THE
SUPER-HAPPY ANARCHO*FUN
PAGES!!!

with:
- Suburbia!
- Pro-science Primitivism!
- Alternative Energy!

Future Sellout

Future Political Prisoner

Future Dead Anarchist

Future Wingnut

Snitches get Stitches
dead to the capitalist bourgeoisie

No Future
Issue #11 marks 3 years of SHAFF. After every issue, I think “that’s it. I’ve covered it all.” But then someone says something funny on the pickett line (look at me trying to up my red cred!) and suddenly I have another comic. Rest assured, not all these jokes are mine.

Anyhow, we (“Strangers in a Tangled Wilderness”) are trying to release a collection of SHAFF, but it would be plain rude to charge money for the thing, so we’re raising funds to publish it into the gift economy.

So, if you know any good colleges to siphon money from, please let us know.

“Aaah! I just made a “donation plea”! I hate donation pleas!” I take it back!

other projects by strangers in a tangled wilderness:
- steamPunk Magazine
- The 11 waxen post-apoc Green & Black Metal
- Seduction of the Wind-
- Bed-time stories by Jimmy T. Hand

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Hey, I know you’re an anarchist, but will you sign my petition for impeachment?

Sure! I’m totally for impeachment!

you are?

of course! Impeachment is where they shoot the president, right?

uh... no... Impeachment is where you take him out of office.

And nobody replaces him?

No, the vice-president replaces him.

geeze... what a bum deal.
boy howdy, was that ever a sweet protest. I totally threw a bottle at a cop.

was the protest very effective?

pardon?

the protest—did you all accomplish what you set out to do?

were you listening?

I totally pegged a cop with a bottle!

sigh. let me relate to you a parable:

there once was a burglar named steve. so frustrated was he by guard dogs that he constantly studied methods with which to defeat them.

this mask makes me look like a ninja turtle.

one day steve went to a house to steal a fabulous treasure.

was it a ruby-studded axe?

uh, sure. cause that would be pretty brutal.

anyhow, steve got so distracted that he spent all night beating up guard dogs and never got to steal the treasure.

have at you! foul canine!

woof.

great story. I think I get the point.

yup. but let me tell you a story:

there once was a burglar who spent so much time telling stories that they never bothered to steal anything...
Welcome to Another Adventure
In Suburban Squatting

When we last left off our swarthy band of pop-punk heroes was faced with a crisis...

*GASP* they've passed an anti-loitering ordinance, and they're taking the benches out from the mall!

I'm certain you will recall when they were called eloquently by Jenny Veggieburger...

And so I ask you this: are you ready to die for your suburb, or just to dye your hair?

You were torn asunder when Tom yesterday abandoned his comrades...

And now we rejoin them as they plan their non-violent civil disobedience in the name of Anarchy, Justice, and Loitering.

Screw this, I'd rather pay rent.

7-11
open 24 hrs.

Fist raised
NO LOITER
IN Here

Strike anywhere
Right, so Greg, slug, Pat and I will U-lock our necks to the two benches, while Suzie chains herself down.

Now... legal support. Anyone know any lawyers?

my dad and my step-mom are lawyers.

All four of my parents are.

My dad is the Mayor. Does that count?

here we are! All set?

uh-oh

what?

I forgot to bring chains.

here! Use the ones off our wallets!

great, now I just need a padlock!

use the one from my necklace.

oh, no! I couldn't!

It's okay. We're all prepared to make sacrifices today for the cause.

*sigh

I'm honored, Pat!

Well, these kids are pretty well locked. I say we just leave 'em till they get bored.

hurrah! we've won!

LATER: this sucks. I'm missing Aqua Teen Hunger Force.

Join us next time for another edition of "Adventures in Suburban Squatting!"

SNEAK PREVIEW:

Let's skate!
Welcome, Yuppies. As you all know, the earth is running out of oil.

And worse, our stocks go down when liberal hippies whine about oil...

So, gentlemen and lady, I present to you a solution to both our problems:

Table: Stupid Earth!

Stupid hippies!

Operation: Hippy Gerbil!

All across the world, there are people who are committed to seeking out alternative energy sources...

While all across the world there are businesses that could use free electricity and a green make-over.

So soon, all over the world, there will be bicycle generators.

Honey, it's my shift to go generate some juice over at the ole Starbucks.

