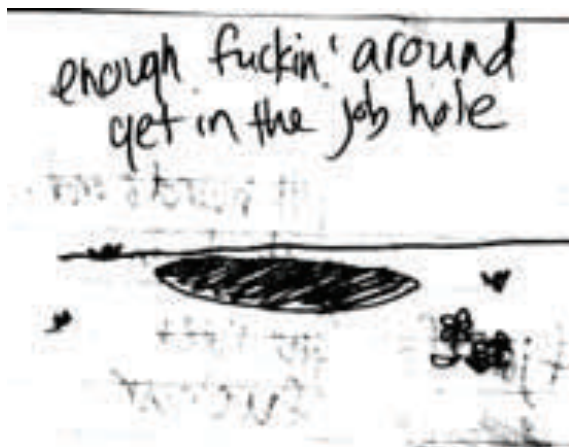


# ANTIWORK NEURODIVERGENT



ANTICIV  
DOWN

MELT-

BY IENC



<https://distro.black>

**"hack your autists and make  
them the best employees  
they can be!"**

## MELTDOWN//

it hasn't not happened yet

All my attempts at entering the work force have been short lived.

My exits have generally been explosive and tearful, attended by out of control meltdowns and violent breaks from reality.

I simply crumble and quit, and then there is relief.

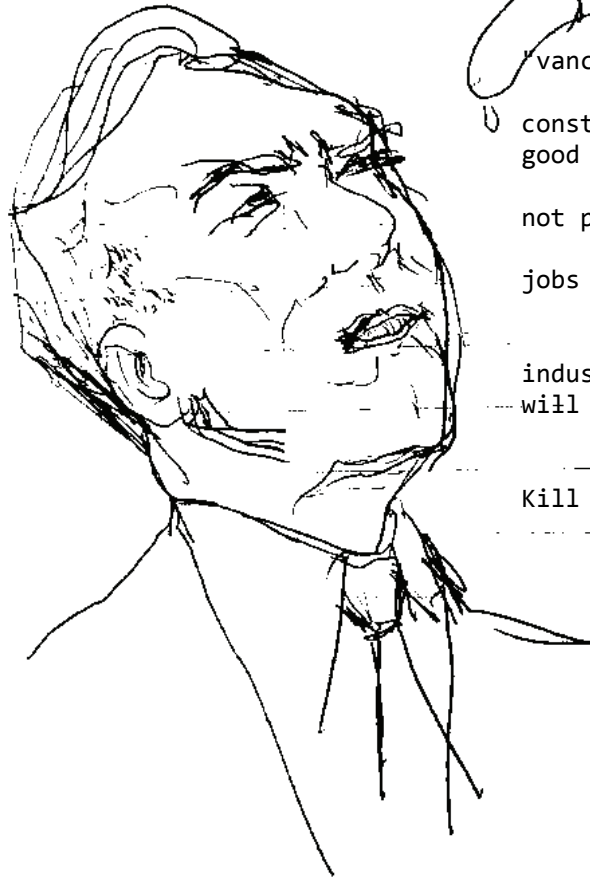
But the sword hanging by a thread dangles over all our heads, always...



not worth it

Smilin' fake bastard

On a visceral level, I can feel how fake and synthetic everything is. The gray concrete on all sides is so fucking violent. Taking a deep breath to ground myself doesn't work because the air is car farts and other vaporized toxic chemicals. Food-like substances have literal poison in them. Animal parts on a plate used to belong to living creatures who didn't ask for any of this shit. All sorts of bodies cut up and put on display. I know what it's for. It's all in service of the most eminently pointless bullshit possible. This is a dark hypomania where I see stuff that normally doesn't breach my conscious perception, and it makes existing and doing normal things unbearable. Wild and hateful like an animal suddenly remembering that normal isn't normal. I could tear off all my clothes on a cold night just to distract from the constant borderline nausea and feeling of something crawling and swimming under my skin. Other people's heat and noise, the fake lights, the ambient buzzing and motors everywhere, it's all oppressive and I know where it came from.



no one owns land

"vancouver" owns no land

constant surveillance isn't  
good or normal you fucks

not placated; try harder

jobs are animal cruelty

industrial agriculture  
will kill us all

Kill Rich Perverts

This is a zine against  
waged employment. We should be acknowledg-  
ing the immense damage that everyone "just doing  
their jobs" inflicts on living habitats and living  
creatures, human and otherwise. The rich and power-  
ful cornered us into needing to work to live. Our  
lives are wasted working their jobs, as these are  
people whose interest in our well-being begins and  
ends at maintaining our ability to work their jobs  
and buy their products. Wherever they can cut costs,  
they will, even if it kills us.

