

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT.

NEWSPAPER

Editors:
LAKESHA BRYANT
and
SAQUAN SCOTT

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



www.gramsci-monument.com

September 12th, 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

Why I Won't Wear a Tattoo

Skin color marks me.
Indelible already.
Been paying for it.



TRACIE MORRIS

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14. RESIDENT OF THE DAY

Bronx, NY 10456
Thursday
Chance of Storm

86 °F | °C

Precipitation: 60%
Humidity: 72%
Wind: 13 mph

Temperature	Precipitation	Wind
-------------	---------------	------

1 AM	4 AM	7 AM	10 AM	1 PM	4 PM	7 PM	10 PM
Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue
90° 75°	95° 75°	86° 66°	79° 55°	70° 55°	73° 59°	77° 57°	73° 59°



Tracie Morris

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Tracie Morris is an American poet, performer, vocalist and academic originally from Brooklyn, New York.

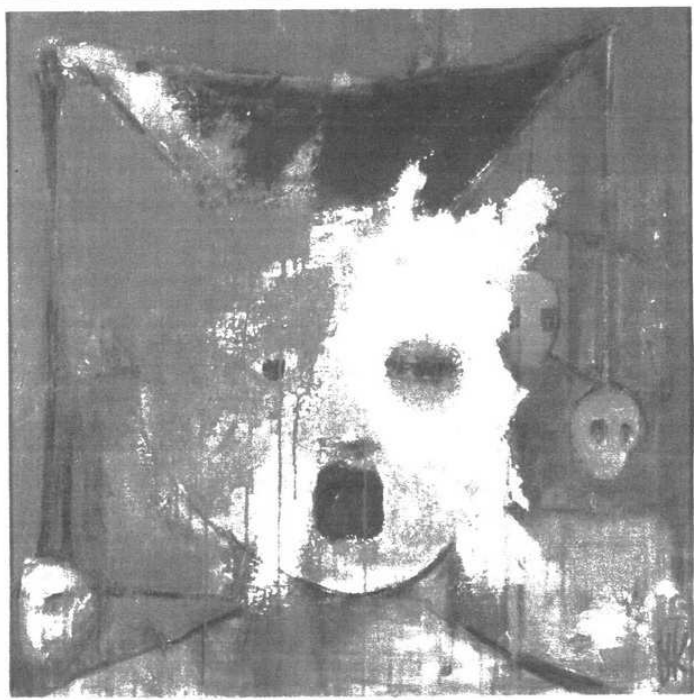
Career

Morris emerged as a performer and writer from the Lower East Side poetry scene in the early 1990s. She became known as a local performer in the "slam" scene located in the Nuyorican Poets Cafe in New York City, New York, and eventually made the 1993 Nuyorican Poetry Slam team, the same year she won the Nuyorican Grand Slam. ^[citation] (<http://www.worldofpoetry.org/usop/land.htm>) She competed in the 1993 National Poetry Slam held that year in San Francisco along with her Nuyorican teammates Maggie Estep, Hal Sirowitz and Regie Cabico.^[1]

Soon after, she began touring with other "slam poets" around the country and abroad, including Maggie Estep, Dael Orlandersmith, Mike Tyler and Paul Beatty and performed her work on MTV's *Spoken Word: Unplugged*.^[2] She was also performing with music from the outset of her poetry career—collaborating with musicians she met through the Black Rock Coalition. Morris' work is embraced by slam and performance poets as well as the Language Poets, a contemporary poetic avant-garde. She is featured, for example, on Charles Bernstein's *Close Listening* radio program^[3] and was featured at a 2008 conference on Conceptual Poetics alongside Bernstein, Marjorie Perloff, Craig Dworkin and others.

Morris is now known as a sound artist and specialist in sound poetry^[4] and as an occasional theatrical performer. She has studied British acting technique at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, London as well as Laban and Meisner techniques in the United States.^[5] Her work was featured in the 2002 Whitney Biennial.^[6] In 2008 her poem "Africa(n)" was included on the compilation album *Crosstalk: American Speech Music* (Bridge Records; produced by Mendi & Keith Obadike). Morris has a Ph.D. in Performance Studies from NYU and an MFA in poetry from Hunter College, CUNY; and has taught in several institutions of higher education (she is an Associate Professor at Pratt Institute). She was the 2007-2008 Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing Fellow at the University of Pennsylvania.^[7]

POEMS WRITTEN BY TRACIE MORRIS



TRACIE
MORRIS

RHYME SCHEME

Myomectomy Cycle: Taking a Bow

_____ the Magician, my older
16 year old cousin is about

to *TaDa* after about 6 pm
We're at the AA meeting.

Black men in degrees of repair:
in this cement building, neither

church nor grave: eager, feeling lucky.
A single-button hounds-tooth suit,

an undeliberate bust-accent-
ting turtle-neck are my

ensemble, one of my first. "You gonna
buy me one of those real magician

assistant outfits?" I asked. Not knowing
what to do if he said yes. "You're too
young to walk around like that," as if

the answer should be obvious
to a thirteen year old. Thank goodness

it was too expensive. He could barely
afford the collapsing cage trick.

2.
The anesthesia feels like the invisible
fire curtain of a black box theater. Pans

The Lady

The woman with skin
color of faded ground

between Arizona, Los Angeles
at 35,000 feet, uses a blush brush

adds color to planes and folds
coral lipstick, peach and gold

butterfly earrings, jacket's the shade
of old-fashioned beige phones,

ones with a land wire. Modern, in their
aerodynamic, easy to handle,

design. Between her and conflagrant
sun along side my eyes, bigger outside

the double plated window, my gaze makes
choices, what to land on, the polished

landscape of my future, or my past: the wild drop adjacent to me?

left to right downstage. Shows over.
I'm a bad version of Acid Queen, Tina. Hair

everywhere, a short shift exposing my legs
so down I don't know I'm drugged.

Scrunched at the bottom of the Craftmatic
-like industrial bed. This one is too big:

not *Goldilocks*, more like Rosalyn Cash
in Buckaroo Bonzai without wattage.

Spent money on a private room, *spent* honey.
Can't enjoy wallpaper with trim borders nor

Nicole Miller's hospital gown with cartoon
stethoscopes and secret pockets. Crude

frankenstein stitches where the unbabies
was: My own muscles morphed into

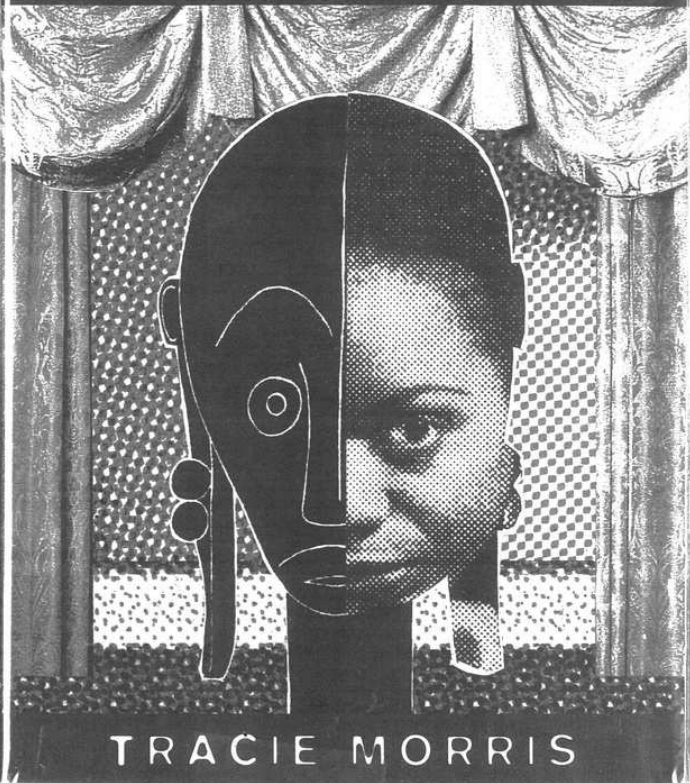
riddlers. Ha-ha (strange). "Pop!"
18 Lucky Charms: lemon yellow, orange orange.

