

FUTURISTA!



Vol
I

only
\$4

GRANTON • 02/2001

★ MODERN ★
INDUSTRY

Hello there folks, and welcome to **MODERN INDUSTRY: FUTURISTA!** This comic book is a collaborative effort featuring dozens of artists take on the future. The crowd of people who contributed to this anthology is a diverse lot and is reflected in their comics. Some people looked hundreds, even thousands of years into the future, while others only went as far as tomorrow or next week. Some comics deal with society as a whole, while others deal on a personal level. Some views are dystopian and nihilistic, while others are utopian and optimistic. It's all here, and hopefully you'll dig some - or all - of what's in here.

Don't forget to pick of the other volume of this comic, published simultaneously with this edition. Altogether, there are **31** different artists who contributed to this project, and **116** total pages to the collection. Whew!

If you enjoy this collection, you will probably enjoy the first **MODERN INDUSTRY**, published in 2000. It features eleven artists, and can be ordered from the address below for \$2.00. If you are interested in contributing to a forthcoming **MODERN INDUSTRY** project, please contact the editor.

Alright, enough talk! There's too many comics to read here! Hope you enjoy it all! And make sure you check out our contributors' other comics and zines, all conveniently listed on the inside back cover. Take care, all!

Shawn Granton
SHAWN GRANTON, "Editor"

MODERN INDUSTRY: FUTURISTA! Vol I
March 2001. Published by TFR INDUSTRIES,
415 PACIFIC AVE #243, SAN FRANCISCO, CA
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Cover by SHAWN GRANTON

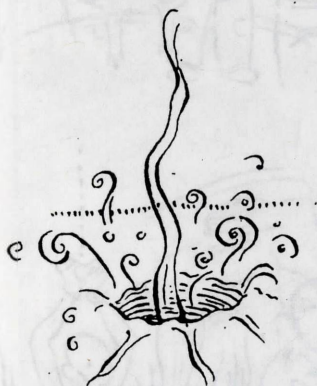
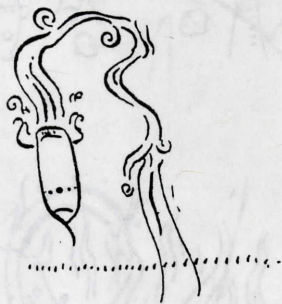
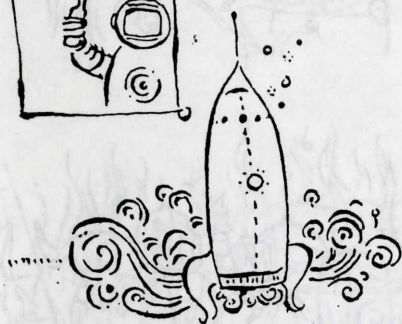
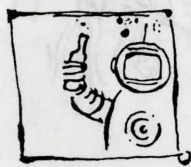
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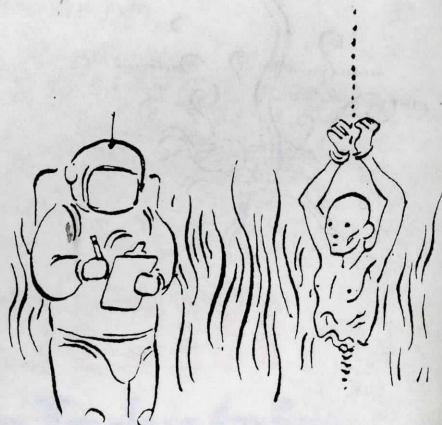
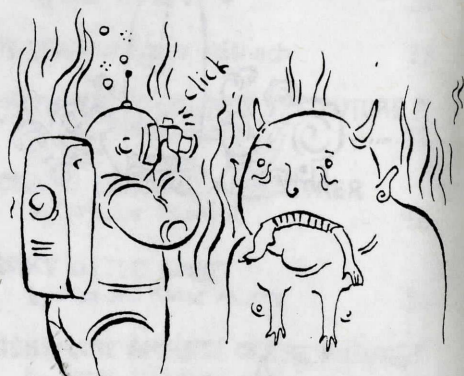
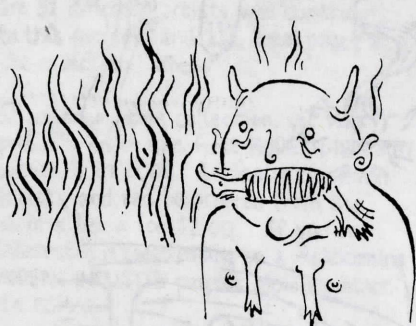
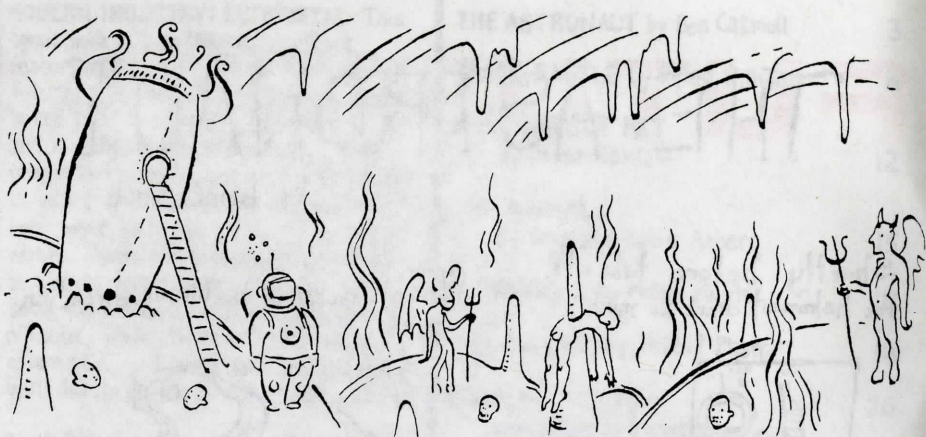
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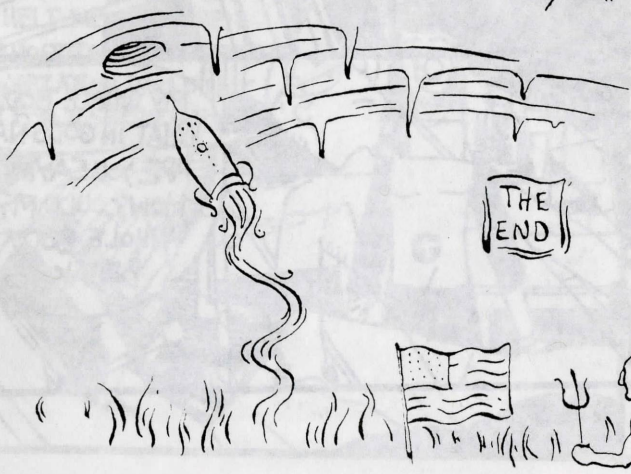
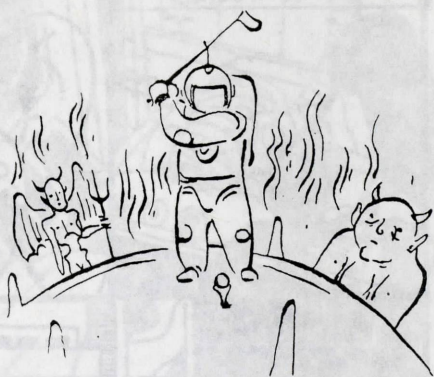
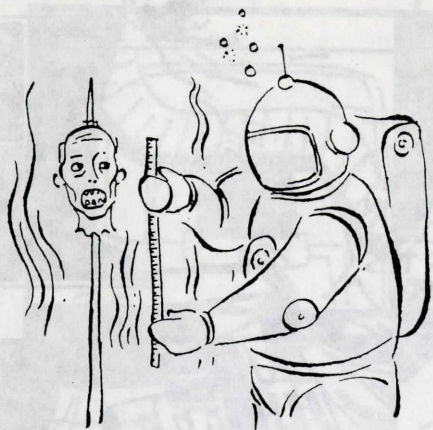
THE ASTRONAUT

by ben catmull

Shortly before take off
the Astronaut drank too much ... and flew his rocket in the wrong direction







THE
END

SPACE BATTLE

BY ADAM JONES

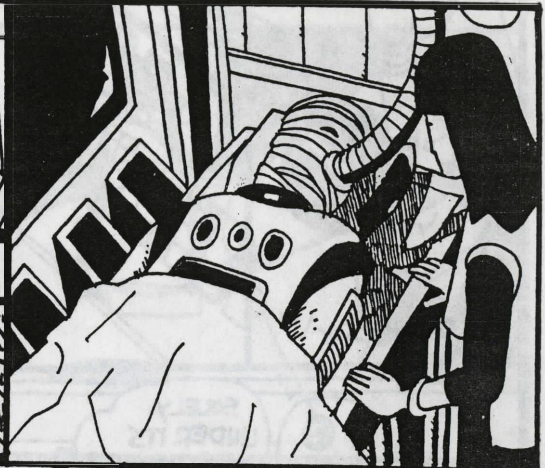
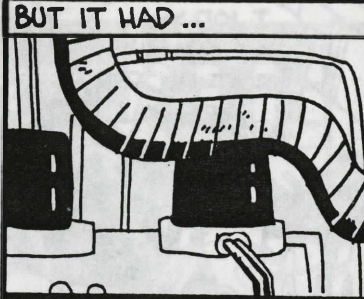
2000 AD

OW OW!
OW! DAMN
MY LUCK
AND THIS
LEG!

