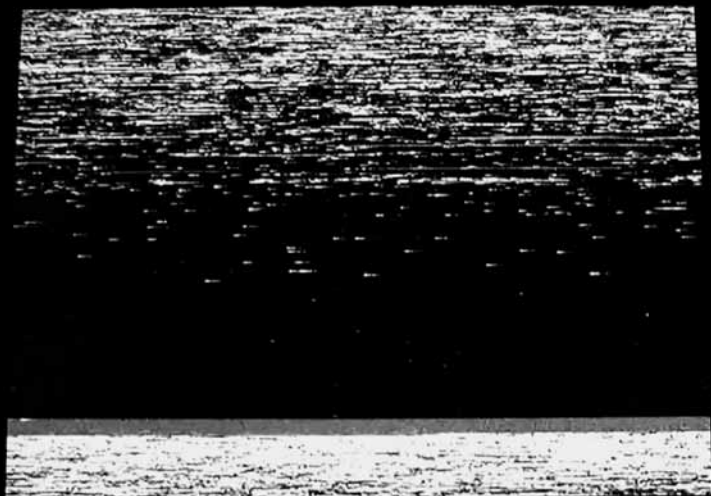
At the Stockholm World Fair in 1897 a human being played the role of an “experimental subject” for the public demonstration of x-rays. Over the summer in one of the towers in Gamla Stockholm [Old Stockholm]—a fake city erected in the exhibition area—the private practitioner Dr. Thor Stenbeck and his assistant, high school teacher Otto Balke, arranged demonstrations of Röntgen’s spectacular discovery. It cost 50 öre (a relatively low price) to enter the cramped and dark space. The purpose of Stenbeck’s performance was explicitly pedagogical. Before the demonstration began, he gave a short lecture on the history and nature of the x-ray, and highlighted its application in medicine and in customs services. “For those willing to listen and who would like to learn something, this short lecture is just as good as a lecture in

physics,” wrote one journalist reporting on the various inventions shown at the exhibition. Then the illustrative experiments began. The more prominent visitors were shown how the ticket saleswoman—“a young, attractive lady”—was penetrated by the rays. Ordinary spectators had to be content with seeing the bones of their own or someone else’s hand.

It is unclear if it was Stenbeck’s assistant, the ticket saleswoman, or some other employee, but in the autumn of the same year at an assembly of the Swedish Medical Society, he presented a person—now “a patient”—who had been injured by the demonstrations in Gamla Stockholm. The victim had severe inflammations on his or her hands. The fingernails were particularly affected, and the index finger had still not recovered when Stenbeck commented on the case two years later. However, he still did not consider x-rays to be the cause of these substantial side effects, instead he believed they were due to the ultraviolet rays produced simultaneously with the x-rays. Stenbeck, therefore, began covering the exposed body part with black paper when treating with x-rays. This did not obstruct the x-rays, but the ultraviolet rays were “screened out.”

There were many doctors who also suffered radiation injuries to their hands and other parts of their bodies. These x-ray injuries can be described by a term borrowed from the science historian Simon Schaffer as a form of “self-evidence.” Schaffer has described how the naturalist’s own body could be used to demonstrate phenomena such as static electricity and animal magnetism. During the 19th century these body-based ways of producing evidence were replaced by self-recording machines. But in medicine, and in radiology in particular, the practitioner’s body continued to be used as a resource in the production of knowledge. By testing this technology on their own bodies, either privately in radiology laboratories or in front of public audiences, these pioneers accumulated objective “proof” of the powerful effects of the new radiation.

There are several examples of radiologists who continued to use their own bodies as “test subjects” long after the hazards of the radiation were known. Some doctors routinely allowed the rays to pass through their hands as a way of



THE CHERNOBYL MUSEUM
EVACUATION OF PRIPYAT



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE
MORGUE

testing if the technology was working before using it in an examination. Some seem to have cultivated this risky behaviour as part of a particularly masculine culture. When a Swedish radiologist travelled to the US for a longer research trip in the 1930s, he x-rayed his face so he would not have to shave while he was away. Hans Hellmer, who was head of the diagnostic radiology department in Lund, often remained unprotected during the x-ray process. This resulted in serious injuries, and each year Hellmer travelled to Stockholm to amputate a finger. In the end, only his thumbs remained.

Tage Sjögren was one of the many x-ray pioneers who suffered serious injuries. His symptoms first appeared in 1905; a wound appeared on one of his fingers and later developed into cancer. Other fingers were affected, and several had to be amputated. Cancer even developed on his face and lips. Over the years he underwent no less than 22 surgeries. These illnesses were the reason Sjögren finally had to give up his radiology practice in the early 1920s.

In radiology's own historical accounts the painful experiences endured by x-ray pioneers came to be regarded as stoicism and martyrdom. It was said of Sjögren that with miraculous "patience and unfailing stoicism [...] he made a major sacrifice for the suffering of humanity." This image of the radiologist as a stoic and a martyr has historical roots. Science historian Steven Shapin argues that modern science has inherited its ascetic ideals from Christianity. Bodily self-denial has become a part of its intellectual identity. Among radiologists we encounter this idea of heroic self-sacrifice in its most extreme form: martyrdom. The wounds on the bodies of those injured by radiation are interpreted as testimony of their great love for science. Memorial sketches and monuments to these early deceased pioneers became a way of collectively trying to create meaning from tragedy by appealing to a higher goal: service to science and humanity. For the individual who experienced this, it meant that physical suffering must be repressed and never made visible. This stoic attitude precluded any "feminine" and subjective emotional expression. The male radiologist must appear to be in complete control of his inner life.

There is an interesting episode, which reflects the complex role of radiation wounds in the professional identity of the radiologist. By the end of his life Sjögren had become something of the grand old man of Swedish radiology. Although he had had to give up his radiology practice, he continued to attend conferences and meetings into the 1930s. It is said that over the years a tradition developed at these meetings: young and unproven radiologists were asked to go up and shake hands with the elderly doctor, only to discover that he was missing several fingers. This story says something about the self-image maintained by this professional culture. Sjögren's hands symbolized the pioneer's stoic suffering. Grasping that hand was a kind of initiation rite: a confirmation that the person was now included in this (male) community.

Edited and translated excerpts from Solveig Jülic's, *Skuggor av sanning: Tidig svensk radiologi och visuell kultur*, [Shadows of Truth: Early Swedish Radiology and Visual Culture] diss., Linköpings universitet, 2002.



Frans Josef Petersson Method of a Cloud

The poet's first responsibility is to
release within us matter that will dream.

— Gaston Bachelard

THE FILM BEGINS with the camera slowly panning over a cloud-covered sky. Then the view turns, showing the surface of the earth beyond the surface of the clouds. The shot reveals that we are in an airplane, and that what we see is being filmed through the window of the airplane cabin. The camera turns again towards the sky, and then towards the ground, in an absent-minded movement that awakens a reverie of the sky and the clouds. Yet if we follow the gaze of the camera, we are also reminded that, as human beings, we always had the sky above us, and only in modern times did we experience it beneath us. And so an abyss opens within the dreaming, whose logic is based on an inversion of time and space, and whose operations the film will follow through a series of material and imagined montages.

In the next shot of *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*, which is the film we are watching, we move on quickly to Dziga Vertov's *Odinnadtsatji* from 1928. A propeller airplane is juxtaposed with a cascading river, and an archaeological site with the construction of a power station in Ukraine. The images connect the construction of a modern-day utopia with its material base in mining, while also invoking the material and poetic fantasies, which we shall see as the dynamic principle inherent in the work's montage. Lina Selander never



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loses herself in *an* image, or *a* thought, without simultaneously creating connections with *other* images and *other* thoughts. We will see this as following the active principle of dreaming, which, in the words of Gaston Bachelard, seeks to free the imagination and deliver it “in an explosion of... images.”

We are, in other words, not primarily interested in the technical aspects of the film, or in the juxtaposition of image and text, but rather in how its visual imagination can be said to merge with the material world on a more fundamental level. When we dwell on the initial shots, it is not in order to isolate a subject or to argue that the film possesses a distinctive aerialness, in Bachelard’s sense. To the contrary, as the most immaterial of the elements air has a less substantial presence in this work, which primarily connects the matter of fire and earth: a fire that brings warmth and light but also erases and destroys, and an earth that offers both the stillness of the grave and minerals from the mine. Nevertheless, it is the clouds, those most dream-like of things, shorthand for the workings of the imagination, that will be seen as a recurrent, though little discussed, element of Selander’s work.

