ALL THE THREATENED AND DELICIOUS THINGS JOINING ONE ANOTHER
MISSION

RAGGA NYC is a hybrid of ideas that began as late-night conversations about familial island roots, current social politics, empanadas vs. beef patties, pum pum shorts, scamming, and a longing for an authentic dancehall party that would also provide a safe space for queer Caribbeans and their kin. It is RAGGA’s mission to grow, congregate, educate, and highlight the queer Caribbean community and our allies through interviews and events curated by me, Christopher Udemezue (Neon Christina). With a focus on the arts, politics, and culture, RAGGA brings you exhibitions, publications, media coverage, and of course bashments. RAGGA NYC: all things cunt and Caribbean.

For me, my road to self-love and pride has been rooted in knowing where I come from. Looking into Caribbean history, spirituality, and my people as a whole has fast-tracked a sense of self-worth and strength—especially given the current state of the country and the world. White Americans take for granted that their history and religions are the mainstream in this country and abroad. People of color at large, and Caribbean people living here in the US, are often disconnected from their own story. The image of the sad slave is all I knew. All the heroes on TV are white; all the heroes in the history books are white. Where do I find my reflection? I can’t find her. To this day, queer and POC history is often relegated to the backs of the history books, if it’s included at all. Vodou, for example—a religion with roots in non-gender-binary practice, which liberated Haiti from French control—is demonized in contemporary media and pop culture. And as Maya Monès mentions in her interview, “Like most Dominican families, mine refrained from exploring our roots, leaving me with a cloudy sense of pride in a sort of racial limbo. It felt like I was facing a foggy mirror, with a deep yearning to see and embrace the person who stood opposite me.” From the Haitian Revolution’s religious spark; from the irony of William Thomas Beckford, the largest plantation owner in Jamaica, fleeing his family in England because he was gay; from the origins of witchcraft in West Africa—the more I looked back, the more I garnered strength, yet still yearned to see myself. Where is my queer self? What are the stories of my trans sisters during the fight for freedom in Trinidad and Tobago? What are the stories of my femme brothers in Puerto Rico’s rebellions against the Spaniards? We were there too. We have always been here. I want to see myself. This exhibit is the seed of all these questions, which I hope we will grow and build together.

—Christopher Udemezue (Neon Christina)
RAGGA NYC: All the threatened and delicious things joining one another

The New Museum’s Department of Education and Public Engagement presents the exhibition and residency “RAGGA NYC: All the threatened and delicious things joining one another.” RAGGA NYC, a platform founded by Christopher Udemezue, connects a community of queer Caribbean artists and allies working across a wide range of disciplines—including visual art, fashion, and poetry—to explore the myriad layers of histories, identity, and activism. Through dialogues and public programming during RAGGA’s residency, Caribbean Diasporic traditions with a group of artists and activists who take up Édouard Glissant’s claim that “the language of the Caribbean artist does not originate in the obsession with celebrating his inner self; this inner self is inseparable from the future evolution of his community [in which] he is his own, indestructible identity.”

The exhibition title quotes Glissant’s description of a world in which beings can come together under a veil of opacity and preserve difference in a new model of relation. In 2015 after having thrown queer Caribbean parties in New York City for several years, Hoping to create a platform that would allow for greater reflection and collaboration within their community, he began interviewing queer Caribbean artists whom he admired, asking how their backgrounds affected their work and lives. Through these conversations, which were partially reproduced in this publication, commonalities emerge among members’ stories and aspirations: to heal, to reconnect to ancestral histories, to cultivate a distinctly queer Caribbean community, to imagine new models of kinship.

