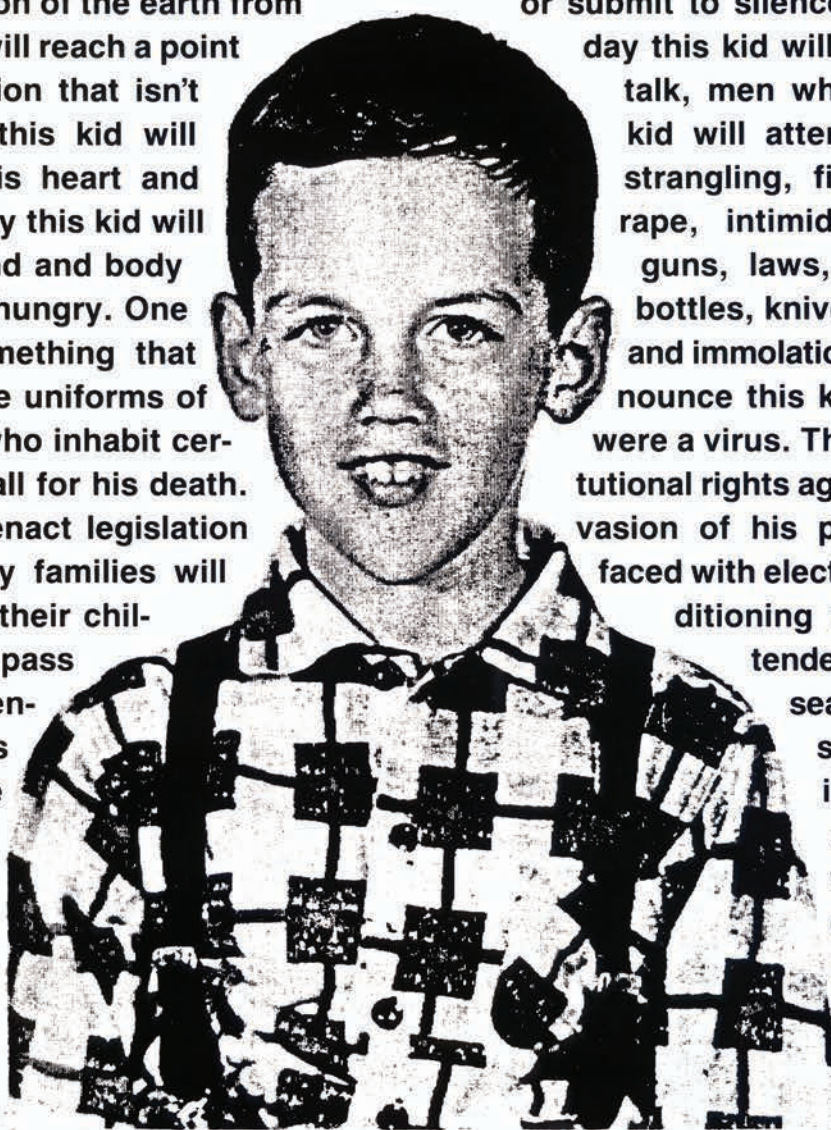


One day this kid will get larger. One day this kid will come to know something that causes a sensation equivalent to the separation of the earth from its axis. One day this kid will reach a point where he senses a division that isn't mathematical. One day this kid will feel something stir in his heart and throat and mouth. One day this kid will find something in his mind and body and soul that makes him hungry. One day this kid will do something that causes men who wear the uniforms of priests and rabbis, men who inhabit certain stone buildings, to call for his death. One day politicians will enact legislation against this kid. One day families will give false information to their children and each child will pass that information down generationally to their families and that information will be designed to make existence intolerable for this kid. One day this kid will begin to experience all this activity in his environment and that activi-



ty and information will compel him to commit suicide or submit to danger in hopes of being murdered or submit to silence and invisibility. Or one day this kid will talk. When he begins to talk, men who develop a fear of this kid will attempt to silence him with strangling, fists, prison, suffocation, rape, intimidation, drugging, ropes, guns, laws, menace, roving gangs, bottles, knives, religion, decapitation, and immolation by fire. Doctors will pronounce this kid curable as if his brain were a virus. This kid will lose his constitutional rights against the government's invasion of his privacy. This kid will be faced with electro-shock, drugs, and conditioning therapies in laboratories tended by psychologists and research scientists. He will be subject to loss of home, civil rights, jobs, and all conceivable freedoms. All this will begin to happen in one or two years when he discovers he desires to place his naked body on the naked body of another boy.

@Wojanowicz 1990/91 4/10

One day this kid will get larger

Curated by

Danny Orendorff

DePaul Art Museum

January 26 - April 2, 2017

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Offset printed at The Center for Book, Paper & Print at Columbia College, Chicago.

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get larger* at DePaul Art Museum, January 26-April 2, 2017.

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One day this kid will get larger

Director's Foreword

The DePaul Art Museum (DPAM) is honored to be working with guest curator Danny Orendorff on the significant exhibition *One day this kid will get larger*. I reached out to Danny—a curator, writer, teacher, and activist—when Anthony Hirschel, the Exhibitions Director at the Alphawood Foundation, contacted me about the organization's efforts to bring the groundbreaking *ArtAIDS America* exhibition to Chicago. *ArtAIDS America*, organized by the Tacoma Art Museum, provides a survey of American artists, primarily from the 1980s, whose work addresses HIV from social, cultural, personal, and political perspectives. The Alphawood Foundation was keenly interested in spurring partnerships across Chicago, and DPAM is committed to presenting under-recognized voices; thus, this felt like a natural partnership.

Since *ArtAIDS America* is being presented one block away from DPAM, at the Alphawood Galleries, from December 1, 2016, to April 2, 2017, it was a good opportunity for the museum to explore the untold stories of how HIV and AIDS affect various communities today and to greatly expand its representation of artists addressing the disease from the perspectives of childhood, education, and popular media. Through his strong ties to LGBTQ communities in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, Danny has brought together an amazing roster of artists, activists, writers, and photographers, including DePaul University alumnus Oli Rodriguez.

I would like to thank the Alphawood Foundation and its staff for their collaborative support of *One day this kid will get larger*, Danny Orendorff for his extraordinary work in putting together the exhibition and related programs with a unique passion and expertise, and Charles Long, who designed this publication and assisted with DPAM's public programs. My gratitude also goes to the DPAM staff: Laura-Caroline Johnson, Mia Lopez, and Kaylee Wyant; DPAM student interns: Claire Sandberg, Jake Koch, Rebecca MacMaster, and Lizabeth Applewhite; and DPAM's gallery monitors. Finally, thank you to all of the participants in the exhibition and related programs, especially the lenders to the exhibition—all of the artists, the Art Institute of Chicago, DeBuck Gallery, and Susanne Vielmetter Los Angeles. Thank you for lending your work and your voice; we are honored to share them with our visitors.

Julie Rodrigues Widholm
Director and Chief Curator

Cover Image: David Wojnarowicz, *Untitled* (One day this kid...) 1990, Photostat.
Courtesy of the Estate of David Wojnarowicz and P•P•O•W, New York.



One day this kid will get larger is an exhibition that seeks to explore the many ways in which the ongoing HIV and AIDS crisis impacts the lives of not just those with a positive diagnosis, but all of us—whether we identify as a member of “at-risk” communities or not. This exhibition includes the perspectives of those who became HIV-positive at a young age; those who became HIV-positive at an old age; those born HIV-positive; HIV-positive parents; those with HIV-positive parents, family members, and friends; those who learned about HIV at school and those who did not; those who learned about HIV on television and those who did not; those who grew up fearful of, fascinated by, or even unaware of HIV; and those who work tirelessly today for justice and to educate, combat stigma against, provide care for, and foster community for those living with HIV/AIDS—and for those who have already died.

There is no single, dominant, or primary narrative of HIV and the AIDS crisis, or of the artwork made in response. Attending to the myriad issues of HIV and AIDS means attending to the urgent and intersecting issues of poverty, homelessness, criminalization, discrimination, government neglect, corporate greed, white supremacy, and institutionalized racism within our housing, education, healthcare, and justice systems. It is a long list, and we are all implicated. HIV and AIDS are everywhere and impact nearly everything and everyone—including me (a queer-identified, white, cis-gender male born in the south suburbs of Chicago in 1984) and, most certainly, including you (however you identify).

In order to provide insight into the complex ways in which HIV and AIDS have irrevocably shaped our contemporary experiences of life, sex, love, power, and the state in North America, *One day this kid will get larger* features the work of over twenty-five artists working independently or collaboratively. The exhibition is organized around the theme of youth. While there is nothing universal about the experiences of youth in North America, we all nevertheless experience a childhood and adolescence of our own. We individually pass through various institutions and rites of passage (both formal and informal) as young people, discovering (or being indoctrinated into) our genders, our sexualities, our politics, our faiths, our senses of humor, and so much more in the process. Organizing the sloppy, perplexing, exhilarating weirdness of youth into cogent categories, phases, or conceptual banners is a fool’s quest at best. But for the sake of providing structure to this expansive exhibition, the works in *One day this kid will get larger* are loosely grouped together by the subthemes of childhoods, educations, and nightlives/pop cultures.

