

Floating on the waves of time

Seen superficially, it would seem that one can soon get an overview of Guðný Rósa Ingimarsdóttir's drawings and objects. Only when one slows down time oneself and devotes attention to each detail will one become aware of its richness. The tactile nature of the work cannot be captured in a photo. Each drawing is born as a dialogue between the materials and the working process. The chosen support includes a previous history. This may vary from natural patterns in the raw material to traces of human use. The artist sporadically buys second-hand materials, and at other times she goes back to relics of her own youth. In most cases, the supports refer to the ordinary life of every day. The work process superimposes itself onto the time inherent in the materials. The regularity of activity is of major importance, and in this way time insinuates itself into the work. In this process, a mass of feelings and thoughts pass through the mind until it is gradually liberated from worries. Artistic decisions often emerge from the logic of the materials. The existing forms and colours and subtle production defects help determine the nature of the interventions. Chance also plays a part, both initially and along the way. Although part of the work remains hidden from our sight, the most striking thing is the recurring transparency that gives us an insight into the course taken. The variety of working methods emphasises the impression of multiformity: numbering and text, photography, collage, gouache, watercolour, needlework and so on.

The entirety of the elements gives the observer no more than a starting point for interpretation. He has to find his own way through the numerous connections and escape routes. The drawings form an intersection of fragments that often remain unfinished. They contain doorways to the imagination and lead to 'frozen' moments in time from the past and the future. Each moment seems eternal, with the potential for recurrence. The networks also suggest the existence of several dimensions in the folds of linear time, while other possibilities that are still waiting for realisation are part of the universe, but belong to a different order of things. Everything depends on the connections we ourselves choose. Our minds operate by leaps that go beyond the time-frames set by society. The whole of the work expresses the great promise of personal development in harmony with everything that exists.

Anyone who floats on the waves of infinite time surrenders their ego in favour of symbiosis with the whole. They touch the fundamental current of everything that exists. This experience can be achieved in several ways, one of which is a concentration on art. Philosophers, poets and musicians often step outside time and themselves, but this can also happen to any anonymous person. The universal energy belongs to all cultures, periods and ages. At a materialistic level, the observer can reduce Guðný Rósa's work to a few available materials, technical operations and chronologically measurable dating. But this ignores the essence of the creation. There is nothing ostentatious, it is all inwardly oriented. Absence dominates, encounters are rare, the modest distance makes for silent dialogues. The exchange progresses drop by drop, in minimal doses. The notion of healing is never far away. Physical absence is compensated by a sea of time available for an inner examination of what has already been said and experienced. Everything seems vulnerable and fragile, human actions are intensely interwoven with their own passage through time. The boundaries between time and space dissolve at that vast point of experience, and linear time gives way to a network of associations in our minds. The minimal content of the experience leads to a keen concentration on the essence, which is that we are here simply as a valuable link in the universe. What seems quite abstract at the same time forms the most penetrating experience, analogous to the perception of pure light or flowing water. This sojourn in time reaches beyond comprehension, it feels like an everlasting poem. It is a birth, a life and a death.

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