

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 2)



www.gramsci-monument.com

September 4th, 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

WE WELCOME



TONYA FOSTER!

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Bronx, NY 10456
Wed
Partly Cloudy

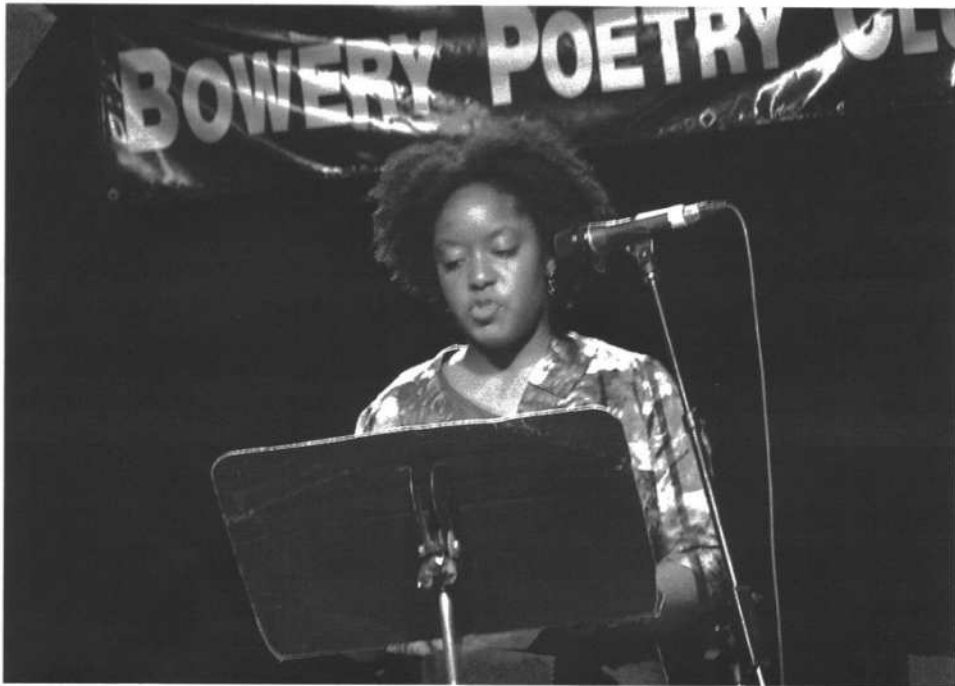
82 °F | °C

Precipitation: 10%
Humidity: 46%
Wind: 9 mph

Temperature Precipitation Wind



WE WELCOME TONYA FOSTER!!!



Tonya Foster is a poet and a PhD student in the English department at the Graduate Center at the City University of New York. Foster is the recipient of a Ford Foundation Fellowship, a Magnet Fellowship, and a Mellon Fellowship in the Humanities. Her poems and essays have appeared in magazines such as *NY Arts Magazine*, *NYFA Quarterly*, *Callaloo*, *The Hat*, and *Western Humanities Review*. Foster is the author of *A Swarm of Bees in High Court* (2013) and coeditor with Kristin Prevallet of *Third Mind: Teaching Creative Writing Through Visual Art* (Teachers & Writers Collaborative, 2002).

Poem by Tonya Foster

New Orleans Bibliography

Tonya M. Foster

Callaloo, Volume 25, Number 1, Winter 2002, pp. 92-93 (Article)

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NEW ORLEANS BIBLIOGRAPHY

by Tonya M. Foster

a girl who looks like her father is born for luck, Algiers, alligator, Amazing Grace, Amelia, Angola, Atchafalaya, Aunt Noni, Aunt Sister, Azerine

back a town, bayou, because her daddy died or left, because the first baby died, beignets, bitch, Butsie

cafe au lait, Calliope projects, Canal St., Cardella, cast iron, catching coconuts, catching sense, cayenne, Christ, Christ on the street corner, Clio Street, cockroaches, Congo Square, "comb them kitchens," Congo Square, cornbread, courtyard, cousins, CPT, crawfish, creole

dark-skinned, daughters, dead-end, Desire Projects, desire unmet is desire multiplied, dirty rice, do, Dorothy, due

Elysian Fields, Erato, etouffe, Euterpe, Ezekiel

Father John's cough syrup, filé, first born, first born done died, fleur de lys, flood, front porch, "fur true?"

