

Ján Šimko
The last historical mission of young generation.
(theatre play)

Jano
Milan
Vlado

Song lyrics: Lues de Funes

1.

Jano: But, there is nothing behind that window. There is nothing in that shopping window.
At least some bananas, or oranges, jogging suits or tennis shoes, nothing.

Vlado: Christmas without bananas? Just with a honey pie? When has a banana become a Christmas symbol?

Jano: A shop window is a promise, a view to the other world. There should be something inside it.

Vlado: We are sitting here in the theatre. But there is nothing happening here so far!

Jano: There's nothing happening in the theatre anyway. Nothing more than you can imagine.

Vlado: Even here, there will happen nothing more than what you can imagine. What you can not imagine simply won't happen!

Jano: Try to imagine bananas, yellow, some of them green. Not in the shopping window, but under the counter. They can not be seen, but we all know they are there. And now imagine actors. They are under the counter, they are there.

Vlado: Or not! Already not, the times are changing, nothing is hidden under the counter. Everything is on the counter, in the glow of neon lights. If you have something, put it on the counter. Hey, it is said you have a big dick, I don't believe it put it on the counter.

Jano: This is the theatre!

Vlado: This is the theatre performance.

Jano: In this theatre you will experience couple of stories.

Vlado: You are going to empathize, feel and experience. You are going to be co-authors! You will be our accomplices!!

Jano: You will not interfere to the stories on the stage the stories on the stage will go on without your intervention.

Vlado: You will sit and waggle a little you will breathe exactly the same way as your neighbour.

Jano: In fact, you are going to wish to breathe like him. Breathing the same way will make you happy. You are a company and unity is strength!

Vlado: Unity is strength!

Jano: You will not interfere. Stories you will live through will happen without your interference.

Vlado: You will be like any other time, you will be as always. You will be the same as you always were.

Jano: You don't interfere, but you are there you observe, sit calmly, but you are there.

Vlado: You sit calmly, but fully engaged! You experience, suffer, share good moods. You stand by your hero through thick and thin – accomplices.

Jano: In the darkness where you can hide close to the emergency exit. In case of fire stay calm and find the closest exit.

Vlado: In a short time you will live through couple of stories. After some time you will not remember them they will be replaced by new stories because you will experience so much by that time.

Jano: This is just a theatre, these are other peoples' stories. And if you don't risk your life, your own life accomplices you can get at most pissed off or maybe you stay calm and say to yourself they want to piss me off, but I won't buy that.

Vlado: That's right.

Jano: Try to repeat this for a while: "They want to piss me off, but I won't buy that. They want to piss me off, but I won't buy that." The same way as you did 20 or 30 years ago somebody was trying to piss you off everyday but you didn't buy that.

Vlado: Here you can be pissed off. Be pissed off! Come on, be pissed off, just for practising it you will be calmer at home, calmer at work here you can get pissed off, you don't risk your life here but you do risk it outside, my accomplices. I am sorry – witnesses. Or even victims.

Jano: Put victims on the counter!

Vlado: No, put victims in front of the camera!

Jano: Put camera on the counter!

Vlado: We are insulting you. We are calling you the accomplices of totalitarian regime or the witnesses of totalitarian regime or the victims of totalitarian regime or any other regime.

Jano: We are giving you fake names we don't know you, perhaps you didn't live then and maybe you lived but the regime had nothing to do with you.

Vlado: And perhaps you were just not aware of it for we must carry on living in any kind of regime we must carry on at any times we don't want to judge you we want to understand – you, us, life.

Jano: We understand you, we understand you completely life must go on anyway. We are saying we understand you but we don't show our understanding for you.

Vlado: We don't talk about our own understanding. We are actors. We recite scripts which were written by somebody else.

Jano: Even this sentence was written by somebody. All sentences were written for us by somebody. Actors don't talk about their own understanding. Actors don't express their own ideas.

