

THE GRAMSCI MONUMENT.

NEWSPAPER

Editors:
LAKESHA BRYANT
and
SAQUAN SCOTT

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



www.gramsci-monument.com

July 25th, 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.



HOOD GAMES!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. COVER PAGE
2. TABLE OF CONTENTS/WEATHER
- 3-5. GRAMSCI PRISON (PREFACE)
6. DID YOU KNOW ANTONIO GRAMSCI?
- 7-10. THOMAS HIRSCHHORN TEXT THE MEANING OF RACE AND A DISCUSSION ABOUT RACE
11. AMBASSADOR'S CORNER NOTE #20
12. DAILY LECTURE BY MARCUS STEINWEG
13. POEMS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE
14. RESIDENT OF THE DAY

Bronx, NY 10456

Thursday

Chance of Showers



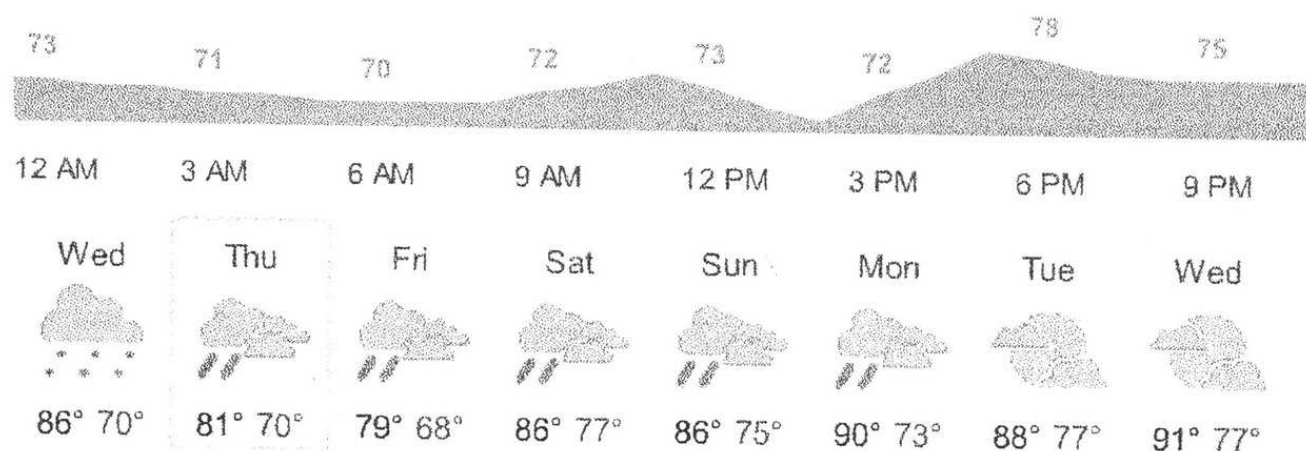
81 °F | °C

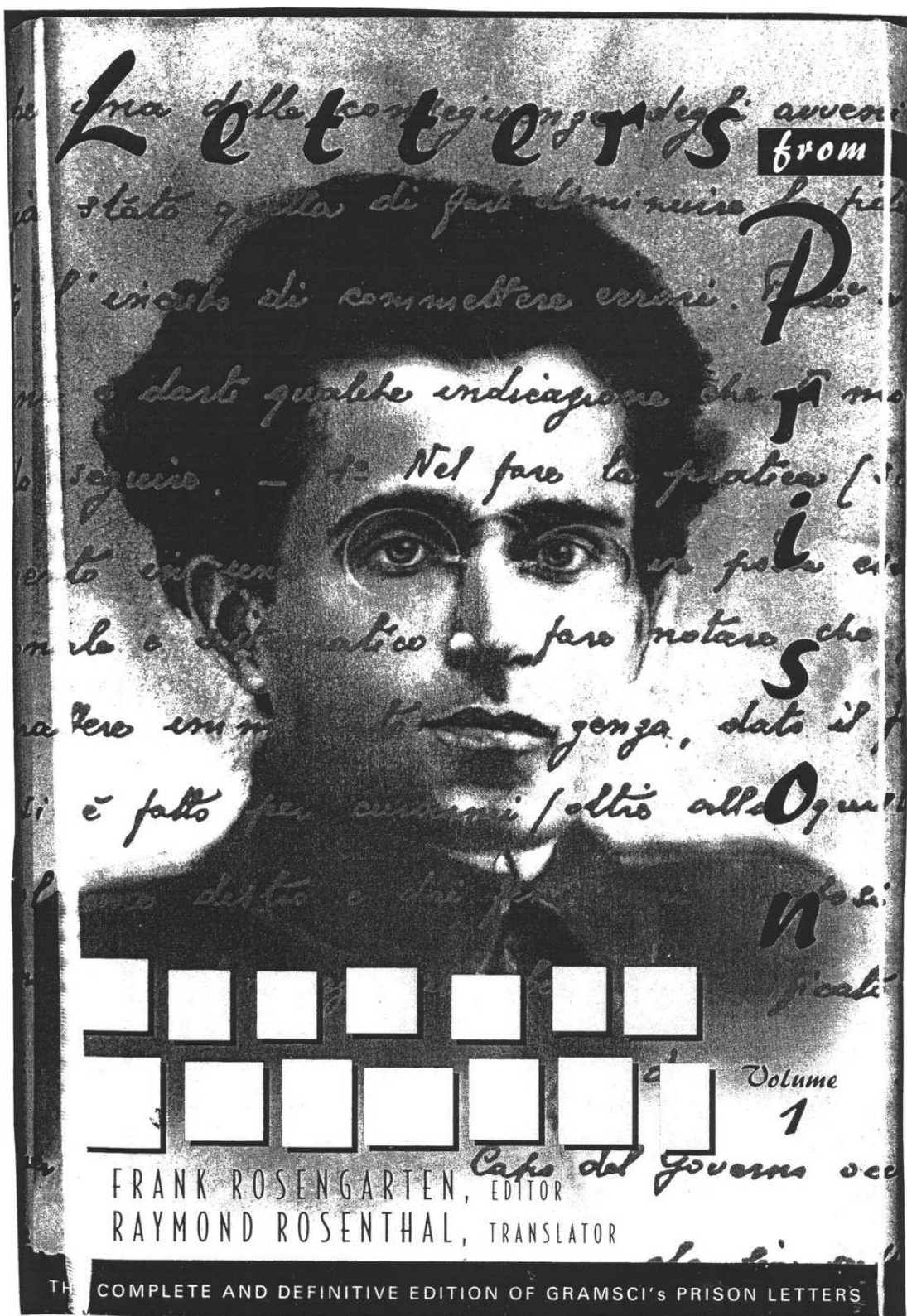
Precipitation: 20%

Humidity: 54%

Wind: 15 mph

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





Preface

The letters that Antonio Gramsci wrote during his years in prison, from 1926 to 1937, are almost all in the archives of the Gramsci Foundation Institute in Rome. The bulk of these letters was entrusted by the Gramsci family to Palmiro Togliatti and Felice Platone, who used them in their preparation of the first Italian edition of the *Letters from Prison*, published in 1947. In the following years, additional letters were donated to the Gramsci Institute by a few of their recipients and by other members of the Gramsci and Schucht families. In this way, the 218 letters of the 1947 edition were expanded to the 428 letters published in the 1965 edition, which was the first critical edition and the fruit of years of careful research done by Elsa Fubini and Sergio Caprioglio.

Since 1965 still other letters have been found or donated, some of which were published separately in various newspapers and magazines. In 1988, with the commendable intention of producing an edition of the prison letters that was within the reach of a mass audience, the Italian Communist party newspaper *L'Unità* published, as special supplements to its January 24, 1988, and February 14, 1988, issues, a two-volume, paperback edition of the 1965 *Letters*, plus an additional 28 letters that had come to light since 1965. These were edited by Antonio Santucci and introduced by Paolo Spriano and Valentino Gerratana.

The original letters are kept in a vault and cannot be handled, except a few at a time by scholars and others with a particular need to

consult them. To avoid the risk of damaging the originals, I limited my consultation of them to a representative selection of forty letters. For the remaining majority of letters, I relied on photocopies of the originals.