Galvez, Gerttown, "gimme some," girl, "girl, gimme got shot," "git up in here," "God don't like ugly," good hair, grandma, grandpa done lost his mind, grief, grief grown rooted and wild, grief like dirt, gumbo

hard-headed, her mouth don't know no Sunday, high yellow, holy ghost, hoodoo, "how sweet the sound," "how ya'll doin'?", "how ya mama an' 'nem?"

I, I, I, "I ain't playin' wit chou no," "if you're white, you're all right; if you're brown, stick around; if you're black, step back," "I like coffee; I like tea; I like a colored boy and he likes me"

jack-off, jacks, jambalaya, jazz, Jesus, jumpback, jumprope

Katie, kickback, kick your ass, kitchens, kitchens on your neck, knick-knacks, kool-aid

lagniappe, lakefront, levee, light-skinned, lighter than a paper bag, Louis, St. Louis, Louis XIV

Ma Belle, ma dere, magnolias, make groceries, Martin Luther King Blvd., Melpomene projects, memory, mental ward, Mississippi river, Miss Myrtle, Miss Tit, Morial, morning, mosquitoes, mourning, mud bugs, muffelatta

nappy-headed, neckbone, neutral ground, neutria rats, "nobody likes a bone but a dog," NOPD, not luck enough to keep a body strong

okra gumbo, out front of town, oysters

pecans, pickled pigs' lips, piss po', po' boys, porch monkeys, potholes

quadroons, quarter, quick, quiet

rain, rain through the living room windows, red beans, red bone, Reverend Ike, Reverend Profit, rice, river, river, roux, rue

Saints, sady, salvation, sassafras, Satchmo, screendoor, semen, seventh ward, snowballs, "speak the word to me," spit on the broom to stay out of jail, St. Charles Ave., Stronger Hope Baptist Church, superdome, swamp, switch

tambourine, Tchopitulas, tender-headed, tender-hearted, tender-roni, Terpischore, Thalia, third ward, thought, "throw me someethin' Mister," Tippitina's, trouble don't last always

uppity, Uranus

vagina, virgin, Virginia, voodoo

"wade in the water," water, wishes go the way of sweepstakes, "where y'at?", "where you from?", woman, word, write, wrought iron

Xavier

"yo maw, yo paw, yo greasy, greasy gran'ma," you, you, you, "you ain't nothin'," "you thought like Aunt Hannah, who thought shit was a banana"

Zataran's, Zulu, zydeco

Amen.

Introduction

Monet's "Waterlilies"

for Bill and Sonja

Today as the news from Selma and Saigon
poisons the air like fallout,

I come again to see
the serene great picture that I love.

Here space and time exist in light
the eye like the eye of faith believes.

The seen, the known
dissolve in iridescence, become
illusory flesh of light
that was not, was, forever is.

O light beheld as through refracting tears.

Here is the aura of that world
each of us has lost.

Here is the shadow of its joy.

—Robert Hayden

In "Monet's 'Waterlilies'" the poet looks into a serene, impressionist painting and, in the midst of waterlilies reflected on a pond, sees the looming shadow of the world around him. The effect of simultaneously being in two worlds inspires the poet to create something new—a poem that reflects both the painting and his engagement with the



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and the eagerness to embrace adult ways of categorizing and naming things. Michael Theune observes in his essay "Ut Pictura Poesis" that "young people...are often more concerned about distancing themselves from their childlike aspects than they are about indulging them." This desire for maturity frequently means that greater attention is paid to external forms that evidence "adulthood" than to the students' particular visions.

All of these things are complicated by the fact that students often believe that their imaginations are limited to a set of mental images derived from Saturday morning cartoons, video games, and Hollywood movies. How, then, do we as writers and as teachers help students gain control of their own imaginations? How do we engage the unique potential of each student in ways that illuminate what Will Alexander in his essay "Igniting the Inward Prodigy" calls "interior sonority"? And, from there, how do we inspire students to see themselves as vital parts of a larger world?

Many teachers have found innovative ways to accomplish this. The essays in this book draw lines of connection between the written word, the light seen, and the life lived. They offer both practical and theoretical insights into how we as teachers can encourage students to see themselves as vitally connected to a multiplicity of other minds and ways of thinking.

