

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT- NEWSPAPER

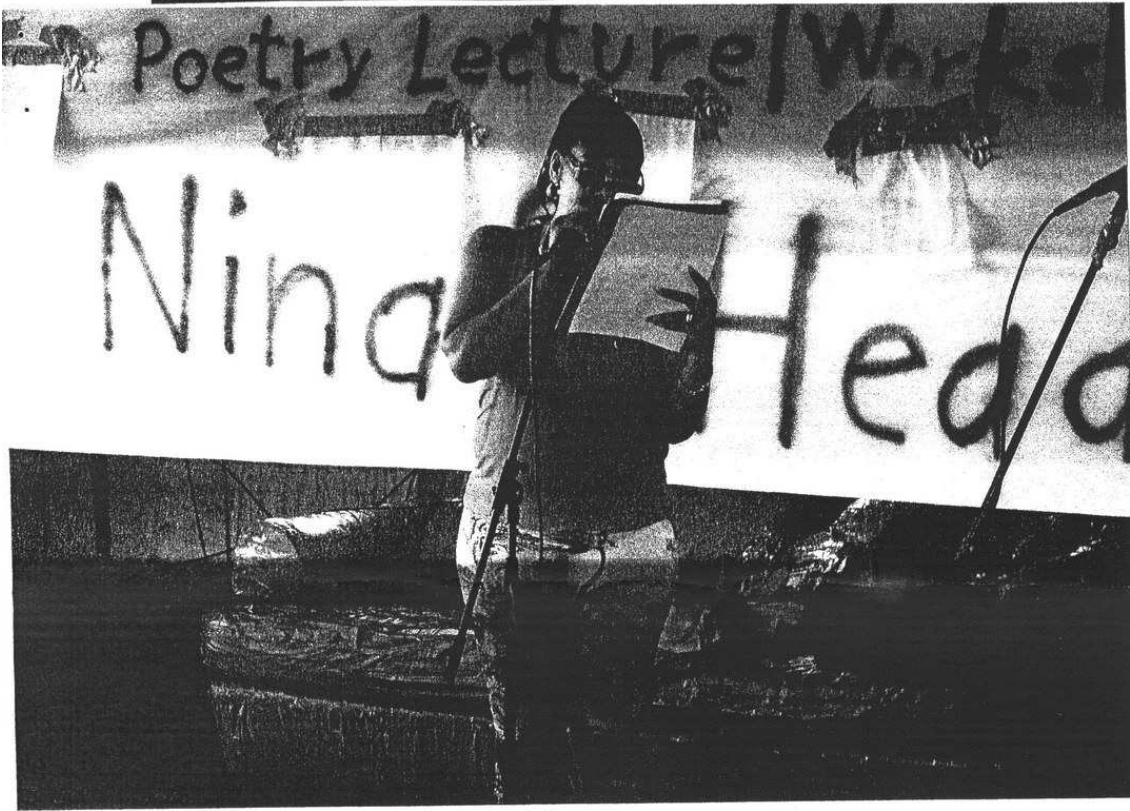


"A periodical, like a newspaper, a book, or any other medium of didactic expression that is aimed at a certain level of the reading or listening public, cannot satisfy everyone equally; not everyone will find it useful to the same degree. The important thing is that it serve as a stimulus for everyone;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



July 5th, 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



FRESH START

FANTASTIC PERFORMANCE BY NINA
S. HEADEN THAT TOOK THE
GRAMSCI MONUMENT ON A
EMOTIONAL ROLLCOASTER

Fresh Start

It was yesterday as though it seemed I had my life together, and I was planning my dreams. I wanted to be strong, as strong as I could be, but sometimes living in this world it's not that easy....

"I know what I've gotta do"

"I've gotta make a Fresh Start"

"This pain I feel inside is tearing me apart."

I've cried so many tears I tried to forget some things I did some things I said some things I regret....
I'm so confused and I'm so scared

"But I'm not a quitter
I'm a winner and this
will be cause I know
what I've gotta do...."

I've gotta make a
Fresh Start This pain I
feel inside is tearing me
apart.

