



ALINA SINIVAARA

Slow Travelling

11.9.–4.10.2026

At the start, the process of painting bursts forward in quick surges. Although the pace is fast, the movement progresses in stages: the moment the paint on the brush or cloth touches the canvas, the starting point, the acceleration lane, the varying lengths of a curve, the slackening, the slowing down, the braking and the letting go of the canvas. The colour material journey of the brushwork, the crossing and joining of the strokes, their change into different colours, resembles movement across land. Spaces blend into one another; the outlines of landscapes converge with the outlines of my body. The journey progresses, moves on as does my painting.

When I arrive at a station, disembark from a ship or get out of a car, I stretch my limbs, blink my eyes, squint in bright sunlight or the dim light of the station platform. I fall and open up into a new space where people wander around, loiter, hurry, lounge around or wait to move on to their routes, to new crossroads, where there are a countless number of encounters, sounds (announcements, screeching, steps, echoes, foreign languages, the hum of a sweeper), time that runs and wears away, quickly and slowly like paint.

The following night, sleep escapes from my cabin on the train. It wanders the corridors of the train, finds a route between the velvet upholstery and the cool wall panel, through the cracks of the tarnished metal hinges of the sliding doors, whirls anxiously around my head, under the beds. And in an instance, it disappears, fades out like colour under layers of paint. The train screeches and clanks when it suddenly stops between stations. I'm awake. At first, silence like a puff of air. Then steps, the hustle and bustle of work, clatter as one carriage is uncoupled from another. Tinkering and grunting, twisting and banging.

The work is almost done. My journey is nearly finished, but I'm still looking for nuances and final colour comparisons. I move forward and back again. The fast pace at the beginning has been replaced by the enjoyable and agonising stage of finishing. It is as if a smooth journey were to grind to a halt in a traffic jam right at the end, as if a train were to break down or petrol to run out. I try and see my painting with new eyes and a fresh mind. I allow the sticky paint to dry and the scene before my eyes to reveal itself as new. I try and forget the past and embrace this moment as if I had never seen this country, this city, this landscape, these colours I'm painting.

Alina Sinivaara (b. 1978, Helsinki) graduated as a painter from the Free Art School in 2007 and from the University of Art and Design Helsinki in 2005. *Slow Travelling* is her third private exhibition at Galleria Ama. Sinivaara had a private exhibition in Mikkeli Art Museum in 2021. Her latest joint exhibitions were at Rovaniemi Art Museum, Kunsthalle Seinäjoki and Kuopio Art Museum. Sinivaara's works can be found in the collections of the Mikkeli, Kuopio and Lahti Art Museums and the art collections of Jenny and Antti Wihuri Foundation, the Hospital District of Helsinki and Uusimaa (HUS) and the Finnish National Gallery as well as in public spaces. Sinivaara received the William Thuring Prize in 2018.

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