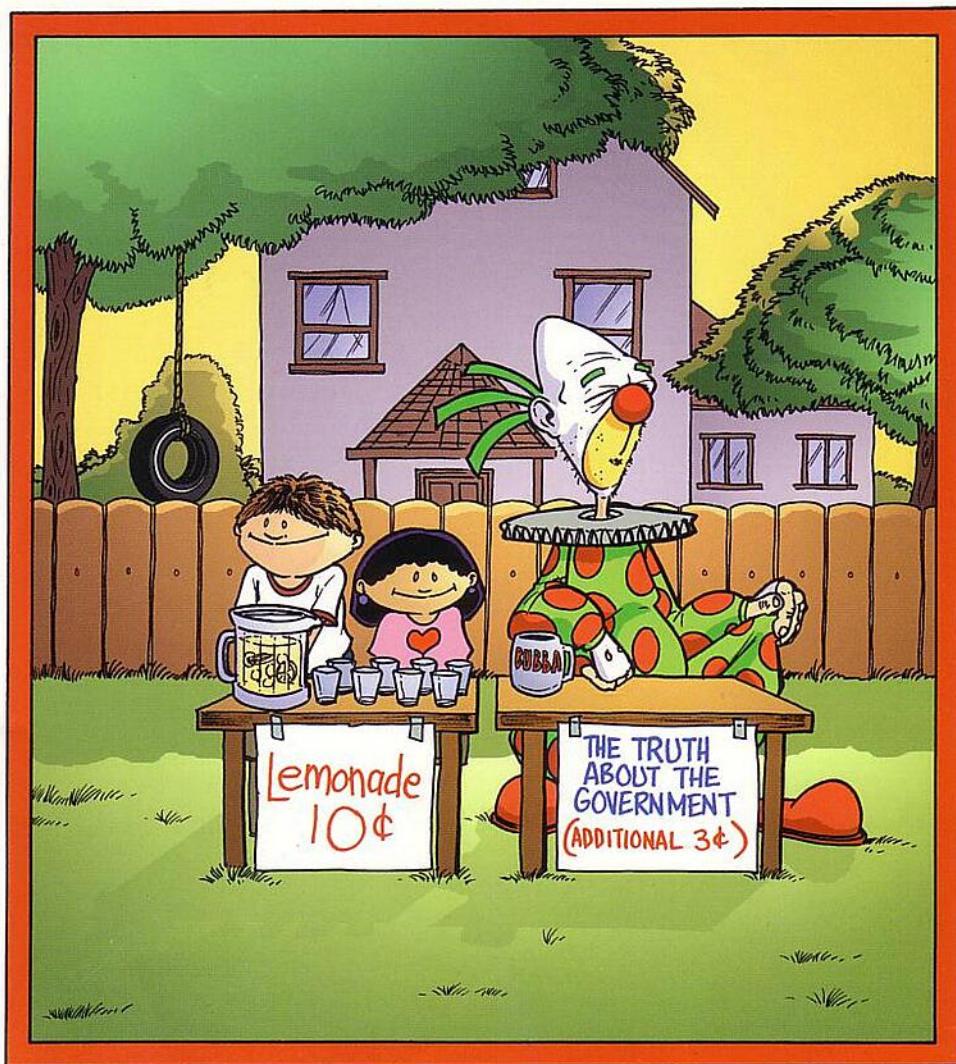


FRUMPY *the* CLOWN

JUDD WINICK



VOLUME ONE

FREAKING OUT THE NEIGHBORS

FRUMPY
the
CLOWN™



FRUMPY *the* CLOWN

VOLUME ONE:
FREAKING OUT THE NEIGHBORS

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A very long and rambling

FOREWORD

It's around two in the afternoon here in San Francisco.

I'm listening to Tom Waits' *Mule Variations*, nursing a cup of tea (double strong – I may be a sissy who doesn't drink coffee but I do make the effort where I can), downloading the movie trailer to *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* and composing the very words you're reading. Multi-tasking in the non-productive kind of way.

I'm here to discuss *Frumpy the Clown*, origins and exits. If you are picking up this book, I'm assuming you have a modicum of interest in the subject. I've told this tale in bits and pieces over the years (y'know, like *three years*), but this is it from the beginning...

It all began with the comic strip *Garfield*. I loved *Garfield*. I was probably eleven and I thought *Garfield* was the funniest thing in the whole wide world. *Garfield* said "Big, fat hairy deal" and I just pissed myself. I have gone back and looked at my dog-eared copies of the first three *Garfield* collections and they kind of hold up. They are still funny. Most importantly for me at the time, as a kid who drew lots of pictures, lotsa cartoons, my vocation came into focus. I would be a nationally syndicated cartoonist. Yeah. I'd be one of *those* guys. I had decided by the year's end that I had accumulated enough skill in my work (my work consisting of a comic strip entitled *Lester*, about a disgruntled cat and his owner) that it was only a matter of time until I was scooped up by one of the major syndicates. I would, of course, finish elementary school to appease my parents. The offers did not pour in, so I figured I would just continue as I was. Heck, time was on my side.

When I was thirteen or so, my grandmother, Nana Dot, sent me an article from the Sunday magazine section of the *Miami Herald*. It was about local cartoonist Berke Breathed and his comic strip *Bloom County*. It had maybe six of his strips in the article. It was like lightning hitting. I would only realize later (later meaning *today*, actually) that no other artist has had greater impact on me than Berke Breathed. If I can put into one word what this comic strip did to me, it would be *incensed*. It made me WANT to be a cartoonist. It was hysterical, drawn expressively, loved the same crap I loved (what comic strip worshipped "Hill Street Blues" and referenced "M*A*S*H*"), and it tackled issues. It was satire and I was relating to said satire before I even knew what that word meant.

I was inspired.

My choice in vocation hadn't changed, just my approach. I proceeded to rip-off *Bloom County* for the next several years. There were bursts of creative vision when I'd rip-off other cartoonists; I had a very eventful B. Kliban period, which honestly produced some of my most original work. But like the addict in recovery, I went back to my old tricks. I was attending the University of Michigan and got lucky enough to do a comic strip in the school's paper, *The Michigan Daily*. It was a daily strip called *Nuts and Bolts*. It had its fans and detractors from the beginning, as well as a character named Lumus who's stature, color scheme and attitude was similar to *Bloom County's Opus* ("Lumus is not a penguin..." I would point out to whoever made it an issue). But something happened in my Junior year –

I got pretty good.

Beginning with a story line about Lumus getting dumped by his girlfriend, and then introducing a character named Frumpy the Clown –

"... like Krusty the Clown from 'The Simpsons'...?" people would ask me.

"Frumpy is not a penguin..." I would reply and then walk away quickly –

This was when it began to feel right. I felt like a real cartoonist. I was also conscious of the fact that I was getting better.

I graduated from college with a development contract from Universal Press Syndicate. They would drop me a year later. This is all laid out in my graphic novel, *Pedro and Me*. (That isn't a plug, it's just *told* better in the book). I tried other syndicates:

"No, thank you."

Then I tried something drastic. Forget all this Gen-X political garbage, I'll give them what they want. A *family* comic strip. I moved Frumpy in with a modern American family.

"No, thank you," said the syndicates.

I was broken.

I then appeared on 'The Real World' tried to figure out what kind of cartoonist I wanted to be, and had given up on the idea of syndication. How's that for concise. In 1995, I got a phone call from an office manager at Creator's Syndicate. Not an editor, just someone who worked there and had seen me on the show.

"Have you ever sent us your work?"

"Yeah, twice."

"Want to send us something new...?"

No, I thought, "I'll send you something old." I just mailed them my *Nuts and Bolts* submissions and my *Frumpy* submissions.

Two months later, my partner Pam and I were in Germany giving AIDS education lectures at high schools ("Vas Puck really like zat...?") and we were checking messages on our answering machine at home. I got one from Anita Tobias, chief editor at Creator's; they loved *Frumpy* and wanted to talk to me about syndication.

"WHAT TIME IS IT IN LOS ANGELES!?" I screamed.

In July of 1996, *Frumpy the Clown* debuted in about fifteen papers. I had attained my dream. This was the literal IT. I was happy. It didn't pay very well, I wasn't in that many papers, but I wasn't in it for the bucks. My freelance stuff kept me more than afloat, and my art, soul, and passions were fueled by the strip. *Too cool.*

Then something weird started to happen. I started losing my enthusiasm. While juggling my career as a cartoonist, I had spent several years prior to this comic strip touring the country doing AIDS education and lecturing about my "Real World" roommate and friend Pedro Zamora. Now that was over and the comic strip felt unfulfilling. It was never the kind of comic strip I wanted to do, and I didn't feel like I was saying anything. It felt thin.

I really agonized over what I was creating. Was this what I'm supposed to do? I decided to give something else a try. I had read and been a fan of comic books my whole life but I never thought it was the medium for me. I didn't have the chops or the real pull towards it. But the gravity somehow found me in a way of story telling and a subject. I began a graphic novel about Pedro. When I finished the first draft, I decided to quit the comic strip. Not just *Frumpy the Clown*, but comic strips as a medium.

In the end, it wasn't too much about *this* comic strip but it was about the story telling. In comic strips, you are only allotted a certain amount of space, movement and emotion. Many succeed: *Doonesbury*, *For Better or For Worse*, *Calvin and Hobbes*, *Luann*, *Funky Winkerbean*, and *Peanuts*. They all deliver a lot of emotional punch when they want to. I actually don't have the tools to do it in this format.

I wanted to tell stories. *Pedro and Me* beget *Road Trip*. Then quitting *Frumpy* beget *Barry Ween*. And from there I went on to hero books like *Green Lantern*, *X-Men* and a few others.

I was and am happy as a creator. And, thank God, people are reading and enjoying.

THE BIG WRAP UP.

So, now you have the collection of the comic strip that drove me away from comic strips. I spent the last years thinking to myself, "That damned strip...good riddance."

I have to admit two things. One, people always seemed to like it. I got significantly more fan mail than hate mail on *Frumpy*. I hated letting people down when I quit. And two, in the process of putting this book together, I read over the entire run of *Frumpy the Clown*. Y'know what? It's good. In all due modesty, most of it is pretty goddamned funny. And for the first time I missed it. It's great having a soap box to climb onto, a place to vent on the most recent stirrings in popular culture, and an avenue to have jokes about cats burping. And I see some development of what is to come. Minus the potty mouth, Brad and Kim bear a resemblance to *Barry Ween*. And *Frumpy* is as cranky, softhearted and dangerous as the little guy will ever be. I also see all my commie issues creeping in and out. And there is mention of an Uncle Peter who would have turned out to be gay.

I love *Frumpy*. I do miss him. But I left with the comment that "I have other fish to fry."

Here's the last dance before the clambake. I hope you dig it.

Judd Winick
December, 2000
San Francisco.

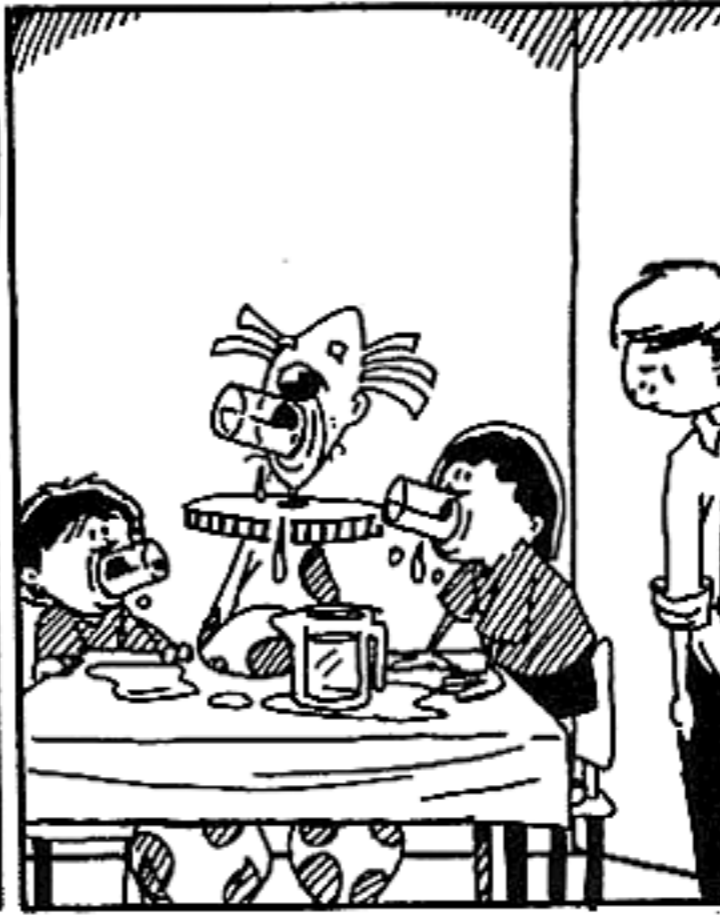
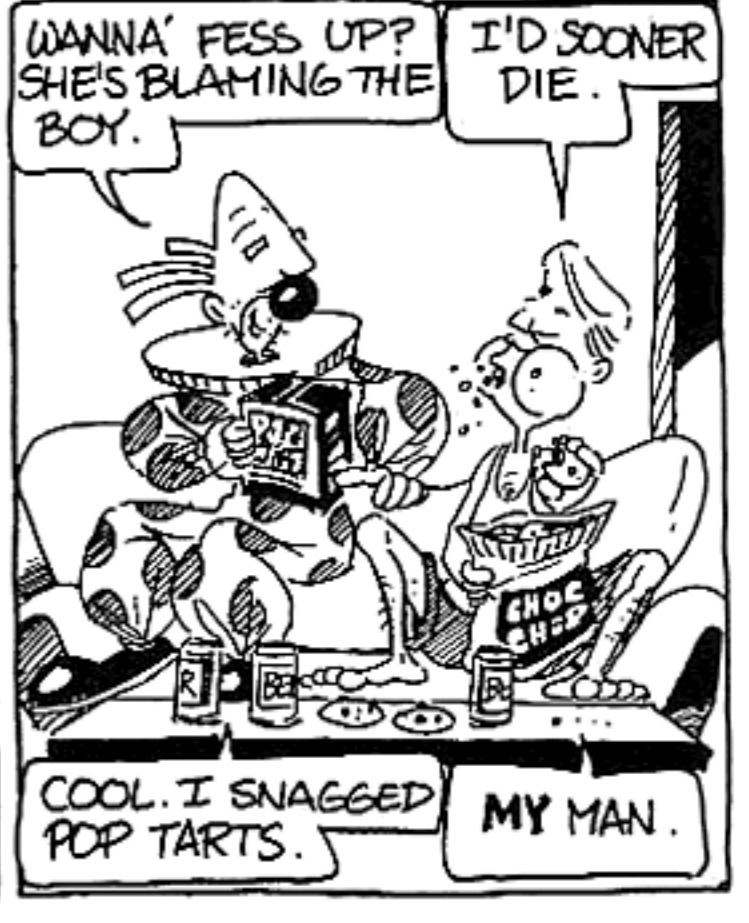
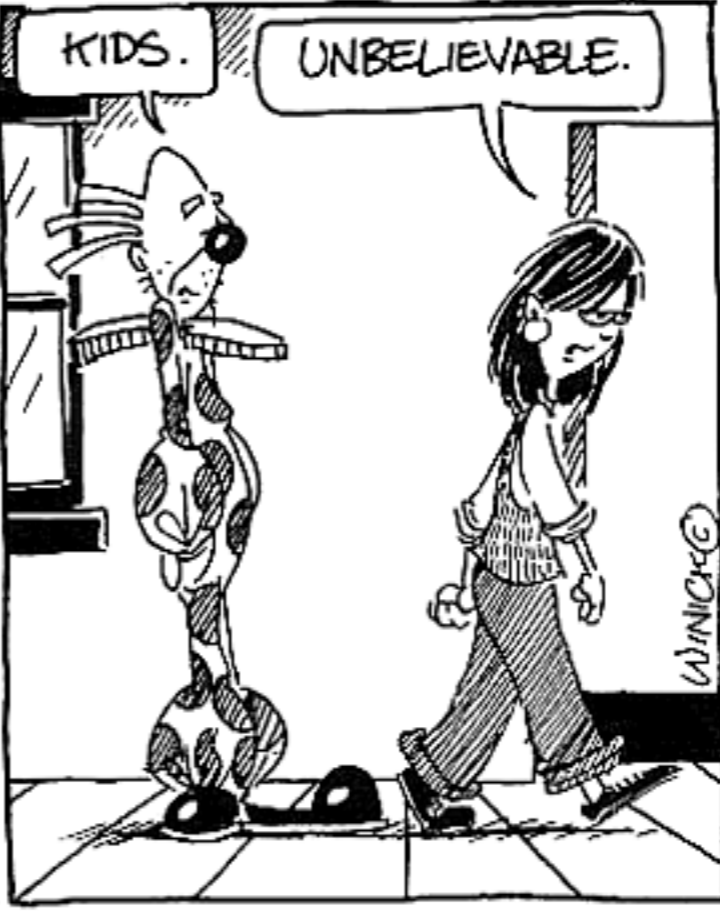
*Actually downloading the **Tomb Raider** trailer but wanted to sound cool.*

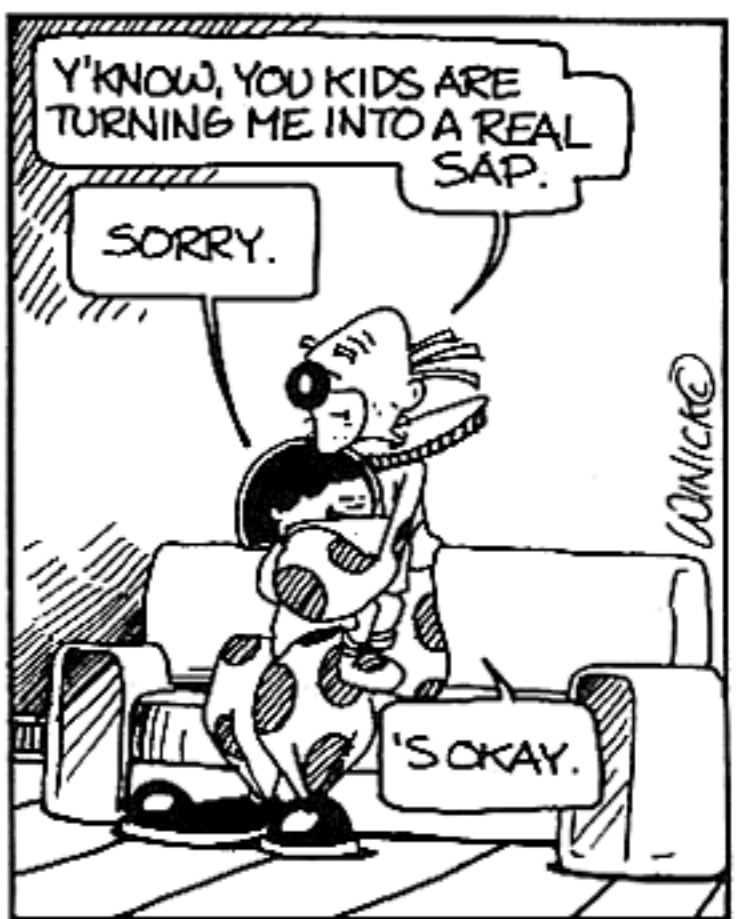
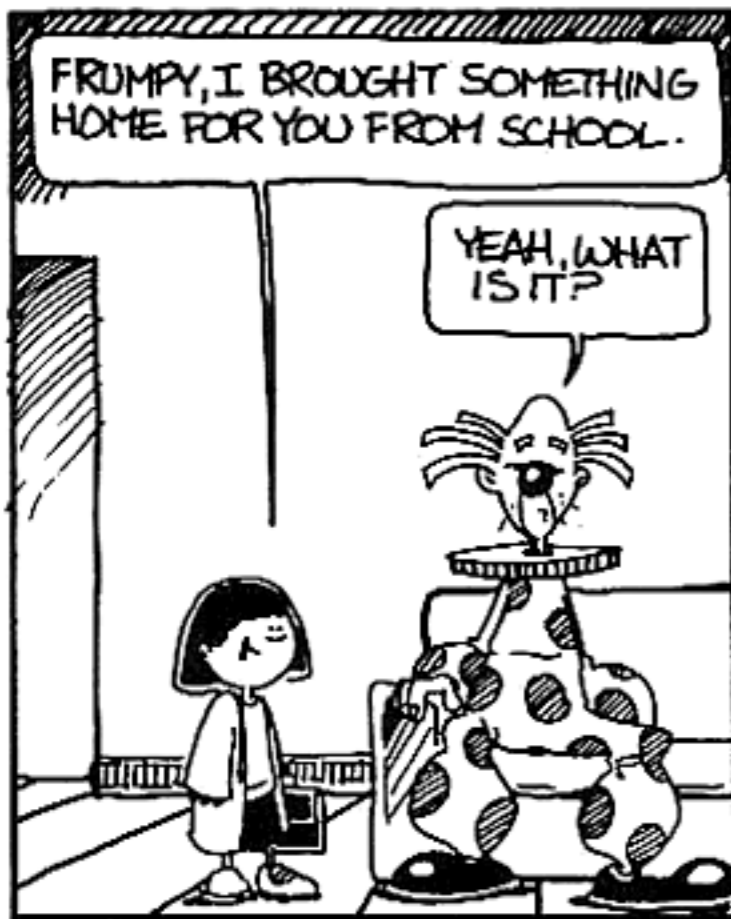
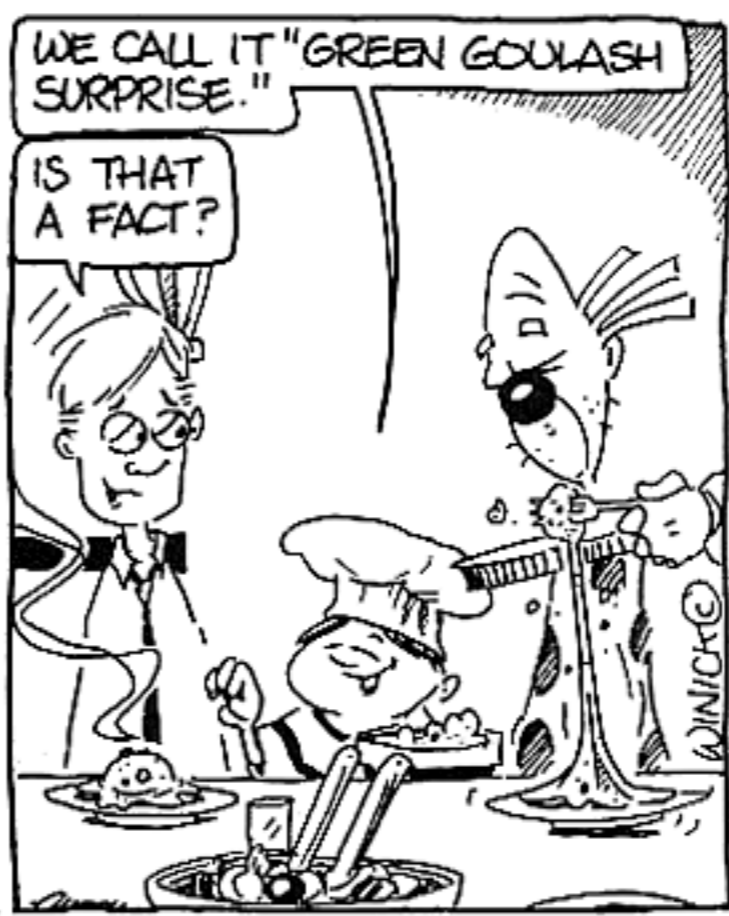
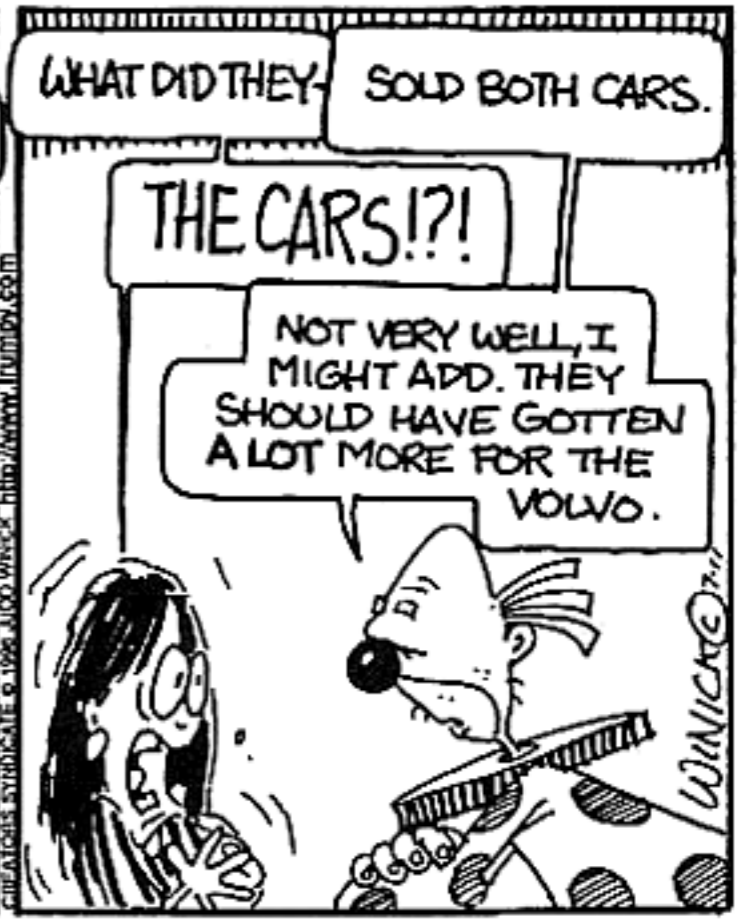
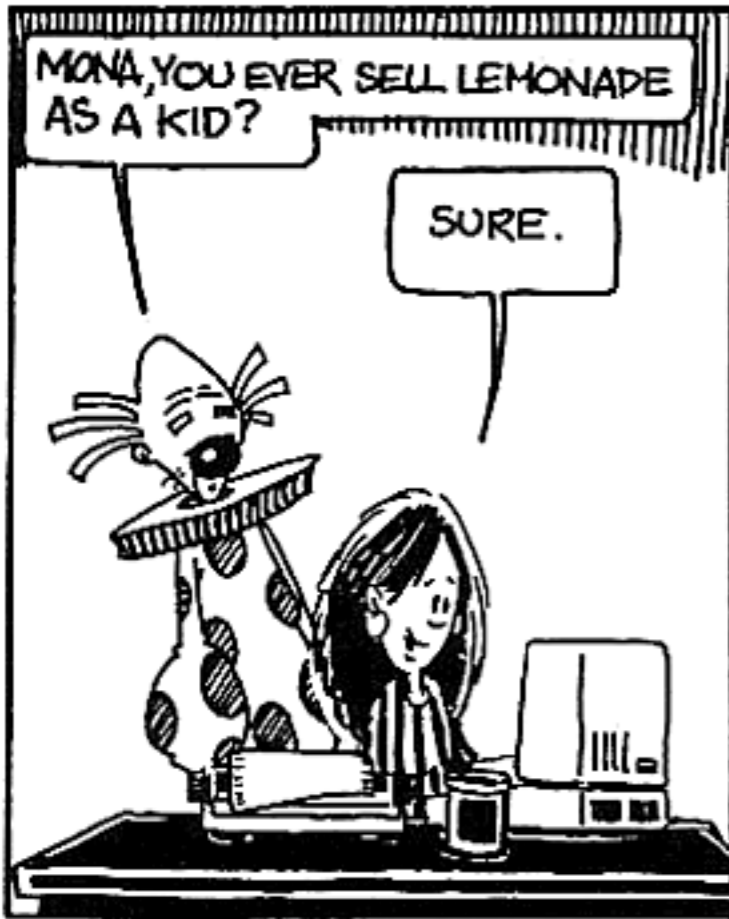


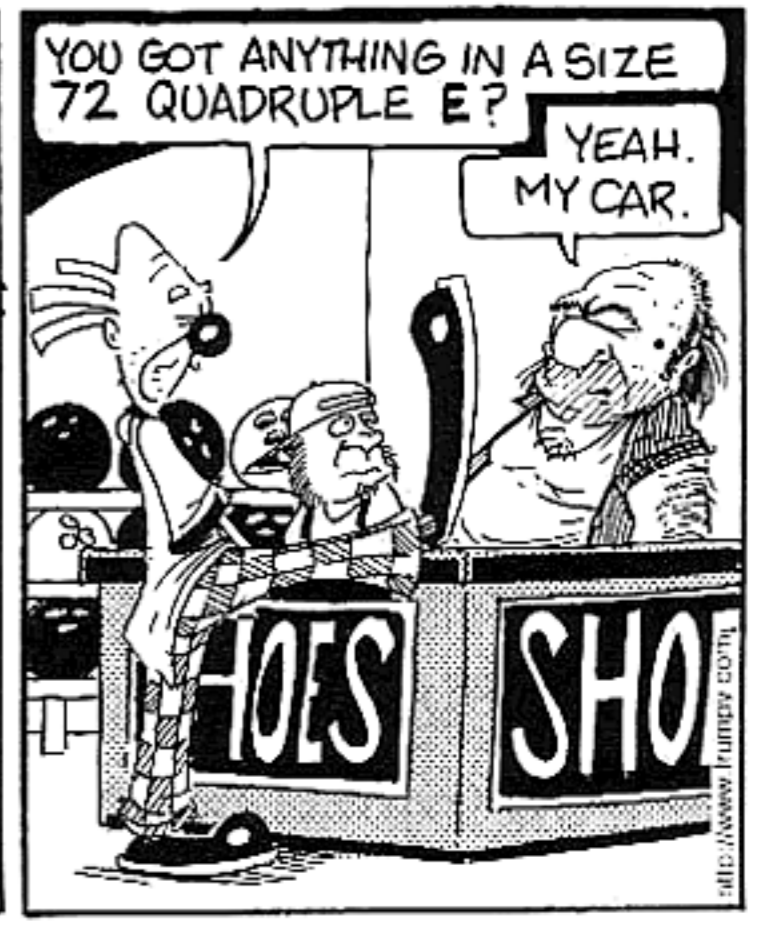
For Brad

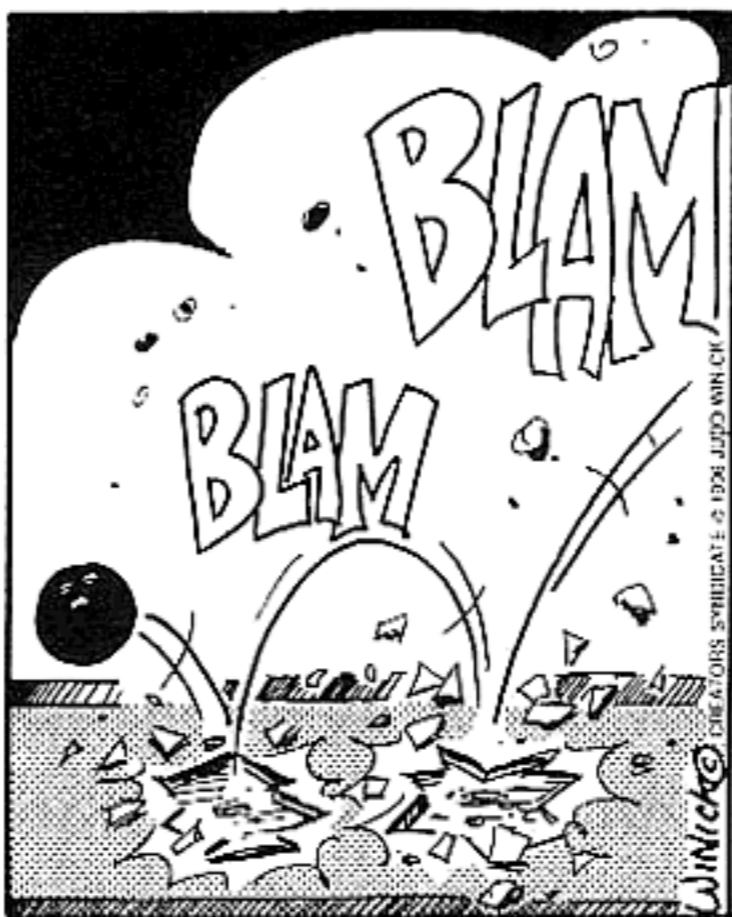
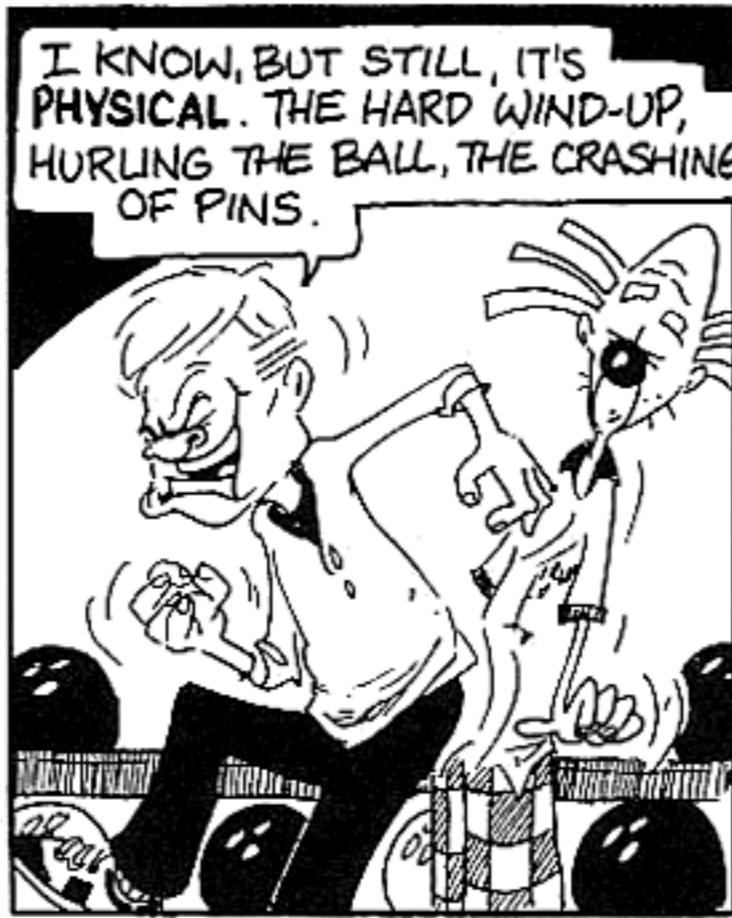


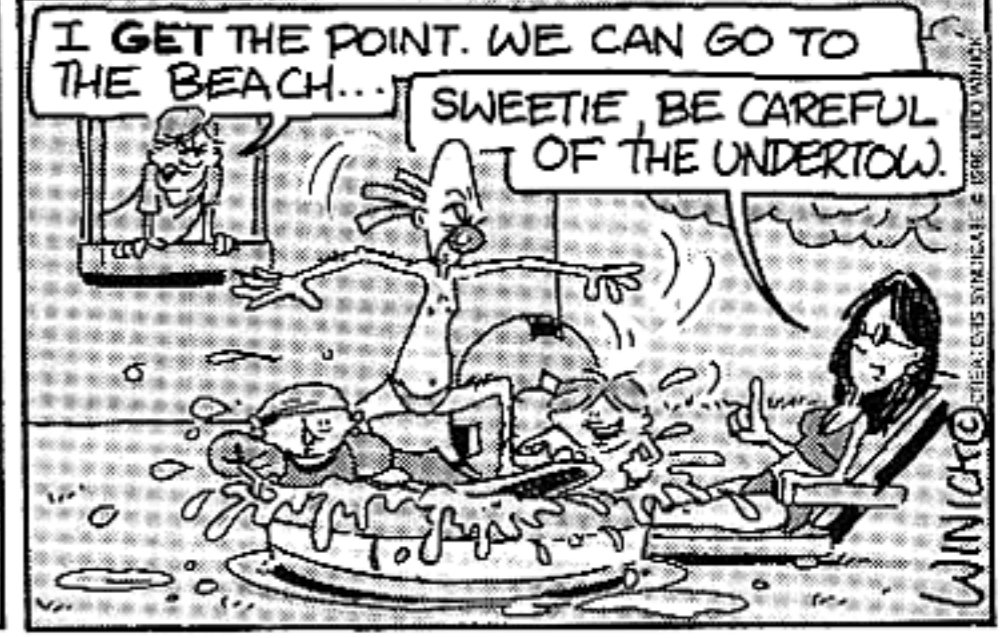
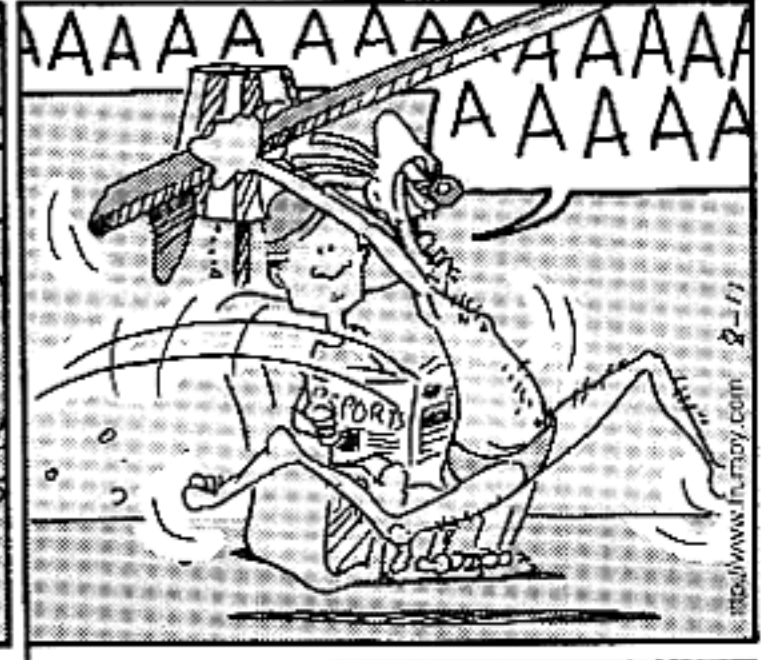
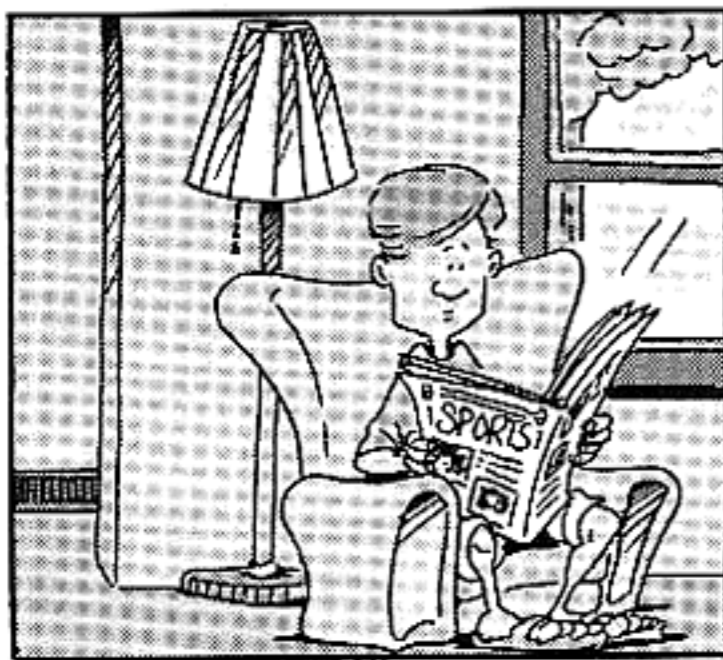
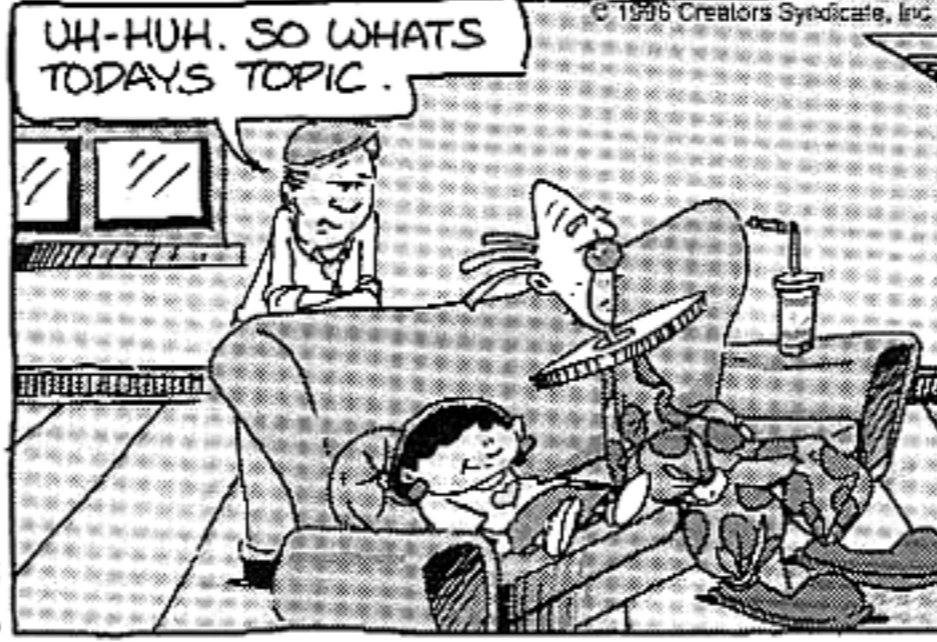
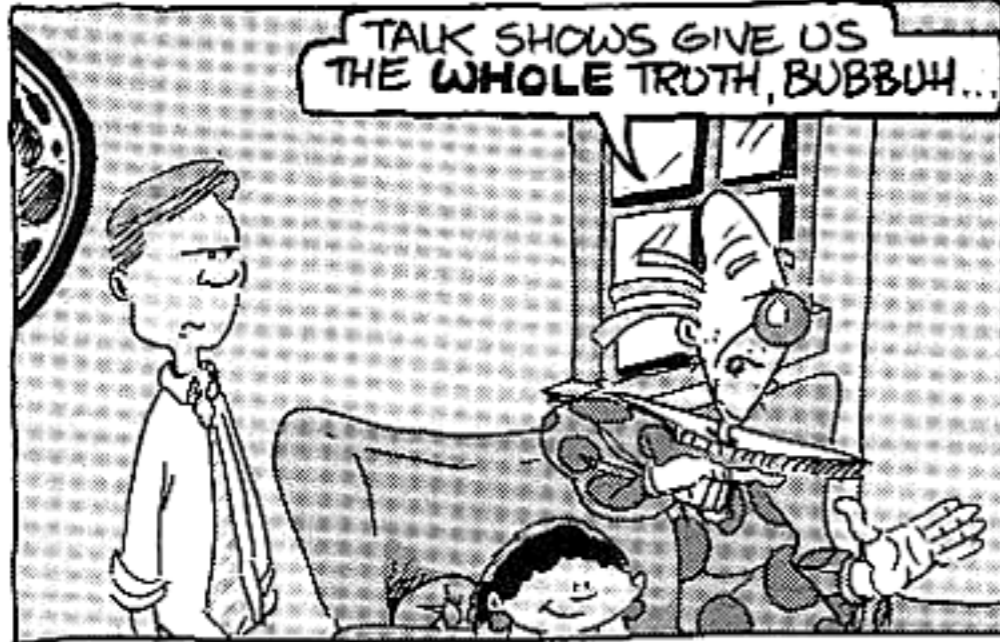
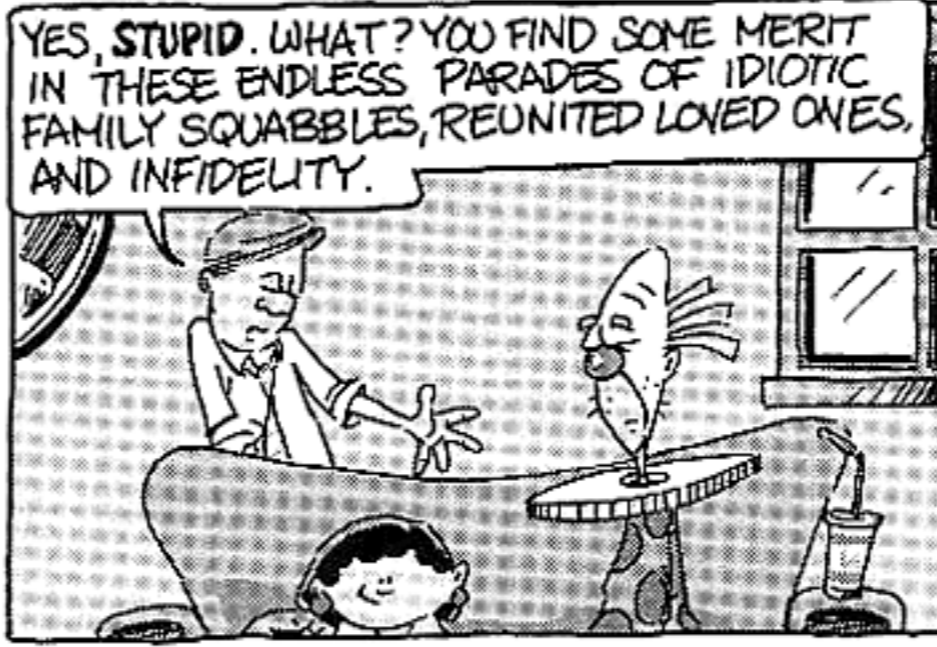
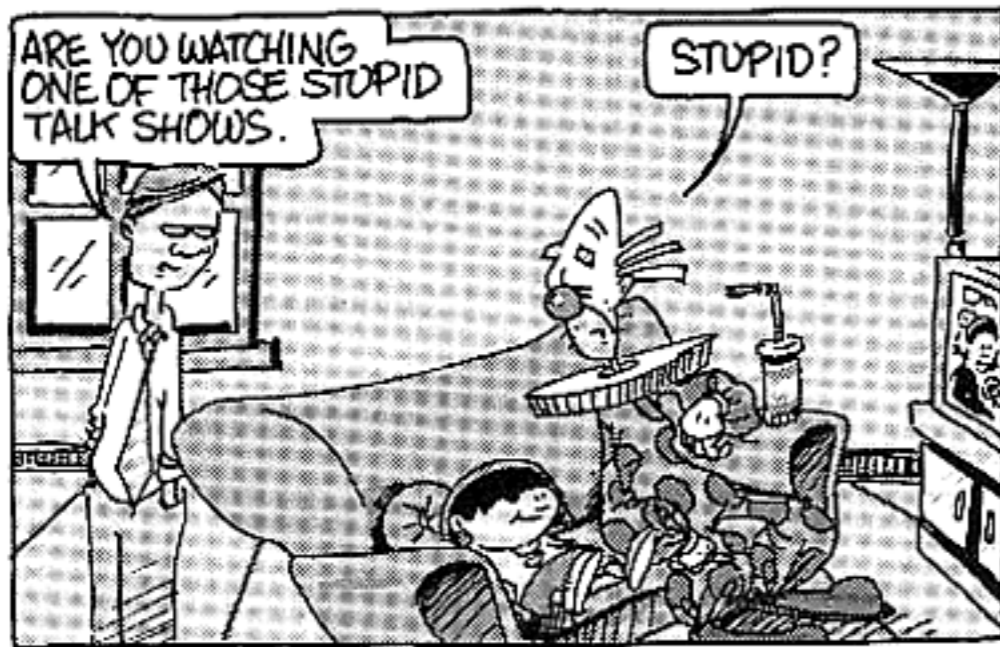


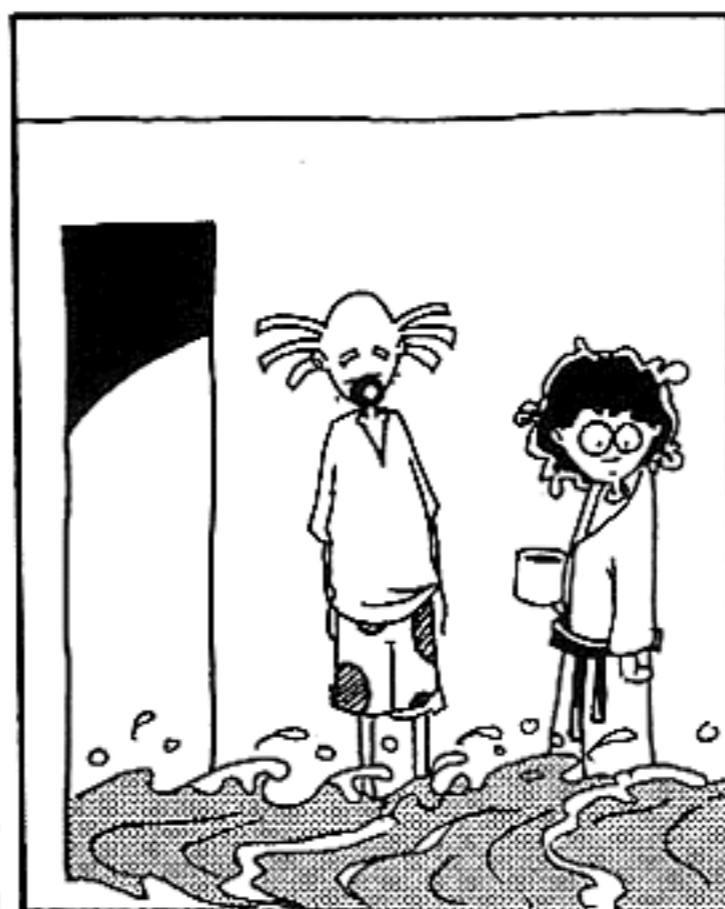
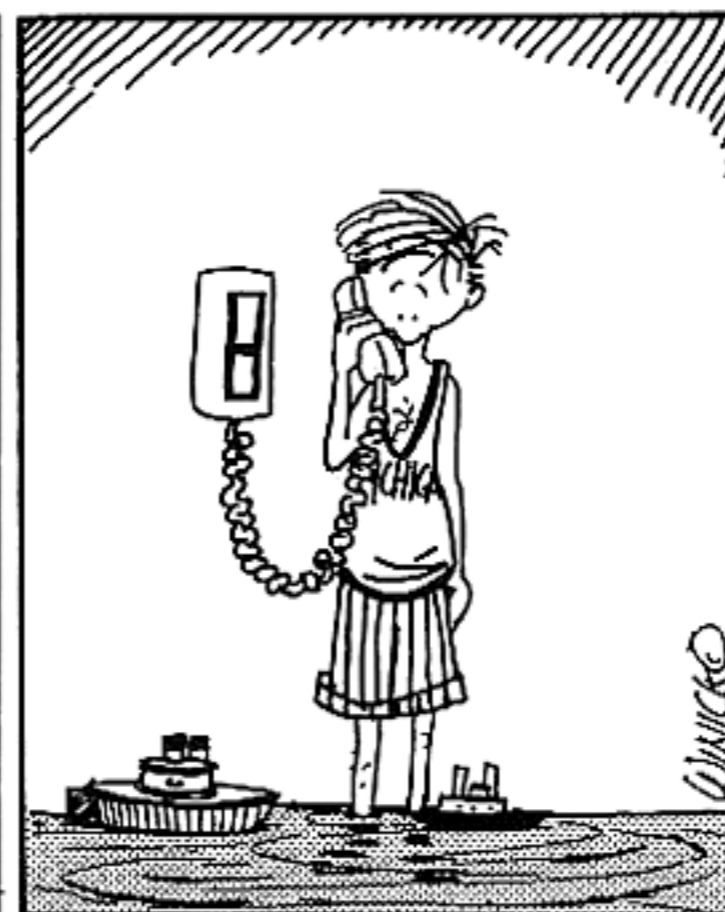


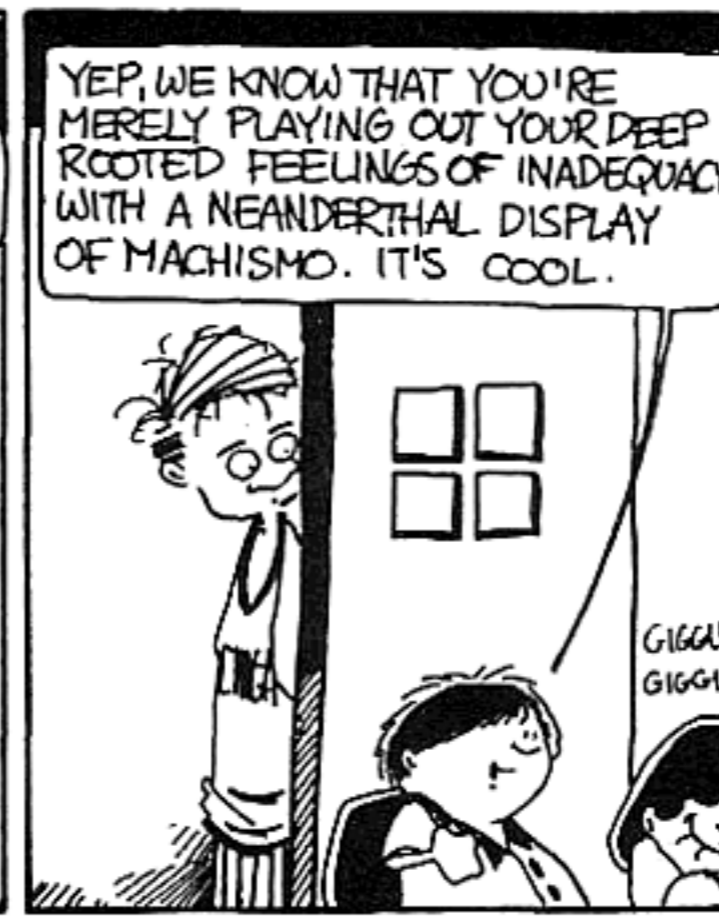
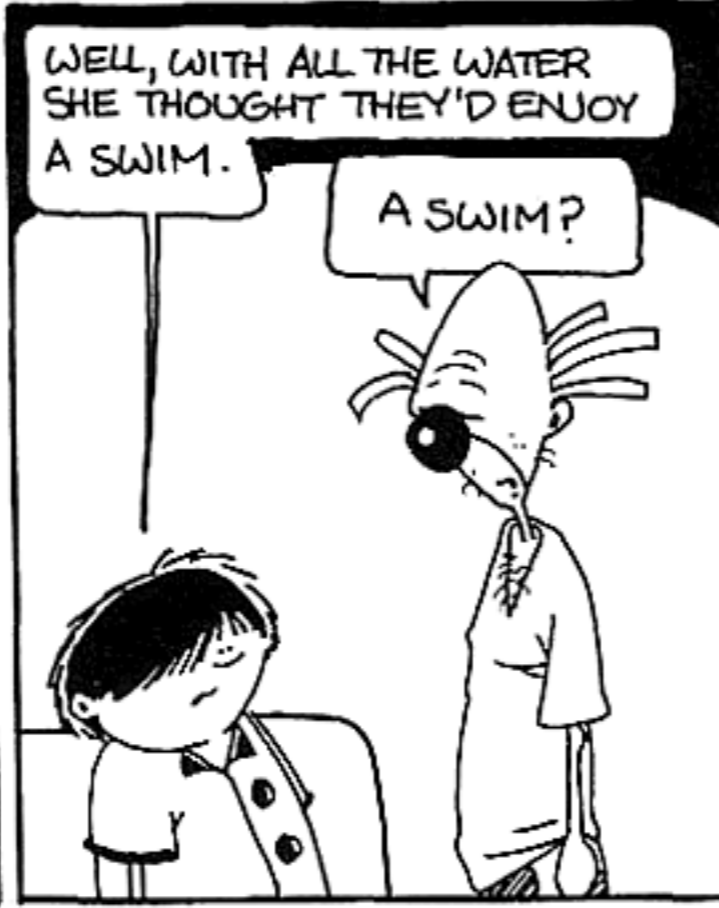


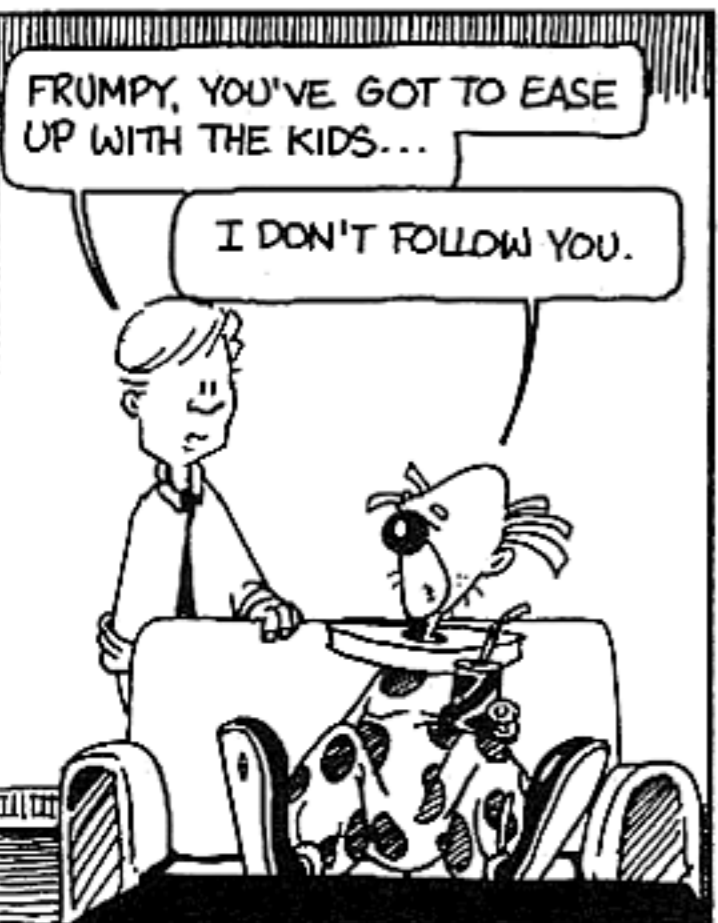
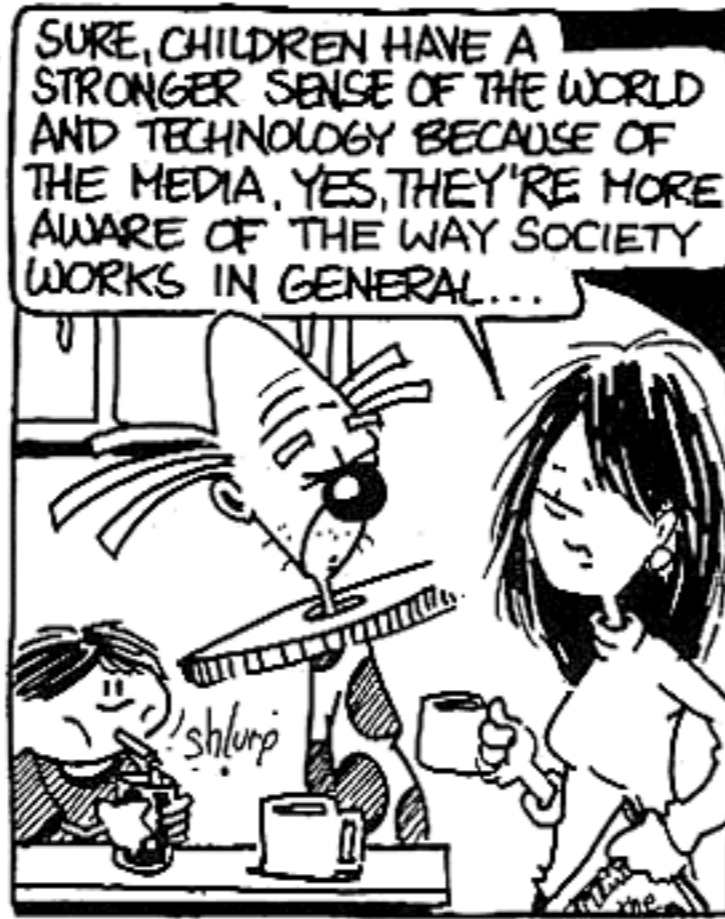


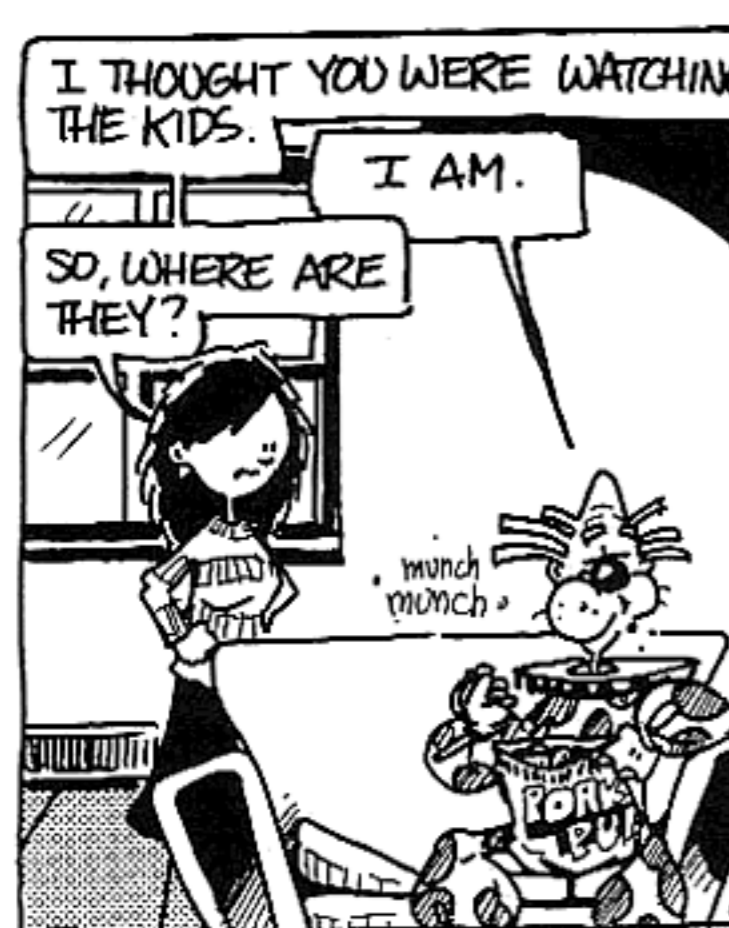


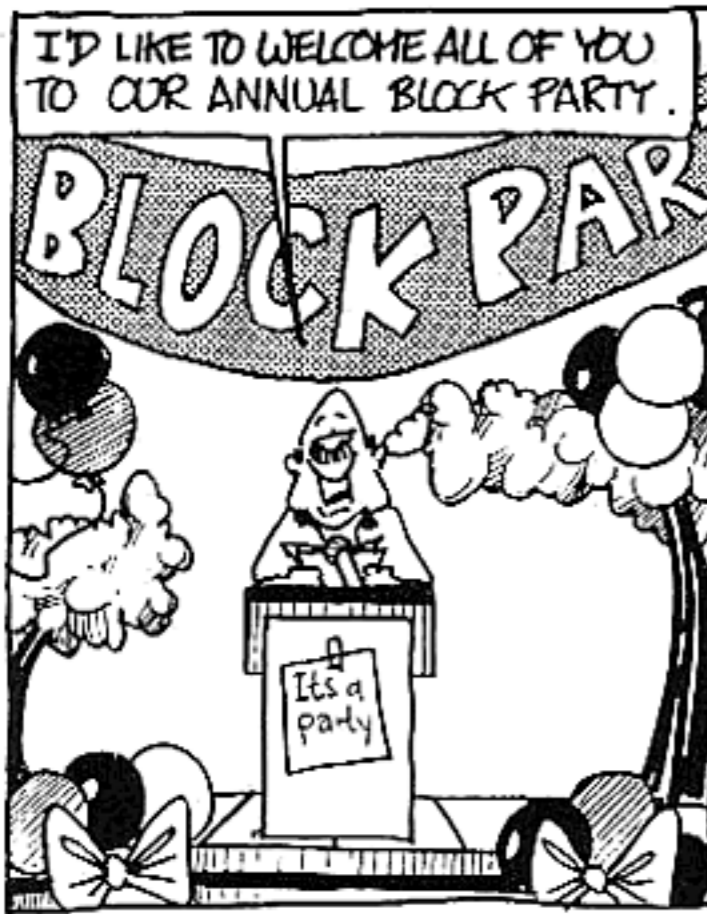












I'D LIKE TO WELCOME ALL OF YOU TO OUR ANNUAL BLOCK PARTY.



IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SEE EVERYONE OUT AND ABOUT, GETTING TO SPEND QUALITY TIME TOGETHER.



AS ALWAYS, THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY TO MEET OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AND GET UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL. SO, GO FIND A NEW FACE AND GIVE A GOOD OL' "HOWDY DO!" OK!?



I GOT OUT OF THE WAR BY WETTING THE BED.

IS THAT A FACT...

YESSIR. STILL DO. THE WIFE CALLS ME THE MIDNIGHT SAILOR.



WHERE'S FRUMPY? WHO'S HE TALKING TO?

WOULD YOU PLEASE RELAX?



FRUMPY WAS PERFECTLY WILLING TO COME TO THIS BLOCK PARTY AND MEET OUR NEIGHBORS.



THERE IS NO REASON TO EXPECT THAT HE WON'T HIT IT OFF WITH THESE GOOD PEOPLE.

I SUPPOSE. HE JUST HAS A TENDENCY TO BE A BIT BLUNT.



WHY AM I WEARING ALL THIS MAKE-UP? YOU LOOK IN A MIRROR LATELY, MADAME BUTTERFLY?



SO YOU ENJOYING OUR BLOCK PARTY?

THRILLING.

OH, C'MON, THESE AREN'T BAD FOLKS.

NO?



NOT AT ALL. THESE ARE GOOD, DECENT PEOPLE. IF YOU TRY TO BE A LITTLE MORE OPEN MINDED, YOU'LL SEE THAT.

