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DISC

Artist: el chico paletas
By: Gio



BITTERSWEET

[inverosímil]

Escúchanos en SPOTIFY TALLERES en línea



"In the neoliberal regime of self-exploitation one directs aggression towards oneself. This self-aggression does not make the exploited a revolutionary, but a depressive."

Han, 2014, 8



I have a job interview tomorrow. I've been looking for half an hour in the bottom of my closet for some clothes that combine, that look moderately formal; my style has always been rather scruffy. Finally, I find something: a red jacket that combined with some good trousers, a black shirt and the same heels I wear for all weddings, quince años and family baptisms, looks decent. I would dare say that I look beautiful. I iron my clothes, arrange them carefully on a chair and go to sleep.

I wake up at 6 in the morning; my interview is at 9:30, but I live quite far from the place and I prefer to prevent and arrive a little early. At 7 in the morning I am ready with my kick-ass outfit, ironed hair and a banana smoothie that my grandmother prepared for me "so you don't leave with an empty stomach," she said. Before leaving, I count my money: two twenty-peso bills, two coins of ten, one five and seven small one-peso coins. "A huevo," I think, "enough for the ride and a cigarette".

I walk towards the avenue, my colony is not very friendly with chicks that walk in heels, I stumble a couple of times, I say hello to the guys that from early on are in the corner "pintando el tope" in exchange for a couple of coins; I arrive at the public transport stop and wait a couple of minutes until the minibus to Indios Verdes, that will take me to the second point of my destination, arrives. I see the clock: 7:15.

The road is heavy, it is almost 45 minutes riding that wild beast full of cumbias and workers who nod a couple of times before falling deeply asleep. Along the way I pull out a small pocket book, I am aware that if I get this job the opportunities I will have to read will be reduced. I have some time on the way to the interview place unless the tiredness wins within me and I accompany my fellow passengers in the same dream.



08:00. I pay my fare, twenty pesos less in my bag. I arrive punctually at the Metrobus station, I wait 10 minutes in the row to board the red monster that in 45 minutes will take me, if the gods are by my side, to the station Olivo, place where the company for which I aspire to work is located. The Metrobus is full, I find a small place near the window, surrounded by a bunch of women who try to take care of their own affairs and occupy their own space in a place where you can barely breathe. I take my cell phone out of the leather purse my grandmother lent me, check the time, place the purse between my legs, squeeze it hard and stretch my arm to hold the nearest tube. At the expected time, I arrive at the station, I try to open a small space between the people and the door "do you get off on the next one? no? Excuse me, please."

It seems like the world is like that red truck and I'm trying to open up space between people and "success"... fucking dumbass word. For many of the people I know, success is to be able to eat three times a day, seven days a week and pay the rent of the dirty room in the trashy-ass colony. "The poor stay poor because they want to" hahahahahaha how do you tell them? "Excuse me, do you get off poverty? No? Excuse me, please".

I walk a couple streets looking for the building where I was summoned, walk calmly, it's only 9:00. At 09:05 I am at the door, there is a group of young women waiting in the same place, all bathed, styled, with high heels on and probably fasting. They are my competition, yes, but I can't see them as my enemies. "Good morning," I say aloud, "You guys are coming for the interview, too?". "Good morning" they answer in chorus as they nod, and one of them adds "Yes, you have to register on that list".

After writing my name down on a list that already had at least a dozen names written down, I stand next to them and wait. The first interview is in a group. We introduce ourselves one by one, we talk about ourselves the best we can: we sell ourselves. It doesn't take long to start admiring each of them, they all have specialized studies, several have much more experience than I do; some of them are single mothers who bring forward a whole family, others have come from other states of the Republic looking for a better life.

It is 10:30 and they give us a short break. They will inform us who are selected to move on to the next interview. We all look at each other, we know that some of us will say goodbye in a short time and, deep down, we hope it's anyone but ourselves.

"Luck does not exist, success comes if you strive" Luck does not exist, success does not exist, my effort exists, but it is never enough.

