hey, tonight that guy is giving a speech from his book "the pedagogy of the uninitiated." want to come?
go.
do you know what pedagogy means?

um... no actually.

I don't know what it means.

I've read a lot of books and did well in English class.

I figure, if I don't know what that word means, it's a stupid thing to title your book.

Gothick spookiness!

Mountain-Top Removal

Property Destruction

FREE

Published by Strangers in a Tangled Wilderness - strangers@riseup.net

♥ to those who fight mountain top removal by any means.
mountainjustice summer.org

Anti-copyright 2005
SHAFP #5

Well, I've kept SHAFP alive for a year, publishing quarterly, so this is the first anniversary. I realize that this excites nobody but me, yet I am excited none-the-less. Keeping to any deadline at all is trying, and it looks like every issue was finished in a different city: NYC, Baltimore, Portland Oregon and new Asheville.

A few notes about "FREE"

It's dangerous to distribute your work for free, because so few people assign any value to things they didn't have to work for. But I did have to work for this and every issue of SHAFP.

When photocopiers aren't free, I pay for copies by playing music on the street. When you're done with this issue, please give it away or let it set on your shelf, don't just huck it.

We who are proponents of gift economics would do well to educate about how valuable a gift can be.

Other Zines
- SHAFP 1-4
- Said the pet to the Kettle: feminist theory for anarchists
- The hall of the mountain king - a novella by Jimmy T. Hand

We should cut that down and sell it.

What, the tree?

No, the mountain.

You're an idiot.

I'm so sick of mass protests, they never accomplish anything.

Hey, wasn't that great? I'm going to drop out of school and do anarchist organizing.

We're a bunch of jerks, aren't we?

Yup.
RIDDLE TIME!

How many coal companies does it take to level the Appalachian mountains?

Well, there's A&G, Arch, National Coal, Robert & Cleco, Peabody, Massey and Mountain Side Coal.

This isn't supposed to be funny is it?

Nope.

Hello.

Hello.

How are you?

I was in a good mood Jerk.

Well, coal companies are blowing up the Appalachian mountains.

I said coal companies are blowing up the Appalachian mountains.

What was that?

I'm sorry, I can't hear you my fingers are in my ears.

Coal companies are blowing up the Appalachian mountains.

Good question! You see, I used to believe everything I read too...

Oh! Capitalism and government are responsible for everything bad, even my acne!

Excellent question! You see, I used to believe everything I read too...

Dear Shaf, why are you so cynical? Cynicism is counter-revolutionary.

But then one day I was kidnapped by wolves.

Actually it was goths.

Okay, okay, it was post-goths.

We're evil, just spooky.

Intense longing for death.

I look like a cat.

We're not evil, just spooky.

Blond hair.

Shaved head.

New med.

They taught me things.

So eating everyday is more important to me than refusing to sell my art.

It's like music, sure as a goth I listen to skinny puppy, but I like Pink Floyd too.

Yes, as an anarchist I disson government, but I also disson stupid people doing stupid things.
Baron Von Spooky-Fang!
Leaving the industrial dance floor, Baron opens the wrong door and stumbles upon an anarchist meeting.

Hello, my name is Koala.
Mine is Baron Von Spooky-Fang.

What a stupid name.

Soon the Baron was planning and executing his own actions.

The infinite darkness of my tormented soul will not be co-opted as a T-Shirt!

Hot Topic

but despite his obvious dedication and nihilistic zeal, he had conflicts with the rest of the group.

Your insistence on ethno-garlic keeps this from being a safe space for the undead.

Well, your name reinforces monarchistic attitudes.

And so, with a heavy heart, Baron Von Spooky-Fang went his separate way from the anarchist group.

Learn Direct Action with Detonate & Bomb-o!
Hey kids! In that last comic our friends smashed some windows, but what did they do wrong?
That's right! They didn't wear masks.
Cameras are everywhere these days.
What else?

Hey, they broke the window at its center. If you strike at the corners, they break easier.

Sigh.
What's wrong this time?
Well, we broke those windows...

But the store remains, and I'm sure they were insured.

Anarchy — kicking capitalism in the back of the knees when it's not looking for 10,000 years.

Some attentive readers have noticed that when the two of us first appeared in SHAFF, we had hair...

And some have ventured to guess the artist is lazy or indifferent. While those things are true, the reason we lost our hair is even simpler...

lice.
Sigh.
What's wrong?
My favorite coffee shop was driven under by Starbucks.

You're an unemployed thief. What were you doing with a favorite coffee shop?
They let me sit around all day and gave me free coffee. I really? They never caught me.

Tonight we'll go break Starbucks' windows.
Yeah, I guess so.

C'mon, you love smashing windows with a hammer. It gets old, though.
We could use slingshots.

And so the Baron returned to his life on the dance floor.
But the music felt so hollow without the bass kick of a circle bomb or the hi-hat of a rock through glass.
And it wasn't that good, gothy melancholy, hollowness he used to meet lovers, either.

The Baron resolved to start his own group of spooky anarchists.
Is this like some kinky sex thing?
No. Hmm... I don't know. Okay, count me in.

Do you want to start a war against everything boring and restrictive?

And soon, coffin-shaped purses were the scourge of every house owned by ex-high school bullies... major label recording studios were consumed in gloomy hell-fire...
And the goths prepared to suck Rome once more.
Meanwhile, in hell...

Two lousy pennies. I spend my whole life working and they leave me with two pennies for the whole of eternity.

I hear you. Try getting a drink for 2¢. And it's not as hell down here.

I was with you till that "hot as hell" pun.

Blood & carnage.

He didn't have any cash, just credit cards. Crap, haven't violent criminals gotten money these days?

Don't ask me. I worked for Exxon. I delegated these tasks.

We should get ourselves one of those haunting gigs, but instead of scary people, rob them.

Well? I'm smiling, you just can't tell.

What do you mean, you don't take American Express?

AmEx invests in Massey coal.

Massey coal does mountain top removal.

You're joking, right?

Look, just cause I'm in hell don't mean I'm evil.

give us your money, mortal, or else!

or else what?

look, we're damned souls from hell. Just give us your wallet.

You can't just go around robbing folks based on some sob story. You need to get a knife or something.

hey, look. It's a new guy.

Oh crap! It's that guy we killed! Run like hell!

I knew that would come back to haunt us. Seriously, stop that.