MY WHOLE BODY?!
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME
ARE YOU SAYING!?!
HOW COULD MY
WHOLE BODY
BREAK!!?

1.

BUT IT HAD ...



THANK
YOU MISS



I BELIEVE I
HAVE RECORDED
A SUFFICIENT AMOUNT
FOR TODAY.

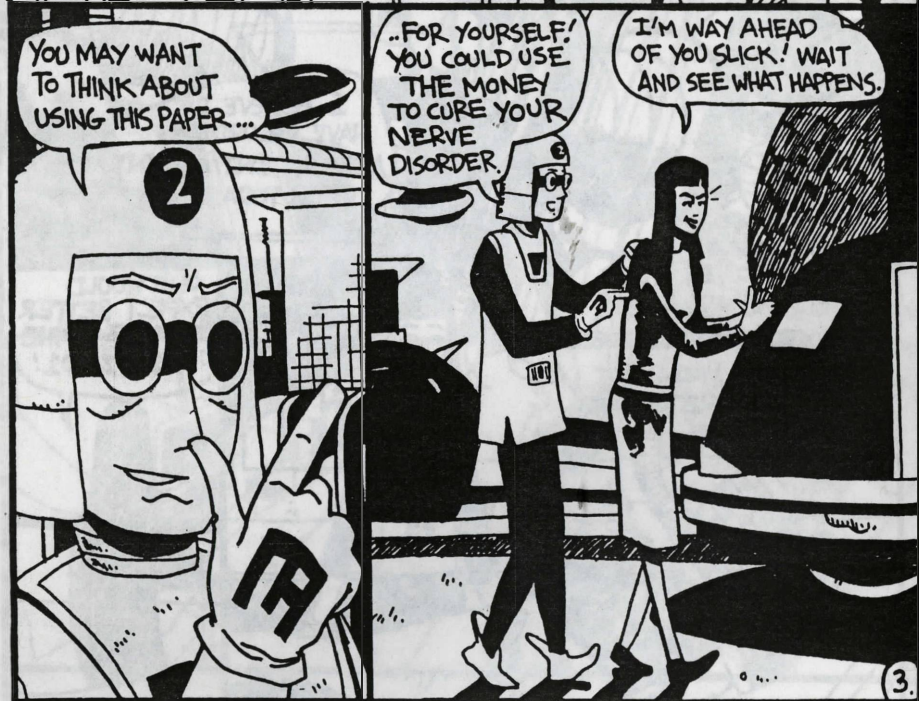
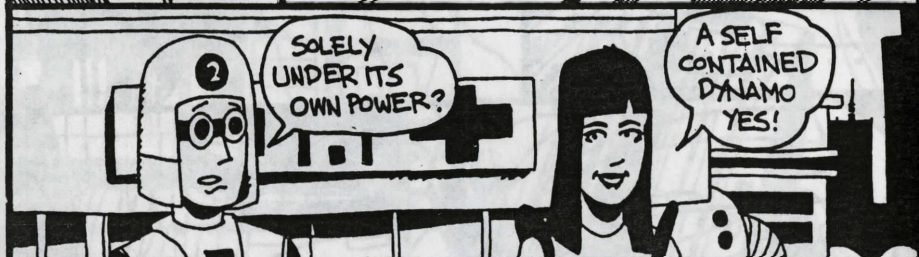
YOU ARE SO VERY KIND
TO HELP ME AND WHEN
THE HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT
ORGANIZATION WOULD NOT
PAY FOR A SECRETARY.

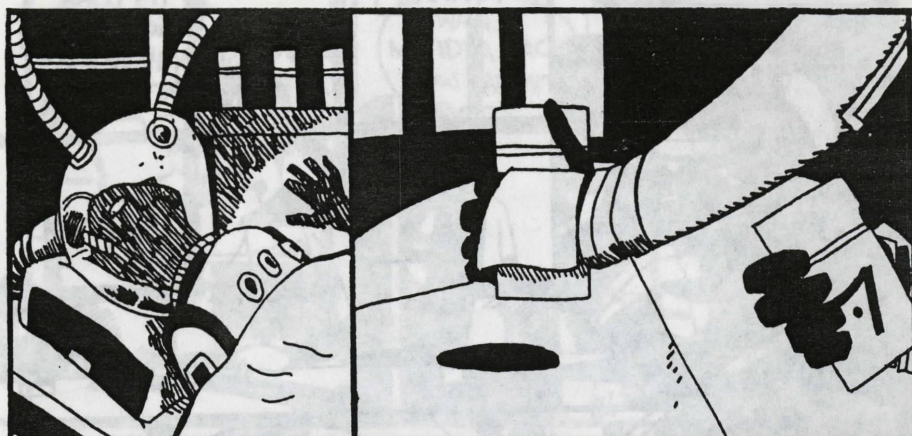


ONE WOULD
EXPECT BETTER
SERVICE IN THE
YEAR 2001!



2.





HIS NOTES
WERE GONE.





AND MAKE ME
A MILLIONAIRE.



FIVE YEARS
AFTER THAT:

IT'S DONE
NOTHING TO
HELP ME!



EEP
EEP

WHAT?!

WHO IS IT?

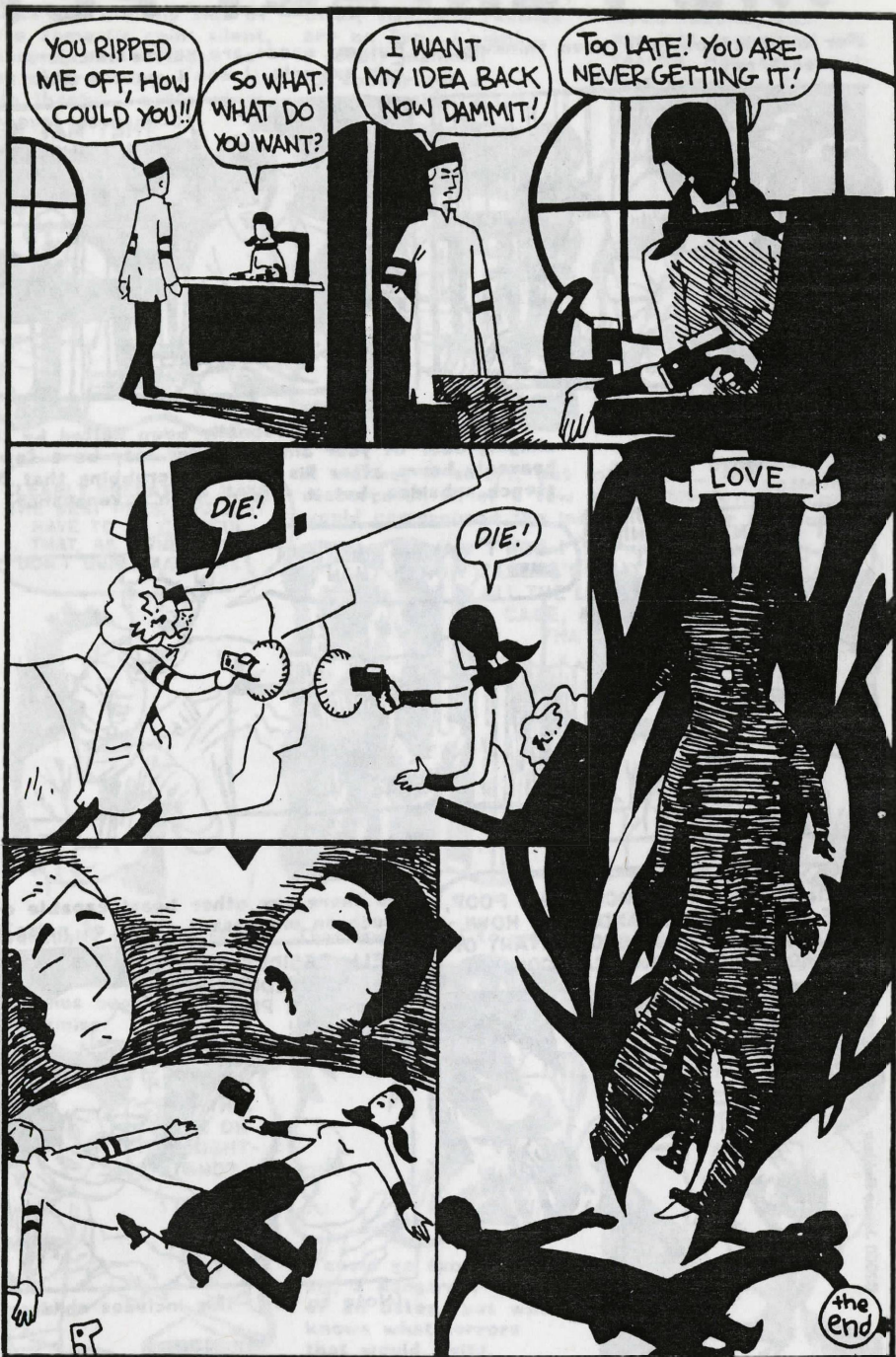


SEND HIM
UP DAMMIT.



KNOCK KNOCK

COME
IN.



THE PERFECT PET

For a while now, I've been thinking I need a pet.

But my needs are very particular. For example, I don't want a dog.



Every dog owner, past or present, to whom I've mentioned this has protested.

