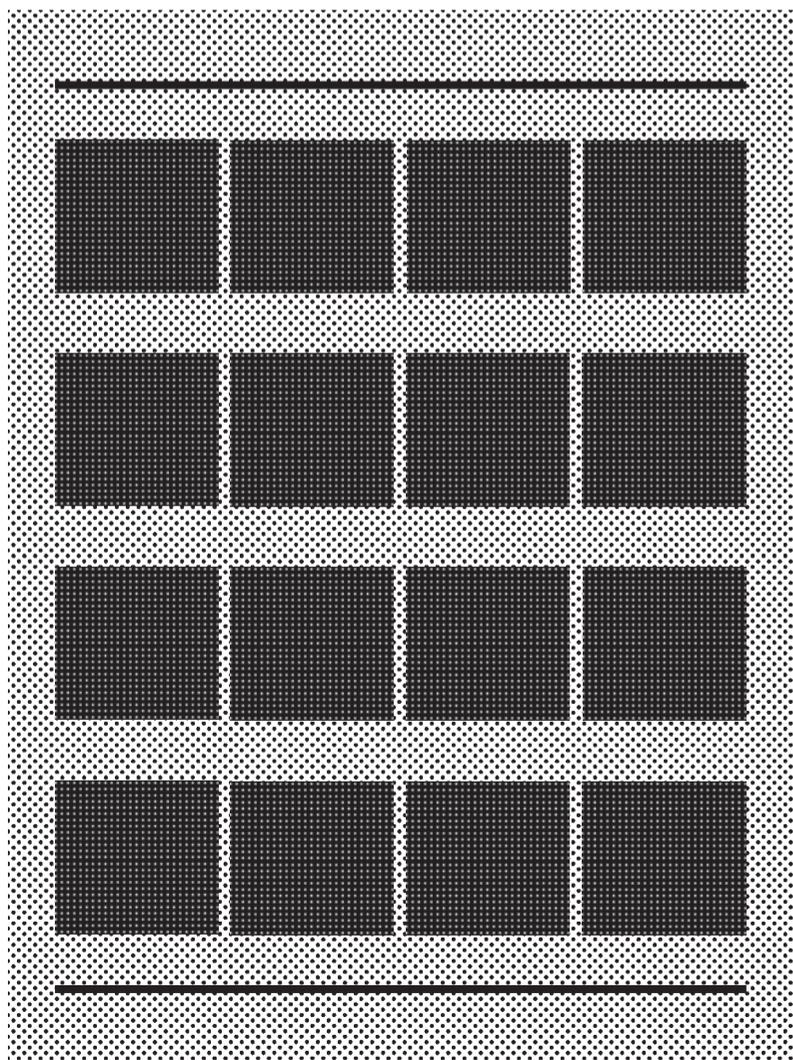


DETROIT

SEQUENTIAL

DETROIT – APRIL 2017 – NR. 1 – TEN US DOLLARS – DETROIT NOVELTY PRESS



INDEX



Editorial	2
Comics	3
Comics	4
Comics	5
Comics	6
Comics	7
Comics	8
Comics	9
Comics	10
Comics	11
Comics	12
Comics	13
Comics	14
Comics	15
Back Page by Greg Fadell	16

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When I was about 8 or 9 years old, during summer days I would climb the fence to a neighborhood church in suburban Detroit, and steal away to a small metal shed I discovered behind the parsonage. Within this shed were bundles of discarded Detroit Free Press newspapers stacked five to six feet high, leaving a small crawlspace at the top. I would climb up into this space, closing the shed door behind me, and spend hours in the near dark seeking out those sections of the newspapers containing comic strips. The shed was several bundles deep and the space had become a densely packed archive, page upon page, layer upon layer of stratified history in text and image. The deeper I investigated, the further back in time I went, as much as 15 years to 1968. On my archeological digs, I came into contact with silverfish, both dead and alive, and pages stuck together from the occasional water incursion. During my search I was continually halted by front page headlines, department store sale pages, and cinema advertisements. I also witnessed a change in typesetting, a decrease in the clarity of photographs, and a reversion from color to black and white in a de-evolution of printing quality as I descended from the present into the past. All of this was being noted, subconsciously. Although ventilated, the shed was warmed by the heat of the sun on its roof. This warmth was baking the bundles and caused the smell of newsprint to fill the space, heightened also by the age of the paper. As I loosened the twine that bound each bundle, I pried forth the papers and sought out both the black and white comics of the daily edition and the full color supplement of the Sunday edition, my finger-

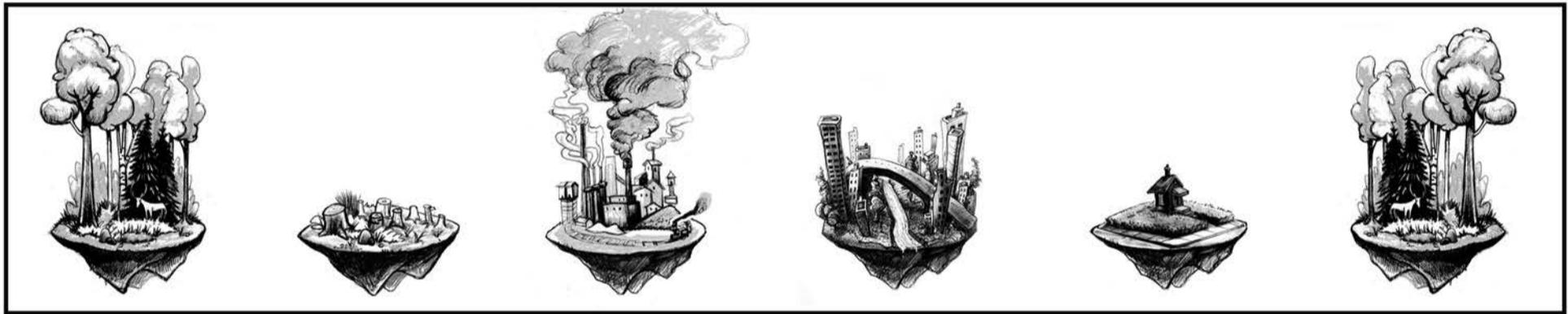
between panels establish a rhythm, an elastic tension within the grid, that determines how much the page can expand or collapse.

Unlike New York and Chicago, Seattle and Los Angeles, Detroit is absent the tradition of sequential narrative art. Although Winsor McCay (1869-1934), the great American cartoonist and animator who authored “Little Nemo in Slumberland,” had cut his teeth as a teenage caricaturist by drawing portraits for twenty-five cents a piece of visitors to the New Wonderland Theatre, Eden Musee and Menagerie dime museum in Detroit, cartoonists and cartooning never took root as it did within the visual customs of other American cities. In 2010, when I founded the publishing house Rotland Press, there was (and continues to be) a short supply of Detroit artists working in the comic strip format (outside of those targeting a lucrative career in the trenches of superhero franchise-making). This is despite the agency with which sequential art in underground zines and independent comics has provided so many with a viable way to tell a personal story and convey a distinct point of view using a minimum of means. And this is also despite the burgeoning embrace of both DIY print culture and a comics-based visual language in the art world-at-large, as a remarkably multi-faceted form to explore notions of time, narrative deconstruction, the challenges of pairing text and image, and so much more.