grapes and stalks. The Trix bunny tells me there
are secret characters Black girls mostly know:

so so womanly with extra estrogen, a private
cubby if you turn the button? *TaDa*

the curtain rises (little did my cousin know):
"Look: This lady will be sawed in half!"

INTERMISSION



TRACIE MORRIS

32

Las Brujitas

bubble, bubble
toil and double
dutch too much
turning into trouble

tapping time 'till
we just can't take it
chanting rhymes when
moments make it

blessed and cursed
being double handed
leaning to left
strands deftly commanded

understudies be understanding
switchettes fidget digits
turning dispell, casting
breaking curses

portal dimensions
simple phrases
making mischief
not to be phased as
bracelets clink
in sync thinking
sweethearts' names
invocation through
games and—

33

"...tell me the name of..."
"...K-I-S-S-I-N-G..."
"Miss Lucy had a baby and this is what she said..."
"...saw James Brown sitting in the gutter..."

even when Ali needed mo' machismo
he put dopes on the rope with a
butterfly float, flippant wrist
let loose noose's grip

like we girls did
reworking the kinetics
left-turn, right-turn
over-hand aesthetics

feet thinking double-time
meter reason school's
in season, flip in, flouncing
guild's lillies

dust clouds breezes—
ten little drummers
summon up old stories
speak in tongues

old soul buster's shoes
got the blues and browns
round white fronts
tassles flat down

keeping up chatter
through patter
in the 'pation
vibes 'verberating

teeny-bopper 'timidation
tensile strength
making it stand
knot still yet grand

Significadence
ain't random
We clasp our hands
in tandem.

35

Why I Won't Wear a Tattoo

Skin color marks me.
Indelible already.
Been paying for it.



Tracie Morris

A LETTER FROM ANTONIO GRAMSCI TO HIS WIFE

GIULIA "JULCA" SCHUCHT

November 6, 1932

Dearest Julca,

I received your letter of the twenty-second of last month. I don't think that you should worry about the small difficulties that you encounter in readjusting to a common life of active work. This seems obvious to me. Do you know that there is an Italian proverb that says that the most difficult step is the one out the door. How to begin? But what is "the beginning"? When I was attending the first year of university, the professor who taught the history of philosophy was a mummified old man from the older generation who didn't even know about matches, a certain Pasquale D'Ercole, a man from Spinazzola in Apulia. His boast was that he belonged to the old generation of Hegelians in the Risorgimento and had remained a Hegelian even in the era of positivism and naturalism, so that he looked with a certain contempt upon the new Hegelian currents that had gradually taken shape in Italy around the year 1900. He resolved everything with the help of a dictionary, verbally, and with what he called dialectics. He had been teaching in Turin for fifty years and his course was supposed to deal with the "final evolutionary entity," but nobody yet knew what this final evolutionary entity was because this is what happened: with every new school year this D'Ercole gave an introductory lecture announcing the theme, professing his Hegelianism and presenting a brief excursus on the concept of "principio," the beginning principle: Aristotle said this, Plato said that, etc. etc., all the way down to Hegel. Then he would present his own point of view that was very simple: "The principle, gentlemen, is none other than the principle, the idea of the principle." According to the Hegelian concept of philosophy, which is one with the history of philosophy, he went on to announce that before speaking of the final evolutionary entity, he would present a brief treatise of history and he would begin with the most ancient philosopher, Chinese of course, that is, Lao Tzse, and the entire school year was devoted to this subject. Every

year, since some of the students changed, D'Ercole would begin again with the "the beginning" and with Lao Tzse, and so it went for fifty years. He died in 1913, and among his papers was found a manuscript entitled "The Final Evolutionary Entity" that was published in the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences and published separately as an abstract. Not even a novel by Victor Marguerite¹ had as much success; all the old alumni of the university wanted to know what this final evolutionary entity might be, which had been announced for fifty years and had forever remained unknown, and the pamphlet sold like hot cakes. Now I think that you are not going to rack your brains over what the "beginning" is or even the final evolutionary entity, the alpha and omega of your new existence, which is new only metaphorically but in reality is the continuation of an entire past.

I've been pleased with the news about the children, especially that sometimes they have fist fights; I don't believe that they hurt each other and so I'm not surprised. I embrace you tenderly, together with the two boxers.

Antonio

1. Victor Marguerite, author of *Jean-Jacques et l'amour* [Jean-Jacques and love] (Paris: Flammarion, 1921).

ANTONIO GRAMSCI'S GRAVE AT THE NON-CATHOLIC CEMETERY IN ROME



VISITORS GUIDE

THE NON-CATHOLIC CEMETERY IN ROME



ENTRANCE:
Via Caio Cestio 6

(Office) Via Nicola Zabaglia, 45
00153 Rome - Italy

Phone/Fax 06.57.41.900
www.protestantcemetery.it

ALPHABETICAL LIST

Includes certain prominent persons buried in the non-Catholic cemetery at Testaccio in Rome
(The red number in front of the name refers to the red number on the map.)

NATIONAL AND COMMON TOMBS

- 33a. Zona Vecchia - Danish national tomb
- 23. Zona Vecchia - Swedish national tomb
- 38. Zona Seconda - German national tomb

PARTE ANTICA

- Map Ref. 3 Åkerblad, Johan David (1779-1819) - Swedish diplomat and egyptologist
- * Åkerström, Jonas (1759-1795) - Swedish painter, no tombstone
 - * Bach, Johann Samuel (1749-1778) - grandson of Johann Sebastian Bach, tablet without inscription
- 2 Bell, John (1762-1820) - Scottish surgeon and anatomist
- Col. Bowles, Sir William Sydney (1776-1806) - imposing column
- 10 Carstens, Jacob Asmus (1754-1798) - painter from Schleswig, proponent of classicism
- * Ellis, Sir William (1635-1732) - English, first recorded burial on this site; no tombstone
- 9 Fohr, Carl Philipp (1795-1818) - German painter from the Romantic period, member of the Nazarenes
- 12a Harding of Scarborough, William (1770-1821) - English gentleman
- 11 Humboldt, Friedrich Konstantin von (1806-1807)
- Humboldt, Wilhelm von (1794-1803), sons of Wilhelm von Humboldt, Prussian diplomat and education reformer
- 1 Keats, John (1795-1821) - English poet
- 5 Langton, George (1713-1738) - student from Oxford; earliest remains found on this site
- 6a MacDonald, James (1742-1766) - Scottish nobleman; said to be the first public Protestant funeral in Rome; tombstone signed "Piranesi"
- 5a McEvers, M. Ruth Hunter (1784-1803) - first North American buried here