**But it's not just that I hate work for what  
it destroys and takes away.  
I hate it for what it does to me and what it  
has done to me. There's an aversion that comes  
from being told to do something everyone is supposed  
to be able to do, but I cannot...**

There is something in me that resists and falters and I  
can't perform. I drop out flailing and crying every  
time, life in pieces and with another hole in my shot-  
through resume.

Part of the difficulty comes from telling myself the  
above narrative - we're fucked and work is fucked too.  
But there's also something wrong on the level of my  
body... the way I sense and perceive, the way I process  
words and emotions, how I relate to others how emotions  
explode out of me when trapped in a cage...

**This isn't normal.** Neurotypicality is a thing because  
there are ways humans are supposed to think, feel, and  
behave in order to "support themselves" and function in  
a community. I.e.: to work a job.

But when jobs are incompatible with your existence, most  
people in this world are gonna side with jobs rather  
than you. The onus is on anyone who has difficulty with  
employment to adapt and "improve" themselves.

**I wonder why more people don't  
think that's fucked**

I am just speaking from my own experience of both hating work and being incapable of lasting long in any job.

I feel like a fraud when I do trick people into thinking I wanna be there, basic tasks and standard job conditions overwhelm me until I implode, and I know it's rich world-killing motherfuckers who ultimately benefit. But I am not telling anyone who needs to work for wages to live that they should quit. All I'm saying is that employment as we know it is genocidal. Some of us are meant to be excluded and to die for a lack of wages, since every way of organizing to live outside the market is illegal unless you already have lots of money to begin with.



Written after abandoning my most recent work commitment:

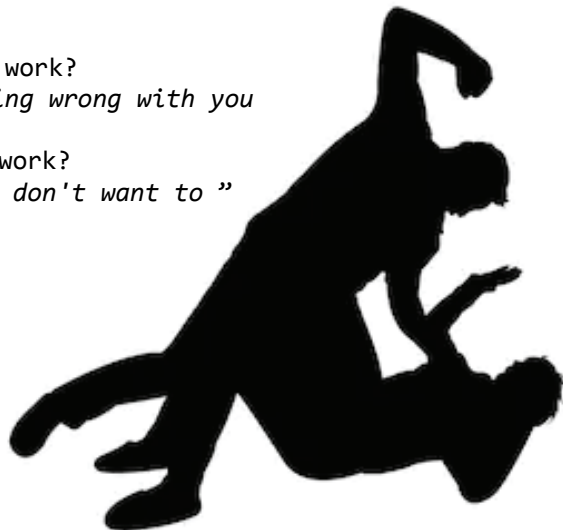
Schooling K-12 taught me to abide by schedules and the whims of authority rather than act according to need and practicality. Post-secondary taught me that the world rewards blatant lying. If you pretend to have initiative and passion for the most frightfully boring things, people like you. I drilled specific, useless facts into my head. It was drilled into me that employment is the only alternative to annihilation. You work or you starve and die.

We were taught to view ourselves as commodities and to beg for attention and jump through many a moving goalpost to differentiate ourselves from a sea of nearly-identical products. We learned that it is normal for people to debase themselves in this way. To live, we must be willing to give up time - our life force - and hide the animal parts of us that are incompatible with efficient workflows.

