

# 1, 2

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR: *simultaneous*

Everywhere aimless movements, conflicting currents, whirlpools of people, individuals astounded as though suddenly gone deaf, "Did you bring anything to *read*?" Unfastened trench coats, gesticulating students, people roaring like the sea. The events do not form themselves into a picture. Soldiers without rifles, rifles without soldiers, boys firing into the air, hundreds of electric bulbs more bright than any heaven. False alarms, false rejoicing, enough, you would think, to lift a sword over all that chaos, and it would scatter apart and leave never a trace. Today they have no fear of anything, but it is only seeming chaos, beneath it is a crystallization around new axes plunging down through the dark street with a tail of white papers floating behind. These crowds have not defined what they want, only what they do not want. In all my life I never heard so many words, so many words. Behind is an historic avalanche, it was all utterly spontaneous, it is just the beginning, there is no way back. Even if there were someone to scatter them, they would be gathering again in an hour, and the second flood would be more furious and bloodier than the first. The city is quiet, a gold frame from which the imperial portrait had been cut. Pay no attention to these lies, great days are coming.

# 4

ONE:

Please pay attention immediately.  
There probably will be shooting.  
The multiplicity of experiences.  
The worker preferred to be heard.  
That was bad propaganda.  
Beat them up and kill them.  
The city is in the hands of the people.  
New names are not new things.  
This calmness does not last long.  
They find the city transformed.  
The others got these and we got those.  
They wanted this, but the others wanted that.  
The speeches were loud.  
She told the world the bad news.  
We have not yet learned the new songs.  
They love this place.  
A very unstable center.  
The young girls were marching.  
The shoes were hurting their feet.  
μTake off that uniform.

TWO:

Immediately.  
Shooting.  
Multiplicity.  
Heard.  
Propaganda.  
Them.  
City.  
New names.  
Not long.  
Transformed.  
We got those.  
Wanted that.  
Loud.  
Told the world.  
New songs.  
This place.  
Unstable.  
Marching.  
Shoes hurting.  
Take it off.

# 6

ONE:

The nucleus was near the neck.  
The city was silent.  
Emerged from nonexistence  
Everything flammable was burned.  
When will the world have one language?  
I think we can easily handle this.  
Time, then, to take the make-up off.  
They were coming over the river.  
It is only seeming chaos.  
They see rainbow dreams as they drown.  
They are too loud.  
The machine gun will wipe them out.  
They will capture the machine gun.  
Left of the extreme.  
No other way out.  
Decisively into action.  
Change the outcome markedly.  
Sometimes it is saturated.  
We lack a unified field.  
There is no action.

TWO:

Nu...  
Si...  
E...  
Fla...  
La...  
Ha...  
Take it.  
Ri...  
Cha...  
Rai...  
Too loud.  
Ma...  
Ma...  
Le...  
No...  
De...  
Ou...  
Sa...  
Fie...  
A...

ONE:

The situation was getting complicated.  
Once or twice during the day we work.  
We were working and sweating in the office.  
September and October are the worst months.  
It's finished.  
Have you heard about the fires?  
There is a real brutality to the situation.  
Under dull grey skies.  
A slow burn that burns forever.  
Walls are for writing on.  
The soldier caught butterflies in his net.  
She was laughing and dancing.  
Neither of the others wanted a parade.  
Choose your weapons.  
We're very far behind.  
Where's this boat going?  
Pay no attention to these lies.  
There appears to be a deliberate choice.  
The crown pushed down over their eyes.  
Put a mirror above the surface.

TWO:

It's getting complicated!  
We work!  
Sweating in the office!  
Worst months!  
It's finished!  
Fires?!  
Real brutality!  
Grey skies!  
Burns forever!  
Writing on!  
In his net!  
She was dancing!  
No parade!  
Weapons!  
Far behind!  
Where's it going?!  
Lies!  
Deliberate choice!  
Crown pushed down!  
Get a mirror!

