

KICK IT
OVER!



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THIS IS THE CALLING...

FALLOUT from under the hooded veils of illusion and mystification thrown up to obscure patterns of control. We live in an unweeded garden, grown thick and tangled to the point where roots have been forgotten and branches knot incestuously. NOW is the time to take shears and blade, to clear living sprouts from the decayed - to let the base once again see the light of day! This is no external conflict for we are all minute particles, buds that strive to live in the same garden.. LISTEN AND TAKE HEART! Each can perform even a single task - one action multiplied a million-fold by the massive whole is power indeed. Gardener: prune just one dead bough. Dancer: dance at the wake of the dead tree. Poet: rhapsodize on the light that will soon bless your eyes...Artist: paint the garden in all its vile nature, with sharp lines so that all may see...

THIS IS THE CALLING...

DEMYSTIFY and LEARN! For only with a knowledge of the systems of control can WE the people hope to become aware of inconsistencies in the system. Only with such knowledge can WE the people hope to discover alternatives to these abstracted ruling forces that govern our lives and determine our deaths.

It is too late to be frightened for the first steps have been taken... and there will be no tears.

Each of us must say, "I WILL NOT FIGHT A WAR THAT IS AGAINST MY INTERESTS"

Watch, listen and heed the CALLING when it comes...

-K.T.

"The existing social conditions (have) to be stripped of their halo of sanctity before they (can) be attacked." - Frederick Engels

YOUR
CHOICE



WOMYN'S PAGE

It's Saturday afternoon in the Eaton Centre. A curious crowd has gathered. The focal point is a woman in her twenties who remains pliant under the hands of a man in a white lab coat. One's attention is arrested by the cadaverous pallor of her face in contrast with the dark bruised contours of her cheeks. Her sunken eyes which seemed pitted into her head are rimmed with bluish purple. This is not the victim of an accident, but a participant in a make-up demonstration. The man who leans over her has been applying, not blows, but the latest colours in fashion make-up designed to give the woman a hauntingly battered appearance.

In the same way that advertising reflects and reinforces women's position in society, make-up trends act as a living advertisement of what society thinks of women and what women, in following these, think of themselves. The use of make-up to create a mask of beauty has long been prevalent, reflecting the importance of the external attractiveness of women to such a degree that women have been forced to think of themselves, and have others view them, as objects. The latest trend, "the battered look", takes this concept one step further by portraying women's position in society as not simply objects, but as objects of violence. That the incidence of wife-beating and violence towards women has risen in recent years has been well-documented, which should make one wonder when fashion and the media merely reflect, and when they reinforce prevailing attitudes.

Women would do well to be wary and to evaluate the message behind the face they present to the world.

-A.D.

THE GLOBE AND MAIL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1981—

A man with a history of beating his family was sentenced to two years less a day in a provincial reformatory yesterday for kicking and punching his wife to death.

In sentencing William Barclay, 42, Mr. Justice John O'Driscoll of the Ontario Supreme Court said the maximum sentence for manslaughter is life and the man probably deserved a penitentiary term. "However, I know whatever I do will not bring back to life Mary Bernadette Barclay."

"Wife beating is always a concern because the victims cannot protect themselves," he said. "The sentence of this court must shout out that it's not going to be open season on wives who are victims"

Mr. Barclay's 41-year-old wife died on Jan. 25, 1981, after a drunken quarrel between the couple. She had broken ribs, a ruptured pancreas and several bruises on her stomach, pelvis and legs.

Judge O'Driscoll said the memory of what he had done to his wife was in itself a punishment. "I don't wish to be ghoulish, but I suggest you think of what happened that night often. It might be a sobering thought to you."

**Beat his wife to death,
man gets 2-year term
and a ban on drinking**

Mr. Barclay's reprehensible attitude was compounded by his evasiveness when he testified at the trial, Mr. Lipson said. "He said he didn't think anything serious had really happened or he didn't think he had done anything wrong." At his trial, Mr. Barclay admitted hitting his wife in the stomach but denied it caused her death.

Throughout much of the two-hour hearing, the wavy-haired man faced ahead, his eyes downcast. As he was being led away following the sentencing, Mr. Barclay stopped and thanked a tight-lipped Judge O'Driscoll "for your understanding."

