

*INSPIRATIONAL
QUOTES
FOR
ARTISTS*

This is a love attack I know it went out but it's back

Smash Mouth: Walking on the sun

Everyone is everyone else
We all have felt the way you felt

Tom Rosenthal: Everyone is everyone else

The other week three new friends and I were making slime on a Tuesday night. One of them had just recently become important to me, and the two others were her close friends. The slime consisted of glue, baking powder, shaving foam, red color and contact lense fluid. Sitting on the floor in a circle, a big bucket on a plastic sheet in the middle, it was one of the nicest moments this fall. We joked about hexes and witchcraft and played Enya on the lousy computer speakers.

On the following Saturday there was some DIY-exhibition event happening in one of the old factory spaces across town. My friends had been asked to participate, and they asked me to come do something too. Originally, they had all planned something else, something individually more ambitious. Sitting there on the floor, kneading the slime into the shape of a baby or covering ourselves with it, the slime felt more and more like the best possible thing to exhibit. Instead of all making something separate, why not just make a lot of slime together.

On Saturday, the day of the exhibition, we met up again. With us we had dozens of small bottles of glue (the big ones were out), six bottles of shaving foam, and more contact lense fluid. The boyfriend of one of the friends had come from London to join us. Around the dinner table, when the slime was done, the five of us talked about what we should do now that we had a bucket full of pink goo. Should we perform something with it, or just dump it at the exhibition and run. Eventually we all felt we'd come to a good decision: We'd put a speaker inside the slime, find a good spot for it, and just let it ooze. The music would be Enya, of course.

Out on the gallery floor, some people looked at the slime, some dared to play with it. Most people didn't really care. There were like 200 other artworks there and anyway people seemed to mostly be interested in drinking beer. Still, this small and kinda ridiculous thing felt so good. For that night, there was a sense of community, of shared secrets and wills between us. On the way home two of the girls were talking about how good it had felt, how great it had been to do something together for the first time since art school. I smiled and felt so happy for them, so happy to know them.



This shit is super wild, this shit is super cool
This shit is kinda gangsta, I think I'm into you

Charli XCX: What I like

We're such a hot sensation (WOW)
What a creation

Shampoo: Viva la megababes

I'm a member of a group on facebook for photographers, in which people ask for advice and post information about paid freelance gigs. Yesterday a German guy asked for tips on the best young portrait photographers living in Berlin, and I tagged a young guy I met at a photo fair a few months ago, and added him to the group. Later in the evening he sent me a kind and unexpected thank you-message, telling me how much he appreciated it. It made my day to know I made somebody else happy by sharing their work.

My work is valid, I can't prove it but I know

Austra: Utopia

In 2016, when I was very broke and very sad about not receiving respect as a photographer - people I photographed for free wouldn't even thank me, things like that - I decided to stop working for free. It sounds so straightforward, but it was a big and scary decision, and I was afraid that it would close many doors for me. However, I decided that I once and for all needed to show myself some respect, and therefore ask to always be paid for my labour, unless the circumstances were very special.

A bit later, I was asked by a curator to write an essay about an artist his gallery represented. The text was to be printed in the gallery's marketing publication. Instead of asking if I was to get paid, I asked how much I would get paid. It was genuinely terrifying to muster up the courage to ask, but he got so taken aback that he promptly agreed on paying me 200 euros. Later I heard from somebody else that he had said when making the following issue of the publication that he doesn't pay people for producing content. It angered me, but also made me proud that I, a young woman, had been the one person he had ever agreed to pay.

I am a professional with a degree. I deserve to get paid for my work, just like anybody else.

I have never taken a picture for any other reason than that at that moment it made me happy to do so

Jacques Henri Lartigue

I cry all the time, I think that it's cool
I'm in touch with my feelings

Charly Bliss: Percolator

This fall has been extraordinarily heavy. I mean, life isn't that stress-free in general but lately it's been more than the usual. Thing is, I didn't really realize this before a friend pointed it out. I've been so used to carrying stuff for myself and others that it hadn't really registered before. A text message from her put it in writing, a small thing that felt like a big relief.

Financial instability, deep troubles with several family members, lots of work and recurring questioning of the *raison d'être* of my entire 'career', breakups. Because of these, incredible amounts of anxiety. Also, constant moving: I hadn't had a physical place that felt like home since last January. I had just been a guest in some six apartments on two continents. My friend said it was getting to me but that it was okay to admit that. That I was doing so 'well' in this situation – fixing my work, having the energy to dream – was a feat in itself, and it was okay to be proud of that. Of course pointing things out doesn't solve anything, but being a person who was taught to never feel I am doing 'enough' work (professionally or emotionally) it meant a lot to hear someone else say that there really had been quite a lot going on.

