

# MANIFESTO OF DAS KAPITAL

*Das Kapital* is a place for discussion of issues and current events in Widdifield Secondary School. It also provides a platform and a megaphone for voices that cannot be heard and wished to be heard. It is an open forum, and we do not discriminate anyone who would like to submit work and use the paper to showcase their opinions in politics or their poetry they wrote seven years ago or just two hours ago. We welcome criticism on certain aspects of the school, even criticism of this paper.

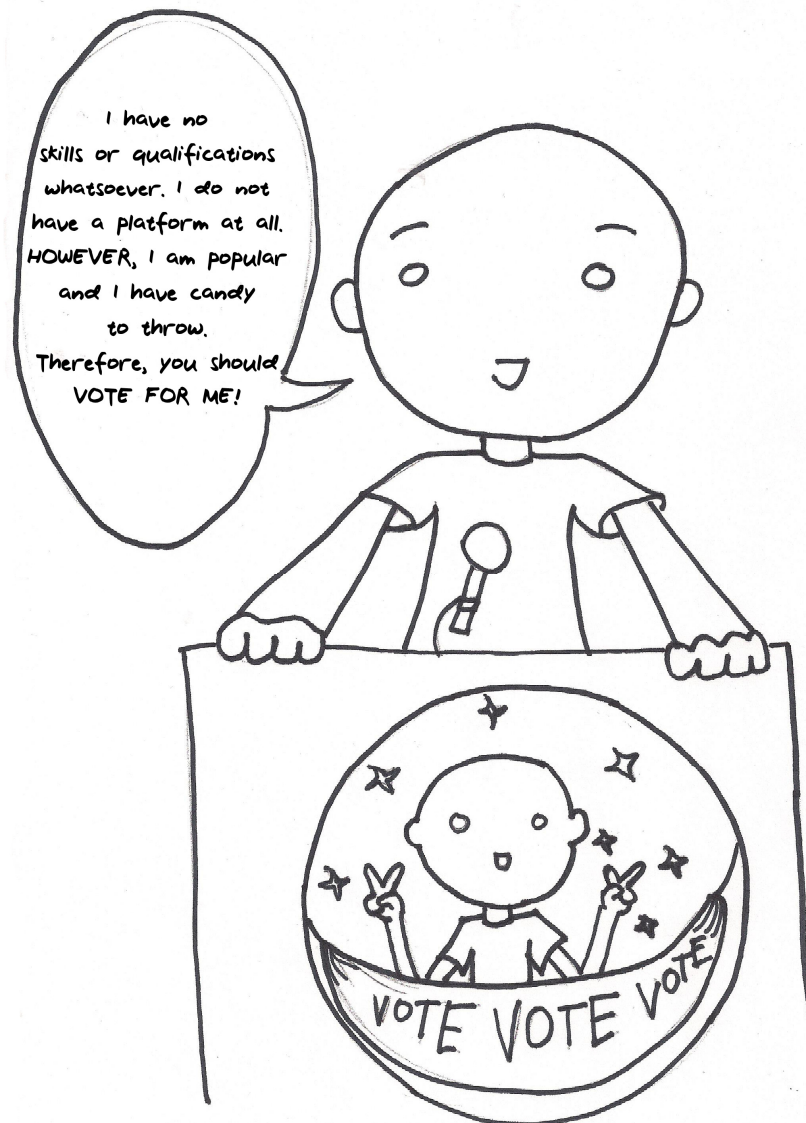
But this is NOT a platform for bullying. We like swearing and dark comedy, but we also like to keep everything civil. We approach topics carefully and thoughtfully, and we have an open mind towards opinions we—the staff—may disagree with. We WILL challenge authority by deliberately offending them, downgrading and downplaying them, like how they downgrade and downplay us. If you are angry at us because you cannot use *Das Kapital* to insult your teacher simply to piss them off and get away with it, or use *Das Kapital* to humiliate the person you do not like so much you would go lengths to even do that, then would you kindly please fuck off. We do not condone hate speech.

We are a 100% student-run, student-funded paper. There is no teacher "officially" backing us up. If in the future *Das Kapital* is taken over and controlled by the teachers for whatever reason, or turned into a Burn Book, then it has ceased to exist. The paper is dead, even if issues are printed and distributed. Do not let them take this away. Fight to preserve this.

We are not asking you to keep *Das Kapital* going. We are asking you to keep the freedom of expression and information alive. We ask you to defy censorship.