Vlado: Actors just recite scripts written by somebody else.

Jano: They are trained to do it and in spite of that you believe them and empathize with them.

Vlado: You believe them and when you want to change the world you follow actors.

Jano: If you want to make a revolution you watch what the actors say.

Vlado: And actors don't say anything more than what is written for them.

Jano: Nothing more than you can imagine yourself.

Milan: They are insulting you. You are insulting them. But you can be actors too. The stage will make actors of you. So who wants to be an actor? Who wants to remain remembered?

Jano: We will not ask you to come to the stage we will act ourselves. We will bring you stories we will bring you emotions we are the empty vessels for your scripts. They gave us words, you gave us words. And we, we will play.

Vlado: In a short time, you will live through several stories here we will live through them together we will have shared experience. How long will the experience last?

Jano: From the beginning to the end of the performance? There will not happen anything more than you can imagine. The experience will last from the beginning to the end of the performance.

Vlado: Or maybe even after the end of performance maybe you will try to recall it but you will not be able to remember it after a longer time.

Jano: You will forget what has happened here tonight. How did we look like. How did your actors look like. How did your neighbours look like. And this experience will last exactly until this moment. This performance will last exactly until this moment.

Vlado: Our performance will last until the last memory of the last viewer would disappear. Then it will be replaced by other stories. Then it will be replaced by other memories. The revolution will last only to the moment until everyone of you...

Milan: Stop. It's not ok boys. It is too general. If you want to talk about revolution you must be more personal. Let's get on the stage. Let's act some stories for us. People need stories. So they could imagine something as abstract as a revolution. In order to remember it. If you want to moralise, manipulate or lure to your side or open somebody's eyes or use your interpretation of history or sell a toothpaste. You need a story. Nobody is going to believe this. This committed theatre.

2.

Vlado: Saturday, the first day of holidays. In Bernolákovo. Did you know that today is Saturday, the first day of holidays? But he is shooting it. Milan you are like paparazzi, you don't give a shit. But I wasn't aware that somebody would shoot my speech!

Milan: Your speech will be forgotten.

Vlado: Ok, so go on.

Milan: How does the memory work in your opinion?

Jano: Vlado you have started something, can you finish it?

Vlado: But I have said it already. Ok, I can repeat it. Some people surprise others when they can remember things which the other ones have forgotten. If I remind something to Jano now, he keeps it hidden for 20 or 30 years, and he can recall it immediately.

Jano: Yes.

Vlado: Jano, can you die please? If Jano died now, or he would die 20 or 30 years ago, he would keep it hidden despite I would not get it out. It is like an index card. You have card indexes in libraries, nobody pulls them out but they remain where they are. And this is strange with memory. You have the indexes cards, nobody pulls them out and they remain there despite that!

Jano: You even remember things you think you've never seen. When I'm watching you and I see the lady behind you I am not aware that it penetrates my brain but at a different level than your face and you can remind it to me in other way because it is recorded there. Everything is recorded there. All that smog, all that visual and sense perception smog is recorded in yourself.

Vlado: Ok, so ok. But you must define it more clearly. For I said that if you want to take memory as an objective measure of history you must put some demands on it in order to use it for history! Memory has a sense only as....

Milan: In your opinion the memory works as an archive?

Jano: Memory and an archive are totally different terms. Because an archive is built in logical framework and memory contains completely everything. Records of everything. Since birth, even from the prenatal stage because brain works even in prenatal stage it means it has records of each experience regardless of consciousness, sub-consciousness and unconscious mind.

Vlado: It is your theory and it's all right.

Jano: It is not my theory, it's the only possible logic Vlado. There can be no other logic, understand?

Vlado: But we are not going to discuss this in psychological depths. If you say that memory is everything. I can claim that memory is a selection! It doesn't make any sense, let's go on.

