

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT.

NEWSPAPER

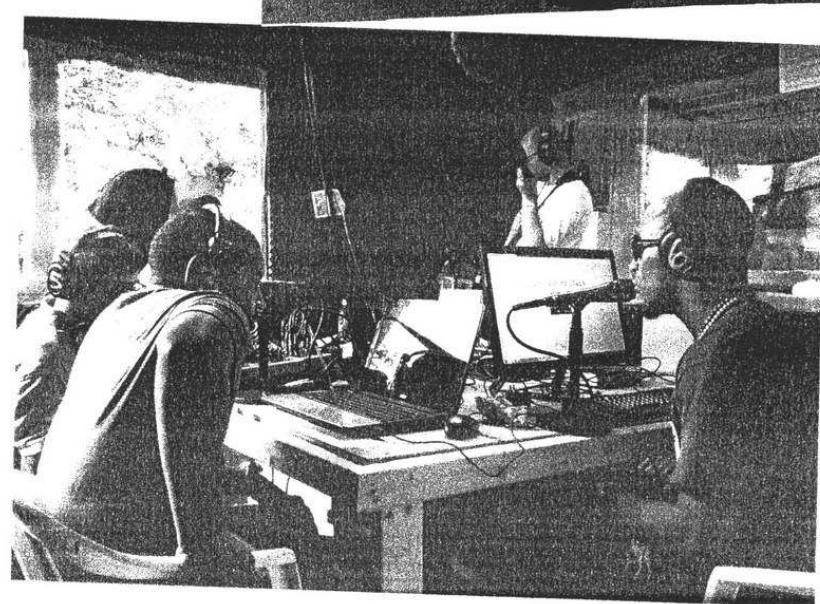
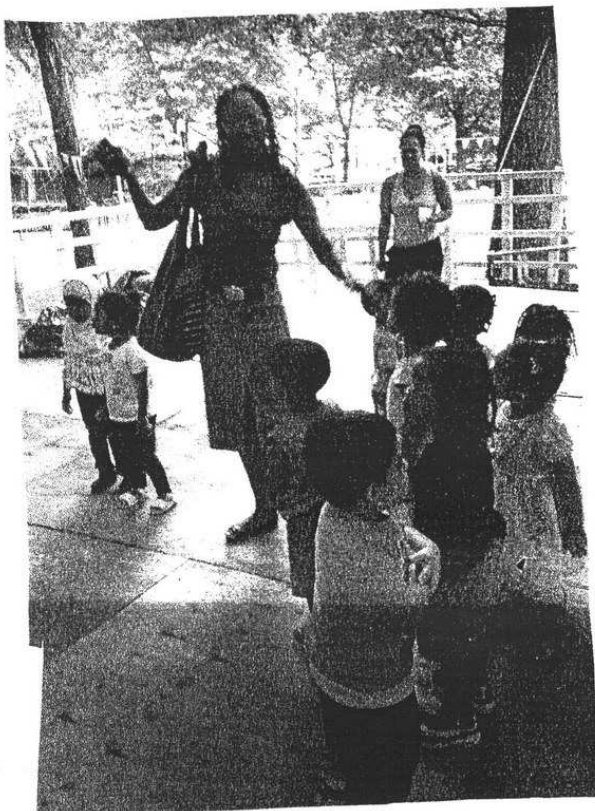
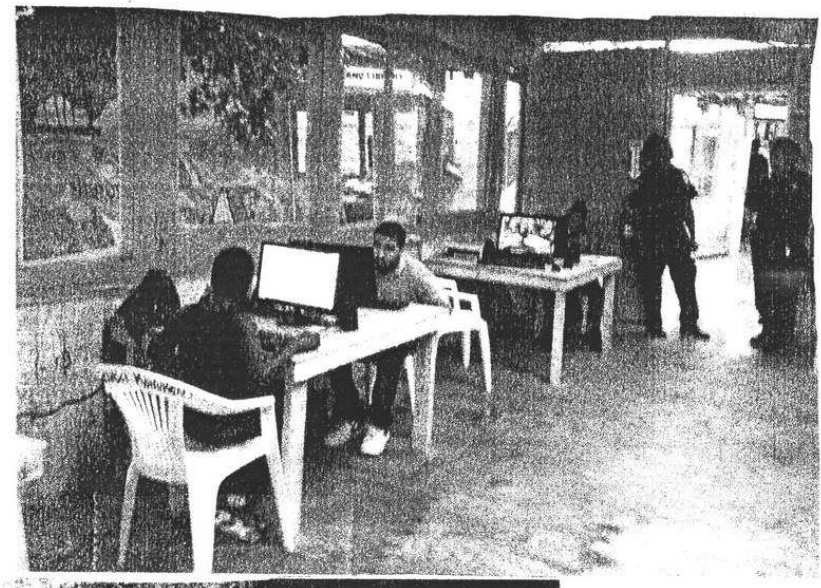
Editors:
LAKESHA BRYANT
and
SAQUAN SCOTT

"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)

N°3

July 3rd, 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



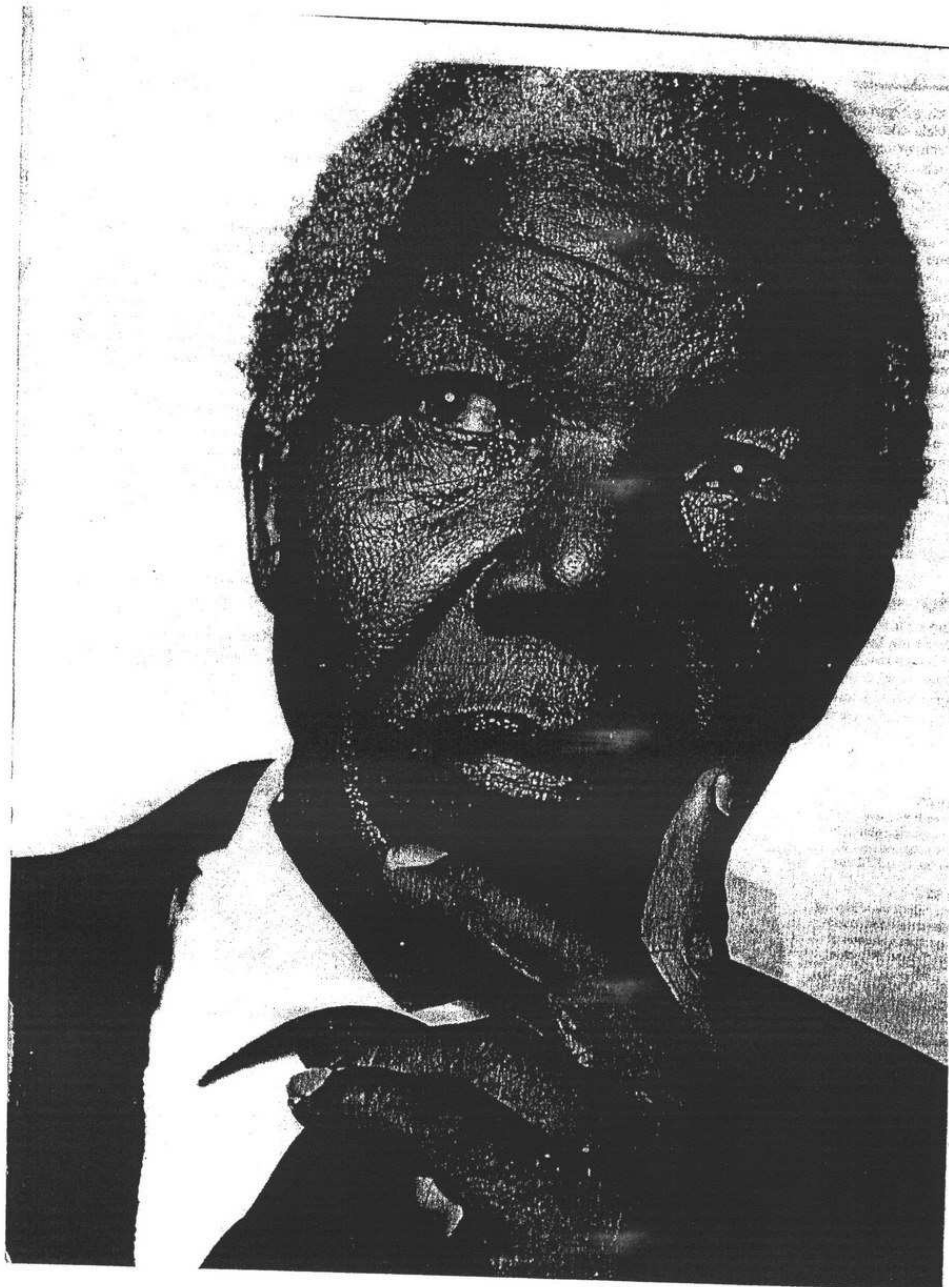
DAY TWO OF ART AND
HIGHER LEARNING !!!!!!!!!!!



