

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT.



NEWSPAPER

"A periodical, like a newspaper, a book, or any other medium of didactic expression that is aimed at a certain level of the reading or listening public, cannot satisfy everyone equally; not everyone will find it useful to the same degree. The important thing is that it serve as a stimulus for everyone; after all, no publication can replace the thinking mind."
Antonio Gramsci
(Prison Notebook 8)



July 7th, 2013 - Forest Houses, Bronx, NY

The Gramsci Monument-Newspaper is part of the "Gramsci Monument", an artwork by Thomas Hirschhorn, produced by Dia Art Foundation in co-operation with Erik Farmer and the Residents of Forest Houses

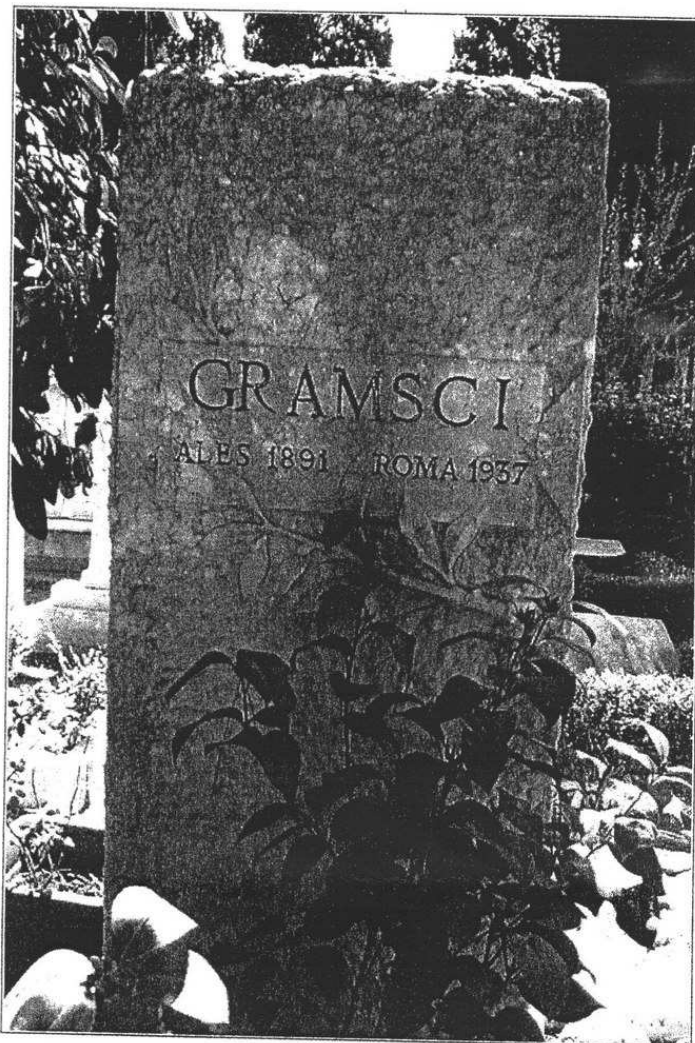
POETIC JUSTICE !!!

IN TODAY'S ISSUE READ POEMS
FROM ARTIST OF OUR PAST AND
YOUNG ARTIST FROM TODAY !!!!!



A PHOTO OF PIER PAOLO PASOLINI

Gramsci's Ashes by Pier Paolo Pasolini (1957)



Translated from the Italian by Michelle Cliff

It's not like May, this impure air
that darkens the foreign garden
already dark, then blinds it with light
with blinding clarity... this sky
of foam, above the pale yellow eaves
that in enormous semicircles veil
the bends of the Tiber, the deep blue
mountains of Latium... Spilling a mortal
peace, estranged from our destinies,
between the ancient walls, autumnal
May. In this the grey of the world,
the end of the decade in which appears
among ruins the profound, ingenuous
effort to restore life over;
the silence, rotten and barren...

