



"Photography has never been about photography...it is the meeting that matters" -Anders Petersen

HIS WORK MIXES THE ECSTASY OF LIFE WITH ITS DESPERATE LONELINESS, ITS JOY WITH DESPAIR. HE IMMERSSES HIMSELF IN HIS SUBJECTS' LIVES, PHOTOGRAPHING THE WORLD AS HE SEES IT AND AS HE LIVES IT. FOR PETERSEN, IT'S THE ENCOUNTER, NOT THE PHOTOGRAPHY THAT MATTERS.

Anders Petersen

AN INTERVIEW with

Anders Petersen in conversation with Arja Hyytiäinen.

"I try to be primitive, basic, a kind of instinct oriented photography that has very little to do with the intellectual but more to do with the emotional, with stomach, cock and heart. I try not to think so much while photographing, I think before and after. This is decisive for me."

-Anders Petersen

Meeting with Anders Petersen is like having those questions that you've been turning slowly for ages in your own head suddenly thrown into chaos and confusion. They're all back, these questions and their answers. My minds fragmented. Those questions, again. Rationality fails and feeling raises its head.

The collective foundation - dreams, fears, memories, desperation, confusion and curiosity - to question, to find, to loose, to define and re-define ...and a bunch of questions which have different answers every day.

I feel Anders' images especially in his book 'The Close Distance'.

It is this close-distance paradox that creates one's recognition and a possible entry. The experience of life and senses, a space where images are touching nerves...the sensitive, yet rough, very private personal space; that close distance.

A life of constant searching and looking, constant learning and questioning, crossing borders as you meet with people and crossing yourself... and still the question remains: who am I and why.

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A small darkroom in the old city of Stockholm; the smell of chemicals blends with the aroma of cigarettes and coffee. The walls are filled with negative folders and archives with the numbers of years and places, black and white rough prints on the wall, books on the shelf, the sound of running water from the darkroom. Anders is under the sharp light of the tablelamp, coffee...

fee...minidisk and a microphone. I'm fumbling with the microphone, the minidisk finally recording ...Looking at Anders, raising the camera in order to record, justify or just to remember that we are both here.

Arja Hyytiäinen — *So where do we start?*

Anders Petersen — You can start by introducing yourself.

— *That's a beginning.*

I am a photographer although I always wanted to say that I'm a poet.

It's perhaps more describing than the term photographer.

It's all very simple in the end. I am searching. Searching for life, and myself. Searching for security, and being afraid of it at the same time...

Recording time to make sure that the life that happened to me really has happened to me. Keeping time. A camera is a tool, something you hold between yourself and experience. In order to understand. Would that do? Do you know me now? All this has a lot to do with my recognition in the kind of photographs that you do Anders... borderline cases, outsidersness or something you are searching for but often when you find it you want to go further away again or deeper... that is one of the reasons that I photograph myself...

I'm still searching though I'm not sure what it is...

— When you stop searching you become stone dead. One is searching all the time. When you find out who you are then there nevertheless is something else that you will look for. When you've got an answer to the question, who or what or how, you still want to know something more, like a poison that you're infected with.

— *What is "home"?*

— Home, on a very concrete level, is where I have my books. Books mean a lot to me.