# 10

ONE:

Always beware of singing workers.  
The world did not want another war.  
Born under an unlucky star.  
The whole city is in their hands.  
There are no provisions at my disposal.  
I have none.  
I have none.  
I have none.  
I have none.  
None whatsoever.  
The telephone is not working.  
There is no communication.  
I have no connections.  
They go toward the abyss.  
She rehearsed her new role.  
The singing of that aria is banned.  
I held the magnifying glass.  
International Women's Day.  
They won't shoot.  
They shoot from windows.  
They shoot through balcony doors.  
They shoot from behind columns.

TWO:

Yes.  
No.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
No.  
None.  
None.  
None.  
None.  
No.  
No.  
None.  
No.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
No.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
Yes.

# 12

ONE:

They shoot from attics.  
Hypotheses are formed.  
Easily become legends.  
The troops come decisively into action.  
Will the people wait?  
Eyes, ears, and antennae.  
Psychic forces.  
Let us take up what records there are.  
There is no way back.  
Nobody led the movement.  
It happened of itself.  
To the left of the extreme.  
We must go with plenty of lead.  
Something slipping from their hands.  
Disguised as a fireman.  
Do I look like a German spy, boys?  
Now in exile.  
We shall now proceed to construct the socialist order.  
Separated in space and time.  
Time, then, to take off the make-up.

TWO:

Attics.  
Formed.  
Legends.  
Action.  
People.  
Ears.  
Forces.  
Records.  
Way.  
Nobody.  
Happened.  
Extreme.  
Lead.  
Hands.  
Disguise.  
Boys.  
Exile.  
Now.  
Space.  
Take.

ONE:

But this calmness does not last long. The people gradually concentrate, and move from all suburbs to the center. They are stopped at the bridges. They flock across the ice: it is only February and the river is one solid bridge of ice. Where is the insurrection? There is no picture of the insurrection. The events do not form themselves into a picture. A series of small operations, calculated and prepared in advance remain separated one from another both in space and time. So many crosscurrents, collective suggestions, autosuggestions, then out of this web of psychic forces one conclusion emerges with remarkable clarity.

ONE:

Pouring through the streets, colliding with the enemy, pulling at soldiers, crawling under horses, attacking, scattering, grabbing firearms, spreading the news, spreading rumors, the insurrectionary crowd becomes a collective entity. The number of killed and wounded grows. Ambulances dart here and there. You cannot always tell who is shooting and where the shots come from. They shoot from windows, through balcony doors, from behind columns, from attics. Hypotheses are formed, which easily become legends. The streets are in smoke. We have not yet learned the new songs.



ONE:

I didn't really prepare for this but probably that is best.  
It actually fits the case... this type of thing happens when people are totally unprepared.

TWO:

Right now all I can think about is pace. Words are feeling way too slow. But then politics is all about words... word choices and how some words are implanted into our minds. "Now" is the big key word. Apparently the uprisings are not "for now" but "from now on." I don't know if this makes sense but actually nothing does.

ONE:

Yeah, nothing does.

TWO:

It isn't for today, although everyone wants it to be. It isn't possible, change cannot happen that fast, but it's for some tomorrow, "from now on."

ONE:

I think it is this idea of "now" that triggers the pace. It feels like we are always late for "now."

TWO:

We are actually... late. We just missed it. *laughs*

We need to stop the feeling of being scattered, try to create networks to gather people who think alike. The scattered feeling is still here, people are not sharing the same thoughts really... but the location holds them together, so there's that at least.

ONE:

Now equals time. Pace equals duration. Location equals space.

TWO:

Basically there's kind of a circular momentum. First comes the scattering... it should get super scattered, way too scattered. Then we have the gathering of those scattered pieces, knowing that there's no way to go back to the original shape. And then finally there's the creative impulse through which we try to figure out what new shape these scattered pieces form. And at this very moment historical failures happen... because to form a new shape the pieces have to free themselves from their previous ideas, they have to forget what shape they had in the past. Totally impossible.

ONE:

As impossible as the universe getting created.

