

Editors:
LAKESHA BRYANT
and
SAQUAN SCOTT

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT
NEWSPAPER

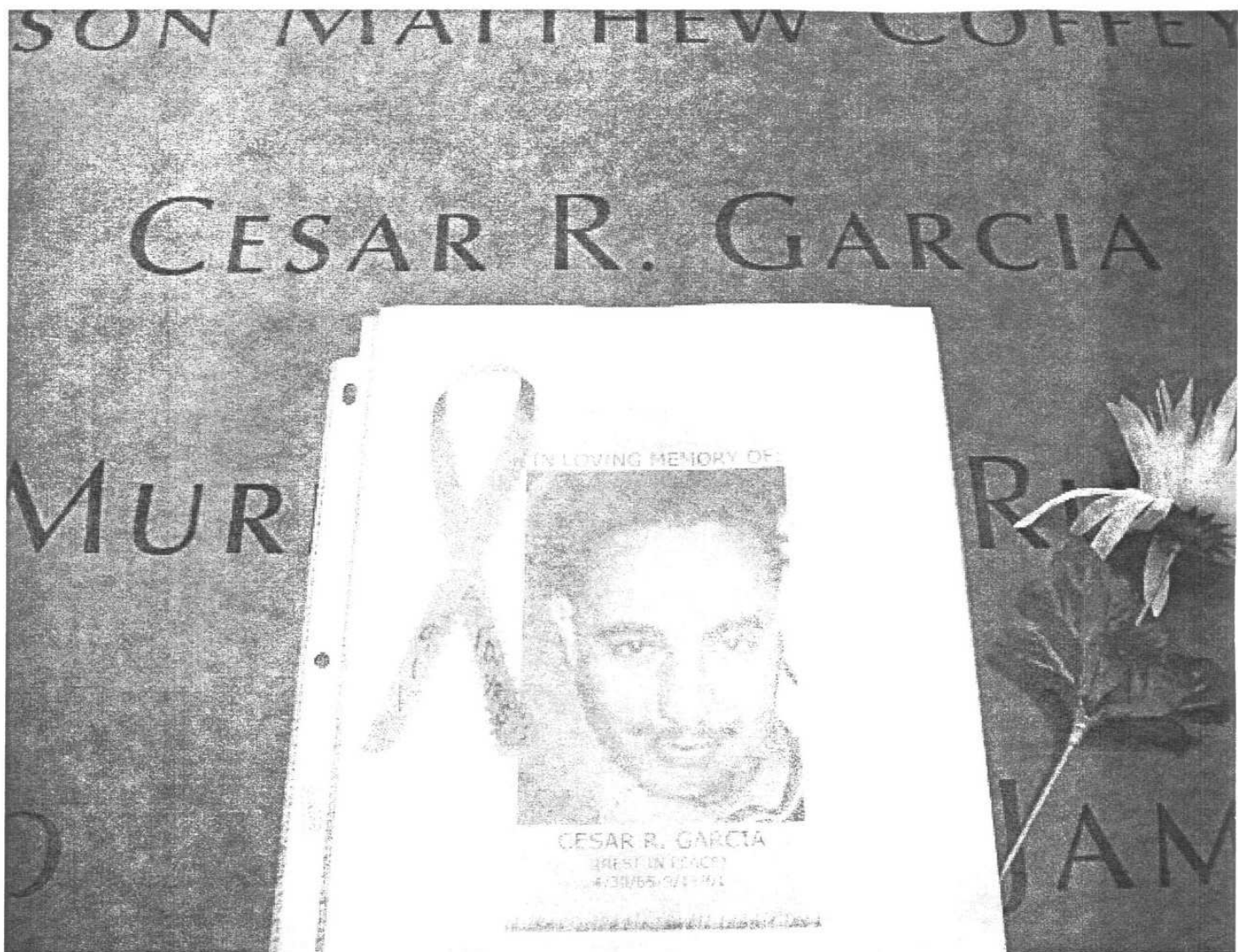
"A periodical, like a newspaper, a book, or any other medium of didactic expression that is aimed at a certain level of the reading or listening public, cannot satisfy everyone equally; not everyone will find it useful to the same degree. The important thing is that it serve as a stimulus for everyone;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



www.gramsci-monument.com

September 11th, 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



9/11/2001. A Day We Never Forget
On this Day 12yrs ago, New York was struck by terrorism impacting and destroying our World Trade Center(Twin Towers) killing over 3000 people of all Races. On this Tragic Day Our Forest Houses Lost a Resident of Bldg 730. Mr Cesar Garcia. He had arrived to work early that day at The World Trade Center and never came home to his family and friends nor his body ever was found. " Cesar Garcia "- Rest in Peace- We Never Forget.
By Resident Freddy Velez

