This satirical journal was issued by the revolutionary students of Paris during the May Days of 1968. In solidarity with them, the revolutionary students of Berkeley have reprinted it with an English translation.

PRICE 50¢
THIS JOURNAL IS A

PAVING STONE*

It can be used as a wick for a Molotov cocktail.
It can be used to conceal a club.
It can protect you from tear gas.
We are in solidarity, and thus we shall remain, with all the enragés, all over the world.
We are neither students, nor workers, nor peasants, but we are determined to carry our paving stone to all their barricades.
If there are those among you who hesitate to express yourselves in traditional journals, do your thing here — here you are at home.
In this journal, nothing is forbidden — except being a Rightist!
To arms, enragés, form your battalions!
Forward, forward, the blood of tyrants will soon water the fields!

THE COMMITTEE OF ACTION

We don’t know yet if l’Enragé will be a weekly, a monthly, a daily, or banned. We’ll do the best we can, and according to the needs of the moment. Definite dates of publication, subscriptions — all that belongs to the past, to the old system.
If you want to distribute l’Enragé, pick up a bundle at 8, rue de Nesle, Paris 6.

Anyone can reprint; no charge — except to Figaro (a right-wing Paris daily).

* A reference to the paving stones of the streets of the Latin Quarter, which were used by the students both as weapons against the cops and for building barricades.

TRANSALLATOR’S NOTES

About the title: "L’enragé" has been translated in various ways. Literally it means "the rabid one" and was used in 1789 to describe those in the left wing of the French Revolution. Today it is translated as "wild man," "madman," "mad dog," by the bourgeois press. To us "les enragés," far from being wild men or mad dogs, are brave voices of sanity in a mad world.

About the cover: De Gaulle was visiting Rumania when news of the student explosion reached him. He is reported to have said, "La réforme, oui; la chienlit, non."

The original and literal meaning of "chienlit" is to shit in bed. From there, the word took on the meaning of any great big mess, and then went on to mean a carnival—a Mardi Gras-type thing whenever anything goes.

The militant students and workers, picking up de Gaulle’s usage, carried placards reading "La Chienlit, C’est Lui" (see p. 13)—"The Shit-in-bed, That’s Him."

On the cover, the students, well aware that the de Gaulle regime is trying desperately to line the workers up behind their traditional, reformist leadership, depict the general as saying, "La CGT, Oui! La Chienlit, Non!" The CGT is the Confédération Générale du Travail, the Communist Party-dominated national trade union that has been trying to drive a wedge between workers and students and steer the workers back into the trap of business-as-usual capitalist politics.

WE ARE ALL UNDESIRABLES

Poster of Danny Cohn-Bendit ("Danny the Red") whom the bourgeois press called an "undesirable." This is the students’ reply.

PARENTS OF THE STUDENTS: "Discussions, yes, but limited to grown-ups — and quiet and orderly."* 

* Occident, an ultraright organization.
Il peut servir de mèche pour cocktail Molotov.
Il peut servir de cache matraque.
Il peut servir de mouchoir anti-gaz.
Nous sommes solidaires, et nous le resterons, de tous les enragés du monde.
Nous ne sommes ni étudiants, ni ouvriers, ni paysans, mais nous tenons à apporter notre pavé à toutes leurs barricades.
Si certains d'entre vous ont des difficultés ou éprouvent des scrupules à s'exprimer dans les journaux traditionnels, venez le dire ici : vous êtes chez vous !
Dans ce journal rien n'est interdit, sauf d'être de droite !
Aux armes, enragés, formez vos bataillons ! Marchons, marchons, un sang impur abreuvera bientôt nos sillons !

LE COMITE D'ACTION

Nous ne savons pas encore si L'ENRAGE sera hebdomadaire, mensuel, quotidien, ou interdit. Nous en ferons le plus possible et selon les besoins. Les parutions à date fixe, les abonnements, tout cela est périmé et faisait partie de l'ancien système. Si vous voulez distribuer L'ENRAGE, venez vous ravi tailler au Comité : 8, rue de Nesle, Paris 6e

En cas de reproduction, aucun droit ne sera exige (sauf pour le Figaro).