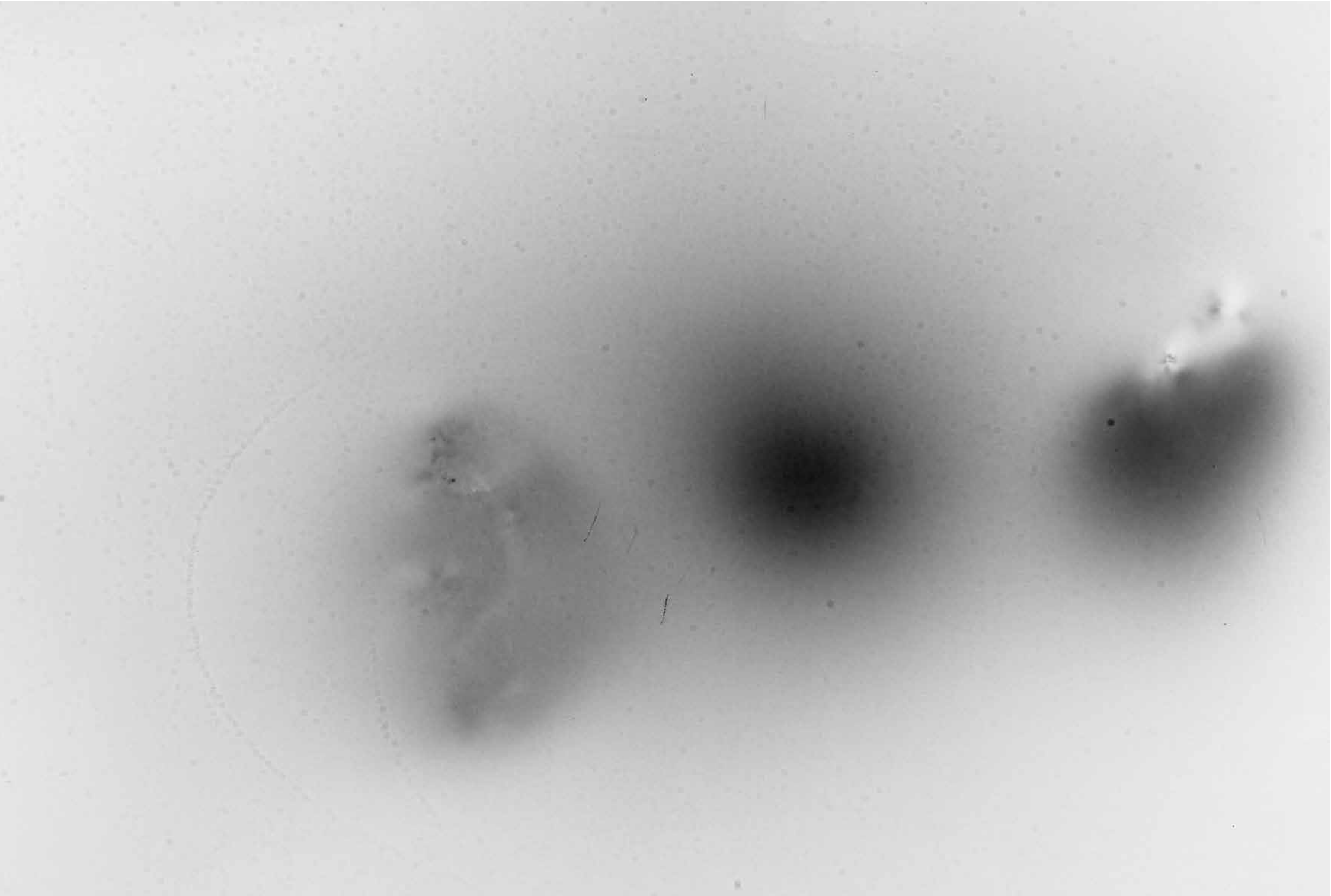
Perhaps it is the artist’s preoccupation with the grand narratives of modernity, as well as her bold approach to figures such as Jean-Luc Godard or Walter Benjamin, that obscures the view of those less prodigious dreams that are actually inherent to her method. Yet this inability to see the significance, the political significance, of easy, ephemeral reverie might also be regarded as a contemporary phenomenon. If there is no time to let our minds be set loose by foliage moving in the wind, or clouds wandering the sky, we might easily conclude that the only thing of real importance are those dreams and visions of the past, which we are now so sadly incapable of dreaming. Selander bears witness to the opposite, namely, the continued importance of approaching the politics of dreams through the careless reverie of everyday experience.

If we boldly bypass *The Hours that Hold the Form (A Couple of Days in Portbou)*, perhaps the artist’s dreamiest work in recent years, and direct our attention to *When the Sun Sets It Is All Red, then It Disappears*, we can see a clear manifestation

of this dialectical principle. The installation consists of two radically different video tracks, projected opposite to each other, while an audio track plays of a woman reading a text about words and imagery, memory and history. One image track consists of a mostly black and white montage juxtaposing images of demonstrations and falling bombs against excerpts from Godard’s *La Chinoise*, while the second consists of one long, red-toned take, in which a motionless camera records the play of light in foliage moving in wind. A spatial montage that clearly contrasts the political dreams and visions of the past with what, in addition to the cloud, is perhaps the most emblematic object of daytime oneiric experience.

But once again it turns out to be easier to grasp the dreams than the dreaming. Critics have spent a great deal of energy and intellectual acuity in analyzing the Godard-based montage, but left the red video track almost uncommented upon (despite the fact that the installation fully equates the two films, never suggesting that one should be privileged over the other.) To the extent that the red image is discussed at all it is in terms of the reality effect of cinema, or of the aesthetic possibilities inherent to the material qualities of the medium. Yet if we follow our hypothesis that Selander, beside an archaeological or historiographical practice, is invested in further speculation around the materials and formal causation of the visual imagination, then it should be equally interesting to dwell on the red image and its meanings.

If we turn now to Bachelard with this question, we see that the wind and the leaves are allotted surprisingly modest roles in his study *Air and Dreams*. The book’s chapter on “the aerial tree” for the most part concerns dreams of growing, and the chapter on wind deals with the poetics of the storm and images of rage. Meanwhile, Bachelard is specifically preoccupied with images of mobility, and, of course, to some extent the wind could be regarded as the most aerial of objects, as the name of the very movement flowing through the book’s own dreamed foliage. In reference to William Blake, Bachelard notes that “the Imagination is not a State: it is the Human Existence itself,” and he



describes the imagination as “the very experience of openness and novelty” inherent to the constitution of the human psyche.

If we direct our gaze again to the red video track in Selander’s piece, we note that movement is something taking place *in* the picture (as opposed to the dynamics evident *between* images, as in the montage). But it is not about movement of camera, like in the initial shots of *Lenin’s Lamp*, but simply about the natural movement that takes place in front of the camera, recorded in one long shot. There is no development or accumulation, only the pure experience of light and shade as the leaves move with the wind. We may also notice that the subject slants in relation to the screen, which implies that the camera has in fact been turned towards what is essentially already an image: the meeting of wind and foliage as it unfolds as a shadow on a wall. Another aspect of the image’s abstraction is its blurriness. It is out of focus, as seen through the half-open eyes of someone drifting away in reverie.

In a fundamental sense, sunlight, wind, and leaves constitute a natural montage, whose causality opens towards both the blazing flame of the fire and the reflection of the sun on the surface of the water as possible visions of the image. These elements do not exclude each other, but find a common ground in the experience of movement that remains after we have added, or subtracted, our visual associations. Besides examining the camera’s ability to record reality, the red image track is a vision of openness in the loss of which there can be no change, and no unexpected association, of the images that perception provides us with. By virtue of this openness the film’s motion is not only a portrait of the wind, but of the spiritual mobility that allows matter to reach a particular resonance within us. It is an image of oneiric inspiration, or love, that cuts our moorings and swings towards a new life.

Other images that share the formlessness and syntactic openness of the clouds are the black and white photographs presented in the glass display case that is part of *Lenin’s Lamp* (and which should actually be characterized as radiographs, since they were made by letting the invisible radiation from

uranium-rich rocks create images on photographic paper). But instead of the openness and rhythm of life, these images show the imprint of the dark presence of the earth. What is light here becomes dark, and what brings warmth and energy is also what erases and destroys. Even these images move us internally, but it is a mute and measured movement. What they offer is a vision of the nether side of dreaming, of the impossibility of every future, of permanence and death.

Nevertheless, the radiographs are part of a spatial montage whose dynamics set the imagination in motion; a montage in which the black light of the stones turns into clouds, and clouds into fossils, which in their turn fuel ever more dreams. But what is more interesting here is how the piece links to a deeper layer of visual imagination, beyond the play of historical forms, where the inscription or imprint surely is the technical condition of the photographic image, but also the name of the causal relations behind the natural montage of the clouds, shadows or reflections, and which thereby anticipates and makes possible those images that are projected by the human psyche. A dream logic in which the mines expand into the cliffs and ravines of the clouds, and whose images of fossils and lush vegetation offer a vision of the ancient surface of the earth, while simultaneously pointing towards a paradisiacal existence beyond this world.

As a final comment, we will note that the only one of Selander’s pieces from recent years that does not follow an oneiric logic is *Around the Cave of the Double Tombs*. Here the montage is not open, but rather mute, and the images appear radically depleted of both imagination and dynamic movement. In this case, the piece is not an installation, but rather a montage of still images whose material was collected during the artist’s journey to Hebron and the West Bank. The only interruption is a moving sequence in which the camera is pointed upwards, towards the grating that represents the Palestinians’ meager protection from the debris raining down on them from the Israeli settlers on the upper floors. The camera focuses on what lies in the foreground, and the

sky and clouds can only be sensed on the other side of the grate. If our argument has been that the presence of clouds in Selander's work is associated with the capacity to overcome the passivity of sight, and with how the imagination allows dreaming to remake the world in its own image, then in *Around the Cave* we are confronted with the opposite: the absence of the dream, the absence of future. The obliteration of possibilities for a different life.

The final insight from Bachelard which will be called upon here, is that clouds are not only the most dream-provoking of nature's things, but that they represent the specific connection between will and imagination: "Faced with this world of changing forms [clouds], in which the will to see goes beyond passive vision and projects the most simplified of beings, the dreamer is master and prophet. He is the prophet of the moment. He tells, in a prophetic voice, what is currently going on before his very eyes [...] In this globular mass everything rolls on just as you please. Mountains glide, avalanches fall then regain their composure; monsters swell up and devour each other; the whole universe is governed by the will and by the imagination of the dreamer." What Selander shows with such unbearable precision, then, is that separating humans from the world of clouds not only denies us the human capacity for playful and absentminded reverie. It deprives us of the very will to dream and imagine transformation.