ZONA VECCHIA

- Map Row Ref. 27 13 Bathurst, Rosa (1808-1824) - British, drowned in the Tiber at the age of 16
- 19 13 Benedict, Clara Woolson (1844-1923) - sister of Constance Woolson, mother of Clare Rathbone Benedict
- 19 13 Benedict, Clare Rathbone (1870-1961) - American humanist and benefactor of the cemetery
- 30 2 Blommer, Nils Jakob Olsson (1816-1853) - Swedish painter
- 22a 15 Borissenko, Eugenia (1902-1970) - Russian-Italian ballerina known as Ruskaja
- 31a 3 Bruloff, Carolus (1799-1852) - Russian painter
- 21 7 Buch, Ludwig August von (d.1845) - Prussian minister
- 24 14 Cippico, Antonio (1877-1935) - Italian senator from Dalmatia
- 26a 4 Cockburn, Devereux Plantagenet (1829-1850) - Scottish soldier

- Map Row Ref. 66 12 Woodward, Rev. Francis Blake (1801-1866) - Irish founder of the Anglican Church in Rome
- 62 8 Wurts, Henrietta Tower (1856-1933) - American, owner of Villa Sciarra-Wurts on the Janiculum

ZONA SECONDA

- Map Row Ref. 104 15 Ballantyne, Robert Michael (1825-1894) - Scottish, author of "The Coral Island"
- 93 9 Bellezza, Dario (1944-1996) - Italian poet
- 99 99 ^{ossuary at the back wall} Benni, Arthur (d. 1867) - Polish journalist who fought with Garibaldi
- 88 7 Bispham, Henry Collins (1841-1882) - American artist, buried with son Henry Carol Bispham
- 96 15 Carson, Caroline (1820-1892) - American painter
- 91 12 Corradi, Hermann David Salomon (1844-1905) - Swiss painter (son of Salomon Corradi)
- 111 2 Cotton, Molly (1902-1984) - British archaeologist
- 90 8 D'Eramo, Luce (1925-2001) - Italian writer
- 80 21 Greenough, Richard Saltorstall (1819-1904) - American sculptor
- 98 13 Helbig, Wolfgang (1839-1915) - German archaeologist, buried with his Russian wife Nadine Schakowskoy (1847-1922), pianist, music patron and benefactor
- 89 10 Hoving, Carl Isak Victor (1846-1876) - Finnish fine art patron
- 108 5 Jarves, James Jackson (1818-1884) - American art historian, with his wife Isabella (d.1887) and son Jarves, James Jackson Jr. (1869-1884)

ZONA TERZA

- Map Row (riquadro) Ref. 135 9 Bildt, Baron Carl Nils Daniel de (1850-1931) - Swedish Minister to Italy (riq. 1)
- 134 9 Carter, Jesse Benedict (1872-1917) - director of the American Academy in Rome (riq. 3)
- 144 11 Ceccarini, Giovanni (1823-1888) - Italian surgeon and humanist (riq. 2)
- 118 2 Cenci-Bolognietti, Felicitè (1874-1954) - Italian philanthropist (riq. 1)
- 127 9 Coleman, Enrico (1846-1911) - Italian painter (riq. 3)
- 146 9 Court, Violet May (d.1914) - sculpture on tomb by Maltese sculptor Antonio Sciortino (riq. 2)
- 114 6 Crowninshield, Frederic (1845-1918) - painter, poet, director of the American Academy (riq. 3)
- 120 6 Curtis, Charles Denmore (1876-1925) - American archaeologist and writer (riq. 3)
- 138 1 Danilov, Vasilij (1919-1945) - Soviet soldier who fought with Italian partisans in WWII (riq. 4)
- 116 2 Filippini, Enrico (1932-1988) - Swiss journalist (riq. 1)
- 143 8 Gurko, Rameiko Basili (1864-1937) - Russian general (riq. 2)
- 145 1 Gramsci, Antonio (1891-1937) - Italian philosopher and a founder of Italian Communist Party (riq. 2)
- 6 Hertz, Henriette (1846-1913) - founder of the Bibliotheca Hertziana (riq. 3)
- 11 Jacobson, Harald (1863-1913) - Swedish writer and poet (riq. 2)
- 117 2 Karabetsky, Nicola Platonovic (1852-1925) -

- Map Ref. 12 Mead, William Rutherford (1854-1928) - architect, President of the American Academy in Rome
- 8 Milles, Ruth Anna Maria (1873-1941) - Swedish sculptor
- 3a Munthe, Hilda née Pennington-Mellor (1882-1967) - wife of Axel Munthe
- 3a Munthe, John Axel Viking (1908-1976) - son of Axel Munthe
- 3a Munthe, Malcolm Grane (1910-1995) - son of Axel Munthe
- 13a Reinhardt, George Frederick (1911-1971) - American Ambassador to Vietnam, Egypt and Italy
- 4 Severn, Joseph (1793-1879) - British Consul in Rome, painter, devoted friend of John Keats
- 4 Severn, Arthur (d.1837) - son of Joseph Severn; died at 8 months
- 6 Shelley, William (1816-1819) - son of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Shelley
- 8a Synnot, Sir Walter (1742-1821) - from Armagh, Ireland
- 13 Temple, Lady Elisa née Watson (1770-1809) - American wife of Grenville Temple, baronet, earliest monument in cemetery with figural sculpture
- 4a Van Buren, Albert William (1878-1968) - American archaeologist, husband of Elizabeth Van Buren
- 4a Van Buren, Elizabeth Douglas (1881-1961) - English archaeologist, wife of Albert Van Buren
- 7 Werpup, George Antony Fred. (1740-1765) - son of Baron Werpup, Minister to the Holy See, from Hannover

- Map Row Ref. 14 15 Corso, Gregory (1930-2001) - American beat poet
- 15a 8 De Vaux, James (1814-1844) - American artist (name misspelled on tombstone)
- 15 8 Gadda, Carlo Emilio (1893-1973) - Italian writer
- 18 9 Grant, Constance (1834-1842) - a particularly beautiful monument
- 33 1 Kestner, August (1777-1853) - from Hannover, Counsellor of Legation, son of Lotte
- 20 7 Keyser, Ernest Wise (1876-1959) - American sculptor
- 32a 15 Lee, Belinda (1935-1961) - English actress
- 26 5 Martin, Jacob L. (1800-1848) - US Chargé d'Affaires in Rome
- 17 9 Mason, Richard (1919-1997) - British novelist
- 25a 15 Norman, Herbert (1909-1957) - Canadian diplomat and historian