GOD BLESS NELSON MANDELA

Mandela

His 8 Lessons of Leadership



No. 3

Lead from the back—and let others believe they are in front

MANDELA LOVED TO REMINISCE ABOUT HIS boyhood and his lazy afternoons herding cattle. "You know," he would say, "you can only lead them from behind." He would then raise his eyebrows to make sure I got the analogy.

As a boy, Mandela was greatly influenced by Jongintaba, the tribal king who raised him. When Jongintaba had meetings of his court, the men gathered in a circle, and only after all had spoken did

the king begin to speak. The chief's job, Mandela said, was not to tell people what to do but to form a consensus. "Don't enter the debate too early," he used to say.

During the time I worked with Mandela, he often called meetings of his kitchen cabinet at his home in Houghton, a lovely old suburb of Johannesburg. He would gather half a dozen men, Ramaphosa, Thabo Mbeki (who is now the South African President) and others around the dining-room table or sometimes in a circle in his driveway. Some of his colleagues would shout at him—to move faster, to be more radical—and Mandela would simply listen. When he finally did speak at those meetings, he slowly and methodically summarized everyone's points of view and then unfurled his own thoughts, subtly steering the decision in the direction he wanted without imposing it. The trick of leadership is allowing yourself to be led too. "It is wise," he said, "to persuade people to do things and make them think it was their own idea."

No. 4

Know your enemy—and learn about his favorite sport

AS FAR BACK AS THE 1960s, MANDELA began studying Afrikaans, the language of the white South Africans who created apartheid. His comrades in the ANC teased

him about it, but he wanted to understand the Afrikaner's worldview; he knew that one day he would be fighting them or negotiating with them, and either way, his destiny was tied to theirs.

This was strategic in two senses: by speaking his opponents' language, he might understand their strengths and weaknesses and formulate tactics accordingly. But he would also be ingratiating himself with his enemy. Everyone from ordinary jailers to P.W. Botha was impressed by Mandela's willingness to speak Afrikaans and his knowledge of Afrikaner history. He even brushed up on his knowledge of rugby, the Afrikaners' beloved sport, so he would be able to compare notes on teams and players.

Mandela understood that blacks and Afrikaners had something fundamental in common: Afrikaners believed themselves to be Africans as deeply as blacks did. He knew, too, that Afrikaners had been the victims of prejudice themselves: the British government and the white English settlers looked down on them. Afrikaners suffered from a cultural inferiority complex almost as much as blacks did.

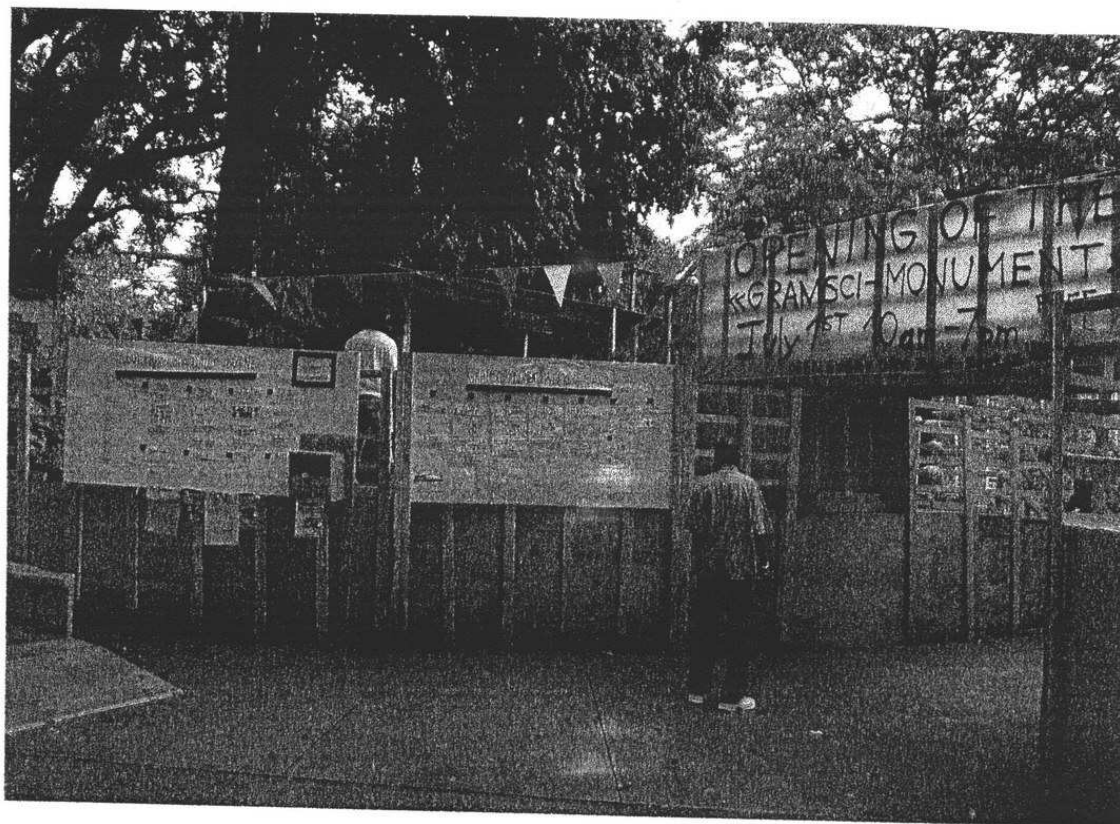
Mandela was a lawyer, and in prison he helped the warders with their legal problems. They were far less educated and worldly than he, and it was extraordinary to them that a black man was willing and able to help them. These were "the