I desire. I desire autonomy, the gratification of working with my hands to produce what is needed, the love of friends who understand, the sensations of a wide open lush abundant green and vibrant world enmeshed in many other lives that no employer could hand down to me. Fuck the office life, fuck all these people insisting that everyone has an employment niche somewhere that will allow them to find self-fulfillment on the terms of some fucking company, fuck this imperative to perfect yourself and your personal brand and achieve this formulaic, encapsulated, product-mediated, work-life-balanced happiness where you grind for decades doing things that are completely non-essential to anyone's life. Fuck participating in this ugly monstrous atomized concrete-encased life-destroying social order where it's normal for people to have to decide between selling their lives and homelessness, starvation, and general privation. Food used to be free. Space used to be free. Now what? You need money to eat and exist.

"don't want to work?  
*there's something wrong with you*

'can't' work?  
*you just don't want to "*



## I see the workplace in relation to the social order it supports.

Two blocks away from my quirkyfun whiteboard wall open office cubicle, there's people literally starving and dying of exposure, then getting their asses beat by police for making the neighborhood "look bad". There's cheap kombucha, ping pong tables, and an x-box in the downstairs breakroom.

I can't unsee the wasted time, the wasted potential. What could we be doing with our lives? It's painful to think too deeply about the texture of a different life we're not allowed to live. Instead, we get a wage. We make and move around lifeless things, frankenstein assemblages of chemical isolates and rendered body parts of former living plants and animals. We do it indefinitely, killing not for need but to meet quotas, until the production costs outweigh the potential sales. We mangle our skeletons and waste our muscles manipulating data and words on a screen. We order and arrange things so they will get disordered again. We write emails apologizing for things that aren't our fault, because we'll lose our jobs and our wages if we don't. We get the company we work for advertised to us from our personal computers and in the painted wall murals and television screens throughout the building. We're supposed to be grateful that we get to work for them.

Wires in cages, in boxes and the walls, running through with electricity from where? How did all these cables and pipes get here? Where does concrete come from? It all came from far away, so it didn't need to be here. Here, we could've had earth and trees and shrubs and grasses and fruits and nuts, homes and food for the wild things, waterways that reflected the colours of the sky. Now all that compacted dirt is devoid of life. Now we have roads and cars and offices. It's all a disaster. It's been apocalypse for decades and decades.

**Commodity:** Objects that can be produced on demand in reliable quantity and of consistent quality.

How commodities are produced is dictated by laws of supply and demand, not actual need for the thing being produced

**Entrepreneurs:** The race is to commodify and profit off of the last remaining free things in life before your competitors do.

**Employers:** choose among an endless array of willing workers whose only meaningful traits are those that could add Value to your company

**Employees:** be the best commodity you can be, work hard to buy the best commodities you can.

**Market:** Where commodities are bought and sold. There is a Market for each individual commodity. The lumber market. The housing market. The marketplace of ideas. The marketplace of romantic partners.

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### The defenders of work:

*If you don't work, you can't survive.*

*If you don't work but you're still alive, you're stealing from someone else.*

*If you don't work, you're worthless as a human being, and it's on you to convince me otherwise.*

**The police:** they wield the threat of punishment to make sure we work jobs. No building your own shelter when you can't afford rent. no growing food on an empty lot a developer has bought and not used for years. If you are so fucked you can't work, you better be unemployed in a way that doesn't touch anyone's private property. No meeting needs outside of abusive wage labour relations and proper government/NGO bureaucratic channels for begging for bread crumbs.

**The raccoons, skunks, pigeons, crows, and us:** We urban animals are survivors of an ongoing genocide. There are people who are useful and valuable and those who are disincentivized to exist. All the creatures they want dead aren't dead just yet. It's the task of the lawmakers and city architects to make life harder for us so that we'll end up, one way or another, wrapped up in their systems of social control or dead. Go to work, get on welfare, go to prison. But dying is simpler and less costly. Just don't do it in a way that makes anyone important look bad.

## Pro-work culture: is genocidal

WHEN I TALK ABOUT HOLDING A POSITION AGAINST WORK/JOB/ EMPLOYMENT, I'm not talking about certain types of jobs, bad jobs or Bullshit Jobs. I'm talking about employment itself here in the city: being an employee carrying out the assigned tasks of an employer, a business that hires interchangeable workers and holds them to standards of propriety, functionality, and productivity that are simply not attainable for everyone.

For myself and many others, employment is an untenable state for all the restrictions on being and thinking that are inherent in the role of "employee".

