

Oka Everywhere

Propagandhi

The best thing I ever saw on tv was that s.q. (securite quebec) cop catching a bullet with his teeth. condolence, madame canadiana, but your husband was a fucking (stuck) pig. but this song 's not about some romantic account of history. it's not about martyrs or mythos or heroes or burnings-in-effigy. it's about a native kid flipping her lid just trying to keep some self-respect intact. it's about an oka the size of a fist in resistance and a will to fight back... and the girls at work, they still deny their racism. they claim tolerance for all.

But it seems the degree of (only) racial slurs is their gauge (and it defines tolerance as hate). and there's 27 million girls-at-work here. imagine fighting that for 500 years. and golly-g ee! how valient! how the white oppressor makes allowance for calculated gestures of insurgence (all tightly tethered to their purses/purpose). oka had this orchestra(tion) aborted. oka fucked their rules to choose a future self-determined and I, for one, support it... ...and the smartest thing I think I ever said: if a kevin kostner kavalry is your means to their end, then the struggle is dead. why do we pretend that our approval is upon what they depend?