NOUS SOMMES TOUS INDESIRABLES

PARENTS D'ELÈVES : "Discussions, oui, mais limitées aux grands et se déroulant dans le calme."
M. REY "Le peuple devra trancher"

S'étant vu interdire le séjour en Belgique, M. Cohn-Bendit et son camarade découvriront de passer par l'Allemagne, en voiture. On ajoute qu'il n'est pas dans les intentions du gouvernement français d'empêcher le porte-parole extrémiste du "Mouvement du 22 mars", de revenir en France, s'il en a l'intention.
M. REY: "The people will have to decide."

Monsieur Rey is de Gaulle's Minister of State. The verb "trancher" means to decide in the sense of cutting through a problem, coming to a definitive conclusion. The cartoon depicts the people's "clean-cut" decision.

French border is decorated with Nazi slogan. Cartoon refers to French government's efforts to prevent Danny Cohn-Bendit from re-entering the country. Turned away at a regular border post, Cohn-Bendit later appeared inside the Sorbonne.

Forbidden to visit Belgium, M. Cohn-Bendit and his comrade decided to drive through Germany. It is not the intention of the French government to prevent the spokesman of the Nanterre March 22 Movement from returning to France if he so intends.

The cops are on their way to do battle with the "enragés" (the rabid ones).
L'INTERNATIONALE

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

Debout! les damnés de la terre!
Debout! les forçats de la faim!
La raison tonne en son créateur:
C'est l'éruption de la fin.
Du passé fâsions table rase,
Foule esclave, debout! debout!
Le monde va changer de base:
Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout!

Il n'est pas de sauveurs suprêmes:
Ni Dieu, ni César, ni tribun,
Producteurs, sauveurs-nous nous-mêmes!
Décrions le salut commun!
Pour que le voleur rende gorge,
Pour tirer l'esprit du cachot,
Soufflons nous-mêmes notre forge,
Battons le fer quand il est chaud!

L'État comprime et la loi triche;
L'Impôt saigne le malheureux;
Nul devoir ne s'impose au riche;
Le droit du pauvre est un mot creux.
C'est assez languir en tutelle,
L'Egalité veut d'autres lois;
(«Pas de droits sans devoirs, dit-elle,
Égaux, pas de devoirs sans droits!»)

Hideux dans leur apothéose,
Les rois de la mine et du rail
Ont-ils jamais fait autre chose
Que dévaliser le travail?
Dans les coffres-forts de la bande
Ce qu'il a créé s'est fondu.
En décrétant qu'on le lui rende
Le peuple ne veut que son dû.

Les Rois nous soiflaient de fumées,
Paix entre nous, guerre aux tyrans!
Appliquons la grève aux armées,
Crosse en l'air et rompons les rangs!
S'ils s'obstinent, ces cannibales,
A faire de nous des héros,
 Ils sauront bientôt que nos balles
Sont pour nos propres généraux.

Ouvriers, paysans, tous sommes
Le grand parti des travailleurs;
La terre n'appartient qu'aux hommes,
L'oisif ira loger ailleurs.
Combien de nos chaires se repaissent!
Mais, si les corbeaux, les vautours,
Un de ces matins, disparaissent,
Le soleil brillera toujours!

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

Paris, juin 1871
The sign "DEFENSE D'AFFICHER" is stenciled on most Paris walls. It refers to a July 29, 1881, law outlawing poster paste-ups on walls. The student revolt began on March 22, 1968, and revolutionary posters began appearing on walls all over Paris.

THE INTERNATIONAL
'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The International Party
Shall be the human race.

Arise, ye pris'ners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For Justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chain shall bind us.
Arise, ye slaves; No more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

We want no condescending saviours,
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors,
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
Taxation drains the victim's blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection,
Equality has other laws:
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,
No claim on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the people's toil are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In voting for their restitution,
The men will only ask their due.

Kings' promises have made us balmy,
Peacem with ourselves, on tyrants war!
Our strikes will close down every army.
Guns to the ground, keep ranks no more.
And if these cannibals desire
To give us heroes' funerals,
They soon will learn our rifle fire
Can serve for our own generals. *

Toilers from shops and fields united,
The party we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the people,
No room here for the shirk!
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The International Party
Shall be the human race.