- Map Row Ref. 62 8 Wurts, George W. (1845-1928) - American diplomat in Rome and St. Petersburg, retired to Rome and bought Villa Sciarra
- 34 5 Wyatt, Richard James (1795-1850) - English sculptor, student of Canova
- Map Row Ref. 109 6 Kopf, Josef von (1827-1903) - German artist
- 101 4 Marconi, Degna (1908-1997) and Marconi, Giulio (1910-1971) - daughter and son of Guglielmo Marconi
- 100 4 Mares, Hans von (1837-1887) - German painter
- 110 18 Miceli, Luigi (1824-1906) - Italian patriot and friend of Garibaldi
- 105 19 Munch, Peter Andreas (1810-1863) - Norwegian historian, uncle of Edvard Munch
- 103 9 Pander, Pier (1864-1919) - Dutch sculptor
- 94 8 Rosselli, Amelia (1930-1996) - Italian poet
- 106 16 Rothwell, Richard (1800-1868) - English painter, said to have painted the only known portrait of Mary Shelley
- 97 ^{ossuary at the back wall} Rozat, Bartolomeo (1824-1849) - Swiss, captain of the Bersagliere, died in the defence of Rome
- 95 ^{ossuary at the back wall} Schöley, John (1831-1867) - English follower of Garibaldi, died in the defence of Rome
- 107 8 Semper, Gottfried (1813-1879) - German architect
- 102 5 Takanen, Johannes (1849-1885) - Finnish sculptor
- 122 16 Verlaci, Sherket Bej, (1877-1946) - Albanian Prime Minister and leader of the Progressive Party
- 92 17 Vivian, Lord Hussey Crespiigny (1834-1893) - British Ambassador in Rome

- Map Row (riquadro) Ref. 125 9 Krautheimer, Richard (1897-1994) - German-American art historian and honorary citizen of Rome (riq. 3)
- 133 3 Kroupensky, Anatole (d. 1923) - Russian Ambassador to Italy (riq. 3)
- 132 8 Lotz, Wolfgang (1912-1981) - German art historian, director of the Bibliotheca Hertziana (riq. 3)
- 137 5 Lundberg, Johan Teodor (1852-1926) - Swedish sculptor (riq. 4)
- 147 6 Naghdi, Mohammad Hossein (1951-1993) - Iranian diplomat and resistance leader (riq. 2)
- 136 5 Nola, Alfonso Maria di (1926-1997) - Italian anthropologist (riq. 4)
- 139 1 Pavlovich, Milena Barilli (1909-1945) - Serbian artist and daughter of poet Bruno Barilli (riq. 4)
- 119 5 Peck, Tracy (1838-1921) - professor at American School of Classical Studies in Rome (riq. 3)
- 142 1 Pierce, Francis Connelly (1841-1922) - American sculptor (riq. 2)
- 113 2 Pontecorvo, Bruno (1913-1993) - Italian physicist who died in Soviet Union (riq. 1)
- 121 6 Popescu, Gladys Marion (1919-2000) - Romanian actress and showgirl (riq. 1)
- 112 1 Simmons, Ella Bourne Stocum (1847-1905) - American, wife of Franklin Simmons, sculptor of "Angel of the Resurrection" on tomb (riq. 1)
- 112 1 Simmons, Franklin (1839-1913) - American sculptor and painter (riq. 1)
- 126 7 Youssouppoff, Felix (1856-1928) - Russian prince, father of Felix Youssouppoff, assassin of Rasputin (riq. 3)

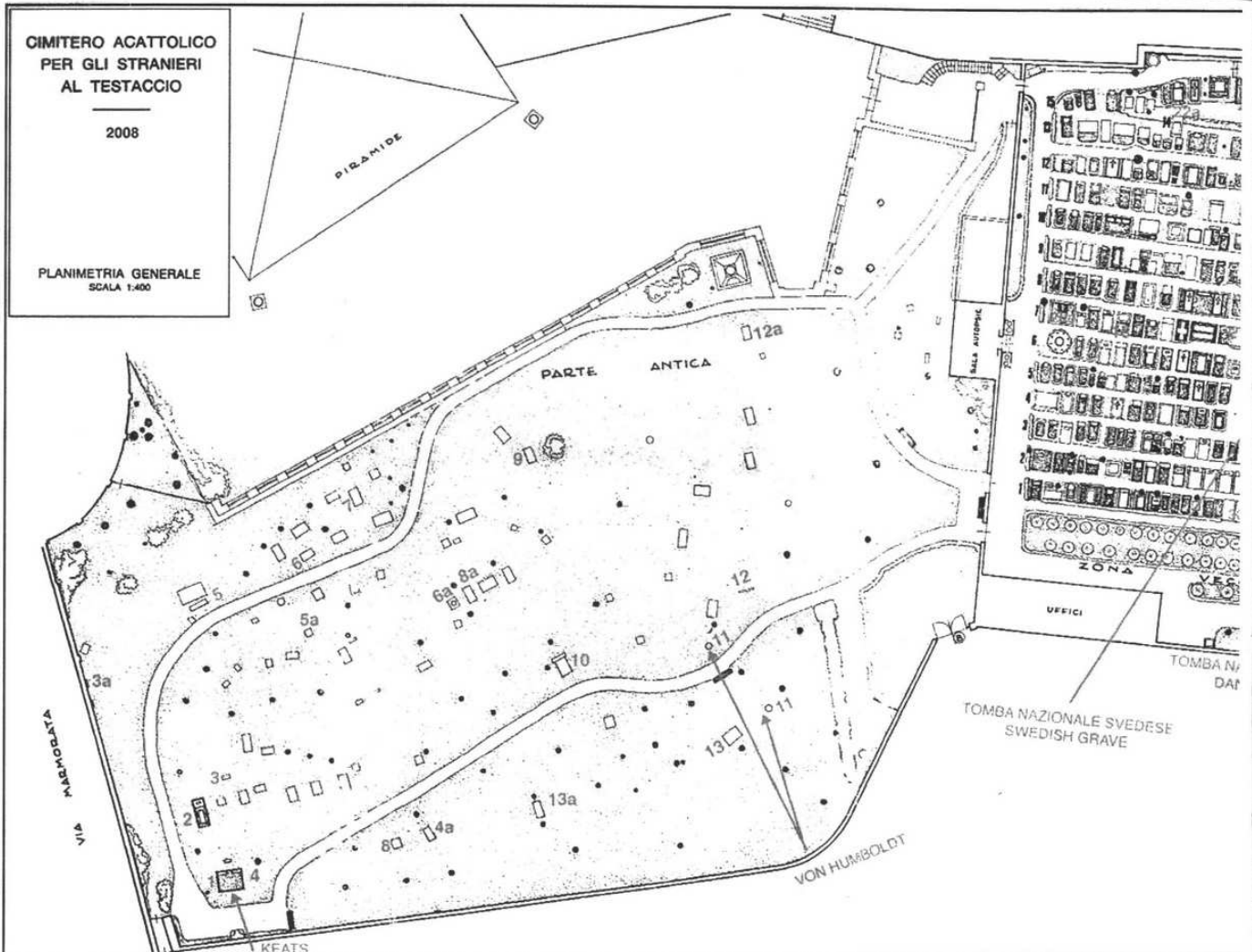
Map Ref.	Row	Name and Dates
32	14	Perowne, Sir Victor (1897-1951) - British Minister to the Holy See
20a	7	Randall-Maclver, David (1873-1945) - British-born American archaeologist
16	7	Reinhart, Johann Christian (1761-1847) - German painter and engraver
29	16	Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822) - English poet
22	15	Story, William Wetmore (1819-1895) and his wife Emelyn (1820-1895) - American sculptor, art critic, poet and editor, "The Angel of Grief"

