

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT- NEWSPAPER

Editors:
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and
SAQUAN SCOTT

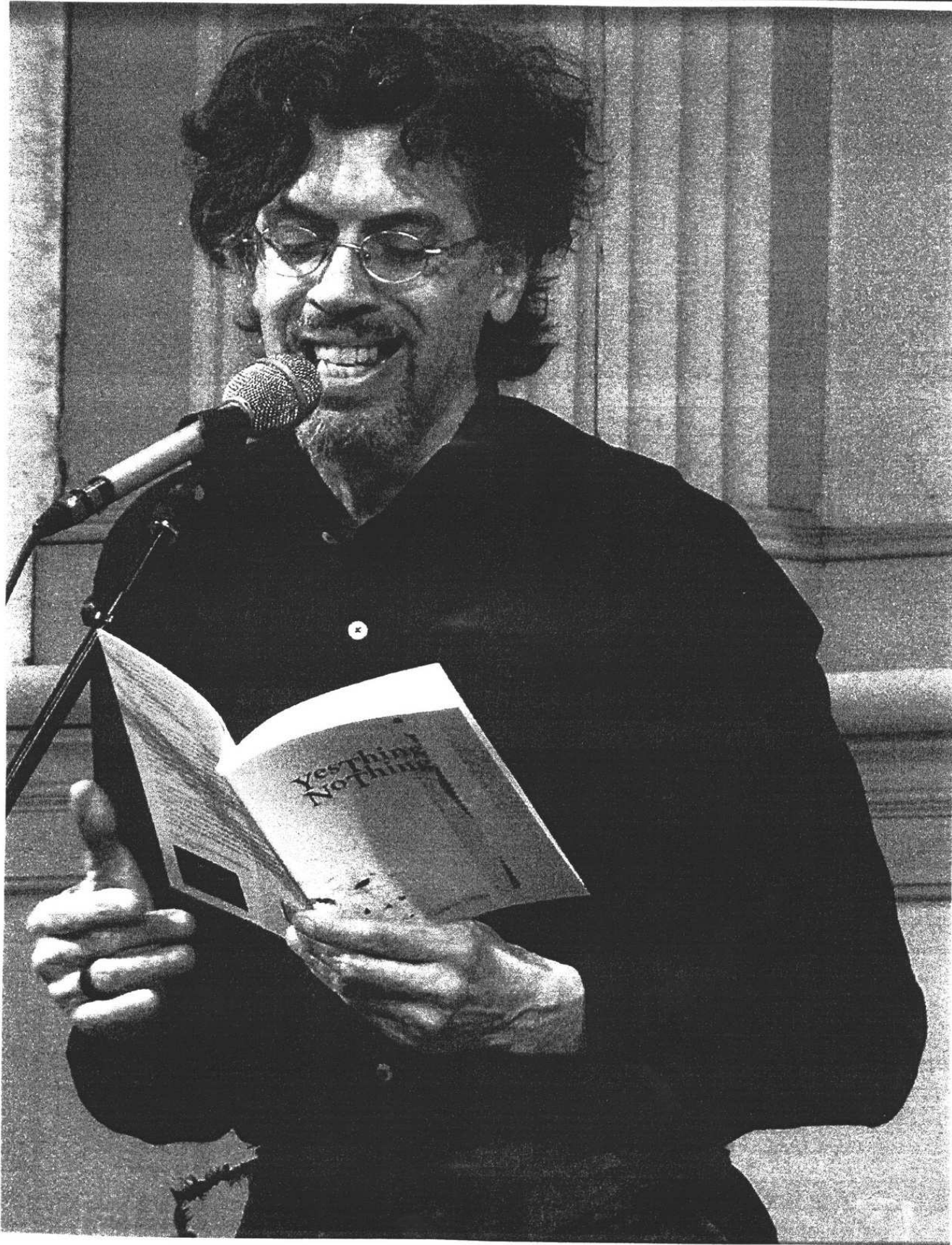
"A periodical, like a newspaper, a book, or any other medium of didactic expression that is aimed at a certain level of the reading or listening public, cannot satisfy everyone equally; not everyone will find it useful to the same degree. The important thing is that it serve as a stimulus for everyone;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



www.gramsci-monument.com

August 7th, 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



EDWIN TORRES

TABLE OF CONTENTS

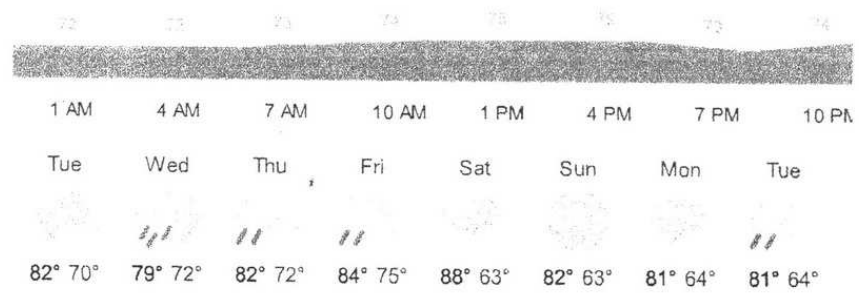
1. COVER PAGE (EDWIN TORRES)
2. TABLE OF CONTENTS/WEATHER
3. DID YOU KNOW? (EDWIN TORRES)
- 4-5. POEMS WRITTEN BY EDWIN TORRES
6. A TEXT FROM THOMAS HIRSCHHORN
7. A DAILY LECTURE WRITTEN BY MARCUS STEINWEG
8. AMBASSADOR'S NOTE # 25
- 9-11. LIFE OF A REVOLUTIONARY BY GIUSEPPE FIORI
- 12-13. POEMS BY TIRUPATHI CHANDRUPALTA.
14. RESIDENT OF THE DAY

Bronx, NY 10456
Wednesday
Thunderstorm

 **79** °F | °C

Precipitation: 50%
Humidity: 65%
Wind: 12 mph

Temperature Precipitation Wind



DID YOU KNOW?