I'm sorry, but I have personally been halted by the clinging odor of your animal. There may be a few, heavenly hours after his monthly scrubbing that the stench subsides, but it returns with a vengeance.



THEN THERE'S THE DROOL, THE POOP, THE LEG-HUMPING... AND THAT HOWLING, GROWLING, BOW-WOW LITANY OF CLAMOR YOUR ANIMAL CAN CONJURE

Is there any other beast capable of such an unpleasant range of noise?



(Note to self: this includes children.)

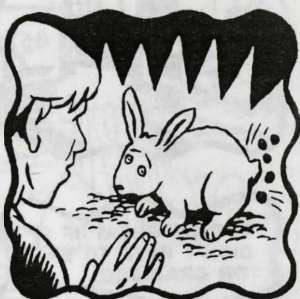
Cats are the flip side of the domestic coin: silent, absent, and as aloof as an older sibling. No thanks. I suffered enough as a child.



Birds, fish, and reptiles are no fun... I want a cuddly mammal. I'd sooner get a pet rock than a fish.



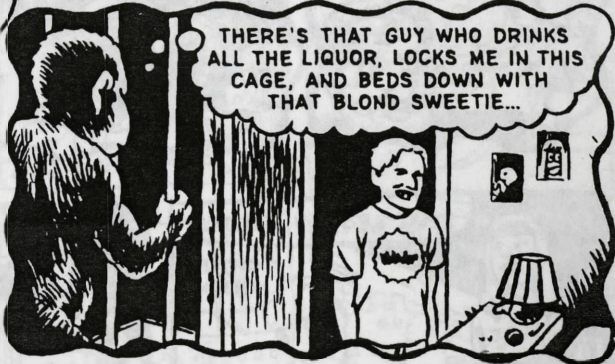
Rats, rabbits, etc. are just too stupid and fearful. How can you love something that shits itself every time you come around?



CLEARLY PREDATORS MAKE THE BEST PETS. YOU JUST HAVE TO BE CAREFUL THAT, AS OWNER, YOU DON'T QUALIFY AS PREY.



A monkey is smart, but too smart... and resourceful. After a few weeks, his devious mind would comprehend the inequality of our relationship.



Eventually the animal would find the means to increase his pleasure, and thus begin plotting my demise.

That isn't going to work.

So I'm waiting for the future to catch up with my needs.



I could go exotic, get a pig, a kangaroo, a bat, or an otter... but who knows what terrors that would invite.



Sure, sure, it'll start with small stuff like blue gerbils and miniature hippos.

But eventually we'll be able to select every attribute of our pets' physical, intellectual, and emotional make-up.

HI, I'D LIKE A FLOPPY-EARED MINI-RHINO THAT ACTS LIKE A DOG AND HAS PEACOCK FEATHERS.



IT'D BE GREAT IF IT DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT OR CRAP TOO!

THAT'LL BE TEN KAZILLION CREDITS, SIR.

Of course all this mucking around with genetics will accidentally spawn a host of killer viruses, and soon these freaky beasts will infect and annihilate the human race.



WHAT ARE YOU WRITING?

OH, UH, NOTHING.



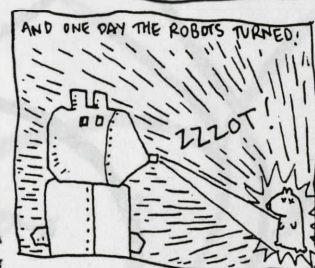
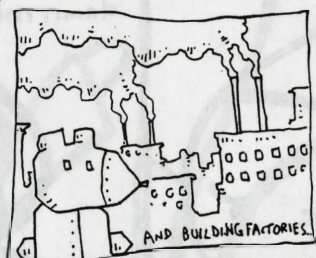
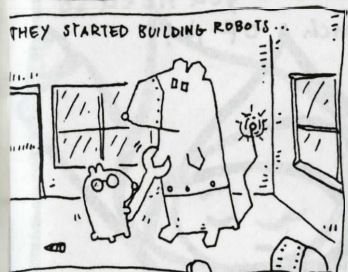
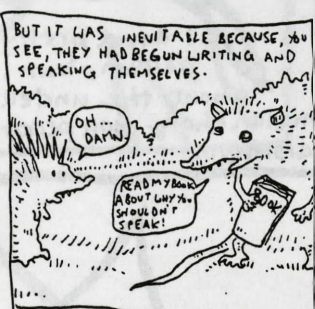
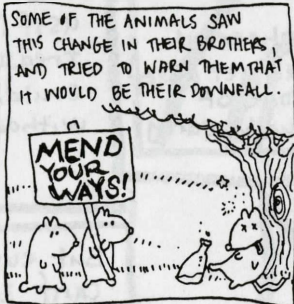
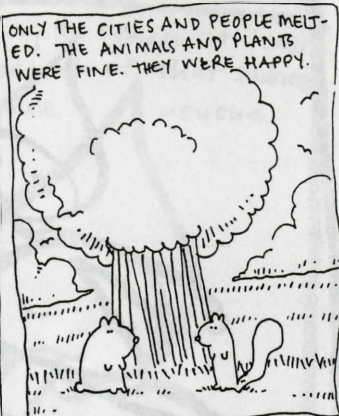
YOU KNOW, OUR NEW APARTMENT DOESN'T ALLOW PETS.

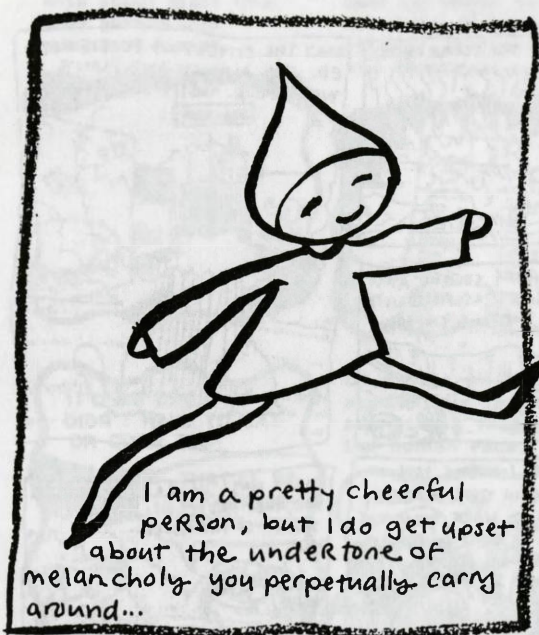
I KNOW, I KNOW.

CRUMPLE



WHO'S THE CUDDLIEST-WUDDLIEST PET WOcky, WOcky?





I am a pretty cheerful person, but I do get upset about the undertone of melancholy you perpetually carry around...

Nothing I say in my horoscopes seems to convince you to give it up. you cling to it tenaciously, as if it were a treasure you couldn't live without. Oh well...



maybe your brooding serves a holy purpose I can't discern.

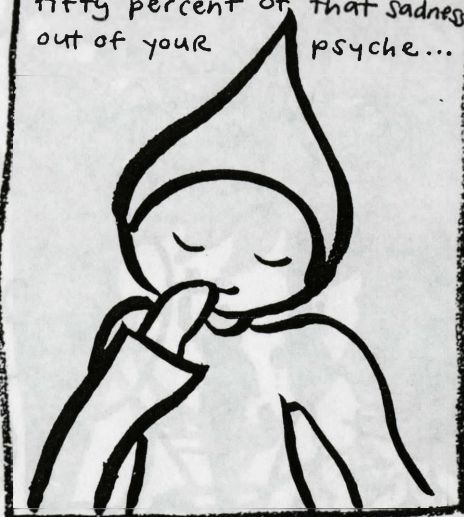
But even if that's true, I can't believe you need so damn much of it.



Look, Virgo, I'll make you a deal.



Find a way to leach at least fifty percent of that sadness out of your psyche...



and I'll show you a kind of optimism that does not diminish but actually enhances your critical thinking skills. (PS-please note that I'm not asking you to turn

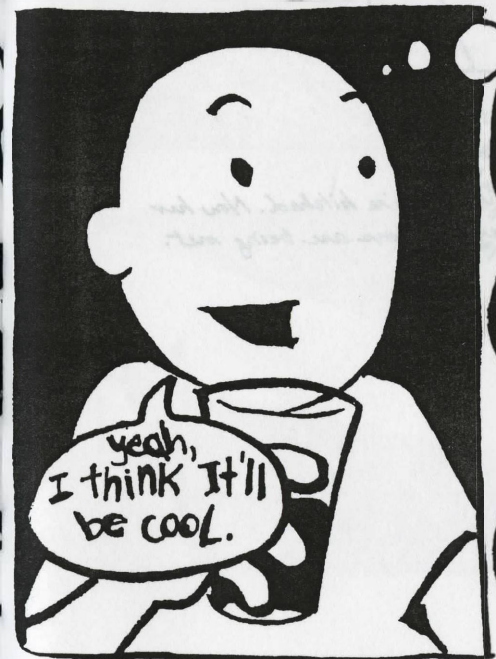


into a new-age bliss-ninny. I freely acknowledge that holding a reserve of mournful doubt is healthy.)

the future.