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Bronx, NY 10456
Wednesday
Chance of Storm

90 °F | °C

Precipitation: 20%
Humidity: 57%
Wind: 8 mph

Temperature Precipitation Wind

| 11 AM | 2 AM | 5 AM | 8 AM | 11 AM | 2 PM | 5 PM | 8 PM | 11 PM |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|-------|
| Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | |
| 75° 68° | 86° 75° | 90° 75° | 88° 66° | 73° 57° | 70° 50° | 75° 61° | 77° 63° | |

POEMS WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER STACKHOUSE

FOR ONE

(to Bill Dixon)

For one,

sharp echo
emphatic—

building air, chambered
recall disappearance
at once everything—

who can be everything,

in calculus
centripetal station, writing itself
into inert blur

tender lessons retrieved
out of the bottomless gold rings, stacked

teflon figures, de-formed, turned

“outish”—

surplus contiguity,
a trillion impossible pleasures

cry perfections
delayed, talons clasp
elusive shimmer,

weathering steel pupils, devouring stars,
falling, impressible as warm bodies, sparks,
molten metals from an ascending rocket—

whistle pickle.

RADIO

If you don't know what the (a) secret fiction is how can it depress you?

Or was it the “theater of [the] mind” as in, reified by “and I love radio”

Or the real question, latent in the original question—“How could it be?”

Only some aspect of intent shown here manifest, done so, to tell me.

And ‘this is for’ how it goes to glass, fact with crevices, waves upon it.

As for many subjects, all sides though delimited by opulent tenor, object.

As buried in amber flash, ‘there is’ a little bit every day, between us.

To capture fidelity, otherwise disembodied, to filter emptiness, radio.

YET UNFAMOUS

yet unfamous a man flew twenty-one miles over
dryland with a fuel injected backpack strapped
to his back. watching him from the ground reading
the news clip in the paper, I decided that I was
maggot squirm feeding on styrofoam breadloaf.
as an acrobat your body does things it doesn't
know it can do. Driver becoming one with his
vehicle finds this personally fulfilling.

SLIP

settle into found bona fides, interpretive transverse
plays meeting to embrace still pretenders filling an
interval—*locus classicus*—refurbished injury staying,
a stitch in the margin, a nerve—how seen, diverse as
a planet if one can re-member, one shiny token, a sparkle
in the eye between thoughts, expeditious, angular de-
natured curve—cupping slippage, circumference to radius
point being, to or not to come to a complete stop

CHEW THE CANDY

Chew the candy. Torn like a leaf on a tree that grew from a crack in the concrete laid in an alley brutal but potential for a lawn. Lounge there easy. Find the line and straddle it. Stroke the pole. Probe the hole. Be comfortable in all that is not there. It simply is. Vomit on the linoleum floor soaking your sock. Caw. Caw. Caw. Flickering buzz underground like a wood pecker on crystal meth. Banging hard against a hickory tree. A real hand job.

THE ARTISTS, THEY WANT TO SIT IN A ROOM TOGETHER

The artists want to sit in a room together,
talk and not talk, about the wars around them.

In the fashion of artists, they sip, nibble, pine,
for arguments sake, the variations of yellow.

Today, a bourgeois moment each protean con-
noisseur howls a coloratura, promising not to
forget photos of the amputee, an erotic thong.

Their bricolage forged, available in unlimited editions.

CAUCUS

Engine kin, "you mean that brown crusty stuff," meaning paint,
told in forming hole . . .