When we first met you made
me feel inspired, suddenly
My heart was whole and I
was mesmerized. Then we made
Sweet love so passionately I was
so happy, I thought it was all
about me. Then you just turned
your back like you didn't care for
me. As if nothing happened.
Oh yes that's how it seemed.
Now I'm just sitting here
facing my time so many emotions
are torturing my mind.

~~And~~ I have no fear for
My Lord is here to strengthen
me where I'm weak and
Wipe away my tears.

~~I~~ I know what I've gotta
do I've gotta make a Fresh Start
But the pain I felt in
my heart will always
leave mark. But still
I Start.. Fresh Start

How Do You Live Your Dash?

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone
From the beginning...to the end.
He noted that first came the date of her birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years.

For the dash represents all the time
That she spent alive on earth...
And now only those who loved her
Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not how much we own:
The cars...the house...the cash,
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard...
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left,
That can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
To consider what's true and real,
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger
And show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives
Like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect,
And more often wear a smile,
Remembering that this special dash
Might only last awhile.

So, when your eulogy's being read
with your life's actions to rehash,
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent your dash?

~ Author unknown

THE YOUTH WRITE POEMS TOO!!

POEMS WRITTEN BY DESTINY MENDEZ
& KATELYNN FIGUEROA

who stays wet on a
sunny day

how he holds the water back,
how the water never goes past where it's
supposed to,
how he made the water stay
where it was put,
how wind or sky affect it

sky & ocean are lovers
who kiss in a faraway
horizon how we were
caught in that embrace
in that kiss when
heaven meets our lips

I ~~can~~ count my blessings
but I lose track
like sand I lose - beaches
between every blue
that ever held
this water

by: katelynn
Figueroa

When the sun goes down

When the sun goes down
Nothing stays loud
If you just listen
You could hear sounds
like crickets chirping
or owls oowing.

(written By:



Mandela

His 8 Lessons of Leadership



"For to be free is not merely to cast off one's chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others."

No. 7

Nothing is black or white

WHEN WE BEGAN OUR SERIES OF INTERVIEWS, I would often ask Mandela questions like this one: When you decided to suspend the armed struggle, was it because you realized you did not have the strength to overthrow the government or because you knew you could win over international opinion by choosing nonviolence? He would then give me a

curious glance and say, "Why not both?" I did start asking smarter questions, but the message was clear: Life is never either/or. Decisions are complex, and there are always competing factors. To look for simple explanations is the bias of the human brain, but it doesn't correspond to reality. Nothing is ever as straightforward as it appears.

Mandela is comfortable with contradiction. As a politician, he was a pragmatist who saw the world as infinitely nuanced. Much of this, I believe, came from living as a black man under an apartheid system that offered a daily regimen of excruciating and debilitating moral choices: Do I defer to the white boss to get the job I want and avoid a punishment? Do I carry my pass?

As a statesman, Mandela was uncommonly loyal to Muammar Gaddafi and Fidel Castro. They had helped the ANC when the U.S. still branded Mandela as a terrorist. When I asked him about Gaddafi and Castro, he suggested that Americans tend to see things in black and white, and he would upbraid me for my lack of nuance. Every problem has many causes. While he was indisputably and clearly against apartheid, the causes of apartheid were complex. They were historical, sociological and psychological. Mandela's calculus

was always, What is the end that I seek, and what is the most practical way to get there?

No. 8

Quitting is leading too

IN 1993, MANDELA ASKED ME IF I KNEW of any countries where the minimum voting age was under 18. I did some research and presented him with a rather undistinguished list: Indonesia, Cuba, Nicaragua, North Korea and Iran. He nodded and uttered his highest praise: "Very good, very good." Two weeks later, Mandela went on South African television and proposed that the voting age be lowered to 14. "He tried to sell us the idea," recalls Ramaphosa, "but he was the only [supporter]. And he had to face the reality that it would not win the day. He accepted it with great humility. He doesn't sulk. That was also a lesson in leadership."

