

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT.



NEWSPAPER

www.gramsci-monument.com

"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)



August 18th, 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



GRAMSCI'S KIDS

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Bronx, NY 10456

Sunday

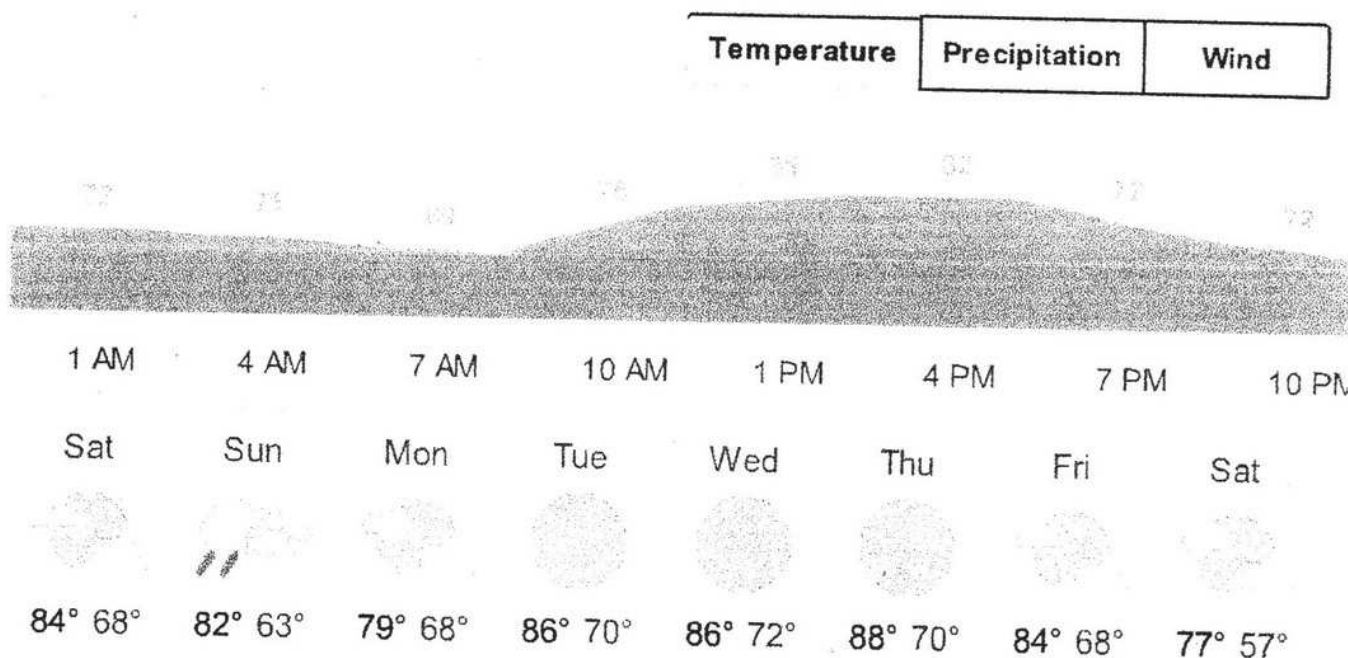
Chance of Rain

 **82** °F | °C

Precipitation: 20%

Humidity: 50%

Wind: 8 mph



LETTERS HOME FROM ANTONIO GRAMSCI

October 10, 1932

Dearest Delio,

I've heard that you've been to the seaside and that you have seen very beautiful things. I would like you to write me a letter describing them. And besides, did you get to know any new living creatures? Near the sea there is a veritable swarming of creatures: little crabs, jellyfish, starfish, etc. A long time ago I had promised to write some tales about animals that I got to know when I was a child, but then I was unable to. Now I will try to tell you some of them: 1) For example, the story of the fox and the foal. It seems that the fox knows when a foal is about to be born and lies in ambush. And the mare knows that the fox is in ambush. So, as soon as the foal is born, the mother begins to run in a circle around the little one who cannot move and run away if some wild animal attacks it. And yet sometimes, on the roads of Sardinia, one sees horses without tails and without ears. Why? Because as soon as they were born, the fox, in one way or another, managed to get near them and eat their tail and ears that were still very soft. When I was a boy, one of these horses worked for an old man who sold oil, candles, and kerosene and went from village to village selling his merchandise (in those days there were no cooperatives or other ways to distribute merchandise); but on Sundays, so that the street boys would not make fun of him, the peddler would attach a fake tail and fake ears to his horse. 2) Now let me tell you about the first time I saw a fox. One day, together with my younger brothers and sisters, I went to a field that belonged to my aunt where there were two huge oak trees and a few fruit trees; we were supposed to gather acorns to feed them to a baby pig. The field was not far from the village, yet the countryside all around was deserted and we had to descend into a valley. As soon as we entered the field, lo and behold beneath a tree quite unperturbed there sat a huge fox, with its lovely tail erect like a flag. She wasn't at all frightened, she showed us her teeth, but she seemed to be laughing, not threatening us. We kids were angered by the fact that the fox was not afraid of us; she was not at all afraid. We began to throw stones at her, but she barely moved and then began again to look at us, mocking and sly. We propped some sticks against our shoulders and all together went: Bang! as if it were a gunshot, but the fox showed us her teeth without being at all put out. Suddenly we heard a real gunshot, fired by someone in the vicinity. Only then did the fox leap up and quickly run away. I can still see her, all yellow, as she runs like a flash along the top of a low wall, her tail still erect, and disappears into a big clump of brush. Dearest Delio, you must now tell me about your journeys and the new things that you have seen. I kiss you together with Giuliano and Mother Julca.

