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Beyond a Worker

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I am not a “worker,” I am not a “working person,” I do not “dedicate myself to ...,” I am not a profession, my human life transcends far beyond the role of wage earner, I am not a job, I refuse to do from work a way of life, I know perfectly separate the professional from the personal and vice versa, I must work and work for “script requirements” of my life for which for an average of eight hours a day (“net,” as it should add “Rough” the rest of the time I spend traveling back and forth and the time I spend eating and washing before leaving home) I have to wear the appropriate uniform, jumpsuit or vest, fulfill, perform the assigned task according to “guidelines” ... but after the conclusion of that eight-hour day, I transcend the production chain and still have the rest of the qualities, virtues, defects, interests, objectives, tastes, hobbies, hobbies, customs... that make up my person.

As an individual prisoner of the system, I must work like the mechanism of a clock itself, limiting myself to rest in the minimum times established for this, to raise my hand to, at least, notify the immediate responsible that I need to go to satisfy my physiological needs, to have to fulfill the determined task without the minimum possible margin of human error and being at

the height of what the production requires and in the time that it requires; Furthermore, as part of this torture of which I am a slave, I must suffer as “companions” a series of people with whom (mostly, always of course there may be exceptions) I would not share a half minute on any street or coffee for being uncouth, stale, heavy, clumsy people and “artists” of easy and harsh jokes.

I understand and understand unionization, of course I do, because as long as it is life’s imperative to survive by lending our physical or intellectual strength to an employer in exchange for a salary, we will have to ensure a certain protection against the potential abuses of the bosses of the office, but there is no class consciousness as they tell us, most of the “colleagues” like those mentioned above, and this can be extrapolated to any center in which a work activity is carried out and regardless of the sector, they are pedantic reactionaries, sexists, inveterate homophobes, pathological clumsy that give you the badge with their politicking of yore by assuming beforehand that you share their execrable way of understanding the world. The outdated left must clear from its inner heart that vision that everyone who is stained with fat up to the eyebrows is a “proletarian” even if it is in his lethargy, (surely the “proletarian” will send you to shit as you conceptualize him in this way) that everyone with a reflective vest or blue jumpsuit is a being of light ready to fight for the world proletarian revolution, who are not because they are “sleeping” beings of light who must be awakened like exorcist priests with an outdated pamphlet under the arm ... but they are really ... the ball, the snitches, the climber, the scabs, the ones who pass everything, the ass-suckers who laugh the pathetic ones thanks to the little bosses who have it up for themselves, the miserable ones who, although They are on the same professional scale as you, they start to give you or try to give you orders as if they were your immediate superiors and while they look “sideways” at them to see if they corroborate their guidelines, the one who seeks to brush

their responsible and for this he will cloud the environment, invented, misrepresented and misplaced to make “fluid” merits, those who have been “lounging” for so many years, enjoy many perks and take the opportunity to download and over-exploit a good part of the workload in the newcomer to the company, “the pringao that is the new one ...,” it is unthinkable and galloping naivety to pretend that these people can acquire some kind of consciousness of any kind, be it short, medium or long-term, despicable beings of such an intrinsic nature that if they could even reverse their situation and would go on to whip their own comrades as bosses, no matter how much there are lunatics who insist on the arduous task of exorcising the supposed proletarian combatant within them.

As Emile Armand said (in his work “Individualist anarchism, what is can and is worth”):

“Forced by various circumstances, perhaps due to family duties, he accepts such a situation, but he does not resign himself nor does he ever become a docile worker, a model employee or an irreproachable official. He considers himself a prisoner of war, like a spy in the opposite country.”