I did not arrive at the theme of youth for this exhibition without external reason, however; this theme is urgently compelled by statistics: as of 2014 (currently the most up-to-date information provided by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention), young people (ages 13–24) account for more than one in five new HIV diagnoses each year, four out of five new HIV diagnoses are of young gay and bisexual males, and nearly half (44%) of the young people (ages 18–24) living with HIV at the end of the year 2012 did not even know they had HIV. Simultaneously, young people who do receive a positive diagnosis are the least likely group to then be linked to care, with 22% of newly diagnosed young people not receiving treatment of any kind within the first three months after their diagnosis. Young black men are the most severely affected; they account for 55% of newly diagnosed young gay and bisexual males (Hispanic/Latino males make up the next largest group at 23%). These statistics make clear how extensively institutionalized racism and homophobia within our health and education systems have put young gay men of color at serious risk. Women—and black women in particular—accounted for 19% of new HIV diagnoses in the United States in 2014, with 87% of those cases attributed to heterosexual sex. As of 2013, the highest percentage (per capita) of newly identified cases of HIV was among transgender individuals, with black trans-women accounting for 56% of the new infections experienced by the transgender population as a whole. These trends are only exacerbated among incarcerated and economically disadvantaged populations, with black men enduring the greatest burden of HIV infection.¹

Prevention, education, holistic care, and the ongoing treatment of HIV and AIDS are urgent concerns intimately connected to today’s movement for black lives. For decades, and especially during the years before the rates of HIV infection and AIDS death among white people began to drop off and stabilize in the late 1990s, HIV and AIDS activists (epitomized by groups like ACT-UP, GMAD, and Queer Nation) fought tirelessly and with unparalleled passion against systemic government violence and neglect, widespread stigma, prejudice and discrimination, and corporations that looked to capitalize on fear, illness, incarceration, and death. These were uphill battles for recognition, protection from violence, and widespread justice—not too dissimilar from the concerns of those protesting today against mass incarceration, racism within our justice system, and death at the hands of the police (which is itself considered a public health epidemic within the black community).

One day this kid will get larger borrows its title from AIDS artist and activist **David Wojnarowicz’s** 1990 photo-text collage *Untitled (One day this kid)*, which details his traumatic formative experiences of persecution, abuse, and abandonment. An image of the artist as a toothy young boy stands at the center of the artwork. Wojnarowicz’s childhood experiences, though specific, are not unique. Today the child featured at the center of the image might look different, but his life matters—and no less urgently. This exhibition is curated as a wake-up call, a call to arms, a plea, and a command to get involved to any and all of us who continue to mourn the dead while not supporting the living, particularly the most vulnerable amongst us.

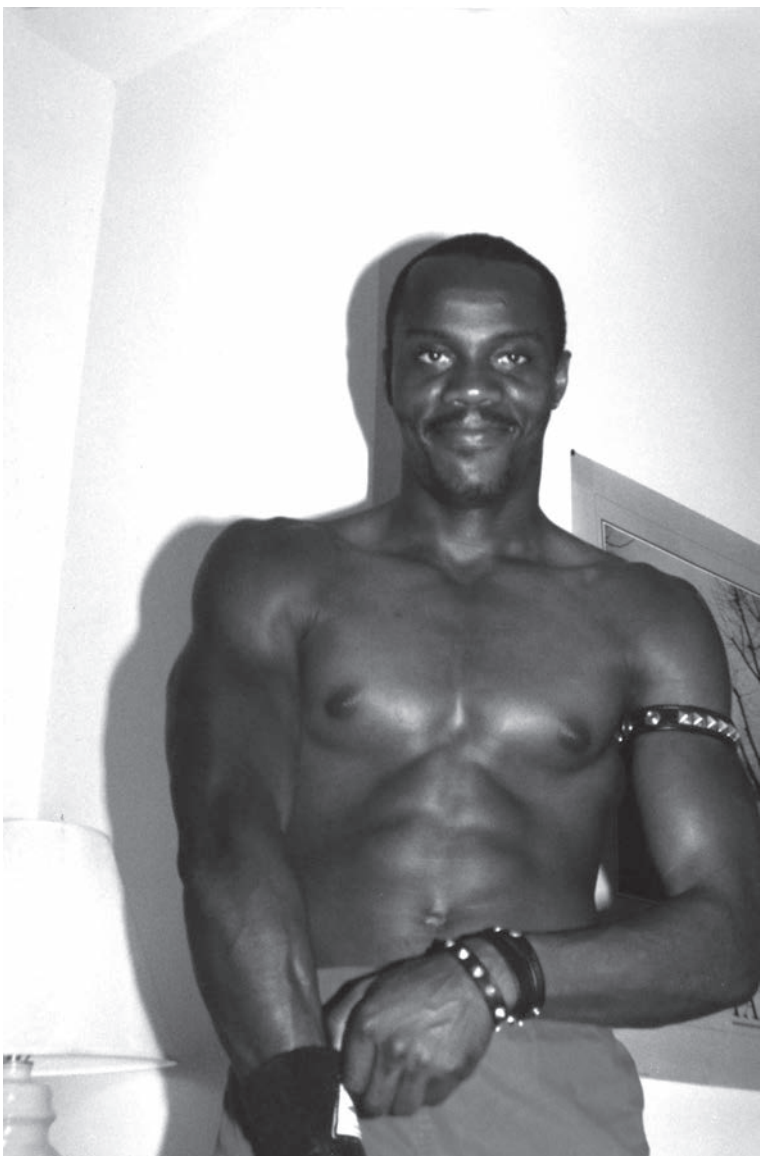
HIV and AIDS are not over; they are not ready to be anthologized. We must continue to fight.

Childhoods

One day this kid will get larger begins with a question posed by **Shan Kelley** in his 2013 photograph *Growing Concern*: “What will you teach your children about AIDS?” The question’s presumed neutrality or universality dissipates with the knowledge that Kelley is himself an HIV-positive parent in a sero-different (mixed HIV status) relationship, who conceived and is now raising an HIV-negative child in Mexico City. While HIV and AIDS may not be immediately present within the blood of many families in North America, Kelley’s question is nonetheless relevant to anyone shaping the knowledge and mindset of future generations of young people, who will inevitably enter the world of romantic entanglement and sexual activity.

For many children, awareness of and proximity to HIV and AIDS have been a constant and ever-present reality since birth due to their own status; the status of parents, family members, and friends; and the communities in which they are raised or that they ultimately discover or create for themselves.

¹The information in these paragraphs reflects the most up-to-date information (as of December 2016) about HIV/AIDS available via the Center for Disease Control website. More information can be found at <https://www.cdc.gov/>.



For her series *On Borrowed Time / Growing Up with HIV* (2000–04), photojournalist **Katja Heinemann** collaborated with the staff and campers at Camp Heartland (now known as One Heartland) in Willow River, Minnesota. Campers were either born HIV-positive, are living with HIV, or have family members who died or are living with the virus. Heinemann’s photographs, while not denying the medical regimens and premature deaths endured by this community, highlight the supportive and joyful atmosphere that exists at the camp, a rare space for young people to work through shared experiences of isolation and stigma together within a diverse peer group.

Oli Rodriguez, *The Papi Project*, Archival Images #80 & #71: International Mr. Leather Lover and My Eagle Scout Son, 2010-2013, Digital reproductions of found images. Courtesy of the artist.

Visions of community also populate the work of **Oli Rodriguez**, as observed in excerpts from his expansive art-meets-life investigation of family (chosen and biological), known as *The Papi Project* (2010–13). Using images from the years 1978–93, Rodriguez juxtaposed family photographs from his childhood with found images of his biological father—a complex man who participated in the gay cruising scenes of Chicago, Berlin, and Fort Lauderdale during the 1970s–1990s, before passing away from an AIDS-related illness in 1993—and his father’s friends. Composed of reproduced found photographs, present-day photographs of cruising sites that Rodriguez’s father visited, and e-mails between Rodriguez and men who may have known his father (whom Rodriguez connected with via Craigslist), *The Papi Project*’s formal echoes and slippages between past and present do not resolve a complicated family dynamic, but rather embrace curiosity and uncertainty as methods of understanding.





Tiona McClodden, *Bumming Cigarettes*, 2012, Digital video (still). Courtesy of the artist

In the short film *Bumming Cigarettes* (2012), **Tiona McClodden** drew upon the tradition of cinema vérité to depict a young black lesbian’s first HIV test and the profound conversation she has with a black HIV-positive man several years her elder while awaiting her test results. Nuanced and intimate, *Bumming Cigarettes* allows the viewer to witness a frank intergenerational conversation that reveals much about the fear and stigma that continue to surround HIV/AIDS, assumptions about who the virus affects, and the choice to be tested.



Ivan Monforte, *I Belong To You*, 2008, Digital video (still). Courtesy of the artist.

Ivan Monforte creates moments of intimacy and affection in defiance of such stigma. For his 2008 performance for camera *I Belong to You*, Monforte received hickies (an expression of youthful passion and ownership) on both sides of his neck from an unidentified black male for the entirety of the 1974 song “I Belong to You” by R & B trio Love Unlimited. Monforte’s hickies resemble the kinds of skin rashes and lesions commonly endured by HIV-positive individuals, while also serving as a complex metaphor for the desire to possess, transform, and love so hard it hurts.

