

**MARÍA MAGDALENA
CAMPOS-PONS**

**PROCESSION OF ANGELS
FOR RADICAL LOVE
AND UNITY**



**María Magdalena
Campos-Pons**

Madison Square Park Conservancy 2024

María Magdalena Campos-Pons

*Procession of Angels
for Radical Love and Unity*

September 7, 2024

Harlem Art Park

East 120th Street and Sylvan Place, between Lexington and
Third Avenues, New York

Dos Alas (Two Wings) Mural

East 105th Street, between Second and Third Avenues, New York

El Museo del Barrio

1230 Fifth Avenue, New York

September 20, 2024

Monument to José Martí

Central Park South and Center Drive, New York

Gathering Site of the 1917 Silent Parade

Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, New York

Former Site of the Colored Orphan Asylum

Fifth Avenue between 43rd and 44th Streets, New York

Madison Square Park

Madison Avenue and 26th Street, New York

Commissioned by

Madison Square Park Conservancy, New York

Organized in partnership with

Harlem Art Park, New York



Madison Square Park Conservancy

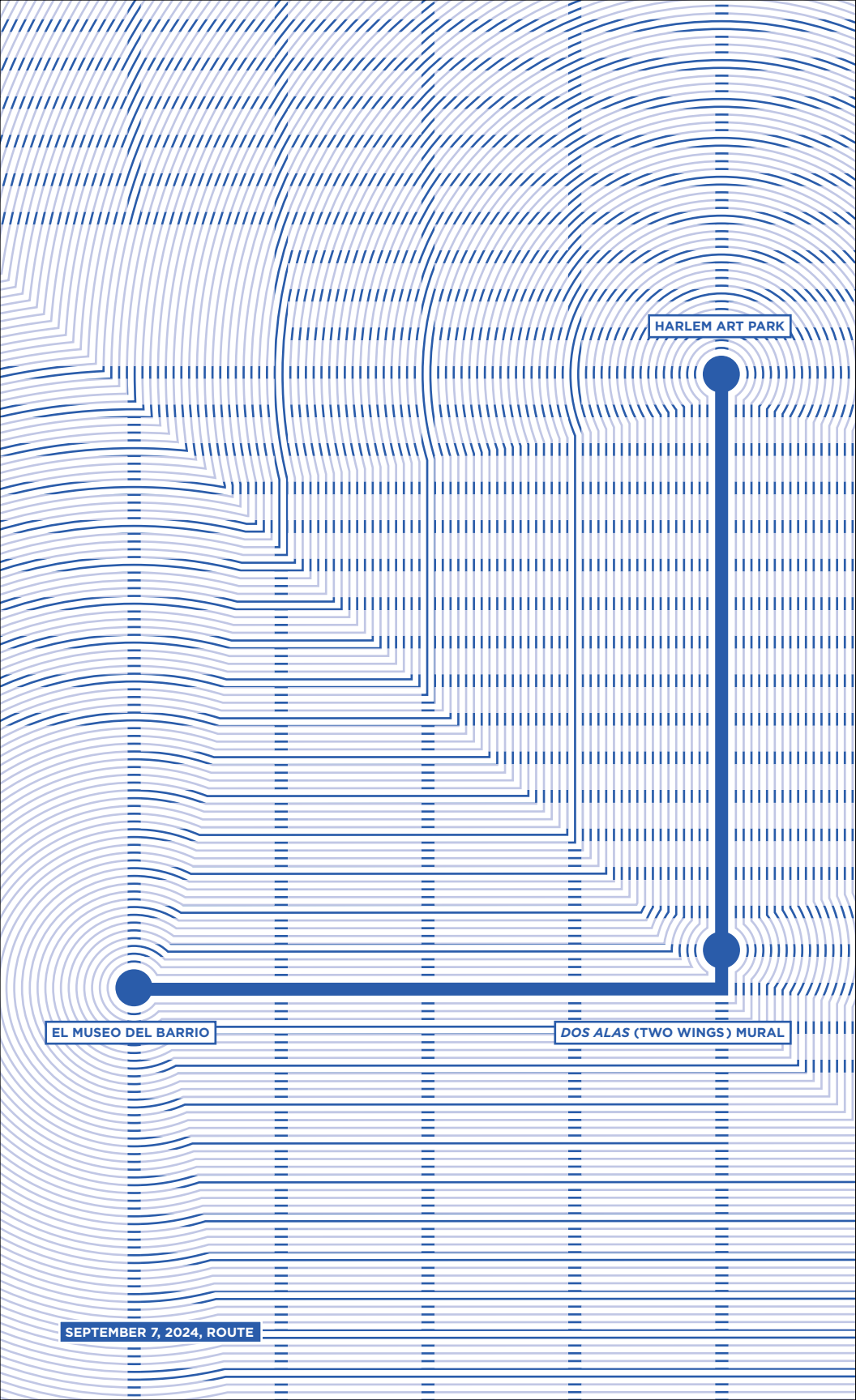
11 Madison Avenue, 15th floor
New York, NY 10010
madisonsquarepark.org



Harlem Art Park

East 120th Street and Sylvan Place
New York, NY 10035
nycgovparks.org

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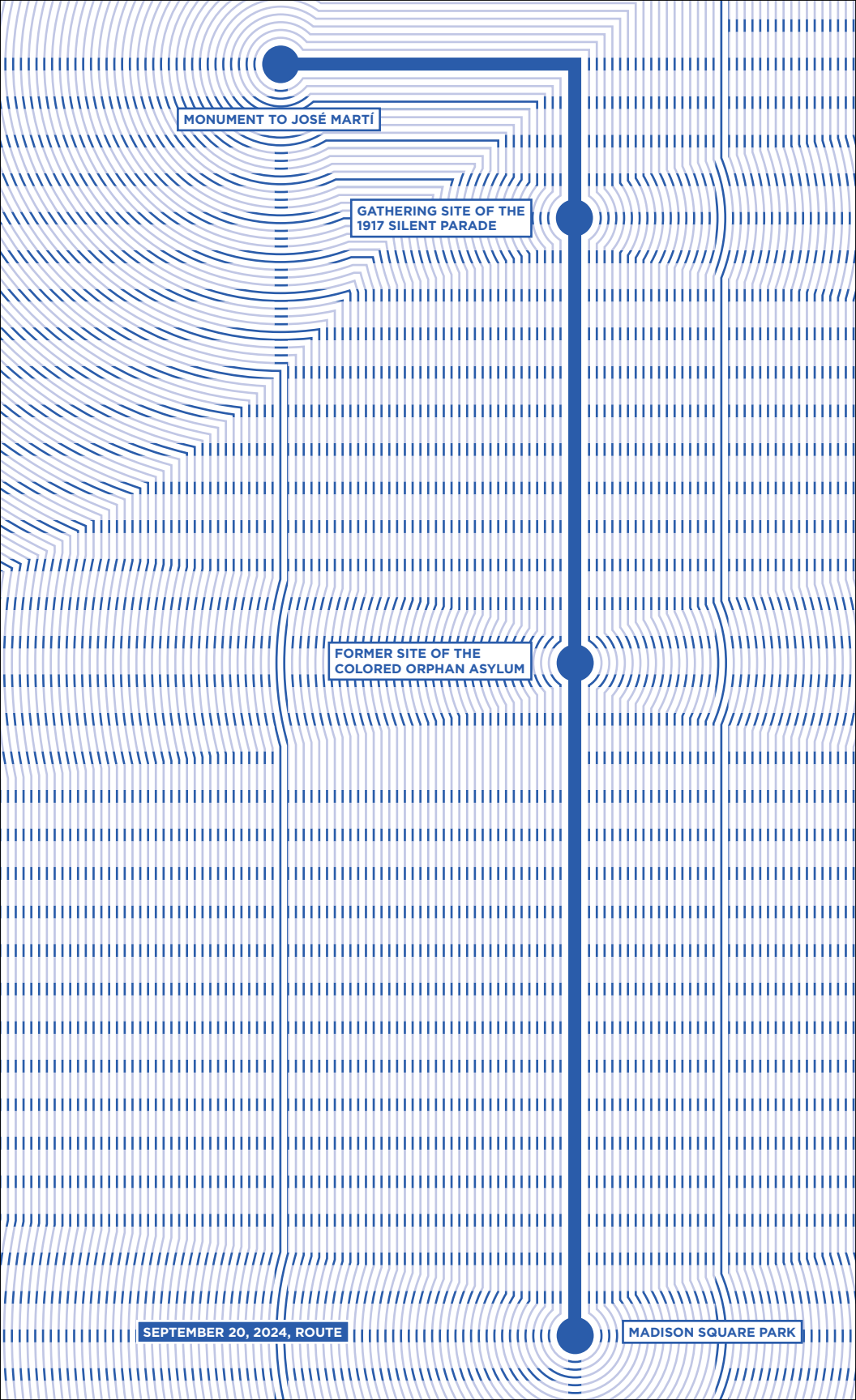


