

Having Hreinn in Mind

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If Hreinn were everything, I would be everywhere.

If I were an artwork, I would like to be one of Hreinn's. Then I would enjoy not being selfish, and, in particular, I would be pleased that my being performed would be less about *being* itself and more about *being with*. Being with the world.

If I were a world, I would be the world that includes Hreinn's works. I would feel real – and this, partly through his works. My reality and my existence would be produced continuously both by the works and by everything else. With satisfaction, I would note that neither I, my being in the world, nor Hreinn's works, being his, would claim ownership of the area of exchange between us. The ideas we would exchange, and give way to, would fabricate a space – a field with the ability to include an ever-changing notion of time and a distinct ability to perform reality 'as we go' without venturing down blind alleys made up of issues such as property and commodification. These ideas are good ideas. Good because they are susceptible to change.

If I were an idea, I would like to be the kind that Hreinn's works unceasingly produce in being with the world, and I would slowly change everything and all things. Given access to temporality, ideas become intentions. If I were such an idea, I would evolve, not to become something better, but rather to unravel the fact that as an idea I would be able to have an impact on everything, to co-produce the world and develop my intentions. These intentions are not concepts about the world. Intentions are part of the world when they are allowed to breathe in time – our time.

If I were an idea, I would like to be the kind that changes the world. Like a good discussion, I would be able to make a difference. The world – meaning all things and ideas gravitating towards the centre of the earth (as Hreinn's works do) – needs differences. When ideas like the ones that his subtle works and the rest of the world exchange make differences, they constitute presence as a field rather than as a dot on a line. We see these differences as we add time to our expectations while looking at Hreinn's artworks. To look is to take part in the production of difference. Engagement has consequences, and the real is relative.

If Hreinn were everything, I would be everywhere. Everywhere as an endless field.

If I were a field, I would be the temporal field created by the fine-spun and generous relationships that Hreinn's works establish with the world. This field would be to my liking because it holds the potential for mapping time as a plane, not a line. In this particular field, the past, the present, and the future may all be seen from everywhere else in the field. Regardless of my position, I seem able to orient myself equally well from within segments of the past and segments of my expected future. By thinking, I can relocate myself, and my view of the segments changes accordingly. The field is alive; it is here and now. Here with Hreinn's works and now in the world. There is space for evaluation, and by letting me reconsider the real, the field suggests dimensions in which Hreinn's subtleties perform the plural. Plural places and plural people.

If I were a language, I would like to be the one spoken by Hreinn's works. They go beyond a narrative and make a world instead of simply relating something about the world. With this language, they create a space of time not unlike the one I experience when I am in Iceland, in a city, or a landscape. Here the light creates a subtle palette of grey hues, and roughly half of all daylight is in fact twilight. The Icelandic light shapes one's senses in a special way; it changes the way one perceives objects. The relation between objects and daylight or twilight calls for a constant recomposition of the objects and of ourselves.

If I were an object, I would be a subtle one, perhaps a quasi-object, continuously transformed by light.

If I were a text, I would like to be one sentence only.