Torres's parents moved from Puerto Rico and settled in the borough of The Bronx in New York City. His father died when he was young and he was then raised by his mother and her brother Martin. Martin provided comfort and family support. His uncle's sense of humor was a motivational inspiration for young Torres. He received his primary and secondary education in New York.

Nuyorican Poets Cafe

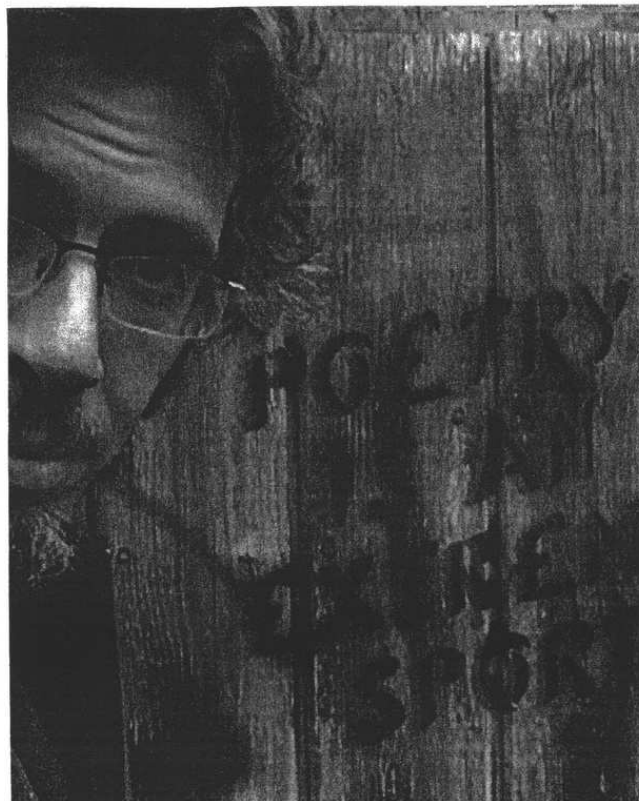
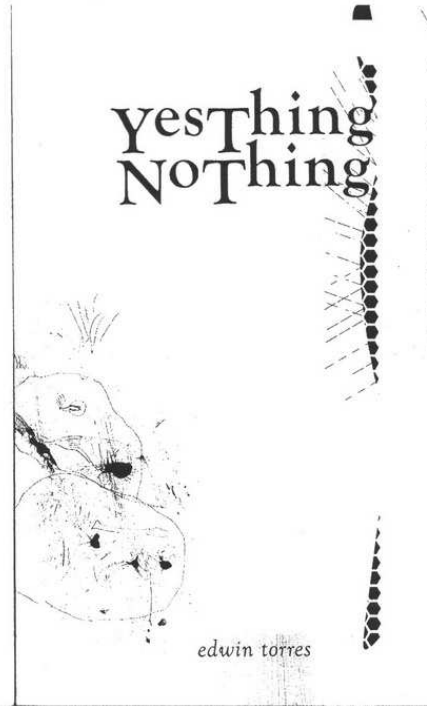
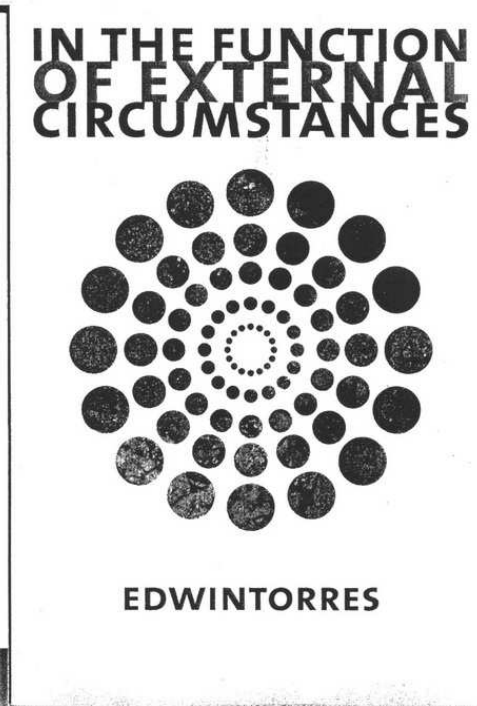
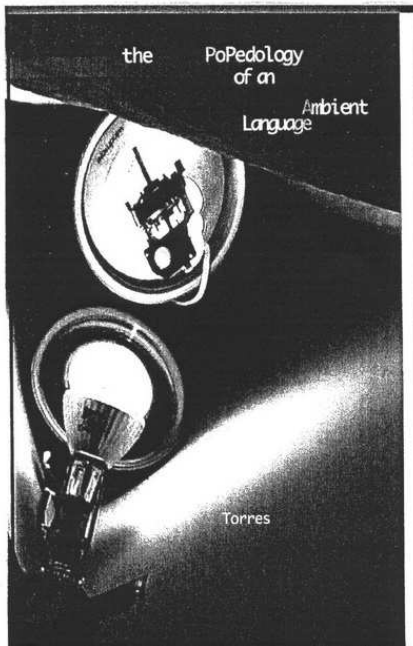


Nuyorican Poets Cafe

In 1989 Torres began working as a graphic designer and a year later he discovered the Nuyorican Poets Cafe, which inspired his creative instincts. Torres created a movement which he called "Interactive Eclecticism", which combines movement, audience participation, music and songs. The Nuyorican Poets Cafe not only opened its door for his creation but it also opened the doors to a new world of reading poetry. Torres also created the "Poets Neurotica", where dancers and musicians performed alongside two to four poets. He was a member of "Real Live Poetry" from 1993-99, performing and conducting workshops across the US and overseas.