EL MUSEO DEL BARRIO

DOS ALAS (TWO WINGS) MURAL

HARLEM ART PARK

SEPTEMBER 7, 2024, ROUTE



MONUMENT TO JOSÉ MARTÍ

GATHERING SITE OF THE
1917 SILENT PARADE

FORMER SITE OF THE
COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM

MADISON SQUARE PARK

SEPTEMBER 20, 2024, ROUTE



FIG. 1

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FIG. 2

Introduction

Brooke Kamin Rapaport

Step into Madison Square Park and gaze upward to the venerable, lush tree canopy and downward to vibrant plantings. For parkgoers, this experience feels distinct from the energy of street life. But those streets and the throngs of pedestrians, bicycles, and taxis and the landmark architecture, markets, and parades bring even more vitality to the surroundings of the park. There have been decades of parades, marches, rallies, and cavalcades walking, riding, driving by this 6.2-acre site.

On April 25, 1865, thousands of mourners stood outside the boundaries of the park to pay their last respects to Abraham Lincoln, who had been assassinated eleven days earlier. The president's hearse, drawn by sixteen horses, made its way on Broadway and Fifth Avenue to and from City Hall. Among the processions that have passed in the streets near the park are the Columbian Celebration in 1892; the Great Dewey Day Parade in 1899, honoring George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy; marches for women's suffrage in 1908 and 1917; a parade for President Woodrow Wilson and Vice President Thomas Marshall in 1916; and the Silent Parade of 1917, when 10,000 Black citizens marched in hushed protest against anti-Black violence and in support of anti-lynching laws. Today's marches and parades celebrate veterans, Sikh heritage, Persian heritage, Mexican independence, and LGBTQ+ communities. There have been gatherings for Black Lives Matter and against the war in Gaza. These events are fundamental to publicness in Madison Square Park. And so was the moment in January 1895—described in Lisandro Pérez's book *Sugar, Cigars, and Revolution: The Making of Cuban New York* (2018)—when the Cuban writer and independence fighter José Martí gathered with friends at Delmonico's restaurant at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, facing the park, to plan a revolution, a fact of connection that inspired María Magdalena Campos-Pons in planning *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity*.

Campos-Pons conceived *Procession of Angels* not as a march, not as a parade, but as a walk together on the

sidewalks of our city in unity around love and connection. Think of a line where people are points on a trajectory, a trajectory spanning seven miles across two September mornings, from Harlem Art Park to Madison Square Park in Manhattan. That line stretches from uptown, encompassing Harlem Art Park, the *Dos Alas* (Two Wings) mural, and El Museo del Barrio, to Midtown, with the José Martí monument (bronze, cast in 1959), the gathering place for the 1917 Silent Parade, and the site of the Colored Orphan Asylum that rioters burned down in 1863; and it proceeds downtown to Madison Square Park—a line of people all striding along the route. It is a bold construct for these tumultuous times. When the line was realized and populated, it wasn't a disruption or a typical performance: the artist walked among those who gathered. The procession was instead about cohesiveness and coherence. Campos-Pons invited us to wear blue, yellow, or white on Saturday, September 7, and white on Friday, September 20.

Campos-Pons is an artist known for her reach into communities and histories, often deriving from autobiographical sources—from Matanzas, Cuba (her birthplace), to Nashville (where she is a professor of art and the Cornelius Vanderbilt Chair of Fine Arts at Vanderbilt University). Her wide-ranging production and use of materials demonstrate her boundless imagination, as seen in this procession, which as a performance piece fits integrally into contemporary practice.

There is an expectation today that rallying in public space must carry political heat. But *Procession of Angels* wasn't a convening *against* something, against war or a pressing social matter. This was a marshaling of people *for* something, for unity around communities, poetry reading, music, other modes of creativity. Campos-Pons's bold notion was to upend our ideas around marches and show that they can serve as gathering spaces for hope and what she calls "radical love."

Madison Square Park Conservancy reached out to Campos-Pons in 2021, asking that she consider creating a performance procession for the twentieth anniversary of our public art program and for our partnership with Harlem Art Park. For this procession, unlike some other performance pieces, here the artist would move in civic space with people welcome to join on the sidewalks; passersby

could be part of the performance. The underlying idea of the procession to step into *Procession of Angels* and participate in the constant pulse of New York City, in what brings dynamism to our lives, and experience publicness.

On May 6, 2024, New Yorkers and others met to discuss *Procession of Angels: Campos-Pons*; musician Kamaal Malak; community and cultural leaders; Community Board members; residents of Casabe Houses for the Elderly; representatives from the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation and the Department of Cultural Affairs, and from the Manhattan Borough President's Office; visitors to Harlem Art Park and Madison Square Park; and East Harlem neighbors. There was endorsement of the potential for the artist's goals for solidarity. This continued with dialogue through Debbie Quiñones, founder of Friends of Art Park Alliance at Harlem Art Park. On September 7, more than one hundred people gathered in the spirit of goodwill, in an atmosphere vibrant and uplifting.

Poets Richard Blanco, Marina Ortiz, and ten-year-old Kayden Hern read from their work at three stops on September 7, and Zack O'Farrill's group *Belongó*, featuring Clemente Medina, Román Díaz, and Roger Consiglio, played Afro-Latin jazz. Welcomed by Susanna Temkin and Helena Vidal, we concluded that day at El Museo del Barrio



FIG. 3

with an art-making workshop. On September 20, Dr. Ada Ferrer, Major Jackson, Patricia Spears Jones, Willie Perdomo, and Haviland Whiting read prose and poetry at four stops, and Daymé Arocena (fig. 4) and Kamaal Malak and The FuNk (fig. 5) presented a concert in Madison Square Park with the collaboration of Adriaan Fuchs, Wendy Magro, and Nolan Robertson of Carnegie Hall Citywide. On both mornings, designer Barth, of the House of Bartholomew, dressed models and participants in heavenly white gowns with billowing sleeves, summoning angels to walk with us.

Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity could not have been achieved without the ongoing, generous involvement of the Conservancy's Board of Trustees, including Sheila Davidson, Board Chair, and David Berliner, Chair Emeritus. Gratitude to Ronald A. Pizzuti, Board member and Art Committee Chair, for his exceptional commitment to artists and public art. Sarah Stein-Sapir, as a Board member and Art Council Chair, energizes a community around the art program. Executive Director Holly Leicht participated in the two days of the procession with great enthusiasm for the communities involved and the artist's vision.

At Madison Square Park Conservancy, preparation for *Procession of Angels* was a group undertaking. Ian Devaney, Yah Jeffries, Tasha Naula, Tiera Ndlovu, and Tom Reidy gave their all to bring this performance to Harlem Art Park, Madison Square Park, and the streets of Manhattan. Gratitude also to those in the Campos-Pons studio and the Engine for Art, Democracy & Justice, who worked intensively on *Procession of Angels*—Amor Diaz Campos, Taylor Raboin, and Danielle Myers—and to the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation: Jonathan Kuhn, Jennifer Lantzas, and Elizabeth Masella.

María Magdalena Campos-Pons is an artist with a beautiful vision. Her work is gloriously unrelenting in its exploration of connections across cultures, geographic boundaries, and materials. These are ideas, themes, and imaginings that she has nurtured for decades. Perhaps the art world is just catching up to her work as it celebrates practices that are both contemporary and deeply rooted in her upbringing, and finally appreciating the abundance of her expansive creativity. It has been the greatest honor to work with her.



