

a few years ago, I got involved in punk culture, because I started to feel that all kinds of governmental laws and rules were getting me down. It seemed to me that if you refuse to obey any of their laws and if you provoke society, then that's real freedom.

It is we here who are society. It's easier for like-minded people to be together; we're all trying to do something together; I think that if we were to like this on our own, we wouldn't survive for very long.

I think up my own getups, do whatever I like to and try not to be like anybody else.

You won't think of anything new in the long run.

I came to anarchism naturally. I don't think that anyone converted me: I don't know why all the others don't become anarchists; everyone should be born an anarchist!

They wash your brain in school and then in university.

Because if you're an anarchist that means not allowing anyone to boss you around, not crawling around on your belly in the face of power, and on the other hand, not oppressing other people who live in their own ways.

That is we have no right to dictate, and we have no right to submit.

I never took seriously anything that the teachers said; it still turned out to be that kind of time—the Perestroika, freedom, and you need some kind of experience of freedom, at least those few years of the Perestroika.

In our city, punk culture has really blossomed; you walk down the street and you feel like you're in a city of anarchists; there isn't one single hallway where there aren't anarchy signs or whatever.

Later, I met people like Khotabytch, and he began to initiate me into anarchism more deeply, and then we began to advance politically together, reading books.

So if they start to put pressure on you and it makes you sick, you might simply accept it, you might not even notice, but if you notice how much pressure they're putting on you, then

You can sell out as soon as you understand that you're doomed; I don't know how long I'll be able to last.

Maybe I'll live like this for another year at most—either they'll lock me up or kick the shit out of me somewhere.

So all of our armaments have run out—I offer you a peaceful solution.

An action of female terror

What is this, a kitchen?

The television doesn't work?

No, it works, we showed our actions on it on the squats birthday

I feel like a bastard, I feel like the flesh is weak

I know that I have to fight against everything, but go back as soon as anything happens
(DV: those are poems on the wall)

This is the bulletin board where anyone who wants to make some kind of action hangs up their infos, but we also have drawings, articles, or whatever

A bunch of musicians used to tune and practice in this room, and then they would come out and play

At first, there was only a bathroom and nothing else everyone you see here was found in garbage dumps and on the streets

A girl gave me this drawing; I have rat, that's all

I took all the literature I had to the reading room, so that they would read it

We usually sleep with Molotov cocktails by our bedsides

Who stole the fuse

One time I woke up and a big rock nearly fell onto my pillow

And how will a Molotov cocktail help you?

It'll defend us against hoodlums it makes the effect of a flash and won't do much damage to anyone, they'll just run away

I decided to plaster everything over that was on these walls, and let everyone who comes to our concerts paint them over.

This is a still from Indiana Jones, the skinhead drew in the suspenders

Here you see the punks from Petrozavodsk and over here, the anarchists left their autographs

The door over here was nailed shut until we knocked it down

This is the first room that some experienced squatters helped us make; they gave us a good example.

This (DV drawing) is something that people from Moscow left.

The lights dont work here: theres short somewhere.

This is tape player that was smashed long ago, and another two Molotov cocktails on every window

And a brick, in case we have to defend ourselves from the skin-heads