You know, without electricity you couldn't play punk music.

That's not true...

we'd still have our accordions.

🎉 to everyone who fights fascists. You know. Violently.

❤️ to Food Not Bombs.

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The Super Happy Anarchist Fun Pages! #9 Spring '07

Featuring:
- Red Vs. Green
- Siege Weapons
- The Rev

FREE!
I finished another comic! #8 took so long, but #9 was much easier. I've been around amazing, inspiring people of late. Most of this issue is about the divide between Eco-Anarchists and Anarchists, a divide which honestly baffles me. I hereby challenge every Red Anarchist to read "Endgame" by Derrick Jensen, and every Green Anarchist to pay more attention to matters of class. Now that I've annoyed half my audience, here is where I encourage everyone to make and distribute copies of The Super Happy Anarchist Fun Pages. I hate doing mailings, but I hate the idea of an online culture replacing one of physical zines. That said, we've got a website where you can download zines to print out, music to listen to. We're also always looking for good zines and bands to support. Everything on our site can be downloaded for free, of course, owing to our overwhelming disinterest in money.

Enough rambling.

Contact: strangers@riseof.net www.tangledwilderness.org

below is a drawing of a building to use up the extra space.

Anarchist School - Manifesto Writing 101

So my paper is titled "For Metal to live, Nu-Metal must die," and it starts out "New kids who would otherwise get into Metal, die sucked into Nu-Metal..."

wait, wait, wait. This manifesto isn't political enough.

"For Anarchy to live, Nu-Metal must die: New kids, who would otherwise get into Anarchy, die sucked into Nu-Metal." genius!

And it seems like something that both kids and geeks can get behind...

2012 is 5 years away. What do we do till then?

Flyering. You're talking about flyering for the revolution. With a specific date.

You got any better ideas?

Actually, No.

It seems so... simple. And yet, do-able.

It's worth a shot.

Sure beats charging alone.

And there's a very real chance we'll all just end up in jail or dead.

What's the catch?

well, we actually have to organize communities under the principles we always talk about, actually feed and protect ourselves...

Just because this is a comic doesn't mean it's a joke.
So this traveler kid was staying with us the other night, and you know what she was talking about?

- Trans?
  - No.
- Hitch-hiking?
  - No.

Shoplifting?
- No.
- Dumpster diving?
  - No.

Anyhow, she was talking about how, all over the world, on December 22nd, 2012, coercive authority will be abolished.

No idea, then.
- Yeah, I was being rhetorical.

Oh yeah, one of those "the Mayan Calendar prophecies will save us all" type things?
- See, that's what I thought at first, too...

but it's more like a call to action... as of that day, everyone will finally stop respecting authority.

No more wage labor, no more landlords, no more cops...

- No more cops?
  - Yeah, cause they'll quit too.

what if they don't?
- smile

Ah, so it's not a pacifist thing.
- It is if they all just quit.

What would your "after the rev" world be like?
- hey, just so you know, this deer lived free before I hunted it.
- okay? you mean that you don't care that I'm eating meat?
  - nope, with the end of animal husbandry, I don't care what you eat.

Oh joy of joys!
- one widget, two widgets, three widgets...
- 10 more widgets! Assembled here at our worker-owned widget factory!

Uhm... what are we going to do with all these useless widgets?
- that is for the workers' council to decide!

There! The last CEO has been string up by the guts of the last politician! Humanity is free at last.

Uhm... there has to be somebody left to kill.

Sigh. I just don't know what to do with myself.
Let's see. I've got enough acres for bread, and all the permacultured vegetables are coming along nicely...

And I've spent like four hours today picking up parking lots so we can grow more food...

So while my bread is baking in my wood-burning stove, I might as well play some mari-o bros on the NES I hooked up to the solar panels.

SMASH —

Hey, what are you doing?

Smashing your television with a sledgehammer.

But this is my post-rev fantasy!

I know. And this is mine.

Your plan for after the revolution is to go around with a sledgehammer to stop people from playing the nintendos that they've hooked up to solar panels?

Yup.

Geez.

I also ripped up your garden. Agriculture is way civ.

How'd we do?

A little more to the left, then?

White house lawn.

Yup.

Park my car, valet.

Of course, sir.

Whistle

Whistle

Trebuchet

Fling

Crash

Binoculars
*knock knock*

oh crap! it's the fed's!

you go get the guns, I'll stall them.

uh... nobody's home?

get it?

*bang! bang!*
rice shooting, lover-pants.

anything for you, sweet face.

what are you doing?

waiting for you to say something snide. you?

same.

you should call your red-anarcha magazine 'boring meeting notes'.

chicken little.

vanguardist.

the lines are drawn.

you know, having these cops buried under the floor boards is a lot like "the tell-tale heart".

only instead of feeling guilty when, in my mania, I can hear their hearts beating, I just get all giddy.

have you seen my alarm clock?

you're better off without it.

I made a shirt for you.

"enemy of the people"

yeah, well, I wrote "speciesist" on your forehead while you were asleep.

I know. I saw it in the mirror this morning because, unlike you, I actually brush my teeth.
Check it out! You can buy a tank for only like 3500 euros.

Wow! That's like 5000 books! That's less than a car!

Hmmm... can't afford a car either.

Yeah, tanks are dumb, anyway.

Totally. I sigh.

Sigh.

You shelled the anarchist union hall!

But you don't even believe in technology.

Don't give me that "can't use the master's tools to dismantle the master's house" crap.

A tank is a great tool for dismantling a house.

If I had a tank, I'd lay siege to city hall and demand the dissolution of government.

That's not true. If it was true, you would have done everything in your power to make that happen.

There's a reason that you don't have many friends. You know that, don't you?

Where did all this meat come from?

Don't worry, it's freegan.

So you blew up the factory farm while all the animals were still inside?

Live free or die. That's what I always say.

Usually, people take that as impetus to live free.

Well, better dead than domesticated.

Grumble grumble... tell me I won't bomb city hall, will they?

Stupid syndicalists, I'll show them.

Take that, union hall!

Where did you get the money for the tank, anyhow?

And you didn't think that maybe you would get caught for fraud?

I stole some yuppie's credit card.

Umm... no...

Good point.