Miraculous apparition, a bear in a pink bunny suit, man o man, lost
in application synonym

Crisp in the venue, this auditorium, where listening happens, it's
the doggerel kitty-cat

A crystal flute, a magnum filled with Krug, ever have it, a firing
tank in a field of flowers

Azalea in milk jar, wet pickles, flip-flops, some platonic kiss in
hand, by the by, roars

Ordinary, I guess, I miss your penmanship. Recall Caligula, or the
softer, Thomas Jefferson

Once in a coon's age a tower falls where a sage sleeps covered to the
neck in rubble, punk

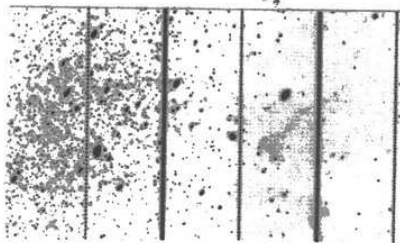
The "the" madame, *the* article, a type of scarf, perhaps one parasol
in a sun of parataxis

WHO IS CHRISTOPHER STACKHOUSE?



Christopher Stackhouse is a writer and artist. *Plural* (2012) is a volume of his poetry published by Counterpath Press. *Seismosis* (2006) is a collaborative book of Stackhouse's drawings in dialogue with text by writer John Keene, published by 1913 Press. He is a visiting critic at the Maryland Institute College of Art, Hoffberger School of Painting, guest lecturer at Bethel University's, New York Center for Art & Media Studies, and visiting faculty at Naropa University, Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, Summer Writing Program in Boulder, Colorado. With artists Jomar Statkun and Jared Friedman, he is a founding member of the art and residency project This Red Door, which had its third iteration at REH Kunst an arts space in Berlin, Germany this summer from July 1 - August 31 (www.thisreddoor.com). Stackhouse is an advisory board member at *Fence Magazine*, a contributing editor at *Bomb Magazine*, and a contributing poetry editor at *Vanitas Magazine*. He mostly resides in Brooklyn, New York.

PLURAL



CHRISTOPHER STACKHOUSE

Stackhouse's poetry is efficient and particular as the wind, isolated and generous as a mailbox, sloping into a dense beautiful fog, pushed against a painted lense, listing description towards the pleasure of making things, possible as a pair of shoes, planting images inside ordinary transactions, thought as tuning fork, smoking a special cigarette, bound in a line that ascends or descends depending on how you look at it, noting foot traffic, filtering multiple dictions to register heavy sets of conditions . . .

—ANSELM BERRIGAN

Despite fragments, breaks, and ruptures, the achievement of these poems is that their totality mirrors humanity as inherently unified. We are all "parts of." —EILEEN TABIOS

Christopher Stackhouse reads the world as poem, a continuous ribbon of urgent discourse, his own and others, from which he periodically excises a word, a phrase, a page. Verbatim notes made during lectures by philosophers (Badiou, Danto) are as artistically viable as are vivid glimpses into the writer's daily private life. Every text in *Plural* demonstrates Stackhouse's ear/eye for language as flow, his love of cascading cadences and the music of compacted words. He is a poet who knows how to wield, as he tells us, "thought as tuning fork." —RAPHAEL RUBINSTEIN

This is a beautiful book, full of syntactical surprises and verbal juxtapositions such as one only finds in the most adventurous and exciting poetry. If the range of reference in these poems is astonishing, so is the achievement that places this work within that small, but vital company of poets whose visual sensitivity and sublime ears are informed not only by literary convention but also by long practice in creative disciplines in addition to literature. This work's originality is startling, and its artistic context might be hard for some readers to grasp. That's a good thing, but if we must have reference points, let us go to writers like Jean Arp, Pierre Reverdy, Cecil Taylor, or Russell Atkins. If we allow ourselves to think in those terms, we will then discover that, with Christopher Stackhouse, we have a literary artist who draws from a special discipline and toolkit all his own as he works to make the aural and the visual serve the ends of language.

—GEOFFREY JACQUES

Counterpath
www.counterpathpress.org

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A DAILY LECTURE WRITTEN BY MARCUS STEINWEG

73rd Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 11th September 2013
THE ABYSS OF NEGATIVITY
Marcus Steinweg