Map Ref.	Row	Name and Dates
25	15	Symonds, John Addington (1840-1893) - English scholar of the Italian Renaissance
28	16	Trelawny, Edward J. (1792-1881) - friend of Percy Bysshe Shelley
30a	1	Watenphul, Max Peiffer (1896-1976) - German painter and photographer
19	13	Woolson, Constance Fenimore (1845-1894) - American writer. Close friend of Henry James
31	6	Wordsworth, William (1835-1917) - scholar, the poet's grandson

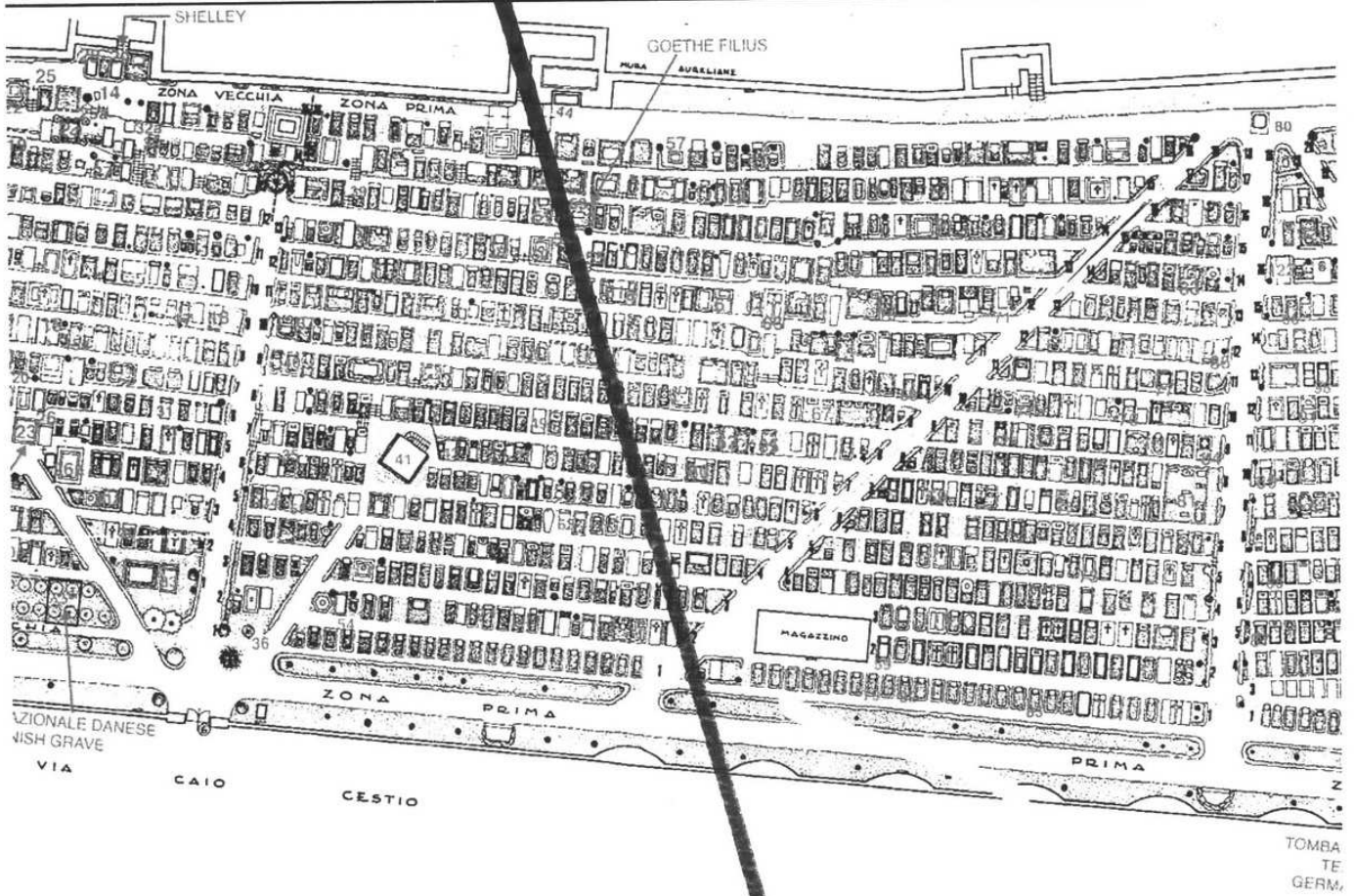
ZONA PRIMA

Map Ref.	Row	Name and Dates
41	6/7	Andersen, Hendrik Christian (1872-1940) - Norwegian-American sculptor and his family
46	13	Barth, Hans (1862-1928) - German journalist
52	13	Bulow, Otto von (1827-1901) - Minister Plenipotentiary of Prussia
35	6	Bystrom, Johan Niklas (1783-1848) - Swedish sculptor
72	10	Chapman, Elizabeth (1811-1874) - wife of John Gadsby Chapman (American painter), mother of Conrad Wise (American painter) and John Linton Corrodi, Arnold (1846-1874) - Swiss painter, son of Salomon Corrodi (below)
84	9	Corrodi, Salomon (1810-1892) - Swiss painter
83	14	Dana, Richard Henry (1815-1882) - American writer and lawyer, anti-slavery activist
68	10	Franchetti, Baron Alberto Leopoldo (1847-1917), Italian senator, humanist and economist
50	13	Gavazzi, Padre Alessandro (1809-1889) - writer and chaplain in Garibaldi's army
61	12	Gibson, John (1790-1866) - English neoclassical sculptor, student of Canova
53	14	Goethe, August von (1789-1830) - only son of writer Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
81	8	Haseltine, Marshall (1867-1875) - son of William Stanley Haseltine
81	8	Haseltine, Stanley Lane (1862-1879) - son of William Stanley Haseltine
81	8	Haseltine, William Stanley (1835-1900) - American landscape painter
86	12	Hauch, Carsten Johannes (1790-1872) - Danish writer and poet, born in Norway
58	4	Henschel, Werner (1782-1850) - Prussian sculptor
67	9	Heyland, Alexander Samuel (1840-1914) - Anglo-Irish major
67	9	Heyland, Clara Jessup (1849-1909) - donated Villa Aurelia to American Academy in Rome
42	7	Holm, Christian (1804-1846) - Danish animal painter
70	12	Hooker, James Clinton (1818-1894) - American banker
71	12	Ives, Chauncey Bradley (1810-1894) - American sculptor
77	11	Janssen, Borge (1867-1933) - Danish writer and folklorist
75	7	Jerichau, Harald (1851-1878) - Danish landscape painter
old chapel	2,3	King, Charles - ninth President of Columbia University (donated as a memorial by his widow)
37	10	Labriola, Antonio (1843-1904) - Italian professor of Social Science, Marxist theoretician