AMBASSADOR'S CORNER YASMIL RAYMOND

NOTES # 2

"The play was about everybody talking at the same time and not being able to understand each other, right?" asked one resident. "It was about money" asserted her friend, adding beneath her breath something about the fact that Bloomberg should have been here to see it, concluding with a resolute statement, "money is the problem." Of the multiple encounters that took place during the First Day of Gramsci Monument it was this quick exchange, which happened inside the newspaper office as we looked at the layout for today's issue the one that expressively captured the civic character of art. Others have said it before that art is a dynamic force that forms give-and-take relationships between individuals by authorizing evaluation and thinking. Certainly both observations are illuminating in that each relate to the "civic" by reflecting concerns of everyday life: civil society and government. Furthermore, this inaugural exchange pointed to the triangular relationship between government, architecture, and despotism. Is the necessity for a reinvention of democracy a call for a reinvention of architecture?



DO YOU KNOW ANTONIO GRAMSCI FAMILY ??



1. Gramsci's mother, Giuseppina, holding her granddaughter Mimma in a photo taken in the early 1920s.



2. Gramsci's father, Francesco.



3. Gramsci's sister Teresina as a young woman, in a traditional Sardinian dress.

The Gramsci family

— *Francesco ("Cicillo") Gramsci* (1860–1937), Antonio's father, a native of Gaetā, of Albanian descent. He was employed in the Office of Land Registry in the town of Sòrgono. From 1898 to 1904, he spent close to five years in prison on charges of misuse of public funds. Two of his brothers, *Alfredo* and *Cesare*, are mentioned in Gramsci's letter of August 22, 1932, to his mother.

*Giuseppina ("Peppina") Marcias Gramsci** (1861–1932), Gramsci's mother, a native Sardinian. She raised her seven children with only sporadic help from her husband, who worked irregularly after his release from prison. The daughter of a local tax collector, she was better educated and more culturally sophisticated than most women belonging to the petit bourgeois class of the island.

The following are Antonio Gramsci's six siblings.

Gennaro ("Nannaro") Gramsci (1884–1965), the eldest of the Gramsci children. He spent three years on the Austro-Italian front in World War I, was on the administrative staff of the newspaper *L'Ordine Nuovo* in 1921–1922, and fought with an anarchist unit in defense of

the Republic in the Spanish Civil War. Bitterly disillusioned by his experiences in Spain, he was interned after the war, then made his way to France, where he worked for many years in a menial capacity and lost touch with his family. It was not until many years later that he became reconciled with his family and was able to overcome his intense hostility to the Communist party of Italy (PCI) that was a result of his experiences in Spain.

*Grazietta Gramsci** (1887–1962) had musical ability and extraordinary proficiency in the domestic arts. She raised Gennaro's daughter, *Edmea* (1920–), who married a physician and became an elementary school teacher.

Emma Gramsci (1889–1920) was employed as a bookkeeper for an industrial engineering firm and died of influenza in 1920.

Mario Gramsci (1893–1945), the sole Fascist member of the Gramsci family. He was secretary of the local Fascist federation in Ghilarza, then moved to Varese, where he lived with his wife and two children, *Gianfranco* and *Cesarina*. He fought in the Abyssinian War and, later, in North Africa.

*Teresina Gramsci Paulesu** (1895–1976) shared Antonio's intellectual interests and affinities. After her husband's death in 1941, she took his place as supervisor of the Ghilarza post office. She had four children: *Franco*, *Maria ("Mimma")*, *Luisa ("Diddi")*, and *Marco*. *Mimma* is the author and editor of important studies on Gramsci and on the Gramsci and Schucht families.

*Carlo Gramsci** (1897–1968) served as an army officer in World War I. He worked in an administrative capacity for a milk cooperative in Sardinia until 1931, when he obtained a position with the *Snia Viscosa* textile firm in Milan. He was very active in efforts to assist Gramsci in prison and to obtain his transfer from prison to the Cusumano clinic in Formia, in 1933.

THOMAS WANTS TO KNOW ?

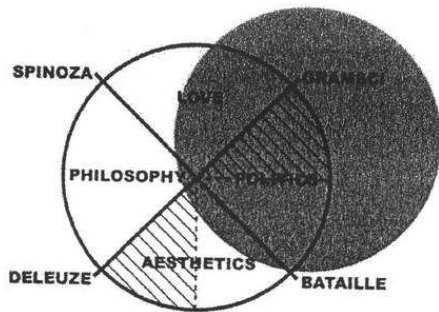
(A TEXT FROM THOMAS HIRSCHHORN)

"Why Gramsci? Why New York?"

Thomas Hirschhorn, April, 2013

Why Gramsci?

The decision to do a monument dedicated to Antonio Gramsci comes from my commitment towards Art. As was the case with my other monuments to Spinoza, Deleuze and Bataille, my competence to do the "Gramsci Monument" in The Bronx, New York City comes from my understanding of Art In Public Space today, and not from my understanding of Gramsci. My decision to dedicate four Monuments to these four Philosophers comes from my schema:



There are four important points in this schema:

- 1) From the very beginning, I decided that my work would assert itself and move in the Form-field and Force-field divided into four parts: "Love, Philosophy, Politics and Aesthetics".
- 2) My work doesn't necessarily have to cover all four parts equally, but each part should always be touched to some extent.
- 3) The "Love" and "Philosophy" parts can generally be considered as positive, and the "Politics" and "Aesthetics" parts as negative. I am aware and even interested by this fact, because I understand the world I live in as 'One', undivided and unique, as a world with the positive and negative, but also with the 'not-only-positive' and 'not-only-negative'. I therefore decided that my work would always include all four parts.
- 4) Dividing the circle in the four parts - "Love, Philosophy, Politics and Aesthetics" - creates four intersecting points: "Love / Philosophy", "Philosophy / Aesthetics", "Aesthetics / Politics" and "Politics / Love". I decided that the intersecting point "Love / Philosophy" would be dedicated to Spinoza, the intersecting point "Philosophy / Aesthetics" to Deleuze, the intersecting point "Aesthetics / Politics" to Bataille and the intersecting point "Politics / Love" to Gramsci.

I am a "Gramsci-Fan". This is my response to "Why Gramsci?". My love includes everything coming from him, without exception. As a fan - as every fan - there is no criticism, no distance and there is no limit. Being a fan cannot be explained or justified, but I will try to clarify - for you - "Why Gramsci?":

- Because he was a hero.
- Because he was a revolutionary.
- Because he was ready to pay the price for his commitment.
- Because he was a strategist.
- Because of his passion for the Political.
- Because of his proposition to self-define one's own position.
- Because of his hate of indifference.
- Because he wrote Notebooks and Letters in Prison, and each one is a beautiful and strong foundation from which one can build an education.