Antonio

June 11, 1933

Dearest Delio,

You will receive a new copy of Pinocchio. And you will also receive the book containing the short stories of the "White Seal," "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" and Mowgli. I don't understand why you want to read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is by now a book without interest, boring and useless. It was an interesting book for children ninety years ago, when everyone's pockets were full of tears and sighs. Today I believe that children are somewhat changed and that it is better to read the story of the "White Seal." However, if you really want me to I will send you *Uncle Tom's Cabin* also and you yourself will be convinced that this is a book written to stir the emotions of the shopkeepers of North America many years ago and that it is of little interest to you. A big kiss.

Antonio



[January 25, 1936]

Dearest Julik,

My best wishes for your school year. I would very much like you to explain to me the difficulties you encounter in studying. It seems to me that if you yourself recognize that you are having difficulties, they mustn't be too great and you will be able to overcome them with diligence and good will. Is the amount of time set aside for studying sufficient for you? Perhaps you are disorderly, your mind wanders, your memory doesn't function properly, or you don't know how to make it function? Do you sleep well? Do you think of what you have studied when you are playing or think of playing when you are studying? At this point you are already a mature boy and you can answer my questions with precision. At your age I was very untidy, I spent many hours running in the fields, but I also studied very well because I had a very strong and ready memory and nothing of what was

needed for school escaped me; if I must tell the whole truth I should add that I was clever and was able to get out of difficulties even when I had studied too little. But the scholastic method by which I was taught was very backward; furthermore, almost all of my schoolmates spoke Italian very badly and with great difficulty and this put me in a position of superiority, because the teacher was expected to take into account the average pupil, and knowing how to speak Italian fluently was already a circumstance that made many things easier (the school was in a rural village and the great majority of the pupils were of peasant origin). Dearest, I am sure that you will write to me without interruption and keep me up-to-date about your life. I embrace you.

Your Papa

[Summer 1936]

Dear Delio,

I heard from mama Julka that my last letter (or perhaps the others too?) has upset you a bit. Why didn't you write anything about it to me? When something in my letters upsets you, you would do well to let me know and explain your reasons to me. You are dear to me and I do not want to cause you any pain; I'm so far away and I cannot caress you and help you as I would like to solve the problems that arise in your mind. You must repeat to me the question that you once posed with regard to Chekhov and that I didn't answer; I really don't remember it at all. If you maintained that Chekhov was a social writer you were correct, but this is nothing to boast about because Aristotle said a long time ago that all men are social animals. I believe that you intended to say more, that is, that Chekhov expressed a specific social situation and expressed some aspects of the life of his time in such a manner that he must be considered a "progressive" writer. This is what I think. In his way Chekhov, within the forms given to him by his culture, has contributed to the liquidation of the middle classes, the intellectuals, the petty bourgeois as the standard bearers of Russian history and its future; they believed, in real life, that they were the protagonists of who knows what miraculous innovation, and Chekhov has shown them as they were, petty, bladders full of putrid gases, the source of the comic and ridiculous. What did you mean? Write and tell me. Of course one cannot say everything about Chekhov in a few words.

You mentioned that the newspaper of the Pioneers, in the past, devoted a lot of space to Tolstoy and little or almost none to Gorky.¹ Now that Gorky is dead and the pain of his loss is felt, this may appear unjust. But at every moment one must judge with a critical mind and so one mustn't forget that Tolstoy has been a "world" writer, one of the few writers in all countries who has attained the greatest perfection in art and has aroused and continues to arouse torrents of emotion everywhere, even in the worst translations, even in men and women who are brutalized by heavy toil and have an elementary culture; Tolstoy has truly been of first importance in

1936

Dearest Delio,

I have received your letter, but you don't tell me anything about your health, whether you feel strong, whether you can study properly, whether you tire easily. I see with pleasure that your intellectual life is very varied; the classics and also the Three Little Pigs, etc. You mustn't think that I say this as a joke; I really believe that it is a wonderful thing to take an interest in the three piglets and then read a beautiful poem by Pushkin; your mother will be able to tell you that I too used to be like this to some extent. When the celebration of the Pushkin centennial occurs, I think that you will take a great interest in all the life and works of this poet, who is not very well known and appreciated outside the area embraced by the Russian language. I don't know whether what I am writing here is still too difficult for you and for your cultural comprehension; I would like to know whether on the occasion of the centennial some expert will in fact explain this problem—why Pushkin, despite his poetic universality, has been appreciated outside Russia only by a few intellectuals, unlike other Russian writers who have rapidly acquired great popularity throughout the world. Without exerting yourself too much, gather some suggestions and send them to me. I'm very interested in this and I too have thought about this subject. Dear Delio, I have a high opinion of your intelligence and that is why I pose this problem for you, but you mustn't exert yourself too much and besides . . . there is plenty of time. This is not a matter that can be taken care of with a few simple words, don't you agree? Besides I know that you too are a great admirer of Pushkin. Dearest son, I embrace you with great tenderness.

Papa

transmitting civilization and beauty and in our contemporary world no one has yet equalled him; to find company worthy of him we must think of Homer, Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, and very few others. Your letter made me very happy and I'm even happier yet that you feel better, that you climb up walls to watch the eclipse, that you go swimming and walking in the woods, and that you will learn Italian. Getting stronger is also doing something. My dear, a big hug.