Map Ref.	Row	Name and Dates
63	5	Lowell, Walter (1851-1852) - American, son of James Russell Lowell (American author)
36	1	Lussu, Emilio (1890-1975) - Italian writer, member of Chamber of Deputies
69	7	MacDonald, Laurence (1799-1878) - Scottish sculptor, member of the Academy of San Luca
65	8	Marsh, George Perkins (1801-1882) - American Minister to Italy from 1861-82; author and environmentalist
78	16	Melegari, Dora (1846-1924) - Italian poet, journalist and philosopher
51	14	Meysenbug, Malwida Frein von (1816-1903) - German writer, early suffragette and (German) revolutionary
79	1	Nash, Ernest (1898-1974) - German-American scholar, archaeological photographer
64	12	Nichols, Jemima (1825-1858) - wife of American painter, Abel Nichols
74	10	Obolensky, Maria (1855-1873) - monument made by Russian sculptor, Antokolski
61a	12	Page, Thomas Jefferson (1808-1899) - Commodore, United States Navy; explorer
40	9	Palin, Nils Gustaf (1765-1842) - Swedish diplomat and egyptologist
44	East Wall	Passarge, Elsbeth M. Wegener (d. 1902) - monument called "The Bride", German
73	5	Riedel, August (1799-1883) - German portrait artist from Bayreuth
39	5	Reinhold, Heinrich (1788-1825) - German landscape painter
82	14	Sacharoff, Alexandre (1884-1963) - Russian ballet dancer, husband of Clotilde Sacharoff
82	1A	Sacharoff, Clotilde née von der Planitz (1892-1974) - German ballet dancer, wife of Alexandre Sacharoff
59	1A	Scharoff, Pietro (1886-1969) - Italian actor and director; "Three Sisters" sculpture by Mari Andriessen, inspired by Chekhov
55	13	Strohl-Fern, Alfred Wilhelm (1847-1927) - painter and humanist from Alsace; owned Villa Strohl-Fern
85	1	Strunk, Oliver (1901-1980) - American musicologist
60	7	Vedder, Elihu (1836-1923) - American painter, poet, and sculptor
45	15	Waiblinger, Wilhelm (1804-1830) - German poet and writer, friend of the romantic poet Frederick Holderlin
49	8	Werner, Gotthard Adolf (1837-1903) - Swedish painter
54	1	Wilcock, Juan Rodolfo (1919-1978) - Argentinian poet
76	10	Winterbotham, Henry (1837-1873) - British Member of Parliament and Under-Secretary of State



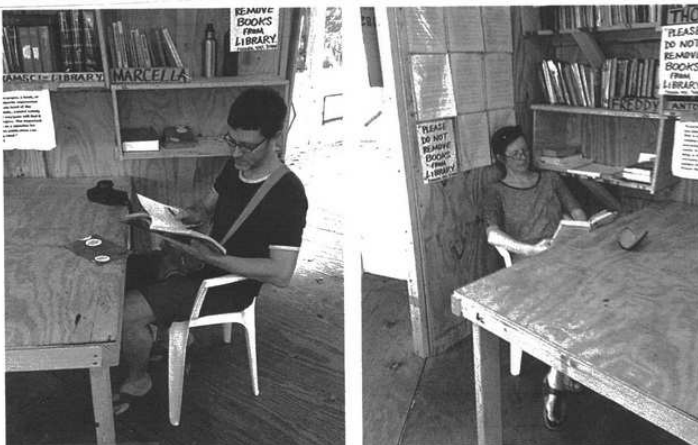
ANTONIO GRAMSCI'S GRAVE AT THE NON-CATHOLIC
CEMETERY IN ROME

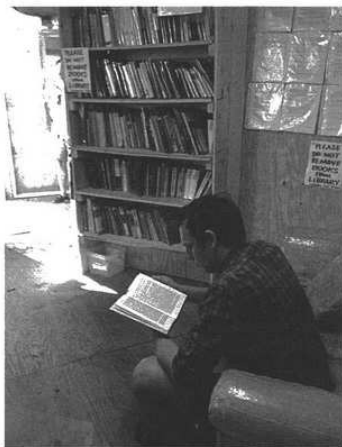


A DAILY LECTURE WRITTEN BY MARCUS STEINWEG

74th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 12th September 2013
12 NOTES ON DEMOCRACY
Marcus Steinweg

1. What if the *truth* of democracy were non-democracy?
2. What if democracy existed only as an opening to the dimension of its negation or exclusion?
3. What if democracy had to open itself to a negativity (or positivity), to a danger and a threat, to an absolute alienness and incommensurability in order to constitute and assert itself as democracy, as a measure and a measure of rule?
4. What if excess, the self-surpassing and self-transgression toward an otherness eluding the *kratein* (of rule) of the *demos* (of the people), the power to rule of the people, were part of democracy as subject and of the subject of democracy?
5. Democracy would be something accelerated toward its impossibility.
6. It would be nothing other than the turbulence and insecurity of a movement of exertion.
7. It would have to refuse the comfort of a sovereign self-enclosure in order to affirm this refusal as its adequate sovereignty.
8. The sovereignty of democracy, its democraticity, could lie in the affirmation of that which unsettles and endangers it most of all.
9. At no point in time would democracy have had the nature of a calming-down.
10. Not for a moment would the subject of democracy come to enjoy the narcissistic self-certainty of those who are standing on the 'right side' to fight the 'good fight'.
11. Democracy would be a fighting against, a questioning and *epoché* of this certainty, a kind of self-affirmative scepticism which did without the luxury of a good conscience as well as the arrogance to be the bad conscience of someone else.
12. Democracy exists only beyond good and bad conscience, beyond the category of conscience altogether.





WHAT'S GOING ON? FEED BACK

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September 23, 2013



ROMAIN LOPEZ/DIA ART FOUNDATION

Gramsci Archive and Library, part of Gramsci Monument (2013), by Thomas Hirschhorn, at Forest Houses, the Bronx, New York

More of Less

by BARRY SCHWABSKY

The last big work by Thomas Hirschhorn that I saw was *Crystal of Resistance*, displayed two years ago at the Swiss Pavilion of the Venice Biennale. Hirschhorn created an immersive environment in which, as I wrote at the time, “information overload becomes a concrete corporeal sensation, yet individual details never stop arresting your gaze.” His latest effort, *Gramsci Monument*—either “commissioned” by the Dia Art Foundation, according to the organization’s website, or “produced” by it, according to the Gramsci Monument website, whatever the distinction signifies—is very different, and has been created for a radically different context. Although I haven’t yet been able to go to this year’s Venice Biennale, I’ve been there much more often than I have to the South Bronx, which is where Hirschhorn’s new piece has been constructed on the grounds of Forest Houses, a high-rise project that since the 1950s has been home to more than 3,000 people. *Gramsci Monument* will be there through September 15, after which the used materials it was built from will

be redistributed locally.

Among the things art can do is change perception by changing the context in which perception takes place. Think of Marcel Duchamp’s gesture, made nearly 100 years ago, of transporting a porcelain urinal from a plumbing supply store to an art exhibition and signing it “R. Mutt.” But perception can be altered by more than seeing familiar objects in new contexts; transporting the perceiver beyond the walls of the museum or the gallery can work just as well. And so for other visitors to *Gramsci Monument*, taking the No. 5 train to Forest Houses was significant. I don’t want to make too much of this, and I certainly don’t intend to claim that giving people who would normally never set foot in a housing project a reason to find their way to one is a big deal, or even Hirschhorn’s primary intention. But the trek is at least as consequential as heading to the Great Salt Lake in Utah or the plateau in New Mexico where famous earthworks by Robert Smithson and Walter de Maria

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are located. And at a time when New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg is proposing that the best way to protect the residents of such projects is to fingerprint them all, it just might be a civic responsibility to see for oneself what it’s like. For the residents themselves, suddenly seeing their home being seen through the eyes of strangers might be enlightening, too. As the philosopher Gayatri Spivak put it in a talk on Gramsci given at the *Monument*, “Nothing will last if a collectivity looks only at itself.”