Paris, June 1871

* Translation of fifth verse by George Saunders.
In the first picket sign carried by the students who are depicted toppling the monument of France, CRS is equated with SS. The Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité are special forces, cops with military training, and are hated by the people. (In the cartoon the CRS can be seen fleeing the falling monument, top-heavy with Establishment figures.) The SS refers to Hitler's dreaded police troops, the Schutzstaffeln.

(In the anti-Vietnam-war demonstrations in France, picket signs often read "US=SS.")

The second completely visible banner reads, "Solidarity with the Workers."

The slogan in between says:

EXAMINATIONS—REPRESSION

And the last banner reads:

NO COMPROMISE
WITH A
DECADENT SOCIETY
**UNION BUREAUCRAT ADDRESSING WORKERS**

**Camarades il paraît que vous avez arrêté le travail.**

**Oui oui oui.**

**Si vous avez débrayé c'est que vous avez des revendications à faire. Je suis votre délégué vous ne devez rien me cacher.**

**C'est les salaires hein camarades? Vous voulez une augmentation hein?**

**Eh bien?**

**Ou alors c'est la sécurité? Les vacances? Il faut que je place le gouvernement et le patronat devant leurs responsabilités. Parlez à votre délégué qui vous aime.**

**Allez allez...**

**Tas de salopards! Vous allez me dire pourquoi vous êtes en grève. Oui ou merde!**

**On veut faire la révolution.**

**La révolution! Vous êtes fous! Le gouvernement et le patronat ne marcheront jamais.**

**Comrades it appears that you have stopped working.**

**Yes yes yes.**

**If you've gone on strike, it's because you have demands to make. I am your delegate. You don't have to hide anything from me.**

**Is it wages? Is that it, comrades? You want a raise, don't you?**

**That's what it is, isn't it?**

**Is it social security then? Vacations? Speak up! I have to make the government and the bosses face up to their responsibilities. Speak to your delegate who loves you.**

**Come on; speak up.**

**You filthy sons of bitches! You damn well are going to tell me why you're on strike. You're going to shit or get off the pot!**

**We want to make the revolution.**

**The revolution! You're crazy! The government and the bosses will never go along with that.**

*Wolinski*
"Paris a connu une de ses nuits les plus lamentables".
C'est Monsieur Grimaud préfet de police de cette ville qui le dit.
Comment ne pas le croire?
Un peu plus loin il précise: "Il a fallu un extraordinaire sang-froid aux membres du service d'ordre et à ses chefs pour que nous n'ayons pas eu des conséquences dramatiques et sanglantes".
Sanglantes.
Comment ne pas le croire?
Sans cet extraordinaire sang-froid, le sang aurait coulé et on aurait vu, comme le dit plus loin le préfet, "des choses comme on n'en a encore jamais vues à Paris".
Comment ne pas le croire?
On aurait vu alors des CRS SS arracher des blessés des mains des secouristes et ces blessés jetés dans les cars de police et à nouveau blessés et écrasés.
On aurait vu dans des appartements des grenades éclater des gens jetés en bas du haut des escaliers des cafés envahis par des brutes acharnées, des clients asphyxiés par des gaz de combat inoffensifs défensifs et toxiques.
On aurait constaté des cas de cécité. Fort heureusement partielle auraient dit les commissuaires.
On aurait vu une main arrachée et des garçons et des filles abîmées et peut-être à jamais.
Sans cet extraordinaire sang-froid, on aurait vu le sang couler, le sang rouge et chaud, le sang vivant le sang nouveau versé sur la chaussée.
La chaussée déchaussée et les pavés danser.
(In the following poem by one of the most popular French contemporary poets, there is another play on words. When the prefect of police praised his cops for their "remarkable restraint," cool-headedness, patience, etc., he used the term "sang-froid," literally, "cool blood." The poem contains an interplay between the "sang" of "sang-froid" and the blood of students attacked by the cops.)

REMARKABLE RESTRAINT

"Paris has known one of its most lamentable nights."
Thus spoke Monsieur Grimaud, prefect of police of this city.
How can we not believe him?
A little further on he's more explicit: "The members of the force and their superiors had to show remarkable restraint so that we might not have had tragic and bloody consequences."

