

## René Viénet, remarks to Gérard Berréby 8 August 2014<sup>1</sup>

The pieces associated with *Kriegspiel*<sup>2</sup> reproduced [in this book] were 18 cm by 22.5 cm and bi-colored. The idea that I had usefully proposed<sup>3</sup> was to reduce the playing board to a dimension that would be easily transportable to bars. My memory is that the “terrain” or checkerboard was a plate of guilloché copper, later made of rhodium, with the opponents from the two camps silver and gold (?). If my memories don’t deceive me, it took three colors, available in the electrolytic baths of the (sympathetic) jewelers/makers of clasps for luxury bags on the rue des Gravilliers (right beside the headquarters of the First International), where I learned to guilloché, weld, etc.

I would work with the rhodium and wander around [*je rhodiasis et rodais*] the neighborhood (I no longer lived on the rue de Cloître Saint-Merri, but no doubt on the impasse de Clairvaux, in the attic, with Dominique, the inspiration for the necklaces), because I dreamed of putting a down payment on the old, tiny ironworkers’ or plumbers’ atelier that was located at the back of the small courtyard at 44 rue de Gravilliers so that I could affix the following “commercial” plaque of copper to the façade:

International Association of Workers  
Called the “First International”  
Situationist International, Successors

That was at a time when humor still had a prominent place (Guy regularly used Chinese ink to black out the last letter on the engraved gold that was set into a marble plaque on the rue Monsieur-le-Prince, where the note “It was here that the Marquise de Pompadour ground her cacao” was inscribed.) And we agreed to say that our encounters fortuitously began on the day that, in a Parisian urinal, I bumped into him while *relever les croûtons*<sup>4</sup> because he was a *soupeur*.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Published in Raoul Vaneigem and Gérard Berréby, *Rien n’est fini, tout commence* (Editions Allia, 2014). Translated by NOT BORED! 31 October 2014.

<sup>2</sup> Also known as *Jeu de la Guerre*.

<sup>3</sup> Circa 1965.

<sup>4</sup> Changing the urinal cakes? Picking up fossils?

<sup>5</sup> Argot for someone who eats bread soaked in piss, circa 18th century.

This was humor that, by choice, didn't survive May 68 or the separation of Guy and Michele (say my friends Francis and Denise his mommy, who knew them well).