Because his faith in the human capacity and competence was unlimited.
Because he wrote "Every human being is an intellectual" - which was echoed by Joseph Beuys when he declared 'Each human being is an artist'.
Because he understood Art and Philosophy as a friendship-movement.
Because of his question: "Is Philosophy independent from politics?" which encourages me - as an artist - to then ask: "Is Art independent from politics?"
Because his texts are a toolbox for everybody willing to confront today's reality.
Because of his definition of what crisis is.
Because he wrote constitutively about art: "Art itself is interesting, it is interesting in itself, in that it satisfies one of the necessities of life." and "The content of Art is Art itself".
Because of his fight for Universality against particularism.
Because of his love of ideas, his insistence to make these ideas work, to act and be efficient with them.
Because he wrote: "The only justifiable enthusiasm is that which accompanies the intelligent will, the intelligent activity, the intelligent richness of concrete initiatives which change existing reality".
Because he is was fearless and because he is an example of loyalty.
Because to read his writings - today - is such an encouragement.

"Why New York?"

It is easy to explain why I want to do a monument dedicated to Gramsci, but less so to give reasons "why in New York", simply because there is no reason, and this is the point! But there is a logic - it is my logic - it is an artistic logic. It is my logic not to 'choose' specific cities, specific contexts or specific community places for my Monuments. Because what I am looking for, are universal places. Places where terms such as 'Universality' confront reality, complexity, chaos and contradictions of today. This is the 'Universality' I am interested in - the Universality which fights particularism and obscurantism. Not 'Universality' as a harbor of dreams, but 'Universality' as a beautiful and absolute idea, an idea one has to fight for at all times, an idea to be reconstructed everyday - anew, as the "Gramsci Monument" itself. It might be quite clear already that my decision to do the "Gramsci Monument" dedicated to the Marxist thinker Antonio Gramsci is not a political decision but an artistic one. I am aware of today's confusion and misunderstanding regarding what is 'political'! And the "Gramsci Monument" gives me - once again - the occasion to clarify and insist on what differentiates 'working politically' as an artist - which I want to do - and 'the political' in art, which is only a "trademark" like many others. The meaning of 'working politically' or 'acting politically' is to decide for myself who is my hero. This is the artist's own decision, according to his logic. What is crucial and what makes a big difference, is that no one asked me to do a monument dedicated to the co-founder of the Italian communist party Antonio Gramsci. And no institutional power, no official, no historian, no scientist, no politician suggested I do a monument dedicated to Gramsci in New York City. Antonio Gramsci is my hero - I am not trying to convince anyone of adopting my hero, just as no one has asked me to do something for his hero. The only decisive thing I want, is to do something, myself, for my own hero! I would be happy if the other establishes himself his own hero and hierarchy of heroes - in order to give form to the human capacity of self-decision, of self-authorization, of self determination and of emancipation. The "Gramsci Monument" must be an universal Monument, it must be mentally transplantable anywhere in the world, in other cities, other locations, other public housings or places where people are living. This is the ambition and the affirmation of the "Gramsci Monument". The only valid answer to "Why New York?" is: because it's an universal work of Art. Universality - which is the condition for every Artwork - means Justice, Equality, The Other, The Truth and The One World. The "Gramsci Monument" exists at "Forest Houses", in The Bronx, in New York City, in the USA, in America, in the World, in the one World, the unique World, in our World.

A DAILY LECTURE

BY MARCUS STEINWEG

3rd Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 3rd July 2013

THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN PHILOSOPHY AND ART

Marcus Steinweg

Art is an opening to contingency.¹ To assert a form means to make chaos precise. The mode of being of art, Castoriadis says, lies in "giving form to chaos". Art is a "window on chaos" by trying to give it a form.² To give chaos a form means to give form to the formless without neutralizing the intensity of formlessness. The unveiling of chaos tears off the veil of ephemeral evidence. It leads toward the incommensurable: Art and philosophy actually live from the difficulty in identifying the cosmos in chaos, a certain order in disorder, and also the chaos in the cosmos. At the point of this difficulty, questions concerning the relationship between being and non-being, presence and absence, *stasis* and *kinesis* ignite. The artwork is the arena for this ignition which blocks itself off from its dialectical becalming. The work neither belongs simply to established realities, the *world*, nor does it transfigure itself into a passage to an ideal beyond. In both art and philosophy it is a matter of rejecting the false alternatives of realism and idealism in order to welcome a difficulty and incommensurability which dialectical reconciliation tends to cover up rather than to have it out.

The friendship between art and philosophy is the friendship of this affirmative refusal which comprises the courage to affirm chaos, resisting the pusillanimities of a blunt refusal of chaos or an adoration of it, its monumentalization into a sublime authority. The subject of art and of philosophy touches itself by relating itself to chaos as the emptiness of its essential determination, to the dimension of a conflict that cannot be mediated. Heidegger calls this conflict the "strife between clearing and concealment", the "twofoldness of world and earth"³, *alétheia* and *léthe*, disclosedness and concealment. In the essay on the work of art and in his lectures on Parmenides in the winter semester of 1942/43, we can witness this vacillation on Heidegger's part in view of an *ur-léthe* which, prior to the origin, corrupts the simple opposition between dis-closedness and concealment.⁴ The opposition between *alétheia* (disclosedness) and *léthe* (concealment) cannot be decided in favour of a simple disclosedness or openness. Rather, truth (*alétheia*) comprises the impossibility of such a decision, the impossibility of neutralizing *léthe* in *alétheia*, chaos in the cosmos. "Concealment hence permeates the primordial essence of truth."⁵ There is no knowledge that does not remain left behind in this concealment, in this not-knowing and this closure.

Knowing includes that it does not know. Of this kind is the knowledge of philosophy and the knowledge of art. Art and philosophy know that knowledge is *not everything*. They know about the fragility of any knowledge. Therefore, for them, it cannot be a matter of avoiding knowledge and what can be known, as propagated by a popular anti-intellectualism, but rather, it is always a matter of extending the dimension of what can be known and of keeping it differentiated, complex. The analytical power (understanding in the Hegelian sense of the word⁶), reflection on determinants and conditions, insight into the complexity of state of affairs, sensibility for the historical, cultural, social and economic codification of knowledge are the precondition for artistic and philosophical production, but they do not constitute any work. The work comprises the transgressing and transcending of its conditions, the corruption of its own will, the unexaminability of its origin, the illegitimacy of its appearance.

¹ Opening to contingency, i.e. "Delight in blindness", the love of "ignorance of the future", as Nietzsche says. Cf. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, Cambridge 2001, § 287, p. 162

² Cornelius Castoriadis, *Fenêtre sur le chaos*, Paris: Seuil 2007, pp. 133-167.

³ Martin Heidegger, "Origin of the Work of Art" (1935/36), in *ibid*, *Off the Beaten Track*, Cambridge 2001, cited p. 31. Castoriadis concedes that Heidegger's essay "is not very far removed" (*op. cit.*, p. 157), from what he is saying, in order then immediately to insist that this essay is lacking the "idea of chaos". It is correct that the *concept* of chaos does not crop up in the essay, but the *idea* of chaos does. Heidegger's name for chaos or the incommensurable is the "Ur-strife", the "opposition" and the "twofoldness" between the clearing and hiddenness. Heidegger explicitly links "chaos" with "*alétheia* as the self-opening abyss" in *Nietzsche Vol. 2, The Eternal Recurrence of the Same*, San Francisco 1991, p. 91.