THEATRE OF TENSION THEATRE OF TENSION THEATRE OF TENSION THEATRE OF TENSION THEATRE OF

The ruling class is aware of the masses' discontent--a discontent that MUST be calmed or confused so that the masses cannot achieve a unified purpose. The ruling class knows that discontent is a vital primary step towards change. The "deep and subtle ties" that imperialist America has with Europe are vested interests that MUST be protected, and peace protesters are an obstacle to establishing the political unity necessary to defend them. A recent article, entitled "Disarming Threat To Stability", by Henry Muller (which appeared in the Nov. 30 issue of TIME magazine) takes care to remind the European people that they owe their current peace, which Ronald Reagan labelled the longest this century, to American foreign policies.

"Some of the movement's leaders are ALREADY arguing that the campaign should not cease until nuclear weapons are banned from the entire continent, a condition that would leave the Western European countries VULNERABLE TO THE OVERWHELMING PREPONDERANCE of the Soviet Union in conventional arms...European rejection of the missiles would also break a crucial link in the complex chain of defenses that constitutes the West's deterrent against Armageddon."

Not since the Cold War has the bourgeois press (with the exception of the L.A. Times) been so blatant about Russkie-baiting. The Western Europeans have a choice: the threat of extinction because of a global (or localized) nuclear war OR invasion by the Russians. This black and white polarization is given religious overtones with the use of the term Armageddon. HOW CAN NUCLEAR ARMS POSSIBLY BE A DEFENSE AGAINST THE END OF THE WORLD!! But TIME printed it, so it must be true...The article gets worse:

"Emboldened activists would most likely seize upon their victory to demand, as British and Dutch unilateralists already have, the total denuclearization of Western Europe, EVEN IN THE ABSENCE OF ANY SOVIET RECIPROCITY. If this attempt were to succeed, the American public, and Congress, would probably be so angered that they would start a movement to bring U.S. forces home."

The bourgeoisie must destroy any movements that unify the people against the ruling class, and one of the subtlest and most effective techniques is to sow confusion. In the above quote, the leaders of the peace movement are seen to be a threat to Europe itself, and not to the ruling class (specifically, the Americans, but also the governments of individual European countries who support the arms race and military spending in hopes of getting a piece of the spoils).

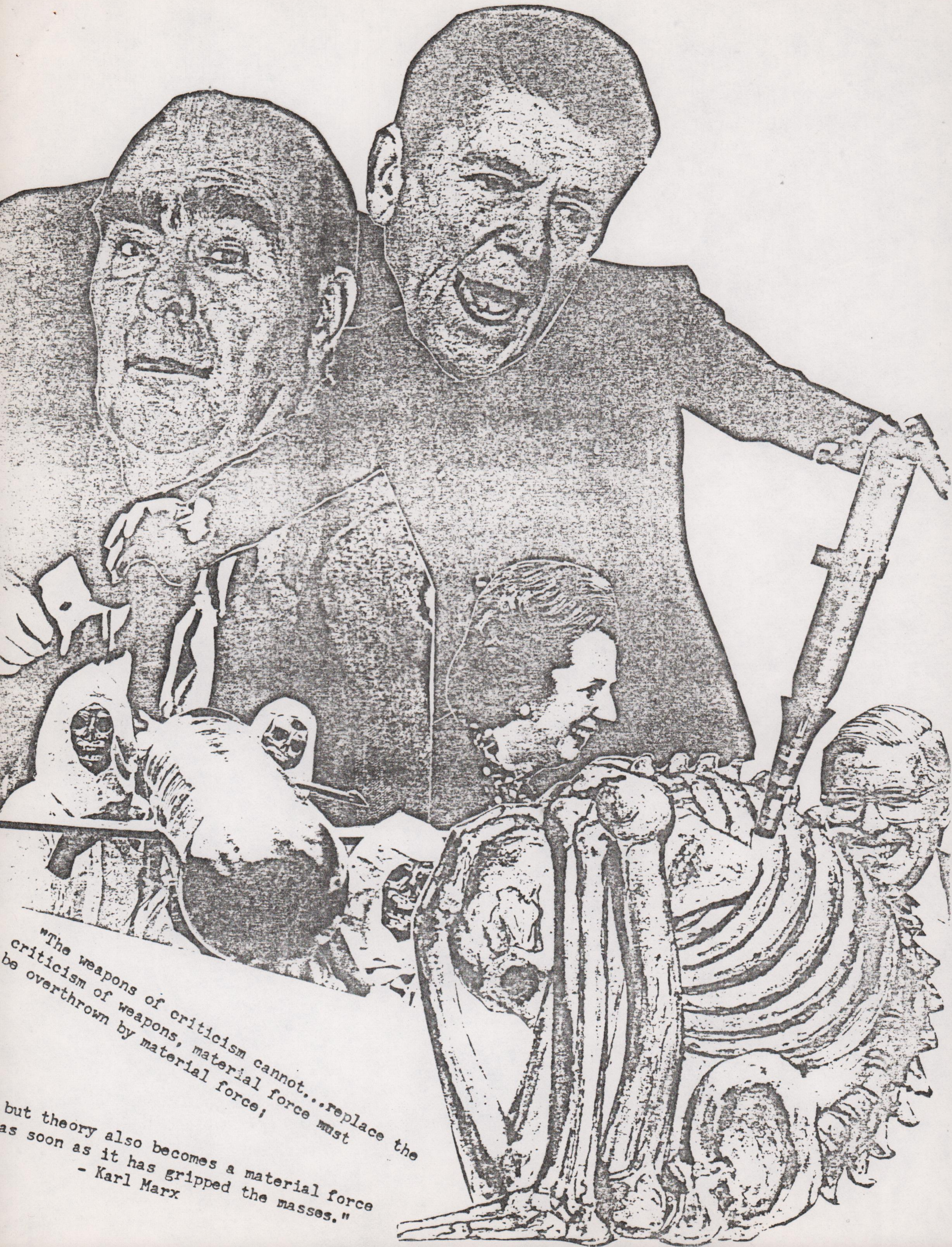
The article reveals the false consciousness that is displayed by the actual players in this deadly game with a quote from NATO's security general Luns:

"It is high time to shake their (the peace movement's and Europe's) complacency and I commend doing so rather rudely. They must be told that freedom's blessing demands a price. They must be told that no matter how large that price may be it is nothing compared to the price that would be paid to regain those blessings should they be lost."

It must be remembered that Luns is referring to the PEOPLE of Europe, not the governments who are in fact just junior partners in the same game of DEATH. The FREEDOM he refers to is the freedom of the bourgeoisie to exploit and grow fat; it is the freedom of multinationals to profit; it is the freedom of the American imperialists to occupy Europe militarily with the blessings of the occupied countries.

Let this serve as a warning to all people who wish to be aware: the armies of the State, both military and ideological, are being prepared for war--a last desperate war to stabilize their rule. The machine has been crumbling and is creaking with age, and yet it is a powerful foe. This is a time of struggle, and to aid in this struggle one must be aware that the sources of our information are not pure, and that they reflect the biases of the ruling class.

DEMYSTIFY, LEARN AND MAKE READY.... K.T.



"The weapons of criticism cannot...replace the criticism of weapons, material force must be overthrown by material force;
but theory also becomes a material force as soon as it has gripped the masses."
- Karl Marx

GANG OF FOUR GOES FOR THE GROIN

Though somewhat narrow in their style (unlike the Clash who have branched out in several different directions), Gang of Four is, nonetheless, one of the most interesting and innovative bands around.

Their sound consists, on the one hand, of the gurgly, funky bass playing of Rick Walton and stiff, clockwork drumming of Hugo Black and, on the other, of the vicious slash-and-burn guitar playing of Andy Gill. Gill's style ranges from manic funky rhythm chops to riffs that should put him on the hit list of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Musical Instruments. In these sonic assaults, defying time signature and key, he uses feedback and distortion in a way that hasn't been heard since Hendrix. Add to this the fevered rantings of singer Jon King and an occasional off-key melodica, and you've got a discordant, spastic mess, but a spastic mess that WORKS!

Even the lyrics sound like a string of non-sequiturs, but, like the music that accompanies them, their seeming lack of inner logic is intended to jar the listener into recognizing the real source of illogic. None speaks wiser than the fool, and by their skillful, sardonic use of characters--doubt-riddled emotional cripples--they manage to dissect the fool in all of us.

"The problem of leisure, what to do for pleasure." In a society without meaning, people are reduced to sensual masturbation.

"I do love a new purchase, a market of the senses." And a constant change in diet is the means by which the ruling class seeks to maintain the charm of it all.

In a society without meaning, one is rendered listless and apathetic: "I'm so restless(I'm bored as a cat), We talk about this and we talk about that."

Love is the drug of the 80's(and the 70's and the 60's): "Fornication makes you happy...re-package sex--your interest."

But even in the bedroom, "No escape from society": "The same again. We couldn't perform the way the other wanted. These social dreams put in practice in the bedroom."