FIG. 4



FIG. 5



FIG. 6

Procession of Angels is inspired by María Magdalena Campos-Pons's unfailing belief in unity and solidarity as powerful tools of resistance. It's an invitation to walk with and through history, and to engage with sites where poetry, music, and activism resonate as an expression of the radical love which is essential to the task of confronting and dismantling the social injustices of our time. With *Procession of Angels*, Campos-Pons has shaped her artistic vision into a walk of solidarity, a manifestation of hope, and a collective call to action as well as an opportunity to consider how we can imagine a more just future for all through art, democracy and justice.

SELENE WENDT

Independent curator and founder of The Global Art Project

Artist's Statement

María Magdalena Campos-Pons

Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity is conceived as a gathering of artists, other creatives, and the public. The event, held across the mornings of September 7 and September 20, 2024, proposes a collection of energies, memories, and invocations for light and beauty in the city. The work positions artists as sources and conduits for beauty, restorative power, and healing in a time of great social complexity. It is a modest gesture in the extraordinary reservoir of history that makes New York City a repository of uncountable narratives.

The procession is inspired by spiritual celebrations of the African Diaspora and the sustained traditions of the Yoruba people, with resilience and with faith in the guiding energies of the universe. Structured as a work in seven parts, it honors Yemayá, goddess of water and fertility, and sister of Oshun. It recognizes sites of historic events and commemorates Cuban dreamers, as it traverses the routes of Celia Cruz, Félix González-Torres, José Martí, Ana Mendieta, and others.

We invite peers, colleagues, and more to join in tracing a route of love, a trajectory of care, a drawing of hope for a better future, in dialogue with history, to illuminate options still unresolved and aspirations yet to be accessed in our time.

Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity is a production of KaMagStudios.



FIG. 7

Yemayá as the Materiality of Love in María Magdalena Campos-Pons's *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity*

Dr. Nikki A. Greene

María Magdalena Campos-Pons's *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity*, which took place in Manhattan on September 7 and September 20, 2024, successfully centered community to effect change, and as such reflects her nearly fifty years of artistic practice. Campos-Pons remains invested in claiming an African diasporic lens, the complexities of the Yoruba-based deities of Nigeria, orishas, and the interrogation of her West African, Cuban, Chinese, and American identities within the many spaces she occupies and connects to, always in concert with others. As she articulated on the first day of the procession, "The city—the street—is my studio, our collective studio." Further, she asked: "What is the materiality of radical love? / Cuál es la material de amor radical?"¹ By visiting seven sites across two days—Harlem Art Park, the *Dos Alas* (Two Wings) mural, El Museo del Barrio, the monument of José Julián Martí, the gathering site of the 1917 Silent Parade, the former location of the Colored Orphan Asylum, and Madison Square Park—*Procession of Angels* answered that question, through Campos-Pons's deep connection to African diasporic cultural survival based in the ancestral knowledge and mutual gift-giving of Yemayá. Yemayá, represented by the color blue, the spirit of water, and the number seven, is one of a pantheon of Yoruba orishas, one of the Siete Potencias (Seven Powers), along with Obatalá, Oshún, Oggún, Ochosi, Chango, and Oyá.

Campos-Pons's performances historically derive from a direct knowledge of the labor practices and the religious ceremonies as dictated in Santería, which in Cuba is also known as Lucumí, Regla de Ocha, Oricha, and la religión yoruba.² As a trained artist whose work incorporates multimedia designs and structures, including sculpture, installation, photography, and video, Campos-Pons constructs her vision of the world in ways that seamlessly

encompass AfroCuba and the United States. She frequently calls upon multisensorial practices for her performances, especially the guidance of Yemayá, “owner of the water and the deep sea.” The artist understands Lucumí intimately, with its blending of Yoruban cosmology and Catholic traditions and symbols; her grandmother Amparo Campos was a Lucumí priestess. The stunningly complex beauty of Campos-Pons’s representation of orishas as a central component of her identity has consistently been a compelling strategy for combining the two worlds of African cosmology and Catholicism. Certainly, iterations of Yoruban-based spiritual beliefs and rituals continue to thrive in Cuba as well as North and South America, including New York City. These practices vary across countries and cultures: Candomblé in Brazil, Vodou in Haiti, and Voodoo in Louisiana in the United States, to name a few.

As Alan West-Durán observes, describing orishas as “gods” is an oversimplification. “Orishas are the varied and multifaceted manifestations of all the divine energies in the universe that together would constitute God, which is too vast for our human capacities to comprehend, so we give names and attributes to these manifestations. . . . An orisha materializes in the life, actions, and . . . personality of a person. [Orishas] are role models: parent, sibling, public defender, psychologist, botanist, healer, spiritual advisor.”³ Campos-Pons’s first call for radical love and unity on September 7 deliberately coincided with Yemayá’s feast day in Cuba.

Yemayá, as “owner of the water and the deep sea,” was represented in the blue headwrap and scarf worn by Campos-Pons and in the royal blue tunics of the performers, designed by Barth of the House of Bartholomew. According to ethnographer and writer Lydia Cabrera, “Yemayá is the Universal Queen because she is Water, fresh and salty, the Sea, the Mother of all that is created. She nourishes all, since the World is earth and sea, earth and all that lives on earth, and thanks to Her the earth is nourished. Without the water, animals, humans, plants all die.”⁴ In planning *Procession of Angels*, Campos-Pons turned to the key principles of Lucumí by visiting seven sites.⁵ How fitting, then, that as the procession advanced from Harlem Art Park, intermittent rain “blessed” participants traveling from site to site. With ponchos provided in Madison Square Park

Conservancy tote bags, which also held a bottle of water, a granola bar, and a travel bottle of fragrance aptly named “Across the Ocean,” those in the procession received Yemayá’s nurturing, needed to spread the message of love and unity. The practice of honoring the orishas “across the ocean” carries great weight in revalorizing the humanity of people of African descent. For *Procession of Angels*, valor was deliberately intended for the Latin American and Caribbean communities spread throughout New York City, and much more intensely on September 7 on the route from Harlem Art Park to El Museo del Barrio.

As with all of Campos-Pons’s performances, *Procession of Angels* included multiple artists who walked, danced, sang, played instruments, and generally supported her vision of the manifold interpretations of radical love and unity with the intention to give to the New York City community at large. This practice of gift-giving has been a central feature of Campos-Pons’s curatorial approach in performance. She expresses the care of Yemayá, with the staff members with whom she works at some of the most prestigious institutions in the world (the Venice Biennale and the Brooklyn Museum, for instance), with local art and cultural leaders from any given city or site, and with the museum visitors who become participants and accept her gifts (food, flowers, art). Debbie Quiñones, project collaborator and consultant for *Procession of Angels*, and cofounder of Friends of Art Park Alliance in Harlem, announced a proclamation from the Manhattan borough president, Mark Levine, marking September 7 as “María



FIG. 8



FIG. 9

Magdalena Campos-Pons Appreciation Day” and recognizing her contributions to the city. The *Dos Alas* (Two Wings) mural represents the ongoing cooperation, since the twentieth century, between Cuban and Puerto Rican communities in support of each other’s political, spiritual, and physical well-being together in New York City. At El Museo del Barrio, participants gathered for “a day of making” to create signs for the second occasion of *Procession of Angels*, on September 20. Folks “broke bread” in the form of beautifully decorated cakes devoted to Yemayá and Ochún, the orisha of rivers, fertility, and, most important for *Procession of Angels*, love.

If we are guided by Yemayá, what is the “materiality of radical love”? The spirit of mutual care through sight, sound, scent, touch, and taste among Campos-Pons, the performers, and the participants who made *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity*. In every performance, Campos-Pons aims to transform energy: the energy of a single gallery, an entire museum, or, in this case, an entire city. The experience proffered hope, strength, and community blessings as a model not only for the city of New York but also for the country and the world writ large.

Much of this essay borrows from “Habla LAMADRE: María Magdalena Campos-Pons, Carrie Mae Weems, and Black Feminist Performance,” in *Beyond the Face: New Perspectives on Portraiture*, ed. Wendy Wick Reaves (Washington, DC: National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, in association with D Giles, 2018). I expanded my analysis of Campos-Pons’s performances in “María Magdalena Campos-Pons: Identities,” a chapter of *Grime, Glitter, and Glass: The Body and the Sonic in Contemporary Black Art* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2024), 135–96.

