



Arnold J. Kemp

*The Stupidity of Belief*

Iceberg Projects

Chicago, IL

April 22 - May 22, 2017

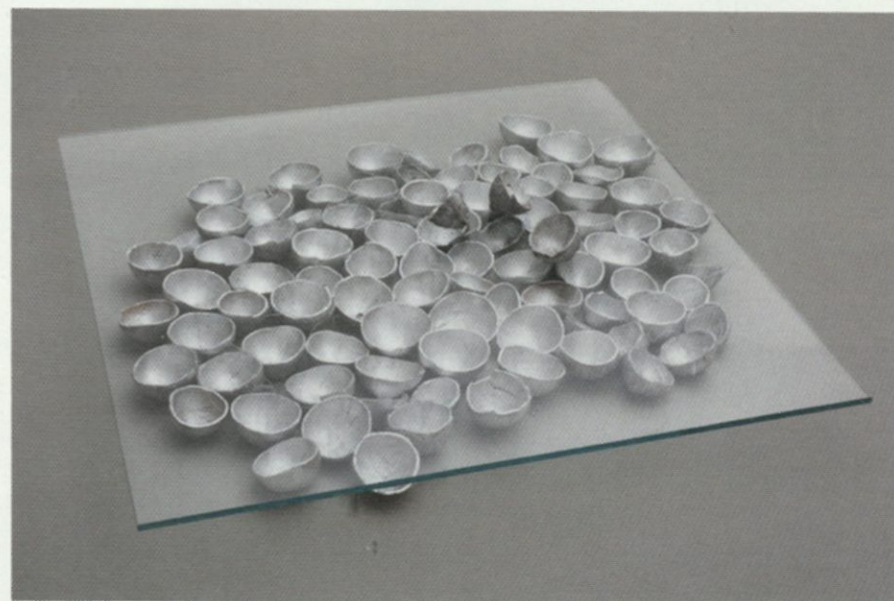


In 2011 a group of 80 people gathered in the contemporary art galleries at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art to hear Arnold Kemp read poems he authored in honor of a painting by Mary Heilmann. Unbeknownst to Kemp, without explanation or warning, the painting had been removed from display for reasons unknown. In resistance to the absence of the work Kemp led a meditation exercise in which the audience visualized the reappearance of the Heilmann painting while Kemp silently counted backwards from 60 with his back turned to the audience. A projected image of the work may have been standing in place of the actual painting. As the silence and the tension built with the expectation that some facilitators or SFMOMA curators would appear to hang the actual painting, Kemp suddenly faced the audience and declared that if art is about belief then the evidence of the continued absence of the work was proof that the audience did not believe enough. The poetry reading that followed pressured the air of magic and enthusiasm for the power of art that Kemp had set with the meditation, and this performance was met with a standing ovation.

Iceberg Projects is pleased to present *The Stupidity of Belief*, a solo exhibition featuring the work of Arnold J. Kemp (b. 1968, Boston). This exhibition marks the first time the artist's work will be shown in Chicago.

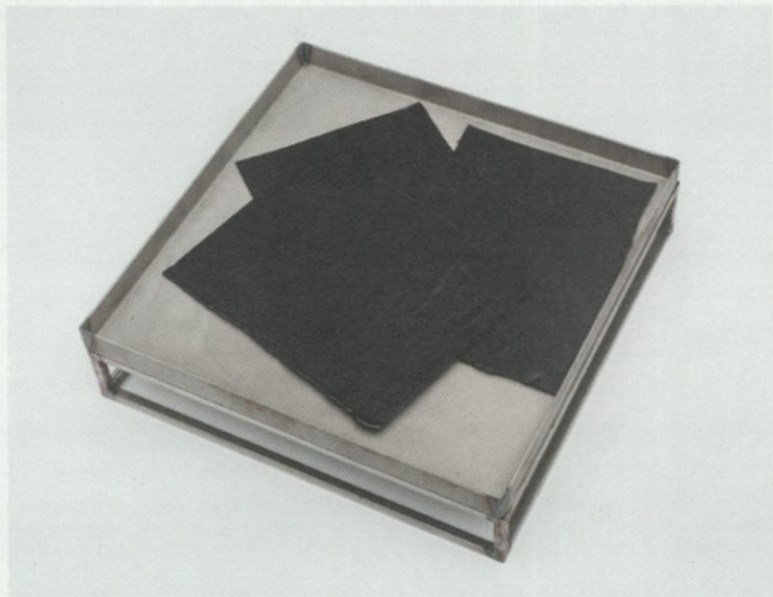
This ambitious exhibition, drawing from 2000 – 2016, is inspired by Kemp's statement that he works with a concept of blackness that includes a designation of race, the name of a color, and also a belief in a kind of magic borne from the struggles of the African diaspora. Magic here references something that engages enthusiastic belief, resists categorization and persists through historic struggle. Kemp also works with a kind of faith in the stupid as a realm of possibility in art, as exemplified in a work from 2016 called WISHING WELL. This is a work made of silver painted coconut shells and tempered glass that together recall a magical pool that compels us to stupidly throw money at it.