We see ourselves, but only through the prism of society. A thousand products and situations beckon, each promising to be that missing key to our happiness. But every experience is as flat as the last. Objects relating to objects: "Sometimes I'm thinking that I love you, but I know it's only lust."

And when it comes up tails again, what alternative is there but to blame oneself or the "other": "Damaged goods, send them back. I can't work, I can't achieve, send me back. Open the till, give me the change. You said you'd do me good, refund the cost. You said you're cheap, but you're too much."

People are reduced to commodities, each trying to sell himself or herself to the highest bidder: "Dream of the perfect life, economic circumstances. Your body is good business--sell out, maintain the interest."

Marriage is legal prostitution.

Even in our private moments, we find no respite from our "strangeness": "At home he feels like a tourist.."

And always we seek solace in culture, but it's like feeding saltwater to a man dying of thirst: "He fills his head with culture, he gives himself an ulcer."

And, all the while, the cash register rings: "Down on the disco floor, they make their profits from the things they sell to help you cob off, and the rubbers you hide in your top-left pocket."

Even resistance is absorbed into

continued---

"the spectacle": "The corpse is a new personality, ionic charge gives immortality...Guerilla war struggle is a new entertainment!"

But despite the constant barrage of bread and circuses, cracks begin to appear in the neon facade: "Dirt behind the daydream, dirt behind the daydream. The happy ever after is at the end of the rainbow."

I remember seeing a cartoon once. A professor is lecturing to his classroom, and on his board is chalked the maxim, "Capitalism is the best of all possible worlds." And behind the chalkboard, where the students can't see, is an Inferno of concentration camps, famine victims, belching smokestacks, and ravaged countryside: "Trapped in heaven's lifestyle (locked in Long Kesh), you're looking out for pleasure (matchbox torture). It's at the end of the rainbow (white noise in), the happy ever after (the white room)."

Sooner or later, capitalism invariably creates its own grave-diggers: "Dig at the root of the problem (fly the flag on foreign soil), it breaks a new dream daily (matchbox Long Kesh). Fathers contradictions (censors six counties' news), and breaks a new dream daily (each day more dead)."

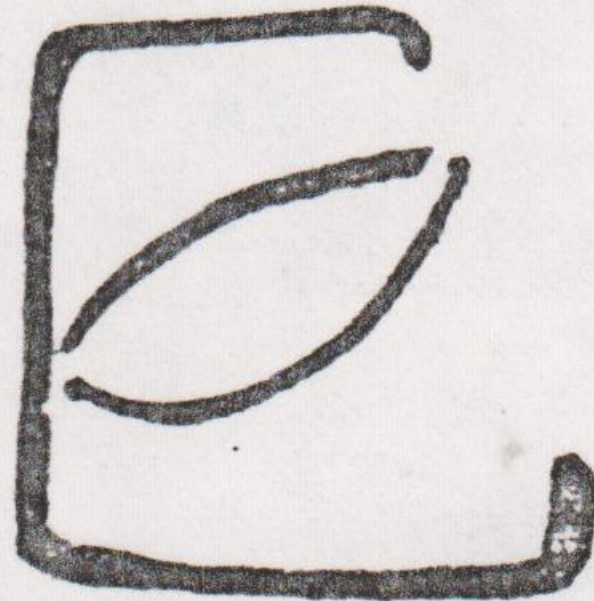
The evidence stares one in the face, but none are so blind as those who do not wish to see: "Politicians treat your vote hope well, the last thing they'll ever do--act in your interests. Look at the world through your polarised glasses, things all look a whole lot better for the working classes."

Increasingly, in direct proportion to the collapse of the empire (and the challenge of new imperialists), the war drums beat. Even the walking dead cannot escape its incessant rhythm: "All this talk of blood and iron, it's the cause of all my shaking. The fatherland's no place to die for..."

And ever, in contrast, the insistent refrain: "Just keep quiet--no room for doubt."

All these lyrics are from the Gang of Four's first album, "Entertainment". In the next part of the article (to be printed next month), I will ^{review} some of the themes in their later work.

-R.H.