We can't keep jobs or even get hired at all because of the rules of conduct we must comply with to signal politeness and professionalism.

We can't keep jobs because of the expectation that our jobs should automatically take precedence over any personal concerns... and we have too many "personal" needs and limitations that can't be compartmentalized into our private lives after work.

We talk about people hating and not wanting to work jobs, but not so much about people who are fundamen-

tally incapable of working jobs. Some of us are **maladapted to the structures of employment by the fact of our bodies.**



## DISSOCIATIVE FULL BODY BREAKDOWN

There is a self that must be constructed to coexist with the rules, standards, roles, and values of a job.

It is a self that gets created every time I sign away my time and emotional energy for an employer to spend at their discretion. Every cell of mine desires to destroy that self, every time. What could have been if something, \*anything\* were allowed to explore and grow uninhibited, if it weren't constantly supplanted and undermined by a parade of truncated work-ready selves? These are false selves who buffer the tension between what I know to be true and what I'm willing to do anyway. I know I'm being told to perform useless work, but I **\*want\* to do it and feel like I have to.**

It never works. There is something raw that has been tamed and varnished many times over. The agonizing cognitive dissonance is never actually resolved. I am a wound up spring. Despair reaches critical mass and I fly out the door, a screaming twisting wraith engulfed in flames.

This is a volatility and fragility that may not be "healthy", but it may actually be a reasonable reaction to what's happening.

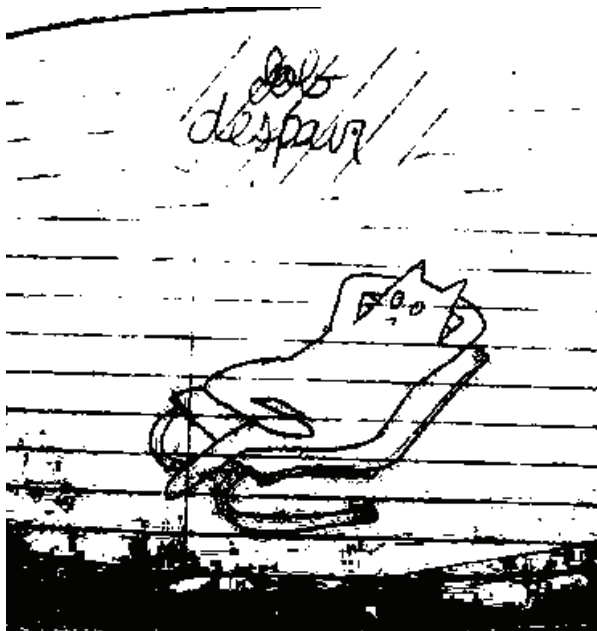
There is no cure for my hatred of employment that wouldn't involve many acts of deliberate, unconscionable forgetting. It requires forgetting where commodities come from and why, but also forgetting what I value and love, who and what actually matters in life, and memories of all the times and places where I felt like life was worth living. For as long as I remember myself, employment will step all over my existence.

Disintegration and combustion are inevitable.





**PRETEND  
YOUR  
BOSS'S  
LIFE  
IS  
ACTUALLY  
WORTH  
MORE  
THAN  
YOURS**



When you work a job, there is a suspension of disbelief and a set of constraints that everyone agrees upon, like a game you've been coerced into playing where you're preordained to lose. **You pretend that some people are just better than you.** They have power over you that's justified by the internal logic of the petty business kingdom you've pledged loyalty to. But all their hierarchies, customs, and rules have no meaning outside the workplace. These people who lord over you from 8-6 are just human animals who piss and shit like the rest of us. They do have the ability to withhold wages, but if everyone agreed to it we could just divest the motherfuckers. Their authority is make-believe, in a sense.

Maybe working a job is most difficult for those who know it could've been a million other ways than this, and we're offering up our bodies and souls to be ground up and spent for no reward that we value.

**Maybe employment is most painful for those of us who can't lose ourselves in the farce and gain gratification from succeeding within the terms set by our bosses.**

## **DEFAULT FUNCTIONS FOR HUMAN BEINGS**

According to those who don't think too hard about what jobs are and always want more of them, unemployment is not supposed to be the default state of a human, even though it's been that way for most of human history. There's always got to be a circumstance that explains it.