The structure of the exhibition containing painting, drawing, photography, print media, sculpture and sound, is a riff on New Narrative. This is a literary genre in which traditional categories are dismantled and parts are meaningfully reconstructed so that the boundaries between the essay, the lyric, fable, and gossip disappear. Taking inspiration from the practices of New Narrative authors such as Kathy Acker, Robert Glück and Kevin Killian, the exhibition reveals Kemp in many guises as shaman, showman, trickster, historian and poet of materials.

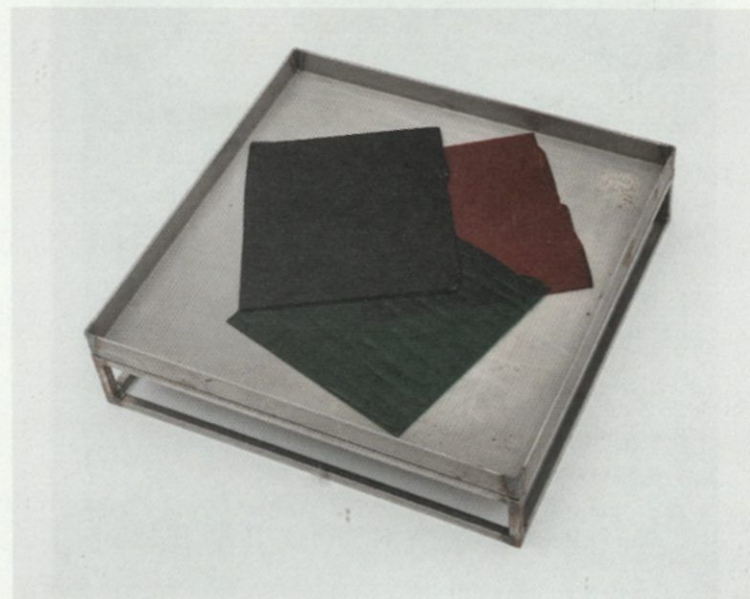


WISHING WELL, 2016  
Coconut shells, oil paint, tempered glass  
49 x 49 inches





NIGHT CLIMBER, 2015  
Stained glass, welded steel  
7.5 x 20 x 20 inches



DARK GLASS, 2015  
Stained glass, welded steel  
7.5 x 20 x 20 inches





UNTITLED I, 2012

Archival pigment on Somerset paper in artist's frame  
43 3/8 x 35 inches

From the series WHO'S AFRAID OF SOMETHING REAL



UNTITLED II, 2012

Archival pigment on Somerset paper in artist's frame  
43 3/8 x 35 inches

From the series WHO'S AFRAID OF SOMETHING REAL





UNTITLED I, 2001  
Type c-print, mounted on aluminum  
30 x 36 inches  
From the series PLAYED TWICE



UNTITLED II, 2001  
Type c-print, mounted on aluminum  
30 x 36 inches  
From the series PLAYED TWICE





UNTITLED III, 2001  
Type c-print, mounted on aluminum  
30 x 36 inches  
From the series PLAYED TWICE



UNTITLED IV, 2001  
Type c-print, mounted on aluminum  
30 x 36 inches  
From the series PLAYED TWICE





REVERSE VACATTON, 2002

Unique digital print from color slide in custom maple frame  
32 1/2 x 23 3/4 inches



