



management, exploitation, subordination, and totalitarian control for the sake of it. Your washroom breaks are often timed and regulated. Your clothing and hair are strictly managed, which often has an anti-Black component to it. You are spied on and supervised, and you can be expelled at any time. Work is therefore the antithesis of freedom. The prison, the school, the factory, the office, and the store are all stamped with the discipline of modern despots, and all share techniques of control in common.

The lineage of domination from childhood in schools and at home to adulthood in the workplace is clear. Its purpose is to habituate us to hierarchy and psychological enslavement. Our aptitude for autonomy is atrophied and our vitality is suppressed so that we are reconciled with regimentation and can replicate and reproduce it throughout our interpersonal lives, politics, and cultures. That is Why Revolution Needs Therapy.

The clergy of work fail or don't care to recognise that we don't work, we don't sell our time and energy to a boss, because we want to. We work because we have no other way to get money to buy things to survive, because the commons were stolen and enclosed, and we have been deprived of any other choice. We get our tasks, repeat them over and over again, every day, every week, every month, every year, and yet our time at work is never ours, never really part of our lives. That time is for our bosses, who take the things we produce, whether it be objects like pizzas or housing units; services like cashiering or cooking; or qualities like clean floors or healthy patients, and sell them for profit, paying us only a portion of the value we produce and using the rest to reinvest in capital and enlarge their own wealth.

Our own lives are centred around this work. The money we get from work sustains us just enough to keep us coming back to work. Our time away from work is spent travelling to or from work, or getting ready for work. Leisure itself is just nonwork for the sake of work. It's the limited time we spend recovering from work and trying to distract ourselves from work.

Because of work, we're constantly under the tyranny of the clock. It's like what Bob Black claims Socrates once said: Manual labourers make bad friends and bad citizens because they have no time to fulfil the responsibilities of friendship and citizenship. He's right. Our "free" time is not even ours. It still belongs to our bosses in some capacity, so really the only thing free about it is that our bosses don't have to pay us for it. And when we don't have work, we spend our time looking for work, because the threat presented by unemployment is graver than the consistent pains of employment.