Bloody.
How can we not believe him?
Without this extraordinary restraint, blood would have flowed and we would have seen, as the prefect says further on, "things never before seen in Paris."

How can we not believe him?
We would then have seen the CRS SS snatch the wounded from hands of the medical aides, throw them into police cars, and wound them anew.

We would have seen grenades explode in apartments, people thrown down stairs, cafes invaded by the bloodthirsty beasts, customers asphyxiated by harmless, defensive, toxic military gases.

We would have proved cases of blindness—fortunately partial, the communiques would have said.

We would have seen a torn-off hand and boys and girls maimed, perhaps forever.

Without this remarkable restraint, we would have seen blood flow, blood red and warm, living blood, new blood spilled on the street.

The street torn up and the paving stones dancing.

Jacques Prévert

(A Stalinist and a fascist meet during the student demonstrations.)

In Hitler's Day
They would have
Quieted them down
Enough!

And in Stalin's Day!

Stalin was a Clown Compared to Hitler.

Clown? You're the Clown!

Hitlerite Creep! Stalinite Creep!
LA CHIENLIT C'EST LUI!

"Pravda": "Des gauchistes et des trotskystes"

MOSCOU, mardi (A.F.P.). Les manifestations estudiantines de Paris sont le fait d'éléments "gauchistes" et "trotskystes", écrit ce matin la "Pravda" (organe du P.C. russe).

Les tueurs en grève : la viande fraîche risque de faire défaut

A PARIS, ON JETTE LES ORDURES À LA RUE!
Plus de poubelles, mais des sacs en papier. Depuis ce matin, les concierges de Mme Ancelot au n° 264...
"PRAVDA": "SOME LEFTISTS AND SOME TROTSKYISTS"

Moscow, Tuesday (A.F.P.). — The student demonstrations in Paris are the act of "leftist" and "Trotskyst" elements, writes "Pravda" (organ of the Russian CP) this morning.

The CRS (see p. 8) holding body of student, wear butchers aprons.

IN PARIS THEY'RE THROWING GARBAGE INTO THE STREETS

Butchers on strike: fresh meat may be scarce
si tous les vieux se donnaient la main ce serait ridicule

TUEZ LES!

la société de consommation doit périr de mort violente

MERDE

BIENTÔT LE NAPALM ?

SI VOUS VOYEZ UN CRS BLESSÉ ACHÉVEZ-LE !

PAPA PUE

CRS=SS

MORT AUX CONS

enragés de tous les pays unissez-vous

les jeunes font l’amour
les vieux font des gestes obscènes

Camarades enragés Découragez ces étiquettes et collez les partout... Nous vous recommandons de dés des CRS. Si vous n'avez pas de colle... coupez les.

apprenez à chanter l'internationale !...

étudiants, ouvriers, ne vous laissez pas enculer!

PRENEZ VOS DÉSIRS POUR DES RÉALITÉS

MALRAUX SALIT TOUT CE QU'IL TOUCHE
if all the old folks held hands--it would be *ridiculous*

**SHIT**

PROHIBITING IS FORBIDDEN

**BUMP 'EM OFF**

the consumer society must die a violent death

**CRS=SS**

**NAPALM NEXT?**

IF YOU SEE A WOUNDED CRS FINISH HIM OFF!

**DADDY STINKS**

**DEATH TO STUPID SCHMUCKS**

__Comrades enragés__

Clip these coupons and paste them everywhere! We recommend the backs of the CRS. If you don't have any glue, nail them on!

young people make love
old people make obscene gestures

**THINK OF YOUR DESIRES AS REALITIES**

students, workers, don't let them fuck you up!

**MALRAUX DIRTIES EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES**

This is a reprint of a cartoon magazine put out by the Paris students belonging to the Committee of Action—which organized the resistance movement against the authorities. It is a nonprofit edition, published in solidarity with the revolutionary students of France by the revolutionary students of Berkeley, California.

Translated (freely and roughly, in the spirit of the original) by Ruth Porter.

Order from:

Granma Bookstore
2509 A Telegraph
Berkeley, Calif. 94704

or

Merit Publishers
873 Broadway
New York, N. Y. 10003

16 pages  50 cents  2 colors