

How does it actually start, an archive, and where does it start?  
When an image strikes me, I try to identify its properties and qualities, and file it away as something similar to or different from the images I found before. Ambiguous images, images that stir you up, images that outrage or surprise you. When actions and events are stored and somehow categorized in the brain, an invisible memory-archive develops, parallel to the actual paper archive. If an image contains an exaggeration, an omission, a suspension or a violation, it will activate a new chain of associations.

*Unconditional Love*, ARCHIVE SPECIES by Joke Robaard, Valiz, 2018