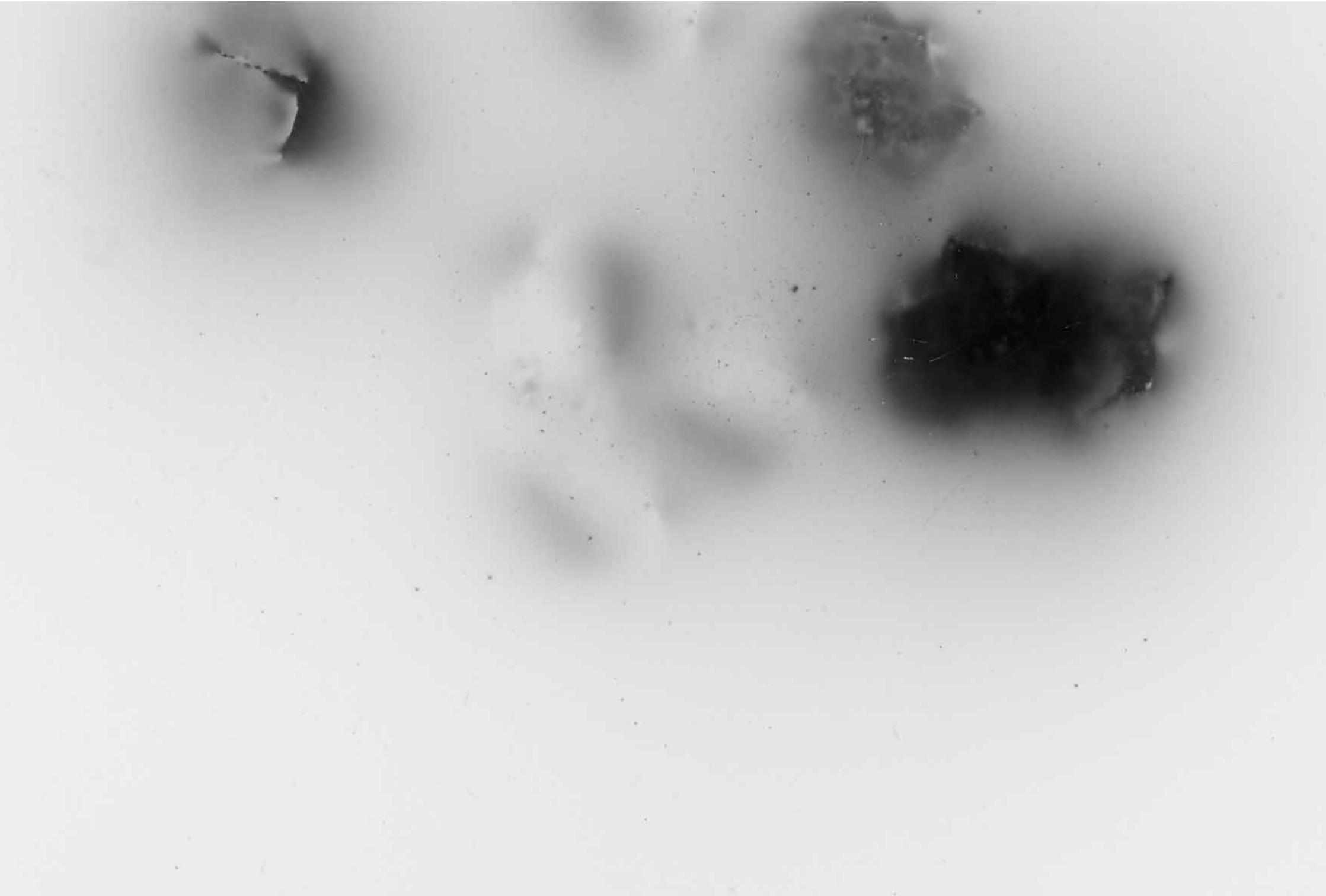


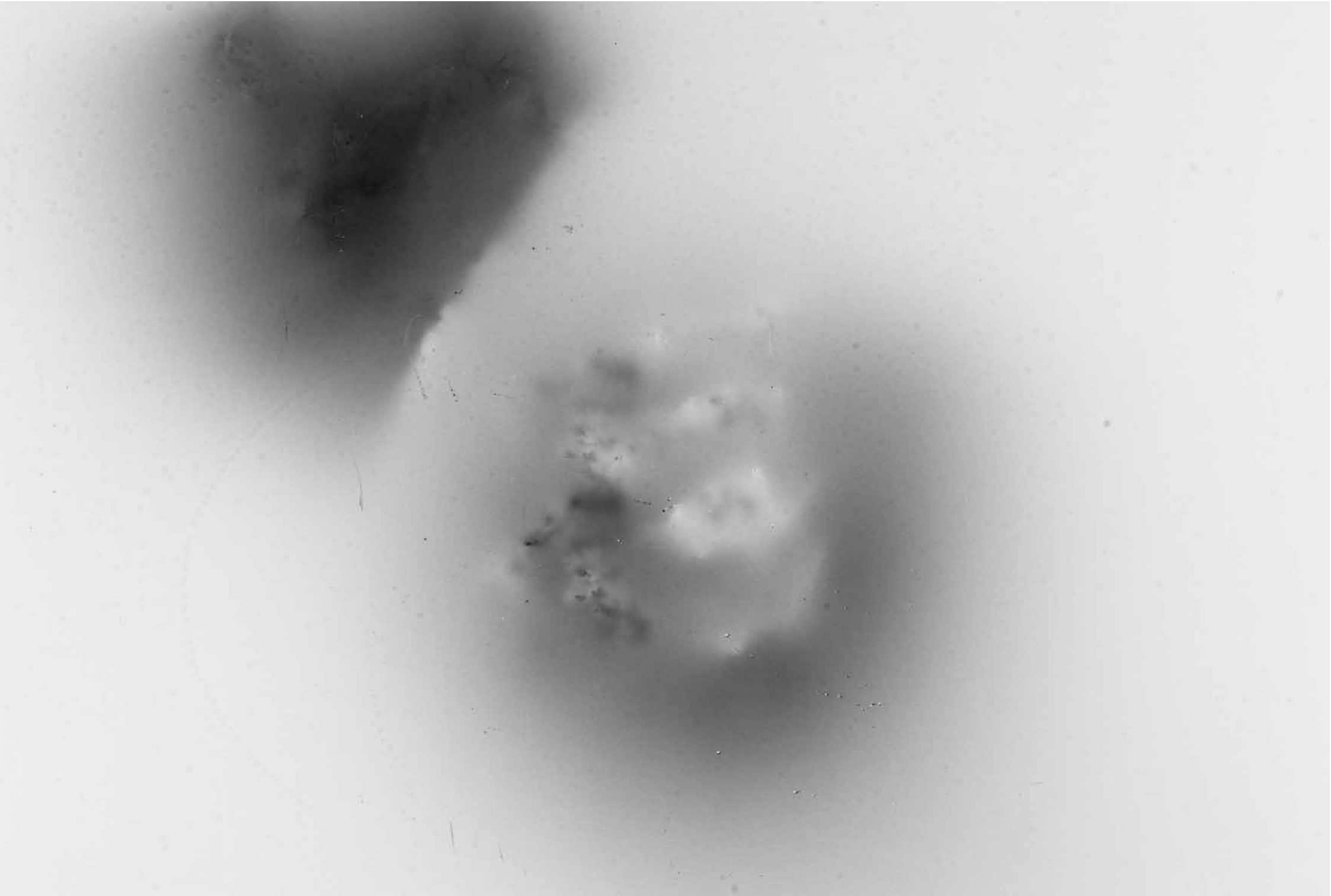
Magnus Haglund I Me Mine: 1928 Again

“Time, time, time
See what’s become of me”
— Simon & Garfunkel,
Hazy Shade of Winter

THE WORLD captured, depicted and transformed in Lina Selander’s film installation *Lenin’s Lamp Glows in the Peasant’s Hut* consists of remnants from an industrial epoch, simultaneously close and distant to us, matter of fact and mysteriously transient. Time becomes a subject in itself, a reflective dimension hidden in the material; fractional time, fragmented time, time as geological and ideological patterns and traces. We see it, the shifts and the disruptions, but important aspects of the context seem to be lost. We have to think about it, again and again, dream about it, get lost in the fluctuation of conflicting images, fit the pieces together. The time enigma.

The film is grey, introspective, ragged and slow in rhythm, but essential parts deal directly with rapid changes and this is the beauty of the work: the conscious layering and superpositioning of different time structures, traces of activities, former lives. It comes back to haunt us, disturb us, teach us the lesson of flux: the industrial era and its aftermath. The solidness of knowledge and steady agreements loses some of its stability and starts to vibrate from inside, becoming a zone of displacements, ruptures, atmospheric disturbances. The utopian imagination and the dystopian ruins, the official declarations and the disastrous effects on the landscape, the authoritarian regulations and the









dream machines flying through time and space, they all contribute to the complexity and confusion of a story that can only be told in collage form.

In Selander's film images from Dziga Vertov's Soviet documentary *The Eleventh Year* from 1928, celebrating the 10-year anniversary and continuation of the October revolution and the physical forces of the industrialization program, have an important but ambiguous role for the context of the work.

These footages and archival materials from the early Soviet period are combined with images found in the Chernobyl museum showing workers investigating underground galleries connected with the nuclear plant; the light from their lamps flickering on the walls becoming the negative of the industrial enthusiasm.

The way this captivating sequence works on the mind of the viewer, combined with the deep silence of the screening with literally no sounds (apart from a very short moment when a bombastic melody is played by a symphony orchestra), creates a strange feeling of apocalypse and doom, as if these underground passages were part of the mythic underworld, in vicinity to the river Styx, where the dead will be brought to the land of Hades.

The lamps glowing in the shafts have the same unreal resonances as Jimi Hendrix's classic 1967 recording "The Burning of the Midnight Lamp" with its baroque harpsichord phrases, wah-wah guitar playing and psychedelic overtones, trying to get the song ascend from the underworld, up into the sky: "Soon enough the time will tell about the circus in the wishing well / And someone who will buy and sell for me / someone who will toll my bell / And I continue to burn the same old lamp". The image of the bell is there in the film as well, signifying a sense of importunate gravity. When someone tolls it, the walls and laws of history may be shattered. We don't hear it, but the sound and its echo are there.

The theme of bells and mines has a striking parallel in an installation piece by the German sound artist Christina Kubisch called *Twelve Signals*, based on an actual signal chart for electrical bells, used at the end of the 19th century

in the St. Ingbert mine in the south of Germany. The different sequences of numeric patterns used in the piece all have specific meanings, corresponding to the movement of the underground elevator, telling if it's ascending, descending, stopping etc. In the creation of the sound installation, made for the St. Matthäus church in Berlin in 1999–2000, Christina Kubisch recorded the different bells separately, by striking them with small hammers, and then had the sounds played through speakers, lying on the floor in front of the bells. Each bell played a combination of the twelve signal codes, making the piece into something of a personal and eccentric twelve-tone music, austere and completely open, full of secret melodies, still close to the material functions of the bells.