1. María Magdalena Campos-Pons, in a short documentary on *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity*, Madison Square Park Conservancy, 2024, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ByjIGmTaws4>.
2. “Santería” is the term most recognizable in the United States, but it is not used often in Cuba; see Kenneth George Schweitzer, *The Artistry of Afro-Cuban Batá Drumming: Aesthetics, Transmission, Bonding, and Creativity*, Caribbean Studies Series (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2013).
3. Alan West-Durán, “Regla de Ocha and Ifá,” in *Cuba*, ed. Alan West-Durán (Detroit: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 2011), 296, as quoted in West-Durán, “What the Water Brings and Takes Away: The Work of María Magdalena Campos Pons,” in *Yemoja: Gender, Sexuality, and Creativity in the Latina/o and Afro-Atlantic Diasporas*, ed. Solimar Otero and Toyin Falola (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2014), 202.
4. Lydia Cabrera, *Yemayá y Ochún: Kariocha, Iyalorichas y Olorichas* (New York: Ediciones CR, 1980), 20–21, as quoted in West-Durán, “What the Water Brings and Takes Away,” 198.
5. Seven is representative of Yemayá, the primordial mother in Yoruba religion, but also relates to the seven directions (north, south, east, west, above, below, center) in the Cherokee tradition.



FIG. 10

In Conversation

Debbie Quiñones

FOUNDER, FRIENDS OF ART PARK ALLIANCE, HARLEM ART PARK

Tiera Ndlovu

CURATORIAL MANAGER, MADISON SQUARE PARK CONSERVANCY

In a conversation on September 11, 2024, Debbie Quiñones shared insights into her collaboration with María Magdalena Campos-Pons and Madison Square Park Conservancy. Her reflection invites us to see profound connections among art, community, and the ethos of unity at the core of Campos-Pons's *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity*.

Tiera Ndlovu: Debbie, you're a longtime resident of East Harlem, also known as El Barrio. I'm curious to learn more about your personal history when it comes to community organizing and gathering. Was this procession different, or were there moments that felt akin to past experiences?

Debbie Quiñones: I think that all my prior experience helped me prepare for this project. I served on Community Board 11 for almost thirty-one years. Navigating city and state systems taught me how to swim through this, which is funny with the procession's metaphor of water. Because I have done a number of community events, I was comfortable.

TN: What you're describing reminds me of the phrase "All roads lead to Rome." Within this metaphor of water, I suppose all the rivers flow to the ocean, with the ocean symbolizing September 7, 2024, the date of *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity* in East Harlem.

DQ: Right. You know, there are underground rivers in East Harlem. I think those were brought up to the surface. Also, East Harlem is a historically pedestrian community. There is no problem walking from 105th Street to 125th Street. Even when the [citywide] blackouts hit, our tight-knit community benefited from the pedestrian aspect. It has allowed us to have significant processions over the years, for Easter and other religious occasions. Processions are not an uncommon practice, so people don't have an aversion to them. But to

the magnitude of what happened on Saturday, that hasn't happened in forever.

TN: It was an incredibly powerful morning.

DQ: I was charged with the responsibility to invite the community to shed their egos, to shed their activist identities, and to reimagine themselves. Someone asked me, "Can I bring my organization or country's flag?" And I said, "No, this is not that. This is a release of all of that. We are walking as our pure self . . . to embrace the collective."

TN: Tell me about the significance of Harlem Art Park's geographical location.

DQ: Harlem Art Park, for me, is the center of the compass. To the west, you have Marcus Garvey Park. To the east, you have Jefferson Park. To the south, you have White Playground and other parks. To the north, you have Central Harlem. It is in the middle of so much culture. But by the same token, it is in a dead zone between 116th Street and 125th Street, in terms of parks on Lexington Avenue and Third Avenue. In the immediate vicinity of the park, you

FIG. 11

have a church, a courthouse, a senior citizen center, and a school. There is a clear opportunity for the park to be the nexus and epicenter, or even the eye, of all those identities, to bring them together.

TN: Absolutely. And the park's recent history—that is, the past forty years—seems to be anchored to the installation of Jorge Luis Rodriguez's *Growth* in 1985, right?

DQ: Well, in addition to that, there was a mural created by the Smokehouse Associates in 1968.¹ They were a Harlem-based art collective that transformed Upper Manhattan with distinctive geometric murals. There are still remnants of their painting in the park. Last year, we did a celebration recognizing their contribution. So the *Growth* statue stands on the shoulders of a mural that was created by the community.

TN: That is fascinating.

DQ: Before that, the park was supposed to be a public bath. There were all these different plans for the space. But my crazy-ass vision is that it could be a sculpture park. I am extremely grateful to Jorge, too. He trusted me with the



creation of Friends of Art Park Alliance and to use his sculpture as part of my logo. I met him by accident during a snowstorm. I had been blogging about the work, and he was there taking pictures at the same time. That was in 2015. After that, I started programming in the park.

TN: Can you tell me more about the evolution of Friends of Art Park Alliance? What other art programs have you led over the past ten years?

DQ: The ten years have gone by in a blink. I have focused on creating annual events that celebrate our community's diversity, like Earth Day initiatives, the Latin jazz concert series, Pride activities, an outdoor masquerade for Halloween, and the people's tree lighting. We also have the annual Growth Awards. Woven between these events are responses to current events; for instance, during Trump's presidency we had a Pink Wall of Resistance, where women, dressed in pink, came to connect with each other. During COVID, we had a day of prayer and a memorial wall with ribbons for those who passed.

TN: How has the partnership with Madison Square Park Conservancy shifted the future of Harlem Art Park's programming?

DQ: The partnership with the Conservancy has been an absolute dream, like wishing for something while window shopping and suddenly having it. This collaboration has reenergized me when I felt stagnant, especially after balancing work with caregiving for my mom.

TN: Campos-Pons's practice is deeply personal as she manifests hope, solidarity, and resistance through elements of her heritage and Afro-Cuban culture. Can you share a moment from your collaboration with her that gave you a greater connection to her artistic vision?

DQ: I remember first feeling connected during our review of the route. As we walked through the community—my community—I saw her eyes light up, and it lit me up. At the end of the walk, when getting ready to leave Central Park, I turned to Magda and asked, "Do you want to bless a

tree?" She immediately said, "Yes, I think I'm going to adopt a tree." So she did right then. It was this connection of kindred souls. Magda is open and sincere. Now the tree is like my portal to her and our meeting.

I share all this to say that Magda has left an imprint on my soul that I'm grateful for. I have to now make that part of me shine.

TN: You successfully spearheaded the efforts to secure a proclamation from the Manhattan Borough President's Office recognizing Campos-Pons's invaluable contributions to the broader community. What impact do you hope this has on Harlem Art Park and the city's celebration of Latinx artists?

DQ: Magda was very surprised. She was really, really touched by it, and that makes me happy. When she asked how I did it, I told her, "I made a phone call." I don't always use my chips, but it felt right. She should be embraced by us the same way she is embracing us. The proclamation was both a recognition and an appreciation of just that, officially from the Borough of Manhattan.

For the impact, the proclamation is a snapshot in time. It helps you to remember who you are at that moment. As organizers and creatives, we sometimes forget to stop and reflect, but the proclamation is a reminder to do so. Proclamations often depend on aligning with the borough's vision and values, and with this, we opened an opportunity for dialogue that can foster an expansive vision. While Manhattan was a starting point, this could extend to other boroughs, though it requires significant work and resources. My hope is that it helps to plant the seeds for an annual event at the park.

TN: We look forward to seeing what happens next, Debbie. Thank you for your time, not only today, but over the past year.

DQ: Thank you. This has been a wonderful, transformative process. The night before the event, I meditated and felt that this was going to bring in a new role. I'm stepping onto a different road. I'm so grateful for the experience.