Milan: Or that a camera is memory. Mečiar, boys. Vladimír Mečiar! He has a great memory. And he likes to show it off. Once at the training of election candidates of VPN when he was the Minister of Internal Affairs, very popular already he was being asked many questions, many hands were up somebody from us proposed to write an order list. He said there was no need for he remembered everything! We started to check him but he didn't make a single mistake.

Vlado: Fine, fine, but you don't need to remember that much in fact. It should jump out just occasionally when somebody pulls out your index card.

Jano: You must also forget, insert the index card inside to create the gap for new things which should come.

Milan: But Mečiar did it. He created gaps for new things in some archives of Secret Service.

Vlado: Like for new positive things to come? He eliminated the traumatic ones to cope with it as a nation!

Jano: And he showed us empty gaps which we can fill with something new and good! It is like in Feng Shui. Now, good energy flows in the archives thanks to him.

Vlado: And the archives are a fucking bullshit. They divide people! If you need something you can remember it and if you don't simply... But if Štúr came to power in 19th century we would have neither archives nor any contracts. He was really claiming those were German inventions that it was against the will of Slavic people that we remember what is necessary we can make a deal like humans archives are worthless for us!

Jano: It can be done, to remember all the bills how much to pay for gas and electricity count all underpayments by heart, it can be done.

Milan: If Štúr had won we would have remembered it all.

3.

Vlado: These debates don't lead anywhere! We need some action! If you think you make a reaction. And we have always done action not reaction!

Milan: But action in what meaning?

Jano: We were reacting too.

Vlado: But our reaction was an action! What are we doing now is reaction. But what we did before that was some action.

Milan: Uhm, and what did you do? What actions did you take?

Jano: We were inspired to make a sadistic fun. That was immediate.

Milan: Like a fun for friends? That was supposed to be some action in those times? You were like protesting against something?

Vlado: There was fear as well. We were sadistic. Being sadistic means, in fact, to have fun when you hurt somebody with pleasure.

Jano: Sadism means when you hurt somebody with pleasure. And we were writing texts about it, such short stories.

Milan: And that writing made you happy? Wasn't it a kind of escape?

Vlado: Sadism is an action, that is the advantage of sadism. But we weren't pure sadists, because we were also reflecting our sadism. There were moments when we felt we shouldn't go further that we are crossing the borders. But the reflection of it made us always happy so we did cross the borders anyway it's a kind of never stopping machine of action and reaction. Do you want to try it?

Milan: Well, yes.

Jano: The guarantee of a good action was when all of us cried from laugh.

Vlado: It was a total underground. That hook wouldn't swallow even illegal report "Bratislava aloud". Even dissidents wouldn't publish it.

Jano: In 80-ties there was perestroika and in here – Jakeš. Do you know who was Jakeš? If you said an idiot, that would be just a compliment for him. It was a political situation, but it is useless to mention, everybody knows it. We and the policy..., we were apolitical! We made action.

Vlado: In 1988, in October we met together with friends in a pub there was six of us and we started to do something but it was before the revolution we had no idea that

something would come we did it because we enjoyed it when you are young
you make action you play in a band or you make...

Jano: Anarchism, if I am vulgar, anarchic.

Vlado: Jano made such a poster he put on it that "swastika = five-point star = cross". What does it mean if you make these three symbols equal? It expresses an attitude which is totally out! Understand? It's clear.

Jano: That was important in one aspect, if we became older and communism would carry on, we might have problems among dissidents, because we couldn't accept Christianity Christian morality and Catholicism at all. I remember as we discussed glorification of dead body, pain and disfigurement. We were discovering a contact surface between fascism, communism and Christianity. We were dealing with taboo, yes, we were dealing with taboo and total radicalism.

Milan: Mmm. Fucking bullshit, boys. You were drawing pictures, you saw only yourselves not the outside world. You are just plain morons!

Jano: What were we supposed to do in your opinion? Sadism was all around us, so we were writing the texts about it. It was helping us. And you know what? Read it for yourself, you will see how it helps you.

