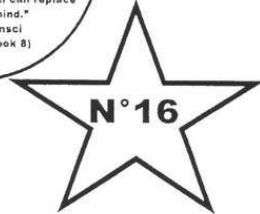


THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT

Editors:
LAKESHA BRYANT
and
SAQUAN SCOTT

NEWSPAPER

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



July 16th, 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

WHEN WILL IT STOP???



EMMET
TILL

TRAYVON
MARTIN

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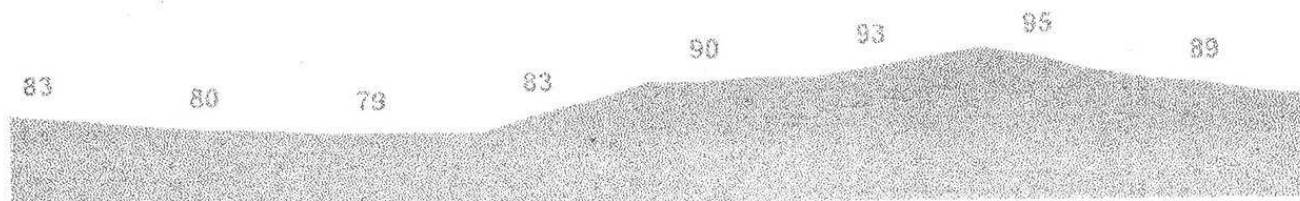
Bronx, NY 10456

Tuesday
Partly Cloudy

 **97** °F | °C

Precipitation: 10%
Humidity: 39%
Wind: 9 mph

Temperature	Precipitation	Wind
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12 AM 3 AM 6 AM 9 AM 12 PM 3 PM 6 PM 9 PM

Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat Sun Mon



95° 79° 97° 79° 93° 81° 95° 79° 95° 82° 93° 77° 84° 66° 82° 70°

WHEN WILL IT STOP????

EMMET TILL BEING ONE OF THE FIRST TEENS TO BE SLAYED HISTORY JUST ALWAYS FINDS A WAY TO REPEAT ITS SELF WITH NOW TRAYVON MARTIN,BUT WILL HE BE THE LAST! THIS DEPENDS ON US AMERICA, THE END IS IN OUR HANDS. WE ARE ALL TRAYVON MARTIN AND EMMET TILL!!

Emmett Till

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Emmett Louis Till (July 25, 1941 – August 28, 1955) was an African-American boy who was murdered in Mississippi at the age of 14 after reportedly flirting with a white woman. Till was from Chicago, Illinois, visiting his relatives in Money, Mississippi, in the Mississippi Delta region, when he spoke to 21-year-old Carolyn Bryant, the married proprietor of a small grocery store there. Several nights later, Bryant's husband Roy and his half-brother J. W. Milam arrived at Till's great-uncle's house where they took Till, transported him to a barn, beat him and gouged out one of his eyes, before shooting him through the head and disposing of his body in the Tallahatchie River, weighting it with a 70-pound (32 kg) cotton gin fan tied around his neck with barbed wire. His body was discovered and retrieved from the river three days later.

Till was returned to Chicago and his mother, who had raised him mostly by herself, insisted on a public funeral service with an open casket to show the world the brutality of the killing. Tens of thousands attended his funeral or viewed his casket and images of his mutilated body were published in black magazines and newspapers, rallying popular black support and white sympathy across the U.S. Intense scrutiny was brought to bear on the condition of black civil rights in Mississippi, with newspapers around the country critical of the state. Although initially local newspapers and law enforcement officials decried the violence against Till and called for justice, they soon began responding to national criticism by defending Mississippians, which eventually transformed into support for the killers.

The trial attracted a vast amount of press attention. Bryant and Milam were acquitted of Till's kidnapping and murder, but only months later, in a magazine interview, protected against double jeopardy, they admitted to killing him. Till's murder is noted as a pivotal event motivating the African-American Civil Rights Movement.

Problems identifying Till affected the trial, partially leading to Bryant's and Milam's acquittals, and the case was officially reopened by the United States Department of Justice in 2004. As part of the investigation, the body was exhumed and autopsied resulting in a positive identification. He was reburied in a new casket, which is the standard practice in cases of body exhumation. His original casket was donated to the Smithsonian Institution. Events surrounding Emmett Till's life and death, according to historians, continue to resonate, and almost every story about Mississippi returns to Till, or the region in which he died, in "some spiritual, homing way".^[2]



Emmett Till in a photograph taken by his mother on Christmas Day 1954, about eight months before his murder. Scholars state that when the photo ran in the *Jackson Daily News* Emmett Till and his mother were given "a profound pathos in the flattering photograph" and that the photograph "humanized the Tills".^[1]

Shooting of Trayvon Martin

Coordinates: 28.79295°N 81.32965°W﻿ / ﻿28.79295°N 81.32965°W﻿ / 28.79295; -81.32965

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The fatal **shooting of Trayvon Martin** by George Zimmerman took place on the night of February 26, 2012, in Sanford, Florida, United States. Martin was a 17-year-old African American high school student. George Zimmerman, a 28-year-old multi-racial Hispanic American,^[note 1] was the neighborhood watch coordinator for the gated community where Martin was temporarily staying and where the shooting took place.^{[3][4][5]} Police arrived within 2 minutes of the gunshot, following an earlier call from Zimmerman, and Martin was declared dead within 15 minutes. Zimmerman was treated for bloody wounds, questioned for 5 hours and had his sidearm impounded, but he was released as a case of self-defense. However, six weeks later, amidst heightened media attention, Zimmerman was charged with murder by a new prosecutor.^[6] He was found not guilty on July 13, 2013 by a jury of six women, all but one of whom was white.^[7]