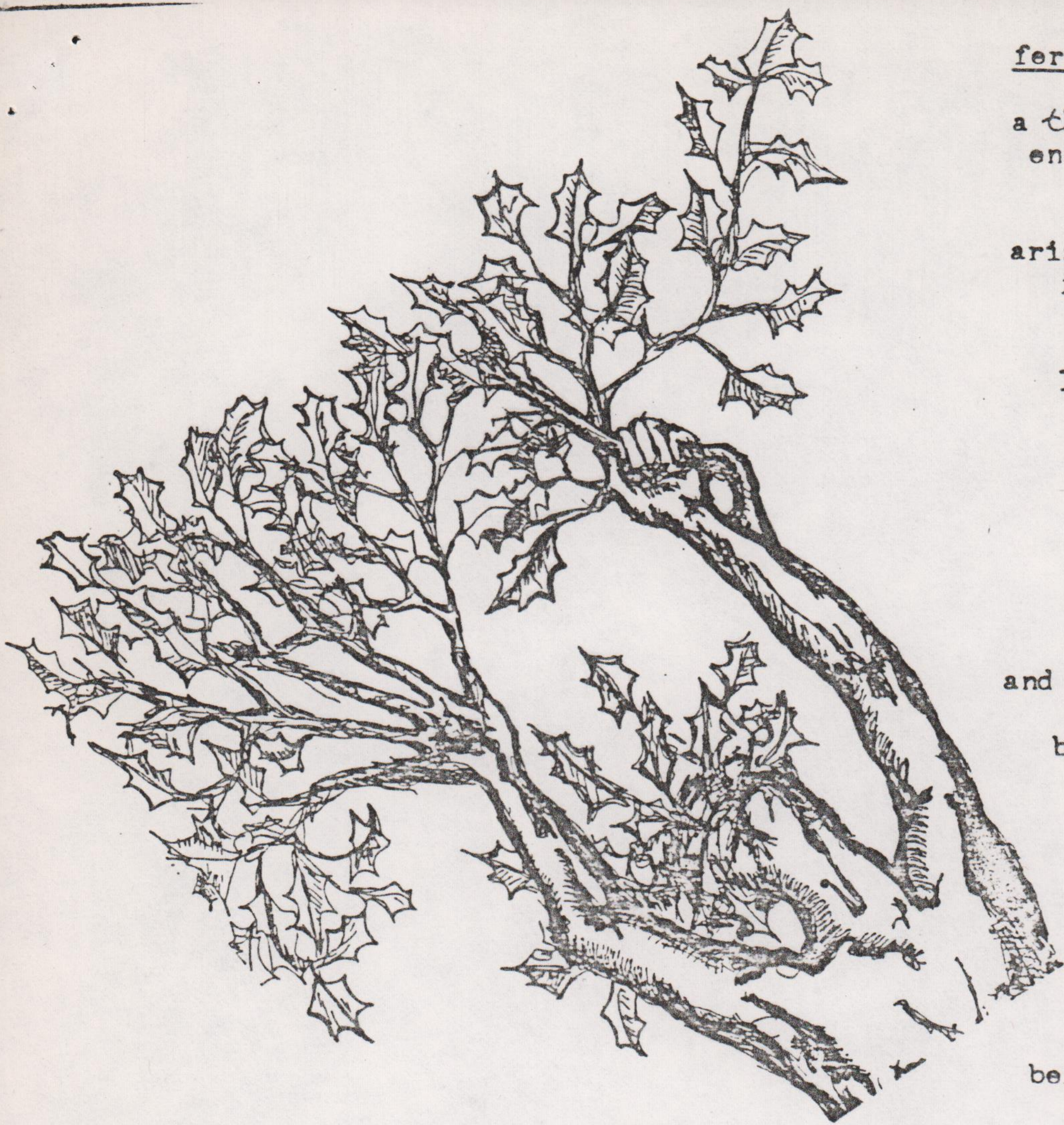


LET'S FACE IT GUYS, ALL YOUR COMPLAINING, AND FIGHTING AND CALLS FOR CHANGE ARE USELESS. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT YOU ARE A MINORITY? PEOPLE ARE LAUGHING AT YOU. DO YOU REALLY EXPECT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY? THINGS AREN'T NEARLY SO BAD AS YOU PAINT THEM.

LOOK AT ME. I'M PRETTY WELL OFF. I GOT A WIFE AND KIDS. WHY SHOULD I WANT TO CHANGE THINGS. SURE, THE INTEREST RATES ARE HIGH AND MY MORTGAGE IS COMING UP, BUT I'M MAKING IT. I WORK DAMN HARD FOR MY MONEY. IT'S PEOPLE LIKE ME THAT MAKE THIS WORLD GO ROUND. NOW GUYS LIKE YOU JUST CAUSE TROUBLE AND MAKE LIFE ROUGH FOR EVERYONE. SOMETIMES IT JUST MAKES ME WONDER YOU KNOW.

