

The Java of Bons Enfants

Guy Debord

1974

On Bons Enfants street,
They sell everything to the highest bidder,
There used to be a police station
And now it's gone for good

A fantastic blast
Left not a single brick in place,
They thought it was Fantômas,
But it was class struggle

A zealous cop came quickly,
He was carrying a pot,
Which was designed to flip in reverse,
And returned it recklessly

The brigadier, the commissaire,
Mixed with vulgar cops,
Fly in sparse fragments
We pick them up on blotting paper

Contrary to what we thought,
Some had,
The astonishment was deep
We could see them as far as the ceiling

This is exactly what was needed
To wage war on the palace,
Know that your best friend,
Proletarian - it's chemistry

Socialists did nothing
To shorten the crimes
Of capitalist infamy
But hopefully the anarchist comes
He doesn't have prejudices,

Priests will be eaten
No more fatherland, no more colonies
And all power, he negates
Let's make some more fine efforts,
And say that we are ready
To solve radically
The pending social problem
In Bons Enfants street,
Meat selling to the highest bidder
The radiant future unfolds
And the old world is up for scrap

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<https://www.paroles.net/les-amis-d-ta-femme/paroles-la-java-des-bons-enfants>

Written by Guy Debord, who concealed himself under the pseudonym 'Raymond Callemín', a famous member of the Bonnot gang. In this poem, Debord refers to the Bons Enfants attack by Émile Henry and Adrienne Chailliey, which was the deadliest of the 1892-1894 period in France.

It killed 5 police officers and 1 employee - whom the police had asked to accompany them.

Translated by anonymous, July 2025.

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