Gramsci's precise, clear handwriting makes reading the letters a relatively simple task, although there are of course illegible words and phrases that, combined with sections of the letters deleted by prison censors, sometimes create problems in connecting one sentence with another. Even more remarkable than the handwriting is the almost total lack of erasures: what Gramsci had to say in his letters he had already, obviously, thought out in detail before putting pen to paper. In this way he made maximum use of the time allowed him for letter writing in prison. For the most part he used regular stationery, which he usually filled down to the last available square inch. But some letters are written on odd single sheets, and these are in varying states of preservation. Graphologists will find interesting two characteristics of Gramsci's handwriting. First, one notices the small size and clear, precise shape of the letters except for the capitals, which, especially in the case of *As*, *Ts*, *Ss* and *Fs*, are stately and somewhat ornate in appearance. The capital *S* looks like the symbol of the treble clef. Second, Gramsci's signature, whether Antonio or Nino, has a strong upward slant. No doubt these characteristics are due to early training in calligraphy, but for someone such as I, who has had to work with the letters of various figures in the Italian antiFascist movement, it is evident that not all Italians were faithful to their early training in penmanship. One needs paleographical skills to decipher most of them, suggesting that for Gramsci the appearance and easy legibility of a letter were important.

In order to give the reader a sense of Gramsci's *Letters from Prison* as part of a correspondence, I thought it desirable to include in this edition a sampling of the letters written to him by his wife, Giulia, and sister-in-law Tania Schucht. I have chosen letters in which the points of view and the writing style of Giulia and Tania give some sense of the personalities of these two exceptional women, ones that also facilitate an understanding of Gramsci's points of view and feelings at different moments of his years in prison. The letters from Giulia and Tania are to be found in footnotes.

The letters to Gramsci from his wife, sister-in-law, mother, and

other family members and friends have been gathered over the years. Many of them were conserved by Tania Schucht and by Gramsci's younger brother Carlo, who were at his bedside at his death and who took it upon themselves to safeguard the record of Gramsci's life as a political prisoner. These letters were held by the Gramsci family and then bequeathed to the Gramsci Institute after the war.

This edition of Gramsci's *Letters from Prison* has a number of other features that should be noted. First, all the printed letters of the 1965 and 1988 Italian editions have been checked against the originals, and mistakes that were inevitably made in editing and printing the manuscripts have been corrected. These include wrong words, misspellings of words and proper names, paragraphs in incorrect order, errors in punctuation, incorrect dates of letters, and missing postscripts and sentences or in a few instances even paragraphs. Many of these mistakes had already been found by Elsa Fubini and Sergio Caprioglio but not yet been made known in a new Italian edition. In all, 117 of the printed letters were found to have mistakes of some sort, mostly minor, but in some cases of such a nature as to misrepresent Gramsci's intended meaning.

Second, this edition contains two groups of letters never before published *in book form* in any language, including Italian. (Some of these did appear previously in various magazines and newspapers.) The first consists of 20 letters that I came across in 1991 and 1992 while pursuing my research at the Gramsci Institute. That brought the total of personal letters to family and friends to 476. The second is a group of letters written to Mussolini and to various medical and prison authorities by Gramsci during his eleven-year prison ordeal. They concern matters that were of vital concern to Gramsci, who sought to avail himself of whatever opportunities the Italian criminal code allowed to political prisoners to obtain better treatment for his many illnesses and, above all, to read, study, and write in prison in as productive a manner as possible. With these, the total number of letters in this edition is 486. One of the 20 letters not yet published in book form has indeed never been published anywhere: it is a letter written from Milan's San Vittore prison to a Communist comrade, Virginio Borioni, on May 7, 1928. The letter, only a portion of which is legible, had lain all these years in a folder marked "Letters to Berti, to Bianco and others," the victim of an oversight that haunts the con-

sciousness of all researchers who work with these kinds of materials. Third, the footnotes of this edition are based on a thorough review of existing documentation in preceding editions published in many different countries. Wherever existing notes were unclear or inaccurate, an attempt has been made to correct or to clarify them. Many new notes have been added. The more complete documentation and greater preciseness of this edition are not due to the superior sleuthing abilities of the editor but rather to the moment in which it appears. In the past four to five years our knowledge of Gramsci's prison experience, and of the contributions made by various people to his welfare and intellectual productivity in prison, has been vastly expanded. The authors and titles of these new books and articles are of course listed in the bibliography. I would also like to acknowledge here the work of John Cammett, Sergio Caprioglio, Giuseppe Fiori, Elsa Fubini, Valentino Gerratana, Aldo Natoli, Michele Pistillo, Jean-Pierre Potier, Mimma Paulesu Quercioli, Antonio Santucci, and Paolo Spriano.