Angela Davis Fegan focused on the deadly consequences of stigma for her site-specific installations in the DePaul Art Museum’s second-floor bathrooms and the museum’s window overlooking the Fullerton El stop. Fegan produced her work—consisting of letterpress text-based pieces on handmade paper—in multiples with the intent that they could be freely distributed and circulated as part of her ongoing *Lavender Menace Poster Project* via art installations, protests and demonstrations (like the annual Chicago Dyke March), and local bars. Speaking with a radically queer activist voice, Fegan simultaneously expressed an anti-capitalist and DIY/T (Do-It-Yourself/Together) ethic in her choice to produce non-commodities out of handmade materials and processes.



Photojournalist **Samantha Box** utilized realism to delve deeply into the bonds of intimacy and support that exist among homeless LGBTQ youth living in New York City for her series of photographs *INVISIBLE: The Shelter, The Street* (2006–12). Box’s photographs do not reveal the HIV status of the people featured; rather, her work is a testament to the strength and resilience of an underserved population that is incredibly vulnerable to HIV—just one of a number of other health and safety concerns plaguing this community. In 2012, 40% of homeless youth identified as LGBTQ, with 68% reporting family rejection as the reason for their homelessness and 54% reporting that they experienced abuse at home. Furthermore, according to the National AIDS Housing Coalition, people who are homeless or lack stable housing are sixteen times more likely to experience HIV infection, and for those who are HIV-positive at the time that they lose their housing, obstacles to receiving treatment or reestablishing permanent housing are “exacerbated by discrimination related to HIV, sexual orientation, race, culture, mental health issues, substance use, and/or involvement with the criminal justice system.”² Box’s photographs reveal that despite the innumerable challenges facing these young people, they have joy, wonder, and a community in which they help keep one another safe, vibrant, and alive.

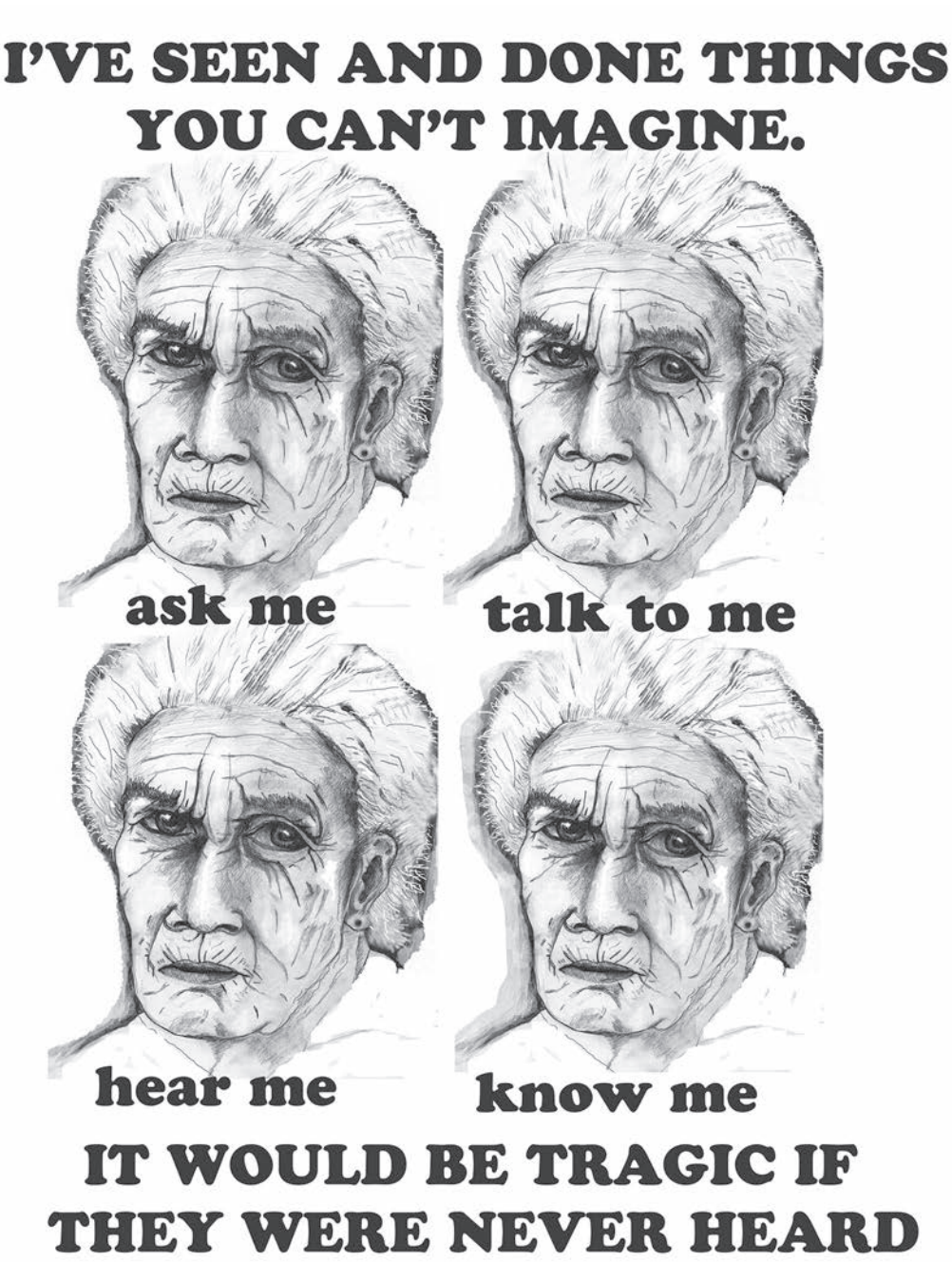
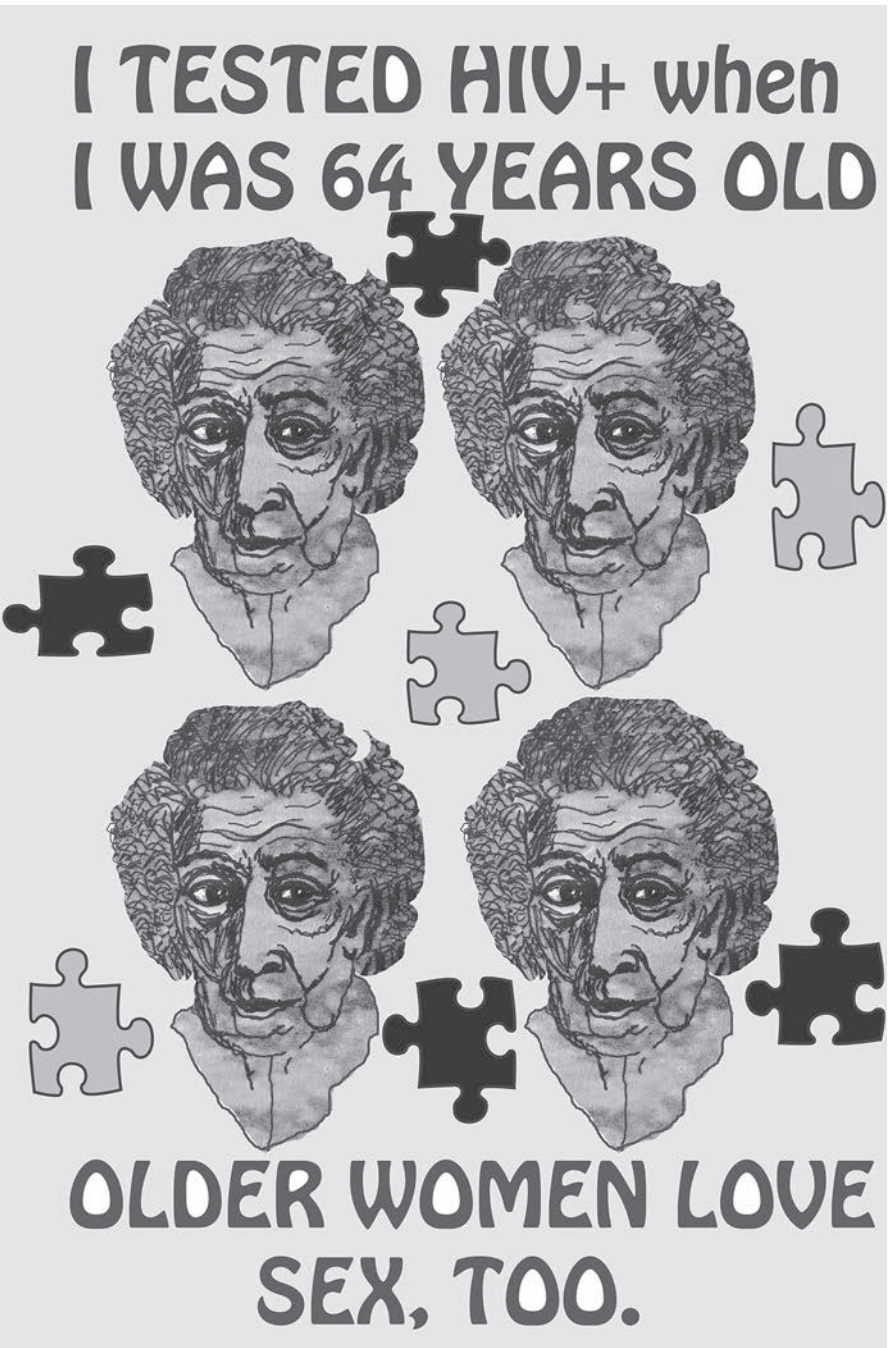


Samantha Box, *Untitled*, From the series *INVISIBLE: The Shelter, The Street*, 2006-2012, Giclée print. Courtesy of the artist.