You were young, in that May when the error
was still life, in that Italian May
when at least passion was joined to life,
how much less baffled and impurely sound
than our fathers: not father, but simply
brother - already with your skinny hand, you
were outlining the ideal that illuminates
(but not for us: you, dead, and us
equally dead, with you, in this humid
garden) this silence. Can't you
see it? - you who rest in this alien
place, again confined. Weariness
of nobility surrounds you. And, faded,

the solitary peal of the anvil reaches you
from the factories of Testaccio, lulled
in the evening: amid the shacks of the poor,
unadorned heaps of tin cans, old iron, where
singing, dissipated, an apprentice is ending
his day's work, at the end of the rainfall.

II

Between the two worlds, the respite, in which we are not.
 Choices, surrenders... we have no other sound
 by now but this garden of the wretched
 and noble in which, headstrong, the trick
 that deadens life remains in death.

In the circles of sarcophagi we do not
 reveal the fate of the survivor,
 of secular people, secular inscriptions
 on these grey stones, low,
 grand. Again passions
 unbridled, free from scandal, burn
 the bones of millionaires from mightier
 nations; buzzing, almost decomposing,
 the ironies of princes, of pederasts,
 their bodies strewn in urns
 incinerated, and unchaste.

Death's silence bears witness
 to a civilised silence of men who remain
 men, of a weariness that in the weariness
 of the Park changes imperceptibly: and the city
 indifferent, confines him at its centre

by hovels and by churches, their pitiless mercy,
 their lost splendour. The earth,
 fertile with nettles and vegetables,
 brings forth these meagre cypresses, this black
 damp that stains the walls around
 the ashen, zigzag boxtree, that the evening
 calm extinguishes into unadorned
 tendrils of seaweed... this sparse grass
 scentless, where one sinks into the sweet violet
 the atmosphere, with a shiver of mint,
 or decomposed hay, then quiet, foreshadows
 the daylight gloom, exhausted
 apprehensions of the night. Harsh
 climate, sweet history,
 between these walls is a soil under which
 oozes another layer; this damp which
 calls to mind another damp; and they echo
 - intimate with latitudes
 and horizons, where English forests crown
 lakes lost in the sky, among meadows
 as green as phosphorescent billiard tables or
 like emeralds: 'And O ye Fountains...' - the pious

III

A red rag, like those the partisans
 furled around their throats
 and, nearby the urn, in the waxen soil
 differently red, two geraniums.

of streetcar benches, from which my day
 is removed: more and more rarely
 I have these days off from the torment
 of deciding to live; and if it should happen I
 love the world, it's not with a violent
 and ingenuous sensual love
 like I had, a confused adolescent, a season
 I hated; if in it I hurt the bourgeois
 affliction of my bourgeois self: and now, the world
 - with you - cleft, that part which had the power
 doesn't it seem now an object of bitterness,
 almost mystical contempt?

Yet without your rigour, I exist
 not because I choose to. I live in the non-will
 of postwar decline: loving
 the world I hate - in its distress
 contemptuous and lost - in a dark scandal
 of consciousness...

IV

The shame of contradicting myself, of being
 with you and against you; with you in my heart,
 in truth, against you in my dark inmost feelings;
 traitor to my fatherland
 -in thought, in a shadow of action -

I know that I am bound to it, in the heat
 of instinct, of aesthetic passion
 attracted by a proletarian life -
 prior to you - it's for me a religion;

Here you lie, exiled, with cruel Protestant
 neatness, listed among the foreign
 dead: Gramsci's ashes... Between hope
 and my ancient distrust, I draw near you, happening
 by chance on this meagre greenhouse, in the presence
 of your grave, in the presence of your spirit, afoot,
 down here among the free. (Or is it something
 else, perhaps more ecstatic
 and even more humble, the enraptured symbiosis