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER? YOU SHOULD QUIT BITCHING AND JUST GET A GOOD JOB, YOU KNOW, START PULLING YOUR OWN WEIGHT. AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT, BOY YOU GOT A LOT TO LEARN.

-M.D.



IGGY POP AT THE MUSIC HALL

Two weeks ago Iggy Pop returned to Toronto along with opening act, Our Daughter's Wedding, to play the Danforth Music Hall. After a long wait in line and an equally lengthy wait inside, Our Daughter's Wedding finally began their set, filling the Music Hall with a wall of noise. Although some of the audience appeared to enjoy the repetitious droning sound of the band, it was obvious that the majority of the audience were simply biding their time to see the Ig. Following a mercifully brief set and no encore, Our Daughter's Wedding retired to the wings, and the last long wait for Iggy himself began.

Iggy Pop emerged in his usual frantic fashion, starting the set with an old Stooges tune, "1969". Decked out in black leather cap and jacket, Iggy was soon flailing wildly with his characteristic fervor, taking a selection of songs from various albums, including his most recent "Party", and an unreleased tune, "Winter Of Our Discontent". A few tunes later he left the stage (after an incredibly short set), but then returned to do an encore of equal length, proving himself to be a pretty nice guy after all.

Not only was Iggy Pop in top form as he leapt and crawled about with erratic intensity, but he was backed by all-star line-up consisting of ex-Blondie guitarist Gary Valentine, Blondie drummer Clem Burke, David Bowie guitarist Carlos Alomar, and Iggy regulars Michael Page and Rob Dupuy on bass and guitar. The combination of Iggy and band made for a good night--despite the minor annoyances of every concert, like the long wait and the opening act. Iggy is always worth seeing, and can be depended on for a good show.

fertile
a thousand rich, pregnant blossoms
encapsulating
whole chunks
of human fertility
arising
from the ever-virile
stalk
of African culture
like mushrooms
or infants
all raw
with blood and dirt
like tubors
with the earth
still clinging
to be washed
and perfected
and in the process
slowly perverted
by the starch-white sterile
gloves
of blank technicians--
pale slaves
of those
who plunder the mind
and pillage the body,
sucking out the germ
and injecting
impotence. R.H.
before our very eyes,
music
is transformed
into white bread.

"KICK IT OVER" welcomes comments, letters, articles,

poems, graphics, and more....do not send originals
as they will not be returned. WRITE TO:

K.I.O.
c/o P.O. Box 5811.
Station A,
Toronto, ONT
M5W 1P2

Working Class Hero

As soon as you're born
they make you feel small
By giving you no time
instead of it all
Until the pain is so big
you feel nothing at all.

A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

They hurt you at home
and they hit you at school
They hate you if you're clever
and they despise a fool
'Til you're so fucking crazy
you can't follow their rules.

A working class hero is something
A working class hero is something

When they've tortured and scared
for twenty-odd years
Then they expect you
to pick a career
But you can't really function
you're so full of fear.

A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

Keep you doped with religion
and sex and T.V.
And you think you're so clever
and classless and free
But you're still fucking peasants
as far as I can see.

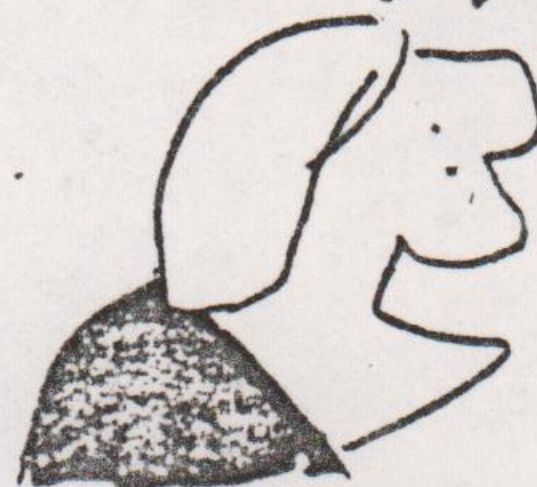
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

There's room at the top
they are telling you still
But first you must learn
to smile as you kill
If you want to live
like the folks on the hill.

A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

—John Lennon

SO WHAT
WOULD YOU LIKE
FOR CHRISTMAS?



11/19

A
NUCLEAR
WAR



Q.T.S.

WICKS