Educations

The artists featured in the Educations section of *One day this kid will get larger* focus their work on how young people are educated, or not, about HIV and AIDS, as well as how mainstream histories of the AIDS crisis have been written (replete with inaccuracies, erasures, and exclusions) into the broader history of the United States.

Originally produced in 1989, the portraits and anecdotes featured in *Another Image: Black Teens Coming of Age* by Bay Area photographer **Lenn Keller** are striking for their relevance to the experiences of teens in public school settings today. Sharing their experiences with racism in the classroom, gender and sexuality dynamics in their peer groups, and the negotiation of choice and risk in their sexual relationships, Keller’s subjects tell stories that feel all too familiar today. Despite research that has clearly indicated for decades that comprehensive sex education in schools is more effective than abstinence-only education for reducing unplanned teen pregnancy and sexuality transmitted infection rates, there is still an ongoing debate over sex education in many schools (public, private, or at-home) and families all over the nation. As Keller’s project further elaborates, however, it is often the interpersonal dynamics between teens and their teachers—and one another—that most powerfully inform their worldviews.



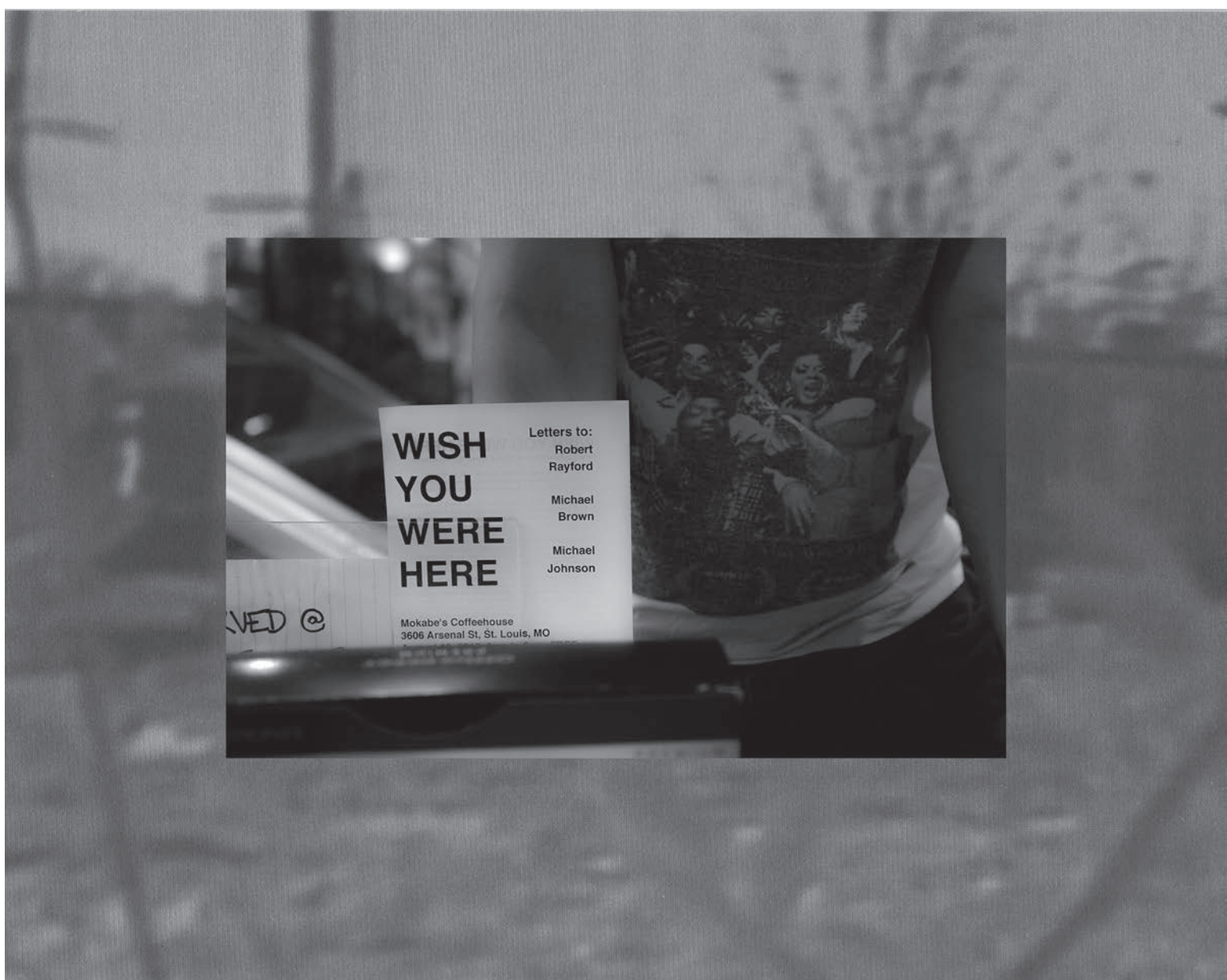
Nancer Lemoins, *I've Seen and Done* and *64 Years*, 2013-2014, Screenprints on paper. Courtesy of the artist.

The work of **Nancer Lemoins**, a mother and longtime survivor of HIV (she was diagnosed in 1986), boldly demands that attention be paid to individuals too often overlooked or under-recognized by collective concepts of who HIV and AIDS affect. Lemoins translates the experiences of HIV-positive women (including herself) who identify as lesbian, are low-income, live on American Indian reservations, and/or experience homelessness into portraits and text-based artworks that seem to speak directly to young people. Her screen-printed works from 2013-2014 are shown in this exhibition with two recently completed mixed-media drawings that look back at the 1980s and 1990s while also considering the side effects of HIV medications (including accelerated aging).

²This information reflects the most up-to-date information on the relationships between HIV/AIDS and homelessness offered via the National AIDS Housing Coalition website. For more information visit <http://www.nationalaidshousing.org/>.

Demian DinéYazhi' is an artist, activist, and founder of the Indigenous collective R.I.S.E.: Radical Indigenous Survivance and Empowerment. As made vividly clear in his work *Pox Since 1492* (2016), presented here as a vinyl wall decal alongside a collection of other screen-printed pieces, DinéYazhi' situates the history of HIV/AIDS within the much longer and transnational history of white colonialist imperialism. While attending to the present-day situation of HIV within neglected, impoverished, and often isolated Indigenous communities, the artist's work and activism point to white conquest as the root cause of global genocides and pandemics, including the emergence and spread of HIV within and outside of Africa.

The work of **Theodore "Ted" Kerr** similarly contests dominant HIV/AIDS narratives as a strategy for reconsidering mainstream versions of the AIDS crisis, as well as how generally accepted histories of HIV/AIDS do not adequately attend to the contingent factors of race, class, and geographic location. The lenticular photo-collages that Kerr collaboratively produced with filmmaker **Jun Bae** and social worker **Shawn Torres** for his series *Rayford Home 1987* (2016) are extensions of Kerr's research into the life and death of Robert Rayford, a black teenager in St. Louis who died of HIV complications in 1969 (as determined by medical research performed in 1987). Rayford's case has been overlooked for decades, with mainstream historians opting instead to begin their timelines of HIV with the 1984 death of white New York City-based flight attendant Gaëtan Dugas, who has been falsely labeled "Patient Zero." Kerr connected the erasure of Rayford from collective understandings of the AIDS crisis in the United States to the mass incarceration, criminalization, and death at the hands of police violence disproportionately endured by black individuals today. In his artwork, Kerr superimposed images that reference Michael Brown (an unarmed eighteen-year-old killed by Officer Darren Wilson in Ferguson, Missouri, in 2014) and Michael Johnson (a twenty-three-year-old who was criminalized, convicted of a felony, and sentenced by a Missouri court to over thirty years in prison for "recklessly" transmitting and exposing others to HIV) atop a found image of Rayford's childhood home.³



Theodore (ted) Kerr (with Jun Bae), *Wish You Were Here*, From the series *Rayford Home 1987*, 2016, Digital lenticular print. Courtesy of the artists.

Collectively imagining alternative safe-sex practices that holistically attend to human pleasures and desires is the basis of *Inflamed* (2016), a collaborative ritual and video produced by **Chaplain Christopher Jones, Ted Kerr, Niknaz, and LJ Roberts**. Together, and along with many other queer-identified participants, the unseen group gathers around a campfire to burn latex condoms, expressing their thoughts and feelings about the “imperial foundation of latex” and the forced reliance upon such corporately produced items as condoms and pharmaceuticals like PrEP (pre-exposure prophylaxis) in order to feel “safe” during sex, with the underlying message being that “condoms are not enough.” Open-ended and speculative, the voices in *Inflamed* neither impose best practices nor shame the most intimate choices made in negotiating safety and consent in sexual relationships.