Statements given by Zimmerman have indicated that on the night of the shooting Zimmerman was in his vehicle on a personal errand when he noticed Martin walking beyond the gated fence inside the community. Statements read that Zimmerman then called the Sanford Police Department to report Martin's actions as suspicious, saying "This guy looks like he's up to no good, or he's on drugs or something. It's raining and he's just walking around, looking about" and "looking at all the houses",^{[8][9]} although according to a police report, there was "no indication that

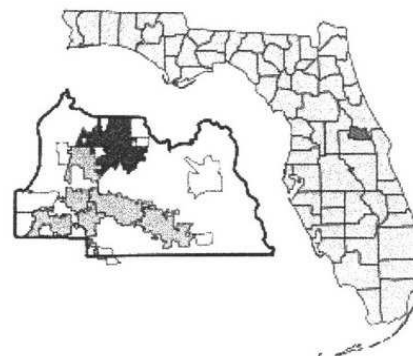
Trayvon Martin was involved in any criminal activity at the time of the encounter".^{[10][11][12]} While still on the phone with the police dispatcher, Zimmerman exited his vehicle, and after concluding his telephone call with police, was involved in a violent encounter with Martin. The encounter ended with Zimmerman fatally shooting Martin with one shot to the chest.^{[13][14][15][16][17][18]}

When police arrived on the scene, Zimmerman stated that Martin had attacked him and that he had shot Martin in self-defense using a weapon Zimmerman had on him.^[3] Zimmerman was bleeding from the nose and from two vertical lacerations on the back of his head. EMTs treated Zimmerman at the scene, after which he was taken to the Sanford Police Department. Zimmerman was detained and questioned for approximately five hours.^{[19][20][21]} He was then released without being charged. At the time, police said they found no evidence to contradict Zimmerman's claim of self-defense.^{[20][22][23]}

The circumstances of Martin's death, including the fact that he was unarmed,^[2] and the initial decision not to charge Zimmerman received national and international attention and scrutiny. Allegations of racist motivation for both the shooting and police conduct, along with intense media reporting, contributed to public demands for Zimmerman's arrest.^{[24][25][26][27]} Questions were also raised about Florida's stand-your-ground law. On March 22, 2012, a Special Prosecutor, Angela Corey, was appointed to take over the investigation.^[28] On April 11, 2012, the Special Prosecutor filed a charge of murder in the second-degree against Zimmerman, who then turned himself in and was placed in custody.^{[29][30]} The prosecution's account of what they allege happened on the night of the shooting is largely contained in the probable cause affidavit.^[31]

Zimmerman's trial began on June 10, 2013, in Sanford, Florida.^[6] He had requested a "stand your ground" hearing, but in March 2013, his defense elected to bypass the hearing so that his case would be tried before a jury.^[32] On Saturday, July 13, 2013, the jury found Zimmerman not guilty of second-degree murder and of manslaughter. The six women in the jury delivered their verdict after more than 16 hours of deliberations.^[33]

Shooting of Trayvon Martin



Map of Sanford, Florida

Date	February 26, 2012
Time	7:09 PM EST (start) 7:16 PM (gunshot on 911 call) 7:17 PM (police car arrives) 7:30 PM (Martin declared dead)
Location	The Retreat at Twin Lakes in Sanford, Florida, U.S. (See aerial views (http://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2012/04/02/us/the-events-leading-to-the-shooting-of-trayvon-martin.html) of points of interest.)
Coordinates	28.79295°N 81.32965°W﻿ / ﻿28.79295°N 81.32965°W﻿ / 28.79295; -81.32965
Participants	George Zimmerman (shooter)
Deaths	Trayvon Martin
Injuries	Fractured nose, lacerations to the back of the head, probably from strikes to the head. (Zimmerman)
Charges	Second-degree murder ^[1]
Verdict	Not guilty

I HAVE A DREAM SPEECH

BY MARTIN LUTHER KING JNR.

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon of hope to millions of slaves, who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity. But one hundred years later, the colored America is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the colored American is still sadly crippled by the manacle of segregation and the chains of discrimination.

One hundred years later, the colored American lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the colored American is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our Nation's Capital to cash a check. When the architects of our great republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir.

This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed to the inalienable rights of life liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given its colored people a bad check, a check that has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is not time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promise of democracy.

Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice.

Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood.

Now is the time to make justice a reality to all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of its colored citizens. This sweltering summer of the colored people's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end but a beginning. Those who hope that the colored Americans needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.

There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the colored citizen is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities.

We cannot be satisfied as long as the colored person's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "for white only."

We cannot be satisfied as long as a colored person in Mississippi cannot vote and a colored person in New York believes he has nothing for which to

No, we are not satisfied and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of your trials and tribulations. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by storms of persecutions and staggered by the winds of police brutality.

You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our modern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you, my friends, we have the difficulties of today and tomorrow.

I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed. We

hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day out in the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; that one day right down in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be engulfed, every hill shall be exalted and every mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plains and the crooked places will be made straight and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I will go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope.

With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.

With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to climb up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my father's died, land of the Pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring!"

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true. So let freedom ring from the hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.

Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.

But not only that, let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi and every mountainside.

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every tenement and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old spiritual.

JUSTICE IS JUST THIS

BY AADIL MALIK

What is justice?
This unapparent fairness
Supposed to combine rather than divide
Just a word that likes to hide
This unapparent fairness
What is justice?

Justice, is between you and if you are righteous
And you might just be righteous,
But you don't have the intelligence of the truths of real justice.
Justice, is merely impossible because we have created injustice.
And just this.

It may be a tongue twister to read
But justice is a twist of the tongue indeed
A twist of the lung, you can't breathe
A twist of the fun, full of hypocrisy and greed
A fake term misused, abused of its creed
Our mouths say justice, but injustice is what we really speak
And just this.