Knowing how to abandon a failed idea, task or relationship is often the most difficult kind of decision a leader has to make. In many ways, Mandela's greatest legacy as President of South Africa is the way he chose to leave it. When he was elected in 1994, Mandela probably could have pressed to be President for life—and there were many who felt that in return for his years in prison, that was the least South Africa could do.

In the history of Africa, there have been only a handful of democratically elected leaders who willingly stood down from office. Mandela was determined to set a precedent for all who followed him—not only in South Africa but across the rest of the continent. He would be the anti-Mugabe, the man who gave birth to his country and refused to hold it hostage. "His job was to set the course," says Ramaphosa, "not to steer the ship." He knows that leaders lead as much by what they choose not to do as what they do.

Ultimately, the key to understanding Mandela is those 27 years in prison. The man who walked onto Robben Island in 1964 was emotional, headstrong, easily stung. The man who emerged was balanced and disciplined. He is not and never has been introspective. I often asked him how the man who emerged from prison differed from the willful young man who had entered it. He hated this question. Finally, in exasperation one day, he said, "I came out mature." There is nothing so rare—or so valuable—as a mature man. Happy birthday, Madiba. ■

The key to Mandela is those prison years. He went in emotional and headstrong and emerged balanced and disciplined

A DAILY LECTURE BY MARCUS STEINWEG



Introduction

However, the work - the work of art, the literary work - is neither finished nor unfinished: it is. What it says is exclusively this: that it is -- and nothing more. Beyond that it is nothing. Whoever wants to make it express more finds nothing, finds that it expresses nothing. He whose life depends upon the work, either because he is a writer or because he is a reader, belongs to the solitude of that which expresses nothing except the word being: the word which language shelters by hiding it, or causes to appear when language itself disappears into the silent void of the work. - from *The Space of Literature*

Maurice Blanchot (1907-2003), novelist and literary critic, was one of the first intellectuals in France to be interested in questions of language and meaning, and he was an important influence on French postmodernist thought. For Blanchot, "literature begins at the moment when literature becomes a question" (*Literature and the Right to Death*).

5th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 5th July 2013

PHILOSOPHY OF THE SUBJECT

Marcus Steinweg

In a letter to Roger Laporte dated September 24, 1966, Blanchot describes his *scène primitive* as the experience of a depopulated sky, confronting an infinity, which he outlines as an empty infinity:

"I was a child, seven or eight years old, I was in an isolated house, near the closed window, I looked outside—and at once, nothing could be more sudden, it was as though the sky opened, opened infinitely toward the infinite, inviting me with this overwhelming moment of opening to acknowledge the infinite, but the infinitely empty infinite. The consequence was estranging. The sudden and absolute emptiness of the sky, not visible, not dark—emptiness of God: that was explicit, and therein it far exceeded the mere reference to the divine—surprised the child with such delight, and such joy, that for a moment he was full of tears, and—I add, anxious for the truth—I believe they were his last tears."¹

Emptiness of the sky. Emptiness of the absolute. Infinite emptiness that marks the here and now of the one world, its truth unfounded in any other truth. World without superiority. Nothing but this nothing-but-truth, but this lack of meaning. Truth is one name of this withdrawal of meaning. Not even non-meaning can escape the economy of an abundance whose negative complement it remains. The emptiness, however, refers to the inconsistency of the logic of both meaning and non-meaning. It indicates a threshold which no non-meaning is able to absorb. Blanchot has given it the name of the *outside* ("dehors"), of which Deleuze says that it is "farther away than any form exteriority".² Absolute outside: perfect emptiness that gouges and delimits any interior and any exterior:

"The sky [...] suddenly open, absolutely black and absolutely empty, revealing [...] such an absence that all has since always and forevermore been lost therein—so

lost that therein is affirmed and dissolved the vertiginous knowledge that nothing is what there is, and first of all nothing beyond."³

Blanchot describes the experience of emptiness as a "feeling of happiness" that assails the subject as a "ravaging joy".⁴ Joy of an opening that opens toward its closure, so infinite is this emptiness that contains not the least positivity. An emptiness that closes the space of the beyond. The event of this closure coincides with, as Foucault puts it, "an absolute opening through which language endlessly spreads forth, while the subject—the 'I' who speaks— fragments, disperses, scatters, disappearing in that naked space."⁵

