



TIME CAPSULE

**ARTISTIC REPORT ON
CATASTROPHES AND UTOPIA**

Chto Delat newspaper | Issue # 38 | November 2014

This newspaper forms the second part of the publication produced for our Secession show. It directly reflects the present situation at a moment of growing danger, and it corresponds to the main installation, "A Resurrected Soldier", and a new video installation, "The Excluded".

It reflects what art could be at a moment when familiar politics and everyday life start falling apart. The events of recent months have thrown Russian artists and creative workers into a completely new reality: a new Cold War atmosphere, an escalating search for enemies, ever-tighter repression of all dissent, and an open military confrontation with Ukraine leaving thousands of dead on both sides.

What seemed the stuff of nightmares yesterday is becoming reality today, and artists who want to address present conditions have wound up in a very complicated position. How can we carry on creating, speaking and living when we are all frozen at our computer screens in hopeless anxiety, trying to make sense of the bloody mixture of contradictory and manipulated information, seething hatreds, madness and desperation while the chance to be heard is ever more limited? Most things we liked to speculate about – relations between art and politics, activism and participation – simply stop functioning. Worse, they become irrelevant in a suffocating climate of nationalistic paranoia. And we face this desperate situation while audiences vanish, activist groups implode and actually getting anything done becomes impossible. And so on.

An important peculiarity of the events taking place today in Russia and Ukraine is that they are positioned primarily in relation to the past: the unresolved trauma of the clash between Nazism and Stalinism and the crude manipulation of these ideologies that's now going on. All this provokes the sensation that the demons of the past have returned to strangle us with their tentacles of blood. In this publication we collected several reports on the developing situation in Ukraine and Russia, providing necessary insights into the context of our work and linking it to the wider world picture.

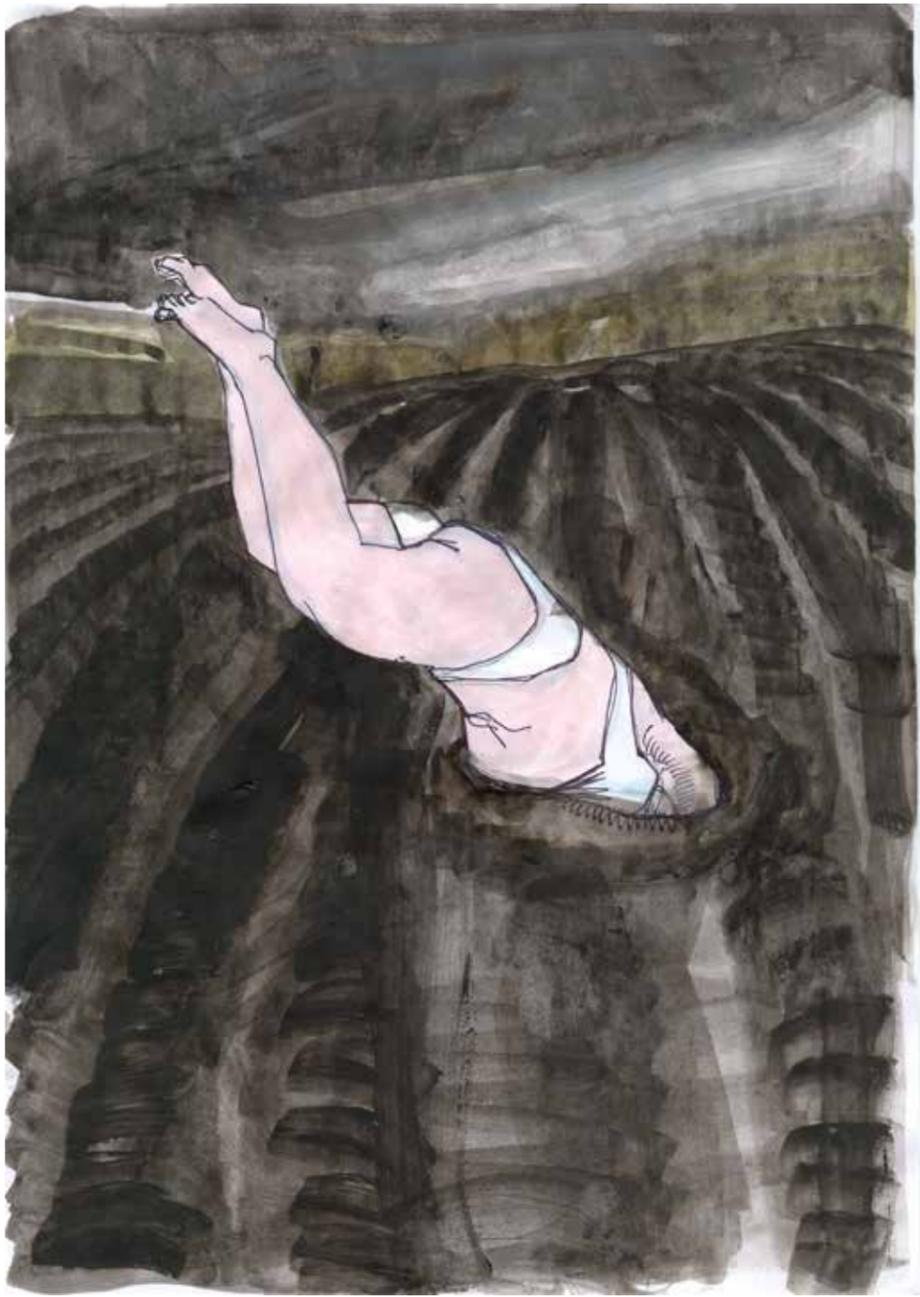
We feel affected by the general atmosphere of fear. Russia is afraid of the West. The West is afraid of Russia. Everywhere, it seems, people live in the expectation of new catastrophes, prevented from trusting each other or building a better future by the miserable blackmail of a status quo disguised as the only escape from a bigger disaster. In many places the fear of civil war is getting closer. Do we still have any hope for the future or is that gone? Are we desperate enough that we finally have nothing to lose? Or not yet? Perhaps our best hope lies in life after death, because we are already non-existing in a true revolutionary sense? A life after the collapse of all illusions and desires, with nothing left to wait for and the future no longer playing any role. Should we put up with this or can we break the chain of past and present catastrophes?

For our Secession installation we took as a starting point the very short and tragic story of one art object created by our collective in Vienna for the "Into the City" festival: "Our Paper Soldier" sculpture, conceived as a Queer replica of the monument to the Soviet soldier killed fighting for the liberation of Vienna from Nazism in 1945. This sculpture became a central part of our festival, asking the questions: "What is monumental today?" and: "What might constitute anti-fascist struggle in our time?" After the festival ended, the sculpture went to Berlin, where it was set on fire by persons unknown. So today we have decided to play with this story. In the midst of our work at Secession, we decided to make a new sculpture piece: a sculpture of a resurrected (zombie) soldier who somehow returns to Vienna and remains surrounded by iconic images of catastrophes recently happening in the world. With this gesture we want to demonstrate that all repressed and destroyed memories have a chance of another life, and that this life – the zombie state of the world – has a serious potential to interfere and to change the course of the future if we open up to its traumatic experiences.

We also offer an alternative story in which our paper soldier becomes a zombie, a symbol of catastrophe or...an angel of history. In a mural frieze within the installation, the visual narrative invokes the dying dream of our fragile fallen hero at the moment when s/he burned in Berlin in July 2014. In the dream s/he sees him/herself attacked by such monstrous creatures as high-pitch dogmatism, loneliness, mass hysteria, hate-speech, imperialist formalism, crawling horizontality, separative individualism, and the kind of cynical conformism that Pasolini called *qualunquismo*). In each battle our fighter loses parts of his/her body one by one: sense organs, legs, arms, heart, guts. Only in losing him/herself completely does s/he take on another form of being, like a phoenix, a Phoenix of History that might finally win the main battle for Memory, the battle over Time.

This is why we put the Time Capsule in the middle of the show: to hook the future. Time capsules may hold messages filled with ideological pathos, as in the Soviet tradition, or they could contain leftovers of the everyday as in Andy Warhol's boxes, but they all share the same core idea – the belief that someone in the future will be able to encounter the contents. And this means we can connect ourselves to the future. Our time capsule has the shape of a heart connected to an ear. Each of us laid one special thing, something dear to him or her, in an empty space inside the heart. Then we sent this "heart-ear capsule" into the future. Because we believe the future will happen. Let's make sense together out of this simple fact.