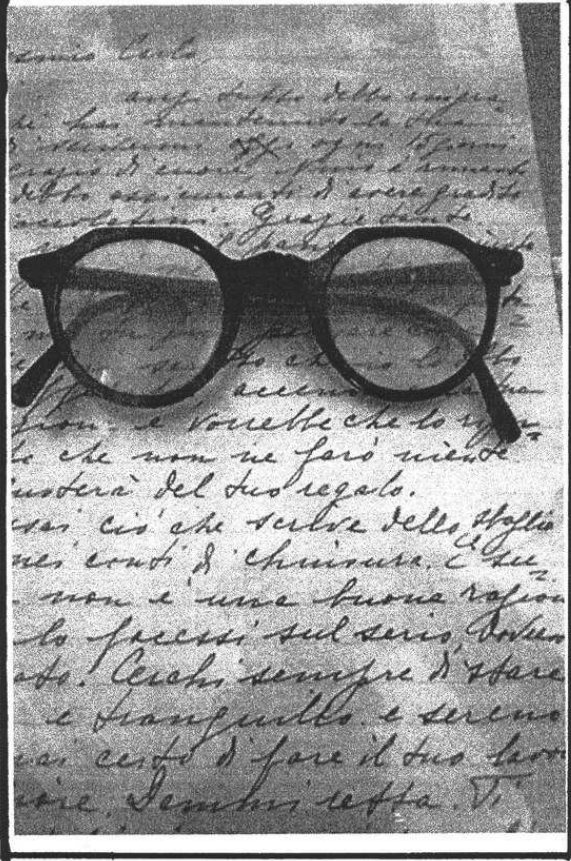
What is justice?
This unapparent fairness
Supposed to combine rather than divide
Just a word that likes to hide
This unapparent fairness
What is justice?

Just a word, and just this.



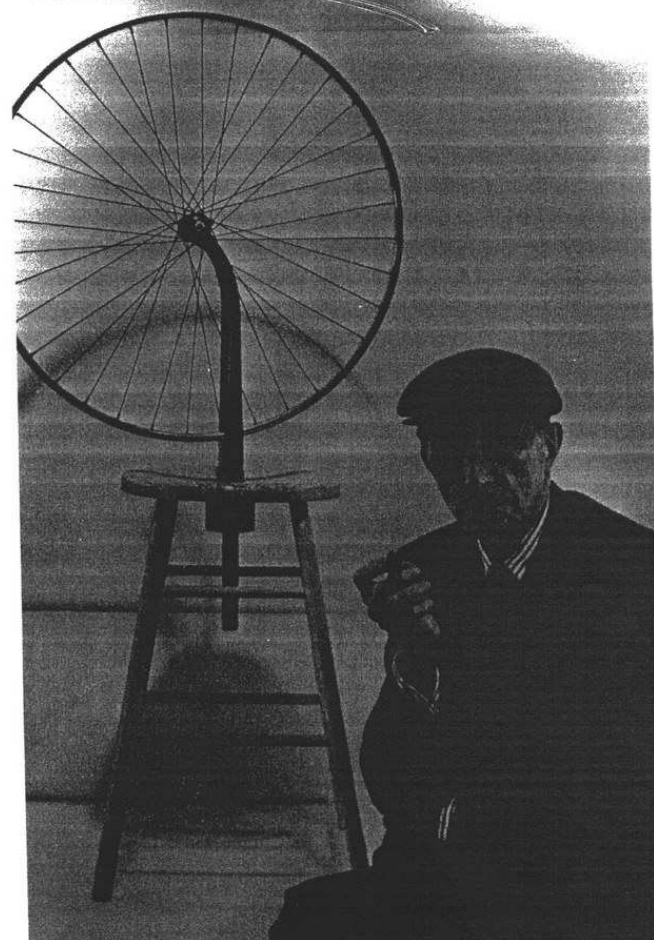
AMBASSADOR'S CORNER NOTE #11
BY YASMIL RAYMOND

Antonio Gramsci's Eyeglasses



At one point during the final days of construction I overhead one of the residents who worked in the crew say, "It looks like a bucket of money!" He was referring to something he had finished building and concluded that it was beautiful. In fact, a bucket or even an envelope of that object which pays for goods and services can be deceptively attractive. Naturally, this attempt to qualify material objects as beautiful has systematically distorted our expectations of art. "Does art need to be beautiful?" This was one of the most debated of the daily questions at Gramsci Radio last week. "No. Ironically, yes," would probably have been Marcel Duchamp's answer. Let's once again let Gramsci answer: "Quality should be attributed to [humankind], and not to things."

Marcel Duchamp and
Bicycle Wheel (1913)



GRAMSCI THEATER

WRITTEN BY MARCUS STEINWEG

SCENE 9: RELIGION AS GOD ERSATZ

(The location of the scenes is to be announced by an actor holding up a sign, in this case "IN THE COURTYARD.")

Enter: Müller, Lacan, Nancy, First Marxist, Deleuze, Nietzsche, Gramsci, Second Marxist, Duras.

MÜLLER

What's left when religion goes?
Is everything allowed if God is dead?

LACAN

Is everything forbidden?
You should not be too quick to stick God and religion in one file.

NANCY

Instead of confirming the existence of God, religion is God ersatz.
We are religious because God doesn't exist.

MÜLLER (pointing to the FIRST and SECOND MARXISTS)

Those smiling idiots believe in happiness!
Ideology is false consciousness.
It is created by simply ignoring essential aspects of reality.

FIRST MARXIST

Money is the problem.
But what is the solution.

MÜLLER

There is no solution.
Negative, positive – those are categories that exclude reality.
That doesn't exist anyway.
That has nothing to do with reality.
Those are concepts for decency's sake.

LACAN

That is what I call the real.
Reality beyond good and evil—as an incommensurable reality.

DELEUZE

I say it's chaos.

NIETZSCHE

You have to measure your thoughts against chaos.
There is still chaos within you.

DURAS

Every existence is an insoluble problem.

MÜLLER

Optimism is only a lack of information.

GRAMSCI

Optimism of the will, pessimism of the intellect.