Now we know that Blanchot, rather than making the subject disappear, thinks it as the scene of infinite self-deconstruction, so that its new way of existence [referring to Nietzsche and Foucault] is that of "disappearing."⁶

By undelimiting it toward the outside, he renders it the subject of the outside, in the sense of this double genitive (*genitivus objectivus* and *subjectivus*), which calls upon us to think the subject as a sub-ob-ject. A genitive which rejects both phantasmata: the construction of a subject full of autonomy and self-transparency, as well as its reduction to its status as an object, to its history, culture and social reality. This is why the joy in the face of emptiness is the joy of a subject, to which a "level" of "itself" is revealed.⁷ We are dealing with an empty subject of emptiness, an originally evacuated *cogito*. A subject devoid of a divine substrate, of transcendental meaning, a subject without subjectivity - because it is the movement of this incessant experience that happens beyond the present self-mediation and auto-appropriation. Empty subject - because it experiences the emptiness as absent foundation, as the desert of an incommensurable freedom, so incommensurable that it cannot be experienced as such. The absence of meaning, the non-existence of God, this emptiness shall not become the celebration of one's own abandonment, because they mark a freedom which exceeds the difference of freedom and necessity.

3 Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, trans. Ann Smock, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986, 72.

4 Ibid.

5 Michel Foucault, *Maurice Blanchot: The Thought from Outside*, trans. Brian Massumi, in *Foucault/Blanchot*, New York: Zone Books 1987, 11.

6 Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, trans. Susan Hanson, Minneapolis and London: University of Minnesota Press, 1993, pp. 151.

7 Maurice Blanchot in an unpublished letter to Roger Laporte, September 24, 1966, p. 20.

WHAT'S GOING ON ??

FEED BACK

Thomas Hirschhorn's 'Gramsci Monument' Opens at Forest Houses in the Bronx

Tenants Association President Erik Farmer: 'We have a lot more work to do, a long time to go, but we're going in the right direction.'

By Andrew Russeth 7/02 5:15pm

"What can I say about this here?" DJ Baby Dee, a tall man in a long white T-shirt and jeans, asked the crowd that had gathered atop Thomas Hirschhorn's *Gramsci Monument* in the South Bronx yesterday. He looked around at the sprawling structure, which was built in a courtyard of the Forest Houses housing projects by 15 residents in about a month and a half, using classic Hirschhorn materials: plywood, blue tarps, lots and lots of tape. "This is a beautiful thing," he said. "The museum, the arts for the children, the library, the Internet room, the radio station."

- Baby Dee and a few other DJs had spent the afternoon providing the musical accompaniment—Crystal Waters, Blackstreet, Rihanna, Madonna—for the opening day's festivities, which included the performance of a play written by philosopher Marcus Steinweg, those art classes and a lecture by Mr. Steinweg, the first in a daily series will cover a wide range of topics over the next 77 days, through the end of the *Monument's* run, on Sept. 15, earning him, one hopes, some sort of philosophy endurance record. (Day 1: "What is philosophy?" Day 2: "What is art?" Day 32: "What is sex?") Now it was 6 p.m., time for the speeches.

"Thank you, DJ Baby Dee!" the artist said in his inimitable Swiss accent.

"Say it again!"

"DJ Baby Dee!"

Mr. Hirschhorn, clearly energized, talked about the visits he made to various public housing projects throughout New York, and what happened when he first visited Forest



Gramsci's prison brush.



Baby Dee, at center, and Hirschhorn.

Houses more than a year ago and spoke with community leaders Diane Herbert and Clyde Thompson. "They asked me, 'What is the benefit for our community?' And I told them, 'I don't know. I'm working for art, not for this community. And then, what was interesting, Clyde said, 'Oh, this is interesting. You don't want to work for community, you want to work for art.' And then the dialogue started. The dialogue that me as an artist comes to a community, wanting to do a work of art with a

- community, but not for a community. That's a difference, and Clyde immediately understood."