This edition is based whenever possible on direct study of the originals and reproduces the original letter as it was written in most cases. In some instances, for reasons of intelligibility, changes have been made. For example, Gramsci's way of dating letters varied, from use of Roman numerals to Arabic numbers, and his paragraphing was often determined not by the normal concern for logical organization but rather by limitations of space and time. In these cases and a few others, I have taken the liberty of altering the original form of the letter.

Some of the photographs used in other editions of Gramsci's writings appear here as well, but there are some new ones that I think will enhance the reader's appreciation of the human and political significance of the letters. These were taken by Diego Zitelli.

This edition includes a bibliography of the most important critical writings on the letters, whether in the form of introductory essays or in separately published articles. There have been two earlier English-language editions—one with introduction, notes, and translation by Lynne Lawner published in 1973 by Harper and Row, the other translated in 1948–50 by Hamish Henderson but not published until 1974, in issues 25 and 26 of the *New Edinburgh Review*. The Henderson translation appeared in book form in 1988, published by Zwan Pub-

lications (now Pluto Press). The letters in the Lawner edition number 94, some of which are fragmentary; the Henderson edition has 219 letters, the same ones that were published in the first 1947 Italian edition.

Throughout the text three abbreviations—PCI (Italian Communist party), PSI (Italian Socialist party), and CI (Communist International)—are used.

The Columbia University Press edition of Gramsci's *Letters from Prison* aims to offer readers of English as complete and as reliably edited and documented a collection as possible, one that affords insight into the ideas and inner life of one of the most remarkable human beings of this century.

DID YOU KNOW ANTONIO GRAMSCI?

June 1, 1931

Dearest Giulia,

Tania has sent on Delio's "epistle" (I use the most literary word) with his declaration of love for Pushkin's stories and for those that deal with youthful life. I like it very much and I would like to know whether Delio thought up this expression spontaneously or whether it is a literary reminiscence. I also see with a certain surprise that now you are not frightened by Delio's literary tendencies; it seems to me that at one time you were convinced that his tendencies were those of an . . . engineer rather than a poet, whereas now you predict that he will actually read Dante with love. I hope that this will never happen, though I am very happy that Delio likes Pushkin and everything that relates to the creative life that is beginning in its first forms to emerge from its cocoon. Besides, who reads Dante with love? Doddering professors who make a religion of some poet or writer and perform strange philological rituals in his honor. I think that a modern and intelligent person ought to read the classics in general with a certain "detachment," that is, only for their aesthetic values, while "love" implies agreement with the ideological content of the poem; one loves one's "own" poet, one "admires" the artist "in general." Aesthetic admiration can be accompanied by a certain "civic" contempt, as in the case of Marx's attitude toward Goethe.¹ So I'm happy that Delio loves works of fantasy and that he himself fantasizes; I don't believe that because of this he cannot still become a great "engineer," a builder of skyscrapers or electric power stations, on the contrary. Ask Delio, on my behalf, which of Pushkin's stories he likes the most; to tell the truth, I really know only two: "The Golden Cockerel" and "The Fisherman." I also know the story about the "basin" that jumps like a frog, the sheet that flies away, the candle that leaps about and goes to hide under the stove, etc., but it isn't by Pushkin. Do you remember it? Do you know that I still remember dozens of verses from it by heart? I would like to tell Delio a tale from my town that seems interesting to me. I'll summarize it for you and you'll develop it for him and for Giuliano. A child is sleeping. There is a mug of milk ready for him when he wakes up. A mouse drinks the milk. The

JUNE 1931 / 39

child, having no milk, screams and his mother screams. In despair the mouse bangs his head against the wall, but he realizes that this doesn't help and he runs to the goat to get some milk. The goat will give him milk if she will in turn get grass to eat. The mouse goes into the fields for the grass and the dry fields want water. The mouse goes to the fountain. The fountain has been ruined by the war and the water is pouring out on the ground: it wants the master mason to repair it. The mouse goes to the master mason: he wants stones. The mouse goes to the mountain and then there is a sublime dialogue between the mouse and the mountain, which has been deforested by speculators and reveals everywhere its bones stripped of earth. The mouse tells the entire story and promises that when the child grows up he will replant pine trees, oaks, chestnut trees, etc., and so the mountain contributes the stones, etc., and the child has so much milk that he even uses it to wash himself. He grows up, plants the trees, everything changes; the mountain's bones disappear under new humus, atmospheric precipitation once more becomes regular because the trees absorb the vapors and prevent the torrents from devastating the plain, etc. In short, the mouse conceives of a true and proper *piatilieta*.² It is a story typical of a country ruined by deforestation. Dearest Giulia, I really want you to tell them this story and then let me know the children's impressions. I embrace you tenderly.