These essays cover a broad range of perspectives—from the classroom teacher's to the arts administrator's to the writer's—as well as a wide range of artistic disciplines. Susan Karwoska's essay, for example, shows how to collect and incorporate students' memories into a quilt. Pamela Beal suggests practical ways to create interdisciplinary literature units for public school curricula—including making a papier-mâché giant to illustrate *The Epic of Gilgamesh*. Ezra Shales describes portraiture techniques that blend photography, drawing, and writing. John and Julie Moulds Rybicki use photography to encourage students to become engaged in representing their own worlds. Holly Masturzo introduces her students to the paintings of Cy Twombly—an abstract artist whose "scribbles" across the canvas replicate the gesture of writing—so they can recognize their own emotions in the lines they are drawing, the "feltness of that moment of creation." There are examples of ways to incorporate artwork from various cultures: Beth Zasloff, for example, uses Chinese brush painting to inspire students to "translate their visions into words on the page," and Debora Iyall

events of his own time. This is the power of bringing visual art and writing together. Contributor Terry Blackhawk writes in this book that "looking at a work of art is like looking into the act of creation." This "looking into" requires close and concentrated focus and a sensitivity to that moment in which the painting and the world meet each other halfway. The aim of this anthology is to unite these two powerful allies—creative writing and visual art—in the classroom.

Any student who tries *ekphrasis* (writing that takes its inspiration from visual art) becomes a participant in the kind of dialogue that has engaged writers and artists for centuries. Plato writes of it in *Phaedrus*, observing that paintings and poems, when put together, "seem to talk to you as if they were intelligent." Listening to works of art and participating in a conversation with them can produce exciting and shifting responses in each of us: poems, stories, self-portraits, essays, and other creative works are generated that "talk back" to the visual stimulus. This is what William Burroughs called the "third mind." The third mind, to cite contributor Anne Waldman, is a state in which "something new, or 'other,' emerges from the combination that would not have come about with a solo act."

As teachers of writing in Cooper Union's Saturday Outreach Program (intensive courses for high school students interested in careers in art), we regularly confront the problem of how to inspire students to write. Showing students a painting and telling them, "Write a description of all that you see," is only the first step in the process of getting them to understand what we mean when we say that "good writing shows, not tells." Tangible and colorful, with shapes and images to grab onto, visual art inspires students to write using details that are lively because what is emphasized is the "I" looking. Visual art allows students to immerse themselves in their own processes of reflection, which encourages them to generate unique responses to the world around them.

Unfortunately, for many of our students writing seems disconnected from their day-to-day lives, from the individual ways they have developed to make sense of the world. In school they are often asked to categorize the world in standard ways and to learn information that may seem unrelated to personal experience. This is, of course, necessary—structured writing enables students to enter a literate community. Intrinsic to childhood is a fervent desire to please and to grow up.

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Third Mind

(in Tina Rotenberg's essay) creates puppet shows based on Native American creation myths. Kathy Walsh-Piper's essay at the end of the anthology provides valuable information on the many writing programs that exist in art museums across the country.

This anthology also explores the larger social and political issues involved in introducing students to visual culture. As educators working with art, we need to be mindful of the social power of images and the possibility that canonical artworks do not necessarily represent our students' real worlds. As bell hooks writes in her essay "Art Is for Everybody," it is important to keep in mind that there is a "politics of seeing." Hooks explicitly discusses the effects of the "underrepresentation" of images that reflect the experiences of African Americans. "Identification with art is a process," hooks writes. "We look with the received understanding that art is necessarily a terrain of defamiliarization: it may take what we see/know and make us look at it in a new way." The motivation to write and to create comes in part from the incentive to respond to, and engage in dialogue with, the social, cultural, aesthetic, and economic contexts that surround us.

With these complexities in mind, we invite teachers to transform the classroom into what René Magritte so aptly titled one of his paintings—*The Listening Room*. In the painting, a green apple is surrounded by four walls. The apple may be, like Alice, on the verge of outgrowing the room. Or the apple may be of normal size, placed in a house that is inordinately small, shrinking around it. It is not one or the other, but both: the painting suggests multiple perspectives and multiple realities, simultaneously. "The Listening Room" is both the room in which we listen and the room that listens to us. It is also the classroom in which multiple minds are all working independently, absorbed by the moment of writing.