Eventually, he said, he was introduced to Mr. Farmer, who asked him to stage the *Gramsci Monument* at Forest. "I was very happy at this moment," Mr. Hirschhorn said. "This is why the *Gramsci Monument* is here, right here. It's not because the urban situation, not the architecture or another statistic. It's because Erik Farmer invited me to do it here with him, and he told me, 'I will help you.' This is how this works."

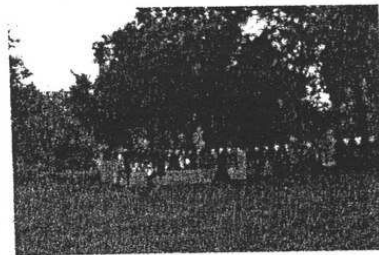
Mr. Hirschhorn's a veteran of such projects at this point. *Gramsci* is his fourth monument-installation devoted to a philosopher, and he says it will be his last. Spinoza was the subject in Amsterdam in 1999, Deleuze in Avignon, France, in 2000, and Bataille in Kassel, Germany, in 2002, for Documenta 11. Having missed those, I never thought that I'd get to visit one, much less in New York, but here it is, a 25-minute ride away from *The Observer's* offices in Midtown Manhattan via the 5 train.



The library.

It is easily the most energetic public artwork the city has seen in years. It remains to be seen if New Yorkers—art types and otherwise, from the neighborhood and from further afield—will visit the *Monument* and spend time there, if they will make use of it. On the first day, at least, kids were using every computer in the lab, and everyone was wandering around, chatting, asking questions.

You run the risk of sounding hopelessly naïve, at the very best, when arguing for the social value of any artwork, much less something as complex as the *Gramsci Monument*, but right now I'm excited. Everyone on opening day seemed to be ebullient and optimistic and maybe a little bit out of their element. That's how I felt, at least. It reminded me of the first day of school, and of the time I spent teaching at an elementary school, with people from various neighborhoods and backgrounds coming together in pursuit of common goals, trusting that everyone there was serious, ready to get to work and there for worthwhile reasons. And here we all were. There's a spray-painted banner hanging outside one Forest apartment that quotes Gramsci pretty aptly: "I'm a pessimist because of intelligence, but an optimist because of will."



'The Gramsci Monument.'

"You all helped put Forest Housing back on the map," Baby Dee continued. "All the coverage and everything. It's such a beautiful thing to see how it takes one man—well, it takes two people—to help this project come up." He was referring to Mr. Hirschhorn and Erik Farmer, the president of Forest's tenant association, who had championed the project—which was commissioned by the Dia Art Foundation—after meetings with the artist. The two stood off to the side, not far from the Met's modern

and contemporary art chairman, Sheena Wagstaff, MoMA PS1 curator Peter Eleey, Mr. Hirschhorn's New York dealer, Barbara Gladstone, who sported a red *Gramsci Monument* baseball hat, and a few dozen other curators and critics.

"We thought it was going to be a washout because it rained all morning," said Mr. Farmer, who has the easy charm of a seasoned politician. "Truly appreciate you guys coming out." It had poured early in the day, but by the late afternoon the rain had largely stopped, except for the occasional drizzle. He thanked Dia, the neighborhood, "and my buddy Thomas. I appreciate you, man. Thanks a lot." He grinned. "We bump heads all the time," he told everyone, "but that's my brother. Brother's fight. That's what we do." At this Mr. Hirschhorn, who was standing nearby in a blue collared shirt, its pocket stuffed with papers, and his trademark thick black glasses, cracked a smile.



Steinweg.



Farmer.

"This is spectacular, it really is," Mr. Farmer continued. "The more residents I see come they're actually astounded. They can't believe it would be this way. We did this with the guys right in the neighborhood. Some of them are here to look at their work and be proud of it."