1. Eric Booker, ed., *Smokehouse Associates* (New York: Studio Museum in Harlem, 2022).

Participants

María Magdalena Campos-Pons

MUSICIANS

Daymé Arcoena

Ayme Canto

Keisel Jimenez

Ivan Llanes

David Velazco

Belongó

Roger Consiglio

Román Díaz

Clemente Medina

Kamaal Malak and The FuNk

Samuel Alexandre

Kay Shyne

Tracy Scott Silverman

Arthur Lee Thompson

Roy Wooten

READINGS

Richard Blanco, Fifth Presidential Inauguration Poet (2013) and
National Humanities Medal recipient (2023)

Dr. Ada Ferrer, Dayton-Stockton Professor of History,
Princeton University

Kayden Hern, Poet Laureate of Governor Kathy Hochul's Inauguration
Major Jackson, Gertrude Conaway Vanderbilt Chair in the
Humanities, Vanderbilt University

Patricia Spears Jones, New York State Poet Laureate (2023–2025)

Willie Perdomo, New York State Poet Laureate (2021–2023)

Marina Ortiz, Documentarian and activist

Haviland N. G. Whiting, United States Youth Poet Laureate
Ambassador (2019)

PUPPETEERS

Zenen Calero and Rubén Darío Salazar

of Teatro Guiñol Nacional

(National Puppet Theater Company of Cuba)

COLLABORATORS

Carnegie Hall Citywide

Friends of Art Park Alliance

Madison Square Park Conservancy

El Museo del Barrio

New York City Department of Parks & Recreation

Readings

Declaration of Inter-dependence

Richard Blanco (FIG. 12)

Such has been the patient sufferance . . .

We're a mother's bread, instant potatoes, milk at a checkout line.
We're her three children pleading for bubble gum and their
father. We're the three minutes she steals to page through a
tabloid, needing to believe even stars' lives are as joyful
and bruised.

Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury . . .

We're her second job serving an executive absorbed in his *Wall
Street Journal* at a sidewalk café shadowed by skyscrapers.
We're the shadows of the fortune he won and the family he lost.
We're his loss and the lost. We're a father in a coal town who
can't mine a life anymore because too much and too little has
happened, for too long.

A history of repeated injuries and usurpations . . .

We're the grit of his main street's blacked-out windows and
graffitied truths. We're a street in another town lined with royal
palms, at home with a Peace Corps couple who collect African
art. We're their dinner-party talk of wines, wielded picket signs,
and burned draft cards. We're what they know: it's time to do
more than read the *New York Times*, buy fair-trade coffee and
organic corn.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress . . .

We're the farmer who grew the corn, who plows into his couch
as worn as his back by the end of the day. We're his TV set
blaring news having everything and nothing to do with the field
dust in his eyes or his son nested in the ache of his arms. We're
his son. We're a black teenager who drove too fast or too slow,
talked too much or too little, moved too quickly, but not quick
enough. We're the blast of the bullet leaving the gun. We're the
guilt and the grief of the cop who wished he hadn't shot.



Cultivo una rosa blanca, from Versos sencillos, no. XXXIX

José Martí

Read by Ada Ferrer (FIG. 13)

Cultivo una rosa blanca
En julio como en enero
Para el amigo sincero
Que me da su mano franca.

Y para el cruel que me arranca
El corazón con que vivo,
Cardo ni oruga cultivo;
Cultivo la rosa blanca.

I Have a White Rose to Tend, from Simple Verses, no. XXXIX

Translation by Ada Ferrer

I grow a white rose
In July as in January
For the sincere friend
Who extends his hand freely

And for the cruel one who tears
At the heart by which I live
Thistle nor thorn do I grow
For him, too, I tend a white rose.

FIG. 12

José Martí to Rafael Serra, January 30, 1895

Read and translated by Ada Ferrer

Serra queridísimo:

Por dondequiera que yo ande, hablo de Vd., hablo con Vd., espero con Vd., corazón contra toda maldad, flor de toda ternura, y hermano mío. Esté yo aquí o allá, haga como si lo estuviese yo siempre viendo. No se canse de defender, ni de amar. No se canse de amar.

Un beso a Consuelo.

Dearest Serra:

Where I am, I speak of you, I speak with you, I hope with you, heart against all malice, flower of all tenderness and brother of mine. Be I here or there, know I am always with you, seeing you. Do not tire of defending, nor of loving. Do not tire of loving.

A kiss to Consuelo.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor . . .

We're the dead, we're the living amid the flicker of vigil candlelight. We're in a dim cell with an inmate reading Dostoevsky. We're his crime, his sentence, his amends, we're the mending of ourselves and others. We're a Buddhist serving soup at a shelter alongside a stockbroker. We're each other's shelter and hope: a widow's fifty cents in a collection plate and a golfer's ten-thousand-dollar pledge for a cure.

We hold these truths to be self-evident . . .

We're the cure for hatred caused by despair. We're the good morning of a bus driver who remembers our name, the tattooed man who gives up his seat on the subway. We're every door held open with a smile when we look into each other's eyes the way we behold the moon. We're the moon. We're the promise of one people, one breath declaring to one another:

I see you. I need you. I am you.



FIG. 13



FIG. 14

In My Mind

Kayden Hern (FIG. 14)

In my mind
I used to be a child of poverty.
Not knowing that hope and dreams can become reality.

In my mind
I thought it was fine to sit in the back of the classroom.
Because the teacher never asked me to read or write
But little did she know that I was ever so bright.

In my mind
I could not understand why they used to call me ashy and black.
I always heard that being black and living near the railroad track,
Those are the things that would hold you back.
But now I understand being called ashy and black.
Black is the color of my skin, so soft, beautiful, silky and smooth.

In my mind
I could not understand why I used to see my grandma cry.
On her knees and bowing down
Shouting Thank you, Lord, thank you, Lord.
For blessing this house!
Her cries brought tears to my eyes.
Grandma's cries was thanking God for all his blessing.
Now I understand why.

In my mind
I heard my ancestors cry.
They help clear the path, so others do not have to die.
Justice and peace, oh Father, please help me.
And that's what I heard in my mind.

Draft Riots and Radical Love

Major Jackson (FIG. 15)

Asylum

*from the Latin meaning "refuge," meaning "sanctuary," that is,
safe from violence, inviolable*

for the children of the Colored Orphan Asylum

Draft Riots

Amidst these glass mountains, amidst streaming life,
the hour gives over to *ancient* hours.
Here is a visible history—a people divided,
then a nation forged out of the rage of fire.

Here throngs cursed the brightness of a dream.
Here fists raised to beat black skin.
Here a fury that quieted machines.
My blood tingles with shame, wrote a Hibernian.

Over two hundred angels parted the crowd
gathered to burn their home; a child rescued its Bible,
its prayers no match for the mob's loud torches.
Let the rebuilding be the work of Irishmen and of them alone,

he continued, *for the love of our mothers,
by the teaching of the love we profess,
and in the name of a common humanity,
upon our own future children, we bless.*

In paupers' clothes, those innocents survived,
ushered like butterflies, a helplessness so absolute
stirred the rioters' hearts, a feeling akin to pity.
Each curse turned to benediction and the muted

seething mass fell back upon itself as though
a mighty hand held them in control.
Swords breed more swords; below
the ashes, life stirs, our blood consoled.

FIG. 15



Radical Love

On this side of history, our eyes must hear
that tomorrow is today, and the chorus in the elms
and maples calls to us, and the voices rising
from the earth all say resist consuming hatreds,
and the birds soaring say find in yourself
a furious love that we may no longer ransack
the asylums of children, that we no longer suffer
the shrunken hearts of false gods,
say rid this planet of the tools of war
say hear the silent songs of humble creatures,
the softness of people standing at bus stops,
say let all this mind traffic amount to more than gadgets.
On this side of history, our eyes must hear
that tomorrow is today, that when we learn to love,
we make room in our bodies for forgiveness.
We step into the orchard of ourselves as angels
feasting under one single sky.

Chimes

Patricia Spears Jones (FIG. 16)

The chimes are like fists unfolding
A fight the sound the call to angels
You walk this avenue with purpose pride
Anger enfolded by uniforms white
The color of angels
The color of death
An African scent.

Angled at the corner a drunken woman
bobbles as if her ascending and descending
shoulder can catch a large bell's breath.

