

On the death of Marc Tomsin

By Raoul Vaneigem¹

Three days ago Marc sent me an enthusiastic message that announced that Cretan insurgents had retaken *Rosa nera*,² the legendary squat from which they had been evicted.³ The next day, in a very boozy state of euphoria, he took a bad fall down some stairs and was killed immediately.⁴ He was taken to the emergency room, where the doctors on hand could only confirm that he died suddenly. His departure was astonishing; despite himself, he left us filled with grief and abandoned to the resolution to put an end to this shitty world.

Dear Marc,

You never were, you never will be, one of the living dead who prolong the extended death throes of the old world. This is why I address myself to you in the name of the intense liveliness that never left you and that will continue to be present among us. Beneficiaries of the insurgents of the past, we lay down the foundations for a veritable international of the human being. Choosing the commitment to life is henceforth the only recourse to take against those who spread death over the entire world. That was the battle you chose to wage, and your radiant friendship was often much more effective than diatribes. Your erudition and vigilance as a publisher gave us rare and striking writings. The indefatigable person in charge of *la Voie du Jaguar*⁵ prepared for the imminent arrival of the Zapatistas, who, carriers of a new world, will disembark in an old Europe that is committed to reducing them to slavery. Over all the festivities to come, the shadow of this absent person will fall.

Above all else, you were a friend, Marc. The intimate magic of elective affinities brought us together. Although I know that death picked you out in the midst of the elation of a once-again-free *Rosa Nera*, I remain convinced nonetheless that no death is a happy one.

And yet we were having a conversation, so to speak, when that spark of enthusiasm touched you. I wish to see in this flash of lightning – which was funereal for us and joyous for you – an appeal to never despair of one's own existence or of that of the world, no matter how run down they may seem.

You always had the art of being able to persuade without giving lessons.

Thank you, Marc.

¹ Unpublished manuscript dated and distributed privately on 9 June 2021. Translated from the French by NOT BORED! on 10 June 2021. All footnotes by the translator.

² “Black Rose” in Italian. In the words of an unsigned communiqué dated 15 September 2020, “Rosa Nera is an autonomous, anti-authoritarian political collective and since 2004, has squatted and given its name to the historical building that was formerly known as the ‘5th Army Division’, declaring it, for the first time in its history, a liberated space”: <https://en.squat.net/2020/09/15/chania-rosa-nera-evicted-the-struggle-is-just-beginning/#more-23083>.

³ On 5 September 2020.

⁴ He was 71 years old. For a complete biography, see <http://www.notbored.org/marc-tomsin.pdf>.

⁵ Website: <https://lavoiedujaguar.net>. A search of the site brings up 58 articles that were either written by Vaneigem or that discuss his work.