Papa

1. Gorky died on June 18, 1936.

[July 1936]

Dearest Delio,

I'm very glad to hear that none of my letters has upset you (I've heard that around that time you were unwell, but I don't know anything for certain) and you are right when you think that one cannot be offended when the right things are said in the right tone. Now I think I understand why I didn't write anything to you about the disagreement between you and your teacher with regard to Chekhov's work; I think it was because the question, as you posed it, was the formulation of a sociological dogma of small importance, of the kind that Engels says filled the pockets of certain people who thought they could in this way be exempted from studying history in its concreteness. But you are only twelve years old, and I do not think that your pockets are filled with scholastic dogmas; in any case you have plenty of time to empty your pockets and furnish your mind. I don't want to argue with you, because I have a horrible migraine; I can only think that you are twelve years old and, though I haven't seen any photographs of you for a long time, I imagine that you have grown very much and have a very serious air (as you face the photographer!). I've sent you a watch. Are you glad? Your memories are not very accurate, but it doesn't matter. It will be hard to find a celluloid ball with a swan inside; I had brought it from . . . Milan. A big kiss.

Papa



Giulia Schucht (Mother) with Delio and Giuliano in 1934

[June 16, 1936]

Dear Delio,

Your notes keep getting shorter and more stereotyped. I believe that you have enough time to write at greater length and in a more interesting way; there is no need whatever to write at the last minute in great haste before going out for a stroll. Don't you agree? And neither do I think that you might be pleased at the thought that your papa should judge you from your notes as a silly little boy interested only in the fate of his small parrot and who wants it to be known that he is reading just any old book. I believe that one of the most difficult things at your age is to sit behind a desk and put one's thoughts in order (or even to think) and to write them down with a certain grace; this sometimes is an apprenticeship more difficult than that followed by a worker who wants to acquire a technical qualification, and it must begin precisely at your age. A big hug.

Papa

[undated]

Dear Giuliano,

You've read only half of Wells's¹ story and you would already like to express an opinion on the entire work of this writer, who has written dozens upon dozens of novels, collections of short stories, historical essays, etc.? This seems a "bit exaggerated" to me. And what story is it that you've read? The best or the worst, or the one that represents the author's average possibilities? The greatest writer of ancient Greece was Homer and the Latin writer Horace wrote that even Homer occasionally "nods."² Certainly, compared to Homer, Wells nods at least 360 days of the year, but it is quite possible that on the other five or six days (when the year is a leap year) he was wide awake and wrote something agreeable that even stands up under criticism. You too quite often are not very tidy; your letter is written in haste, with many words left half unfinished; but I believe that you know how to write much better, with more order and attentiveness.

So I will not say: but look what a little dunce of a son I have! Dear Julik, don't take this in bad part and always write what you think, even if hastily; then, afterward you might think it over, correct your mistakes, and reinforce your opinions. I'm sorry that I cannot discuss things with you in person; you mustn't believe that I'm very pedantic, I would like to laugh and play with you and Delio and talk about many things that very much interested me too when I was a boy. I embrace you tenderly.

Papa

1. See letter to Delio beginning "I haven't read a lot of Wells" for Gramsci's brief and negative appraisal of Wells.

2. Horace, *Ars poetica*, verse 357.

[Undated]

Dear Delio,

Why don't you tell me anything about your parrot? Is he still alive? Perhaps you no longer talk about him because I once remarked that you talked about him all the time? Cheer up, Delio! Tatanicka¹ wants me to write that at your age I had a little dog and that I had gone half crazy from the happiness of having him. See! it's true that a dog (even if it is very small) gives me more satisfaction than a parrot (but you perhaps believe the opposite) because he plays with his master, becomes attached . . . Mine, quite obviously, had forever remained a puppy because in order to show me the height of his enthusiasm he would lie on his back and pee on himself. Oh, all the soap and water I used on him! He really was small, in fact for a long time he was unable to climb the stairs, his fur was long and black and he looked like a miniature poodle. I had him clipped ilke a little lion, but he was not objectively handsome, indeed he was quite ugly, very ugly, come to think of it. But he amused me so much and I was so fond of him! My favorite game was this: when we went for walks in the countryside I would put him on a high rock and move away while he watched me and whined and didn't dare to jump. I would walk away in a zigzag, then I would hide in a ditch or a culvert. First the dog would shriek, then he would find a way to get down and run about hunting for me; and this really amused me, because the poor thing, who at the time actually was still very young, would bark and look behind every rock, peek out over the small ditches (which were, however, big for him), and go berserk, because after calling him I moved quickly from place to place. And what a welcome, when I finally let him find me! And what an abundance of pee! My dear, will you now write to me about your parrot? I embrace you.

Papa

1. The diminutive form of Tatiana.

[Undated]

Dear Delio,

I haven't read a lot by Wells, because I don't like his books all that much. I believe that if you too don't read him, it won't be a great loss for your intellectual and moral development. I didn't like his book of world history very much either, although he does try (and therein he represents a certain novelty, at least in the historical literature of Western Europe) to broaden the traditional historical horizon, attributing importance not only to the Greeks, Egyptians, and Romans, etc., but also to the Mongols, the Chinese, the Indians, etc. As an imaginative writer it seems to me that he is too mechanical, dry, and flavorless; as a historian he lacks intellectual discipline, the sense of order and method. Let me know if you like me to write to you this way and if you understand everything.

I haven't answered your previous letter. I did like your idea of seeing the world populated by elephants standing upright on their hind legs, with highly developed brains; certainly in order to exist in such large numbers on the surface of the globe, they would have to build unimaginably enormous skyscrapers. But of what use would the brain be without hands? Ostriches hold their heads high and free, they stand on only two feet, but their brain hasn't developed very much because of this. Obviously in man's evolution many favorable circumstances combined to help him become what he was even before he developed a definite will toward a goal and sufficient intelligence to organize the means necessary to reach that goal. Quantity becomes quality for man and not for other living beings, or so it would seem. Write to me at length. I embrace you.