Vlado: We were not sitting in a prison like dissidents! But we don't claim that the arrival of Russians in 1968 was not an occupation, as it is claimed by Černogurský!

Jano: You could be a dissident, in a jail too, but if you are not able to preserve your inner freedom and attitude for the whole life, you can easily fall into the trap.

Vlado: It is not difficult to believe you can understand it. And then it has you. It is the same with politics for example.

Jano: Sometimes you have to go through some sadistic torture too. You would make regressive testing of yourself.

Vlado: Torture your thoughts and you will see. Take them, take the thoughts, smack them with a whip and then you will hear how will they scream!

Jano: And those of them which get really scared, those will be changed. You must throw them away. But those who find pleasure in it, can find their place even in the sadism. Stick to them. Look at Vlado.

4.

Vlado: Leave us, leave us, let us go home!!! My hands are empty!! Our hands are empty!! My name is Martin! Martin Šmíd!

Jano: It must have been a great feeling. I remember the first fight with my best friend. His punches hit everywhere he could reach. I wanted to defend, but I enjoyed more receiving than giving the punches. And then it came. On November 17th Agent Zifčák beat himself up in 1989 in Prague at the demonstration. He beat himself up to death in the middle of the demonstrating crowd. He beat himself up to death. He was walking with a group of his schoolmates, shouting slogans, he was demonstrating for that was his task in the Secret Service among students. The agent provocateur was holding by the hand his girlfriend and walking towards the police cordon.

Vlado: The atmosphere was getting heavy and police cordon blocked our way, there was a risk spreading panic! Some wanted go home but more people wanted to continue in demonstration and my girlfriend Jarka, or Mirka, was seizing my hand tightly.

Jano: And then it happened. He stepped towards, between the crowd and the police and started to beat himself. He wanted to show us the way. If we would beat ourselves, the police can not do it instead of us. The regime, which was based only on terror and dictatorship, would loose his main weapon – and it breaks down.

Vlado: Try it! You must beat yourselves up! Otherwise they attack us and blood will be on their hands!

Jano: Ludvík Zifčák, Ludovít, he was beating himself until his body fell on the ground. And before he died, he said somebody else's name.

Vlado: The last thing I was not able to do. To beat myself using my own name. Martin Fucking Šmíd.

Jano: After a couple of days all of us wanted to beat ourselves. "Freedom", "Dump Jakeš", "We promised love to each other", "Let's govern ourselves". The regime broke down and we started to do everything alone. We were beating ourselves alone, we were taking care of us alone, some radicals exploded in their cars alone, later in 90-ties. Some people shot themselves at the street from 400 metres distance, the son of Slovak president Kováč kidnapped himself in a car boot.

Milan: On that weekend I was originally supposed to go with friends to Slovakia. To a hog-killing fiest. I was invited by my friend Štefan Čulík. And according to last year's hog-hampers I supposed that I could look forward to it. But then I started to doubt. We had our tickets to "Res Publica 2", a theatre-collage of Realistic theatre dedicated to 70th anniversary of Foundation of Republic. But above all, there was the demonstration planned. Approximately a week before the 17th, my patriotism defeated my gluttony. On Thursday the 16th I arranged a meeting with my ex-schoolmate on a tram stop at Národní street. On the next day I took matches and a cemetery candle – I couldn't find any other – and we go out. We come early, there is not many people here. We occupy a place with a good view to speakers. I meet my brother with friends by accident, we stay together all the time. Speeches