Torres has represented New York in the 1992 National Poetry Slam, celebrated in Boston, and he has won the Nuyorican Poets Cafe First Annual Prize for Poetry with his poem "Po-Mo Griot".

He has also appeared on MTV's Spoken Word Unplugged and the Charlie Rose Show and been featured on Newsweek, in Rolling Stone Magazine and in New York Magazine. His poem, "I Saw Your Empire State Building" was included in the book, *Words In Your Face: A Guided Tour Through Twenty Years of the New York City Poetry Slam*^[1] in the chapter which dealt with the poetry slam community's response to 9/11, and his work has appeared in numerous anthologies such as *Aloud: Voices from the Nuyorican Poets Cafe*,^[2] *Short Fuse: The Global Anthology of New Fusion Poetry*,^[3] and *Heights of the Marvelous: A New York Anthology*,^[4] among many others.



POEMS WRITTEN BY EDWIN TORRES

LOVE-SECT

He fell in love
And so did she
And thank you
And thank you for letting me fall in love
And for letting me know I could
And why do you have to
And why do you have to say goodbye
And it must be hard
To know that you can say goodbye
And love
At the same time
And now I know when you say goodbye
That you love
At the same time
And you do
You do that well
And it must be hard
It must be
I loved falling in love with you
And so did she
And she said so
And he wanted to hear that
He wanted to hear someone say that
He did
He really did
He really and truly did
And he wanted to find someone who would show him
Show some part of him that was missing
And what part was he missing
And she was the part

ROUGH GRAVITY

was an old friend
old old friend
thought we weren't—that is
old anymore
picked up by 2
planets—perfect
planets—revolv
ing 'round me—rough
rough gravity—too many
tales in the pedestal
foot—too many friends
who leave me to fall—
need to find
my windowless ground—
coarse
opium—opiate cookie

TRUE TO YOU

would you let go
if you knew where
you were going
something, huh...
about falling
and holding on
to what makes you fall
something...
how falling
was the only way
we found each other

And what part didn't he feel
And she was the part
I loved not feeling for you
And he told her
And thank you for telling her
You told her
And you let her go
And she could let go
I loved watching you both fall into something
And I loved watching you both let go
And I loved how everyone was watching the same thing
And I loved how they showed you close up
And I loved seeing everyone close up
Closer than I thought I should
Closer than I thought I would
And they always do that
They always get in the way
The small hairs on your neck
It must be hard to see my neck when I'm in love
I loved watching how I was falling for you
I'm really falling for you
I think I'm really falling
For once it feels good to know that I can really fall
I loved falling in love with you
And it must be hard to know that
And so I did
And I let go
I loved wanting to expose myself
And watching you expose myself
And I loved people

In front of people
All the people
The ones who love
The ones who watch
Thank you for letting me know
Thank you for showing yourself
For showing that part
The missing part
The part you are missing
Thank you for that
Thank you
Thank you
Thank you
Now I see
Now I see what it feels like
To expose yourself
When a part of you is missing
Thank you
I loved watching you say thank you
And missing the part that says thank you
When everyone is watching
And telling you that everyone is watching
And that everyone is falling
I love that part

I.

there is really too much talk too really there is and this
seeming to interrupt is too you know what is after all is
is pretending seeming to be really just talk this is there
finally the roar of after all too many you know people
in my way too many you know really too much talk really

II.

what can find my vision sort of un realistic you know expecting
pectations when I sort of never will have any you know
time to be all all this this weight this many many layered
skin I thought I thought this was I was this I still still
reveal each mirror each time I am a mirror this this time I
still many times I I showed up in reflect flections the image I
I showed up in up in this that this was what it was that that was I
and I did I stayed in this in this image I was this many layers I
was I this summed up what it was I saw was this summed
up light reflected in I that was what I was thought this was that
still was I that still each time each I one at a time

[IMPORTANT RESISTANCE]

fieldwork as alternative diction
body vendor sells ecliptical blather
person-to-person reinforces community
by facet-making

contactualize the space where one retains feed
by expanse of investigative editing
the motes of ego
that allow sky outside noise

the episodic growth
of composing with title in mind
to know limit
is not

journey of the linguist
is interface for translation
book as tactile memo trial
the turning of resisting