Rather than seeking cartoonists in Detroit, I decided to initiate “Detroit Sequential” as a formal experiment by inviting a group of artists

DETROIT- A CYCLICAL HISTORY

by Clinton Snider



tips and palms becoming covered in a powdery second skin of black ink. I would carefully tear out the strips of interest, trim them down with scissors and collect them into a binder. I have come to believe that the experience of comic strip hunting in that metal shed was my first foray into learning about print, seduced by the tactility and intimacy of paper, ink and miniature sequences. Since then, I have gravitated toward those images that were left out of my art school education—comic strips, novelty catalogs, tabloid newspapers, postcards, matchbooks, manuals, and advertisements—industrially-produced objects of a smaller scale, made of the cheapest materials and produced as quickly as possible. There is an interest in images intended for reproduction not only because of the greater distribution afforded by reproducibility, but because there is aesthetic value in some of the formal strategies necessitated by the goal of reproduction. The solid, bounding graphic line for example, ever-present in the comic strip, carries with it an economical insistence and an instantaneity of readability.

In the comic strip, the text is an image and the image becomes text, as it must be read in a sequence, left to right, top to bottom, box to box, bubble to bubble. One action leading to and connecting with another. There is a circuitry established. The comic strip is akin to a diagram. An event has been broken down into a fragmented sequence and then reassembled and framed in a more condensed form. This new form resulting from compression, heightens the reader’s awareness of the image’s mechanical construction. Even the distribution of color in the earlier comic books and comic strips I had learned from, was composed of overlapping particles due to the CMYK color separation process. Across a sequence of panels on a single page there was both a folding and an unfolding of space as the page somehow became larger. The comic strip compresses time, but enlarges it simultaneously. The empty spaces in-

and writers based throughout the city to invent their own comic strip variant, using it as a conceptual container to explore notions of history, memory, geography and identity. Without the need for contributors to adhere to any stylistic convention with regard to a “cartooning language,” the formal framework of what is known as the “daily strip” was established as a working model—a black and white horizontal sequence of four to six panels that has appeared in the weekday editions of most American newspapers. In most cases, the daily strip was an episode from an ongoing, longer narrative (as found in adventure comics), or it was a self-contained comedic sequence (as found in humor comics). By adhering to this formatting device rather than the longer “Sunday strips” that were printed in four colors and comprised of additional panels, there is a focus on what comics can do best: compression and economic feasibility. Time can be collapsed into a small space and the cost of printed distribution is kept to a minimum with the simplest means of reproduction.

Contributors approached this basic parameter as a “rubber frame.” Continuity by way of strict sequentiality, the inclusion of text, the presence of a narrative—were elements to be embraced or ignored, followed or disrupted. The resulting 54 strips form a collective sequence—a series of ten by two inch horizontal bands akin to windows into a time and a place. By no means fully representative, this first instalment of “Detroit Sequential” has been conceived of as the initial stratum with more to follow, until a thicker sample of time is accumulated with an expanding pool of contributors.