NETZSCHE

The pessimism of the intellect implies being enlightened about yourself.
The most astonishing thing would be: glowing affect and a cold, bright head and will.

FIRST MARXIST

You frighten me!

MÜLLER

Fear forces solutions.
You won't get rid of it by suppressing it.

SECOND MARXIST

The solution is the problem.
You can't cope without a solution.

FIRST MARXIST

Solution, solution.

SECOND MARXIST

Must you?

FIRST MARXIST

I need a solution.

SECOND MARXIST

There is no solution.

FIRST MARXIST

I will not relinquish happiness.

NIETZSCHE

You're looking for happiness in the wrong place.

MÜLLER

Anyone who is really alive needs neither hope nor despair.
Anyone who is really alive doesn't give a shit about happiness.

GRAMSCI

I cling to hope like a disease I don't believe in.

MÜLLER

No one lives at the height of his insights anyway.

DURAS

Happiness means being a little bit dead.
A little bit absent from the place where I am.

MÜLLER

There is a need for ultimate justice.

DURAS

That contradicts reality.

GRAMSCI

But it is a reality.

MATERIAL 9: SPECTRAL PRESENCE

The subject evidently borders on something non-subjective, on an element that may be blind or dull, that may be clear-sighted, but that always demands to be present. It could be addressed as the elementary itself, as chaos or wild nature, as a pre-subjective layer of unordered materiality and as a Dionysian, archaic *Ungrund*, which never lets thought come to rest because it appeals to all thinking to be thought, as long as it corresponds to the status of the unthought. In fact, in its own essential being, every thought, every subject has probably already stepped out of itself. (M. Foucault) An abyss opens up within it and it realizes that to think itself—to be self-awareness, to be thinking that thinks itself—means to face this crack or this fracture, this wound that will not close. That makes thought—as Foucault says—a "dangerous act." Opening onto an element that ultimately closes itself off, that refuses full self-awareness, that destabilizes the subject as a whole and makes it fall out of step by eluding it in order to propel it toward a self-understanding that leaves behind the phantasms of a specterless present and self-presence. That the subject moves along the traces of its disappearance, that it meets up with itself along the line of its rampant absence like a spectral double means that it is itself a phantasm that does not stop harassing itself by riddling itself with questions that it cannot answer. The legacy of metaphysics might possibly be nothing but this riddling, which drills a hole in the subject and keeps drilling until there is a hole or a cavity large enough to accommodate all kinds of specters, which begin proliferating in the subject until they finally replace it altogether. And yet—as Derrida has shown—it would be a mistake to rely on the deferred action of specters as if there had ever been a non-spectral subject whose untroubled self-certainty and self-presence could ever be shaken by a spectral power.

A DAILY LECTURE BY MARCUS STEINWEG

16th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 16th July 2013
ON WITTGENSTEIN
Marcus Steinweg

It is readily apparent that the motif of the animal affects a number of central motifs in Wittgenstein.¹ As is well known, the considerations on certainty distinguish two groups of motifs: on the one hand, doubt, testing, error, supporting argument, justification, distrust, etc.; and on the other hand, trust, faith, action, conformity, assurance, holding-to-be-true, etc. Wittgenstein asks himself the question of how grounds and groundlessness, how ground and abyss relate. In analogy with the basic difference in his thinking, that between what can be said and what can be shown, the question of ground and groundlessness is reflected in the difference between meaning and truth.²

The ground, which Wittgenstein calls *form of life* or also *language-game*, cannot itself be based on grounds. It floats above the inconsistency of an abyss that cannot become the object of logical propositions. Wittgenstein never says that this abyss does not exist. What he does say is that it makes no sense to articulate it with the means of language. This already approximates thinking to faith: "What I know, I believe."³ Any certainty is grounded in an element that is itself ungrounded, an element whose contingency is indubitable. More profound than skepticism and doubt is the faith in which they are grounded, the trust the subject puts in its form of life. Now Wittgenstein distinguishes between faith and superstition:

"Religious faith & superstition are quite different. The one springs from *fear* & is a sort of false science. The other is a trusting."⁴

True faith is identical to trust. It implies a certain fearlessness, the way affirmation does, which is the precondition on which the possibility of negation, doubt, critique, and refutation rests. To put trust in someone—in German: *Vertrauen schenken*, to give the gift of trust—means to give something without being sure of a gift in return. Trust implies the courage that affirms what it does not know. Or knows only as familiar, as something that is trusted but not explained. The same holds of faith, which is an affirmation that gives itself over:

1 I will focus my discussion of animality in Wittgenstein's thought on his remarks in *On Culture* and *On Certainty*. Wittgenstein wrote the remarks in German between 1949 and 1951 that are collected in the bilingual edition *Über Gewissheit. On Certainty*, posthumously published by G.E.M. Anscombe and G.H. von Wright in 1969. They are among the most beautiful parts of his philosophy. The "mixed remarks" in *Culture and Value* are a hardly less beautiful selection from Wittgenstein's unpublished papers, edited by G.H. von Wright in collaboration with H. Nyman in 1977 and revised by A. Pichler in 1994.

2 Wittgenstein described the "method" of his "philosophizing" as "leaving the question of truth and asking about sense instead." See Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Vermischte Bemerkungen. Culture and Value. A Selection from the Posthumous Remains*, ed. G.H. von Wright in collaboration with H. Nyman, revised ed. Alois Pichler, trans. Peter Winch, Oxford: Blackwell 1998, 3e.

3 Ludwig Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, ed. G.E.M. Anscombe and G.H. von Wright, trans. Denis Paul and G.E.M. Anscombe, Oxford: Blackwell 1974, 25e.

