

I'll
cry
if
I want
to

Lindsay Joy

Titles of Works

* Unicorn Collection 1995-Present
* Selfie as someone who is assertive
* 'But we have to look at you'
* Leahy, Core Walden
* 'I Have Run Out of Bitty Remarks' (Borden)

I think the trick
is just to start.

* Start from Day...
* Diary excerpt 1, 'No One Ever Calls'
* Diary excerpt 2, eye doctor

if reading the...
the thing about you

Titles of Works

in no particular order-
Mix and Match!

- *Unicorn Collection 1995-Present
- *Selfie as someone who is assertive
- *'But We Have To Look At You'
- *Lesley Gore Wallpaper
- *I Have Run Out of Pithy Remarks (Burden Stitch)
- *Webcam Retrospective
- *Never Stop Feeling...
 - *Attempts at appearing credible
- *A Closer Proximation of Me At 14
- *As Gwen John, Kind Of
- *Self-Help Collection, made and found
- *Lindsay, 1988 (with legs)
- *Start Each Day...
 - *Diary excerpt 1, 'No One Ever Calls'
 - *Diary Excerpt 2, eye doodles

2 * if reading this elsewhere, name
the things around you!

♥ Welcome to My Art! ♥

Hello.

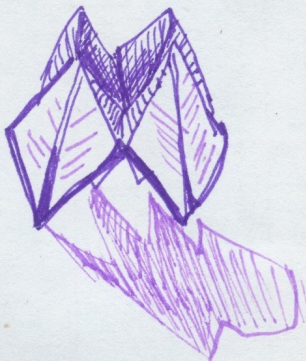
I present you with this booklet instead of having you read a big, impersonal didactic panel. I always feel like those are telling me what to think about whatever it is I'm looking at. But then, what about this? Well, take it as you will. Half the impetus for this show was me wondering if I could really do it. Can I do this? Am I fooling everyone? The answers probably aren't to be found here. Maybe you have your own questions about yourself. Perhaps writing them here can help:

While no pens will be provided, why not imagine what you wanted to say appearing in the lines? Or whatever.

Other fun things to think about:

*That thing you wish you'd said. You know what I'm talking about.

Take it from me, though, you don't want to get stuck in the trap of thinking about that thing over and over and over again. The other day, I remembered a thing I wanted to say when I was 13. That's 13 years ago. Do you think the other person wishes they'd said something, too?



Looking for



magic

This kid in my class had amassed a large crowd. He was telling them about his new tooth fairy technique. Instead of putting the tooth under his pillow, he placed it in a jar of water on his bedside table. When he awoke, he found the jar full of brightly dyed water and the tooth replaced by money. It was very elaborate. Desperate for a taste of this magic, I told my mom all about it, and the next time I lost a tooth, I did exactly as he'd said. Before, my mom had told me that the tooth fairy would have an easier time if I put the tooth in an envelope rather than loose under my pillow. I was skeptical. After all, wasn't she, by definition, /magical?/ Anyway, I waited excitedly until morning to see the results in the jar. When I woke up, the water was dark green. The tooth was still there. There were 2 quarters on top of the lid.

I lamented to my mom that the tooth fairy hadn't done it right, and besides, the water was a **boy** colour. I decided to ask that kid at school for more information. Turns out he got /two dollars// per tooth.

WAY TO GO



SUPER STAR

WOW!



Nice!



SUPER

YES!

Keep it up!

GOOD JOB



Wow!



GREAT



Much Better!

YES!



COOL



WOW!

AWESOME

NICE JOB

WELL DONE!



GREAT IDEA!



GOOD JOB



I lamented to my mom that the tooth fairy hadn't done it right, and besides, the water was a boy colour. I decided to ask that kid at school for more information. Turns out he got two dollars per tooth.





"I'm saying good-bye to 'em all"

"It's my favourite quote, man. 'If you're not livin' on the edge, you're taking up too much space.'"

I don't remember if he really ~~looked~~ looked at me pointedly then, or if I imagined it, from the seat across the aisle, his eyes like accusing daggers.

It is my grade 6 field trip, and we're all on the bus. I spend the next 3 hours sliding slowly towards the edge of the brown vinyl seat in an attempt to take up an appropriate amount of space.



I debated sharing this, but I think it might be important. *trigger warning on next little bit.

put anyway, sitting with this guy in class in grade 7 was so frustrating and I did everything I could do to make him stop bugging me, which mostly involved trying to take up the least amount of space possible.

I started to believe the things he said to/about me, and to try and beat him to the punch, I would finish his lines for him about my body or appearance. One time, I thought I saw him crack. 'You shouldn't talk about yourself like that,' he said.

Later, he hollowed out a battery with my scissors and left them on my desk, covered in corrosive goop.





♥ We were going through my grandma's photographs and this one was in an ornate frame. I asked my mom who the person was, and figured she must have been important to her. She started laughing hysterically * it was the stock photo that came with the frame, saved for 20 years. ♥

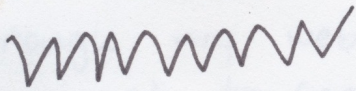
♥
♥
Hello to my long lost relative.
♥
♥
♥

We were going through my grandpa's
photographs and this one was in an
ornate frame. I asked my mom who the
person was, and she said she must have
been important to her. She started



There was an anti-smoking
campaign that came to my school.
They handed out booklets about
all these graphically-depicted
diseases, like cancer of the mouth.
After class, they were mostly thrown
away, but he went around, picked them
all up, and put them in his desk.

I started finding these pictures
torn out and left on my desk, in my
backpack, slid under my gaze while
I was reading. I kept finding them
for months afterwards.



You know that line adults often
say to cheer you up?

"I bet he likes you and he's just
too shy to say it!"

When you like someone, you don't leave
pictures of cancer in their backpack.