Hirschhorn’s monument to Antonio Gramsci, the great writer, political theorist and co-founder of the Italian Communist Party, is the fourth and last in a sequence of works situated in housing projects. The series began with a *Spinoza Monument* in Amsterdam in 1999 and continued with a *Deleuze Monument* in Avignon in 2000 and a *Bataille Monument* in Kassel, Germany, in 2002, part of Documenta 11. Though not exactly a site-specific work, *Gramsci Monument* seems to have been made as a piece of art whose primary audience is not assumed to be the art world or its acolytes. It hasn’t been located in a housing project the way artworks are housed in museums, private homes or public plazas. Even so, it’s not exclusively for the residents of Forest Houses either, but rather potentially for anyone—no prequalification necessary. Most good artworks are created on the same egalitarian basis, but *Gramsci Monument* is different in making a special point of the potential equality of all viewers. As Hirschhorn once said of his work, “The production must be able to address an uninterested audience.”

That *Gramsci Monument* is far from Chelsea or MoMA is only one of the signs of Hirschhorn’s egalitarian ethos. Simply by building his work in “the projects,” he reminds us of how the very word “project” has become fetishized in the art world—no museum can lack a project room, and every artist wants his or her work recognized, not simply as an assortment of mere things but as the expression of a genuine project—as well as maligned when it comes to designing places for people to live in common. As a culture, we don’t really believe that housing is or should be a “project,” or that living in common qualifies as one; for most of us, a housing project can only be imagined as a last resort.

In response to *Gramsci Monument*, Fred Moten has written a poem that begins,

if the projects become a project
from outside
then the projects been a project

forever, held in
the projects we’re the project they
stole, we steal
the project back and try to give it
back to them.

The poem ends:

let’s do this one more time, the
project repeats me. I am repleat
with the project, your difference
folds me in cadillac arms.
my oracle with sweets, be my
confection engine, tell me
how to choose, tell me how to
choose the project I have chosen.
are you the projects I choose? you
are the project I choose.

Knowingly or not, Moten is extending the Romantic writer Friedrich von Schlegel’s observation that projects are “fragments of the future.”

A curmudgeon might say that Hirschhorn built *Gramsci Monument* in order to make a high-rise housing project look better by comparison. Yet Forest Houses looks pretty good already—it’s well maintained, from what I could see from the grounds, with plenty of green space. And then all of a sudden one sees a little shantytown in the middle of it, as if shantytowns could just come down from the sky like UFOs: a set of unpretty, jerry-built plywood rooms clustered together with walkways and bridges between and around them. It’s a self-evidently anti-monumental monument, and not just because of its seemingly ramshackle (or, as Hirschhorn himself likes to say, precarious) appearance, which doesn’t let you get comfortable with the monument. The materials do seem to be nailed down tight; Hirschhorn is not Swiss for nothing.

I can imagine someone standing right in the middle of the structure and asking, “Where’s the monument?” Instead, there is a series of plywood rooms—“impressively unimpressive,” as an artist friend of mine put it—fitted out with pieces of old furniture that have been wrapped with brown packing tape (one of Hirschhorn’s signature materials), both to keep the stuffing inside them and to render them more uniform and less visible. And instead of the overload of collaged imagery in *Crystal of Resistance*, there is very little to “look at” but a lot to read, or at least to think about reading: from banners spray-painted with quotations from Gramsci’s notebooks—his most influential work, written during his imprisonment by Mussolini from 1926 until shortly before his death in 1937—to an exten-

sive library of writings by and about Gramsci (including Italian originals) and related topics by way of all sorts of photocopied documents affixed directly to the walls of the monument and a daily newspaper edited by two residents of the housing project. The monument is also a place for the spoken word, with a program of daily lectures, readings, discussions and open-mic sessions, as well as activities such as art workshops for kids and an "art school" for adults led by Hirschhorn himself. There is a "bar"—more of a luncheonette, really, with no alcohol but soda, coffee and water, as well as burgers and hot dogs—and a radio station and Internet corner, among other things.

The truly anti-monumental aspect of the piece is the absence of any point of iconic focus. For Hirschhorn, "the tendency to 'iconism' is the tendency to 'highlight'; it's the old, classical procedure of favoring and imposing, in an authoritarian way, a hierarchy." But he would rather be a leveler. At no point does *Gramsci Monument* seek to present an impressive form or assert a symbolically charged presence. Early in his career, Hirschhorn countered Mies van der Rohe by proclaiming, "Less is less, more is more"; but at Forest Houses, he's asserting more of less.

In effect, *Gramsci Monument* is more a place than a thing, closer to architecture

than sculpture, a ground rather than a figure. In *Crystal of Resistance*, it was hard to stop looking—and often in horror, because much of the imagery included in it was intensely violent. But with *Gramsci Monument*, you're more likely to find yourself looking for something to look at, and most of the time you won't find it. The peculiar and rather perverse artistic success of the piece is the way it keeps suggesting that something beautiful *could* be seen—but only if you, meaning we, make it. Perhaps that's why Gramsci is an apt namesake for such a project: because of his insistence on collective agency and, of course, the famous edge he gave to optimism of the will over pessimism of the intellect.

His four "monuments" aside, Hirschhorn has often dedicated works to people he admires. There have been "kiosks" for the writers Robert Walser, Ingeborg Bachmann and Emmanuel Bove, and for the artists Otto Freundlich, Méret Oppenheim, Fernand Léger, Emile Nolde and Liubov Popova, for instance. There have also been "altars" for Piet Mondrian, Raymond Carver and, again, Bachmann (the great Austrian poet and novelist) and Freundlich, the German-Jewish artist, a proponent of Dada and abstraction, who died in a concentration camp in Poland after having been deported from France in 1943.

The tendency to append another person's name to one's art, to create a work in homage, is surprisingly rare among artists. It's often an emotional gesture, poignant yet almost mute, and the artists who are given to making it seem by that token to have something important in common. I can't help but think of an observation made by Roland Barthes in an essay about the American painter Cy Twombly, some of whose works consist solely of an inscribed dedication: "since it bears only the inscription of the dedication, the canvas, so to speak, disappears, and only the act of giving remains—and this modicum of writing necessary to express it. These canvases are at the boundaries of painting not because they include no painting at all (other painters have explored this limit) but because the very idea of a work is destroyed—but not the relation of the painter to someone he loves." Dan Flavin was another artist who was particularly given to the gesture of dedication. Among his otherwise typically untitled neon-light icons are dedications to Henri Matisse, William de Ockham and, also, Otto Freundlich; most memorably, perhaps, there is one "(to a man, George McGovern)." At first, Flavin's art can seem cool and undemonstrative; the dedications point to the passion that lights

up the work. They remind us that Flavin is a kind of Romantic.