Ryan Standfest



Picture

DETROIT SEQUENTIAL

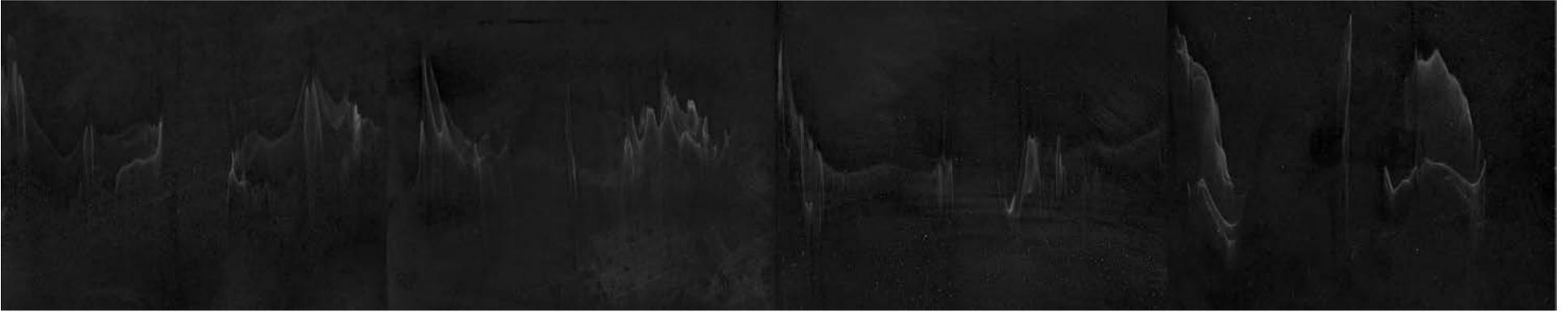
Stories



• Page Three •

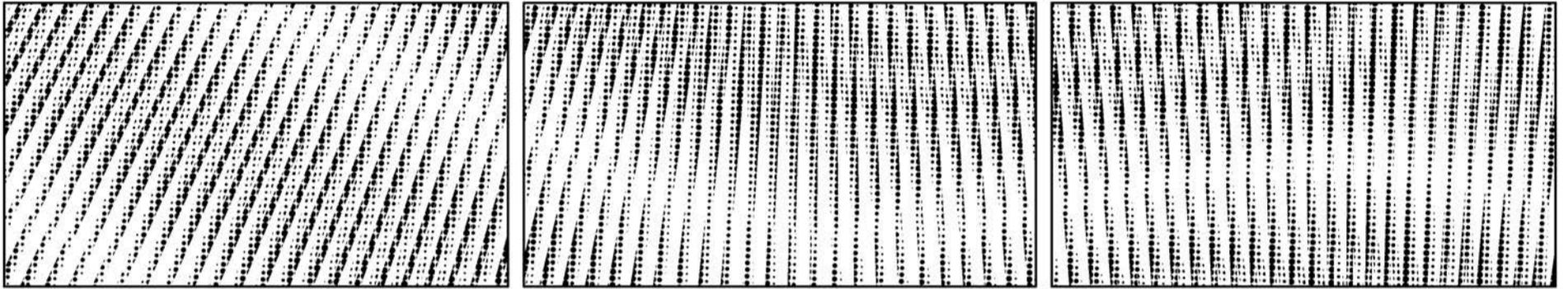
TIMELINE

by Megan Major



MOIRÉ MEMORY

by Cuppetelli and Mendoza



4321234

by Benjamin Teague



HOW TO ENTER

by Elizabeth Youngblood





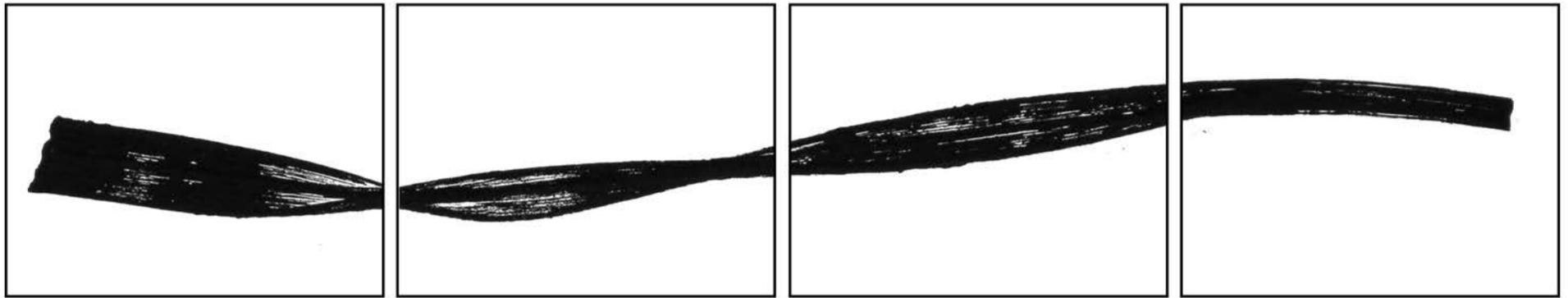
CROSSINGS, PASSAGES, EXILE

by M. Saffell Gardner



UNDULATING LINE

by Janet Hamrick



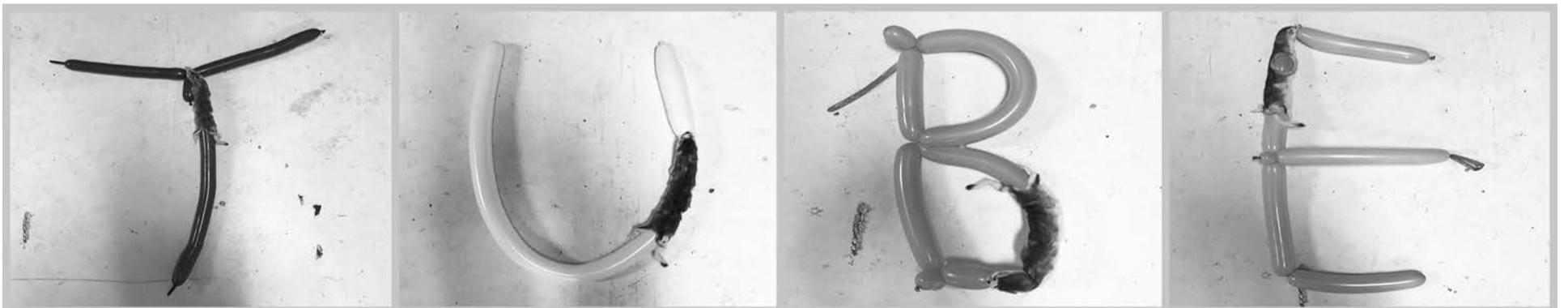
SCAR

by Mark Newport



TUBE

by Dylan Spaysky





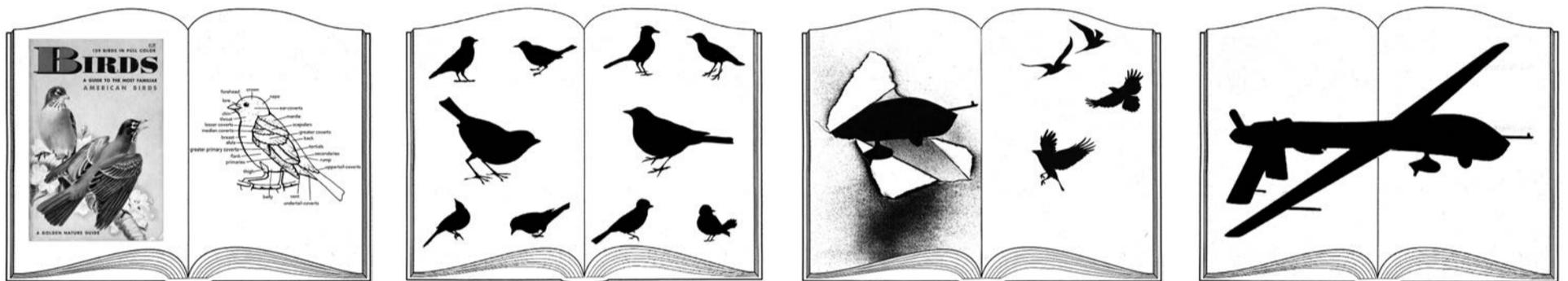
4 SCANS OF 8 PAGES FROM MY I-CHING

by Scott Hocking



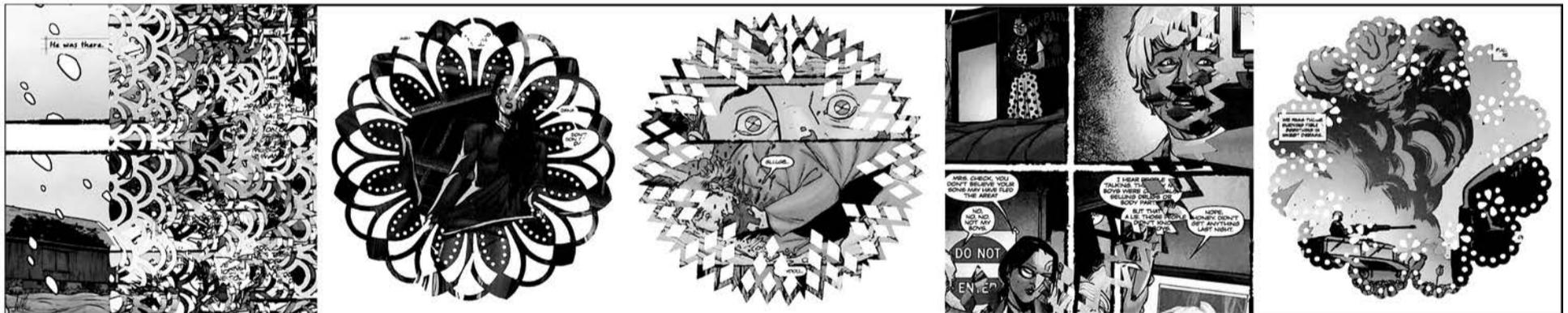
A GUIDE TO THE MOST FAMILIAR AMERICAN BIRDS