The City is Sound
A whisper at 2 a.m.
A curse at 3 p.m.
The fat trucks unloading
Near Chelsea Market
Church bells in Brooklyn
Chants at a Sikh temple in Queens
The fornicating cats
Sundry rats scavenger subway tracks
Radiating neon signs
in the last diner near tire swish tunnels
& the last lone sax player-midtown East
Wrapped in this protective cacophony
The City is Sound.

And within this sonic mix—behind the lovers' whisper
Beneath that angry man's curse,
Angels
Bring their blue messages:
sometimes hope
sometimes death,
sometimes a promise generation hence.

And if you are careful, you may hear
And if you are faithful, you will sing
And if you are weary, you lift your feet
Whether joyful or melancholy
You will sing
Chorus on the Avenue, you will sing.
Chorus on Fifth Avenue, you sing.



FIG. 16



FIG. 17

Dos alas / Una alma

Marina Ortiz (FIG. 17)

Here and now, we pay homage to our elders, the first among all people, the ones who produced language, culture, art, philosophy, and theology—and developed astronomy and navigation, mathematics and logic, medicine and chemistry, architecture and engineering—and all the other stolen sciences.

Here and now, we honor our indigenous forebearers—whose ancestral lands were seized. Free people who were forcibly taken from their fertile homelands—bound in rusted shackles . . . driven across sacred waters filled with deep crevices that often served as a path to ascension for millions of brave souls. Amidst foreign longitudes and latitudes, they—and in turn we—learned to accept imaginary social constructs and to practice mythic dualities—*dos almas y un espíritu*.

And so, continues the struggle—the cleansing and grounding—of humanity. Here and now, we celebrate their gifts—our inheritance—a radical adoration of and commitment to peace, prosperity, and dignity for all—generational endowments manifested through universal blessings that now touch billions through never-ending lineages that are protected by those same venerated waters.

Here and now, we bring blossoms, libations, and angelic symbols as offerings to Yemaya—Ogun, God, Atabey, Quetzalcoatl, Tian, Vairocana—and any other orisha, deity, or principle you may practice. We ask the four elements—fire, water, air, and earth—to scatter these petals and seeds beyond all rivers and all seas, so they may bring strength, wisdom, and compassion to all living beings.

Here and now, we stand before this portrait of our beloved martyrs, Don Pedro Albizu Campos and Ernesto Che Guevara. Brave men who lived and died in global pursuit of justice—and who taught us that what happens elsewhere will ultimately manifest here at home. And, as were they, we are forevermore guided by love.

From Ireland to Africa—these brave men dared to demand the impossible—they understood that our end will be our beginning, that we must tremble with indignation at every injustice, and that worldwide unity is indeed achievable.

And just as Julia de Burgos and Lola Rodríguez de Tió encouraged us to sing their songs of simple truths—and to fly with one clipped wing—we follow that same destiny, and our journey continues as we move through storms and oceans, erasing all borders and manifesting unity with our neighbors—on this plane, and the next.

To Cuba

Lola Rodríguez de Tió

Read and translated by Marina Ortiz

Cuba, Cuba, to your shore
I arrive sad and desolate,
leaving the beloved homeland
where I saw the first light!
The radiant inspiration shakes its
light wing,
my heart responds
in noble, rich affections,
the daughter of Puerto Rico
releases her song to the wind!

But the mists of oblivion
will not tarnish the reflections
of the home that I see far away
beyond the seas lost! . . .
I come here to form another
and I will no longer be able to forget
that the soul full of longing
finds under this sky
air and light to sing!

How can I not be warmed
by the beautiful land of Tula,
where the horizon turns blue
and gives color to the fields?
How can I not find love,
to satisfy the poet
the longings of his restless soul,
here, where art shines
and in abundance distributes
the inks of his palette?

Noble Cuban Pleiad
that sparkles among shadows!
Sweet muse of Zenea,
a flower that withered early!
Behind the distant wake
my inspiration divines
the figure of Cortina
that with a vibrant accent
says to your country: Go ahead!
Do not stop: walk! . . .

I do not feel foreign:
under this Cuban sky
each being is a brother
who reigns in my heart.
If affection everywhere
I find on my way,
Can I imagine
that the sun does not give me as
an offering
a ray of light that lights up
the clouds of my sunset?

Your tutelary gods
must also be mine!
Your palms, your rivers
will repeat my songs . . .
I pay homage to these homes
where the hard arm that closes
man's horizons neither hinders nor
terrifies . . .
I will sing in these mountains
as I sang in my land!

Cuba and Puerto Rico are
the two wings of a bird,
they receive flowers or bullets
on the same heart . . .

How much, if in the illusion
that shimmers with a thousand hues,
Lola's muse dreams
with fervent fantasy
of this land and mine
to make a single homeland!

A branch is enough for the bird
to form a soft bed;
under its rustic roof
it is happy because it loves!
Everyone who is inflamed with love
soon calms his deep longing;
and I, folding my flight,
like the bird in the bower,
sing happily, beloved Cuba,
your sea, your field, and your sky!

Rest in Poetry to the Wing Clippers & Dream Killers:

A Radical Love Letter

Willie Perdomo (FIG. 18)

The poets are the wings of the angels.

—María Magdalena Campos-Pons

When a poet up-locks into the ancestral plane, that afterlife, that other life, we don't say rest in peace, we say rest in poetry, which is to say let's put two wings on one angel, two fractured bodies on a dozen archipelagos, and one city up on the wall before they build another reason to keep us out. Let that bomb squad be ready, not to defuse, but to bomb it something fly. I ain't trying to play with all of those funky burners on the wall of fame, after all, I've heard it said that confusion is the first principle of love, so peep this game like an aerosol memory bank, block & bubble letters, the radical joy of children filling their plastic pitchers with sand where the ocean meets the river, where the young poet laureates bring their grandmothers to the Zoom meeting, no need to act brand-new on this day, we have enough memes and names to serve on your plate of doubts sitting at the triage—can I get a shout from all my people who specialize in talking to ghosts with that two-for-one bet that these hands are ready to clap in protest, said the drumbeat to the campus. Rest in poetry to the chronic posts of your old performances, your autogenerated smiles, robots playing trap music, busting your accounts wide open, making your existence void. Rest in poetry to Cuca, Chano, Mikey, Sandra Massey, Malik, Shiv, and how many bodies must live before it's okay to count, before my faith runs out of gas. Rest in poetry to your sense of loss and sides to stand on, to that good air, behold & beloved, here's a test drive, put your lit spirit in reverse, sun is laughing at you anyway, rest in poetry to that dream that got bagged during the late-night shift watching late-night TV bingeing on late-night snacks, and, yo, you missed your aligned sound, a spray full of knowledge waving from the river, a new rent party in Harlem, and who was it that said, *My brother you need to go find your flow and let your anger take a smoke break*. Rest in poetry to the conga player on the no. 5 train, don't matter that his left hand is off, let's knock down the wall for the woman with all the keychains around her wrists, all that candy in her hands, don't we need a new need, a new escape plan, a new flavor in your ear, an afternoon face, and you must be tired of being the last one to ask how we go about getting our souls back before it gets so hot that the birds start falling from the sky; forget the light show, give me my damn art, and for that many likes you need to treat me special. I promise this is a poem even if you're running out of wall space along with avocados & cocoa, and nah, that wasn't her name, and yeah, I'm passing on the eclipse. Rest in poetry to all that love resting on ceiba trees; they say that the end of the



FIG. 18

world looks like a community garden on 103rd, and it might even be in an open relationship, a polyamorous balloon, it's alright, bro, I understand, life really is defined by the number of times you surrendered, I swear, even if you ain't supposed to swear to any of your inner worlds, ghosting ain't gonna help you, don't mind me talking so fast, but I'm trying to finish before they erase the memory out of us, let this be your first think in a month, the ceiling is starting to fall from all those scam-likely calls. Rest in poetry for I love you dying in fear; there is proof that we lived with each other once, shackled to each other, unable to fight a fair one, this is a new prayer, got up woke early in the morning to write it for you, a straight route to a bird song. Rest in poetry, wrap me in a boxed set of stories—tell me one, and I'll give you two, and don't worry about buying dummies on the street, I will find peace even when it doesn't want to squeeze tight, we've had enough ticking messages to prevent our hands from clapping, rest in poetry, anywhere in this city you can say that you're a friend of mine but this time make it count before you change your mind.