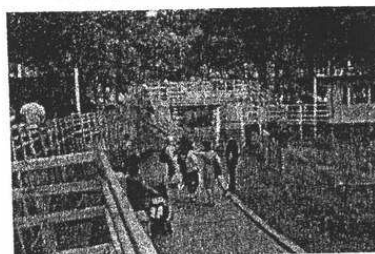
The building itself is absolutely awesome. Along with the facilities that Baby Dee mentioned, it includes a small theater area a newspaper production room that will

produce a photocopied daily, a bridge that crosses over a sidewalk and a restaurant that serves \$5 meal each day, except Friday, when fried fish is on offer for \$6.

The library has more than 500 books from CUNY's Calandra Italian American Institute. According to Dia curator Yasrnil Raymond, who will be on site as the *Monument's* "Ambassador" through its run, the Institute's dean, Anthony Julian Tamburri, declared, "This sounds to me like a Gramscian act," when he first heard about the project. "He got it immediately," she said. "We knew immediately we had the first beam for building the project." In the museum section, there are papers and artifacts on loan from Italy's Casa Museo di Antonio Gramsci and Fondazione Gramsci, including the comb, slippers and wallet used by Gramsci while imprisoned by Mussolini.

"We have a lot more work to do, a long time to go," Mr. Farmer continued, alluding to all of the programming that is planned over the next 11 weeks, "but we're going in the right direction."

And then Baby Dee introduced Mr. Hirschhorn—"a very good man to know in life and everything and in afterlife he's probably a good man to know"—and called for a standing ovation. He got it



'The Gramsci Monument.'

So if you're in New York, this summer, head over to Forest Houses. Spend some time at the *Gramsci Monument*. Return a few times. There is a full, jam-packed season of programming planned.

After all of the lectures, art classes, meals, discussions and other activities are over, on Sept. 15, the piece will be taken apart and given away to Forest residents. "Then the *Monument*, I hope, will switch over to the

phase of being memory, and getting in a way into the hearts of some people here, and also of me," Mr. Hirschhorn said. One day into this stage of the project, a lot of memories are already being created.

But right now, there is a lot of work for everyone involved to do, as Mr. Farmer said, and as Mr. Hirschhorn emphasized.

"Nothing is really done," he said. And this day is an exceptional day because it's the day of the opening. What counts now and what is the challenge and what is the most important thing to me as an artist is every day here to be present, and to produce... Every day we will be here. We will be present and construct and



'The Gramsci Monument.'

GRAMSCI AT THE
AGE OF 15
YEARS OLD



LETTERS FROM GRAMSCI

LETTERS FROM ANTONIO GRAMSCI
WRITTEN TO HIS MOTHER GIUSEPPINA
GRAMSCI AND HIS SISTER - IN - LAW
TANIA SCHUCHT



1928

January 2, 1928

Dearest Mother,

How did you spend this series of holidays? I hope very well; without worries and without having to complain about your health. I spent them very simply, as you can well imagine; but as long as we have our health! . . .

For Christmas I would have liked to send you a telegram with my best wishes, so that it would arrive piping hot for the occasion; but I didn't get permission. Prisoners, it would seem, do not have the right to send their family good wishes that arrive precisely on the day established by the traditional calendar as the family holiday. I really regret this for you, dearest mother, since you would have been less sad on that day if you had received my greetings. Ah well!

At any rate another year has passed, more quickly than I would have imagined, and not completely useless for me. I've learned a lot of things that otherwise I would never have known, I've seen a series of spectacles that otherwise I would never have had the chance to see. In short, I'm not completely displeased with 1927. And for a prisoner this is a great deal, don't you think? It means that I'm an exceptional prisoner and that I hope to remain such throughout the time I will have to spend in this category. I embrace you affectionately, together with everyone at home.

