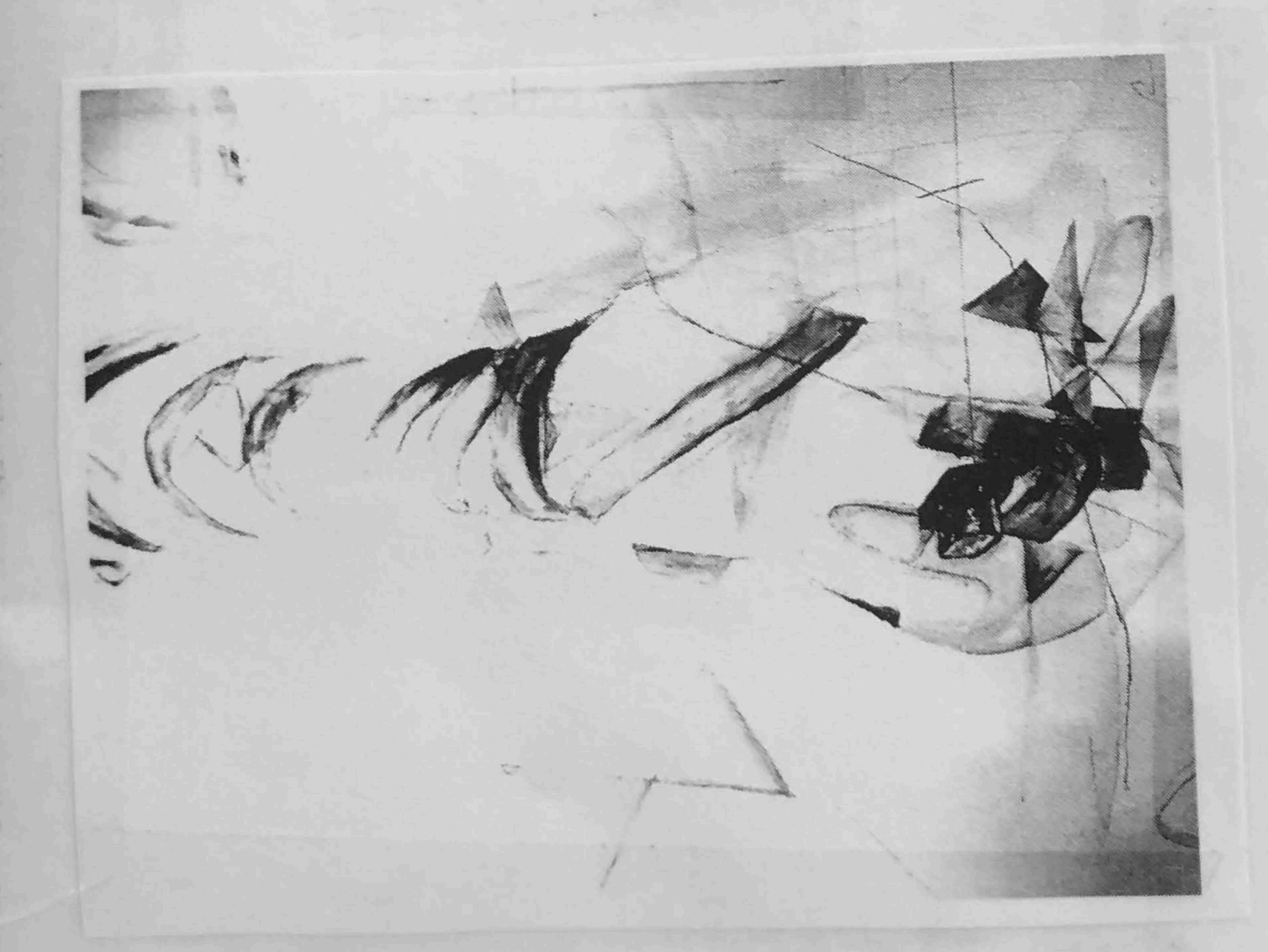
# SPACE IS A PRACTICED PLACE



LAURENCE MYERS REESE

GRANT HALL GALLERY'
Jan 20-29, 2021

In partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the Masters of Fine Arts