—Tonya Foster and Kristin Prevaillet

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A FOUR LETTER WORD

BY SAQUAN SCOTT

THIS WORD BRINGS JOY AS WELL

AS PAIN

KISSES

HUGS

LAUGHS

AND SMILES

SUFFERING

STRESS

MIND OBTAINED



THIS WORD CAN MAKE YOU BRIGHT LIKE THE SUN

BUT CAN ALSO TURN YOU DARK LIKE THE CLOUDS BEFORE THE RAIN

YOU PROBABLY KNOW THIS WORD I'M TYPING ABOUT

BUT JUST LET ME FINISH TELLING YOU ABOUT.....

ALMOST SAID IT, CANT RUIN THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE

BUT THIS WORD WHEN SAID LEAVES YOUR HEART STILL, PARALYZED

BUT ITS NOT REAL UNLESS I SEE IT IN YOUR EYES

A WORD THAT SYMBOLIZES UNITY AND ALL THEE ABOVE

LISTEN, LISTEN THIS FOUR LETTER WORD IS LOVE!!!

BUT LOVE IS MORE THAN JUST A DEFINITION

OR SPOKEN FROM WORD OF MOUTH

LOVE IS WHAT SOME INDIVIDUALS ARE MISSING OUT THEIR HOUSE.....

ITS DEEPER THAN VALINTINES DAYS AND ROSES ON A BREAK UP

THIS FOUR LETTER WORD IS USE TO COVER UP LIKE MAKE UP

USED FOR WHEN I WANT THAT KISS TO MAKE UP

THIS FOUR LETTER WORD IS LOVE!!!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Squan Scott". The signature is stylized and cursive, with a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

"THE TEARS OF THE EXCAVATOR" PIER PAOLO PASOLINI

THE TEARS OF THE EXCAVATOR

I

Only loving, only knowing
matter, not past love
nor past knowledge. Living

a consummated love
is agonizing. The soul no longer grows.
And in the dark enchanted heat,

down here along the curving
river with its drowsy sights
of the city touched with lights,

the night still echoes with a thousand lives;
while the estrangement, mystery, misery
of the senses cut me off from

the world's shapes, which were till
yesterday my reason for living.
Bored, tired, I return home, across

dark marketplaces, down sad streets
near the river docks between shacks
and warehouses mingling with the countryside's

last fields, where there's a deathly
silence, though farther along, at Viale Marconi,
at Trastevere Station, the evening's

still sweet. To their neighborhoods,
their slums, the young return on light
motorbikes, in overalls and workpants;

but propelled by festive fire,
with a friend behind on the saddle
laughing and dirty. In the night





the last customers stand talking
loudly, amid the little tables of nearly
empty but still brightly lit cafés.

Stupendous, miserable city,
you taught me what men learn
joyously and ferociously as children,

those little things in which we
discover life's grandeur in peace:
going tough and ready into crowded

streets, addressing another man
without trembling, not ashamed
to check the change counted

by the lazy fingers of the conductor
sweating along passing façades
in the eternal red of summer;

to defend myself, to attack, to have
the world before my eyes and not
just in my heart, to understand

that few know the passions
in which I've lived; that they're
not brotherly to me, and yet they are

my brothers because they have
passions of men
who, joyous, unknowing, whole,

live experiences
unknown to me. Stupendous, miserable
city, you made me

experience that unknown
life, you made me discover
what the world was for everyone.

A moon dying in the silence that she
feeds goes white amid violent glowing,
which, miserably, on the silent earth,

with its beautiful avenues and old
lanes, dazzles them without shedding
light, while, all over the world, a few

boiling clouds reflect them up there to her.
It's the most beautiful night of summer.
Trastevere, which smells of emptied

taverns and straw from old
stables, isn't asleep yet.
Its dark corners and peaceful walls

resound with enchanted sounds.
Men and boys are strolling home
—beneath abandoned garlands of lights—

toward their alleyways clogged by
darkness and garbage, with that slow pace
which invaded the depths of my soul

when I truly loved, when
I truly wanted to understand.
And, as then, they disappear, singing.