They say I'm a hot mess
I don't care what they say

Girli: Hot Mess

I just want to have fun and to live without fear

Princess Nokia: Kitana

The other night my friend and I went to the premiere of a play that one of our friends' was in. I've known them both for some twelve years now. That's an incredibly long time. It's not always been so easy but in the last months we three had bonded a lot again, which had made me super happy. The friend who was acting in the play had (like me and everyone else) also had her many ups and downs in the years we'd know each other, so it was wonderful to see her doing something she liked, and doing it so well in front of an audience. Also, the premiere was a success.

Afterwards the three of us and many others went to a nearby bar. Now, like at any art show afterparty, some of the people who joined had not always been the easiest to be around. On our way to the bar, I was feeling kinda nervous because I thought I would (because of my own issues) feel weird or lonely at the hangout. But somehow all the factors were just right that evening and everyone was in an inclusive and kind mood. The friend who performed seemed happy with her own work, while being her most lovable and supportive self towards the others. Everything was so much fun that I stayed until I could not drink any more. Since the friend who'd been in the audience with me also felt sleepy and our houses were in the same direction, we left at the same time. While walking, I told her how happy I was we'd become closer again.

I am learning to love
I am learning to let myself be loved
how did I miss this lesson when I was young?

Miya Folick: Talking with strangers

Me and my boyfriend Theo who lives in southern Sweden decided to move in together after two years of long distance relationship, and decided to relocate to Stockholm.

I've had a complicated relationship with Sweden: as a Swedish-speaking Finn, I've grown up reading Swedish books and following Swedish culture closely, yet when visiting, I'm an outsider. I've often disliked Stockholm intensely, mostly because of my own insecurities. Nevertheless, I decided to give Stockholm a try.

After the decision to move in the nearby future was made, we went to our future hometown for a week of holidays, to get into it a bit. I was really apprehensive. One of the first days there, a friend of Theo's messaged him asking if we wanted to tag along to a dinner that very same evening. I was a bit nervous to crash the dinner party of some unknown people, but when we arrived, there was no air of hostility, no stiffness or awkwardness. It felt completely natural to be there, and I was included immediately. We ate outdoors, suburban Swedish summer surrounding us. An elderly small white dog rummaged around on the floor. The food was amazing. I felt so accepted and welcomed, at ease.

Tell everyone

Now, today, I shall
Sing beautifully for
My friends' pleasure

Sappho

Reach out your hands to the one alone
In your city

John Maus: Do your best

Miracles each and everywhere you look
And nobody has to stay where they put
This world is yours, for you to explore
It's nothing but miracles beyond your door

Insane Clown Posse: Miracles



I'll fly with you

Gigi D'Agostino: L'Amour Toujours

Perfect didn't feel so perfect
Trying to fit a square into a circle was no life
I defy

Hilary Duff: Come Clean

I'll never be, no never be, uh

SZA: Normal Girl

Recently, Helen and I started making a podcast. We've been the best of friends for ten years and are in many ways interested in doing similar things, yet collaborating "professionally" has always been really difficult for us. Partly because of our own individual hangups, partly because so much of what we've wanted to do has simply been too big. As two too self-critical people, even beginning something was always impossible because it had to be perfect from the start. I felt this was kinda sad because, all things considered, we can be quite decent at rambling about art, when no-one is listening.

Finally we found something we could actually do. Meeting at the work space on random weekday evenings, sometimes with some wine, we'd put on a recorder and talk spontaneously about a vaguely defined theme. Neither of us is particularly good at being funny if we try (I think), so the only way to make it bearable to listen to was to record without planning it on forehand, and ignoring the microphone when talking.

You know what? The first episode got like 300 plays. That's not so bad :)



A few years ago, before meeting my boyfriend, I was recovering from a long period of major depressive disorder and feeling quite lost and confused. One Monday evening when I felt a bad mood coming on, I decided to do something nice and sat up in the middle of the night giving myself a stick and poke-tattoo while listening to music and drinking coffee. The next morning I had therapy, after which I went back to home. I live beside a primary school, and the kids happened to have break when I walked past a little after 10 am. A small boy shouted at me from the schoolyard: “why aren’t you in school?” and I heard myself reply “because I’m an adult”. As I walked away I felt a giddy happy happy feeling realizing that being an adult means being able to do things a child could only dream about: eat candy for dinner and sit up at night and decide when to meet friends and what to do with them. Every time I get angsty about not being young anymore, I recall this memory and remember how many great things there are with being an adult.

Just remember that for all you know, good or bad come what may, you’re gonna live tomorrow, if you don’t die today

Spectral Display: It takes a muscle

Starting from here, let's make a promise
You and me, let's just be honest

T.a.t.u: Not gonna get us

You'll never know if you don't go
You'll never shine if you don't glow
Hey now, you're an all-star, get your game on, go play
Hey now, you're a rock star, get the show on, get paid
And all that glitters is gold
Only shooting stars break the mold

Smash Mouth: All star

A feelgood zine by Otso Harju and Helen Korpak

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