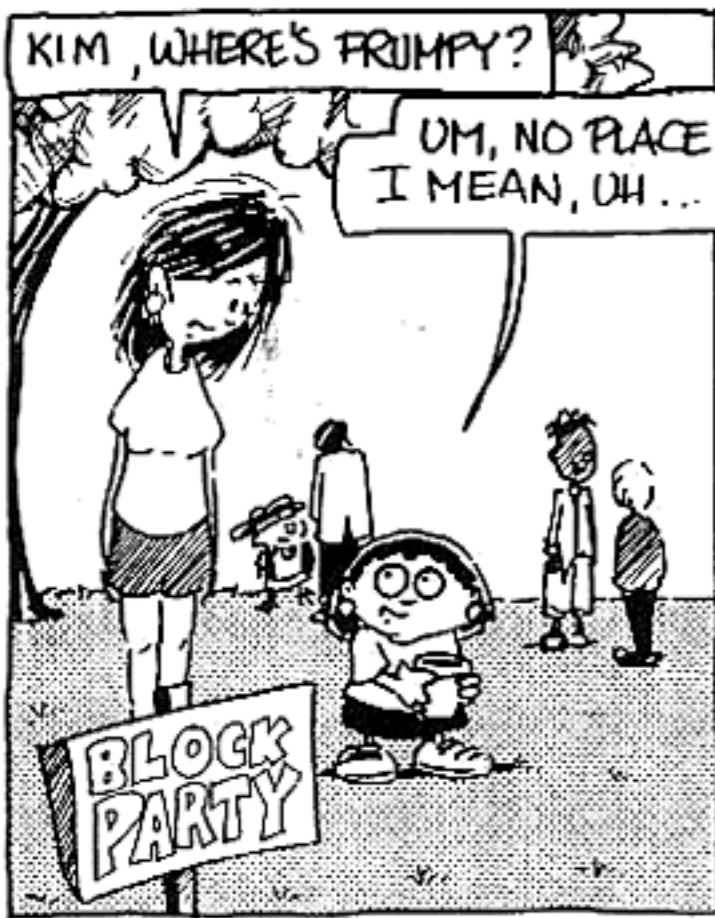


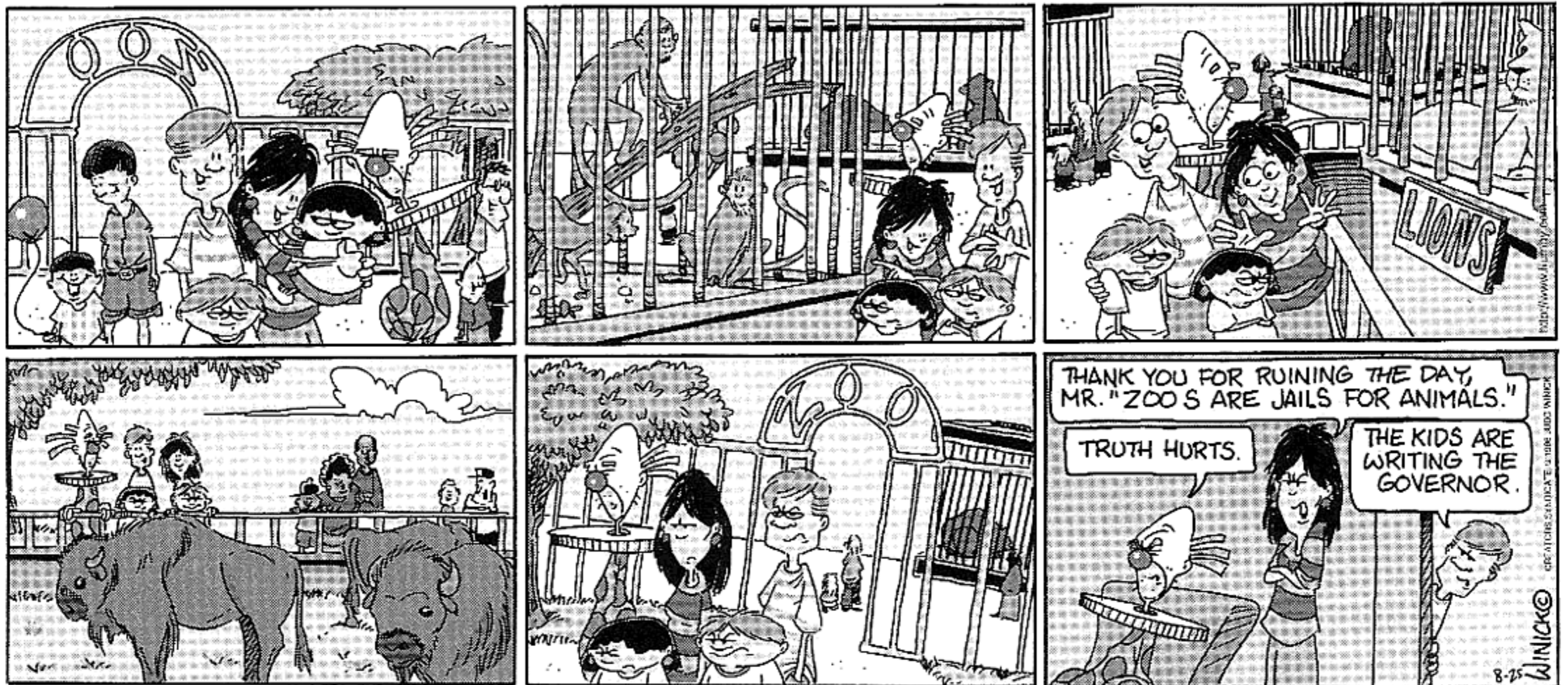
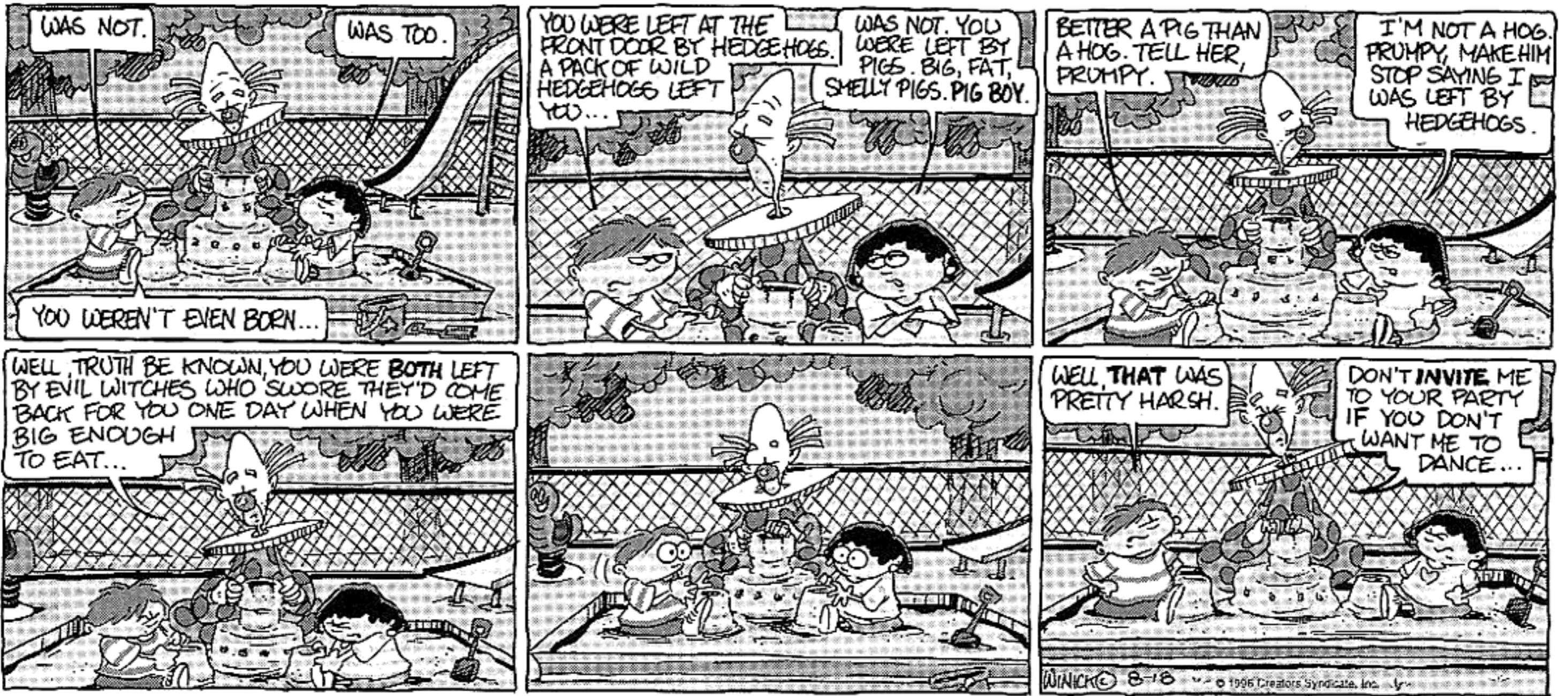
HEY, FRUDDY THE CLOWN, RIGHT?! PATTERSON, MAC PATTERSON! GOOD TA' MEET YA!! GREAT OUTFIT, MUST DO GOOD WITH THE FILLIES! WELL, CAN'T TALK, GOTTA GO SPRAY BEER ON MRS. MULLIGAN! LET'S GET DRUNK AND CRUISE CHICKS SOMETIME!! G*~*~@ YEAH!!

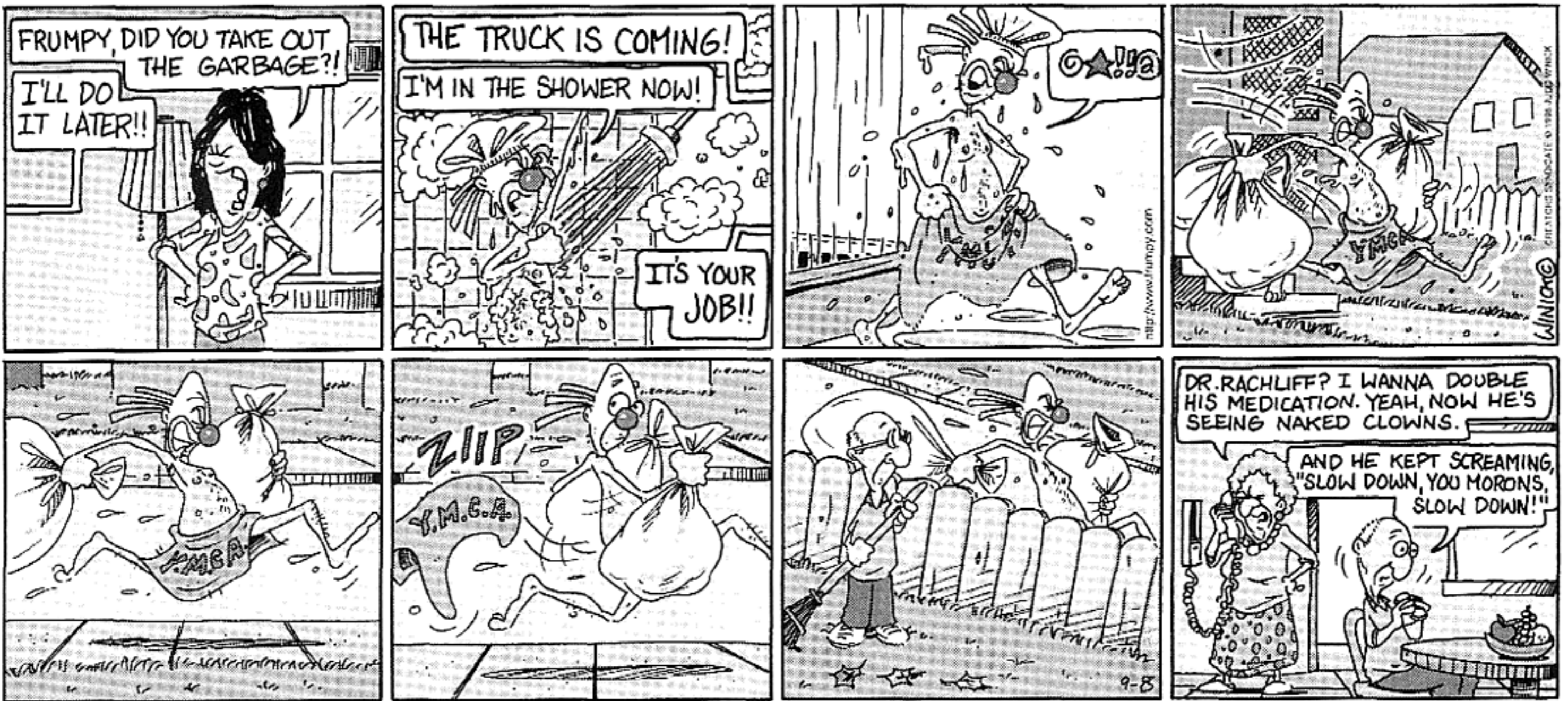
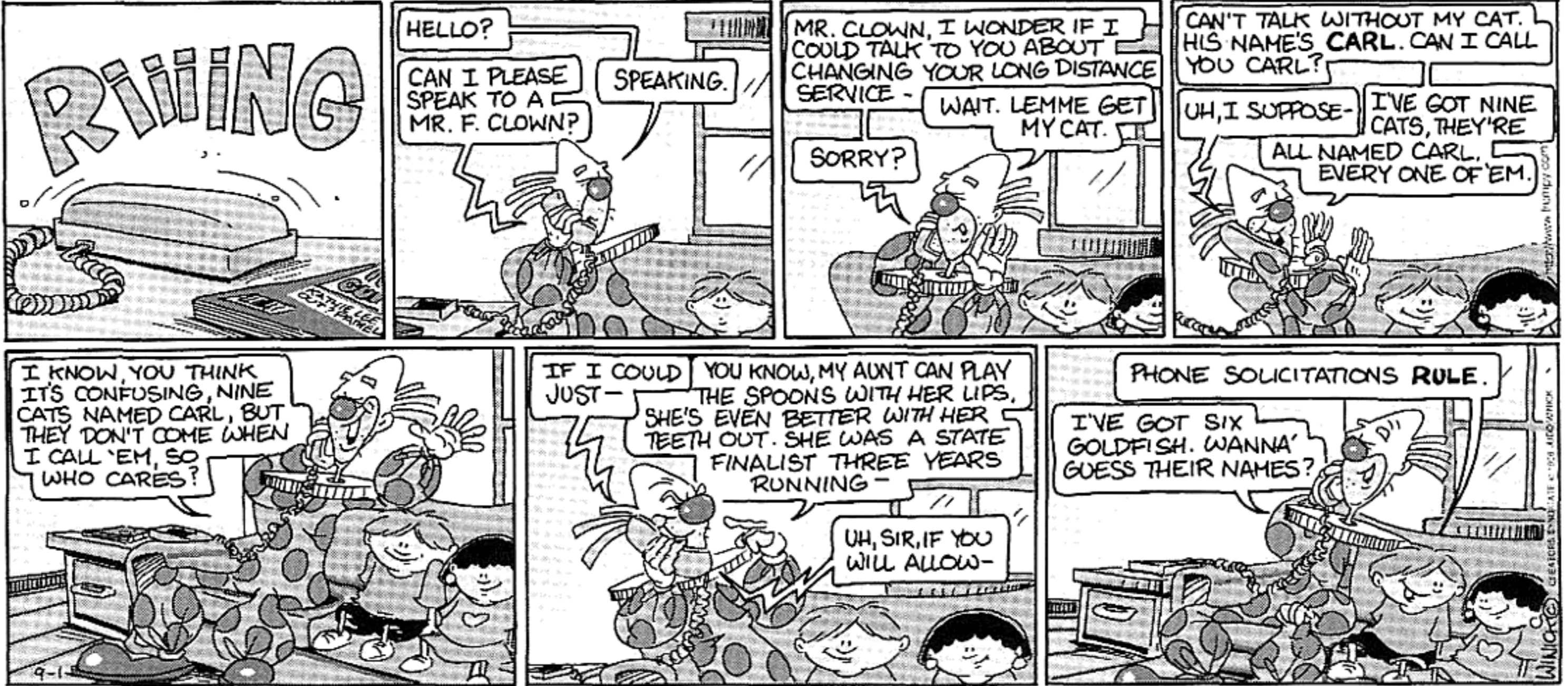


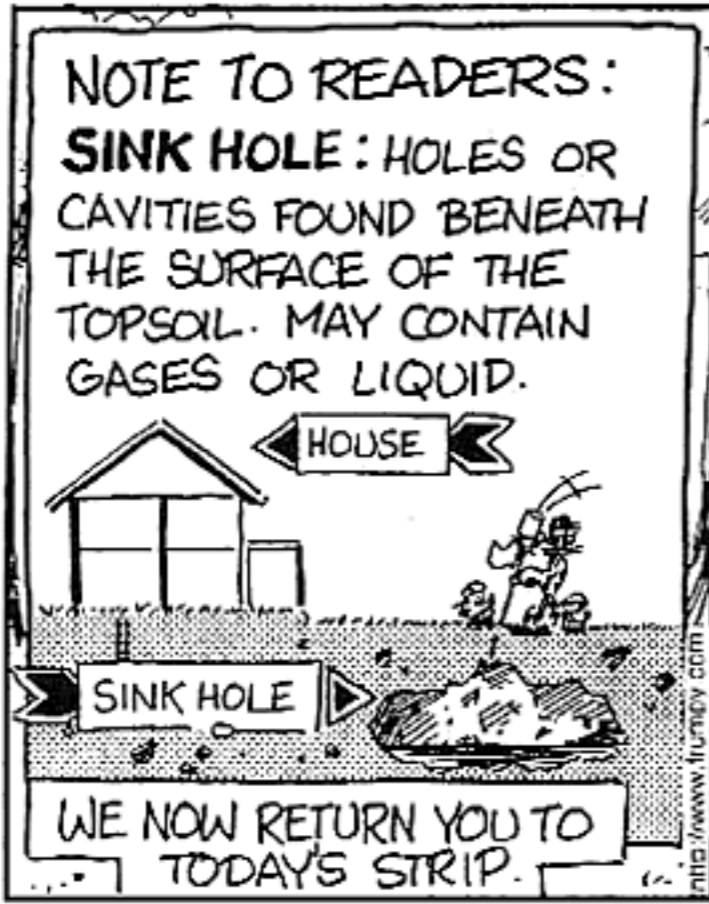
HEY. SALT OF THE EARTH. IT'S NOT SO BAD.

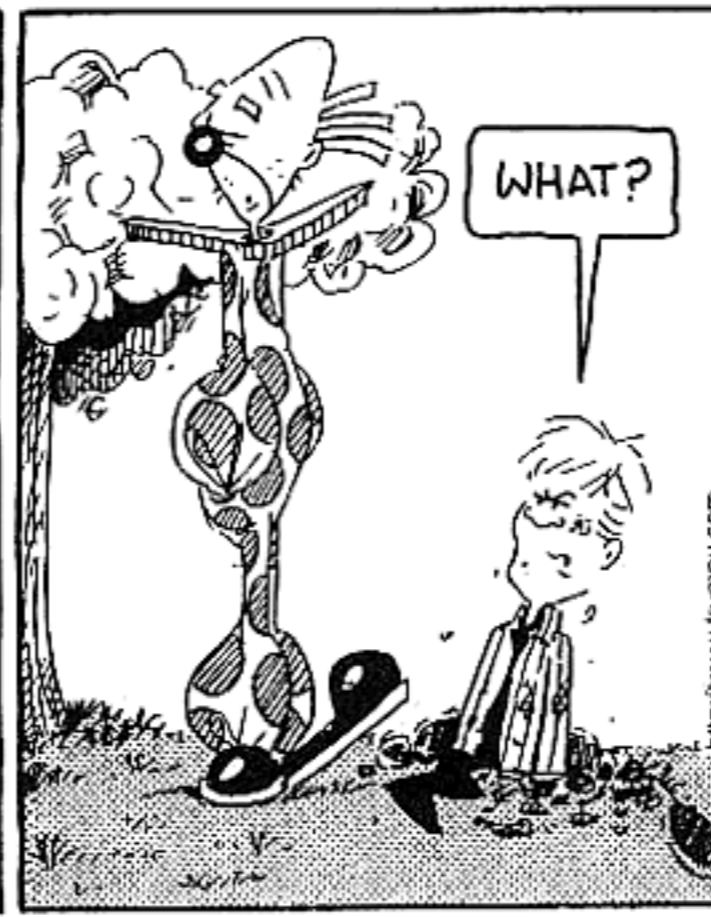
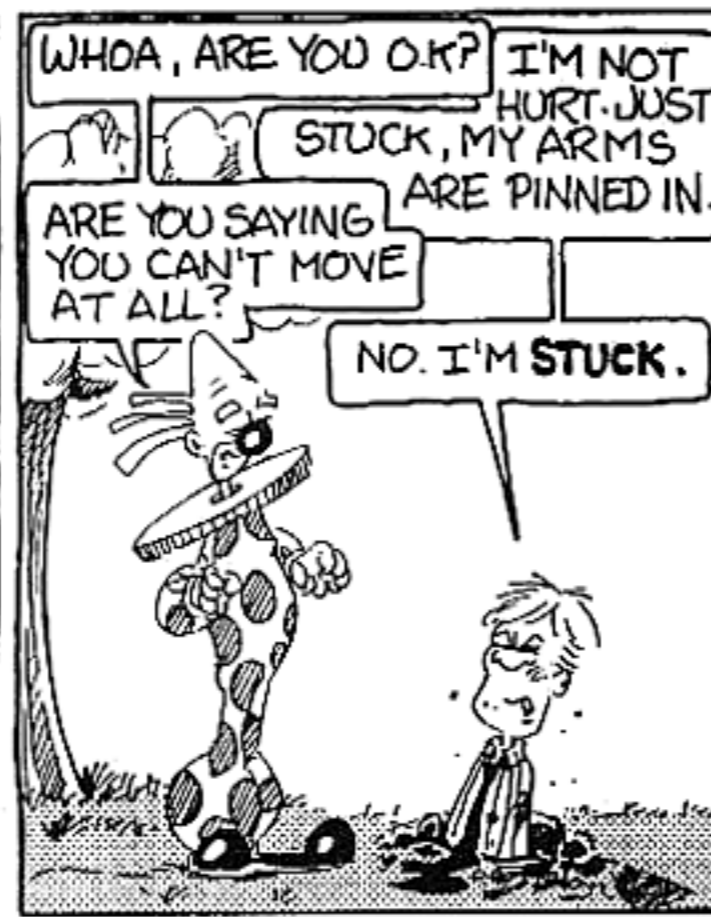
CHECK IT OUT, HE'S DUMPING MACARONI AND CHEESE DOWN HIS PANTS.

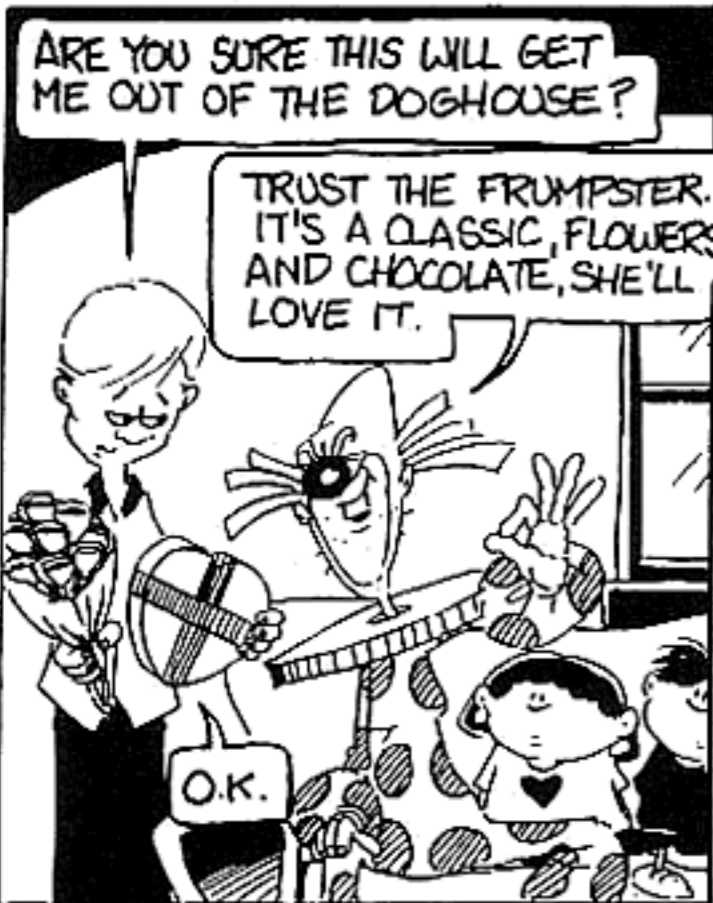


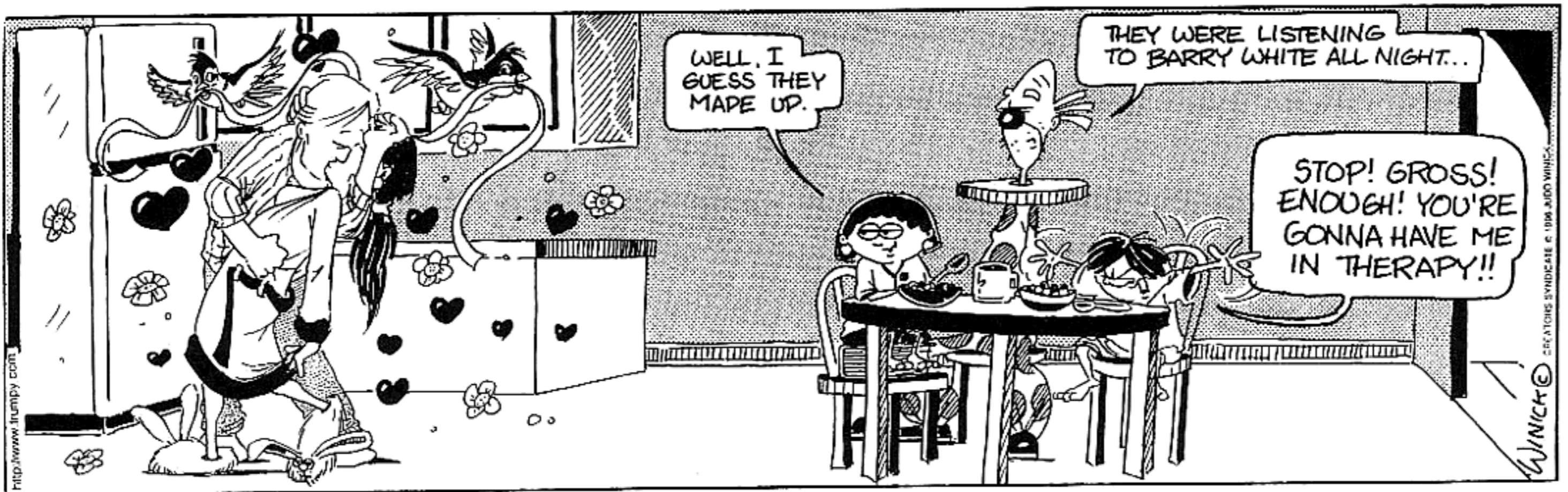
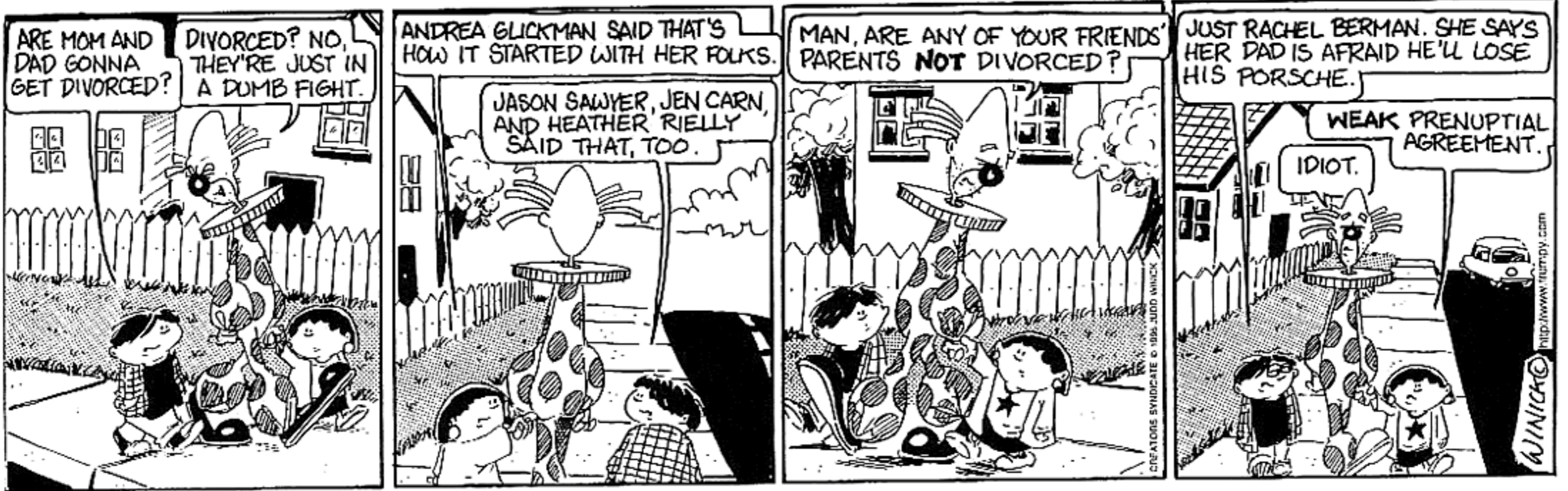






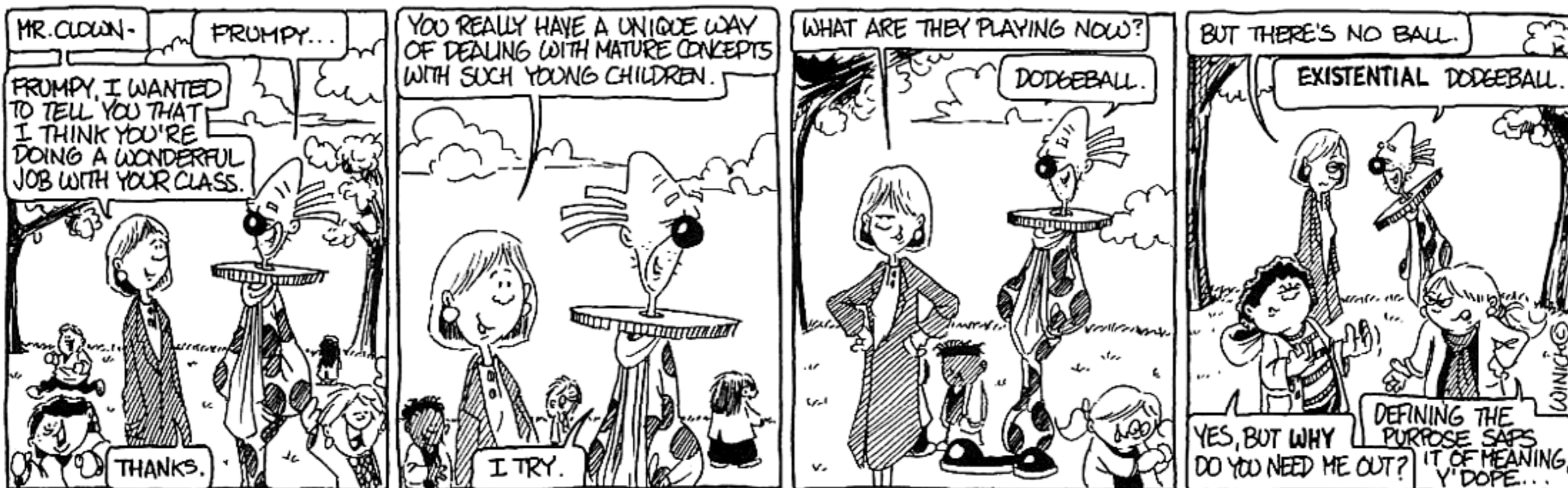


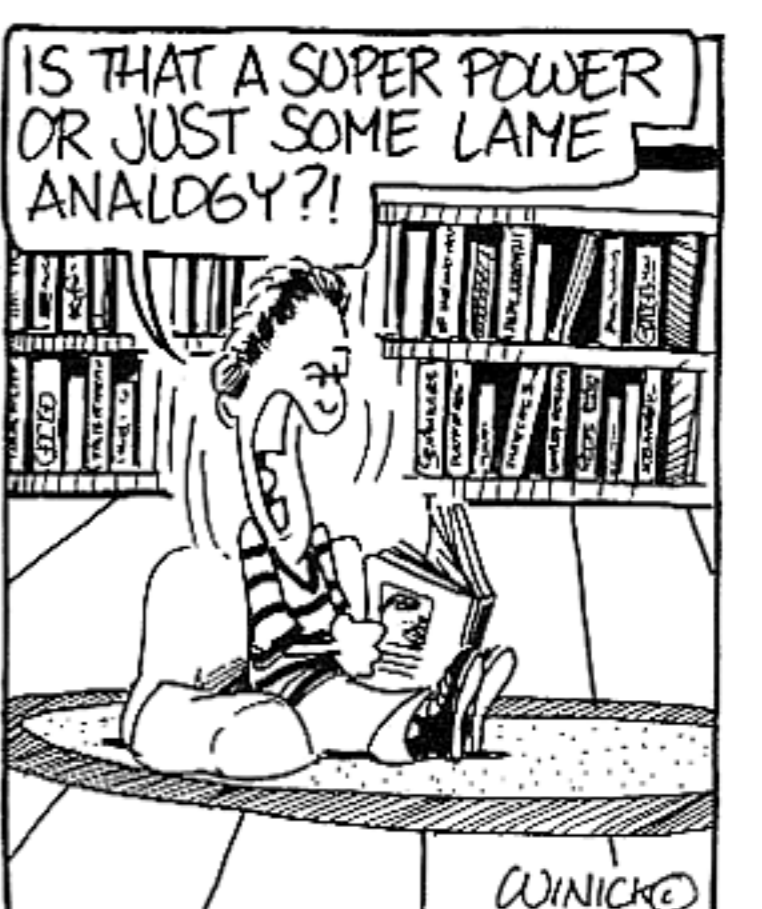
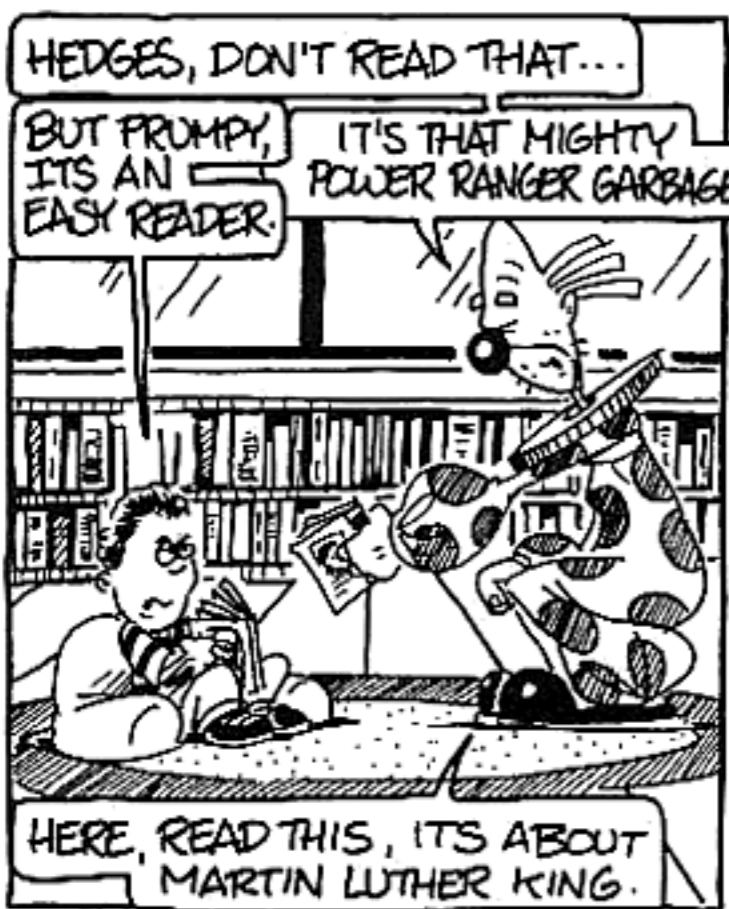


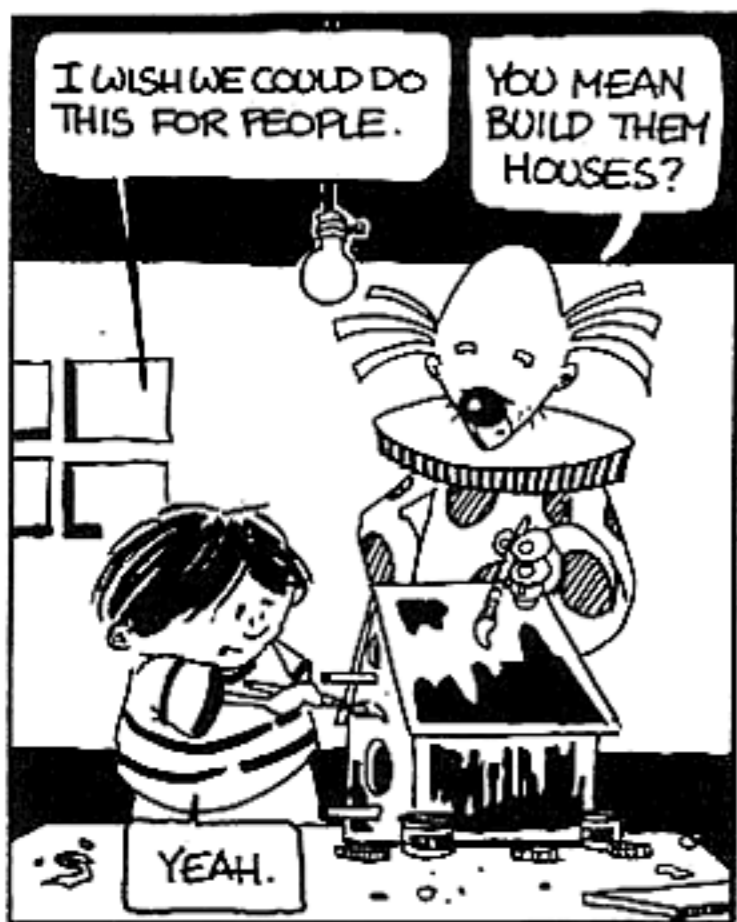












MOMMY, AT SCHOOL, ZACH TAYLOR SAID THAT ANIMALS DON'T GO TO HEAVEN, AND IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN MY GOLDFISH BOBO WHO DIED DIDN'T GO TO HEAVEN AND I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.

IS THAT TRUE?

UH...

UM, WELL... I, UH, HMMN. WELL, BOBO, UM, WELL...

YOU WERE RIGHT. SHE WAS SPUTTERING LIKE BAD PLUMBING.

TOMORROW, ASK HER WHERE BABIES COME FROM.

DO YOU THINK WE'RE BORING?

US? NO. WHY?

I FEEL LIKE WE'RE... MUNDANE.

MUNDANE?

YEAH. WE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE DIFFERENT, ALTERNATIVE, RADICALS. WE WERE NEVER GOING TO BE LIKE OUR PARENTS. I FEEL LIKE WE'VE CAVED IN TO SOCIAL NORMS. WE'VE BECOME A TYPICALLY ORDINARY DOMESTICATED FAMILY. DON'T YOU THINK SO?

MY baby takes the morning train, he works from 9 to 5 and then... HEY, CAMPER! BATH TIME!

...he takes another home again to find me waitin' for him...

NAH. PEOPLE THINK WE'RE FREAKIN' NUTS.

I GUESS SO.

HEY! WHERE'S THE LOOFAH SPONGE!?

MY PARENTS ARE BOZOS!

REALLY?

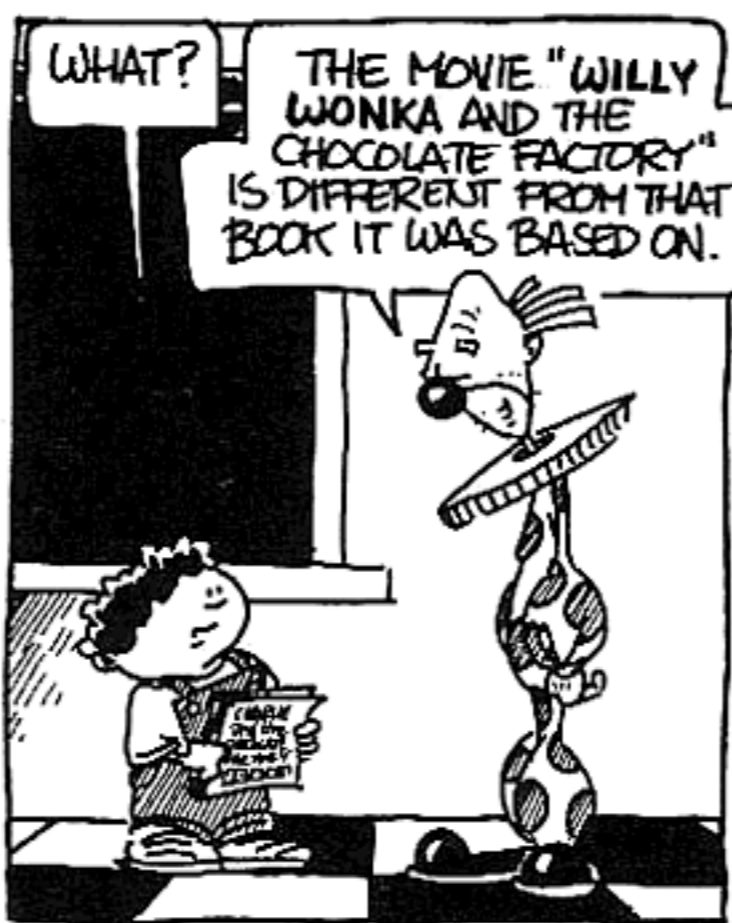
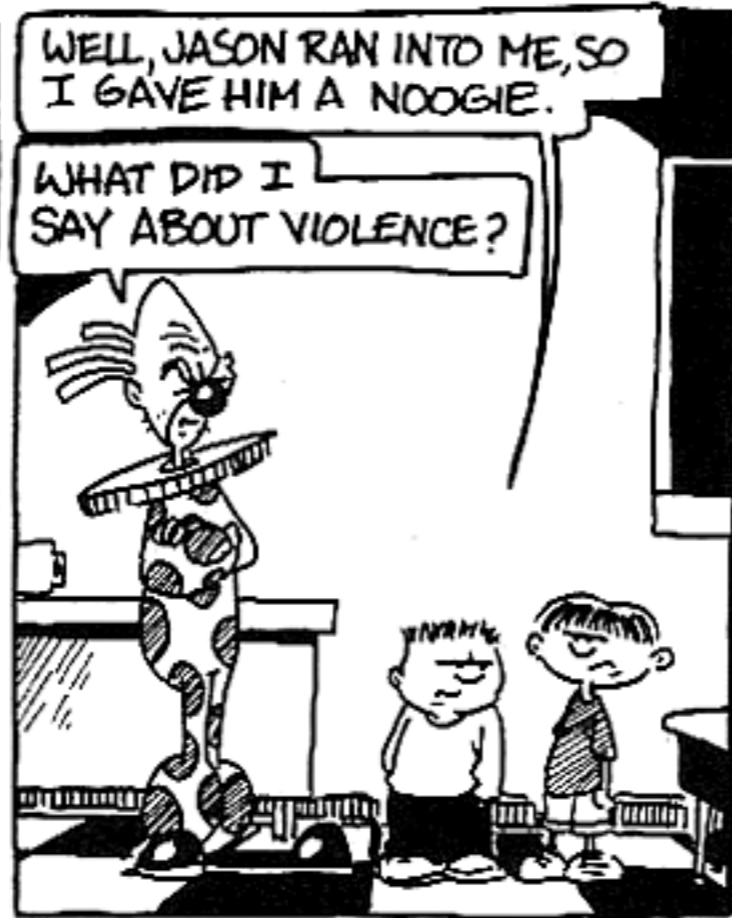
I'M PUNISHED. GROUNDED A WEEK OVER NOTHING.

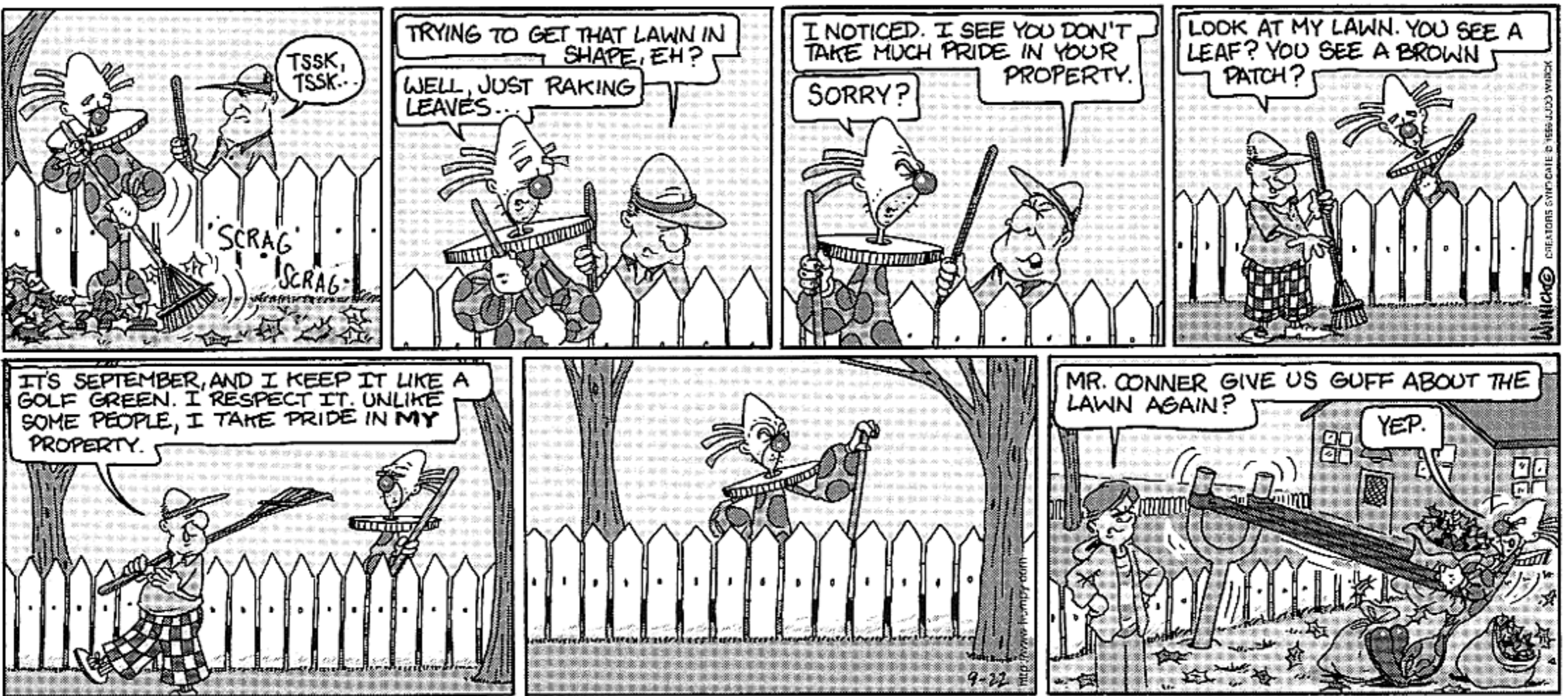
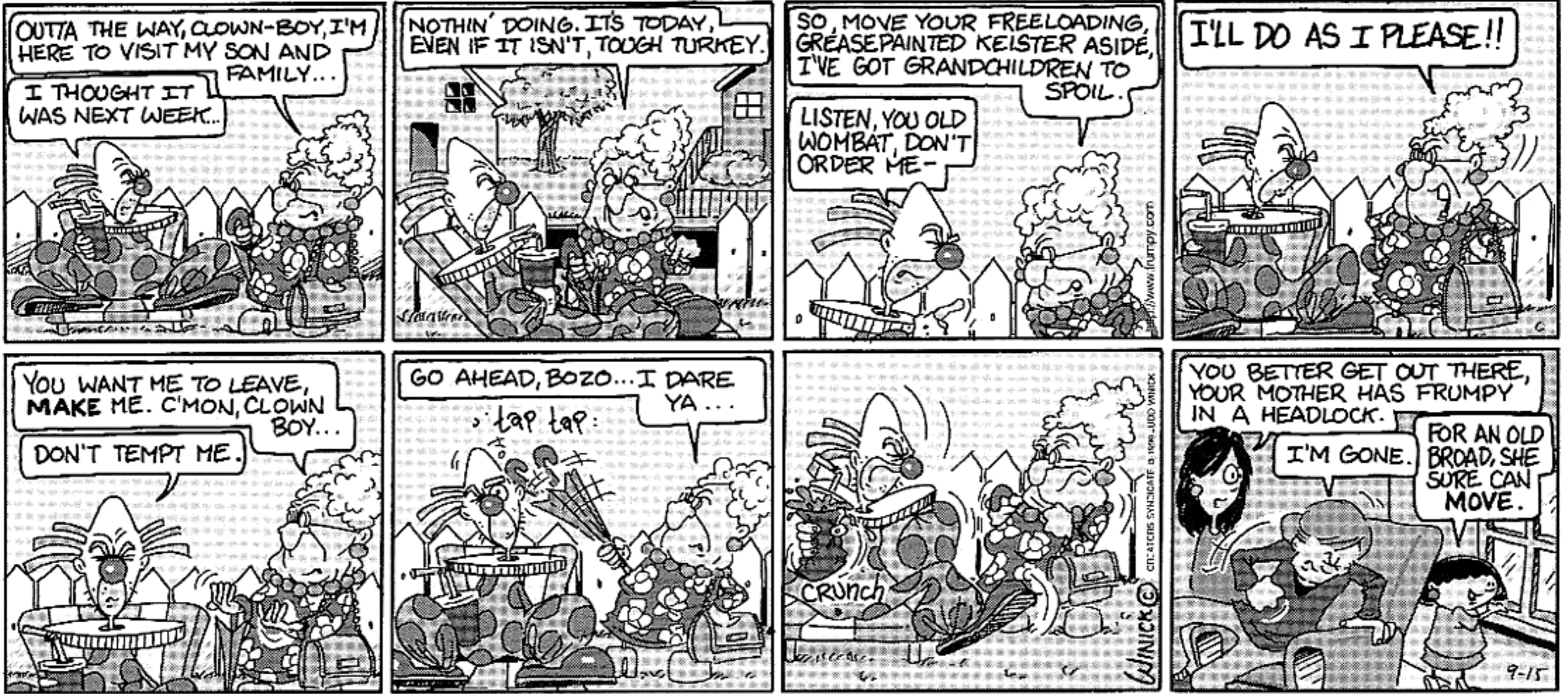
THAT SO.

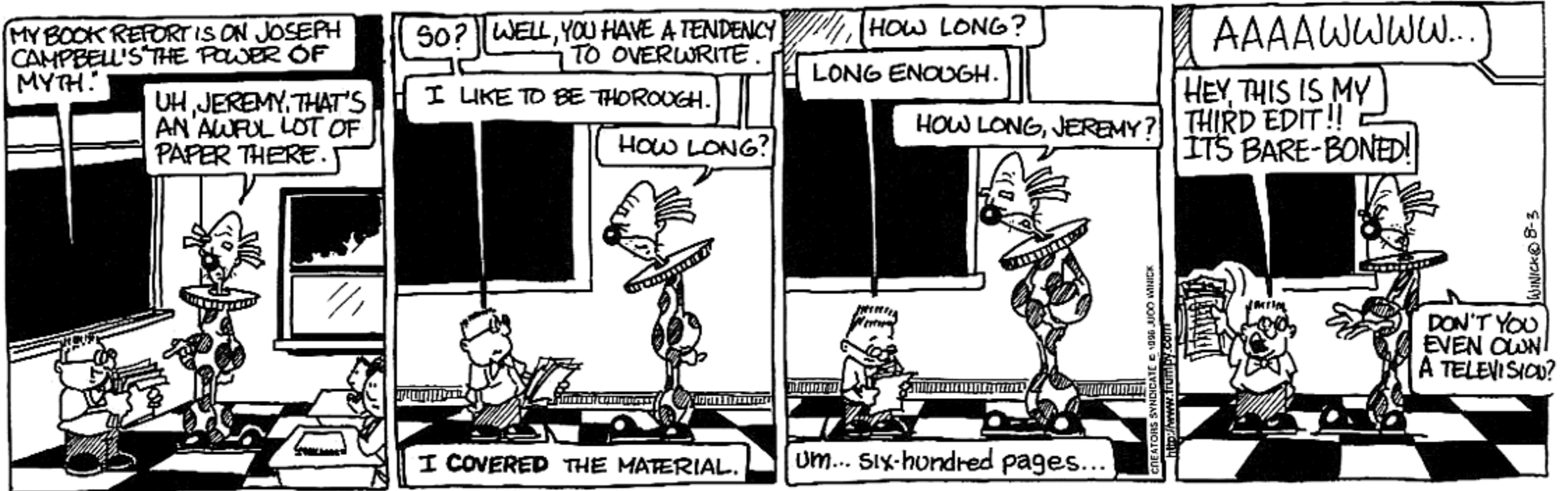
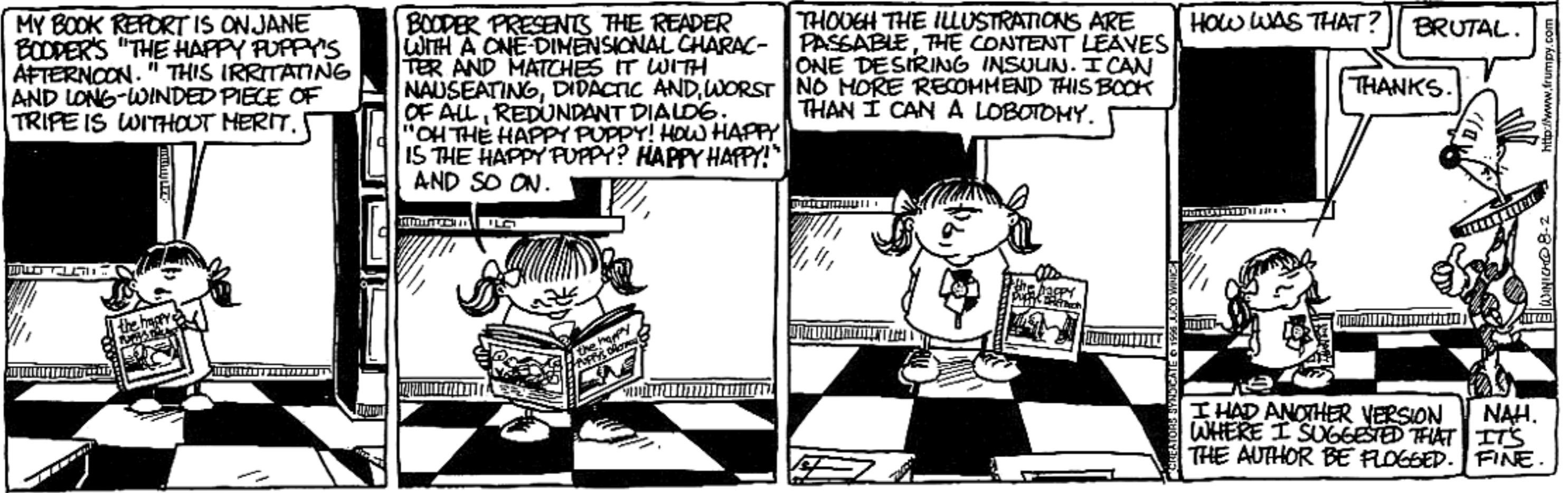
THEY'RE ALWAYS GROUNDED ME FOR THE STUPIDEST THINGS.

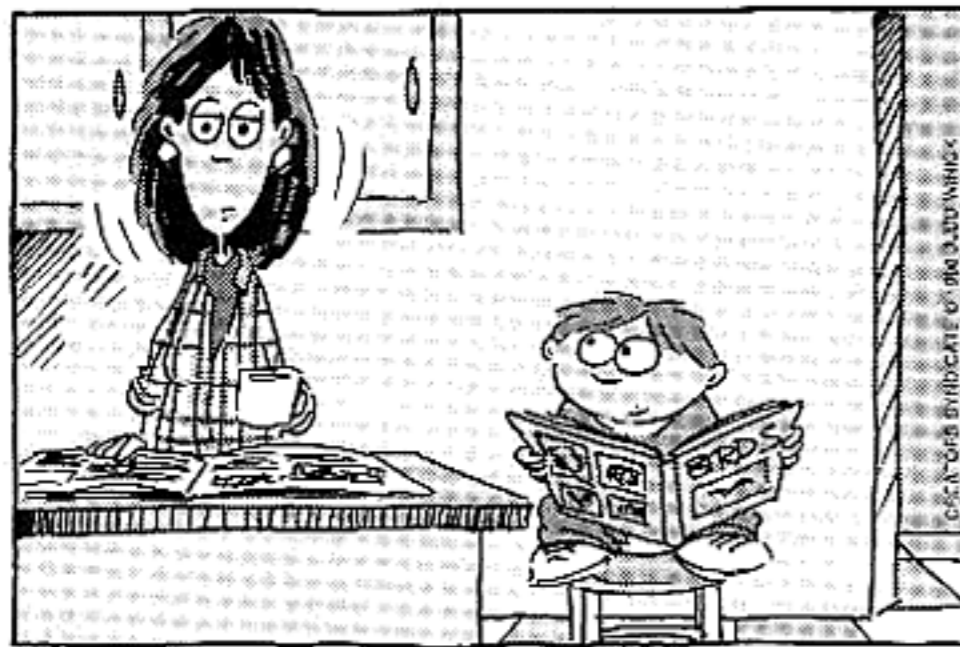
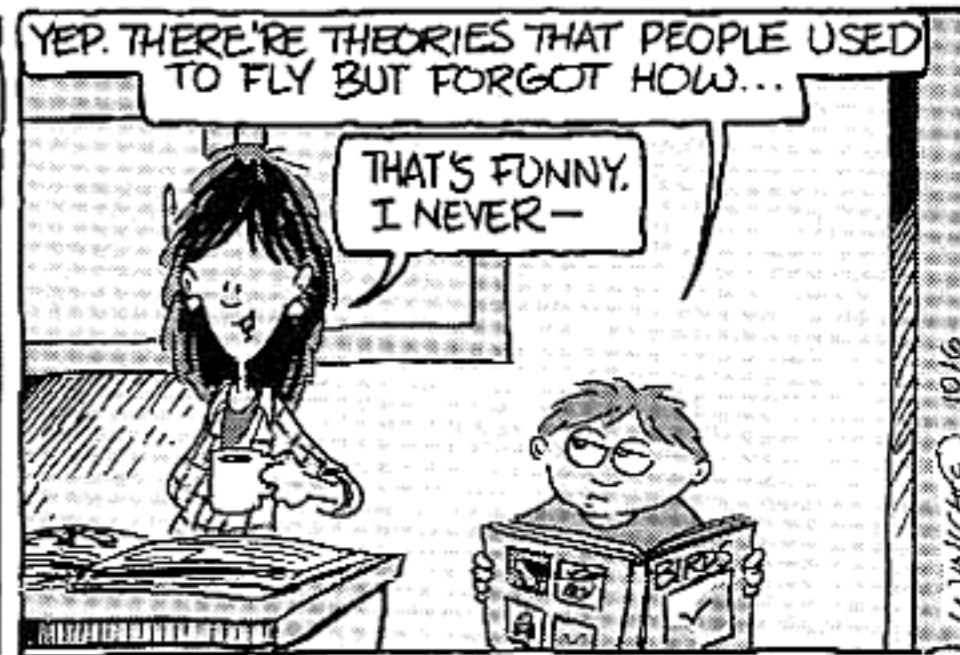
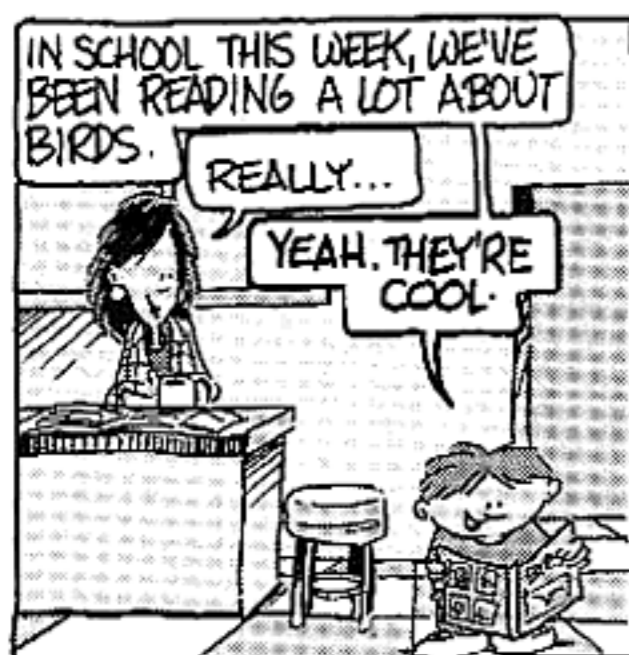
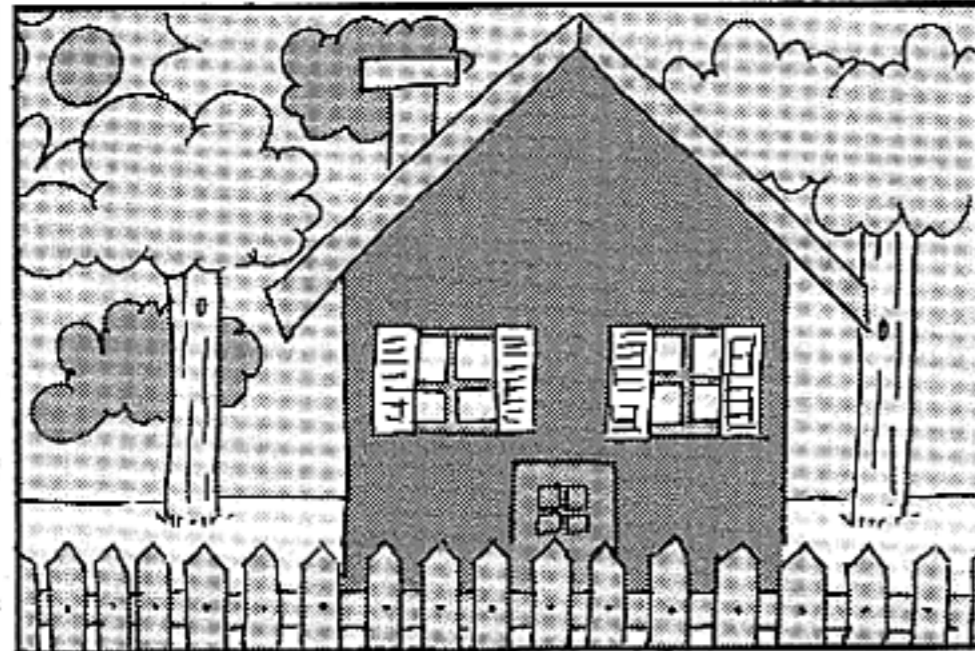
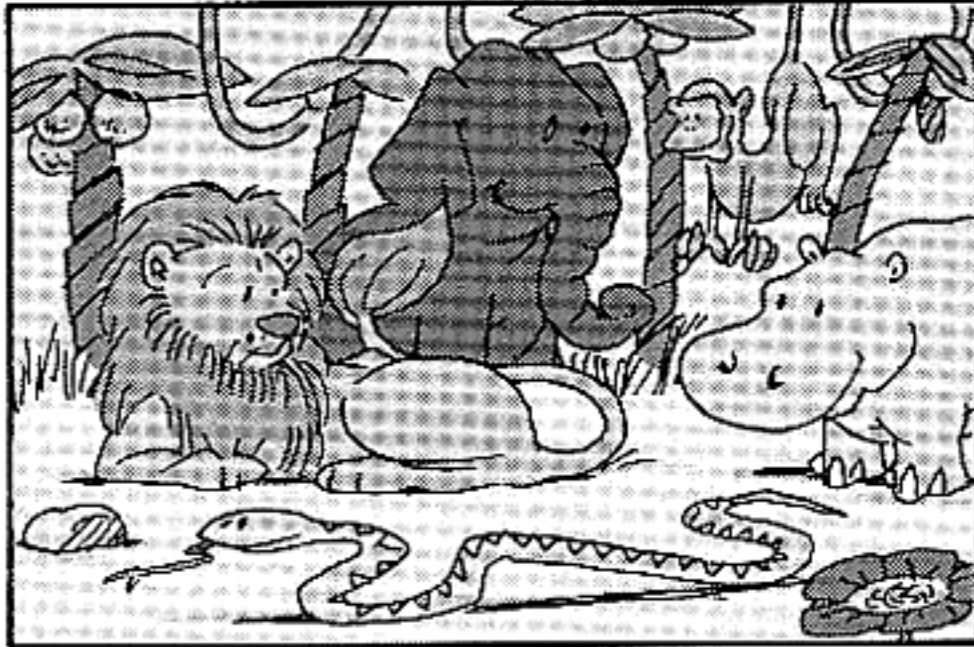
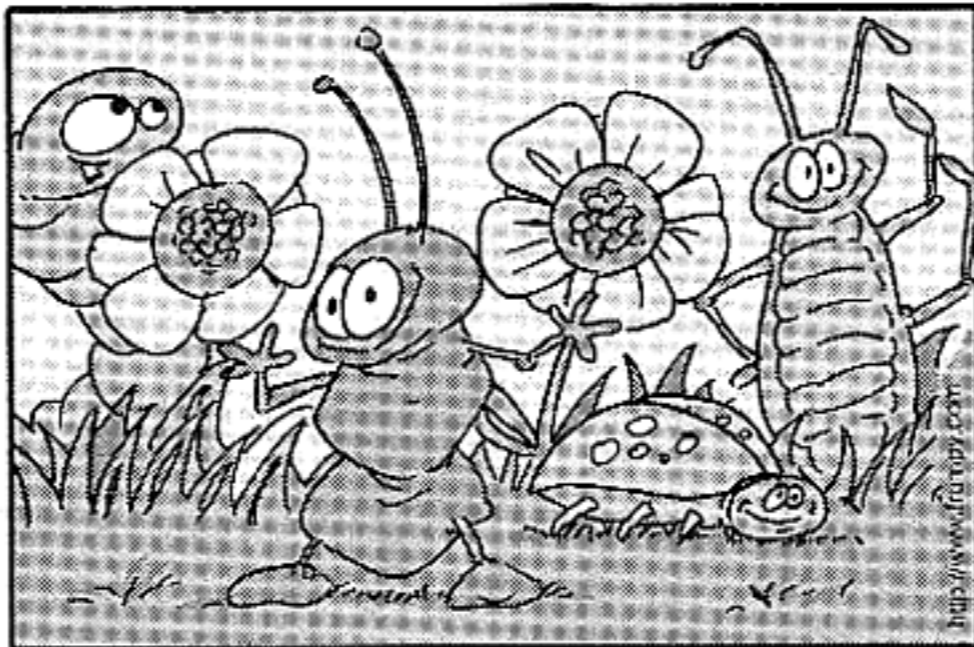
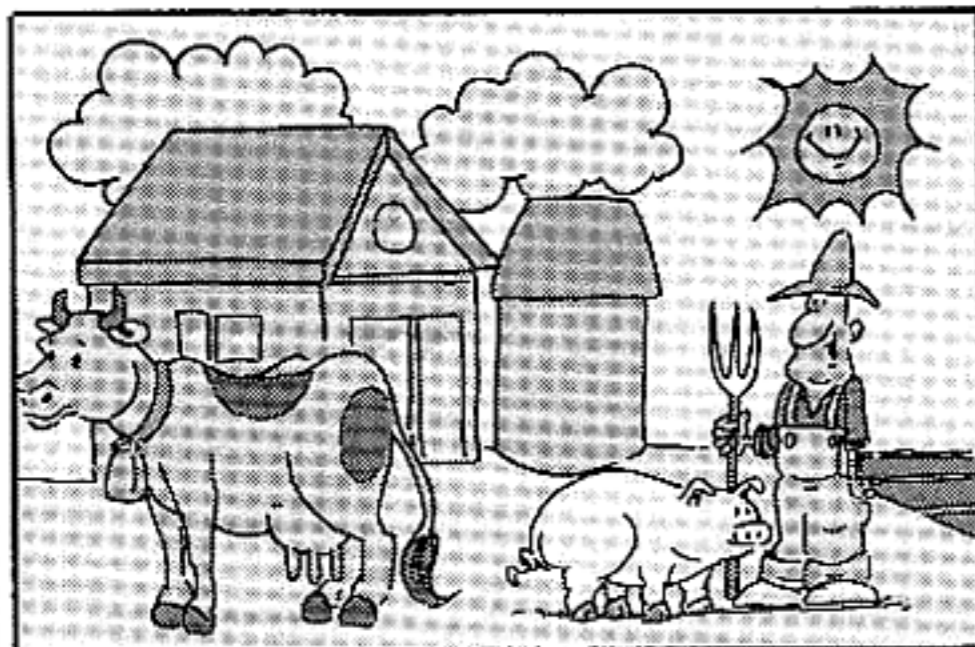
I HEARD YOU TRIED TO FLUSH A GRAPEFRUIT DOWN THE TOILET.

EXACTLY. THEY HAVE NO RESPECT FOR SCIENCE.