PERSON-A, 2002

Unique type c-print in custom maple frame  
22 1/2 x 27 3/4 inches



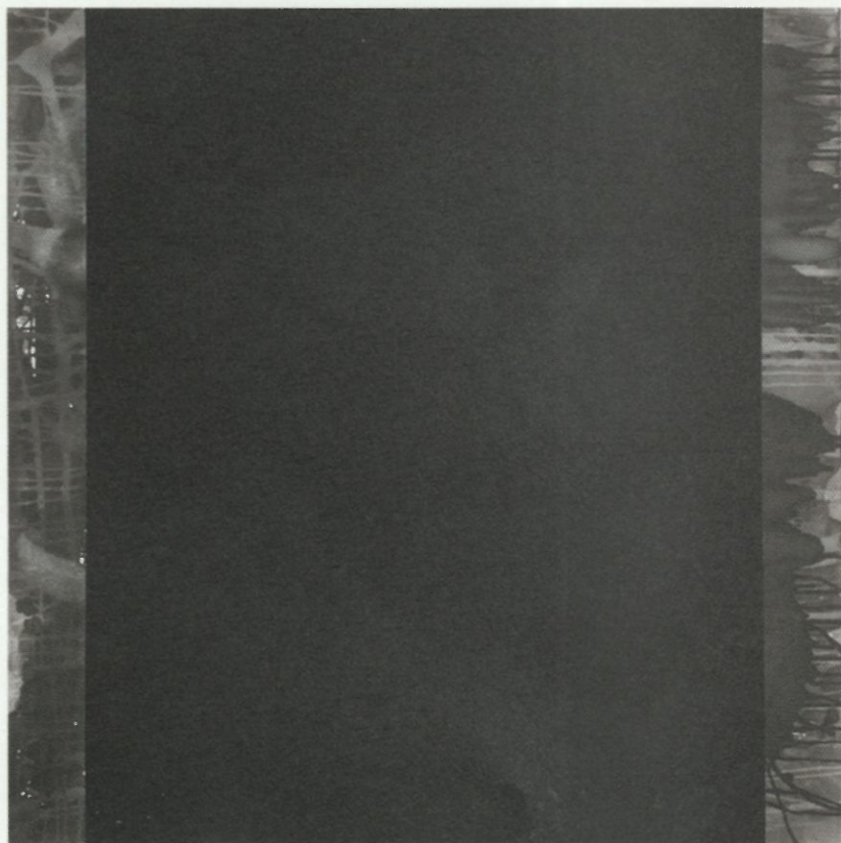


PRYOR UNTITLED, 2002  
Watercolor pencil on paper in custom maple frame  
34 x 26 inches



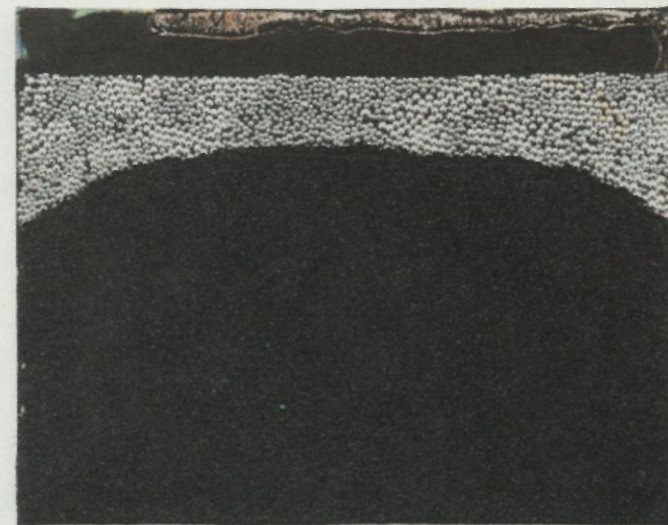
SLOW SEASON RITUAL DRAWING I, 2016  
Photocopy with unique watercolor embellishments in custom frame  
13 1/4 x 10 3/4 x 1 1/4 inches





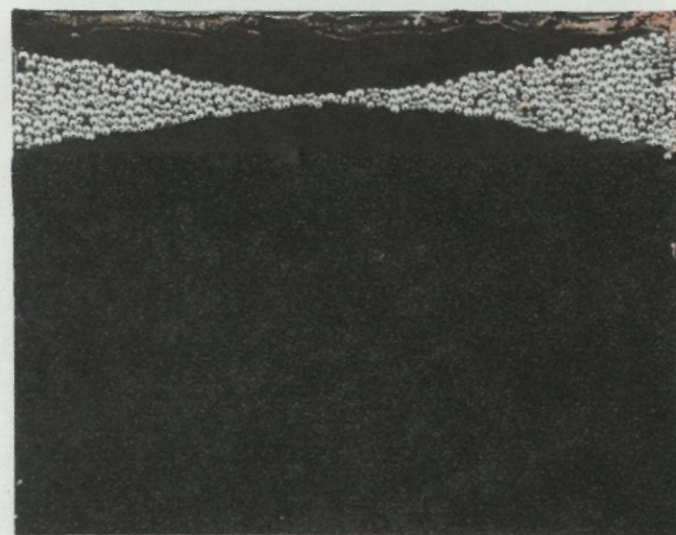
OUR FRIENDS TEACH US SOME THINGS AND OUR ENEMIES TEACH US  
THE REST, 2017

Graphite, ink wash and flashe on canvas  
69 x 69 inches



TYPE, 2008

Watercolor, acrylic, flashe and mixed media on linen  
14 x 18 inches



DESCANT, 2008

Watercolor, acrylic, flashe and mixed media on linen  
14 x 18 inches





NOVEMBER, 2008

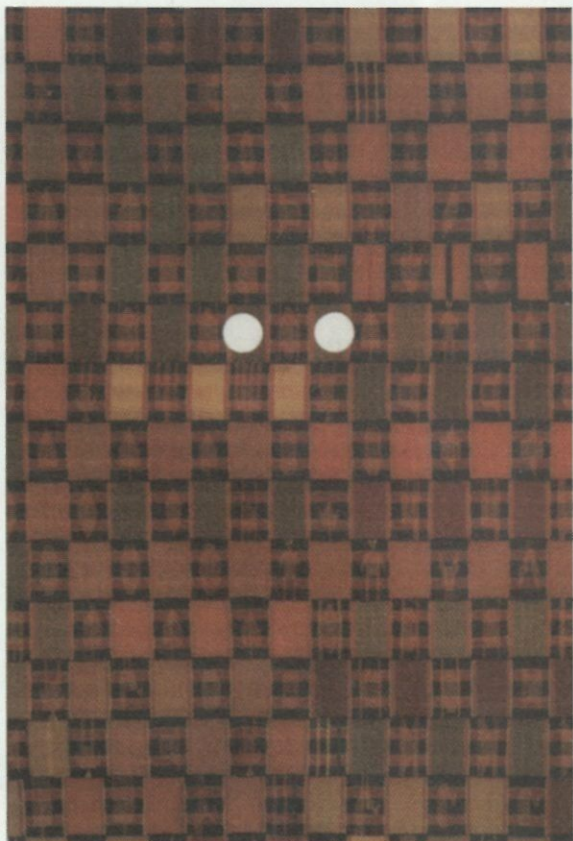
Watercolor, acrylic paint, flashe, mixed media on linen  
18 x 24 inches



