



DO NOT DISCARD IN THE PUBLIC SPACE / SHARE OR PUT IT BACK UP IF NOT INTERESTED / THANK YOU

Y'a plus qu'à is a blog that brings together short notes, written to complete each other over time, because everything is linked.

Y'a plus qu'à speaks of ethics and politics, in the noble sense, on the basis of affirming that the world is upside down, and is driven by a revolutionary desire, to put it back in its place.

Y'a plus qu'à is a resolutely bastard and vain object, except that it thinks that these notes can bring hope to those who often play with the idea of absolute freedom. They can also enlighten lost minds.

Y'a plus qu'à does its part and you'll do yours, if you think it's useful to share. For the rest, it won't change the world, but the butterfly effect, and all that...

(Palindrome) *In gŕum ĩnus nocte ecce et consumimur ight = We spin in the night, and here we are consumed by fire.*



BUTTERFLY

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about contempt



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When I was a teenager, my father introduced me to the world of work by employing me in the company restaurant of which he was the manager. He explained to me why I had to start like the others with the most ungratifying activity: washing dishes and peeling onions. I thanked him for that. At the bus stop, I had already been mocked because my jeans did not show the right label; it was through this experience that I understood what class contempt is. The users of the company restaurant had for the most part no regard for the staff. They didn't look at me, they didn't say hello, they barely said thank you. I wore an apron and stayed there to serve the clientele.

I try to give attention to everyone, especially to those for whom it's a way of making a living. I think about the cleaning lady's child who will be careful to leave the hotel room as clean as possible for the sake of the woman who cleans it—that could have been his or her mother—but also mine or yours. A gesture, a look, a thank you, it helps make the day better, it says 'I see you'. There is nothing to brag about, I only practice this so I have, towards others, exactly that attitude I would like them to have towards me.

If this was as obvious as it seems, I wouldn't need to write it down; it is only obvious to those who don't suffer from a particular feeling of having been chosen, or self-entitlement, and who consider others as equal. It's the opposite that is imposed to us; on the basis of your personal qualities, competition, survival of the fittest and permanent domination. Contempt—self-contempt or contempt of others—is here, everywhere, all the time.

A poorly regulated self-esteem in default or in excess produces toxic behavior. We are caught in vicious cycles from which we cannot be extracted simply with a finger's click. To understand this, we need to have the time to think about it. Time is money and no-one has enough of it.

Unconsciously, everyone compares themselves to each other. Hoping to fill your narcissistic wounds, you flatter others or humiliate yourself in return, since you have been flattered or humiliated. We see it on a sibling level when the eldest child reproduces towards the youngest that precise authority of their parents, ones who are often generous in their practice of humiliation. We're only acting on what comes naturally to us. Going against the grain requires some effort, at least trying.

Either because you think you're smarter or because you know you're not that smart or to reassure yourself, you give yourself the appearance of being smart and you look down your nose on others. The ease with which you make fun of their bullshit is disconcerting. It's scary because it perpetuates the survival of the fittest; the one that produces the world's evils; the one that acts on us when we let it rule. We are better than that.

The future does not look good. Our ideals are only small parts in the machine. Our forces are ridiculous in front of the steamroller of the survival of the fittest, but we can arm ourselves to fight against this contempt by getting rid of it ourselves. No one is perfect, no one deserves more than another, no one is superior to another. Let's admit it. Let's stop taking ourselves for fools.

If we don't ask ourselves what we are doing, if a revolution ever happens, we will only replace those egregious people of today by those we with tremendous egos that we didn't perceive before, all thanks to our own maladaptive ones. Don't you dare to ignore me, talk down to me or to flatter me. Consider me your equal, act towards me as you want me to act towards you, but for God's sake, think better of yourself!

Long live the equals, and thank you to the *Gilets Jaunes* for reminding me about it.



“Any form of contempt, whether it intervenes in politics, prepares or establishes fascism.”

ALBERT CAMUS