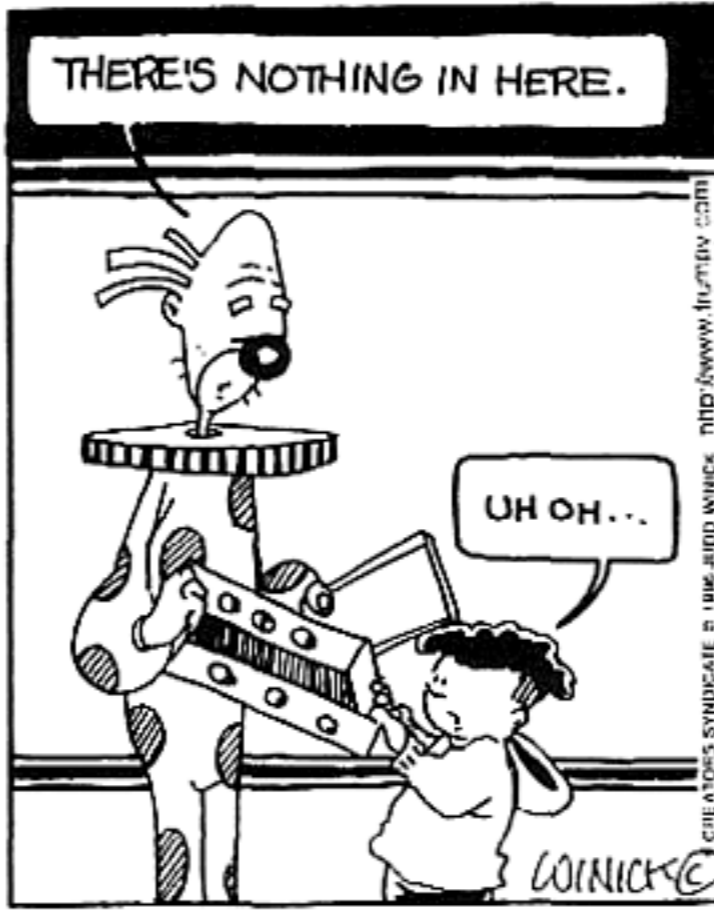
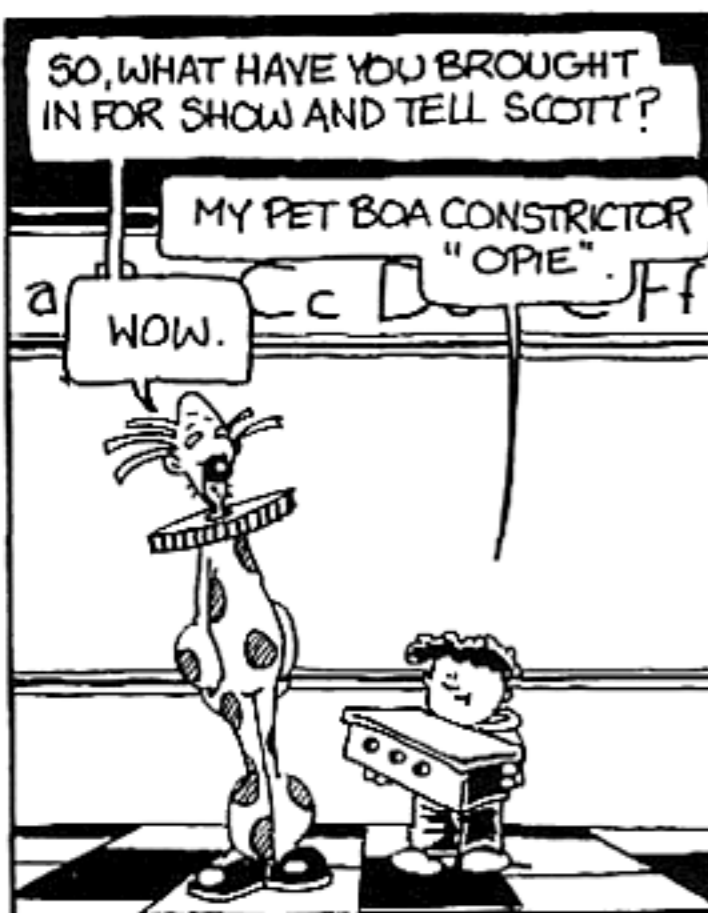
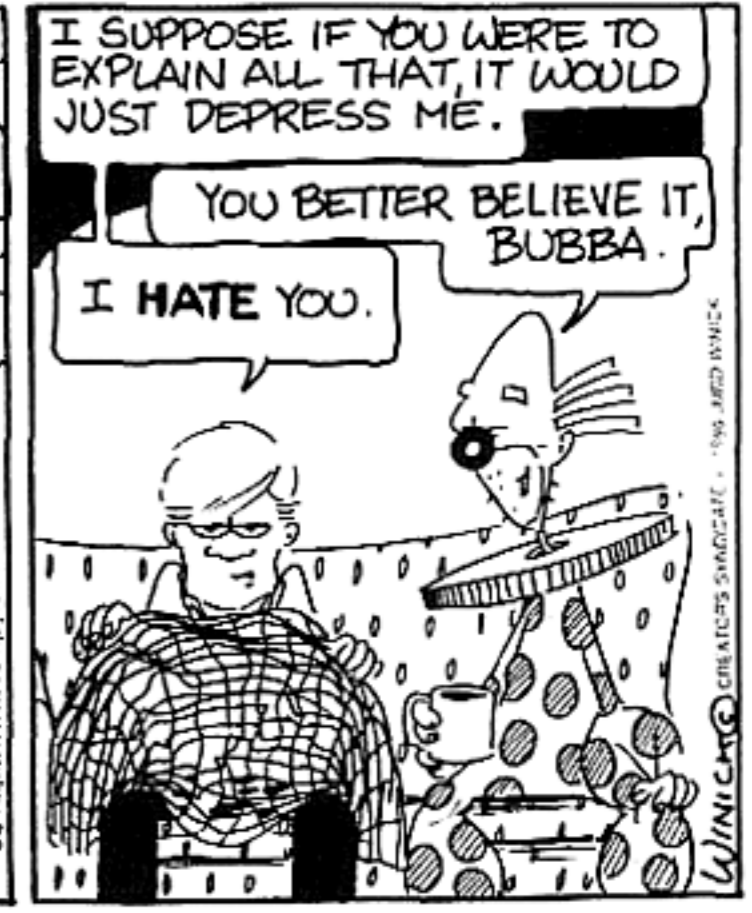
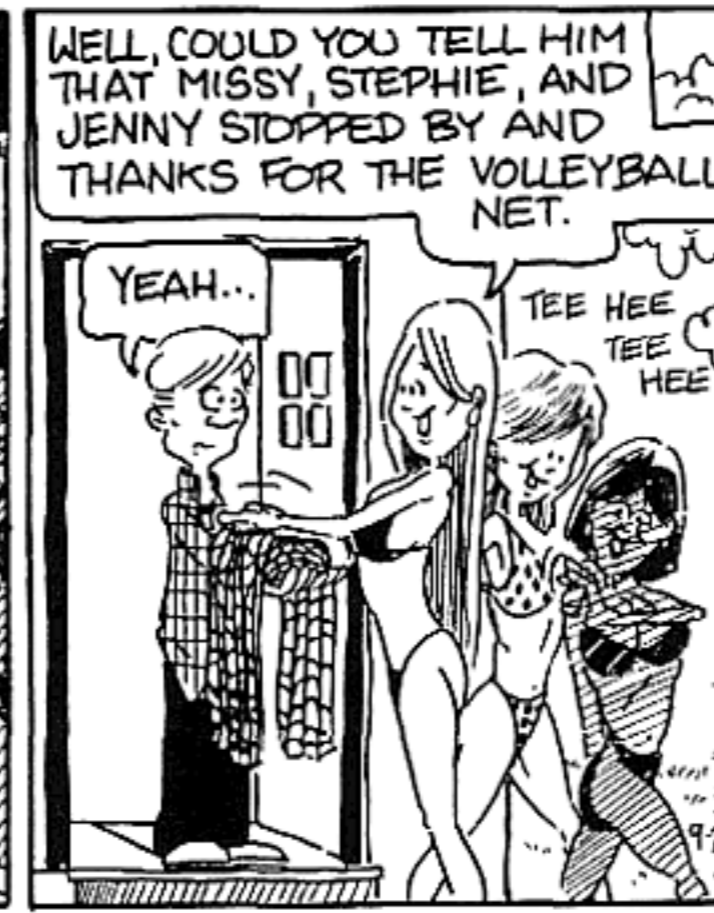
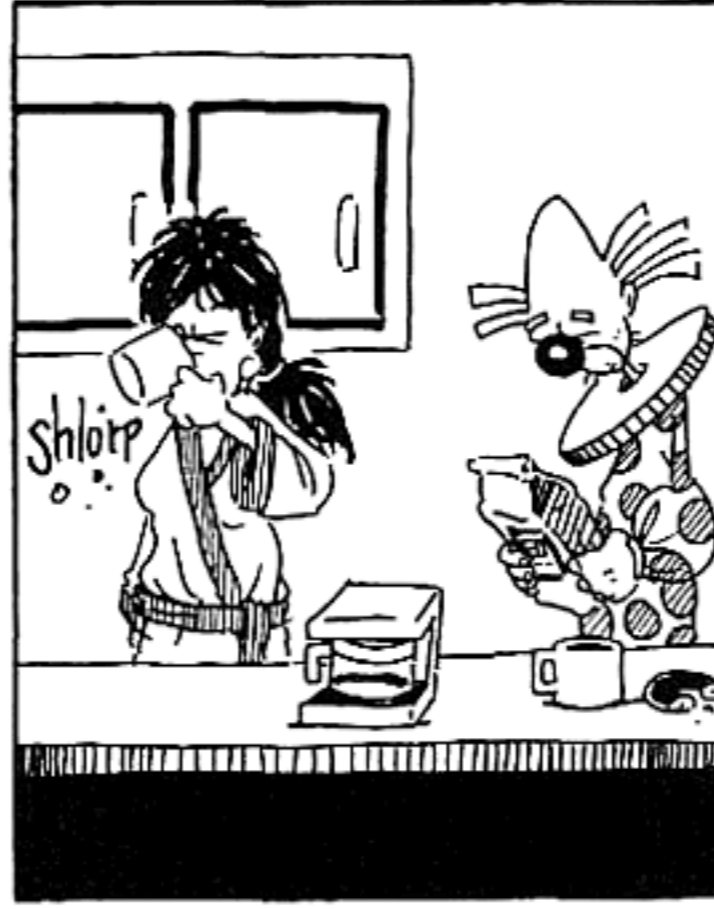


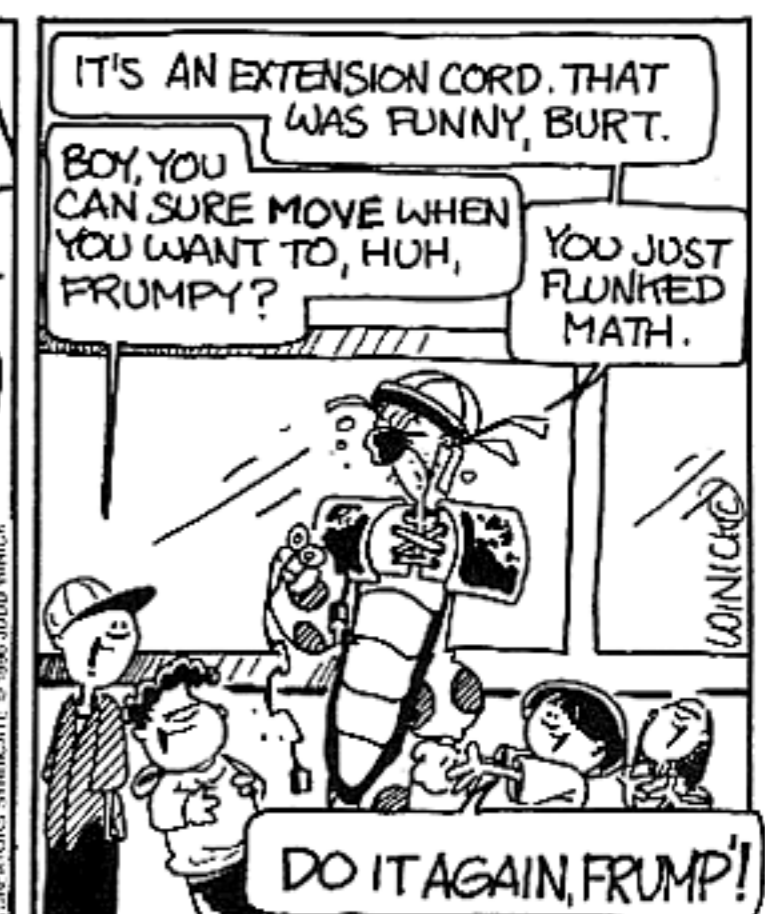
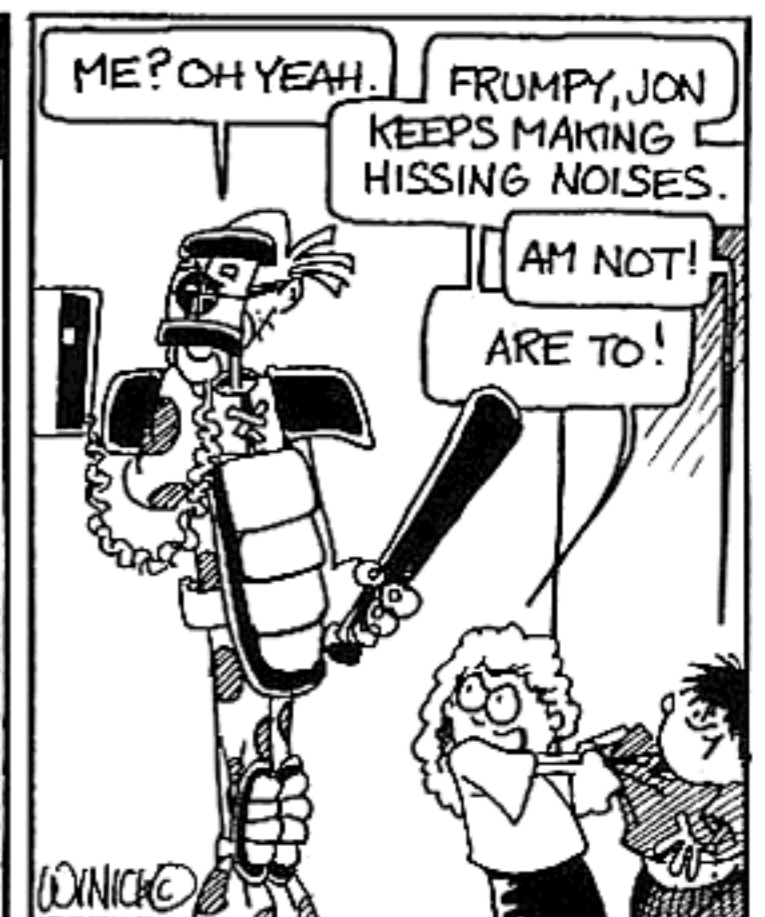
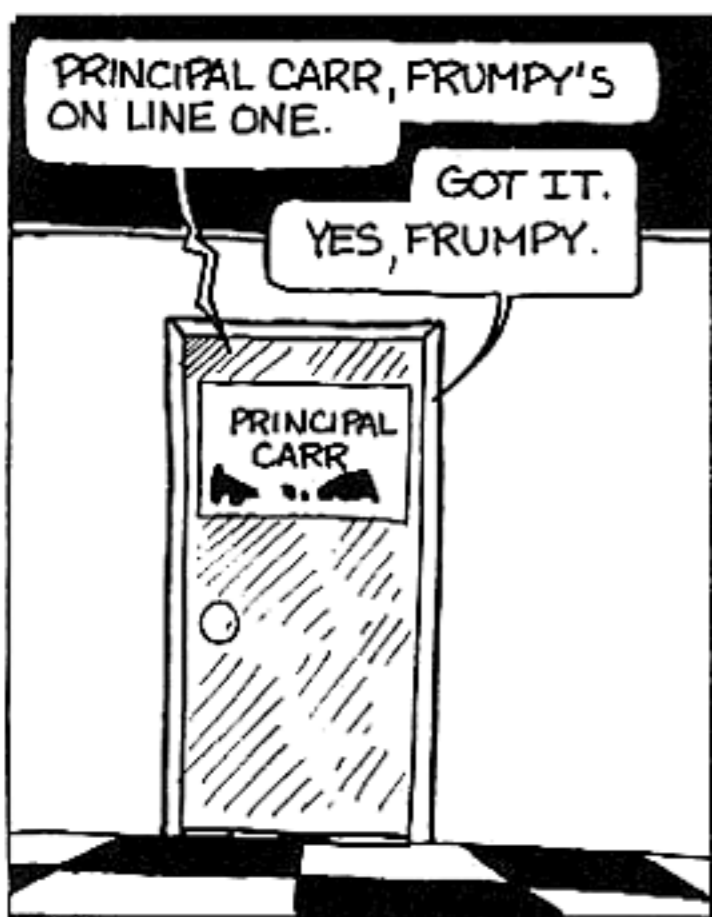


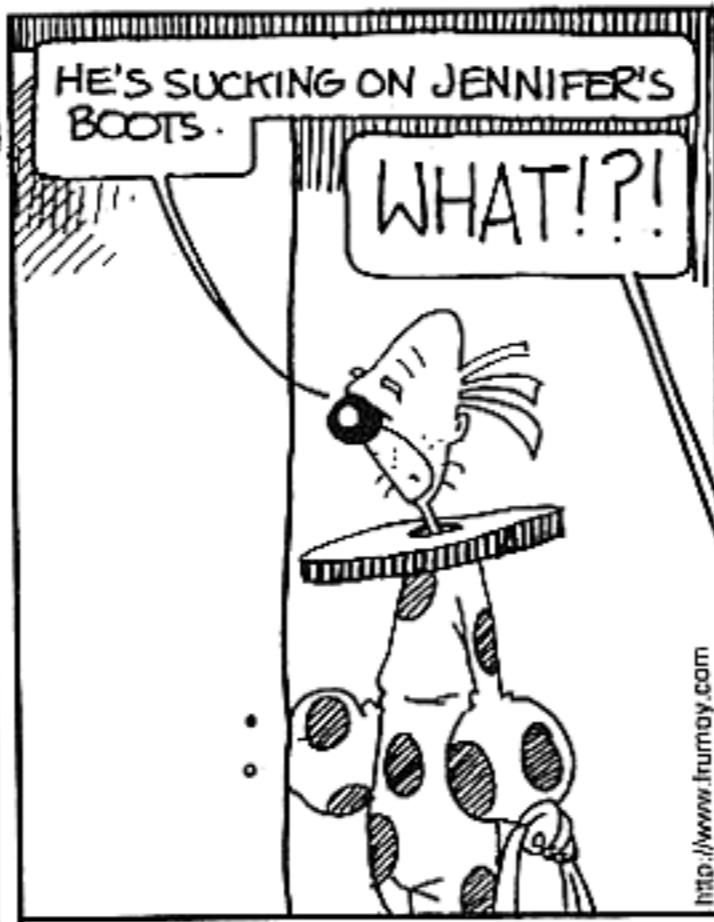
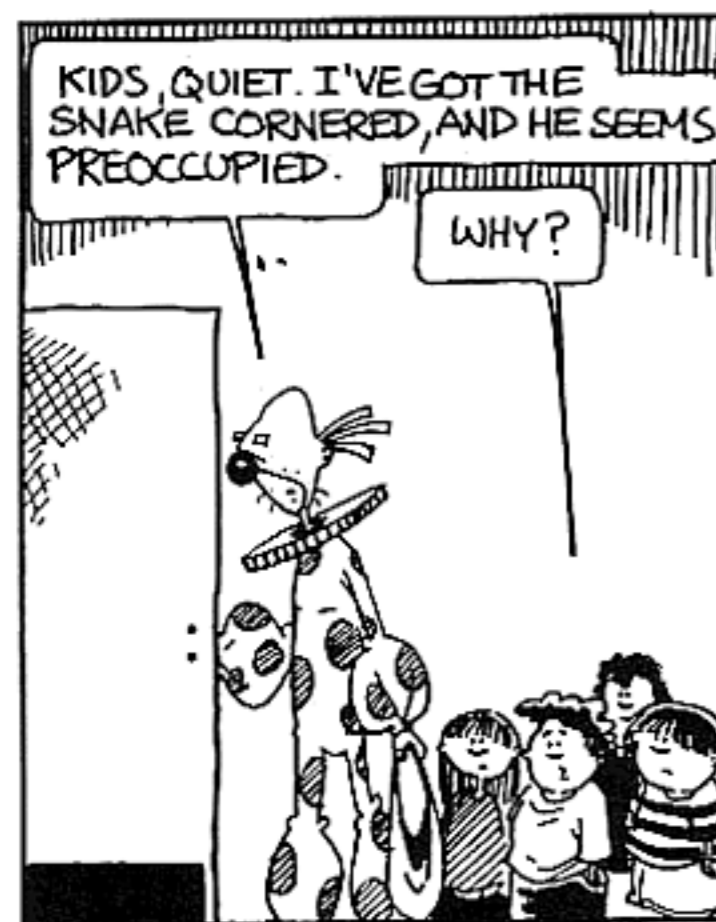




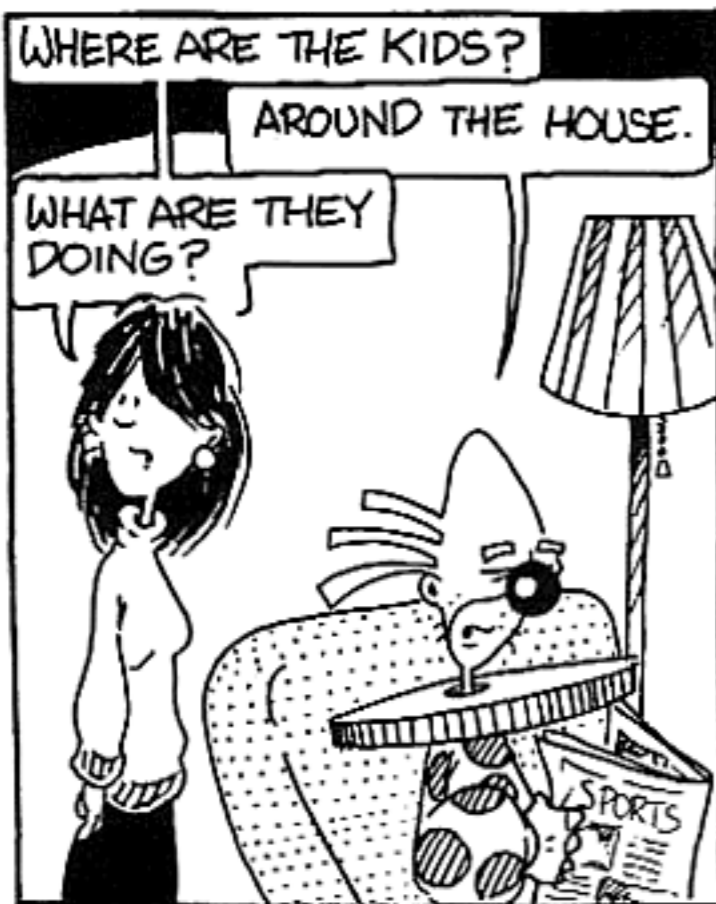
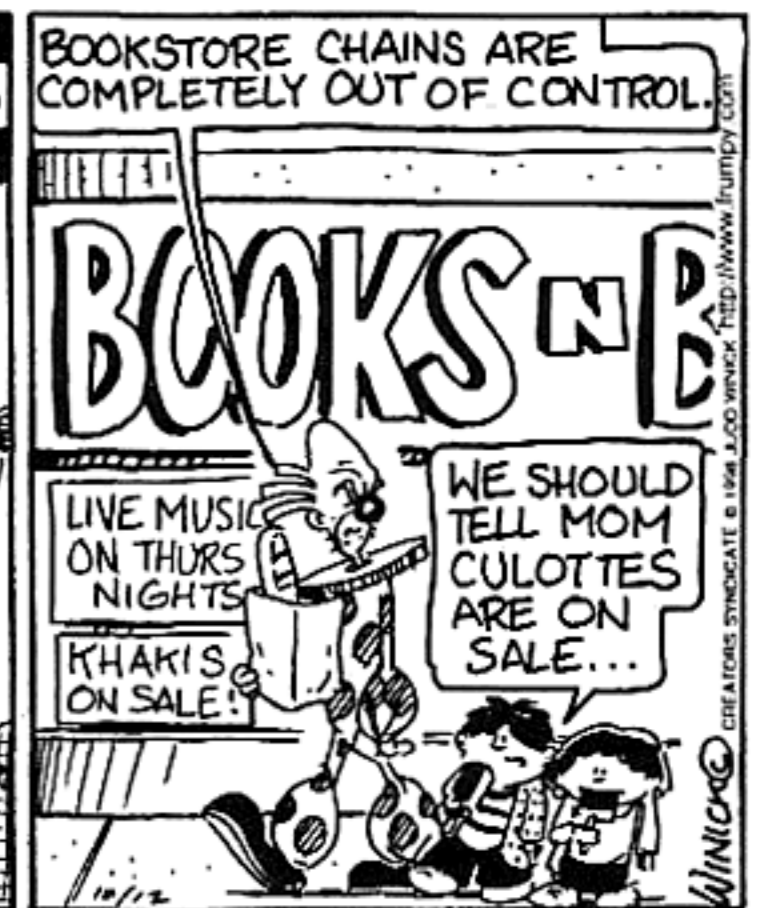
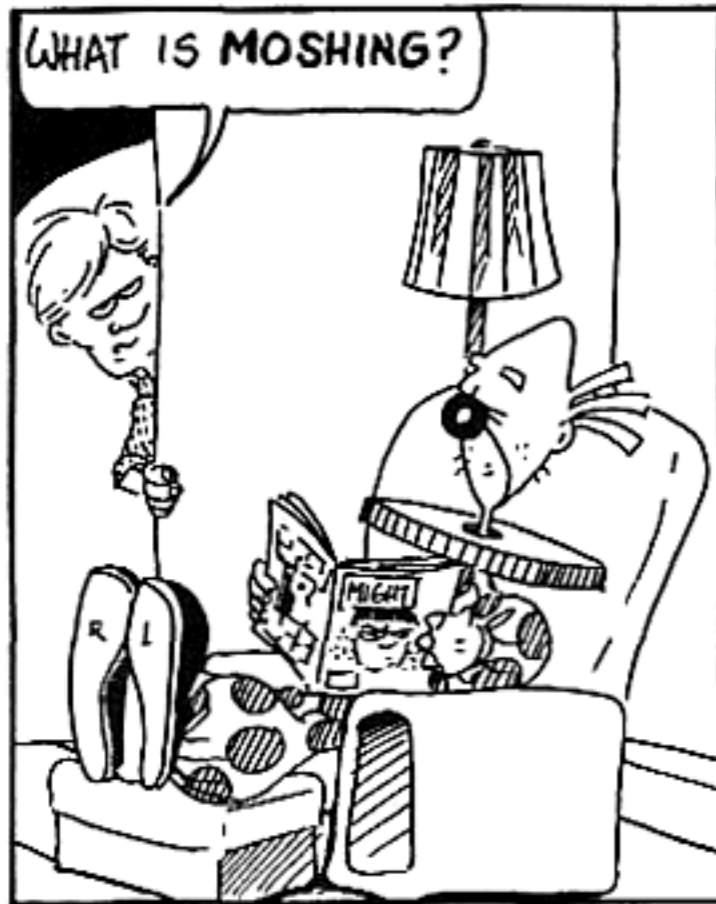


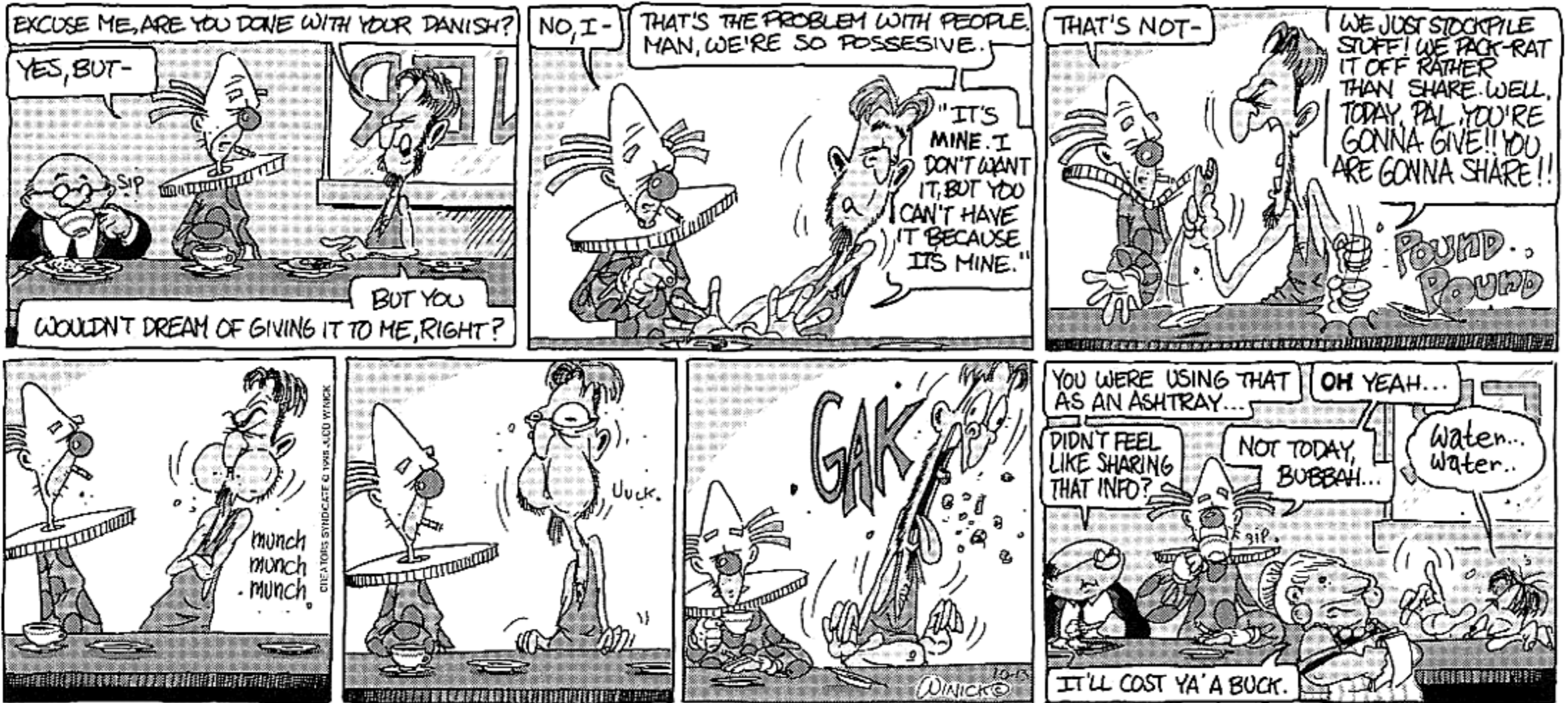


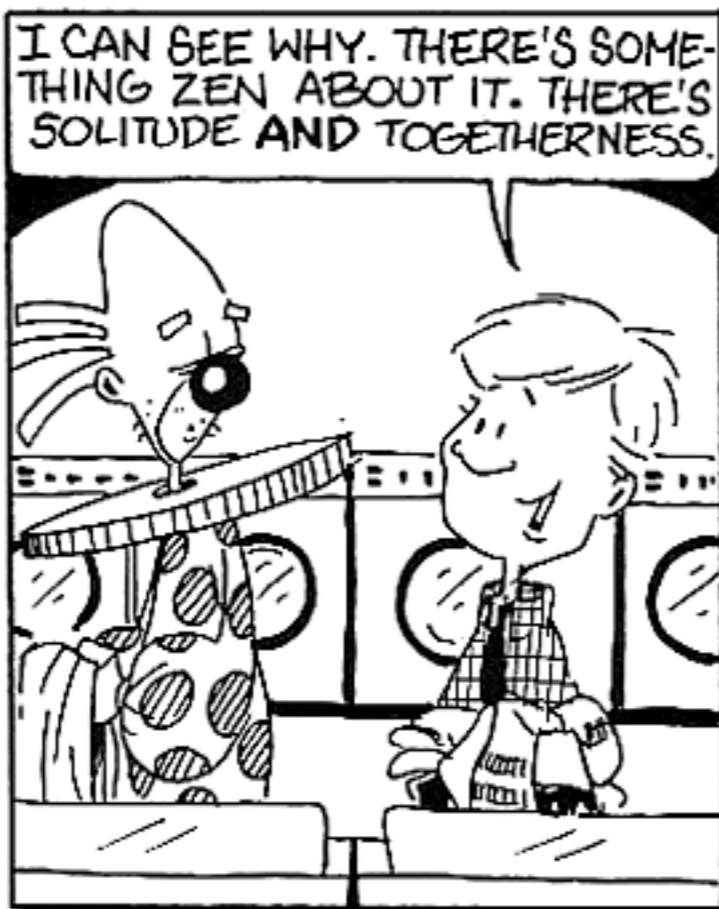


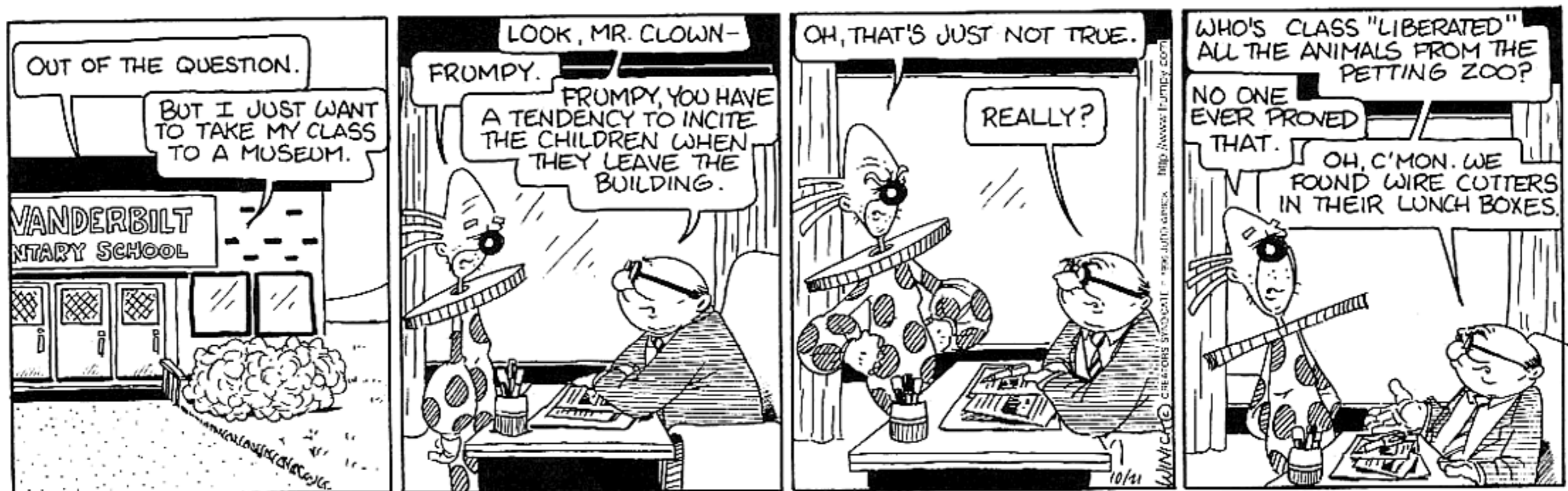
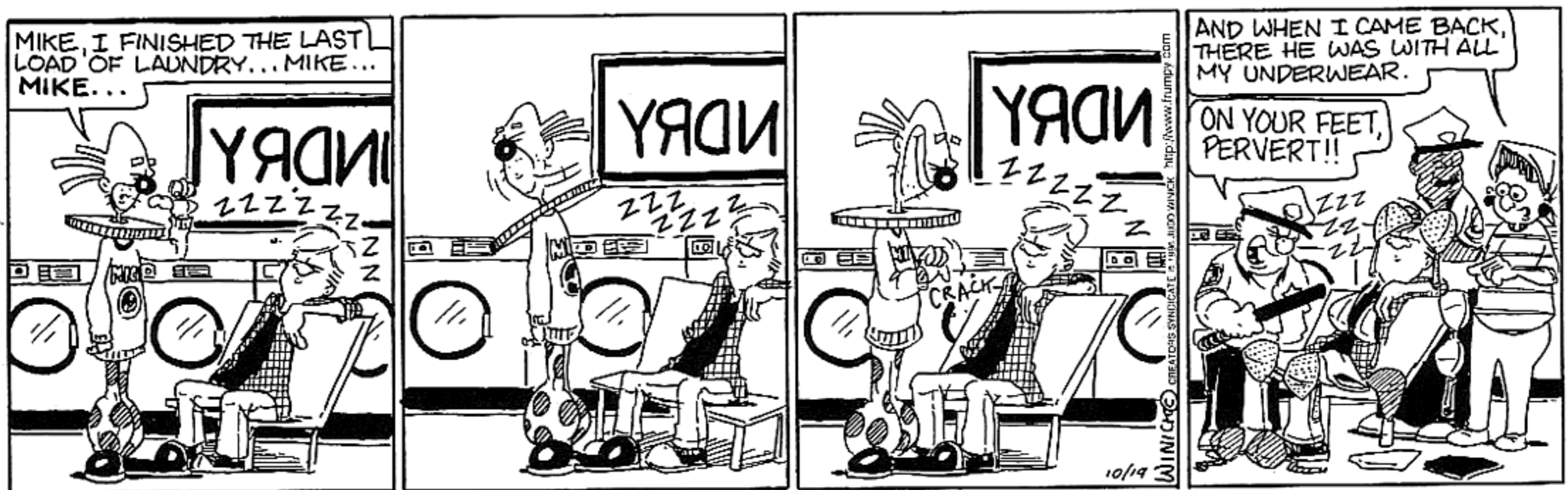
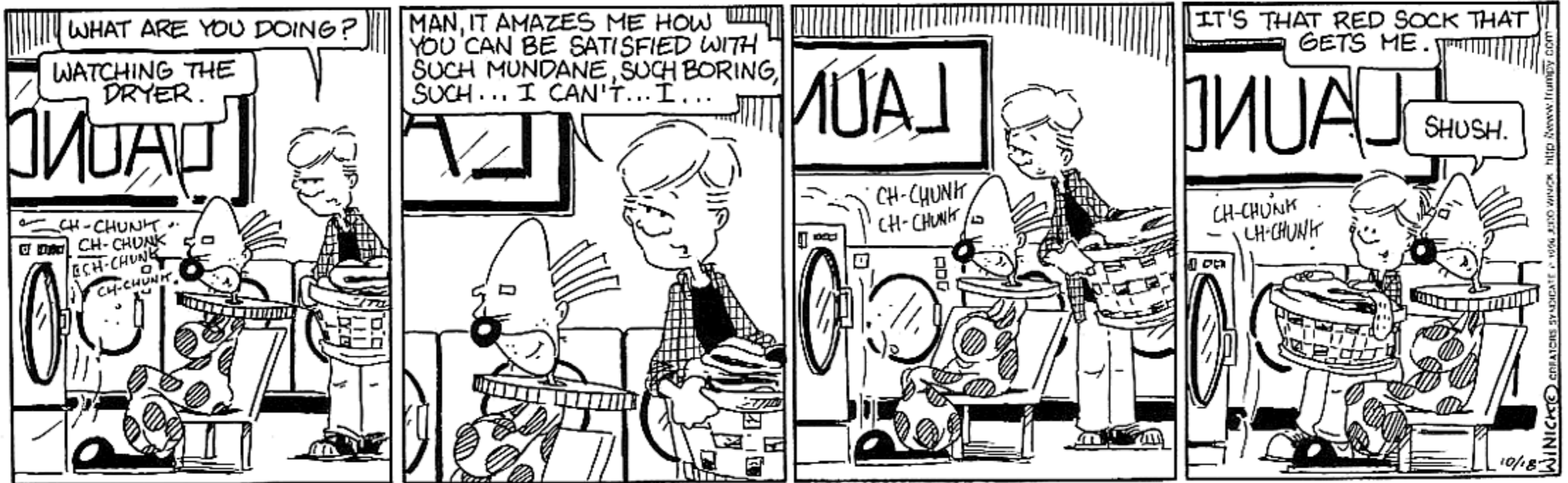


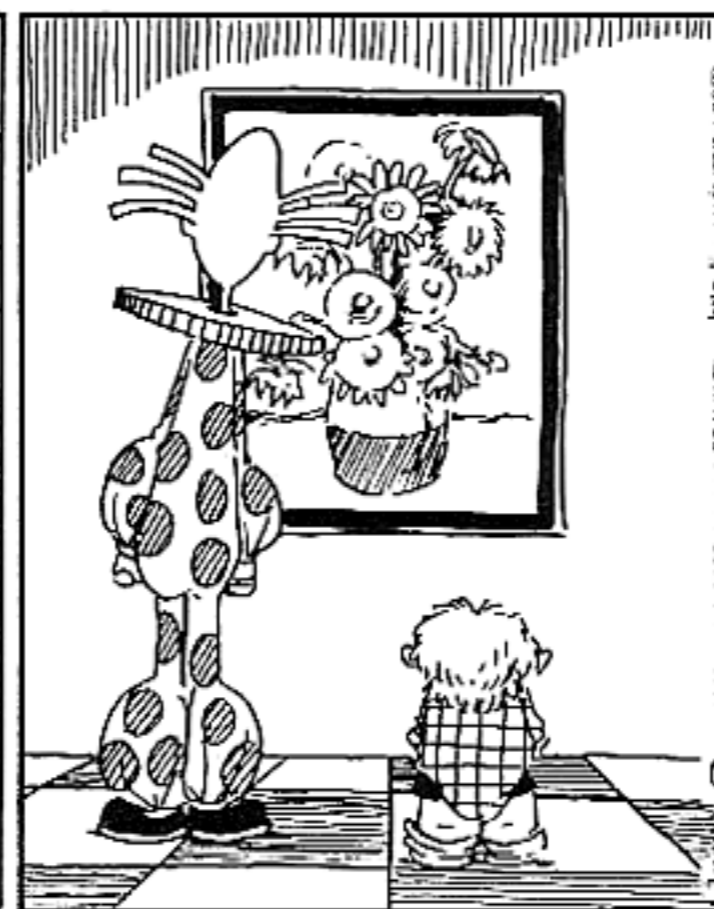
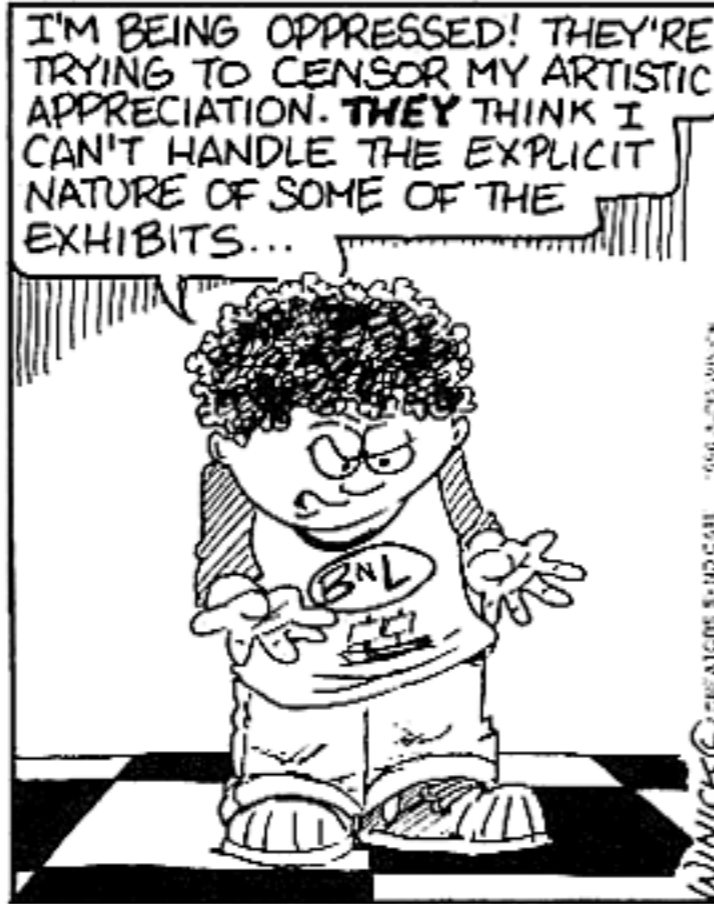


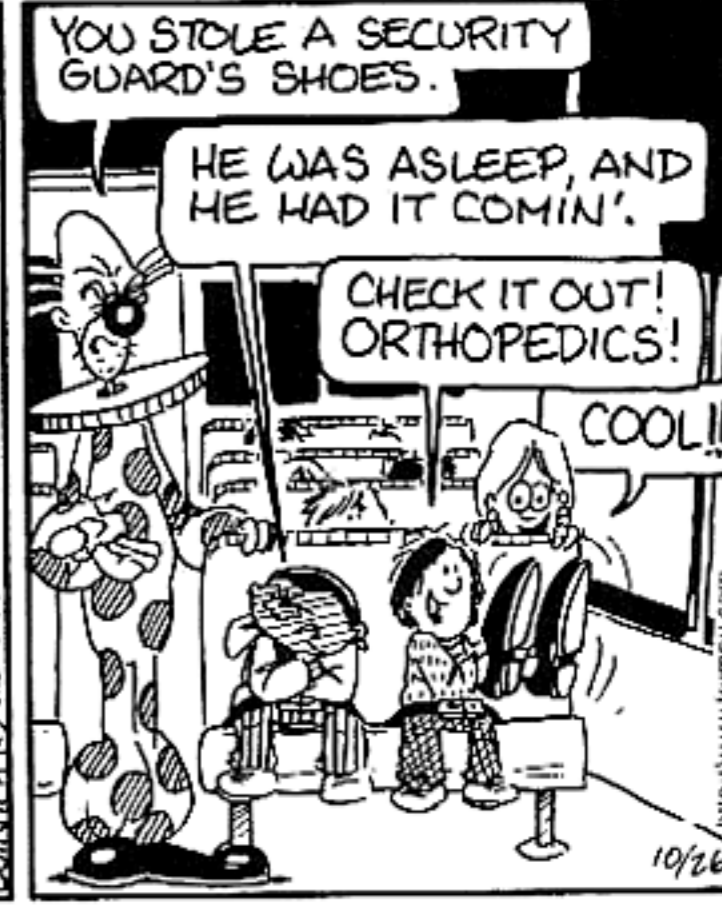
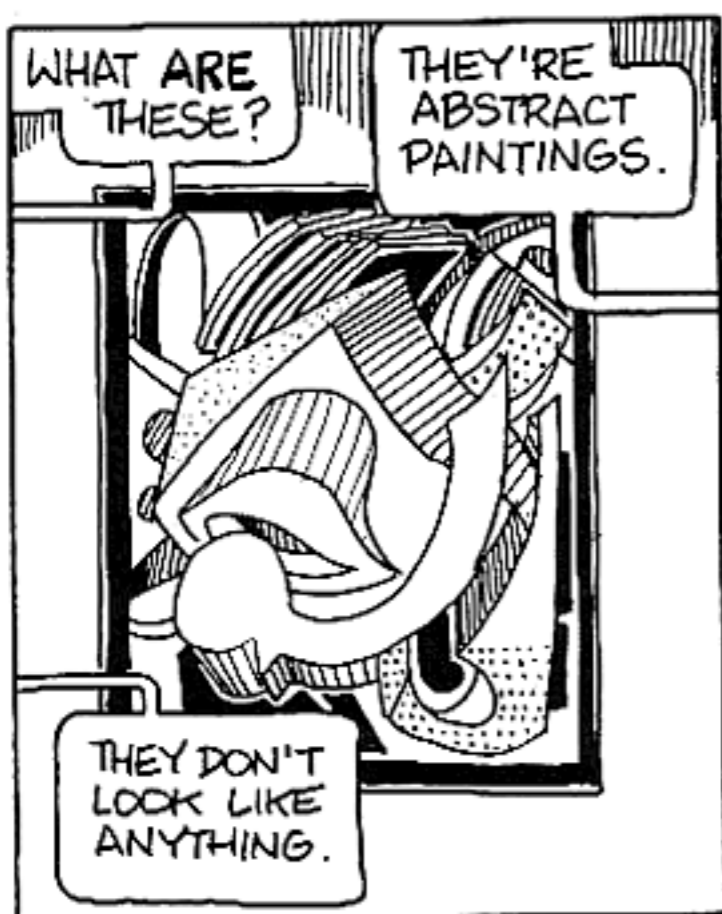


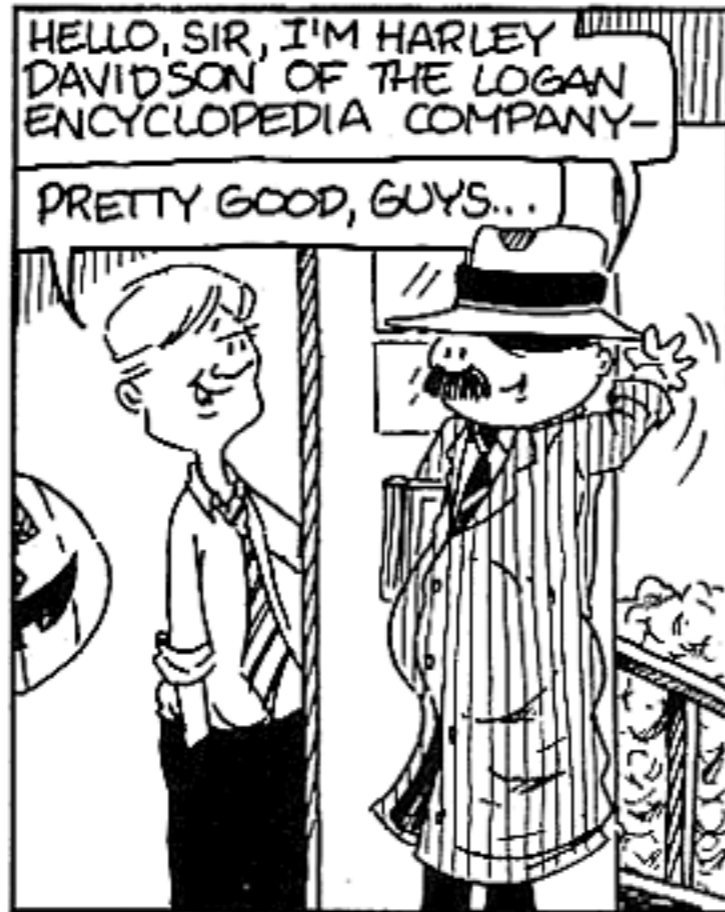


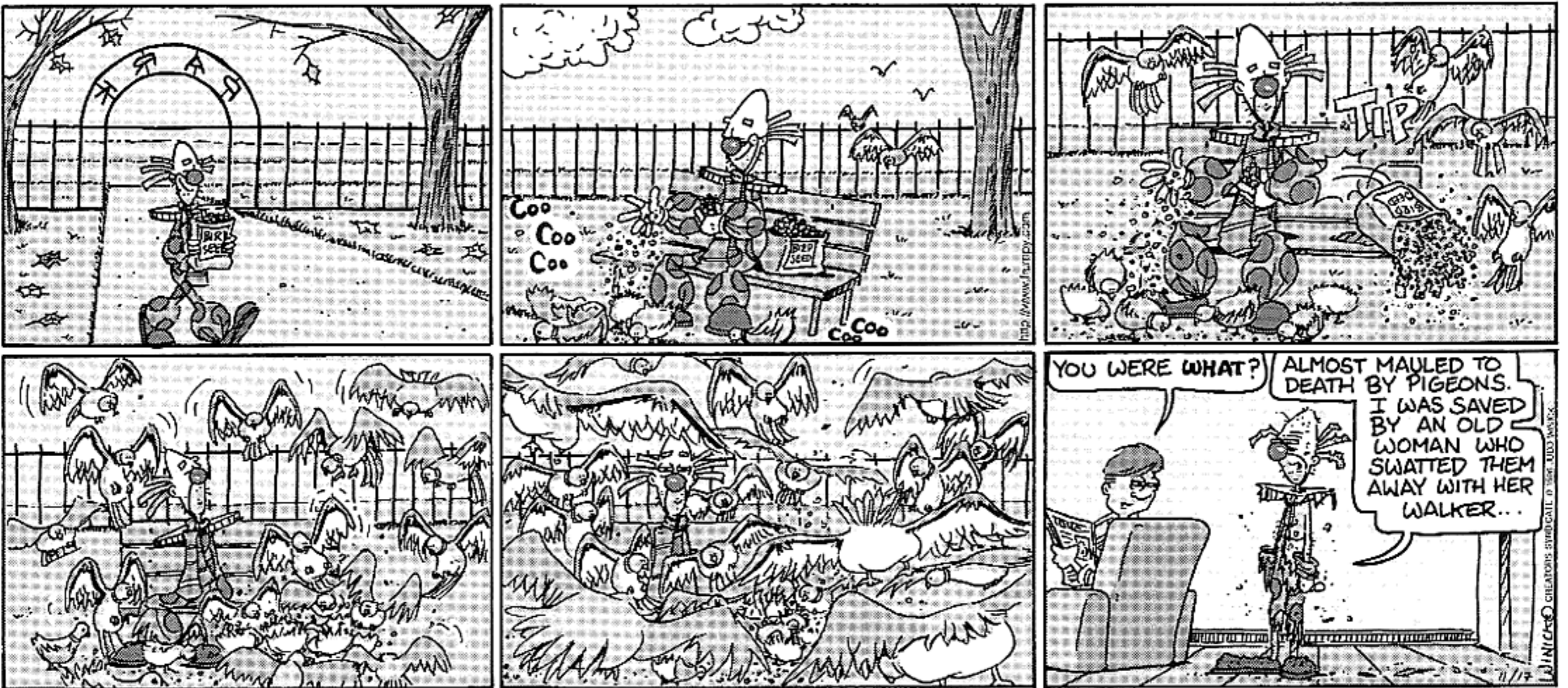
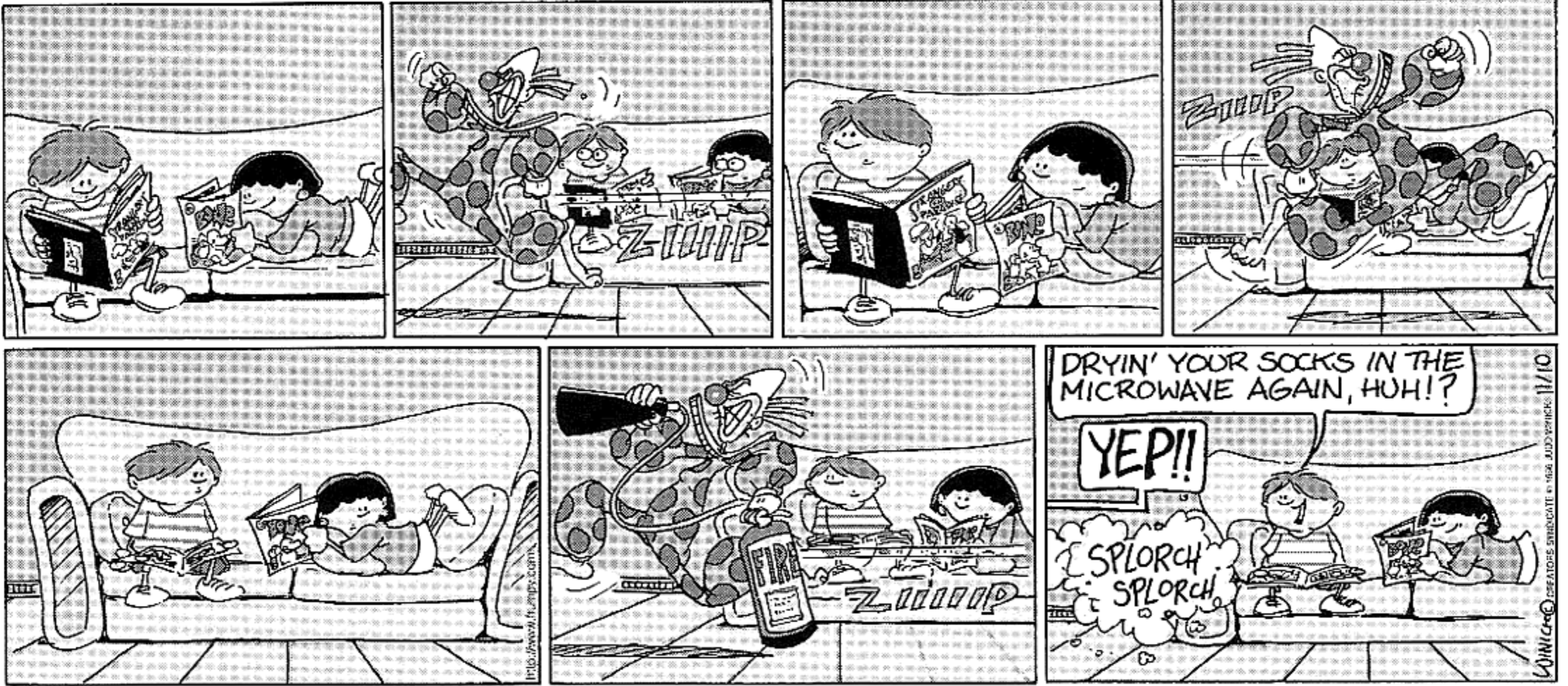


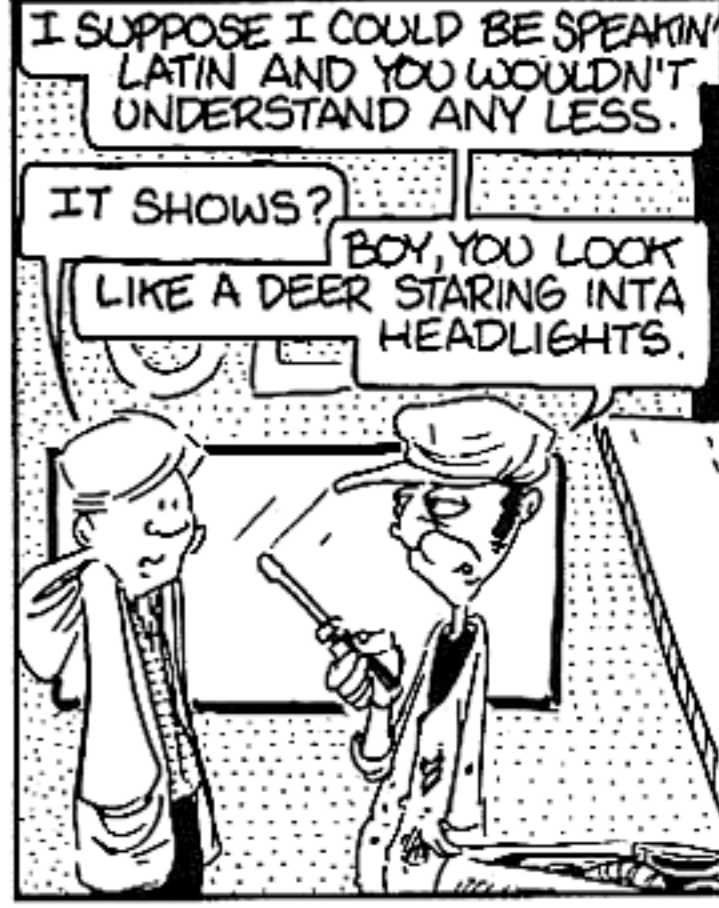
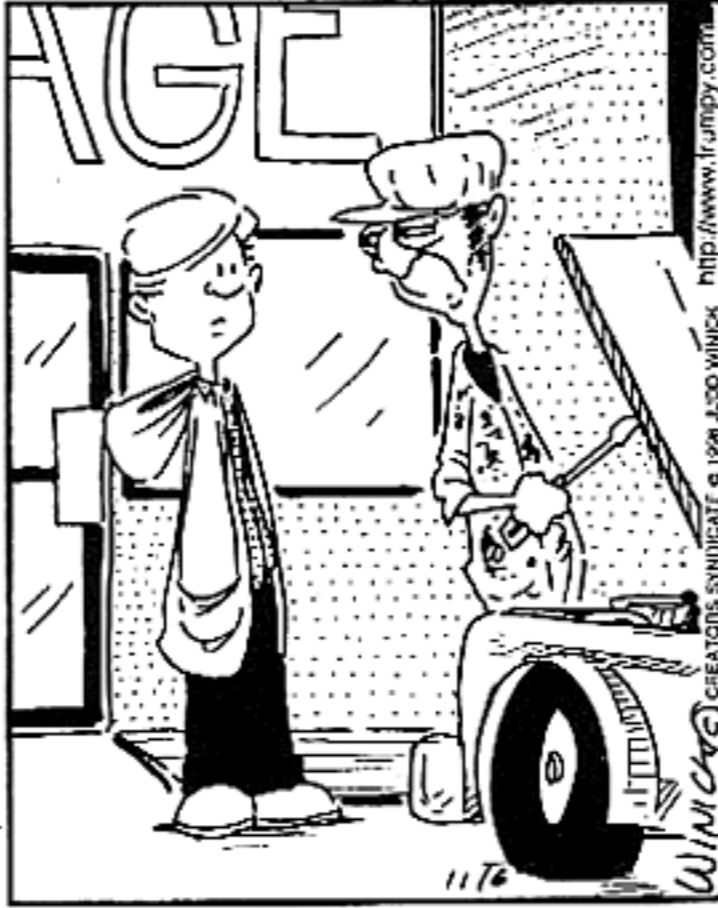
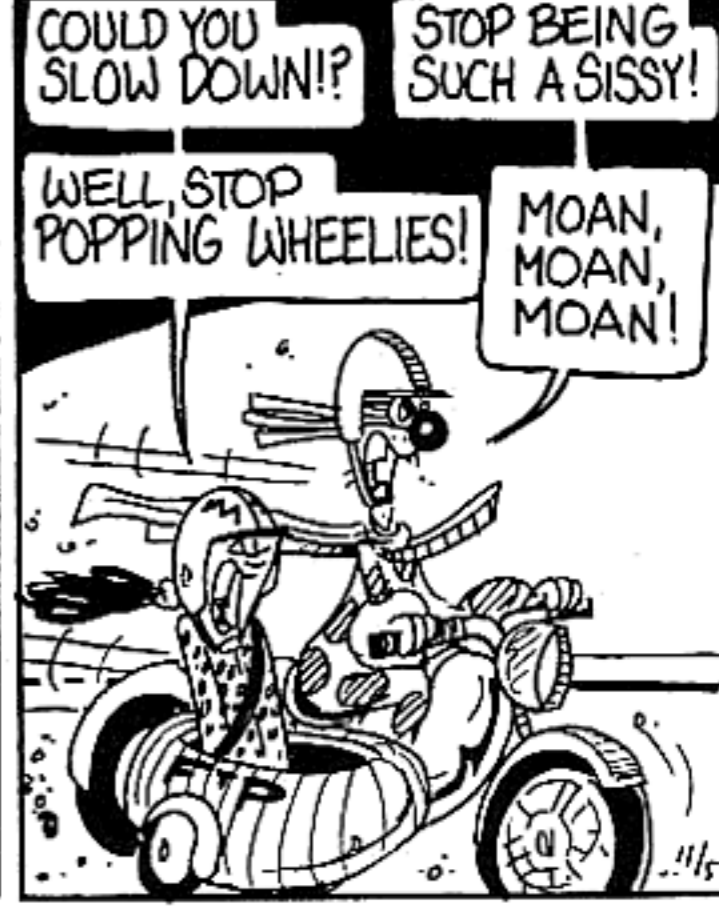


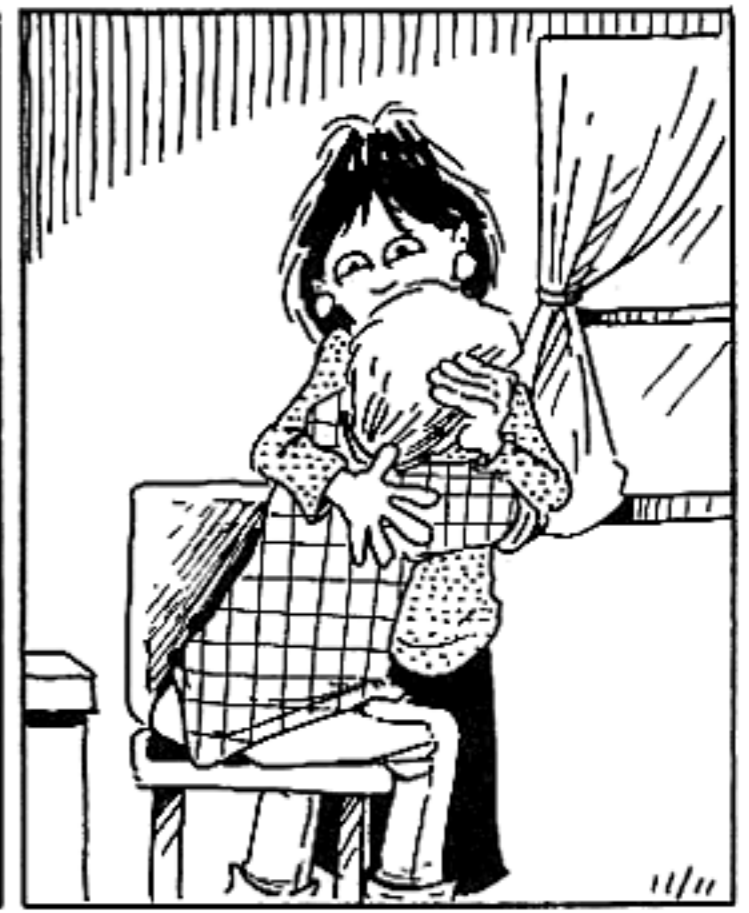
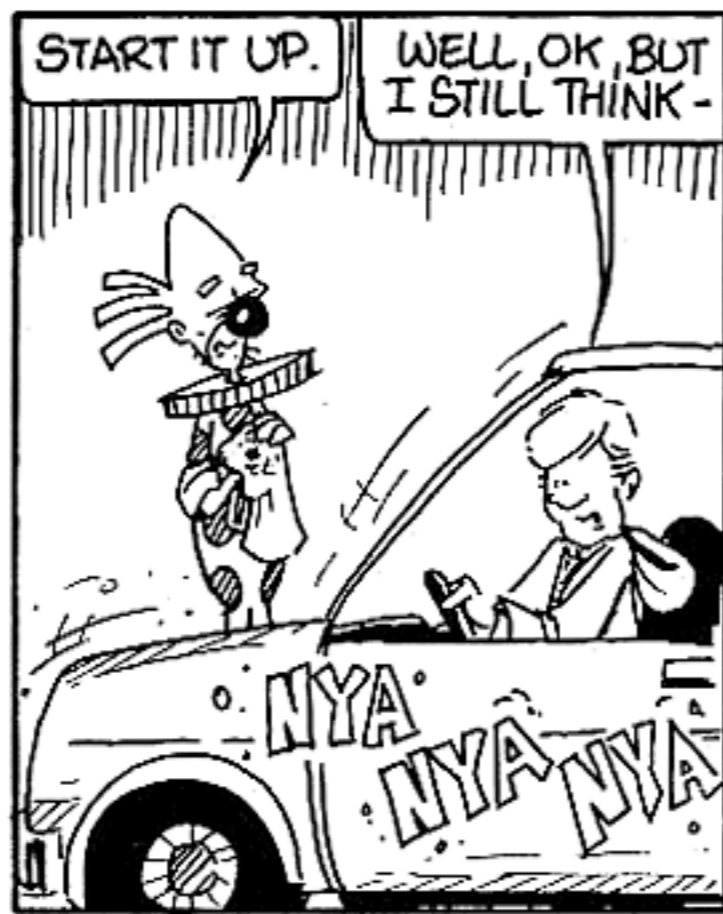
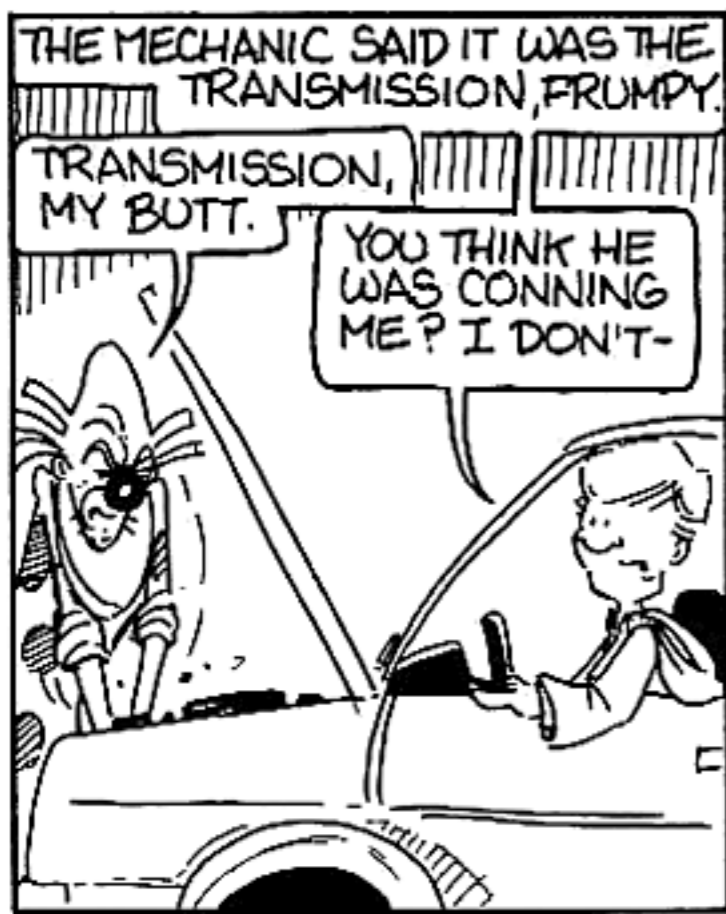