I've once taken part in the recording of another bell piece by Christina Kubisch, called *Zeitlupe*, done in the belfry of the old German church in Gothenburg, Christinae Church, where there is a carillon from the mid 18th century still working. Kubisch recorded the old hymns as well as the creaking mechanics of the carillon. In the distance one could hear the sounds of the city, the traffic noise, and the piece became a fascinating portrait of the intermingling of the different time scales and time loops that make the life of a city so rich and complex. The same kind of time layering-effect is achieved in *Twelve Signals* in the moment when the sound of the 19th century miner bells mixes with the ringing of the St Matthäus bells, heard over the city of Berlin.

There are certain similarities between Christina Kubisch's and Lina Selander's way of working and handling the material, a combination of rigorosity and sincerity bringing about a sensibility to the microscopic changes of sounds and images. The intense silence of *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*, and the sudden outburst of the symphony orchestra, ending with a strange loop, an eerie sound on repeat, make the film into something of a sound art piece. The work is characterized by its intense reflections on the memories of particular sounds, and the position of the viewer is as much someone who listens as someone who watches.



The juxtaposition of sounds and images can be found in several of Lina Selander's earlier film installations. For example, in *The Hours that Hold the Form (A Couple of Days in Portbou)* from 2007, motives from the French-Spanish border town where the writer Walter Benjamin committed suicide in 1940, knowing that Gestapo were about to catch him, are combined with a voice-over reading contemporary stories from refugees, or in *When the Sun Sets It's All Red, Then It Disappears* from 2008, where key sequences from Jean-Luc Godard's 1967 fiction film *La Chinoise*, are used together with private photographs from the same period in Stockholm, and a voice-over reflects poetically on the sense of personal loss connected with the idea of revolution and political violence. What these works have in common, apart from the apparent focus on the ambiguities and cracks of political storytelling, is a strong interest in the formal dimensions of structure. Time becomes a key factor and the going back and forth between past and present moments brings about an awareness of how singularities merge and overlap.

The complex patterns created not only *in* the works but also *between* the works, are similar to the labyrinthine passages, shafts and galleries of the mines, and the movements of the mind correspond to the ascending and descending of the underground elevator. After the making of *La Chinoise*, with its critical reading of the workings and confusions of a Maoist sect in Paris, Godard was one of the originators of the Dziga Vertov-group, which used collective methods to create a new political cinema, in dialogue with striking workers and insistent class conflicts. *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* reflects these themes, the moments of historical and present doubt, and the film transforms and reconfigures the cavities and divergences, the photographic codes. Lina Selander's editing techniques and treatments of different image material turn the history of photography and cinema into an archive of knowledge and disappearances, not unlike the way Walter Benjamin worked with documents and texts originating from the 1850s and 1860s Paris, put together alphabetically in the never finished Passagenwerk, *The Arcades Project*. The personal

library where these melancholy re-readings and playful double-exposures take place is of course extremely different from the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, where Walter Benjamin was absorbed in the writings of Baudelaire and Marx. But the collage methods are deeply connected and the revolutionary moments, when the meanings are twisted, turned inside out and scattered, are as vivid. It's 1928 again. And 1967. And 2012.

But how are the library and the mine galleries connected? Vertov, Godard and Benjamin seem to play the role of lift attendants, bringing the documents up from the underworld or showing the way down into the labyrinthine systems of underground tunnels, opening the elevator doors to different levels, giving information about the different risk factors. While going up and down Godard talks half-consciously and highly strung about the spiritistic dimensions of Jimi Hendrix's recordings, how Anne Wiazemsky, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Juliet Berto, Michel Semeniako and Lex De Bruijn listened endlessly to the psychedelic sounds of Jimi Hendrix Experience during the shootings of *La Chinoise*, and how songs like "The Wind Cries Mary", "Burning of the Midnight Lamp" and "1983... (A Merman I Should Turn To Be)" seem to predict the Chernobyl disaster, just like Andrei Tarkovsky's 1979-film *Stalker*.

An important part of Lina Selander's film shows the cold and deserted industrial landscape of Pripyat, the town close to Chernobyl built to house the workers from the nuclear power plant and evacuated after the 1986 catastrophe, now full of derelict buildings and abandoned houses, scrap and trash, rusting remains of a former civilization. In a former archive innumerable papers and documents are spread anarchically all over the place, the fragments of a story waiting to be retold and rewritten. Nuclear waste, human waste, the rest products of an industrial dream gone terribly wrong. At the same time as Lina Selander was finishing her installation work, in the autumn of 2011, the English writer Geoff Dyer was bringing his apocalyptic-visionary book essay *Zona: A Book about a Film about a Journey to a Room* (Canongate, London 2012) to an end. The fact that these two works were done independently — Selander's

installation and Dyer's close reading and eccentric analysis of Tarkovsky's film image frame per image frame — is astonishing and rather mind-blowing. Taken together they manifest the devastating tremors of a world about to fall apart, meaning the end of the world as we know it.

Vendela Fredricson Wild and Feral Animals

OLGA SEDAKOVA, the Russian poet and literary critic, writes about nature and culture. About nature and language. The supposed distinction between them appears as a blur, a haze. A mistake based on a false dichotomy.

Sedakova: Language, as a phenomenon, exists on the border between culture and the organic (or nature). /--/"Culture" /--/ is a plant, like a tree, whose roots reach down to the very soil of the soul, down to the materiality of the body, into the very nature of the human.

Culture as existing within the frames of nature. And language as a cackle, as meaningful as birdsong, as the humming of bees. The political implications of Sedakova's views on language are anti-imperialistic, anti-hierarchical. If similitude opposes superiority.

The cackles of animals and of linguistics. The project to construct away, to separate.

A newborn is a reminder. Straight from soil, frolicked by limestone and minerals. It awakens a vertigo, as a frailness at your roots. A capitulation.

I have lost the memory of my own part in this inconceivable mystery. A void is my foundation, the oblivion of the sand origin.

THE CHERNOBYL MUSEUM

CLEAN-UP CREW MEMBERS, "LIQUIDATORS", WORKING WITH HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE MUD



THE SWEDISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
ROCKS, STONES, STONES CONTAINING URANIUM



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE

My child is born. His sound is hae, Hae, hae, Hae-hae. Black hair lies sleekly on his head, his body is white from vernix.

The gasping reflex. Pale trembling arms unfold in a shivering embrace. He is my child, and I have waited so long.

In dens and burrows, animals lick the foetal membranes of blind babies, on mountains and in forests. A baby monkey clings to my neck.

Evolution, must you advance through me? Must you shake my body with your million year tremors, carve the hard pattern of your quake into my heart? Evolution, revolution!

And sucklings throw their dams through the shuddering succession of history, opening vertiginous depths below their bodies; never has she been so afraid of heights. A gap without colour opens, opens again, abyss beneath abyss, falling and falling, falling –

Bundles are born on mountains, bundles are born in alleys. Women crawl away from the pain, feral animals succumbing to pain, subalterns of their biologies.

He said his first word today. *Blâouaj*. I sit at the kitchen table, and he sleeps in his white basket beside me. Breathing fast, dreaming. He repeats, processes. He goes through the events in detail, resting his chin on his hands.

Gaze through the window. There is our cat on the other side of the street. His red collar, his dark fur.

Every time the cat throws a leveret through our open window it's an omen. Once, it was a squirrel. I lost a foetus then. With a leveret, a girl was gone.

Yes. He throws a leveret through the open window. I take it from his mouth, wrap it in felt and put it in a box. It will sleep with us this night. I close the door and the window; seal off the room around us—me, the leveret, the child. If I can save the hare we will all be fine.

But the smell is of death; it's a heavy, damply cold, musty smell. Under the rose in the grove. You will find it under the rose. The leveret rests. Rose, bear. Rose, save.

In an almost psychotic state I remained in the city, incapable of separation. Hung around in a bar. Asking for suicide pills. The psychosis woke up an animal. A warm and cunning fox. I belonged to a species that you bore and nurtured. But I was something else, a parasite on the stem.

Kiss each other beneath me, mistletoe, winter wreath.

Animals broke loose from what surrounded me. They signalled to me. Psychosis wolverine, psychosis hare. I belonged to them. My mind a wild animal in the hands of park workers with their sticks and canes.

I saw a nail at the end of a stick one Sunday in Saigon. Next to the big grey animal. Chains between its feet. Just like a convict, a man sentenced to death, like in an American movie. Men in orange jumpsuits. Are they animals in their costumes? Is the animal a man in his large grey suit, with the ivory cut off? Cut off and put somewhere else. Yes. The holes are bare now. I saw it in Saigon. It was at the Saigon zoo the elephant cried and water fell through his wrinkled trunk. The little man with nail and stick, a hook in the elephant's side, in the cavity where once there was ivory.

He could have crushed him. The big, withered animal. Could have shaken his head, pushed with his forehead, the strong trunk. Knocked him down.

But there were still chains. There was still humiliation, humiliation, humiliation. The shame of abuse.

A meadow close by and you cry. Maroon backs, broad sides in shiny silk, white spots, the hornlessness. The younger and the older. The ones with bells around their heavy necks, and the ones without. You see the flank, the side, the back, the ribs. When you see them you have to count: think kilos, think:



this much for the butcher, this much for the crane operator at the freezer storage, this much for the cutter. This much for the man who wraps them in plastic, and this much the cashier.

Not much is left when the consumer—who eats the dead—refuses to pay more.

Not much. Your meat doesn't cost more than that. You eat your grass. You eat and eat your grass. You stretch your thick neck, maroon tendons below the chin.

Show us your broad face, your large mouth.

You reach for the trees. The tongue strong and hard and rough. You who will die.

The child and I, you walk towards us. Big, cowcoloured welling, the green grass is gone, covered by your bodies.

Someone has to say it. But no, it goes beyond the limits of forgiveness.

Barbarity. The word. Soil over you, word. Soil over you.

*

Olga Sedakova: In our time, the hermetically closed and exclusively social is, in its own way, a new form of barbarity.

