

Today in Revolution Class we made Molotov cocktails for our generation. They are Hostess Pink Snowballs on the end of a chopstick. We light them and throw them. There is no fire everywhere, just the hope they'll stick and burn; that the voting public won't want a disfigured government.

Today in Revolution Class we watched a slideshow of starving children. They wore little and picked through garbage dumps for scrap metal for ten cents a week. Their skin was cut, their bodies cancer ridden. Today in Revolution Class we loved our sweatshop clothing because it offers these children a job other than that-- other than prostitution --at better wages w/ better work conditions. Today in Revolution Class we loved our sweatshop clothing because it saves us money for our cocaine.

Today in Revolution Class we watched a video of the 1939 World's Fair so we could understand the world of tomorrow today. There was a mermaid. She had no fins, she had no top, just a sexy lingerie bottom. It only showed her for a few seconds as she swam by the camera but I fell in love. Today in Revolution Class I imagined being fifteen years old in 1939 and I wondered if her breasts would have been the first I had seen other than erotic photos my father had saved from World War I, other than close relatives. I imagine so. I imagine myself stalking the mermaid, wondering if she would ever remember me out of all the others that gawked at her. I would try to dress better than them. I would try to act as though I was interested in the art of the exhibit and not the auburn of her nipples, the slight curve of her breasts. She died less than ten years later like all the other women, from cancer, from the metals that poisoned the water of the 1939 World's Fair. The water of tomorrow is poisoned like it is today, like it was yesterday.

Today in Revolution Class we fought our revolution because the women we've loved are dead, or are left unimpressed by us, or never existed except in the silver flicker of an old movie projected onto a new screen-- because the world has ignored us --because someone ought to know who we are and tell that we were here.