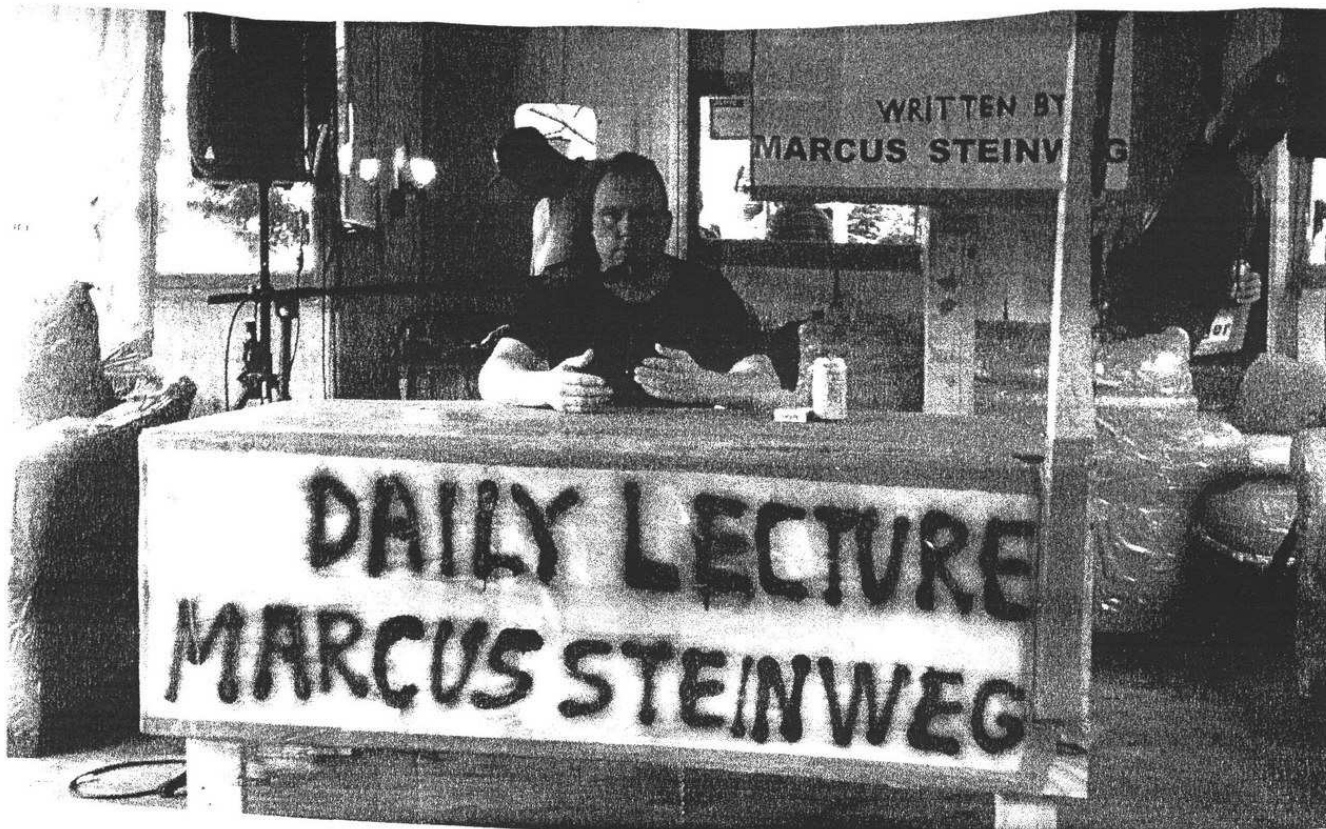
⁴ Derrida calls this *ur-léthe archétrace* (*urtrace*). *archéviolence* (*urviolence*). in brief: *différance*.

⁵ Martin Heidegger, *Parmenides*, Bloomington 1998, p. 26.

⁶ The determination made by understanding, i.e. understanding as such, says Hegel, is "immediately limited by something indeterminate" that tears it apart. Cf. G.W.F. Hegel, "Mancherlei Formen, die bei dem jetzigen Philosophieren vorkommen", in Hegel, *Jenaer Schriften*, Werke 2, Frankfurt/M 1986, cited p. 27.

GRAMSCI THEATER

MARCUS STEINWEG



Marcus Steinweg

Gramsci Theater

The *Gramsci Theater* is a commissioned work for Thomas Hirschhorn's *Gramsci Monument* (The Bronx, NYC 2013). It attends to Antonio Gramsci by paying no attention to him. Gramsci is the excuse. It was important to me not to place him center stage as a solitary figure and so I decided to include a second focal point, to make an ellipse. This other focal point is Heiner Müller. The ellipse marks the tension and conflict between two focal points, which mutually threaten and define one another. Rivalry cannot be avoided. It testifies to closeness and otherness. They were joined by other figures: Alexander Kluge, Theodor W. Adorno, Bertolt Brecht, Gilles Deleuze, Friedrich Nietzsche, Jean-Luc Nancy, Martin Heidegger, Jacques Derrida, Marguerite Duras, Alain Badiou, and two additional characters: the First Marxist and the Second Marxist. Sometimes I included original quotations by the protagonists in the text. Other times I have them say things they didn't say and never would have. There are 'materials' inserted between the scenes. These materials are short texts, copies of which one or several actors hand out to the public between the scenes. Their function is to establish fitful contact between actors and audience. The texts are meant to produce unrest. They can be read during the performance or at home. They create an asynchronicity at the time of the performance and continue the performance—at least optionally—at a later time. I wrote *Gramsci Theater* in just under 4 weeks. When Thomas asked me if I wanted to write it I instantly agreed. The idea of doing something I don't know how to do appealed to me.

Marcus Steinweg, Berlin, 30 March 2013.