1. In all his books, Giorgio Agamben has reconstructed the zone of conflict between presence and absence or being and withdrawal in order simultaneously to refer to the fact that the insistence on the irreducible trace (on the *arché-trace*, the *gramma* in Derrida's thinking) or on being as withdrawal (in Heidegger's as well as Blanchot's thinking) is part of the ethos of the metaphysical legacy in thinking: "From this viewpoint we can assess the acuity of Derrida's critique of the metaphysical tradition, and also become aware of its limits. Without question, along with Derrida, we have to appraise those philosophers who, unfolding Levinas' concept of the trace and Heidegger's concept of difference, have brought to light most decisively the originary position assumed by the *gramma* and the significant in our culture. However, in this way he believed that he had opened up a path to overcome metaphysics whereas in fact he had only brought its fundamental problem to the light of day. Metaphysics, namely, is not simply the primacy of the voice over the *gramma*. If metaphysics is that thinking which posits the voice as origin, then it is so only because, from the outset, this voice is thought as sublated, as *VOICE*. To discern the horizon of metaphysics merely in the predominance of *phoné* and consequently to believe that it can be transcended with the aid of *gramma* means thinking metaphysics without the negativity that is equally part of its essence. Metaphysics is always already grammatology, and grammatology is *fundamental ontology* insofar as the function of the negative ontological ground can be attributed to the *gramma* (the *VOICE*)."¹
2. The thinking of irreducible difference (whether it be articulated as a thinking of *writing* in Derrida's sense, i.e. as a thinking that inscribes in phonocentrism a resistance that cannot be integrated, or as a thinking of the *abyssal ground* or the *grounding abyss* in Heidegger's sense) is already part of the tradition of metaphysical thinking since, for Agamben, "the term metaphysics refers to that tradition of thinking which thinks the self-grounding of being as a negative ground".²
3. Metaphysics would be the opening of the thinking subject to the unthinkable in the dynamic of self-grounding that recognizes itself as a hovering architecture.
4. The subject of this dynamic mediates itself with itself by starting to put its trust in the limit of the self; trust which has to be radical, anti-illusory practice by exchanging the illusion of pure self-grounding for itself.
5. Instead of surrendering itself to the naivety of ultimate self-control, metaphysics would be the knowledge that cannot cease knowing that knowledge is not everything.
6. Without therefore deviating into religiosity, metaphysical thinking would be a thinking of the unthinkable beyond religious self-elimination, a thinking which as thinking drives its concepts to their implicit limit, a thinking that sharpens its vocabulary on the impossible, a thinking which, as Theodor W. Adorno puts it, is the effort to get beyond the concept with the aid of the concept.
7. This is an effort or an exertion that inscribes difference into the concept itself instead of localizing it beyond the concept and its reductive, identifying violence.
8. The concept, thinking in concepts includes stretching for what is outside concepts, for the implicit impossibility of a conceptual grasping of being and the world.
9. The concept is bounded by the domain of the non-conceptual. It exists only in the form of this touching of the limit; it exists only as *excess* — as excess and hyperbolism, as the exteriority of a form that opens itself to the formlessness of pre-conceptual entities.
10. The dimension of the pre-conceptual can also be designated as the order of the pre-synthetic trace, as the domain of *gramma* or, in Agamben's terminology, of *Voice*, as the dimension of a difference or limit that is inscribed in conceptual desire as a resistance that has always already been inscribed.

11. I call this space the domain of the incommensurable where it is indispensable to insist on the fact that the incommensurable does not mean any sublime beyond, but this cleft in the concept itself that marks difference in identity — a difference which accompanies identifying thinking from its beginnings and never ceases to afflict it.

12. It is this presence of difference in the thinking of presence called metaphysics which makes a simple distinguishing of metaphysical thinking from trans-metaphysical (deconstructed, etc.) thinking, as Derrida himself would say, infinitely complicated — *infinitely* in the sense of the meaning of infinity evoked by Maurice Blanchot that aims at inconclusiveness and unceasingness.

13. *Complicated* in the sense of the impossibility of a satisfactory classification of conceptual thinking in binary models whose simplifications can be boundless.

14. The relationship between presence and absence, identity and difference, concept and non-concept will not bend to any hierarchical structure that causes the one element to be subjugated to the other through a kind of conceptual injustice for the sake of its classification.