Signed,  
*Das Kapital* Staff  
June 2016

# DAS CAPITAL



ISSUE 0

JUNE 13, 2016

# INTRODUCTION

Hello! If you are reading this, it means someone had discreetly handed this to you, or your friend is showing this to you in class or at lunch. That being said, you almost certainly have no idea what this is (that's the point), but this suspicious booklet in your hands has already peaked your interest.

Another reason you could be reading this is that you are a teacher or a staff member who somehow got their hands on this. You are probably curious and a little bit enraged. Here's a disclaimer: We're not sorry for the parental complaints that will result because of this.

This newspaper is brought to you by a group of students who are tired of being told we have the power to create change but we are never really encouraged to do so. We watch movies about social revolutions, movies about great minds, but we are never really taught to think critically. Now, we are inspired and have decided to take action – however seemingly menial that action may be.

Students have a limited amount of forums they can use to express their opinions and have a voice. The downside: all these opinions and views are highly censored by teachers and ultimately, the administration.

You cannot blame the teachers for wanting everything to go smoothly – that is their job – but you *should* blame them. Hold everyone responsible for what they do and do not do.

Alas, this paper was born to share and spread ideas (see the Manifesto for a more detailed mission statement) in an uncensored way.

but boring.

Where is the real wreckage?

Where is the end of the world when you need it, huh? Fuck thunderstorms and lightning! Show me something that I can be so terrified of it could make me feel like an ant whose entire existence is being threatened by a bright white Nike check with clear intention in a way that doesn't make me want to "cop it". Don't get me wrong, I don't want to die anymore than the 40-year-old jogger mom down the street, but if I have to spend one more morning passing her as she leaves her little ticky-tacky box, I might just swerve to the right, and maybe, just maybe, I could feel alive again.

I need to be free from this.

From this narrative of plasticity shaped in barrels of monkeys rolling down Lego hills into absolute boredom and plain flat table surfaces that await. I need to cure myself of this plague of overused toys and childhood perfection.

I want it to hurt.

I want to break the barrel open and rip apart every damn monkey, limb by limb. I want to step on the Legos just to know that maybe this plastic world can still bite back. I want to lose control of my own game and pray to a god that doesn't exist in the hopes that he might just step on me, might just rip my limbs off and free me from my barrel. So let the flood gates open. Don't build boats and don't bother with life jackets because I've been learning to swim since my sad, swollen face first met the fluorescent glow of hospital lights like sunshine peeking through the rough water above me, and only now, am I realizing that I should have kept my head under the water.

FOR INQUIRIES, SUBMISSIONS, AND DEATH THREATS:

[THEANTIBANNER@GMAIL.COM](mailto:THEANTIBANNER@GMAIL.COM)

defend your rights, freedoms and liberties or will you lie down and let authority walk all over you?

## A HAIKU

By T.C. Mitts

Mostly just corrupt  
Why does no one ever vote?  
Reaganomics man

## ARMAGEDDON

By W.P.

I need to be free from this.  
From—this.

Crawling beneath my sun-stained skin beneath this layer of sediment brought down by torrential downpour of rat-race repulsion.

I can't even feel the rain anymore. Ticks in the form of busy days bury themselves into my desire to move forward, infecting me with a desire to drop to my knees at the hands of whatever trend decides to take parasitic form this week. I am a shell, like dragonfly larva trying so hard to escape previous form. Left on rocks is my frail existence lingering in past and drowned in whatever lake I decide to "fit into". Though the dragonfly that emerges, always seems to meet the same fate. Left behind, drowned.

And I'm done with it.

These tides wash the rocks clean with each wave until impurity is but a shell and I feel the same and I'd be lying if I said I didn't want natural forces to wash me clean. To unstain my skin back into undesired film, to round my jagged edges and dissipate my soul into the waters. I know it's been said before but I hope we see Armageddon soon because this circus of exotic animals has proven to be nothing

## HELP WANTED

We graduate soon, and are unsure about the future of this newspaper. Nevertheless, this is not limited to the small group of students who put this issue together – we don't want it to be. Start your own newspaper; share your ideas and views! Continue to enhance Widdifield in a way that is meaningful. Grow some balls and do something you actually care about! Be passionate! Get fucking pissed! It's your responsibility to initiate change in your school.

Thank you for reading, and please spread word of this along to all your fellow peers. See you next school year.