³For more information on Robert Rayford and the debunking of the “Patient Zero” myth, read Ted Kerr’s essay “AIDS 1969: HIV, History, and Race” in Drain Magazine (AIDS and Memory - Vol. 13:2, 2015): <http://drainmag.com/aids-1969-hiv-history-and-race/>



Chaplin Christopher Jones, Ted Kerr, Niknaz, and LJ Roberts, *Inflamed*, 2016, Digital video (still). Production still by Jan Wandrag.



Nightlives and Pop Cultures

The media has played a central role in collective attitudes and understandings of HIV/AIDS, as well as the direct action of countless activists who work to challenge misconceptions about the illness, accurately educate the public about how the virus is transmitted, and call out the political and corporate powers whose neglectful and profiteering (in)actions allowed the virus to spread quickly and prolifically throughout North America during the 1980s and 1990s. While generations of activists born before 1970 waged battles in the streets and on the airwaves in their youth, many people entering young adulthood or born during and after the 1980s first became aware of HIV and the AIDS crisis on television, the primary source of news and pop culture at the time.

Fictional HIV-positive characters and real HIV-positive individuals slowly made their way onto primetime melodramas, daytime talk shows, and cable reality shows by the late 1980s, during a time of widespread fear about the virus, perhaps reshaping mediated depictions and public opinions about those who were living with HIV/AIDS. Indeed, it is entirely possible that for many members of younger generations (and, likely, even for older generations), the first person they ever heard speak about HIV/AIDS from firsthand experience was either entirely fictitious or assembled together in the editing room from countless hours of reality television footage.

Film and video works by **Vincent Chevalier**, **My Barbarian**, **Chris Vargas**, and **Matt Wolf** revisit and reflect upon milestone and mundane moments related to HIV/AIDS in popular media. Vincent Chevalier unearthed footage of himself as a teenager re-creating an exaggerated scene of status disclosure during a daytime talk show in *So . . . when did you figure out you had AIDS?* (2010). Artist collective My Barbarian responded to the representation and influence of AIDS activist Pedro Zamora, a housemate on the second season of MTV's *The Real World*, in their performance for video *Counterpublicity* (2014). Chris Vargas simultaneously paid tribute to and parodied the flamboyant, closeted performer Liberace (who died of an AIDS-related illness in 1987), while also considering the dubious terms of Liberace's friendship with Ronald and Nancy Reagan, in the video *Liberaceón* (2011). Matt Wolf's early, student-made video work *Smalltown Boys* (2003) tells the story of David Wojnarowicz's fictitious daughter (born via artificial insemination), who begins a letter-writing campaign to save her favorite television show, *My So-Called Life* (featuring the Latino, gay, and homeless character Ricky), from cancellation. Wolf's video also features home-video footage of Wojnarowicz himself, the passion, intimacy, and intensity of which contrasts starkly with the apathetic, detached qualities of the fictional storyline and the accompanying images of corporate forms of AIDS activism like the ubiquitous MTV concert special.

While this mediated imagery of HIV/AIDS was proliferating, however, many gay and gender nonconforming black and Latino individuals congregated in urban areas around a shared and intense love for music and highly cultivated styles of dancing, voguing, pageantry, and performance to form the Ballroom community, establishing alternative families (or Houses) in the process. The Ballroom community was (and is) deeply affected by the AIDS crisis, making the rapturous expressions and euphoric bodily gestures of life, love, joy, pride, freedom, and autonomy emerging from Ball culture all the more vital, resistant, and powerful.

Samantha Box, *Untitled*, From the series
INVISIBLE: The Last Battle, 2006-2012, Giclée print.
Courtesy of the artist.

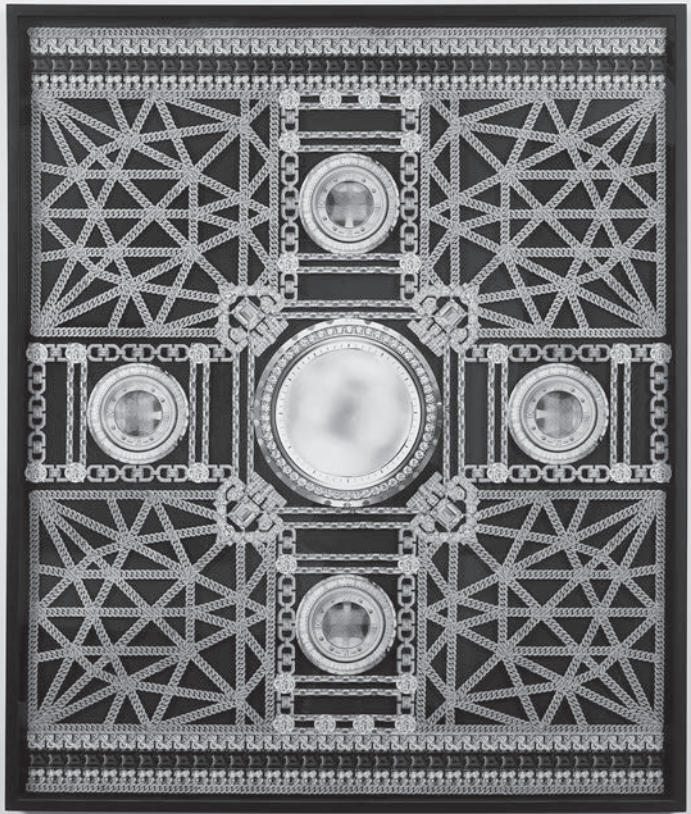


Rashaad Newsome pays tribute to members of the Ballroom communities of the past and present in his ornate sculptural collages. His 2014 *Ballroom Floor* links Ball culture to the tradition and aesthetic of ecstatic art, observed historically in religious or spiritual traditions. Newsome described *Ballroom Floor*, composed from “Cuban link chain, pearls, and diamonds,” as “an elaborate photo-collage tapestry, based on a synthesis of the preliminary drawings for the Pantheon, the Gloucester Cathedral, and images of St. Mary’s Church in Gdańsk (Poland).” Newsome’s reflective materials replicate visions of life as visitors pass before the collage, creating a kaleidoscopic effect akin to that of the dizzying array of personality and performance in Ballroom settings. A set of photographs by **Samantha Box**, from the series

INVISIBLE: The Last Battle (2006–present), accompanies Newsome’s collage, offering an intimate look into the performances, community, and activism of the emergent Kiki Ballroom scene of New York City—a more recent manifestation/mutation of the Ballroom community that is primarily composed of LGBTQ youth of color.

⁴“Rashaad Newsome in conversation with Laila Pedro,” Brooklyn Rail (July 11, 2016): <http://www.brooklynrail.org/2016/07/art/rashaad-newsome-with-laila-pedro>

Rashaad Newsome, *Ballroom Floor*, 2014, Collage and paint on paper.
Photograph by Bill Orcutt, 2016. Courtesy of De Buck Gallery.



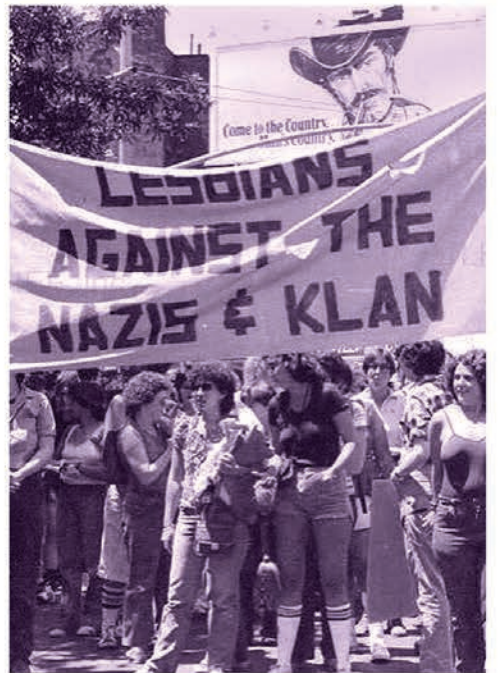
Aay Preston-Myint, *Rendez-vous*, 2016, Wall drawing at Kavi Gupta Gallery, Chicago, with graphite, conté crayon, acrylic, tempera, latex paint, pigment and metallic tape. Photo courtesy of Tim Johnson.



The convergence of art, music, dance, community, and activism is at the core of the work of **Aay Preston-Myint**, an interdisciplinary artist, activist, DJ (Nina Ramone), and cofounder of the queer dance-party and grant-making collective Chances Dances (established in Chicago in 2005), among many other creative ventures. All of Preston-Myint’s pursuits inform his singular understanding of space and architecture—and particularly the potential of light, color, texture, and sound to inspire movement and action among individuals. The artist’s site-specific, multimedia mural and installation for *One day this kid will get larger* is a semi-figurative work inspired by the history and present-day manifestations of AIDS activism and its relationship to nightlife. Produced to accompany Preston-Myint’s artwork, the soundtrack played throughout the gallery was produced by current Chances Dances collective member **Jacquelyn Carmen Guerrero** (CQQCHIFRUIT).