**Tsaplya Olga Egorova
Nikolay Oleynikov
and Dmitry Vilensky**
(with inspirations from **Oxana Timopheva**)



Vlada Ralko | the graphics from Kiev Diary 2013-2014

Vlada Ralko | Kiev Diary 2013-2014

The idea to make a series of drawings that recall diary entries occurred to me after I was walking through Kiev one evening during the crisis and I saw a giant eye in the crowd—that is, a person in an eye costume. That was when I made the first few drawings for the Kiev Diary, which was part of the diary obsession that swept Ukraine. Near-instantaneous reaction became vital due to the impossibility of creating a complete system, and the temporary and fluctuating nature—as well as the violence—of the developing events. It was bolstered by the need to participate in what was happening, and the equivocality of the facts. It was also crucial to document rapidly developing events, to ‘capture’ them off the bat, before time could transfigure them beyond recognition.

Along with the Ukrainian revolution, I documented the reflexes, myths, fears, and hopes—my own and those of others—brought out by these events.

Naturally, thoughts about the nature of events that were inspired by the local protest movement grew into contemplations on the nature of humanity. In crisis situations, insignificant, run-of-the-mill views, actions, and desires can turn into either heroism bordering on saintliness or criminality. Time seemed to condense, and this condensed, concentrated stream of time in this space acted like developer in the photo process. I was making images that developed in the solution of our most recent history.

Vlada Ralko - artist, lives in Kiev



Serhiy Zhadan | Maidan as the Defeat of Culture

(The primary hypotheses contained in the address of author Serhiy Zhadan to the “Ukraine: Thinking Together” conference organized by Leon Wieseltier (The New Republic) and Timothy Snyder (Yale University).)

To me, the events of this winter and spring are, among other things, a testament to the devastating defeat of our culture. The disillusionment is utter. And, while this may not be all bad (the loss of illusion can be salutary), we are realizing that such cultural initiatives cannot really change anything.

Euromaidan started as a mass act of culture. Until the middle of December, it was one endless stream of concerts, presentations by artistic intelligentsia, flash mobs, performances. That was also how things looked during the Orange Revolution in 2004, and I think many in the crowds that weltered into the central squares of Kiev and other cities expected to relive their experiences of a decade ago. There was a shared sense that when you start saying what’s right, what’s obvious to everyone, you can’t

help but win. Truth on your side, failure impossible. It was through this cultural strand in Maidan’s composition that people hoped to publicly demonstrate their constructiveness, their openness to dialogue.

Turns out Molotov cocktails work better. Get you closer to victory – if you can’t prove your case, you can at least defend it. Wherever you hear talk of serious situations, grave world events, geopolitical fault lines, culture finds itself at a complete loss. It’s helpless before the world of politics, of finance, of grubby backroom dealings. And this is a massive defeat – one which is perhaps not yet widely understood, but which I find as plain as day. Of course it’s nothing compared with the loss of human life, but for me it’s a cultural defeat, and one of the biggest reversals of the past six months.

It turned out that music and words were not enough to persuade our opponent. He wasn’t even listening. At some point the cultural channels conducive to dialogue got blocked, stranding each

of us with a personal rendition of truth. Where AK-47s are present, culture is powerless.

It’s clear that we’ll soon be seeking compromise, and we’d better find one. There’s an armed civil conflict in our country, and it’s raging under an atmosphere of total, mutual rejection among the elements of our society. Things that were perfectly clear a few months ago now raise pointed questions. Our arguments fail completely to register with our opponents, just as we remain deaf to their pleas.

Now we everywhere hear the question: what do we do to protect the integrity of our nation, to hang on to the east? The most common answer is that the people from these regions need to talk, to bring their realities together. But in point of fact this is nothing but a continuation of that absolutely infantile rhetoric of the Donbass: “Hey, listen to us!” But the people with the guns don’t want to talk. They have all the answers they need. I don’t think the promises of culture are going to change their minds.

As to the question of how Maidan changed the culture: I don’t think Maidan *did* change the culture – not to the slightest degree. What has changed is our conception of the significance, the role, and the culpability of that culture. We’re much more fully aware of them. You hear a lot of people saying, ‘The winter changed us,’ or ‘The spring did.’ Nobody was changed. Whoever opposed European integration six months ago opposes it still, only now he’s got a gun in his hands. Whoever disliked Yanukovich six months ago is unlikely to have adjusted his sympathies. Attitudes have become more crystallized and active, but each of us is unchanged in his opinions.

Serhiy Zhadan is Ukrainian poet, writer and activist. Lives in Kharkov.

Lada Nakonechnaya | The Zone of Ignorance

At times like these, when the world ruptures right in the place where you're standing, and you suddenly find yourself in another, strange world, the usual connections created by the language and ideas that you depend on are broken. They appear in another light, words lose their meaning; reality overpowers all of your ideals. You find yourself in a state of the total defeat of language, in the zone of ignorance.

It's clear how crucially necessary the stabilization of language is today, and this need, in moments of tranquility, engenders a thirst for new images that will create everything anew. This is a desire to once again take control of the world, briefly winning it back. Many people put their faith in art. After all, its primary objective is to create powerful images that tell us about the world, symbols that unite us against a common enemy, and monuments to our heroes. At historical breaking points, it seems irrelevant that images blind us to the world, that monuments replace real memory, and that art, in trying to get to the truth, often obliterates life.

For this reason, art is desperate to get into the zone where the dialogue is taking place, to participate in the public and political life.

To slightly digress, or rather to get closer to ongoing events, I want to turn your attention to the mode of dialogue creation that dominates the public sphere. I am interested in how speechifying itself becomes a determining factor in building relationships. For instance, in speaking against the propaganda from one side, the opposing side answers it in kind (responding to accusations with counter-accusations, suspicion with suspicion, force with force, and so on), thereby supporting the structure that makes the propaganda possible in the first place. What's more, this proliferation renders a system of relationships absolute. It would seem that there could only be one other option for action, which is immediately cast aside when there is direct aggression. This is option is to surrender and accept your powerlessness in the moment. In this case, a side's response remains the same, but it's put off until later, when we have more power, when we learn to act in a commensurable or perhaps better way. Then, we can go into battle on an equal footing.

But is it possible to step out of this cycle of communication? Again, many have high hopes for art. The hopes are different, but let's turn to the one that puts stakes on another mode of action.

Art often takes the side that's like a third side, or an external side, which isn't satisfied with the conventional distribution of power, geography, nationality; it puts forth a different viewpoint. Here, it's important to ask: where is this third side? What vantage point is the artist looking and speaking from? Often, it is from the perspective of an authority that stands above everyone and speechifies, and the name for this kind of person is a 'cultural figure.' He will not surrender his position and will in fact defend it, considering it of the utmost importance. I don't think that this kind of action is very different from what is described above. The words said from on high are not far off from propaganda and fall into the framework of the same mode of communication. In this scenario, it stops being important who is telling the truth and whose intentions are pure. (In general, it's hard to accuse anyone of evil intentions; I believe that the majority of actions are undertaken with good intentions, and almost every decision is supported by a multitude of justifications).

Everyone tells their own truth. When people make speeches, the words just fly out of their open mouths and take their places

alongside other words without touching them. That's how twin words come to stand next to one another, like 'fascist' and 'fascist,' which flew out of two different mouths and float there, side by side, without recognizing each other. But the words don't go nowhere, they go out into the world at a certain historical moment. The amount of time they've gone unsaid depends on their significance and immediate relevance, that is, they are created not when they come into the world, but when they appear in people's heads.

Any side can accuse any other side of not listening. The problem isn't that there isn't an interlocutor, but within the structure of the dialogue itself.

Artists continue creating symbols, images, descriptions, everything that tells viewers about the world. The representations of the things that are invisible in everyday life—human relationships, problems and fears—remain important. They deconstruct the coziness of mass symbolic production, take down depictions of the beauty of virgin nature, happy people, and their healthy food. It's paradoxical how those who love the most gentle, beautiful, and harmless pictures, images that speak of love and the beauty of life, and who are also the self-proclaimed devotees of so-called 'high culture,' turn out to be the cruelest people of

all when their idyll is suddenly disrupted by the real world, which isn't as idealized as the world these people admire. No matter how many times we see the horrors of war, we allow them to become a part of our lives. Perhaps this is because when we see them as works of art, we don't entirely believe they are real.

Art produces images and statements, it flings affirmative exclamations into the common space—like any other sector of the dialogue. Thus, the words pronounced by artists are no different than the words or actions of anyone else, they just take up another place in the conversation that is not fated to happen.

In peaceful times, this isn't as glaring, it's harder to see that the dialogue isn't coming together. Now, we look on in amazement at the total absence of communication.

Yes, art can act as a translator and bring opponents slightly closer to true dialogue. However, very often, the sides stick to their positions.