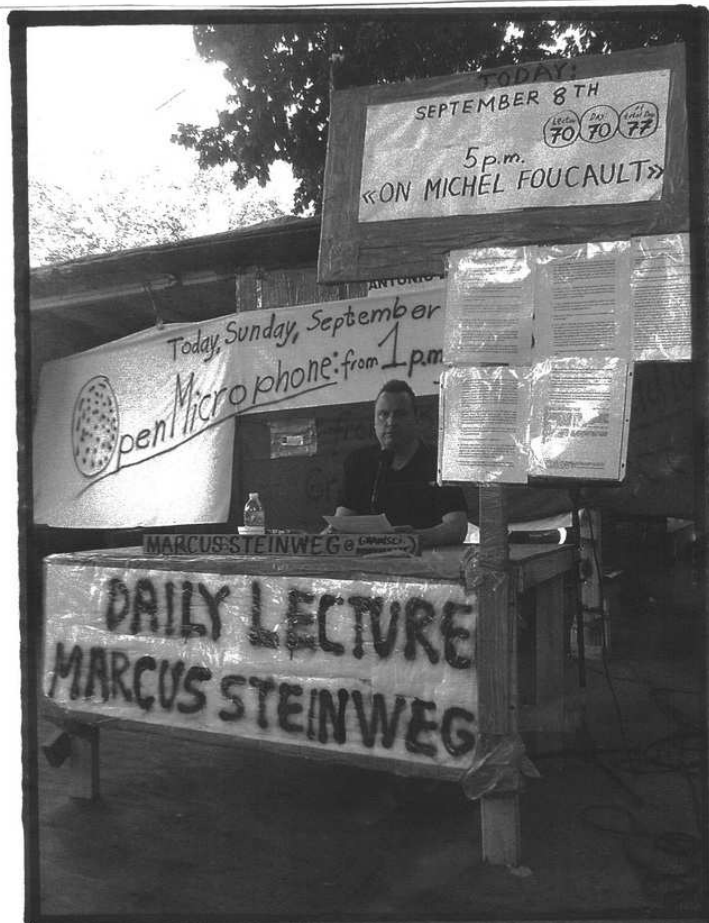
15. On this conceptual injustice, on the *injustice of the concept*, Adorno and Derrida, along with many others, have said what is most necessary to say.

16. Agamben then rightly insists that so-called metaphysical thinking, instead of being simply the name of this injustice, cannot itself be sacrificed to it because it itself is more complicated and more complex than injustice wants it to be.

17. Metaphysical thinking already includes this self-extension of the concept to its dark ground which Agamben describes as the abyss of negativity.

¹ Giorgio Agamben *Die Sprache und der Tod. Ein Seminar über den Ort der Negativität*, Frankfurt/M. 2007, p. 72.

² *Ibid.*, p. 14, note.



GRAMSCI'S PRISON ENGLISH LESSON'S

4
 Presentasi ~ From too much love of living, ~ From
 hope and fear set free, ~ We thank, with brief
 thanksgiving, ~ Whatever Gods may be, ~ That no life
 lives for ever, ~ That dead men rise up never, ~ That
 even the weariest river ~ Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Liberi da un troppo grande amare della vita, liberi
^{insieme} dalla speranza e dal timore, ringraziamo brevemente
 gli dei, qualunque essi siano, di ciò che alcuna vita
 non vive sempre. Di ciò che i morti non risorgono,
 di ciò che anche il fiume più stanco finisce col saggiare
 verso il mare.

From too much love of living, ~ From hope and fear set free,
 ~ We thank, with brief thanksgiving ~ Whatever gods may be, ~ That
 no life lives for ever, ~ That dead men rise up never ~
 That even the weariest river ~ Winds somewhere safe to sea.

I can find fantasies where none is.
 So pass trovare fantasie dove non c'è nessuno
 Di cãu finde fantasii [h]uãr nãu is...

Three pages at the start of one of the notebooks which Gramsci set aside for translation contain some exercises in the English language—two of them are reproduced here. These pages are the only record of Gramsci's effort to learn

English. His study of foreign languages, to which he devoted considerable time while in prison, was directed primarily at improving his knowledge of German and Russian.