Rami George, *untitled (our fight has just begun)*, 2016, digital collage





Shan Kelley, *Growing Concern*, 2013, Giclée print. Courtesy of the artist.

To my daughter, Seva,

I became your father five years after a positive HIV diagnosis.

On the second night we met, I told your Moroccan-born, Canadian mother, Samia, that I was HIV positive, and she cried lovingly in my arms before we kissed.

In hindsight, falling in love was the easy part.

It wasn't long before our decision to create a child was met with incredible apprehension and cynical judgment, which ostracized us from people we expected would be supportive. Making a political statement wasn't the impetus for your creation, but rather the consequence of the causal relationship between love and the defiant resilience of our partnering.

We understood that my negligible viral load (undetectable status) meant we could conceive without risk of transmission.¹ More importantly, your mother campaigned vehemently for autonomy, to speak for herself, and to make decisions about her body, which meant forgoing the professional insistence on sperm washing, or doubling down unnecessarily with PrEP²—the panacean virtues of which were only beginning to be extolled at the time.³

We were lectured on the ethical implications of the supposed risk we were taking. Because of the complexity of scientific data interpretation, a common obstacle in public health and HIV has been the confidence interval,⁴ which is based on the assumption that there will always be a measure of risk simply because someone is HIV positive.

On more than one occasion, your mother was even told by health “professionals” to reconsider our relationship altogether and leave to preserve her safety.

Some of our close friends said outright that they could never feel safe with me near their children—even one who had no children at the time.

Stigma and ignorance fuel fear.

Immediately after you were born, many of these same people congratulated us and celebrated your HIV negative status as a great achievement, as if you would have been worth less to us had you been born HIV positive.

Would we then have failed as parents, as humans?

Today, as your proudly queer-identified poz dad, in a sero-different-loving romance, marriage, and partnership with your mother, choosing to grow and raise you under the auspice of our inherent dynamics has unquestioningly amplified my responsibility to teach you truth, compassion, and resolve.

My fears and preoccupations with prejudice and discrimination have largely shifted away from self-perception and matured into fears of HIV criminalization and concern over how others who are dear to me, especially you, might be treated and discriminated against in light of their proximity to my HIV.

You’ve been my muse since before you were born. You’ve been my light and my hope.

Although I don’t wish upon you the burden of ongoing struggle, you carry with you the inheritance of our lives and our battle. You’re made of my blood, and you’re soaked with my experience.

You are my legacy, my vengeance, my justice.

You will be raised a stateless warrior in the fight against the systems that created conditions for AIDS to flourish. Maybe I’m just dreaming once again, but not so long ago, you were only just a dream I held.

Yours with love from here and beyond,
S.

¹The results of Swiss trial HPTN 052 shows that antiretroviral treatment prevents HIV from being passed onto uninfected partners. This research was presented at the Sixth International AIDS Society Conference on HIV Pathogenesis, Treatment and Prevention (IAS 2011) in Rome. See <http://www.aidsmap.com/ias2011>.

²PrEP acronym for HIV Pre-exposure prophylaxis drug Truvada

³Although Truvada had been prescribed for off-label use, it was widely approved as prophylaxis by FDA in 2012 and by Health Canada in 2016

⁴The confidence interval is the possible range of results, taking into account the chance that the actual result was not observed in the study, if the experiment is repeated. See <http://www.thebody.com/content/77904/qa-on-the-partner-study-how-to-interpret-the-zero-.html?getPage=2>.

On Borrowed Time - Revisited

By Katja Heinemann

From 2000 to 2004, I photographed and interviewed children and teenagers who attended Camp Heartland in Willow River, Minnesota, because they were living with HIV, had family members living with the virus, or had already lost one parent (or both) to AIDS-related illness. In honor of World AIDS Day 2015, I decided to reach out to some of the former Camp Heartland kids who were featured in my *On Borrowed Time* series and the corresponding photobook I produced, *A Journey of Hope*, featuring an introduction by the founder of Camp Heartland (now known as One Heartland), Neil Willenson.

It had been fifteen years since I first began photographing and interviewing teens who were facing the continuing stigma surrounding HIV, and all these years later, given our new sharing culture and social media connectivity, it seemed time to follow up. Images contributed by former campers and excerpts from the series of follow-up interviews that I conducted were originally published on the Instagram feed of Open Society Foundations (OSF), an international grant-making organization that featured my photographs as part of its eleventh-annual *Moving Walls* exhibition. This show includes works that align with OSF's mission to advance human rights and social justice.

Reconnecting with the campers was wonderful—and also sobering. Many of the “kids” are doing great, and this was a terrific excuse to catch up by phone. Many are moms and dads themselves now. There are roofers and rappers, stay-at-home mothers and biomedical researchers. Teachers. Social workers. On Facebook, I am allowed a glimpse into their lives. But then, of course, there are also the reminders that HIV/AIDS is very much still with us, and that little progress has been made when it comes to eradicating stigma or teaching the next generation of young people about healthy sex. People are still afraid. People are still dying.

Former campers shared with me their thoughts on growing up, secrecy and disclosure, friendship and loss, and surviving against the odds. What follows are just two of the updates on these young people's lives. More can be found on my website, katjaheinemann.com.



Katja Heinemann, *Closing Campfire*, From the series *On Borrowed Time / Growing Up with HIV*, 2000-2005, Giclée print.
Courtesy of the artist

Katja Heinemann, *End of Summer*, From the series *On Borrowed Time / Growing Up with HIV*, 2000-2005, Giclée print.
Courtesy of the artist.





LESLEY at age 12 (pictured with Shane, at age 14) and at age 25:

“Right now life is about Gabriella. I’m trying to make healthier choices. Because I’m a mom now, and I want to show my daughter good lessons. I do remember the exact day that I started taking my meds because Gabriella looked at me dead in my face, and she’s like, ‘Mommy, take your meds.’ I’m not gonna sit here and keep lying, saying, ‘Mommy took her meds,’ when I really don’t take them. I don’t know what it was, something just clicked.

Katja Heinemann, *Lesley at age 12, and Shane at age 14*,
From the series *On Borrowed Time / Growing Up with HIV*,
2000-2005, Giclée print

Lesley at age 25, 2015, Instagram photo.
Courtesy of the artist.

She knows something is going on. She doesn’t know anything about HIV or AIDS just yet, because she’s only four. She can tell I’m getting better, because I’m actually walking, whereas before, she’s seen me in a wheelchair all the time. When she would ask me, ‘Mommy, play with me?’ I would just sit there and look straight through her. I wanted to connect with her, play with her, but I couldn’t. I was just very, very tired—I wanted to sit there and die. But then I kept remembering my daughter and that I needed to take care of her.

I don’t know why, I just wanted to be dead, because I was so sick and tired of going through all the treatment for cancer. At 20, 24 years old, I’m supposed to be having fun, going out with friends, going different places, but I’m sitting here in a hospital bed, I’m living in a hospital. All you see is white walls, the white coats on doctors. White everything. I wanna finish my schooling, and I want to be a pediatric physical therapist. I’m trying to. Because Gabriella is my everything.”





Tia at age 14,
From the series *On Borrowed Time /*
Growing Up with HIV, 2000-2005,
Giclée print

Tia at age 26,
2015, Instagram photo.
Courtesy of the artist.



TIA at age 14 and age 26:

“The picture definitely stands out to me. It’s probably one of the realest pictures of me. I think it shows a side of me that I don’t show people. It captures all of the things that I normally feel that are deep down inside but I never let them come out. You look at a captured moment and it’s like, oh wait, I don’t know if I can really go through what that person is going through. It makes you want to know more about that person. When you show your private self, I think if another person sees it, they’re able to see that person is also human: take a walk in my shoes.