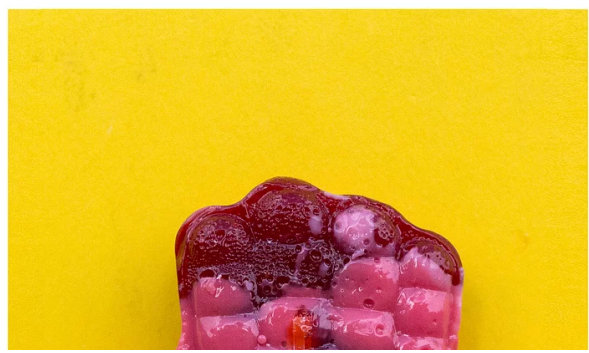
Out of the building comes a tall, blond, handsome man, I don't know why in these companies they always put good-looking men to deliver the bad news. "The people who I mention must go to the boardroom, to the others, thank you very much for your time and interest," he says, before he begins to recite a list of ten names. We all look at each other in the eye, some look terrified. I hear my name, under the eyes, I have won, but it does not feel like a triumph; with the low look I go to the boardroom, the girl next to me smiles "how lucky" she says to me.

There's no such thing as luck.

They explain what the job is about: we would be educational advisors, it's a nice name to say that we're going to offer scholarships per call. The schedule is rotational, a day off on weekdays, we earn by commission and the best news: we have no base salary or legal benefits. "Seize the opportunity! Think of the girls we reject to give you a place!" Man, thank you so much, don't you want me to pay you for hiring me?

I think of my grandmother, who always encouraged me to continue studying "If you don't study you are nothing, hija" "You must have a degree in order to get a good job" she told me convinced, and she was proud when I arrived with my report cards full of 10s and 9s grades. I still see the hope in her eyes when I go out for an interview, I still see the disappointment when I return without having achieved anything, or when I tell her that I refused the offer because the salary they offered me was not even enough for the my daily rides.

I've met someone who has made me think that adults don't really exist, we're just kids trying to survive in this world where, over time, things start getting worse and worse. Many times the only thing left is to laugh and find a couple of things that make us feel a little happy from time to time: a little sweetness in a bitter world.



El Chico Paletas gives me the same vibe; the popsicles, the fortune cookies, the chale juices, the aguinaldos and the piñatas are that sweet part of life that, whether we want to or not, distracts us a little from the harsh message they hide. Criticism of the system belongs to all of us, in one way or another, we all know that everything is wrong, that it is not normal to work 12 hours for the minimum wage + overtime in a company that changes its name every two years (whose consequence is not being able to generate seniority), that it is not normal not to aspire to a pension in order to finish our lives with dignity, it is not normal to have to live with groups, getting

bigger and bigger, of strangers because none can afford to buy a house of their own. We all criticize the system while we survive it.



their own. We all criticize the system while we survive it.

"Pásele, pásele,, carry your precarious fortune, here no experience is needed, hiring is immediate" Shouted El Chico Paletas while handing out delicious hand-shaped popsicles that remind us of the famous candies of our childhood, however, instead of an optimistic message, these popsicles remind us of the harsh fate to which we have been condemned. Phrases such as "dynamic intern", "2 years of experience", "Earn as you wish", "Trial period", among others remind us of the harsh reality of the workers within the system in which we live.

The system has been developed so that we ourselves get constantly exploited by ourselves, so that we blame ourselves for the life we have been forced to lead and so that we internalize the violence to which we have been subjected. The work of El Chico Paletas proposes a way of making awareness through the ingestion of criticism. It is, basically, eating our problems.



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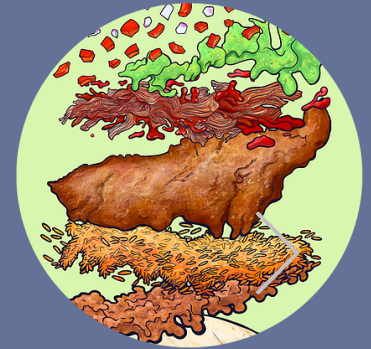
TAMBIÉN PRUÉBESE



Giselle Dessarve
Perversion



Sebastian Beiniek
Disjointed essay around
Sebastian Bieniek's
work



Sirak
Fish eats fish