*

Wildlife documentaries on love and mortal danger. Or *reproduction*—the proper word to use on the dry savannahs, in the subtropical forests. But maybe that's what Aristotelian poetics is all about as well. Sex and death. The only difference is in the narration: when it comes to animals, wildlife films, the individual is always a representative and has no a name. It's a colonial view, not a drama. "The Way Animals Do It." "Let's Study Nature." "Beyond Culture." But the sudden light over Nagasaki insisted that the face of culture was radioactive death: dogs, cats and rats were crushed by the blast. Donkeys and goats

died like those in Hiroshima three days earlier. Alpacas and zebras in the town zoo. Burned in the brick town. In cherry wood ashes. Shadows.

Many years later: a breach in the wall of the Zagreb zoo. Giraffes, gorillas run free through the wreck of a town, through brick rubble, splintered wood and twisted concrete steel. Desert cats, stray dogs—

We are in a car on our way from Århus to Frederikshavn. There is snow. A forest path. A seed is growing inside me; an essential divisional process has started. The radio is playing, at the window there's a gap: cold, humid air seeps into the car. Red lights in front of us, closer now and more frequent. Soon we come to a standstill.

The radio announces that a truck has overturned some kilometres ahead. Ten thousand chickens have fallen through the trailer's broken wooden bars. Barely able to fly yet, to and fro over the frosty wet asphalt. Volunteers help to collect the baby birds, and all traffic stands still.

The truck was on its way to a slaughterhouse a couple of miles away. The doomed spurted straight out into flat, white nature.

The chickens, downy animals, feral just before execution, feral on their way to the final disorganization, bird cells will become feral in systems of the lukewarm, of the alien, lukewarm intestines. Alien intestine-warm. Lukewarm, alien intestines, human matter.

When it became too dark to see all attempts to find the birds ceased. By then, four thousand had been caught, but the remaining six thousand disappeared out on to the moor. Colonizing the night.

The downy, as on the bankside. As a moment on the bankside. On the bankside.

And there last year's flower stalks are growing. Just sticks, and when the wind blows someone grabs them, but they hardly move. So stiff. Stiffened, frosty stiff. Frosty stiff like this night, like these hands.

The winter is upon us now. Snow seals off ground and face. Bears turn their hairy backs to the wind, and it's not even October yet. White fur clumps,

shaggy backs. Owl under the tree. Wings heavy with snow, weighed down and holding. Winter lash.

But it's the horses; the feral horses of Chernobyl, thunder tundra the fair horses of the evacuated area, running into the wild. Large herds, foals and yearlings with coat and jagged hair, rough manes, their tails in the wind.

*

An ordinary day at work:

– Don't you find it problematic though, from an ethical point of view, to extinguish one species to save another?

– Yes, obviously it's complicated since nature is constantly transforming and when a species enters a new area they change the conditions there. Sometimes this happens because we have introduced a species to an area. In most cases the impact is not that significant, but in some cases it is. And that somehow turns into a question of what kind of nature we human beings want?

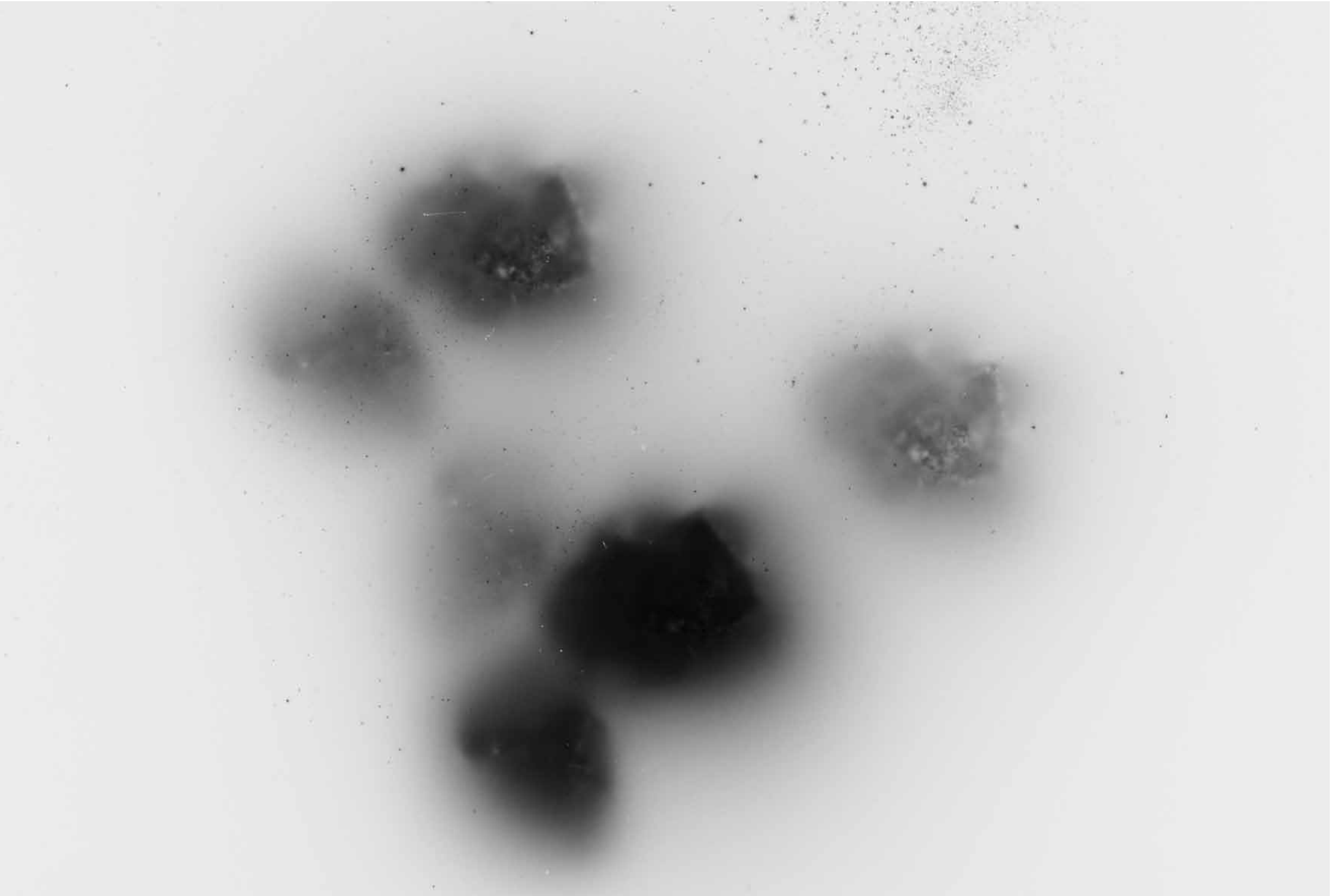
(Swedish National Radio, February 22, 2012)

*

A living, wallowing, breathing animal, a beast in the universes, a celestial, patchily forested body. On this body a small one clings to a tree, a kid on her back. The tree is a blade of grass, a hair on the heavenly body's furry skin, in the fur of the star.

The mother-body clings to the forest's bristle, the grass' bristle.

It's me; it's my little son clinging to my hair and neck. And *Hey!* The oceanic patterned body, dressed in green, icebergs on her waters, desertic surface, is thrown out of orbit, accelerating away from light into empty space. Rage. She



shakes us off, we fall into water, he holds onto my mane, and I swim against the wild and reckless currents.

– *Aloua-iii!* he screams, *blâouaij!*

*

Ecuador, March 2011. The river Vilcabamba in the province of Loja, represented by Richard Frederick Wheeler and Eleanor Geer Huddle, won a case against the Provincial Government. For the first time a case on the rights of nature, protected by Article 71 of the Ecuadorian Constitution, was decided in favour of nature.

The province is forbidden from dumping stone and building materials into the river, while they broaden the Vilcabamba-Quinara road. In addition, the province is required to submit a statement of intent concerning restoration of the damage already done to the Vilcabamba River.

Excerpt from the Ecuadorian constitution: Chapter 7: Rights for Nature

Art. 71. Nature or Pachamama, where life is reproduced and exists, has the right to exist, persist, maintain and regenerate its vital cycles, structure, functions and its processes in evolution.

Every person, people, community or nationality, will be able to demand the recognitions of rights for nature before the public organisms. The application and interpretation of these rights will follow the related principles established in the Constitution.

The State will motivate natural and juridical persons as well as collectives to protect nature; it will promote respect towards all the elements that form an ecosystem.

In Bolivia, which also recognizes nature as a legal entity, President Evo Morales has worked for many years for the inclusion of the rights of nature in the statutes of the United Nations.

*

Stockholm, May 2012. Seminar at the Royal Institute of Art, building nr 28 on Skeppsholmen. Olga Sedakova has been invited to give a lecture. We sit around the table. Full of meaning, our language is

oiaoi kakaka oiaoi kakkaka oiaoi. Klokk klokk.

*

Gunnar Björling: Poetry is something non-limited, emerging in our consciousness. /--/ It is the consciousness' compulsion to master the content of life. To not succumb to chaos.

(Svenska Yle, May 31, 1947)

Or to continue in chaos. Chaos as the correlate of thinking. The inevitable short-circuit of birth and death.

A fever rising on the earth. With a heightened temperature, the body creates a less beneficial climate for what it perceives to be a virus. It heals itself.

The survival of the virus becomes increasingly difficult. Wild animals activate their grasping reflex, a heart virus clings to the trees. The earth is falling and falling, racing through darkness, falling into depths below depths. Vertigo, vertigo in this wild celestial body.

Breaks away, savage, out of orbit.

Reference

Sedakova, Olga. Quotes from "About the word. Sound and meaning", lecture at Skeppsholmen, Stockholm, May 2012, published in *Kritiker* # 26, 2012. Translation: Mikael Nydahl



Magnus Bremmer Shadow

THE TITLE of Lina Selander's installation *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* is taken from an intertitle in Dziga Vertov's 1928 silent film *Odinnadcatyj* (*The Eleventh Year*). The text appears during a scene in which a group of peasants gather around a table lit by a lamp strung from the roof; its light casts stark shadows around the room. The phrase, however, obviously suggests that the primary source of illumination for these peasants is the ideology of the great leader. And it is not the first scene in Vertov's film (which proudly depicts workers constructing "Europe's greatest power plant") where electricity and power function as a metaphor for ideology.