Papa

[Undated]

Dear Delio,

I received the feather of your small parrot and the little flowers, which pleased me. But I cannot imagine what the little bird is like and why he tears out such large feathers; perhaps the artificial heat has harmed his skin, perhaps there is nothing seriously wrong with him and when the good weather starts all his itches will go away. Perhaps you ought to feed him something very fresh that will replace what the birds of his species eat in their country of origin, because I've read that birds kept indoors and fed unsuitable food are affected by a lack of vitamins, lose their feathers, and get a sort of mange (which is not contagious); I myself have seen a sparrow that was reduced to such a wretched state because he always ate soft bread recover with the addition to his menu of a little green lettuce. I no longer remember in what sense I talked to you about "imagination"; perhaps I was referring to the tendency to fantasize idly, to build skyscrapers on the head of a pin. My dear, a strong embrace,

Papa

[Undated]

Dear Delio,

This time I haven't received any note from you. In Giuliano's photograph I was able to see a corner of your room with the parrot's cage. It's a shame that one can't discern the little bird. I hope that with the fresh lettuce (that must be carefully minced) and with the millet kasha he will recover properly and his feathers will grow back long and shiny. I kiss you.

Papa

Delio Gramsci (b. 1924 – d. 1981)

Giuliano Gramsci (b. 1926)

A LETTER FROM THOMAS HIRSCHHORN TO HERVÉ
LAURENT AND NATHALIE WETZEL (REGARDING THE DELEUZE MONUMENT)

LETTER TO HERVÉ LAURENT AND NATHALIE WETZEL
(REGARDING THE *DELEUZE MONUMENT*)¹²

Dear Hervé Laurent, Dear Nathalie Wetzel,

I'm coming back from vacation and I found your letter, to which I will respond, if I may. I'm also coming back from Avignon. I'm in the train to Paris and I, as well as the *Deleuze Monument* team, to whom I read your letter, extend our sympathy; we are distressed knowing you are traumatized. We hugely regret what happened to you, and we all wish it hadn't happened. We offer our apologies. I offer my apologies, and I would like to answer your letter in greater depth. I spoke to my team, and it is clear that you were attacked by individuals who do not belong to the Champfleury housing project. There has been no other known case of hostility near the *Deleuze Monument* aside from a few verbal punches. That doesn't make anything better; it doesn't explain anything.

I don't agree with you when you state that the *Deleuze Monument* functioned as a trap or that you served as prey. I think these animal comparisons won't help you overcome your trauma, which I very much understand, for I myself was attacked a few years ago (also in an art context). I felt the same fear, the same physical and human fragility, you describe concerning you and your friend. What helped me was talking about this event with those around me, and I learned, to my surprise, that there are other people, many other people, to whom something similar happened—worse even, and also not as bad. These things happen. I'm not relativizing it. But knowing that these things happen helped me, after some time, to live with this attack as something that can happen to a human being in his life as a human being. This raises a human question and not a question about victim or torturer. There's no use thinking about: Why me? Why did this happen to us? Why did they send us there? What happened must not be accepted, but it must not be charged, either, or given a meaning. You weren't imprudent or weak, you didn't do anything wrong.

To accuse me of naïveté or even innocence is something I cannot accept now. To accuse me of completely ignoring an explosive social situation, to accuse me of having wanted to assess the gravity of the social fracture that society generates, is something I cannot accept. For, I have a utopia; that utopia is called the context is the world! In my artistic project, I want to work on demonstrating this. Champfleury is the world! There's nothing to do about it. You may not agree, I can understand that well, but it's not about what happened to you personally, because in that case you would immediately find people around you to whom such things have happened, especially in Avignon but also elsewhere, and I don't think this would reassure you. Resentment is not what provides energy, the strength to act. I want to make a work that is on the offensive. I want to make a work that can be destabilized. I don't want to work with vigilantes and their dogs. I'm not for everything safe. I don't want something to happen to anyone that couldn't happen to me. Do you understand? One man equals one man. I cannot accept that it not be so. This is the very motor of my work. With all the incoherence, the misunderstandings, and even the contradictions. I don't think we can talk about inconsequence with regard to the *Deleuze Monument*. You have to manage all the consequences of this project. I agree that talking about the failure or success of the *Deleuze Monument* is of no interest to anyone. But one must say: Here is a project, here is its realization, here is what happened with the people. That is what interests me. The implication of people (residents), the appropriation that they've made of the work. The question of the audience of art today. That is what this work raises.

Perhaps you won't understand me, but I find it naïve to do a contemporary art exhibition in a Pope's Palace! I find it innocent to decorate buses, TGV, the entire city! I find all that quite simplistic! This is only talking about what happened in Avignon this summer! Rarely have I done a project that was so difficult, so demanding, but also so interesting! I had to face difficulties I could not have imagined I would have to face as an invited artist. I feel no pride about having endured quite a bit of difficulty. But this project is not just one more exhibition. I think I really tried to do my work as an artist: connecting the world. Working with other people, implicating them. Not reassuring myself. Exposing myself.

I'm coming back from Avignon where today I made the decision that the *Deleuze Monument* has reached its time limit. We are going to dismantle it in the upcoming days! The *Deleuze Monument* existed for sixty-one days. The damage and the nonnatural interventions have become too great to continue to give room for reflection, information. We decided to proceed with the dismantling. This too is an element we must learn from. The precariousness of such a project is declared right off by the use of the chosen materials, but also by the importance given to its content. For, it has to stay in one's thoughts and spirit.

P.S. The *Deleuze Monument* was, quite opposite to what you thought, presented during your visit and until its end with all its four parts. The video cassettes were indeed damaged but were replaced later.