There is only one art, its non-place is the place of ignorance, which art tirelessly keeps returning us to.



Lana Nakonechnaya (born.1981), artist, member of REP group, curators collective "Hudrada" (Art Council) and ICTM - the initiative for self-defence of art workers, teacher at the Course of Contemporary art at School for Visual Studies, Kiev

Slavoj Žižek | Barbarism with a Human Face

Again and again in television reports on the mass protests in Kiev against the Yanukovich government, we saw images of protesters tearing down statues of Lenin. It was an easy way to demonstrate anger: the statues functioned as a symbol of Soviet oppression, and Putin's Russia is perceived as continuing the Soviet policy of Russian domination of its neighbours. Bear in mind that it was only in 1956 that Lenin's statues started to proliferate throughout the Soviet Union: until then, statues of Stalin were much more common. But after Krushchev's 'secret' denunciation of Stalin at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party, Stalin's statues were replaced en masse by Lenin's: Lenin was literally a stand-in for Stalin. <...>

There was nonetheless a historical irony in watching Ukrainians tearing down Lenin's statues as a sign of their will to break with Soviet domination and assert their national sovereignty. The golden era of Ukrainian national identity was not tsarist Russia – where Ukrainian national self-assertion was thwarted – but the first decade of the Soviet Union, when Soviet policy in a Ukraine exhausted by war and famine was 'indigenisation'. Ukrainian culture and language were revived, and rights to healthcare, education and social security introduced. Indigenisation followed the principles formulated by Lenin in quite unambiguous terms:

The proletariat cannot but fight against the forcible retention of the oppressed nations within the boundaries of a given state, and this is exactly what the struggle for the right of self-determination means. The proletariat must demand the right of political secession for the colonies and for the nations that 'its own' nation oppresses. Unless it does this, proletarian internationalism will remain a meaningless phrase; mutual confidence and class solidarity between the workers of the oppressing and oppressed nations will be impossible.

Lenin remained faithful to this position to the end: immediately after the October Revolution, when Rosa Luxemburg argued that small nations should be given full sovereignty only if progressive forces would predominate in the new state, Lenin was in favour of an unconditional right to secede.

In his last struggle against Stalin's project for a centralised Soviet Union, Lenin again advocated the unconditional right of small nations to secede (in this case, Georgia was at stake), insisting on the full sovereignty of the national entities that composed the Soviet state – no wonder that, on 27 September 1922, in a letter to the Politburo, Stalin accused Lenin of 'national liberalism'. <...>

No wonder Stalin's portraits are on show again at military parades and public celebrations, while Lenin has been obliterated. In an opinion poll carried out in 2008 by the Rossiya TV station, Stalin was voted the third greatest Russian of all time, with half a million votes. Lenin came in a distant sixth. Stalin is celebrated not as a Communist but as a restorer of Russian greatness after Lenin's anti-patriotic 'deviation'. Putin recently used the term Novorossiia ('New Russia') for the seven south-eastern oblasts of Ukraine, resuscitating a term last used in 1917. <...> The resurgence of Russian nationalism has caused certain historical events to be rewritten. A recent biopic, Andrei Kravchuk's Admiral, celebrates the life of Aleksandr Kolchak, the White commander who governed Siberia between 1918 and 1920. But it's worth remembering the totalitarian potential, as well as the outright brutality, of the White counter-revolutionary forces during this period. Had the Whites won the Civil War, Hitchens writes, 'the common word for fascism would have been a Russian one, not an Italian one ... Major General William Graves, who commanded the American Expeditionary Force during the 1918 invasion of Siberia (an event thoroughly airbrushed from all American textbooks), wrote in his

memoirs about the pervasive, lethal anti-Semitism that dominated the Russian right wing and added: "I doubt if history will show any country in the world during the last fifty years where murder could be committed so safely, and with less danger of punishment, than in Siberia during the reign of Admiral Kolchak."

The entire European neo-fascist right (in Hungary, France, Italy, Serbia) firmly supports Russia in the ongoing Ukrainian crisis, giving the lie to the official Russian presentation of the Crimean referendum as a choice between Russian democracy and Ukrainian fascism. The events in Ukraine – the massive protests that toppled Yanukovich and his gang – should be understood as a defence against the dark legacy resuscitated by Putin. The protests were triggered by the Ukrainian government's decision to prioritise good relations with Russia over the integration of Ukraine into the European Union. Predictably, many anti-imperialist leftists reacted to the news by patronising the Ukrainians: how deluded they are still to idealise Europe, not to be able to see that joining the EU would just make Ukraine an economic colony of Western Europe, sooner or later to go the same way as Greece. In fact, Ukrainians are far from blind about the reality of the EU. They are fully aware of its troubles and disparities: their message is simply that their own situation is much worse. Europe may have problems, but they are a rich man's problems.

Should we, then, simply support the Ukrainian side in the conflict? There is a 'Leninist' reason to do so. In Lenin's very last writings, long after he renounced the utopia of State and Revolution, he explored the idea of a modest, 'realistic' project for Bolshevism. Because of the economic underdevelopment and cultural backwardness of the Russian masses, he argues, there is no way for Russia to 'pass directly to socialism': all that Soviet power can do is to combine the moderate politics of 'state capitalism' with the intense cultural education of the peasant masses – not the brainwashing of propaganda, but a patient, gradual imposition of civilised standards. Facts and figures revealed 'what a vast amount of urgent spadework we still have to do to reach the standard of an ordinary West European civilised country ... We must bear in mind the semi-Asiatic ignorance from which we have not yet extricated ourselves.' Can we think of the Ukrainian protesters' reference to Europe as a sign that their goal, too, is 'to reach the standard of an ordinary Western European civilised country'?

But here things quickly get complicated. What, exactly, does the 'Europe' the Ukrainian protesters are referring to stand for? It can't be reduced to a single idea: it spans nationalist and even fascist elements but extends also to the idea of what Etienne Balibar calls égaliberté, freedom-in-equality, the unique contribution of Europe to the global political imaginary, even if it is in practice today mostly betrayed by European institutions and citizens themselves. Between these two poles, there is also a naive trust in the value of European liberal-democratic capitalism. Europe can see in the Ukrainian protests its own best and worst sides, its emancipatory universalism as well as its dark xenophobia.

Let's begin with the dark xenophobia. The Ukrainian nationalist right is one instance of what is going on today from the Balkans to Scandinavia, from the US to Israel, from Central Africa to India: ethnic and religious passions are exploding, and Enlightenment values receding. These passions have always been there, lurking; what's new is the outright shamelessness of their display. Imagine a society which has fully integrated into itself the great modern axioms of freedom, equality, the right to education and healthcare for all its members, and in which racism and sexism have been rendered unacceptable and ridiculous. But then imagine that, step by step, although the society continues to pay lip service to these axioms, they are de facto deprived of their substance. <...>

Today's anti-immigrant populism has replaced direct barbarism with a barbarism that has a human face. It enacts a regression from the Christian ethic of 'love thy neighbour' back to the pagan privileging of the tribe over the barbarian Other. Even as it represents itself as a defence of Christian values, it is in fact the greatest threat to the Christian legacy. 'Men who begin to fight the Church for the sake of freedom and humanity,' G.K. Chesterton wrote a hundred years ago, 'end

BATTLEGROUND



by flinging away freedom and humanity if only they may fight the Church ... The secularists have not wrecked divine things; but the secularists have wrecked secular things, if that is any comfort to them.' Doesn't the same hold for the advocates of religion too? Fanatical defenders of religion start out attacking contemporary secular culture; it's no surprise when they end up forsaking any meaningful religious experience. In a similar way, many liberal warriors are so eager to fight anti-democratic fundamentalism that they end up flinging away freedom and democracy if only they may fight terror. The 'terrorists' may be ready to wreck this world for love of another, but the warriors on terror are just as ready to wreck their own democratic world out of hatred for the Muslim other. Some of them love human dignity so much that they are ready to legalise torture to defend it. The defenders of Europe against the immigrant threat are doing much the same. In their zeal to protect the Judeo-Christian legacy, they are ready to forsake what is most important in that legacy. The anti-immigrant defenders of Europe, not the notional crowds of immigrants waiting to invade it, are the true threat to Europe.

