

# Sorrow, Heartache, Recovery & Shit.

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- *An open letter to whoever feels like reading it* -

I had this really great idea that also made a lot of sense and now I either have to remember it or to forget it ever existed.

I get through life by making endless lists of things I have to do, things I want, things I need, things that matter, things that are certain, and this gives me structure. Most of the time I put my pants in the washing machine with all these lists still in my pockets and because of this I trash both the lists and the pants.

It's like, I like everything to be nice and with a dose of Sunday afternoon kindness. Let us not insist on concepts because they can cause harm. You eventually get to those, after tea and cookies and other shit.

Trademark anxieties.

They make life worth living and give you loads of working material cause, boy, do we like those romantic "tormented artist" stereotypes! Let's write and draw about inner pain, due bills, too much potato and too little omega3, songs that delude us in a beautiful but lame way, played on repeat, inner beasts (crocodiles, dogs, wales), fortunes made from pennies, sentimental cholesterol, and so on. Uber tools for making art.

I don't know what can happen next. It's that type of situation where missiles are flying everywhere like in a hyper macho intergalactic war fantasy movie. All you can really do is lay low and shield yourself or worst case scenario, get out with a missing toe or something.

It's gonna be just fine, no problem.

*Yours faithfully,*

*Lea Rasovszky*











Individual works with technical details [HERE](#)