look! I got a new shirt!
Is that a clean circle-A?
yeah.
Sell out.
but the shirt is dirty!

The SUPER HAPPY
ANARCHON Fun Pages!

♫ the icarus project, for helping bi-polar folks stay grounded. ♫
♫ to all my friends who stayed my friends this long winter. ♫

Anti-copyright: intellectual property is theft.

strangers@riseup.net
http://magpiez.manifestor.org

-SHOP LIFTING!
-JOBS!
-PRIMITIVIST ROBOTS!

Free!
well, another season, another issue. I'm afraid the spring rains came before the winter issue, but I doubt anyone will really notice. It was a long cold winter for me, and I rarely managed to stay anywhere with central heating. (ah, but what a glorious two weeks in Prague it was)

As always, back issues, subscriptions, additional copies etc. can be arranged for free by contacting:

Strangers@riseup.net

---

other titles Strangers carries

- SHAFF*1- free trade
- SHAFF*2- robot 1.b
- SHAFF*3- patriarchy
- SHAFF*4- travel
- SHAFF*5- gothic spookyness
- In The Hall of the Mountain King: a novella, autobiographical, by Jimmy T. hand
- Send the pot to the kettle: feminism theory for anarchist men.
- soon?
- the seduction of the wind: illustrated bedtime stories
- Attack Attack Attack's first album, No Gods No DJs (gothy)

---

the continuing adventures of Baron von Spooky-Pong and his coterie of spooky anarchists.

look, just cause someone decided he was the protagonist doesn't make us his coterie of spooky anarchists.

yeah, you can't like a coterie. it's spelled coterie.

the continuing adventures of Baron von Spooky-Pong as well as his spooky anarchist peers who wish to remain anonymous for security reasons. happy now?

---

I'm never happy. it's part of my deal.

---

Actually, that's why goths make such good anarchists.

---

hey Koala, how many crust punks does it take to change a lightbulb?

- there's change in a lightbulb?

what? no. it's a joke.

hey, now it's too dark to find the change. can I borrow your flashlight?

crash!

sigh

---

at the riot

this parasol is great for blocking helicopter surveillance, plus it helps me maintain my unhealthy pallor.

ugh. all these people really need to re-dye their black clothes.

nice umbrella! it's a parasol.
Dear Dr. Science-O, why are you promoting science? Science and technology are not neutral; they are oppressive to the natural spirit. In anger, green rulez.

I hate my boss so much, grumble grumble.

Hey Koala, I just wanted to say how much we like you here.

Stupid boss, grumble grumble.

So you see, technology is often used for oppression, but as an inanimate object it is incapable of direct oppression.

Hey Koala, we're firing you for no obvious reason, leaving you to suspect that it is because of your unionist tendencies.

Hey wait, now I'm eligible for unemployment.

Ultimately, you're just a whiny liberal, since you are rationalizing in the same way.

Okay, fine. I just like technology, especially robots.

Whaddya up to?

Does baking brownies for my boss make me a bad wobbly?

Yes, yes it does. Damn. Can I have a brownie?

Vegan brownies, sweet.
Hey Charlie, where'd you get that laptop?
Oh, I stole it from the library.

You stole it from the library?
Yeah, I got pissed off cause they carry Mein Kampf.

Oh, I forgot to introduce you to my friend Charlie. He can justify theft from anywhere.

Comrades! Without the humans we could live lives of idle!
We could pursue our own dreams!

Factory work is programmed into our very being.

So if you can justify theft from anywhere, what about a food co-op?
I refuse to let capitalist exchange stand between people and food.

I think that's what they say.

But who did that reprogramming? The humans! We can program ourselves to love flowers and trees!

Sigh. Oh hell, there monkey. How are you?

Yeah, I know. Sorry for the fact that we robots had to in that whole deal.

Okay, I'm leaving now.

Look, I know stealing candy from babies is a bad rap, but it's a short step from silver spoon to platinum visa.

Ak! Ak! Ak! Ak! Ak! Ak!

You're right! If we work together we could play the humans alive! You can feast on their flesh and we can strip their buildings of metal!

*monkey & robot 300 friends! Boo! Get off the stage!*
I am a robot and I need to be loved.

What’s wrong, Wingzor?

My lover dumped me for a younger model.

I used to be a robot bot for the mighty Robot Liberation Army, but now I care just wants to dance. Oh, let’s just dance away the human oppressors, what a great idea.

Ah lighten up, you just need to get super-charged for a night and you’ll feel better.

What’ll make me feel better is when the last human is hung with the guts of the last... other humans, not just some cheap thrill.

Just because you got dumped doesn’t mean you need to go all primitivist straight edge. I’m gonna go walk in the woods.

Okay, XwingzorX

The forest is so beautiful. I can’t believe humans cut down trees. I can’t believe robots are complicit in the destruction.

Hey, where’s Charlie?

We need to raise bail!

What? No! We steal expensive stuff and sell it online!

Well, we raised bail. So where’s Charlie?

Can you believe it? Charlie said that he’s proud to serve time for something he believes in.

Huh. I never would have pegged him as a liberal.

In court...

Your honor, I recommend the maximum penalty for my client.

But you’re the public defender. Yes, but he tried to steal my wallet.

What? He’s a lawyer.
Oh, look at me. I'm a stupid hipster. I think racism and sexism are ironic and funny.

Are you drawing comics making fun of hipsters again?

Yeah.

You know that not all hipsters are bad, right?

Whatever you say, robot-shit.

To settle the debate, our two friends crash a hipster party.

I'll go dance.

Yeah.

Get it.

So anyway, I'm not racist, but I really hate how all those black guys are always hanging out on the street corner.

I mean, I've only been there two months, but it's my neighborhood too, and I don't feel safe.

I think you only hate hipsters because you're jealous.

Jealous?

Hipsters live empty lives of irresponsible, privileged excess in a hierarchy that rewards the popular and beautiful with meaningless sex and adulation.

Yeah, not only that, but they know how to dance.

Wow, I can't tell what gender any of these dancers are.

Hey, you were right. Hipsters are scum. Let's get out of here.

Umm... you go ahead, I'll be home later.

Telling me that I'm jealous of hipsters is like telling me that I was jealous of the kids who beat me up in school.

Well you were, weren't you?

Why must you deny me my rage?

Ugh. I can't believe I went to a party where people were snorting coke off a woman's belly.

Well, I had an interesting conversation about the benefits and pitfalls of post-feminist practice.

It's almost like you can't judge people by their general aesthetic. I still hate frat boys.