4 Wittgenstein. *Culture and Value*. 82e.

"'Believing' means, submitting to an authority. Having once submitted to it, you cannot then, without rebelling against it, first call it in question & then once again find it convincing."⁵

Even the subject that says of itself that it does not believe has already, and so it believes, submitted to the authority of a form of life; so that to believe and to trust means to affirm what *already* is. Wittgenstein's late thinking encircles this *already*, whose acknowledgement it affirms. To submit to the authority of what already is also means not to indulge in the phantasm of resistance and rebellion, a phantasm that belies the fact that all resistance against the *already* is in vain:

"I can't help believing ..." and "I am comfortable that that is how things are."⁶

The hypothesis of the following remarks is that this comfort at which Wittgenstein's thinking aims is reached on the back of animality or of the animal as the subject puts its trust in it. A remark in *Culture and Value* helps us understand how the form of life is, "as it were, [...] something animal"⁷:

"I sit astride life like a bad rider on his mount. I owe it solely to the horse's good nature that I am not thrown off right now."⁸

What is true of the I of this experience is true of the subject in general. It sits on its life as though on the back of a swaying horse. It is not the possibility that I will be thrown off that Wittgenstein contests (at the very least, he does *not exclude* it!). What he contests is the possibility of an unambiguous determination of whether that happens and even can happen at all: "Why, would it be *unthinkable* that I should stay in the saddle however much the facts bucked?"⁹ The subject cannot but trust. It has no choice but to entrust itself to the animal's good nature, not knowing whether the latter will remain good-natured. There is obviously no way—at least not while we are alive—of getting off the horse of our own accord. For the horse in this parable designates life and the form of life itself. It is the language-game in which even the subject that distrusts it (by believing it is a good rider) remains embedded:

"You must bear in mind," Wittgenstein writes, "that the language-game is so to say something unpredictable. I mean: it is not based on grounds. It is not reasonable (or unreasonable). It is there—like our life."¹⁰

"Beyond being justified or unjustified,"¹¹ the language-game (life and the form of life) remains groundless because it is itself the ground. There is no further ground beyond the ground. There is nothing but the abyss of contingency or inconsistency. In order to demonstrate that the subject and its certainties are (already) embedded in a form of life and a language-game, Wittgenstein employs motifs of groundless life such as that of animality. We might say, it seems, that the logos, both language and reason, requires this embeddedness in a medium that at once indicates its boundary

5 Ibid., 52e.

6 Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, 36e.

7 Ibid., 47e.

8 Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*, 42e.

9 Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, 81e.

10 Ibid., 73e.

11 Ibid., 47e.

by being boundary and enablement at once. "Knowledge is in the end based on acknowledgement,"¹² which is the faith in the good nature, innocence, and integrity of the animal. Of the animal or of life or, as Wittgenstein also says, of nature.

This faith implies more than fearlessness and courage. It implies a (not necessarily religious) passion, an attitude that allows the subject to overcome its skepticism in order to let it seize hold of its form of life by constituting it as equally passive and active:

"It appears to me as though a religious belief could only be (something like) passionately committing oneself to a system of coordinates. Hence although it's belief, it is really a way of living, or a way of judging life. Passionately taking up *this* interpretation. And so instructing in a religious belief would have to be portraying, describing that system of reference & at the same time appealing to the conscience. And these together would have to result finally in the one under instruction himself, of his own accord, passionately taking up that system of reference. It would be as though someone were on the one hand to let me see my hopeless situation, on the other depict the *rescue-anchor*, until of my own accord, or at any rate not led by the hand by the *instructor*, I were to rush up & seize it."¹³

The situation is hopeless because there is no alternative to it. To hope means to trust in the existence of an alternative. Yet there is no life without a form of life. The subject already rides on the horse's back. And so it must decide in favor of the already-decided situation. It must passionately affirm contingency:

"My *life* consists in my being content to accept many things."¹⁴

With many things, or at least with what cannot be changed, which is to say, with what eludes my control. What is it, then, that Wittgenstein says of the situation of the subject? He says that it is held in suspense between the contingency of its situation and the passion that lets it affirm this situation. It might be objected—correctly—that religious faith is a specific form of life and not the only one. What is decisive, however, is that we cannot but trust or believe in the neutrality and innocence of the language-game, since this trust and belief is what sustains all doubt:

"Doubt itself rests only on what is beyond doubt."¹⁵

The language-game and the form of life carry the subject an infinitesimal quantum across the abyss of contingency. A subtle distinction obviously becomes necessary between contingency and the form of life above which it remains suspended like a floating architecture. The subject does not stand on the ground. Wittgenstein says: it sits "like a bad rider on a horse." The animal or the language-game mediates between rider and ground as a sort of safety net that, being itself absolutely contingent, cannot be contingency. What is contingent is not contingency (contingency is necessary!). What is contingent is the porous film that has spread over the abyss of contingency (of the *real* in the Lacanian sense) like a Deleuzian plane of consistency.¹⁶ Žižek on this point:

12 Ibid., 49e.

13 Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*, 73e (emphasis in the original).

"Wittgenstein is well aware that life-forms ultimately, so to speak, 'float in empty space'; that they possess no 'firm ground under their feet'—or, to use Lacanian terms, that they form self-referring symbolic vicious circles maintaining an unnameable distance from the Real. This distance is empty; we cannot pinpoint any positive, determinative fact that would call [the] 'objective certainty' [of the form of life] into question since all such facts always-already appear against the unquestionable background of 'objective certainty'; yet it attests to the lack of support of the 'big Other,' to its ultimate impotence, to the fact that, as Lacan would put it, 'the big Other doesn't exist,' that its status is that of an impostor, of pure pretence. And it is only here that Wittgenstein effectively breaks out of the Cartesian confines: by means of affirming a radical discontinuity between certitude and 'truth'; of positing a certainty which, although unquestionable, does not guarantee its 'truth.'"¹⁷

We cannot inquire beyond the ground—the language-game, the form of life. All attempts to go *deeper* end in the impossibility of logicizing the "origin" of the origin (of the logos, of language). But this "origin" is nothing but the unsayable or chaos or the mystical something that resists logicization. It remains closed, for it is closedness itself that acquires in the language-game an initial consistency, a medium and element. The plane of consistency that is both the language-game and the form of life has been wrested from inconsistency and formlessness, not in an utterance but in the performance of an act that generates the space of initial linguistic as well as practical orientation:

"The origin & the primitive form of the language game is a reaction; only from this can the more complicated forms grow. Language—I want to say—is a refinement, 'in the beginning was the deed.'"¹⁸

The transition from chaos to the language-game corresponds to the violent change from formlessness to form. It is only from here on—by recourse to a first consistency and form, to a diagrammatic plane, as Deleuze/Guattari would put it¹⁹—that language

16 In *Après la finitude. Essais sur la nécessité de la contingence* (English translation: *After Finitude. An Essay on the Necessity of Contingency*, trans. Ray Brassier, London: Continuum 2008), Quentin Meillassoux develops the idea "that contingency [the contingency of the natural laws] alone is necessary" (ibid., 80), which does not mean that there are no laws. Relating this idea to Wittgenstein's thought, this means that the language-game and the form of life are the contingent law to which every subject, with all its doubts, remains tied. The contingency on which they are founded—not as their ground but as their groundlessness—is incapable of logical explication. There is only the possibility and the necessity of believing or trusting in the contingent law. To believe, to trust means simply to open oneself to the world in its *how* (in how it is) instead of seeking to explain the miracle of the "existence of the world," its *that* (that it is), the naked *there is* (Ludwig Wittgenstein, "A Lecture on Ethics," *Philosophical Review* vol. 74 no. 1 [Jan. 1965], 3–12).

17 Slavoj Žižek, *For They Know Not What They Do. Enjoyment as a Political Factor*, 2nd ed., London: Verso 2002, 152.

18 Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*, 36e. (Wittgenstein quotes Goethe's *Faust*, verse 1237.)

19 Gilles Deleuze / Félix Guattari, *What Is Philosophy?*, trans. Graham Burchell, Hugh Tomlinson, London: Verso 1994. On the close proximity between Wittgenstein and Deleuze with respect to the animal see already: Marcus Steinweg, *Behauptungsphilosophie*, Berlin: Merve 2006, 36–89. As is well known, Deleuze, in his *Abécédaire*, associates Wittgenstein with a "philosophical catastrophe" and a "massive regression of all philosophy." He obviously failed to see the structural homology between his planes of consistency and the concepts of

can grow, can become more refined and complex. In the beginning is the violence and primitiveness and animality the language-game shares with its abyss ("origin"). This is not without consequence for the picture Wittgenstein paints of the human being: "I want to regard man here as an animal; as a primitive being to which one grants instinct but not ratiocination. As a creature in a primitive state. Any logic good enough for a primitive means of communication needs no apology from us. Language did not emerge from some kind of ratiocination."²⁰ We must distinguish three orders: first, the order of absolute disorder, which I want to call that of the abyss, of formlessness, of chaos—Wittgenstein marks it as the *unsayable*; second, the order of first consistency, which marks that of the primitive language-game and the animal form of life; third, the order of language, which can refine itself into modalities of doubt, of supporting argument and justification, i.e., of ratiocination. The third order (that of arguments) remains embedded in the second (which is the "the element in which arguments have their life"²¹), while the second retains contact with the first: in the language-game survives some of the chaos, the primitiveness and animality, from which it emerges.

That is why Wittgenstein can say that "within all great art there is a WILD animal: tamed,"²² lending art an animal dimension that touches upon its, to use Nietzsche's word, Dionysian abyss, a dimension in which innocence and indomitability become metaphorical substitutes of each other. It is once again animality in which authenticity is said to express itself, whose adulteration the construction of the language-game introduces. It is not surprising to encounter the allegory of indomitability and wildness within the horizon of a vocabulary that encompasses the words primitiveness, animality, origin, and life. The language-game is there like our life, beyond justified and unjustified, beyond good and evil, as something animal because it marks the contact with Dionysian innocence. Wittgenstein's ontology turns out to be an ontozoology, one that trusts in the purity and integrity of the animal.²³ And we know that where animals abide, children cannot be far off. The child and the animal share the playful ingenuity of bare life, or so Wittgenstein seems to think:

"Does a child believe that milk exists? Or does it know that milk exists? Does a cat know that a mouse exists?"²⁴

This *directness* of a form of life that unquestioningly—unknowingly—trusts the evidentness of the form of life, that believes in it on the threshold of naturalness, is what we call naïveté, a way of acting and living that needs no reasons. Wittgenstein's ontozoology is the thinking of this fundamental groundlessness. It teems with children and animals whose naïveté convicts the doubting subject, which conceives of itself as an adult *cogito*, of its own naïveté, the naïveté of believing that knowing is not a

the language-game and the form of life.

20 Wittgenstein, *On Certainty* 62e. Cf.: "Instinct comes first, reasoning second. Not until there is a language-game are there reasons." Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Remarks on the Philosophy of Psychology*, vol. 2, ed. G.H. von Wright and H. Nyman, Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1988, 117.

21 Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, 16e.

22 Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*, 43e.

23 At one point, for instance, Wittgenstein asks: "Why can't a dog simulate pain? Is it too honest?" Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, ed. P.M.S. Hacker and Joachim Schulte, trans. G.E.M. Anscombe, P.M.S. Hacker, and Joachim Schulte, Oxford: Blackwell 2009, 96e.

24 Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, 63e.

form of belief. The child and the animal exemplify the naturalness of a praxis situated *before* thought. We can call this praxis belief, faith, or trust. In any case, it is an almost blind pre-philosophical attitude toward the child's, the animal's world: "A trained child or animal is not acquainted with any problems of philosophy."²⁵ This attitude implies tacit affirmation. It acts instead of thinking. It practices evidentness:

"Might we say: A child must of course learn to speak a particular language, but doesn't have to learn to think [...]?"²⁶

We might well say that there is, *before* thinking, action and learning. The use of what I do not necessarily think or understand. A use that rests on trust rather than distrust. On a trust in the world or primal trust that seems to come more easily to children and animals than to the adult subject (the reflective animal). Once again we encounter the thought that the aim is not an intervention into the grammar of what happens in the world, but a trusting acceptance of what is given. The forms of life and the "everyday language-game," Wittgenstein says, are "to be *accepted*,"²⁷ like something natural that appeals to my trust and my belief.