TWO:

Yeah. Maybe. I think it's all about reshuffling, so there's space to put in new stuff, like a bag of sand. What makes it hard is that the end of the road isn't visible, and this takes away the motivation.

*sigh. longer sigh.*

Might as well throw the fucking sandbag out the window.

ONE:

The records are incomplete...scattered...accidental. But these fragments help us guess at the direction and rhythm of the hidden process.

TWO:

You're calling it a victory?

ONE:

Do you think it's useful to commemorate a failed revolution?

TWO:

Well, we argued about that a lot over here. Commemoration is just a memory activator... a form of archiving I guess. Sometimes you hope it might provoke another uprising, but at other times it feels like it just takes away the possibility, because it releases the tension somehow and without enough pressure built up it is hard to have a revolutionary momentum.

ONE:

From the piling up of quantities we get a new... quantity.  
Generally speaking, both sides were carefully preparing for it, had been preparing for years...  
had always been preparing.

ONE:

The only way for a revolution to happen is to change the language.

TWO:

We need to strip the political terminology and redefine it, or else it will just be failure after failure...  
horrible, painful, soul-crushing failure.

*sigh*

All words are overloaded.

*sigh*

Moderation is one of those dangerous words.

ONE:

Hold on. *Searches for something.*

TWO:

Ha ha. Actually that is the right phrase, that is all we do here right now... we are holding on,  
holding on.

Watch me hold on.

ONE:

Do you have any regrets? Personal ones about the uprisings... things you wish you did, or could have done, and didn't?

TWO:

Well, I have regrets, but I always feel glad when I feel regretful, does that sound weird? I think it means I am on track. I never like people saying "I never regret" it feels pretentious and over confident... almost too strategic. You can only feel regret if risks were taken, I guess. What do you think?

ONE:

Yeah, risks. Or you didn't know what the right solution was, and still don't.

TWO:

Of course I am not talking about a regret that takes over your being... invades. I don't have any of those.... not yet.

TWO:

What was the name of that game? There is a face... just a mouth... that eats stuff as it moves in a labyrinth, an old game. There are these... ghosts, I dunno... that follow it, and it is just running and running away from them.

ONE:

That is the loveliest description of Pac Man I have ever heard.

TWO:

Well that is how I feel lately, the revolutionary hungry artist who is running away... from the ghosts.

ONE:

Do you think a revolution of words can be as profound as an actual revolution?

TWO:

I think we need to begin defining things with unusual adjectives, or define something with another thing's properties. I guess I am trying to figure out how to do politics with poetry... not just talk about politics poetically, you know.



ONE:

And when does it stop being academic and actually useful... or transformative on a larger scale?

TWO:

Yeah, that's the big question. I guess it never is for people, but it can be for those few who can provoke people.

THREE:

...because it excites...

TWO:

Who the fuck are you?

ONE:

It is customary to say that the movement began spontaneously. I don't agree with this at all, what does the word 'spontaneously' even mean?

TWO:

*whispered*

Where did you even come from?

THREE:

The mysterious bicycle battalion never arrived.

TWO:

*long sigh*

I think it's time to pass from words to deeds.  
We can easily handle this, right?

ONE:

Words in a sense are both the tool and target. It's really tragic in a way.

*Sigh.* Many many many words. "Revolution" is considered a "sickness". Elitist, terrorist, flag, soldier, police, god, alcohol, love. Different dictionaries for the same language. Ideologies adopt the words and their use of the word then changes the concept the word signifies. Why is political slander so shitty and monotonous?

ONE:

Pascal used the theory of probability to demonstrate the existence of God. Newton discovered the law of gravitation and believed in the Apocalypse. Marconi established a wireless station in the residence of the pope, and the vicar of Christ distributed his mystic blessing by radio. In ordinary times these contradictions do not rise above a condition of drowsiness, but in times of catastrophe they acquire explosive force.

## TWO:

Tired of the same events, you go out... the police attack you, some friends are taken into jail, some are wounded, you go home and wait for the next protest. Useless. What is useful at this point is the "network" that the events created. You can reach out to a crowd in twenty-four hours if you need to organize a protest.