The lamp as metaphor is a pertinent vantage point from which to explore Selander's installation. However, one could say that Selander is less interested in the light of ideology, than in the negative matter produced in its wake. Fragments from Vertov's film appear frequently in Selander's video piece — in particular, the Russian Soviet director's constructivist, highly aestheticized images of machinery — but the scene in the hut is never actually reproduced. Nor are Vertov's most ideologically tinted images of workers included in Selander's video piece. Instead, Vertov's phrase could be said to turn into a question in Selander's hands; if "Lenin's lamp glows in the peasant's hut," where do its shadows fall?





THE CHERNOBYL MUSEUM
CLEAN-UP CREW MEMBERS, "LIQUIDATORS", WORKING WITH HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE MUD



17,8x24cm	PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER	PAPEL FOTOGRAFICO
7x9½in	PAPIER PHOTOGRAPHIQUE	FOTOGRAFISCH PAPIER
	FOTOGRAFISCHES PAPIER	FOTOGRAFISKT PAPPER
100	CARTA FOTOGRAFICA	フォトグラフィック・ペーパー



Photo © Paul Hart

PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER BOX WITH IMAGE OF FOREST



THE SWEDISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
CRUZIANA TRACE FOSSIL



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE
ANIMALS NOT EVACUATED BECAME WILD

Arguably, such a question renders itself ineluctable in this work, since it is so thoroughly permeated by shadow images — from the harsh contrasts in Vertov’s appropriated cinematic power station, to the play of light and shadow in Selander’s own footage, from the opening aerial sequence to the photographs from the silver mine shaft in Sala, Sweden. Taken together these shadows conjure a strong, though not unequivocal, presence in the video piece. To these one can add the curious prints that are part of the installation piece and displayed in an adjoining glass showcase: papers with imprints not from light, a text explains, but from radioactive stones, which leave shadow-like traces on the white surface of the paper.

Radioactivity is at the thematic core of Selander’s installation. It is a theme that is localized on the shores of the river Dnieper in present Ukraine. This is where Vertov’s film takes place, where the fictional power station is built, and it is also the approximate location of the indisputably real — and eventually disastrous — nuclear power plant Chernobyl. From this fact, Selander builds a network of connections, juxtaposing sequences from Vertov’s film with existing documentary footage of the Chernobyl power plant, as well as the artist’s own documentation of the evacuated and now deserted city of Pripyat, where Chernobyl’s workers were once housed. Though a moralistic critique might seem to be inevitable from the ostensibly causal line drawn here — from Vertov’s prideful power plant to Chernobyl’s meltdown — Selander’s triptych seeks out much more subtle interrelations within its frame. The long historical trajectories referenced in Vertov’s film — particularly in a scene that features a 2000-year-old Scythian grave on the banks of the Dnieper — are appropriated by Selander, then extended using sketches of ancient forests and images of fossils. In conjunction with images from Chernobyl and Pripyat, these sequences create more drastic and more abstract historical juxtapositions. Instead of focusing on the inevitability of catastrophe in the use of nuclear power, Selander uncovers the inevitability of the trace, the actual causality behind the imprints onto paper made by the radioactive objects.

One way of approaching the complex historical issues raised by Selander’s work is, then, to inquire into what we might call *the logic of shadows* staged in her installation. In *Lenin’s Lamp Glows in the Peasant’s Hut* the imagery of shadows is, as mentioned, omnipresent, but also multi-faceted, subtle, and enigmatic. For a viewer who is paying attention, these shadows will open up new perspectives on Selander’s montage. To such a viewer, these images might start to suggest a whole range of answers to the question: what is a shadow?

A shadow is a trace. It is the trace of a presence, or rather the presence of an absence, since it testifies to a presence by the image of its absence. Its appearance is caused by the play of light on the present object, which makes itself visible in the negative silhouette of a shadow. In semiotic terms, then, the shadow (as trace) would fall under the category of the *index*: a type of sign that, as Charles Sanders Peirce puts it, is in some way “physically connected” to the denoted object. In other words, an index represents its object by being in a causal relation to it. Shadows share this quality with other indexical signs, like footprints, bullet holes, weather vanes — or, if you will, the trace of radioactive stones. That things tend to leave traces is an acknowledged fact in Selander’s work, whether it be fossils or political and social structures.

A shadow, however, is also a resemblance. Again, in semiotic terms, it can also be said to signify by *iconic* relation, that is, by resembling the object it denotes. The silhouette shaped shadow of a backlit face is an iconic sign, since it bears a resemblance to the face. As such, the shadow could be considered one of the oldest forms of iconic representation. One recalls Pliny the Elder’s famous statement in *Natural History*: the origin of painting “began with tracing an outline around a man’s shadow.” One sequence in Selander’s video illustrates the breadth of the shadow’s iconic potential; it features a diagram of shadow puppetry showing how different hand gestures can be made to resemble various animal shapes. In all of these examples, however, the iconic quality co-exists with the indexical. The shadow silhouette is in iconic relation to the face, and simultaneously in indexical relation to it, as the causal trace of the sitter’s presence and silhouette.





THE ELEVENTH YEAR
FIRST SCENE



SALA SILVER MINE

One could argue that this double quality, of being both trace and icon, is something that shadows share with photographs. Since its earliest conception — when it was called by William Henry Fox Talbot, one of its inventors, the “art of fixing a shadow” — photography has fascinated viewers with both the iconic accuracy of its representation, and with the allegedly objective nature of its mechanical procedure: the action of light on a light sensitive plate, and the evidentiary force which can be invested in the resulting image. Selander’s photographs from the Sala silver mine, with their harsh contrasts between light and darkness, become, then, something of a double metaphor for photography — recalling both the light sensitive silver salts so integral to the photographic technique, as well as the *traceness* of the photographic imprint. The shadow, then, in several senses becomes a metaphor for representation. It emerges as one of the recurrent self-reflexive references in Lina Selander’s art: the artistic, meta-critical act of referencing the mechanisms and tools that enable the artistic practice, or that the practice itself generates.

However, there is nothing objective or innocent about these traces and shadows. The video piece features documentary images of workers digging their way through a tunnel after the Chernobyl meltdown, most of whom would later perish from radioactive exposure. These people are undeniably shadow figures in Soviet history. A short, but charged sequence at the end of the piece shows photographs of some of the deceased workers and their commemorative medals displayed in a small glass showcase in a Kiev museum. Selander’s inquiring optics capture these figures, the traces of their faces and the weight of their destiny, while simultaneously capturing how the act of representation is performed in the museum. In this part of the film photographs of archival rooms in the Swedish Museum of Natural History are interspersed with the shots from the museum in Kiev, as if to further highlight this representational aspect. The video frames these individuals, and their place in the modest glass showcase, and, in that gesture, it also frames history as a form of representation guided by certain discourses of power.

This meta-perspective on representation and documentation is pushed to its extreme in a scene in which a camera films a projection of another film, so what we see is the product of a camera recording a camera recording a video sequence. Scenes like these become images of representation itself. There is nothing to represent but representation itself, so to speak. The shadows in Selander’s work testify to the inevitability of traces — inexorable like the remnants of radioactive matter — but also to their elusive character, almost like the transient shadow puppets in Plato’s cave. But her work also evokes the conditioned character of such representations, made possible by power structures and discursive frameworks. A trace is inevitable, but what it is made to represent is not.

In the end, then, the shadow becomes a metaphor for history — of what falls under its light, and what is left in its shadows. And throughout the piece, the self-reflexive quality of *Lenin’s Lamp Glows in the Peasant’s Hut* tests our abilities, as viewers, of discerning this representational framework, confronting its gaps and seizures. In an age both saturated with and heavily dependent upon the accelerating use of visual representations, documentary apparatuses, and information technologies, this work performs a highly topical exploration into the shadow lands of historical representation.

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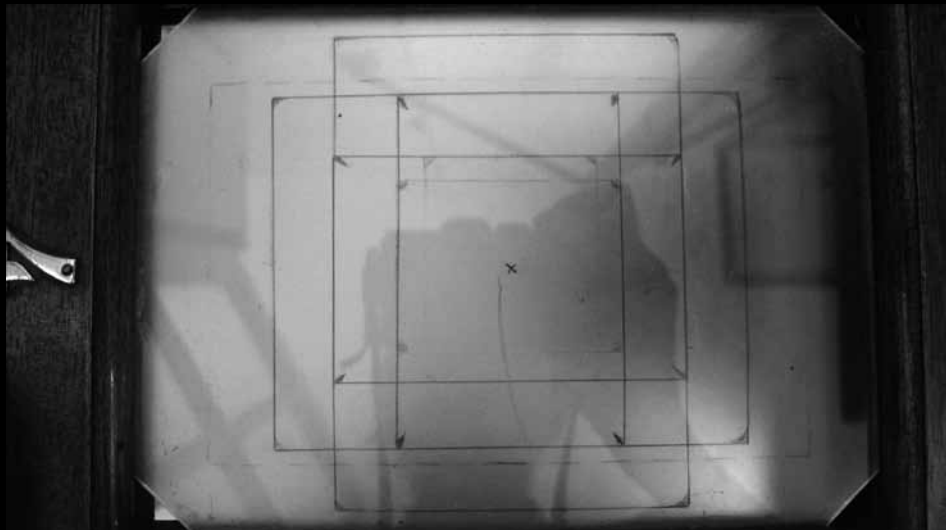
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THE SWEDISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
DARKROOM



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE
ANIMALS NOT EVACUATED BECAME WILD



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
DARKROOM



THE SWEDISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
PLANT FOSSILS



Helena Holmberg Spatialities and Dissolving Rooms

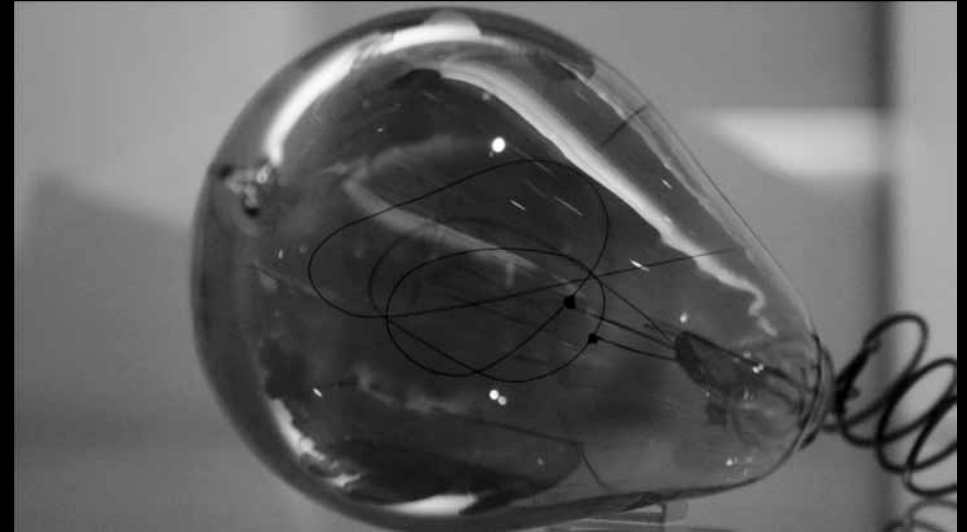
What once covered the earth is no longer above but beneath it, and it takes more than an excursion to visit the dead city: excavation is necessary

– Marcel Proust,
The Guermantes Way

AT THE VERY END, the word “echo.” An echo requires a sound—the silence of a forest, a heartbeat, the sharp noise of stone or a machine—and a room, a space in which something can reverberate.