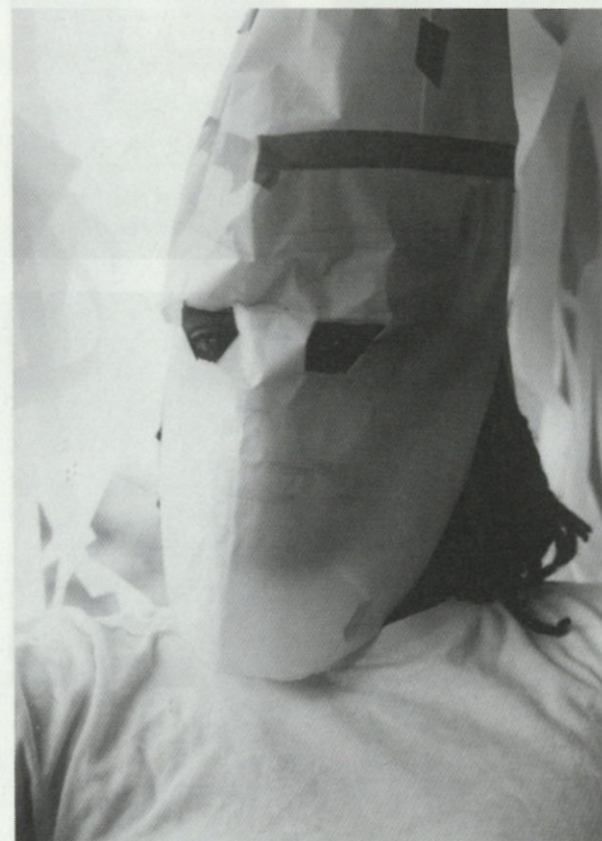
CLIMATE, 2008

Watercolor, acrylic paint, flashe, mixed media on linen  
14 x 18 inches



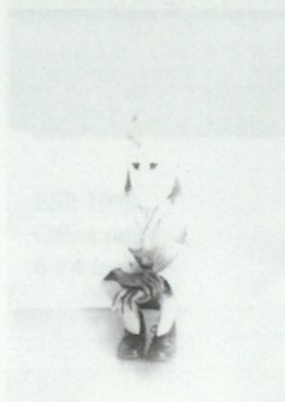


ESP, 1998  
Offset print  
6 x 4 inches



UNTITLED, 2000  
Unique silver print  
5 x 7 inches





UNTITLED (1 - 6), 2000  
Unique silver prints  
5 x 7 inches each



UNTITLED, 2000  
Unique silver print  
5 x 7 inches





HEADLESS AND SEATED, 2016  
Plywood veneer, oil paint, lemon halves  
31 x 14 x 22 inches



HEADLESS, 2016  
Rubber masks, oil paint, lemon halves, steel  
46 1/2 x 12 x 25 3/4





HEADLESS (detail), 2016  
 Rubber masks, oil paint, lemon halves, steel  
 46 1/2 x 12 x 25 3/4



Kevin Killian  
A Mask of Damask

From beginning to end, it wasn't until Mark had left Prosper Street that Tick decided he maybe felt something for him, but by then he was living with Arnold, and he decided that maybe there was something real with Arnold, instead of Mark who was just a fantasy boy.... Prosper Street in San Francisco, in the Castro but not really, was only a little alley, just one block long, its own reality somehow, though traffic ran both ways in it. Here and there city engineers had run bumps across the street, three in a row, bounce bounce bounce, then a goodly length of flat, then three more bumps, then a similar length of none, and finally a last bump, between 16th and 15th. Mark said they reminded him of welts, the welts you could produce on a boy's butt if you flicked him with a rattan cane seven times, in a specific pattern, maybe one up high where the crack begins, and three close on each other as his butt swelled to proud fullness, and then a clear space, and then three final cuts placed on his sit spots, where the crease of ass and thigh remains in constant use, but you don't notice it really if you're not in the dull pain of having recently been caned. Sometimes the next morning you'd reach back and those seven raised welts on your ass would remind you of driving ten miles an hour down poky little Prosper Street, and vice versa. It was enough to send a sympathetic tang of pain through one, even through one rarely empathetic like Mark.