A DAILY LECTURE BY MARCUS STEINWEG

65th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC
3rd September 2013
TOUCHING NON-SENSE
Marcus Steinweg

1. Philosophy, insofar as it represents a European event, the event of a culture of logos that has lasted two and a half millennia, associated itself from the outset with light (with the platonic sun, the Christian *lumen*, the *enlightenment*, the *Lumières*, the Husserlian evidence and the Heideggerian *Lichtung*).
2. It was ignited at its origin as a metaphysics of light, from Heraclitus' all-steering lightning, Plato and the Neo-Platonism of Plotinus, Proklos and Porphyry, via Augustine up to Robert Grosseteste, Roger Bacon, Bonaventura and Albertus Magnus in order, from the declining Middle Ages, to dominate the entire modern age, the metaphysics of cognitive self-transparency, the search for incontrovertible certainty (*certitudo*), of the self-grounding or self-founding in the evidence of self-consciousness.
3. As if the Western subject from its very dawning had stood under the dictates of a light that condemned it to articulate itself and its world in the concepts of what is obvious, of clarity, of visibility and openness, that is, of a certain *logical* evidence: "For two and a half millennia everything that is and becomes appears in the light of the logos: through the logos and as logos."
4. And yet it is *clear* that a component part of the subject of light is the contact to a darkness which darkens the light of evidence.
5. The subject of light is accompanied by the threat of its darkening.
6. It experiences the efficiency of this darkness in all its stirrings and acts.
7. Thinking exists only in relation to the limit that indicates the impossibility of thinking.
8. Touched by non-sense, every thinking must bring itself to assertions of sense.
9. Only in touching non-sense do freedom, reason, responsibility make sense as a condition of possibility of self-elevation.
10. To think the childhood of philosophy, *Greece*, means not much more than pointing to the Mediterranean and to the peoples which triumphed over it.
11. Of the philosopher it can be said what Hegel said of the Hellenic people: that they are at home on the water of the sea, that the "nature of their country" (Deleuze and Guattari speaker of Greece's "fractal structure: every point of the peninsula lies so close to the sea, and the coast is so uncommonly long") induced them into an "amphibian existence" which caused them to spread out "freely over the land", that this "out to sea from the restrictedness of the soil" gave the Greeks are kind of Mediterranean ecstasy by giving them the "idea of the indeterminate, unlimited and infinite" and that whoever tries to become at home in the "most dangerous and most powerful element" has to struggle with the deceptiveness of oceanic illusion.

12. The philosopher puts his hopes and passions, his "property and life itself in danger of being lost".
13. He is exposed to the constant incalculability of oceanic powers.
14. As long as the subject is afflicted by the unconscious, the contingent and any kind of darkness, the body of concepts slouches and relaxes in the thalassic element.
15. Nothing is more certain than this water, that there is no beyond to the water, and no secured shores, no land spared flooding.
16. Each and every shore must be invented, and even when such inventions succeed, the oceanic chaos encloses the individual concept like an island threatened with imminent subversion again by the next tide.

Italian stamp dedicated to Antonio Gramsci (1945/46) in commemoration of "Vittime Politiche" (Political Victims)



