Hey Kids!!! Like what you see? Why not MAKE YOUR OWN ISSUE of POLICE-STATE FUNNIES?

Four simple steps:
1. Go to a protest and break the law.
2. Play dumb for the cops.
3. Take lots of pictures.
4. Lay out the photos like a comic strip.
5. Add in the dialog that occurred.
6. Distribute far and wide.

Useful tips:
1. Be safe. Police can be very dangerous creatures when they feel threatened. Remember your rights.
2. Don't get arrested. They'll take your money, and giving the state money is just about the last thing we want to do.
3. Real life is funniest. Try to use something that approximates the actual conversations and events in your comic.
4. Play make believe. Earn the cops' trust while undermining their authority. False naivete goes a long way, allows you to ask questions that trick cops into admitting their coercive and disgusting role in our society.
5. Organizers might not be your friends. When you go to a rally uninvited your presence distracts from the organizer's ego-trip, they're likely to side with the cops against you.
6. Make no demands. America is a police state, we must explode the myth that protests and negotiations are examples of people power. Make the cops enforce absurd laws and overtly exercise their power, make the protesters recognize their powerlessness.

POLICE-FUNNIES!
BECAUSE, AMERICA, WE ARE SO FUCKED. IT'S FUNNY.
ISSUE #1

That makes it the First Issue Ever! Keen!

in which the police...
-Think we own houses!
-Block an intersection!
-Refuse to take candy from a baby!
-Are afraid of sticks!

All stories contained within are based on actual interactions with police. They are not strictly accurate. Statements are paraphrased, altered for the sake of punch lines, and attributed to whoever was in the available photos. This is a work of fiction, based on the author's memory and interpretation of events, not evidence or a precise account. Nobody gave anyone permission to create this comic book. Nobody will deny anyone permission to reproduce and distribute it freely.
Hooray! Critical mass!
Cars are so fucking stupid!
Holy shit everybody! Look where we ended up...

The headquarters of that disgusting, corporate polluter and military research facility!

The bicyclists play

Hey let’s...
CIRCLE PIT!

Sorry about this shabby drawing. Didn’t get a picture.

and give voice to their impossible desires.

ARM THE WORKERS!

ARM THE POOR!

THEN YOU’LL GET YOUR FUCKING WAR!

What do we want?

EVERYTHING!!!

When do we want it?

FORTY YEARS AGO!!!

Hey! You said you would cooperate!

Well, the anarchists know a threat when they hear one. So, cooperate they did, for now.

Meanwhile, the SEIU proceeded to march to some office and deliver a petition in a completely docile and pre-negotiated symbolic action, thus completing a spectacle designed to affirm the false image of america as a place where people have freedom of speech, assembly, the ability to influence policy and the right to bear arms.

That’s all for now kids! Until next time, please remember: WE LIVE IN A POLICE STATE.
These crowd control cops didn’t actually do anything. They were just there to display state power.

State Trooper #874 leaps into action!

Don’t worry guys.

I’m already on it.

Excuse me, sir...

Who’s the ringleader here?

The nice people from the SEIU told me you want us to make you leave the rally.

What is ‘property’?

Are you in charge here?

Hell no.

Do you know who owns that truck?

I love a simple contrast.

We’ve got bikes and free food.

They’ve got bombs and pollution.

And fucking cops.

Alright guys, you’ve gotta go. It’s a safety hazard.

Yeah, safety.

I’ve got a gun.

Wild babies?

Isn’t this whole place a safety hazard?

They make bombs in there, don’t they?

That’s classified.

Cmon this is private property. You gotta go!
...it's about to get towed

What? Why?
It's on private property

What does that mean?
Battelle owns it.

Officer Dye is confused.

He doesn't seem aware that his job is to enforce the private property relation.

Battelle owns what?
The land
How?
It's their property
But... how can someone own the land?

I... er... y'know... like-
like you own a house!

We don't own houses!! Who the fuck do you think we are?

Will this encounter help officer Dye recognize his terrible role in our unhappy society?

Will this realization sink in? Will he quit the force?

Maybe we'll find the answers in a future issue.

Wow! Hooray for the SEIU!
Show off those logos!

There's nothing quite like begging the state to grant us more rights!

SEIU = Service Employees Intl Union = Reformist Left

Wait, who're those people?
Are they... anarchists?
Ooooh! Photo op!

Just think of the compromises we'll negotiate now!

Hi... umm... you know, you can't have those sticks here?
Really?

Yeah. It's illegal!

So... you should take em away and come back.

Why?

Cuz, the cops... They'll...

That's okay. Let em.

But... see... we organized this event. We spent a lot of worker's dues buying insurance for it...

Really?

Yeah, so... you should take your sign away and...
Now they're sending over a kid with candy bars!

Hey cops, want some candy?

Kid, we're COPS.

Those BASTARDS!

That means we don't get to have any candy.

Damn, I want candy!

The disproportionate police response has blocked the exit!

Oh! Look at that! Seems we have a safety hazard!

Safety? Concern?

They have guns.

CRUISER! CRUISER!!!

TRUCK! TRUCK! TRUCK!

What seems to be the problem here?

How about you?

Are you a wild baby?

I can't comprehend exchange without assigned monetary values, sorry!

No! I'm a scientist!
Well, it seems some cop cars have blocked the exit.

He can go back out the entrance.

Or...

You guys can move your cars.

Er... uh...

Alright boys, back em up!

Grumble... Grumble...

Uh...

Grumble... Grumble... Grumble.

That's better.

But... but...

but... they have guns!

Kate reminds the police of their proper role, as our servants.

So, what do we do with these dirty people?

We usually appease folks by talking about our charitable donations. That doesn't seem to be working.

HEY COPS! Want some food?

Hey!!

HEY COPS...

Oh no! They're offering us food!

Just act polite. Don't upset them.

They might be... TERRORISTS!

Y'know... We do have guns.

No Thanks, Just ate!

Yeah, stuffed!

I prefer toxic waste, personally.