

Nancy Lupo
Dying Play
June 29 – August 13, 2022

One death journey that I think is very well rendered is that of Nago, the wild boar demon in *Princess Mononoke*. What captivates me most is the particularly unnamable substance that oozes from their pores. It goes through several transformations, including one harrowing spaghetti and blood sausage-like stage, over the course of their long expiration.

I have always loved the scene from Fellini's *Casanova* where the stormy ocean at night is constructed out of black plastic with fans blowing crazily off camera. And the raspy voice with which Norma Desmond says, "pumping, pumping, pumping," in *Sunset Boulevard*. She's talking about endlessly putting gas in her car and is exasperated and exhausted, but still, somehow it's all going to keep going.

But then these spirals.

First in my mom's garden in Flagstaff in the hectic spring wind. They reminded me I'm alive and also dying and that it's not the last time that will happen. Also, again, Norma Desmond's "pumping" and all of the times I've spiralized zucchinis in the last months.

The golden sprinkles are brass shavings. They are also spirals when you get granular. I scooped them up with card stock and an aluminum dustpan, imagine that sound. They are sharp and get stuck in your fingers. The shop manager milled down brass bars for a job making a frame for a grand mirror and this is 90% of the excess.

Spiral era ensues.