Nino

January 2, 1928

Dearest Tania,

And so the new year has also begun. One ought to make plans for a new life, as is the custom; but despite all my thinking about it I have not yet been able to put together such a program. This has always been a great difficulty in my life, since the early years when I began to reason. In elementary school every year around this time as the theme for an essay we were given the question: "What will you do in life." A difficult question that I solved the first time, at the age of eight, by fixing my choice on the profession of carter. I had decided that a carter united all traits of the useful and pleasant: he cracked his whip and drove his horses, but at the same time he performed a labor that ennobles man and earns him his daily bread. I remained faithful to this orientation the following year also, but for reasons that I would call extrinsic. If I had been honest, I would have said that my keenest aspiration was to become bailiff at the magistrate's office. Why? Because that year there had arrived in my town as the magistrate's bailiff an old gentleman who possessed a most appealing little black dog that was always dressed up: a red bow on his tail, a tiny saddlecloth on his back, an enameled necklace and a horse's trappings on his head. I was definitely unable to separate the little dog's image from that of his owner and the latter's profession. And yet, with much regret I gave up beguiling myself with this prospect that was so seductive to me. I was a formidable logician and had a moral integrity that would have put to shame the greatest heroes of duty. Yes, I considered myself unworthy of becoming a magistrate's bailiff and therefore of possessing such a marvelous little dog: I did not know by heart the eighty-four articles of the Statute of the kingdom!¹ Just that. I had finished my second grade in elementary school (initial revelation of the carter's civic virtues!) and I had thought of taking the exemption exams in November that would have allowed me to skip third grade and go into fourth: I was convinced I could do this, but when I presented myself to the superintendent to submit my duly compiled application, I was faced by the point-blank question: "But do you know the eighty-four articles of the Statute?" I hadn't even given a

thought to these articles: I had confined myself to studying the notions of "a citizen's rights and duties" contained in my textbook. And for me that was a terrible omen, which impressed me even more since on the previous twentieth of September I had participated for the first time in the commemorative procession, carrying a small Venetian lantern, and had shouted together with everyone else: "Long live the lion of Caprera!" "Long live the martyr of Staglieno!" (I don't remember whether we were shouting the "martyr" or the "prophet" of Staglieno, perhaps both of them for the sake of variety!), certain as I was that I would pass the exam and attain all the juridical rights for the electorate, becoming an active and perfect citizen.² But I did not know the eighty-four articles of the Statute. What sort of a citizen was I? And how could I ambitiously aspire to become a magistrate's bailiff and to possess a dog with a bow and a saddlecloth? The magistrate's bailiff is a small wheel of the state (I thought it was a big wheel); he is the repository and custodian of the law even against any possible tyrants that might want to trample it underfoot. And I did not know the eighty-four articles! and so I restricted my horizons and I once again exalted the civic virtues of the carter who at any rate can also have a dog, though without bows and saddlecloth. There you see how programs preestablished in too rigid and schematic a way crash into and shatter against harsh reality, when one has a vigilant sense of one's duty!

Dear Tania, would you say that I've walked this dog too long from tree to tree and without profit? Laugh and forgive me. I embrace you.

Antonio

1. See letter to Tania, April 18, 1927, n. 1.

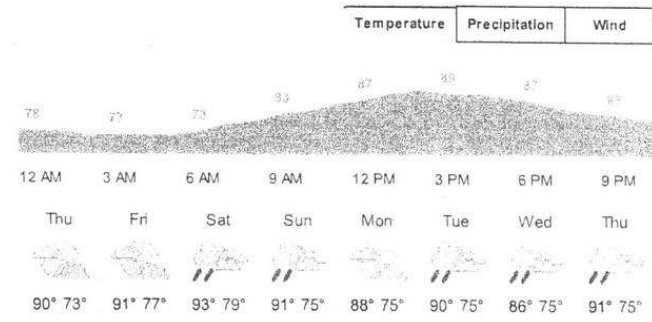
2. Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807-1820) was called "the lion of Caprera" because he was interned by Cavour on the island of Caprera, off the Sardinian coast, after the victorious Sicilian expedition of 1860. "The Martyr of Staglieno" is Giuseppe Mazzini (1805-1872), who was buried in Staglieno cemetery in Genoa.

DAILY WEATHER FORECAST FOR TI 10456!!!

Bronx, NY 10456
Fri
Partly Cloudy

91 °F | °C

Precipitation: 0%
Humidity: 56%
Wind: 15 mph



THOMAS TEXT

(A TEXT FROM THOMAS HIRSCHHORN)

Unshared Authorship

In doing my work in public space and furthermore, in doing works involving residence on location such as the upcoming "Gramsci Monument", I am confronted with the question of 'authorship'.

