

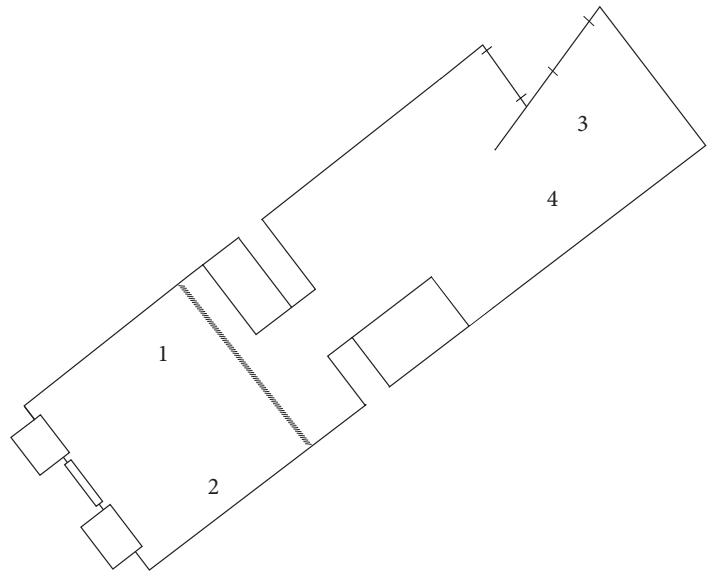
Lindsay Lawson

NOPE

3 November – 16 December 2017

- 1
Abandoned Bottle
Compromised Bottle
Deceased Bottle
Defiled Coffee Cup
Depleted Rolling Papers
Deserted Tampon
Destitute Champagne Flute
Disagreeable Panty
Disappointing Heel
Estranged Glove
Exhausted Cigarette Pack
Expired Rat
Extinguished Can
Forgotten Boot
Former Rat
Forsaken Wrapper
Free Money
Gratuitous Banana Peel
Inadequate Umbrella
Inessential Chicken Bone
Lost Condom
Misplaced Thong
Misused Paper
Neglected Tube
Obsolete Hat
Overused Wunderbaum
Pointless Band-Aid
Prostrate Chain
Redundant Cup
Rejected Capri Sun
Retired Lighter
Ruined Sock
Spent Bottle Cap
Squandered Cup
Subjugated Knife
Subprime Pizza
Sullied Carton
Terminated Apple Core
Tired Container
Unacceptable Can
Undermined Can
Unnecessary Key
Unwanted Cigarette
Wasted Napkin
Weary Big Gulp

2017
 glazed ceramics
 variable dimension



- 2
Nope, 2017
 100 x 41 x 70 cm
 glazed ceramic, water pump
- 3
Nah, 2017
 21 x 45 x 35 cm
 jeans, resin, ultrasonic humidifier
- 4
Nein, 2017
 180 x 40 x 20 cm
 wood, copper pipes, garbage bag, water pump

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Have you ever peed in your pants? I have. And let me tell you, it's a damn nice feeling. And so embarrassing you wish to disappear. The others haven't seen you, yet, so you run to the bathroom to reevaluate what to do next. You grab a bunch of paper towels, and you're glad there are still public bathrooms with paper towels.

In her third solo exhibition with the gallery Lindsay Lawson shows an environment of a person who seems to have just left the space. The glazed ceramics scattered in the room denote the end of something: Peeled bananas eaten and then thrown on the floor without care, cans of sodas and beers emptied out, a dead rat, a tissue, a broken high heel, an empty cigarette pack, a dismissed sandwich. Clearly something's wrong.

A water spitting Sphinx is wearing an oversized jumper and reluctantly doing its job, what a slob! It is greeting the visitors, sitting in front of the bathroom stalls, totally misplaced.

Three doors, and the only choice we are given is to go straight.

In the second room we find more uncanny fountains: they too recycle water and make time stand still. Lawson's fountains have person and animal like features, they evoke something sad, something pathetic. The inside of black pants dropped is vaping. The plank is weeping. Instead of marking a meeting place in a public spot, they seem to indulge in their own loneliness in the back, hidden.

Others who have been here before have been smoking, the stealy air and the cigarette butts on the ground tell you so. Other people are filthy, but you, you think you are not, you are *gone hiding*. Your pants are gone too. You flush the toilet, just in order to do something and you carefully inspect the toilet seat if someone has left any traces behind. They have.