

# The Java<sup>1</sup> of Good Children by Guy Debord<sup>2</sup>

On the Street of Good Children,  
We sell everything to the highest bidder.  
There was a police station,  
And now it's no longer there.

A fantastic explosion  
Didn't leave a brick behind.  
One says that it was Fantômas<sup>3</sup>  
But it was the class struggle.

A zealous cop<sup>4</sup> came quickly  
Bringing a cooking pot  
That had been overturned  
And he imprudently returned with it.

The brigadier general, the police chief,  
Mixed in with the common cops,<sup>5</sup>  
Left in scattered fragments  
That we gathered up on blotting paper.

Contrary to what we believed,  
There were some who had them.  
The astonishment was profound.  
We can see them all the way up to the ceiling.

This is exactly what was needed  
To wage war on the palace.

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<sup>1</sup> *Java* means “racket” or “commotion.” So this might be the noisy song of Good Children.

<sup>2</sup> “La Java des Bons-Enfants.” Lyrics written in 1968 by Guy Debord, humorously attributed to Raymond Callemin (a member of the Bonnot Gang). Music by Francis Lemonnier. The song appeared on *Pour en finir avec le travail: Chansons du prolétariat révolutionnaire* (1974). It commemorates the bomb left at the headquarters of the Carmaux Mining Company in Paris (on 8 November 1892) by a 19-year-old anarchist named Émile Henry. After its discovery, the bomb was taken to the police station on the rue des Bons-Enfants (Street of Good Children), where it exploded, killing five police officers. Translated by Bill Brown and uploaded to the *NOT BORED!* website (notbored.org) in 2006.

<sup>3</sup> Fantômas was a fictional and very popular French arch-villain. He made his debut in 1911.

<sup>4</sup> *poulet* (chicken), argot, in the original.

<sup>5</sup> *poulets vulgaires* (common chickens), argot, in the original.

Know that your best friend,  
Proletarian, is chemistry.

The socialists did nothing  
To curtail the heinous crimes  
Of capitalist infamy  
But fortunately the anarchist came.

He has no prejudices.  
The priests will be eaten.  
No more fatherland, no more colonies  
And all power he denied.

Some more beautiful efforts  
And let's say we will be strong  
To radically resolve  
The unresolved social problem.

On the Street of Good Children  
Meat is for sale to the highest bidder.  
The radiant future is taking place  
And the old world is on the scrap heap!