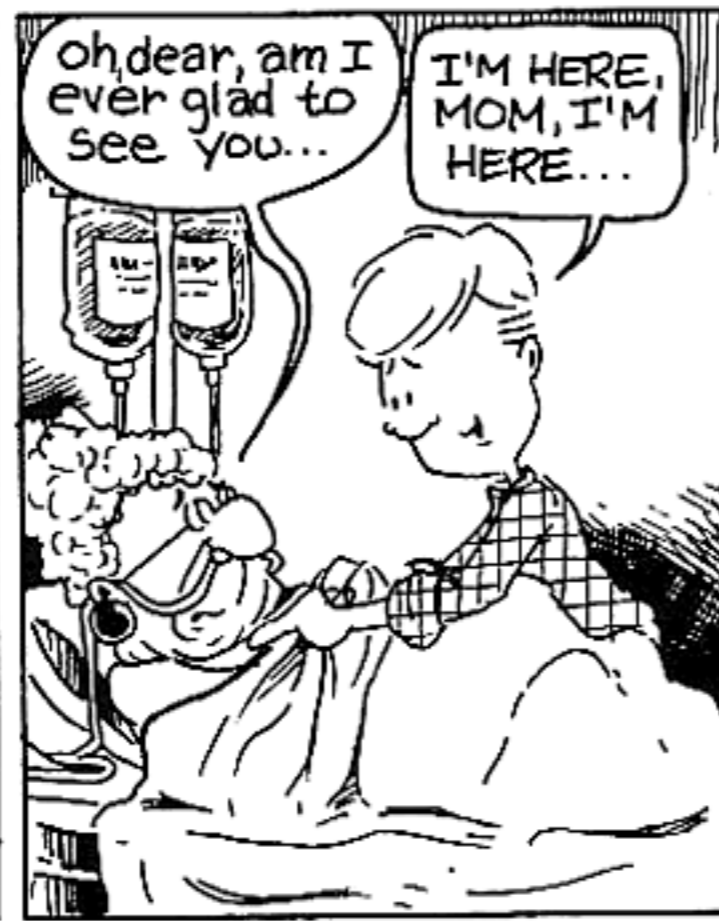




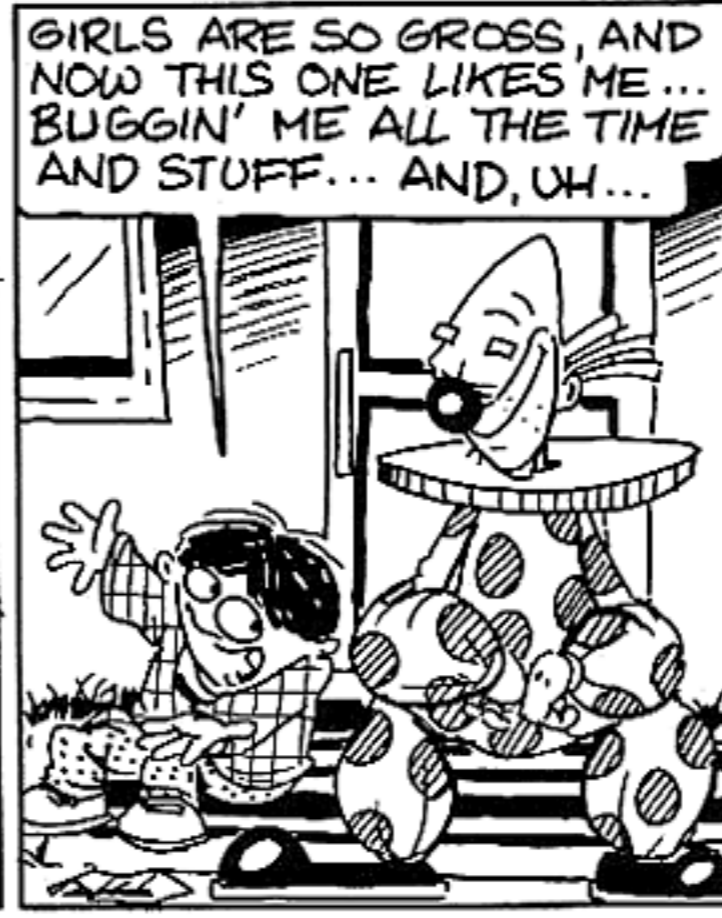


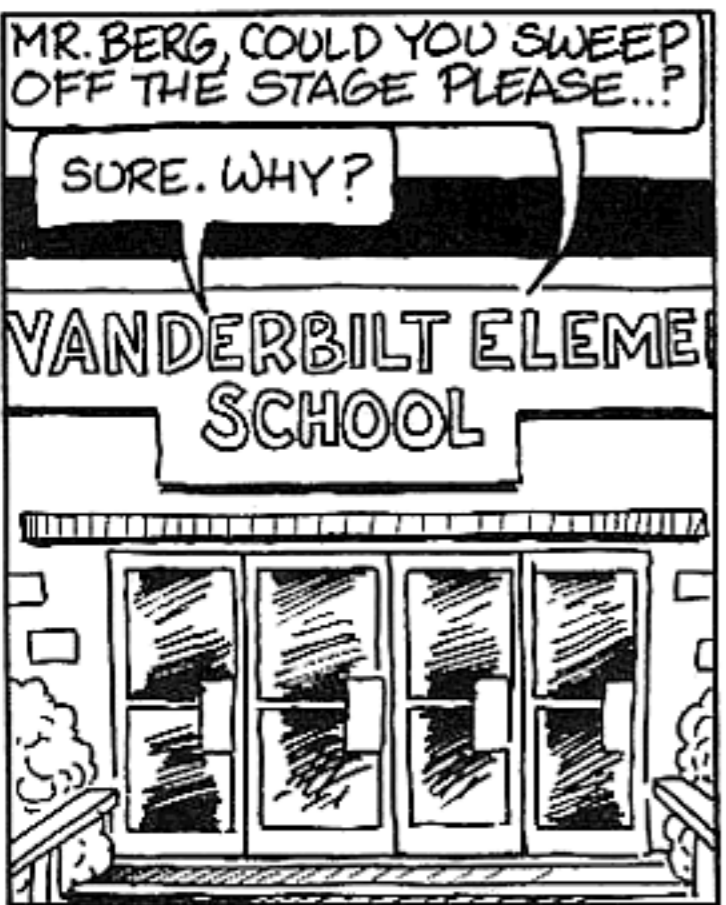


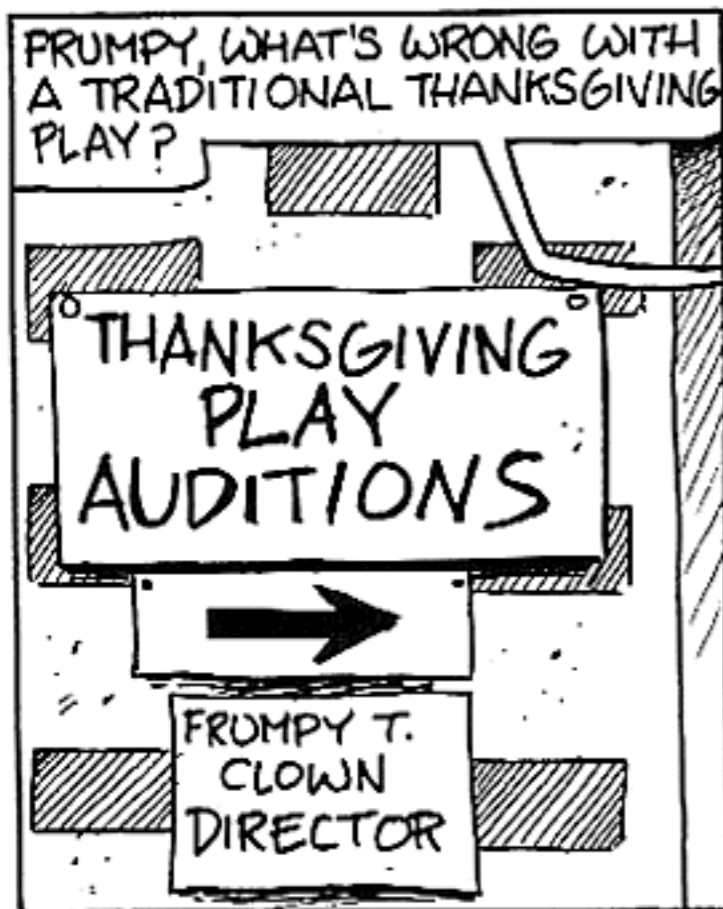




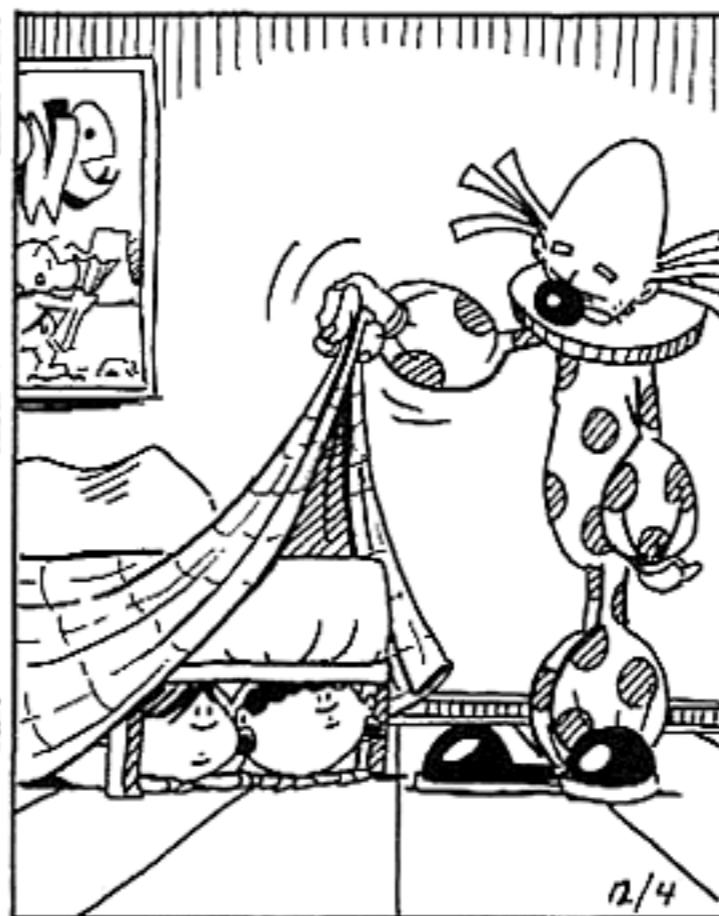
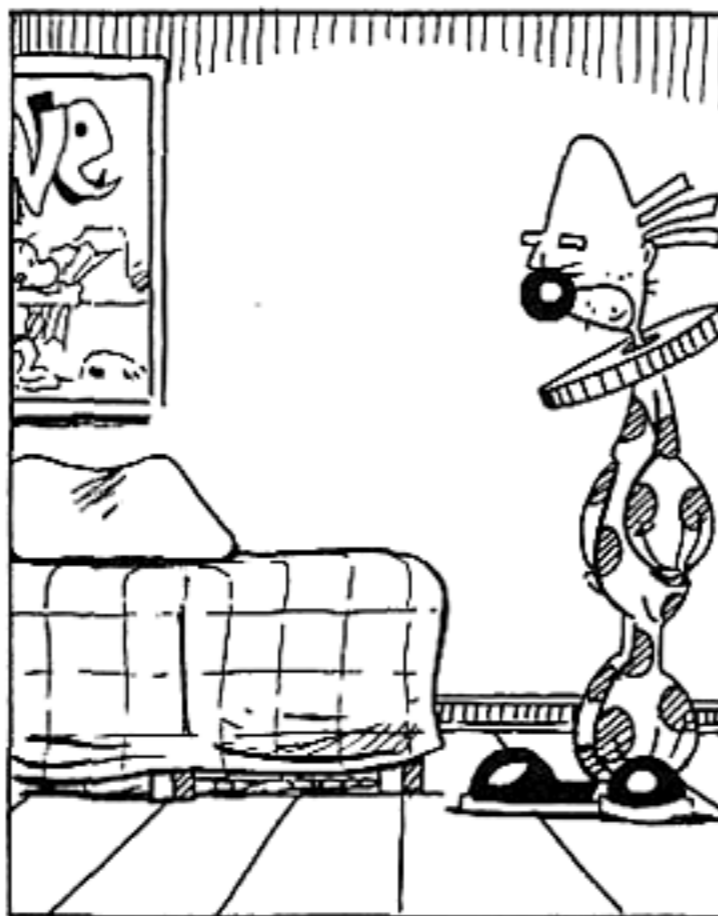


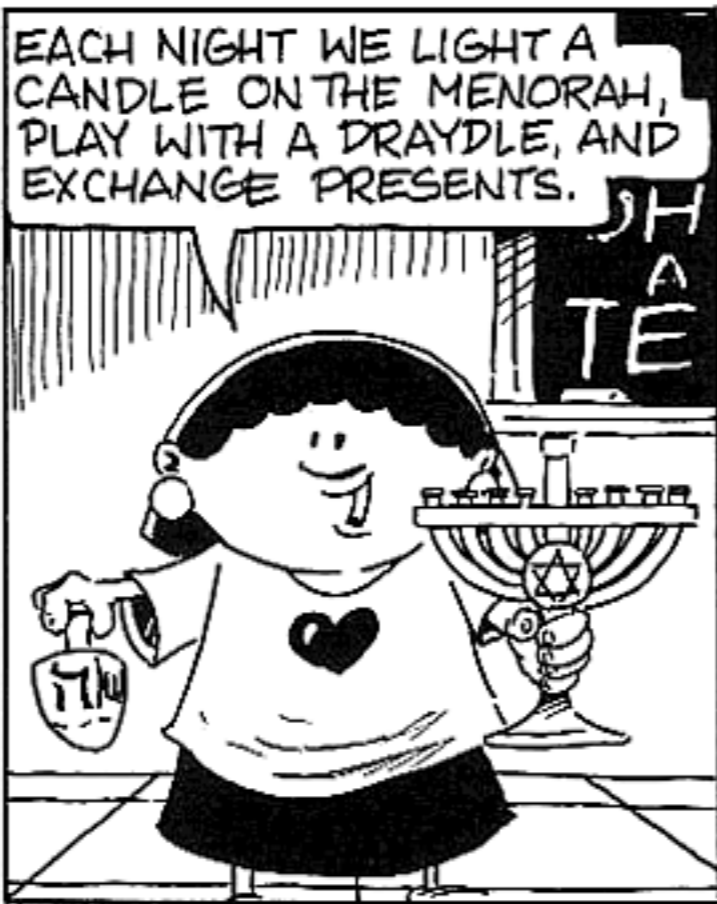


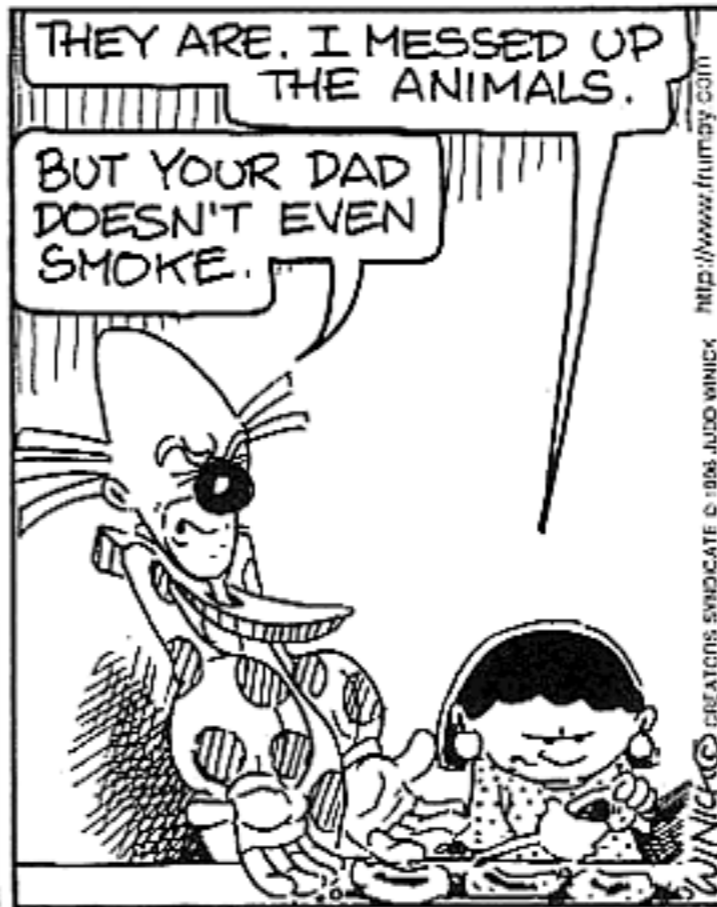


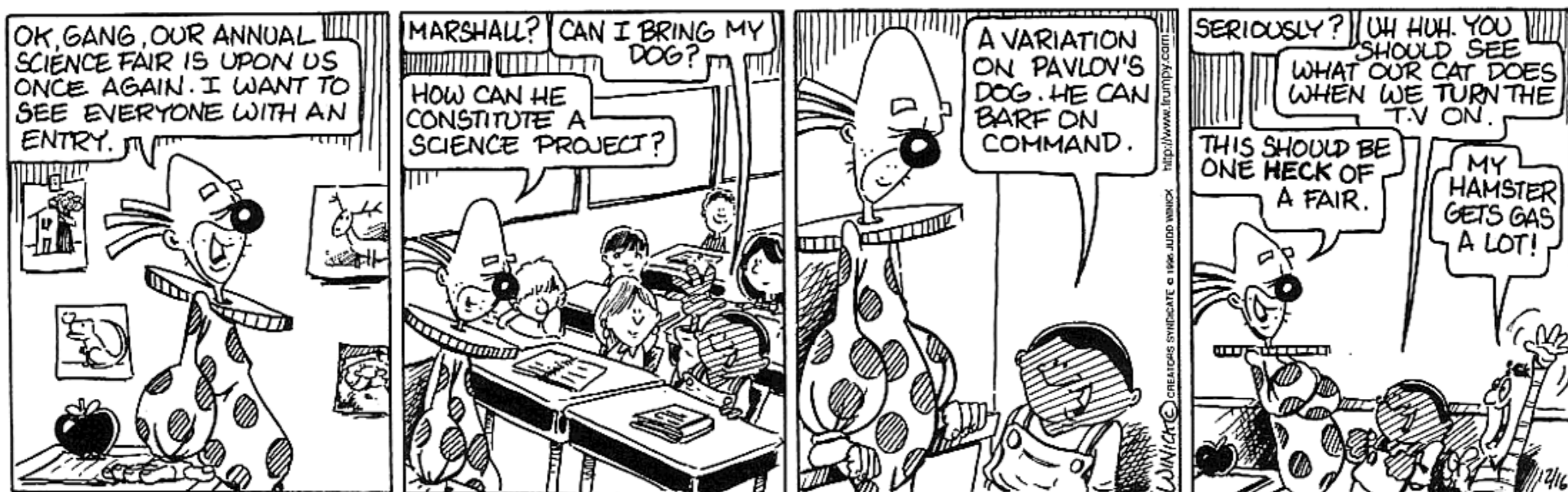
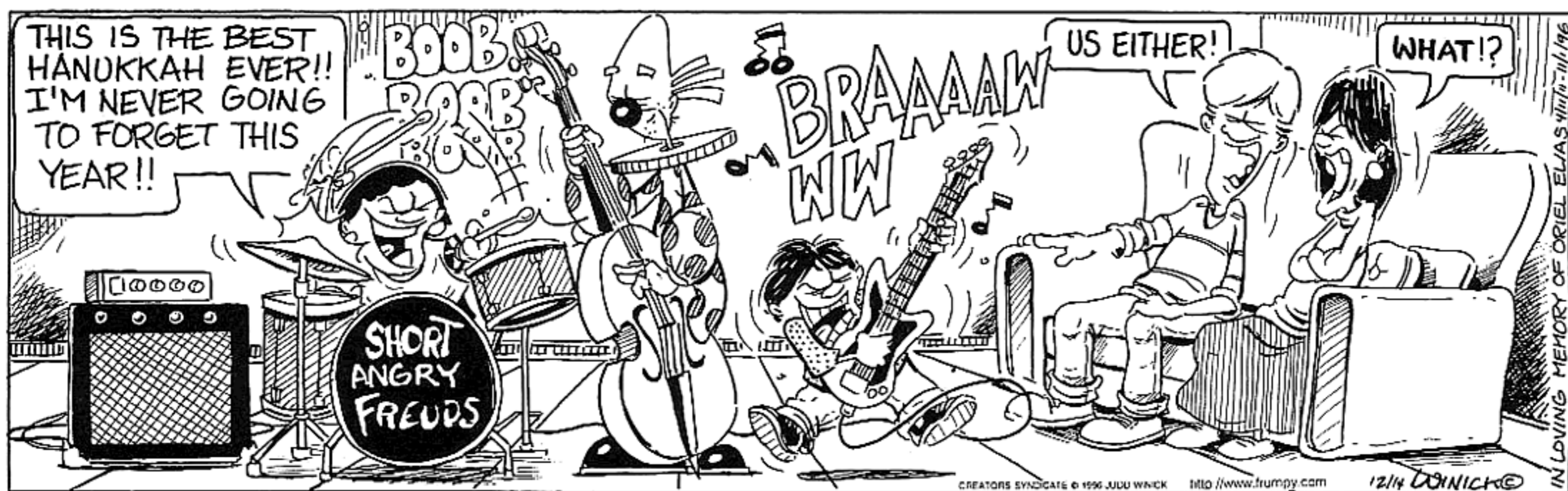


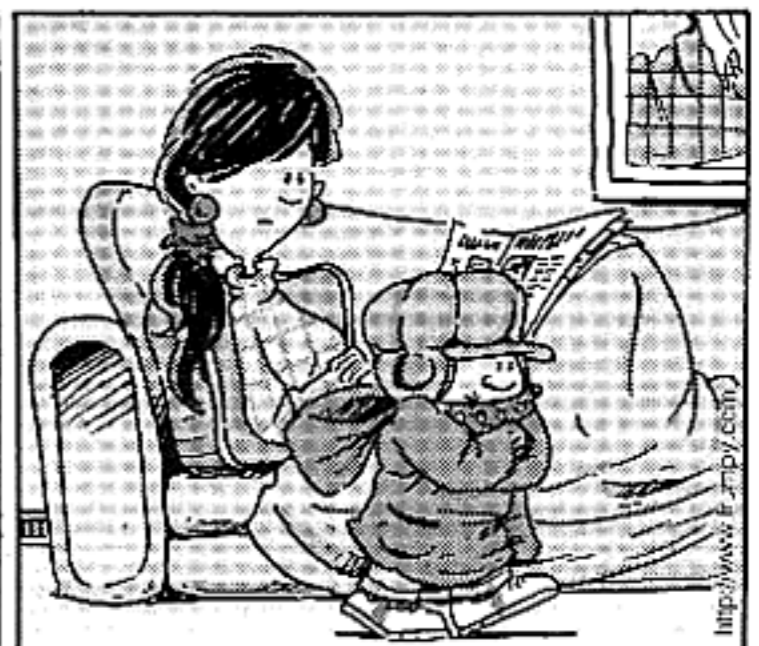
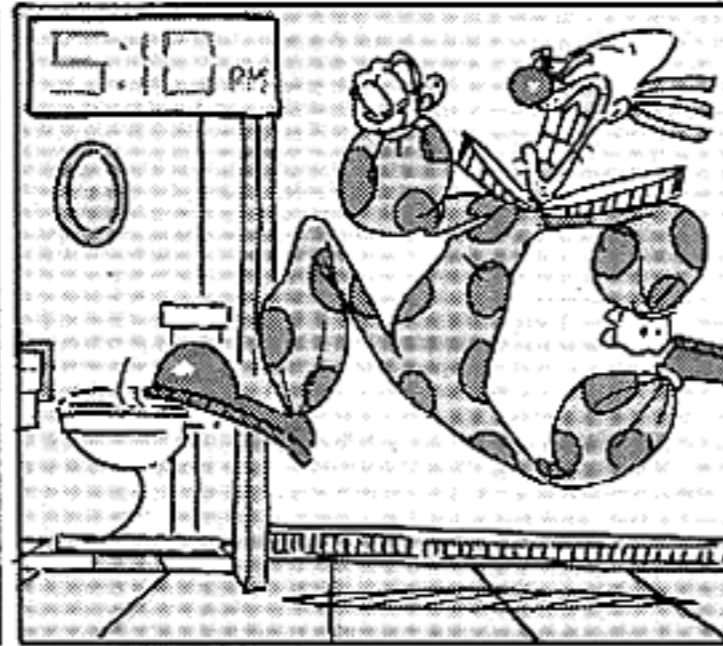
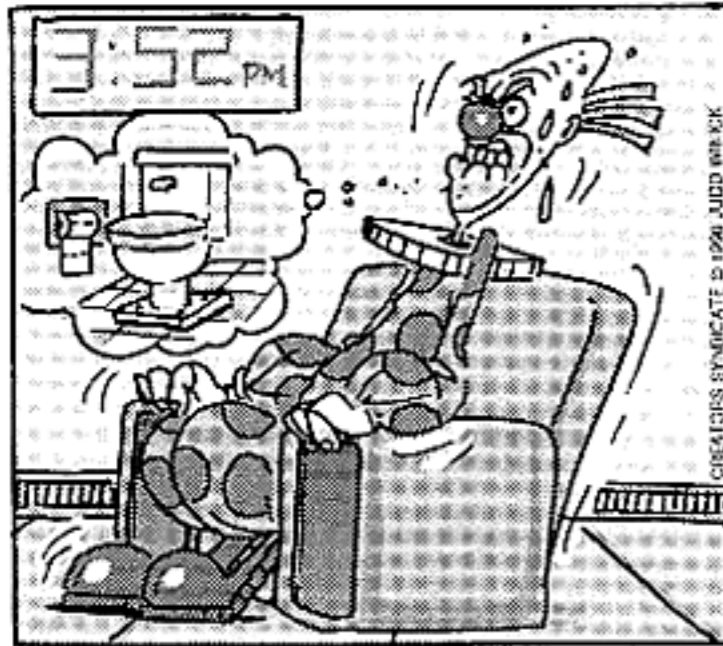
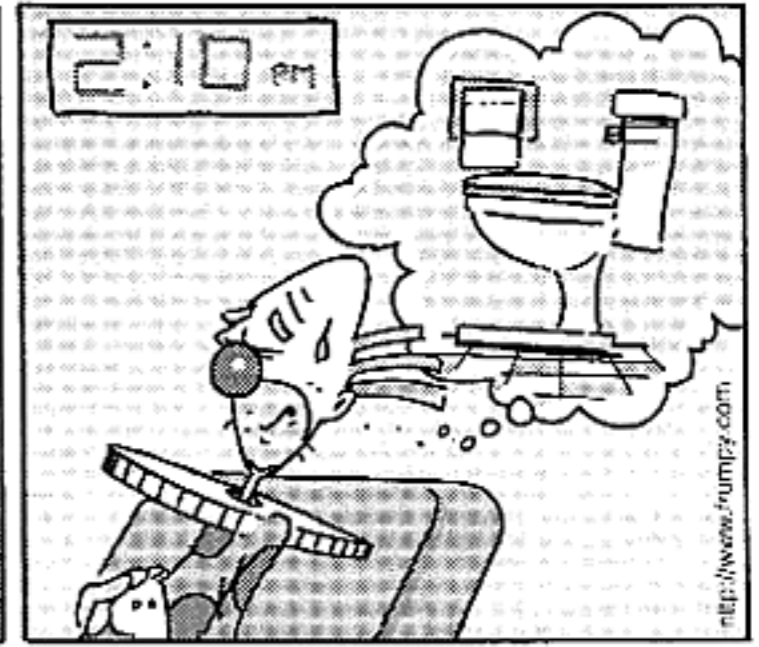
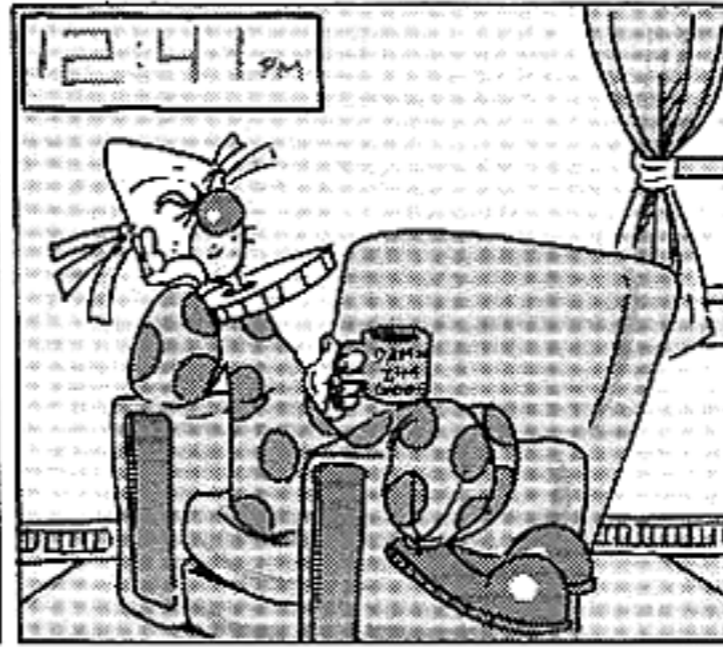
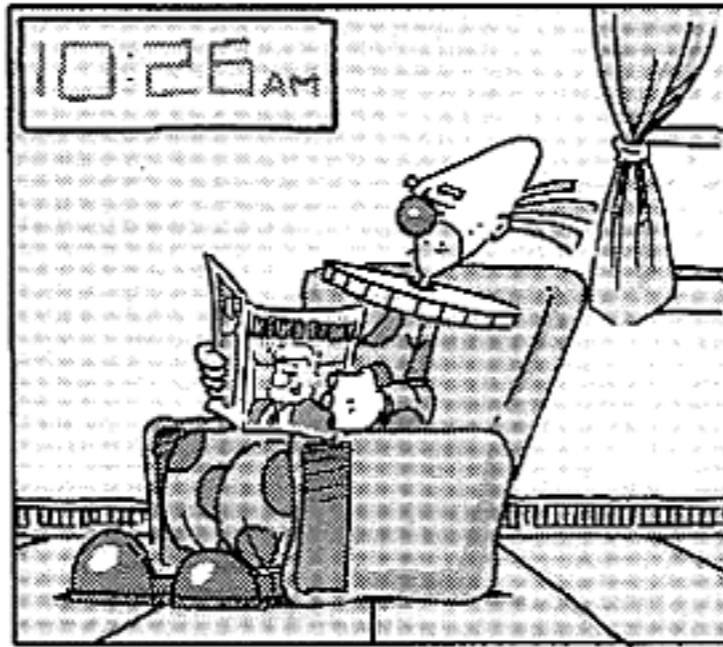
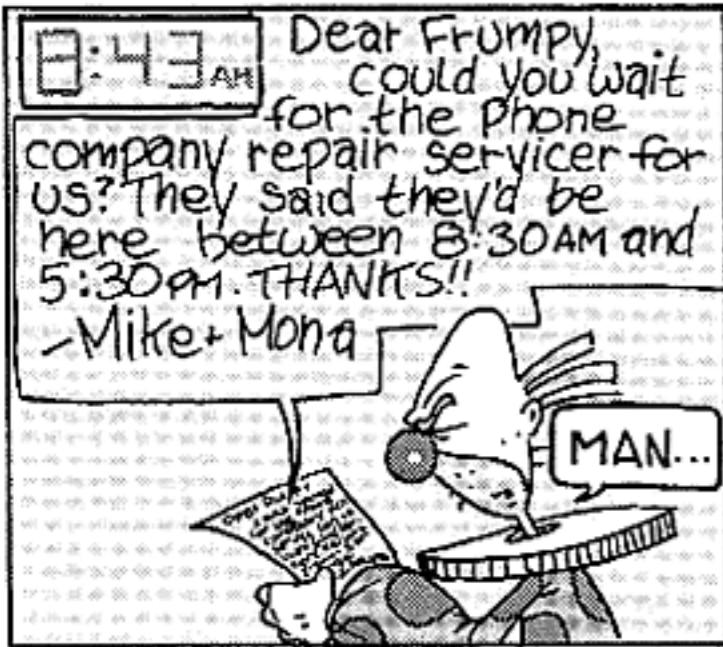


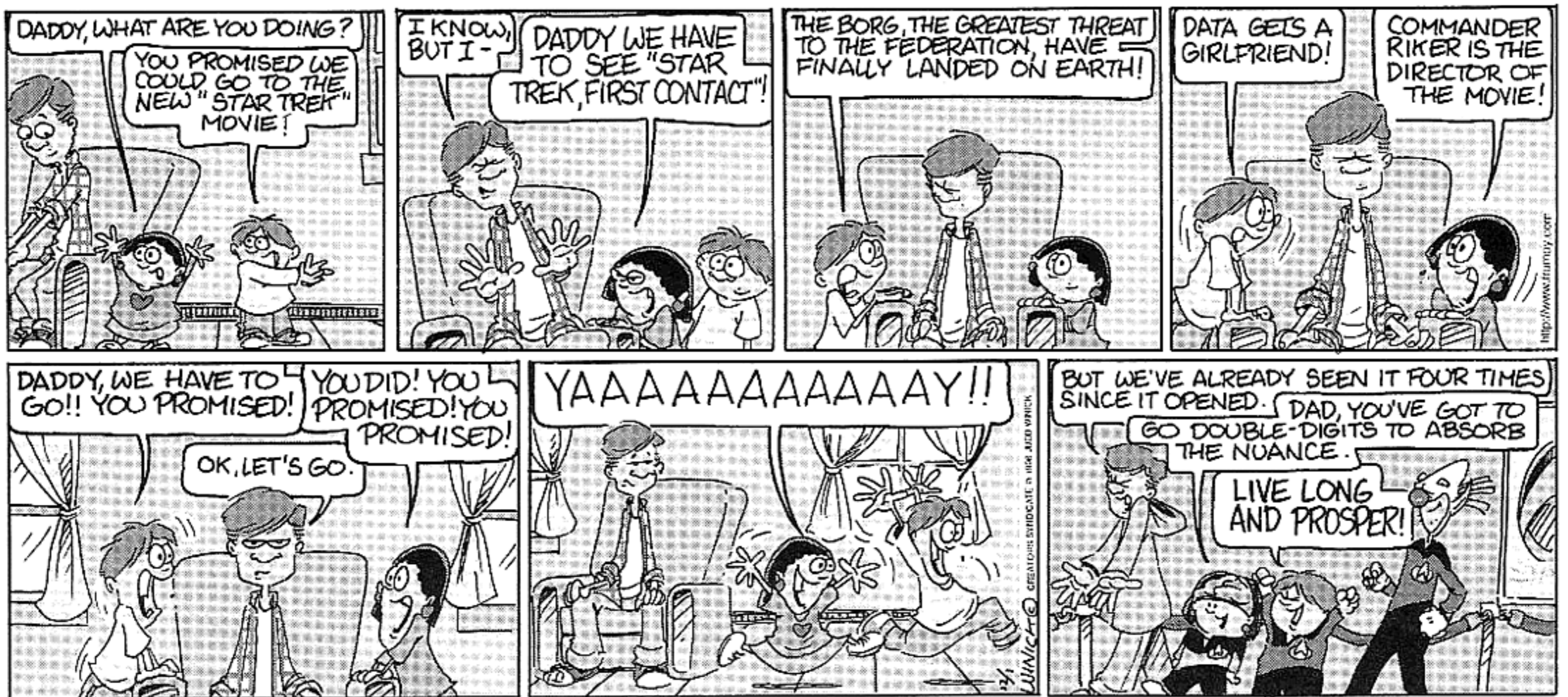
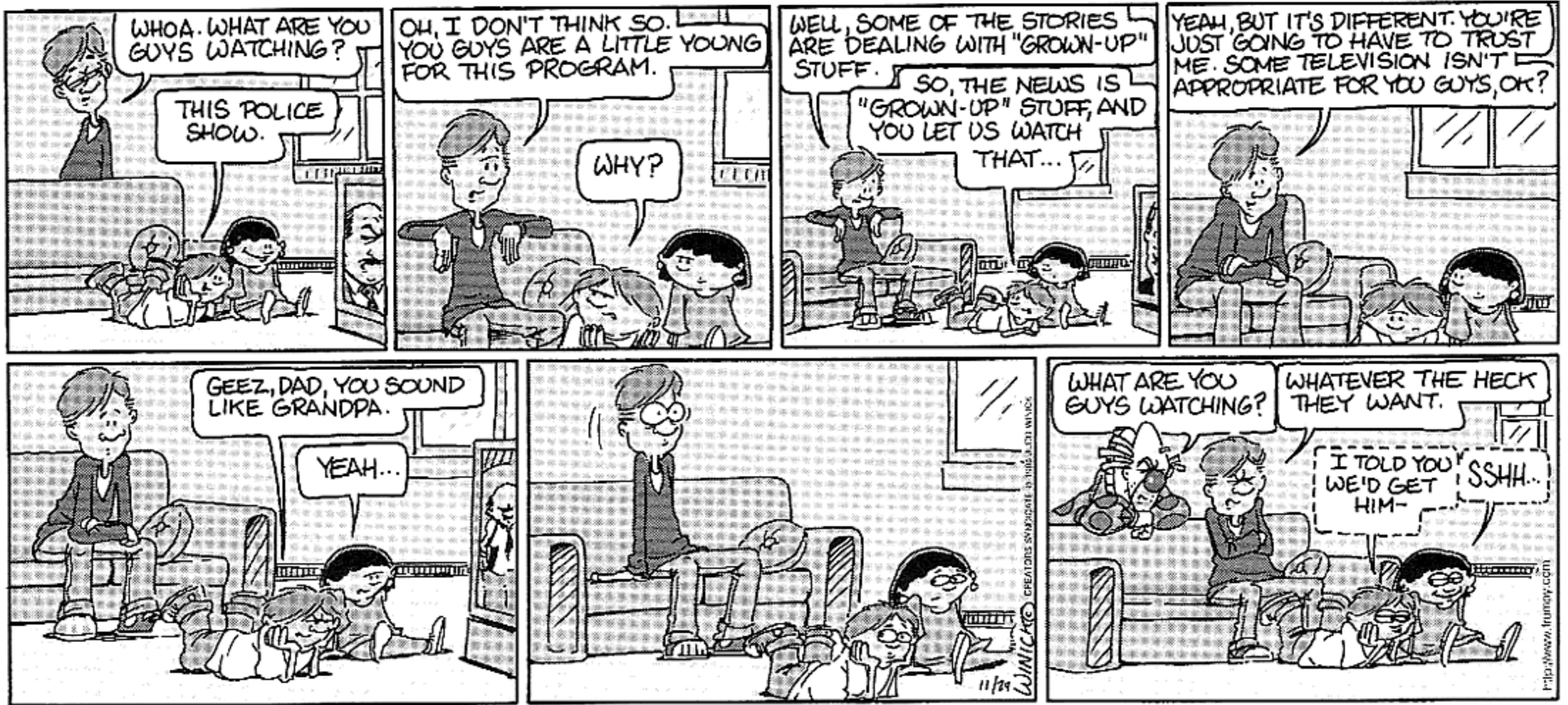


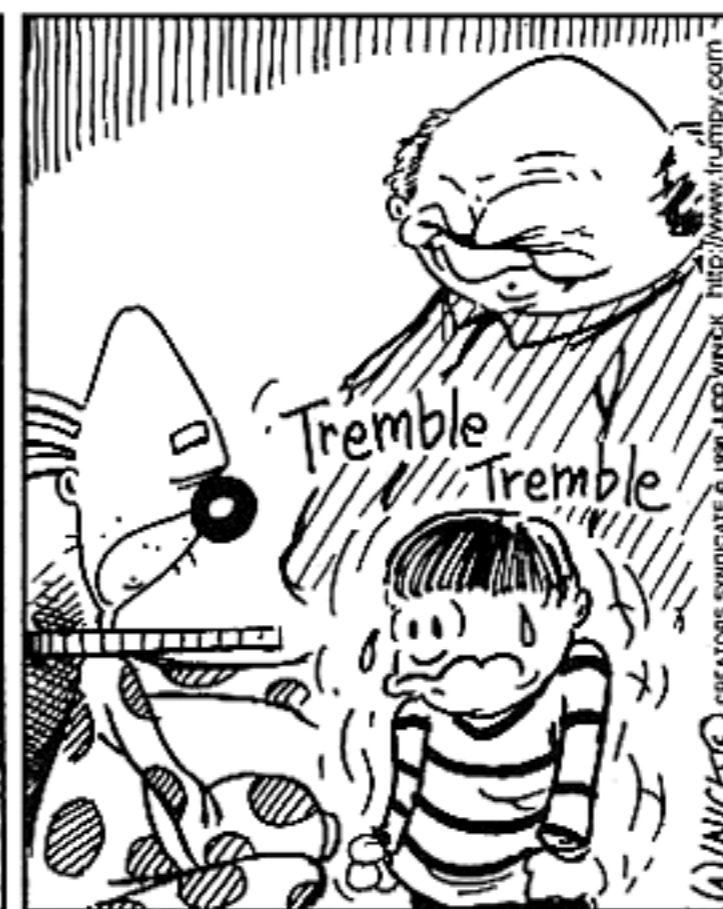
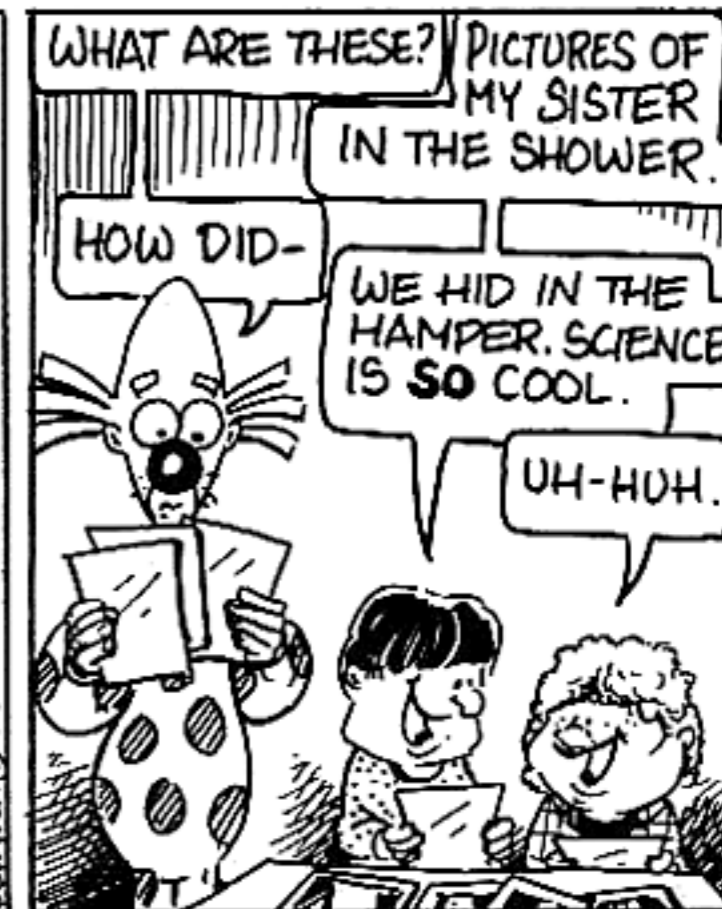
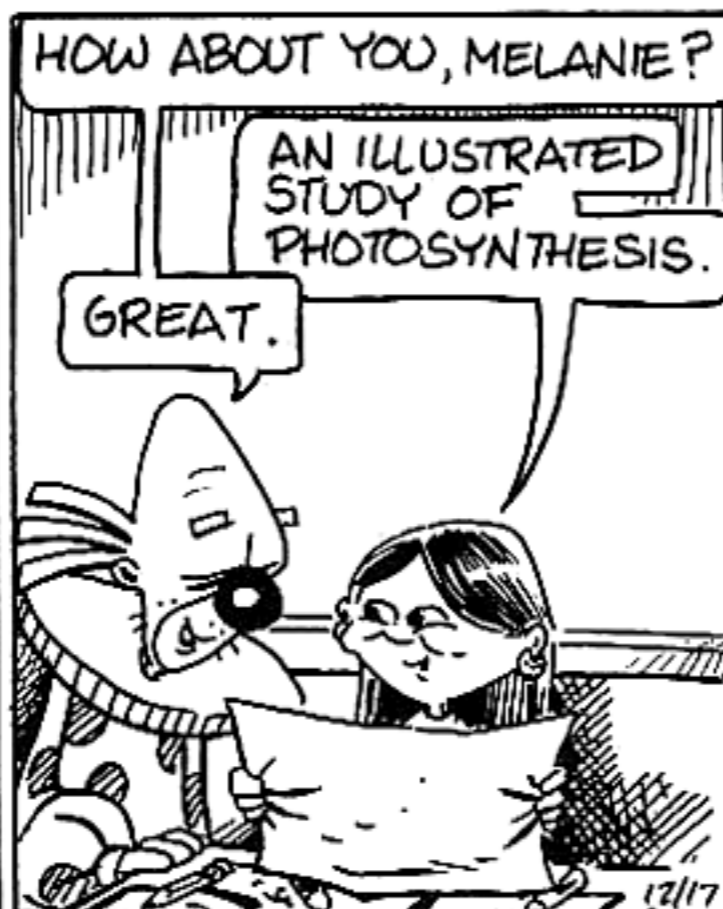
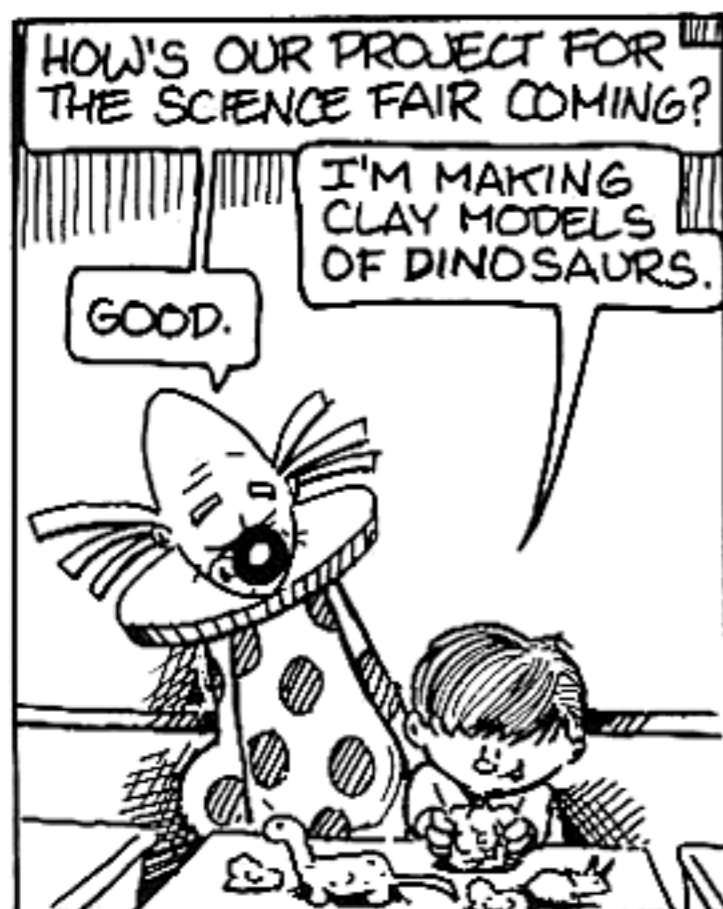


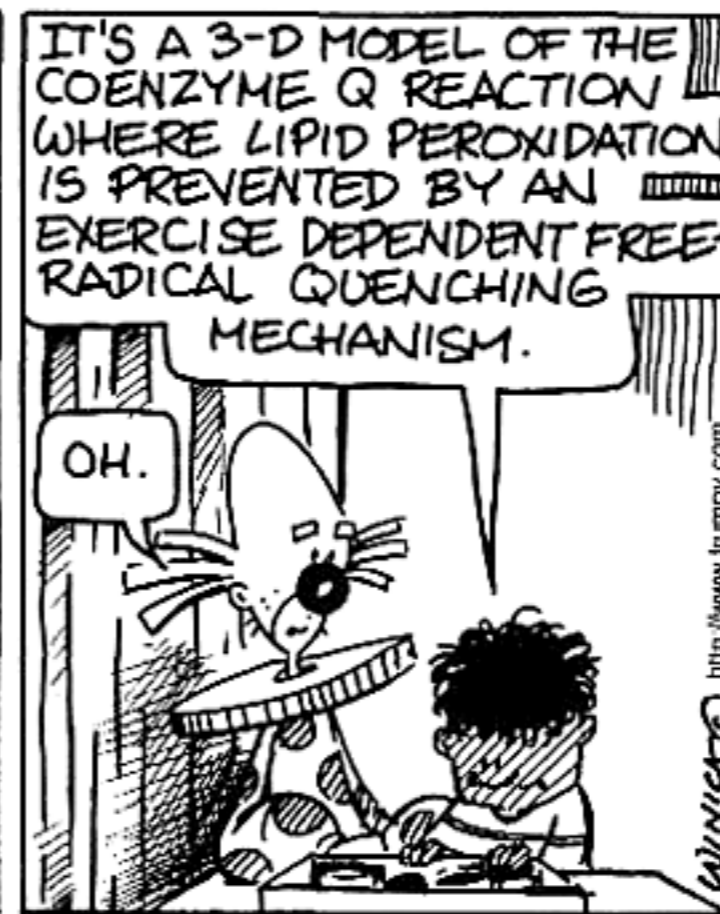
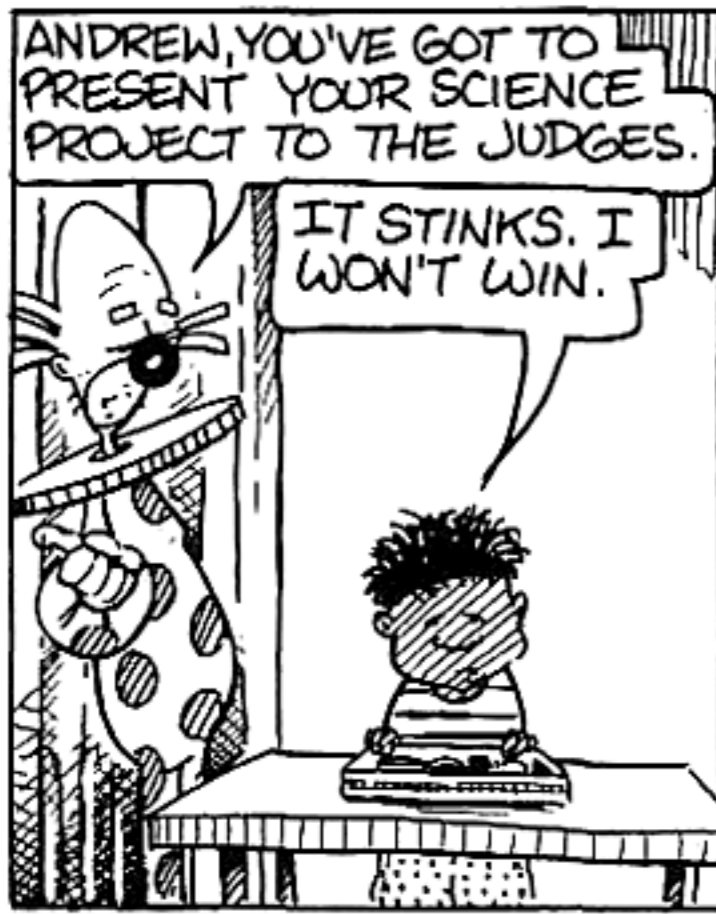


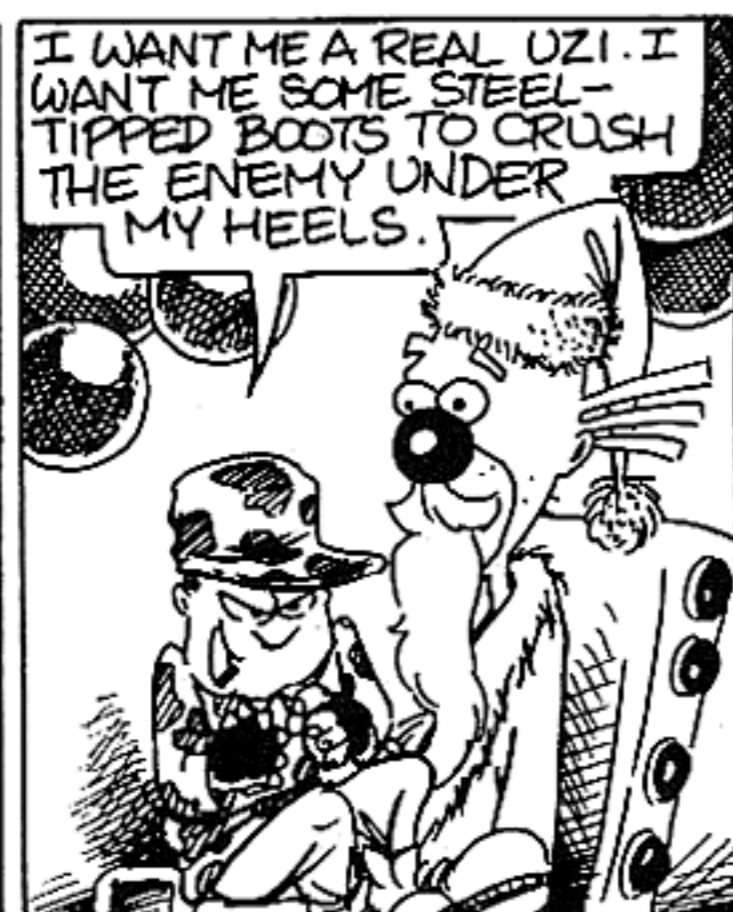
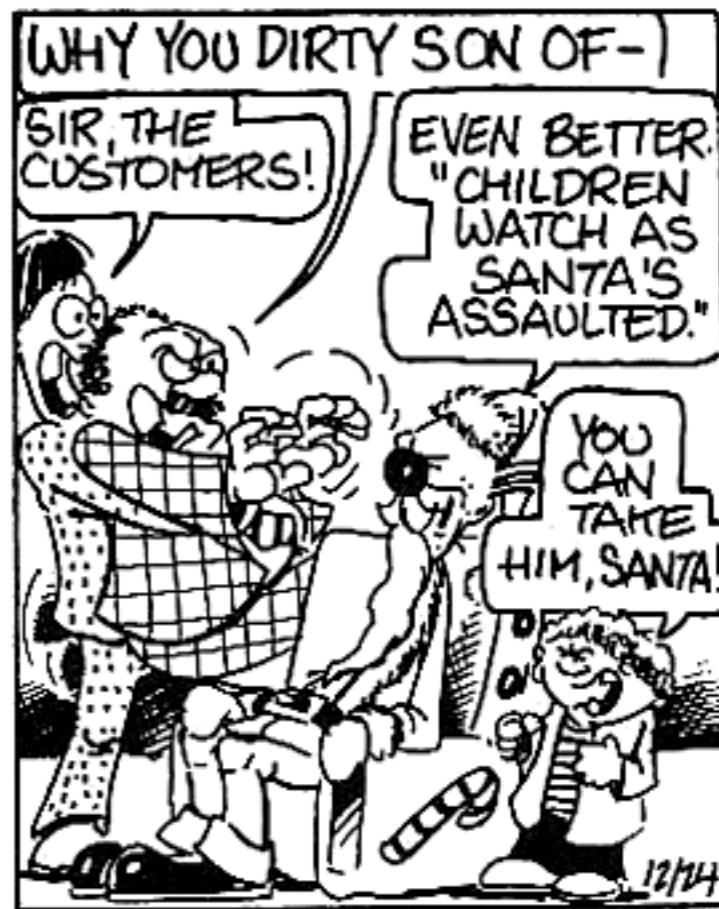




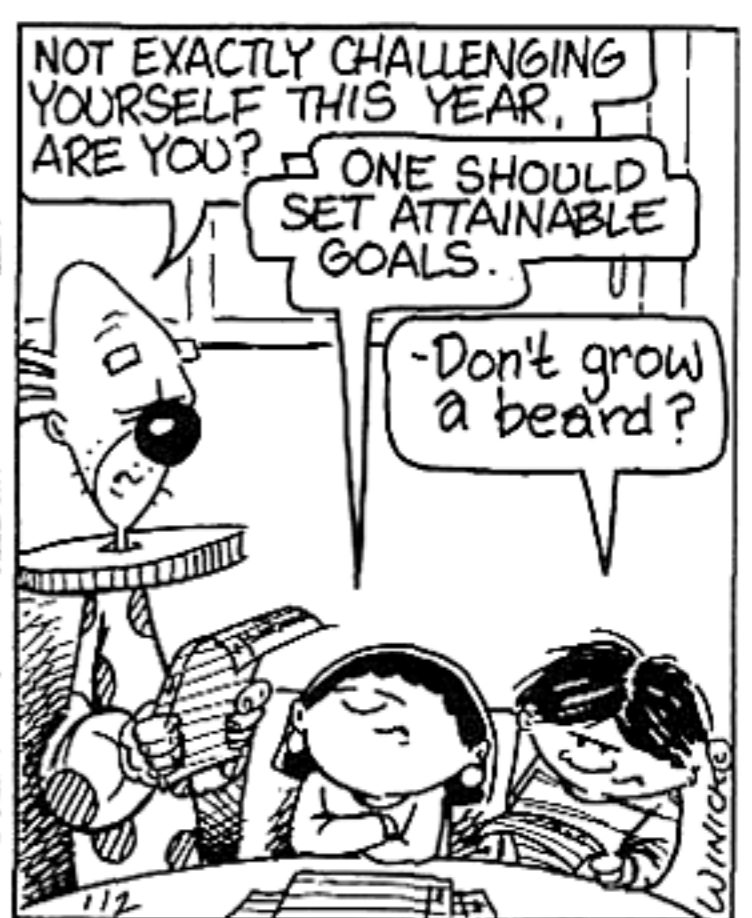
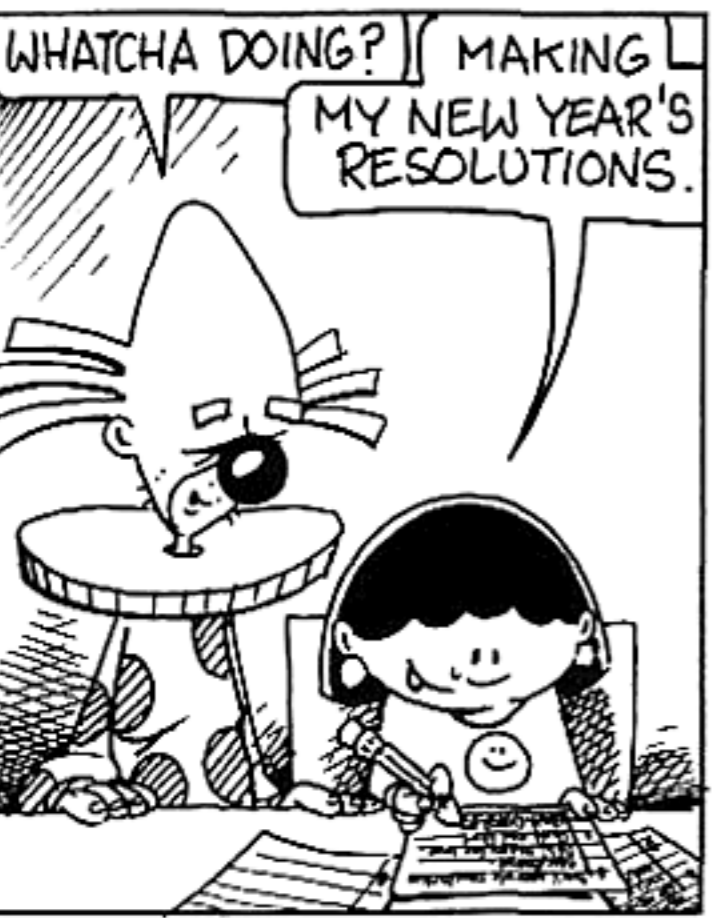




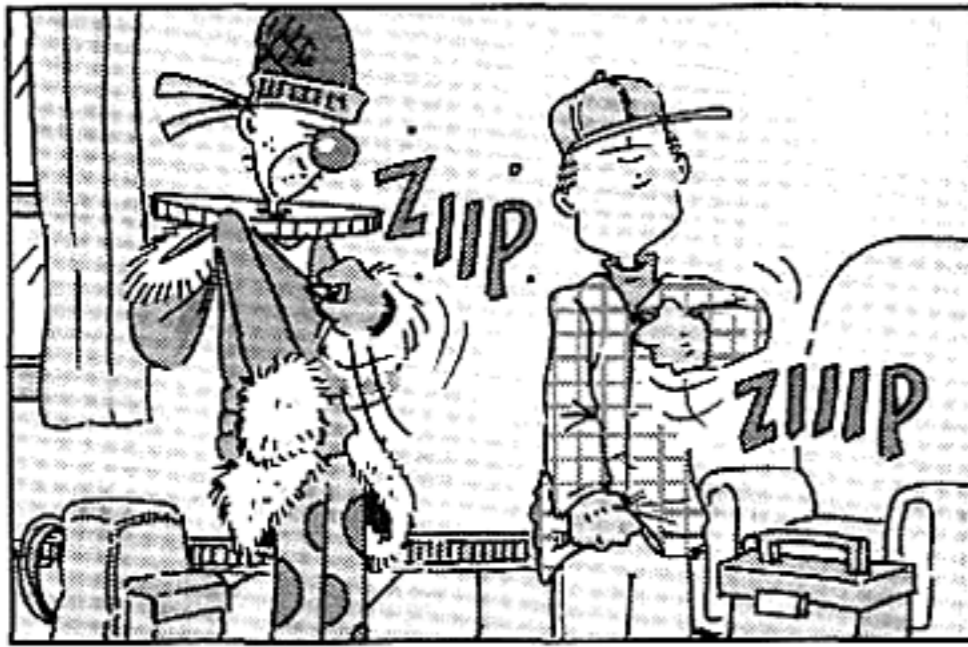




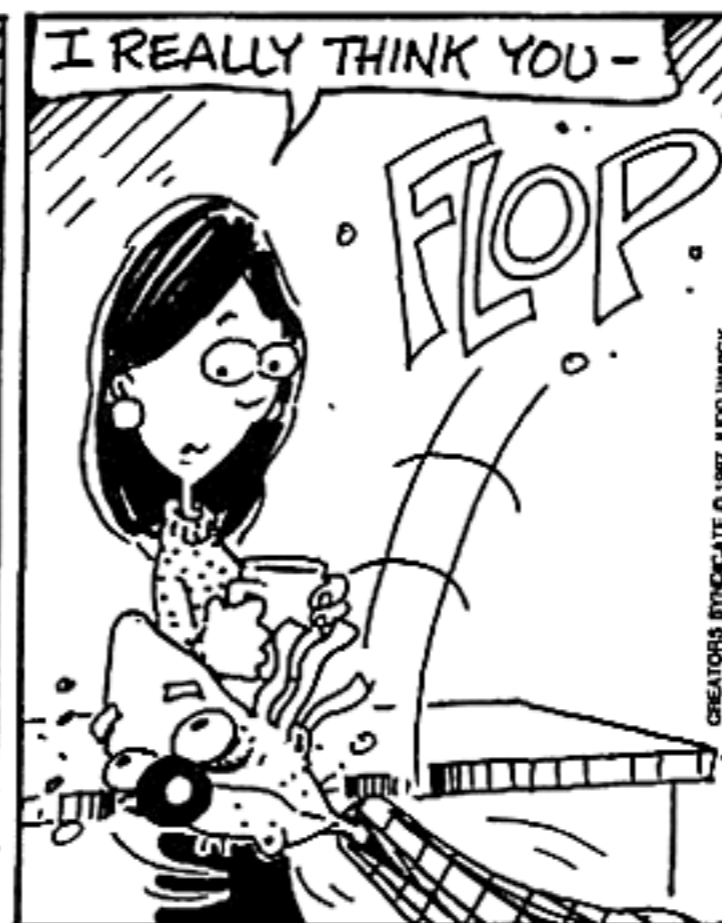
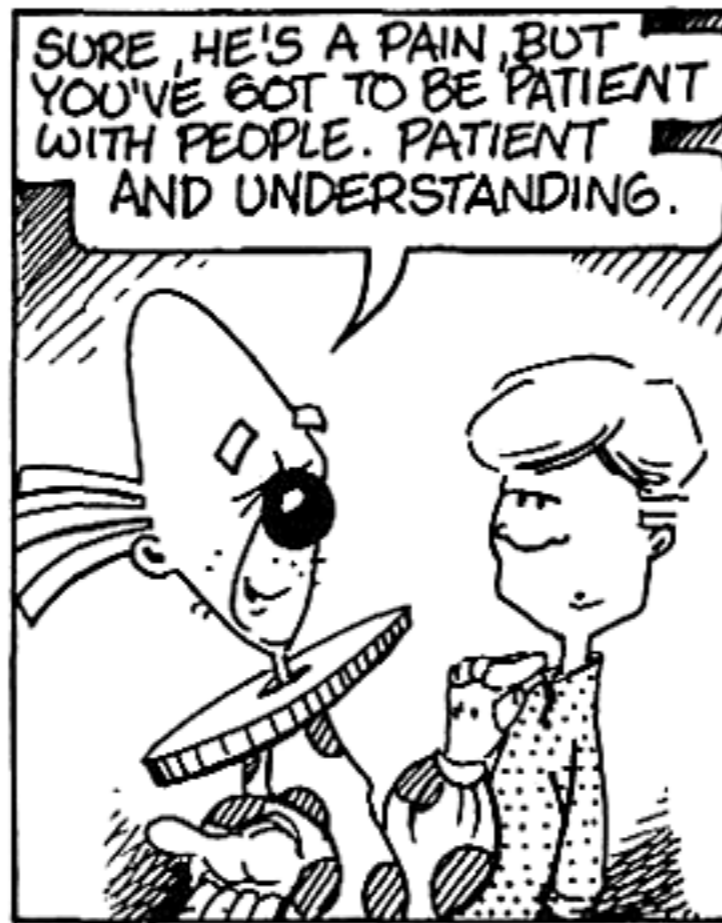