resound, the students' leader at Maths-Physics Martin Klíma finished his address and the crowd shouts to go to Václav's square. Klíma says it is necessary to go to Vyšehrad. Crowd answers to go to Václav's square later. I meet my colleagues with a poster: "Students of all faculties unite!" I light my candle, but wind puts it out all the time, wax falls on my trousers. We walk from Vyšehrad to Václav's square. We turn to Národní street, the crowd slows down, some lady shouts from a tram window there are the ones with white helmets in the front. Our group remains at the level of Mikulandská street. Sit down! Sit down! Everybody sits down and suddenly gets up. For a moment I can see forward. Cordon. From the back we receive a message there is a cordon too. We are in big number, but what can they do? But time works for them. We must go home, we will be cold. We turn to Mikulandská, but there is a cordon too. The crowd pushes to our back. Let us go home, let us go home! In about 15 minutes the way is free and we walk to Václav's square. We come there, but there is nothing going on. We took a tube with my brother and we go home. In the evening the radio Free Europe and Voice of America announces that the demonstration was brutally suppressed. Nothing new, as usual. Saturday, November 18th. Now I can't recall what I was exactly doing. I was probably watching video. In the evening I went to my uncle, to get a walkman. I meet people in town, they say there were some dead too. It chills me a little, but I don't believe it too much. After I come back, my father informs me about a visit of schoolmates and policemen. What should I do? The radio announces news about my death every hour. I didn't sleep all night. Sunday, November 19th. I was surprised they let me to dormitory without a permit. At the notice board flashes the announce about my death, in black ink. Students have a meeting in canteen. A discussion goes on. Is strike the right choice? Shouldn't we just threaten them a little? They call me from reception, I've got a phone call. They call from Czechoslovak radio, that it is necessary to rebut the rumour about my death and we will broadcast live immediately.

"Good day Mr. Šmíd, did you go to the demonstration?"
 "Yes I did, I walked to the very end."
 "It is said that you are dead."
 "I know. I am watching the news."
 "What do you say about it?"
 "How should I answer this kind of question?"

5.

Vlado (*sings*):

After 18 years we finally realised
 aggressive politics, imperialism
 we understand the importance of constant fight
 and deepening of antagonism.

We understood that something must be uprooted,
 something established and something claimed
 and persuade about it until we get fu-fu-fucking mad.

To fight for thinking of an empty-headed herd
for the herd is a source of worldly power.

We understood that human was created
to live and fight for victory
of some politics, some ideology,
that is the substance of life.

6.

Jano: We had a concert in Rozlet on Friday the 17th.

Vlado: Then we were at Academy of Performing Arts. There was an entrance down the stairs,
there was a pub, do you remember it?

Jano: Yes, we were down there at the Academy of Performing Arts.

Vlado: At the Academy of Performing Arts not at Academy of Fine Arts.

Jano: Yes at Academy of Performing Arts.

Vlado: I can remember that.

Jano: Somebody said it, somebody mentioned something like “Prague” that evening.

Vlado: It wasn't that time, it was just an ordinary Friday evening. Who would have said it to
you?

Milan: But we were drinking each evening, nobody was interested in politics.

Jano: We had a concert in Rozlet, and we were shouting such slogans between the songs...
Do you remember what we shouted?

Vlado: “We are here to bring down Havel and sit down to society's manger!”

Jano: But we didn't have any idea about the existence of revolution.

Vlado: We were bad boys.

Milan: Václav Havel, Charta 77, Bad Boys...

Jano: That was very unconstructive.

Vlado: I just remember we were in a pub on Saturday and we were painting posters later on.

Milan: I had a terrible hangover on Saturday morning. We had been drinking with boys from Marxist-Lenin Movement.

Jano: Yes, clear... All of us attended Marxist-Lenin meetings, we all hate it already, that is one reason why we become so good friends. The hate was connecting us.

Vlado: Those meetings were great, once a week you had to sit there for 40 minutes and then we went to a pub.

Jano: You always knew when was going to be an exam and textbooks were not difficult. I was reading Marx's Capital at secondary school, I was interested in it.

Vlado: You see, it can be even useful nowadays... Have a look at those western intellectuals as they refer to Marx and Capital.

Milan: We have an ideological head start.

Vlado: We can do committed art responsibly!

Jano: Are you nuts? How do you want to make the committed art?