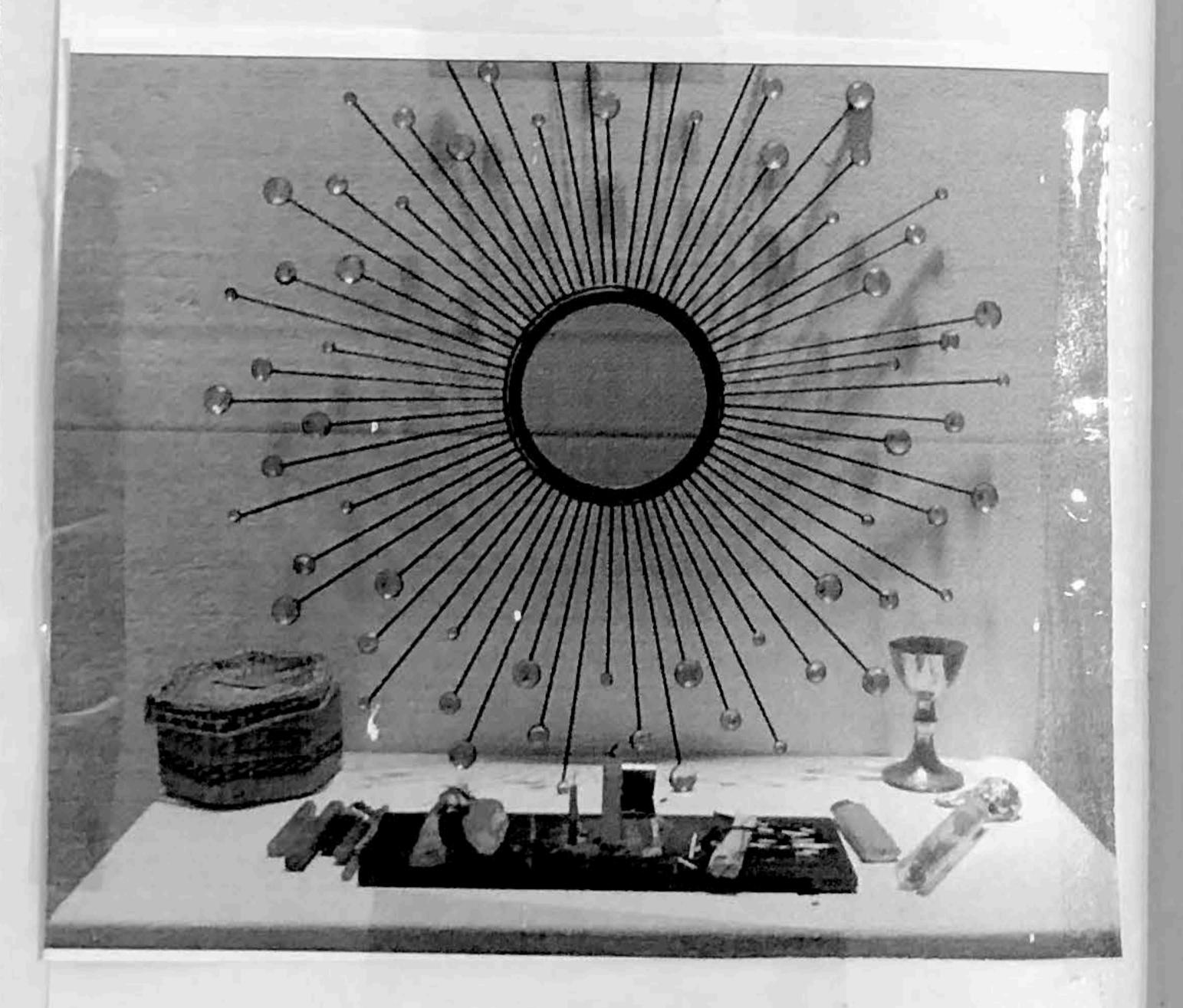
at the University of Nevada Las Vegas

This 33' scroll is a record of performance, of dance, of sacred action, improvisation, experimentation.



12/21/20-01/20/21

Grant Hall Gallery was no more
the physical place became a territory for escapism, anti-work,
and theoretical imaginings.



i enter
light a candle
cover my eyes
say the sh'ma
burn holy wood
cleanse with the ringing of
the bell

draw and dance with the ashes set my intentions

take up the pastels
the brushes
pencils
water

get to work play

C!Dx wrestlers
all that is
is will be

<sup>1</sup> The Shema is the central prayer in Judaism. שְׁמֵע יִשְּׁרָאַל

i gave up on productivity

around this time I started
wrapping Tefillin<sup>1</sup>,
connecting my loves of
leather, kink, magic, amulets, tradition
this place became
a space for
somatic prayer

leather kink magic.

work is dead

this is not a sacred space

work is pointless. We all die someday.

を始のが怖い

a sacred space

i am anti-work.

after years of blue collar labor, non-profit, corporate pandering, i find myself rooted firmly in leisure my body (trans, fat, disabled) is inherently anarchic

a fat, disabled body is of no use to an economy

仕事は私にとって重要ですか?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Greek term "Phylacteries" hardly fits for these beautiful amulets of wood and leather and parchment. Wrapped around the arms and head, for weekday morning prayers, these small black boxes contain the name of GIDX

Over Chanukah I participated in a workshop led by artists Cory Tamler, Lilah Akins, and Tyler Rai. entitled Medicine Tongue, the purpose was to explore the interwoven identities of Jew, Indigenous, and Settler.

