

DOCUMENT AND IMAGE

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To see is not to understand.

Löpande titel - Namn

I begin by seeking and gathering, outlining different structures.

The preparatory work then results in some kind of loose and private archive.

I am not at all strict in my use of the term 'archive'. Its meaning lies in how I use and work with a material. I often use images, texts and text fragments, and sounds from very different sources in one and the same project. Material from different times and in different techniques, subordinated to a coming order. A theme if you will, a question, a set of questions...

While I work with my material, various more or less strong connections emerge. And a system of vicinities, which, in their turn, further structure the material. Parts of stories take form, eventually.

It is an editing process. And with the editing comes a growing strength of the formal aspect, and new competing logics emerge.

This quote from *What an Editing Room Is*, by Harun Farocki, says much:

At the editing table you learn how little plans and intentions have to do with producing pictures. Nothing you have planned seems to work... You prepare cuts and stage a movement so as to allow reediting, only to find at the editing table that the picture has a completely different movement, one which you have to follow... At the cutting table you discover that the shooting has established new subject matter. At the cutting table a second script is created and it refers not to intentions, but to actual facts.

This script is, of course, not to be confused with the film, which is more like a structure where different orders intersect, impregnate and contest each another.

I think that in my works, or in several of them, alternative and/or local orders are created. Overlapping stories, systems, often without any other relation or contact with each other than the simple fact that they appear together in yet another story or order. And that they, or their different components, for a brief moment leave one system of meaning and find another.

As the film begins to take form, I feel excluded. I have this very clear sense of being excluded from the images or from some important reality that is supposed to be connected to them.

There is a quality there, I'm excluded. Perhaps it is the same thing.

In spite of all the time I spend with these images, working with them, editing, placing them in different constellations, different rhythms, I'm not there.

But I want to be there, I want them to reveal themselves to me so I can make something out of them.

I photograph them, with a flashlight.

I had taken a picture of a 12" vinyl, and the reflection of the flashlight on the vinyl made me like that image. My silhouette is visible too. I was there, quite simply. So I photograph the rest of the images on the screen of my computer, and the reflection of the flashlight marks the presence that I've been missing: Me, a story, some basic quality that enables them to receive or transmit experience. An index.

Now they're not only images, photos obviously, exposing their technology. That means: They are exposing themselves as the markers of a moment in history. Just any moment, a void, a loss or whatever, proofing nothing but this index. But through this very

simple function, trivial, incontestable, the photos can connect to each other – and leak their reality.

I can put them together, construct a chronology that will never become natural. I can hang them on a string, so to speak. I can make something out of them.

I also want to say, without having given much thought to the relation to what I just said, that the reflection of the flashlight on the photos, for me constitutes a surface that is shared between the different spaces of the images and of the spectators. A surface that connects them.

The voice over says:

A corroded sphere of white.
The words that have left the image for a while,
that can return, not as strangers
not as excuses, not as rejections.

Word and image.
Both sides against the other.
And you and I.
And the story of us told by others.

Although I didn't think of it as a question somehow relating to the archive at the time, I can now do so.

The problem concerning the relation between word and image, and experience and the transmission (or the telling) of experiences, is also something that can perhaps tell something of some aspect of the 'archive'. Perhaps that the document, while not being or representing memory, or memories, can function as a kind of screen memory, a memory that is there just to hide another. Only with this purpose. But that there is no specific other memory, or that there is no one to have it, to own it.

There is just the spectator, the therapist-archaeologist who will discover more than a sense of recollection, a rule: If you find it, you own it...

The installation *When the Sun Sets It's All Red, Then It Disappears* actually consists of two projections. The other one being a 90 minutes long projection of the shadow on a wall of a foliage of a tree, moving gently in a light breeze; coloured red, looped and with no cuts.

The projection you see behind me.

I thought of an image that would connect to the problems or questions raised by the voice over, but in a non-discursive way and also in a way that would escape presenting another document. Something that relates emotionally to the voice, and that gives form to the dream of the voice, to tame the images into coherency and history. But I do not consider the voice over a 'living voice', from which a presence emerges. It is more a 'voice document', the reading of a text. But it carries this dream of embodying the meaning of the sequence of images. A history.

At the same time, and with an equal if not stronger force, the logic that is projected – the film – is the same one with which the work started. The same loose connections, the same strolling in a more or less strange and unknown archive. The images remain documents. The continuum that I aim at, that turns coincidence into necessity – the images (and the words) put in a specific order – also seems to end with every image.

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