My first rooms were empty, inverted, upside down with steep thresholds. Lying on my back, I looked up at a blend of the familiar and the foreign. These rooms offered extra space, emptiness. Everything was white. It was remarkable and strange that these rooms existed in the middle of the ordinary—visible only if you turned your eyes. Later, it was the empty rooms I always liked best. They could contain anything; their contents were temporary, additions that could be replaced. The room was empty by definition. Just orientations and spatial relationships. Nevertheless, that which was found there was without doubt significant.

The room on the top floor of the hotel in Balbec is, as Proust describes it, a cube floating in the open air, between the sea and the countryside. To the left windows face the beach, the evening sky, and the waves, and to the right the tall bookcase with glass doors, reflecting the view from the windows in an



inverted reality. Between those two images the protagonist lies in bed in the semi-darkness. The room floats, the images vary with time and weather, they are like a film that is constantly changing. A transitional room, with unclear borders. The curtains can be closed in front of the windows: the images disappear, and another room appears, perhaps one that is more stable, perhaps not.

Lina Selander's installation *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* leads the visitor through a series of different spatialities. From the room of the installation, down through the work's series of layers and back again, through the echoes and the mirror images. Rooms are established by orientations and spatial relationships and dissolve in reflections and blind spots.

The exhibition space is divided by a curtain. A smooth, vertical surface forms the back wall of a clinical outer room. The light is bright and harsh. In the room a long display case is placed on a raw steel frame. Here a series of photographic images lie in their own transparent room. The pictures have been produced by placing radioactive stones on photosensitive paper. The images are an atlas of the effects of radiation on the silver in the paper. The spots resemble what appears on your retina after staring too long at the sun, but here they come from a process that does not involve light. Shadows and spots have appeared in darkness. The images have no orientation; the spots seem to float in emptiness, weightless. The weight of the table and its crucial position within the installation, the stone from which the images originate, the massive and lasting impact of radioactivity, and even the materiality of the photosensitive paper—they all speak another language. But despite that, the piece is almost ephemeral. The images are imprints of radiation. A visual mark advertising a kind of blindness, balancing on the border between what is visible and what cannot be seen.

The display case cuts through the room like a rail. It forces the visitor to move vertically along the drapes, to where you—on a shiny metal surface—catch your first glimpse of the film. The reflected image projects the

film into the outer room. Here is a mirror image of the film, a reversed flow of images that creates its own ephemeral space behind the metallic surface, a space that quickly forgets. A kind of map of the work is engraved on this polished surface, a route description for the viewer in which the piece's various entrances descend like vertical shafts, and horizontal connections appear between seemingly disparate phenomena. For the viewer, this wtext exists between the reflected image of the film and the film screen which becomes visible only when you approach the text in order to read it. Sitting with your back towards the mirrored image in the dark inner room, the mirror image is still the viewer's first impression of the film and its presence lingers in the mind. It is also the last image you see when you leave the room. The film is surrounded by its reflection.

The various shafts through which visitors may step down into the piece create vertical movements echoed by the film. In the initial sequence of film, the camera looks out over the Ukrainian countryside, spreading out far below an airplane window. The snow-covered landscape makes a pattern of black and white spots—like the spots made by the radioactive stone in Selander's installation. The vertical movements drill further down into the ground and down into history. The first room that meets the viewer in the film is a two-thousand-year-old grave from the banks of the Dnieper. The uncovering and the excavation are established here. The body, the digging, the earth, the stone—from this first spatiality on this is what the work will rest on, like a solid foundation under the rushing movements of modernity, a sea bed with a different temporality. At the very bottom, the vast rooms of the prehistoric forests echo.

The tunnels in the mines are dark, full of horizontal movements: crawling, rails, the conveyor belt where bare feet tramp on stones. Cramped, claustrophobic rooms, in which everything is matter. The ground perforated by connected passages, laboriously fractured root systems that branch downwards. A constantly expanding underground archive of stone—whole catalogues



of minerals, promises of wealth. Below the earth, the workers are digging a tunnel under the failed reactor. Their clothes are illuminated white in the flickering light—still a feeling of purity, effectiveness. The images look like they could be from a documentary on the food industry. No visible panic, excavated material of radioactive dirt that looks like flour.

In Pripyat the houses are abandoned. A whole city that is neither social context nor ruins. The ruin is an empty room that has returned to its original condition, leaving space, a future possibility. A place that lives with the passage of time, the crumbling and waiting. Or it falls down, returns to nature. A kind of consolation.

The rooms of Pripyat are not empty. Classrooms, stairwells, theatre auditoriums are filled with remnants. Traces of the everyday, broken and blown around, still lie in the open. Footprints of some animal in the snow that blew in through an open door, books in untidy piles, filing cabinets emptied on the floor. The absence here is of a unique kind. It is filled with a radioactive presence that eliminates any thoughts of a future social context. Pripyat is a place that has been stuck in time, outside of history. It does not matter that the houses will fall; it remains a place that will never be empty and therefore lacks a future. Instead, perpetuation to the point of absurdity. In the middle of death, an undesired immortality.

It is quiet in the rooms of the museum. The sun shines in through the curtains. Here documentation is produced; information and materials are stored. Here the stones from the mineshafts have ended up, fossils from primeval forests are packed away in boxes, catalogued, arranged. The rooms are paths through history, sight lines between the origin of the stones and the future they are being preserved for.

The trace of *Cruziana* rests in a box—the fossilized trackway of a trilobite, millions of years old, a path imprinted in clay, simultaneously a mark of physical

presence and absence. Radioactive stones, the first X-ray images, a translucent human hand, all of them are collected here. The room of the museum is a room where images develop, and history. The museum's many corridors are like camera lenses, dark tunnels in which the gaze travels; and washed out light, like camera eyes, creates openings at the end of long passages. The origin of the camera is also an empty room. Whatever passes through here remains, imprinted in rooms that carry images. Documents are stored. Photographs are collected in filing cabinets and on shelves. On the box of photo paper there is a picture of a forest: the source of the paper, an old dense pine forest. Soft soil. You can see in between the tree trunks. It is the kind of forest in which you move quietly.

In a sketch of his childhood in Berlin, Walter Benjamin describes how he would meld together with the different objects of the apartment, how he became a curtain, a door—a captivity he could step in and out of whenever he chose, changing his gaze and his comprehension depending on whether he was inside or outside of an object. A breathless experience of the relationship between one's self and what is outside of you—a relationship between two physicalities that must also be created between the viewer and the art work. It is not just about vision, but I imagine that it begins with observation, that's how the relation is established, with a slow examination of the materiality of the piece, everything that fills the rooms, like the everyday objects in Benjamin's childhood. What is demanded is the viewer's physical presence. The room of the art work appears not only in the relationship between different images or axes on the image surface, but ultimately in the line and the movement between the eye and body of the observer and the entity of the work. And in that movement the gaze might turn, and the perspective might change with the new position.

A sudden disorder, in two consecutive images boxes are falling—something changes position. A blurry and shifting gaze, the camera finds its way close to

the surface of Pripjat's rooms. It is impossible to have any overview; it is too close, impossible to see.

Over the rooftops of Pripjat the sun makes blind spots, sun-holes. They prevent seeing, the sun shoots lightning which bounces in the branches; it is as if it wanted to erase those abandoned apartment buildings. The washed out holes of the clouds, the mines' black walls and the sudden bright light sources, the blinding openings of corridors, windows that are wide open. The rooms are returning to a possible outside. A disintegration in broken rooms. The many blind spots of the piece are also a way out.