Oh those crazy bumps! They called them "speed bumps," on Prosper Street, which always produced a sort of nervous twitter of laughter, for who hadn't done actual speed? Who had been spared the plague of bumps on chin or earlobes? On the whole street, not many of us. There were the two old white ladies at 24 who'd been together since World War II it was said, when both were newly out of the Marines or whatever and decided that straight life wasn't for them. They were always sitting in their garden though, filled with a peaceful energy few of the young boys could attain, for all they hauled their rubber mats and aspirational meditational butt plugs back and forth to Castro Yoga. But even the two old ladies, the "Norns," they called them, would recognize a queen crashing on speed. It was a neighborhood hazard like gay bashing. It wasn't until Tick had moved from Prosper Street that he sometimes thought of those two ladies and wondered if one of them, the more femme one, had once been an actress of some sort. For some of the older fellows used to call her the Queen of Prosper Street; it was whispered that she was the real life Anna Madrigal of Armistead Maupin's book or whatever it was, TV show, *Tales of the City*.

Rhonda her name was? Tick could picture her now—very fair, freckled, pale pale white hair she kept tied back with what looked like a silk ribbon, sometimes green, sometimes blue. She told them that thousands of years ago, the Castro used to be the shore of the Pacific. She sat all day in her garden in coveralls, her butt right on the earth, wielding a spade like she was still in the Navy; and she kept digging up shells from thousands of years ago, she said, before there were people in San Francisco, or even plants. The town didn't even have a name.

A town with no name.... "Must have been weird," Tick said, looking up and down at all the civilization you could see on the street—cars for one; stained glass in church windows; phone wires on redwood poles; the Harvey Milk library, the hardware store on the corner that Arnold always consulted for his art projects.

Rhonda looked sideways at him as if to say, "It was what it was," but softened that with a smile. "Here, help me, Tick," she added, her grip on a sturdy pail she had filled with round shells. "I saved these all for Arnold Kemp. You can take this bucket to this flat if you'll be so kind."

Nimble, with his clever quick fingertips, Tick lifted one seashell out of the pail and watched the others susurrate to take the place of the missing one, then lifted the shell to his nose. "Smells like salt," he said.

"Odd, isn't it, when you consider, it hasn't been in salt water for thousands of years, but yes, I always smell the salt too. They're delicate too; like eggshells, so easy to break. I really have to sweet-talk 'em out of the ground."

Late 1990 maybe, Bush was president, AIDS was still a thing, Mark had it, or might have had it... he moved so long ago Tick forgot his diagnosis. "I know he wasn't there anymore when Madonna did her Sex book," Tick figured, counting on his hand. That book, rare today, was the common lingua franca of Prosper Street, for no hustler worth his salt had failed to shoplift one—at least to try—from A Different Light bookstore, till finally remaining stock was put in a locked case. Tick was like a kid in a candy shop with his fantasies of Madonna's boyfriends; he had one fist full of Vanilla Ice and another of Tony Ward, dude, that was some hot book! By then Clinton was the new president and, every year, a new crop of hustlers came to Prosper Street, and most of them met the Victorian ladies of Number 18, and Arnold Kemp the artist living there making his fascinating works of art.

Dumb Tick sometimes failed to catch when people were involved, but had Mark had a thing with Arnold? Tick thought so, there were traces of it all over in Arnold's



bedroom, where he did his art work. There was the eternal shame of the big canvas through which Mark had plunged both of his legs having a spasm, so that two huge holes the size of his calves were punched in it; looked like eyes in a creepy thriller. Arnold kept it on the wall; through the holes you could see the faint magenta lilt of the old 70s wallpaper when, it was said, Patrick Cowley and Sylvester once lived here. You could just imagine poor Mark, with the canvas up around his thighs, trying to walk when your legs were so constricted—trying to walk out of the room and out of Arnold's life—obstructed, til finally the canvas dropped down of his knees, and then he stepped out of it lightly like a woman walking out of her pantyhose.

Just about two months later Arnold made a second picture, with holes cut out to mimic the accidental eyes of the first. Tick used to make up stories for the two faces to tell each other, or pressing the two pictures together so they might be kissing each other.

"Kinky," remarked easy-going Arnold Kemp. "Arnold," he called out one day, Murphy Brown was on and Corky was turning thirty, while Murphy was dealing with the shame of real life Dan Quayle calling her a single mom, "Arnold, er, is one of these pictures white and one of them black?"

Ever-quiet Arnold stepped into the front room to see what Tick was referring to. "Those masks? Well, I don't know really." He was always leaving it to others to make up their minds about his work. His poems were so filled with words Tick hadn't a clue, but with these masks he thought he had a glimmer. "Arnold, if you put on the white one and I wore the black one would it be like we changed races?"