July 24, 2000

[Translated from French by Molly Stevens]



Thomas Hirschhorn
 «Deleuze Monument» (Sculpture)
 'La Beauté', Avignon, 2000
 Courtesy DRAC Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur, Aix-en-Provence



«Deleuze Monument» (Philosophical Stone)
 'La Beauté', Avignon, 2000
 Courtesy DRAC Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur, Aix-en-Provence



«Deleuze Monument» (Altar)
 'La Beauté', Avignon, 2000
 Courtesy DRAC Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur, Aix-en-Provence



«Deleuze Monument» (Library)
 'La Beauté', Avignon, 2000

GILLES DELEUZE - BIOGRAPHY

Gilles Deleuze (1925-1995)

Gilles Deleuze was born in 1925 in the 17th arrondissement of Paris, where he continued to live his entire life except for short periods of his youth. His father was a veteran of World War I and an engineer. His brother was arrested for resistance activities during the German occupation of France and was killed on route to Auschwitz. Deleuze went to public school before the war, and when the Germans invaded he was on vacation in Normandy. He stayed in Normandy for a year and continued his schooling there, inspired by a tutor to read Gide and Baudelaire among other texts, which he cites as his first positive experience in academia. He returned to Paris and attended the Lycée Carnot, then studied at Henri IV where he did his *kâgne* (a year of studies for exceptional students). From 1944 to 1948 he went on to study philosophy at the Sorbonne where he counted among his friends Michel Buro, Michel Tournier and François Châtelet. His professors included Ferdinand Alquié (a specialist in Descartes and the philosophy of Surrealism), Georges Canguilhem (Foucault's supervisor), and Jean Hyppolite (a specialist in Hegelian philosophy). He gained his aggregation in philosophy in 1948, then taught philosophy in various Paris lycées until 1957. In 1953 he published his first book, *Empiricism and Subjectivity*, on David Hume. In 1956 he married Denise Paul "Fanny" Grandjouan, a translator who specialized in D.H. Lawrence. In 1957 he began teaching history of philosophy at the Sorbonne, and from 1960-64 he was a researcher with the Centre National de Recherche Scientifique.

Deleuze held a number of assistant teaching positions in universities over the next ten years, and in 1962 he published *Nietzsche and Philosophy*. It was during this time that he began a long-standing friendship with Michel Foucault. They met one another at the home of Jules Vuillemin, when Foucault was petitioning to have Deleuze nominated for a position at the University of Clermont-Ferrand. Deleuze taught from 1964-69 at the University of Lyon, then took a position as professor of philosophy at Vincennes at the behest of Foucault. In 1968 Deleuze published his doctoral thesis comprised of a major thesis, *Différence et répétition (Difference and Repetition)*, and a minor thesis, *Spinoza et le problème de l'expression (Expressionism in Philosophy: Spinoza)*. In *Difference and Repetition*, Deleuze works with the nature of thought, identity and time, and the book poses a significant disruption to the canonical traditions of philosophy, an attitude that he would become known for in his body of work in general. 1968 would also mark the first major incidence of pulmonary illness that would weigh on Deleuze his entire life.

Deleuze was among the first thinkers to register the events of May 1968 in conceptual terms. His response to the student uprisings combined with his elegant ability to think through the various disciplines of politics, psychoanalysis, literature and philosophy, made him a celebrated philosopher of the generation. In 1969 he took a teaching position at the experimental University of Paris VII, and he continued to teach here until his retirement in 1987. It was at Paris VII that he met Félix Guattari, who became his partner in writing a number of influential texts including the two volumes of *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, *Anti-Oedipus* (1972) and *A Thousand Plateaus* (1980). These texts came about as an expression of the political environment in France during May 1968, and are a continued development of many of Deleuze's philosophical concerns such as commitment to an immanent ontology, the position of the social and political at the core of being, and the affirmation of difference over transcendental hierarchy. The unique manner in which these books were written, between the two writers and not separately, allows for the emergence in the text of elements that cannot be attributed to either one of the authors on their own. Many ideas central to Deleuze's work undergo a fascinating transformation and move in unexpected directions, or as Deleuze and Guattari might put it, they undergo a process of "becoming." In an interview Deleuze talks about the intent and process in the making of *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*:

"We don't claim to have written a madman's book, just a book in which one no longer knows-and there is no reason to know- who exactly is speaking, a doctor, a patient, an untreated patient, a present, past or future patient. That's why we used so many writers and poets; who is to say if they are speaking as patients or doctors- patients or doctors of civilization. Now, strangely, if we have tried to go beyond this traditional duality, it's precisely because we were writing together. Neither of us was the madman, neither of us was the psychiatrist; there had to be two of us in order to find a process that was not reduced either to the psychiatrist or his madman, or to a madman and his psychiatrist.

The process is what we call a flux. Now, once again, the flux is a notion that we wanted to remain ordinary and undefined. This could be a flux of words, ideas, shit, money, it could be a financial mechanism or a schizophrenic machine: it goes beyond all dualities. We dreamed of this book as a flux-book."
(from "In Flux" in *Chaosology*. By Felix Guattari, *Semiotext[e]*, NY, 1995.)

After the publication of *Anti-Oedipus*, *L'Arc* dedicated an issue to Deleuze in which an interview is printed with Foucault. The interview records the two men defining the status of the contemporary intellectual in light of the social and political characteristics particular to the time. Deleuze was politically active through many outlets. Of particular concern to him were homosexual rights and the Palestinian liberation movement, and he was a member of an organization formed in part by Foucault, the *Groupe d'information sur les prisons*. When Foucault died in 1984, Deleuze paid him the honor of dedicating a book to the study of his work entitled *Foucault* (1986).

