

Northern Light and Love or the Flower Girl

"It's non white, but what is powerful white comes from white, Aristotle:3, N, 2, 1089a.

Susanna Lehtinen comes from the end of the world, from Finland. A country of darkness and calm, of endless nights and endless days. Arriving in the country of light, France, what she misses is this white, dazzling light, a different light from the warm light of the south. Descartes, the philosopher on light, denies faith yet underlines the power of natural light as a source of inspiration and knowledge. But Susanna Lehtinen's light is located more in Aristotle's metaphysics— *ta meta ta physika*—; a light that is looking for substance and the beauty of being.

Lehtinen has brought this light within herself, this whiteness which accompanies her and that she tries to transmit to us through her art. A symbol of the intangible, of the mind, of God but also of life and happiness, light knows how to give without return, it knows how to make something dull shine. But how to represent this white, this light ? This form of celestial energy, this gift from the sky ? There are words, for example. And in Finnish there are many denominations of the word white especially for snow – the white substance par excellence : *loska, sohjo, räntä, pyry, rae, kukkalumi, vitilumi, puuterilumi, nuoska, ensilumi, hötylumi, kililumi, kitkalumi, auhtalumi, pakkasviti...* Susanna Lehtinen transmits these words to us and it's up to us to try and understand the difference between all these whites, the consistency of the snow, the different types of energy. The words, indiscernible in white on white, appear with light coming from elsewhere. The delicate flowers that she draws for us as well barely touch the transparent paper that she uses. Are they there at all ? She reminds us of all the other flowers in our lives, she conjures them up, from afar, out of our dreams, reminding us of the beauty of life. They are more than just material, they are memory, thought, ideas of flowers. Flowers on white symbolize feminine beauty which is receptive, full of humility, depending their existence on light and the rain falling from the sky. And because white is memory, memory of another existence, the « heritage » paintings superpose traces of the past offering a « Wunderblock » as Freud says on memory – a magical blackboard of memories, images, words, drawings, photos.

A puzzle, a story with no beginning and no end, traces of happiness....

it's up to you to receive them.

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