And, of this country which would not let you rest,
I feel this an injustice: your mental strain
- here among the silences of the dead - what
reason - our troubled destiny
You would have been inscribing your final
pages in the days of your assassination.
Here are the seeds - I testify -
still undispersed by the ancient rule,
these dead men chained to ownership
that over centuries submerges their shame
and their grandeur: at the same time, obsessed -
the striking of anvils, stifled,
quietly grieving - of the lowly
quarter - attesting to its end.
And here I am... a poor man, dressed
in clothes the poor ogle in store windows
of coarse splendour, that have faded,
in the filth of more lost streets,

this is happiness, not the millennial
struggle: man's nature, not his
conscious mind; it's the primal strength
of man, that has been lost in actions,
that offers this drunken nostalgia,
and poetic light: beyond that
I don't know what to say, would it be
a just, but not pure abstracted
love, not grieving sympathy...
As poor as the poor, I attach myself
like them to humble expectations
like them, I fight each day
to stay alive. But even in my desolated state,
in my disinherited condition -
I own: the most glorified of all
bourgeois possessions:
But while I own history,
it owns me; it illumines me
But what use is such a light.
V
I'm not talking about the individual,
phenomenon of sensual, sentimental fervour...
he has other vices; his destiny, his fate
go by another name...
But in him are scrambled common
innate vices - and also

objective sin! They are not immune -
those internal and external acts that

bring him to life - to any of
the religions that exist in the real world,
mortgaging death, established
to cheat the light, bringing to light the deception.
His mortal remains are fated
to be interred in Verano; it's catholic,
his struggle with them: Jesuitical
are the manias with which he regulates his heart;
and even deeper: his consciousness obtains
Biblical tricks... and ironic liberal
zealousness... and a coarse splendour, among the dislikes
of a provincial dandy, of a provincial
well-being... Even to the basest details
in which Authority and Anarchy vanish
into the vulgar deep... well protected
by unclean virtue and by drunken sin,
defending an obsessive naïveté
and with what consciousness! The I lives: I
alive, evading life, within the breast
the sense of a life that would be a
grieving, violent oblivion... Ah, as I realise,
speechless, drenched in the whispers
of the wind, here where Rome is silent
among the weary, confused cypresses,
near you, the spirit whose graffitto resounds
Shelley... How I understand the whirlpool
of feeling, the whim (greek, in the patrician's
heart, northern summer visitor)

that swallowed him in the dark
azure of the Tyrrhenian Sea, the sensual
joy of adventure, aesthetic
and childish: meanwhile Italy, face-down
as if within the belly of a giant
cicada; opening wide white coastlines,
strewn across Latium veiled throngs of pine,
queer, faded yellowish glades
of garden rocket, where a young
peasant of the Roman campagna sleeps
amid rags, his penis erect, goethian dream.
In the Maremma dark, marvelous sewers

of spiked grasses, a clear impression
of the hazelnut tree, along footpaths the herdsman
fills to overflowing with his youth - unaware.
Blindly fragrant in the sharp curves
of the Versilian coastline, on
the entangled, blind sea, the bright stuccoes,
delicate marquetry of its pascual
countryside, quite human, it unfolds
darkening on the Cinquale
unravelling underneath the burning Apuan Alps,
glassy blue against rose... landslides,
overturned rocks, as if panicked
by a fragrance, on the Riviera, soft,
steep, where the sun wrestles the breeze
to offer utmost sweetness to the oils
of the sea... And all around the buzz of happiness

the boundless percussion, drumming
of sex and light: so accustomed
is Italy to this, she doesn't even tremble, as if
dead within her life: fervently they shout
from hundreds of seaports, the name
of their comrade, the young men, wet with sweat,
faces tanned, brown, among the people
of the Riviera, near kitchen-gardens of thistles
on foul little beaches...

Will you ask of me, dead man, unadorned,
that I abandon this hopeless
passion to be in the world?

VI

I'll take my leave of him. I leave you in the evening
that however sad, is almost sweet, falling on
us, living creatures, with its waxen light
that sets the quarter in twilight.
And stirs it up. Makes it larger, emptier
in close, and, at a great distance, rekindles it
a raving life, that of the hoarse
rolling racket of the tram, of human clamour,
dialects, creating a faintly heard
and positive harmony. And you feel like those faraway
creatures that in life shout, laugh
in those vehicles of theirs, those wretched
apartment blocks, where the false and
expansive gift of existence is consumed -
that life is nought but a shiver;