CONTENTS

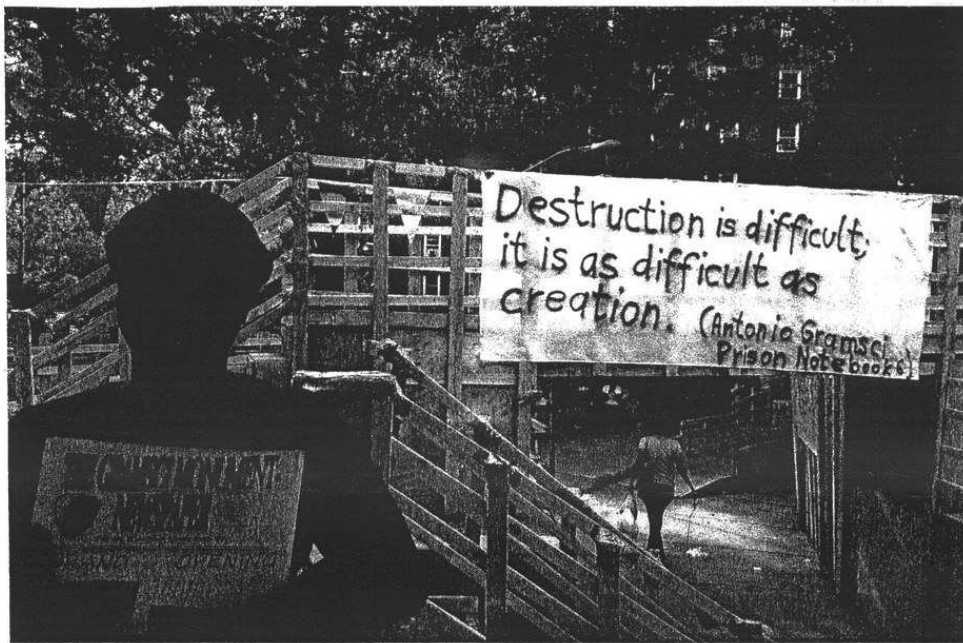
REFLEXION: THEATER
 SCENE 1: FINANCIAL METAPHYSICS
 MATERIAL 1: REALITY
 SCENE 2: THE POETRY OF CAPITAL
 MATERIAL 2: TRUTH
 SCENE 3: SPECTERS
 MATERIAL 3: THE DEATH OF GOD
 SCENE 4: DEATH
 MATERIAL 4: VIRTUAL ECONOMY
 SCENE 5: THE DESERT GROWS
 MATERIAL 5: WORLD THEATER
 SCENE 6: WITHOUT A FIXED POINT
 MATERIAL 6: SUBJECT
 SCENE 7: ONTOLOGICAL POVERTY
 MATERIAL 7: FRACTURE
 SCENE 8: CHAOS PRODUCTION
 MATERIAL 8: ART
 SCENE 9: RELIGION AS GOD ERSATZ
 MATERIAL 9: SPECTRAL PRESENCE
 SCENE 10: THE WORLD – A HOLEY CLOTH
 MATERIAL 10: CREATIO EX NIHILO
 SCENE 11: STARDUST
 MATERIAL 11: ORIGINARY SELF-TRANSCENDENCE
 SCENE 12: VIEW FROM OUTER SPACE
 MATERIAL 12: CHAOS
 SCENE 13: REALISM VERSUS IDEALISM
 MATERIAL 13: OPPOSITION TO FACT
 SCENE 14: LOVE

Characters:

Anyone
 Antonio Gramsci
 Heiner Müller
 Alexander Kluge
 Theodor W. Adorno
 Bertolt Brecht
 Gilles Deleuze
 Marguerite Duras
 Friedrich Nietzsche
 Jean-Luc Nancy
 Martin Heidegger
 Jacques Derrida
 Alain Badiou
 First Marxist
 Second Marxist

RESIDENT OF THE DAY !!!!!!!

TAJI MIDDLETON



Taji Middleton a resident of Mc Kinley living in Mc Kinley for 1 year states that she loves the idea that they built the monument right here in forest houses and that it educates the youth on art work and different forms of art. She feels the monument brings a positive energy to forest because just a couple months ago the crime rate was high in forest houses, now people from different countries is attend the monument right here in the south Bronx forest houses. She acknowledges any and everybody that takes advantage of the monument and the education and also she acknowledges the DIA foundation for funding this monument. Taji is an college intern for Clyde Thompson one of the few gentleman who help bring this monument into effect.

WHAT'S GOING ON ??

FEED BACK

la Repubblica  Esteri (/esteri)

Commenti 11

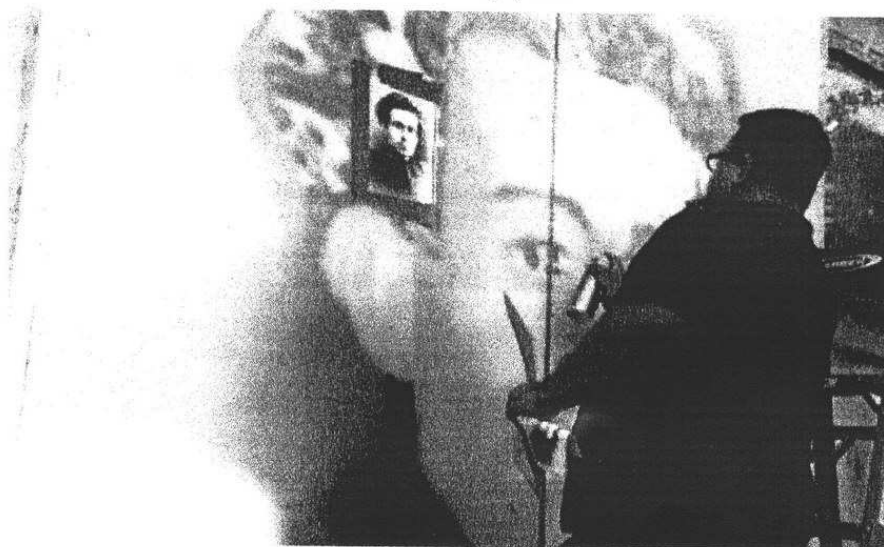
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Tweet 147

Consiglia 4,1mla

Indoona

Gramsci park, monumento nel Bronx: "Il comunista meglio dei rapper"



Un artista svizzero ha avuto l'idea e la gente del quartiere newyorkese l'ha trasformata in una festa di strada: da oggi per tutta l'estate l'happening culturale tra murales con il volto, la storia e le frasi dell'intellettuale italiano
dal nostro inviato MASSIMO VINCENZI

NEW YORK - Arrampicato su una scala, c'è un ragazzo che disegna un murales: la faccia è quella di Antonio Gramsci. "Antonio? Sarà spagnolo?", chiede a quello che gli sta vicino. L'amico gli risponde tutto d'un fiato, come uno che ha appena studiato: "No, è italiano. Un filosofo morto in prigione". Bisogna procedere senza troppa logica per raccontare questa storia che sembra una leggenda metropolitana: un artista che viene dall'Europa costruisce un monumento nel cuore del Bronx dedicato ad uno dei padri del movimento operaio e fondatore del partito comunista, così lo presenta la Cbs. Ma è la verità.

Il monumento è qui, in questo cortile di erba e cemento al centro di un gruppo di grattacieli dai mattoni rossi. Il posto si chiama Forest Houses, negli anni Novanta ci arrivava solo la polizia con le pistole spianate a contrastare una delle tante lotte tra spacciatori di crack. Adesso va meglio, anche se la violenza c'è ancora e Manhattan è lontana come un altro pianeta. Proprio per questo, la strana creazione sta qui, "lontana dal centro e dalle altre gallerie".

A vederla, sembra qualcosa che sta a metà tra una casa sugli alberi, i castelli per bambini nei parchi e una cabina da spiaggia. Oppure sembra una nave, come suggerisce Tim Rollins, pittore che insegna in un college vicino. È qui per vedere il lavoro del collega e perché ama Gramsci. Guarda i muri chiari, piegando un po' la testa per abbracciare tutta la visuale: "La prua verso l'orizzonte, per navigare e portare il messaggio a quanta più gente è possibile". Costruita in legno compensato, plexiglass e tanto nastro adesivo, sta per essere completata in questa domenica umida di pioggia. Una decina di persone dà gli ultimi ritocchi: oggi ci sarà l'inaugurazione, ma non è la parola giusta, meglio dire: oggi aprirà. Perché per quasi due mesi e mezzo sarà il centro pulsante del quartiere, un po' happening culturale, un po' festa di paese: ci saranno reading, lezioni di filosofi, corsi per bambini di tutte le età. Baby sitter e insegnanti a cui affidare i piccoli. E poi ancora concerti di musica classica e rock, spettacoli teatrali. Seminari sull'arte e sulla cucina. Una radio e un giornale che verranno animati da chi abita le case qui attorno. E un bar dove ogni sera verrà servito l'happy hour dalle sei alle sette.