Vlado: Normally, we have historical experience.

Milan: I was a member of the Union of Socialist Youth and a communist pioneer too.

Vlado: Ah, so you are out.

Jano: Wait, what do you mean?

Vlado: Normally, there is no way back.

Jano: But he was a small boy, he couldn't...

Vlado: Why couldn't he? And what about his parents?

Milan: Both in Communist Party.

Vlado: I say communists must go away, normally, communists away... The Communist Party had to be forbidden, or they had to do the same as after the Second WW, denazification! That had to be done in 1989, in the entire society!

Milan: But some communists rescued the forbidden authors. They signed their works instead of them, they covered them.

Vlado: Right, so they should be in documentary...

Milan: It was done by Válek.

Vlado: So then someone should make a movie called Valek's List or something similar! We don't need any "thick line"!

Jano: If you want to do it you need some power, apparatus... What can be done if revolutionists themselves made a deal with their opponents? You are not a terrorist. If main revolutionists in Prague make deal with communists that nothing would happen, and shake their hands, what do you want then?

Vlado: Certainly not a "thick line". We have to have a look at them, let them keep their country houses, gardens and lovely bees, but keep them away from offices.

Milan: But you need those people, there was a lack of people. I had a professor at school who was a communist, smart, skilful, but a persuaded communist. During the revolution we asked him: "What's more decisive for you? Your position in the Party or as a human?" He was thinking a little and said that the position in Party.

Vlado: It is a mess! I'm not acquainted with this ideological mess. Formerly, it was clear, I put hints related to the regime to my works and everybody understood it. And what shall I do now, what shall I do?

Milan: Watch TV Markiza or TV Joj, you have it at home in your living room.

Vlado: Ah, and when will I do my fucking art? While watching the news in living room, analysing it and taking my attitude to it?! I want to get deeper. But if you want to get deeper, you must put things on surface in order first.

Milan: You philistine. So, prepare a project for Belarus, that's clear, or for Cuba. If you want to get deeper, you can do it while fucking.

Jano: You know Vlado, if you remain in depth nobody is going to notice you. Don't go deep inside, you will have no time to make an overview, take an attitude and apply for grants to support your projects. There are no foundations residing in the depth.

Milan: You are from Eastern Europe, you have your historical experience, so be fucking committed!

Vlado: Where is the microphone?! Bring me the guitar!!

7.

Vlado (*sings*):
A ball-shaped shit is hard to shit out,
it's easier to swap it for a head,
it is our case,
it is our case.

But we came out clear,
we have a good excuse
we grew up
in totalitarian regime.

Totalitarian birth
of beautiful big fucked up babies...
So we turned into culture.

Don't protest that you are jerk,
be proud,
be proud!

We are useless for the society,
unused brains,
shit that should be shit out,
fucked up generation.

Drunken shit should be shit out
We have to survive the hangover,
society digests fucked up brains,
and only grave can help...

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Jano: But we didn’t have any idea about the existence of revolution.

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Milan: Václav Havel, Charta 77, Bad Boys...

Jano: That was very unconstructive. The following week, we thought – without the revolution, we would be locked up.

Vlado: On the 17th, we were drinking. I am not sure how things went each day, on Saturday we knew... Sunday?

Jano: No, on Monday everything was messed up.

Milan: There was an organized group of people at the Art Academy. I didn’t even think about joining their perfect political structures.

Vlado: We were painting oversize posters like crazy.

Milan: I was at Umelecká beseda meeting. But I didn’t feel needed there.

Vlado: Maybe if somebody who saw you there could remind you now...

Jano: What I was doing?

Vlado: And does it matter?

Milan: Some schoolmates were hiding at home, they were afraid. One boy from communist family was afraid what will happen to him.

Vlado: We did great things – they could be exhibited now.

Jano: Absolutely!

Milan: You knew what was going on in the world.