with bunches of workers at their ticket windows.
And groups of soldiers vanish, languidly,
toward the mount - which at the centre of
rotten excavations, dry heaps of filth -
streetwalkers are concealed in shadow
waiting, enraged, on the aphrodisiac
filth: and, not far away, among illegal
shacks clinging to the mountain, in
palaces, their own worlds, boys light
as paper play in the breezes,
no longer chill, but springlike; burning
with the recklessness of youth, on a
Roman evening in May, dark adolescents
whistle along the pavements, in the evening's
festivity; and the rolling shutters
of garages roar, and crash, joyously;
the darkness has surrendered the night serene,
and in the midst of the plane trees in Piazza Testaccio
the wind falling, quivering with unexpected disaster
is sweet enough, although grazing one's hair
and the porous stones of Macello, there one becomes
drenched with decomposed blood, everywhere
the waste and stench of poverty is stirred up.
It's a cacophony, this life, and those lost
in it, lose it cloudlessly, if their hearts
are filled with it: enjoying themselves,
behold the wretched, the evening: powerful
in them, defenceless before them, the myth

corporeal, collective presence;
you feel the absence of any true
religion; not living, but surviving
- perhaps more joyous than living - like
a nation of animals, within its mysterious
orgasm - there would be no other longing
than that for daily action, work:
a humble ardour which lends a sense of festivity
to humble corruption. How much more empty
- in this void of history, in this
humming pause in which existence holds its tongue -
is each ideal, clearly better is
the immense, bronzed voluptuousness,
almost Alexandrian, which illuminates

and impurely ignites all, when here
in the world, something tumbles down, and
the world drags itself along, in the twilight, coming
home to empty market-places, to disheartened factories...
Already the lamps are lit, spangling
Via Zabaglia, Via Franklin, all of
Testaccio, stripped between its great
foul mount, the lengths of the Tiber, the black
back-drop beyond the river, that Monteverde
amasses or diminishes unseen in the heavens.
Diadems of light lose themselves,
dazzling, with a chill of sadness
almost sea-like... Supper-time is almost here;
the quarter's scarce buses glitter,
with bunches of workers at their ticket windows.
And groups of soldiers vanish, languidly,
toward the mount - which at the centre of
rotten excavations, dry heaps of filth -
streetwalkers are concealed in shadow
waiting, enraged, on the aphrodisiac
filth: and, not far away, among illegal
shacks clinging to the mountain, in
palaces, their own worlds, boys light
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Roman evening in May, dark adolescents
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drenched with decomposed blood, everywhere
the waste and stench of poverty is stirred up.
It's a cacophony, this life, and those lost
in it, lose it cloudlessly, if their hearts
are filled with it: enjoying themselves,
behold the wretched, the evening: powerful
in them, defenceless before them, the myth
is reborn... But I, with my aware heart,
which is alive only in history,
can I ever again act with a pure love,



DAILY LECTURE BY MARCUS STEINWEG

7th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 7th July 2013

THE UNCERTAINTY-RELATION KNOWLEDGE-TRUTH

Marcus Steinweg

"That which is a subject," says Alain Badiou, "is the new human being," who begins to exist out of a deficiency of self and being, who begins to become a subject.¹ Agamben, too, defines the human subject as something which "being and having to be only its possibility or potentiality, humankind fails itself in a certain sense and has to appropriate this failing – it has to exist as *potentiality*".² The fact "that must constitute the point of departure for any discourse on ethics is that there is no essence, no historical or spiritual vocation, no biological destiny that humans must enact or realize. This is the only reason why something like an ethics can exist, because it is clear that if humans were or had to be this or that substance, this or that destiny, no ethical experience would be possible – there would be only tasks to be done".³ The subject's ethicality refers to this ontological abyss, to a primordial lack. Precisely because the subject exists only as the subject of this lack, as a subject of the abyss is there something resembling a subject. The subject appropriates its *being* as a subject as a *being able* to be a subject. It touches itself at the point of its ontological fragility in order to affirm this touching as an act of its becoming a subject. It is a subject of self-affirmation and self-invention. In contact with that which radically transcends it, it constitutes itself as the autonomous and, in a certain sense, experimental receiver of its ontological limit. Accordingly, in American pragmatism Deleuze saw one of those "attempts to transform the world, to think a new world or new man insofar as they *create themselves*".⁴