by Timothy Van Laar



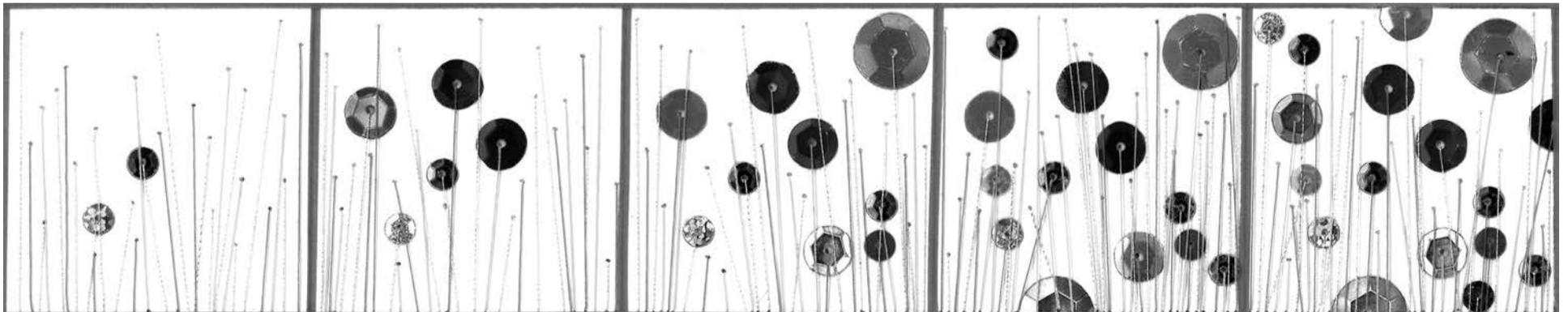
DOILY DEDUCTION

by Victoria Shaheen



I CAN IMAGINE NOTHING NEW (Inspired by Mary Oliver)

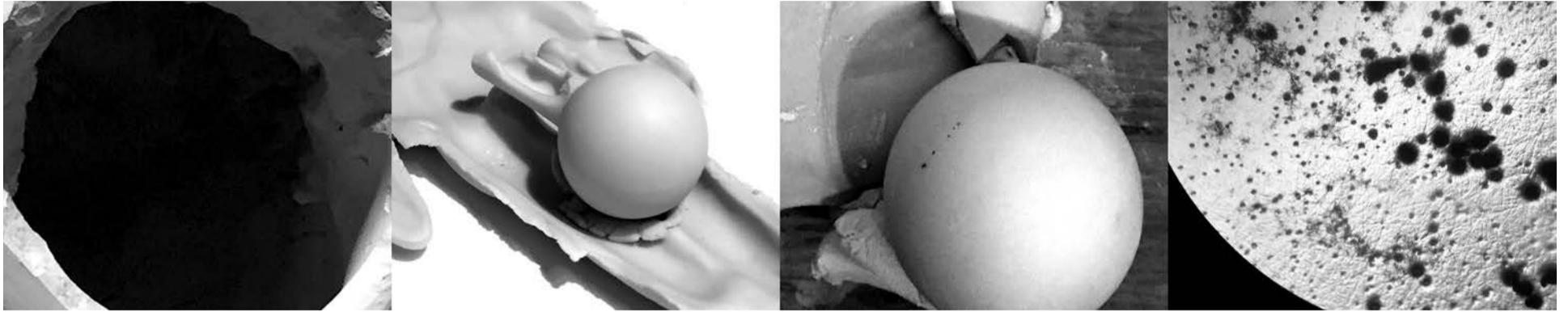
by Megan Heeres





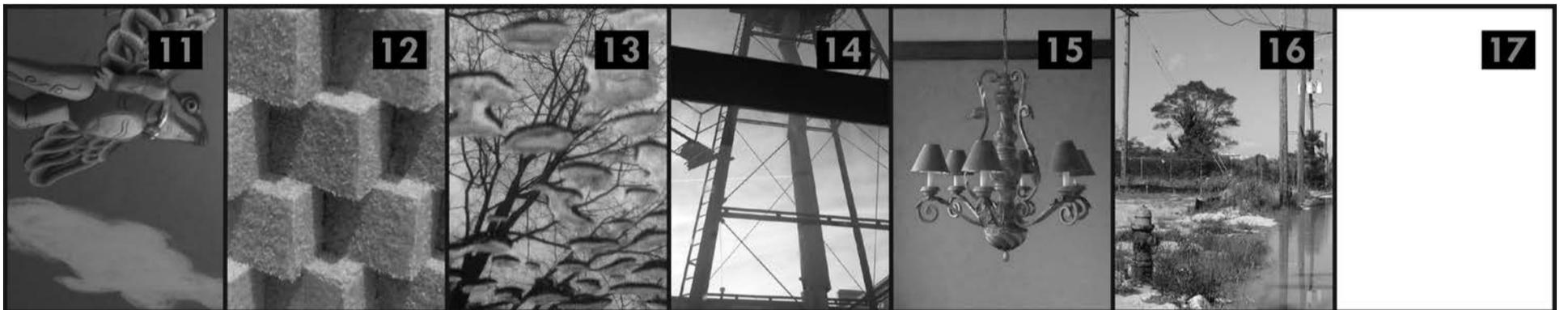
SEQUENCE OF OCULAR FORMS

by Kylie Lockwood



WAKEN

by Jeffrey Evergreen



NATURAL WONDER

by Susan Goethel Campbell



RIPE LANDS

by Trisha Holt





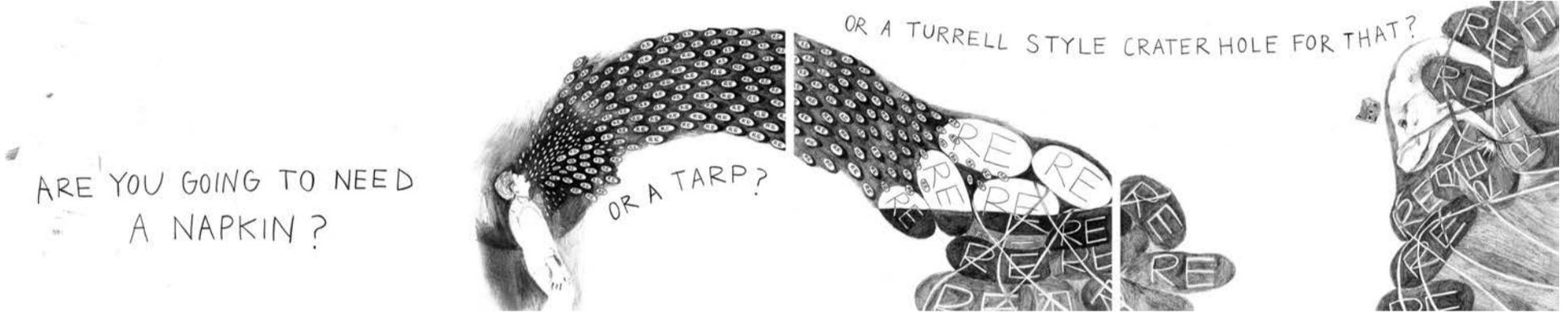
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS...