Jano: Sure! They had all international magazines at the Art Academy library. We knew what contemporary art was.

Vlado: We were not isolated.

Jano: Mentally, we were part of the West, listening to American music...

Vlado: We also had Austrian TV. And radio. We were not somewhere in Žilina. We knew stuff.

Milan: Your body was here, but mind elsewhere.

Jano: That's what Christianity, Communism or Fascism have in common. Mind is independent from the body.

Vlado: On August 21st 1989, I was in Prague and Voice of America encouraged people to come to Václav's square and stop for 2 minutes – to commemorate 1968 occupation. The square was full of people, they look at each other conspiratorially. After 2 minutes they moved away.

Jano: I knew from the first moment – it did matter.

Milan: You were not scared.

Jano: No, but we were not sure.

Vlado: You are not afraid if you are with the others, you see the square, people ringing with their keys.

Milan: Yes, together, unity is strength!

Jano: At one point, they started to bring food from Hotel Carlton. Somebody was at the door at 9 p.m. while we painted, waiters brought trays with food saying – Hi, we would like to support you a little bit...

Vlado: Mikulík made goulash at the Art Academy and we had those fancy waiters.

Milan: What did they bring?

Vlado: After the revolution, strangers in Vienna gave us money. Spontaneously. I remember, it was no begging like now, but the idealism, they wanted to support us and give real paper money.

Milan: Because you are poor guy from the East, revolution guy. Idealism!

Vlado: Idealism was everywhere.

Milan: Politics.

Jano: Bullshit. We did art and philosophy. Our posters were happy and colorful.

Vlado: We had fun.

Jano: We just put that happiness from urban space on the poster. If you are happy, you are not afraid.

Milan: I jumped out from the crowd on the third day and went to a pub. I don't want to be manipulated. When they started to chant "Love", I had to laugh. Terrible, I know...

Vlado: Why did you laugh?

Milan: It was ridiculous. Everywhere some young ambitious people made revolution. You made posters.

Jano: We made philosophy. Vaculík and Mistíková made politics, it was important work.

Vlado: Ask Knažko, if he did politics. He was an actor.

Jano: He says whatever is in the script. But they were there and we weren't.

Vlado: We were not important people.

Jano: We were not actors. Our voice would wobble.

Vlado: But our hands didn't. You should have seen those posters, I painted like Leonardo.

Jano: We prepared the scene for the actors, without that no show could be good.

9.

Jano: I'd like to experience it again, to paint those posters.

Vlado: I wouldn't want to be in front of masses. I want to be on the smaller stage and play artist who wants to paint posters again. No big emotions, no big story.

Jano: Less people. Smaller space. Smaller emotions. Smaller stories.

Vlado: It will never be so intense. There won't ever be that many viewers.

Jano: We've worked for 5 months on this theatre piece. Most of the time we didn't do anything, or we've argued. Finally, we started to rehearse a month ago. No weekends with family. No friends.

Vlado: You need excitement. Many things happening at the same time.

Jano: And then, the opening performance. People. Shared emotions that actor needs.

Vlado: You create shared experience. Here and now. Tomorrow you will create something else with different public. You won't think about today's play.

Jano: You would lose your role...

Vlado: Viewers know you are here with them. Don't you?

Jano: Nothing helps. You have to be here and now, fully. Actor.

Vlado: Here and now, with your public. No remembering. Create experience, don't try to remember it!

Jano: They have to remember it. You have to remember it.

Vlado: This experience last exactly until the end of the play. And a bit later. After a while, you won't remember it at all.

Jano: You will forget what has happened here tonight. How did we look like. How did your neighbors look like. This play will continue until...

Vlado: Revolution will continue until...

Milan: Stop. It's not ok boys.

10.

Give me the 10th scene.

The end of the experience.

Appendix.

Antidefloration.

Rise hand if you think we didn't fucked up anywhere...

We will piss in his face and his triumphal smile...

And it won't be tears on his face...