Salute,  
*Das Kapital* Staff

## DAS KAPITAL STAFF

Karl Marx                      W.P.  
Guy Fawkes                    S.M. (Artist)  
Wat Tyler  
George Orwell  
T.C. Mitts

## IN THIS ISSUE

THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.....	04
THE BANNER CENSORSHIP.....	04
MESSAGES.....	07
RIGHTEOUS FURY.....	09
A HAIKU.....	10
ARMAGEDDON.....	10
MANIFESTO OF DAS KAPITAL.....	12

# THE RIGHT TO NOT VOTE

By Guy Fawkes

Bob Dylan preached the concept, “Don’t criticize if you can’t understand.” So please enlighten me as to why graduating grade twelve students are not allowed to vote in student council elections? As someone who has been going to Widdifield for four years, I’m completely offended my right to vote is torn away from me because I won’t be attending this institution again next year. So what? This may be a generalization, but I am sure the majority of grade twelve students would elect much more able candidates than the grade nines who vote for the students who hand out the most candy or have the most friends. Through my four years of experience, I know what’s wrong with Widdifield, and how to attempt to fix it.

Many of us are eighteen this year, meaning we can vote in federal elections, but are unable to vote for the students we want doing something as menial as controlling the school’s social media. What does this say about the way Widdifield’s elections are run? Is electing the president of our school a right we cannot have access to, while voting for the PM of our country is deemed as our duty?

As seniors and soon-to-be alumni’s, we want what’s best for our school, and that means making sure we’re leaving the school in capable hands. Grade twelves should absolutely have the right to vote because we have the most experience with our school’s issues, and as a result, would ensure the best candidates are elected and representing our school.

# THE BANNER CENSORSHIP

By George Orwell

The reason we are starting this cute little news-booklet stems from one collective frustration: censorship in

the better.

However, this can't happen if we're shoved down until we give up. Everyone has the capacity to change the fucking world!

Let them!

Let us!

# RIGHTEOUS FURY

By Wat Tyler

Anger. White hot anger. We’ve all felt it at one time or another. A friend bails on something you were super excited for, or maybe it’s a bad day and literally everything everyone says makes you wonder whether to shoot them or yourself. But when was the last time we got mad about something that truly mattered? How often will we get up in arms about the computers in the library throwing a shit fit or the McDonald's ice cream machine being broken? When was the last time you felt burning rage in the pit of your stomach when a fellow student gets screwed over by the administration? When was the last time that YOU felt such raging fury that you needed to scream, to hit something, or someone? To let the world know that you weren’t going to take this BULLSHIT sitting down? But you never did yell and scream. You never did hit anyone or thing, you sit in cold silence until the fire within you burns itself out, because you learned to simply withstand the punishment we receive at the hands of our “elders”, people who assert their authority over us just because they are older, more “mature”. I say it’s time to rekindle the fire, to remember all the wrongs done to you and not just stand, but rise up and say, “Enough!” We are told that what we do in high school will impact the rest of our lives. Well, if that is true, then it is your time to make a choice.

Will you lead the kind of life where you fight and

spend it. I wasn't being friendly to hide anything, I just grew up believing people should be nice because we inherently are (or so, I thought). I was nothing but a socially awkward eleven-year-old, who wanted a chocolate milk after delivering papers.

Finally, this is a message for a friend. One of many who drifted away from me throughout the years. I truly hope things turned out the way you wanted them to. Are you still interested in automotive repair? Do you still like baking oatmeal cookies on Saturdays? Did you finally finish *Lost*? Most importantly, was it all worth it? Was it worth it to throw your friend in the dust in order to increase your social standing? Your friend who grew up with you? Your friend who would have done anything for you? Maybe I'm at fault, to an extent. I know I'm not the easiest to get along with. I understand I'm not normal. I get that I embarrassed you, sometimes. Nevertheless, when you abandoned me, I abandoned my belief that friends will always stick by your side. In addition, I abandoned myself for a long time. I was certain no one would ever stay with me if they found out how weird I really was, and those fears still linger, even though I've been told numerous times they're untrue. So, was it worth it? I hope so... I miss you.

Yes, These are real stories from my life. These are things I wish I could really tell these people. Unfortunately, It's too late for that. It's past. Although, It's not too late for me to give my messages to you. You probably don't know who I am. That's good, I don't want you to know. I want you to think of me as everyone in the crowd that your brain immediately dismisses. Everyone you walk past and classify as "unimportant." Every opinionated, eccentric, nonconformist you avoid in the hallways. Don't avoid us, listen! I am, we are, the people society has trained us not to give a shit about. In spite of that, guess what? We are the different thinkers who can rise up and change things for

our school. The Banner doesn't want to offend anyone. It does not want to disturb the peace of our school, our quiet little secondary public school, but we have become so mellow and tamed and taught to follow rules, to conform, to step aside when someone is passing by and be a good student, to not give a shit anymore. We are made to think that Widdifield is a safe place when it is not. It is a tolerant and cute school, but ignorance runs rampant in the halls, and the average student or teacher does not like to be educated and wish to be hurtful, pious, wants to be on the right even though they are in the wrong, wrong, wrong.