by John Corbin & Lynn Crawford



re: #DetroitRealEstate CONSIDERATIONS

by Corrie Baldauf



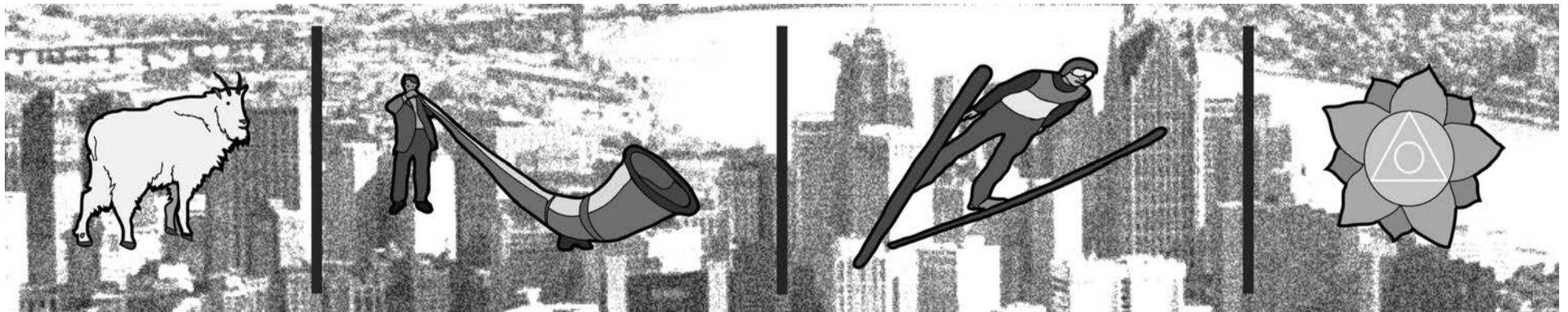
SCRIBBLESCAPE #10

by Jon P. Geiger



WAITING FOR MOUNTAINS

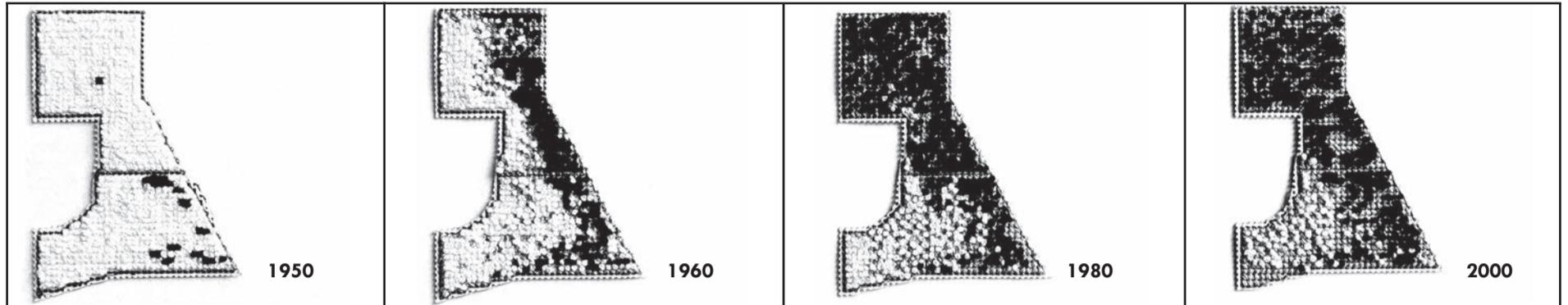
by Graem Whyte





DETROIT WEST SIDE PATTERNS

by Dolores Slowinski



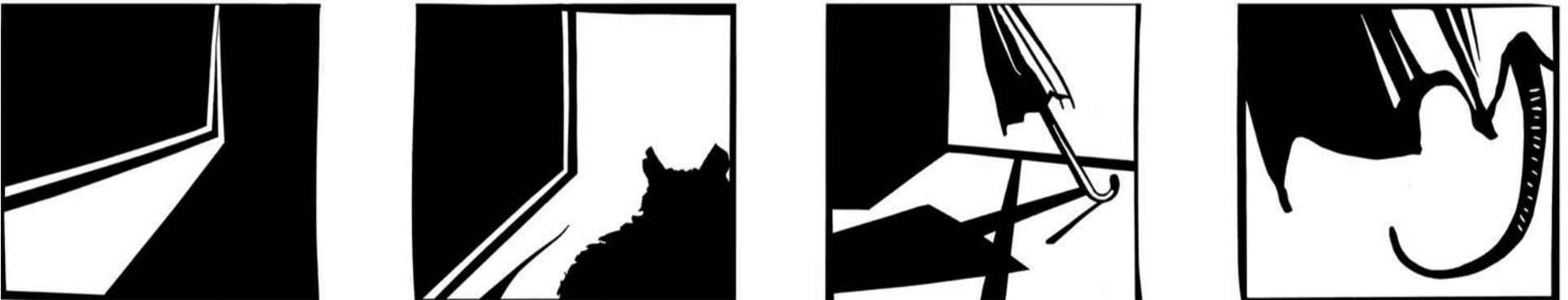
VIEW FROM POLAND

by Laura Beyer



UNINVITED GUEST

by Christina Galasso



DIVIDING TIME

by Don Kilpatrick & Toby Barlow



I hear "work / life balance" and wonder if life and work divide like the skull in Diego's mural?

Okay, well, go sit in Sister Pie and watch the light diffusing softly

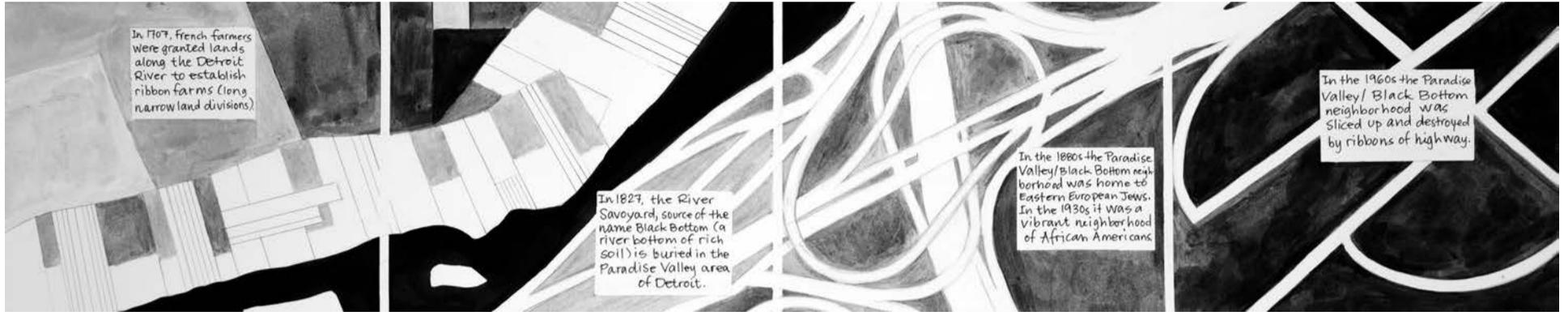
through the atmospheric milky way of the baker's flour dust.