One of the signs of this regression is a request often heard on the new European right for a more 'balanced' view of the two 'extremisms', the right and the left. We are repeatedly told that one should treat the extreme left (communism) the same way that Europe after the Second World War treated the extreme right (the defeated fascists). But in reality there is no balance here: the equation of fascism and communism secretly privileges fascism. Thus the right are heard to argue that fascism copied communism: before becoming a fascist, Mussolini was a socialist; Hitler, too, was a National Socialist; concentration camps and genocidal violence were features of the Soviet Union a decade before Nazis resorted to them; the annihilation of the Jews has a clear precedent in the annihilation of the class enemy, etc. The point of these arguments is to assert that a moderate fascism was a justified response to the communist threat (a point made long ago by Ernst Nolte in his defence of Heidegger's involvement with Nazism). In Slovenia, the right is advocating the rehabilitation of the anti-communist Home Guard which fought the partisans during the Second World War: they made the difficult choice to collaborate with the Nazis in order to thwart the much greater evil of communism.

Mainstream liberals tell us that when basic democratic values are under threat from ethnic or religious fundamentalists, we should unite behind the liberal-democratic agenda, save what can be saved, and put aside dreams of more radical social transformation. But there is a fatal flaw in this call for solidarity: it ignores the way in which liberalism and fundamentalism are caught in a vicious cycle. It is the aggressive attempt to export liberal permissiveness that causes fundamentalism to fight back vehemently and assert itself. When we hear today's politicians offering us a choice between liberal freedom and fundamentalist oppression, and triumphantly asking the rhetorical question, 'Do you want women to be excluded from public life and deprived of their rights? Do you want every critic of religion to be put to death?', what should make us suspicious is the very self-evidence of the answer: who would want that? The problem is that liberal universalism has long since lost its innocence. What Max Horkheimer said about capitalism and fascism in the 1930s applies in a different context today: those who don't want to criticise liberal democracy should also keep quiet about religious fundamentalism.

What of the fate of the liberal-democratic capitalist European dream in Ukraine? It isn't clear what awaits Ukraine within the EU. I've often mentioned a well-known joke from the last decade of the Soviet Union, but it couldn't be more apposite. Rabinovitch, a Jew, wants to emigrate. The bureaucrat at the emigration office asks him why, and Rabinovitch answers: 'Two reasons. The first is that I'm afraid the Communists will lose power in the Soviet Union, and the new power will put all the blame for the Communists' crimes on us, the Jews.' 'But this is pure nonsense,' the

bureaucrat interrupts, 'nothing can change in the Soviet Union, the power of the Communists will last for ever!' 'Well,' Rabinovitch replies, 'that's my second reason.' Imagine the equivalent exchange between a Ukrainian and an EU administrator. The Ukrainian complains: 'There are two reasons we are panicking here in Ukraine. First, we're afraid that under Russian pressure the EU will abandon us and let our economy collapse.' The EU administrator interrupts: 'But you can trust us, we won't abandon you. In fact, we'll make sure we take charge of your country and tell you what to do!' 'Well,' the Ukrainian replies, 'that's my second reason.' The issue isn't whether Ukraine is worthy of Europe, and good enough to enter the EU, but whether today's Europe can meet the aspirations of the Ukrainians. If Ukraine ends up with a mixture of ethnic fundamentalism and liberal capitalism, with oligarchs pulling the strings, it will be as European as Russia (or Hungary) is today. (Too little attention is drawn to the role played by the various groups of oligarchs – the 'pro-Russian' ones and the 'pro-Western' ones – in the events in Ukraine.)

Some political commentators claim that the EU hasn't given Ukraine enough support in its conflict with Russia, that the EU response to the Russian occupation and annexation of Crimea was half-hearted. But there is another kind of support which has been even more conspicuously absent: the proposal of any feasible strategy for breaking the deadlock. Europe will be in no position to offer such a strategy until it renews its pledge to the emancipatory core of its history. Only by leaving behind the decaying corpse of the old Europe can we keep the European legacy of *égalité* alive. It is not the Ukrainians who should learn from Europe: Europe has to learn to live up to the dream that motivated the protesters on the Maidan. The lesson that frightened liberals should learn is that only a more radical left can save what is worth saving in the liberal legacy today.

The Maidan protesters were heroes, but the true fight – the fight for what the new Ukraine will be – begins now, and it will be much tougher than the fight against Putin's intervention. A new and riskier heroism will be needed. It has been shown already by those Russians who oppose the nationalist passion of their own country and denounce it as a tool of power. It's time for the basic solidarity of Ukrainians and Russians to be asserted, and the very terms of the conflict rejected. The next step is a public display of fraternity, with organisational networks established between Ukrainian political activists and the Russian opposition to Putin's regime. This may sound utopian, but it is only such thinking that can confer on the protests a truly emancipatory dimension. Otherwise, we will be left with a conflict of nationalist passions manipulated by oligarchs. Such geopolitical games are of no interest whatever to authentic emancipatory politics.

The full text of this essay published on 25 April 2014 could be accessible at the London Review of Books at <http://www.lrb.co.uk/v36/n09/slavoj-zizek/barbarism-with-a-human-face>



Graphics by Dan Perjovschi (left) and Vlada Ralko



THE STORY OF THE PAPER SOLDIER





The sculpture "OUR PAPER SOLDIER" was made for the "Into the City" festival, conceived by the Chto Delat collective under the title "WHAT IS MONUMENTAL TODAY?" in May and June 2014. The sculpture was placed in a middle of a specially constructed public forum, facing the "Heroes' Monument of the Red Army" on Schwarzenberg Platz in Vienna. The festival focused on issues of memory politics and practices of commemoration in urban space. How can groups excluded from the public sphere enact material and performative forms of commemoration nowadays? What kind of tangible structures and rituals could be developed to counter the imposed monumentality of power?

The sculpture was created as a queer replica of the Soviet-era Stalinist monument to the unknown soldier killed in the battle to liberate Vienna in 1945. The whole idea of the sculpture was to bring to the fore the struggle against fascism and the kind of meaning we load onto this old historical conflict today.

The urgent impulse to make this piece came from the war in Ukraine, in which two ways of misusing history clash: the 19th century paradigm of nation-building versus the myth of the Soviet imperial past that culminates in the victory of Stalinism over Nazism. The bloody clash of these two ghosts of the past has developed into an unresolvable situation, manipulated by the oligarchy and by Cold War rhetoric. The conflict has brought out a wide range of forces in Russia, forces now made very visible by a politics of memory that speculates on past anti-fascist struggle and mixes it with today's nationalisms. An extremely weird ideological cocktail that blew many people's minds – and that of the state – in a dangerous way. The situation demanded that we intervene to convey new possibilities for an anti-fascism rooted in the tradition of internationalism and class struggle.

On the shield held by the soldier is written: "Antifaschistische Aktion". The helmet is inscribed: "To remember means to fight". "Our Paper Soldier" contributed to various debates and witnessed many positions, peacefully surviving the days of the Vienna project. (See documentation of the project at www.chtodelat.org.)

By chance, s/he was called one day to visit Berlin. There s/he was placed in front of the Haus der Berliner Festspiele, where Chto Delat had been invited to make a new learning play about monumentality. S/he stood there for just one night: early in the morning of June 25th s/he was set on fire by person/s unknown. "Our Paper Soldier" was fireproofed, so s/he was not so easy to set ablaze. But once on fire s/he burned completely in the few minutes before the fire brigade arrived.

The police investigation has brought no result so far. And Chto Delat had to produce another learning play, entitled "Who Burned a Paper Soldier?", on July 7th, 2014.



Oxana Timofeeva | “And not even the dead will be safe...”

*The medical commission said
A little prayer to their maker,
Which done, they dug with a holy spade
The soldier from god's little acre,
When the doctor examined the soldier gay
'Or what of him was left,
He softly said: This man's I-A,
He's simply evading the draft,*

*Bertold Brecht.
Legend of the Dead Soldier, 1918*

I found out that there is a war on between Russia and Ukraine at a small gas station, where I met some Ukrainians who like me were traveling across Europe by car. Neither Russian nor European nor American media had made any mention of real military encounter between our countries, and so it was hard to believe these agitated women when they told of atrocities committed by Russian occupants on Ukrainian soil. They seemed like yet another element of brainwashing, just like the reports of Ukrainian Nazi atrocities that flooded the Russian media against the backdrop of the annexation of Crimea, only now with a Ukrainian accent – a mirror image of aggressive propaganda from the other side of the conflict. Our's was a meeting on neutral territory, so to speak, somewhere in the middle of a generic Europe. The women's tone toward me was unfriendly, even accusatory; as if being Russian automatically made me guilty of the atrocities they were describing. At some point it even seemed that they were screaming at me. Yet their stories of welded-shut zinc coffins returning “from the East” etched themselves into my mind.