I am the audience unit
of my own company
set sun on stun

body, ultimate border
audience, ultimate enforcer
bleed the crossover

artist as junk space
the cognitive incompletist
the primal preset

contested space
how dare you call me protected
the omni present

if definition is the law
art is against the law
john cage

what is possessed
by language will blur
by language

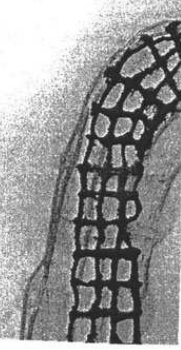
crossing limit
by order this is not
about crossing

but border when is
crossing
transforming

when is border
cause

bodies attempt
walls scream

empirical tyranny
umbilical theory ... sure, sure ... listen,
more is the norm okay ...
more is normal, so
gimme a little less
some less to leave you with
the problem of thingness is presentation
material is thing, okay ... but so is next
right there, you left your n
before your ext—because I am limitless
I am shape-shifting demon
I am invocator
the apostrophic worker
taking pleasure in the frictive
space after speech



A TEXT FROM THOMAS HIRSCHHORN

FAITH

«The Bijlmer Spinoza-Festival» is one of my most demanding, one of my most difficult, one of my most challenging but also – to me – one of my most beautiful works.

It is most demanding in regard to the amount of energy which was given to construct it, to organize and run it daily. It is most difficult in regard to the hyper-complexity and ambition of its structure – the multiple and interwoven beams. It is most challenging in regard to the very specific situation of the work, in this public space, the Bijlmer. And it is most beautiful – to me – in regard to the people of the Bijlmer that I met here. The people of the Bijlmer, in their involvement in my work, in their coexistence towards it, gave «The Bijlmer Spinoza-Festival» its soul, over and over every day again and again but every day differently.

This work fills me with happiness, beyond the fact that it is not yet a granted value for the Bijlmer inhabitants nor a granted value in the art field yet.

«The Bijlmer Spinoza-Festival» is a real experience, an experience which produced and achieved moments of precarious grace, it gives me the strenght, the pleasure and the will to continue my work. My faith – yes – my faith in Art and my faith in Philosophy as tools to cut holes into the everyday interests of reality, is reinforced.

Thomas Hirschhorn June 28. 2009



Thomas Hirschhorn
“The Bijlmer Spinoza-Festival”, Amsterdam, 2009

A DAILY LECTURE

WRITTEN BY MARCUS STEINWEG

38th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 7th August 2013

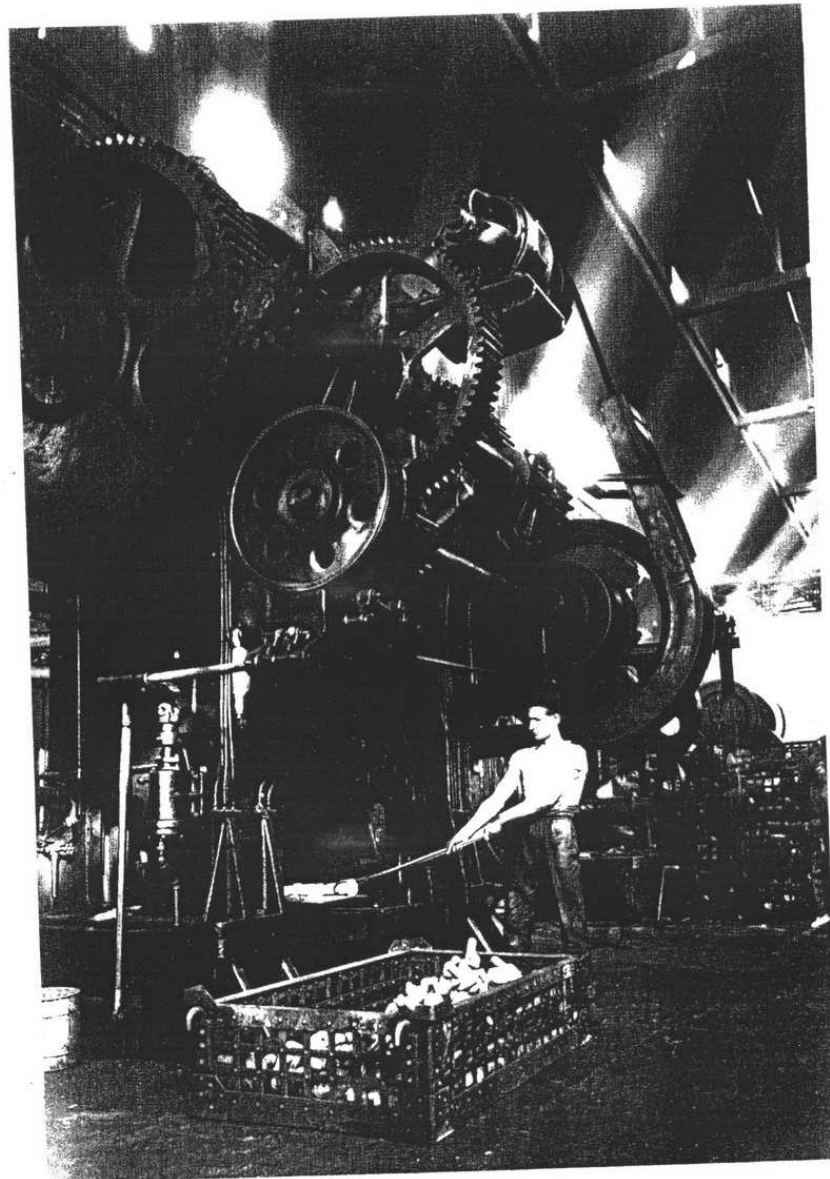
WHAT IS IDENTITY?