The exhibition includes sculptures from Renée Stout’s Roots and Charms series, which nod to the hand-painted signs advertising the storefronts of root medicine shops in New Orleans and Washington, DC, and to the symbolic objects found within them. Drawing on a practice that treats physical health as deeply connected to emotional and psychological well-being, the series explores the spiritual and commercial dimensions of these signs’ calls for protection, relief, and recovery. Stout’s free series reference historical busts, perhaps most overtly in Georgia marble marks slave burial sites across America (2016), in which the face and torso of a figure are centered on cinder blocks. Marbled wisps of bluish grey and black mark the figure’s glossy surface. The work’s title alludes to a variety of stone commonly known as “creole marble,” which came from Piccions County, Georgia, and could be worked during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in three tones: light creole, medium creole, and dark creole. The stone quarry or poetry that belong to the Cherokee Nation but, after the passage of Andrew Jackson’s 1830 Indian Removal Act, John Darnell assumed control of the land and founded the community of Georgia Marble. Despite its title, Lewis’s sculpture is in fact not made of this marble; rather, she uses plaster, cement, and acrylic paint. While some works in the series include casts of the artist’s face or the faces of her friends, others refuse overt representation, instead presenting an ambiguous, indestructible identity. The work’s title, describes a liminal state between two mutually exclusive categories: a zone where two things intersect and well-known distinctions become troubled, a configuration from which something new might emerge.

Christopher Udemezue’s photographs return to the legend of Queen Nanny, the eighteenth-century Obeah woman who escaped slavery with her brothers and became leader of the Jamaican Maroons, and to the Vodou practitioners of the Haitian Revolution are legendary, and were cited by the Vodou practitioners who led the rebellion. The largest totem, representing the sun, is partially visible through a Plexiglas trapdoor, encircled by smaller totems that represent Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, and Mars. Each consists of a wooden base supporting an assemblage that combines personal items and materials native to the Caribbean. In this installation, and an extended family that make space for gender, heritage, and history inform their work and lives. Through these conversations, members about how their backgrounds have affected their work and lives, and continue during small dinner parties RAGGA hosts every few months. During the residency, RAGGA will host a private dinner focused on wellness and roots, organized by cofounder of Enroot Collective DeVonn Francis, horticultural therapist Pamela Koch, and urban herbalist Antonia Estela Pérez. In addition, the Resource Center will include publications and manuals from writers, herbalists, activists, and DJs involved with RAGGA, providing a wider view of work produced by members of this loose, rapidly growing collective.
Completely In school, when parties were thrown for So I was raised by my white mother who Brixton, surrounded by other black and that he has severe mental health challenges. My relationship to Jamaica is ancestral; I felt the music like nothing else before. Now, wasn't so easy to access or enjoy or this for international drug runs. The man I know what that means, and there are things which I later learned to understand as tools frightened and it's the reason my mother had no choice but to escape him, and ultimately the reason I decided not to pursue a relationship with him after we met. What to do with me and my blackness. I am inspired by my context. Gaining an understanding of oppression, I still did the best I could to be played and I would literally lose myself—I be played and I would literally lose myself. Regrettably, I can't inform about my childhood I will process for the rest of my life, but I survived it, and music helps to heal those wounds.

FEATURES

JAHMAL B. GOLDEN

Craft: Obeah, etc.
Island: Trinidad and Tobago

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BEARCAT

Craft: Chef, Writer
Island: First Generation Jamaican-American

I'm inspired by my context. Gaining an understanding of oppression, I still did the best I could to be played and I would literally lose myself—I be played and I would literally lose myself. Regrettably, I can't inform about my childhood I will process for the rest of my life, but I survived it, and music helps to heal those wounds.

DEVONN FRANCIS

Craft: Artist
Island: Jamaica

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Excerpts from features with members of the RAGGA community are reprinted here. For full interviews with BEARCAT, DEVONN FRANCIS, and JAHMAL B. GOLDEN, please visit ragganyc.com. As the traditional interviews will be added to the website.

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Jamaica-African-American

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Thaz it.

My ancestry exists as a pantheon of whispers; therefore, the wind is my ancestry. Far off sounds in my memory—ni de aquí, ni de allá—500 years of colonial rule, enough generational distance to be distant now. I work hard. I work harder. Never enough. For the product of colonialism to be present in the skin, is a thing I think about sometimes. I outline each day storm-fit and unsouling myself. Loss. Lossness. Lost & list—ening. Enemy, animate my background—the noise of each triggered thought, each iteration against oppression a bone carved into the likeness of my face—a pedagogy of my own design—a murmur of shadows to which I must return. & Thaz it.

