Painting is fun!
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There is some kind of instant drawback at these moments, when I try to analyze what I do, it’s like a wall that shuts me out— I don’t want to do this.

But I will try because it’s expected of me and it doesn’t necessarily mean that I have to put up a fight, maybe this is the way that takes the least effort. I’m getting tired of fighting— I’m getting strong enough to be tired.

First I was just going to tape and transcribe Fredrik’s and mine conversation from today but as I was walking home from Skeppsholmen listening to it, I don’t remember saying a lot of things. Or saying them I do remember but not the meaning that I put into the words. I hear the insecurity in my voice and I recognize the same smartness that I don’t like to see as I’m writing, and interestingly enough I recognize it, I hear my responses that cleverly tries to fit into the context.

I hear a few things that I really liked, a few laughs bursting out from nowhere and some noises of surprise, especially one time when Calle Holck was mentioned. I made a happy sound because I like him and I didn’t expect to hear about him. The same things that I don’t like seeing when I write I hear on tape. So writing and talking is somewhat the same I noticed, or my intentions with it. I want to impress others and maybe mostly myself. So this is important; I will write an essay as honestly I can, I don’t really know what it should be about at the moment because the decision is new but I guess it will be an evidence.

I’ve been thinking a lot what to do about this essay. I was going to make a jazz cd and a fanzine of drawings and many other things. One idea I had was to hire a ghostwriter.

I heard a radio show about people writing essays for kids in high school, it costed about 1000 kr-Swedish krona to get an essay and I thought I could put the KKH’s materialbidrag into this. Many ideas how to get around it, but maybe this is the thing about me. I’m constantly evading the real task, not getting into the real mystery behind the driving force to make art and have an opening.

A lawyer could probably write a four page paper about his work any day. It just feels like too much to write a paper about the problem about writing a paper that would be about my problems with painting...

Every time I find a logical solution to make a painting it sticks with me like an uncomfortable shoe— I can’t stand it and I have to erase it, I have to twist the idea into something I don’t recognize, and maybe that’s the same thing with this essay, I have been trying to do everything except writing.

But I do feel it’s a little strange that we have to write then I think it should be mandatory to make four paintings and four drawings and a few sculptures too and they have to be good otherwise you won’t get your degree. Or maybe not good but they will be examined in a way that would be absurd if you look at the way Mejan is educating artists.
I like poetry but very seldom I find a poetic text about art, of course it exist if I just looked for it but the text that comes with the artworks in an exhibition, is often depressing and boring.

It’s easy to see the need for writing if you want to be an artist but I don’t like needs, I feel being an artist is the opposite of needs: never be political never adapt or do what is needed. What I’m doing now is the opposite of this, this is clearly an adaptation, and in this moment I’m the furthest away from my artistic practice. It doesn’t feel like that, I feel inspired but I have to be alert as I’m writing this. That I don’t start to believe it or finding too much worth in it, at this moment I’m selling myself out and I like it. I find the lack of dots in this text poetic. (Before I edited the text it was more or less one whole sentence).

Paintings are not evolving around painterly problems. They are more propositions or suggestions, they are not fixated to be as they are. They could be in any other way, in means of composition or coloristic choice, but after I finish a painting I have a strong feeling that they could not be in any other way. I trick myself into the feeling of completion; it is the same with this text.

The more one writes the surer one feels of oneself. And in this feeling I’m untouchable, and it doesn’t matter what anybody thinks or feels. It’s an exclusive experience that people can share or miss. It’s a dialogue with myself. That’s maybe why I have some kind of distance to trying to explain. I despise it a bit, the way of making oneself simpler, to explain the practice by saying one has a strong interest in postmodernism or in punk posters or films about aliens. I don’t feel that I have a clear interest in what I do. And still I do a lot of things, but with much stress, everything I do is made on the run. But a few things can be created between thoughts, a few spaces of calm I found, periods between thoughts. I’m so stressed, people don’t believe this. Under this calm surface a lot of unrest is hiding. The paintings that get to stay are the ones that have a rest in them, a sense of calm...and evidence of a time, that I can’t believe myself without the paintings.

It’s a meditation I invented myself, I found meditation before I even knew what it was. That’s maybe why I don’t like to explain. I would like to erase these last words but I will not.

