

The Wonderful World of Work

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So, you've taken time off from the hectic pace of anti-industrial incitement of riot, and deviated into a job, and you ask yourself in anguish. Is there life after employment? Yes! Even, a granite-jawed prole can conjure up mischief and chaos during coffee breaks, at lunch, and while earning one's daily bread. The key is reducing productivity. Everyone has to pitch in and help get that Grotesque National Product down to an ecologically sustainable level (i.e. zero). Though the GNP is in the trillions and an eco-anarchoteur can only do a few thousands of dollars in damages even on a good day, remember: a journey of a thousand miles begins by stealing the car of the ass-bite who sent you.

I restrict the following disquisition to office sabotage, as this was my own purgatorial introduction to the world of work.

First, get your hands on the company stationery and envelopes. The usefulness of letterhead cannot be overemphasized in a society that runs on the sanctity and dependability of the business logo. Tap into this logo-fetishism. Write yourself a letter of recommendation, apply to a college and get a government loan without the slightest intention of paying it back (you can cost the US government tens of thousands this way). School is the best place to be unproductive (I've been leeching off "higher" education for twelve years now and there's just no end in sight). If you can't get into school, put your boss' stature to good use and write letters to Congress and other government bodies using the company's stationery. Similarly, use the stationery to write letters to the editors of local newspapers on matters of social concern. Imagine your boss' existential confusion as he reads over his English muffins that he denounces corporate greed, supports an endangered ecosystems bill, and has deep disturbing doubts about the legitimacy of the US government. Once you get fired (which is inevitable, let's face it), you might want to take further actions against your boss if he's a real stinker: use the letterhead to order child pornography and notify the police of this menace to the community (he probably buys the stuff anyway).

Second, undermine the business' computer system. No self-respecting company is without a computer, and computers, like dragonflies, are fragile if rapacious things. Learn all the passwords for later infiltration (if the thing is hooked up to a modem). Slyly introduce virus- infected disk files, with the appropriately misleading label, such as WORDPERFEKT MASTER. You can often destroy a good deal of information simply by unplugging a computer while it's running. Or better, place a non-conductive obstruction in the plug which will mystify the computer technician for hours while memos and research are booted into computer limbo forever. A neat trick is to

replace the anti-surge power strip with a cheapo, regular power strip (\$8). Sooner or later a power surge will etherize valuable data and continue to do so to everyone's consternation, except your own.

Competent businesses always make backups of everything put into a computer (but if they hired you their competence is in question). Find out where the disks or tapes are kept. Then, placing a large magnet (e.g. from a speaker) in your purse or lunchbag, loiter nearby. Voila! You've created electromagnetic soup out of what was once coherent info-profit.

Other suggestions: waste time. It's real easy to look busy when you're really fantasizing about the secretary down the hall. Volunteer to do any out-of-office stuff like buying office supplies—you can waste a whole day and no one can call you on it (blame traffic, the modern equivalent of Medieval demon possession). Also, as much as is prudent, use office equipment for your own irresponsible projects: e.g., xeroxing guerrilla fliers.

Finally, corrupt fellow workers. Have an affair, exchange erotic memos, and introduce that special someone to the pleasure of eco-lingus. Ergon plus Eros equals Error equals decreased productivity, and thus does K-Mart begin its inexorable decline into the post-consumerism usufruct doldrums.

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