And have another cup of coffee, and look at the clock.



RIBBONS

by Lynne Avadenka



BREWSTER-DOUGLASS HOUSING PROJECTS IN FOUR TEMPORAL ITERATIONS

by Millee Tibbs



THE TIME & PLACE MACHINE

by Amy Sacksteder



THIS IS NOT MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE

by Nancy Mitchnick & Chris Tysh





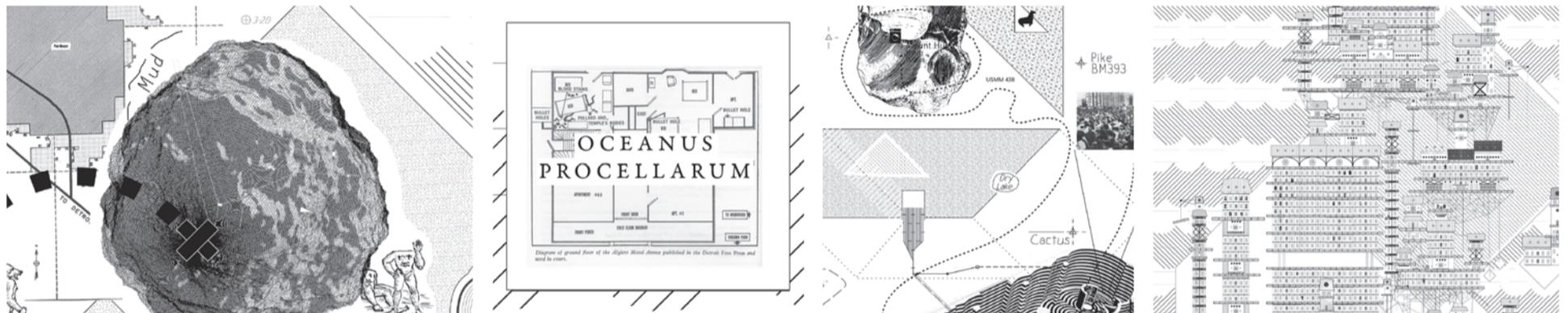
THE OTHER NEIGHBORS

by Lauren Kalman



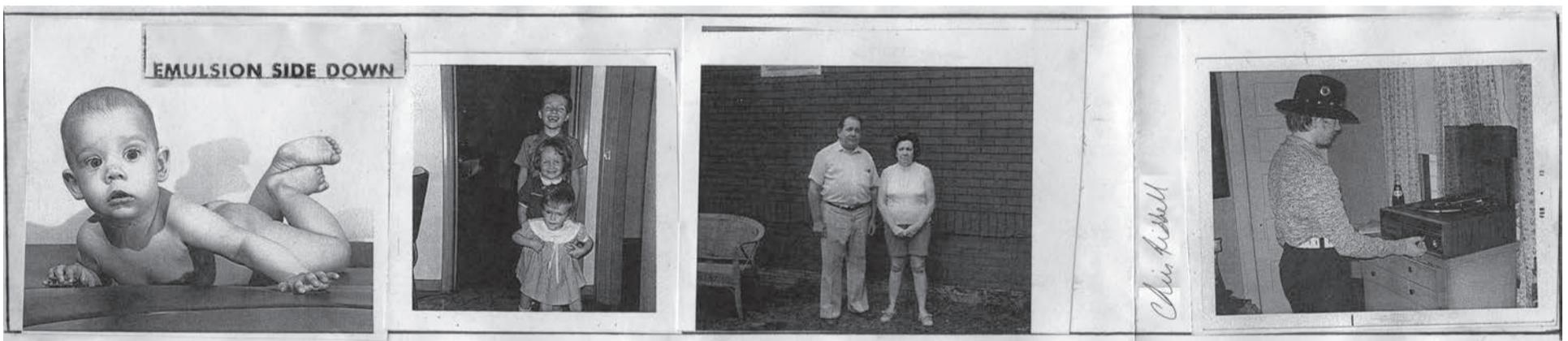
MARE COGNITUM

by Benjamin Gaydos



EMULSION SIDE DOWN

by Chris Riddell



I FELT THIS HARD BLOW TO MY HEAD

by Ed Fraga



It felt like it did when I was little and fell off the backyard swing in Southfield.

The pain was hard but lasted a few seconds.

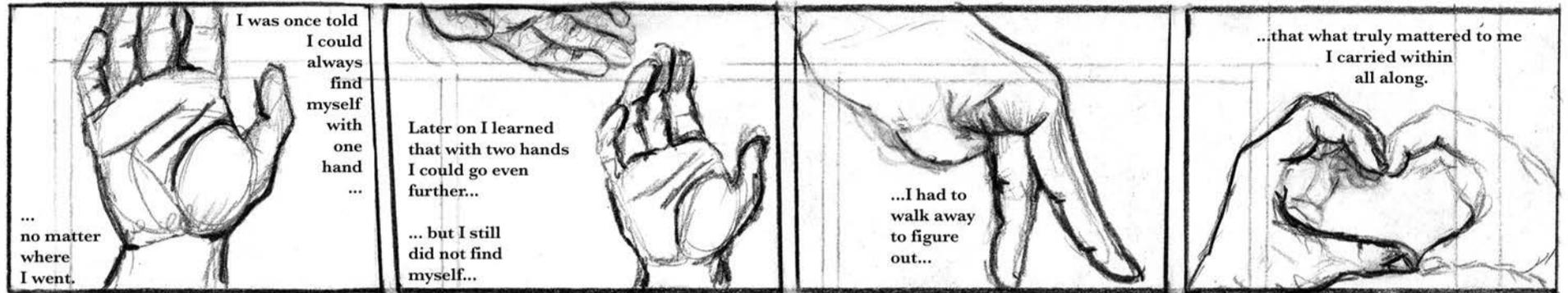
I felt my head and there was a gash and blood started coming out.

On the way home I started seeing lines in front of me—dotted slashed lines.