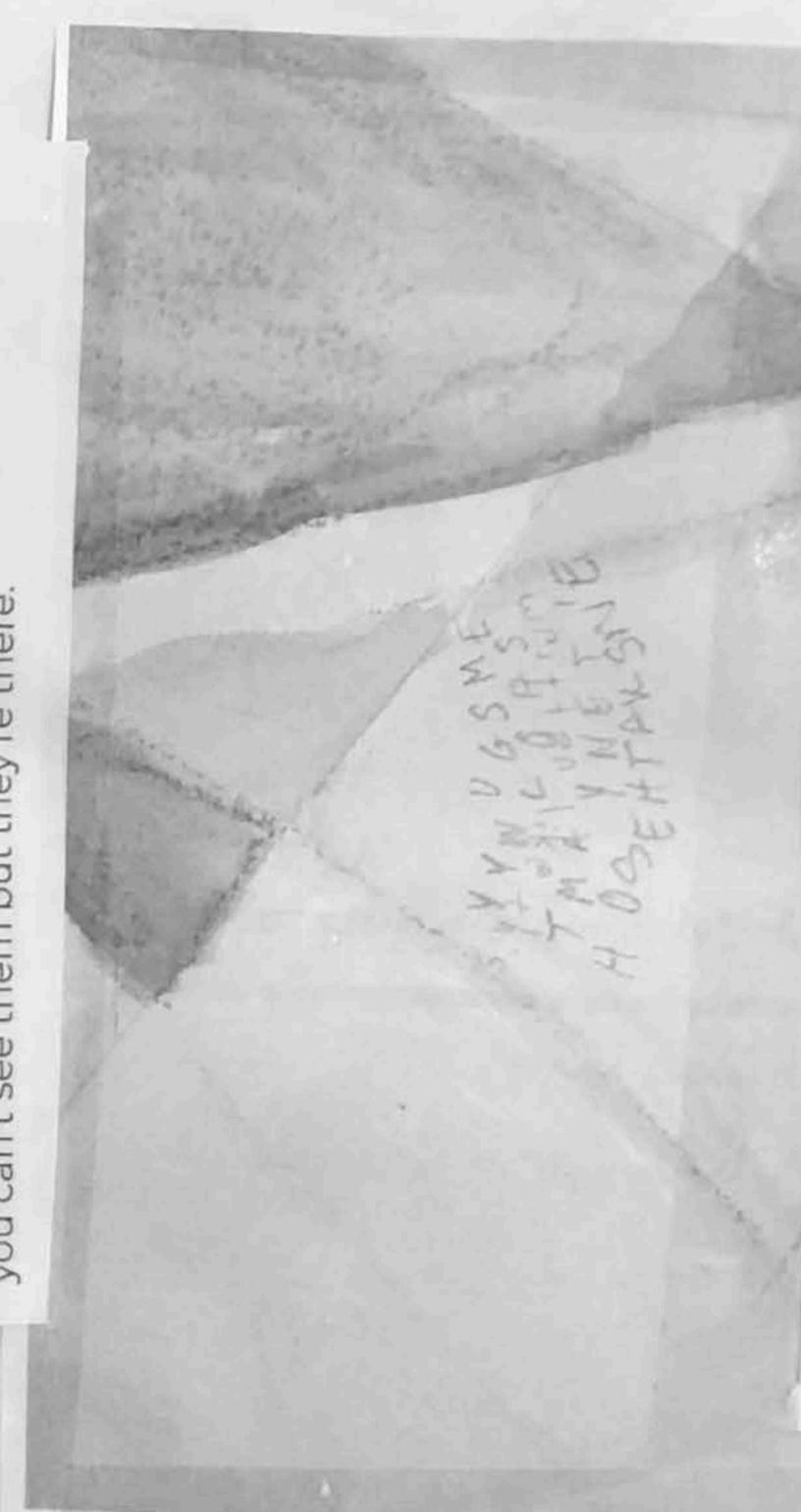


We planned our own ley lines in our ritual spaces, in our home, in our daily lives. What are the paths we create?