The child and the animal believe.²⁸ They question neither the language-game nor the form of life, so unquestionably do they experience themselves amid their culture. Wittgenstein speaks of a *system of reference* that serves as the referential frame of primary orientation in the world because we trust it, which does not mean that we "can rely on"²⁹ it. At the moment when he proposes that a subtle difference exists between culture and (the European and American) civilization (of his time)—"Culture is like a great organization which assigns each of its members his place, at which he can work in the spirit of the whole, and his strength can with a certain justice be measured by his success as understood within that whole"; whereas civilization lends expression to the "value of the individual"—Wittgenstein draws on the Nietzschean phrase of the "genuine & strong characters," in whom he recognizes the bearers of culture.³⁰ What is decisive about this paradigm is that the close approximation of culture and nature permits to distance both from civilization. This approximation clearly correlates to the *undecidability* of the language-game. In the language-game, as in the form of life, nature and culture, animality and humanity, we might say: interfere.³¹ What makes the "spirit" of civilization unappealing to Wittgenstein is its

25 Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Grammar*, ed. Anthony Kenny, Oxford: Blackwell 1974, 191.

Joachim Schulte writes on this point: "The idea, to exaggerate a little, is to get the philosophical problems out of the way by leading one who is obsessed with them to the insight that he is at bottom nothing other than a 'trained child or animal.'" (Joachim Schulte, *Wittgenstein. Eine Einführung*, Stuttgart: Reclam 1989, 114 [note]). Must we not conclude that the subject turns out to be an animal that puts its trust in an animal (the animality of the form of life), or a child that relies on its innocence?

26 Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Remarks*, ed. Rush Rhees, trans. Raymond Hargreaves, Roger White, Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1975, 53.

27 Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, 4th ed., trans. G.E.M. Anscombe, P.M.S. Hacker, Joachim Schulte, Oxford: Wiley-Blackwell 2009, 177 (emphasis in original).

28 "The child learns by believing the adult. Doubt comes *after* belief." (Ludwig Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, 23e)

29 Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, 66e.

30 Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*, 8e–9e.

31 That the "word 'undecidable' belongs to the description of the language-game" also implies that it demonstrates the undecidable interference between nature and culture. See Anthony Kenny (ed.) *The Wittgenstein Reader* Oxford: Blackwell 1994 207 What is

distinction from the evidentness of the animal: civilization equals culture without nature.

undecidable about the language-game and the form of life is their immediate adjacency to the dimension of boundlessness, which is the mystical, that which can only be shown, the unsayable. By contesting the possibility of logical access to this dimension, Wittgenstein does not deny, but in fact confirms *ex negativo*, its efficacy (for everything that is the case). The language-game and the form of life stand in for the mystical groundlessness by taking on the role of origin instead of being absolute origin. By sharing the boundary that permits us to distinguish them, the mystical and the language-game as much as the form of life are fused almost to the point of undecidability. That is why Badiou is quite right to approximate the "real remainder" that is the "mystical element" to Kant's *noumenon*, as the problematic (undecidable) concept *par excellence*. It is the regrettable aspect of Badiou's book about Wittgenstein that he entirely fails to recognize the significance of the late philosophy, according to "the status of [mere] immanent gloss, a personal Talmud" in relation to the

WHAT'S GOING ON FEED BACK!

NEWS ANALYSIS

In Zimmerman Case, Self-Defense Was Hard to Topple



Pool photo by Joe Burbank

George Zimmerman leaving court after his acquittal on Saturday of all charges in the shooting death of Trayvon Martin. [More Photos](#)

By LIZETTE ALVAREZ
Published: July 14, 2013

SANFORD, Fla. — From the moment George Zimmerman held up his arms and told the police that he had shot Trayvon Martin, one fact was undisputed: an unarmed black teenager lay dead.

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Protests Follow Zimmerman Acquittal



Zimmerman Trial Verdict Reopens a Debate

But as one top Florida defense lawyer, Michael Band, said on Sunday, "Trials, for better or worse, are not morality plays."

From the start, prosecutors faced a difficult case — weak on evidence and long on outrage. Mr. Zimmerman had the power of self-defense laws on his side, and was helped by a spotty police investigation and prosecutorial missteps. The initial investigation foundered when the local prosecutor balked at bringing charges, convinced that overcoming the self-defense claims would prove impossible.

But six weeks after the killing, his replacement, Angela B. Corey, from the Jacksonville area, charged Mr. Zimmerman with second-degree murder, a tall order.

At the trial, the fight between Mr. Martin and Mr.

Zimmerman that preceded the shooting produced a muddle of testimony — and grist for reasonable doubt. It remained unclear who had thrown the first punch and at what point Mr. Zimmerman drew his gun. There were no witnesses to the shooting and no definitive



The Zimmerman Trial, Day by Day

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Pool photo by Gary W. Green
Mr. Zimmerman's lawyers Don West, left, and Mark O'Mara talked to reporters after the verdict was announced. [More Photos](#)

determination of which man could be heard yelling for help in the background of a 911 call.

The only version of events came from Mr. Zimmerman, who did not take the stand, denying prosecutors a chance to cross-examine him. His statements to the police spoke for him at the trial. Defense lawyers also had a powerful piece of evidence in photographs of Mr. Zimmerman's injuries: a bloody nose and cuts and lumps on the back of his head.