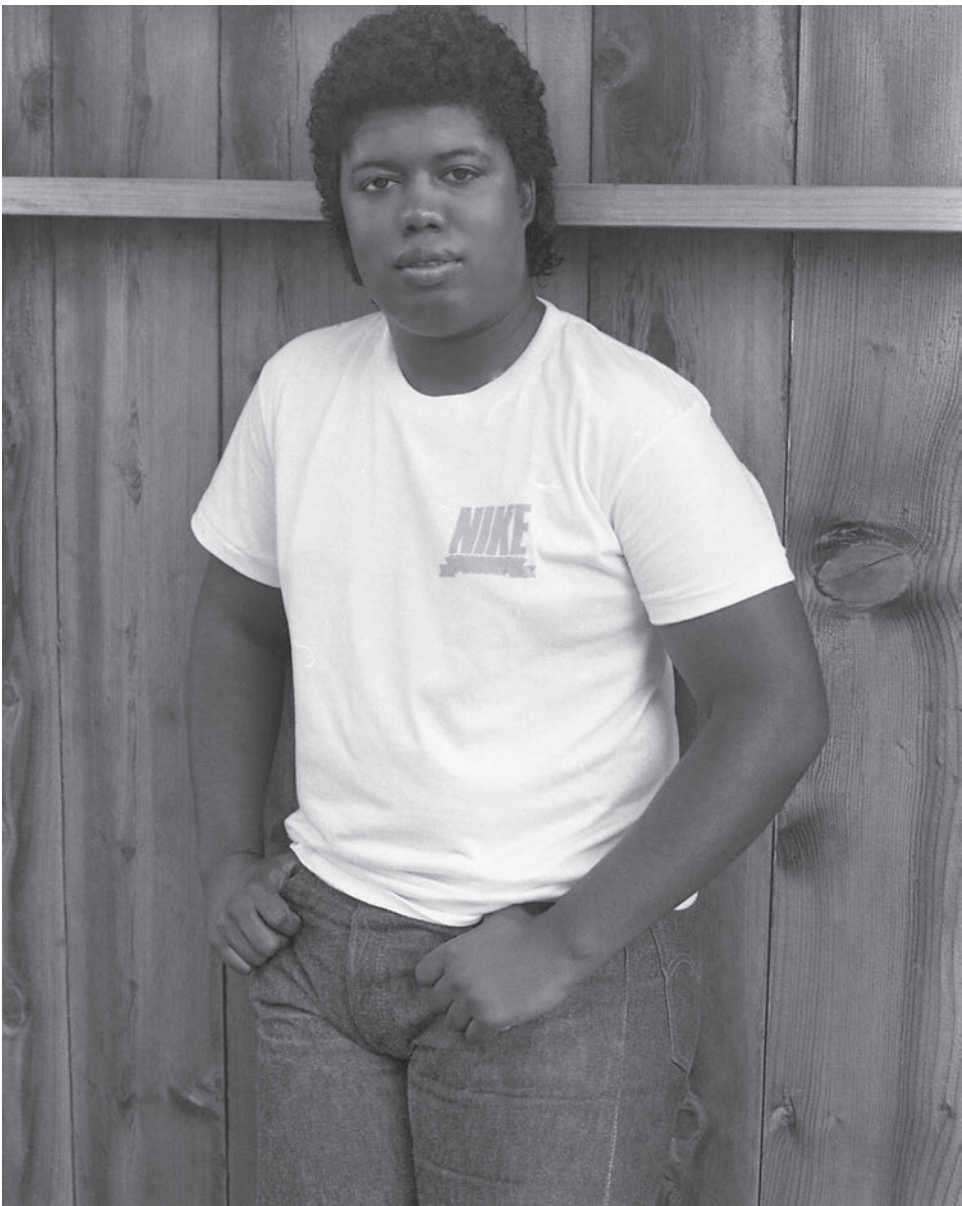
So many people around me were dying . . . to sit there and see somebody die from something that I can possibly die from, too, is a very, very scary thought. It’s a sucky feeling. I don’t think about dying as much anymore. I think about why did I make it, and why did some of them not make it.

I think of it more as like a battle, like I’m at war—like I’m at war with my own body. And I wanna win the war. I want to work in the field, I want to make a contribution. I’ve got my Masters in Biomedical Sciences with a concentration in microbiology. I work with mice, it’s really gross. For two summers in undergrad I did the monkey version of HIV—that was my first encounter of fully, fully understanding what was going on in my body. And it was really cool to be able to work on my own virus.”

Reflections on *Another Image: Black Teenagers Coming of Age*.
By Lenn Keller

It's hard to believe that it's twenty-nine years since I created a series of black-and-white photographs of black youth that were exhibited in my 1987 solo show, *Another Image: Black Teenagers Coming of Age*. I was a single mother at the time, working an administrative job at an LGBT mental health agency, where I was also volunteering as an HIV prevention educator. My daughter was in her last year of high school, and she and I were having lots of conversations about the devastating HIV/AIDS epidemic that was sweeping the Bay Area's community of gay men.

President Reagan's silence on HIV/AIDS and the Moral Majority's indifference toward gay men regarding HIV/AIDS resulted in horrific suffering and countless deaths. There were no effective treatments, and my daughter and I had already lost quite a few friends. In addition to our conversations about HIV/AIDS, and other political concerns of the day, we were very disturbed by the mass media's new negative onslaught against black teenagers. Simultaneously, black neighborhoods across the country, where industry jobs were disappearing, were being flooded with crack cocaine. The media began to aggressively represent black youth with updated negative stereotypes, depicting them as menaces to society with daily news images highlighting drug use and selling, gang violence, teenage pregnancy, and delinquency.



It seems like white people make a lot of assumptions about black people. Even some of my own friends. We'll be having some deep, intellectual conversation and they'll say something like, "...yeah, James, with the exception of you, most black people are like such and such..." I really resent their racially biased opinions, but usually they're more subtle about it. At school, with teachers, it's worse. They usually expect the black kids to not do well, and when they do, they mistrust it. For example, I'm in a lot of the accelerated classes and they figure I'm probably kind of smart, but just in there to meet some quota. I constantly have to prove myself. I've been accused of plagiarism a few times because I've used concepts or words that my instructors assumed were outside of my scope. So I have a thesaurus, big deal. I'm really sick of the assumptions and low expectations.

James D.
Age 17
Berkeley, CA

Lenn Keller, *James*, From the series
Another Image: Black Teens Coming of Age, 1989, Giclée print.
Courtesy of the artist.



Lenn Keller, *Evon*, From the series *Another Image: Black Teens Coming of Age*, 1989, Giclée print. Courtesy of the artist.

What's happening with the AIDS epidemic concerns me, I find that I talk about it a lot. Most of my friends are sexually active. For example they might tell me, "Yeah, I'm on my way to my boyfriend's house...", and I'll say "Fine", then I bring up the "big" situation. I say to them, "AIDS is dangerous, anybody can get it - teenagers, even babies are being born with it." My friends think I'm trying to scare them, but I'm just giving them the real information. I believe in safe sex. I believe in taking care of myself, because I have a lot of plans for my future.

Evon

Age: 17

Oakland, CA

My daughter and I were deeply disturbed by what we were seeing. As a photographer and media analyst, I was aware that the black community was under assault, and that white communities were buying into the media's negative portrayals, which would only serve to increase discrimination and oppression against black people. I decided to create a series of photographs of black youth in the San Francisco Bay Area—accompanied by their own words—that would give them another image of themselves and a voice about the issues that were impacting their lives. I also wanted to create an opportunity for others who were interested in reassessing their impressions or coming to new kinds of understandings about black youth.

I had no trouble finding subjects. I asked parents and associates with teenagers, and the project spread easily by word of mouth. The young people were eager to participate and flattered to know that someone cared what they thought about the issues.

Each youth was given the option of answering as many of my interview questions as he or she chose. The questions dealt with issues like racism, the condition of black people in the United States and internationally, HIV/AIDS, drug dealing, substance abuse, teenage pregnancy, career aspirations, and if the interviewees thought there would be a black president in their lifetime. The young people were each interviewed for at least an hour, and their comments were insightful, intelligent, and thought-provoking.

AIDS to me is really scary. And, I don't think a lot of kids take it all that seriously, because they don't believe it will affect them. They are frightened by the stories, but still on a certain level, they don't really worry about it, because they think, "Oh, it can't happen to me." Unfortunately, it seems that the only way that a lot of people really get interested in educating themselves about it, or protecting themselves against it, is if they come directly in contact with it. There was a girl in one of my classes, who said she had a cousin, who died of AIDS. She didn't know the cousin that well, so, she wasn't too dramatically affected by it. But, now she's a lot more aware. In general though, I think more teenagers are becoming more aware, being more cautious, and are being more supportive of people who have AIDS, and things like that. I think teenagers really need to learn about AIDS because they're one of the most susceptible groups, even if they don't know it. Because of peer pressure or whatever, teens are more sexually active than ever. I think it's important for us to know more and to talk about it, because we're a group that can spread information really fast.