Deleuze wrote many books dedicated to the work of other practitioners, and his work is full of unexpected references, often citing obscure authors. He wrote on film (*The Movement-Image* (1983) and *The Time-Image* (1985)), painting (*Francis Bacon* (1981)), and much on literature, including books on Proust (*Proust and Signs* 1964), Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (*Coldness and Cruelty* 1969), and Kafka (*Kafka: Towards a Minor Literature* 1975), and texts on authors such as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Herman Melville, Samuel Beckett, Antonin Artaud, Heinrich von Kleist, and Fyodor Dostoyevsky. These texts do not constitute a philosophy of the arts, but represent philosophical encounters with specific artistic productions, consistent with Deleuze's approach in all his work of dedication to the creation of new philosophical concepts.

Deleuze wrote about philosophers all through his life, with books on Hume, Kant, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Bergson, Leibniz, and Foucault. He approached each one with the constructivist attitude, expressed clearly in *What is Philosophy?* (1991), that these re-readings are done with the motivation of creating concepts that are not pre-existing. He was a strong critic of the history of philosophy, its hegemonic structuring of thought and its traditional style of 'reflection': "The philosopher creates, he doesn't reflect." He wrote: "An image of thought called philosophy has been formed historically and it effectively stops people from thinking." *What is Philosophy?* was Deleuze's final collaboration with Guattari, who died in 1992. The book takes a critical approach to philosophy, looking at its presuppositions, its relationship to science and art, and the creation of concepts. They write that concepts are active and affective, rather than signifiers of the contents of ideas. "[Philosophers] must no longer accept concepts as a gift, nor merely purify or polish them, but first make and create them, present them and make them convincing."

Immanence was a key word for Deleuze, returning time and again throughout his texts. The term refers to what he called his empiricist philosophy based on the empirical real without recourse to the transcendental. Deleuze insists that philosophy, rather than setting up transcendentals, must approach the immanent conditions of that which it is trying to think. Thought must create movement and consequences. His last text was entitled "Immanence: a life...". It was published only months before his death. His last book was a collection of essays called *Essays Critical and Clinical* (1993). By the time of its publication Deleuze's pulmonary illness had put him in severe confinement, making it difficult for him to write. He took his own life on November 4th, 1995.

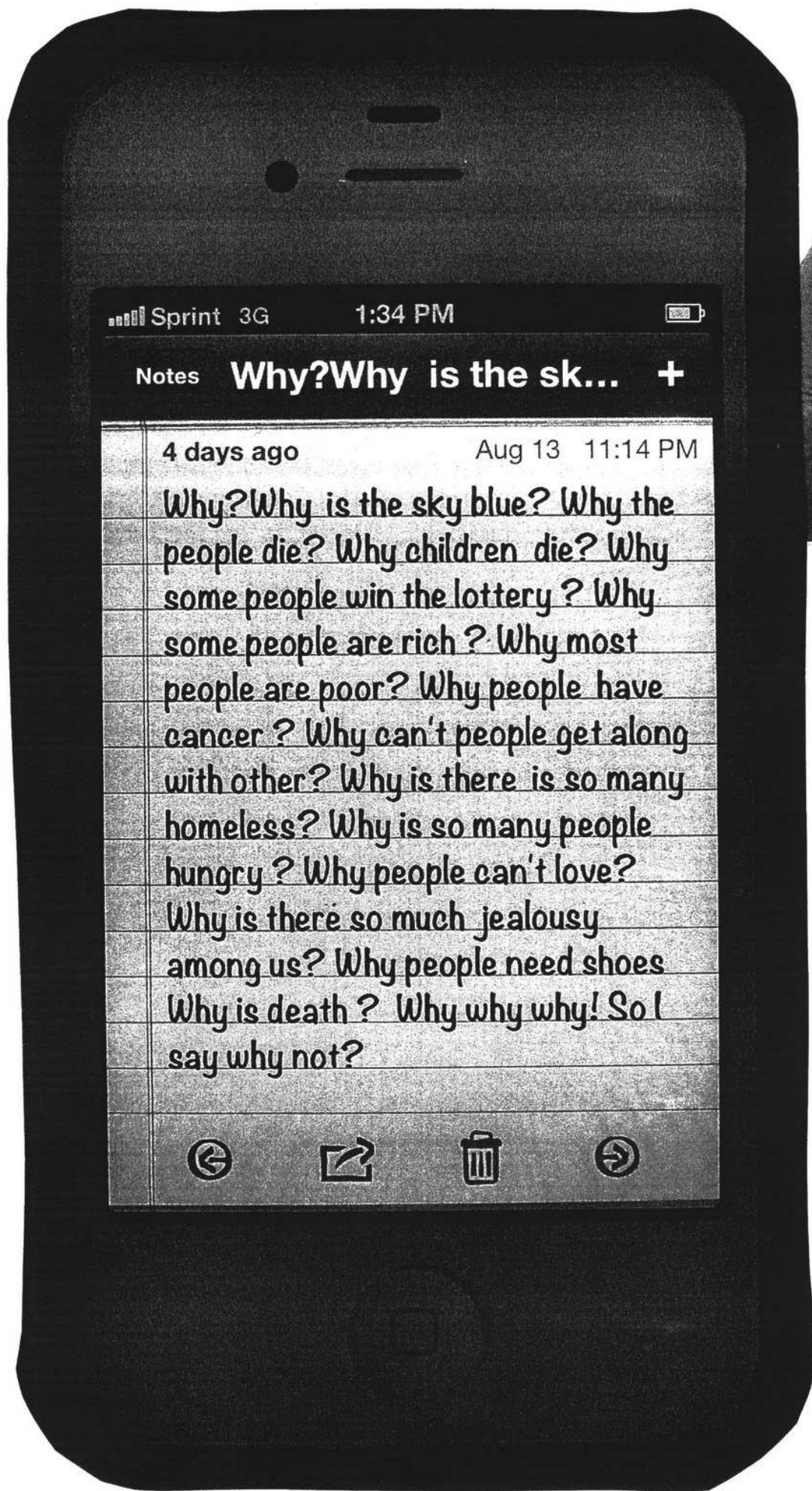
A DAILY LECTURE BY MARCUS STEINWEG

49th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 18th August 2013
WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO PAY?

