

WHEN *ART* AND *BUSINESS* INTERSECT IN AN ACCELERATED-- AND STILL ACCELERATING-- WORLD, THE *VICTIMS* ARE *MANY* AND THE *ATTENTION* TO THEIR *SUFFERING* IS *BRIEF*, BECAUSE, AS THE *KEY LIE* OF THE *PAST CENTURY* GOES, "*TIME IS MONEY.*"

WE BUILT WHOLE *CENTURIES*, WHOLE *CIVILIZATIONS*... ON A TIRED PREMISE POSITED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. PROCLAIMING THAT TIME CAN BE MEASURED, THAT HUMAN ACTIVITY CAN BE MEASURED... IMPOSES AN *OVERWHELMING SENSE OF FALSE ORDER* ON ALL THAT IS HUMAN.

OF COURSE, WE DON'T STOP THERE. WE ALSO TRY TO IMPOSE ORDER ON *NATURE*, AND LOOK--IT IS *NOT YIELDING TO US!* *CHAOS DOES NOT BOW TO ANYONE!* BE IT OUR OWN, OR THE *NATURE'S!*

BLOW, WINDS, AND CRACK YOUR CHEEKS! RAGE! BLOW! CRACK NATURE'S MOULDS, AN GERMENS SPILL AT ONCE, THAT MAKE INGRATEFUL MAN!

THE BUSINESS GROWS AND AS IT GROWS IT NEEDS FACTORIES. *CITIES ARE FACTORIES* NOW.

FOR EXAMPLE-- *NEW YORK* ATTRACTS THE YOUNG ENERGY THAT THE CITIES REQUIRE BY MAINTAINING THE *ILLUSION* OF ITS STILL-EXISTING (BUT REALLY DEAD) *DREAM* OF THE *1960S* AND *1970S*. IN REALITY IT'S A DEAD, [REDACTED] CITY!

THE *FUTURE* IS [REDACTED] LIKE *STEVE JOBS*.

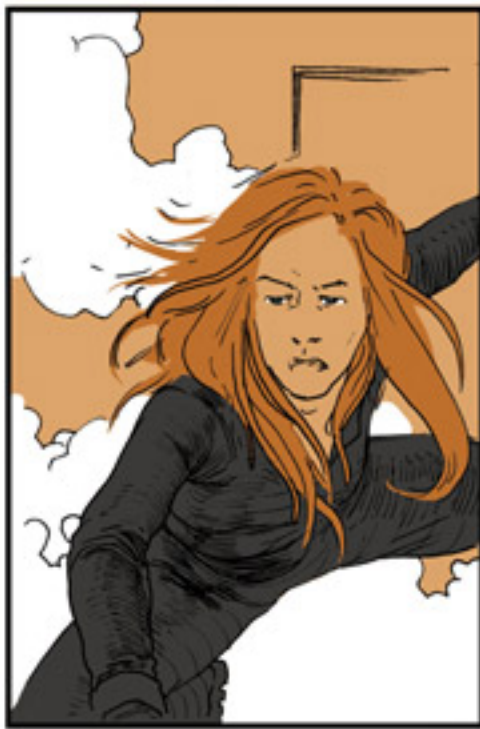
THE *FUTURE* DOESN'T PAY ATTENTION AND DOESN'T GIVE TIME TO ITS VICTIMS, BECAUSE TIME AND ATTENTION ARE *MONEY*.

LIKE *STEVE JOBS*. AND, BY EXTENSION, LIKE *APPLE*, AND MOST, IF NOT ALL, OTHER CORPORATIONS, THE *FUTURE* IS *FATAL*. AT LEAST THE *FUTURE* THEY WANT FOR US, BECAUSE THEY CAN ONLY BE SUSTAINED BY *OUR OWN* TIME AND ENERGY.

*ART*--BE IT COMICS, FILM, VIDEO GAMES, PAINTING, SPORTS, ANYTHING-- *WON'T BREAK YOUR HEART*.

INSTEAD, THE CORPORATIONS, *THE BUSINESS OF IT ALL*, THE *PARASITICAL* THING HANGING ON TO THE THING YOU *LOVE*... WILL DO THEIR WORST TO *ENSLAVE* YOUR *SPIRIT*. *KILL YOUR ATEMPORAL SELF*. *BIND* YOU TO A WAY OF LIFE THAT *FEARS CHANGE*. ALL FOR THEIR BENEFIT...

...ONE [REDACTED] MINUTE AT A TIME.







YO FRANKLIN, WANT SOME? YOU ALL KINDA MELANCHOLIC.

WOO DEV'S USIN' BIG WORDS, ME-LAN-CHOLIC.

YOU KNOW I DON'T, MAN.

DON'T W' HIM, MAN. Y'KNOW IT AIN'T COOL. FRANKLIN STRAIGHT EDGE.

YEAH. STRAIGHT 'N' READY LIKE A PORN STAR. YOU GET LAID ALREADY, FRANKLIN?



YEAH.



WOW. HELL. HELL NO. HELL NO. WHAAAAAT? SERIOUSLY? BROTHER-- THAT'S LIKE, MAN--

BEEN COMIN' A WHILE--



WHO WITH?

WHAT KINDA HOOD RAT YOU GO WITH? WAS IT TAMEKA?

NAH.



YO MOMMA, DEVON.

Dontre Hamilton

Akai Gurley

John Crawford III