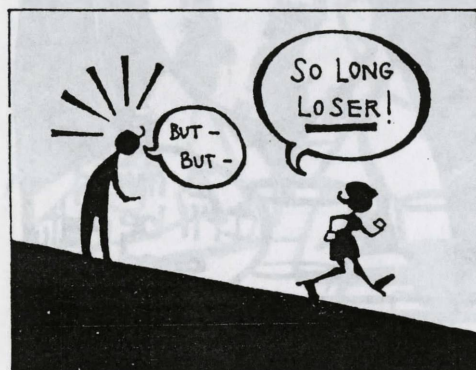
by thien/







I have friends who have gotten married. The xx side even told me once: I'm going to give him three months to ask me.



If he doesn't, I'm outta' here.



Now they're hitched. Now her expectations are being met.



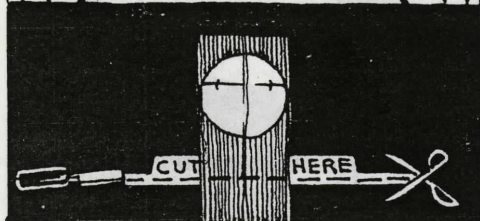
*I haven't asked XY
what his take on
the whole thing is,
but it looks like
he's happy.*



*I've have friends who have
committed suicide.*

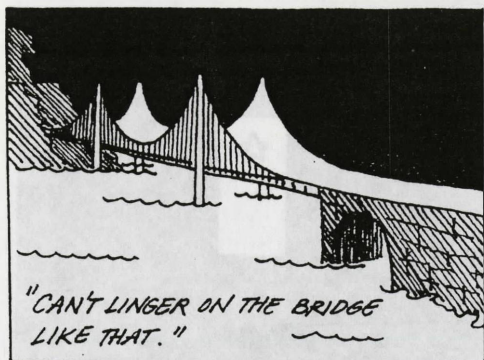


*A few executed themselves
quite successfully.*



"HEY THERE, SON."

My brother for one, did not.



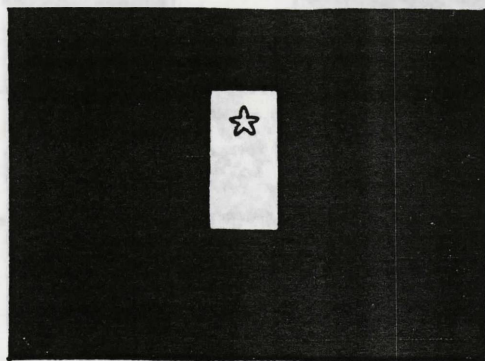
He's still around and I'm glad
for that. We've become close
as we've grown older.



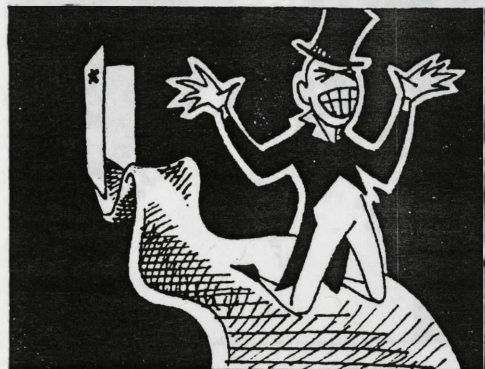
He wants to have kids but his
partner is worried about the
future.



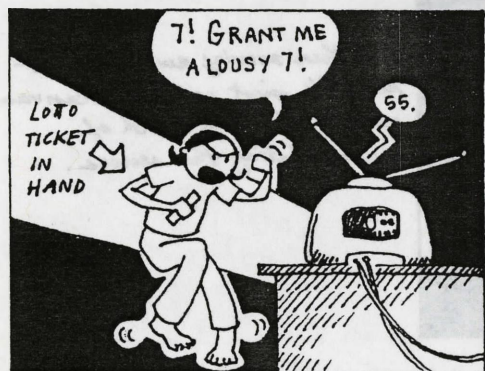
What if our kid loses us when he or she is seven years old? What if we can't be there for our kid? Every parent worries about this kind of thing.



The future is about stuff you don't know.



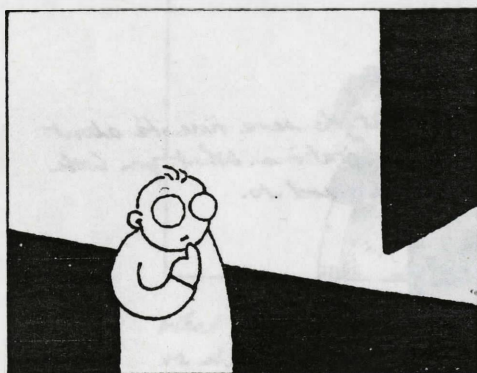
At the same time it's about aspirations. What you look forward to.



So putting the two together leaves you with something you know you want, but aren't sure you're going to get.



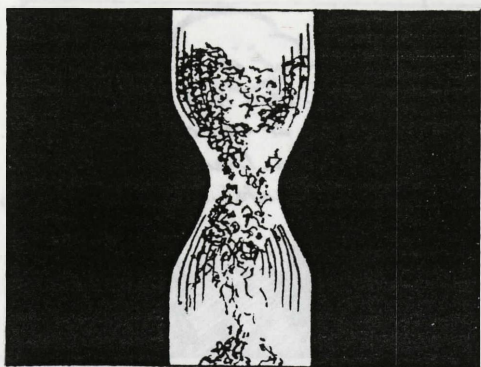
There is a painting by Gerhard Richter. It's of a girl; it's hyper real, like a photograph. You think it's your eyes making everything fuzzy, but even up close the painting is out of focus. Sly dog, Richter, leaving us to hang in the in between.



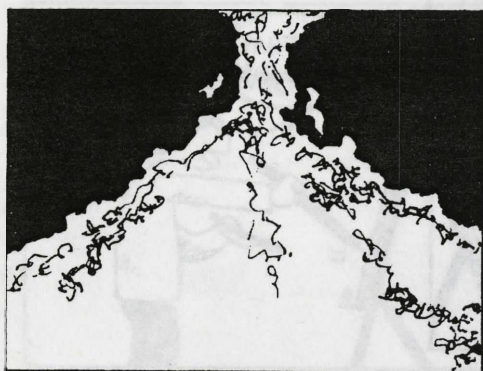
Moving towards definition because - yes! we see a girl reading -



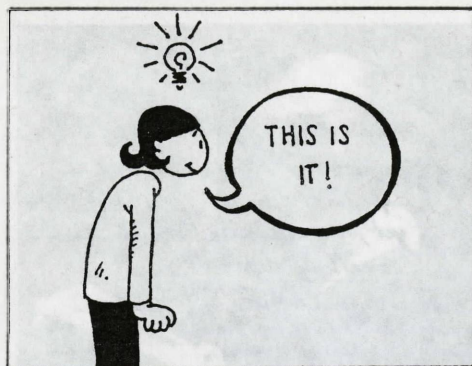
But then moving away because - no! It's just paint and canvas and the skillful hand of manipulating the senses.



*Isn't that what the future is?
Something real, something
defined by scientific time, and
yet, something abstract,
something left to our
imagination?*



How to get around it?



For a short stint I was obsessed with the idea that I would die tomorrow. It was a strange take on the Carpe Diem concept but it became a catalyst for productivity.



I did everything Today.



The future didn't loom ahead because I wasn't betting on making it there anyway.



This discipline did make me somewhat of an unhappy person.



It was as if I had traded happiness for a sort of compulsion. A life of will with no desire.



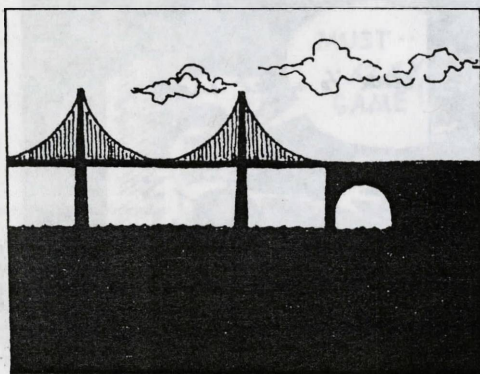
And to what end?



The future exists, whether I want it to or not.



It's a well-worn mechanism of life. People use it the way they see fit.



I still wonder: what's the use? To what end? How to get around it?

Fortunately, I don't ask these questions all the time.



