

# Complaint of the Breton Workers of the XIIIth Arrondissement by Guy Debord<sup>1</sup>

Paris is always misty, oh! my boys!  
It's the State's fault.  
Industry remains uncontrolled, oh! my boys!  
With the result that we cannot breathe.  
They pump the air out of us all day, oh! my boys!  
It's the State's fault.  
So many medicines to pay for, oh! my boys!  
They won't heal us.  
Our misery is programmed, oh! my boys!  
It's the State's fault.  
We must sell our time as salaried workers, oh! my boys!  
At home we can't even.  
In these hachloums<sup>2</sup> we are confined, oh! my boys!  
It's the State's fault.  
And Brittany is devastated, oh! my boys!  
You wouldn't recognize her.  
And our loves are forgotten, oh! my boys!  
It's the State's fault.  
We are told what to consume, oh! my boys!  
We are not considered.  
We can't vote on anything that's real, oh! my boys!  
It's the State's fault.  
No one listens to our wishes, oh! my boys!  
Or what we don't want.  
We are ridiculed and unionized, oh! my boys!  
It's the State's fault.  
We must have Workers Councils, oh! my boys!  
Everything else is of no use to us.

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<sup>1</sup> To be sung to the tune of "Pique la baleine," a traditional French whaling chantey: the song of the forecastle. Attached to a letter from Debord to Jacques Le Glou, dated 9 August 1974. Published in *Guy Debord Correspondance*, Vol 5: Janvier 1973-Décembre 1978 (Librairie Arthème Fayard, 2005). Translated by Bill Brown and uploaded to the *NOT BORED!* website (notbored.org) in 2007.

<sup>2</sup> A slang word for the HLM (*habitation à loyer modéré*), low-income housing projects.