I’m interested in how marginalized people have always supported each other and cared for one another in the face of ongoing state terror and violent repression. I feel emboldened to do the work that I do because of the legacy of my ancestors. I come from a long, long line of freedom fighters and healers who defeated the French, Spanish, and British militaries during the Haitian Revolution—the only successful slave revolt in modern history, which resulted in the eradication of slavery and the expulsion of white people from the island. I rely heavily on my cultural heritage (art, music, storytelling, etc.) to keep the spirit of this resistance alive in the face of the 200+ years of disenfranchisement and persecution of Haiti by parasitic states like the United States and France.

Vodou is a particularly strong influence on my art practice and politics. Haitian cosmologies are quite complex and evade simplistic binary notions of gender, race, and disability. The Lwa in Haitian Vodou shape-shift: they take on the form of humans, animals, or plants. Many of them are queer and their genders are infinitely variable. They help me remember what it means to live in the spaces between life and death, sickness and health, the masculine and the feminine, and so on. My Haitian heritage is the home from which I continually reframe and question dominant social and political systems, namely white-supremacist capitalist ableist cissexist patriarchy (dang, that’s a mouthful).
Like most Dominican families, mine refrained from exploring our roots, leaving me with a cloudy sense of pride in a sort of racial limbo. It felt like I was facing a foggy mirror, with a deep yearning to see and embrace the person who stood opposite me. There was no specification for which box I should check in the race section at the beginning of my standardized test, which I couldn’t focus on: did I check the right box? There was no conversation at the dinner table on why 90 percent of the Dominican population are of African descent yet 5 percent claim blackness, or why we treat our family in Haiti with such resentment. My own people were willfully and proudly holding a steamer to my mirror, hoping I wouldn’t notice, but as I started to notice, the need to see who stood opposite me in that mirror started to fade: I knew it was me; I knew who I was. My background is my life and work and always will be. It has lit a fire in me to be undeniably proud of everything that I am, for those who need to see me be.

OSCAR NUNEZ
Island: Honduras (not necessarily an island but definitely Caribbean)
Craft: DJ, Cultural Producer

MAYA MONES
Island: Dominican Republic
Craft: idf, titles “\_\_\_\_\_/”

I’ve always been visibly queer and definitely the only one in my extended family. So growing up in Honduras, I felt different. When I moved to DC, I got better at hiding my queerness by using my ethnicity as a veil for it so that nothing was ever questioned. I feel like that is a common struggle for many of us immigrant Caribbean/Latina folks, we sometimes feel forced or safer navigating society assuming only part of our identity. I feel like that’s changing a lot now, however; there are so many dope Caribbean folks at the forefront of everything from activism to art, being intersectional and actually using their backgrounds to uplift themselves and their communities. These are the kinds of vibes I’m trying to put out there. Black and brown children are the future and I’m so ready for them to challenge the status quo culture by bringing platanos and rice and peas to the table.

ANTONIA ESTELA PÉREZ
Kin: Santiago, Chile; born and raised in Washington Heights, NY
Craft: Medicine Maker, Community Builder, Painter

Being first generation, “who am I?” was a question that was always present. I had a really difficult time in elementary school, where I was one of the few girls of color. It’s fascinating how at that age you really are aware of difference and racism. I had serious insecurity problems about my skin, hair color, and name. I wanted some typical white girl name. It was only while at home or back in Chile that I felt truly myself. Even so, being back in Chile, I still didn’t entirely feel like I was home either. There is no doubt an incredible force that draws me back to Chile and allows me to better understand myself, but I have made my home in New York, on this land.

Searching and understanding my roots is a huge part of my practice. I do this work mostly through conversations with my grandma, learning about the medicinal plants of the land and of indigenous traditions. From a very young age, I felt this connection to the land and to plants, even in the city. This relationship has developed more deeply than I could have imagined when I was eight. I see learning about plant medicine as a way of re-empowering ourselves to become autonomous with regard to our bodies and our health, to become our own healers again and take back what colonization attempted to erase from our ancestors. This is applicable to all of us. It is also a bridge that can bring our communities together in a powerful way. What are our grandparents’ remedies, las recetas caseras and the rituals that connect us to spirit and the energies that surround us? I am excited about creating spaces for these exchanges and awakening this power inside of us. The more we know about our bodies and the plants that grow around us, the more confident we can feel to care for ourselves and the people in our lives. In a fragile and corrupt system like the one we live in, I believe it is vital that we build systems of autonomy within our communities.