The subject's tornness means that it is a subject of the exterior, a subject of becoming, of the deed, of contingency and incommensurability instead of being, within its *interiority* and *identity*, a defusing pseudo-subject that assimilates itself to its factual status as object. The deed implies that it elevates the subject above the ground of facts. The act is the moment in which the subject affirms itself as a subject by moving away from itself while violating its reality in the objective world. A deed exists only as a self-violation, as excess. The subject of the deed distances itself from its position and its status in the structure of facts which is the world of its evidence in order to accelerate itself beyond its factual reality. Whither? Toward the limit of the world of facts which indicates the inconsistency of instituted realities. Therefore, any deed implies puncturing the web of reality through to an unreality so that the subject of the deed touches upon a knowledge which is not of this world because it refers to its limit. The subject of the deed goes through this experience of the limit; it moves along a border which, instead of marking off a world this side from another world beyond, marks an incision in the immanence of the one and only world. The touching of this incision, its *execution* is what is meant by the Latin word *decisio*. The deed is

an act of incisive decision. It posits an incision and marks a tear which distances all realities and every subject from itself. The decision is a touching of this difference which divides the body of the world as well as the body of the subject. The deed leads the subject to a knowledge that shakes its evidence and evacuates its certainties. Suddenly the subject finds itself in the space of a loneliness which is the dimension of its ontological insecurity: the dimension of philosophy. Nothing can be relied upon because it is only in this desert that the subject erects and affirms itself as a perpetrator.

¹ Alain Badiou, *Le siècle*, Paris 2004, pp. 144.

² Giorgio Agamben, *The Coming Community*, Minneapolis 2007, p. 44.

³ Ibid, p. 43.

⁴ Gilles Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, London 1998, p. 86.

POETRY BY JAMAR FOSTER

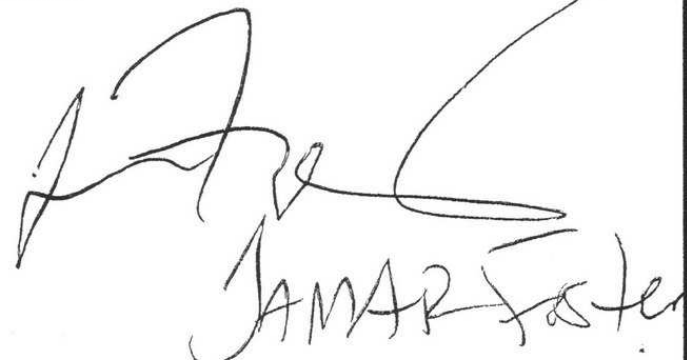
"More"
when i first saw u
I wanted to get to know u
The more i knew u
The more i liked u
The more we talk
my heart began to bark
the sound that it made
showed my brain began to fade
The more my heart made that sound
The more i wanted to be around
The love i felt
Is the love i feel right now
You made my heart melt
And now i have u 🥰❤

"Love"

Being single is like a broken heart
Its missing the other part to make it complete
its like a chain without its locket
a lock without its key
you miss being love
you miss being kissed

when you see a couple holding hands
you get a flash back of when you was taken
when there was someone to claim you
when there was someone you can call at 12:00 in the morning
when there was someone to get jealous when another girl you knew called you
you dont know what you have until its gone
when you finally relize you really want her
but you have no chance of getting her back

the pain you feel
when you see ur best friend with his girl
kissing and holding hands as yall walk along the street
you remember when you had that chance to do that
when you feel heart broken over your own problems
when you know you hurt someone
but then u realize your just hurting yourself
when tear drops fall down your cheek
you think of when she weas crying when you closed the door
all her pain goes inside your body
and then you understand what love really means



JAMAR FOSTER

The trip we went on
was interesting. We or
I learned was you
can make art
out of anything
even string & medal.

& my favorite was
when we saw the
cryptonight

Destina



I learn that you can make anything out
of art. I learn that they use different
things to make art. I like that
all the glass was on the floor because
that was creative to me because
I like art that you make anything
out of it.