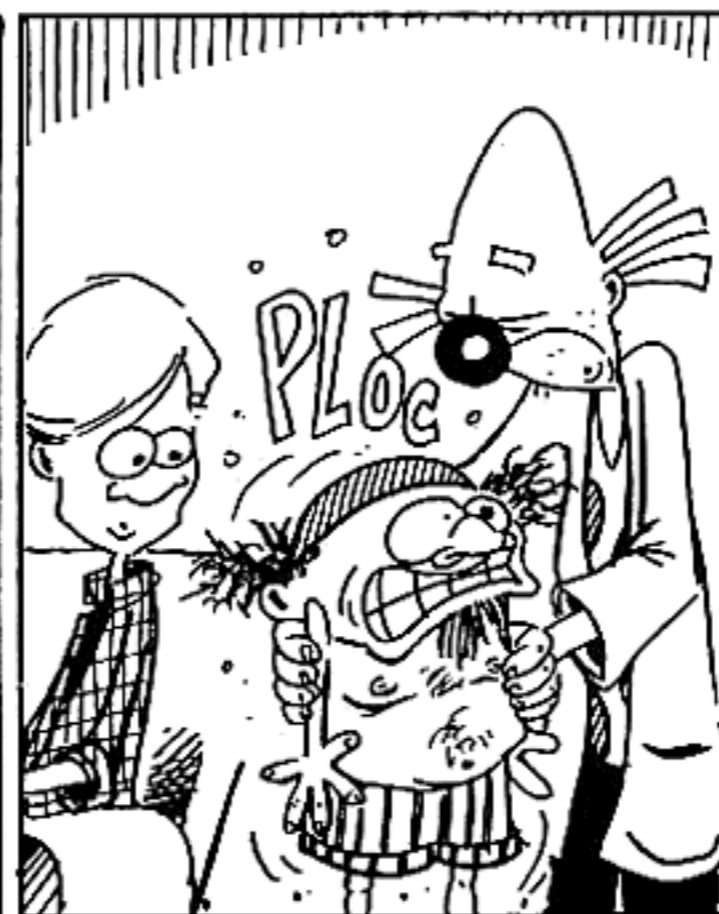
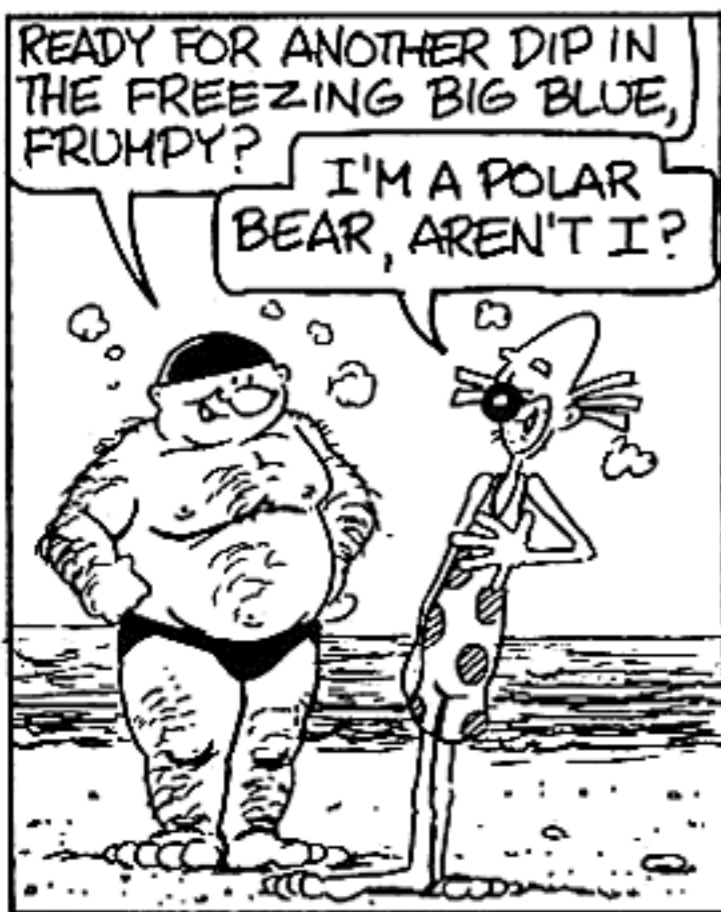


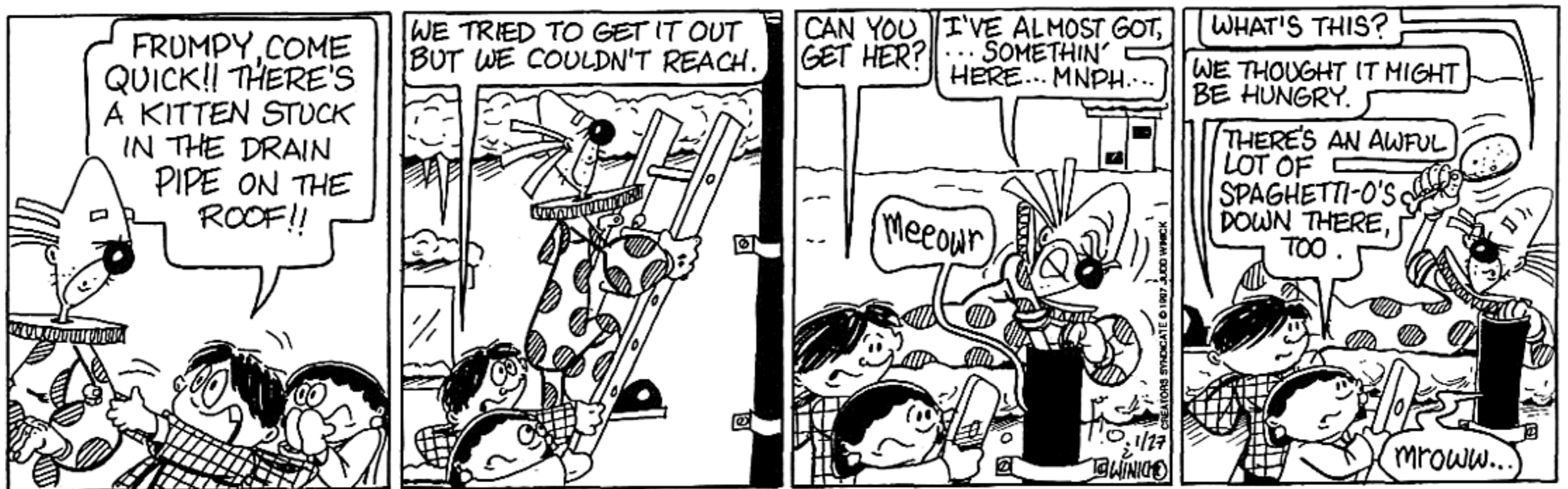


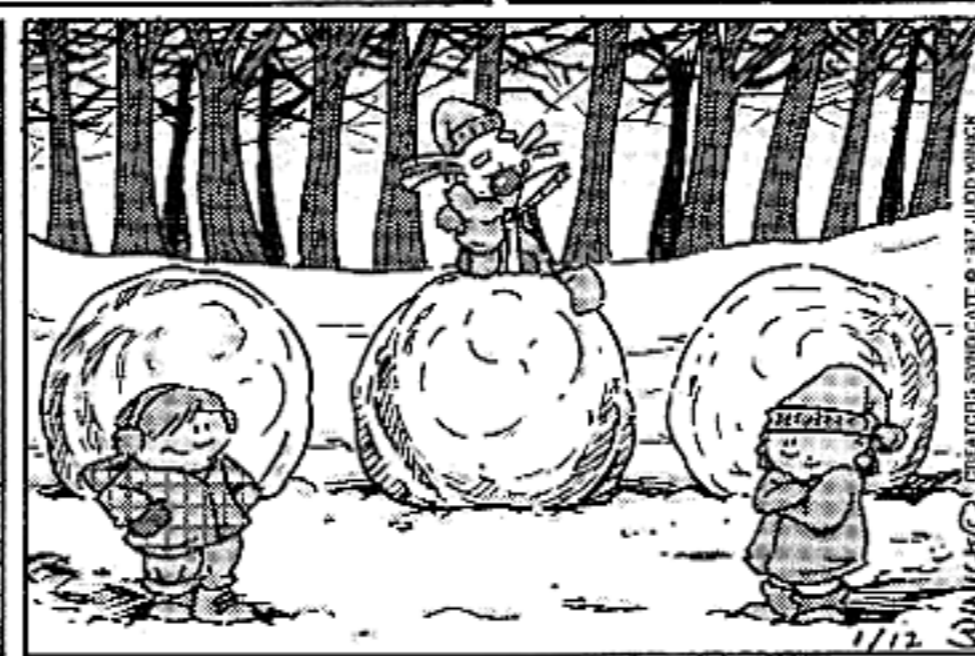
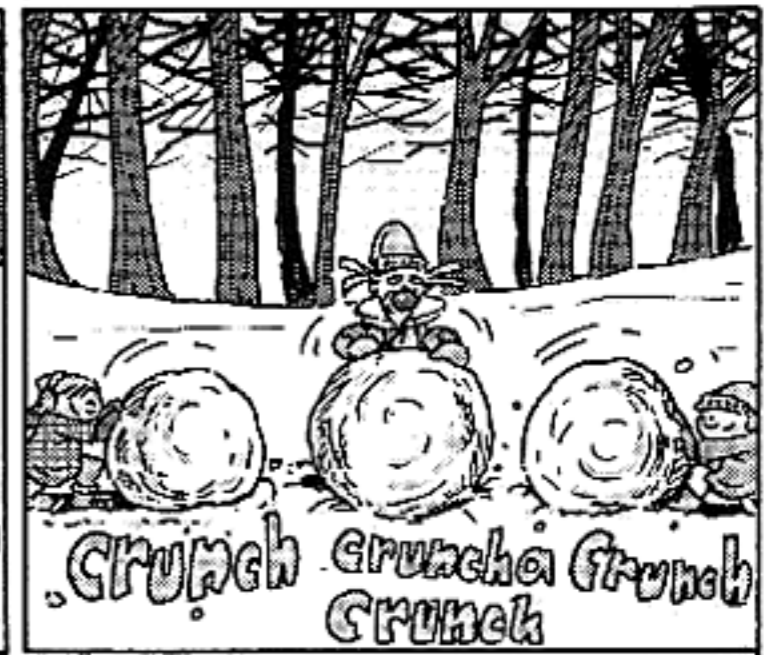
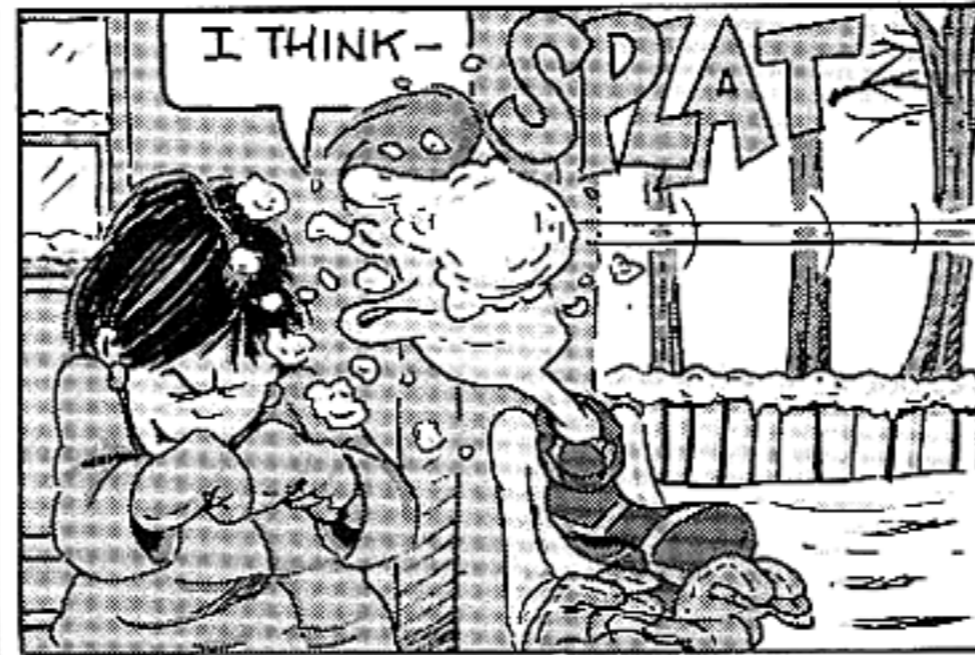


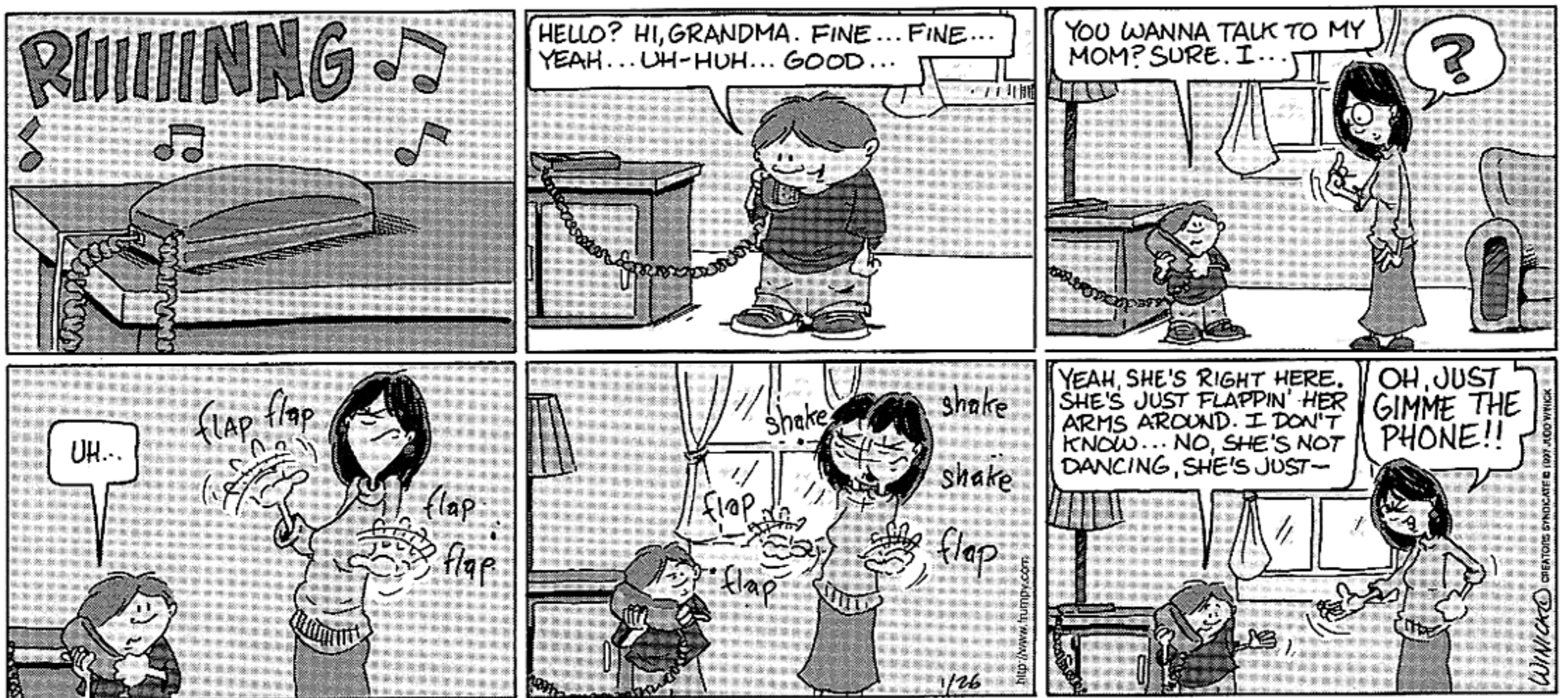
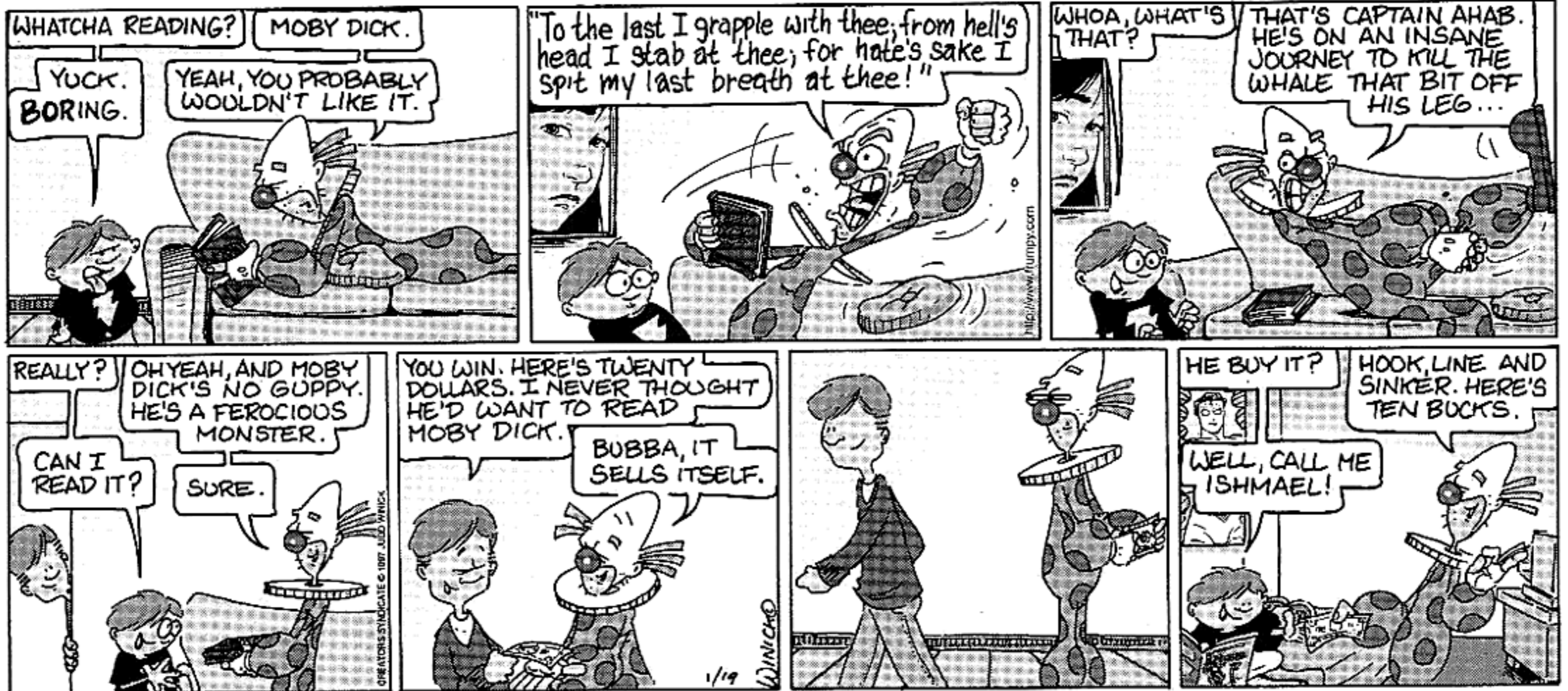


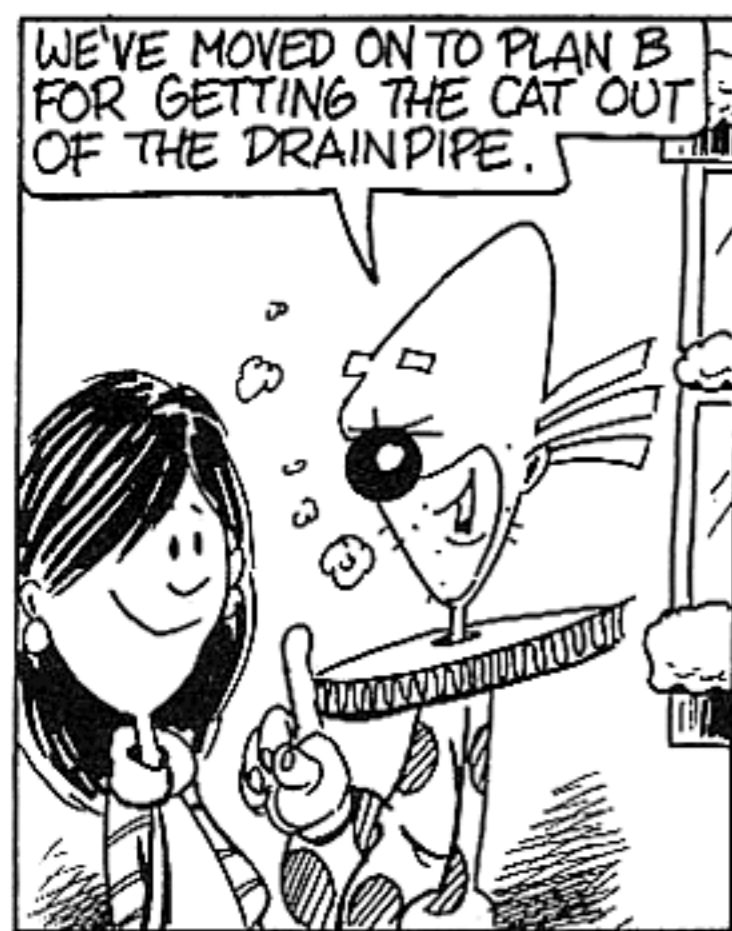


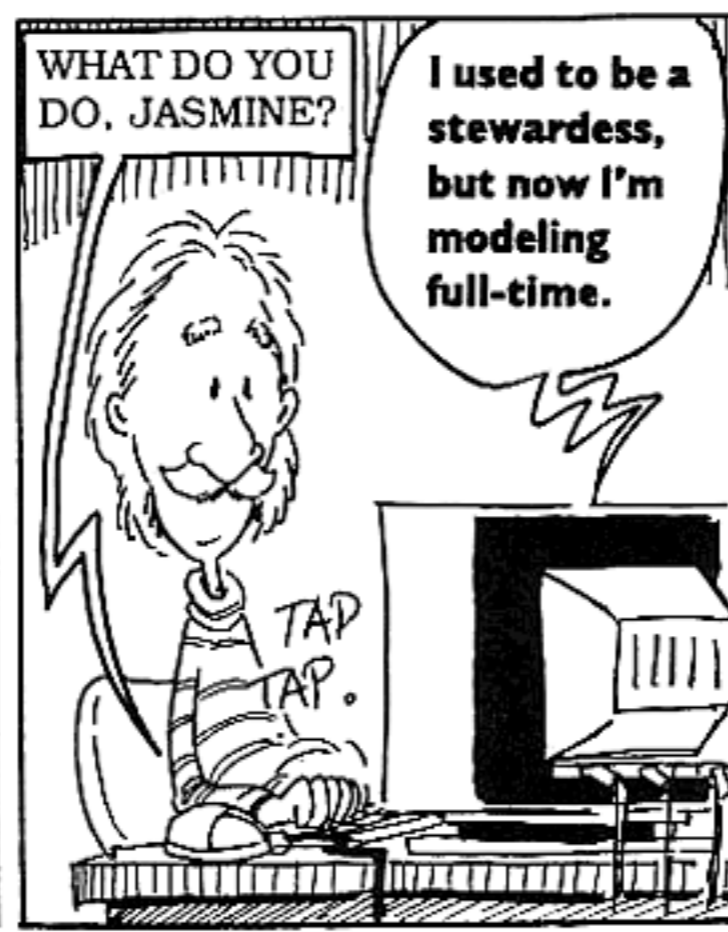
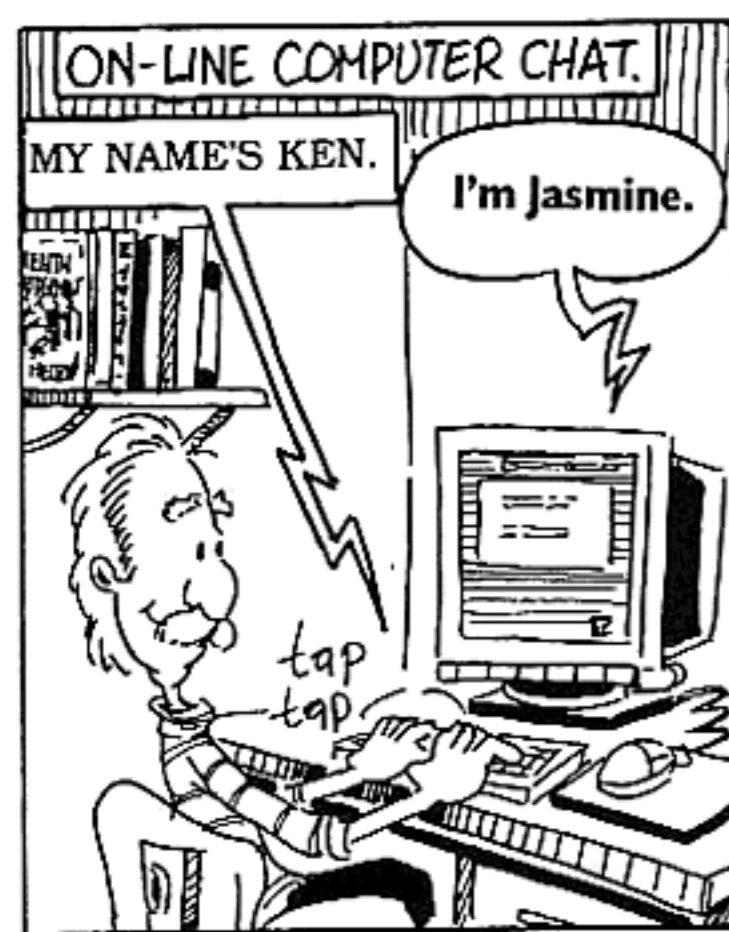
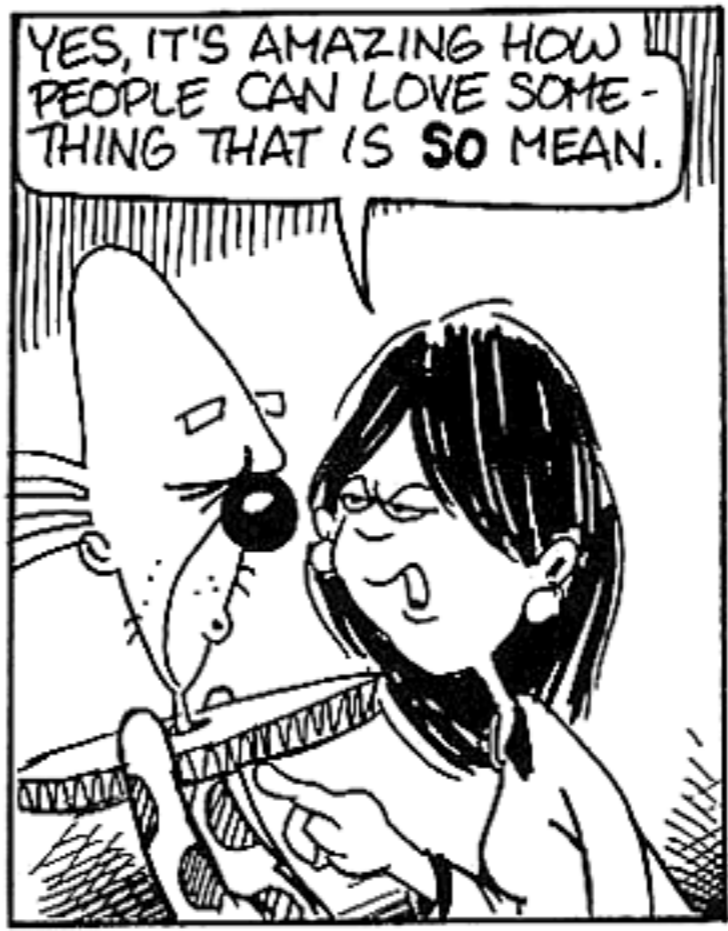
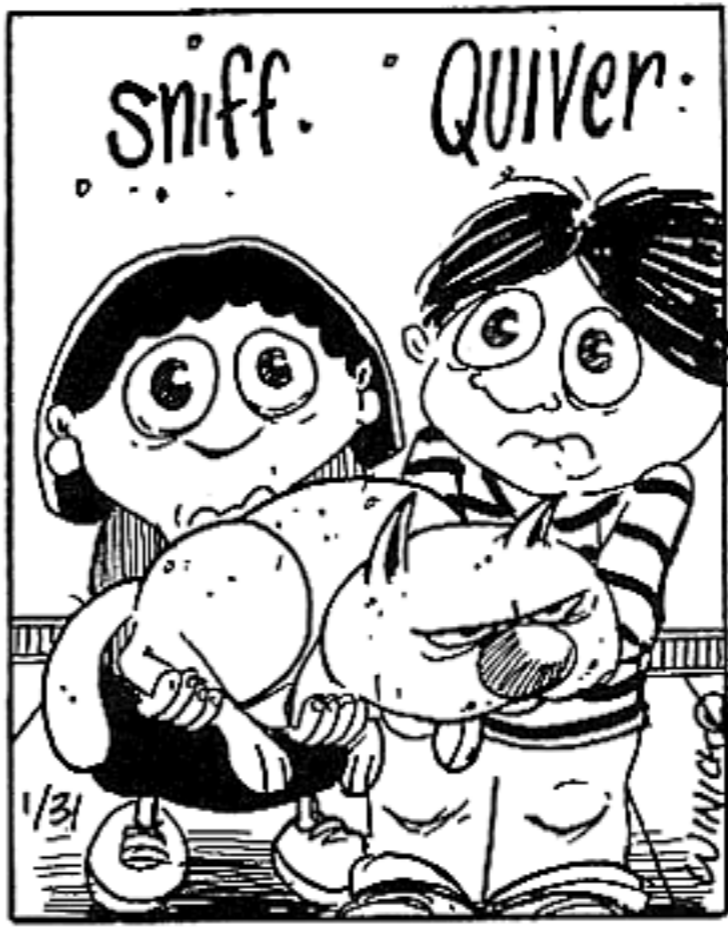


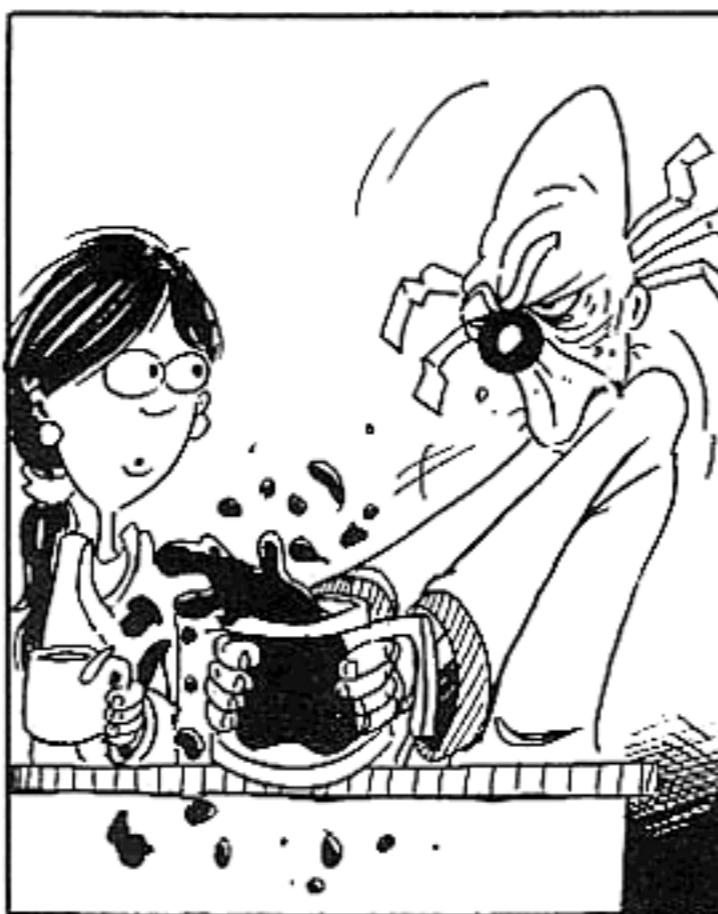
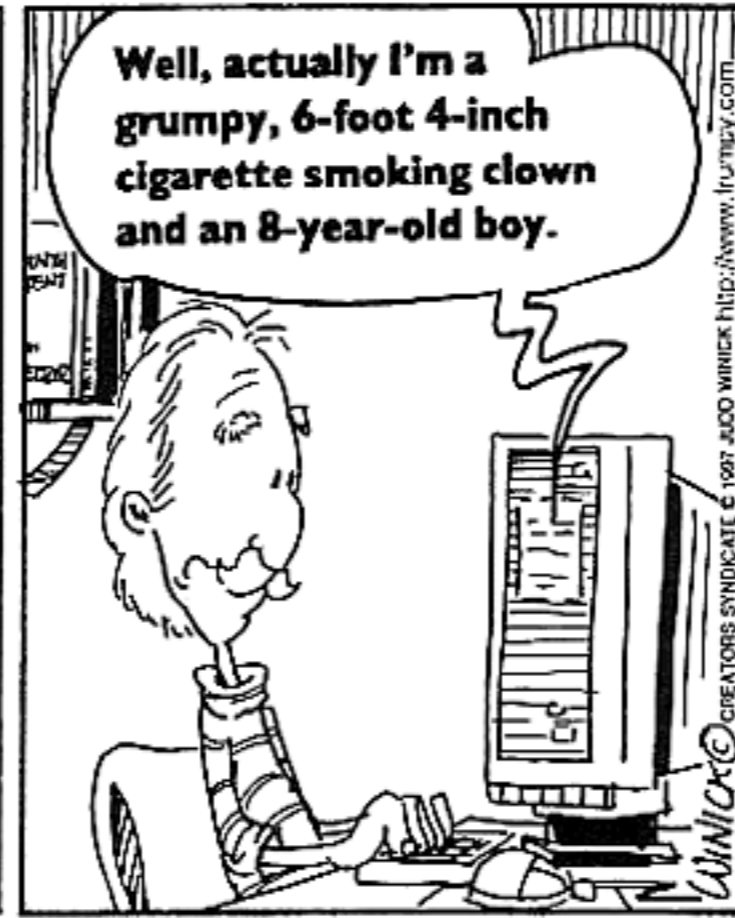
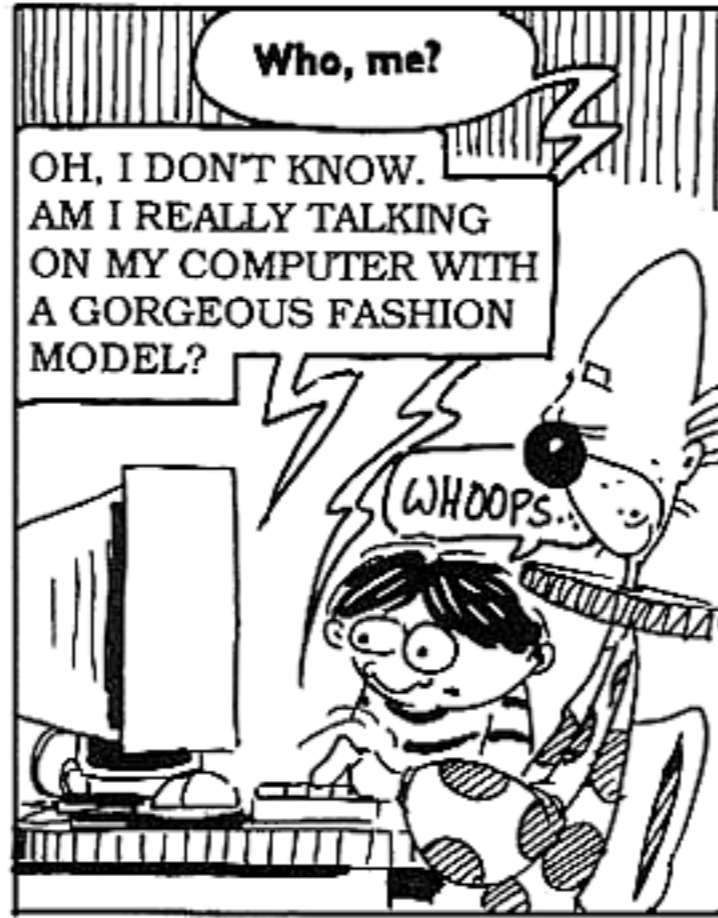


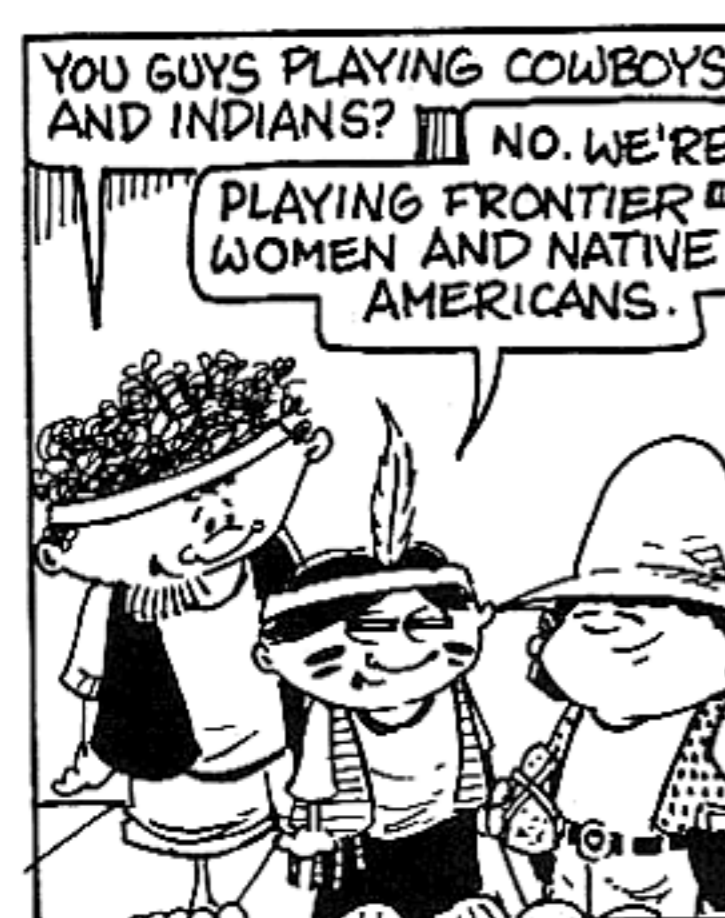


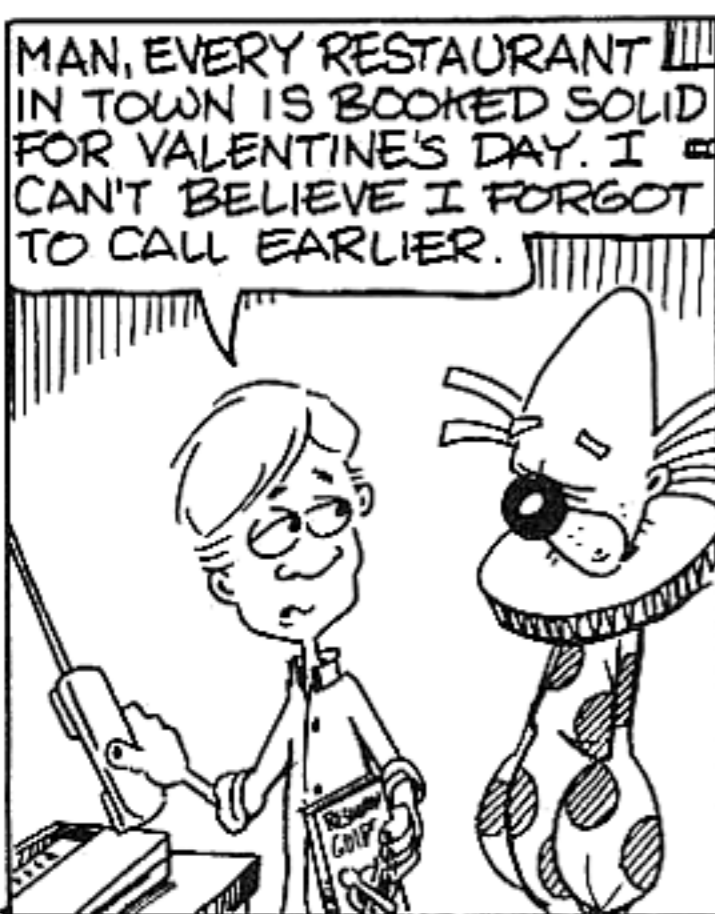


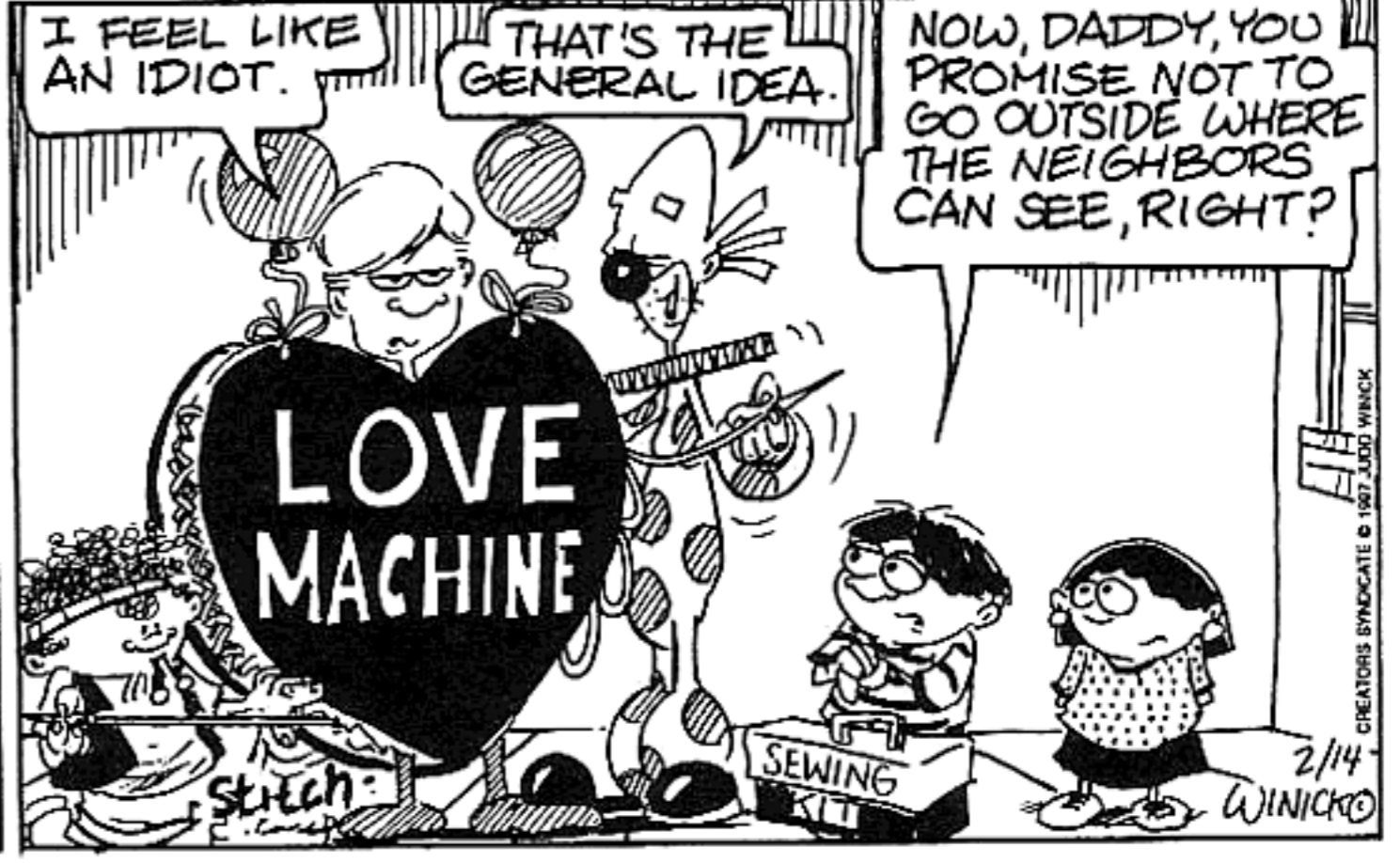


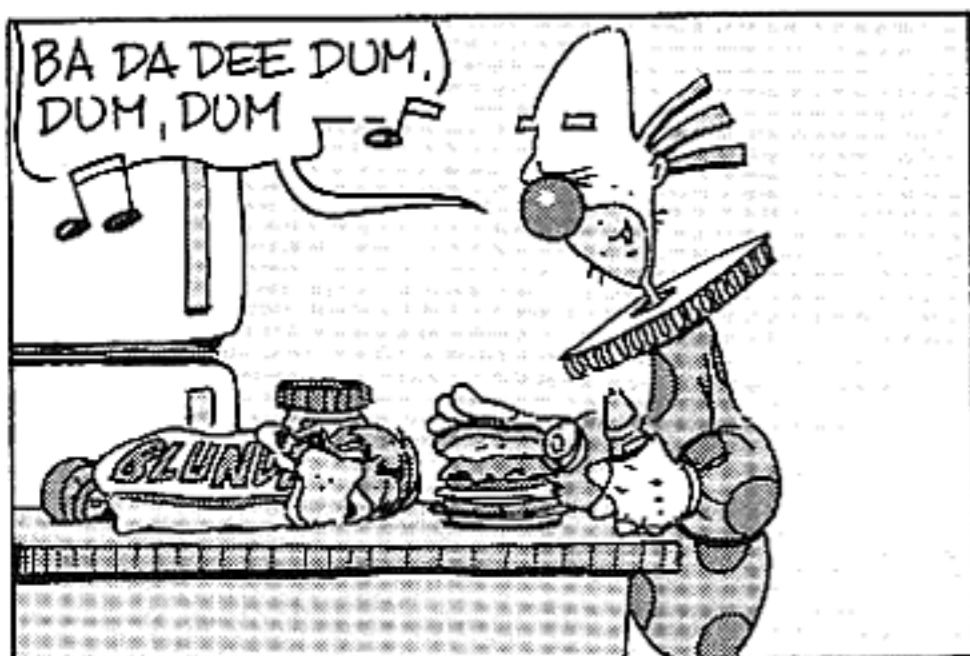
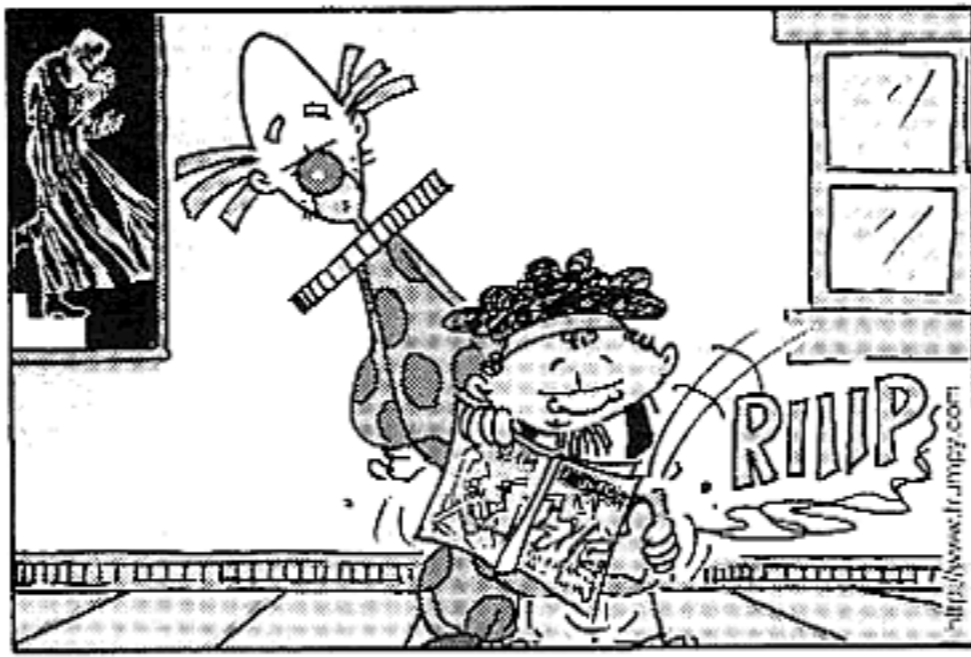


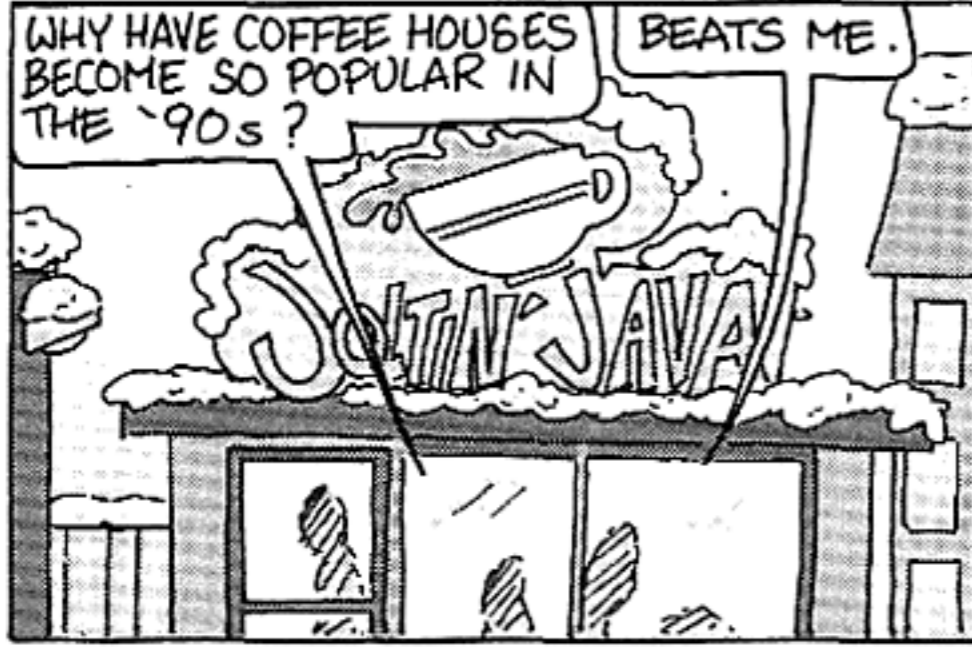






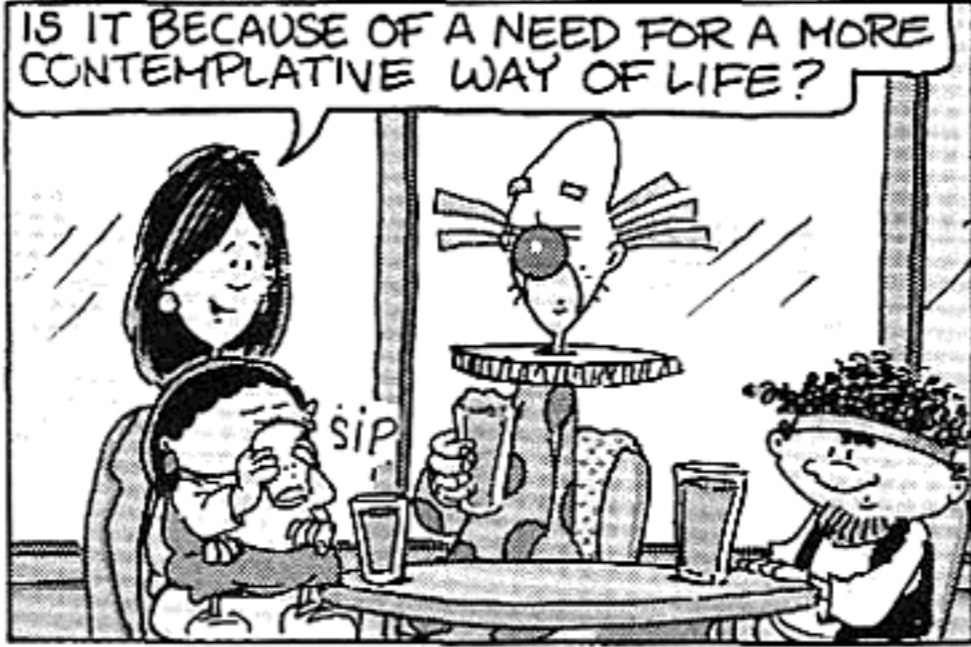






WHY HAVE COFFEE HOUSES BECOME SO POPULAR IN THE '90s?

BEATS ME.



IS IT BECAUSE OF A NEED FOR A MORE CONTEMPLATIVE WAY OF LIFE?



I MEAN, IS THIS SOME RESPONSE TO THE HARD-DRIVEN PACE OF THE '80s? HAVE PEOPLE STARTED TO SLOW DOWN?



DO THEY ACTUALLY STOP TO PONDER THEIR THOUGHTS? ARE THEY LITERALLY STOPPING TO SMELL THE COFFEE?



WHY DO YOU GUYS COME HERE?



CHICKS. IDIOTS.

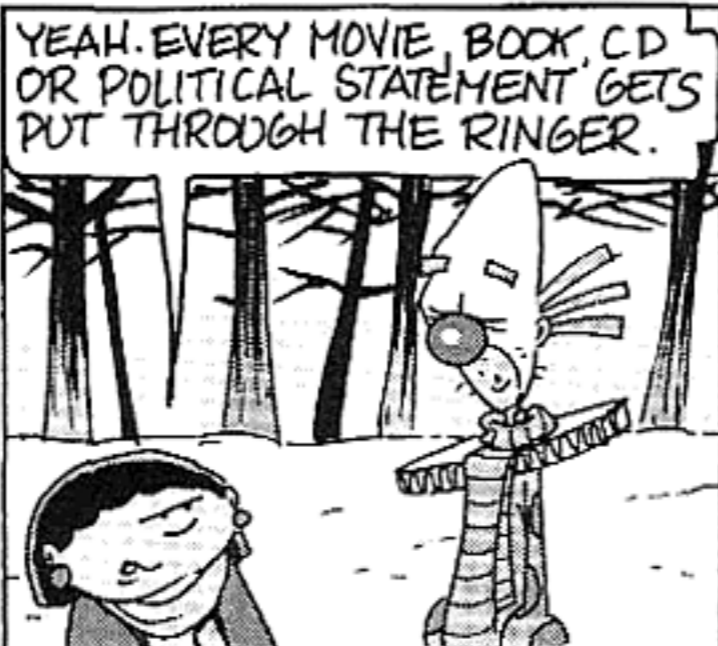
I LIKE THE WAY I LOOK IN TURTLENECKS.

YEP.

THAT'S US.



PEOPLE ARE TOO CRITICAL OF EVERYTHING. YOU THINK SO?



YEAH. EVERY MOVIE, BOOK, CD OR POLITICAL STATEMENT GETS PUT THROUGH THE RINGER.



WHY DON'T WE GIVE STUFF A CHANCE TO SUCCEED?



IT'S LIKE WE WANT THINGS TO BE BAD.



THUMBS UP, THUMBS DOWN. NO MIDDLE GROUND.

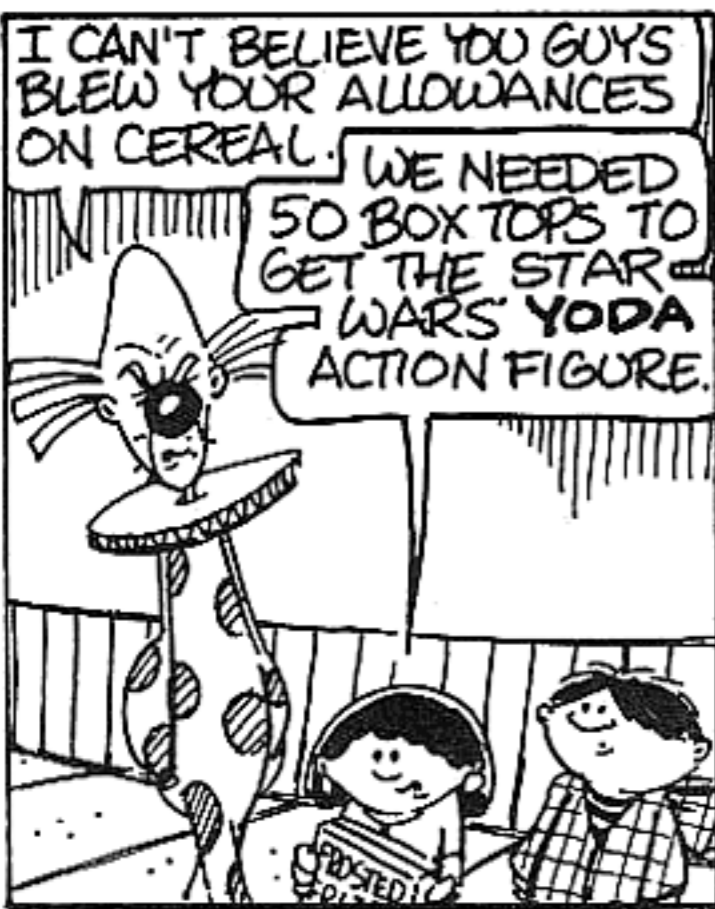
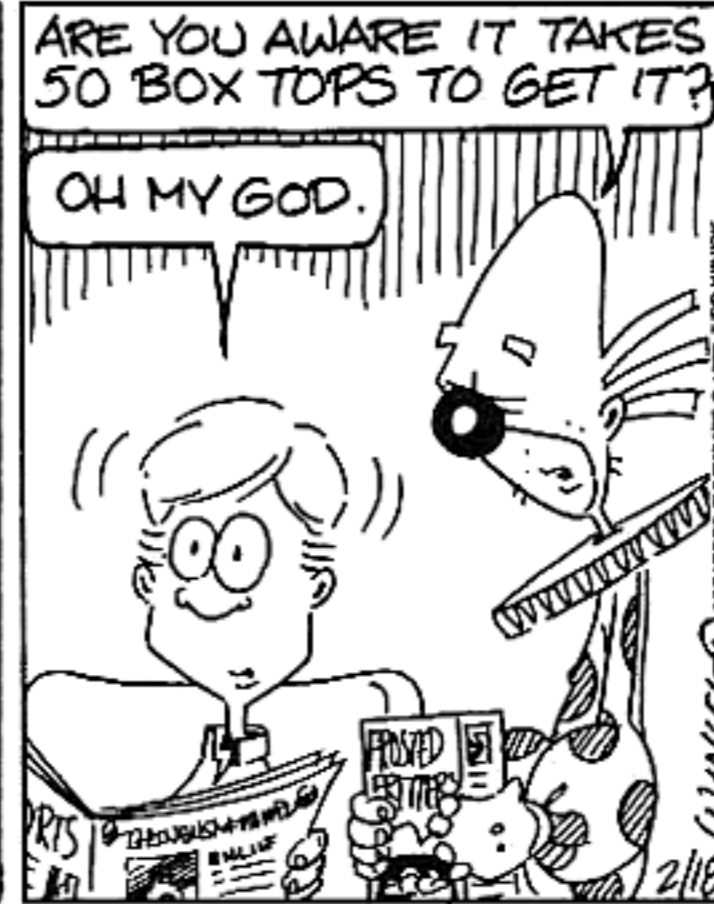


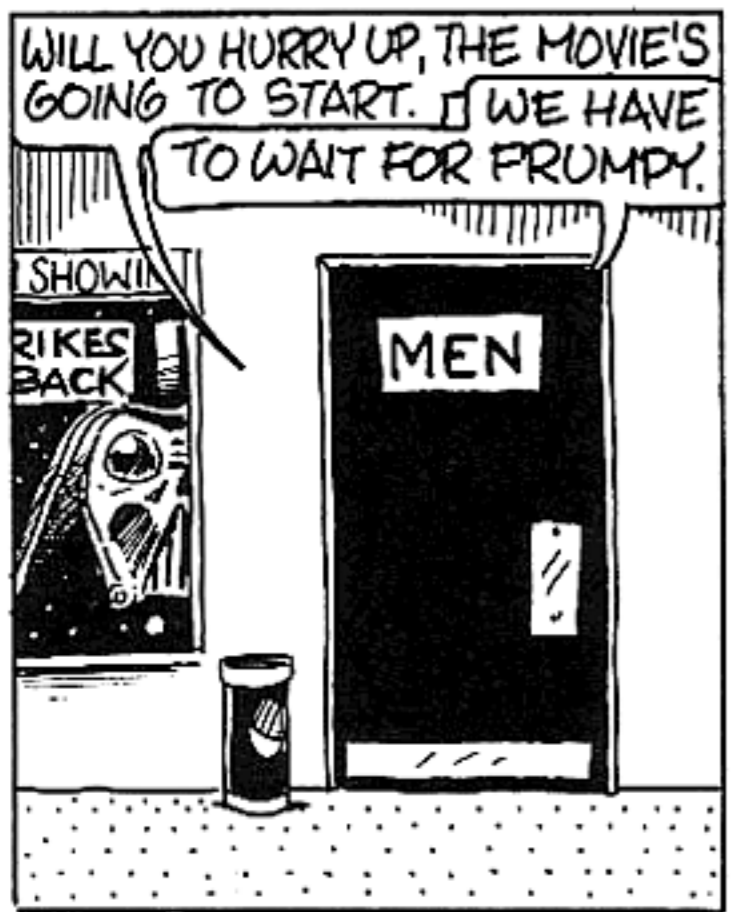
AND WITH SO MANY PROBLEMS IN THE WORLD, YOU'D THINK PEOPLE WOULD PICK BETTER TARGETS.



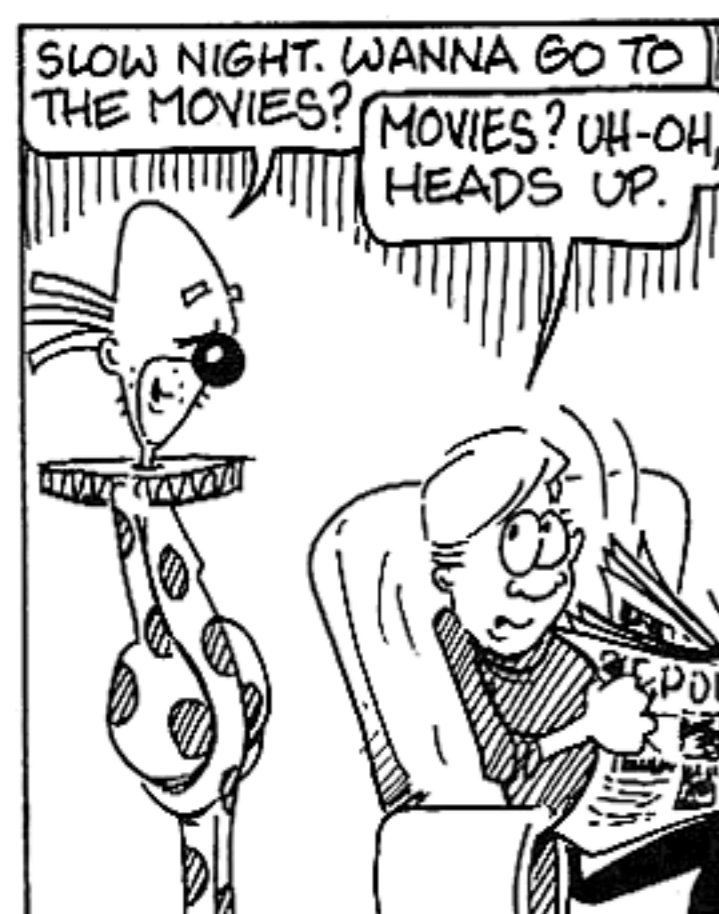
LIKE "MELROSE PLACE."

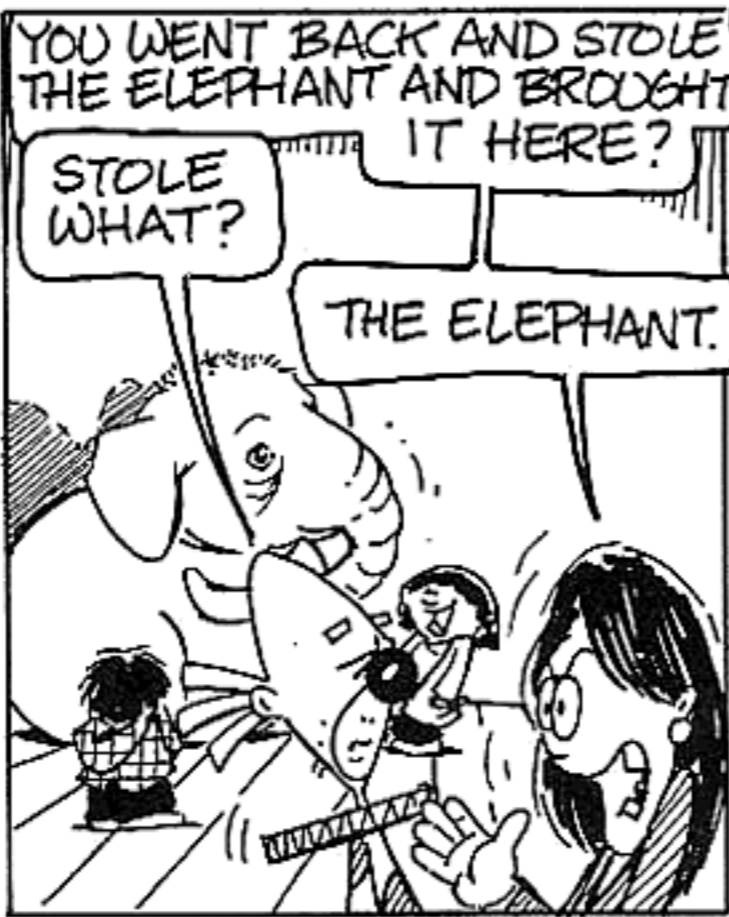
EXACTLY. THAT'S REALLY GONE INTO THE TOILET.