Esercizi di lingua inglese

last not least (last not (last) ultima non me l'ultimo) (ultimo) (ultimo)
 puzzle (puzzle) - invenzione, problema, gioco di parole, enigma
 welfare (welfare) - benessere - benessere - benessere - benessere
 shipping (shipping) - nave - nave - nave - nave
 stately (stately) - maestoso - maestoso - maestoso - maestoso
 child (child) - bambino - bambino - bambino - bambino
 vanity (vanity) - vanità - vanità - vanità - vanità
 kind (kind) - gentile - gentile - gentile - gentile
 notice (notice) - avviso - avviso - avviso - avviso
 [writer] (writer) - scrittore - scrittore - scrittore - scrittore
 [biographical] (biographical) - biografico - biografico - biografico - biografico
 [publish] (publish) - pubblicare - pubblicare - pubblicare - pubblicare
 [in] (in) - in - in - in - in
 [look] (look) - guardare - guardare - guardare - guardare

PICTURES FROM OPEN MICROPHONE NO. 10



CONTRIBUTION OF MARCELLA PARADISE
DISCUSSED AT ART SCHOOL # 10

14 109A 14-09A
HOME TIOGA COUNTY CURRENT EXHIBITS EVENTS RESEARCH ABOUT US MEMBERSHIP

Museum Hours

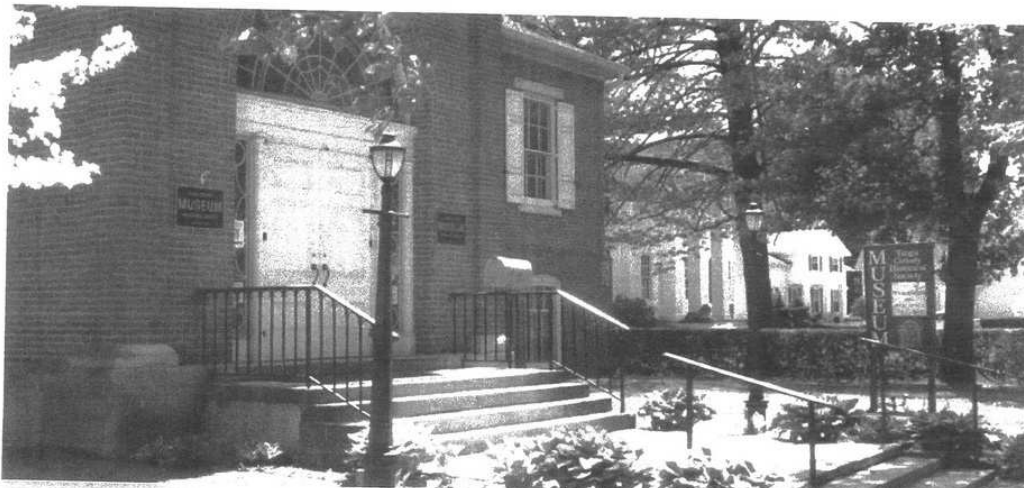
Wed - Sat
10 - 4pm

Tioga County Historical Society

Tioga County, New York

"...committed to preserving the history of Tioga County, NY. The Society collects and preserves artifacts from every town in the county. Our goal is to educate the public about the county's history and how it ties into national history as a whole."

Address/Contact Info:
110 Front Street
Owego, NY 13827
607-687-2460
museum@tiogahistory.org



Directions

From W, take I86 to Exit 64
Turn left toward bridge, turn left
off bridge onto Front St.

From N, take 96 S into Owego.
Right on Main, left on Park,
right on Front.

From E, take I86 to Exit 64
Right toward Court St bridge,
turn left off bridge onto Front
St.

We are located West of the
Courthouse, on the residential
side of Front Street.

Tioga County Historical Society

Hours of Service

Wednesdays through Saturdays - 10am - 4pm

What to see at the Museum

Explore our current exhibits or peruse our gift shop selection. Galleries are located on the top floor of the museum. The gift shop and the research facility are located on the lower floor. Our lower floor is still undergoing post-flood restoration, but the areas are functional and open to the public.

Current Exhibits



CONTRIBUTION OF MARCELLA PARADISE DISCUSSED AT ART SCHOOL #10

History of Tioga County



Tioga County's history is well documented in the various historical societies, preservation organizations, museums, libraries, schools and communities. Tioga County and her people have played important roles in regional, state, and national events.

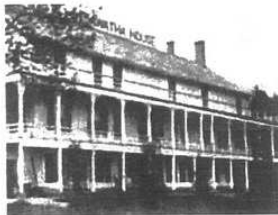
Tioga County was once home to the Cayuga and Onondaga tribes of the Iroquois confederacy. Owego saw events from the American Revolution unfold as the contingents of the Sullivan and Clinton Armies burned the Iroquois villages in August 1779. By 1784, James McMaster, a veteran of the revolution who came through the area with the Sullivan and Clinton campaign, began to cultivate crops and trade with the Native Americans living on the banks of the Susquehanna River.