Uh-oh he had said the wrong thing, or so he thought the moment he'd said it, for a strange stillness came into the flat, and from Prosper Street Tick could hear the everpresent bounce, bounce, bounce, of a motorist navigating the set of bumps out past the curb. Tick couldn't see Arnold's face in the TV, but Murphy Brown was having a hell of a day, big close-up of her beautiful blonde hair shining while her eyes narrowed to slits of revenge against stupid Dan Quayle—and somewhere in that colorful shine you might be able to see Arnold's reflection, standing in the doorway as if anticipating an earthquake, but dead still. He made no sound at all, hardly moved.

Presently Tick thought, "Maybe Arnold is thinking about my question!" This was sort of a thrill for him because, like everyone else on the street, Arnold usually went his own way and Tick wasn't his concern. It was a street where neighbors cared for each other and looked out for lost cats and went to each other's rent parties. At one such party the real

Tony Ward was actually there, signing boys' chests and the like for the smallest of donations. "Arnold?" Tick repeated. —"If I knew how to do that," Arnold said, then trailed away. "If I could master that technology," Tick thought he said, "I'd kill myself, I would."

—Kevin Killian  
*for Arnold J. Kemp 2017*



## A Cabinet of Coconuts For A.J.K.

Here is what we need: Cedar Chips, Chamomile, Cinnamon, Cloves, Eucalyptus, Frankincense Tears, Lavender Flowers, Mugwort, Myrrh, Peppermint, Rose Buds, Rosemary, Rose hips, Sage, Sandalwood, Violet Flowers, Yarrow. Those are the basics, with potential powers, in order of appearance being: Happiness, Money Drawing, Good Luck, The Promotion of Lust, Purification, Healing, Visions, Chastity, Astral Projection, Sleep, Drawing Love, Exorcism, Wish Fulfillment, Conjuring, Peace, Protection.

Here is what we need: The Artist, The Thing on the Floor, The Thing on a Post, The Hair Wound Around a Post, The Head on a Post, The Poem as Play, The Metal Tray, The Dull Mirror, The Leather Belt, The Handmade Suede Shoes, The Hood on the Head, The Books, The Books in The Hands, The Hands on the Head, The Hands on the Forehead, The Lemon on the Chair, The Chair Alone, The Foil on the Face, The Drawing at The MET, The Figures on the Window Sill, The Pedestal Laying Down, The Black Room, The Paintings, The Black Movie, The Lecture, The Teacher, The E.S.P., The Coconuts, The Felts, The Seashells, The Sea, The Chimes. The Colour.

Let's sit with this for a spell.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> noun: spell; plural noun: spells,

Old English spell "story, saying, tale, history, narrative, fable; discourse, command," from Proto-Germanic \*spellam (see spell (v.1)). Compare Old Saxon spel, Old Norse spjall, Old High German spel, Gothic spill "report, discourse, tale, fable, myth;" German Beispiel "example." From c. 1200 as "an utterance, something said, a statement, remark;" meaning "set of words with supposed magical or occult powers, incantation, charm" first recorded 1570s; hence any means or cause of enchantment.

The narrative unfolds... the origin of an object is unknown until it is made known. Let's be honest. We make most of it up. Object worship is fashioned out of voyeurism, tourism, colonization, subjugation, display, historicization, buying, selling, owning, trading, writing, looking, desiring, coveting and other suspect methods. What we have canonized is mostly stolen, likely cursed, probably junk, and yet we still believe.

The best thing an artist can do is to forget all that and make things anew. To rewind the timepiece. Start it all ticking again. These new objects can hold power, communicate new knowledge, appear as a stand in for what once was, be in proximity to, comment on, or crush old ideas and in the end correct any exclusion. The work of an artist is to make and break spells. This is the work of Arnold J. Kemp.

E.g. Collect your hair, twist it into a fine rope, wind it around itself until it is a ball...connect the painting on the wall to the space in the corner of the room, to the column, to the ceiling. String it from point to point. It is all a triangle, or a pyramid of black obsidian, but you can walk right through it. Follow and step over the line. Like Sandback, about Sandback, in homage to Sandback, in rejection of Sandback. Reclaim what is seen as a master Minimalist work. Draw the line back to minimalist gestures in African arts.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> A work very much like a Fred Sandback but constructed by the artist from 2933 inches of his own hair, *A Measurable Portion of Infinity*, 2005, was first presented at Stanford University Art Gallery in 2005 and again at Fourteen30 Contemporary, Portland, OR in IMPOSSIBLE INSTRUMENTS / FUTURE FLAGS DECEMBER 12, 2008 - JANUARY 17, 2009.



**"Auto-Idolatry. Poetic harmony of character. Eurythmic of the character and the faculties. To preserve all of the faculties. To augment all of the faculties. A cult (Magianism, evocatory magic)... Two fundamental literary qualities, supernaturalism and irony. The individual ocular impression, the aspect in which things present themselves to the writer - then the turn of satanic wit. The supernatural comprises the general colour and accent - that is to say, the intensity, sonority, limpidity, vibrancy, depth and the reverberation in Space and Time."**<sup>3</sup>

**"This is the document of a poet consecrating himself to memory."**<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *The Intimate Journals of Charles Baudelaire*, Translated by Christopher Isherwood, With an introduction by W.H. Auden, Marcel Rodd & Co., 1947.