D’HANA PERRY/BATTYJACK
Kin: Ohio/New York
Craft: DJ, Video and New Media Artist, Other

I grew up in a very religious household. Both of my parents were preachers and socially conservative so, needless to say, being queer and trans was not a good look in our household. Even though I was a raging tomboy as a young girl, my queerness was not something I fully recognized in myself until my mid-twenties, and I didn’t allow myself to fully express my gender until recently. The only media coverage I saw of trans people as a child were horror stories, and I literally thought only white people could be gay. I was scared and didn’t have a clear vision of who I was. I’m thankful that my family gave me the space I needed to be gay. I was scared and didn’t have a clear vision of who I was. I’m thankful that my family gave me the space I needed to be gay . I was scared and didn’t have a clear vision of who I was.
behind. I’m black, I would never deny this or but I was always, culturally, a step or two fell in with some of the black kids that were many times in my life. Growing up I of course though I have been resentful of this many, for me to be born, I can say firmly, without do to get here and then stay here—in order and I mean fully, understand what they had to better life. Now that I’m old enough to fully, around-the-way immigrant style, to give me a Mymi parents both came to this country, in that young age that black people existed everywhere. All over the planet. I have family in Trinidad, England, Canada, and Denmark. We really, really out here! I can spot a Trini accent anywhere. I live for that island lilt! We all know my ten minutes is your forty minutes (but fuck European constraints of time 1h00), and that I can eat a pelau any time, any place, anywhere. I am obsessed with seeing and photographing black people all over the world. It’s the best reminder that we are still living, still making it, no matter where we go, I’ll never forget my parents old and my friend telling me my parents had accents. I had no idea. I’m American-born, but Trini to de bone.

SASHA PHYARS-BURGESS
Island: Sweet Sweet T&T (Trinidad and Tobago) Craft: Photographer

My parents both came to this country, in that around-the-way immigrant style, to give me a better life. Now that I’m old enough to fully, and I mean fully, understand what they had to do to get here and then stay here—in order for me to be born, I can say firmly, without wincing, I was indeed born in America, though I have been resentful of this many, many times in my life. Growing up I of course fell in with some of the black kids that were around me, and I loved it, and I loved them, but I was always, culturally, a step or two behind. I’m black, I would never deny this or mince words about this; I’m black, it’s beautiful and I love it. But on that horrifying boat ride over here from the motherland, my peoples were dropped off at a place other than the USA and that made a difference. Not all of it, but some. So yes, we eat black-eyed peas at New Year’s, but you’ll find green seasoning and a Scotch bonnet pepper in there. Your Mardi Gras is our Carnival, but you’ll hear steel pan in our streets instead of horns. I don’t say these things to be different, just to expand the narrative of what blackness is, what it looks like, and where it lives.

My background let me know from a young age that black people existed everywhere. All over the planet. I have family in Trinidad, England, Canada, and Denmark. We really, really out here! I can spot a Trini accent anywhere. I live for that island lilt! We all know my ten minutes is your forty minutes (but fuck European constraints of time 1h00), and that I can eat a pelau any time, any place, anywhere. I am obsessed with seeing and photographing black people all over the world. It’s the best reminder that we are still living, still making it, no matter where we go, I’ll never forget my parents old and my friend telling me my parents had accents. I had no idea. I’m American-born, but Trini to de bone.