SMITTEN

by Vagner Mendonça Whitehead



SO THERE IS NOTHING TO HERE

by Andrea Eckert



TENUOUS EQUILIBRIUM REDUX

by Yvette Rock & Dr. Tyrone Williams



THE GATHERING

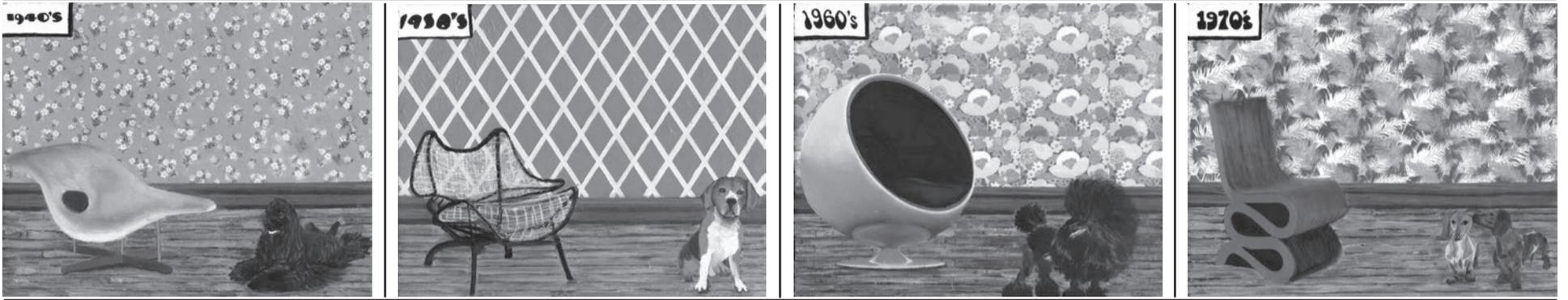
by Tyanna Buie





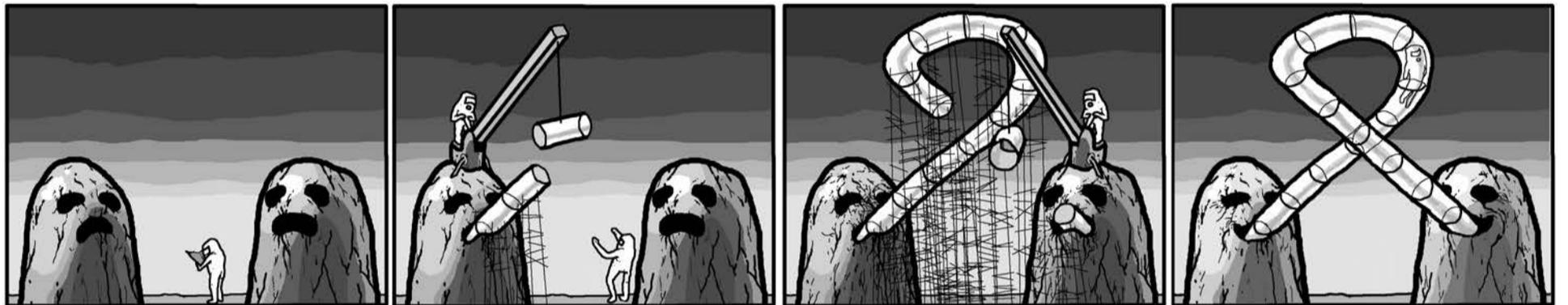
DOGS AND DECOR THROUGH THE AGES

by Justin Marshall



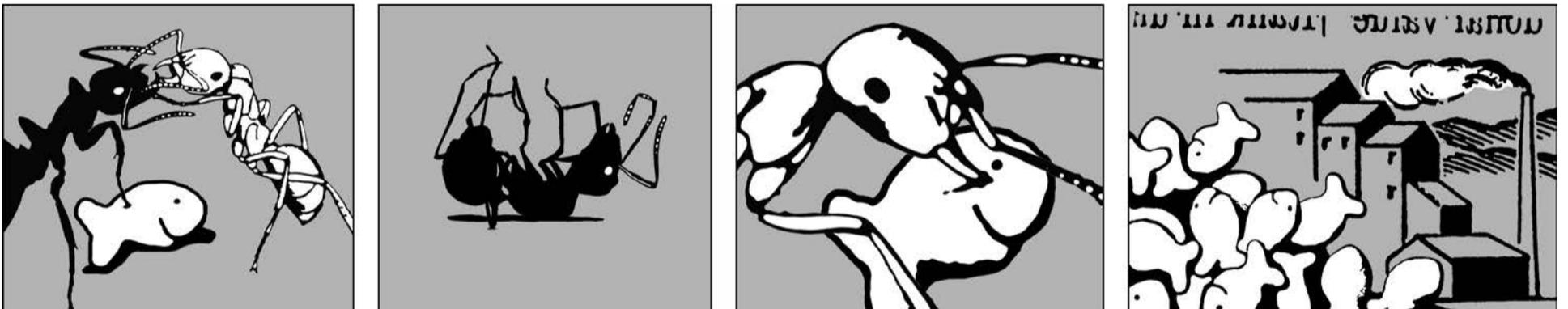
MOUNDS

by Brian Spolans



FIELD NOTES

by Michael McGillis



CROSSING THE BORDER TO DODGE MAIN

by Jennifer Gariepy & Marsha Music



I was struggling to survive the chaos in my family where alcohol ruled. Then I met General Baker and Chuck Wooten in the Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement. They organized the fight for justice where they worked—



—DODGE MAIN, a colossal, labyrinthine car factory, a terrifying city within a city within a city.



Chuck and Gen became my surrogate fathers; I rode shotgun with them to pass out leaflets at the factory gates.



We hollered out

“DARE TO FIGHT! DARE TO WIN!”



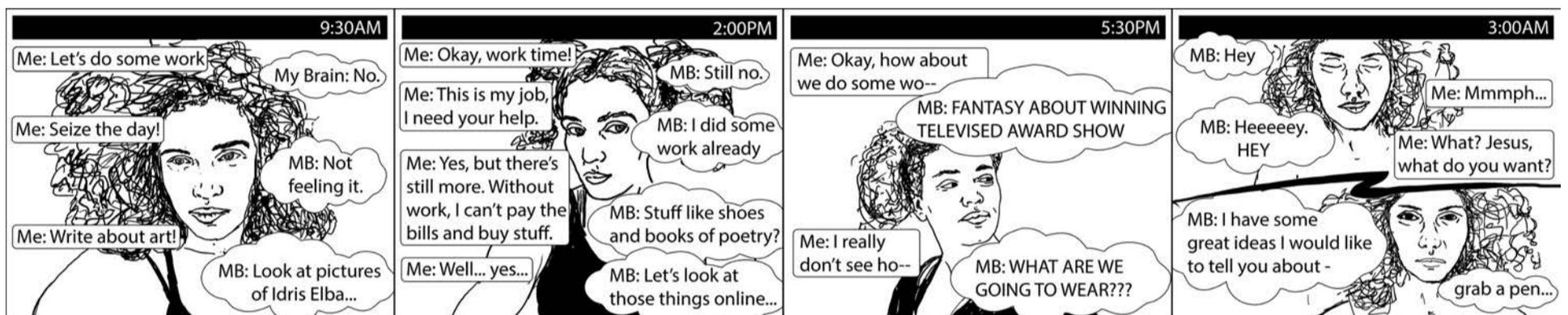
THE EPIC OF GHAZI & QAZI

by Osman Khan



ME VS. MY BRAIN

by AndyT & Sarah Rose Sharp



BEYOND LOGIC! BEYOND BELIEF! BEHOLD, THE TERROR OF INHOFE, BEAST OF THE FUTURE INFERNO!