Marcus Steinweg

1. As Bataille, Blanchot, Sartre and Lacan have shown, the experience of what is *heterogeneous*, of the *exterior*, of *contingency*, of the *real*, a borderline experience that tears the subject out of its interior security.
2. The subject loses itself as the subject of self-control and world-control.
3. It plunges out of its *essence* and this experience is the terror of an absolute disconcertion and disintegration.
4. The becoming of the subject describes the subject's confrontation with its unconscious, which is a touching of the limit of the order of consciousness.
5. The question concerning the touching of truth must be extended to the question concerning the subject.
6. The subject *lives* as a subject touching truth.
7. To be a subject means to make a pact with a truth.
8. Something resembling a subject exists only as a subject of truth.
9. The subject neither *speaks* the truth, nor *is* it *in* the truth, in the *accessible openness of being*, as Heidegger calls it.
10. A subject is that which experiences the limit of the opened-up truth and the limitedness of the truth of propositions.
11. The experience of the limit and of limitedness (of delimiting what is actual as a factual truth) is what I call touching the untouchable.
12. The subject *performs* this touching in the moment of its *decision* in favour of a truth which does not pre-exist as such.
13. The subject as a subject of this touching is the subject of truth.
14. By touching on a truth it also touches itself in an unmistakable way, a self which, strictly speaking, does not exist.
15. It comes into contact with an (impossible) beyond.

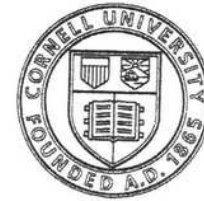
A POEM BY MARCELLA PARADISE



POEM PRESENTED AT
<ART SCHOOL>
<<ENERGY=YES!
QUALITY=NO!

FEEDBACK

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The Gramsci Monument: More Than Just a Shack?

By Kai Sam Ng
Created Aug 16 2013 - 5:43pm



August 16, 2013

By [Kai Sam Ng](#) ^[7]

This summer, the prestigious Dia Art Foundation is sponsoring two big blockbuster art installations in New York City. James Turrell brings his haunting light-play to the Guggenheim with *Aten Reign*, which unfortunately keeps selling out. The other is Thomas Hirschhorn's *Gramsci Monument*, which is open without admission, lines or fees: the only barrier to entry is a spontaneous subway trip to the Bronx.

It is strangely unsurprising that Hirschhorn would devote an entire monument to the Marxist philosopher

Antonio Gramsci. Known for his high-concept works that tackle issues like poverty, commercialism, and disposability, his meticulously assembled trash heaps often don't evoke this claim to opposition politics—rather, he tells the press that they are oppositional. Nevertheless, these pieces command a cult-like respect in the art world. The monument is not the first Hirschhorn has devoted to a philosopher: it is actually his fourth and final tribute to his favorite thinkers. All have been built by poor or working class people inside housing projects they live in. And all three previous monuments—to Spinoza, Gilles Deleuze, and Georges Bataille—have fallen into the trap of empty oppositional politics rather than intellectual education.

In light of these previous failures, the *Gramsci Monument* is devastatingly disappointing. The previous three aren't immediately relevant to the lives of everyday people: Understandably, many locals thought of these monuments as an amusing spectacle rather than the serious political art that Hirschhorn intended them to be. Bataille is sadistically frightening, Spinoza is obtuse, Deleuze maddeningly so. However, Gramsci's idea of cultural hegemony is brilliantly simple. It explains why the poor and working class so readily identify with the interests of the bourgeois ruling class, even those interests conflict. In the wake of the "99% vs. 1%" slogan, its immediate applicability is the easiest to teach.

What we get instead with the *Gramsci Monument* is a plywood shack, assembled with screws and generous amounts of brown packing tape. Blue tarps hang from cotton strings as ceilings, and glued Plexiglass windows fill gaping holes. Hand-written with spray paint on limp white banners, Gramsci quotes hung over doorways. And the quotes chosen like "I live, I am a partisan" function as little more than something nice to put on Wikiquote. Is it supposed to reflect the prison of the working class by

And lest there is any doubt of Hirschhorn's selfish motives, he told the New York Times that his goal for the monument "is not so much about changing the situation of the people who help me, but about showing the power of art to make people think about issues they otherwise wouldn't have thought about." This lack of self-awareness is frustrating. Believing that everybody has time to look at quotes a privileged man dog-eared at bedtime, rather than on more pressing matters (like "hey, there's a wooden shack in my backyard") is what makes the Gramsci Monument as political art an utter failure. Rather than proselytizing Gramsci's ideology, he approaches it as a privileged artist proclaiming solidarity with the people by making one big empty wooden gesture. Hirschhorn claims the monument's purpose "does not come from my understanding of Gramsci, but from my understanding of Art in Public Space today." If the Gramsci Monument is not about Gramsci, what is supposed to be?

The community that surrounds the Monument provides an answer. Calling the Gramsci Monument "Thomas Hirschhorn's" is a misnomer for the sake of convenience, because the installation's authorship is more complicated. The utter failure of the monument as Art lies with Hirschhorn alone, but the community has reappropriated the space into something for itself. Hirschhorn, to his credit, has tried to involve the community that surrounds his philosopher monuments. The Gramsci Monument could not have existed without the president of Forest Houses, Erik Farmer, who acted as a liaison to bring the community on board with the project.