Painting is the only thing I have created. Music and drawing is equally as important in my practice and they contain the same energy. But the difference is that I look at paintings, I observe them.

Music and drawings exist behind the carrying media, but in painting the step is taken into the physical world I have respect for paintings. I mean as an actual created object, I’m proud of them. They are not logical, and the beauty in them is nothing I was taught. I can clearly see...
what I have been inspired by on the surface, but under them a beauty lies that I can't explain—It's too large to fixate it with my thoughts. It could be misinterpreted as melancholy—it's close to this. There is a touch of pain in it, of having something too large inside, and a lot of humor too. A feeling of giggle, having a private joke with the punch line missing, it's an ongoing joke.

Painting is under constant development. Even the finished paintings keep changing.

It doesn't matter what kind of life situation I'm in, negativity can't prevail in my practice, it can contain parts of negativity but a completed work has to have the full spectrum of feelings which make them feel empty. They can never be side effects of a thought process.

It has to be boiled down into something unpersonal and personal at the same time, teaching me things I didn't know I knew. The conversation is dependent on every letter forming words; every word is important forming the sentences.

But I know it's not lasting, it will end, and the process of destruction will start. Figuring out how it will fit in, how it will be received. How it can be used, how it will gain me.

I'm happy I have to paint over a lot of things in the process, there are so many motives behind every canvas that are forever untouchable for myself. They are hidden beneath the traces of old motives, what's underneath, like scars in the completed surface.

I can't stand the sense of adaption, to feel like I'm compromising with outer or inner conflicts.

Never make a juice of your lemons.

Don't distort your feelings into practicalities, feelings are more real than anything. They are physical. The acute sense of doing something about them is a diversion. Never do anything without choice.

Be aware of inner and outer pressure in order to explain yourself.

I keep counting the pages again and again—This is turning out to be a possible task. I will not have to change the line spacing or even the size of the letters to fill four pages with text. I like the way every part of the text contradicts itself, slowly erasing the meaning it had from the start. I get lost in the words, and many times a sentence means something else than what I meant was alluding to as I was writing.

I would like to apologize to myself for choosing suffering over pleasure nine times of ten.
paintings are apologies and creativity is a healing force
birth is always painful

I’ve been frightened for as long as I can remember
I’m afraid of being too personal with myself. I don’t know who I am. I know better what other people know.

Painting is not related to therapy.
They are diametrically opposite. The only similarity is the driving force.

Every artist looking for an education is in trouble, Mejan is really nice because it gives you affirmation of existence. it the school makes you feel important.
I talked with my friend Arvid about this yesterday. He said that the most important thing about Mejan was the realization that he did not need it.
I see the pride in the eyes of the new students and it’s not theirs, they borrow it for a while. It can be a long term loan and some people get to keep it for a lifetime.
It’s a matter of knowing where you are and not a matter of needing direction. And what can anyone tell you that will not confuse you. An artist that sees herself as a student is in big problem

My pride is like a bleeding wound
This text is pretentious

The canvas is a dividing barrier between the real and the imagined, a place to experience the real through the imagined and vice versa
I have a million paintings inside within me, but I resist them. I don’t want to get stuck in a dialogue about the history of painting.
The person who knows history is bound to relive it and I don’t have time for that.
Though a painting has a unique ability to connect to the past as well as the future

Struggle builds strength, letting go takes a lot of strength
That’s why artists have an interest for the unnecessary. It’s a good practice to build the right kind of muscles. There is a possibility to reflect yourself in your work, use it as a compass to stay on the right track.
It’s totally merciless. I always know when I’m making bullshit. I can try to convince myself it is good for a few hours but in the end I have to destroy it.
I’m capable of lying for years, but when it comes to painting I have a strong sense for truth.
Maybe this is a good definition of truth, to have a sense for it, because it changes and is never fixated. It feels true and it is available for other people without the need for them to change opinions.
My intelligence is my biggest obstacle. It’s not the ladder, and I’m glad.

In life I’m so dependent on authority to react. Painting is a very good way to study inner authority. It’s extremely important to make something completely useless as a human being, filling something useless with value. I’m trying to prove I’m needed by making things no one needs

I don’t want to see myself in what I do in the studio.

Waiting is not wasting time, wanting is wasting.