by Adrian Hatfield



SLAVES OF THE WORM!

by Cary Loren

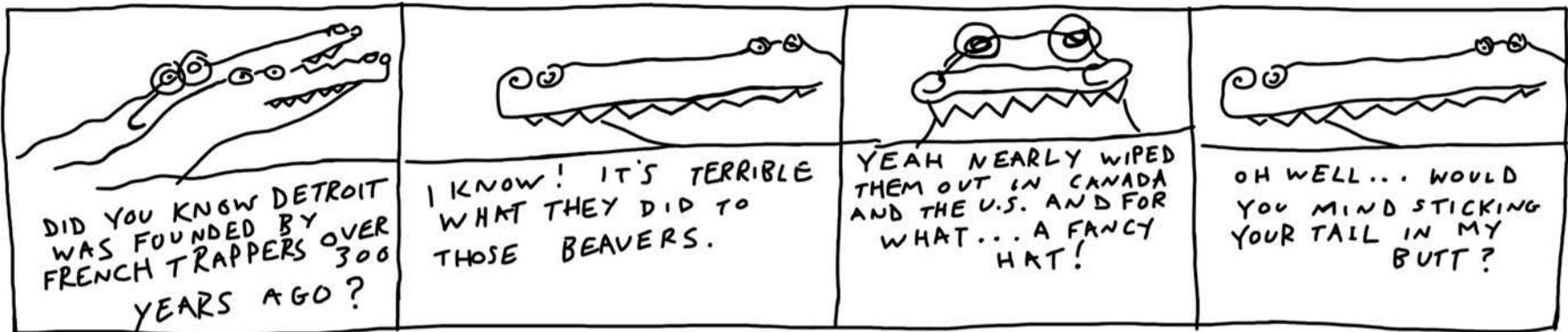


Featuring Nancy Rance Marben and the Haunted Winery Zombies | Adapted from *Fantastic Adventures*, Feb. 1948



ALIGATORS

by John Charnota



FAILURE TO UNDERSTAND FOR CUTTING TO THE CHASE

by Alexander Buzzalini & Steve Hughes



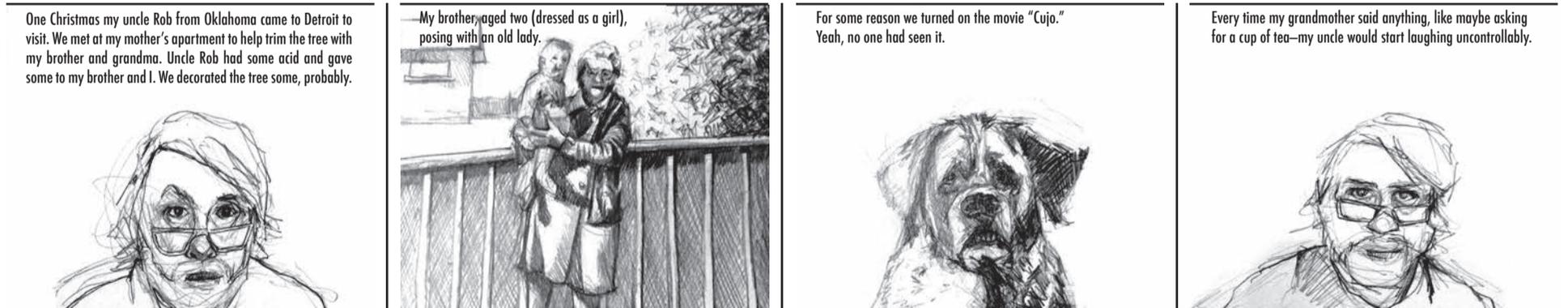
A DETROIT MINUTE

by Coco Bruner



CUJO CHRISTMAS

by Andy Krieger





BUMBUM RIDES A TRAIN

by S. William Schudlich



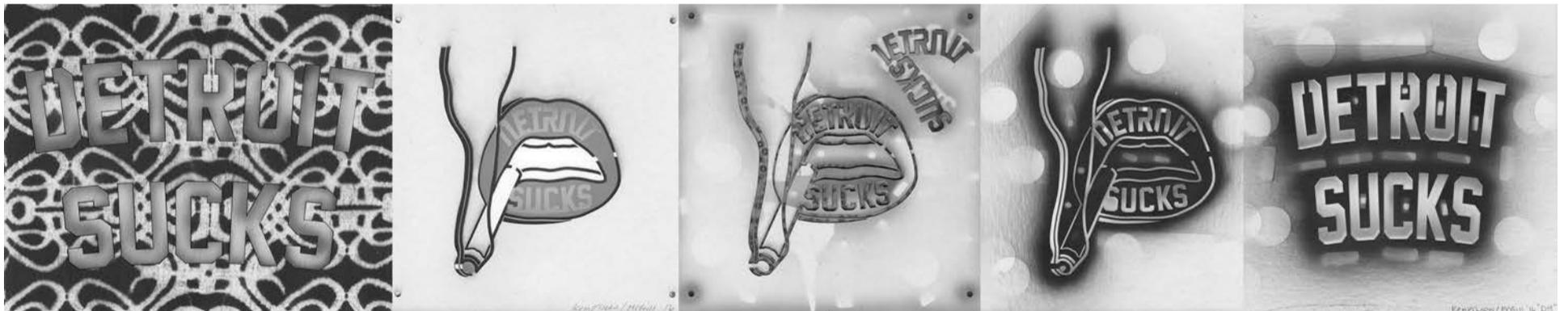
A HIP GUIDE TO URBAN LIVING

by Stephen Cavanagh



LESTER, HEATHER & AMBER

by Heather McGill & Amber Kempthorn



SELF PORTRAITS

by Jonathan Rajewski





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The editor would like to acknowledge the efforts and work of all of the contributors to this publication, with gratitude to those who accepted the challenge and jumped headlong into a new method of working within restricted presentation parameters. Appreciation must also be noted for the patience among all of the contributors in the face of a lengthy editorial process.