IST. POL. STATO - OFF. CARTE VALORI

Roma, Fondazione Istituto Gramsci, Archivio Antonio Gramsci

FEED BACK FROM THE NEIGHBOR HOOD

IN THE HOUSE WITH GRANDMA

ELOISE "ELLA" BURRIS, 65 GRANDMOTHER OF SAQUAN SCOTT ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE NEWSPAPER AT THE MONUMENT HAS BEEN LIVING IN FOREST HOUSES FOR 35 YEARS SINCE 1979. MS. BURRIS RAISED ALL THREE OF HER CHILDREN IN FOREST HOUSES. ONE OF THE THREE OF HER CHILDREN BEING THE TALENTED "PETAWANE" THREE TIME APOLLO WINNER BIRTH NAME JAMES. MS BURRIS IS A RETIRED SOCIAL WORKER FOR WELFARE AND ALSO A RETIRED CASHIER FROM A BANK. MS. BURRIS STATES "THE MONUMENT WILL FOREVER BE MISSED BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN ONCE IT LEAVES SEPTEMBER 15TH". WHEN ASK WHY WILL THE MONUMENT BE MISSED SHE STATES "BECAUSE OF THE VIBE AND POSITIVE SPIRITS IT BROUGHT TO FOREST AS WELL THE OPPORTUNITIES AND ACTIVITIES IT GAVE THE YOUTH OF FOREST HOUSES". MS. BURRIS LOVES THE MONUMENT'S NEWSPAPER FOR ITS POPULAR "RESIDENT OF THE DAY" PAGE. MS. BURRIS ALSO GIVES A SPECIAL THANKS TO ERIK FARMER FOR WELCOMING THOMAS HIRSCHHORN AND THE MONUMENT TO FOREST FOR THE MONUMENT HAS MADE A HISTORIC MARK ON FOREST HOUSES.



FEED BACK WHAT'S GOING ON??

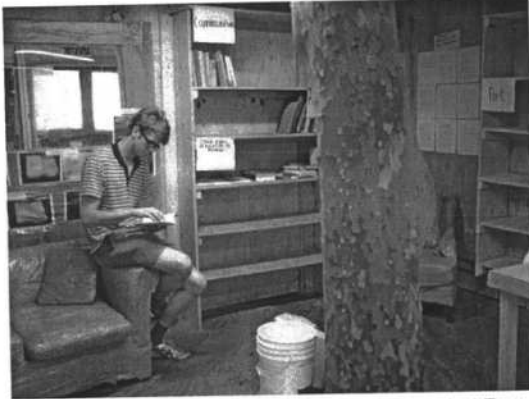
EL PAIS
CULTURA

Gramsci pasa el verano en el Bronx

El artista Thomas Hirschhorn rescita al revolucionario italiano con una instalación en Nueva York

ANDREA AGUILAR | Nueva York | 2 SEP 2013 - 00:18 CET

Archivado en: Antonio Gramsci Artistas Nueva York Exposiciones Estados Unidos Agenda cultural Norteamérica Gente Arte América Cultura Sociedad



Un visitante lee en una de las salas del archivo y librería de Gramsci en las Forest Houses, para la serie 'Thomas Hirschhorn. Monumento a Gramsci. 2013'. / ROMAIN LOPEZ (CORTESÍA DE LA FUNDACIÓN DIA ART)

Las Forest Houses ocupan 15 edificios de 14 pisos de altura con más de 1300 apartamentos destinados a vivienda social, en un área de cerca de 7 kilómetros cuadrados en el corazón del Bronx. El complejo fue levantado a mediados de los cincuenta, dos décadas después de que el pensador italiano Antonio Gramsci, encarcelado desde 1926, muriese a los 46 años en Roma. El artista suizo Thomas Hirschhorn se propuso conectar estos dos dispares puntos y decidió plantar un monumento en honor al pensador marxista entre estas casas del Bronx.

Ayudado por un grupo de vecinos planeó y levantó una precaria estructura de madera con pasarelas,

terrazas y varias habitaciones en uno de los parques que comunican las Forest Houses. Una pancarta de tela clama contra la indiferencia y apenas unos metros más allá un grupo de jóvenes ignora el monumento sentados en unos bancos una tarde de finales de julio. Quizá las ideas revolucionarias de un italiano no son el plan veraniego más atractivo.

En el monumento suena jazz, y un cartel rojo a la entrada de esta peculiar residencia veraniega de Gramsci anuncia que la conferencia de esa tarde estará dedicada a Wittgenstein. Charlas sobre filosofía al aire libre, un bar-restaurant, una sala de ordenadores, una biblioteca, una emisora de radio o un periódico son algunas de las actividades que desde el 1 de julio y hasta el 15 de septiembre han dado vida a esta pieza-centro comunitario de Hirschhorn, la última de una serie con la que este artista suizo ha llevado barrios humildes de Ámsterdam, Avignon y Kassel monumentos dedicados a Spinoza, Deleuze y Bataille.