Antonio

1. Lynne Lawner (*Letters from Prison*, p. 197, n. 1) attributes this opinion to Engels, not Marx. In *Ludwig Feuerbach and the End of Classical German Philosophy*, as cited in Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *On Literature and Art* (New York: Progress Publishers, 1976), p. 349, Engels compared Hegel and Goethe, observing that both men "had a bit of the Philistine's queue dangling behind. Each of them was an Olympian Zeus in his own sphere, yet neither of them ever quite freed himself from German Philistinism."

2. "Five-year plan," in Russian.



A TEXT FROM THOMAS HIRSCHHORN

WE MUST REPLACE NOW THE WORD
"RACE". WE MUST THINK ON OTHER
WORDS AS: TRUTH, JUSTICE, EQUALITY
OR UNIVERSALITY.

Sunday Dialogue: The Meaning of 'Race'

Discussing the social effects and science of classifying humans.

To the Editor:

What should we do about "race"?

Over many decades, those who study genetics have found no biological evidence to support the idea that humans consist of different "races." Based on such scientific data, Ashley Montagu published "Man's Most Dangerous Myth: The Fallacy of Race" in 1942. New discoveries have confirmed what he said then. So why, over seven decades after his book, do we keep talking and living as though biological "races" exist?

Not only are certain "racial" classifications flawed, as suggested in "Has 'Caucasian' Lost Its Meaning?" (Sunday Review, July 7); all "racial" classifications are inherently flawed, because they are based on the false idea of "race."

The myth of "race" has supported the horrors of slavery, apartheid, segregation, eugenics and the Holocaust. It continues to support racism. We cannot simply ignore the harm this myth has caused and pretend that the myth never existed. The scientific, democratic and ethical goal should be to eliminate the false idea of "race" completely. But how do we both destroy the myth and remedy the harm it has caused?

We can begin by mentally changing how we see people. When we look at someone and automatically think about that person's "race," we must realize that we are not seeing "race" but instead seeing an arbitrary and harmful societal classification imposed on a continuum of physical differences.

When we want to ask how someone is classified by the myth, we should always put "race" or "racial" in quotation marks (as I have done here). Such questions still need to be asked, for example, on applications for college or a job, or for the census, for the answers provide the data needed to maintain diversity in education and the workplace and to monitor and remedy the harms the myth has caused and continues to cause. The long-term goal, however, is to make these questions obsolete.

JOHN L. HODGE

Boston, July 15, 2013

The writer is a retired lawyer, former professor of philosophy and the author of books, essays and a blog on democracy, ethics and human rights.

Readers React

Race may be a social construct, but that construct is very real, with very real consequences, consequences that will not end by making the kind of rational argument Ashley Montagu put forth 70

A human race is a large population of closely related people who share certain genetic markers, but who are also related, only slightly less closely, to all other human beings on earth. Races do exist because people tend to marry people from their own region, but a race is not a subspecies. It is not a rigidly defined group. It does not have clear boundaries.

Racism is motivated by color-based and culture-based hostility. Instead of attacking outdated concepts of race, it would be more useful to encourage greater scientific literacy. And we will not eliminate racism by attempting to require everyone to refrain from using this word.

JANET P. AQUAVELLA
Bronx, July 18, 2013

As a physician, I have a particular need for presumptions about race to be clearly understood. These presumptions contaminate medical research.

Many studies are done by grouping participants by race: black, white. Given the racial mix found in the United States, where many "blacks" have European and Native American genes and many "whites" have African-American and Native American genes, how accurate can these studies possibly be?

Phenotype denotes a person's observable characteristics. Not all individuals with the same phenotype have the same genotype, and the genes run the show.