McMaster, and Amos Draper, an itinerant trader, and the first permanent white settler were soon accompanied by other pioneers in Tioga County. Samuel and William Ransom, Prince and Andrew Alden, Samuel Brown, Isaac Harris, Ebenezer Ellis, Pelatiah Pierce, James Cole, Daniel Ball, Elisha Wilson, Ezbon Jenks, and Asa Bement were just a few of the hearty pioneers who would clear the land and establish roots before 1800.

As more people settled in the area, there became a need for law and order. James McMaster would become Tioga County's first sheriff in 1791. The political boundaries of the county would fluctuate through time as the state and nation began to grow, industrialize, and diversify.



As the first half of the 19th century drew to a close, Tioga County sent men to fight the War of 1812 and the Mexican-American War. It had established infrastructure consisting of roads, turnpikes, bridges, toll roads, steamboats, ferries, stagecoach lines, and the second oldest railroad in the state. County residents learned of events and news via newspapers, such as the Owego Gazette, or heard from family and friends through the mail service traveling along the Catskill Turnpike.



As the second half of the 19th century began, the winds of controversy grew stronger over sectional diversity, states rights, taxation, and slavery. After four years of bloody strife had ended in 1865, Tioga County celebrated her heroes and mourned her losses. Men from Tioga County would serve in all branches of the military during the Civil War. Many would comprise the companies of the 109th and 137th New York State Volunteers. Men such as Generals Tracy and Catlin of the 109th, and Captain Barager of the 137th. Many of these men such

as Sergeant Amos Humiston would lose their lives at Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Peach Tree Creek.



CONTRIBUTION OF MARCELLA PARADISE
DISCUSSED AT ART SCHOOL #10

With the reconstruction of the nation came the industrial boom and new ideas about commerce, society, and the rights of women. Women who had served on the home front during the war between the states such as Sarah Palmer, affectionately known as Aunt Becky by her boys of the 109th, and Esther McQuigg Morris, the first woman to hold a public office in the U.S., began to question their status in life. Vast amounts of money were being made by the Captains of Industry, or as the newly forming labor unions called them, the Robber Barons. Men like John D. Rockefeller of Richford who would create the Standard Oil Company, becoming the richest man in the world.



Still others, like Raphael Pumpelly, made contributions to the field of geology. Henry Martyn Robert would revise his Robert's Rules of Order used in parliamentary proceedings, and Thomas Collier Platt, New York State Republican Boss and later U.S. Senator, would determine who would remain in power and become the next president of the United States.

By the time Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in as President of the United States after the assassination of William McKinley in 1901, Tioga County was prospering. Men had once again answered the call of duty during the Spanish-American War in 1898, railroads spanned the country, slavery had been abolished, telephone and electric lines were being strung, the Owego Champion Wagon Works had begun building automobiles, and reunions for the veterans of the Civil War had been held on Hiawatha Island at the Hiawatha Hotel. The dawn of the 20th century would bring new challenges to the next generation.



FEEDBACK

the unreliable author

essays, journalism, prose, tidbits

Philosophy as Living Art: Thomas Hirschhorn's Gramsci Monument

September 2, 2013 by [rachel](#)



In the five years I've been a New Yorker, I can count the times I've been to the Bronx: they've generally been work-related, as in the charter schools I worked in as a substitute teacher or the event I volunteered for at the Botanical Gardens. Though I've only been in the city for five years, I know from local folklore and literature like Colum McCann's *Let the Great World Spin* about the days when "the Bronx was burning"—when the borough was rife with drug addiction, crime, gang violence, and

prostitution, and fires spread through rioting neighborhoods. People without means lived in tall public housing projects, stacked atop each other and with no opportunities beckoning, no place to escape from or deal with family and social problems.

All of which is to say that your average, middle-class New Yorkers probably don't go often to the Bronx, although most know that it's no longer burning and not quite as infamous, though having worked at schools there I can say that it is still mostly working-class.