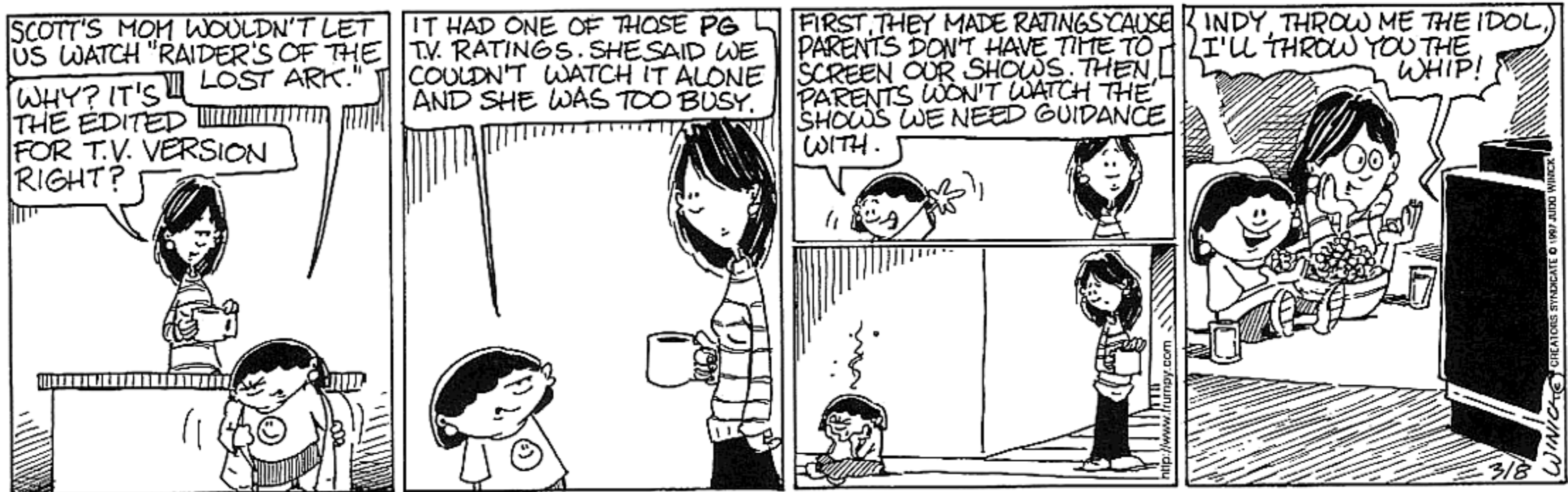


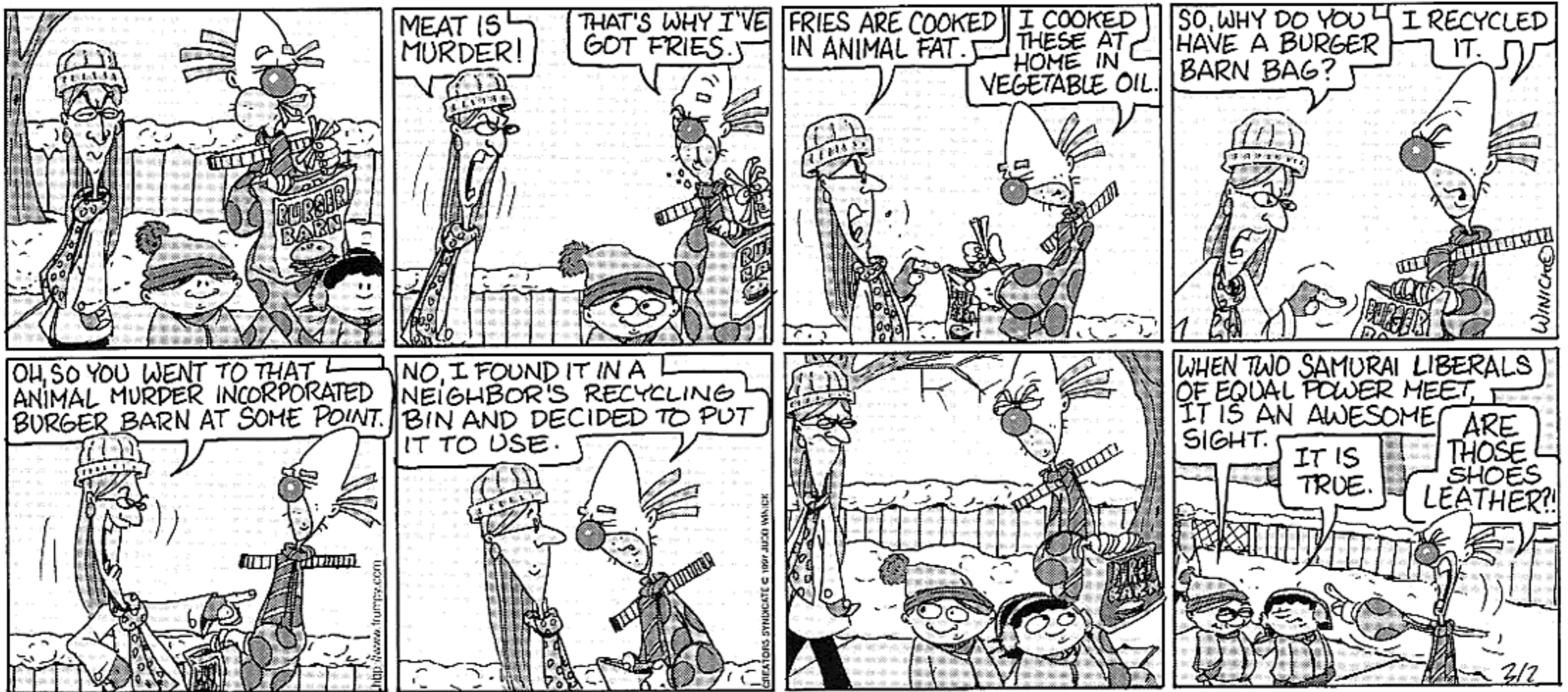


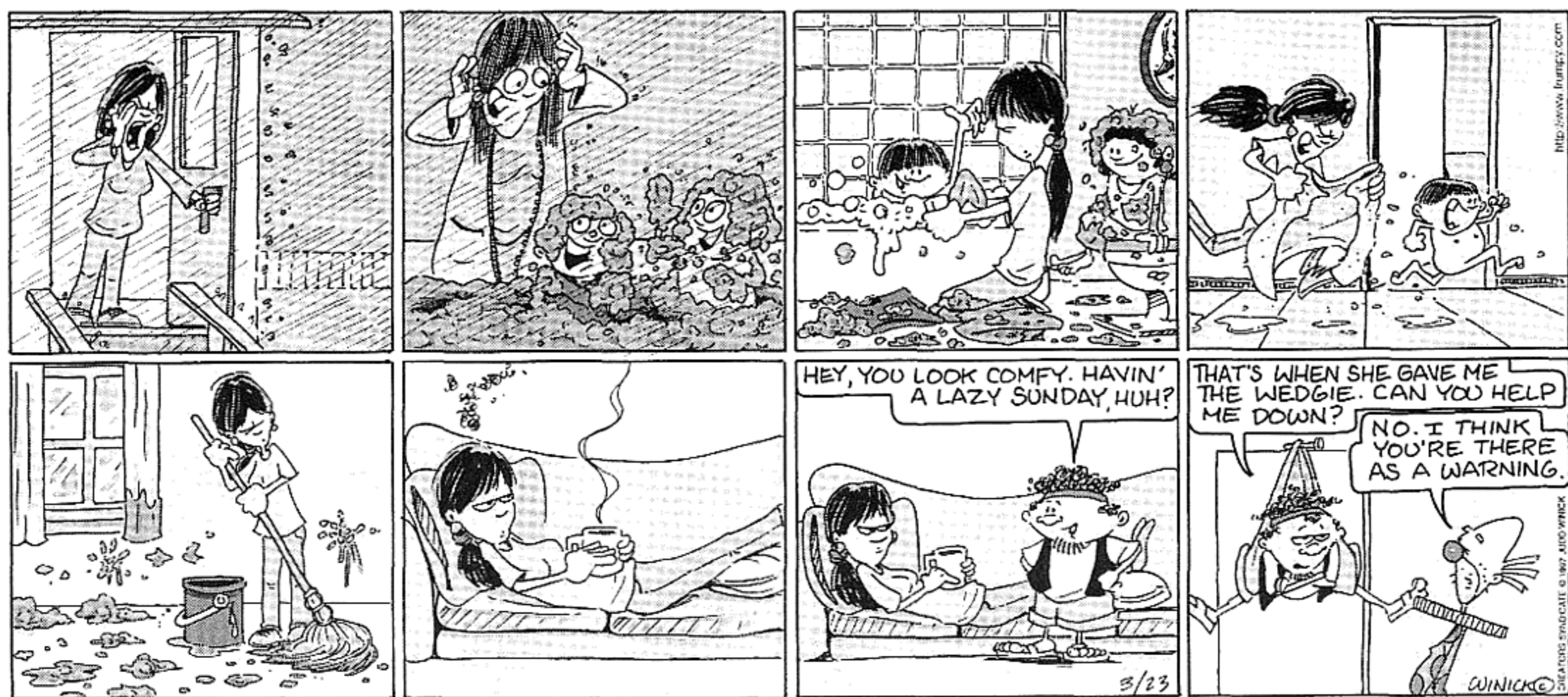
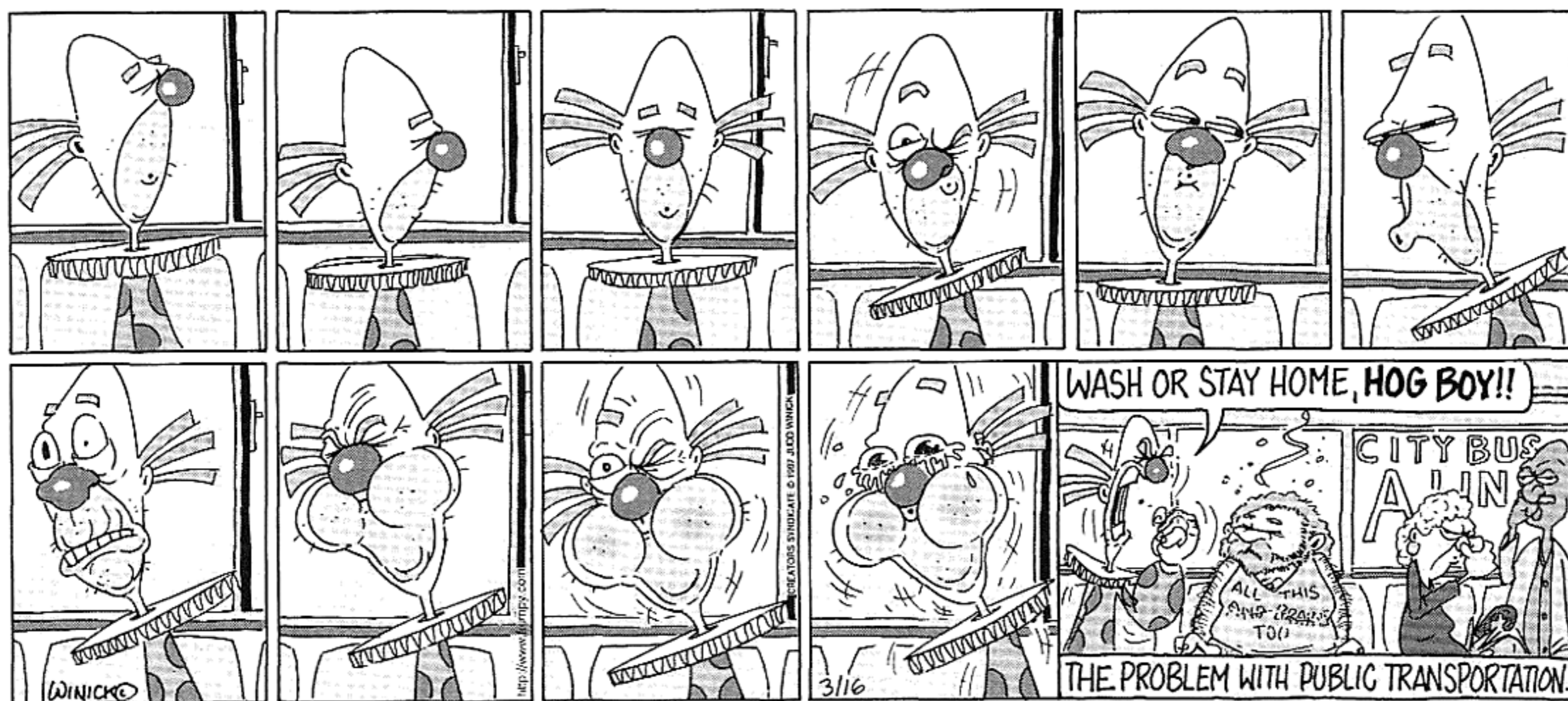


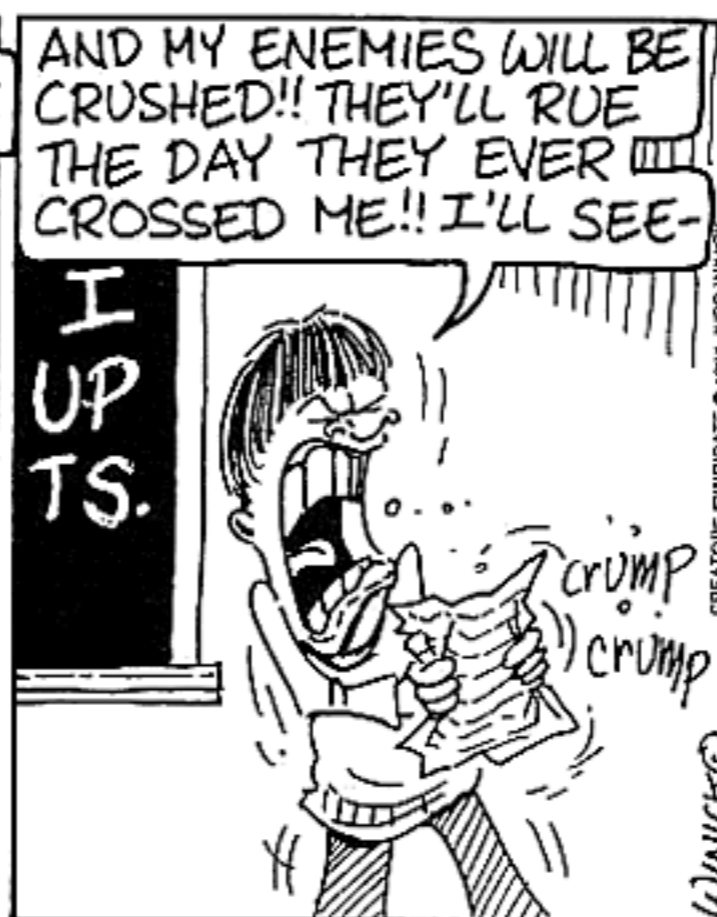
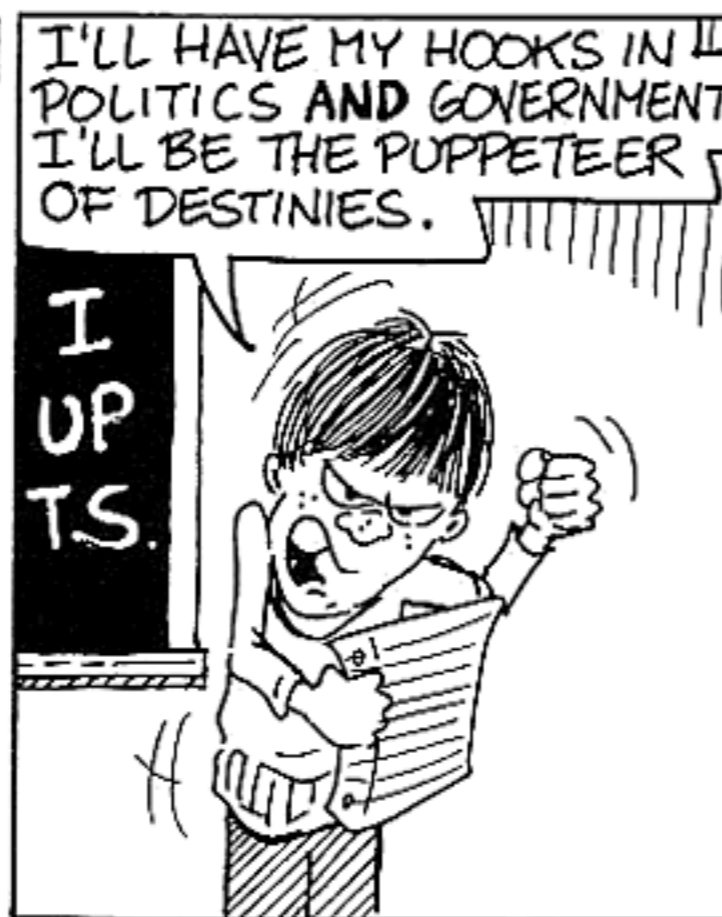
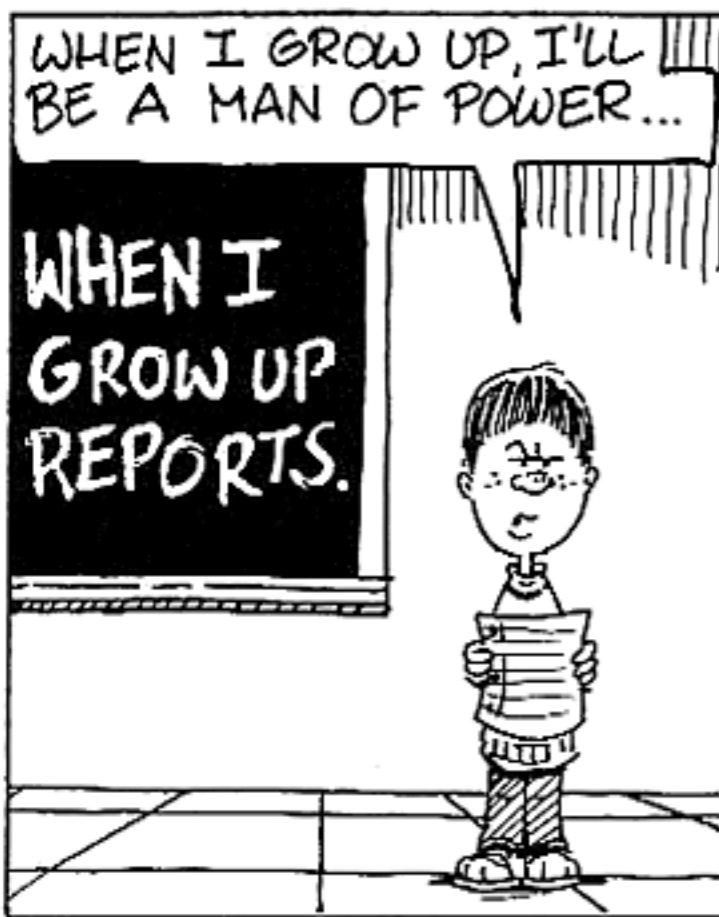
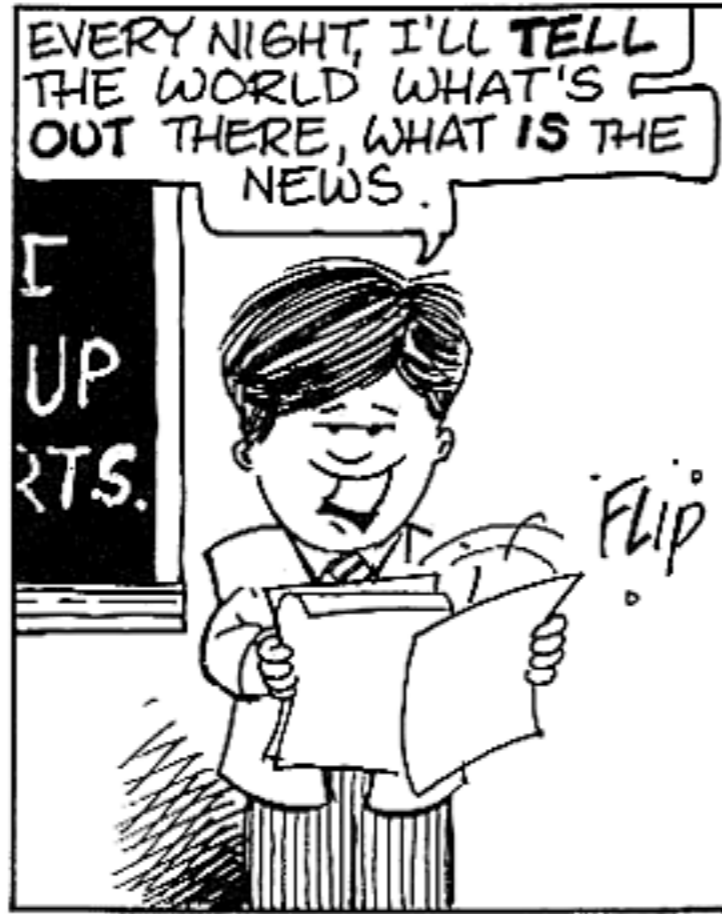
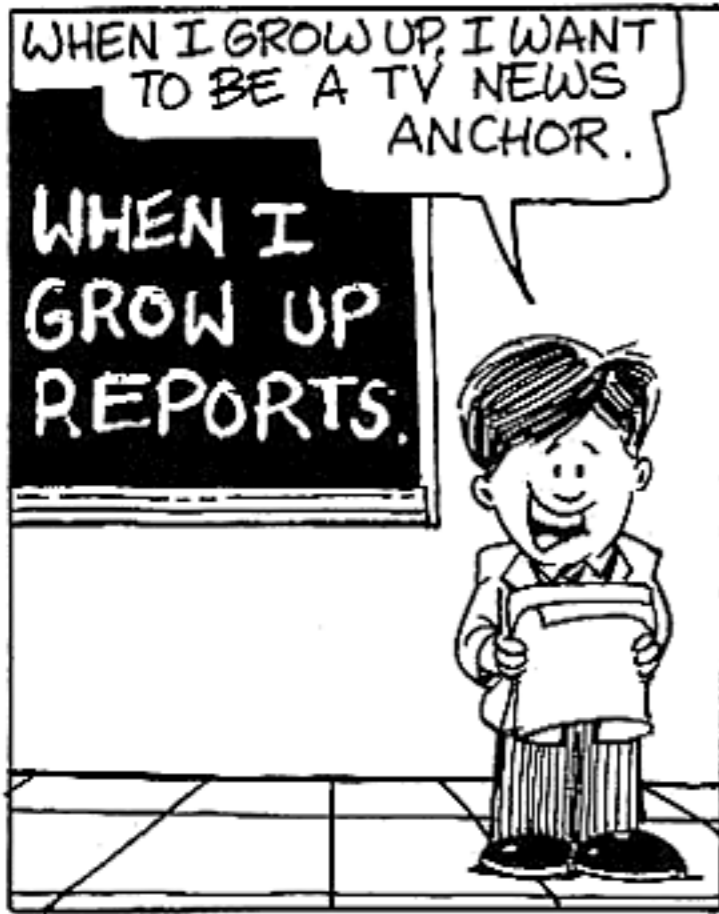


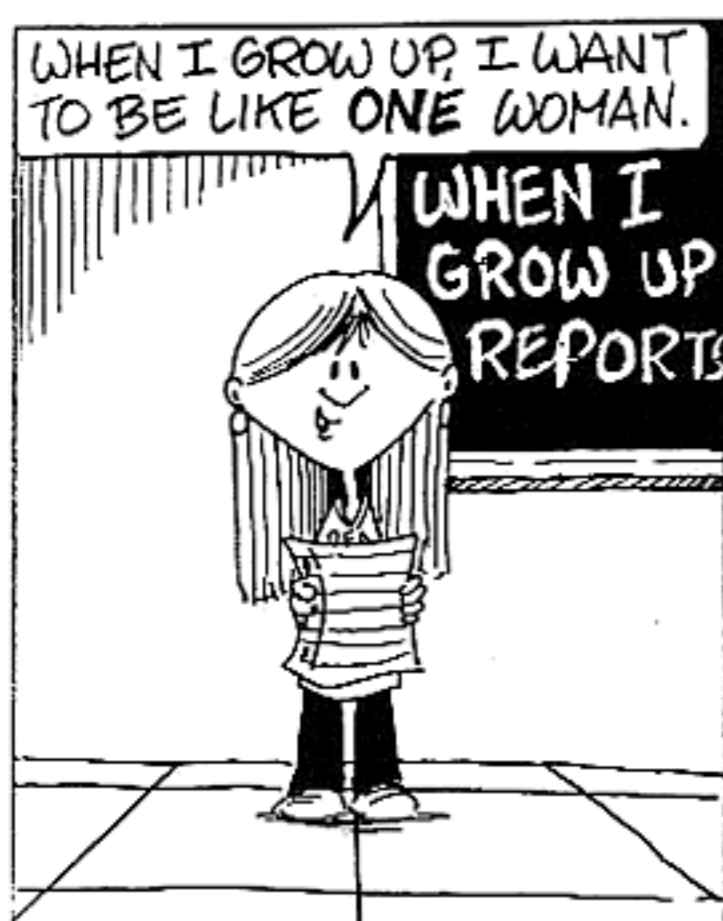
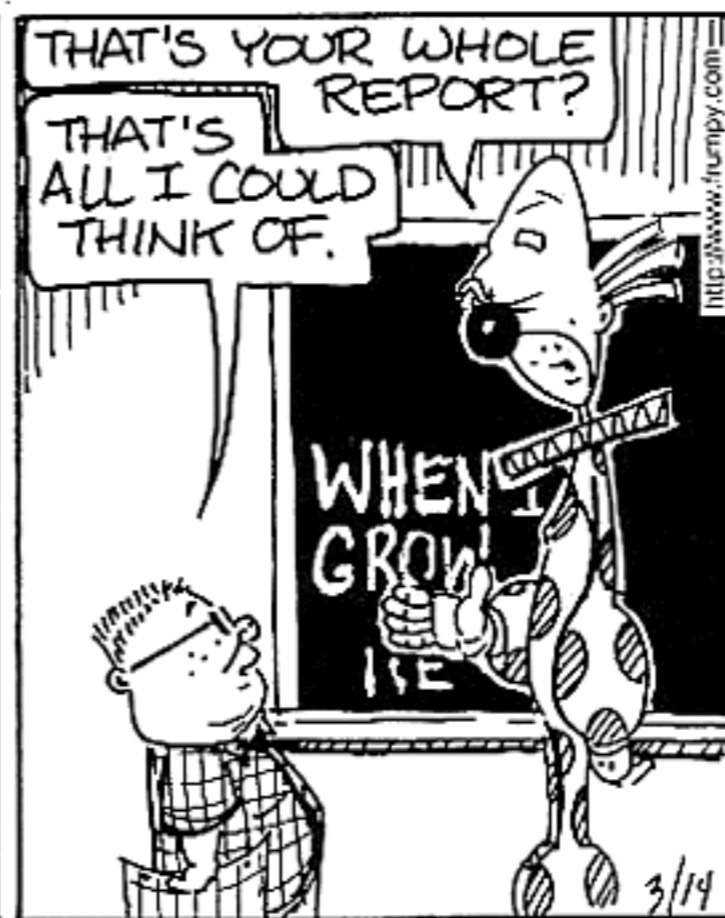
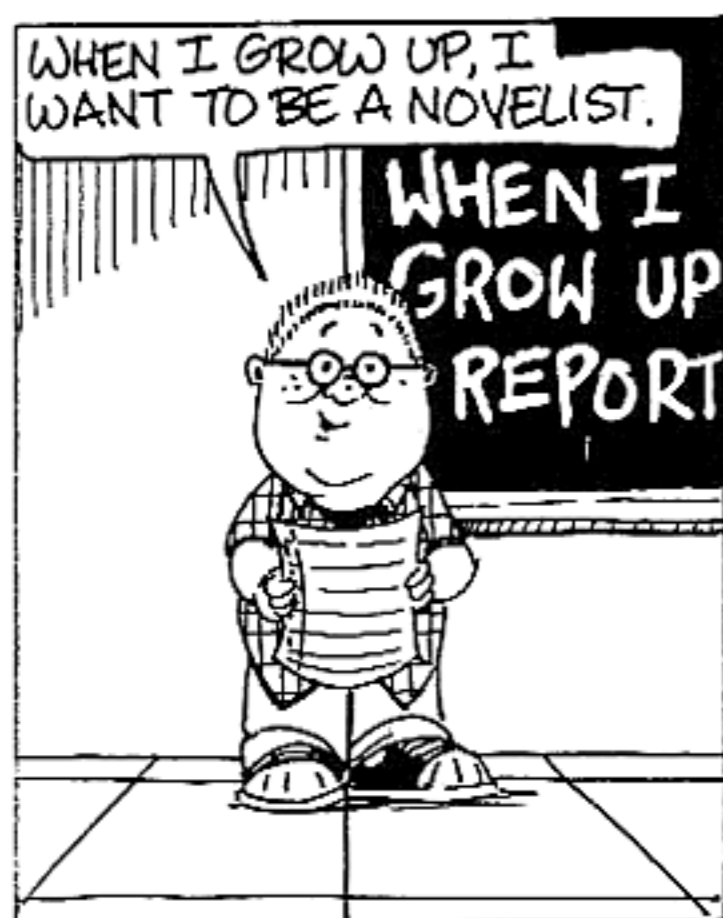


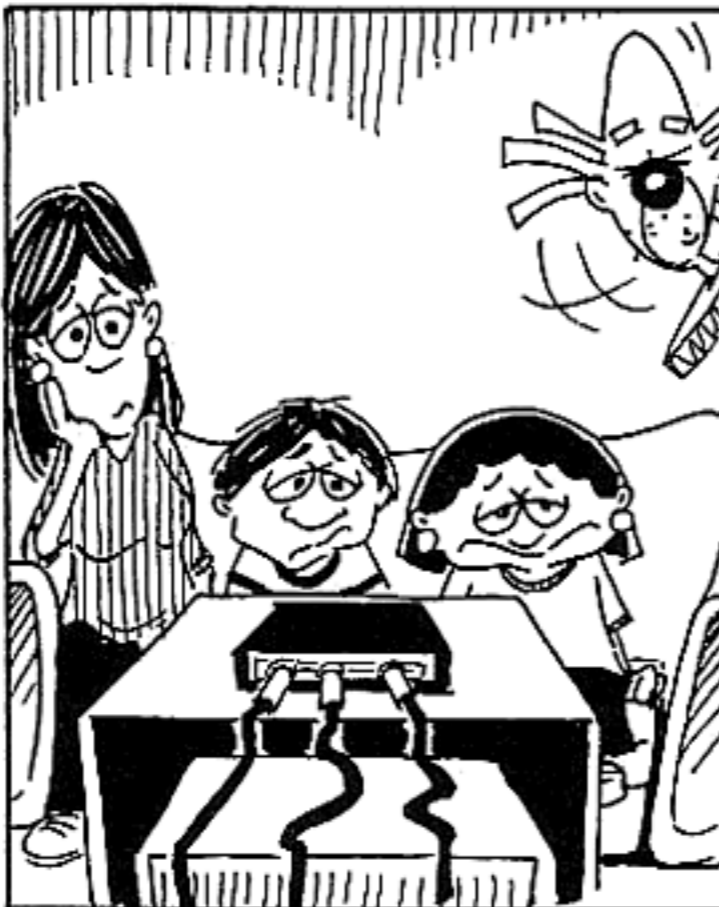


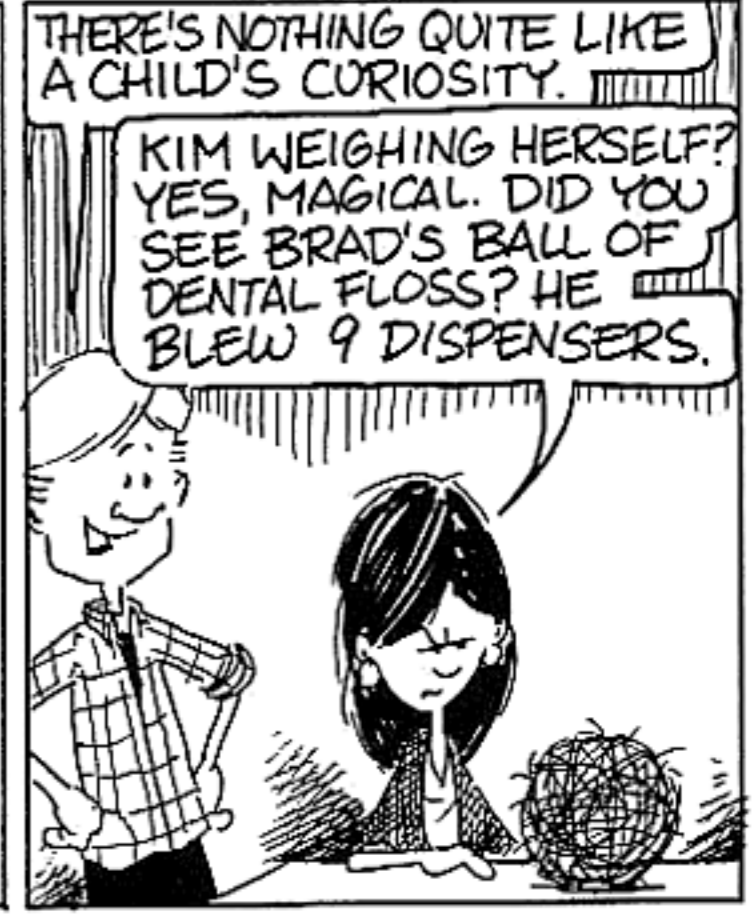
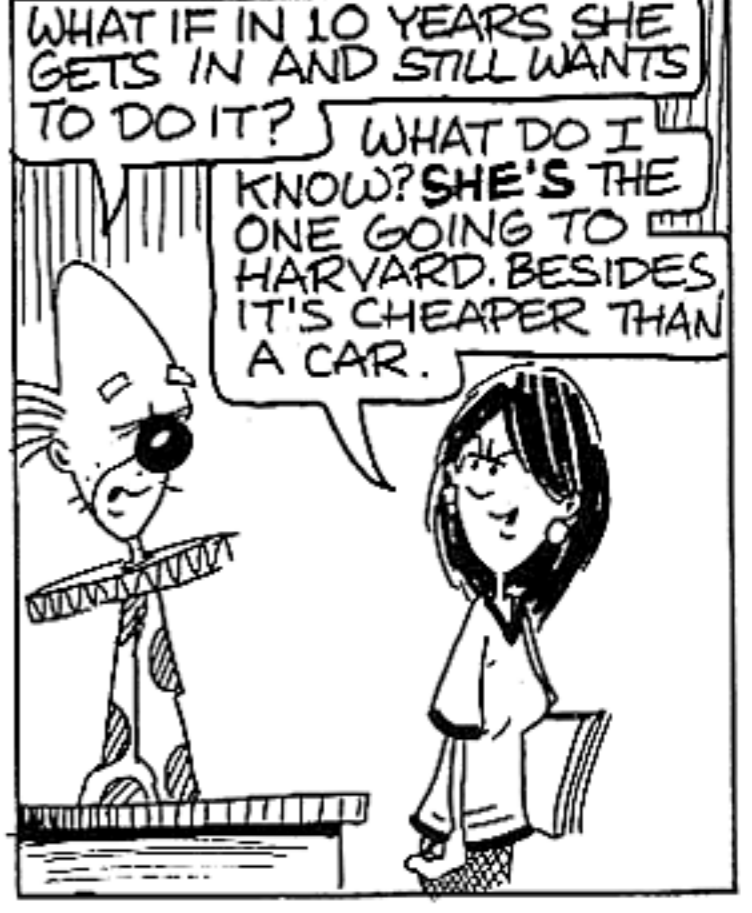




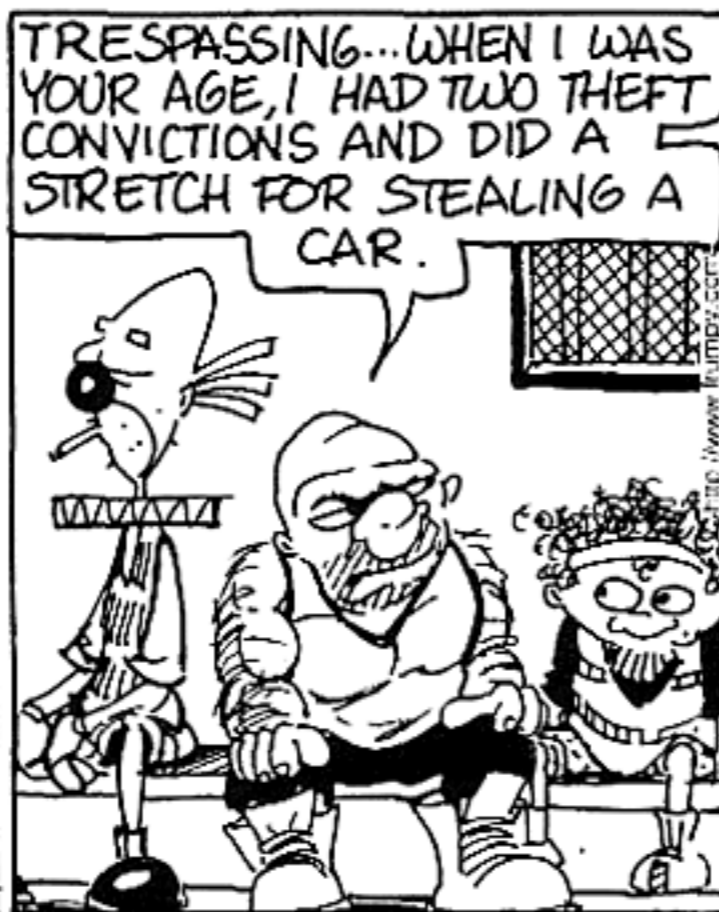
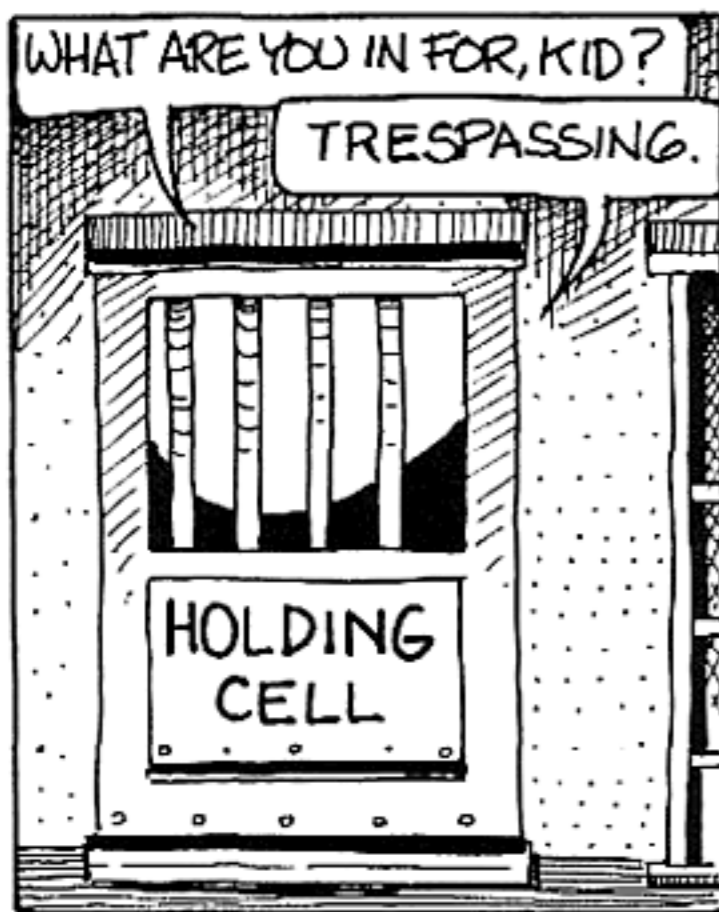


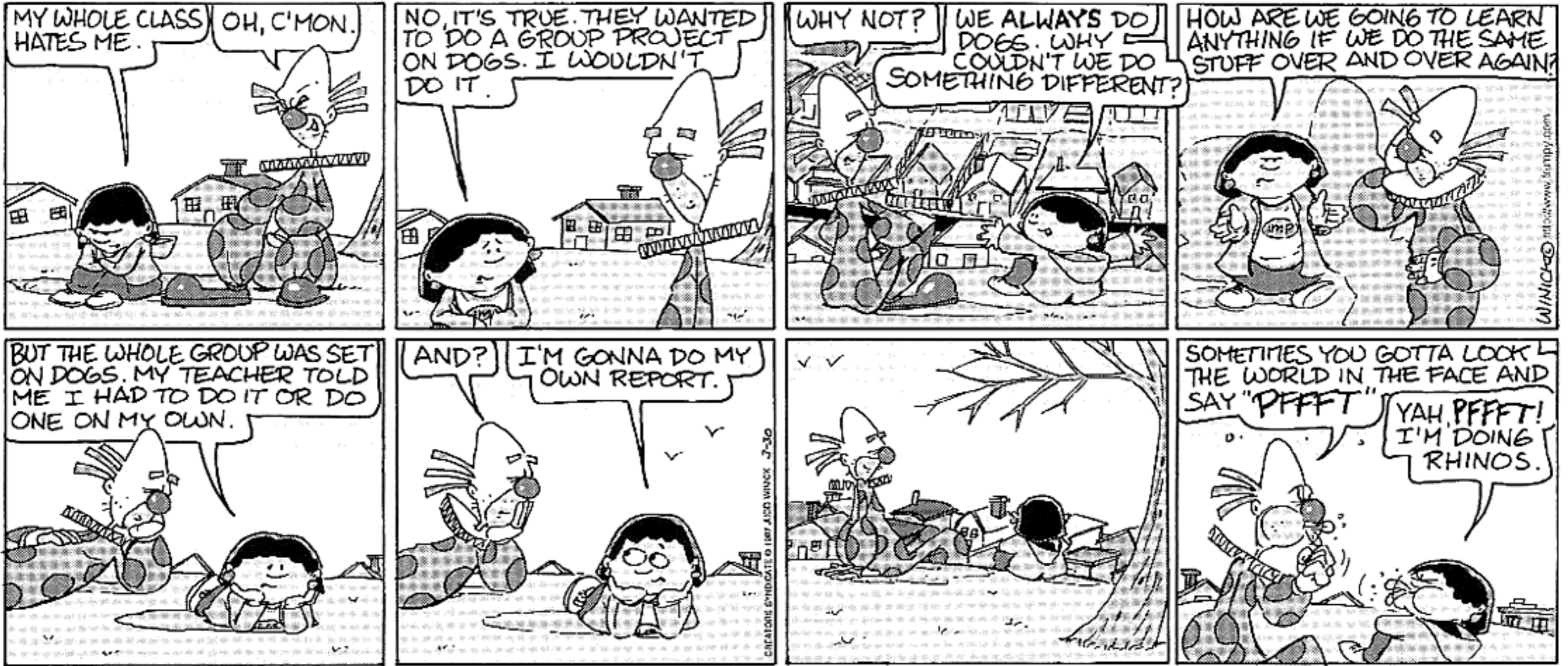


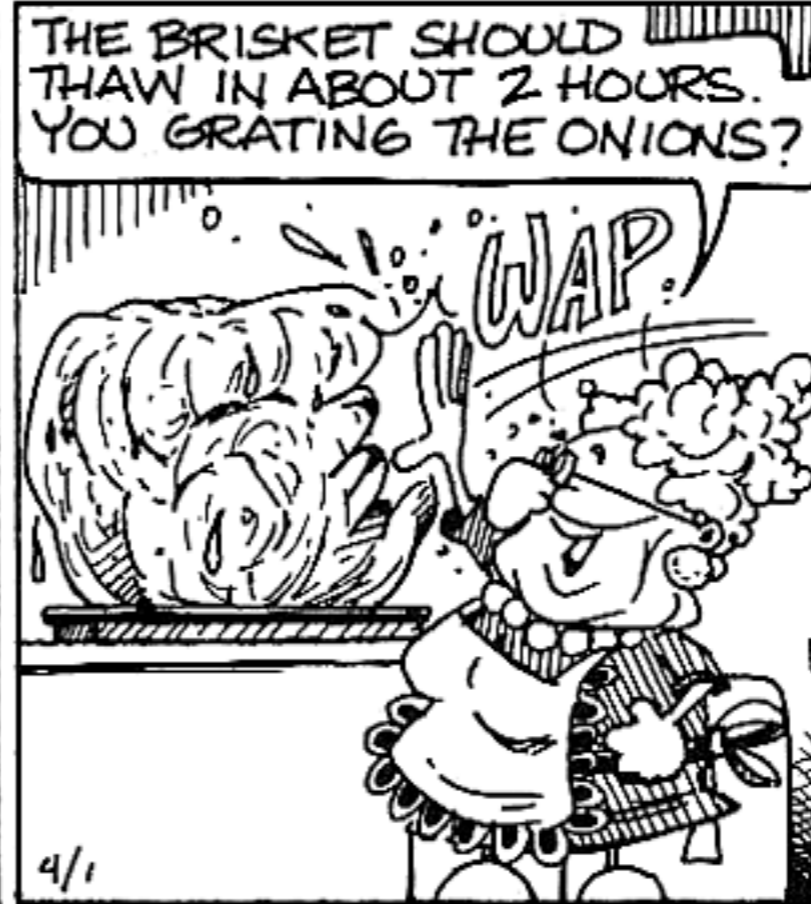


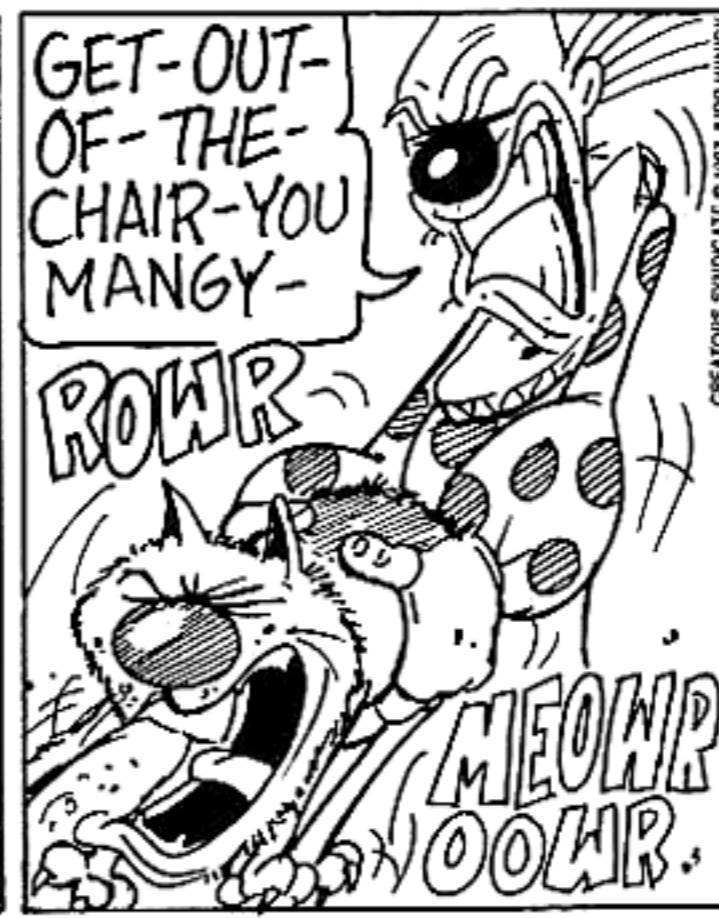
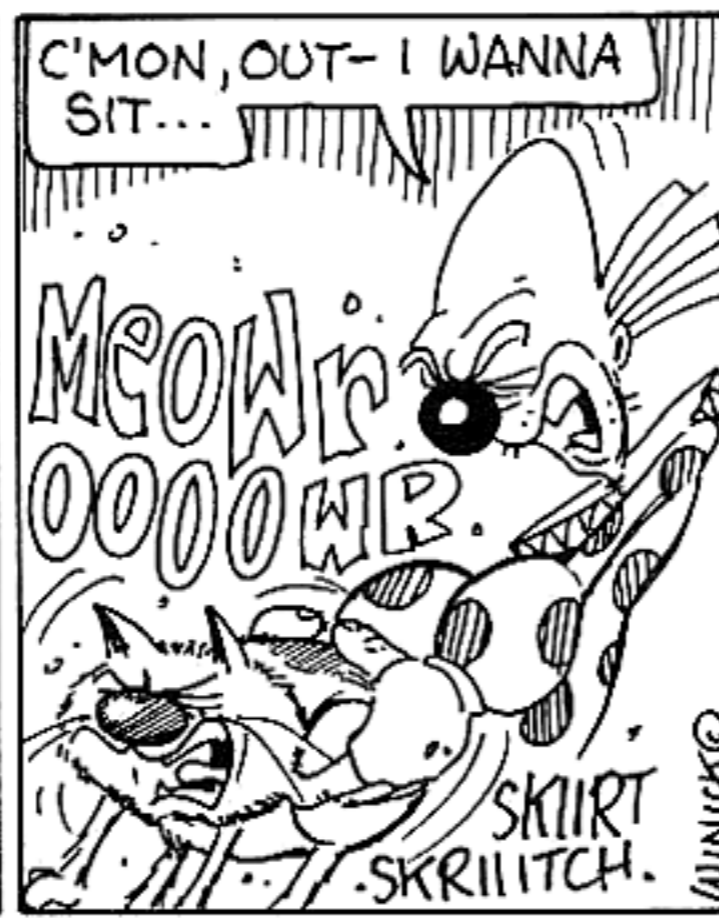
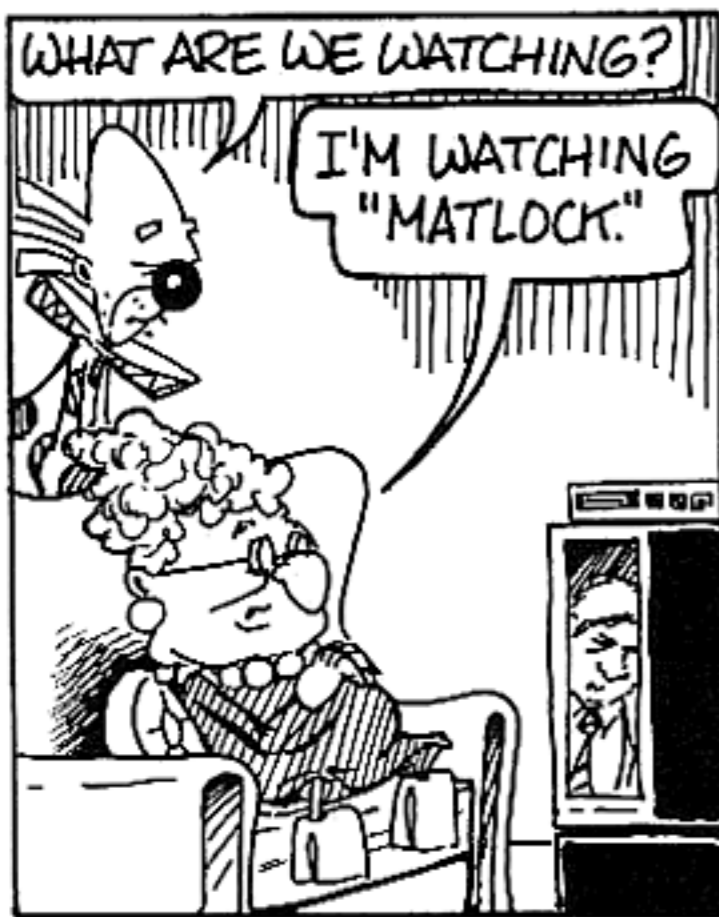
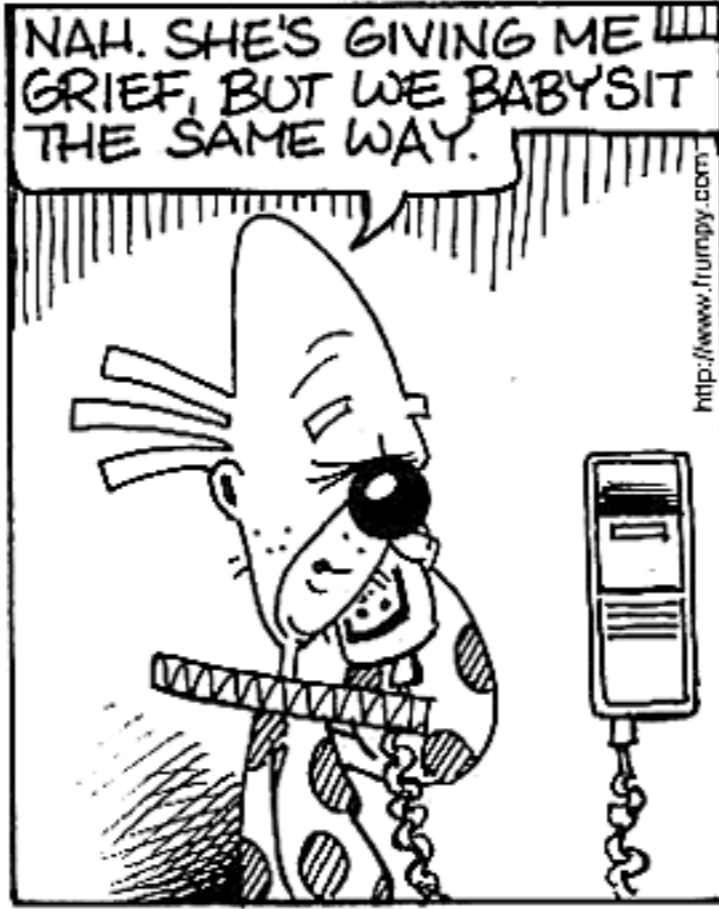


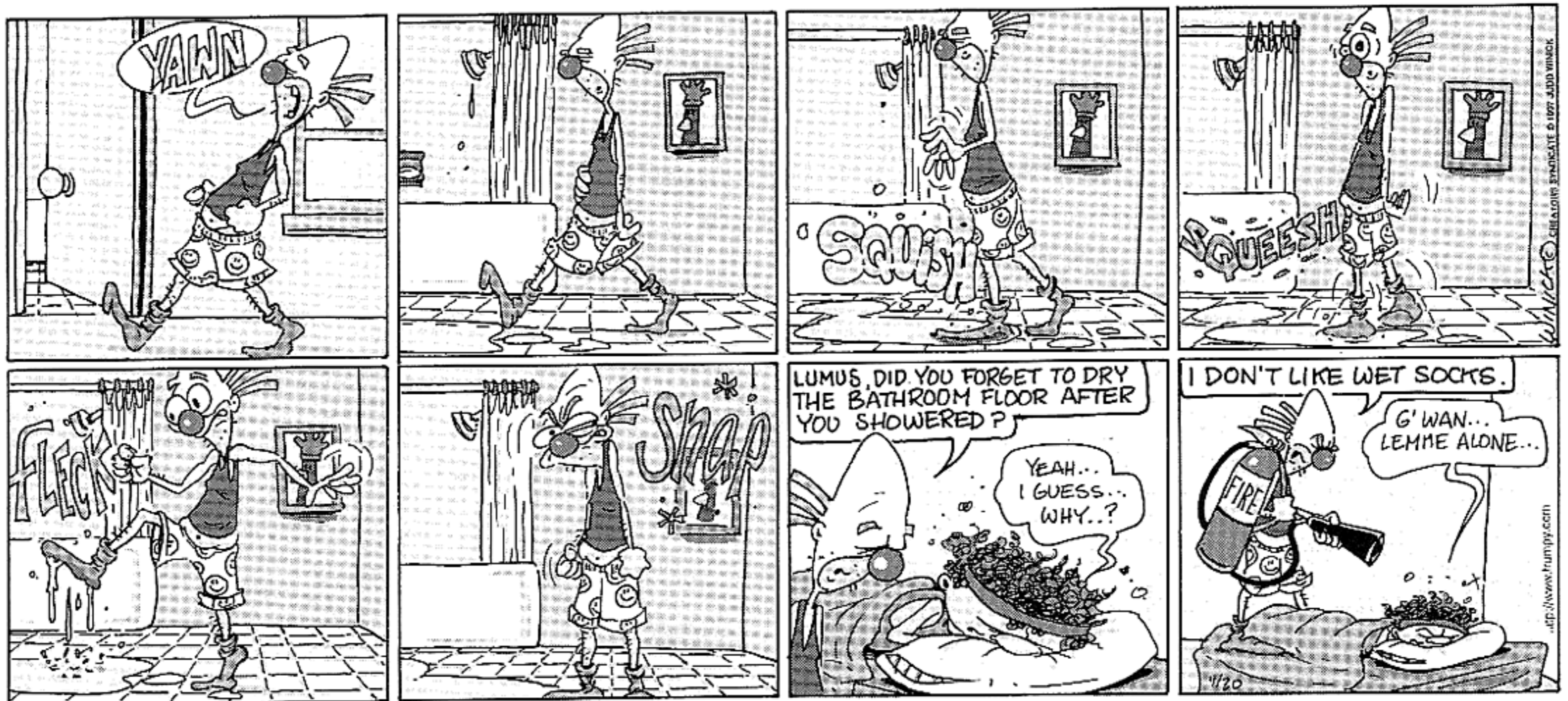
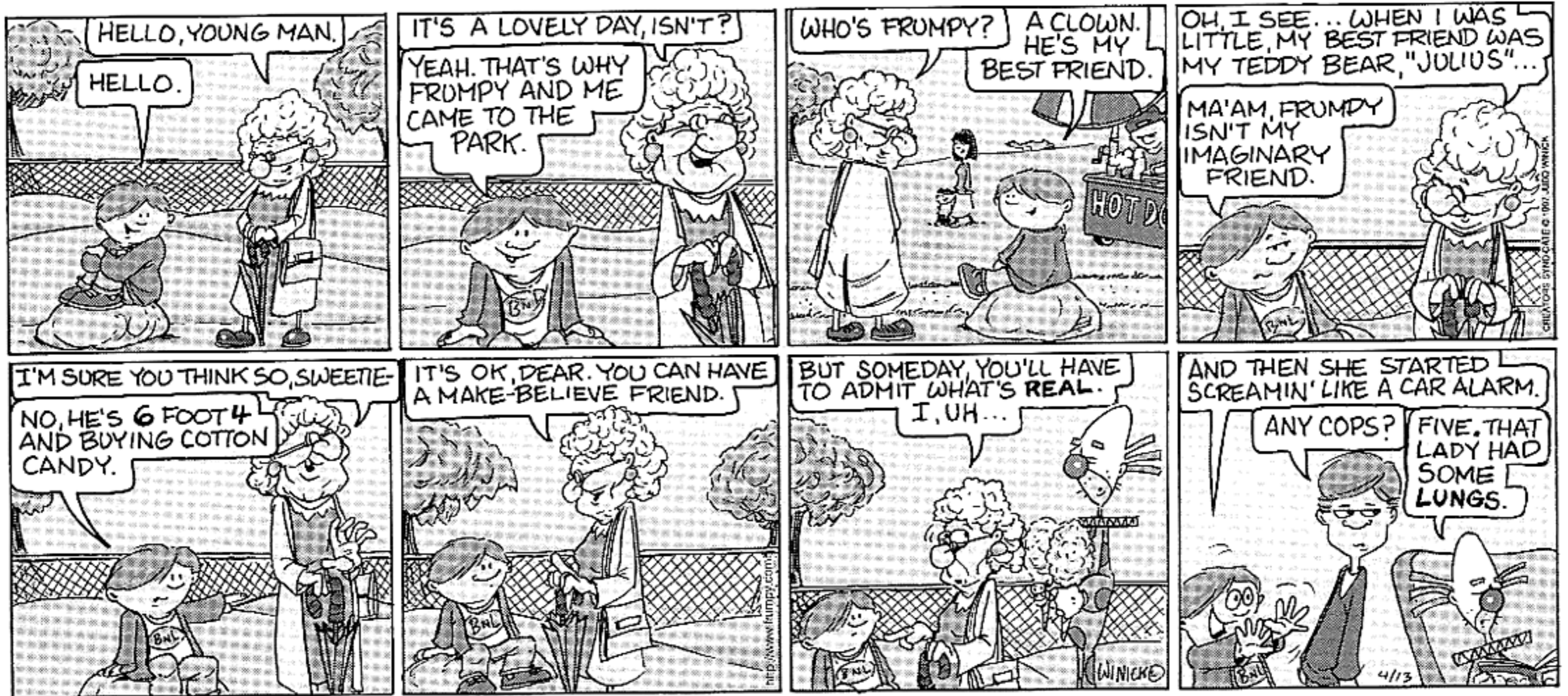


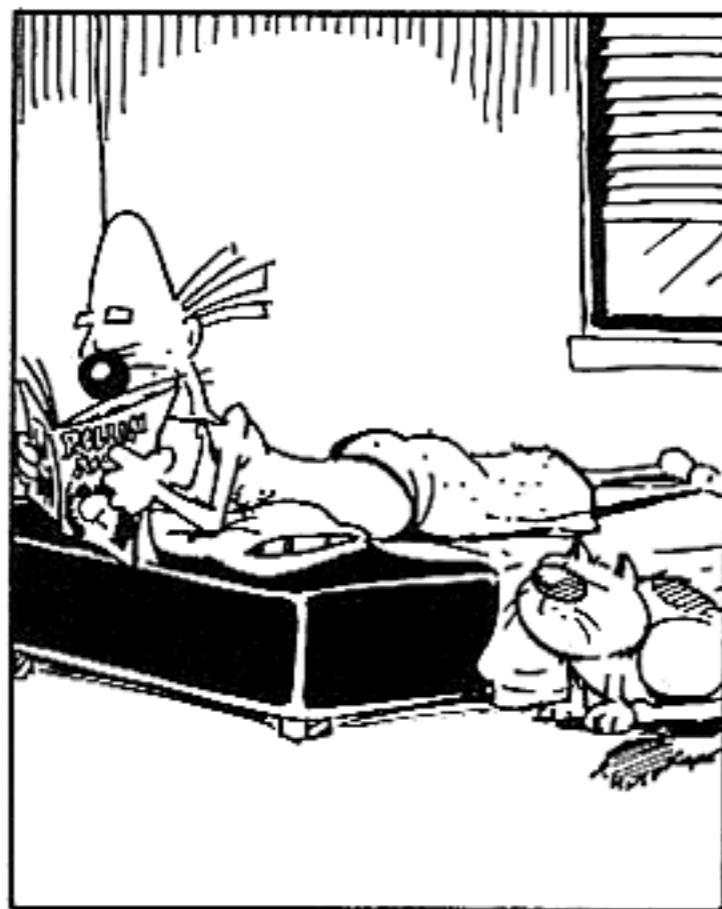
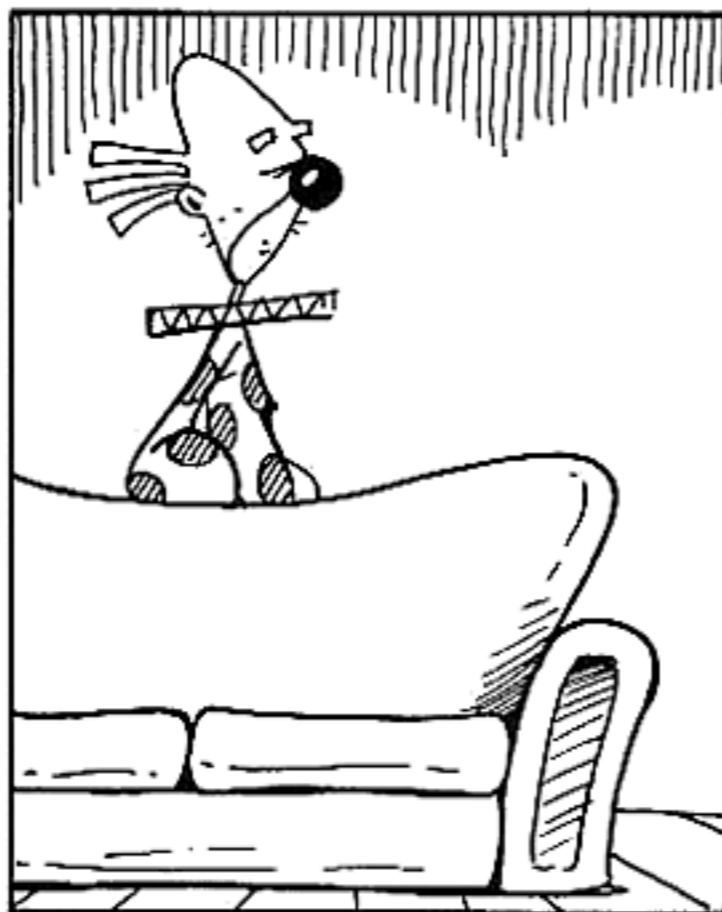
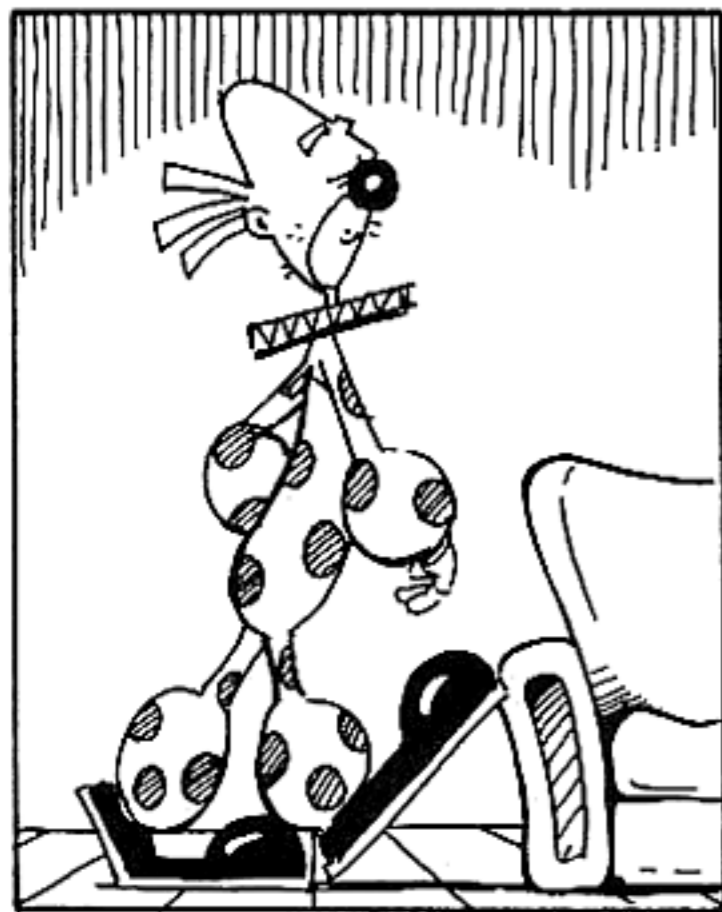
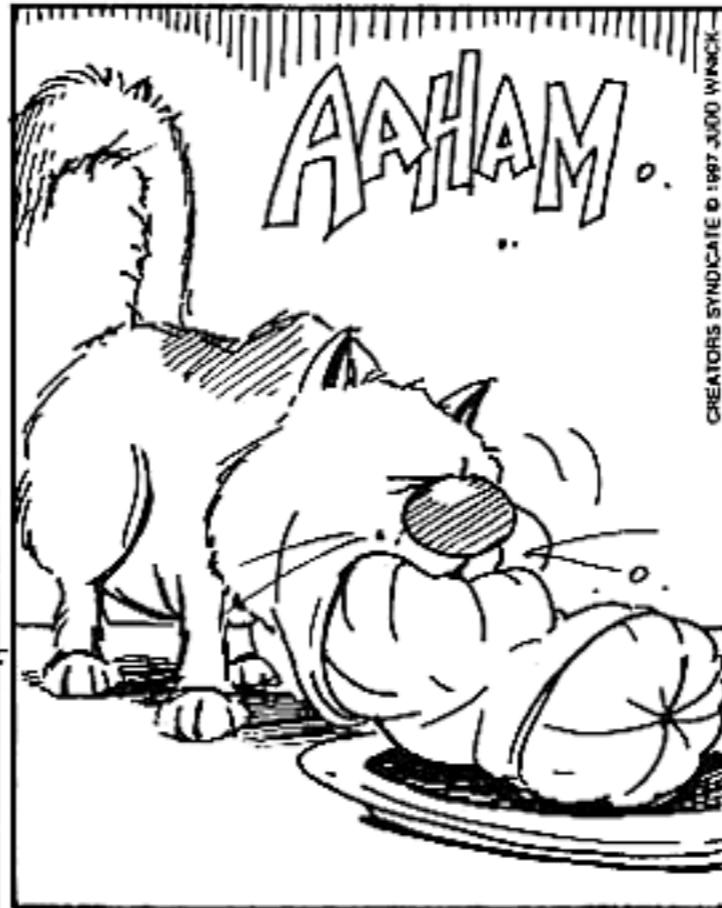


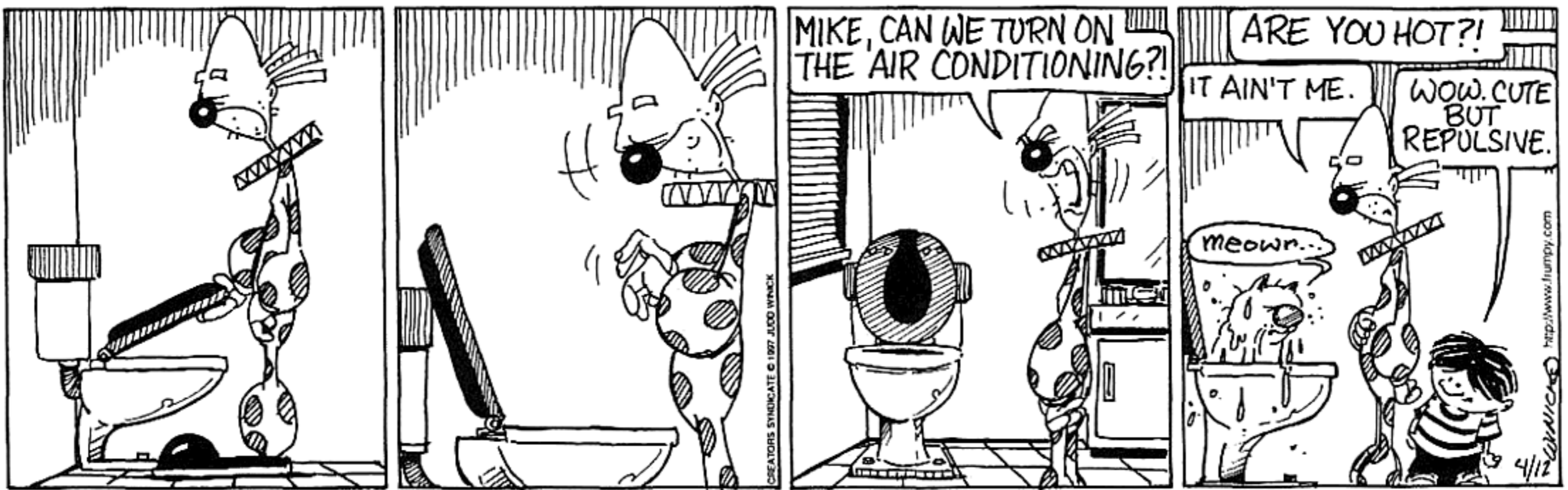
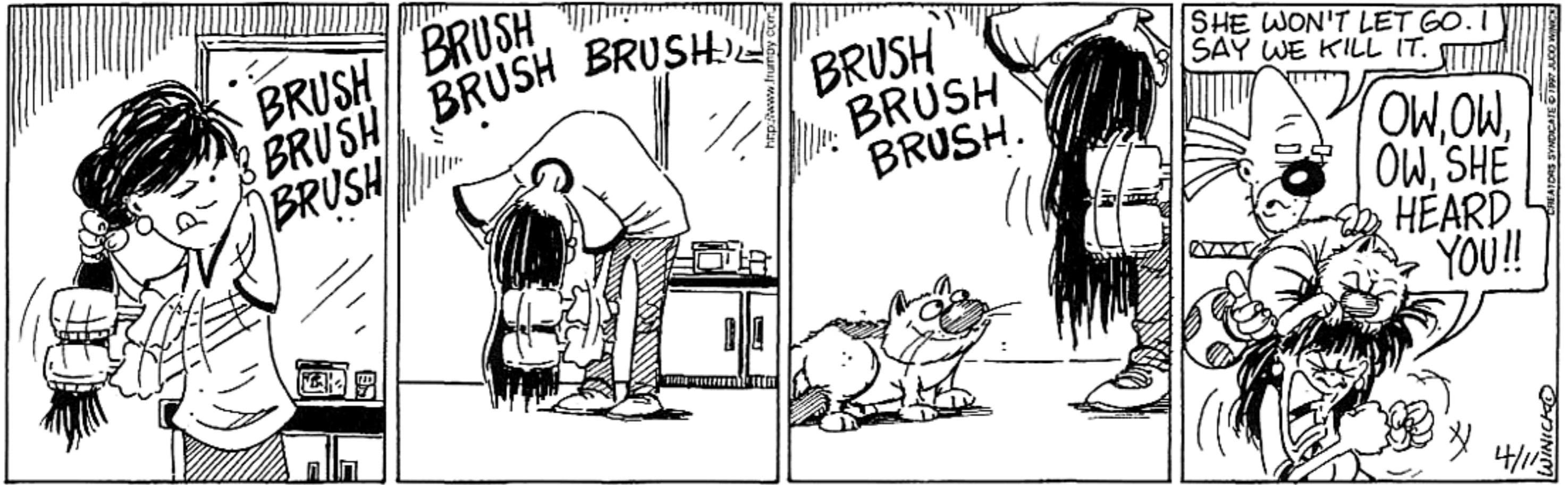