## ONE:

We need to do what is not expected, when it is not expected. It is quite Maoist in a way. What makes it effective is the "secrecy" "spontaneity" "unexpectedness".

## THREE:

It is all about strategy... like war strategies.

ONE, TWO, THREE: *simultaneous*

If we do go out, we must go with plenty of lead.

ONE, TWO, THREE:

If you destroy the wolves' nests, you must strangle the wolves too.  
Drowning in isolation and provincialism.

ONE:

Although the machine gun is perceived as firing, examination of the individual shots in the sequence revealed that only the face of the machine-gunner and different views of the machine gun are displayed. Therefore, the gunfire seen in the sequence is an illusory perception. We propose that due to the rapid presentation of the shots, apparent motion is induced, which generates the illusion of gunfire, although this is not shown.

ONE:

Apparent motion or apparent movement has been thoroughly described by Max Wertheimer in relation to his discovery of pure apparent movement, which Wertheimer called phi-motion in order to distinguish it from beta-motion. In its simplest form, Phi-motion consists of two identical stimuli flashing alternately at two different places and inducing the illusion of a single object moving from one place to another while continuously visible across the empty space in between.



ONE:

The timing of the two stimuli is critical, leading to an illusion called 'objectless motion'. Seeing motion without seeing a moving object is a puzzling experience for most subjects who often interpret it as a kind of 'tunnel effect' where the moving object is perceptually present but is optically hidden behind an occluder. There is a kind of emptiness in the whole situation. A strange unprecedented tranquility.

ONE:

The overthrow of the monarchy has gone into history as the February Revolution; according to the Western calendar, however, it occurred in March.

The armed demonstration against the imperialist policy of the Provisional Government has gone into history under the name of the April Days, whereas according to the Western calendar it happened in May.

Not to mention other intervening events and dates, we remark only that the October Revolution happened according to European reckoning in November.

TWO, THREE:

Maaaaaaaaaarch.

Maaaaaaaaaaaaay.

Noooooooooovember.

ONE:

The night was fine indeed. A cutting and impenetrable autumn darkness, an interminable rain hitting one in the face, and mud sloshing under the horse's hoofs. We were... going uphill; the wheels kept slipping; the old man was cajoling the horse in a gruff half-whisper; the wheels sank, the cart tilted more and more, and suddenly went right over. The October mud was cold and deep. I fell down flat, sinking half into it. And to top it all, I lost my glasses.  
I lost my fucking glasses.

TWO:

What you have to do is.....*sigh* look for the things that no one was asking for. Nobody was asking for this.

Nobody is ever asking for this.

THREE:

*holds up a banner with phrase written on it*

TWO:

No...no.... no. This is never going to work. That message is much too complicated. It has to be something simple. Like an image, a single idea. This is... awful. It's never going to work...

*trailing off, muttering* never going to work, never, never....

ONE:

Did you ever see my Pat Rooney imi.....tation?

Don't you..... like it?

TWO:

*teary* No.

ONE:

Maybe is it possible for an uprising to be singular... or personal. What I mean to say is, instead of becoming horizontally crowded in the present, can we become vertically crowded in time, like one revolutionary each year?

TWO:

I am hovering somewhere in between. I refuse to be an activist, and I refuse to be a thinker. It is the difference between being afraid and being depressed.

ONE

The solution is to be familiar with the part of you that is universal. There are two selves here that I am dealing with: the one that is talking to you now, and the other self that is more primal....  
hmmm, primal... terrible word... maybe not the right word.

THREE:

When I was running away from the gas with all the others all I wanted was to be able to breathe.  
We were completely in the present. It was as if time evaporated.

ONE:

Is it possible there was no event at all?

TWO:

It's entirely possible that there was no event at all. I really don't know.  
It's possible that we're in a time, itself uncertain, when we're going to be able to find names for a whole series of events that have disappeared into the past. Although they remain undecided for the moment, they may become fixed as events.  
Undecidability is an intrinsic attribute of an event.