~~Naika.S~~

Naika.S

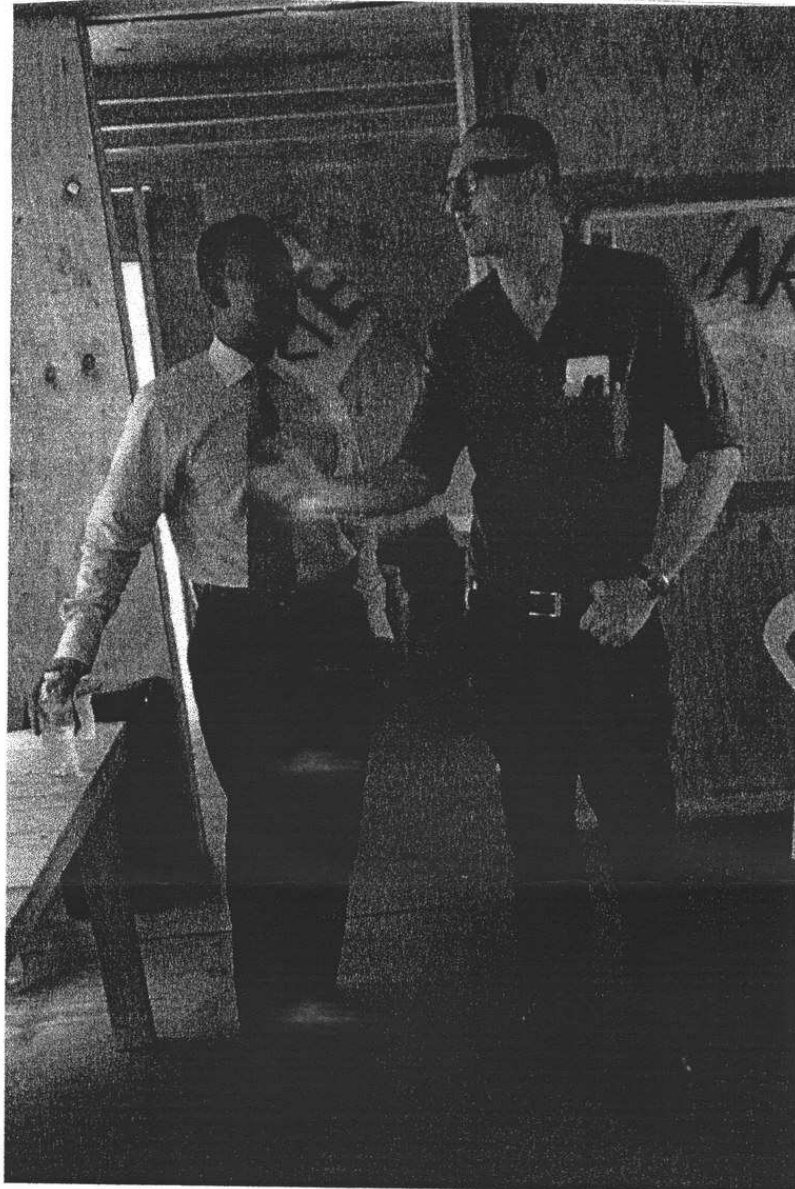
What I think what was great in
the art museum was the strings and the
torque ellipse was my favorite things and I
had so much fun

Sincerely, Manuel

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

FEED
BACK

NYCHA CHAIRMEN JOHN RHEA MEETS WITH ARTIST THOMAS HIRSCHHORN TO TALK ABOUT THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT



SUSAN WATTS/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

NYCHA Chairman John Rhea (left) with artist Thomas Hirschhorn (right).

The piece is the fourth in a series of temporary installations that Hirschhorn has built to pay tribute to philosophers such as Baruch Spinoza and Georges Bataille.

The politically-minded artist will be at the site all summer, his presence a part of the artwork.

"To me there is the idea of the non-exclusive audience," Hirschhorn said of the monument. "It's where people are living. That's why it's in this community."

Hirschhorn was able to complete the project with funding from the Dia Art Foundation, and approval from the city's Housing Authority.

NYCHA Chairman John Rhea applauded the project.