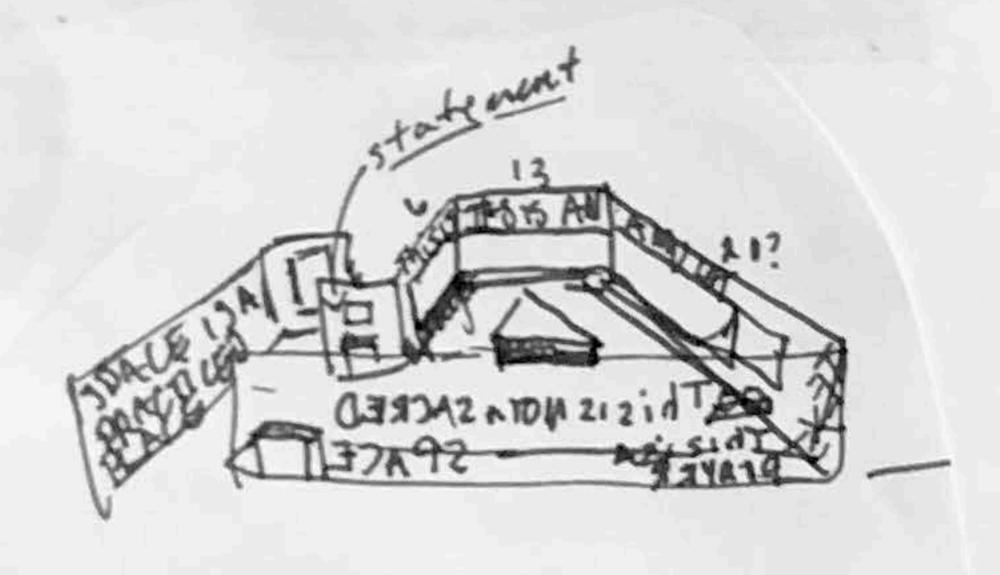


There are leylines hidden on the floor, hidden in the paper, hidden in the walls.

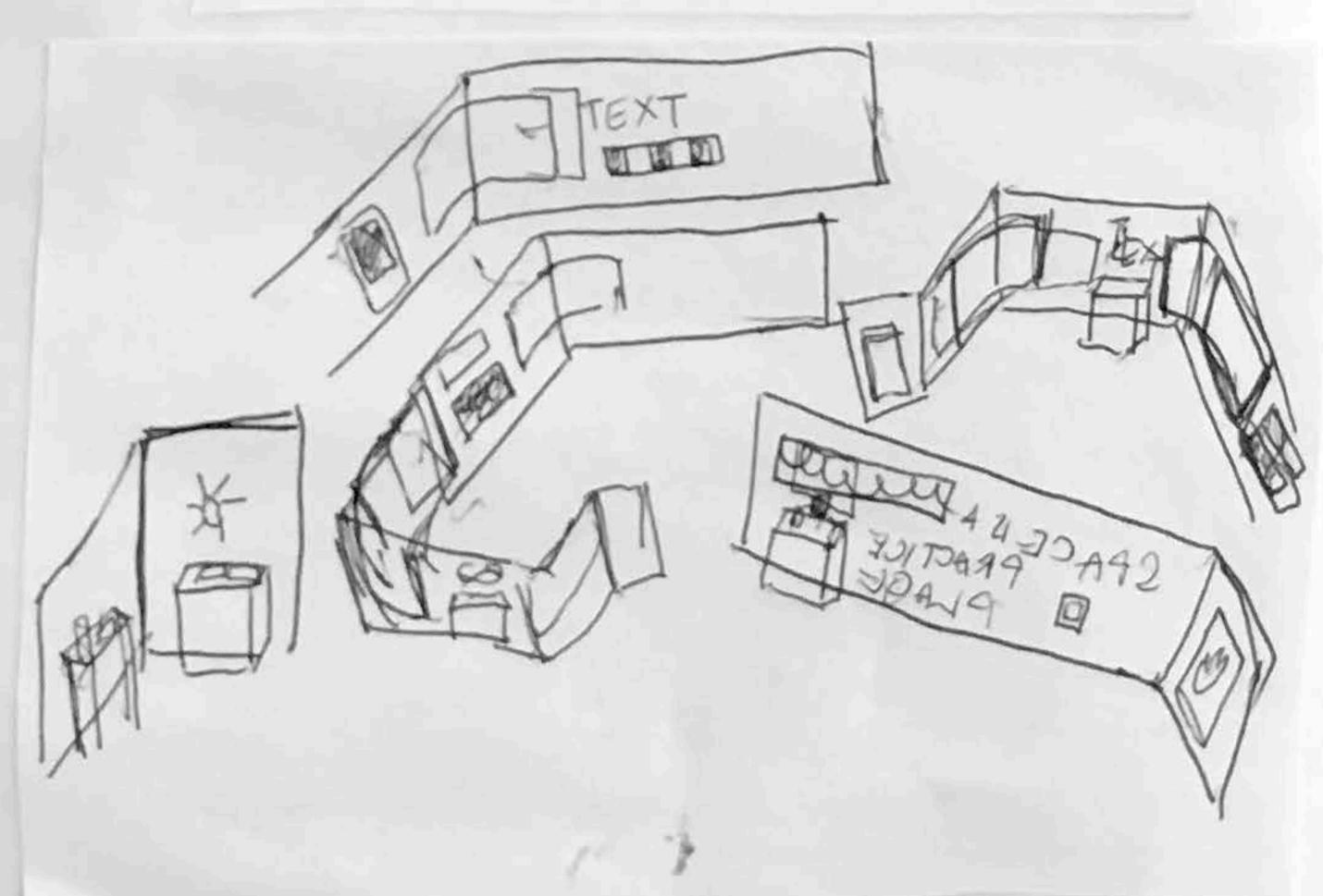
you can't see them but they're there.