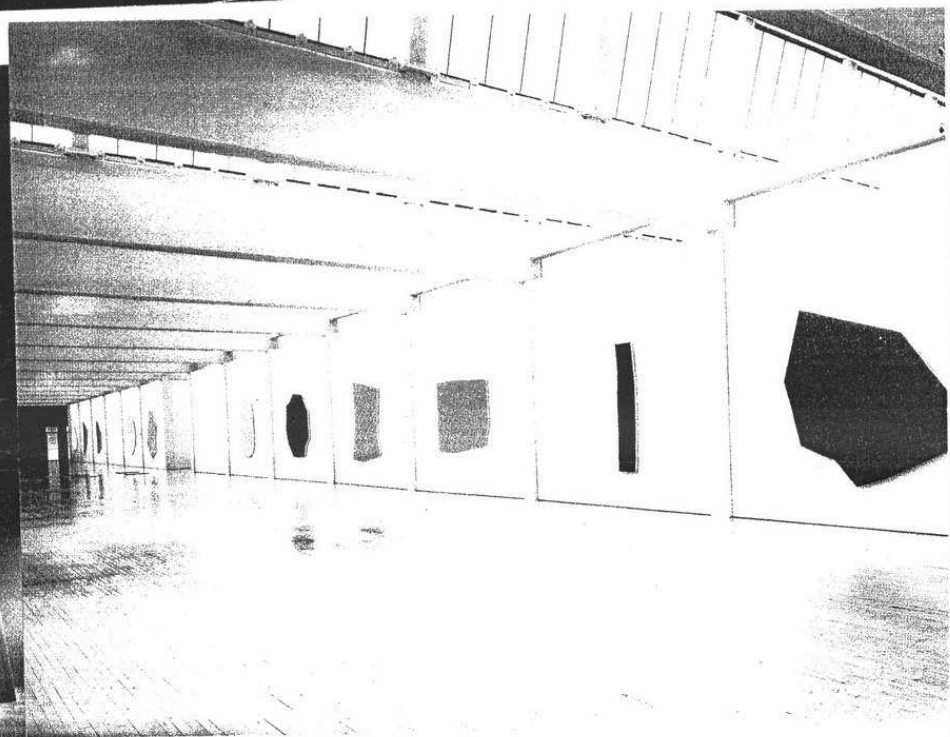
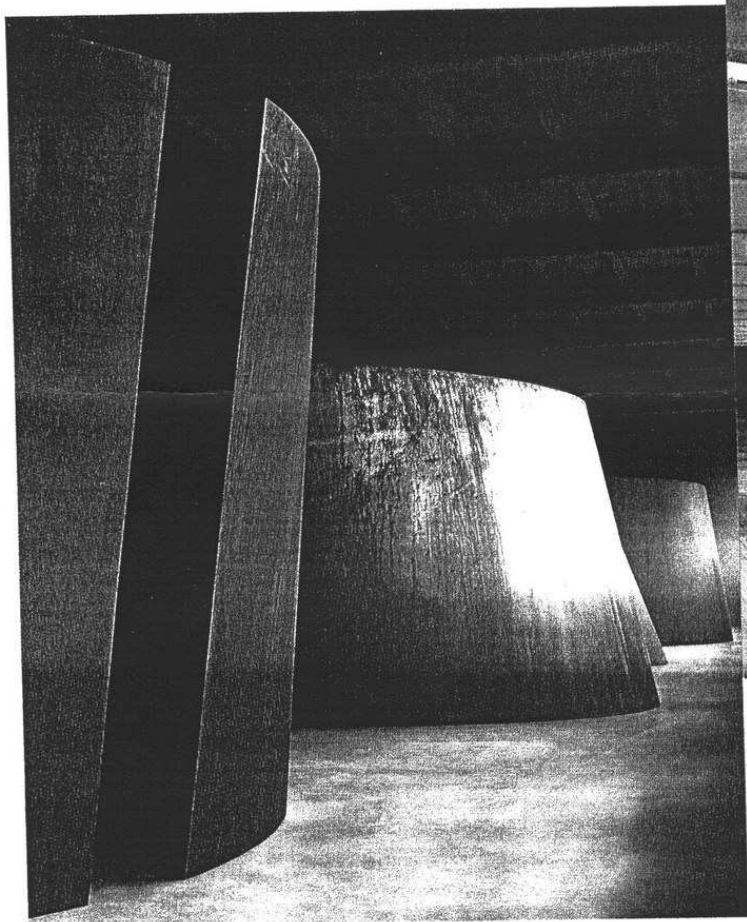
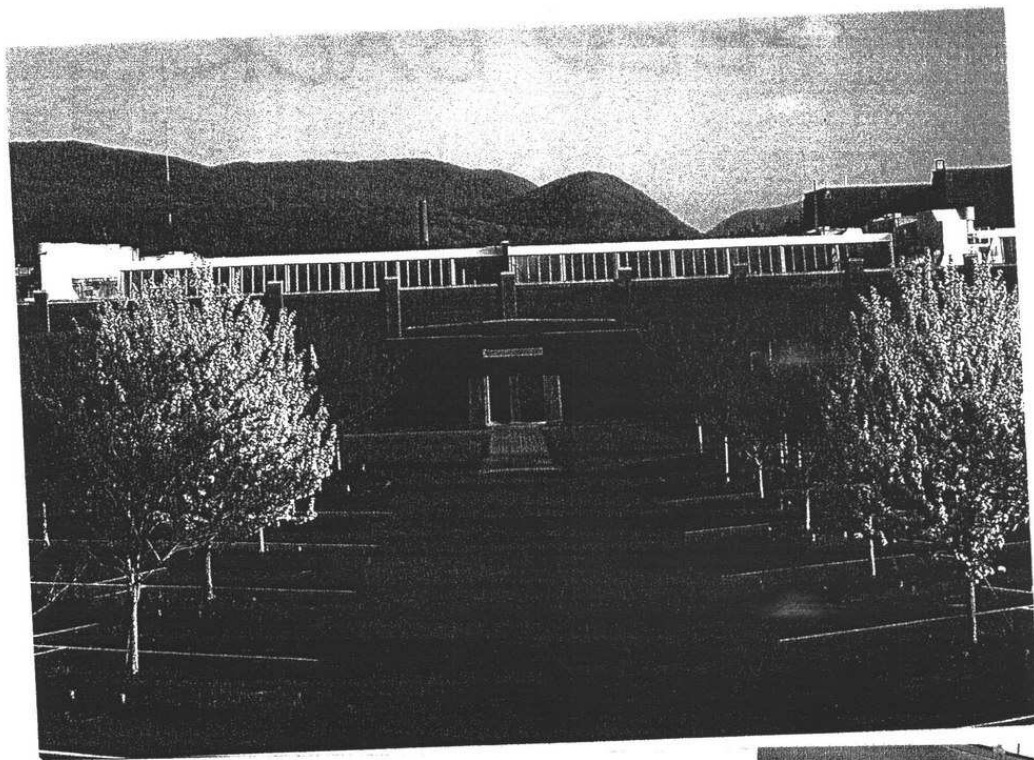
Thomas Hirschhorn è l'artista, di solito veste di nero e ha gli occhiali spessi. Ha 56 anni, è svizzero e nel suo ambiente è piuttosto famoso: se lo contendono le migliori gallerie. Ma lui pensa che i confini vadano allargati, che i musei vadano portati per le strade. Questo progetto è il quarto nel suo genere, il primo in America: gli altri sono ad Amsterdam dedicato a Spinoza, poi Gilles Deleuze ad Avignone e George Bataille a Kassel, in Germania. Due anni fa, sceglie New York, inizia a girare per i quartieri periferici cercando persone con cui condividere il suo progetto: "All'inizio mi vedono e pensano che io sia un prete o un ricco eccentrico, poi capiscono che faccio sul serio e da lì in poi è tutto facile".