I have blond, blue-eyed patients who carry the trait for sickle cell disease, indicating African-American inheritance. In a scientific study, which group would they be assigned to? If the trait is not known, which happens, these patients would be classified as "white."

So, yes, let us get past this form and every form of ignorance about race.

JOYCE MONAC
Wrentham, Mass., July 17, 2013

I've been telling my students since the 1970s that "race is a pigment of our imagination." The play on words is meant to draw attention to the social, legal and political construction of categories meant to put people "in their place" in hierarchies of power and privilege.

"Race" is a social status, not a zoological one; a product of history, not of nature; a contextual variable, not a given.

Racism persists, intractably. The "color line" has been the cruelest and most tragic (if absurd) boundary in American history. It remains a pervasive national bad habit to insist on putting people into a pentagon of one-size-fits-all official categories ("blacks," "whites," "Asians," "Hispanics/Latinos," "American Indians/Alaska Natives"). The national motto might more accurately claim "E pluribus quinque."

In private protest, when I get my decennial census form, I check the box marked "other" and enter "human" (the only "race" that I acknowledge).

years ago.

Despite the claims of some, we are not living (yet) in a postracial society: just look at poverty rates, rates of incarceration, failing educational institutions and so on, all of which correlate clearly with the reality of race and racism.

What will end racism is not arguments from biology but rather the full mixture of genetic pools, so that it will be impossible to look at someone and use labels like "black" and "white." The increasing popularity of the new socially constructed category of "mixed race" shows that we are heading in that direction.

PHILIP W. BENNETT

Hamden, Conn., July 17, 2013

The writer is a retired philosophy professor.

Mr. Hodge raises an important question about how to simultaneously destroy the myth and remedy the harm of the myth of "race." But Mr. Hodge, like almost everyone else, is operating routinely out of a particular way of seeing that filters and distorts everything about "race." It is what we refer to as the white racial frame, and extensive social science research demonstrates the myriad ways that laws, politics, culture and social relationships are embedded in it. It makes whoever gets considered "white," by definition, all right.

Who is and is not considered "white" shifts and changes. In 1916 hearings on an immigration bill before Congress, social science experts of the day testified that southern Italians were a different "race," decidedly not "white," were incapable of assimilation, and therefore should be barred from entering. So, indeed, "race" is in one sense an "arbitrary ... classification imposed on a continuum of physical differences," but it also systematically and consistently works to the advantage of some (mostly whites) and to the disadvantage of those classified as "others."

The harm of white racism is real, and takes the lives of black and brown on a daily basis, decade after decade: Trayvon Martin, Oscar Grant, James Byrd Jr., Yusef Hawkins, Emmett Till and so many others. The danger in trying to dismantle the myth of "race" before we are ready to remedy the harm of racism is that we will do neither.

JESSIE DANIELS

JOE R. FEAGIN

New York, July 18, 2013

The writers, professors at CUNY Graduate Center and Texas A&M University, respectively, are the co-founders of the scholarly blog Racism Review.

The concept of race that Ashley Montagu properly denounced is well over a century old, based mostly on 19th-century social beliefs at a time when almost no scientific evidence yet existed. Twenty-first-century scientists who speak of race have a very different conceptual frame of reference.

RUBÉN G. RUMBAUT
Irvine, Calif., July 17, 2013

The writer is professor of sociology at the University of California, Irvine.

The Writer Responds

Most responders would seem to agree with Mr. Rumbaut: “ ‘Race’ is a social status, not a zoological one.” But, as Mr. Bennett suggests, rational arguments are not enough to change our societal reality.

That reality is not changed by a “full mixture of genetic pools,” as Mr. Bennett proposes, because that mixture already exists. The idea of “race” prevents us from seeing it. As Dr. Monac points out, people we identify by a “race” are mixed with other “races.” Anyone who observes people riding the Manhattan subways sees a broad range of mixtures.