the name of GIDX is here too it is hidden, but it is not hidden it is everywhere

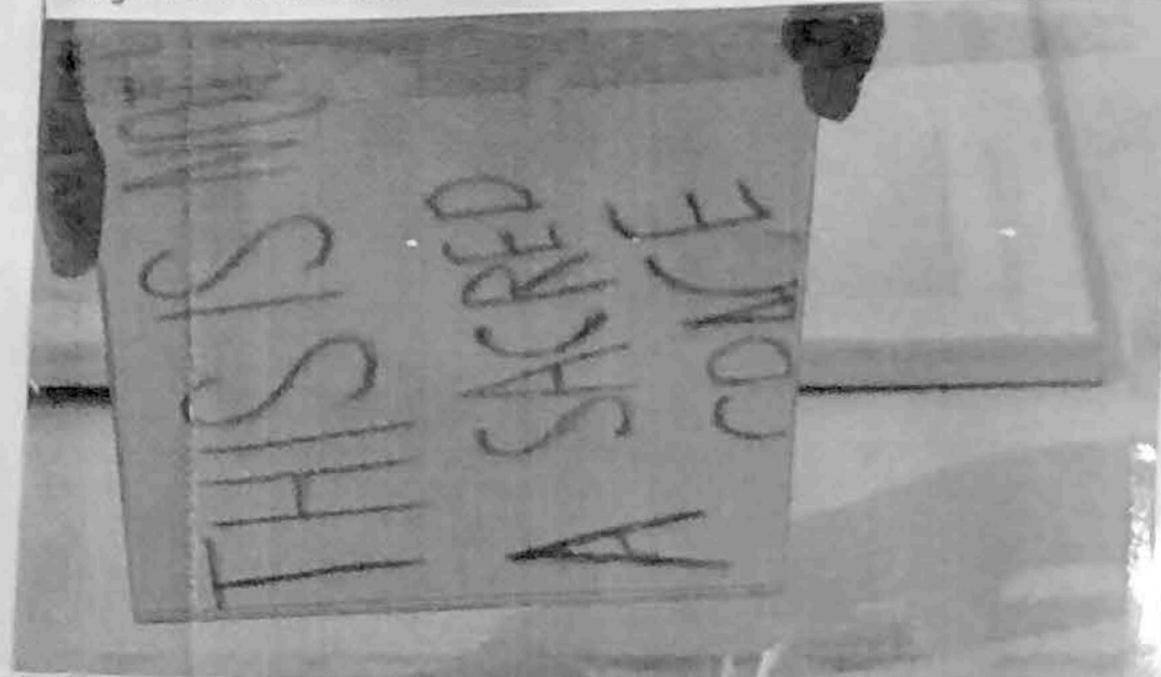


I kept making plans, drawings of the space with potential paths, ley lines.