Marcus Steinweg

1. Western thinking lives from the illusion of identity and self-sameness of the human subject.
2. It is always concerned with the question, "Who am I?"
3. This question is always answered by promising the ego a home, a transcendental intimacy and familiarity with itself.
4. And yet, it is apparent that this will and this desire and the ethics which demands such a self-stabilization within an ego- or self-entity are indebted to ontological catastrophe: the inkling, the knowledge that there is no subject identical with itself.
5. Perhaps there is something resembling a subject, but it does not coincide with itself. The human being is "not at home in its own essence," writes Heidegger.
6. Therefore, in Deleuze's and Derrida's work, among others', the human being is not called a subject.
7. The subject is too late, too early, or delayed, "always too late or ahead of time in both directions simultaneously, but never on time," says Deleuze.
8. The human being is a subject of absolute non-simultaneity, subject of a certain *différance* (Derrida), of an irreducible deferment and conflict.
9. It does not coincide with itself. It does not agree with itself and is alien to itself. It is scarcely still a subject insofar as subject means the subject of transcendental self-consciousness of the thinking of the modern age, Descartes' *fundamentum inconcussum*, Kant's transcendental subject, Hegel's concept conceiving itself and German idealism in general. The subject of an original, not subsequent, (self-) alienation is a subject without transcendental housing, a subject of transcendental homelessness, subject without subjectivity because its subjectivity is the name of this 'without'.

AMBASSADOR'S NOTE # 25 BY YASMIL RAYMOND

(continues from note 23) Undoubtedly, there is a correlation between the orderly character of architecture and the predictability and lacking innovation of museums. What especially interests me is to consider the potentiality for improvisation present in the open-plan of the pavilion. Can we imagine of imaginative social structures that could release museums from the paralysis inflicted by decades of bureaucracy, routine and consensus? Can the informality of the pavilion, with its emphasis on common areas, reception and hospitality, offer an alternative model to generate immediacy and directness, and moreover relevance? The museum of the future ought to exert pressure on institutional passivity and make the visitor physically and intellectually aware of her or his agency in the construction of unexpected situations.



A VERSO MODERN CLASSIC

Antonio

Life of

Gramsci

a Revolutionary



Giuseppe

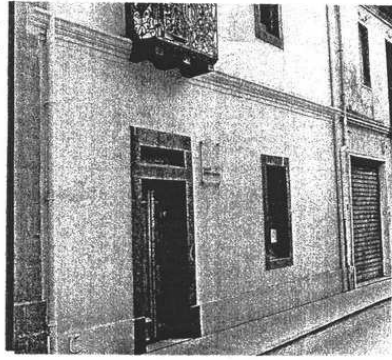
Fiori



ANTONIO GRAMSCI



GIUSEPPE FIORI



I

The one-storey house where the Gramscis lived in Sardinia is built of reddish lava stone, and stands in the centre of Ghilarza, a big village on the Barigàdu plateau about half-way between Oristano and Macomèr. Nowadays a draper and haberdasher called Antioco Porcu keeps shop there. He knew the parents of Nino Gramsci (as everybody here calls Antonio), 'Signor Ciccillo' and Peppina Marcias:

Francesco Gramsci – but we always called him 'Signor Ciccillo' – came here as a very young man in 1881. He was twenty, and it was his first job: he had come from his home town, Gaeta, to take charge of the local Registrar's office. Like so many other 'continentals' who cross the sea, he was probably thinking of a short stay, the few years of uncomfortable provincialdom one has to put up with at the start of one's career. In fact, he was to spend the rest of his life here. And apart from a few years working in Ales and Sòrgono, he lived right here all the time, in this house where we're chatting now. He died in 1937, fifty-six years after first coming to Ghilarza. Towards the end he even spoke the dialect in his own fashion. Some people had taken to calling him *tiu* Gramsci.

It has been said that Antonio Gramsci was of very humble origins, and this is still widely believed. Antioco now shakes his head before replying:

Not really. His father, Signor Ciccillo, had a school leaving certificate. He was studying to be a lawyer till his father died and he had to get a job. And Signor Ciccillo's father was a colonel in the carabinieri, I believe. Then on his mother's side too Nino Gramsci came from a respected family: the Marcias family wasn't exactly rich – but not poor either.

On the same subject, Antonio's oldest brother, Gennaro, told me: 'I know. Togliatti once wrote that Nino was of peasant stock, so did reputable biographers, but they were getting away from the truth. . . .'

Nino himself [he recalls] once mentioned our family background in a letter from prison. I can complete the story for him now. Our great grandfather was a Greek-Albanian Gramsci who fled from Epirus during

I : 10

or shortly after the popular uprising of 1821, and became Italianized very quickly. A son called Gennaro was born in Italy, the name has been handed down to me. This Gennaro, our grandfather, was a colonel in the Bourbon gendarmerie. He married Teresa Gonzales, the daughter of a Neapolitan lawyer descended from some old Italo-Spanish family which had stayed behind in southern Italy – like so many others – when the Spanish occupation ended. They had five children, father being the last; he was born at Gaeta in March 1860, a few months before General Cialdini's troops laid siege to the town.¹ When the Bourbon regime was gone, grandfather was taken over by the carabinieri, and kept his colonel's rank there. Of the five children, the only girl married a rich Gaeta gentleman called Riccio; one became a treasury official; another was an inspector of railways, after being station-master at Rome; and a third son, Uncle Nicolino, became an army officer. Dad was the least fortunate of the lot: when his father died he was still a law student. He had to get himself a job, and this Sardinian post came up, the Registrar's office at Ghilarza, so off he went. Uncle Nicolino was sent to Sardinia too – first to La Maddalena, then Sassari, and finally to Ozieri, where he was captain in charge of the artillery depot (and he died there). So, father's family was typical of the better-off southern class that supplies the state bureaucracy with its middle-rank officials.

