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Night visions

Longings

The longing to disappear, to fall, to sink, to disintegrate, to be invisible – almost to the point of self-elimination – is a very frequent feeling I have, and because of its bizarre nature I have wondered where it comes from. It concerns both the visual and the sensory, and is as possessive as it is thrilling. When I first read Laura Mulvey's "Visual Pleasures and Narrative Cinema" I thought that I wanted to disappear from the visual to escape the penetrating male gaze that haunts the medium of photography and film. I have been interested in animals that can camouflage themselves out of the simple reason: jealousy. It would be nice to be invisible sometimes.

Hidings

The act of hiding or disappearing is close to the act of revealing. I dream I could foster the lack of light inside, into an image visible for all. Develop the insides of my eyelids so that they appear to you. Longing for exposure to that which is secret. It is a very complex feeling of revealing to a point of disappearing.

Longings II

Later on, I thought about the longing to be invisible as something connected to the commodification of intimate spaces in late capitalism. Something about the "I" is in negotiation in this scenery. And the fantasy of being invisible, can be the very fantasy of being, or to be nothing.

Or, to overwin the visual by merging into a larger body, with a sensual vision, where the psyche is not alone and separated from the world.

Speed and light

Speed is a kind of disappearance. When you travel fast enough it feels like you are outside time, and you disappear. There is a certain type of attraction to speed and light and the things that put them in motion, e.g., sugar, cocaine, cinema, screens, airplanes, motorbikes, space rockets that look like penises and other fatal attractions. They are fatal attractions in the sense that the moth is attracted to the lightbulb: It might be love, it might be light, but it will end in sadness. That is the misery of light.

The world

It is a late night in August when I write this, and the nights are getting darker. The only sources of light are the city and the laptop screen. I sit in front of my night-shifted, warm-toned screen, and look at an image of the world, to understand something about the light waves that reach my eyes, or maybe even more so when they are absent, in the images on the retina as I close my eyes.

The world photographed from space creates a burning net of light from the cities of the world. And I can look at it on a website on the internet.

Some animals and insects navigate by the starry sky. The dimmed light of the night is a protection, and the pale light from the moon and the stars is central for their navigation and hormonal systems. Some species can distin-

guish and follow individual stars, others steer by reading the starry sky as a pattern, as if the night sky was an encrypted chiffer for a map. These are abilities that get disrupted by artificial light and has fatal consequences for the biomass of insects. I read that 75 percent of flying insect biomass has disappeared since the 1980's. I don't know what to do with that, except to disappear. Out and back into the room.

Moth Light

Then I think of a beautiful work that Stan Brakhage made in the 70's called *Moth Light*. The work consists of moth wings put in between transparent film strips that creates moving images that can be projected. Brakhage says this about his work:

Over the lightbulbs there's all these dead moth wings, and I ... hate that. Such a sadness; there must surely be something to do with that. I tenderly picked them out and start pasting them onto a strip of film, to try to... give them life again, to animate them again, to try to put them into some sort of life through the motion picture machine.

I think what Brakhage does is both a way to shine a light on what film is, and also what light does, what film does. The motion picture machine becomes a death-to-life-machine which can bring that which was dead back to life again. The flickering and mechanical sound of the projector becomes so sad. I feel like crying.

Tears

Tears signify sorrow
Certain moths drink tears
Sorrow is a feeling found,
inter alia, in the body

Technology

In my film "Mörkerögon" we are located at a seashore on a summer night. A slide projector is shooting blanks, shooting the night. Insects are buzzing. Suddenly, shooting an image of the moon. Higher up in the sky, the earth's moon projects light from the sun to the earth's surface. City lights are seen from afar. The artificial moon is flickering. The drone-eye is moving as if itself was animated. Eyeing for...itself...the image turned, swapped to gaze into its origin.

The eyelid in the film is painted in what the midrange make-up brand names: electric blue. The eyelid's blue shutter. The eyeshadow as definer of contours, drawing the gaze towards the eye. Death Blue, chroma blue, a protection towards the world. Shutter. The void as shield, the not-yet defined. Protecting the inner images, or putting up a mirror to whatever is trying to catch them.

*Cameras shooting the night, what a game. cameras in mirrors
what is there to see? cameras shooting themselves inside outside
Bang bang
Bzzzzzzzzzzzz
Z the electric being
X the angel of history x drone xxx and executor of divine
violence*

Before images

X ray for memories: an image of what the artistic process looks like to me. At first, it is a daydream, a film under my eyelid. The daydream has troubles travelling out into the world, but I have to believe it can. I have to trick it, place myself in its elusive state, like the images that only appear when they disappear. It is a systematic method, something very real that is carried by others than me. It can be texts I have read, conversations I have had, and images transferred in electric light and that touch me like a light-sensitive surface. I let them take place in me, compose images clear as animal gazes. Just as much inner and outer images – I am a machine – I am a vehicle, but it is not something unreal that takes me in its possession, becomes conscious – visible but something vastly real – material, a traveling light inside, invisible, in the dark.

Rememberings

When I clean out my studio I find a note from December last year, the darkest month of the year. A reminder on what's to come. Something that had forgotten that it was forgotten.

Language I only get close to (when I disappear): recalling forgetfulness, or no longer recalling something forgotten. Like slumber. Like the memory of slumbering which cannot be recalled, and which cannot be spoken of. But which speaks and appears only when it disappears. Just as slumber recalls the room and as the image recalls the camera. The memory of a photo-sensitive surface, a projection. An epileptic seizure. I register light through my surface. The image falls to pieces. All things eventually fall. Also images can die.

(Remember again).