GUELMO ROSA
Island: Puerto Rico Craft: Artist

Born in Puerto Rico, raised in the Bronx until I was fourteen, then moved back to the center of PR, to a very small town called Morovis, where everything was very machista and men were very loud. From a very early age I gave hints of my queerness and was silenced, so I grew up admiring the women of my culture and the work they did with their hands. I learned that this was how they expressed themselves in spaces where they were not expected to speak over men. As an adult I’ve learned to embrace my silence and feel empowered through understanding the work I do with my hands as its own form of language, whether I’m creating a painting, putting together a look, or preparing a Caribbean dish. This has been fundamental to how I see my craft. I’m carrying on the tradition of these women. The relationship between the US and PR is so fucked up and I see the struggle of the entire island being silenced by the US media. I feel strongly that the story of my people needs to be kept alive. Nothing gives me more satisfaction than putting into practice all that my mothers have taught me.

VIVA RUÍZ
Island: Jamaica, Queens/Ecuador (although I have a huge Haitian leg of the family too) Craft: Filmmaker, Dancer, Music Maker, Connector, Organizer

I am the daughter of immigrants. ESL plays into everything in my life. Coming up in an all-black, all-brown, mostly new/1st-gen immigrant neighborhood colors everything I make. I have a fierce drive to elevate—not just to be represented but to praise and honor immigrants and their experience, to make people aware of the superhuman strength and the kind of sacrifices that people are called to make when they journey here. I love this city for the constant influx of multiple cultures and for keeping so many languages in my ear throughout the day. I long to and work towards dethroning and centering English as a primary language here. I am possessed with the compulsion to drive a stake through the heart of white supremacy. I got to live through and see with my own eyes what a destructive force poverty is. I’ve seen families destroyed by crack and AIDS. We know it wasn’t an accident which communities were targeted, and the rage I have about that is useful and keeps my eyes open, or at least gives me the willingness to be awake. I saw what happens when self-loathing and hopelessness are passed down from generation to generation of colonized people. Internally I know it in myself, and have spent/spend time exercising that. I know how important it is to celebrate who we are, our skin, our culture, our language, our distinct way of being, and our roots. I have found that celebration is my favorite tool of liberation #dance. I learned, sadly from my own culture, how much control and subjugation of women/femmes is needed to uphold patriarchy. That this programming stops with me and us is a prime motivating force. My ancestors on all sides were machete carriers and when my dad passed five years ago, I had the distinct impression he handed me my own. I’m coming through swinging.

PAUL ANTHONY SMITH
Island: Jamaica, West Indies Craft: Visual Artist

My background has affected my life and work by giving me unexpected opportunities. It has forced me to be curious about other nations, peoples, heritage, sects, religions, and foods, and about American and colonial history. I am in all ways a xenophile; it’s what attracted me to move to Kansas City, MO, for undergrad studies. I think if I was born in the United States and not Jamaica, my outlook on life would be something else. By saying this, there is nothing concrete I can compare my experience to beyond it being a matter of chance. My works also spotlight my people, the ones whom I interacted with growing up in Jamaica. I question my memory of the past in order to look forward. Memory is a battleground in terms of the way I think about images. My images are enlarged and depersonalized by mark-making, by patterns, by acts of throwing the black skin through scarification, by the choice of violence. The patterns in my work are associated with the dazed dazzle painting from early maritime camouflage—an optical illusion.
Because of the early freedom my family gave me to question and explore, I was very receptive to African and African-influenced Diasporic religious belief systems as I started to encounter them through objects I’d seen in museums, travel, or books. The things I’ve seen, experienced, and read about have continued to inspire many bodies of work over the past several years.

A few years ago I realized that part of the reason that I have been able to stay relatively sane through the political and social upheavals of the past several years, which have culminated in a man who openly embraces hate being elected president, is that the spiritual beliefs of my ancestors have provided the grounding I need to be self-propelled and not get caught up in how others perceive me or try to define who I am through their perceptions. I know who I am and what I come from, and that firm sense of identity helps me to stay focused as I navigate the theater of the absurd that this country has become. I see myself reflected in the spirits that carried my ancestors and in that I find strength and purpose.