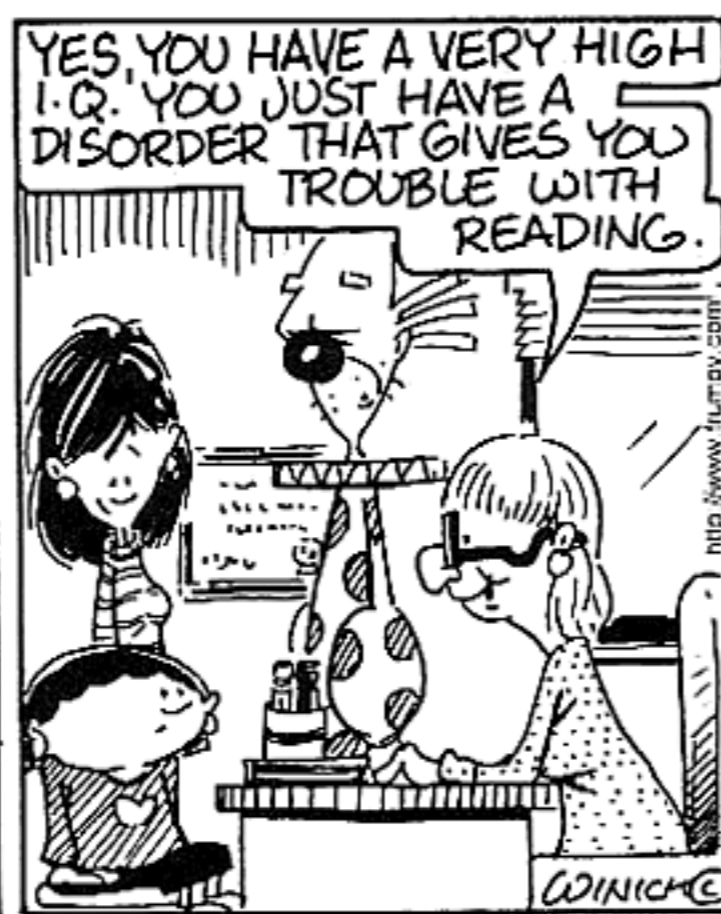


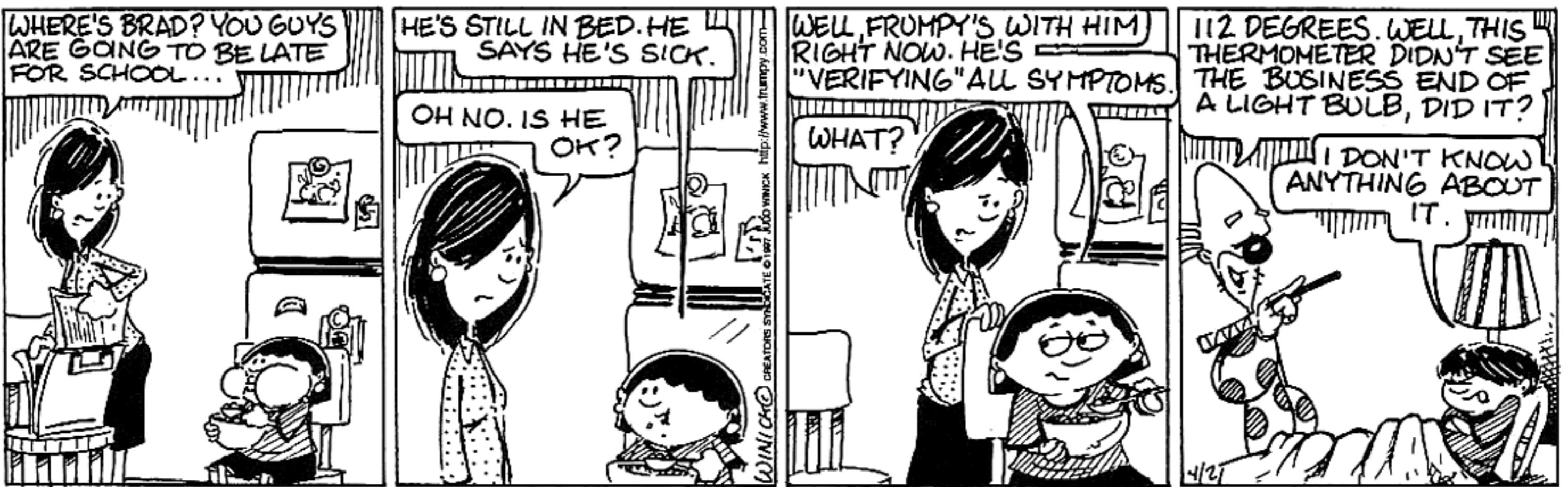
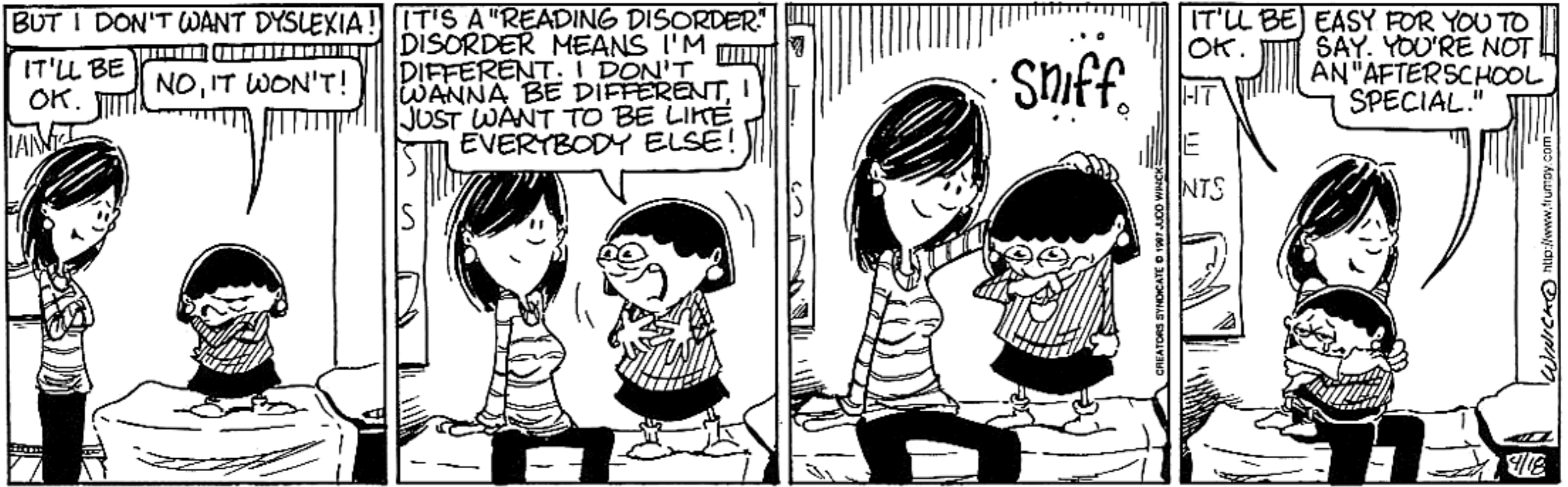




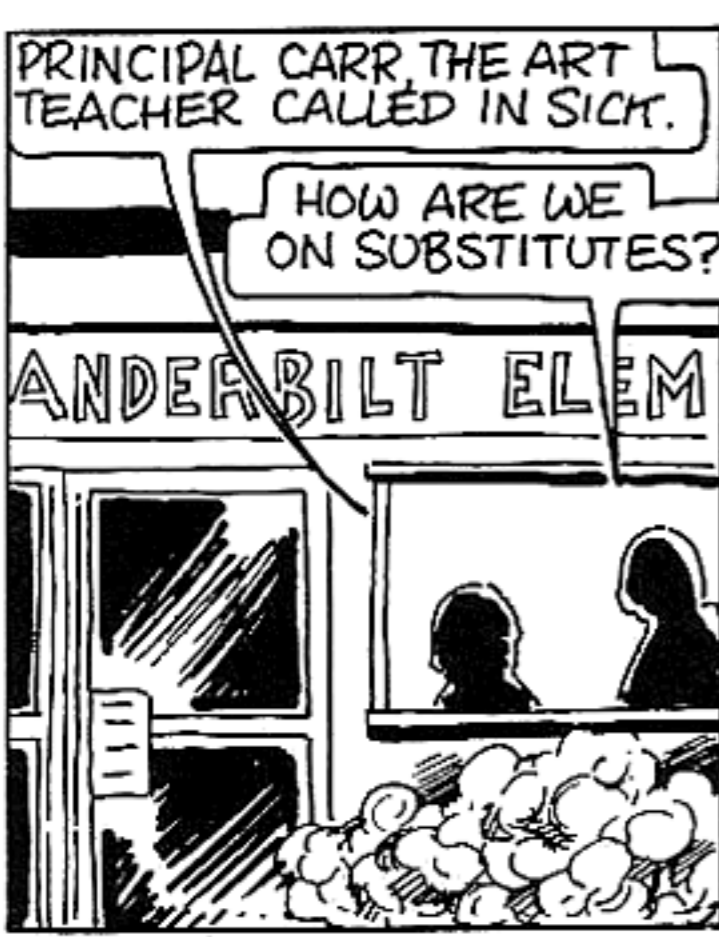
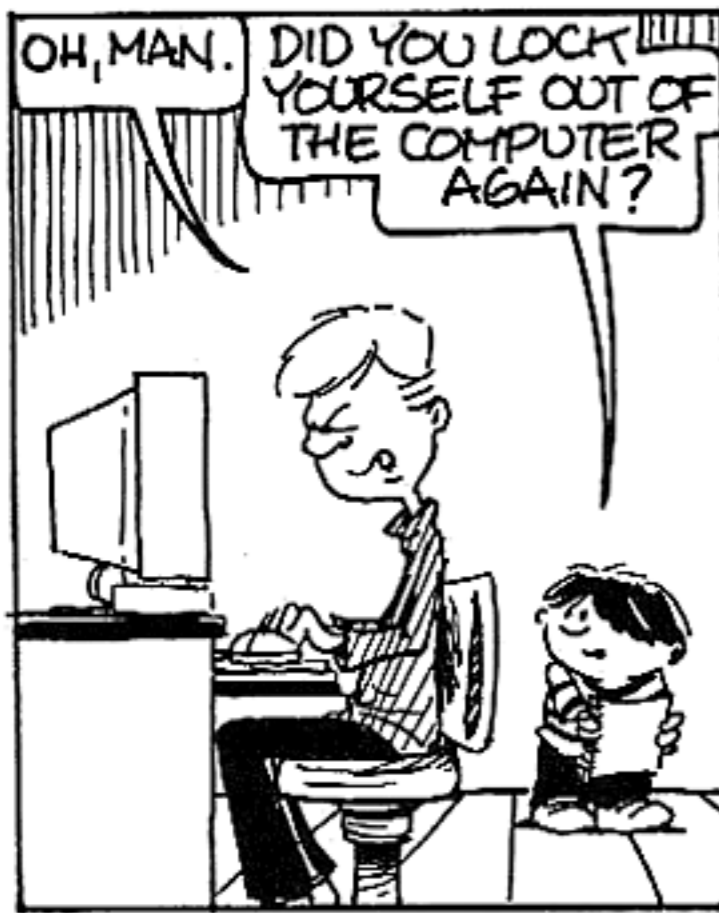


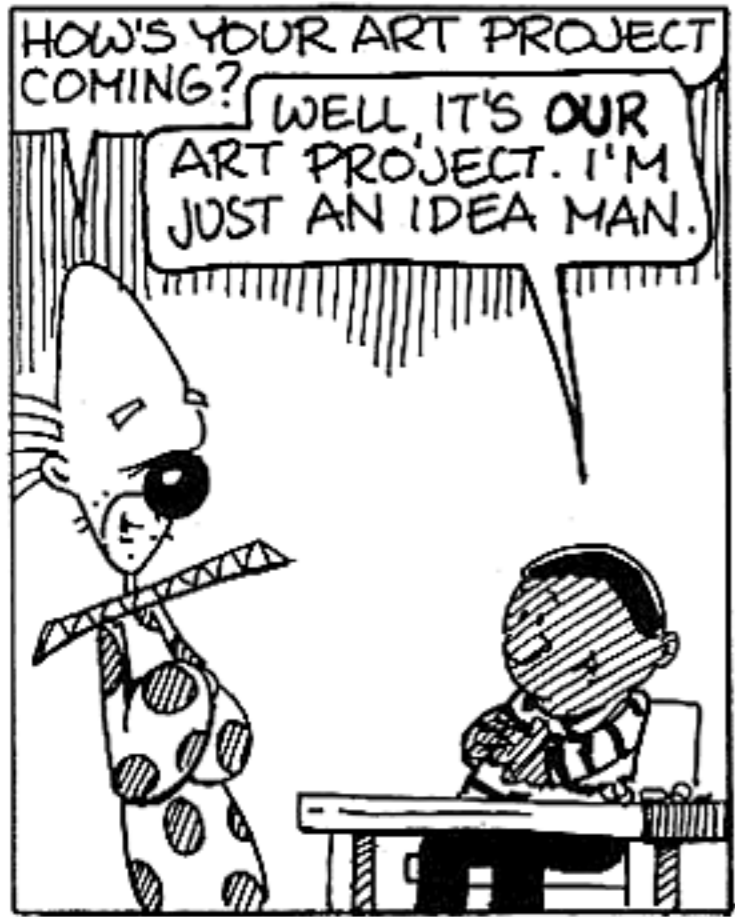


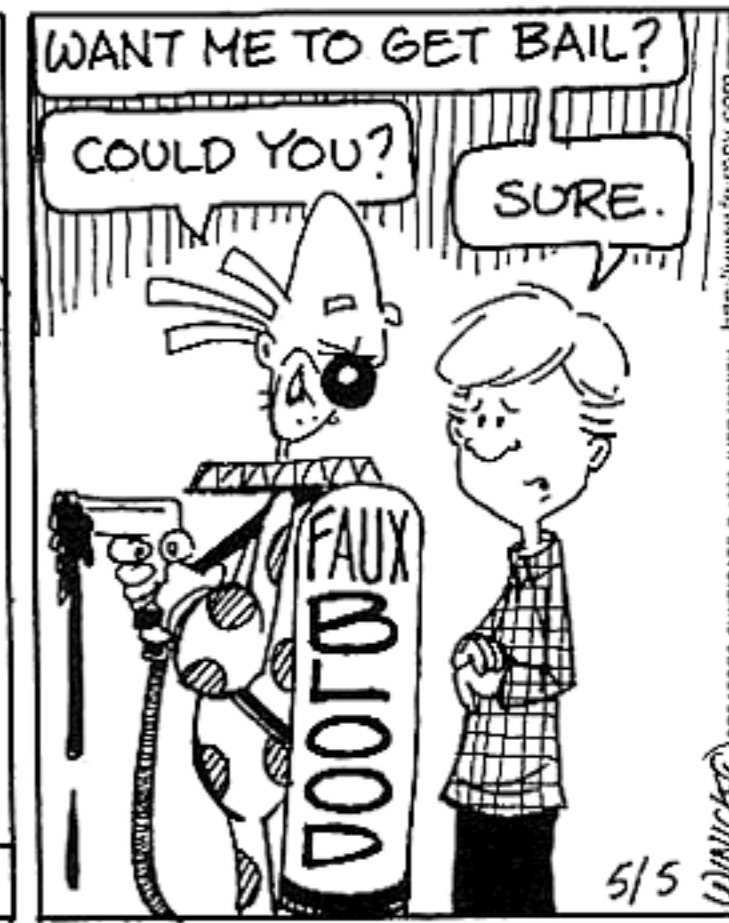
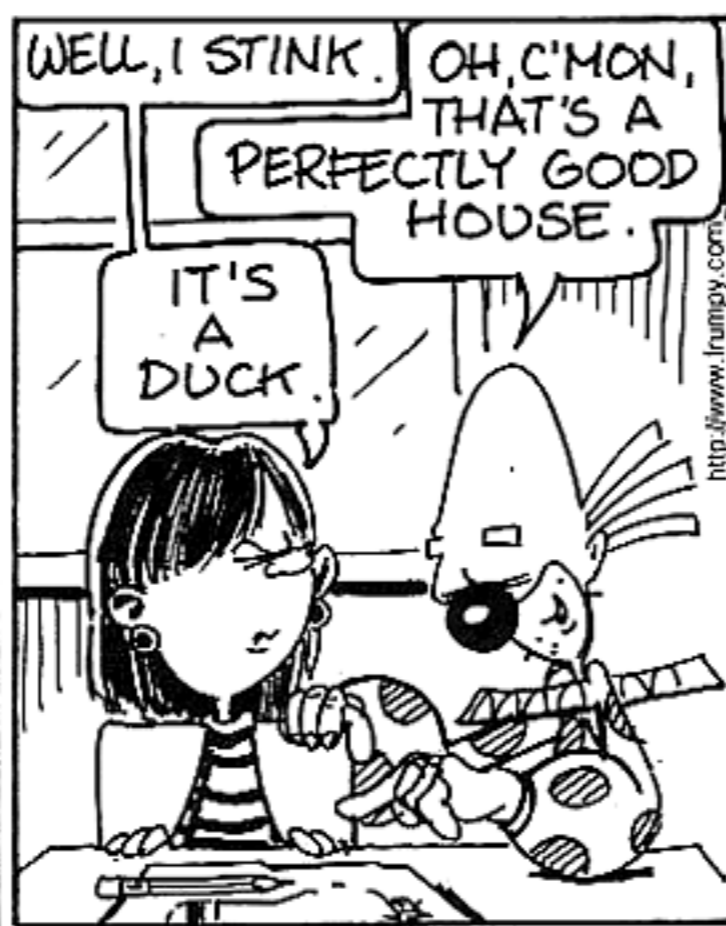


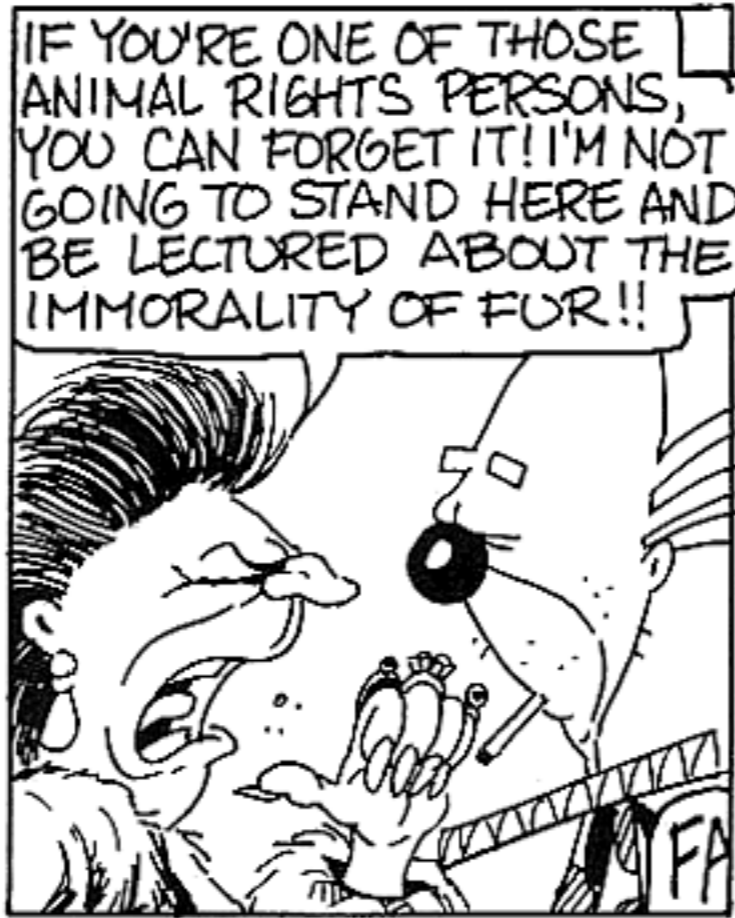


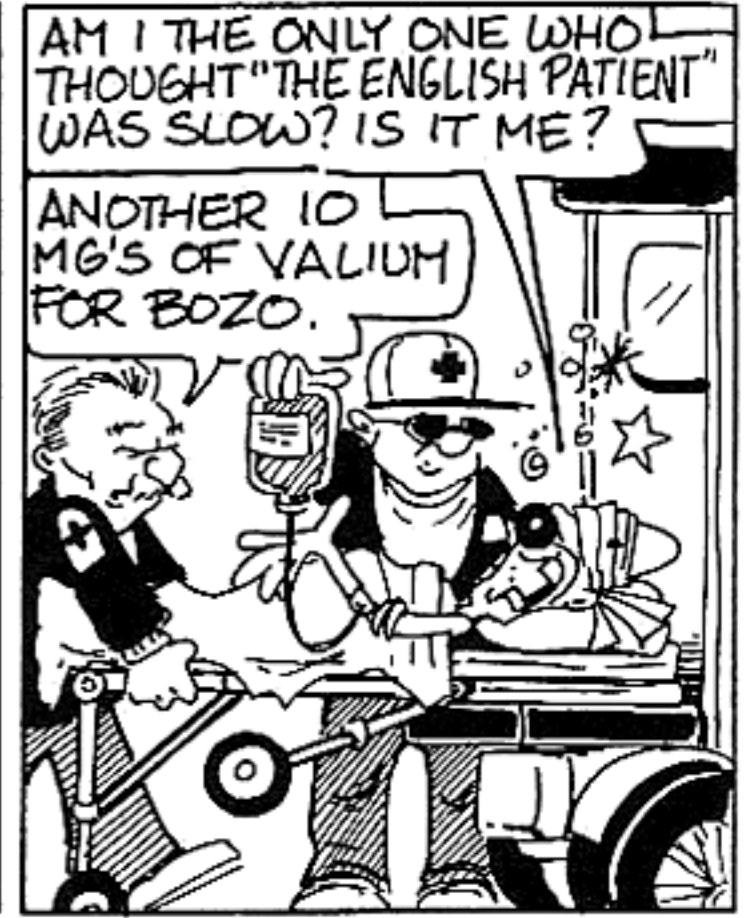


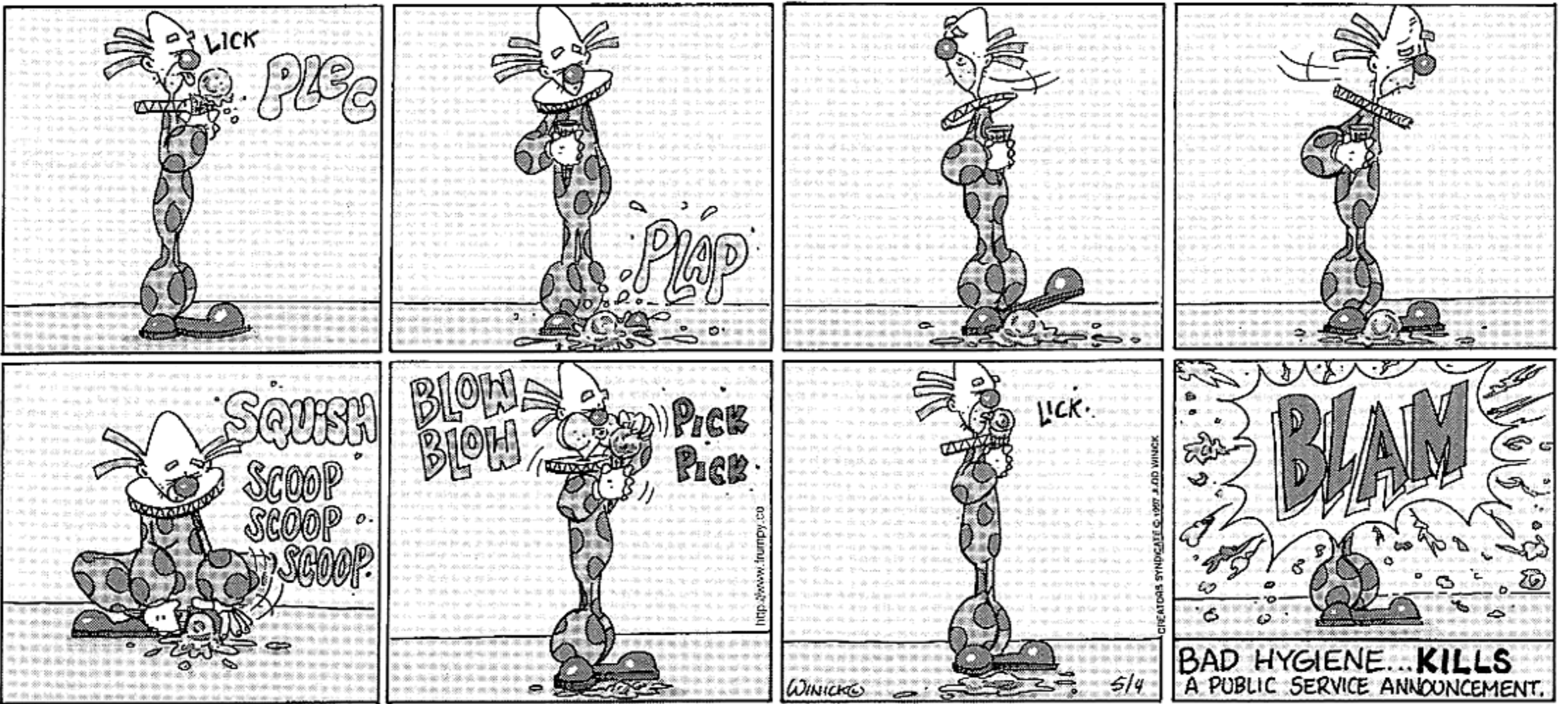
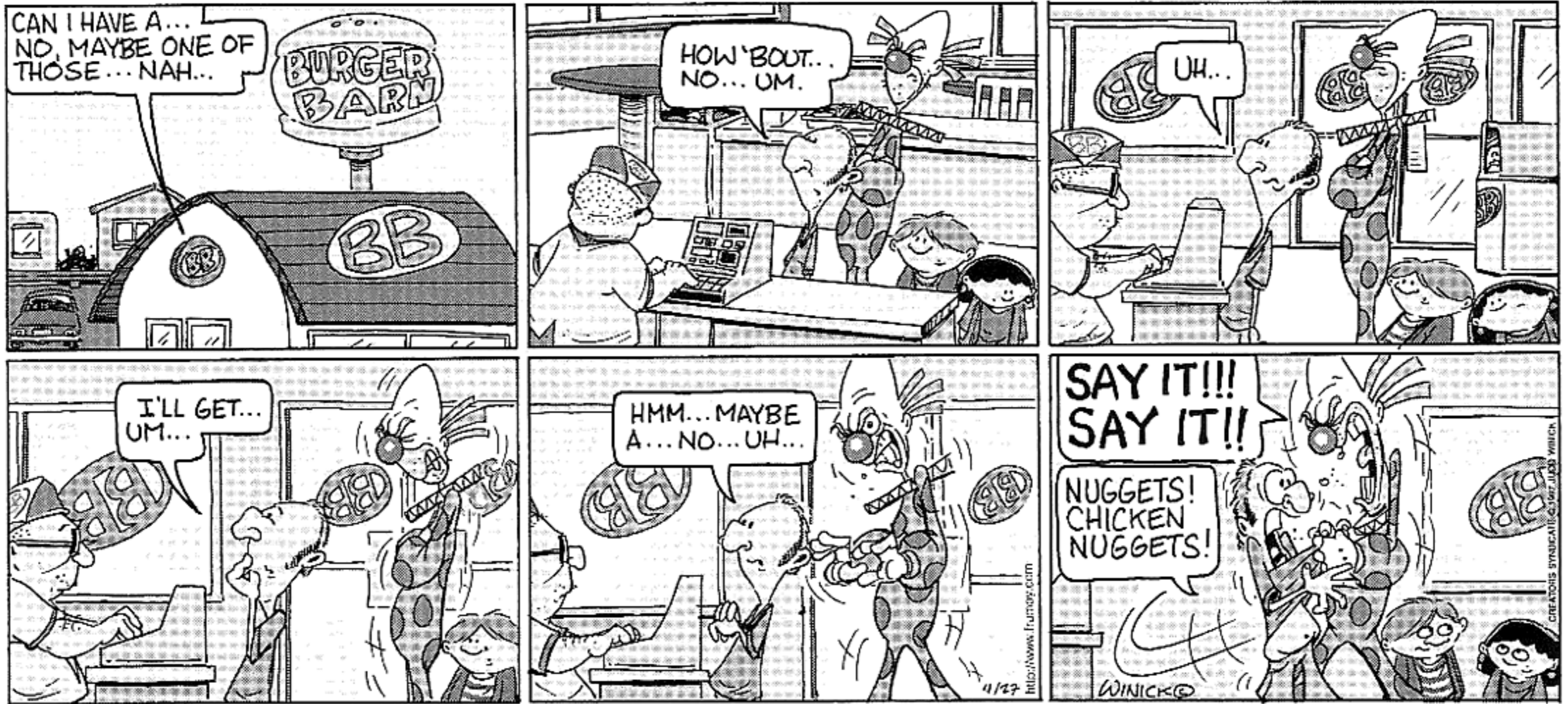


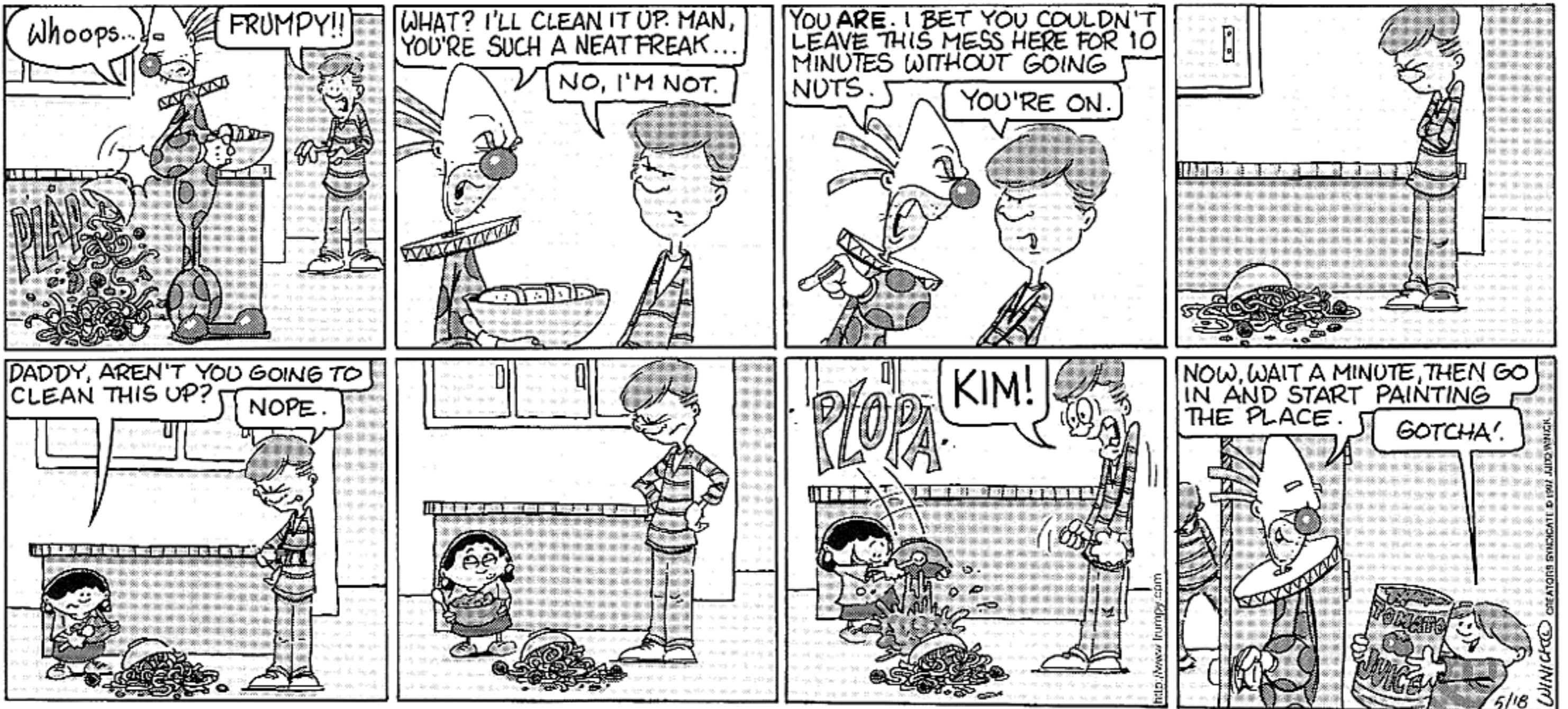
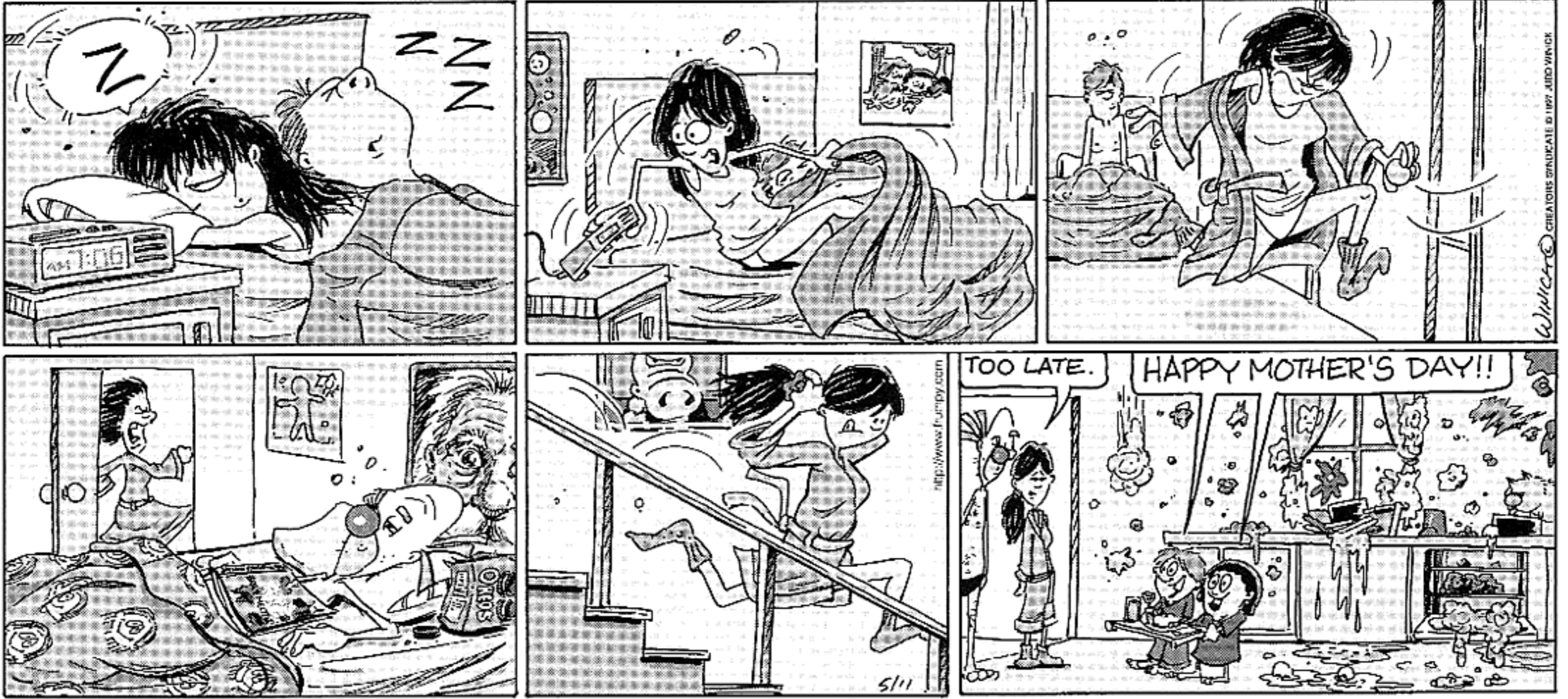


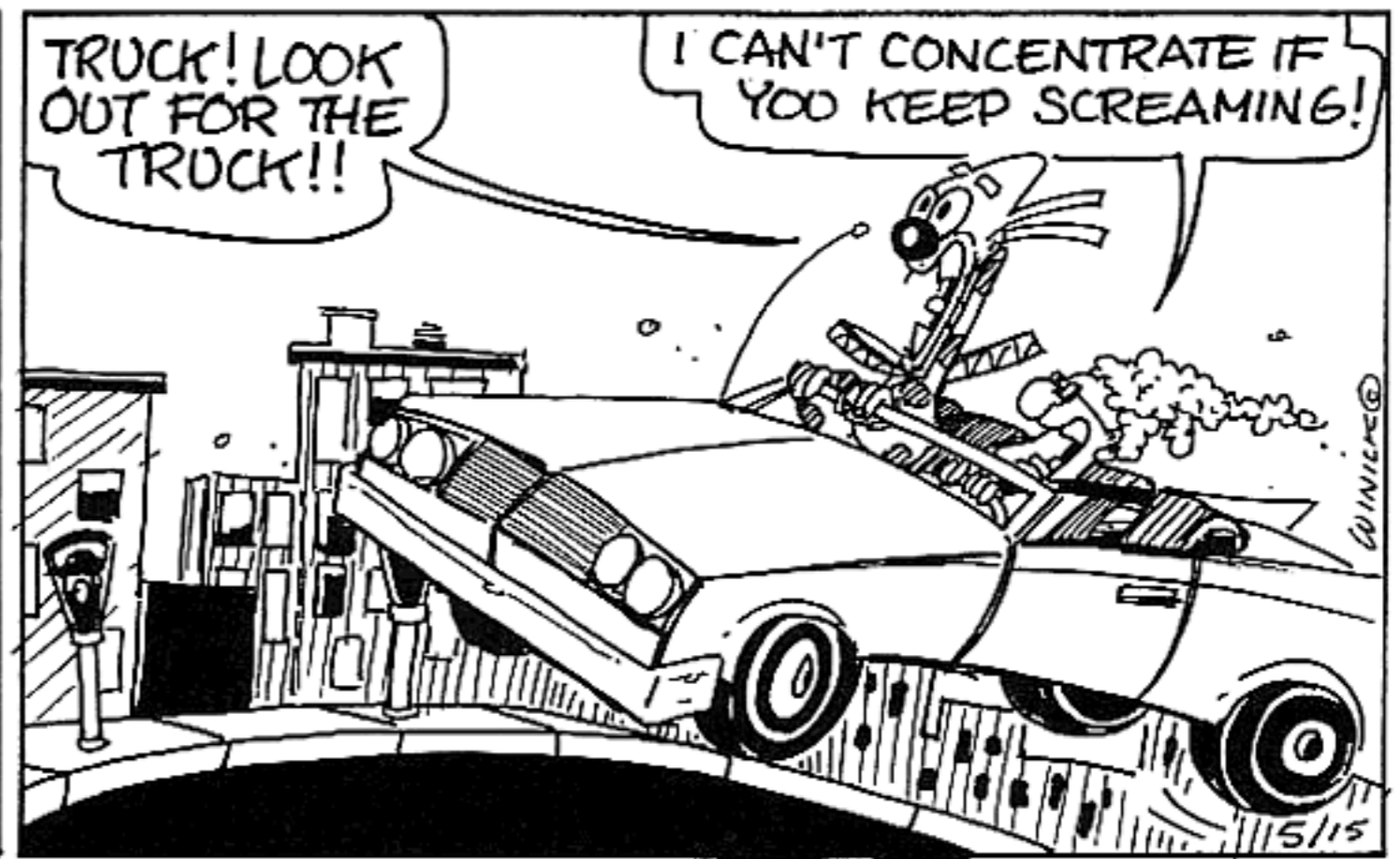


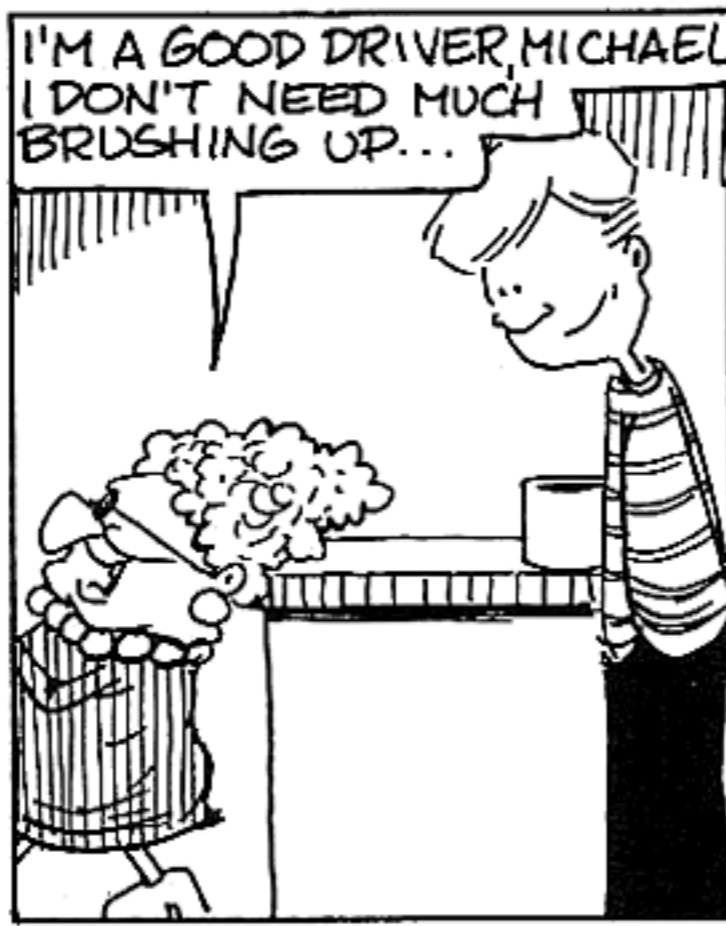


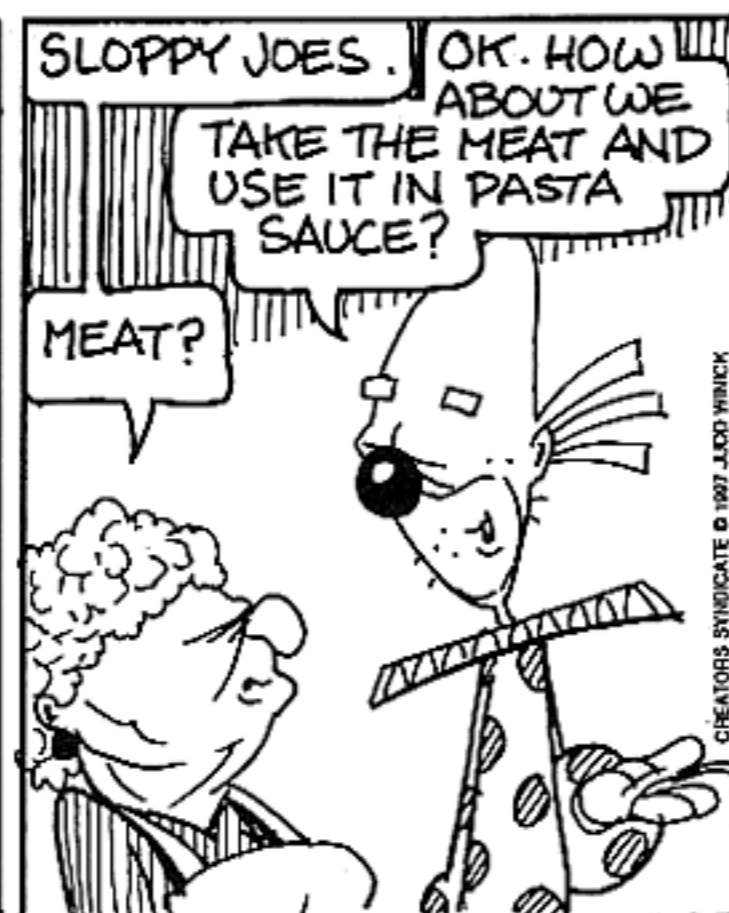
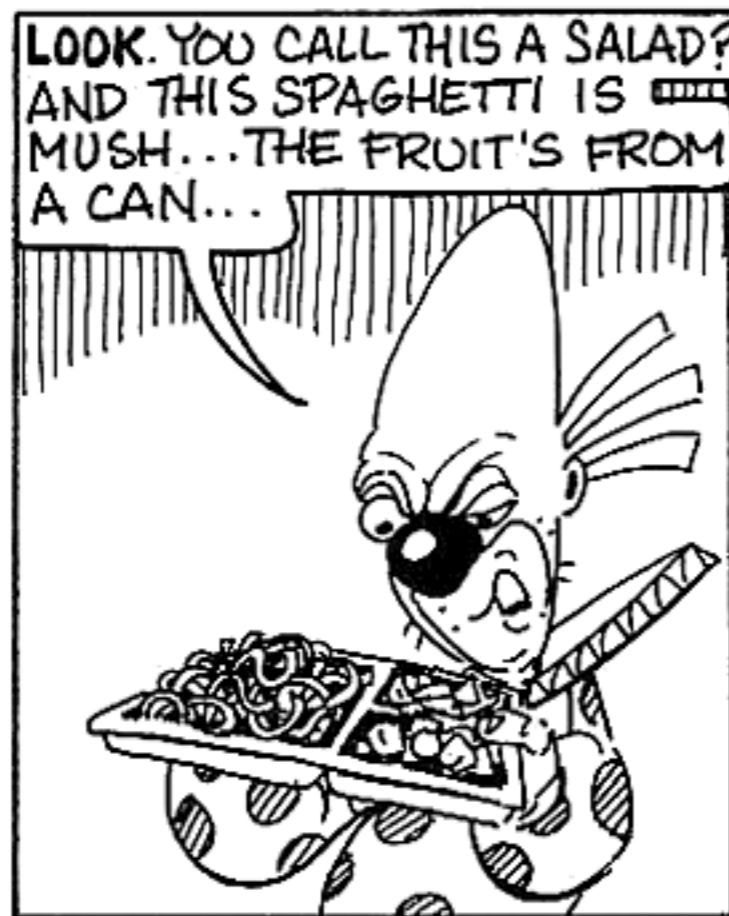


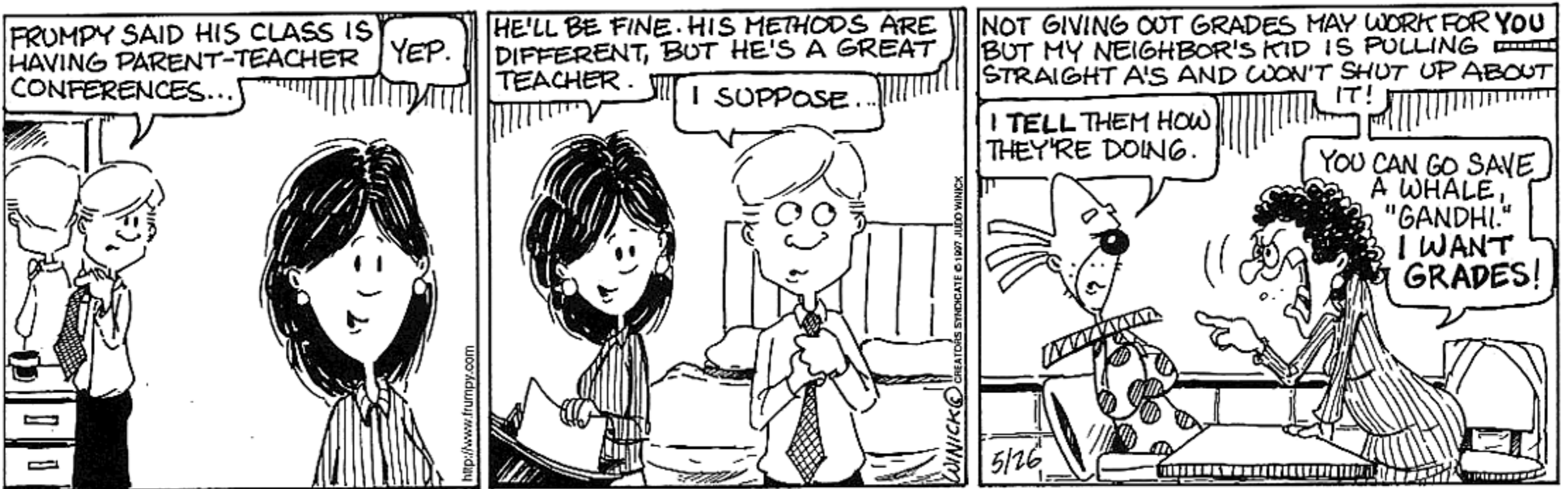
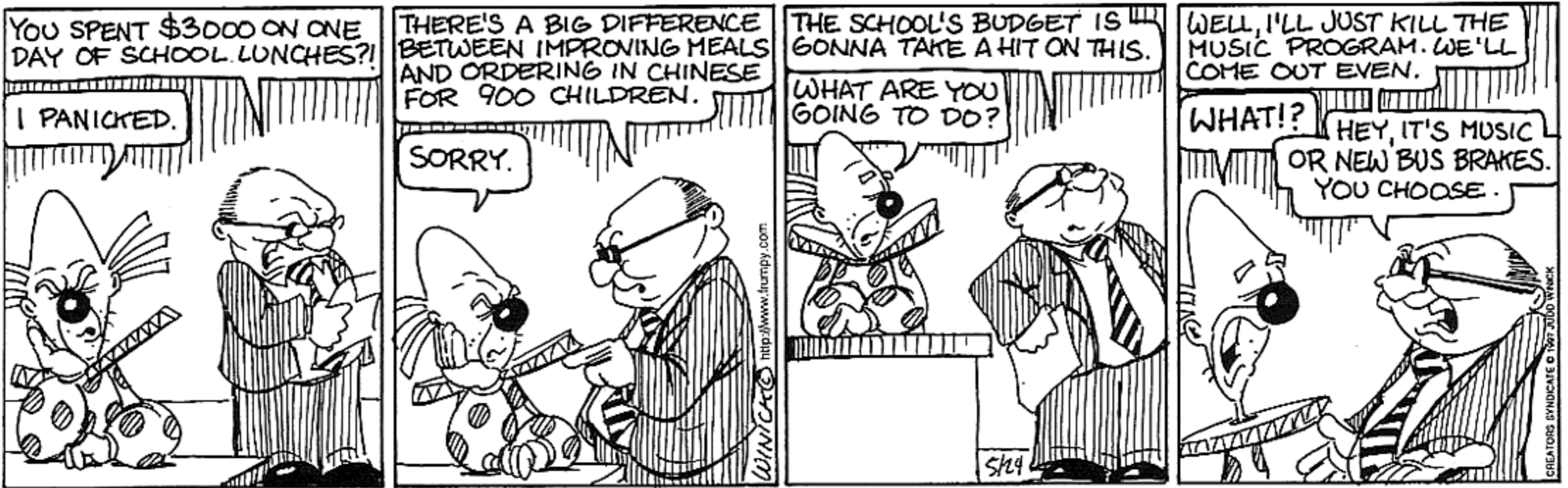












WELL, WE'RE THINKING OF GETTING JASMINE A TUTOR. WHY?

PARENT/TEACHER CONFERENCES

FRUMPY T. CLOWN
TEACHER
RM. 219

HER SCIENCE AND MATH SKILLS AREN'T WHERE THEY SHOULD BE.

WE'RE CONCERNED THAT SHE ISN'T ON THE ROAD TO AN IVY LEAGUE SCHOOL.

SHE'S NINE. Y'SEE, HE THINKS WE STARTED LATE, TOO!

WE DID THE PRENATAL FRENCH TAPES!

5/27 WINICK©

MARK'S DOING REAL WELL - IS HE GONNA PLAY FOOTBALL?

PARENT/TEACHER CONFERENCES

FRUMPY T. CLOWN
TEACHER
RM. 219

FOOTBALL. WELL, HE'S SLOW, HE CAN'T THROW A BALL WORTH A SPIT.

I TEACH - WE TRIED SOCCER, BASEBALL, FOOTBALL'S MY LAST SHOT!!

THIS EXPLAIN'S MARK'S TWITCH. Y'GOTTA HELP ME, MAN, THE WIFE'S TALKING BALLET!

5/28 WINICK©

IT'S GOOD TO MEET YOU, MRS. CONNOR, I - NO PROBLEM, NO PROBLEM.

PARENT/TEACHER CONFERENCES

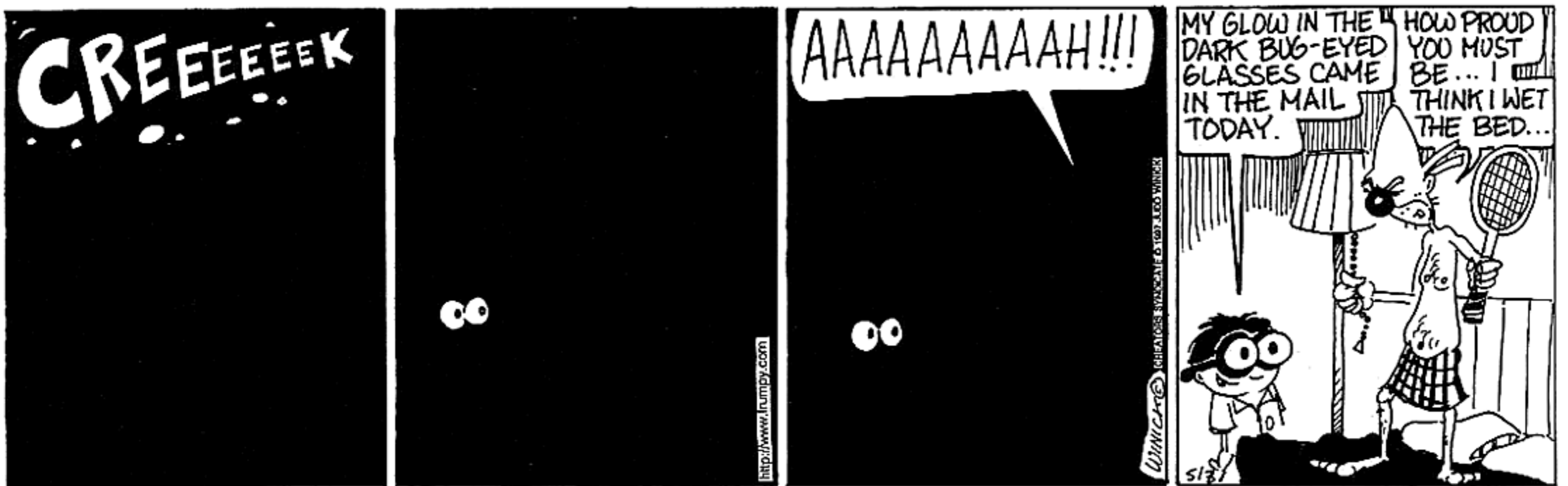
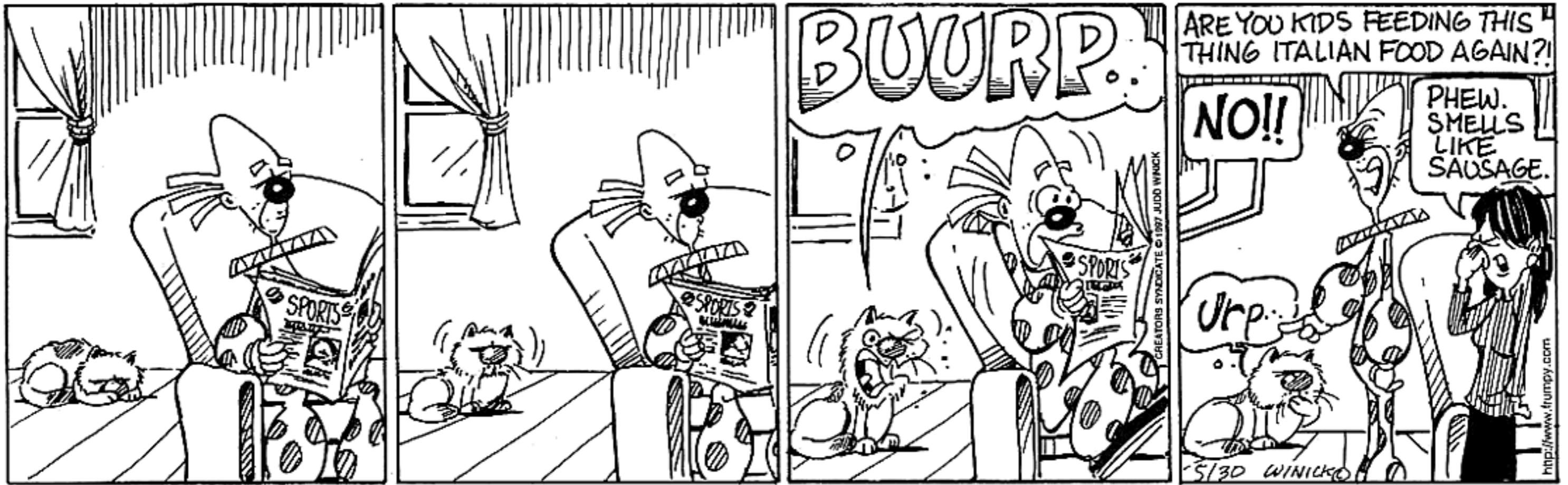
FRUMPY T. CLOWN
TEACHER
RM. 219

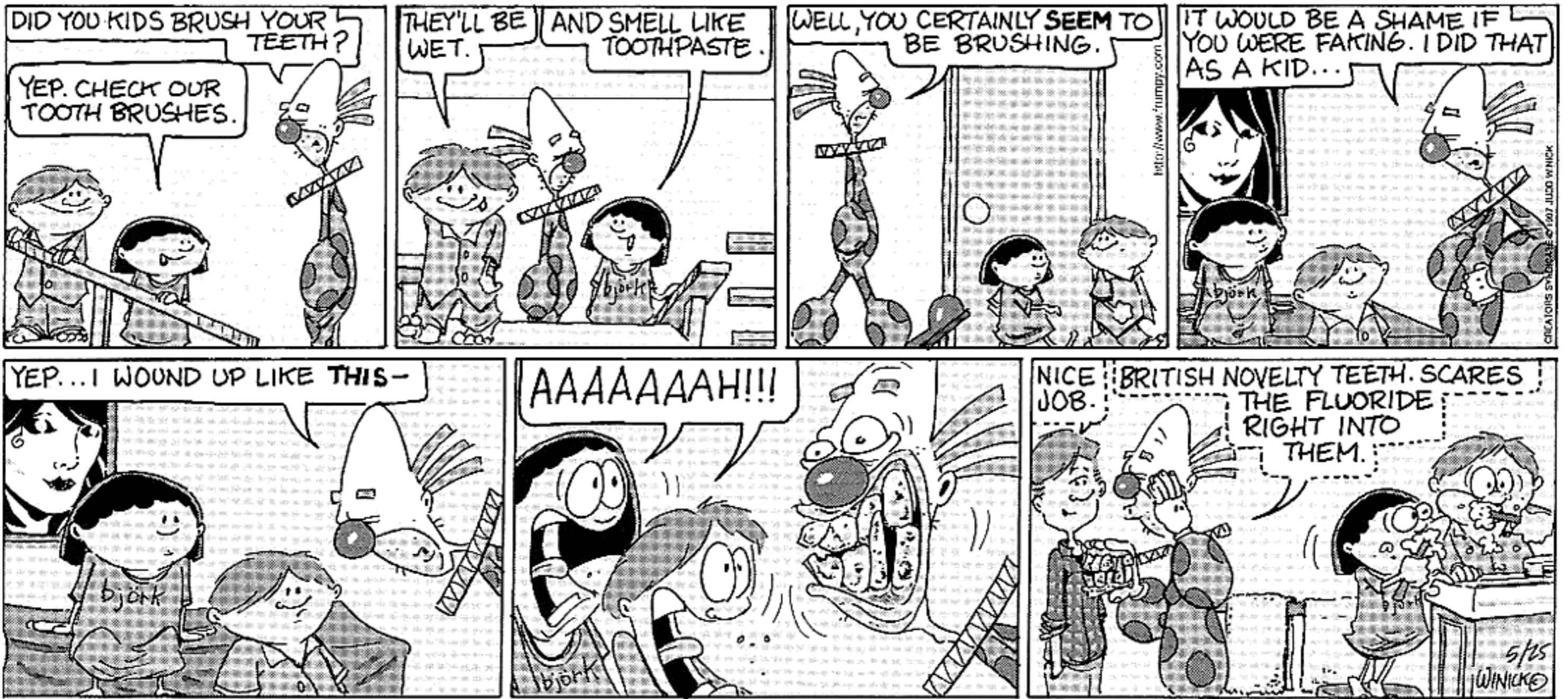
CAN WE KEEP THIS SHORT. I'VE GOT A 10 O'CLOCK I CAN'T MISS. SURE. MY CONCERN IS THAT CHAD HAS BEEN ACTING OUT.

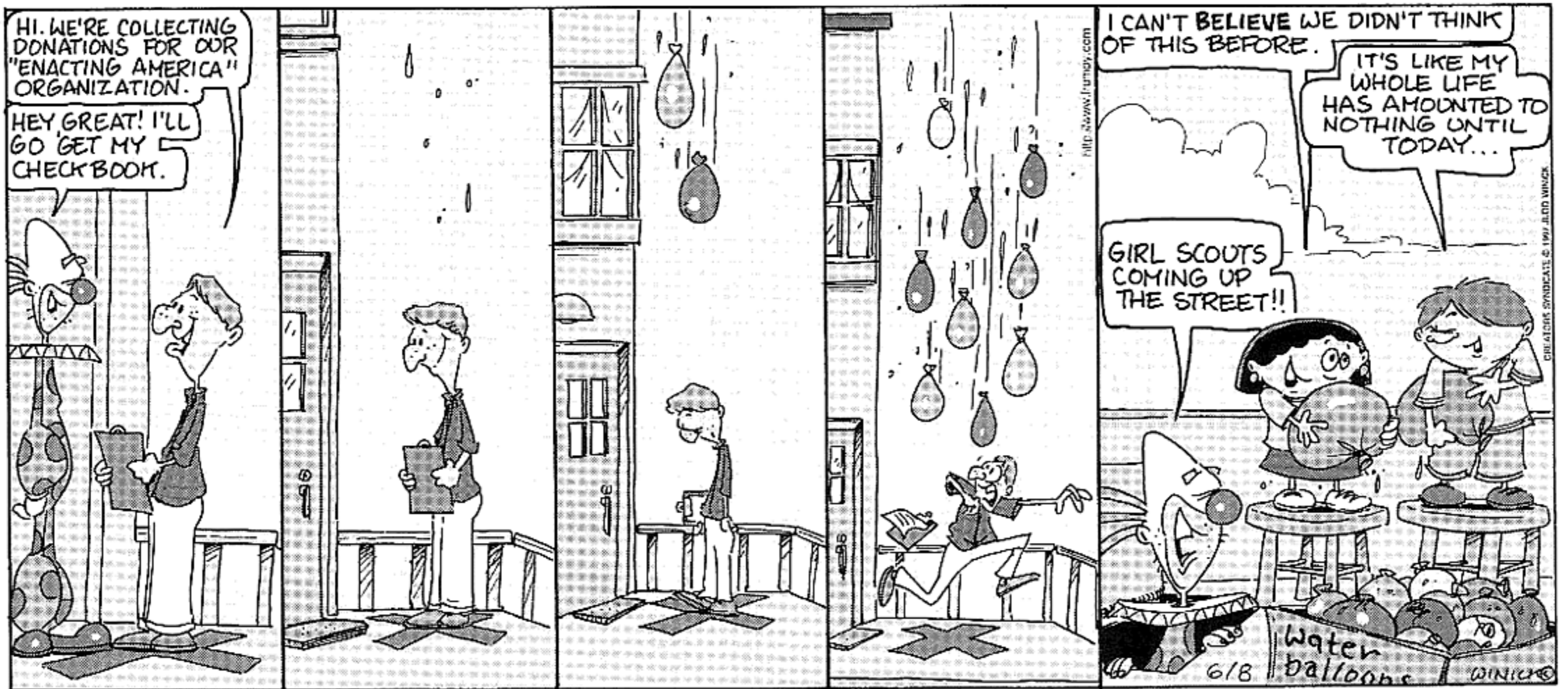
ACTING OUT, UH-HUH, UH-HUH (I need the Boston file) WHY WOULD HE DO THAT? (and New York.)

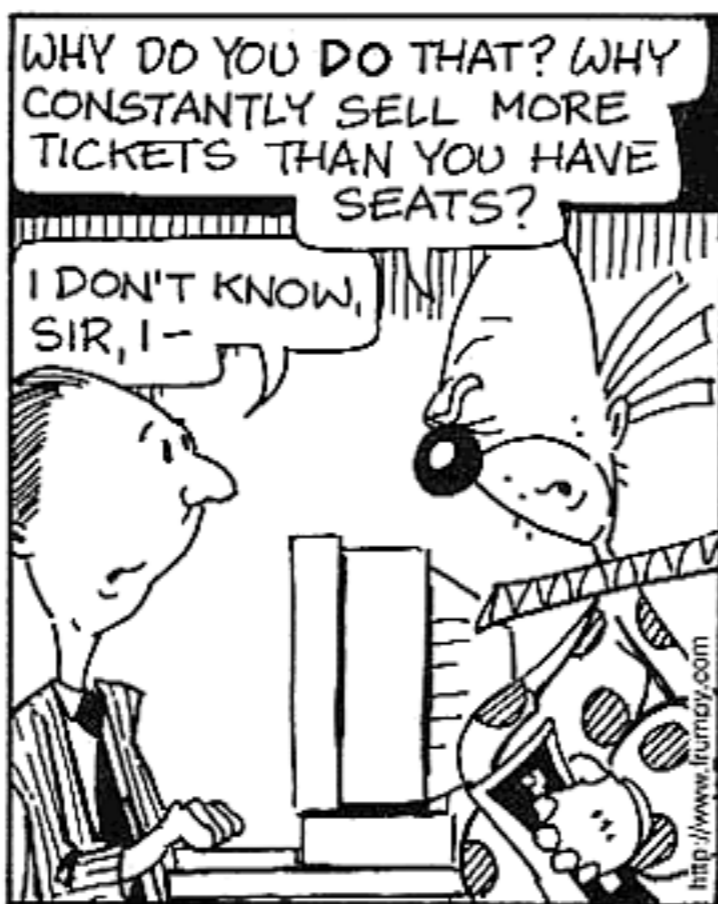
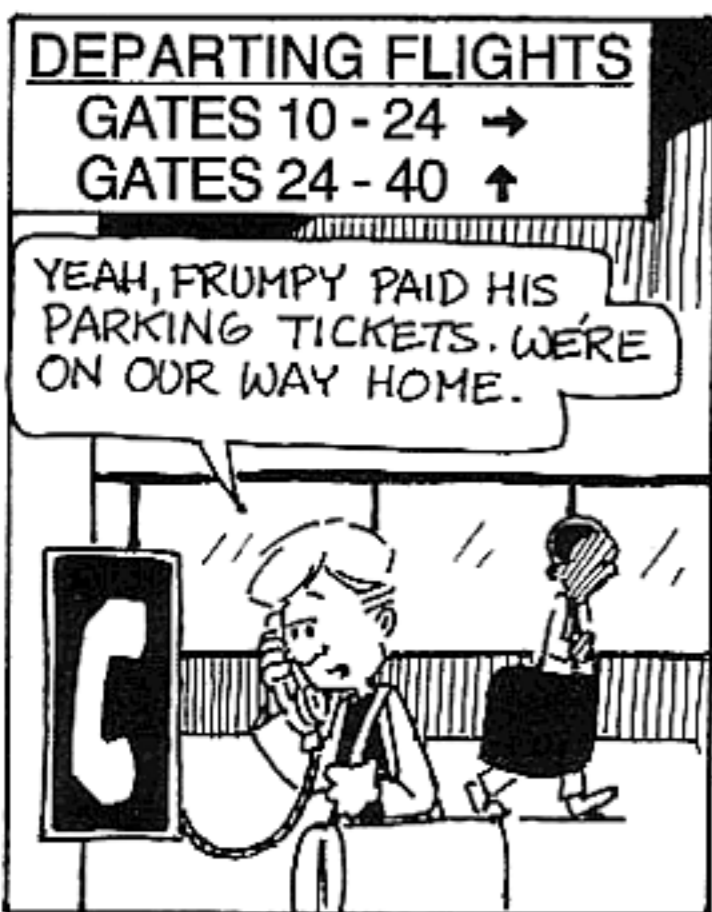
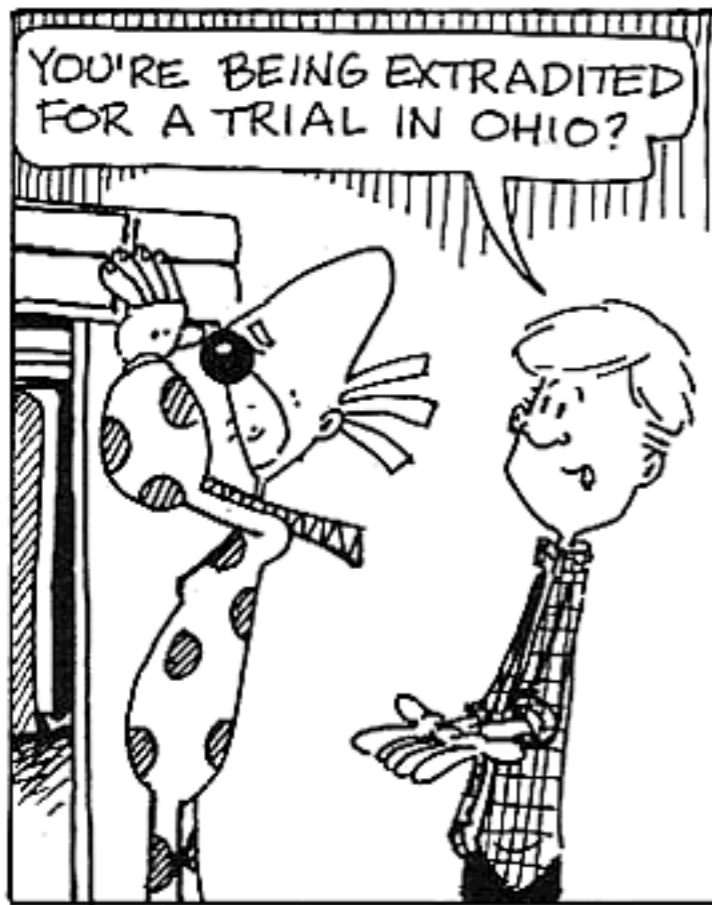
I DUNNO. LACK OF ATTENTION. WAIT, LEMME CHECK WITH THE NANNY. CONSUELA? HOW'S CHAD BEEN? BIEN, SENORA!

