



Reverse

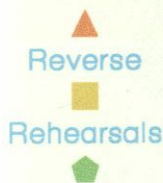


Rehearsals

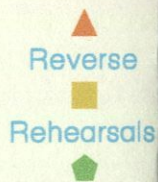








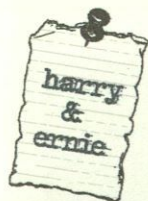
Curated by Southern Exposure Curatorial  
Committee members  
Michele Carlson and Nathan Lynch.



Playing on the idea of reverse engineering, Reverse Rehearsals turns the storytelling process inside out. The project begins with the creation of theatrical sets and culminates with a dramatic reading of new written works. Reverse Rehearsals brings together six visual artists and seven writers who interpret and respond to each other's work in three separate stages of making.

In the first phase of the project, three artists (Terry Berlier, Patrick Gillespie and Julie Henson) use the gallery space of Southern Exposure as an empty stage on which to design and build three sets. Next, three more artists (Maria Porges, Jenene Nagy and Weston Teruya) respond by creating objects and images to fill the sets. Finally, seven writers (Dodie Bellamy, Victoria Gannon, Susan Gevirtz, Kari Marboe, Pam Martin, Kyle Metzner and Michael Swaine) engage with the populated sets and respond with a piece of writing. The project closes with a public reading and reception on May 30, 2013.

Reverse Rehearsals points to the unexpected outcomes within artistic creation, highlighting the exciting moments of affiliation and collaboration between artists, writers, and the narratives they create.



SOUTHERN  
EXPOSURE





**Phase 1:**

Patrick Gillespie

May 7-11, 2013

Julie Henson

**Set Building**

Terry Berlier

**Phase 2:**

Maria Porges

May 11-16, 2013

Weston Teruya

**Objects, Props, &  
Images Fill the Sets**

Jenene Nagy

**Phase 3:**

Dodie Bellamy  
Kari Marboe

May 16-30, 2013

Victoria Gannon  
Pam Martin  
Michael Swaine

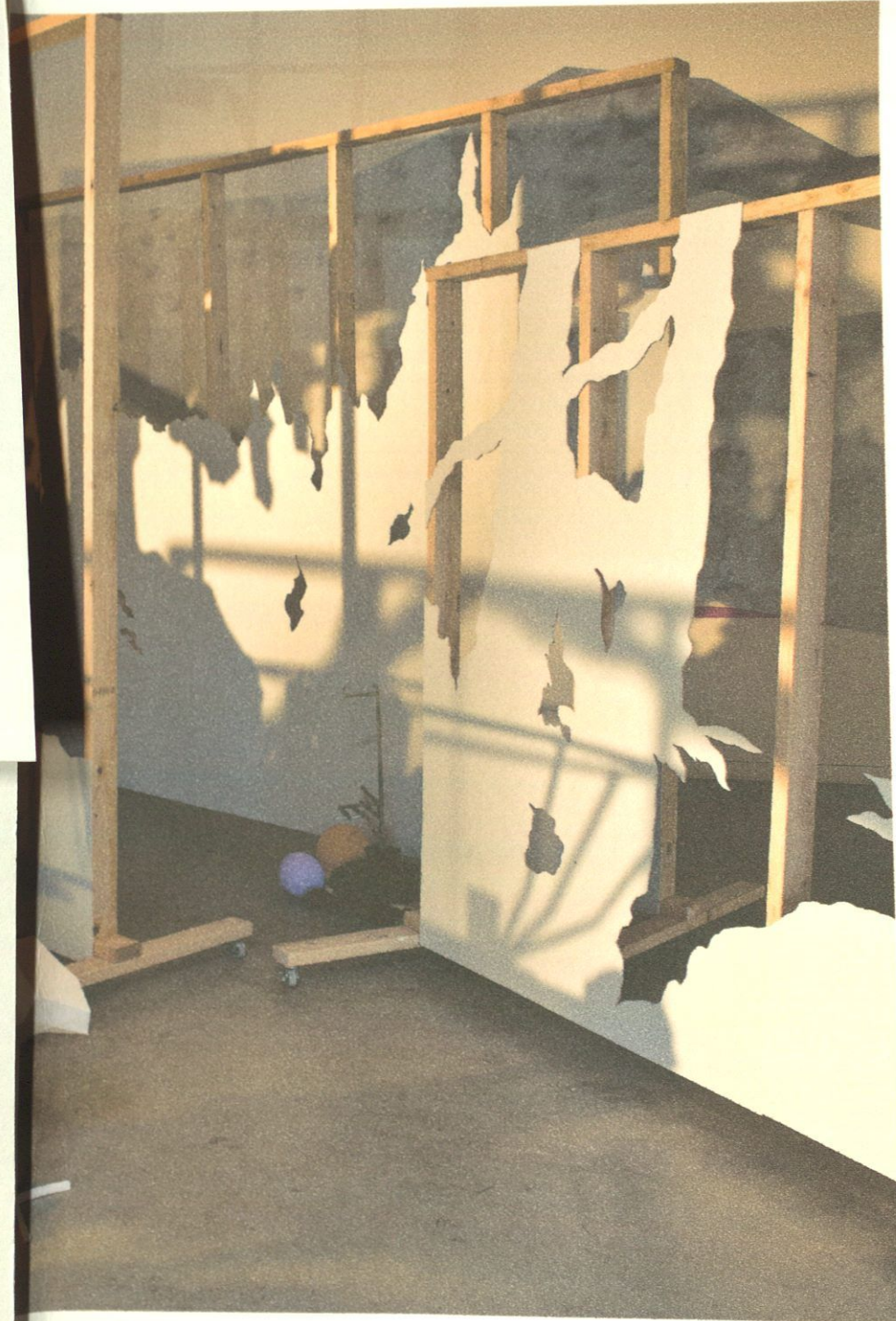
**Writers Respond  
with Texts**

Susan Gevirtz  
Kyle Metzner

**Thanks:**

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▲ **I must not forget what I already know** ■

by  
Dodie Bellamy

I continued my tearful journey here on Earth, learning about emotions unknown to me such as fear, anger, and aggression. As we walked through the living room toward the stairs she said worriedly, I just don't know what I'm going to do with you Movie stars. Don't you know anything about them? Well, I don't know. I don't know. I don't know, I said. It just looks funny to me. Well, I don't know. I suppose there are such menacing creatures as the blob on the lower Astral Plane, but I don't know of any on the Physical Plane. I already knew what she was trying to teach me, but I surely couldn't let her know. I don't know, he said. This disturbed me. You don't know? I also know what ten take away five is, I said. How did you know that? he asked. Part of my quietness came from not knowing what to do and being afraid of saying or doing something wrong. Asking questions embarrassed me because it attracted attention to something I didn't know. Feeling very grown up, off by myself, and wearing red lipstick, what I didn't know was that my life had been very protected during these first Earth years. I wished I had known. Why he had such a terrible temper I didn't know. We spent our days slashing and stamping around in a huge foot tub in the living room, squishing the grapes, bananas, oranges, and who knows what else with our bare feet. Yes I said. I feel it. I know I must succeed. He took my small hand in his weathered hand. I am known by many names. One is Chief Nawa Laki. I really did not know what queer meant. Well, if I would have known, I really wouldn't have come. Knowing how peaceful and wonderful my life on Venus had been, made a rotten life here even worse. You know, you don't have a chance. We know he's dangerous. We know something is wrong. If I would have known what he did, I would have taken a pistol and blown his brains out.

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Reverse



Rehearsals