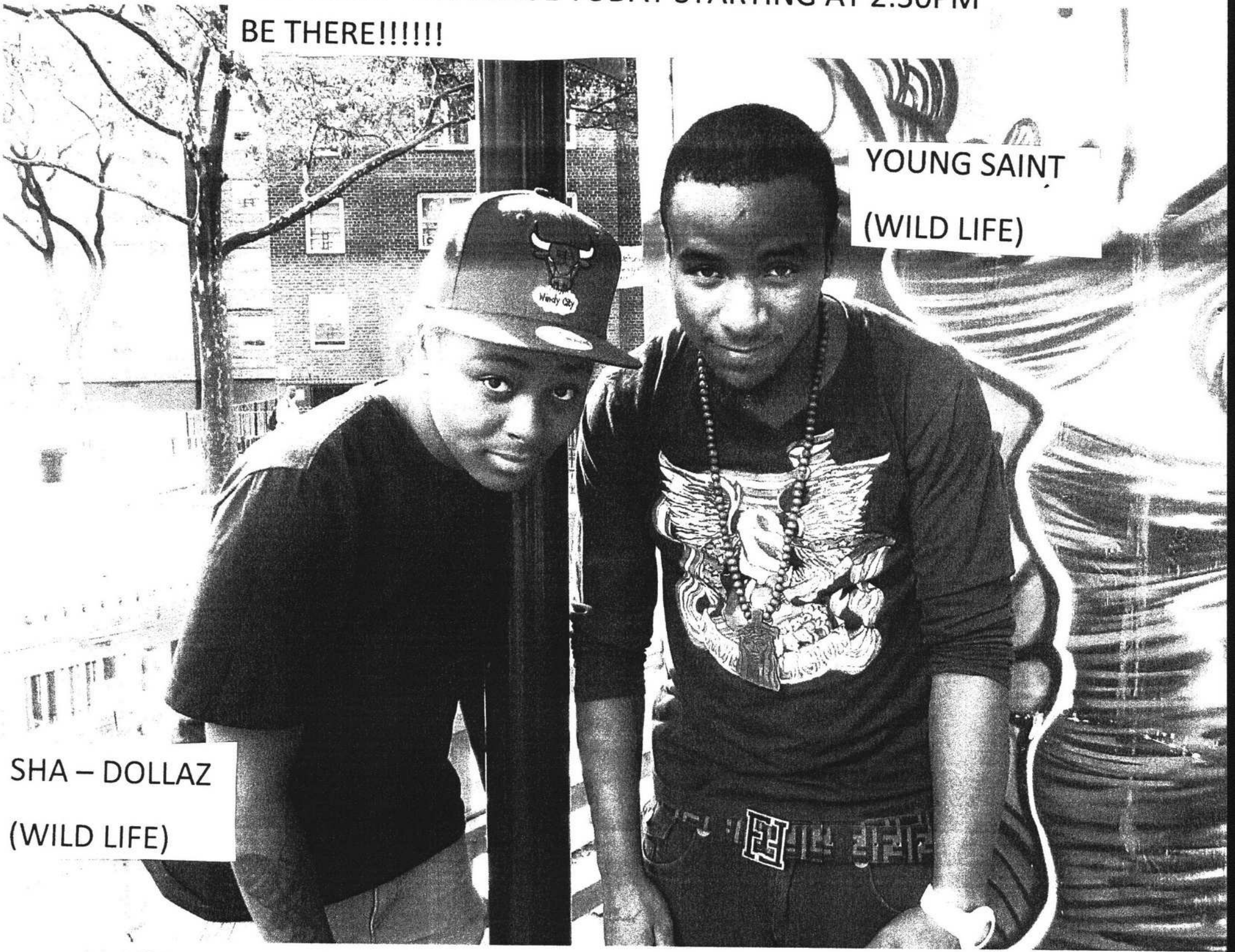
The secret to this part of the monument success, ironically, is because people could care less about Gramsci. Ostensibly, the monument's daily newspaper, radio station, computer room, Marxist library, and small museum are part of Hirschhorn's nebulous education-not-education motives. On the lazy summer morning I visited, the newspaper raged over the Trayvon Martin verdict, not a class war. The radio station blasted out Jay-Z and later promised a debate about ObamaCare. Kids were playing Counterstrike in the computer room, much to a staff member's resigned chagrin. The Marxist library's books tempted to be read, but were untouched. And more promisingly, a community group painted beautifully colorful murals on the drab plywood- none of which mention Gramsci.

And it is best this way. There are better ways to create a community space than putting a wooden shack in someone's backyard, but it is a pretty eye-catching way of doing so. Hirschhorn, also to his credit, did not dictate strict spectatorship with his political art, unlike Damien Hirst's most insufferable works. If they didn't like it, the Forest Homes community could mold it into whatever they wanted to be, and that is exactly what they did. On that languid summer morning I saw Hirschhorn, along with a few other workers, tending to the community garden. And as I watched him bend awkwardly to avoid dirtying his skinny jeans, I knew that the community had claimed Hirschhorn as their own too.



«Gramsci Monument», 8.15.2013
Round Table discussion about John Ahearn's 'Bronx Bronzes'

TODAY LIVE AT THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT YOUNG SAINT AKA SAQUAN SCOTT (EDITOR OF GRAMSCI MONUMENTS NEWSPAPER) WILL BE PERFORMING ON THE MONUMENTS STAGE FOR THE OPEN MIC. CATCH YOUNG SAINT AND HIS ENT/FAMILY "WILD LIFE" ALONG WITH FRIENDS/ COLLABORATED FAMILY "ILL GUILD" ON STAGE TODAY STARTING AT 2:30PM BE THERE!!!!!!



YOUNG SAINT
(WILD LIFE)

SHA - DOLLAZ
(WILD LIFE)

THE ILL GUILD COLLECTIVE
ESTABLISHED



MUCHO DINERO
(ILL GUILD)

RESIDENT OF THE DAY



"D"