



**Translator's Note**  
This text, which was apparently separately published in mid-1915 and is preserved in the Paris Archives de la préfecture de police, is attributed to E. Armand in Les En-dehors: Anarchistes individuels et illégalistes à la "Belle Époque." It is noted as a response to an article in *La Guerre Sociale* denouncing the embusqués (warime shirkers), after that paper turned from antimilitarism to support for the Union Sacrée. This apparently incomplete (and perhaps not entirely reliable?) transcription has circulated online and in pamphlet form under Armand's name. There is nothing about the prose that strikes me as particularly characteristic of Armand's writing and some elements that make me doubt the attribution. But it is certainly an interesting document.  
- Shawn Wilbur, 2020

It's me—the eternal shirker,  
perpetual slacker. For I am  
always unconcerned with  
being French or German,  
Austrian or Italian, English or  
Turkish, Russian or Japanese.  
I am the one without a  
homeland, without a flag,  
without borders, without  
religion, without an ideal.  
And the victory of German  
culture means as little to me  
as the triumph of Greco-Latin  
civilization. All barbarism is  
equal to me: the Belgian  
barbarism in the Congo and

pool, with water up to my  
neck, to be crippled by  
rheumatism or gnawed at by  
gout.  
  
I hide in the depths of a  
quarry or hole, far off, in some  
lost wood.  
  
I wonder on some savage  
peak, isolated from other  
humans, and come to seek  
from time to time, in some  
appointed places, the pittance  
left there occasionally by a  
brother shirker.  
  
But I have not lied about my  
opinions.

the German barbarism in  
Belgium, French barbarism in  
Morocco and Russian  
barbarism in China, English  
barbarism in the Indies and  
Turkish barbarism in Armenia.  
[...]  
I am the bohemian, the  
vagrant, the wanderer, the  
outlaw, the one whom one  
imposes without consulting a  
place of birth.  
I am the grumbler, the  
nuisance, the killjoy, the  
spoilsport, the one always  
trailed by the constabulary, the  
one for whom there are no

his imagination to not being a  
butcher or led to the  
slaughterhouse, who has put  
to that work all that the human  
brain can conceive. I have  
scarcely eaten for six months  
running. Or else I have drunk  
liter upon liter of intoxicants  
and narcotics or debilitants.  
Or I have swallowed dozens of  
pills or tablets. Or I gorged  
myself for weeks to the point  
of not being able to drag  
myself along. Or else I have  
covered myself with wounds,  
thanks to I no longer know  
what saps from I no longer  
know which herbs. I have  
passed night after night in a

more secret in the house of ill  
repute on the pediment of  
which we read "Liberty.  
Fraternity. Equality." with a  
period between each word. [...]  
I know that no one gives  
credence to the communiques  
and that everyone laughs at  
the official speeches.  
I know that everyone has had  
their fill of war and that,  
without pressure, we would  
hardly find any "defenders of  
the homeland."  
I know that, on analysis, glory  
can be broken down into 99%

shit and 1% drunkenness. [...]  
  
I am the one who does not  
wish to risk a millimeter of his  
precious skin to defend the  
interests of the rich and  
maintain the institutions of  
the privileged.  
  
The one for whom the man in  
the cassock and the man in  
uniform, the ape and the  
consequence, remain the  
enemy, in times of war as in  
times of peace. [...]  
  
That's me—the shirker in  
earnest, the one who has  
applied all the resources of