

We have been naught; we shall be all¹

WE STARTED FROM NOTHING TO REACH MISERY.

Yes

the cost-free nature of the gesture, the spontaneous organization of production in the hands of the producers, the reality of immediate necessity, passionate organization and complicit generosity – it is the conscious fraternization of that which one constructs: the power of the workers' councils.

Theoretical loyalty must find its practice: the consciousness of its reality.

Thus

To change life, to learn how to die, to practice Fourierist² festival, to live the everyday, to hope from despair – it is to know **1905, Kronstadt, Catalonia, Budapest 1956 . . .**³

Also

Destroy power without taking it. Destroy to be someone else and oneself.

Lived poetry is nothing else.

Freedom, through the overthrow of relations, finds its moment of construction.

And so no longer saying, “Excuse me, Officer Sir” but “Die . . . bitch!”⁴ implies:

THE INTERNATIONALIZATION OF THE LIVED

¹ Anonymous [Marianne Nikolic and Pierre Lepetit], “Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout,” distributed in Paris, France, during May 1968. It was derived from a love letter that Marianne sent to Pierre. Translated from the French by NOT BORED! 4 December 2022; corrected 11 February 2023. Note that the title is a line from the famous song “The Internationale” (1871), the lyrics of which were written by Eugène Pottier, an anarchist who attended the Congress of the First International in 1864.

² Charles Fourier (1772-1837) was a French philosopher and socialist who exerted a great deal of influence upon the Situationist International, among others.

³ All famous defeats of revolutionary movements.

⁴ In René Viénet, *Enragés et situationnistes dans le mouvement des occupations*, first published in 1968, translated by Loren Goldner and Paul Sieveking (New York: Autonomedia, 1992), it is said that “One poster advised: DON’T SAY ‘TEACHER, SIR,’ SAY ‘DROP DEAD, ASSHOLE!’”

Consciousness is the only thing that hasn't fallen into the trap of constructivism. For the moment, it is the only poetry of the street in operation. The minimum program is **the act of destruction**: it is the political act *par excellence*. There is no control, no rule, in it. The revolution can only be conducted at the level of everyday life, if one wants to fight against the fascination that power exerts. The desire for domination still remains the law of the moment, the mentality of the emancipated slave, the vertigo of being obedient in order to be obeyed, the mysticism of social institutions and the religion of order. To extract fascism and kill God pass through **CHAOS**.

Our lives are at stake, we must not stop for fear of losing them. The wolves are on the lookout. Life is short. We are all masters or we are nothing. On this condition work becomes a great outburst of laughter or EVERYTHING.

I love all of us.

For the power of the workers councils.

Down with Yugoslavian self-management.⁵

A YUGOSLAVIAN COMRADE WHO KNOWS A LOT . . .

⁵ In 1953, after its split from the Soviet Union five years earlier, Yugoslavia (under the rule of Josip Broz Tito) attempted to mandate and implement workers' self-management from the top down.