It was late May, three months before Ukrainian security forces captured ten Russian paratroopers in the village of Zerkalny in the Donetsk Region. Putin's response to the question of how Russian soldiers found themselves on the territory of a neighboring country was that they “got lost because there is no clearly marked border there,” but the presentation of military personnel was a living proof that forced even the official Russian media to utter the word “war” – though the Russian and Ukrainian presidents immediately rushed to sign a ceasefire agreement, as if to end the war before it had really even begun.

Then again, the war actually started long before Russia's secret incursion into Eastern Ukraine. The war came to the Maidan with the first nationalist slogans, and it came to snuff out the revolution. Rabid nationalists were the ones who brought war as they wrecked statues of Lenin. The nationalist turn of the Maidan repressed the movement's social content, while the ensuing war has frozen any potential flare-ups of class struggle. As Georges Bataille wrote in 1933, fascism arises to put an end to the nascent worker's movement.

Today's wars remain true to the same goals, which is why in countries that the first world customarily calls “non-democratic” – meaning, poor – social and political protests become ethnic conflicts so quickly. “They're showing us cartoons,” said my friend the day Putin flew to Minsk to discuss the conditions for settling the situation in Ukraine. The next morning, I was sitting in an airplane, greedily reading Russian newspapers, trying to understand (in vain) what it was the presidents had agreed upon. It was a secret that this newly printed matter could not reveal, even if it still smelled of ink, and neither could Eugene Thacker's great book on the horror of philosophy, which I read on the plane. Real horror was here, nearby; an invisible, cold horror between the lines of the morning papers, which told of the meeting between presidents and of ten living soldiers who lost their way into Ukraine in uniforms, with weapons and documents, yet not a word about hundreds or even thousands of dead.

This is when I remembered the Ukrainian women at the gas station and their stories of welded-shut zinc coffins, which I had had trouble believing because they voiced what the newspaper won't tell you. A chance encounter on the road with these ladies is just part of the rumor mill, and hardly an authoritative source of information.

To be believed, facts must be revealed and confirmed by official sources presenting incontrovertible proof.

We usually only believe whatever has been publicly recognized as fact, forgetting how many stringent filters reality passes through to reach that stage – the stage of cartoons made in Russia, Ukraine, America, or Germany with puppet presidents and the politics of the countries they represent. Such cartoons never show welded-shut zinc coffins with dead soldiers. They only show living soldiers, who, in the very last instance of the official Russian media spectrum, were after all only lost (maybe it's comedy we're unconsciously looking for in cartoons, and not truth, and that's what gives them their strength). In a way, they really were lost: according to the few witnesses, many of the Russian soldiers were convinced that they were being sent to some region of Russia for exercises, only grasping that they were in Eastern Ukraine when the hail of bullets began. Conscripts get lost while following some murky order, as do contract soldiers, who also don't understand to the full where and why their division is moving; they are ideologically lost, succumbing to patriotic hysteria and throwing themselves into battle with any enemy indicated by mass propaganda, itself especially intolerant in times of war.

Entire divisions get lost with “one-way tickets” to enemy territory, only coming home as “two hundreds.” Cargo 200 is the general name given both to fallen Russian soldiers and the zinc coffins in which they come home from the war, as if death had welded body and coffin together in zinc, turning both into one singular dead weight. Precisely this dead weight is the main material remains, the indisputable evidence, and the only reliable physical proof of war. War is nothing but an assembly line for the production of corpses. Cargo 200 is the principal immediate material product of the war, impossible to consume, while fresh graves are the trace it leaves on the earth.

Such dead weight is a serious problem in an undeclared war. The dead, like the living, have a formal status, upon which the claim of the living over their dead bodies depends. If there is no war, there are no soldiers. Lacking any formal status as participants in an armed conflict and any right to burial by the state, municipal services in Kyiv refuse to provide funeral services free of cost to Ukrainian fighters in the Anti-Terrorist Operation, placing the burden of their burial on the shoulders of relatives and concerned citizens.

In the case of the Russians, matters are even more complex: “two hundreds” return from Ukraine, and according to the official version, were either somewhere else entirely, at exercises in Russia's regions, or they had resigned or were on leave; in a word, lost, but not fighting on their neighbor's territory. Identified or unidentified, what to do with this cumbersome burden? As a rule, the unidentified are buried in mass graves in war time, and their families receive funerary notices or letters that their loved ones are missing in action, while identified cargoes 200 are given over to their families for burial. But what do you tell the families if there is no war, and where do you put the unidentified bodies?

In other words, as the state wages its undeclared war, it faces the same question as the classical killer: what to do with the body? According to the different versions and eyewitness accounts that don't always pass the filters of cartoon reality and official verification, some bodies come home (some of the white lorries in the humanitarian aid convoy drove to Ukraine empty but returned with cargo 200), others stay on Ukrainian soil, buried on the spot, and still others have it that the Russian Army has bought mobile crematoria: special trucks on a Volvo frame for the quick and safe disposal of biological waste (such as the corpses of homeless animals or infected cattle).

The undeclared war announces itself when conscripts and even more contract soldiers stop sending news to their loved ones. Some relatives mobilize, joining forces to search and collate information, organizing communities and committees, and soon the Soldier's





Mothers organization is part of the foreign agent's blacklist. Some are found, others are not. Some continue to wait, others receive their 'two hundreds'. Families meet and bury this cargo. Its point of origin is unknown, the only explanation a short note: "died while executing his military duty." The official explanation says they died in their own country – on maneuvers, in exploding gas mains, and in other accidents – but there is no proof of war more solid than these identified two hundreds, their coffins, and their graves, whose number is steadily growing: in wartime, the army literally goes underground.



Not only the army, but the civilian population too goes underground. Those who have nowhere left to run go down into the basements, pedestrian underpasses, and bomb shelters left over from the Second World War, with their children, mattresses, cats, and stools. Civilians hide from death in bomb shelters, while soldiers hide in foxholes and trenches. Dead soldiers hide in graves. Basements, underpasses, bomb shelters, bunkers, foxholes, and trenches are all anterooms to the grave; places where you look for final peace and shelter from the cold terror of the war raging above. Under a world at war, the mole of history burrows its tangled labyrinths, where, as in a nightmare, you go from one space to another – from the bomb shelter to the bunker, to the trench, into the basement, and finally, into the grave.



The grave is the final and ultimate bomb shelter; no one will wound, beat, or hurt you, it would seem, but even here, there is no rest for dead soldiers. Even the presence of their bodies as evidence of war rarely reaches the stage of official and verified information. Journalists try to get in touch with relatives and risk their lives in attacks by unknown assailants during visits to cemeteries to check the headstones on freshly dug graves – this, in fact, is one of the stringent filters that grinds reality into a cartoon – while the families suddenly fall silent or undergo strange metamorphoses. "Dear friends!!!!!!!!!!!! Lonya is dead and the funeral is at 10 a.m., services at Vybutky. Come if you want to say goodbye," writes a 29-year-old paratrooper's wife on her page in the social network VKontakte, leaving her telephone number for friends to get in touch. The page is removed the very next day, but some journalists manage to make screenshots and call the number. The wife hands the phone to a man who introduces himself as Lonya and says that he's alive and well, ready to dance and sing. Of course, telephones can be taken away. Of course, a woman is easily put under pressure. Still, there is something about the very idea of a telephone conversation with somebody whose name we saw written on a gravestone (until they took off the nameplate), the very possibility of a singing, dancing zombie at his own funeral, having returned to his wife from a place from which there is no return. Call it an evil cartoonification of truth.



In Alexei Balabanov's film *Cargo 200* (2007), a girl falls into the hands of a militiaman who turns out to be a maniac and ties her to the bed in his apartment. She is waiting for her paratrooper-fiancée to come home from Afghanistan, but the fiancée comes home as a cargo 200. As an official, the militiaman is given custody of the zinc coffin, brings it home, opens it with an axe, and throws the corpse onto the bed next to the girl with the words, "Wake up, your groom is home!" The girl is left to lie on the bed next her decaying, fly-eaten bridegroom. The action takes place in 1984, exactly thirty years ago, during the war in Afghanistan, which is when the term "cargo 200" first emerged, be it in reference to the number of the corresponding order of the Ministry of Defense of the USSR (Order No. 200), or the normed weight of transport containers carrying the bodies of military personnel (200 kg).



Two hundred kilograms is the weight of the entire "transportation container," a tightly shut wooden box. According to the transportation regulations, this box contains a wooden coffin. The wooden coffin contains a zinc coffin, hermetically welded shut, which, in turn, contains the dead soldier's body. Even such a package isn't lasting or reliable enough, it seems; not only living

paratroopers get lost, but the dead also continue to wander around. They come home to the beds of their brides, like in the 1984 of Balabanov's film, or return to their wives and families to take care of them, like in our own 2014.

