Ask Petrol, Punk Mechanic!

Dear Petrol, whenever I turn the music down in my van, I hear this squeaking sound from the engine. What do I do?

Stop turning the music down.

Cars is punk two

Cars is punk too

Dear Devrimci Anarşist Faaliyet (Revolutionary Anarchist Activity) for fighting ISIS in Turkey and Syria.

To Luke O’Donovan, serving two years in prison for stabbing the homophobes who were trying to kill him. LetLukeGo.wordpress.com

Published by Strangers In A Tangled Wilderness. tangledwilderness.org

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About a year ago, I was working on new comics. I told my friend, excitedly. "Don't," she said. "Your old comics were good, but you're old and out of touch now."

I shouldn't have let it get to me, but I stopped. Then, I realized I've always been out of touch, drawing my wingnut stick figure comics for ten years now. To hell with it.

The main reason I put down the comic for a few years was because I didn't want to fall into snark. The Super Happy Anarcho-Fun Pages have never been intended as mean. The tendencies I made fun of were, by and large, ones I identified with myself. And for the past couple of years, I didn't have much nice to say.

The fierce sectarianism in anarchy did us a lot of harm. All sides of these insane conflicts let themselves get more and more isolated from reality.

Maybe things are getting a little better now. One can always hope.

In the meantime, here's an origin story of anarchist superanarchist people with super powers.

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HAPPY 10TH ANNIVERSARY!
P.S. SMASH THE STATE. ALSO, ACAB.

Practice good security culture by killing everyone you've ever met!
ANARCHY-SHIRT

POWER: invisibility!

I'm bored. Wanna go exhume the body of Louis Lingg from the Haymarket Memorial?

WAIT, really?

OKAY.

PROBABLY some anarchist cliche that makes it seem like a vaguely ethical thing to do.

You can't like, own your corpse, man. Property is theft.

It's the People's corpse.

ROBOT-SHIRT

POWER: doesn't have anxiety anymore!

I can do anything!

Wooh! Road trip to Chicago!

Chicago is pretty far from here. Do you all even know why we're going?

Don't care! Road trip!

Yay! We have a super-hero team now!

What?

Super-villain.

Super heroes fight crime. I aim to cause crime. By letting ourselves think in terms of "crime" we're letting the state dictate our methods and theory.

I think we're going to be arch-nemises, not this again.

Ooh! Outlet states! let's stop so I can shoplift!

I have to pee!

Laser tag!

And this is why we'll never need to have kids.
Pew! Pew! Pew!

Why are those grown-ups saying "pew pew"?

More importantly, why are those grown-ups playing laser tag?

I've been hit! You'll have to go on without me!

oh grow up.

I'm bored. Let's play a road trip game.

No, no more road trip games.

Hey, how was I supposed to know that "antagonize cop cars" would end badly?

Okay, so, first one to get kicked out of the store wins.

Pew!

Throwing rocks at the security guard is cheating!

No rules!

Power: telepathy!

ProNouns: she, usually

weird, no one is actually thinking about how awkward I am.

Power: weird snake things like spitting venom or whatever!

ProNouns: they/their/s

oh, bonnet

Louis Lingg

Powers:
- is legit a ghost
- so... immortal
- also, as an anarchist martyr, so much scene cred

ProNouns: doesn't understand the question
So let me get this straight. Social conditions are such that class solidarity is non-existent and if you were to resort to dynamite and pistols you would be utterly alienated and accomplish nothing.

Yeah, basically.

So I guess I should just find other brave proletarians to beshow super powers onto?

No! Wait! We take it back! The insurrection is coming!

INTRODUCING THE A-TEAM!!!!!!

Power: can set fires with their mind.

PRONOUNS: they/their's!

Power: teleportation.

PRONOUNS: he or they!

Koala!

Jail

Hey! Get back here!

Up da ponx

No time, sorry!

Why the hell are you driving the speed limit, you old bastard?

There're no other cars, who are you talking to?

Maybe you should let someone else drive for a while. How long have you been awake?

None of your business!

Seriously, time to let someone else drive for a while.

What's the worst that could happen?

Oh, right. We're the same age.

Slow down there, speed racer!

No more road trip games, only podcasts.

I spy, with my little eye, something that starts with "old and boring."
The day will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you are throttling today.

Wait, why are we digging up Louis Lingg?
Direct action gets the goods!

How exactly does this count as direct action?

Look, if digging a banner counts as direct action, then clearly so does exhumation.
I'm more concerned about what "goods" this is supposed to get us.

Holy mother of Godwin!
It's the ghost of Louis Lingg!

Who dares disturb my slumber?!
We're huge fans!

So... 21st century anarchists... are you ready to wage fierce and unrelenting war against the state and capital?

Well...
The answer to that question is... complicated.