



*Ahvenainen, 2015*

## **About my work**

Defiant clouds over deserted countryside and photos from the Blue Lagoon, an important tourist destination, though that photo I took outside the tourist area. Birds continue their flights without boundaries, like I had photographed people that I met in Europe in the 80s, but who remained strangers to me. Of men who soiree centers are now taking in or that the immigration office fastly sends back to countries that may lead to their deaths. When I photographed them, I didn't know their names – only nationality. At that time the borders were strict between European countries. Although those are now gone, they still exist, as wire fences are being put up and tries are made to not let the bizzare strangers to Europe.

I photograph us people when we drop by in this world of ours for a while and after our time has come to leave. Photography is like using light to script life. At the moment I write the Story of Three forested hills (Kolmen vaaran tarinaa) using photographs (the project was earlier called "the Silent village road"). My mother sat with my father gently holding hands in the beautiful, sunny landscapes of Julkuvaara in the early spring, with the love of her life. My mother was left with a hoof of a moose, that she still holds in her hand after decades, and five orphaned children. My mother stood there – with the hoof of the moose in her hand perceiving what was going on in the world and defending the living in the countryside.

The buildings that my father built on top of the hills have desapeared; hands buried under the soil. His dream as a building element for the countryside didn't happen and this potential maker of workforce was buried. With this strength as a young man he would have started their life together, but what was cut short by an accident that happen in a train crossing.

These wonderful hills, that many have walked on have desapeared through their liveswork and the three hills that I have taken as the subject of my photo writing have emptied of their residents: Likovaara (that is like an old time's museum), Julkuvaara (that has been newly claimed) and Ylävaara (there was an open newspaper left on a table, it's unclear wheter it was read or left unread). With my photographes "Three hills" ("Kolme vaaraa") I try to showcase documents about the deserting of Finlands countryside and of the people who still keep living in areas that services have fled from a long time ago like our dreams or the clouds in the sky. Actually my photographing project started at the same time as I photographed materia for my exhibition and book "The Bathers".

Before that I lived five years in Austria and could not see the finnish beauty or the strength of my own culture. How great was it to find three women on their pension days who had built their own hole in the ice in the middle of nowhere. There they bathed daily in the ice cold water and skied 1000 kilometers a year on their selfmade ski tracks. It was a great honor to get to photograph them. Along these clues I have walked towards my own writing with light meaning the thought that all our experiences in different life situations are worth the same. These photographs of mine are the imaginary meeting ground for the ordinary finns and the strangers that I met in the 80s while I ventured across Europe; bathers in hot springs, holes in the ice and in saunas, people who bathe in life.