In thinking about my personal relationship to African Diasporic spiritual beliefs and how they have enriched my work and my basic sense of well-being, I often wonder what would happen in black communities if there were a sudden shift away from Euro-Christian beliefs to spiritual belief systems where we are seen as beautiful and powerful.
“MY OWN PEOPLE WERE WILLFULLY AND PROUDLY HOLDING A STEAMER TO MY MIRROR, HOPING I WOULDN’T NOTICE, BUT AS I STARTED TO NOTICE, THE NEED TO SEE WHO STOOD OPPOSITE ME IN THAT MIRROR STARTED TO FADE: I KNEW IT WAS ME; I KNEW WHO I WAS. MY BACKGROUND IS MY LIFE AND WORK AND ALWAYS WILL BE. IT HAS LIT A FIRE IN ME TO BE UNDENIABLY PROUD OF EVERYTHING THAT I AM, FOR THOSE WHO NEED TO SEE ME BE.” —MAYA
“YES, WE EAT BLACK-EYED PEAS AT NEW YEAR’S, BUT YOU’LL FIND GREEN SEASONING AND A SCOTCH BONNET PEPPER IN THERE. YOUR MARDI GRAS IS OUR CARNIVAL, BUT YOU’LL HEAR STEEL PAN IN OUR STREETS INSTEAD OF HОРNS. I DON’T SAY THESE THINGS TO BE DIFFERENT, JUST TO EXPAND THE NARRATIVE OF WHAT BLACKNESS IS, WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, AND WHERE IT LIVES.” —SASHA
"I KNOW I HAVE A LOT OF FIRE IN MY HISTORY, OR I GUESS IN THE STORY OF HOW I GOT HERE. I'M INTERESTED IN THAT COLLECTIVE FIRE THAT LIVES INSIDE TROPICAL BODIES. I THINK BLACKNESS EMBODIES RESOURCEFULNESS AND MOVEMENT AND BEAUTY. EVERYTHING I MAKE IS IN CONSIDERATION OF THAT... I REALLY DEDICATE MY BODY TO THE PROCESS, AND EVERYTHING I MAKE IS INFUSED WITH VERY PERSONAL, LOVING GESTURES. BLACKNESS IS THE MOST COMPLEX, MISUNDERSTOOD, MISREPRESENTED, AND NEVER-ENDING STORY.” — TAU
“I’m interested in how marginalized people have always supported each other and cared for one another in the face of ongoing state terror and violent repression. I feel emboldened to do the work that I do because of the legacy of my ancestors.” — Carolyn
“PART OF THE REASON THAT I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STAY RELATIVELY SANE THROUGH THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL UPHEAVALS OF THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, WHICH HAVE CULMINATED IN A MAN WHO OPENLY EMBRACES HATE BEING ELECTED PRESIDENT, IS THAT THE SPIRITUAL BELIEFS OF MY ANCESTORS HAVE PROVIDED THE GROUNDING I NEED TO BE SELF-PROPELLED AND NOT GET CAUGHT UP IN HOW OTHERS PERCEIVE ME OR TRY TO DEFINE WHO I AM THROUGH THEIR PERCEPTIONS.” — RENÉE
PUBLIC PROGRAMS

DEMYSTIFYING OUR STORIES: RESISTANCE AND AFRO-CARIBBEAN SPIRITUAL TRADITIONS
Saturday June 3, 12:30 PM
New Museum Theater

Tracing the work of an intergenerational group of activists who practice Afro-Caribbean spiritual traditions, this talk by Rose Sackey-Milligan will consider the close ties between these traditions and resistance movements—from the Haitian Revolution to contemporary struggles for justice and empowerment. The talk will be followed by an intimate workshop with Sackey-Milligan. To apply for the workshop, please email season@newmuseum.org describing your interest in Afro-Caribbean spirituality and activism.

RAGGA PRESENTS
Thursday June 22, 7 PM
Sky Room

Marking the closing week of RAGGA NYC’s residency and exhibition, this evening event will feature performance, poetry, and music from a group of artists in the RAGGA community.