*There are other things—good
things to keep me occupied.*

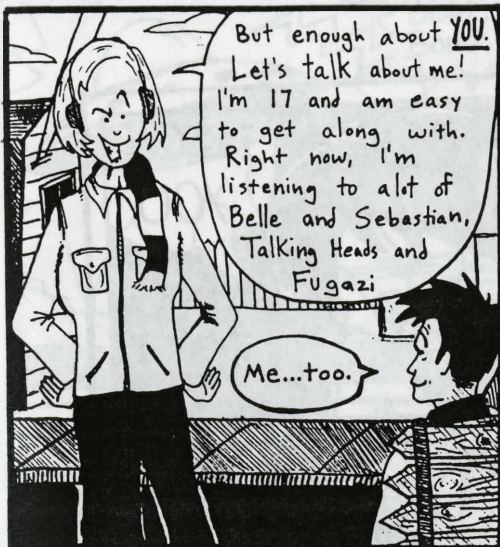


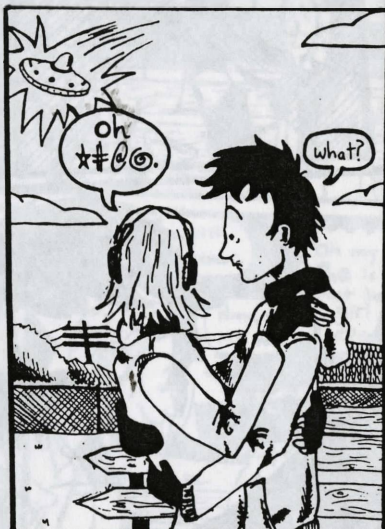
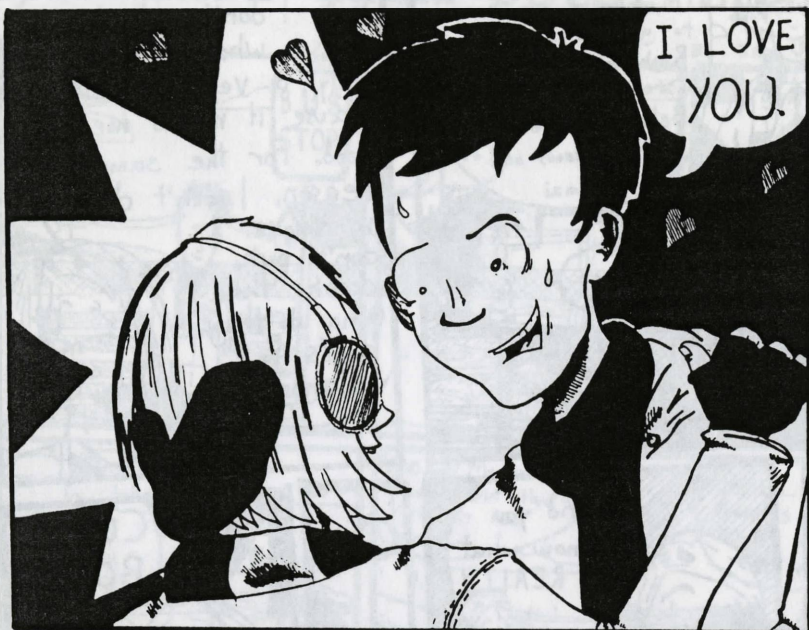
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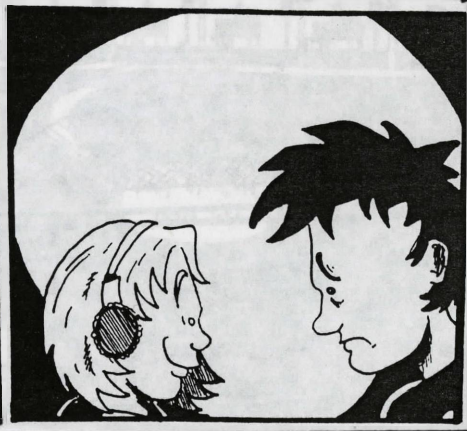
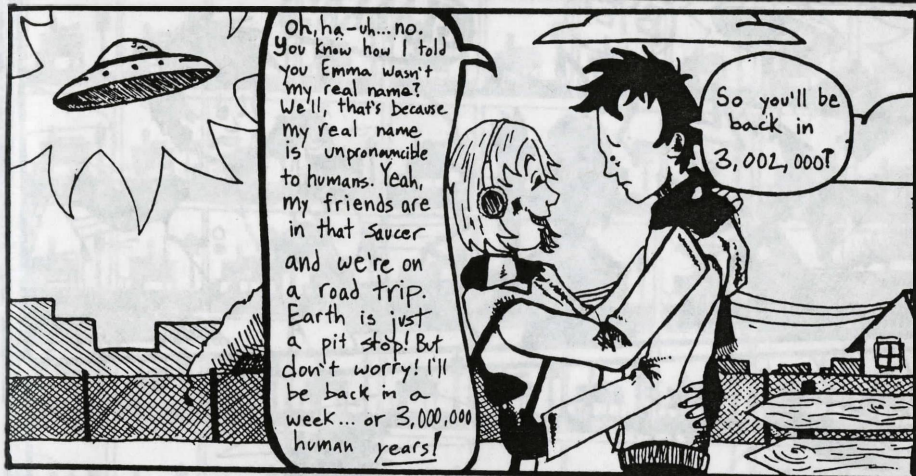
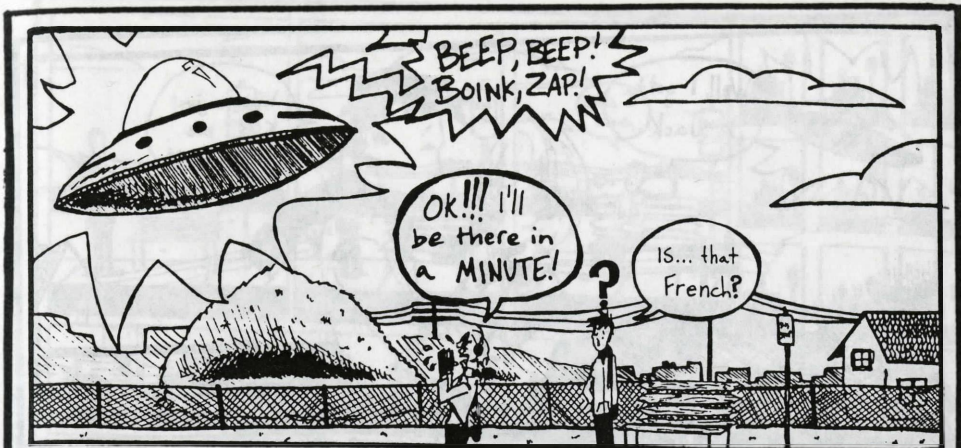
The Girl from Outer Space.

BY JACK TURNBULL













You'll turn into a cranky old fart

I'll shrivel up into a dry old prune



oh darling

i've missed you



it's been so long that
i can't remember the
sound of your voice



i try to remember
your scent

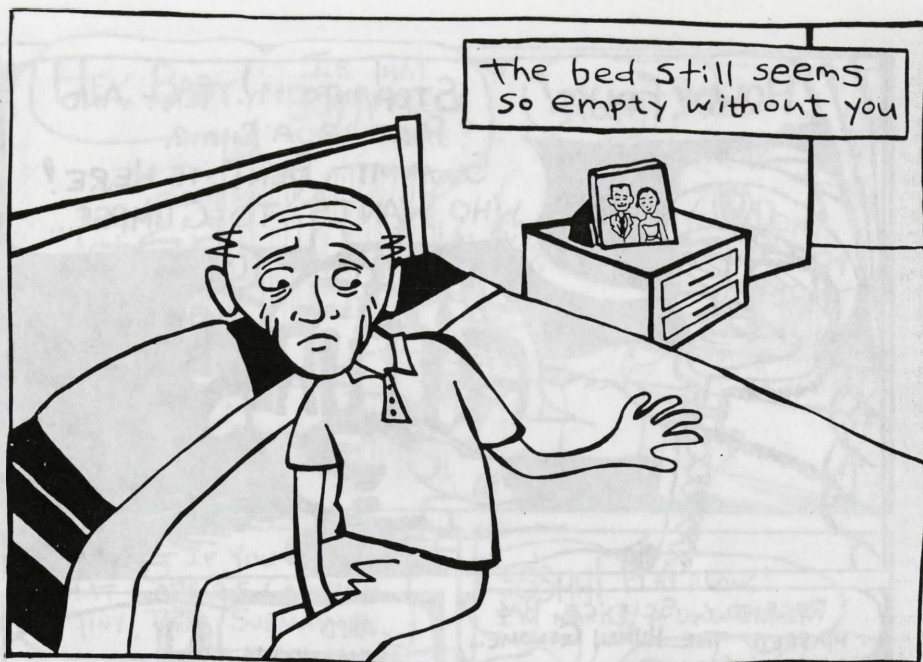


if only i could
touch you

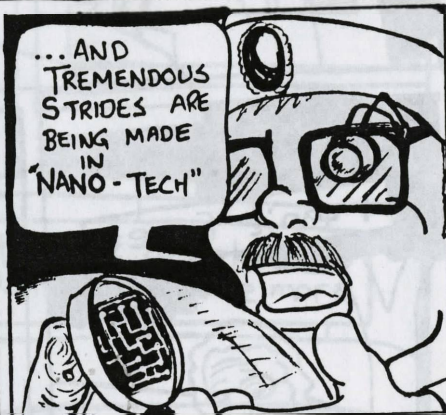
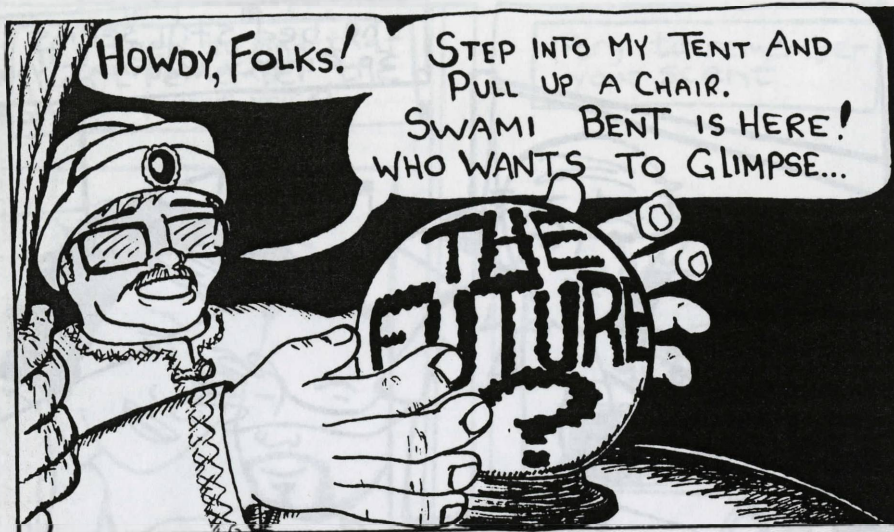