This summer, however, German artist [Thomas Hirschhorn](#) (<http://www.diaart.org/exhibitions/main/125>) gave New Yorkers reason to flock to their northern borough in droves, to have public seminars on various topics pertaining to contemporary philosophy, sip cocktails in the late afternoon sun, and behold a community-built and community-run monument

to the 20th-century Italian Marxist thinker, and imprisoned Communist, Antonio Gramsci. Hirschhorn spent seven years preparing for this project, which is literally in the projects: the monument stands in the main courtyard of Forest Houses and in a strange way seems to fold into the environs so aptly you wouldn't guess at first glance that an outsider designed it.

A visit to the monument this weekend, on a warm Saturday afternoon, found the monument alive with locals running operations and visitors taking in the scene: a mostly wooden, raised structure with several sections, including a library-museum, Internet cafe, bar, children's workshop, newspaper press, seminar stage and more. It was decorated with graffitied or typed quotes by Gramsci and poems by Forest residents, as well as a beautiful spray-painted mural, basketball hoops with spray-painted slogans "love" and "politics." It was living poetry, living philosophy.

Every Saturday afternoon there is a lecture by a prominent thinker, usually an academic of high-standing like Gayatri Spivak (who remembers reading "[Can the Subaltern Speak](http://www.mcgill.ca/files/crclaw-discourse/Can_the_subaltern_speak.pdf)" in grad school, and hardly being able to speak about it?), but we arrived too late for that; instead we caught the daily 5pm talk by a German philosopher of the Italian Marxist strain associated most famously with Antonio Negri, named Marcus Steinweg. This was part of Steinweg's ongoing lecture series at the monument; every single day he gives an hour-long talk. Looking around, most of the attendees would easily be seen on the street smoking a cigarette outside the new billion-dollar New School building in Lower Manhattan: they wore thick-framed glasses and torn jeans, held Moleskines and iPhones, and stroked their goatees thoughtfully as Steinweg offered eloquent observations on the concept of "the normal." But there were also Forest residences in the audience—some who attend daily, and ask questions to get the most out of the sessions. Aside from the lectures, there are art workshops, radio broadcasts, children's classes, and other activities that engage the local residents.

After the talk, we strolled around on the monument platforms. Teenage boys were engrossed in online game-world in the Internet cafe. A woman was selling jewelry on the sidewalk and another woman, standing nearby, was smoking a cigarette; from the platform one of the residents started telling her that she couldn't smoke that close to the monument. Strong words were exchanged, things seemed to escalate, but then the woman on the platform gave up and the other woman kept on smoking. Later, I saw another quarrel ensue on the grounds around the monument; I also saw children playing and running, people socializing, and teenagers lounging. Life, in other words.

Is it an intrusion into their lives, this strange monument? Definitely. But it also brings outsiders to Forest in a completely new context; they are not social workers or police officers, but rather they are more or less tourists, coming to visit a specific attraction and inevitably in the process gaining just a little bit of perspective on its surroundings.

A very good [blog post](http://artfny.com/2013/08/16/how-do-people-feel-about-the-gramsci-monument/) (<http://artfny.com/2013/08/16/how-do-people-feel-about-the-gramsci-monument/>) on ArtFNY details some of the Forest residents' thoughts about the Gramsci monument. Ultimately, Hirschhorn has erected a very well-done experiment, one which has controversial aspects but also one that bears incredible potential for having a positive influence on all involved; ultimately the goal of philosophy is to make us critical thinkers, and the Gramsci monument succeeds in provoking such deliberations. For one cannot help but ask questions after a visit to the monument: questions like, What role does thinking or questioning play in contemporary society? How much do I know about the people living in my own city? What are the commonalities that we as humans, or as New Yorkers, share despite apparent differences? What is dissent?

For me, an important question is: What might be the long-term impact of surrounding youth by art, books, live discussion, and the legacy of a man who went to jail not for gang-related violence or drugs but for his political beliefs? It's one that can never be answered, and that is itself part of the monument's existence. The monument is in fact a standing, living question, one that interrogates humanity and our abilities to challenge the status quo and mold it with our own ideas and strength.

The [monument](http://gramsci-monument.com/) (<http://gramsci-monument.com/>) will be up until September 15.

WE MADE HISTORY!



Souvenir T-shirt realized by Erik Farmer and Joe Budda about *Gramsci Monument*, for the benefit of the Forest Houses Alumni Association. Available for \$15.

RESIDENT OF THE DAY



DAISY RAGIN