ONE:

What was the last namable event?

TWO:

In politics, the revolution of October 1917.

ONE:

We're very far behind.

TWO

We're very far behind. But that's the situation of politics.

# 60-68

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE:

How did the elections go, great there was a ten percent threshold to get into the parliament a party needs to get ten percent of the general votes and for the first time in years the more leftist party got the ten percent they needed to get in, a big success and surely a success of the uprisings, people were collaborating against the government a huge political step after years, this automatically reduced the seats of the governing party in the parliament which means they won't be able to continue as a government, now it's time for a coalition, we will see which parties will get together and govern, that's fantastic to hear. So, what is the next step, is there another set of elections or is this solved within the parliament, well the president unfortunately will ask parties to get together and create a coalition government, if they cannot get together and do it there will be elections again it is tough because the parties are very opposing at the moment, for example nationalists and leftists need to collaborate, which seems hard but the mission is to bring down the current government so they may, are you feeling hopeful? This brought up some hope after the uprisings the election day was an echo and this was the last chance, not that things will change but you know at least to see that people are not so stupid helps, certainly hard days will come for sure, it is like gaining some breathing time in between. I'm going to ask you some semi-stupid questions, ok, sure I would love to answer such questions, if you were in alive during the Russian Revolution of 1917 what role do you think you would have played, ahaahahahaaaa a poet I mean a provocateur, do you think you'd also have another profession like a cobbler or a person working in the printing press for example, probably, I am sure I would be imprisoned, a laborer but secretly distributing a provoking paper full of poems working underground somehow, hmmm sounds about right, where, Petrograd? Some village somewhere, weird as we are chatting I saw myself walking in a street hiding papers inside my coat seeing my shadow street lamps, constantly checking if someone is following me vapor coming out of my mouth and my fingers are all painted or somehow dirty, sounds like a city to me. I may be in a village but from Moscow, going back and forth maybe. I'm guess I'm traveling too much lately, heh, perhaps this is a past-life of yours that is just now coming to the surface, I am not sure if I would be a partisan, I think about Trotsky all the time maybe because I am reading his History of the Russian Revolution or maybe because I was his tailor or something in a past life, he writes of himself in the third person in that book, weird, the third person? Interesting, very Brechtian, actually this is really important writing of himself in third person, de-subjectifying of the self, communism cannot happen otherwise. I think I sometimes have collective memories about him, I see his ironical smile, he chuckles and splashes through the puddles disappearing into the darkness. I think I believe in individual struggles, many individuals are better than a single mass and the third person is always better than second and first because it helps create distance between the daily self and the primal self, there is an old revolutionary killed from the sixty-eight generation he is my favorite, he believed in organic revolutions, instead of following another revolution a country should create its own ways to revolt, very true, because there were many factions during those times, some believed in the Russian revolution, some in China, etc. here he is, Artaud-looking, handsome ugly revolutionary, my type, I think he looks extremely nice, nice hat.

ONE, TWO, THREE:

Can you imagine an organic revolution now, or what could it look like let's say it was fifty years from now, there's flying cars and inter-planetary space travel, hahahaa will we wait fifty years for

flying cars, they already made cars without drivers it will get here in ten years, I think it's going to be fifty years before a real flying car hits the market, I just don't want to get my hopes up, you know, that it will happen while I'm still able to drive, I don't drive anyway, I want to be a flying pedestrian, personal non-air-polluting jet packs then. I believe the effects of the uprisings will probably be seen in fifty years in arts and literature and even in science, those movements are not effective simultaneously they shape the future generations somehow, the young people here have no political historical codes that we have either from ignorance or from freedom, but it helps because they act how they feel instead of acting out a political ideology, what about moon travel? I want to go to the moon, why, you're there already, that would be fun to get out of this world, no change will happen I think but as I always say some sort of transformation will take place in the mindset well, hopefully, like the way we use the machine will be different but the machine will serve the same purpose at the end of the day, hopeful hopelessness or vice versa. I like to think about fifty years since it is distant and feels far away and it's hard to image what it could look like, there is the possibility that the future could be radically different from what our daily life is like now and involve an entirely different way of thinking about things like labor/property/individuals, certainly, and I think I prefer to shoot for those times, not for today, even if I die, a youngster in twenty-eighty may hear about me and get excited which is good enough, who cares about the applause oh my, twenty-eighty, such a number.