LIST OF WORKS

Jahmal B. Golden
Memoir, 2017
Digital prints
18 x 20 in (40.6 x 50.8 cm) (triptych)
Courtesy the artist

Joey De Jesus
"Astrolabe / Curse 1, 2 & 3," 2017
Poems
Courtesy the artist

Carolyn Lazard and Bleue Liverpool
Chaos-monde, 2017
Wax, wood, black linen, leather, leaves, seed pods, hair, sand, shells, glass, 16mm film, analog audio tape, semi-precious stones, glass vials, dried hibiscus flowers, dried sorrel, dried rosemary, dried plantain leaves, dried sugar cane, rose water, castor oil, coconut oil, vetiver oil, jasmine oil, and rum
Dimensions variable
Courtesy the artists

Tau Lewis
for every defence mechanism, a valid reason, 2016
Plaster, cement, tissue paper, fur, cinder block, and concrete
37 x 8 1/2 x 8 in (47 x 21.6 x 20.3 cm)
Private collection
Courtesy the artist and Cooper Cole

Georgia marble marks slave burial sites across America, 2016
Plaster, cement, acrylic paint, chain, and high-gloss finish
18 1/2 x 12 1/2 x 8 1/2 in (47 x 31.8 x 20.3 cm)
Collection Christine and Murray Quinn
Courtesy the artist and Cooper Cole

Tau Lewis
it takes me more courage to be soft, 2016
Plaster, cement, tissue paper, fur, cinder block, and concrete
37 x 8 1/2 x 8 in (47 x 21.6 x 20.3 cm)
Private collection
Courtesy the artist and Cooper Cole

Tau Lewis
Untitled (Love my Jamaica), 2016
Vinyl print on lightbox
Dimensions variable
Courtesy the artist and Cooper Cole

Shanekia McIntosh
"Touched," 2017
Poem
Courtesy the artist

Maya Monès
Ciencias Sociales [Social Sciences], 2017
Audio, two parts; 9:03 min, 19:09 min
Courtesy the artist

Paul Anthony Smith
Grey Area #5, 2014
Silkscreen and collaged canvas
60 x 50 in (152.4 x 127 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Paul Anthony Smith
Grey Area #7, 2015
Silkscreen and collaged canvas
34 x 24 in (86.4 x 61 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Paul Anthony Smith
Grey Area #10, 2014
Silkscreen and collaged canvas
60 x 50 in (152.4 x 127 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Paul Anthony Smith
Mask #1, 2015
Unique picotage on pigment print
40 x 30 in (101.6 x 76.2 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Paul Anthony Smith
Port Antonio Market #3, 2013
Unique picotage on C-print with spray paint
30 x 20 in (76.2 x 50.8 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Paul Anthony Smith
Port Antonio Market #4, 2013
Unique picotage on C-print with spray paint
30 x 20 in (76.2 x 50.8 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Paul Anthony Smith
Port Antonio Market #10, 2014
Silkscreen and collaged canvas
60 x 50 in (152.4 x 127 cm)
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Port Antonio Market #3, 2013
Unique picotage on C-print with spray paint
30 x 20 in (76.2 x 50.8 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Paul Anthony Smith
Port Antonio Market #4, 2013
Unique picotage on C-print with spray paint
30 x 20 in (76.2 x 50.8 cm)
Courtesy the artist and ZieherSmith

Renée Stout
I Can Heal, 2000-01
Neon sign
29 x 36 1/2 x 6 in (73.7 x 92.7 x 15.2 cm)
Collection Dean Dalton
Courtesy the artist

Renée Stout
The Rootworker’s Table, 2011
Altered and reconstructed table, blown and hot-formed glass, found and constructed objects, oil stick on panel, and found carpet
78 x 50 x 30 in (198.1 x 127 x 76.2 cm)
Courtesy the artist

Christopher Udemezue
Untitled (In a trance, she walked out onto her reflection, closed her eyes and received a plan from beyond the mountains), 2017
Digital print
24 x 35 1/4 in (60.7 x 90.8 cm)
Courtesy the artist

Christopher Udemezue
Untitled (Taken by the loa with a knife in her hand, she cut the throat of a pig and they all swore to kill all the whites on the island), 2017
Digital print
24 x 35 1/4 in (60.7 x 90.8 cm)
Courtesy the artist

Christopher Udemezue
"Astral / Celestial 1 & 2 & 3," 2017
Poems
Courtesy the artist
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