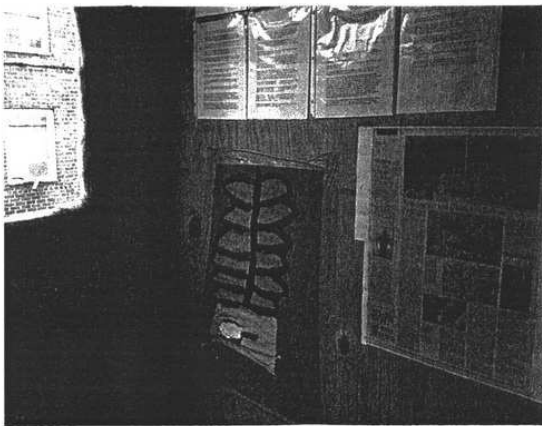
When we cannot tell what “racial” category a person fits into, we say the person is “mixed race.” But when you mix two myths, you get a third myth. The mixing of people we now identify as of different “races” is as old as the migrations of Homo sapiens out of Africa tens of thousands of years ago.

“Race” is a mental construct, not a physical reality. It is false construct that should be abandoned, not redefined. But while discussing the construct like academics, we have avoided discussing how to remedy the harm it has caused.

JOHN L. HODGE
Boston, July 19, 2013

AMBASSADOR'S CORNER

NOTE #20 BY YASMIL RAYMOND



The intensity of production has increased these past days. We have been seeing paintings of landscapes, still life, abstractions and color wheels leaving the Workshop room and finding their way onto the walls of the Internet Corner, the Library and the Newspaper office. Myrna and Maria at the Gramsci Bar have also been contributing to this creative escalation with their hand-made advertising campaign using paper plates to write their daily menu. "Good chaos" is how I can describe the electricity circulating from all corners, whether it is in the manner language is treated on the headlines of the newspaper, the ideas spoken on stage at the daily lecture or the rap improvised at the radio station.



A DAILY LECTURE BY MARCUS STEINWEG

25th Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 25th July 2013

THE UNCANNY (HEIDEGGER) – THE REAL (LACAN) – THE OUTSIDE
(BLANCHOT)

Marcus Steinweg

THE UNCANNY (2 QUOTES)

"The human being is *to deinotaton*, the uncanniest of the uncanny" (M. Heidegger)

„On the one hand, deinon names the terrible, but it does not apply to petty terrors and does not have the degenerate, childish, and useless meaning that we give the word today when we call something "terribly cute." The deinon is the terrible in the sense of the overwhelming sway, which induces panicked fear, true anxiety, as well as collected, inwardly reverberating, reticent awe. The violent, the overwhelming is the essential character of the sway itself. When the sway breaks in, it can keep its overwhelming power to itself. But this does not make it more harmless but only more terrible and distant. But on the other hand, deinon means the violent in the sense of one who needs to use violence – and does not just have violence at his disposal but is violence-doing, insofar as using violence is the basic trait not just of his doing but of his Dasein. [...] Being as a whole, as the sway, is the overwhelming, deinon in the first sense. But humanity is deinon, first, inasmuch as it remains exposed to this overwhelming sway, because it essentially belongs to Being. However, humanity is also deinon because it is violence-doing in the sense we have indicated [It gathers what holds sway and lets it enter into an openness.] Humanity is violence doing not in addition to and aside from other qualities but solely in the sense that from the ground up and in its doing violence, it uses violence against the over-whelming. Because it is doubly deinon in an originally united sense, it is *to deinotaton*, the most violent: violence-doing in the midst of the overwhelming." (M. Heidegger)

THE REAL (2 QUOTES)

"The real is what resists symbolization absolutely." (J. Lacan)

"I always speak the truth. Not the whole truth, because there's no way, to say it all. Saying it all is literally impossible: words fail. Yet it's through this very impossibility that the truth holds onto the real." (J. Lacan)

THE OUTSIDE (1 QUOTE)

„The Outside is so infinitely exterior that it 'tunnels to the other side' and becomes infinitely interior (hence, its so-called rustling intimacy). Being exterior even to exteriority itself, the Outside is, in a sense, neutral with respect to in versus out, here versus beyond, and immanence versus transcendence. We may crudely say that the Outside is what is both outside and at the 'heart' of language, what is both within and without." (From the Net)



Maurice Blanchot



Martin Heidegger



Jacques Lacan

POEMS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE

->My FREEDOM<-

my Freedom, my Freedom
you saved me
you tore my chain
you detached the knots
you released my pain
you fixed the dots
thanks! thanks!