What about Peppina Marcias? 'Our mother,' Gennaro continued, 'was the daughter of a Marcias from Terralba and a Corrias of Ghilarza. Grandfather on that side was a tax-collector and had a small bit of land. So the Marcias were middling folk, quite nicely off by the standards of our villages: they had a house, some land, enough to live pretty well.'

Peppina Marcias was born in 1861, one year after Signor Ciccillo. She was tall and graceful, a rung higher up the social ladder than most of the other Ghilarza girls, and so likely to attract notice at once ('She dressed like a European,' says an Ales tailor who knew her when she was young). She had stayed at primary school until the third year, and would read whatever she could lay her hands on, even Boccaccio. And this at a time when simply knowing how to read and write was a real distinction, particularly for a woman.² Francesco asked for her hand.

¹ In the last days of the Bourbon regime – the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies – its military resistance against Garibaldi's army (advancing from the south) and the Piedmontese army of King Victor Emmanuel II (advancing from the north) was concentrated around Capua and Gaeta, between Naples and Rome. Gaeta was taken by the Piedmontese General Cialdini in the autumn of 1860. (T.N.)

² A reliable writer of the period, Vittorio Angius, stated: 'In the whole town those able to read and write number about two hundred.' Ghilarza's population at that time was about 2,200.

I : 11

But back in Campania his family was upset. His mother especially was put out by the idea that he – son of a colonel, nearly a law graduate – should marry a girl from an obscure lower-class family. They got married all the same: she was twenty-two, Ciccillo twenty-three. The following year, 1884, Gennaro was born. Then, not long afterwards, the family made the move to the Registrar's office at Ales. It was there that the other children were born: Grazietta in 1887, Emma in 1889; and finally, on 22 January 1891, Antonio. He was baptized seven days later.

Were the Gramscis religious? At Bonàrcado, a little village not far from Ghilarza, lives the girl who is spoken of so often and so carefully in Gramsci's prison letters – Edmea, the daughter of Gennaro. Now middle-aged, with greying hair, she is a doctor's wife and teaches in the primary school. About the religious beliefs of Ciccillo and Peppina Gramsci, she says:

Grandad wasn't much of a practising Christian. But I remember when he was lying helpless at home, in the last months of his life, he often used to enjoy the company of a preacher who visited him during Lent. 'You know you're just like Giosuè Carducci lying there!' the man would say, and he understood it was to raise his spirits a bit.³ They became friends. They used to spend hours together talking about everything under the sun. Grandad asked to be confessed before he died. . . . Grandmother was more of a regular churchgoer, she used to go to early morning mass every Sunday. Then she fell ill and rarely went out. But even then she always thought about God, especially when Uncle Nino was thrown in prison, and I would hear her repeating: 'Oh God, my God! I want nothing else from you, nothing. But please make me able to bear this . . .!' When she was dying she called me to her, and left me a gift of some images blessed by the priest. . . .

In one of Gramsci's prison letters we also find the following portrait of another member of the close family – Grazia Delogu, Peppina's unmarried half-sister, who lived permanently with the Gramscis and was like a second mother to Antonio:

Aunt Grazia believed that there once existed a very pious lady called 'Donna Bisòdia', so pious that a place had been found for her in the Lord's Prayer itself. It was actually 'dona nobis hodie', which like many others she misinterpreted as 'Donna Bisòdia' and imagined as a noble dame of the good old days when everybody went to church and there was

³ Giosuè Carducci (1835–1907): Famous Italian poet and the dominant figure in Italian

I : 12

still some real faith left in the world. One could make up a story all about this imaginary 'Donna Bisòdia' forever being held up to us as an example. How often Aunt Grazia used to tell Grazietta or Emma: 'Ah, you're not a bit like Donna Bisòdia!'

For the christening of Antonio Gramsci, it was not Canon Marongiu, the parish priest of Ales, who came to the baptistery. This was a particularly solemn occasion. We read in the parish register that it was the 'Illustrious and Most Reverend Doctor of Theology Sebastiano Frau, Vicar-General' who baptized the infant. The godfather was a Masullas lawyer called Francesco Puxeddu.

There are people who can still remember the celebrations after the ceremony. Nicolino Tunis, a tailor (retired now he can no longer carry on his trade) recalls:

Our two families were very close. My father was a bailiff at the local magistrate's court, he and Signor Ciccillo spent a lot of time together, and Signora Peppina was quite at home in our house. She was godmother to a sister of mine, called Peppina after her. I was ten years old when Nino Gramsci was baptized. I still remember it, and the happy atmosphere that day, the loads of sweets and good things brought from Ghilarza, and the crowds of people who came to fête the child. I was a pal of Gennaro's and I used to play with Grazietta and Emma, though they were much smaller than I. God knows how often I picked up Nino and held him in my arms. He was a fine, fair baby, with light-coloured eyes. He was still very small when Signor Ciccillo was transferred to Sòrgono, and I never saw him again.