It is usually the poor who become soldiers, those who have nothing to offer except for their own lives or the lives of others in exchange for a piece of bread and a roof over their heads and those of their loved ones. How else can a state fighting an undeclared war get the silence it wants from the recipients of that dead weight? "As a rule ... military personnel are the main breadwinners. There's such a thing as a 'military mortgage' – if a soldier resigns from the army on his own will, the Ministry of Defense stops paying for his apartment... So the unit's commanding officer will come to the widow and say, your husband fell in action, and we're ready to pay you and leave you the apartment. But the death certificate will say that he died in some place other than Ukraine," regional Pskov Yabloko politician Lev Shlosberg explains. Mortgages, subsidies, compensation packages: that's how dead soldiers continue to feed their families.

In his story "Sherry Brandy," writer and Gulag-survivor Varlam Shalamov describes poet Osip Mandestam's death in the camp. The poet dies drained of all strength, wasting away from the diseases of the camp. He gets his camp rations and greedily starts tearing away at the bread with scurvy teeth, bloodying the bread with his bleeding gums: "By evening he was dead. They only registered it two days later, because his inventive neighbors succeeded in receiving the dead man's bread for two days in a row, with the dead man raising his hand like a marionette. It so happens he died two days before his date of death, a detail of no small importance for his future biographers."

There is a certain economy, according to which the dead continue to feed the living or take part in their affairs in some other way. Once a corpse has entered this economy, it is neither alive nor dead. The "cargo 200" of the undeclared war is acquired in the border zone between life and death, together with vampires, zombies, ghosts – all those for whom death holds no rest. They didn't die in Rostov, and they didn't die in Lugansk, but somewhere between Russia and Ukraine, on the unmarked border, where they are still lost and continue to send signals and care packages from their shady border zone, the zone of undeath. The dead soldier's corpse is firmly embedded into a machine distributing mortgages and care packages. It only seems as if capitalism, for once, was blameless here. In fact, capitalism feeds itself with the corpses that wars will produce. That is the non-medial underbelly of the "war of sanctions," with its economic character and its political effects. In the dull grey zone of capital's material reality, the body wanders from one death to the next.

On July 17, Malaysia Airlines MH17 en route from Amsterdam to Kuala Lumpur met with disaster. The Boeing 777 passenger jet crashed near the Ukrainian village of Torez approximately eighty kilometers from Donetsk, killing all 298 people on board, including fifteen crew members. In the course of the extended investigation that followed, different versions were presented. American and Ukrainian sources claimed that the plane was shot down with a surface-to-air missile by the separatists/terrorists in control of the Lugansk and Donetsk regions and armed by Russia, while the Russians insisted that the plane was probably attacked by the Ukrainians in the air or was even shot down by the Americans themselves in order to later place the blame on Russia as a pretext for a new Cold War, or that a Ukrainian air traffic controller sent the plane via a dangerous route on purpose, etc. Either way, Malaysian Airlines flight MH17 was out of luck; it found itself in a zone of never ending combat and constant attacks from the air, and its crash became the most obvious confirmation of the undeclared war with international stakes high enough to permit its association with the cold one.

The most exotic version, however, came from the then leader of the terrorists Igor Strelkov/Girkin, who claimed that the passengers of the crashed Boeing had died several days before being shot from the sky. This claim was based on eyewitness accounts from separatist fighters who had gathered up the corpses and claimed that they weren't "fresh" and even bloodless, as if the plane had taken off in Amsterdam with strange cargo: frozen corpses standing in as living passengers strapped to their seats. Some conspiracy theorists even ventured that it was the same Malaysian Airlines Boeing that disappeared without a trace this March, possibly even with the same passengers.

This version was clearly taken from the British series "Sherlock," where a plane is loaded with corpses to be blown up in midair in order to provoke an international conflict, and it stands out for its fantastic absurdity and its clear contradiction of any principles of reality. However, beyond the principle of reality, the madman proclaims a strange truth: he tells of the airline of the world, where we are all passengers, seatbelts strapped on tightly. Madness is also reality, albeit communicated through a series of metaphors. In this version – let's not call it crazy, but metaphorical – the passengers of the Malaysian Boeing literally died twice. The catastrophe of which they were victims is preceded by another catastrophe, and thus unto infinity: the plane keeps crashing to the ground, turned into debris by the war, and the passengers are gathered up, frozen, and strapped back into their seats. "And not even the dead will be safe from the enemy, if he is victorious," writes Walter Benjamin in his sixth thesis on the conception of history. And the enemy is victorious. Not us and not them, but only the enemy is victorious in this war of attrition. The war as an endless series of enemy victories is not cold because no blood is shed – blood is not shed only in cartoons on a war of sanctions, whose viewers bemoan the loss of their beloved Italian cheeses or their civil rights or rejoice at the appearance of a new bold superpower on the map of world politics.

The war supplies new positivity to the circulation of global capital at a time of crisis (which, as Rosa Luxemburg noted, is organically connected to the expansion and violent struggle for markets). It is cold with corpses whose integrity is compromised, who are killed and frozen, just to kill them all over again. They are lost in the time-loop of death, in a grey of bad infinity much

like the Hindu circle of samsara. But unlike samsara, the circle of reincarnation, our cold war is a loop of endless "re-dyings," and it's just as hard to get out. The economy of war is based on the capitalization of death and it inevitably implicates all members of society, whose relative peace and quiet is only sometimes disturbed by ominous returns of lost and dead soldiers who are still ready to go to battle for an enemy victory. Once they are resurrected, there will finally be peace in our cemetery.

translated by David Riff

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The article is illustrated by graphics of Vlada Ralko and the photographs of the burned fragments of the sculpture "Our Paper Soldier" and of the sculpture "The Resurrected"

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A film-performance by Chto Delat *The Excluded. In a moment of danger*

In this video installation we are looking for a new language, adequate at least in part to the new situation in politics (and life in general), in which we suddenly find ourselves. When we began to work on this project, the situation in Russia was bad, but we knew what to expect from it and how to act. Now we stand on the threshold of a senseless and despicable war; what remains of public space is disappearing before our eyes; and we have no levers of political influence. The government brazenly declares a state of emergency, and society answers with full support. Meanwhile there are practically no forces capable of even reflecting upon this danger, let alone resisting it. The situation recalls a nightmare in which one's habitual reality begins unraveling at the seams. What we thought impossible yesterday is met with enthusiasm today. What kind of art is possible now? Or is it altogether impossible?

We understand that any clear and complete statement will sound false now. To construct such a statement would require at least an approximate understanding of the logic of what is taking place, but this logic is so absurd that it resists all analysis. And so we have taken a different path. We invited our friends and students (graduates of the School of Engaged Art) to participate in our project and try to describe the situation in which we find ourselves together. At first glance it could seem like we are trying to use collectivity as a powerful tool in the creation of art. But, unfortunately, this is not the case. We used to think that collectivity is necessary in order to be strong, but now we realize it is necessary simply to maintain one's sanity.

The starting point for our film was the fate of Ippolit Myshkin, a militant Russian narodnik and tragic figure of the Russian Revolution. All his undertakings invariably ended in failure, but it was precisely this man's speeches, pronounced while on trial, that changed the consciousness of Russian society. All his life was devoted to a total concatenation of strength and weakness, victory and defeat. He is an ideal Unlucky Hero, and his image is extraordinarily relevant today, when all of us, whatever our personal successes or joys of self-realization, feel like failures. We are dissidents (what in Russian today is called a national-traitor). We are the excluded. We are excluded from this society, in which 80% of the population supports the war. We are excluded from public life. Our voice is heard less and less, excluded and cut off from the chorus of voices as something harmful and unnecessary. But not so long ago everything seemed possible: the Russian protests of 2011-12 and the Ukrainian Maidan of 2013 gave us hope that all together (it was only necessary to rise up!) we could change the situation. We had only begun to rise when life went all to hell.

What can be done with this state of affairs? We must recognize our failure: here it is before us. We lost. But we are prepared to learn from our mistakes. Where were our mistakes? What were they? Where did we go wrong? This film tests these questions in a situation that has shown all our radiant, seemingly proven intellectual constructions to be inoperative. If we can accept the challenge of these questions, then we can hope at some point to find pathways to transform our weakness into strength, our defeat into victory.