ONE, TWO:

I want to open a laboratory in my grandmother's field around twenty-twenty, twenty twenty-five wanna join, yes, in the open air, a field, well maybe twenty-thirty, depends on the money, yeah open air, but surely there will be a structure on the field designed specially for the laboratory, maybe we can even develop a prototype for the first flying car there as well or personal jet pack personal revolutionary jet pack, why not that will be the place to do it not many obstacles in an open field to crash into, it is always great to have some distant future plans I think otherwise it is easy to get lost in the near future I feel like I have no distant future plans, my scope of vision is so immediate, that's problematic. When I think of the future it feels like a return to the past somehow, like moving backwards rather than forwards, I talk about flying cars but I just see communes in the future with naked babies running around and outdoor rehearsals and macrame planters, that kind of thing, that is the ideal, a commune is the ideal.

ONE:

I wonder if everyone's utopia is the era in which they were born, for me, the seventies, or at least maybe that era has made a visual imprint on their consciousness their sense of beauty and design, not sure, well, mine is the nineteen twenties so by your logic I should be dead or nearly dead or flying around as a ghost, I realized recently that I live a much younger life here compared to my contemporaries, they are like old people, strange, I feel like those tiring eleven years in New York kept me at the age of my departure, and the atmosphere, maybe I am still in the atmosphere of my previous life, hahaha your previous life as an agitator in pre-revolutionary Russia, right right, sorry I am so stupid today, but I think these conversations need to have some humor in it so we are providing the comic relief today, I am all for it the sense of humor was the highlight of the uprisings, it is still alive the jokes are all around, can you tell me some of them I like jokes, they are kind of hard to translate but let me try.



ONE:

I passed a number of weeks in the outskirts of the city in a forest. I lived off of mushrooms and berries and found shelter from the rain in a haystack. Disguised as a fireman I then crossed the border on a locomotive, and concealed myself under the floorboards of the apartment of a local police chief. Afterward I moved nearer to the border, to another godforsaken city. Since the end of September I have lived here in secret, waiting. But on the day of the insurrection I appeared, after almost four months' absence, in the open arena, in the wide, wide open. Time then to take off the make-up.

TWO:

When the police were attacking they were writing "enough is enough, I am calling the police" on the walls. "At first everything was a gas cloud then life began." "You banned alcohol, people sobered up." They were graffiti and slogans. People were shouting "come on, shoot it."

ONE:

"Is there any intelligent life on earth, yes but I'm only visiting." "The flower generation has a tin ear, folk you." "Choose your weapons, flowers or guns, but remember flowers don't shoot and guns make shitty flower pots." "There's no problem so big or complicated that it can't be run away from."

TWO:  
Who wrote those?

ONE:  
I did. *sigh*  
No, I didn't.  
Graffiti from May sixty-eight, apparently. I wasn't there of course.

TWO:  
Hmmm. I think mine are funnier.

ONE:

Now guess who wrote this....“The oppressed masses, even when they rise to the very heights of creative action, tell little of themselves and write less, and the overpowering rapture of the victory later erases memory’s work, let us take up what records there are.”

Any..... ideas?

TWO:

Someone who was not a part of an oppressed mass.

ONE:

*whispered*

I don’t do suburbs, I don’t do suburbs, I don’t do suburbs and I don’t do drugs.

ONE:

You're part of a collective memory now of these events... these uprisings. Does memory extend beyond your personal experience?

TWO:

There is always a... uh... an historical subconscious mind I guess. In a May first event years ago during my mother's generation there were snipers on the rooftops, hired by the governing forces. It was called bloody May first.