my Freedom, my Freedom
you're my necklace
you're my bracelet

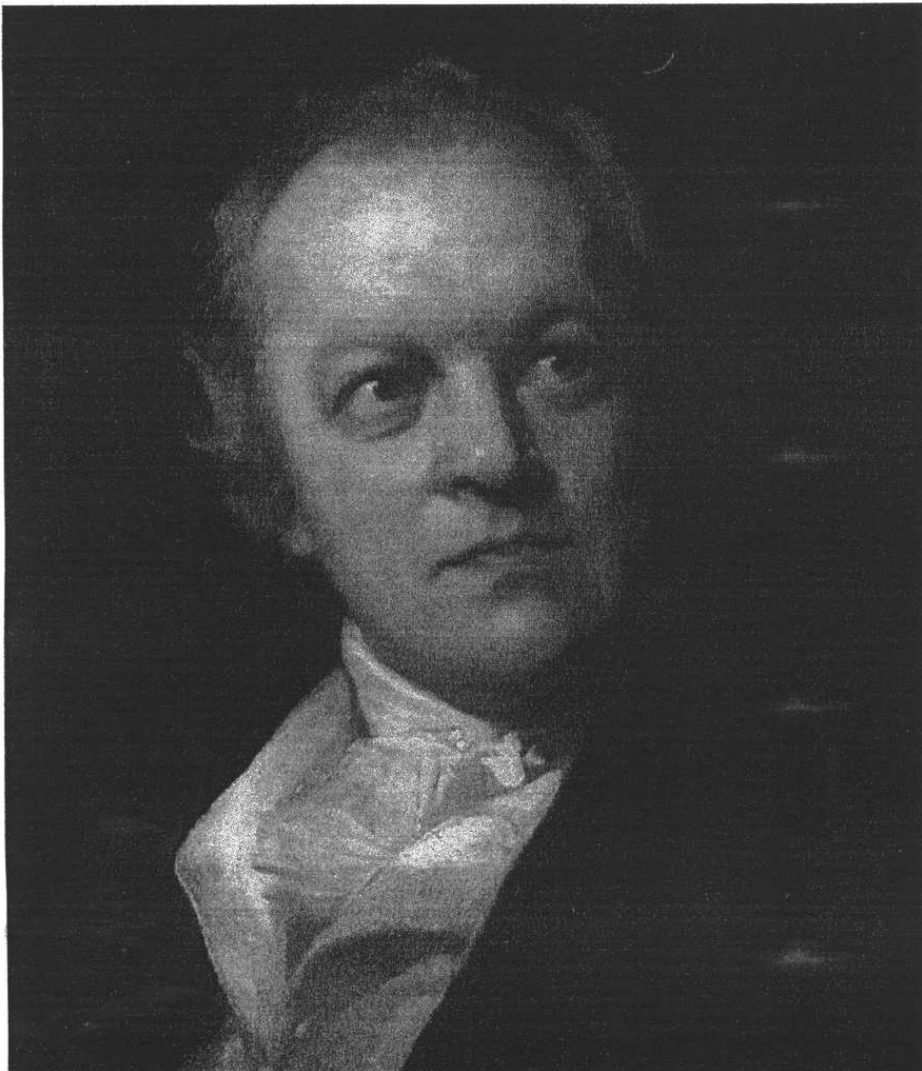
my Freedom, my Freedom
I feel you, I think about you
you accompany me, you're my Angel

my Freedom, my Freedom
I like to be your slave
your slavery makes me Brave

my Freedom, my Freedom
clearly you engrave
my responsibilities
precisely you surround
my extremities
my Freedom, my Freedom
you're my massive concept
my imperative impulse

my Freedom, my Freedom
I respire you, you inspire me

{October 10,2009}



A Little Girl Lost

Children of the future age,
Reading this indignant page,
Know that in a former time
Love, sweet love, was thought a crime.

In the age of gold,
Free from winter's cold,
Youth and maiden bright,
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,
Filled with softest care,
Met in garden bright
Where the holy light
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

Then, in rising day,
On the grass they play;
Parents were afar,
Strangers came not near,
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet,
They agree to meet
When the silent sleep
Waves o'er heaven's deep,
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright;
But his loving look,
Like the holy book
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

'Ona, pale and weak,
To thy father speak!
Oh the trembling fear!
Oh the dismal care

That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!'

William Blake

RESIDENT OF THE DAY



JERRY WORRELL