But you don't even drink Starbucks, owing to their anti-union and pro-globalization policies.

Be that as it may, it is not my place to deny them alternative energy. Otherwise we'd just be preaching to the choir.
It's simply not working.

It's those damn hippies. They're just so inefficient!

It's like they eat as much energy as they produce!

Plan B:

Back to the drawing board then.

Operation: Far Out, Man!

At its source, all energy on earth comes from the sun.

Let's cut out space, that lazy middle man. We'll send up people in spaceships to scoop up energy in buckets.

And I know just the people who will volunteer.

I see nothing wrong with that plan.

3...2...1... Lift off!

Woops. It burned up, killing dozens. Still economically viable to send more?

Yup.

Good. Keep trying until we're losing too much money.

But won't the media expose us?

Ha ha ha.

It's funny to make jokes.
I just don't understand why it didn't work. I paid like four different scientists to write up papers that proved it would.

Whatever will we do? Perhaps we do need to reduce our catastrophic resource consumption.

Nonsense. We shall simply fall back on plan C!

operation: groovy dinosaurs

As you all know, oil is made of dead dinosaurs. I say, let's make it a renewable resource.

Initial cessetery drilling tests have proved unfruitful, owing to the high levels of contaminants found in the average corpse.

so to be brief, my fellow, I propose burying hippies. alive ones or dead ones?

Well, I don't think they'll live very long once they're buried, do you?

Tell me again why you're off to go kill yourself for some capitalist's plan?

Oh, darling, don't see it as me killing myself; the commercial on NPR referred to it as "investing in our children's future."

you're an idiot. The biggest idiot I've ever met.

I'm saving the world.

I'm saving the world.

I'm saving the world.
"Dear Dr. Science-O, we always get to hear about your science learnings, but not about you as a person. Hell, we don't even know your political leanings.

Sincerely, a curious fan."

Ah! I've been waiting for an opportunity to discuss this...

I'm a pro-science primitivist...

Science says: "die human, die."

Pro-science primitivism is the only form of primitivism not weighed down by the hypocrisy of using scientific logical arguments to argue against science...

And is the only form of science that understands and reacts to the ramifications of process, it's a science that recognizes its own limitations.

After all, what good is knowing the way that the earth works if you have killed the earth in the process?

If we, as humanity, continue this exponential growth of population, and more importantly, consumption, we will soon encounter atmospheric conditions ill-suited to the survival of multi-celled life.

Ergo, we won't be able to build clockwork out of clay. Ask yourself this: can you truly live without ceramic clockwork?

The answer, of course, is no.
"Dear Dr. Science-O, why do you support Earth First! with its no compromise position? Isn't a refusal to compromise something that makes you a jerk?"

- some guy

Ah! An excellent question. After all, there are no stupid questions, only a variety of intelligences to be found in the askers.

But in answer to your question, I offer you the following historical reenactment:

---

We want to cut down the entire forest to make room for cows.

We don't want you to cut down the forest.

Let's compromise—we'll cut down half of it.

uh...Okay?

NEXT YEAR:

we want to cut down what's left of the forest to get wood for packing pallets.

we don't want you to cut down the forest.

Let's compromise—well cut down half of what's left!

NEXT YEAR:

we want to cut down the forest 'cause that's our job.

we don't want you to cut down the forest.

why do you begrudge us our jobs?

And this pattern continued. So Earth First! is no compromise because there is almost nothing left. Even the tiny National Forests are just patchworks of clearcuts.

I forgot to end with a joke.
A Public Service Announcement!

As an anarchist, enemy of the state, adventurer extraordinare, your future is pretty uncertain.

But we here at SHAF think it's safe to say that your fate will take one of four broad paths:

1. Option one: You are a future sellout. I used to be so reckless!

2. Option two: Future political prisoner.

3. Option three: Future dead Anarchist. You'll never take me alive!

4. Option four: Future wingnut. (If all of your friends are gone, you just sound crazy.)

Free trade was invented by space aliens!

But wait? What about the fifth option? What if we win?

HA HA

HA HA

HA HA

I remember to end with a joke this time!
So let me get this straight: you want to impeach Bush. Right.
Leaving Cheney in charge.
Uk, right.
#!@#
Fume
still fuming

❤️ to my partner

❤️ to teetotalers who aren't jerks

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