"Residents and visitors alike will be entertained, educated, and stimulated all summer by the Gramsci Monument," Rhea said of the piece.

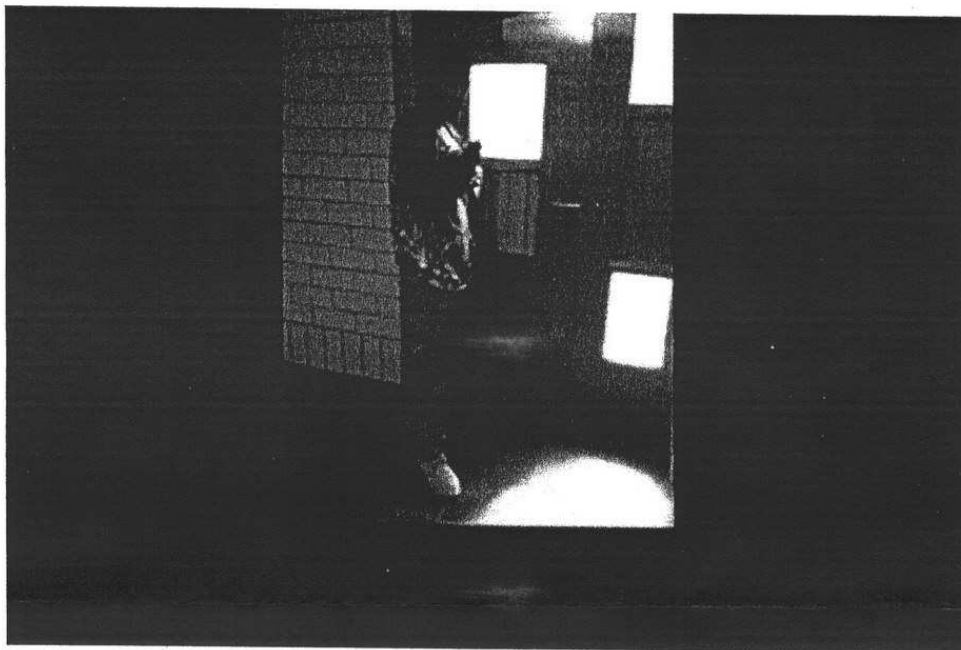
The Gramsci Monument, Forest Houses, 949 Tinton Ave., July 1- September 15, 10a.m.-7p.m., daily.



“ 'Reality' exists independently of the thinking individual.” (Prison Notebook 7)

ANTONIO GRAMSCI

MORRISANIA - A 33-year-old man is dead after he was gunned down late last night, and police are searching for suspects. Police say they found Jamal Davis unconscious and unresponsive near the courtyard at 975 Tinton Ave. with multiple gunshot wounds to his body. He was taken to Lincoln Hospital, where he was pronounced dead. Neighbors described the young father as respectful and said they don't know why anyone would want to shoot him. Davis' family declined to be interviewed. Police are asking for anyone with information on the shooting to call Crime Stoppers at 1-800-577-TIPS.



Jamal Davis, de 33 años, muerto a tiros en la Avenida Tinton en Morrisania

La víctima fue encontrada cerca de una cancha de baloncesto en el 975 de la Avenida Tinton.

July 6, 2013

La policía está buscando a sospechosos después de que un hombre fue encontrado muerto a tiros en Morrisania anoche.

Jamal Davis, de 33 años de edad, fue encontrado muerto con varios disparos, cerca de una cancha de baloncesto en el 975 de la Avenida Tinton, alrededor de las 11 de la noche.

Davis fue llevado al Hospital Lincoln, donde fue declarado muerto.

La policía no ha arrestado a nadie. Se pide que cualquier persona con información sobre el tiroteo llame a la línea de Alto al Crimen al **1-800-577-TIPS**.



<http://bronx-spanish.news12.com/noticias/jamal-davis-de-33-aos-muerto-a-tiros-en-la-avenida-tinton-en-morrisania-1.5636565>

DAILY FORECAST FOR 10456 !!!!

Bronx, NY
Sun
Chance of Storm



93 °F | °C

Precipitation: 30%
Humidity: 50%
Wind: 14 mph