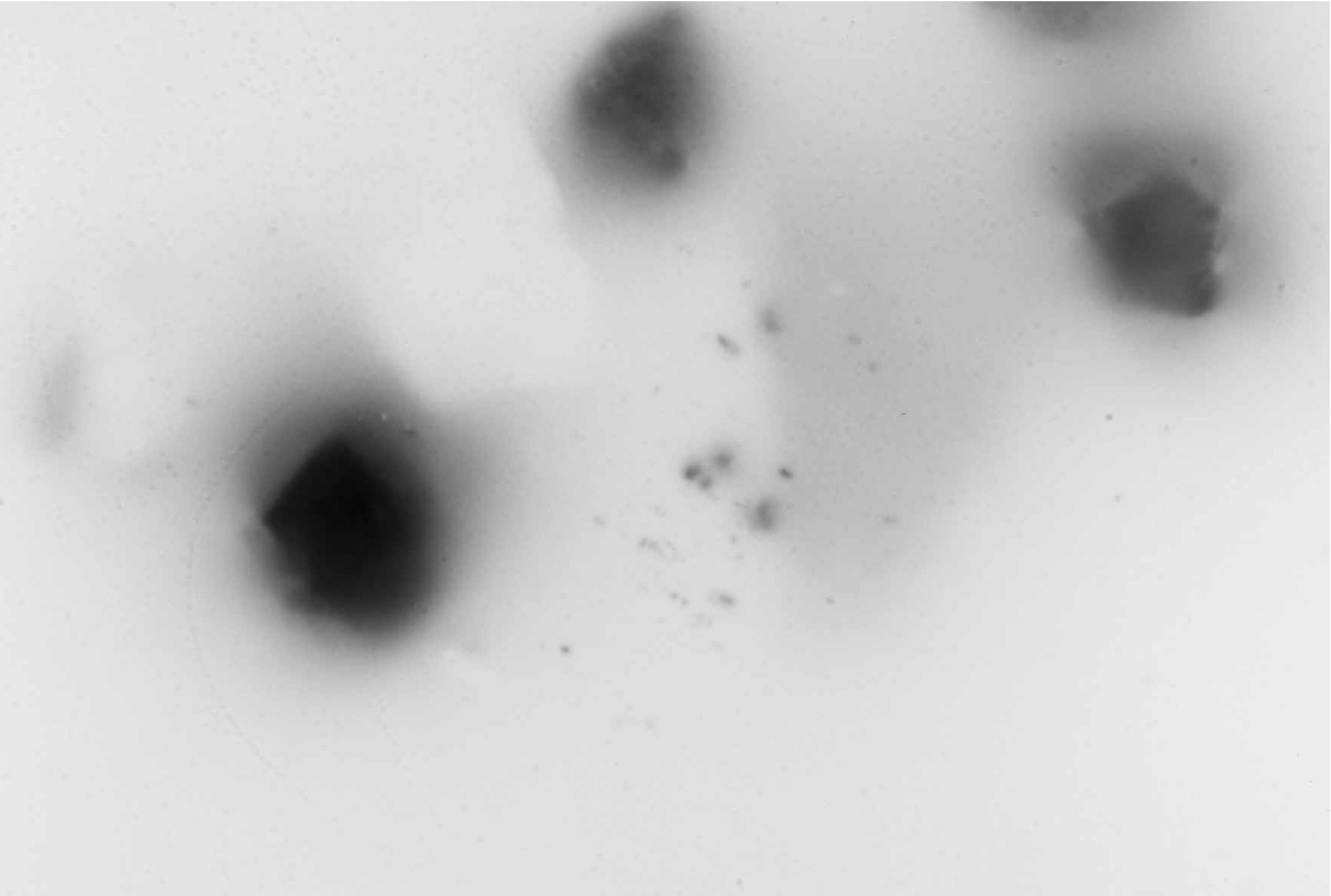
A reflection in the picture of a prehistoric forest; the light bounces off of the glass and turns.



THE CHERNOBYL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT EXCLUSION ZONE
SCHOOL



SALA SILVER MINE



loss of
They send in an American
breaks. Then they send in a Japanese
Death.
Volunteers.



Model
of Reactor 4
First scene, *The Eleventh Year* (Dziga Vertov, 1928)
The Dnieper River (The Wild River)
Sarcophagus
Evacuation of Pripyat.
Monitor

Hospital
School
Theatre
Residential building
Library
Morgue
Wild animals; dogs, horses.
Animals not evacuated,
become wild.

The electrification of the whole land.
*
Documents, diplomas, medals.
Modified
LENIN'S LAMP
«From a bumbling citizen through the
poetry of the machine to the perfect
electric man.»
Reactor control room
Reconstruction
lead

Railroad tracks, switches. Enthus
G L O W S

Radioactivity, propaganda, destroyed film.
Film shot under the melting reactor,
cameraman dead within a week (film
destroyed).

The Chernobyl
Nuclear Power Plant
Exclusion Zone

The Eleventh Year

The Chernobyl Museum

Clean-up
crew members
liquidators
working with
highly radioactive
material.
1000 roubles
and a diploma
Loss of hair
loss of skin

They used an American robot, it works for five minutes, then it
breaks. Then they used a Japanese robot, it works for two hours,
and it breaks.
Death.
Volunteers.



THE FIRST MOVING IMAGE/IMAGE OF
EXCAVATING O

Photographic paper box
with image of face
Detail.

Model
of Reactor 4
First scene, The Eleventh Year (Sergei Yutsev, 1992)
The
The Dniester River (The Wild River) (Sergei Yutsev)

Hospital

Island

Theater

Residential building

Library

Miner

Wild animals, dogs, leaves

Animals not evacuated

become wild

Radiocesium, propaganda, destroyed film
Film shot under the working station
concerns about getting a pack film
destroyed.

Search on film still
Ball warning before dramatic film
Evacuation of Pripyat
Miner

The identification of the whole land
Dniester, Dniester

Model
L E N I N S T A

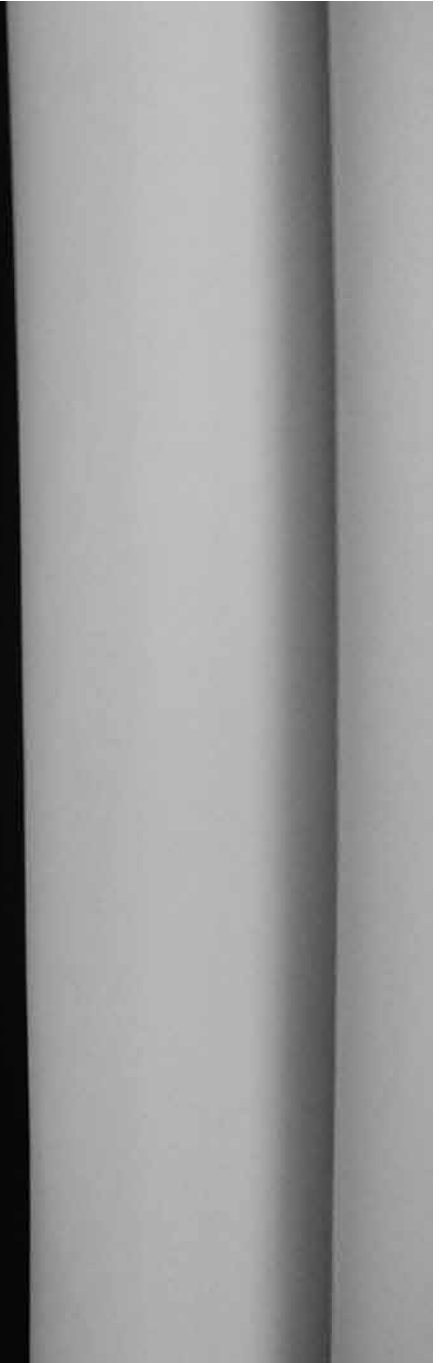
From a building vision through a
pore of the machine to the perfect
electric space
Reconstruction of an
leading to the
accident.

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Afterword

THE FILM INSTALLATION *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* is a work with many points of entry. The text piece, which is part of the work and which can be found on the inner side of the dust jacket in this publication, may be viewed as a route description for the film that is the main component of the installation.

In this description the conceptual content of the film is likened to a number of mineshafts, various vertical movements that are joined together to create a system of meanings into which viewers may descend. The nine texts written for this book creates a similar system, exploring different aspects of the work from a diversity of standpoints. They add each writer's professional and personal perspective with the aim of going beyond the work while still being in dialogue with it.

The film included in *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* is a montage of the artist's own footage and stills, archive material, and excerpts from two films by the Soviet film director Dziga Vertov, from whom the work also borrows its

title. Vertov's films and the utopian era in which they were produced form one of the entrances to this work. Another important starting point has been the 1986 nuclear disaster in Chernobyl, Ukraine, and a main part of the images in this book are from the contaminated zone. Other images originate from a museum in Kiev that administers the historical heritage of the accident, from Swedish scientific museums, and from the Sala silver mine.

The work points to the development of photography as part of modernity and more precisely to nuclear technology. The direct connection between photography and nuclear radiation is expressed in a series of images created by radioactive stones that have left their imprints on photographic paper. A selection of these images are included in this book, they run through the book in a series parallel to the selection of film stills from *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*. The film stills are presented in a system that follows the guiding text piece. Sentences from the text piece on each image side indicate the image's relation to this structure.

We would like to express our gratitude to all who have participated in this production: the publishing house OEI editör for their generous engagement in this project, to Elizabeth Clark Wessel for her thorough work with the translations and, most importantly, to all the writers. Finally, thanks to Pascal Prošek for his congenial design, which in fact became the tenth echo of *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut*.

HELENA HOLMBERG

July 2013

Published by OEI editör 2013, in collaboration with
Index—The Swedish Contemporary Art Foundation
and Lina Selander

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OEI editör

ISBN 978-91-85905-56-0

Index—The Swedish Contemporary Art Foundation

ISBN 978-91-980227-2-8

Editor: Helena Holmberg

Copy editing: Elizabeth Clark Wessel

Translation of Vendela Fredricson's text: Helena Holmberg

Translation of texts by Solveig Jülich, Frans Josef Petersson
and Helena Holmberg: Elizabeth Clark Wessel

Printed by Elanders, Mölnlycke

IMAGE EDITING AND PRE-PRESS BY CECILIA GRÖNBERG

BOOK DESIGN BY PLAQUETTE

Still images from Lina Selander's film *Lenin's Lamp Glows in the Peasant's Hut* (2011)

Installations images:

Index — The Swedish Contemporary Art Foundation, Stockholm, curated by Helena Holmberg (2011)

Manifesta 9, Genk, Belgium, curated by Cuahtémoc Medina, Dawn Ades and Katerina Gregos (2012)

Image on page 45: *Faust, Polygrafisch-illustrirte Zeitschrift für Kunst, Wissenschaft, Industrie und Unterhaltung*, Vienna, 1855. Photograph by Doug Manchec, Cary Graphic Arts Collection, RIT

Design of the text piece on the inner side of the dust jacket: Peter Thörneby

This publication has been made possible with support from
Längmanska kulturfonden

Thanks to Naturhistoriska riksmuseet (the Swedish Museum of Natural History),
and to Hagströmer Biblioteket (the Hagströmer Medico-Historical Library).

Thanks to all authors