Mr. Zimmerman, a neighborhood watch volunteer, claimed that he shot Mr. Martin only after the teenager knocked him to the ground, punched him, straddled him and slammed his head into the concrete — "a weapon," as his lawyer, Mark O'Mara, called it. The murder charge required a showing that Mr. Zimmerman was full of ill will, hatred, spite or evil intent when he shot Mr. Martin. But prosecutors had little evidence to back up that claim, legal experts said. They could point only to Mr. Zimmerman's words during his call to the police dispatcher the night he spotted Mr. Martin walking in the rain with his sweatshirt's hood up and grew suspicious.

"Punks," he said, adding a profanity. "They always get away," he said, using another profanity.

But Mr. Zimmerman appeared calm during the call and did not describe Mr. Martin's race until he was asked. And defense lawyers brought in witnesses to say that Mr. Zimmerman, on the whole, was a courteous, kind and caring neighbor.

"That was a fatal flaw right from the start in the case," said Jeff Weiner, a well-known Miami criminal defense lawyer.

Toward the end of the trial, prosecutors asked the judge to include the lesser charge of manslaughter, but the jury rejected that as well.

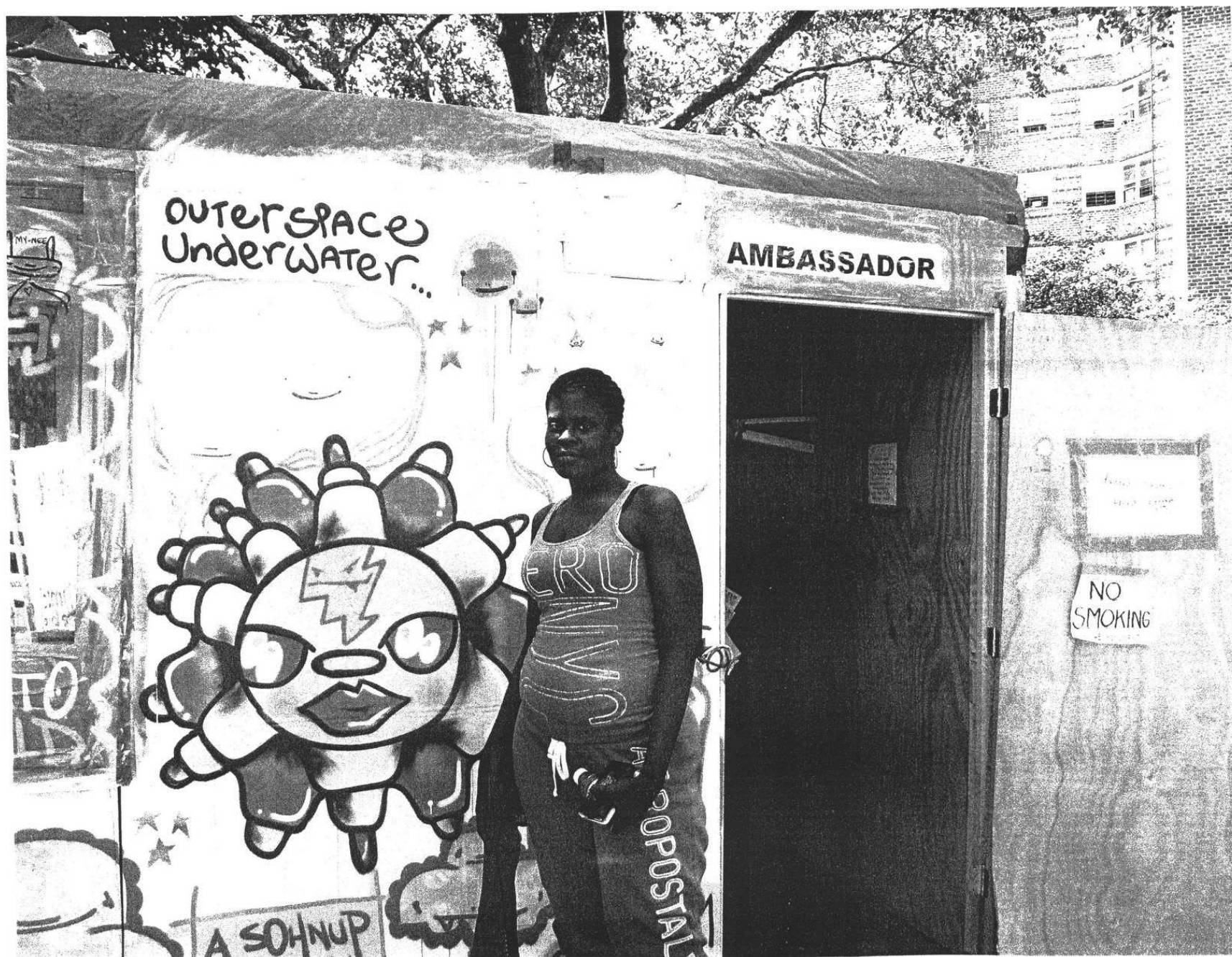
Legal experts pointed to what they said were errors by the prosecution. Several prosecution witnesses struggled on the stand and appeared not to have been prepared, including Rachel Jeantel, the young friend of Mr. Martin's who said he had told her on the phone that he was being followed and was scared.

Prosecutors interviewed Ms. Jeantel for the first time in the house of Sybrina Fulton, Mr. Martin's mother, while Ms. Fulton sat next to her. Shaken up by Ms. Fulton's presence, Ms. Jeantel softened her account of the phone call to protect Ms. Fulton, she testified.

Prosecutors also were hurt by the testimony of Officer Chris Serino of the Sanford Police Department, the chief investigator on the case. He told the jury he believed Mr. Zimmerman's account was truthful.

Yet another trouble spot was the testimony of Dr. Shiping Bao, the medical examiner who performed the autopsy on Mr. Martin. On the stand, legal experts said, he came across as befuddled, shuffling through his notes because he could remember so little.

RESIDENT OF THE DAY



JACKIE ROBERTS