As for Hirschhorn, one critic has nodded in approval at the way he "updates the argument" of Walter Benjamin's essay "Author as Producer." Another has said that the imagery in one of his installations suggests "an empirical study of the subjects currently favored by the mass media." Hirschhorn is certainly fascinated with the workings of the media, but not in a cerebral or academic fashion. In the nearly 400 pages of his hefty new publication, *Critical Laboratory: The Writings of Thomas Hirschhorn*, edited by Lisa Lee and Hal Foster (MIT, \$40), there is scarcely a single sentence of any philosophical bearing. And while the book is a slog, it is not because Hirschhorn is trying to turn intellectual cartwheels like the theory-addled artists of the 1980s, with their endless invocations of the mirror stage and the simulacrum. He is neither analytical nor reflective—he is inarticulate, more so than many a distinguished artist. His blustery verbal awkwardness can be excruciating, but if taken in small doses, one does eventually get used to it. If you're wondering which arguments of Spinoza seem particularly convincing to him, forget it; what you'll learn is, simply, "I am a fan of Spinoza." Likewise, if you're looking for his precise view of Bataille's philosophy of transgression, you'll be disappointed: "I am a fan of Georges Bataille." His art is driven by enthusiasm, not intellect. For all his love of philosophy and his political fervor, and despite often being characterized as a theoretically astute artist, Hirschhorn, too, is a Romantic.

Hirschhorn often calls his way of doing art "headless." But "headless" does not mean stupid, silly, or without intelligence," he insists; "headless" does not mean being ignorant." It sounds more to me like what I'd call "headlong" or "headstrong." Headlessness, he goes on, "stands for doing my work in a rush and precipitously. Other words for headlessness are restlessness, insisting and insisting again heavily, acceleration, generosity, expenditure, energy (energy = yes! quality = no!), self-transgression, blindness, and excess." All the Bataillean keywords are there, but coming from Hirschhorn, they don't sound secondhand, and it's impossible not to cheer him on when he continues:

I never want to economize myself and I know that—as the artist—I sometimes look stupid facing my own work, but I have to stand for this ridiculousness. I want to rush through the wall head-first; I want to make a

breakthrough; I want to cut a hole, or a window, into the reality of today.

Every art school class includes an intense, self-absorbed, overly earnest young man who makes these kinds of pronouncements; but at least some of the time, Hirschhorn really does seem to cut a hole into reality, and therein lies the difference.

Whereas Twombly and Flavin disclosed to the public their private and impossible offerings to Paul Valéry and William of Ockham, Hirschhorn has placed more emphasis on the public manifestation of his passion than its inner force. Yet at a time when many artists are proposing to do collaborative works in marginalized communities—to intervene in real life, as if art were a species of social work—Hirschhorn also insists that his art is autonomous, even when he makes it in the midst of a housing project. When he approaches a community to propose a project, he makes this clear: "I don't want to help you or ask you how I can help. Instead, as the artist I am asking, Can you and do you want to help me complete my project?" The artist's generosity becomes manifest not in an attempt to help others realize their needs, but as he reveals his vulnerability by asking others for help in realizing his own.

There's a contradiction lurking here. Even as he invites others to help him accomplish his project, Hirschhorn would like to think his work is autonomous. "In my works in public space the context is never the issue," he writes. "I want to show my work everywhere, without making any distinction between important and unimportant places, just as I don't want to distinguish between important and unimportant people." Why, then, point to Gramsci as an important person? Just as he calls himself a fan of Bataille, Hirschhorn would probably call himself a fan of Gramsci; and to be a fan means raising your hero above the common herd. It's to make a person—or your inner image of the person—into an icon, and a monument of their name.

This contradiction is not a weak spot in Hirschhorn's art but its animating tension, the source of its power—and also, as he well knows, the source of its precariousness. There is a tension, a passionate indecision, between his desire to find the equivalence or equality in everything and everyone, and his love of individuals—precisely the individuals who have helped him by showing the moral foundations of his project of leveling. This tension is what leads him to erect a monument that leaves out every trace of anything that would have made it a monument. The urgency of the contradiction is the form of the art. ■

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"It is one thing to be particular, another thing to preach particularism."
Antonio Gramsci
(Prison Notebook 3)

"In mass politics, telling the truth is, precisely, a political necessity."
Antonio Gramsci
(Prison Notebook 6)

"In politics, once the 'war of position' is won, it is definitively decisive."
Antonio Gramsci
(Prison Notebook 6)

"The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born."
Antonio Gramsci
(Prison Notebook 3)

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The Brian Lehrer Show

Gramsci in The Bronx

Monday, September 09, 2013

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Thomas Hirschhorn «Gramsci Monument», 2013 Gramsci Bar Forest Houses, Bronx, New York (Photo: Romain Lopez)

Swiss artist Thomas Hirschhorn is joined by Yasmin Raymond, Dia Art Foundation curator, and Erik Farmer, Forest Houses Resident Association president, to talk about his public art installation, The Gramsci Monument, constructed by residents in the courtyard of NYCHA's Forest Houses in the South Bronx.

Art Talk: The Artist is Present, but in the South Bronx? (WNYC, 8/2/2013)

GUESTS: Thomas Hirschhorn, Erik Farmer and Yasmin Raymond

TAGS: art, local news, south bronx

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A.M. from NYC

Sorry, Swiss artist and Italian subject of memorialization. Six of one.

Sep. 09 2013 12:07 PM

Score: 0/0

A.M. from NYC

People, including artists and residents of all kinds, are perfectly capable of creating, relating, expressing, meeting, talking, discussing, and organizing on their own. The elitist, racist notion that some kind of "latent potentiality" in a public-housing courtyard needs to be brought forward by a privileged DIA-sponsored artist from Italy is extremely offensive. As if street art and young artists' site-specific socially-inspired performance / installation pieces had never even existed!

Another example of big money—elitist art corporations patronizing entire communities, including artists and audiences.

Disgusting.

Sep. 09 2013 12:04 PM

Score: 0/0

ivan obregon from nyc

You don't have to be any kind of Marxist to read, value, appreciate, learn from and understand the impact and brilliance of Antonio Gramsci's work on contemporary critiques of society, ideology and culture. There's a reason Mussolini imprisoned him....for life. His truths about how the civil power of the state and capital intertwine to play out the manipulations of "The Prince" in bourgeois "democratic" political economy scared the status quo that much because....they were so true. And he was right: Politicians are....another form of Mafia.

Sep. 09 2013 12:03 PM

Score: 0/0

yourgo from Astoria

I went. It was fantastic. Had a very Occupy Wall Street feel.

The people in the development seemed to take pride in this and used it as a method to gather and interact and to try to make positive change. Great job.

Sep. 09 2013 11:57 AM

Score: 0/0

Larry Loewinger from Manhattan

I went last week to visit the Gramsci Monument. It was a wonderful, layered experience. It was a social, intellectual and aesthetic experience that I will remember for a long time.

Larry

Sep. 09 2013 11:55 AM

Score: 0/0

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Brian Lehrer Show

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Laura Walker

Prepare for Primary Day with candidate profiles and @BrianLehrer interviews on our Mayor Tracker: wny.cc/17rkqWB



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LIL' ERIK