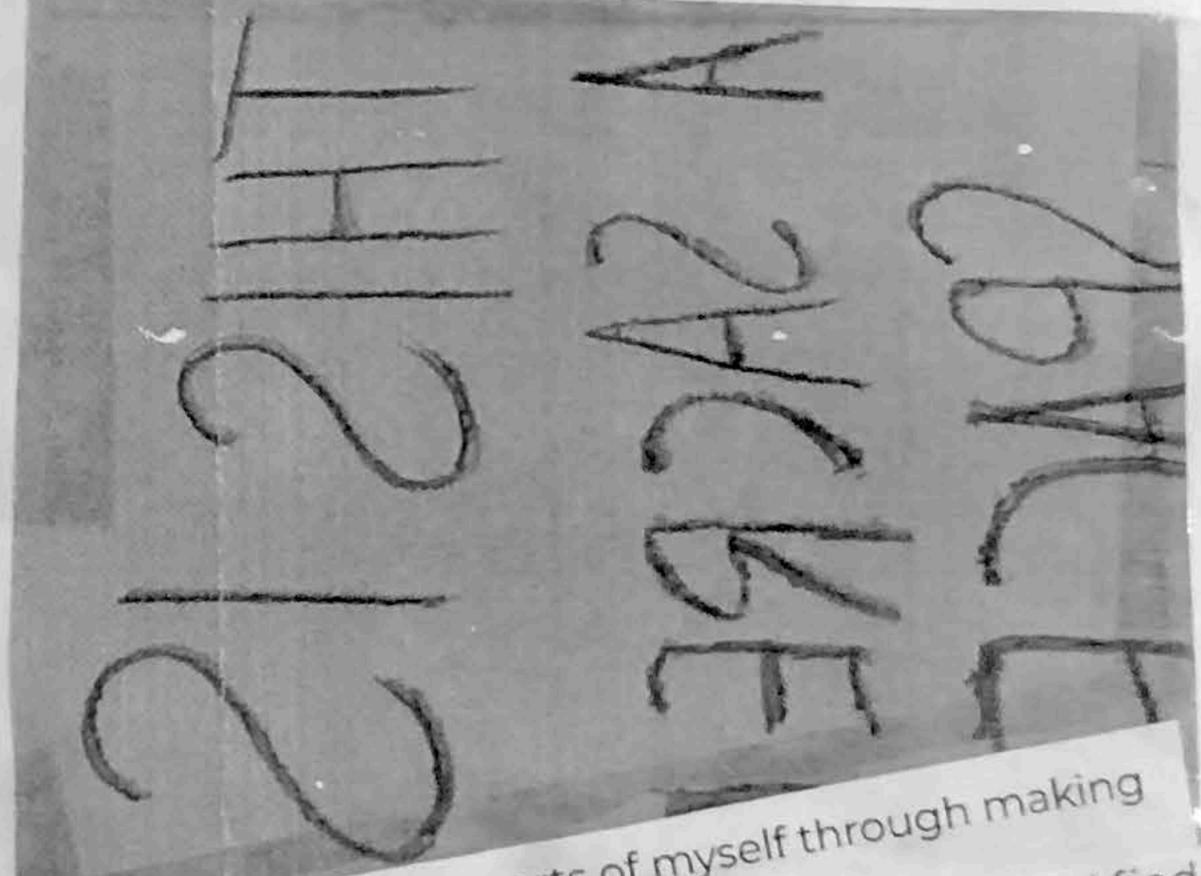


I have trouble moving around in the space of America as a queer and disabled person.

What if I tried to build the gallery around myself and my movements?



To find ways to interact with my body that feel good?



I'm attempting to find parts of myself through making
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in this space, a record of my performance in which I find
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This place isn't a sacred space. It's just a gallery.

### Goals:

experiment around movement movement in the studio merge making and painting with performance allow for free-form painting

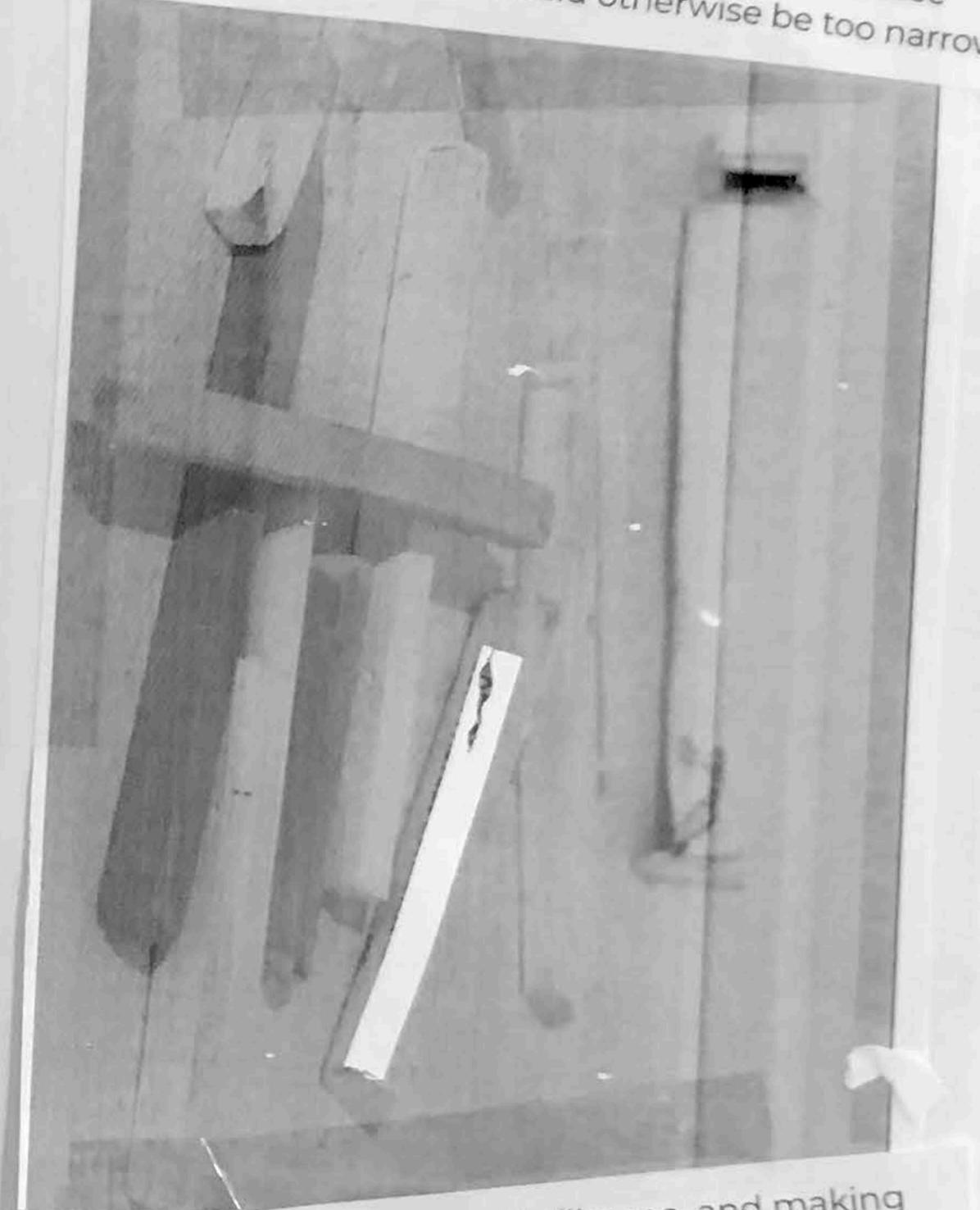
# Conceptual framework:

Performance as Pedagogy, education Art as prayer, religious impulse Art as narcissism & sexual impulse (Kraus) Art as activism

Disability and movement explored
Migration and movement patterns,
mapping out the space of the studio and the
movement of the artist through mark making
Prayer as movement, ley lines
Connecting patterns of movement

experimenting, literally building and creating in a space just for myself and people like me, I can try to imagine how it can be to build organizations, projects, communities, out of new frameworks. Frameworks that are built on models of indigeneity, disability, and queerness.

And yet, I'm a white person, in a white walled gallery, in a white America. My body moves with relative ease through passages that would otherwise be too narrow.



Here I am in a gallery that looks like me, and making marks to differentiate the whiteness from other whiteness.





この鏡は見る場所です



# The marks reference my body

There are no marks too high for me to reach, too low for my body to stoop, Everything was made in relation to me and where I could go.



My body was priority, my thoughts were priority, my actions were priority recorded through marks. a corner for crying for exposing unresolved trauma

the shadows of the abject fruit covered in needles and bruises

across and bleeding out

turns into the horizon of the desert

(brown, flat, bumpy, neverending)

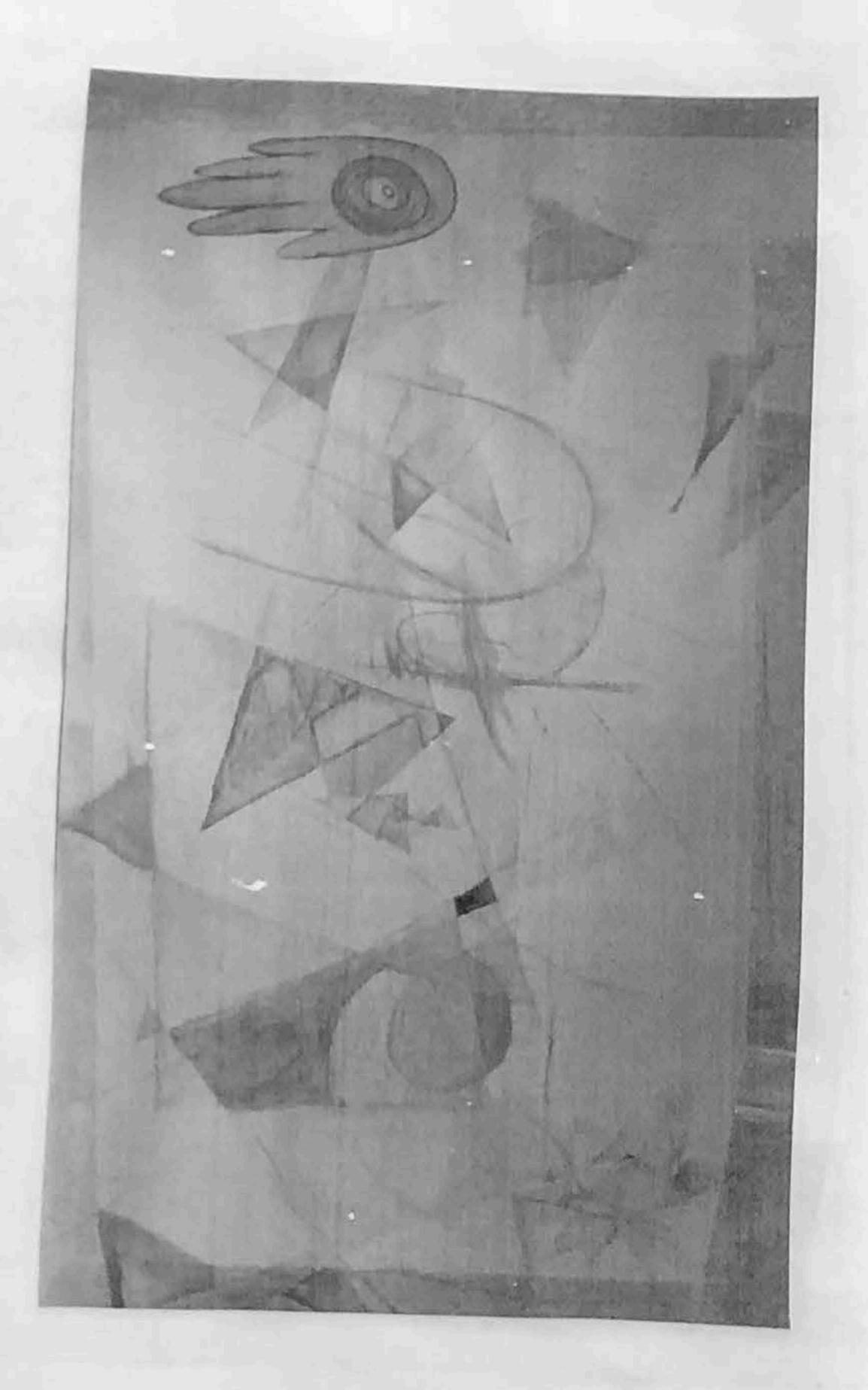


but greenery grows from decay turning the soil

over and over

crying in corners like a child

can't i lay down on the floor and try to sleep off the pain of loneliness, heartache, existence



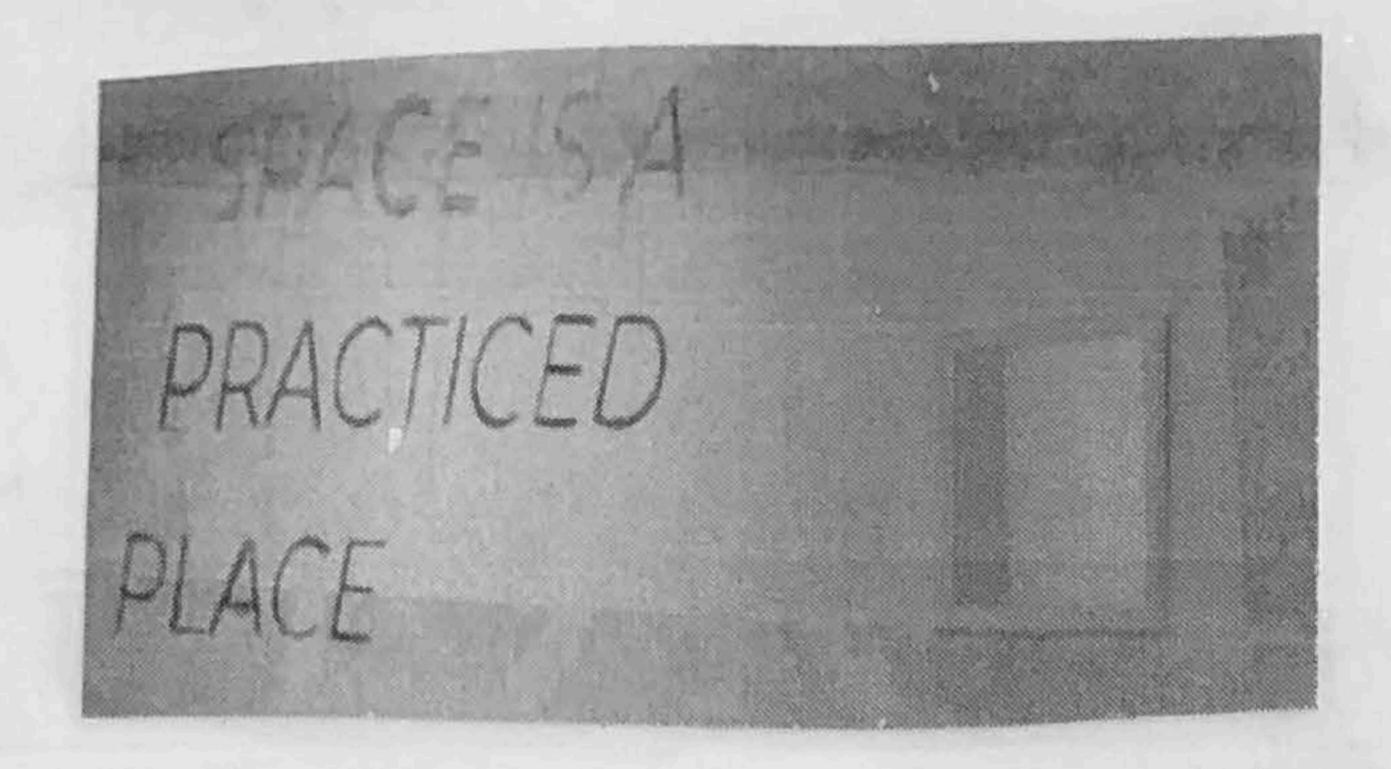
even when the scroll is removed from the wall and becomes a living document the Torah scrolls are kept behind the ark held high and kissed.



I kissed it

held it

put my body in the crevices



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