There are no other relics of the Gramscis in Ales. The birthplace was occupied by a priest called Melis after Ciccillo left it, then it was taken over as the local headquarters of the Fascist Party for nearly twenty years, and now the ground floor has been turned into a bar, the Bar dello Sport. There is a plaque just above the entrance, lost among the painted tin adverts for aperitifs, digestives and soft drinks. It says: 'Ten years after his martyrdom, this stone was placed on his birthplace in honour of Antonio Gramsci, by the affection of his fellow-citizens and the gratitude of all free men.' Before 1947, when a committee set up in Cagliari decided to do something about honouring Gramsci, few inhabitants of Ales realized they had had such a distinguished fellow-citizen.

He was taken to Sòrgono when he was just about a year old [says Antioco

months. They always came back to Ghilarza in summer. Meanwhile the family had grown: Mario was born in '93, Teresina in '95, and Carlo in '97. They moved back permanently to Ghilarza in 1898, and Signor Ciccillo and Signora Peppina were never to leave it again.

It was a dramatic return. There had been some serious developments in the region's petty political intrigues, which had proved quite disastrous for Ciccillo Gramsci: he had lost his job and ended up in prison. The story had begun with the political elections of 1897.

The historian Bellieni has pointed out that in *fin-de-siècle* Sardinia 'public affairs were scarcely a matter of theoretical debate: the parties were really the personal followings of a few big men'. We have a direct witness to this in the person of Francesco Pais Serra, the parliamentary deputy for Ozieri, whom Prime Minister Crispi asked to carry out an inquiry into economic conditions and law enforcement on the island in 1894. A year and a half later, Pais Serra reported:

Except in a few centres, and among very few people even there, the terms 'conservative', 'liberal', 'democrat', or 'radical' have no meaning whatsoever. 'Socialism', 'Anarchy', or 'Clericalism' have never been heard of. And yet the parties are very much alive, they are combative, tenacious and intransigent. But they are not political parties, not parties inspired by general or local interests, they are personal parties, family-based cliques in the narrowest sense of the word. . . . Sheltered under the wings of the larger personal factions, one finds microscopic personal factions and cliques in each town, all the more spiteful and violent for having little of moment to quarrel about and being forced to see each other every day. . . . These link themselves up to the grander cliques and receive in return protection and assistance in their little squabbles, help in seeking for personal favours and covering up infractions of the law, and sometimes in getting away with real crimes.

'The old feudal repression,' concludes Pais Serra, 'has given way to this sort of creeping vassalage, whose effects are even worse and more depressing.'

Sòrgono was in the electoral constituency of Isili, where the election of 1897 brought a bitter conflict between two such local chieftains called Francesco Cocco Ortu and Enrico Carboni Boy. Cocco Ortu was one of Sardinia's most prominent citizens, already a member of parliament for twenty years, and twice an Under-Secretary, first at the Ministry of Agriculture and later at the Ministry of Justice. Bellieni describes him as 'the foremost exemplar of the spirit of faction'. But the forthcoming contest was going to be more difficult for this influential man.

His younger rival had a considerable following in his home town of Nuragus, and also in such key centres of the constituency as Tonara and Sòrgono. Ciccillo Gramsci aligned himself with the new man, Carboni Boy.

The battle was a close one, fought mercilessly down to the last vote. But Cocco Ortu was re-elected, and before long he was more powerful than ever: within a few months he had been made Minister of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce in the new Di Rudinì cabinet. We may gather what the attitude of the 'Cocchists', the 'spiteful, violent clique' behind Cocco Ortu, was likely to be from another passage in Pais Serra's report: 'The triumph of this or that political party in Rome matters little. . . . All that counts is that the party boss should have influence in the central government, so that he can dominate his following back in Sardinia and behave like a conqueror, distributing favours to the victors and annihilating the vanquished.' Ciccillo Gramsci now found himself in the ranks of the vanquished, and exposed to all the perils inherent in that state, including that of falling foul of 'prostituted justice'.⁴

Some months after the election, a sad event compelled Ciccillo Gramsci to leave Sòrgono for a while: his brother Nicolino, the one in charge of the artillery depot at Ozieri, had died suddenly on 17 December, aged only forty-two. So he went to the funeral, and also to see how Gennaro's studies might be continued, now that he could no longer stay with his Uncle Nicolino. No sooner had he left than a telegram went off from Sòrgono to Cagliari. It was sent by the 'Cocchisti', who took advantage of his being away to suggest that the accounts of the Registrar's office needed looking into. When he returned from Ozieri, Ciccillo learnt that he was to be investigated.

Things were found to be not quite as they should be in his office. There had undoubtedly been some mild misconduct of affairs there. He was suspended and deprived of his salary, and returned to Ghilarza with the family. There, he spent some months of isolation and black depression, tormented by fears of arrest and imprisonment. He was thirty-eight years old, he had just lost his job, and at any moment worse might follow. . . . The carabinieri came for him on 9 August 1898. He learnt that he was to be accused of embezzlement, extortion, and falsification of documents.

⁴ 'There is no other term possible,' wrote Alfredo Niceforo at this time. 'We felt the greatest disgust, the utmost nausea everywhere in Sardinia, as we saw how the power of parliamentarians and Prefects was used to divert the course of justice.'

He found himself in Oristano prison, where he remained until committed for trial in Cagliari fifteen months later, on 28 October 1899. The trial took place a year later still. At that time embezzlement was the responsibility of the Assize Court, and this was the court which sentenced him, on 27 October 1900. The judgement mentions as a mitigating circumstance the 'slight damage and small value' involved, since the investigator had found only a trifling sum missing. Still, the law took such offences seriously in those days, and even though he was given the minimum, owing to mitigating circumstances, it amounted to no less than five years, eight months, and twenty-two days.