Working for wages gets placed as a human bodily function on the level of eating and sleeping, something so basic that we all do it because we need to. That's a part of being a whole, valid human being. You are severely disabled, dysfunctional, deficient, and flawed if you cannot support yourself with work. And there better be a good fucking reason for it.

If the fact of your body that is preventing you from doing work is physical and obvious, people may cut you a little slack. If the barrier is mental, psychological, or otherwise invisible, you'll get less sympathy.

No one told me this explicitly but I already know that having your "career path" derailed by "mental health issues" is not a good excuse. People seem to think anything locatable in the "mind" can be changed with willpower. If you're struggling, you are not trying hard enough or you have the wrong attitude.

**That is ableist as shit.**  
Shut up, you don't understand anything

**There are lots of capacities and sensibilities and sensitivities that we take for granted as functional human characteristics.** And so, jobs that require little specialization and skill are united by certain expectations. *Everyone should be able to do them.*

But if we break down the tasks and requirements of even entry-level jobs, **there are many things people like me struggle with:**

- > Time sensitivity. Being punctual.  
Executive function. Deciding order of operations.  
Prioritizing tasks. Multitasking.  
Accurately judging the time needed to complete a task.

- > Receiving instructions orally and being expected to perform correctly after being told once.  
having to perform while being watched.  
having no option of retreating to a quiet place with no people.  
Dealing with many people who all want different things at once.  
Remembering lots of bits of unrelated information.  
Remembering steps in a process in isolation and out of order

- > Judging distances, hand-eye coordination,  
holding things without dropping them, fine motor control,  
typing fast enough, speaking fast enough, thinking of how to respond to people fast enough

- > Engaging in pleasant small-talk.  
Knowing what facial expressions to make and when to laugh.  
Summarizing information someone else told you succinctly and accurately. Relating to others with anecdotes and jokes.  
Being put on the spot to describe your point of view in front of other people.  
submitting to performance reviews and self-evaluations.  
Speaking in bullshit/the language of HR.

- > Dealing with the commute to and from work.  
Driving is extremely difficult and hazardous for me because there are too many things to pay attention to all at once.  
Transit requires lots of standing and other people intruding on your space. The constant noise and the lights and the lack of control over how you can move your body so as to not touch intrude on other people's space.  
Orienting your sleep, social life, chores and daily maintenance tasks around work schedules.

- > Having a customer service-appropriate affect. This has to do with body posture, gestures, facial expressions, how you wear clothing, how and when you move, whether you are standing or sitting. You are not allowed to move your body or make noises that help you cope and calm down.

- > Performing professionalism, servility, and obedience.  
Presenting and taking up space that communicates you acknowledge your place in the hierarchy.  
Swallowing shit and deferring to the nonsense whims of your superiors. Doing what they say just because they say it.

- > Answering the question "how are you?" coherently, even though you feel so fragmented and spiritually vacant it causes a miniature meltdown every time

**This isn't an exhaustive list of basic job functions.** These are not features present in all jobs. I'm just pointing out things that many people take for granted as effortless but actually pose a significant barrier to doing well at even simple jobs.

You can get better at many those things listed above with repeated exposure and practice. Other people may deign to understand or accommodate if you beg and explain yourself constantly. I can get better at things like thinking on my feet under observation, waking up at 5 to get to work at 8, and guessing what kinds of faces people want me to make, but starting from where I am it won't be natural. It'll be painful and demeaning doing this everyday. And there are some deficiencies/shortcomings that can't be fixed no matter what.

And as I sit waiting for life to begin, waiting for the clock's permission to move and shift into another state of being, **I wonder what kind of existence this is if I'm always bending myself into shape so that I can more easily do things I don't value or even like?**

Why do jobs require us to do these kinds of things in the first place? Why do jobs demand that we be superficial and extroverted out of all the things we could be?

Jobs could be made to fit humans with an entirely different psychological profile, or they could've been oriented toward a completely different set of goals and priorities.

**What is even being accomplished?**