When is self-immolation murder? When is it a stupid mistake? And when is it a catalyzing symbol? We’ll always be asked to carry out the roles scripted by the old story that crushes us. Maybe it casts us as victims. Maybe it says we can only die every day. Asmaa Mahfouz announces a different story. A woman hands out pamphlets and shouts in public. If someone wants her to burn, they had better bring their own matches.