A capirlo per primo è Eric Farmer che guida l'associazione residenti di Forest Houses. Immobilizzato dopo un incidente d'auto al college, gira per il cortile su una sedia a rotelle a motore. Lui Gramsci non lo conosceva, sì certo sapeva chi era ma non l'aveva mai letto. Si è fatto dare i libri da Thomas e dopo pochi giorni gli dice: "Mi sembra un'ottima idea. Lo spirito è quello giusto, costruiamo noi la tua cosa". Vengono assunti 15 residenti a 12 dollari all'ora per due mesi (la paga media in città è 7,5) e "il condominio di Gramsci" inizia a crescere. Alle pareti ci sono le sue massime, le citazioni delle lettere, il suo pensiero: "Tutti gli uomini sono intellettuali". Appeso alla finestra di un grattacielo c'è un grande lenzuolo bianco con scritto: "Sono un pessimista a causa dell'intelligenza, ma un ottimista per diritto". A settembre l'opera non verrà imballata ma regalata alla gente di qui, che si contenderà i vari pezzi in una lotteria: sarà la festa di fine estate.

Myma Alvarez tiene il figlio in braccio. Guarda gli uomini al lavoro con un sorriso e chiede loro se hanno bisogno di qualcosa: "È una bellissima idea, fantastica. Qui non c'era niente e adesso avremmo questa casa tutta nostra dove passare il tempo insieme". In un'intervista al New York Times Thomas spiega: "Io non voglio cambiare le loro vite, le mie ragioni sono artistiche. Gramsci credeva nel valore della cultura e dell'insegnamento per liberare gli oppressi. Ecco, se riesco a far riflettere sulla potenza dell'arte e della letteratura, io sono felice. Ho ottenuto quel che volevo".

Myma passa davanti al murales. Il ragazzo l'ha quasi finito, si fuma una sigaretta appoggiato al muretto. I due si conoscono da sempre. Lei lo prende in giro: "Ma sai chi è? È un rapper?". Lui serio: "No, è Antonio: un poeta italiano che è morto dentro una cella". Dice poeta e la nave può togliere l'ancora.

EVENTS !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



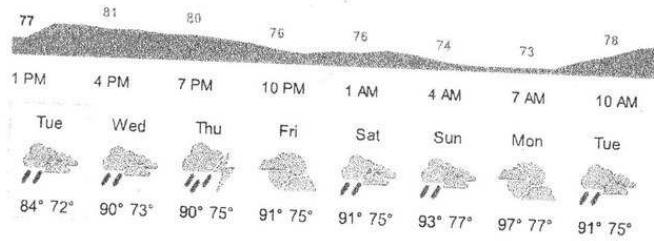
COME AND ENJOY THE FEILD TRIP
TO THE DIA BEACON OF ART!!
THURSDAY JULY 4, 2013 BE
AMAZED WHAT YOUR EYES MAY SEE









DAILY WEATHER FORECAST FOR THE 10456!!!!!!

 **77** °F | °C

Precipitation: 60%
Humidity: 83%
Wind: 9 mph

Temperature	Precipitation	Wind
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Day	Time	Weather	High/Low (°F)
Tue	1 PM		84° 72°
Wed	4 PM		90° 73°
Thu	7 PM		90° 75°
Fri	10 PM		91° 75°
Sat	1 AM		91° 75°
Sun	4 AM		93° 77°
Mon	7 AM		97° 77°
Tue	10 AM		91° 75°

AN ACTUAL LETTER WRITTEN BY ANTONIO GRAMSCI

Riproduzione in facsimile
della lettera
del 10 Maggio 1928
scritta da Antonio Gramsci
alla madre
dal carcere di S. Vittore
a Milano.

22 gennaio 1891 / 27 Aprile 1937

Casa Museo
Antonio Gramsci
Ghilarza



9
74
10 maggio 1928

Carissima mamma,
sto per partire per Roma. Ma
mai è certo. Questa lettera mi è stata
data appunto per ammonirmi il
trastullo. Perciò scrivimi a Roma d'ora
innanzi e finché io non ti abbia avve-
tita di un altro trastullo.
Perciò ho ricevuto un'assicurata di
Carlo del 5 maggio. Mi scrive che mi
manderà la tua fotografia: sarò molto
contento. A quest'ora ti deve essere giunta
la fotografia di Felio che ti ho spedito
una decina di giorni fa, successivamente.
Carissima mamma: non ti viene spe-
rare ciò che ti ho scritto per rassicu-
rarti sulla mie condizioni fisiche e

morali. Noni, per essere proprio tranquillo
che tu non ti spaventassi o ti turbassi troppo
qualunque condanna verrà per darmi.
Che tu comprendessi bene, anche sul punto
mentale, che io sono un detenuto politico
e non un condannato politico, che un
ho e non devo mai dar luogo a questa
questo d'incognita. Che, in fondo, la delinquenza
e la condanna la ho volute io stesso,
in un certo modo, perché non ho mai
voluto mutare le mie opinioni, per le
quali sarei disposto a dare la vita e an-
che a stare in prigione. Che perciò io non
posso che essere tranquillo e contento di
me stesso. Carissima mamma, sarei proprio
abbracciarti stretta stretta, perché sentirei
quanto ti voglio bene e come vorrei
consolarti di questo dispiacere che ti ho
dato: ma non posso fare diversamente.

Da ora è così, molto meno, e i
figli qualche volta che sono
dare dei grandi dolori alla Rosa
mamma, se vogliono consumare il loro
onore e la loro dignità che uomini.
Ti abbraccio strettamente
Alli
Ti scriverei subito che Roma. Ma a Carlo
che stia allegro e che lo migliori
in prigione. Baci a tutti.

THIS IS A REPRODUCTION OF A LETTER
WRITTEN BY ANTONIO GRAMSCI ON MAY
10, 1928 TO HIS MOTHER GIUSEPPINA
("PEPPINA) MARCIAS GRAMSCI