Peppina Marcias was overwhelmed by the disaster, left as she now was with seven children to care for, the youngest still in arms and the oldest (Gennaro) only fourteen. Antonio was seven at the time. Till then the Gramscis had lived a sober, quiet existence; they were not rich but they had always been able to make ends meet without difficulty. They had had money coming into the house regularly each month, a more precious thing than one might think today, in that subsistence economy where exchange in kind still reigned, and there was little money in circulation at all. Now, suddenly, with the imprisonment of Signor Ciccillo and the loss of his salary, the family climate changed. There came a period of the utmost hardship and humiliation. And so, one tragedy came to be piled upon another: because, for some time already, Antonio had been showing signs of physical deformity.

POEMS BY TIRUPATHI CHANDRUPATLA

NIAGARA FALLS

Nature's full
Of many wonders
Prominent one
Among them all
Niagara falls
Niagara falls
Niagara...Niagara...
Niagara falls.

Starting quietly
In a sea like lake
Flowing through
Tree lined slopes
Picking speed
In rocky rapids
And like time
It can't wait...
It can't wait
To drop some height
Rolling down
For a mighty leap
Fizzy buzz
Of jazzy flow
Rhym rhym rhym-rhym-rhym *
Zym zym zym-zym-zym *
Fast... fast...
Faster and faster
Rhythmic flow
And mist above
Colorful rainbow
Its magical glow
Niagara...Niagara...
Niagara falls.

From tunnel made
For visitors to go
One can stand
Behind the falls
And take a wet
Backside view
Niagara...Niagara...
Niagara falls.

When sun goes down
And night comes in
Gigantic lights
In colorful hues
Man's finishing
Touches of nature
Falling curtain's
A thing of beauty
Niagara...Niagara...
Niagara falls.

(* words created to indicate the power of the falls)

“WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

"What's in a name? "
The great one said,
A rose by any name
Would smell the same
True it is when we name
Something that's known
What if we name something unknown?
Such as a storm,
National Hurricane Center
Originated a list of names
Of women, and men
For several years of storms
Six scores of them
Used in a cycle
And it's argued
A name's a convenient way
To refer to a storm
And then...
If a storm was deadly
For reasons of sensitivity
A committee decides
To retire the name
No new storm will get that name
A new name takes its place in the list
Logical it looks
But what about that name
For naming a child?

A LONELY FALLEN LEAF

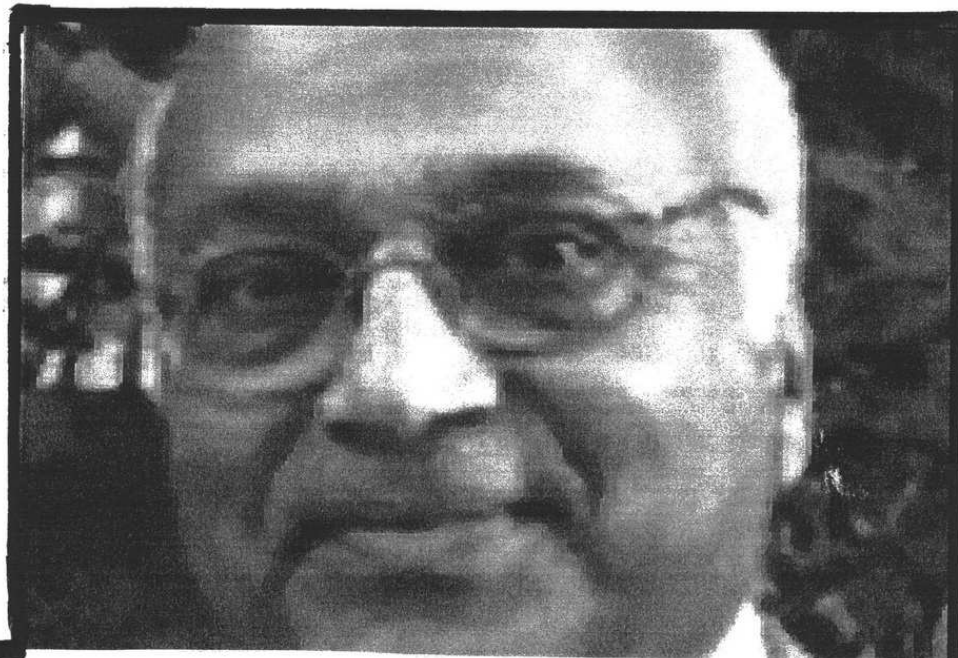
One fine morning
In the season of fall
The leaf pick up made its early round
And the trash was just picked
Sun was shining
The sky was blue
And the wind blew in occasional spurts...
The empty trash bin lay on its side
Rocking and rocking with every blow of the wind.

A lonely dry leaf flew by and landed on the ground
Inching forward and backward as the wind blew,
And the empty trash bin kept on rocking.

The world seemed to be in a dynamic equilibrium
With motion of all its elements synchronized.

I watched with curiosity
If the lonely leaf would be trapped in the bin
And make its way to the landfill mound!

With a final gust of wind
The leaf flew past the bin and away
The wind stopped and the bin lay still
And the leaf, I hope, will find a safe place and degrade
And contribute its share to the ecological parade.



TIRUPATHI CHANDRUPATLA

RESIDENT OF THE DAY



NILMIA POLONIA