Unshared Authorship

Consequently I want to propose a new kind of authorship: the Unshared Authorship. This means that me, the artist, am the author of the "Gramsci Monument", I am entirely and completely the author, regarding everything about my work. As author - in Unshared Authorship - I don't share the responsibility of my work nor my own understanding of it, that's why the term: 'Unshared'. But I am not the only author! Because the Other, the one who takes the responsibility of the work also, is - equally - author. The Other can be author, completely and entirely, in his/her understanding of the work and regarding everything about the work. That's why again, the term: 'Unshared'. Unshared Authorship is a statement, it's an assertion, it's offensive and it's a 'hard' term in opposition to the 'soft' term 'collaboration'. 'Unshared' stands for clearness, for a decision, for the 'non-exclusive', for the opening toward 'co-existence'. 'Unshared' means saying yes to complexity, and implies multiplication, not division. Today's issues about claim for 'responsibility' come from those 'shared responsibilities', which push you to the 'I am not responsible for this, I am only responsible for that!' excuses. Unshared Authorship - we could also say "Unshared Responsibility" - allows to take the responsibility for what I am not responsible for. Furthermore Unshared Authorship allows to be author even when I am not the 'author', this is the essential, this is the new.

Equality

I believe in Universality and in the universal power of art to transform each human being. Other words for 'Universality' are 'Equality', the 'Non-Exclusive Audience', 'Truth', 'The One World' or 'Justice'. Other words for 'Belief' are 'Resistance', 'Intensity', 'Movement' or 'Creation'. I want to confront my 'Belief' with reality - through my work and I want to be engaged with art in absolute equality. 'Belief' and 'Equality' are both constitutive for art. The 'Belief' is to be absolutely convinced of this, to follow it as a decision, as a hope, and to use it as a weapon, as an affirmation. I cannot understand the skeptical, the disappointed, the resigned, the cynical, the critical - nothing can be done when there is no belief in equality. Belief in equality is a strength, it's active and it's a resistance to objectivity or neutrality. With a part of dream and innocence, the notion of Unshared Authorship can build, throughout 'equality' and 'non-exclusivity', a basis to engage directly 'The Other'. There is no artwork - that stands as such - based on inequality or exclusivity.

The Other

The only possibility to encounter the Other is 'as equal'. This is not easy and is being avoided by today's many circumstances, conditions and contexts. To resist this I must allow myself 'equality', I must authorize myself to assert 'being equal'. This means establishing a relation with the Other out of my belief in equality. This means concerning the "Gramsci-Monument", that in order to encounter the residents of possible sites that will host my work, I need to follow my belief in equality without forcing an attitude, remaining truthful to myself. Should equality not be the most obvious thing? 'Unshared' is the contrary of unequal. To act in Unshared Authorship is an act of emancipation and of self-understanding that doesn't require response. To establish a contact with the Other - through art - must be something "given", something essential, something absolute. It is a necessity for any artistic 'fieldwork'. For the "Gramsci-Monument", I am doing this alone and solitarian, because I am convinced that the only possible contact with the Other can happen 'One to One'. This is not self-enclosure or a romantic attitude. Only a 'One to One' contact can create a dialogue or even a confrontation with the Other.

'I' or 'me':

I have always understood 'me' or 'I' - which I use often and with no bashfulness - as something already including the Other. The Other, the reality, the world - my own world also - should be included within 'I' and 'me'. I'm not first nor last expressing this, but the term 'unshared' in Unshared Authorship - enlarges the entire dimension of 'I' and 'me'. I want to do everything to use art as a tool for involving the Other - throughout my work. That is the problem, and the challenge, and why I love so much to do a work of art. I want to do a work in which the affirmation: the Other is included in 'me' and in 'I', takes a form. This is my competence as an artist.

Thomas Hirschhorn, 2012

RESIDENT OF THE
DAY !!!!!!!!



JANET BETHEA