Hey um... this dumpster?

Moo?

There's a cow in the dumpster??

We have to set it free!

Now hold on a second...

If we leave it in here, its milk is freegan, right?

I'm not sure we're friends.

To the EARTH First Journal

(even though they have a myspace)

To the Danish squatters

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www.tangledwilderness.org

#10

Super Happy Anarchon Fun Pages!!

with

-Pirates!

-Animal Lib!

-Punks in Hummers!

FREE
I made it to #10! This comic, less than 3 years old, represents one of the longest projects I’ve ever done. And one of the most rewarding. Anyhow, I have a challenge—re-draw your favorite SHAFP comic and submit it. Whenever we get around to printing a collection, we’ll include our favorites.

Thanks again to everyone who copies and distributes SHAFP!

strangers@riseup.net

Strangers In A Tangled Wilderness has a bunch of new zines—
- From Jimmy T. Hand, we have “The Road To Either Or”, an autobiographical novella, and “The Seduction of the Wind”, a collection of short stories
- “The Illaven”, an adapted myth that gave the band its name.
- “We don’t support the troops” a pamphlet to explain the anarchist case against soldiers
- “Steampunk Magazine” a full size magazine of crazy machinery, fiction, etc.

More! www.tangledwilderness.org

Hey there, kids! My name is Dr. Science-O, and today I’ve got a letter from the star of the Earth First Journal.

“Dear Dr. Science-O, I was wondering, why can’t you go back in time by flying through the time zones at faster than I velocity?”

Ah! An excellent question! As you can see in our infrographic, the thing that prevents time travel is the international date line, which is a convenient force field that is conveniently located as far from Britain as possible.

In fact, according to modern scientific theory, the only viable method of time travel is that of flying around the sun.

This would also allow you to kill humanity before it evolves. Except then you would never have been born, so you wouldn’t have been able to go back in time, so you would have been born...

Maybe it's best if we just leave it alone, yes?
The Anarch-Pirate Brigade!

Goodly bombardier! Bring up the cannon!

Hehe, it's a pun. You see, cannon is a guy, but cannon is a group of "help" books for an ideal, and as anarchists we hold no dogma.

Yes, fine. Very good. But now, the cannon. Let's get the cannon. We have no cannon.

Oh, well, we also have no cannon.

With this dynamite we shall strike a hearty blow against tyranny!

But, my friend, you cannot blow up a social relation! Ahh! How true! Fortunately for our imprisoned comrades, however, you can blow up a prison wall!

Boom!

"Free the slaves and sink the gold! Yo-ho-yo-ho!"

Promise never to do as you're told. My life is so sweet.

Oh, wow, that punk show last night was kella! Wicked!

What show? I didn't see any flyers.

Oh, we didn't make flyers. Did you check your 'Space?

My 'Space?

Your 'Space?

My 'What?

See, it's no! That I didn't hear the words you said, it's that I don't know what they signify.

Don't you know that Fox owns Myspace?

Lots of good things are owned by bad people.

You know, I was being sarcastic. MTV is a bad thing.

So, I don't pay for it. Ahh! You don't pay in money, you pay in detached culture, detached community...

Yeah, like MTV.

Email, phone, post, travel... My picture of me is of me getting arrested, isn't that cool?

Fume
Fur is coming back in a big way!

News.

What are you watching? Ads?

News.

Same thing.

Fur. I was walking downtown and I saw four people in fur coats. It needs to stop.

Well, you know what they say: "direct action gets the goods."

Are "the goods" in this case "opportunities to see yuppies run around with their coats on fire?"

Well, I was thinking paint, but yeah, fire would do.

What are you doing? Why are you wearing fur?

That's not the real question.

What are you doing? Why are you wearing fur?

"What is a puppy doing walking around in the dead of winter without a coat on?"

The real question is: "What is a puppy doing walking around in the dead of winter without a coat on?"

but what about their property rights? Aren't we supposed to respect property?

You are confused. Nationalism and Fascism are not about consistency, but about control. Mussolini defined his government based on whim, not logical guidelines.

but what about their property rights? Aren't we supposed to respect property?

You are confused. Nationalism and Fascism are not about consistency, but about control. Mussolini defined his government based on whim, not logical guidelines.

The Rigidly Hierarchical Fascist Discipline Pages!

You will read this Panel First.

You will read this panel second.

You will read this Panel Third.

Gee, what should we do today?

Shut up!

Today, you will go to work. When you return home, you will commit direct action with me to further the cause of our nation.

Shut up!

You will not read this panel.

Yawn. My clock is out. I wonder what time it is.

Sucks up.

Yip.

Hrm... no electricity. Guess we forgot to pay again.

Oh well.

Oh well.
Gee, honey, the bumblebees are dying, the polar bears are dying, and the oceans are acidifying.

Something must be done.

where's my checkbook?

Ah! A new animal-torturer moved in to town, I can hear the screams of vivisected cats echoing through the streets, their suffering a cruel face of science!

I don't hear anything.

I was speaking metaphorically.

Egads! An Anarchist!

Look here, you young radical. I used to think like you when I was your age...

but as I got older I realized my sense of social obligation to change their heart from inside the system...

look sir, I don't mean to be rude, but your eyes are glazing over in boredom.

Geez.

Animal torturers! Puppy slayer!

Well stay outside of your house until your company stops investing in vivisection!

I'm a school teacher.

This isn't the Hatcher residence?

Err... sorry about that.

What I'm getting at is, don't blame me, I voted for the other guy.

I'm not trying to blame anyone. I'm trying to solve the problems.

You're not trying to blame me?

No.

That's good, because I voted for the other guy.

Okay, now I'm starting to blame you.

There's nothing left for it now but to break into the lair of this dastardly vivisector...

Later that night...

What's in the bag?

Whew free the innocent cats, sure. But this cat deserves it. He's such a jerk!

The neighbour's cat.
I've got it figured out. Uh-oh.

Okay, so peak oil needs to hit before ecological collapse, right, or we won't be able to recover...

Does this explain the Hummer packed out front?

I'm saving the world!

No, hear me out.

So the crux of this plan is that we use up all the oil as fast as possible?

mmmm.

Cute.

did you, by any chance, vote for Bush?

Hey, Bush's wars have done more to radicalize people than Clinton ever did.

Sigh.

So if you log on to funksinhummers.com, you can peruse our world-saving gear, like external fuel burners and efficiency downgrades. All free, of course.

You have a bumper sticker that says "One less bikepunk.

Hehe... yes.

I get out of my house.

Fine. I'll sleep in my Hummer.

*Not real, we hope—Ed.

Hey all you timber companies out there! My name is crazy ranger Steve and do I have a deal for you!

See all this beautiful old growth timber behind me? Well, we're giving it away!

Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking "with all the costs involved with cutting virgin forest, I might end up losing money."

You're thinking "since 95% of our country's lumber needs are met without cutting the national forests, which are of profound ecological significance, I might as well not cut it."

But that's why we're offering tax payer subsidiaries. Yes, that's right! Why take a financial loss when the whole of the US can take it for you?!

In fact, we're so crazy that we're selling these forests at a net loss.

But hurry! This is a limited time offer! Only 9% of our original forests are left. And when they're gone, they're gone! So come on down to the forest service!

*Click*

Stupid TV.

Laying down, not turned into a slug.