Indeed, these restrictions and our hyperawareness of the flaws of our beloved school led us to the creation of this newspaper. I absolutely understand about parental concerns of our schoolmates being exposed to something they shouldn't be exposed to. But you have to realize that we are not babies that need to be constantly spoonfed and guided and shielded from everything that you deem inappropriate. You exclude us from discussions that are for "adults". Do you not consider us one? Is it because of our ages, our level of maturity? Is it because you think our tiny little brains can't take all of it? That we don't know what we are talking about, that it's better we stick our noses to our phones, drink, and have sex, and then ridicule us for doing so? But *you* devised the way we act. *You* engineered us. *You* projected yourself to us.

Shielding ourselves from controversial ideas eliminates our freedom of exploration, our curiosity, our sense of adventure, by boxing us into an area of certain size and shape, to play safe, to be neat, tidy, and obedient. We call dogs smart when they get the tricks, when they obey their owner. It's the same as a person following a teacher's instructions and being told that they were smart because they were following orders, being quiet, and not making any noise, be it literally or figuratively.

But we are not domesticated dogs, nor are we “wildcats”. We are rabid, dangerous, and chaotic. We are no longer leashed. We are the wolves of Widdifield, with the blood of our words dripping down our snarls, angry pariahs who rattle the chains of the ignored, the oppressed, the voiceless. We are silent and invisible, paws on the marble floor, thrusting our snouts into the darkest corners of the school, inside these walls and beyond them. We are the faceless people you often pass the hallways, the people you never really give a second thought, hidden in plain sight.

We wish not to offend anyone, but you cannot understand how frustrated we have grown over the past few years in this school to have tapes over our mouths, with a line drawn where we cannot cross even though we *must* because this is about *us* and not *you*, teacher, nor is it about *you*, parent. You, teacher, are not concerned with the well-being of the students. You just want to save face.

Yes, I do believe that the Banner censors. The school is full of diverse and like-minded people with strong opinions on something they are passionate about, but there is little wiggle room for us to move and to move people. There's nothing interesting in the school newspaper because we can't hear the stories of those who wish to shout. Thus, we are born. We want to prod and pry and tickle brains, make them react, make them scream at us because this is what we want. We are not doing this for mere English enrichment marks. We want change. We want the people to come up and speak through us. We demand to be heard.

The Banner cuts off the tongues of the meek and strings them up. We were offered an opportunity to speak out through words yet we were stomped heartlessly and dismissed our wounds as something that would make us stronger, fiercer, and louder.

They are absolutely right.

## MESSAGES

By Karl Marx

This is a message to all of the popular students who make fun of individuals below them. This is a message to the people in this world who make an opinion on someone, without any evidence. This is a message for the people who throw other's trust in the dirt. Respectfully, go fuck yourself.

This is a message for an old school staff of mine. Yes, on the surface, it's really easy to make assumptions about people. It's safe. A greasy looking kid who's failing his classes and barely speaks hits a popular, “respectable”, young man across the face. The principal is alerted. Immediate suspension. However, did any of you bother to ask any questions? Did you know that greasy kid suffered from a severe, undiagnosed mental illness? Did you know that greasy kid has trouble creating lasting friendships? Did you know that greasy kid doesn't talk because he can't even take his own opinions seriously? Most importantly, did you know that the respectable kid who got his face clobbered, mocked that same greasy kid every day for a month, AND hit him first? No, you didn't. Didn't matter, did it? You knew who was guilty before it happened.

This is a message for a local store owner downtown. How are you? Do you remember me? I must seem much different now. My hair is properly combed and washed. I stopped wearing old, dirty tracksuits. I learned how to speak with grandiosity and bravado. I am, what you would perceive to be, a well-bred member of society. So, that being said, would you still physically remove me from your store? Would you still ask me how many drugs I'm on and threaten to phone the police? Would you still tell me I'm worthless? Sir, I was looking at your products because I was a stupid kid who saved up money all summer, and couldn't wait to