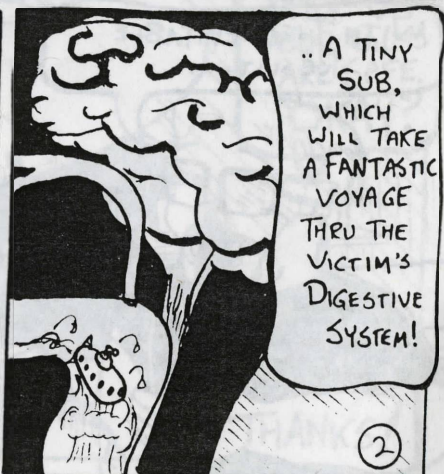
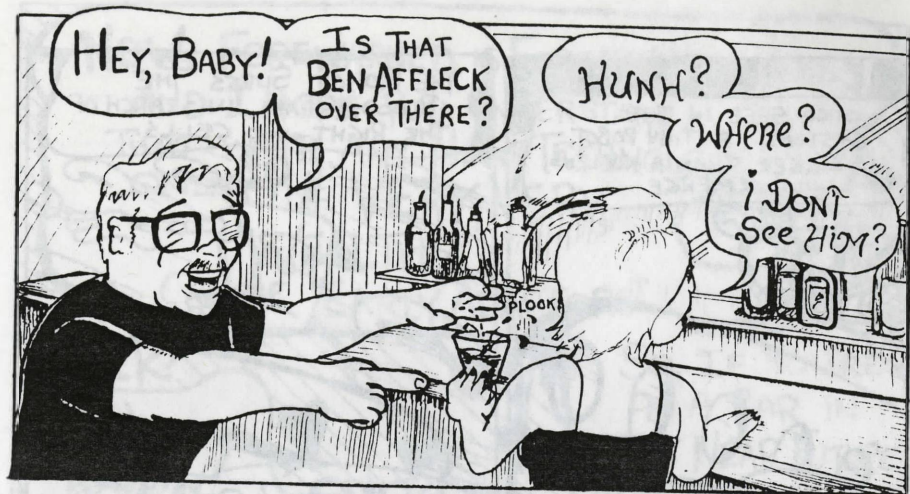
to look deeply into
your eyes once more

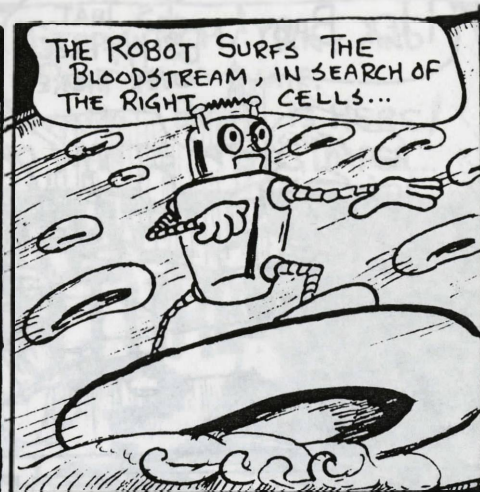
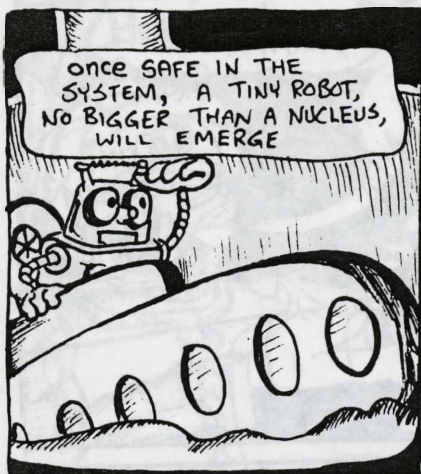




CARRIE 1/2001







NOW, FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED, LADIES,
AND I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND
THAT WITH ANY NEW TECHNOLOGY,
ONLY THE VERY, VERY,
WEALTHY
CAN BE "EARLY ADAPTORS"

oh, baby!

SMEK!

oh,
honey!

SMEK!

SMEK!

SO, IF YOU'RE
AT A BAR IN
THE NEAR FUTURE,
AND, SAY, A "BILL
GATES" OR "TRUMP"
OR ANY RICH GUY
OFFERS YOU
A DRINK...

DON'T
ACCEPT
IT!

ONLY US
POOR GUYS
ARE SAFE.
OKAY?

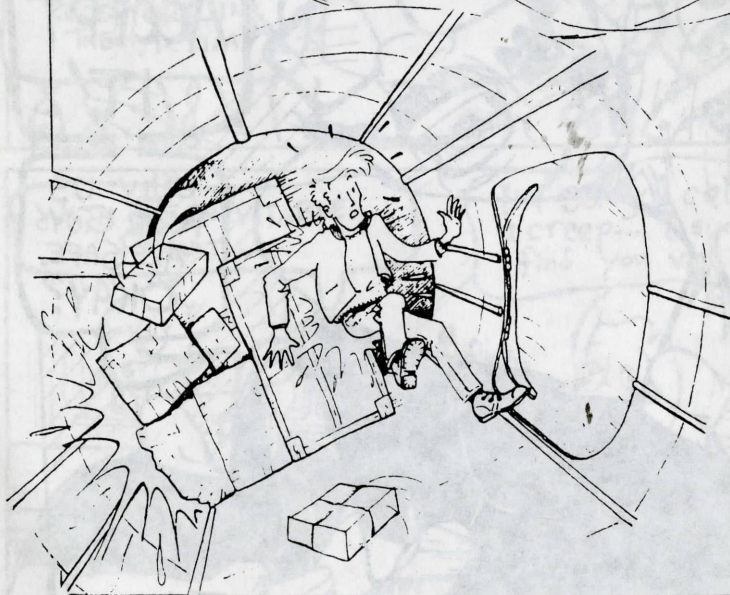
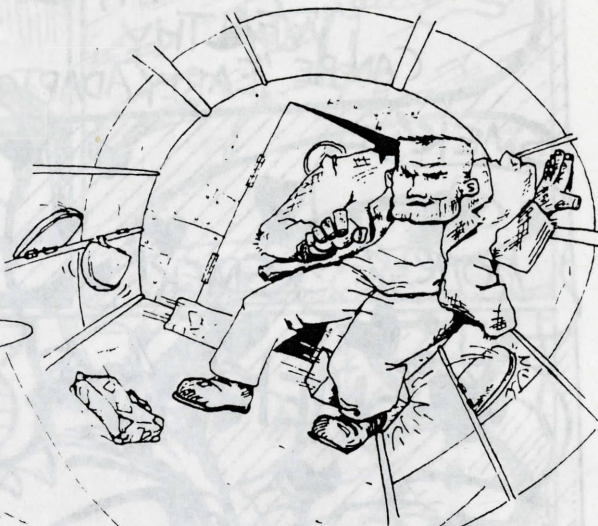
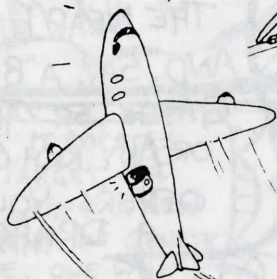
THANKS!