Prayer

Haviland N. G. Whiting (FIG. 19)

It is through prayer
That we remember.
Despite not being raised Catholic, I have memorized my
Hail Marys, Our Father
Folding them into my pocket like a talisman, pulling at them
Like loose thread.

If this country be God's, and its men
His sons
Then let us remember our salvation as a boy
Trying on his father's shoes;
Awkward with endearing naivete
Often missing the mark.

I want to write a prayer
To commemorate and to remember
Let these words immortalize
The meek, and tired, and the yearning to break free:

God bless the little boys,
Bronzed skin sweat under New York skies
Innocent only in birth,
Only in his mother's arms
O Lord, deliver him.

Take that thorny crown from his head of curls
So that he may rest somewhere quiet, where his skin
Is not a waving flag. Let him lay down his burden at your feet,
O Lord.
Because who merits salvation more than he?

Stone-faced Father God, tell me plainly.
How to build something beautiful out of my body
How to birth a life that is all mine. These women
Greater even than the sum of their parts; more than
A fleshy womb that men sink their teeth into, more than a rehabilita-
tion center for those unable to find the words to pray.

O God, tell me
Was the virgin terrified
When she grew big with child?

Baptized in the blood, begging to be still believed good,
God bless the mothers,
Who wrap their spines like vines around their babies,
An endless cradle, we nestle into the vertebrae of our mothers,
Long after, we learn to walk.



FIG. 19

To my mother, I pray
In this next life
That you are reborn as my daughter
So that I may braid flowers into your hair.

I give birth to my mother and my mother's mother
A whole lineage of women born in the delta heat
But this time, we will walk hand in hand
With woven baskets balanced on a crown of braids
Our bodies winding and long like a sigh.

God bless the restless Atlantic Ocean.
Under which
Mothers with hazelnut skin
Press their tiny babies to their bellies
In an ache to be remembered.

God bless the ocean that served as a birth canal for this melting pot
May we remember my sister and your cousin,
Our Father with skin like pavement in the summer

I was baptized in this water.
And my chest broke open
When I heard my ancestors call me back
And I grew older and taller like a willow tree
New lips and new hips
And I returned to the ocean as a woman
And those bodies, aspirating underwater
Called out to me, and they asked me to take them home.

Home—sweet and balmy, scented with water hyacinth and African oil palm
Golden sand beaches, baked tight with blue-black blood
“O, we long to forget that violent scene,
My baby, ripped from my arms
My father, O Father, his back cut into strips
That ocean roared; maybe I would’ve found it beautiful,
If not for the bobbing dragon
Made of oak and pine
Sitting on the water, white wings outstretched
Ready to fly.”

I pressed my cheek to the Tallapoosa River,
Rushing red sand beaches,
I feel the cool.
I wish to go home, O Lord
Deliver me to that setting sun, blanched fields
Where the antelopes race freely.

God bless,
Those ancestors whose wishes I could not grant,
How do you explain to a ghost,
That their home was set ablaze
The grass weeds of their roofs as kindling, their bones to stoke the flame.

God bless, my Great Auntie.
And that hunch in her back
Lighting a cigarette on the porch, barely a breeze to carry the smoke.

And how can we forget the fathers?
O Father, mine has hands like mangrove trees
He gathers up the world in his bronzed fists
And lays it at my feet.
at every ballet recital and orchestra concert,
Arms outstretched like that African oil palm.

And God bless you,
Great, bustling city, humid, and human
A city of dreams folded between hands
Praying to one day land on your rocky shores.
New York, how I wished for you
Before I even knew you.

How to capture you in a single piece of poetry,
You, watercolor, hazy, gone in an instant like flash photography

God bless

The lady on the corner selling mango slices in a bag, whose accent is
from a home I can’t quite remember
My taxi driver, with a Polaroid worn by the sun of a woman with eyes
like the first of spring.
And the man cooking meat, who tells me about Iran and his mother’s
timeless beauty, about when cigarettes were 75 cents, eyes
sparkling like youth is a joke I haven’t entirely caught on to.

I find the music in this city
I hear it in my bones.
From Harlem, red-bricked church of man
True worshipper of the arts
Like if Michelangelo wore a low taper fade and a cross, gold chain.
His paintbrush and pen are instruments of this peaceful revolution.

To the Lower East Side, God bless you,
Stonewall dolls, the heartbeat of the city, a trail of pink glitter
In your done-up hair
You, women of the resistance of lace stockings and hairspray,
Rolling that boulder up the hill every evening
So that by morning,
Every woman can vote and wear miniskirts.

God bless you, girls.
Waiting for a poem that does not undress you
I too have been waiting for art
Where I am the observer.
Where I hold the microscope or stethoscope or speculum,
Dear girls, we are reclaiming the organs
Men have named and claimed

God bless Anarcha, Lucy, Betsy
Three slave women barely out of puberty
Whose bodies were poked and stretched and displayed to give us
A chance at surviving the cancers our great-grandmothers just had to
pray over
And hope for the best.

God bless women, black women.
It is for you I write
We remember you; they will come with hammers, matches, and gasoline,
They will come up with laws and then overturn them
Yet still, we remember you.



María Magdalena Campos-Pons

About the Artist

WORK IN THE EXHIBITION

2024 *Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity*

September 7, 2024—from Harlem Art Park to *Dos Alas* (Two Wings) mural to El Museo del Barrio

September 20, 2024—from José Martí monument to Gathering Site of the 1917 Silent Parade to site of former Colored Orphan Asylum to Madison Square Park

DETAILS

1959 Born in La Vega, Matanzas, Cuba

1980 National School of Art, Havana, Cuba

1985 Higher Institute of Art (ISA), Painting, Havana, Cuba

1988 Attended MFA, Massachusetts College of Art, Painting and Media Arts, Boston

2017 Honorary degree from Montserrat College of Art

BIOGRAPHY

María Magdalena Campos-Pons (b. 1959, Matanzas, Cuba; lives and works in Nashville) creates work that addresses history, memory, gender, and religion, investigating the role of each in identity formation. Her practice intermixes photography, painting, sculpture, film, video, and performance. Using herself and her Afro-Cuban relatives as subjects, Campos-Pons constructs historical narratives that illuminate the spirits of people and places, present and past. She has participated in exhibitions and biennials internationally and has been the subject of solo exhibitions at major museums around the world, including the Brooklyn Museum, the Frist Art Museum, Nashville, and the J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles. A traveling multimedia survey, *María Magdalena Campos-Pons: Behold*, opened in fall 2023. In 2023, Campos-Pons was awarded a MacArthur Fellowship. She currently serves as the Cornelius Vanderbilt Endowed Chair of Fine Arts and Professor of Art at Vanderbilt University, where she founded the Engine for Art, Democracy & Justice program.

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2025** *María Magdalena Campos-Pons: Behold*, J. Paul Getty Museum at the Getty Center, Los Angeles
- 2024** *María Magdalena Campos-Pons: Behold*, Nasher Museum of Art at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina; Frist Art Museum, Nashville
- 2023** *María Magdalena Campos-Pons: Behold*, Brooklyn Museum of Art
Finding Balance, Gallery Wendi Norris, San Francisco
- 1999** *Meanwhile the Girls Were Playing*, MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- 1998** *Spoken Softly with Mama*, The Museum of Modern Art, New York
Spoken Softly with Mama, National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa



FIG. 21

SELECTED AWARDS AND HONORS

- 2024** United States Artists Fellowship
- 2023** MacArthur "Genius Grant" Fellowship
Consultant Curator, Tennessee Triennial
- 2022** Latinx Artist Fellowship
Overseer for The Trustees Mass
Member of Board of Directors, Sister Cities of Nashville
- 2021** Pérez Prize
- 2019** Artist-Curator, 13th Havana Biennial
- 2018** Anonymous Was A Woman Award
Cornelius Vanderbilt Chair of Fine Arts, Vanderbilt University
Lucas Artists Fellowship, Montalvo Arts Center
- 2016** Robert Rauschenberg Foundation Fellowship
- 2015** 100 Leading Global Thinkers, *Foreign Policy*
Excellence in Teaching Award, School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Tufts University
- 2013** Jane Fortune Outstanding Women Visiting Artist Lecturer, Indianapolis
Artists' Prospectus for the Nation, Artist in Context
- 2012** Woman of Color Award
- 2011** Woman of Courage Award
Outstanding Hispanic Professional Achievement Award, Arts, Nashville Area Hispanic Chamber of Commerce
- 2009** Jorge Hernandez Leadership in the Arts Award
- 2007** Rappaport Prize
- 2004** Artist Resource Foundation
- 2002** LEF Foundation Fellowship
- 2000** Polaroid Artist Support Program
- 1997** Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation Grant



FIGS. 22-25



FIGS. 26-29



FIG. 30



FIG. 31

Support

Projects and initiatives for the twentieth anniversary of Madison Square Park Conservancy's art program in 2024 are funded by the following generous supporters.

