

# VEDA

## PARASELENE NANCY LUPO APRIL 14 - JULY 4

*You cannot step twice into the same river, for other waters are flowing on – Heraclitus*

*Sometimes, if you stand on the bottom rail of a bridge and lean over to watch the river slipping slowly beneath you, you will suddenly know everything there is to be known. – Winnie the Pooh*

(J.) The first time I caught Nancy's work was in this really great group show at Laurel Gitlen in 2014, Mineral Spirits. It was a year of intensity, in that by recently moving to New York I thought I had to know and see everything. I did not know the people, I just had to know the art. There were sparks and glimmers in this rapacity where one was lucky enough to get to know the person, or at least maybe meet them or exchange a smile. That never happened with Nancy.

(K.) Her work kept re-appearing, and though each time it retrained my fascination, the experience changed as understandings expanded. My friend Lior and I would talk about it, or I would think back to the show in 2014, or a new essay or article would mention the work and I would again take it into consideration. It was a circle of consideration and re-consideration; with gaps of learning and leaving in-between.

(L.) There is a small exercise that I want to try with Nancy's work. It starts with the letter J, peaks with the letter L, and ends with the letter O. It has already started, but here is where we discern it. There was Laurel, then there was Lior, and recently there was Lyndsy. Now there is Los Angeles, where she lives. I was really fascinated by this alliteration of form, and giddied by the promise that the letter 'K' was so prominent next to it, let's think, Kristina Kite, her gallerist in Los Angeles. Letters are a choice that provide a loophole into a new consideration; like if you pronounced the word loophole you may find yourself either saying Nancy's surname, or you may find resonance in the use of holes in her work.

(M.) What is meaning when once I heard a theory that a particular artist—recently deceased—chose to show with one gallerist named Max, just because the artist's other gallerist was named Max? I have not been able to find much meaning into Nancy's work, regardless of how much I have steeped thought into it, but that, today (and who knows for how long), is not such a bad thing. We praise memes, materials, and indeed all images, for their equivalent lack and promise of mendacity, and I cannot but help think that each time I have re-found Nancy's work that I am finding truth in a falsehood.

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(N.) J-K-L-M-N-O, these six letters are for me, basically the bridge of the alphabet— tying together that first section, which feels flowing and harmonious, to the second section, P through Z, which feels much more wavy and tense. There is a counterpoint rhythm to the two sections which necessitates these six letters as a middling bridge, from which one can look to both sides and see their balance. I like to think of Nancy's work as this bridge of correlative lettering, being able to occupy directly a middling ground and blow perfectly O-shaped bubbles in every direction the water flows.

(O.) This is the last letter of Nancy's surname, and it is perhaps the visual correspondent most recognized in her work. Holes punched through other holes, linking O's together like those in Loophole or Pooh. I am pretty sure that two 'O's linked together make an attempt at infinity.

Alan Longino