With the participation of graduates of the School of Engaged Art and other comrades

Film concept, set and edit: Tsaplya Olga Egorova and Dmitry Vilensky

Director: Tsaplya Olga Egorova

Choreographer: Nina Gasteva and Mikhail Ivanov

Director of photography: Artyom Ignatov

The film features texts written by all participants: Lili S. Deil | Jenya Shirjaeva | Olga Shirokostup | Anastasia Vepreva | Lia Guseyn-Zade | Olya Kurachyova | Alexey Markin | Oleg Vadimov | Tim Razinkov | Georgy Rafailov | Roman Osminkin | Anya Tereshkina | Anya Isidis | Marina Maraeva | Ilya Yakovenko | Sonya Akimova

FILM SCRIPT

Episode №1
in which the film participants
log onto social networks

Episode №2
in which the film participants
measure the coordinates of their
location in time and space and
declare their presence.

- I am five years from the tragic death of my little brother and 9145 km from the group of researchers who made advances in the area of prolonging the lives of warm-blooded animals, including people.

- I am one year before the first expedition to Mars and 2000 kilometers away from my mother, who's in another country.

- I'm 10 fingernails on the map from the destroyed monument to Lenin in Zhytomyr, Central Ukraine. And 49 years after the first artificial satellite was launched from Earth.

- I am at the siege of Leningrad in 1941, where there will be war in who knows how many years.

- I'm 7000 light years from the NGC 6611 cluster of stars, annihilated by the explosion of a Supernova. And 1000 years before its disappearance from our field of vision.

- I'm far from the stars over my head and close to the mass graves of 1937.

- I am 83 years and 5 months after the birth of my grandmother and at the point in which a change in the Russian government may one day occur.

- If I hitchhike, I'm two days on the hot road away from Landscape Avenue, in Kiev. Last year it was cool there!

- 12 days from the catastrophe of the Boeing passenger jet over Ukraine and an hour long flight from my hometown – the secret air base Severomorsk – 3.

- I'm 2000 kilometers from the battle for the Donetsk Airport and 20 years before the first war in Chechnya.

- I'm 700 kilometers from the place of mass protests at Bolotnaya square. I wasn't there on May 6th, 2012.

- 23 years after the formation of the Russian State and 4 hours from the Russian village of Zaitsevo, where I was nearly killed.

- I'm within an arm's reach of my closest friend and at an unknown distance from the people who want to run my life.

- I am sixteen months from the death of my father, thirteen months from the approval of the anti-gay law, a million steps away from the arms of my beloved.

- Three years from the shooting of striking workers in the city of Janaozen, Kazakhstan, and 60 km from the Ford factory, which is about to shut down by its owner.

Episode №3

in which the film participants again log onto social networks and find out that nothing in the world has changed.

Episode №4

in which the film participants realize that they are a part of society and responsible for it.

Episode №5

in which the Ear of Society first appears. The film participants are planning to scream into this Ear, but they realize that in order to be heard, they have to re-tune their voices.

Episode №6

in which the film participants begin to hear one another.

- My parents always used to tell me: don't go outside, there are enemies there. I looked for a friend, but he also turned into an enemy. Later on, my parents became my enemies. Then I found an enemy inside myself. What can be done? Nothing. Whatever you do, it always ends up not fitting into someone's system of coordinates and you become an object of hate, either for the masses or the liberals.

- In general, I understand all of this. The Russians have no identity. Or, more accurately, they have something like a disguise. Don't stand out! Because this is the way to survive. A zone of endless conflict - War of all against all. This is the national idea. Once, one of the followers of this idea, a little drunk, tried to strangle me merely because I'm a vegetarian. That's how it goes. And you speak of solidarity.

- All of my relatives have rugs in their homes, but I don't. They say that Russian rugs are the best and they want people in neighboring countries to also cover their floors with our rugs. I dream

that people will throw these rugs out. But they throw out old rugs and keep buying new ones. You can't free them from their rugs by force.

- In December of 2011, it looked like everything was in our hands. Because we are many and we are all great. It looked like Putin would lose his grip and back off quickly. I was walking around decorated with pink triangles, white ribbons with rainbow beads. Everyone asked if I was scared or not. Of course not - I would say - Not at all. But now I'm scared. Fucking scared. I don't dare to wear our symbols. I get in the subway and feel like an absolute minority. I'm afraid that all the passengers will hear the thoughts that are ringing in my head. I'm afraid that they will notice that I'm a sodomite and a national traitor.

- Everybody loves to prove that money is freedom. Still, in my observations of wealthy people, I see the opposite. Perhaps, precisely because of this, I'm a superfluous person in this society that teaches us, ever since childhood, to live by stepping on the heads of others...

- I try to argue when I think I'm right and I have reasons on my side. It seems to me that logic should be convincing. But I've never convinced anyone of anything.

- My city doesn't want me to feel like a human being. They recently refused to sell me clean syringes. Someone on the phone keeps listening to my conversations and they know who I have contact with. There's no peace in my life. I don't wish this kind of survival on anyone.

- Back when I didn't have political opinions, I was more prepared for encounters with people from other circles and with contrary opinions. I wasn't afraid to speak. Now I'm more vulnerable. You don't know how people will react to your words.

- My conflict is my tongue! I think about it all the time. It won't allow me to live in peace, It keeps fidgeting in my mouth, forcing me to talk nonsense. Sometimes, it forces its way into the mouths of others

and speaks for them. It gets into the ears of the enemy and messes with his head.

- But there's no such thing as conflict with society. There are conflicts within society. We control someone. Someone controls us. But nobody controls the situation as a whole... Soon we will devour the entire biosphere. And then it's over. Personally, I like society and don't want this to happen.

- Hypothetically, I'm ready to sign any papers in favor of government policy. If this will serve as a springboard for other possibilities... But, in general, I live as if I were on an island, in the midst of my friends and people who share my beliefs, and I run the risk of being understood by them. Rarely do I find myself with regular people, although I am very interested in them.

- I'm a heterosexual man with a Slavic appearance. What kind of conflict could I possibly have with society? I should dominate. Refusing to be macho is a transgression of society's norms. They say: What is a man who stays home taking care of a baby? A housewife? A man should go to work and support his family.

- In school, for example, I didn't understand what civil war is; I didn't understand its cause and its meaning. Now, after talking with a friend from school, who believes the official propaganda, now I feel very well... this split in our society.

- My conflict with society is ethical, stylistic, political and generational. This conflict of mine is materialized as a frontline that divides my family.

- I agree, but it's necessary to consciously engage in conflict. Since there is almost always the possibility of avoiding conflict, submitting yourself to the interests of the other. But provoking conflict is a political act and it means presenting a demand to establish your own alternative order of things. While the oppressed, whether slave, woman or colonized, aren't conscious of their social position and don't affirm their rights, the conflict doesn't exist. My conflict with the State, homophobia or the Church is a

coherent political decision in the struggle against oppression.

- My conflict consists in the fact that I'm a weird. And this forces the crowd out of its comfort zone and the crowd isn't pleased. I also force people who think like me from their comfort zone, see I'm weird, and they're also displeased.

Episode №7

in which the Ear of Society begins to beat like a heart. (Revolt-Here-We -Now).

Episode №8

in which the film participants seek Points of No Return in history.

14. March 18, 2014

- In the Kremlin, the act for the annexation of Crimea was signed, with support from the majority of the Russian people.

11. October of 2012

The Trial of Pussy Riot.

- It demonstrated how criminal justice in Russia has been definitively transformed into a tool for repression which provides free labor for the penal colonies.

November 15, 2011

The Dispersal of Occupy in New York City.

- After the violent dispersal of the Occupy Wall Street it became clear to me that direct democracy and peaceful protests are doomed to fail.

September 11, 2001

Attack on the World Trade Center

- On that day, when the Muslim world responded to violence with violence, it was clear that this war was going to last a long time and that its victims wouldn't just be soldiers.

The operations of ground troops in Iraq began on the morning of March 20, 2003

- In Russia, terrorist actions and the war in Chechnya continued. That year, I got married and my daughter was born.



May 6, 2012

The March of Millions in Moscow

- On the day of the planned demonstrations, the police detachments were in our path and blocked the march. A pack of beasts in uniforms broke my head open and nearly crippled me. On that day, I understood what the State is.

13. January, 2014

- During the Olympics in Sochi, Cossacks whipped the fragile and defenseless girls of Pussy Riot. In the 19-th century, governor generals were shot for such acts, but now, in the 21-st century, Russian society understands and accepts them.

March 4, 2012

- It was the day of the presidential election in Russia. Putin was once again in power. Many of us hoped there would be another wave of protests. But, the next day, there were only hundreds of us at Saint Isaac's square. The special police forces made us scatter like cockroaches. Those slow to escape or hide were taken away in the police vans.