En el Bronx una pequeña exposición en uno de los habitáculos del monumento presenta objetos pertenecientes a Gramsci como sus pantuflas, los cubiertos de madera que usó en prisión o su peine, prestados para la ocasión por la Casa Museo Gramsci y la fundación dedicada al filósofo. El proyecto ha sido una iniciativa de la fundación DIA de Nueva York, y a juzgar por la respuesta del público la sala de ordenadores es la parte más concurrida y popular de la pieza, donde los niños ajenos a las cartas que Gramsci escribió desde prisión juegan. "Todo ser humano es un intelectual", reza otro de los carteles, citando al propio Gramsci en su monumento. Saquen Scott, un joven adolescente afroamericano hoy está encargado del periódico donde a diario recogen textos de artistas, hacen breves perfiles de los vecinos y reproducen algunos de los artículos que la prensa ha dedicado al monumento. "Yo soy artista", explica Scott, "poeta y músico de rap. Mi abuela vive en estas casas".

En la biblioteca hay libros en italiano, una completa colección sobre fascismo y filosofía y obras como *Las cenizas de Gramsci* de Paolo Pasolini o el poemario *Yes Thing, No Thing* de Edwin Torres. Pero más allá de las ideas y principios de Gramsci, su idealismo y su poesía, los vecinos Forest Houses se han apropiado del espacio a su manera y en una de las mesas una pila de números recientes de la edición de la revista Vogue marca una nota discordante frente a la línea marxista. "Estos son pequeños gestos que me encantan", afirma sin ápice de ironía Hirschhorn sentado a la barra del bar mientras disfruta de un plato de arroz con frijoles. "Hay que encontrar un equilibrio que permita que las cosas fluyan sin comprometer las ideas de Gramsci".

El artista dice no poder evaluar el calado que las ideas del revolucionario están teniendo en el barrio y reconoce que algunas de las conferencias sólo cuentan con media docena de personas como público. Esto no le desanima. "Es un reto, quizá algo utópico, pero eso también es arte, es un gesto, una reafirmación de poder", asegura. Lo más inesperado de esta experiencia ha sido la simpatía de los vecinos, la respetuosa acogida que han dado al que fuera líder y uno de los fundadores del partido comunista italiano. La fuerte presencia de la comunidad hispana y afroamericana en este barrio también han diferenciado este monumento de los anteriores.

Lo cierto es que la obra de Hirschhorn también ha atraído inusuales visitas a las Forest Houses, desde críticos de arte hasta estudiantes de filosofía llegados de Manhattan o Brooklyn. ¿Turismo social o artístico? "La gente que vive en estos barrios es muy interesante, las visitas de gente de otros lugares no es uno de los objetivos de mi obra, más bien algo que tengo que aceptar. Puede generar algo de escepticismo entre los vecinos, pero no hostilidad", explica. "Lo que de verdad busco es que venga la gente que reside en estas casas y lo disfruten y a veces resulta más difícil que atraer a la gente de Manhattan". Gramsci en sus *Cuadernos de Prisión* ya lo dijo: "La realidad existe independientemente del individuo pensante".

FEED BACK WHAT'S GOING ON

Fabrizio Gallanti

25. August via IOS

Last Sunday morning we went to the Bronx, in the morning, to visit the Gramsci monument. It was one of the most touching, thoughtful and appropriate thing that we saw in years. Activities were just starting, a few visitors, people from the neighborhood, Hirschhorn himself, busy filling a pool with a pipe, kids using computers in the cyber-room. Great to see the compresence of multiple cultures. And the artifacts of Gramsci in simple plexiglas boxes are almost magical in their presence.



Gefällt mir · · Teilen

Philip Pocock und 31 anderen gefällt das.

4 weitere Kommentare anzeigen

Philip Pocock are you friends on FB, Marcus has synopses of his amazing series of daily philosophy scrums and lectures... perhaps his marathon is a record! well worth a read thru; cheers
25. August um 23:10 · Gefällt mir

Francisca Benítez I've been going there all summer and I agree with you, it's great.
26. August um 00:09 · Gefällt mir

William Menking I was a bit skeptical about it but agree after seeing it thats it a magical project.
26. August um 00:44 · Gefällt mir

Fabrizio Gallanti We would have liked to stay longer.
26. August um 01:31 via Handy · Gefällt mir

Front window of the local Communist Party, Venice, Italy.

Photos courtesy of Max Andrews and Mariana Cánepa Luna



RESIDENT OF THE DAY



JANIYAH PARADISE