ONE:

Did people die?

TWO:

Yes. Lots of people died back then.

TWO:

So, sometimes what makes you anxious is not the protest itself but the past that makes you know what could happen. I was more actively thinking about politics from a distance. Here...now, it feels like I should do something instead of just sitting here thinking about it... but there is not much to do apart from logistics.

ONE:

I think I am more interested in the poetics of a revolution than the politics of it.

TWO

Well, the only option is either fight in the present in the streets, or dream to provoke a distant future. Like fifty years from now someone can read what I write and it may provoke something in him or her... it may lead to a transformation.

TWO:

Do you ever dream about the events... or ones you weren't apart of?

ONE:

I was dreaming about them when I was away... I was dreaming about what I envisioned them to be, more like symbolic dreams. Here, I don't... weird. I guess there should be a distance between you and the events to create metaphors. But people who experienced the trauma during the uprising they say they often see nightmares... some feel specters from the past... some need therapy.

ONE:

I went to see a play and it was about a homeless kid who experienced the uprisings when the actor was saying a line like "the police threw the gas capsule and we began running away" suddenly the audience began coughing it was hard initially to figure out if we were just feeling empathy for the actor or if it was a real gas capsule, we waited until the end of the play went out and saw that the police had thrown a gas capsule at the building the theater was in we tried to leave the building but the protest was happening right in front of the building and there were anti-riot water cannons around we used the back door we went out and saw a crowd running toward us which means the gas is in the air, we were lucky to find a taxi my friend had asthma it wasn't a dream but it could have been.



ONE, TWO, THREE:

And now I can see the paintings statues tapestries and rugs of the great state apartments are unharmed in the offices however every desk and cabinet has been ransacked the papers scattered over the floor and in the living-rooms beds have been stripped of their coverings and wardrobes wrenched open in a room where furniture was stored we come upon two men ripping the elaborate Spanish leather upholstery from chairs they explain it is to make boots with the most amazing assortment of objects are confiscated statuettes bottles of ink bed-spreads worked with the Imperial monogram candles a small oil painting desk blotters gold-handled swords bars of soap clothes of every description blankets.



TWO:

I had time to romanticize it before... because when fear is... not too close, you can sit back and think about it. But when you are in the middle of a protest, it feels more about survival, and you lose track of what you're fighting for.

ONE:

*to three*

Aren't they getting ready to shoot us?

THREE:

Not yet.

TWO:

We revolt against something to survive, but to revolt against something in the field... in reality... we experience the real sense of survival.

ONE, TWO:

When it was really happening the cruelty was intense.

TWO:

Commemoration is never revolutionary, but to remember helps and keeps the hope of yet another uprising awake, but you know such uprisings are unrepeatable. It requires an immense pressure for the volcano to burst. Elections are coming up which I guess is the major subject right now.

ONE:

I think we were born under an unlucky star.

TWO:

The current government is unbelievable they are just extremely shameless. You know in politics you hide your faults and even lie to get votes... and these guys are just boasting about all the terrible fucking things they've done. Incredible.

ONE, TWO:

They go toward the abyss “with the crown pushed down over their eyes.”  
They see rainbows as they drown.

ONE:

September and October are the worst months of the year... especially this year. Under dull grey skies... in the shortening days.... the rain falls, drenching... incessant. The mud underfoot is deep, slippery, and clinging... just mud everywhere.

TWO:

I can remember a general sensation I guess... some kind of cold sensation... even if it is hot it feels cold... the police in their outfits, masks, guns, tanks, etc.... it feels cold, metallic. But again this is what it feels like after the uprising... maybe during the uprising it was hot as hell.

ONE:

They shoot from windows, through balcony doors, from behind columns, from attics.

TWO:

It was a peaceful commemoration for a writer who was killed years ago.

ONE, TWO:

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It is very crowded when it is that crowded it feels like there is no way out and you become extremely alert it is like a deep roar but constantly at the same volume so you never know where the source of the roar is.

Because it is everywhere it is everywhere it is everywhere it is within.