4

Horatio Seagull; Adventures

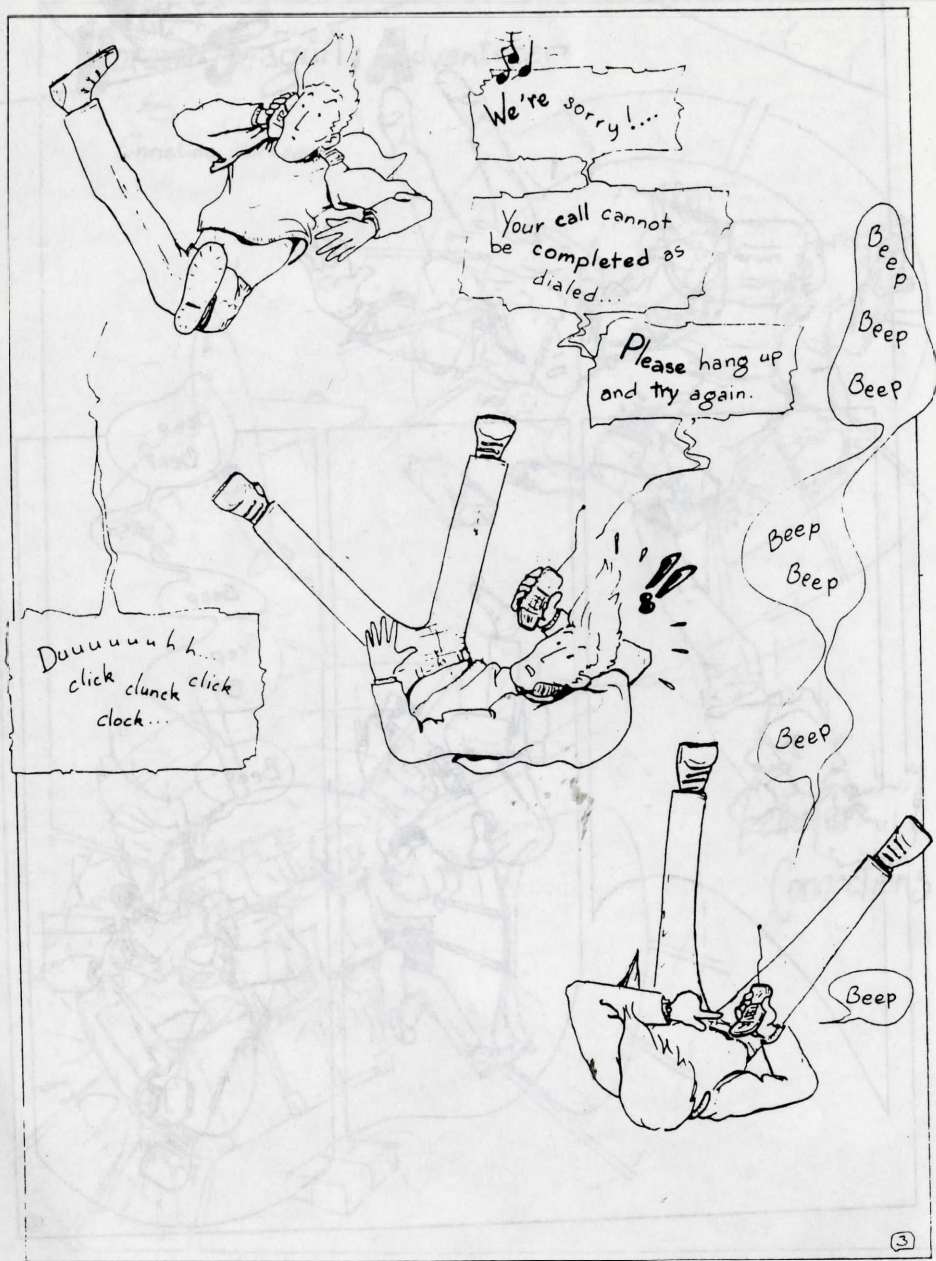
by

Christine Pointeau

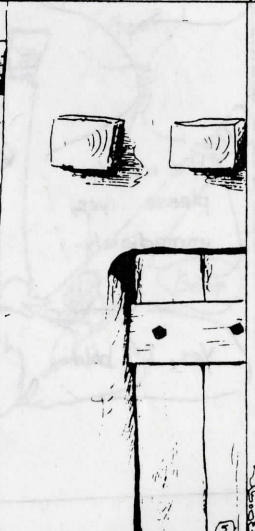


Cellular
Connections



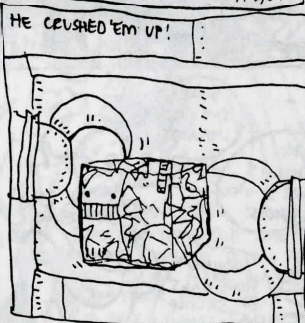
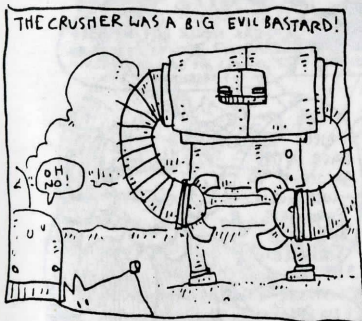
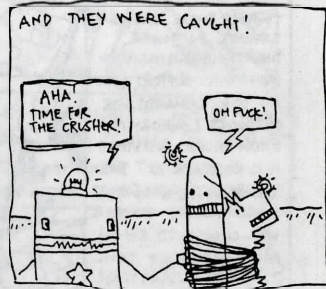
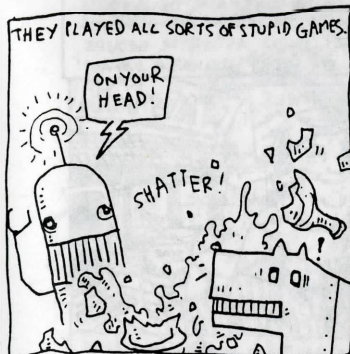
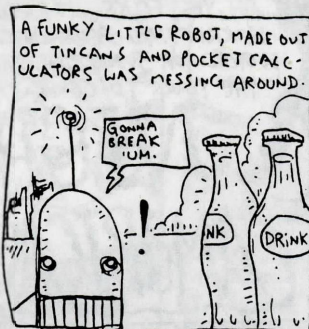
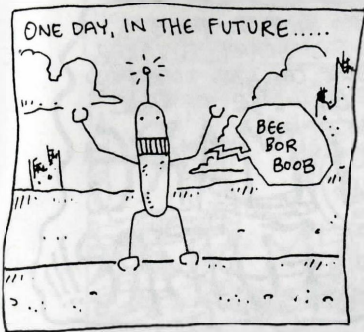






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AH YES, FOLKS... IT'S TIME... TIME TO TAKE A HORRIFYING PEEK INTO THE SCARY, BIZARRE WORLD OF TOMORROW, A BONE-CHILLING LOOK INTO THE YEARS TO COME... A GLIMPSE OF THE

NIGHTMARE AMERICA OF THE FUTURE!!

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THE GOVERNMENT IS STILL IN PLACE, AND STILL PAID LIP SERVICE TO AS THE HIGHEST INSTITUTION IN THE COUNTRY, BUT IT NO LONGER HOLDS ITS ONCE-REVERED POWER AND RESPECT OF THE PEOPLE!



ALL PROMINENT POLITICAL FIGURES ARE COMMONLY MOCKED, YET MOST WILL STILL BUY INTO IT AND GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS!

MEANWHILE, MOST FOLKS WILL REMAIN OBLIVIOUS AS TO WHO REALLY HOLDS THE DECISION-MAKING POWER IN THE COUNTRY, EVEN AS THOSE GROUPS LEAVE THEIR MARK ON EVERY AVAILABLE SURFACE!



PEOPLE WILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THESE "ORGANIZATIONS" IN POWER THRU THEIR UNQUESTIONING MONETARY SUPPORT, EVEN AS THE DEMANDS FOR OBEDIENT CONFORMITY GROW MORE INSISTENT AND BLATANT. YET THE "CONSUMERS" WHO SUPPORT THESE MASSIVE POWERS WILL CHOOSE TO REMAIN IN IGNORANCE OF THIS CONTEMPTUOUS ATTITUDE THESE "COMPANIES" HOLD TOWARD THE POORACE!



TECHNOLOGY WILL DEVELOP TO UNFATHOMABLE NEW HORIZONS, YET WILL REMAIN THE SOLE DOMAIN OF THE WEALTHY, INSTEAD OF USEFUL TOOLS FOR THE COMMON GOOD!



EVEN IN THE "ENLIGHTENED" AGE OF THE FUTURE, WOMEN OF ALL AGES WILL CONTINUE TO MUTILATE AND RUMSH THEIR BODIES TO CONFORM TO AN UNATTAINABLE "NORM" SET BY SOCIETY AND THE MEDIA!!



*"BOTOX"

IN THE FUTURE, ANY REVOLUTIONARY STIRRINGS OF YOUTH CULTURE ARE QUICKLY BLED DRY OF ALL MEANING, SOUL AND FORCE BY A FAST-MOVING EMPIRE OF MERCHANDISING AND CONSUMERISM!



JOB SECURITY AS WE KNOW IT BECOMES A THING OF THE PAST; EVEN THE ELDERLY, LAID OFF FROM WORK AFTER REMAINING AT THE SAME JOB FOR YEARS, WILL BE OFFERED A PITTANCE IN EXCHANGE FOR PERFORMING DEBASING, MENIAL TASKS!

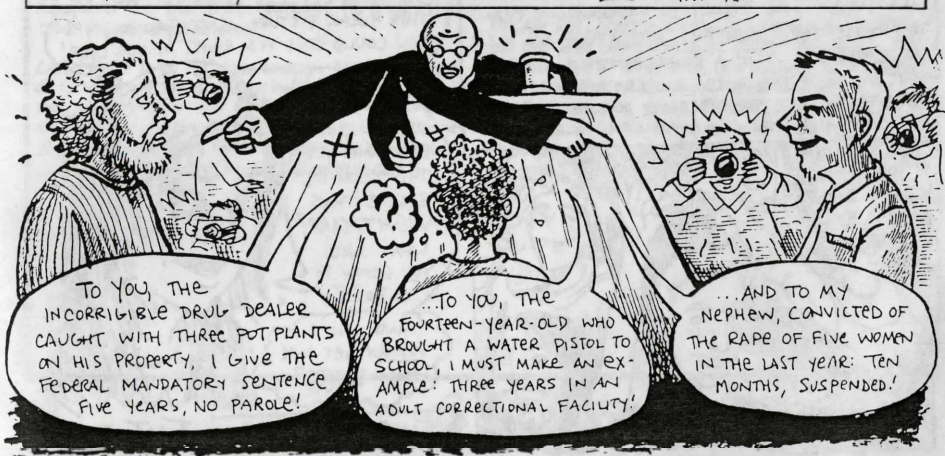


PILLS WILL BE AVAILABLE AS A QUICK-FIX "SOLUTION" TO A MTRIAD OF PERSONAL PROBLEMS, MANY OF WHICH WOULD HAVE TAKEN YEARS OF THERAPY AND/OR SELF-EXAMINATION AND EFFORT TO MANAGE!