<sup>4</sup> Of Baudelaire's journals an anonymous reviewer posted..." This is the document of a poet consecrating himself to memory. His attempt to maintain perspective; his aesthetic self objectification that is repeatedly shattered when he looks into society; his Catholicism, his ennui, his mistress, his mother...all these cast a definitely "intimate" hue to the pages that are essential for any reader wishing to come to terms with Baudelaire's psyche: to see why his self-destruction was inseparable from his creations. For they were both necessary symptoms of his sensibility - an immaculately modern sensibility. The fragmented nature of the writings prevents the work from actually being a "work" - it is more like an authentic gesture, an unpremeditated act of self revelation. A fascinating and ultimately harrowing document from a poet - nothing more.", Anonymous, Nov2, 1999 <sup>4</sup> 1, Amazon.com.

<sup>4</sup> 1999 "I was dreamin' when I wrote this, forgive me if it goes astray"... "In 1993, Prince's handlers changed his name to (ENTER PRINCE'S LOVE SYMBOL HERE), which was explained as a combination of the symbols for male and female. The symbol was soon dubbed 'The Love Symbol' and Prince was referred to as 'The Artist Formerly Known as Prince'. The symbol associated with Prince is a magickal sigil.

A **sigil** (/sɪdʒəl/; pl. sigilla or sigils) is a symbol used in magic. The term sigil derives from the Latin *sigillum*, meaning 'seal', though it may also be related to the Hebrew סִגְלָה (*segula*, meaning 'word, action, or item of spiritual effect, talisman'). The term has usually referred to a type of pictorial signature of a demon or other entity; in modern usage, especially in the context of chaos magic, it refers to a symbolic representation of the magician's desired outcome.

A sigil is a symbol created for a specific magical purpose. It is usually made up of a complex combination of several specific symbols or geometric figures each with a specific meaning or intent. A sigil may have an abstract, pictorial or semi-abstract form. In medieval ceremonial magic, the term sigil was commonly used to refer to occult signs which represented various fallen angels and demons which the magician might summon...

Prince's sigil is made up of three elements: The sigil for the demon Machon or Machen, the sigil for the demon Sagun or Shehaqim, and the alchemical symbol for soapstone."

While Baudelaire spent most of his life rejecting a belief in the supremacy of nature, through his journals we see he never rejected the supremacy of self. Or at least in private he felt the need to prove himself worthy. It wasn't enough to write the prose, he had to live it. It wasn't enough to give us "modernité". A flaneur can only have a well worn sole.

E.g., Cast your foot in plaster. This is called a last. Make a pattern for your shoe. Cut and trim the leather to fit, stitch the pieces together, punch in eyelets, make sure to evenly space, soak your sole to soften it. Use your last as a guide. Sew, glue, tack the sole to the upper. Form and soften. Oil the leather. Fashion a tray from steel, set the shoes on the tray, consider the reflection of the sole in the steel. Once the shoes are set in place. They are sculpture.<sup>5</sup>

**"Feeling like a thing rather than living."**<sup>6</sup>

Objects that have been imbued with some sort of magic, through the making, the alchemy, the cauldron boiling of the brain, the set intentions, become part of a long spell or as we have come to know it, a narrative. These objects, stand-ins for concepts and ideas, can be used again and again to reframe meaning. We call them art. Exhibition making relies on this transformation. When one makes an exhibition with Kemp, you are carefully brought into a library of things, potions, poems, sculptures, paintings, books, performances and lessons. Notions of display from one exhibition may find themselves in the next, and multiple iterations rest naturally next to each other. The tension of the artist's timeline is vibrational, each thing made better by being seen again, being made anew. He could open up a box sent from The Bay, with delicate paintings on vellum, wrapped in more vellum, each one containing a delicate order of lines, Sigil magic, abstraction. Black hands drawing out blackness. This isn't what you wind up showing, but it is an important tether to new ideas he is exploring around horror and colour. At another time you are handed two small idols; you would call them primitive but you know better. He has selected them himself from a cache of work, and he asks you to place them together on the windowsill in the room and you follow his instructions. They belong there. Or there are photos, of masks made from foil, or hoods from cloth - both with eyes so dark and deep, you are in outer space.

<sup>5</sup> Arnold J. Kemp — LET HIS BODY BECOME A LIVING LETTER, 2013; handmade leather shoes, sea shells and welded steel; 7.5" x 20" x 20".

<sup>6</sup> P.165 *The Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec*, By Toulouse Lautrec; Kathy Acker, 1975, TVRT Press, Printed Matter.



