

ET LIVSVIDNE
A LIFE WITNESS

Keld Jensen

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Et livsvidne

Denne uges fotos omfatter tyve billeder. De er taget i Skåne i december 2010. Billederne viser landskaber, veje, små skovhuse, marker, søer og skove.

Når jeg ser og redigerer fotografierne i dag, ser jeg ikke kun det, kameraet engang indfangede. Jeg ser også det, der ikke længere kan gentages: Vores samtaler, vores tavshed, vores fælles rytme. Jeg husker, hvordan vi gik side om side uden nødvendigvis at tale. Hvordan vi lod blikket vandre ud over de smukke sneklædte landskaber.

Sidste år døde min storebror.

Fotografierne fungerer som en nøgle til min hukommelse. Minder om spændende oplevelser i naturen. Vores latter, når vi måske igen havde dummet os. Hvert fotografi rummer mere, end det viser. Det er som om, de indeholder lag af tid, som nu kun jeg har adgang til.

Min storebror var ikke blot min rejsekammerat. Han var et livsvidne. Han kendte min barndom, mine fejltagelser, mine sejre og mine tvivl. Han havde set mig blive den, jeg er. Når noget skete i mit liv, var der altid én, der kunne sige: *"Jeg var der. Jeg husker det."* Nu er den stemme tavs.

"Kan du huske dengang i Skåne?" Og han ville svare med sin version, sin vinkel, sine detaljer. Vores minder var aldrig identiske, men de supplerede hinanden. De bekræftede, at det, vi havde oplevet, virkelig havde fundet sted.

Nu eksisterer minderne kun i mig. De er blevet mere skrøbelige. Min storebror lever videre i disse fotografier. Via fotografierne genbesøger jeg ikke kun Skåne, men også den del af mit liv, hvor jeg delte mange oplevelser sammen med min storebror.

A Life Witness

This week's photographs comprise twenty images. They were taken in Scania in December 2010. The pictures show landscapes, roads, small houses in the forest, fields, lakes, and woods.

When I look at and edit the photographs today, I see not only what the camera once captured. I also see what can no longer be repeated: Our conversations, our silences, our shared rhythm. I remember how we walked side by side without necessarily speaking. How we let our gaze wander across the beautiful snow-covered landscapes.

Last year, my older brother died.

The photographs function as a key to my memory. Reminders of exciting experiences in nature. Our laughter when we had once again perhaps made fools of ourselves. Each photograph contains more than it shows. It is as if they hold layers of time to which only I now have access.

My older brother was not just my travel companion. He was a life witness. He knew my childhood, my mistakes, my victories, and my doubts. He had seen me become who I am. When something happened in my life, there was always someone who could say, "I was there. I remember." Now that voice is silent.

"Do you remember that time in Scania?" And he would answer with his version, his perspective, his details. Our memories were never identical, but they complemented each other. They confirmed that what we had experienced had truly taken place.

Now the memories exist only in me. They have become more fragile. My older brother lives on in these photographs. Through the photographs, I revisit not only Scania, but also the part of my life in which I shared so many experiences with my older brother.



Snogeholm, Skåne, december 2010

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Snogeholm, Scania, December 2010

KOLOFON

Ugens foto: Et livsvidne
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: A Life Witness
By Keld Jensen

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