IN MOST MAJOR CITIES, THE POLICE FORCE ASSUMES A NEW LEVEL OF POWER AND IMMEDIATELY INCREASES IN ACTS OF FORCE AND BRUTALITY. "QUICK, DECISIVE ACTION" WILL BE THE NORM (AND THE FIRST LINE OF ATTACK) WHEN DEALING WITH SUCH THREATS AS PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATIONS AND POLITICAL PROTESTS!



THE "JUDICIAL SYSTEM" WILL STILL BE HELD FIRMLY IN PLACE BY "OLD MONEY" AND RELIGIOUS AND GOVERNMENT CONNECTIONS, BUT THE IDEA OF DUE PROCESS IS A THING OF THE PAST. THE MEDIA, EVER-HUNGRY FOR SENSATION, WILL PLAY A PART IN HIPING THESE "COURTROOM DRAMAS", AND MONEY, POWER AND CONNECTIONS WILL SPEAK LOUDER THAN ANY DEFENSE ATTORNEY!



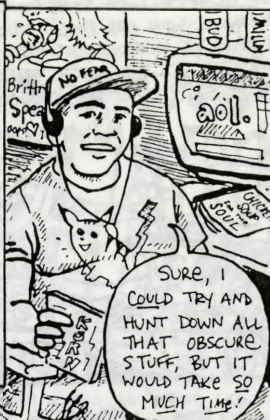
TO YOU, THE INCORRIGIBLE DRUG DEALER CAUGHT WITH THREE POT PLANTS ON HIS PROPERTY, I GIVE THE FEDERAL MANDATORY SENTENCE FIVE YEARS, NO PAROLE!

...TO YOU, THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD WHO BROUGHT A WATER PISTOL TO SCHOOL, I MUST MAKE AN EXAMPLE: THREE YEARS IN AN ADULT CORRECTIONAL FACILITY!

...AND TO MY NEPHEW, CONVICTED OF THE RAPE OF FIVE WOMEN IN THE LAST YEAR: TEN MONTHS, SUSPENDED!

IN THE FUTURE, PEOPLE WILL BE HERDED INTO THEIR RESIDENCES WITH THE PROMISE OF "FREE ENTERTAINMENT" - LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR PROGRAMMING GUARANTEED TO OCCUPY SPARE TIME, KEEP THE MIND PASSIVE, AND DISTRACT THE POPULACE FROM FORMING ANY INDEPENDENT OPINIONS (OR EVEN COMPLETE THOUGHTS!)

APATHY AND LETHARGY ABOUND WITH GREATER PREVALENCE THAN EVER BEFORE. PERSONAL HOPES AND DREAMS ARE ABANDONED IN THE FACE OF AN ALL-CONSUMING HOPELESSNESS. THE VIRTUES OF HARD WORK, PRIDE IN ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND STRUGGLE FOR A BETTER OUTCOME ARE LOST IN THE FACE OF "RELENTLESS" CONVENIENCE!



ALL PUBLISHED WRITING AND OTHER FORMS OF COMMUNICATION, NOT TO MENTION ALL FINE ART, WILL BE CAREFULLY SCREENED FOR CONTROVERSIAL MATERIALS, IMAGES AND OPINIONS. THESE CREATORS WILL OFTEN BE FINED AND/OR JAILED FOR EXPRESSING THESE IDEAS, AND THEIR WORKS ALTERED, CUT UP AND CHANGED TO MAKE THEM "SAFE FOR THE PUBLIC!"



AH, BUT ALL HOPE IS NOT LOST! DESPITE ALL THIS, SOME PEOPLE WILL RESORT TO "UNDERGROUND" MEANS TO CREATE THEIR OWN ART, LITERATURE AND MUSIC AND DISTRIBUTE IT IN A SPHERE ENTIRELY INDEPENDENT OF THE ESTABLISHED POWERS - THAT BE. IT IS THESE PEOPLE WHO WILL BECOME OUR ONLY HOPE FOR THE SALVATION OF AMERICAN CULTURE!!!

SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?!? THIS BLEAK PICTURE ISN'T FAR AWAY... YOU COULD SAY IT'S RIGHT AT OUR DOOR!



CAN WE REALLY SIT BACK AND LET THIS COUNTRY BECOME THIS NIGHTMARE? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO???

...AND CAN I POSSIBLY GET ANY MORE BITTER?



FIND OUT... IN THE FUTURE!!!

END.

These are the voices ~

The husband and wife team of **SEAN & KATIE AABERG** (p 15, 51) produce a multitude of zine-like "projekts". Peep the latest issue of PIPU (\$2), the adventures of a li'l chick (as in bird) in the metropolis of Oakland. Or grab GO (\$4), a mega-zine produced by an old video-game system for the electronic generation. P.O. BOX 3635, OAKLAND, CA 94609 www.goblinko.com

BEN CATMULL (p 3-5) cranks out the Ignatz-nominated PAPER THEATER, a beautifully drawn comic done in scratchboard, that has an unsettling, dream-like feel. Issues 2 & 3 are \$3, no 4 is \$4. 4096 PIEDMONT AV #375, OAKLAND, CA 94611-5221 www.papertheater.com

When **MARISSA FALCO** (back cover) isn't drawing comics instead of studying, she can usually be found watching "Simpsons" reruns in her Allston, Mass. apartment. She publishes a zine called RED HOODED SWEATSHIRT, and you can check out more of her comics at www.bluejeanonline.com P.O. BOX 15124, BOSTON, MA 02215 little_luz@hotmail.com

MISSY KULIK does a bunch of zines! POCKET (\$1) is her regular series, the latest is #8, "Comics are great!". KNEEHIGH (50¢) is a very *mini* mini, six issues featuring roadside stuff, halloween costumes, thrift store finds, and more. Ask about her other stuff, like T-shirts, music, and art. 24 LONGVUE CIRCLE, AMBRIDGE, PA 15003 www.girlpages.com/art/someow (p 16-17)

CARRIE MENINGH (p 38-41) has been making her mini-comic THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER (\$1) for almost six years now, all detailing the daily dilemmas of her life. And check out FOOD GEEK (\$1), comics, stories, and recipes about... food! done by Carrie and a revolving cast of thousands. P.O. BOX 481051, LOS ANGELES, CA 90048 foodgeekmmm@hotmail.com

SARAH OLEKSIK (p 52-54) has been drawing comics since 6th grade, when she first began to take her art seriously. Every dollar you send her furthers her goal of being able to make a living off this pursuit, seeing as she is unfit to hold a job in any other field. Check out the latest issue of her comic ROADSIDE (\$2), it will not disappoint. P.O. BOX 4789, PORTLAND, ME 04112-4789 roadsidecomix@yahoo.com

LARK PIEN (p 20-31) likes to draw. She took a year off to travel the world, and during that time she came up with a lot of ideas. Now she is busting her butt to get them all out on a tangible medium. She still has copies of her comic STORIES FROM THE WARD no 3 available. Contact her at larks_hrududu@hotmail.com

THIEN! PHAM (p 18-19) has been publishing mini-comics for a couple of years now. You can pick up his latest, WORDS AND PICTURES no 4, by sending him \$2. 12528 SARATOGA AVE, SARATOGA, CA 95070 tindog@hotmail.com

CHRISTINE PONTEAU (p 46-50) lives in the suburbs of an undisclosed Texas city, where she teaches High School Art. She manages to draw a few short stories in her spare time and has been most recently published in SHORTS, A COMIC ANTHOLOGY no 142 and IMAGES AND PROSE Vol I. Offer comments, request publications, or chat with her at cponteau@myexcel.com. Or check her business site: www.navedessertfirst.com

JESSE REKLAU (p 12-14) makes cartoons out of people's dreams in a comic strip called SLOW WAVE, printed weekly in various "alternative" newspapers across the nation. The first three years of strangeness, titled DREAMTOONS, published by Shambhala in June 2000. Recent strips and info about submitting your exciting dreams can be found at www.slowwave.com P.O. BOX 11493, BERKELEY, CA 94712-2493

BEN T. STECKLER (p 42-45) drew his first mini-comic at the age of 3. It was well received, and Ben took most of the next 30 years off to do a signing tour, get an education, have a doomed career in meteorology, and run his comic shop into the ground. He now lives in his parents' basement and delivers pizzas. Check out UNSHAVEN CHI and GET BENT! (\$2.50), both flip sides of the same book. Ben is also currently drawing editorial cartoons for the York (Penna.) Dispatch. P.O. BOX 7273, YORK, PA 17404 bsteckler@netrax.net

JACK TURNBULL (p 32-37) has been making comics and art as far back as I can remember. Only in recent years has he been showcasing his work in his mini-comic, APOLLO ASTRO, which started in 1999. The latest (no 3) is \$2, the first two are \$1. Jack has also appeared in BUCKET LOADER, OFF MY JAMMY, IMPULSE FREAK, and many others. He considers himself the last of the beatnik cowboys. 162 TOPSFIELD RD, IPSWICH, MA 01938 www.geocities.com/apolloastro/index.htm

DYLAN WILLIAMS (p 6-11) was a member of the infamous Bay-Area comix collective PUPPY TOSS, back in the early nineties. Since then, he's relocated to the Pacific Northwest and put out a buttload of comics. Check out his Xeric-winning series REPORTER (\$3 for the most recent issue) for his unique mix of noir and storytelling. P.O. BOX 10952, PORTLAND, OR 97296-0952 dylan86@earthlink.net

~ of Modern Industry!