October, 2002

- The terrorist act at the Nord-Ost Theater. People were killed. Then fear emerged along with aggressiveness. Afterward came distrust, strengthened by warped facts and unreliable information. Last spring, I was rehearsing inside this same building and I saw the names of all the people who were killed there.

1991

- On my birthday, everything was upside down. I was born in the year that the USSR collapsed.

October 4, 1993

The shelling of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation

- After this incident, the concentration of power in the hands of one man became inevitable...

July of 2014 (MH17)

- When the catastrophe of the Boeing passenger Jet over Ukraine took place, I was at the end of my eleventh work day. With no time off. Each shift was 12 hours long. Two days earlier, there had been a tragedy in the subway. And before the tragedy, Novodvorskaya had passed away. I work with fluxes of information. And I react to tragic news with lots of pain. But the Boeing really got to me. I knew that if I shed a single tear, I'd fucking lose it. The only way was to shut off my emotions completely. And I was able to do this.

October 27, 2012. The first congress of the opposition's coordinating council

- It became clear that reason would not be victorious in the near future.. We haven't grown enough for this. I've become a pessimist and a russophobe. And I started to argue about politics, despite the despair.

1999. Bombings in Yugoslavia

- Before this, the majority were gung-ho for the liberals, and voted with their hearts, then everyone turned gung-ho patriots. A conservative turn... We felt bad for the Serbs. But I didn't understand why, in unison with the general hysteria, I should hate the Albanians, whom I'd never even heard of until just days before. And for the first time, I felt like a traitor to the nation.

1990. The massacre of Armenians in Baku

There I was Russian, here I'm a wog. There I was strong, here I've become weak. There, I used to climb trees and my feet were firm. Here there weren't any good trees for climbing. And here I set foot on ice for the first time.

Episode №9

in which a sublime Union of the Excluded is formed, but one of its members disrupts the harmony.

- I feel good with you. But I can't be happy, knowing that outside there are people who suffer from injustice and perish in war. To talk with society, it's necessary to go to the people. This is why I go out and protest in the only way it is allowed - alone.

Episode №10

in which the participants seek unlucky heroes in history. They want to test their idea that defeat has the power to turn into victory, and they build a monument to their heroes.

Antonio Gramsci

- Is it possible to write a book in prison which your jailers won't understand, but your followers on the outside will? Antonio Gramsci managed to do it. And now he's one of the most marxist quoted authors ever. He formulated the concept of hegemony. In his opinion, those in power do not only use direct violence to oppress the people but art as well. This is why we need the new culture, Antonio Gramsci wrote about in his "Prison Notebooks."

Ippolit Myshkin

- An eminent revolutionary of his time, organizer of the "To the People" movement creator of an important printing press, he nearly succeeded in freeing Chernyshevsky from exile; his speeches in court exploded the public consciousness. He gave his life to provide relief in the lives of his incarcerated comrades. He was completely forgotten by the Soviet Union. And if someone were to ask a cultured person about Myshkin today, he or she would answer: Myshkin? Oh yeah... The idiot!

Guy Fawkes

- Guy Fawkes' failed attempt to blow up the king was not a catastrophic failure. But the fact the he accidentally became the symbol of the protest movement was his main failure. Just like the protest itself. There is nothing we can say if we can't differentiate between reactionary terror and the struggle for freedom, transforming everything in one senseless and ruthless revolt (as Pushkin said).

Those imprisoned on May, 6 2012

- These people didn't do anything special. They simply, like the rest of us, went to Bolotnaya Square to participate in the demonstration that was scheduled for May, 6 2012. Now some are in penal colonies, other in cells, being investigated. Random victims of the regime. Unlucky. Heroes. Anyone of us could be in their place. I could be in their place.

Aaron H. Swartz

- My hero - is the internet activist Aaron Swartz. He fought for the repeal of copyright laws and the free spread of knowledge on the internet. He exposed dishonest politicians and oligarchs. He would have been sentenced to 30 years in prison, but, on January 11, 2013, Aaron committed suicide. He was 26. I'm positive that one day the World Electronic Library will be named after Aaron Swartz.

Ulrike Meinhof

- The world shouldn't forget Ulrike Meinhof. I consider her a tragic heroine. She became disillusioned with the possibilities of education and thus turned to weapons. Entering the militant underground, this beautiful

young woman gave up everything - her children, a cozy life and a brilliant career as a European intellectual. Her death was a question of time and, in mockery of the government, took place on the date that Nazi Germany was defeated. I sympathize with this woman because she never got the chance to experience the wonders of requited love; and as for her friends - they betrayed her.

Andrei Dmitrievitch Sákharov.

- Human. Scientist. Physicist. Human rights activist - dissident. An elevated sense of justice and peace. An absence of fear to speak the truth. A man who took a stand against any cult of personality. But in favor of individuality and liberty. He protested against the invasion of Soviet troops in Afghanistan and was later sent into exile. He talked about three important things: peace, progress and human rights, which are interconnected and cannot be achieved separately. It seems so simple and logical to me...

- What do you see in the unlucky hero, aside from an attempt to justify his own situation? What is it that you admire? Selflessness? Christian sacrifice? No... you need a happy ending and posthumous fame. Do you know who the true hero is? The unknown one. No, not the unknown soldier, the one they build monuments for all over the world. But the unknown man and woman for whom no monuments were built, no eulogies were written, of whom not a kilobyte remains in people's memory; those for whom no one is even capable of speaking. Those who generously fertilized the earth with their bodies, who didn't lay down their bones, so people would build monuments over them.

Episode №11

in which Anya returns from her solo picketing.

-Who beat up Anya?
-Who beat up Anya?
-Who beat up Anya?

Episode №12

in which the Ear of Society is unmasked.

- I think it was my father's colleague, a veteran of the war in Afghanistan. He hates Russophobes. It just came to me.

- It was the guy who lives in the apartment next door, a cop. He was yelling on the other side of the wall that soon our troops are going to invade the Baltics with tanks, reestablish the USSR and the yanks will piss themselves. He hits everyone who doesn't agree with him. Out of habit.

- I think a professor at the university where I studied might have done it. He always liked to violently repress anykind of initiative. Seems like he asserted himself once again at the expense of someone weaker than him.

- They told me it was some guys with runic signs on their clothes. I got beat up by them myself a month ago, in broad daylight.

- It was an acquaintance of mine, a student at the Academy of Arts. He's a Russian patriot.

- It was definitely a guy I know, a fashion historian, he just got back from Yalta and considers solitary protest to be unladylike.

- I know, it was a street sweeper. Every morning, he works in the square where she was picketing. I heard that two weeks ago he got a bonus from the bosses for clearing everything

inappropriate he found in his path.

- Oh! It happened there! I know who did it. It was a famous artist. At that exact moment and in that place, she was in the middle of her artistic performance for a large international contemporary art exhibition. So she ran into Anya. I know this artist and I read her manifesto. It reminded me of the Futurist Manifesto of Marinetti, who became a favorite of Mussolini.

- I'm positive it was the kids from the neighborhood, they took her cell phone. They were waiting for her just inside the front door of our building

- I think the activist was beaten by her own parents. "Who should teach children, if not their parents." It seems like it was someone I know, a guy who fights against infill construction. He says it's better to send letters to bureaucrats than going to the streets with signs. No need to muddy the waters! Otherwise we'll just go back to the 1990s, there will be no stability and they'll start beating people up in the streets again! That's why he beat her.

- It was my great-grandmother. Day and night she's in front of the idiot box and she hates foreigners with a passion Yanks, Ukies, and the fifth column.

- My aunt thinks that the activist hit herself. These hysterical feminists and shrill liberal girls are capable of any provocation to promote themselves, anything to get political asylum abroad and high-tail it out of here.

- In general, after "Crimea is ours," half of my facebook friends are capable of doing it.

30.07.-03.08.2014

HISTORY IS WHAT HURTS

Fredric Jameson

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A film-performance by Chto Delat
“The Excluded. In a moment of danger”

GRAPHICS: Vlada Ralko | Dan Perjovschi | Nikolay Oleynikov
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Chto Delat members: Tsaplya Olga Egorova, Nina Gasteva, Nikolay Oleynikov, Alexey Penzin, Oxana Timofeeva, Dmitry Vilensky, Alexander Skidan, Artemy Magun, David Riff and Gluklya Natalya Pershina

Chto Delat (What is to be done?) is a collective that was founded in 2003 in St. Petersburg, and counts artists, critics, philosophers, and writers from St. Petersburg and Moscow among its members.

The collective came about following the urgency of merging political theory, art, and activism. Its activity includes art projects, educational seminars, public campaigns, and ranges from video and theater plays, to radio programs and murals.

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