

Nancy Lupo

window where we

27.03–22.05.2021

joint presentation by Kristina Kite & Dawid Radziszewski

at Dawid Radziszewski, Warsaw, PL ([dawidradziszewski.com](http://dawidradziszewski.com), [@dawidradziszewskigallery](https://www.instagram.com/dawidradziszewskigallery))

for Friend of a Friend 2021

Lupo's installation, window where we, began in mid-September 2020 on a wall of windows in the artist's Tbilisi studio. Lupo was drawn to work directly on the windows, finding their beauty too radiant to to be fully present with anything else in the space. After all, the plan she had for her time in residence was to make a film. The work represents latest progression of the Teller form where it assumes a quasi architectural role, a carapace where there might be a curtain, a transmission of time where there might have been a duration. The artist layered glue, toilet paper, napkins, fiberglass mesh and bamboo barbecue skewers directly onto the windows in her studio. The resulting skins were removed right before the end of Orthodox New Year and hang now on a structure that is a 1:1 recreation of the original steel windows frames.

"The Teller" is a form that originated in 2019 as a small model of a farmer's market tent; the simple pop-up structures that provide shade and shelter for market vendors and has been transformed and extrapolated many times and become a motif the artist continues to rework almost obsessively. The Tellers are composed of different kinds of accumulated paper, such as receipts, candy wrappers, napkins, bank statements, letter envelopes, and toilet paper. Beginning with a wooden structure, the paper is adhered in many layers with glue and fiberglass mesh. They are then painted with striking and seductive interference and mica pigments, possessing both transparency and radiance.

The Tellers first took the form of large leaning or laying sculptures that recalled ocean waves, or flags, or magical cloaks. They also resembled giant versions of the paper fortune tellers children make and use in a fortune telling game ("piekło-niebo" in Polish). Linguistically the word recalls both the person (or machine) at a bank that dispenses money as well as a storyteller or speaker.

In Spring 2020, Lupo began working on a series of "collapsed" Tellers, which possessed the same structure and materials, but which were flattened like delicately unfolded foil candy wrappers. They began to evoke calendars, grids or counting systems.

### image caption

Nancy Lupo, window where we, 2021 PVA, toilet paper, napkins, fiberglass mesh, bamboo barbecue skewers and steel installation, ca. 340 × 430 x 200 cm

### artist bio

Nancy Lupo (b. 1983, Flagstaff, AZ) is a Los Angeles-based artist and sculptor. She received her BFA from The Cooper Union (2007), and MFA from Yale University (2011)

Lupo's work explores the potential for ambiguity and confusion as a slow force that is at once unsettling and full of potential. Her sculptures draw attention to our presence amongst everyday objects, materials, and spaces that are often overlooked, but that deeply affect our understanding of the world. Whether it's organic elements such as fruit or dog treats, banal store-bought items: single-use forks or dental floss, but also mass produced things like trash bins or plastic folding-chairs, they are put together in a thoughtful way, and in careful consideration of their placement and context. Her series of sculptures which reproduce benches, made out of a variety of materials, is often installed also outside of the gallery context, in city parks, squares or the beach. One of recent ones was Open Mouth (2019), a public commission in downtown Los Angeles featuring a configuration of sixteen drawing a perimeter around the southeast end of LA's Pershing Square.

\*The artist would like to thank Propaganda.Network, Tbilisi Residency, Tina Asatiani and Lisa Offerman for their invitation and assistance in production equally material, temporal and spiritual.

exhibition text by Ser Serpas:

falling inverse heads in perforated  
ongoing nothings skewers in shapes  
treading on bone  
so disease and longing  
keeping things in shape  
by keeping down lines  
putting them down at points and touching the birds  
set onto  
dusky hill  
new relationships  
those you implore  
a swan song for two  
what gets consumed and why that hurt my teeth  
not so sweet and tangy in the seams  
its a stand up  
do well as to  
decry itself in the face of others  
detangled architecture  
how it goes away to die on its own  
what one can recreate honestly  
how a moment and a story  
when you justify movement you come to  
yourself again  
aspect ratio off and fucking its decrying and face inwards while accumulating what is left to track  
we would wish for more were we not skewered  
floundering on the surfaces of unretouched landscapes  
having to give cons to us not so enticing  
why cant we have what we want  
when you meet people you have to give it up for them  
a centerpiece in the way we relate  
maybe its not ok  
in using the suns rays  
in blocking them with your cellophane  
who gets charged with, anything  
facilitating exchanges in a facility,  
circumscribe threats  
a disaster in the way disasters go

one to one ruins were found and left behind you didnt know where to go but to find them  
behind you under you  
excess and spots marking  
no use in taking at the spots before the motifs so ephemeral as to make a case for themselves  
what we learned in forgiving and elongating  
promises to you and me informed by our material  
love shared is not lost is not equanimity  
i feel only the end not so much in its encroaching but in what it does  
makes forget once known truths defenses and burials so specific as to breathe life anew  
this oxygen has no space  
this way of living is killing my other motives  
this window would not be into my  
own space but inhabited unrecorded engaging with that so not there as to be theirs  
this work was finished before we met  
may it be more so when we again