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MAJOR SUPPORT

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ADDITIONAL SUPPORT

The Blue Rider Group at Morgan Stanley
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The James Howell Foundation
The Imperfect Family Foundation
Lisson Gallery
Jane Richards
Jeff Romley
Angelica Semmelbauer
Leon Polk Smith Foundation
Fern and Lenard Tessler
The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts
Phillip Y. Zhang

Acknowledgments

Madison Square Park Conservancy

Madison Square Park Conservancy is the nonprofit entrusted by the City of New York to operate Madison Square Park, a 6.2-acre public space in the heart of Manhattan. Our mission is to conserve, maintain, and program this ever-evolving historic green space, including raising 100% of the park's operating budget. Our dedicated team takes great pride in caring for and shaping an urban oasis for all to enjoy.

Eric L. Adams
Mayor
City of New York

Susan M. Donoghue
Commissioner
New York City
Department of Parks
& Recreation

Laurie Cumbo
Commissioner
Department of
Cultural Affairs

Land Acknowledgment

Madison Square Park is located on Lenapehoking, the ancestral homeland of the Lenape (Delaware) people. We recognize that this land was forcibly taken, resulting in the displacement and genocide of the Lenape (Delaware) Nations. Madison Square Park Conservancy respectfully acknowledges the Lenape (Delaware) people—past, present, and future—who continue to live, work, and connect to this land.

The Conservancy honors the Lenape (Delaware) people, the original stewards of this land, through our commitment to a series of sustainability and restoration initiatives. In the coming years, we aim to reduce our carbon imprint, promote sustainable land management, and reintroduce to the park species of fauna and flora indigenous to Lenapehoking.

For more information on Madison Square Park Conservancy and its programs, please visit madisonsquarepark.org

Madison Square Park Conservancy

Holly Leicht
Executive Director

Lorenzo Arrington
Park Manager

Christina Carr
Operations Manager

Michael Collazo
Park Crew Member

Tumede Culver
Associate Park Manager

Julian Cuenca
Horticulture & Turfcare
Associate

Ian Devaney
Associate Director,
Communications

Luke Downs
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Will Glover
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Daniel Hoyte
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Yah Jeffries
Former Senior Art
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Michael Kempf
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Stephanie Lucas
Director of Horticulture
and Park Operations

Shawn Martin
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Kye Montero
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Tasha Naula
Former Public Programs
Manager

Tiera Ndlovu
Curatorial Manager

Joe Pachecho
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Erik Ramos
Associate Park Manager

Brooke Kamin Rapaport
Artistic Director and
Martin Friedman
Chief Curator

Tom Reidy
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Art Operations

Rosina Roa
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Ismel Rogers
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Deepka Sani
Associate Director,
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Madison Square Park Conservancy Exhibitions

- 2024** Rose B. Simpson *Seed*
Ana María Hernando *To Let the Sky Know / Dejar que el cielo sepa*
- 2023** Sheila Pepe *My Neighbor's Garden*
Shahzia Sikander *Havah . . . to breathe, air, life*
- 2022** Cristina Iglesias *Landscape and Memory*
Hugh Hayden *Brier Patch*
- 2021** Maya Lin *Ghost Forest*
- 2020** Krzysztof Wodiczko *Monument*
Abigail DeVille *Light of Freedom*
- 2019** Leonardo Drew *City in the Grass*
- 2018** Arlene Shechet *Full Steam Ahead*
Diana Al-Hadid *Delirious Matter*
- 2017** Erwin Redl *Whiteout*
Josiah McElheny *Prismatic Park*
- 2016** Martin Puryear *Big Bling*
- 2015** Teresita Fernández *Fata Morgana*
Paula Hayes *Gazing Globes*
- 2014** Tony Cragg *Walks of Life*
Rachel Feinstein *Folly*
Iván Navarro *This Land Is Your Land*
- 2013** Giuseppe Penone *Ideas of Stone (Idee di pietra)*
Orly Genger *Red, Yellow and Blue*
Sandra Gibson and Luis Recoder *Topsy-Turvy: A Camera Obscura Installation*
- 2012** Leo Villareal *BUCKYBALL*
Charles Long *Pet Sounds*
- 2011** Jacco Olivier *Stumble, Hide, Rabbit Hole, Bird, Deer, Home*
Alison Saar *Feallan and Fallow*
Jaume Plensa *Echo*
Kota Ezawa *City of Nature*
- 2010** Jim Campbell *Scattered Light*
Antony Gormley *Event Horizon*
Ernie Gehr *Surveillance*
- 2009** Shannon Plumb *The Park*
Jessica Stockholder *Flooded Chambers Maid*
Mel Kendrick *Markers*
Bill Beirne *Madison Square Trapezoids, with Performances by the Vigilant Groundsman*
- 2008** Olia Lialina & Dragan Espenschied *Online Newspapers: New York Edition*
Richard Deacon *Assembly*
Tadashi Kawamata *Tree Huts*
Rafael Lozano-Hemmer *Pulse Park*
- 2007** Bill Fontana *Panoramic Echoes*
Roxy Paine *Conjoined, Defunct, Erratic*
William Wegman *Around the Park*
- 2006** Ursula von Rydingsvard *Bowl with Fins, Czara z Babelkami, Damski Czepek, Ted's Desert Reigns*
- 2005** Jene Highstein *Eleven Works*
Sol LeWitt *Circle with Towers, Curved Wall with Towers*
- 2004** Mark di Suvero *Aesop's Fable, Double Tetrahedron, Beyond*
- 2003** Wim Delvoye *Gothic*
- 2002** Dan Graham *Bisected Triangle, Interior Curve*
Mark Dion *Urban Wildlife Observation Unit*
Dalziel + Scullion *Voyager*
- 2001** Navin Rawanchaikul *I ♥ Taxi*
Teresita Fernández *Bamboo Cinema*
Tobias Rehberger *Tsutsumu N.Y.*
- 2000** Tony Oursler *The Influence Machine*
From 2000 to 2003, the Public Art Fund presented exhibitions on behalf of the Campaign for the New Madison Square Park.

Photography and Figure Credits

Unless otherwise noted, all works by

María Magdalena Campos-Pons (b. Cuba, 1959)

Procession of Angels for Radical Love and Unity, 2024.

Performance procession on September 7 and September 20, 2024

Commissioned by Madison Square Park Conservancy, in partnership with Harlem Art Park
Courtesy Gallery Wendi Norris

Unless otherwise noted, all photographs are by Argenis Apolinario.



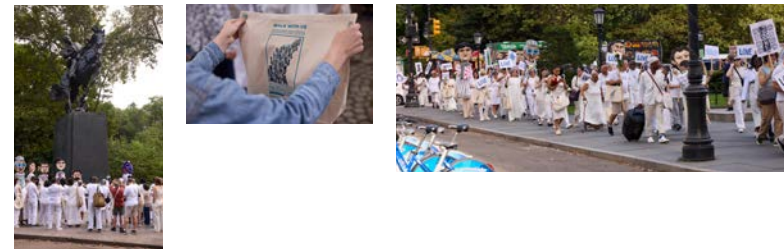
COVER, BACK COVER,
FIGS. 1, 2



FIGS. 3-5



FIG. 6
Proposal for Procession of
Angels for Radical Love and
Unity, 2024.



FIGS. 7-9



FIGS. 10-12



FIGS. 13-15



FIGS. 16-18



FIGS. 19, 20



FIG. 21
Photo: María Magdalena Campos-Pons



FIGS. 22-25



FIGS. 26-29



FIGS. 30, 31



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