The residue from those prints or others, remain on the printing press felts...but instead of tossing the sullied blankets, Kemp places them on the ground. Whether they are a soft stained floor or a painting in parts, they are an archive of time, and hairy silver coconut shells hold them down. The coconuts are weights, moons, skulls, maybe? Maybe they are Kemp's masks and hair crumpled up and recast into metal domes. There are two of them, we desire to see them next to the windowsill idols. Twins. Couples. Couplets. In the next show they may be together or not. We get the sense that for Kemp every work is an ingredient, foraged for, melted down and retooled, saved in a cabinet for the right time. They are the incantation that is needed or wanted in the moment. Or the works are words in a long sentence in a long paragraph in a long novel/narrative. A new form. The New Narrative.<sup>7</sup> The coconuts find their way into a set of wind chimes, charmed by a witch, these will hang in a black room or in a white room, or both on different occasions.

**"If darkness were absolute void, said Goethe, there would be no perception looking into the dark."**<sup>8</sup>

E.g. Write a poem. Perform it. Alternatively, make your poem into a poster, or a belt. In either case, it still has to perform:

*"What if the beholder glances, glances away, driven by aversion as much as desire? This to ask not only, what if beholding were glancing; it is also—or maybe even rather—to ask, what if glancing is the aversion of the gaze, a physical act of repression, the active forgetting of an object whose resistance is now not the avoidance but the extortion of the gaze? To be perplexed is as pleasant as to know."*

<sup>7</sup> "Now, I'd add that transgressive writing is not necessarily about sex or the body- or about anything that one can predict. There's no manual; transgressive writing shocks by articulating the present, the one thing impossible to put into words because language does not yet exist to describe the present." p.21, Long Note on the New Narrative, Communal Nude, Robert Glück, Semiotext(e) Active Agents, MIT Press, 2016.

<sup>8</sup> P.133 "Goethe considered light waves to be the physical manifestation of eternal light. He saw light and dark to be polar opposites, with a series of colors formed by their interaction: darkness was not complete passive absence of light: it was something active, something that opposed itself to light and interplayed with it."; The importance Goethe attached to his theory of color is clear from his statement late in life that "I do not attach importance to my work as a poet, but I do claim to be alone in my time in apprehending the true nature of colour."; The Secret Life of Plants, Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird, 1973, Harper & Row.

*Is this a self portrait? Reflecting like a wishing well? It is a matter of producing ourselves, and not things that enslave us.*

*The history of Afro-diasporic art is the history of the keeping of a secret even in the midst of its intensely public and highly commodified dissemination. These secrets are relayed and miscommunicated, misheard, overheard, often all at once, in words and in the bending words, in whispers and screams, in broken sentences, in the names of people you'll never know. The right to obscurity must be respected along with the evidence of things not seen."*<sup>9</sup>

To be afraid is to be aware. And we should be very afraid, or so they tell us...or so we feel. What is the colour of fear? What is the colour of release from that fear? Of intelligence? Of a correction? Of an orchid?<sup>10</sup> Of a mirror? Of an artwork? Of the history of an artwork? Kemp, says it is black. Black the colour. Black doing as black does. Black on the surface, black deep down.

**"Is this necessary? she asked, irritated. 'I want it to be strong,' he said. 'You barely know how,' Chichi said. He ignored her and touched the knife to his tounge. He winced, but that was it. Carefully he handed the knife to Chichi. She paused, pursing her lips. Then she did the same and handed the knife to Sunny. "Handle it with care," Orlu said. "You want me to..." there was blood on the knife. Thoughts of AIDS, hepatitis, and every other disease she learned about in school and from her mother rushed through her head. She barely knew Orlu, or Chichi, really. "Yeah" he said. "But once you do it, you can't turn back." "From what?" "You won't know unless you do it," Chichi said with a smirk. Sunny couldn't take it anymore. She looked at the knife. She took a deep breath. "Okay."**<sup>11</sup>

—Kristan Kennedy, Portland, OR, 2017

<sup>9</sup> Excerpt from Wishing Well, Arnold J Kemp, 2012, [www.a-j-kemp.com](http://www.a-j-kemp.com).

<sup>10</sup> "Black Orchid, Black Orchid, Why did they make you begin, When they know in time you'll find your truth, Before your cycle ends?, Black Orchid, Black Orchid, Why are you crying their fears, When the true reflection of you that they see, Is love besieged by years?" Black Orchid lyrics, Stevie Wonder, © EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC.

<sup>11</sup> Akata Witch, Nnedi Okafor, Akata Witch, 2011, Viking/Penguin.



Arnold J. Kemp has lived and worked in Boston, San Francisco, Paris, New York, Portland, OR and Richmond, VA. He engaged Kathy Acker to be Yerba Buena Center's first visiting artist before she became too ill to complete the residency. Alternately Kemp engaged Dennis Cooper as a visiting artist and co-curated "Guide to 'Trust No. 2'" an exhibition inspired by Cooper's novels. Kemp is associated with the literary genre of New Narrative. He is the recipient of awards and fellowships from the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation, the Pollock-Krasner Foundation, the Joan Mitchell Foundation, Artadia Fund for Art, Printed Matter, Inc. and Art Matters. His artworks are in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Studio Museum in Harlem, the Berkeley Art Museum and Portland Art Museum, among others. He is a fellow of New York's the Drawing Center and is the Dean of Graduate Studies at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.