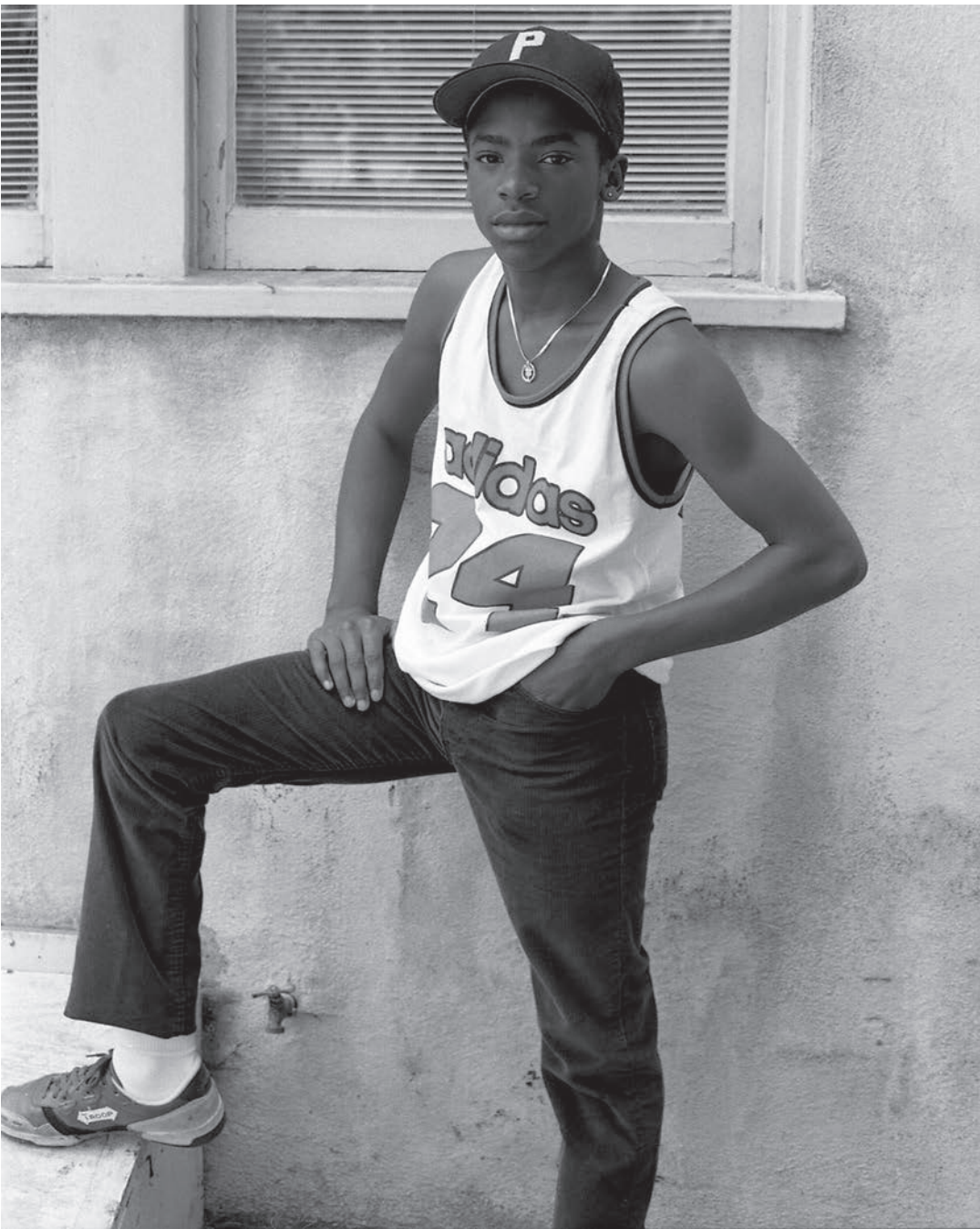
Kishana

Age 16

Berkeley, CA



Lenn Keller, *Kishana*, From the series *Another Image: Black Teens Coming of Age*, 1989, Giclée print. Courtesy of the artist.



Lenn Keller, *Kendall*, From the series *Another Image: Black Teens Coming of Age*, 1989, Giclée print. Courtesy of the artist.

Twenty-nine years later, it's 2016, and I wonder where many of my subjects are and how they have fared. Today's black youth under a Trump regime—following eight years of Barack Obama's presidency (a reality that most of the youth thought would be impossible in their lifetime)—are faced with increasing challenges to survive, compete, and achieve in a society that, as they are painfully aware, persists in projecting a perception of them as dangerous, less marketable, and less valuable as human beings.

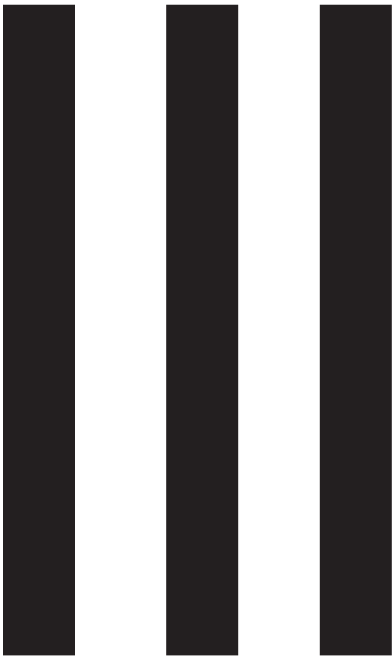
The primary challenge of black youth in 1987 and in 2016 remains fundamentally the same: transcending externally imposed oppressive limitations, and maintaining self-love and a positive self-concept. These photographs and quotes are a testimony to the fact that black youth embody not the demonized, stereotypical imagery that the media persists in offering, but rather that which is universally beautiful about youth globally.

It's very important to me to have a good teacher because I've had a lot of troubles in school. But now I have this one teacher that I really like because she pays attention to me, and she doesn't pick on the black kids. Even though she's white, she really taught us a lot about black history throughout the whole school year, and it helped me a lot. She's the kind of teacher I'd like to take with me all through high school. She's the kind of teacher I've been wanting to meet because I get along real good with her. When I go to a new school, I don't worry about making new friends as much as I worry about getting along with my teachers. When I have a good teacher, it makes my day.

Kendall

Age 15

Pacifica, CA



YOU CAME HERE TO KNOW ABOUT WATER

You think you know why the sun doesn't burn out
when it hits the horizon of the ocean
You want to know something about water
You want to know about the first time I put it into
my mouth
You want to know about the drowning
You want to remember the taste of water
that reminds you of nearly drowning
How to submerge your head underwater
without dying
How to paint the luminosity of the waves
To understand why waves wash against the shore
Why you emerged from the ocean
that is your mother

Demian DinéYazhi'

You want to know how many bodies
have been washed away in the rio grande
You want to know how many bodies
lie beneath the ocean
between africa and this colonized
failing democracy
You want to know what's around the river bend
for you
for me
for us
You want to know why he jumped off that bridge
and you wonder if you could still recognize
his body

The sacred place that many have lost
a connection to through commerce
The image of an embilical cord extended outward
from the break of the ocean
Naked and heavy on the wet beach
the foam being pushed by the wind
You want to know about water and property
or the properties of water

You want to know the evaporation
You want to soar weightless
hovering over the mountain
like a cloud
To be the rain off in the distance
above a plateau in New Mexico
You want to descend to the depths of an abyss
to give your body back

A REPETITION OF SURVIVAL

Hands clapping as pills filter into
Plastic slots - Monday through Sunday

Morning noon & nite

A banner wrapped around the city
A collection of concerned citizens
standing against discrimination

The taste of metal against the tongue

A long list of temporary, minor side-effects

Different modes of resistance resisting

Resisting privilege(s) for the sake of
solidarity

The calm before the storm

Monsoon season rushing down city streets

Resilient human veins filled with blood

A collection of human cells under attack

A collection of images from the books
of american history:

an abused indigenous body

an abused african body

an abused jewish body

an abused muslim body

an abused female body

an abused queer body

an abused trans body

an abused landscape

an endangered species

an endangered dream

a concept of freedom / equality

a dream of eternal life

a flower on a grave

a road to heaven

a bullet through the head

a flag hung upside down -

a cop abusing their power

a peaceful protest

a nuclear bomb

a river on fire

a president

a sexually transmitted disease

a stolen constitution

a stolen religion

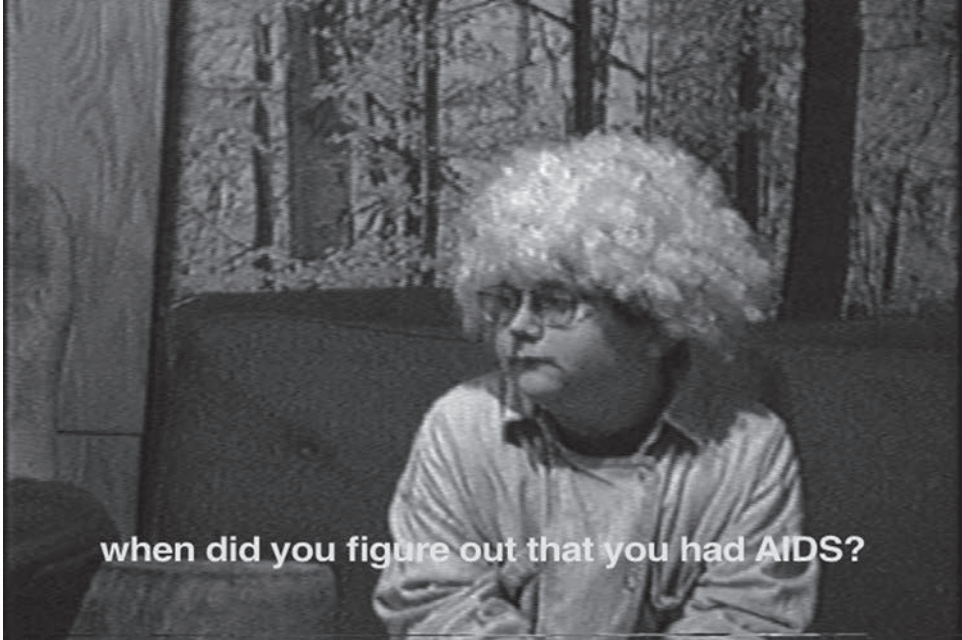
a stolen nation

Demian DinéYazhi'



Demian DinéYazhi', *Poz Since 1492*, 2016

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My Barbarian, *Counterpublicity*, 2014, Single channel HD video (still). Courtesy of the artists and Susanne Vielmetter Los Angeles Projects.

Matt Wolf, *Smalltown Boys*, 2003, Digital video (still). Courtesy of the artist.

Vincent Chevalier, *So... when did you figure out you had AIDS?*, 2010, Digital video (still). Courtesy of the artist and Vtape, Canada.

Chris E. Vargas, *Liberaceón*, 2011, Digital video (still). Courtesy of the artist.

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