5/29 WINICK©

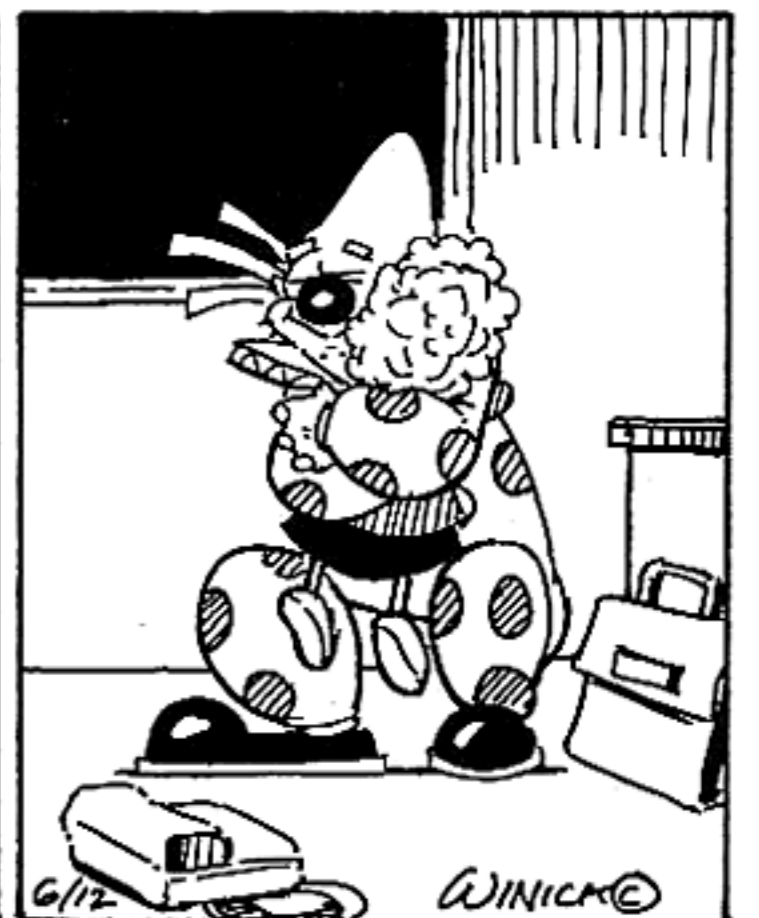
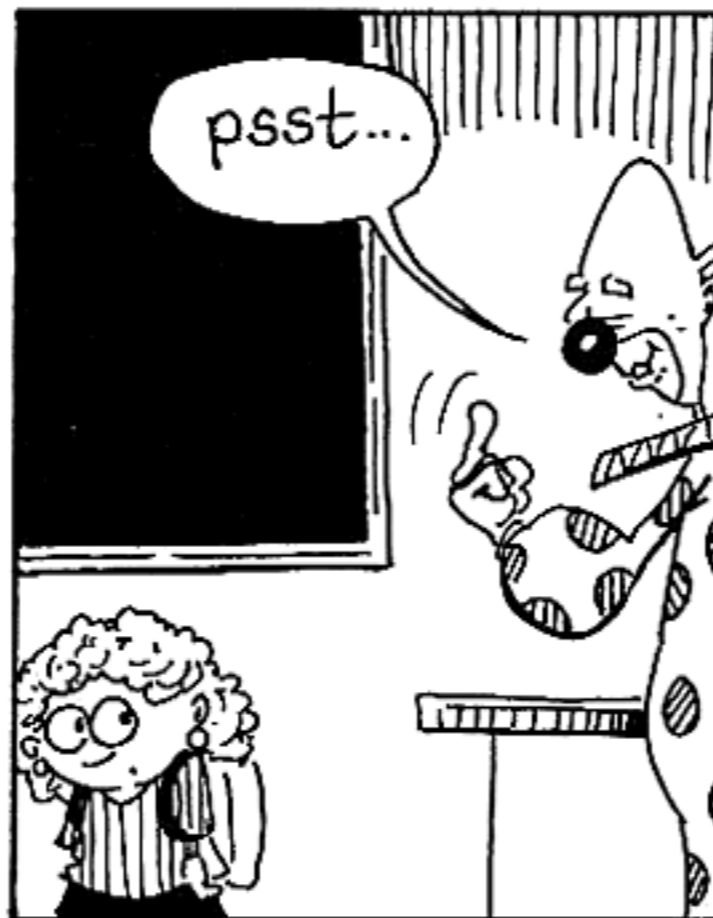
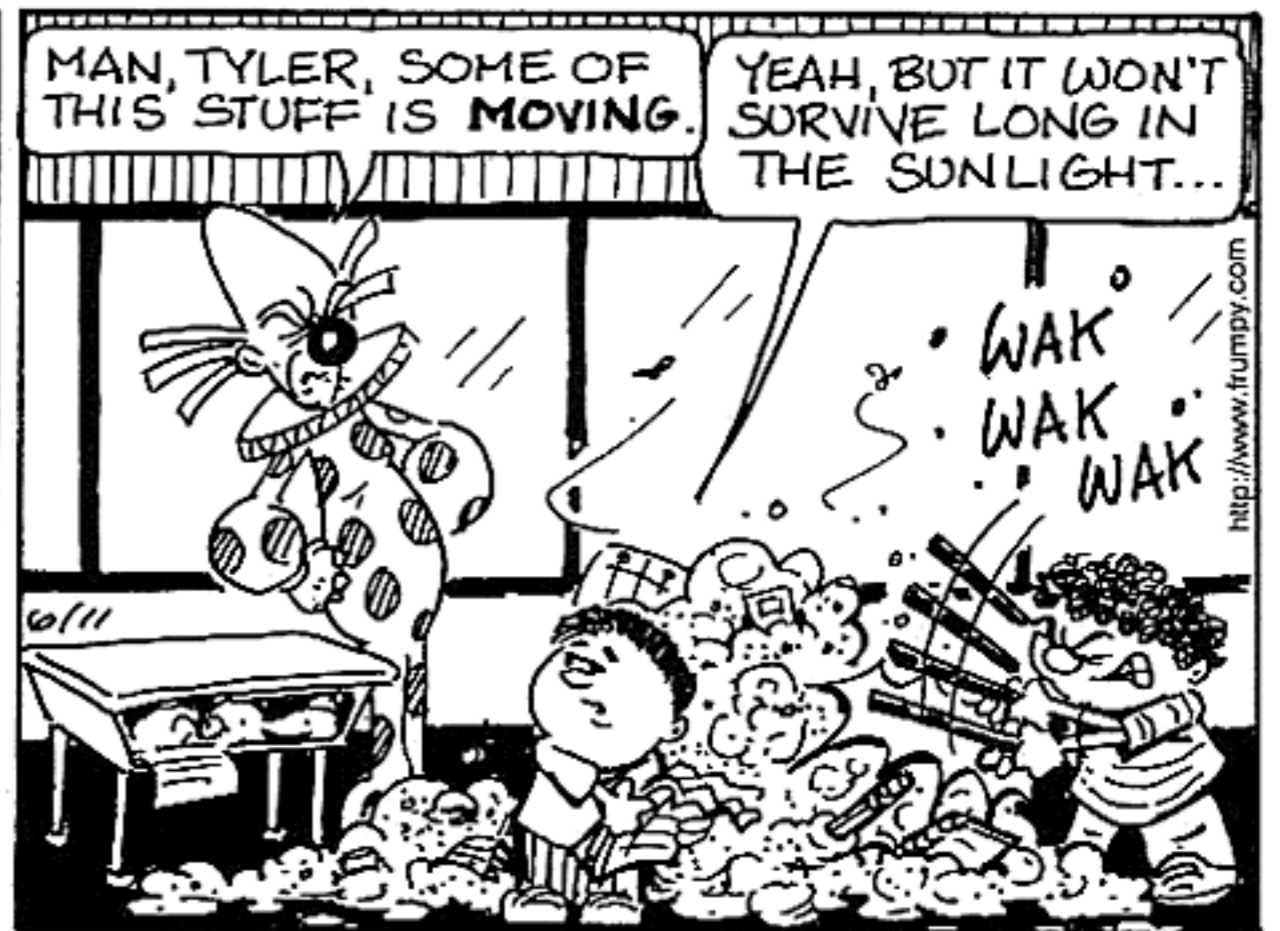
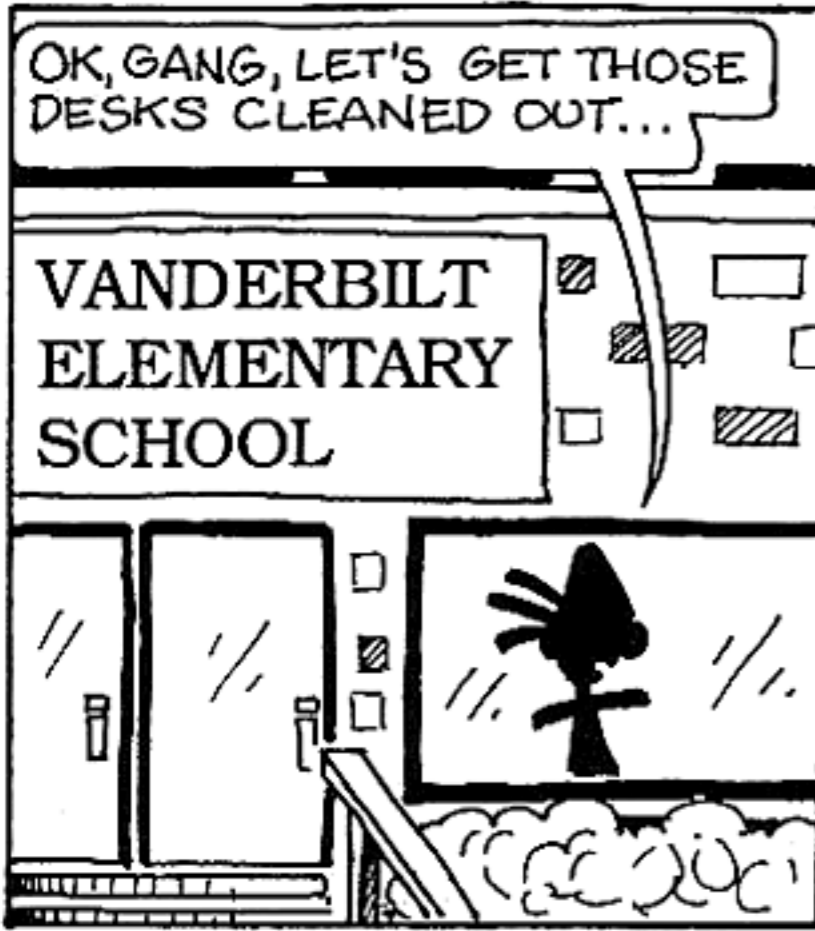
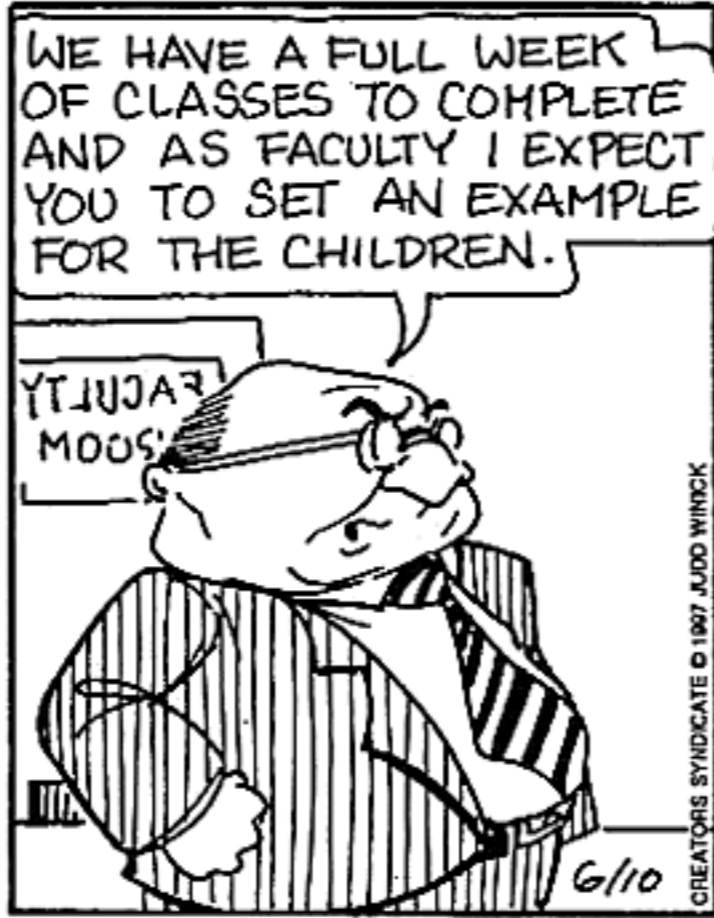




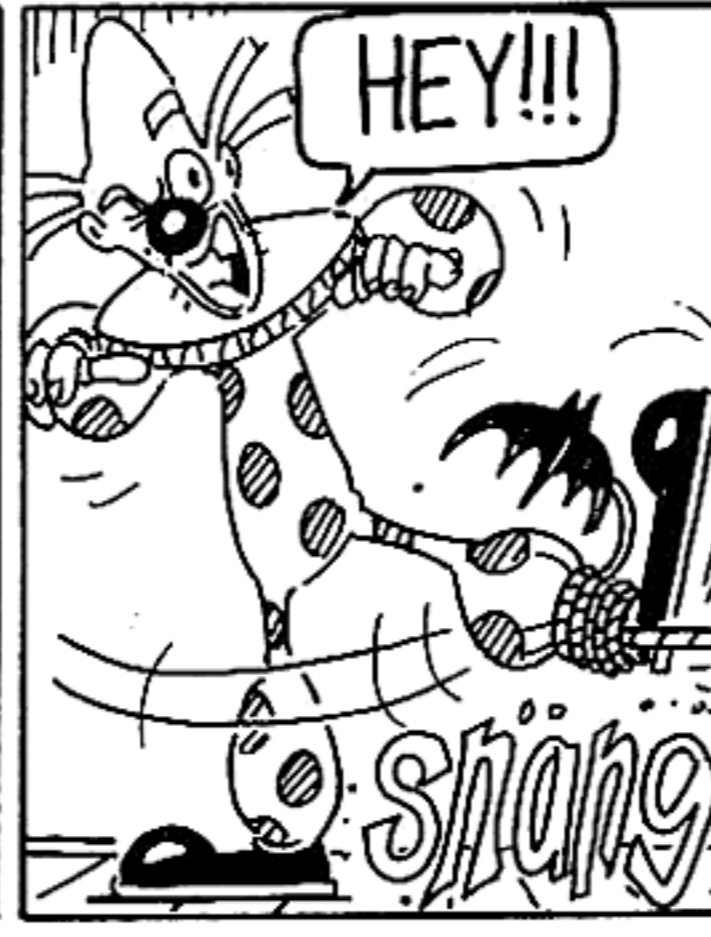
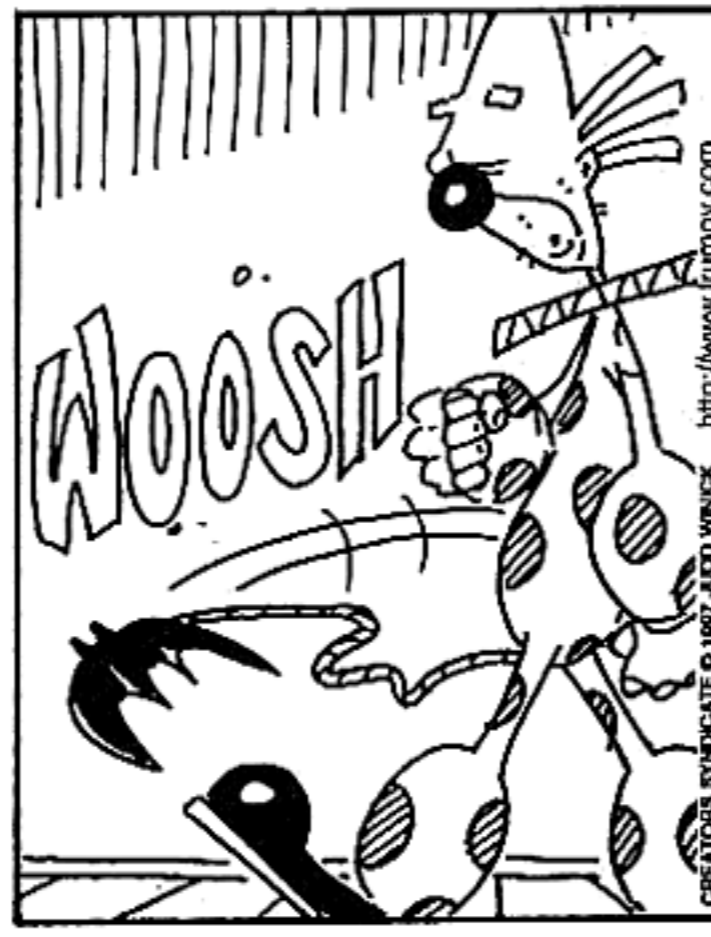
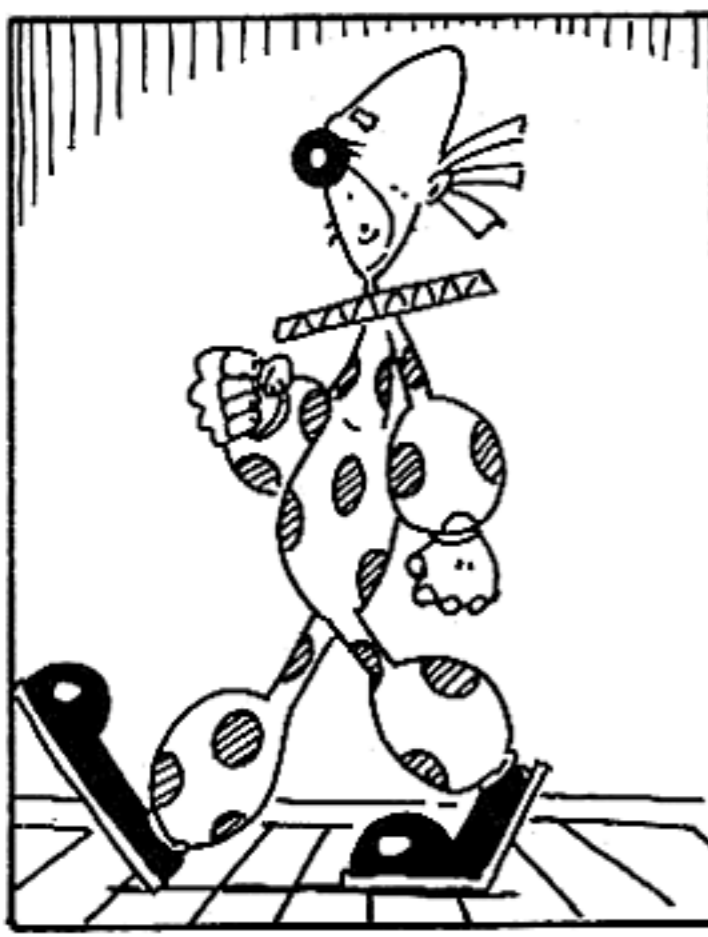
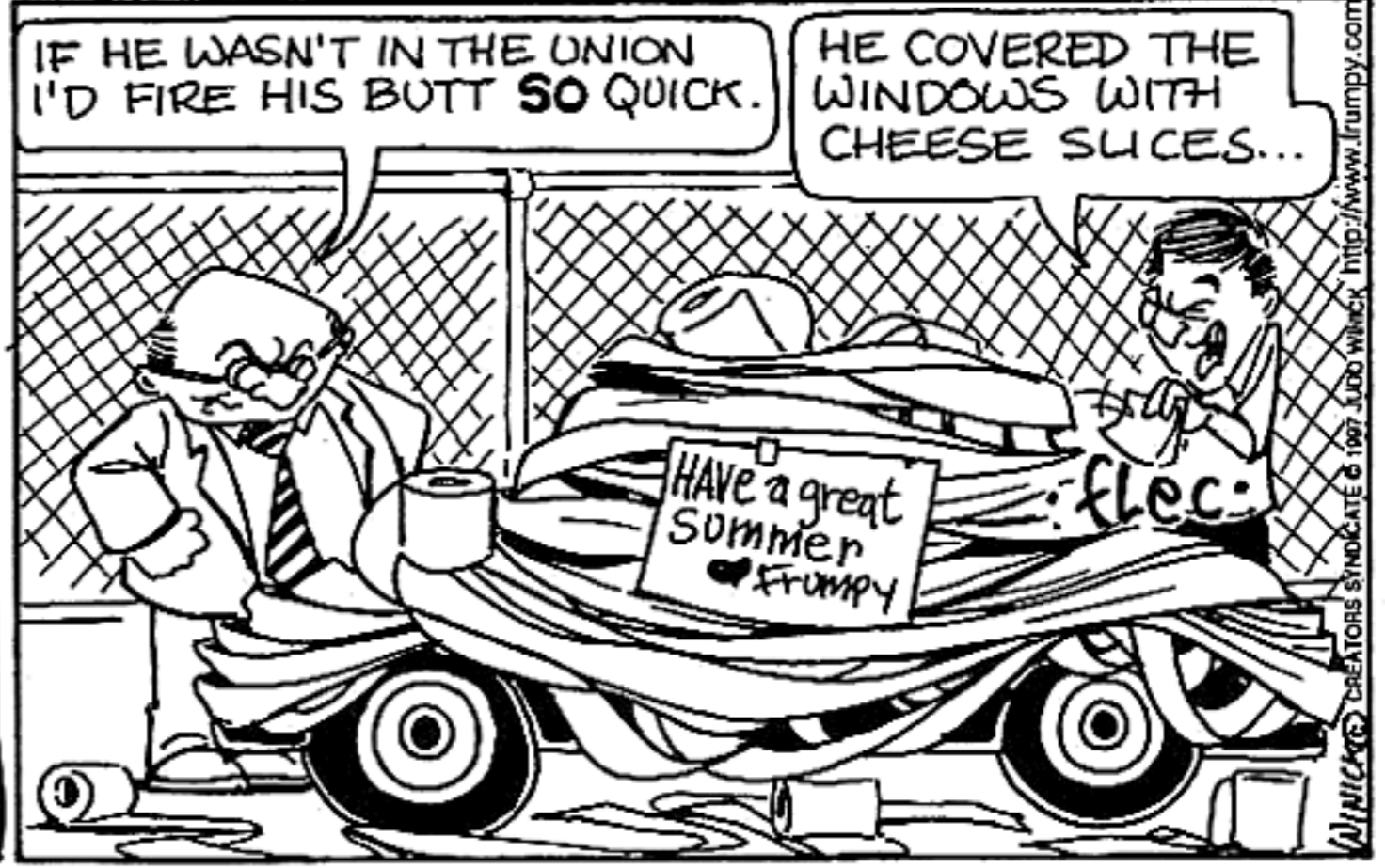
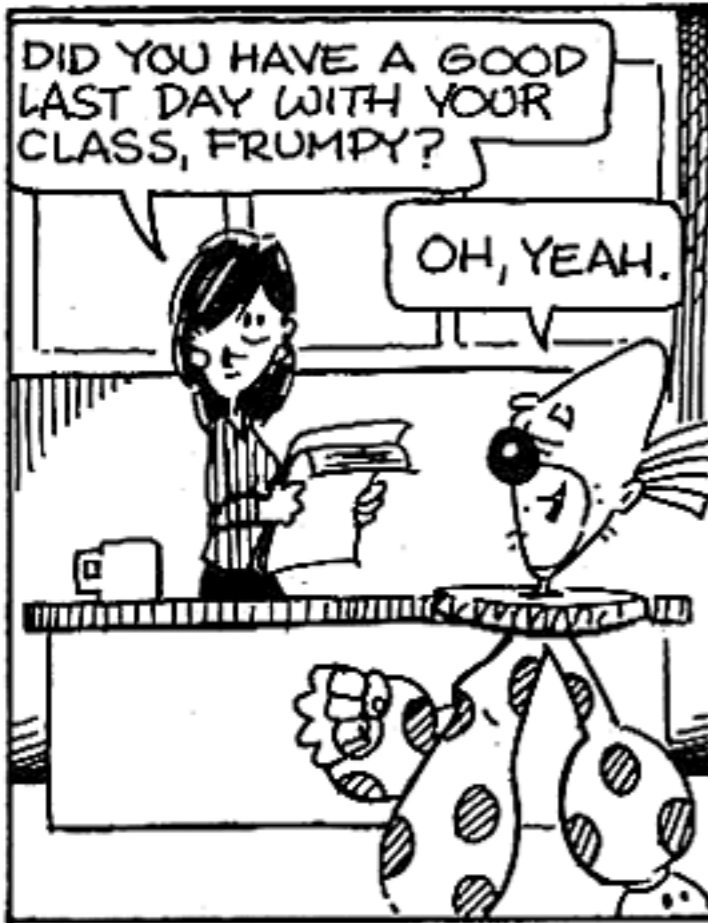




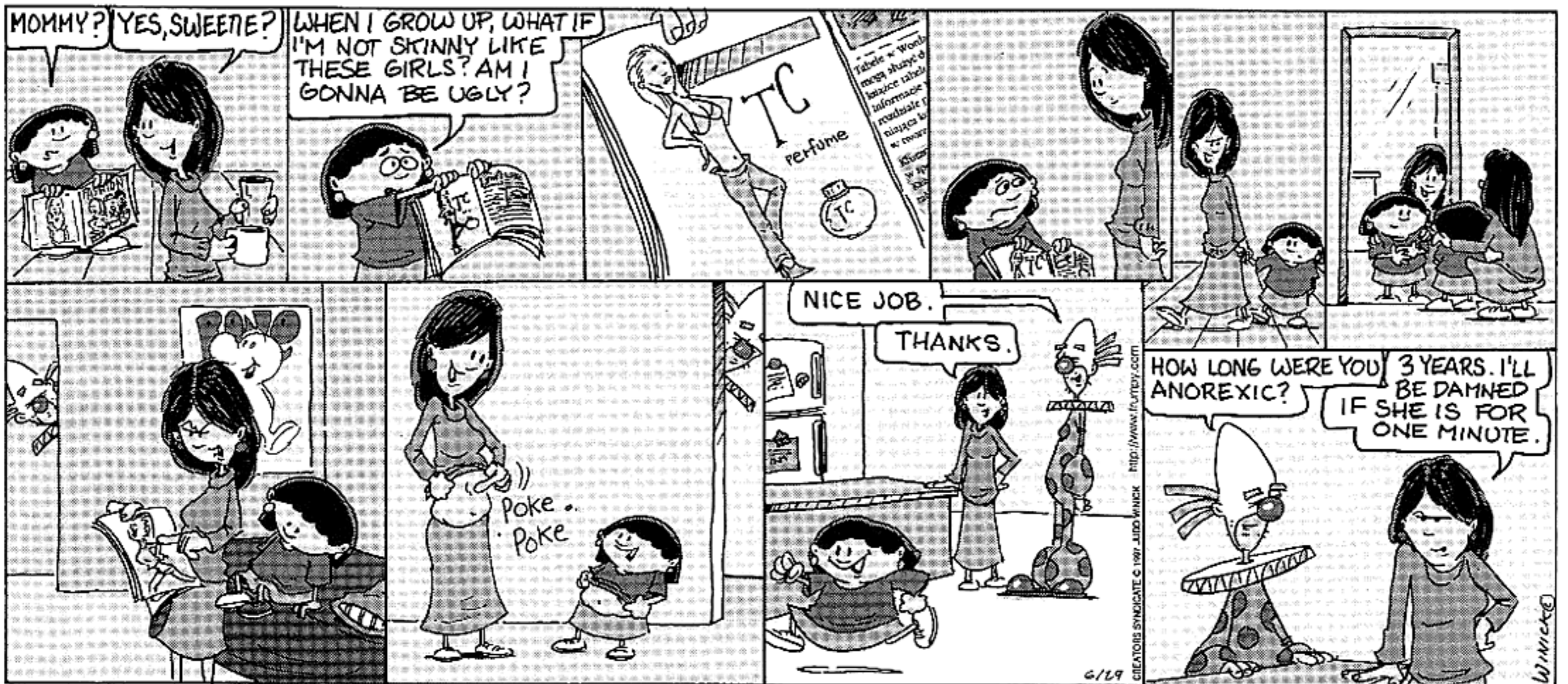
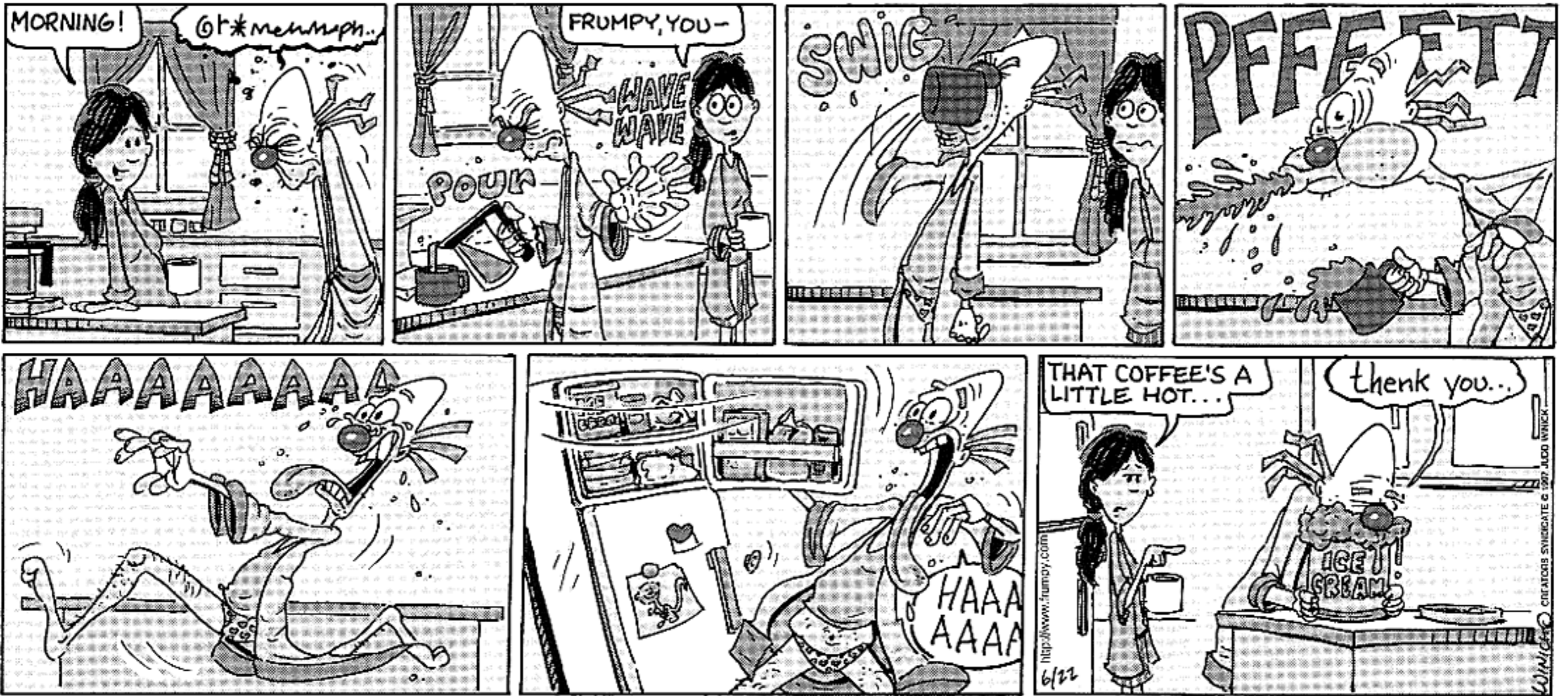






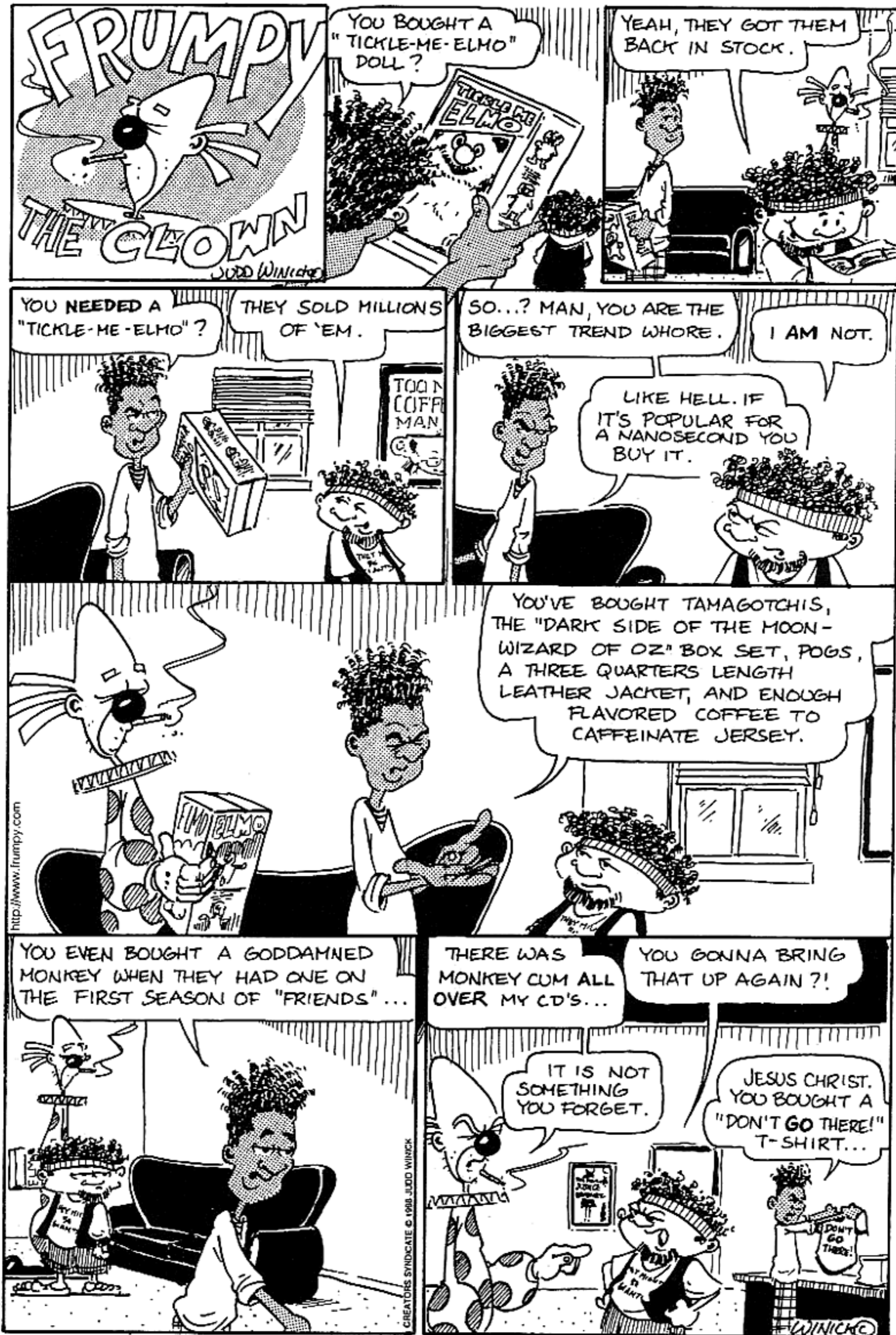


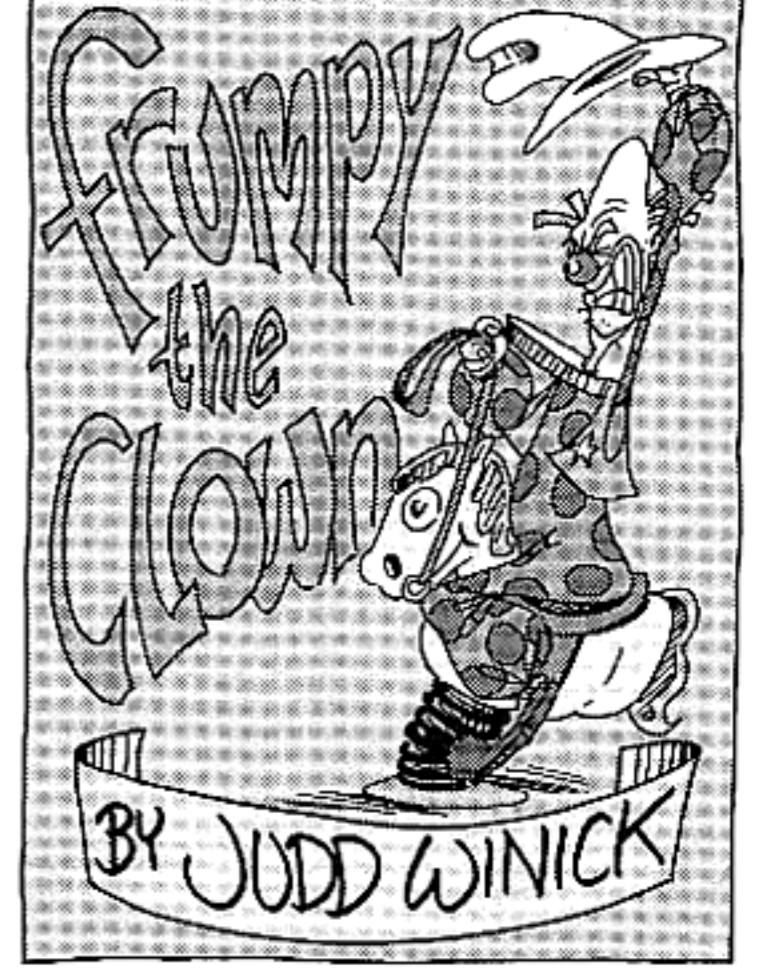
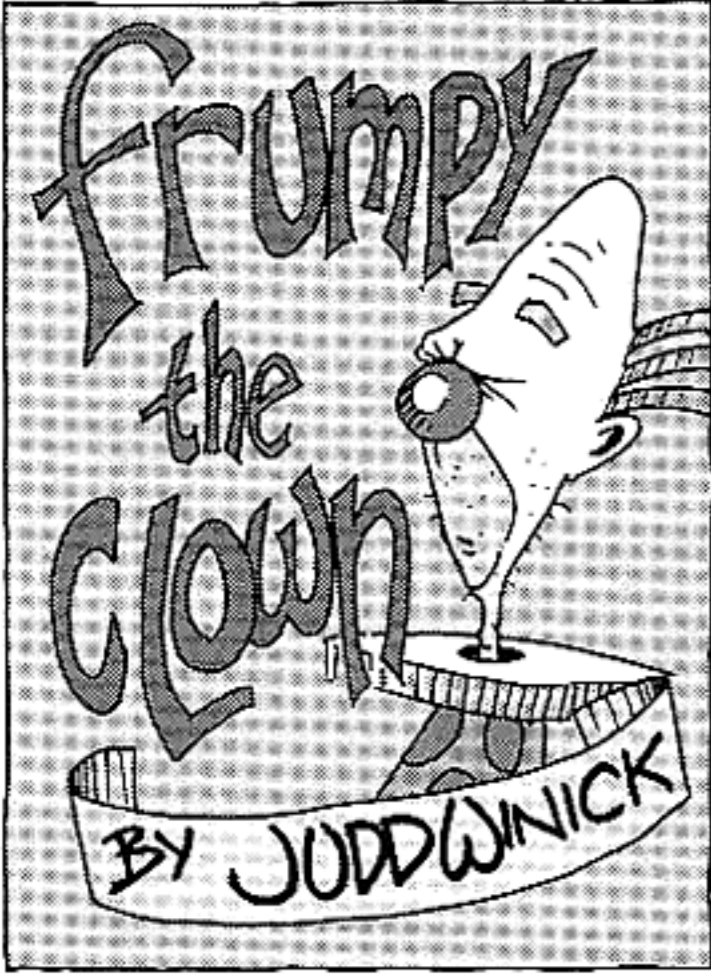




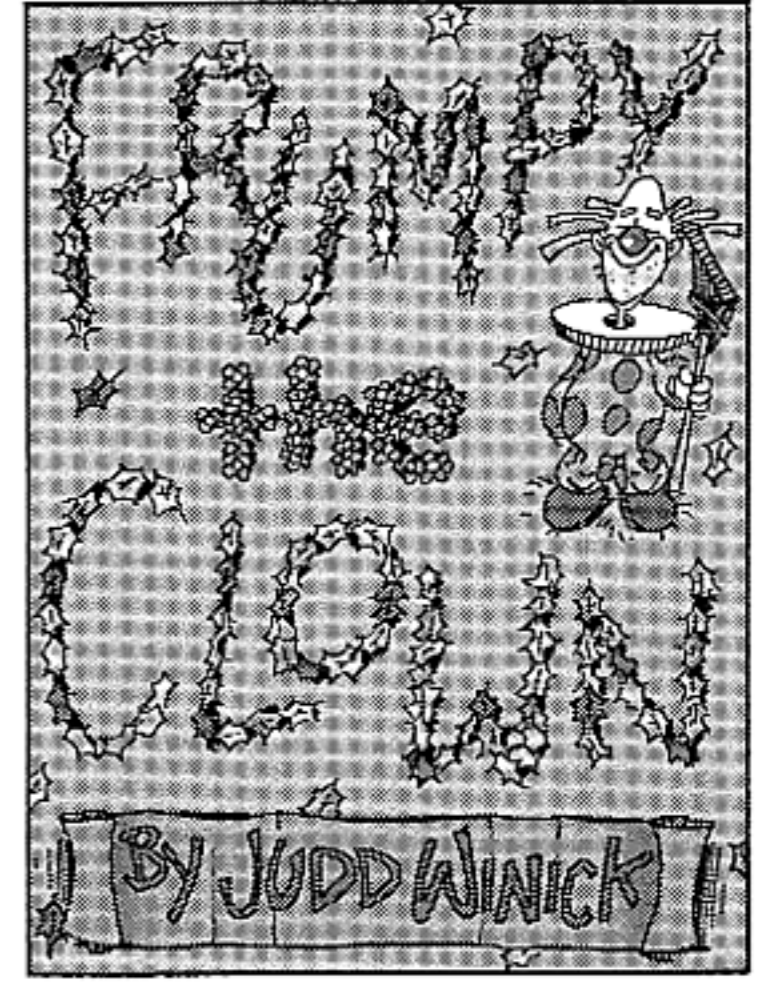
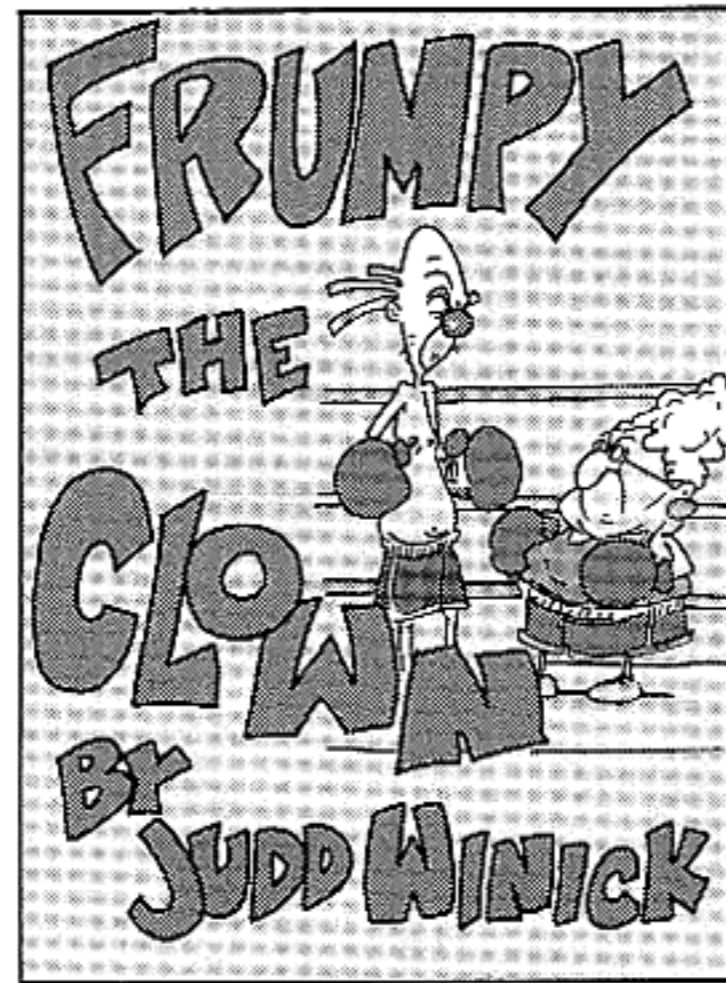
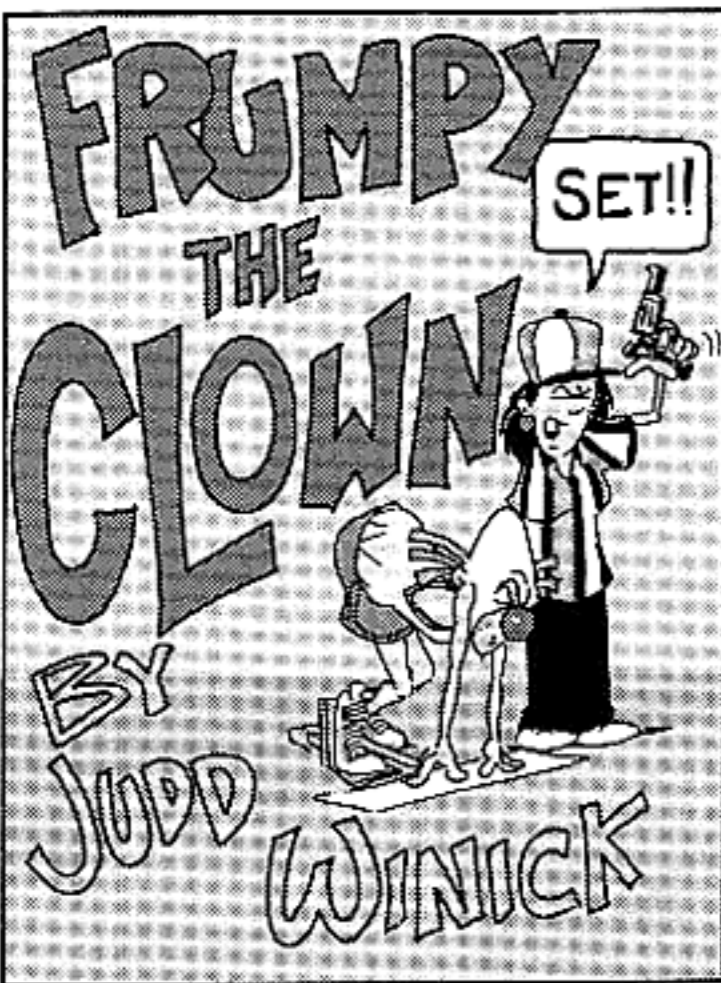
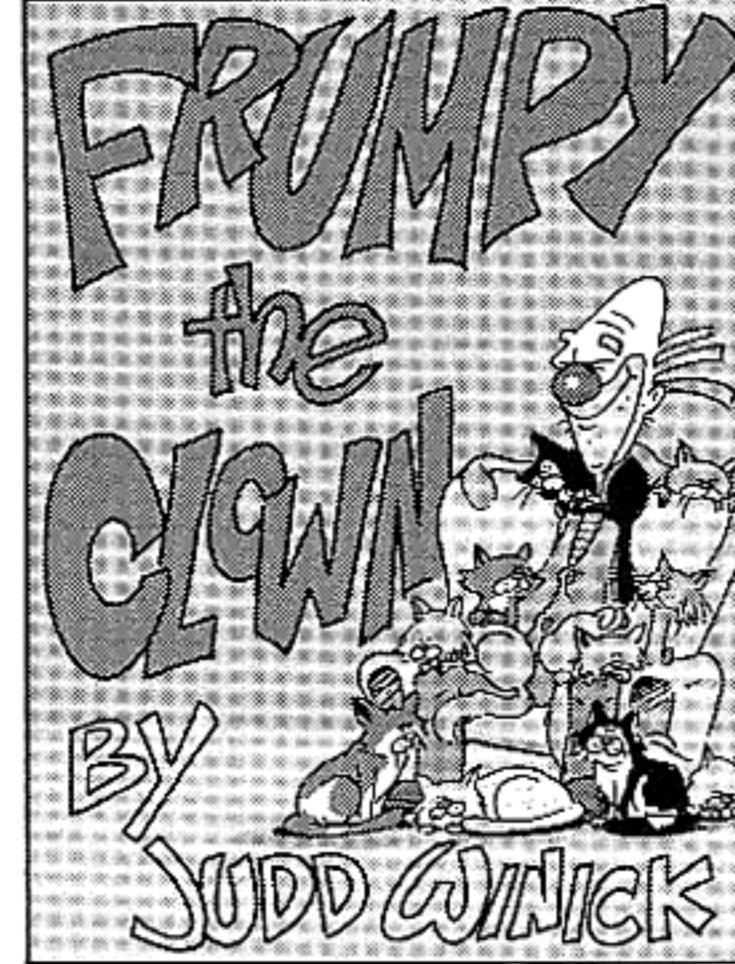
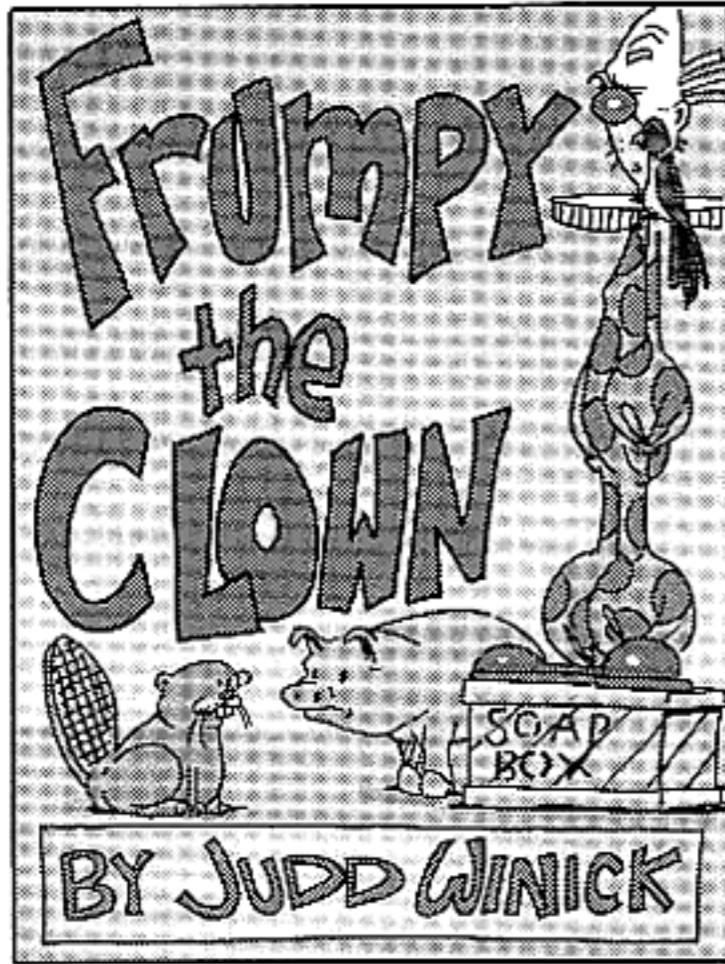


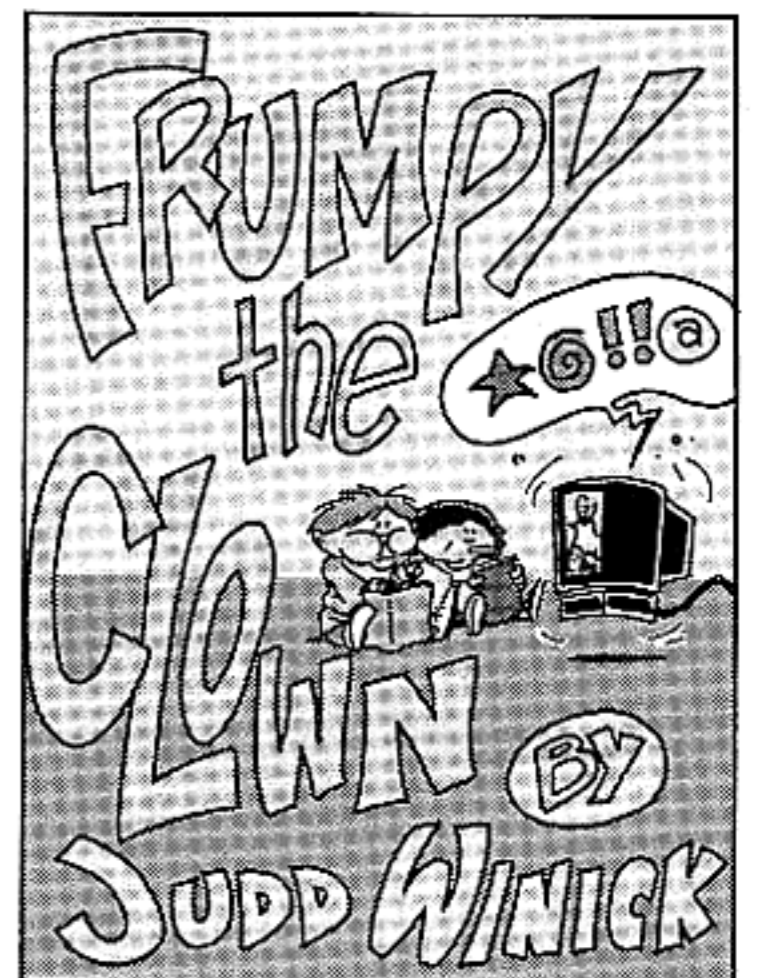
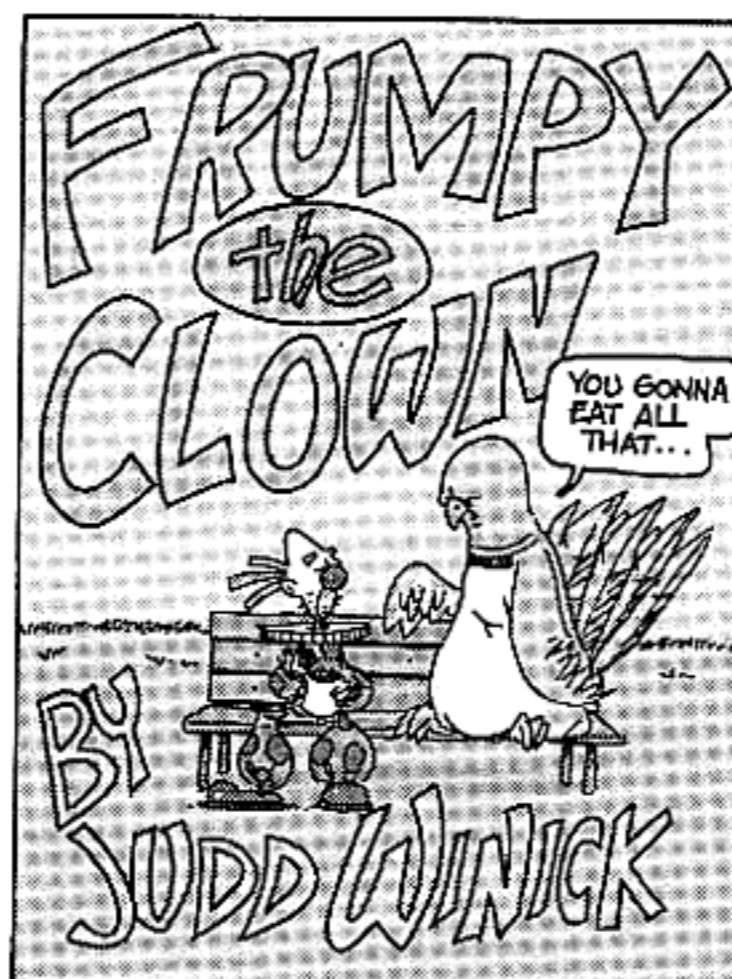
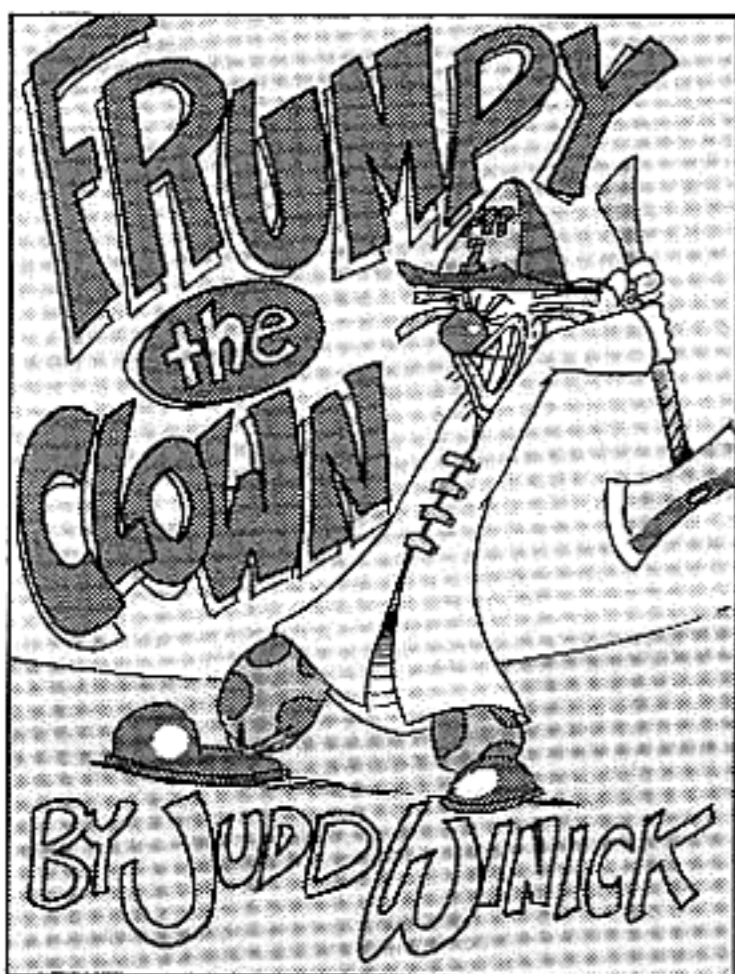
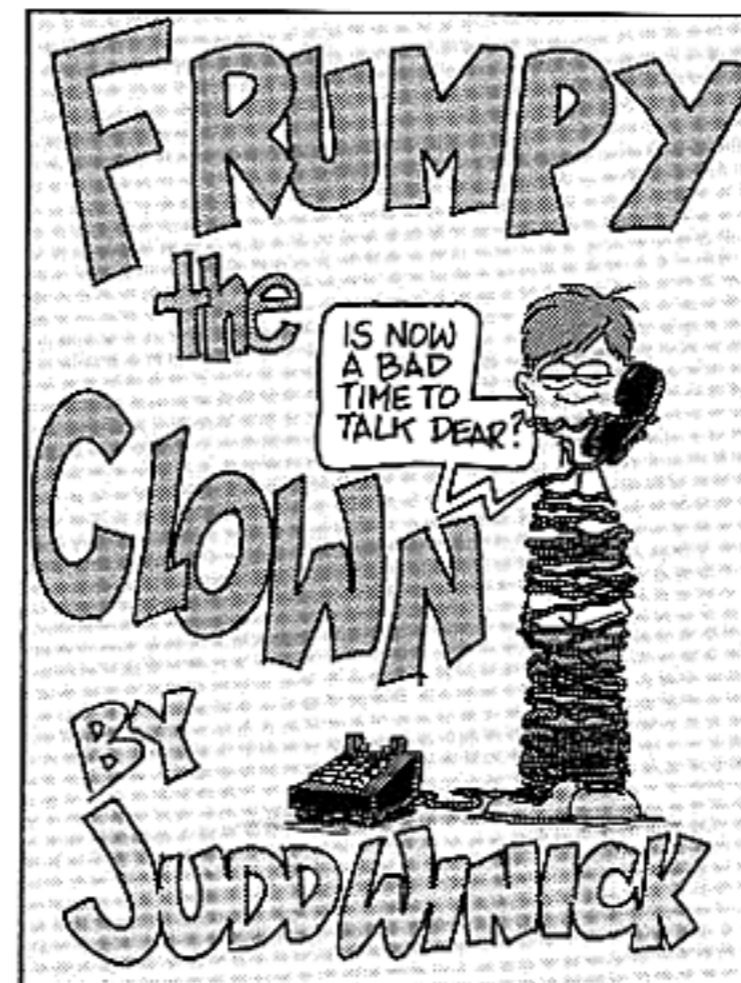
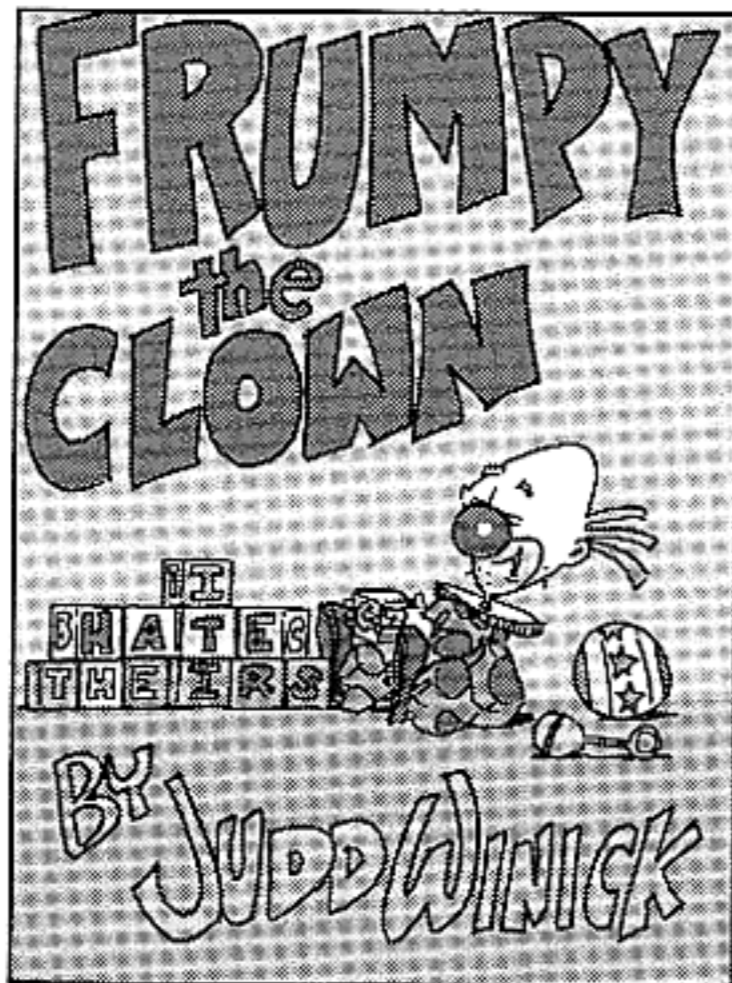
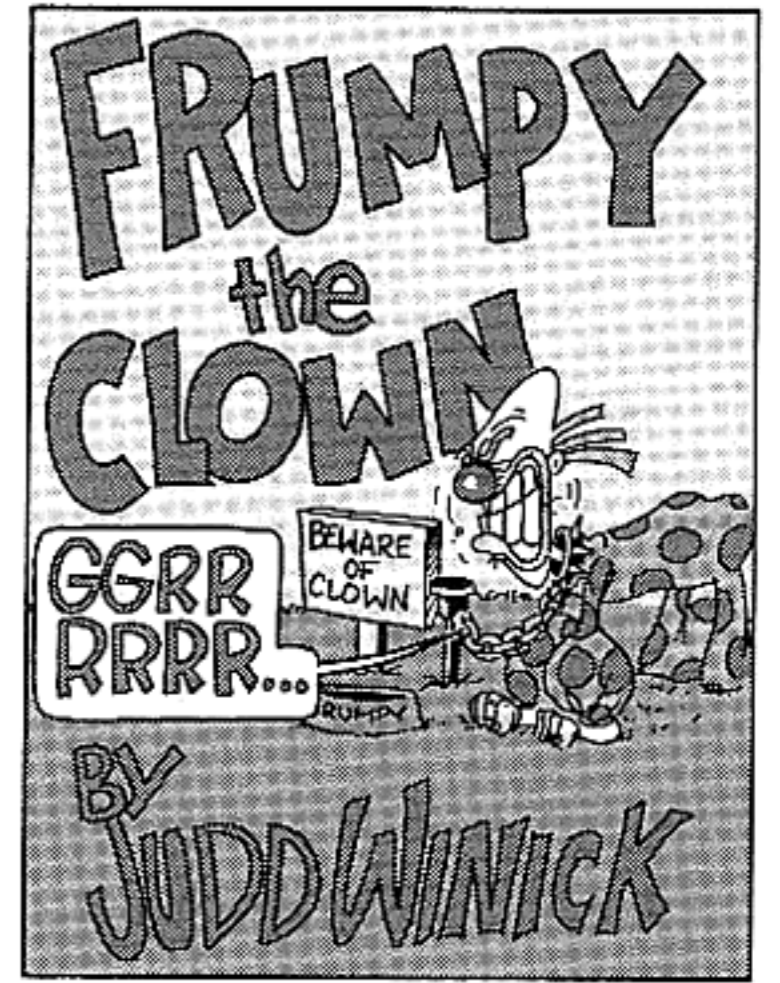
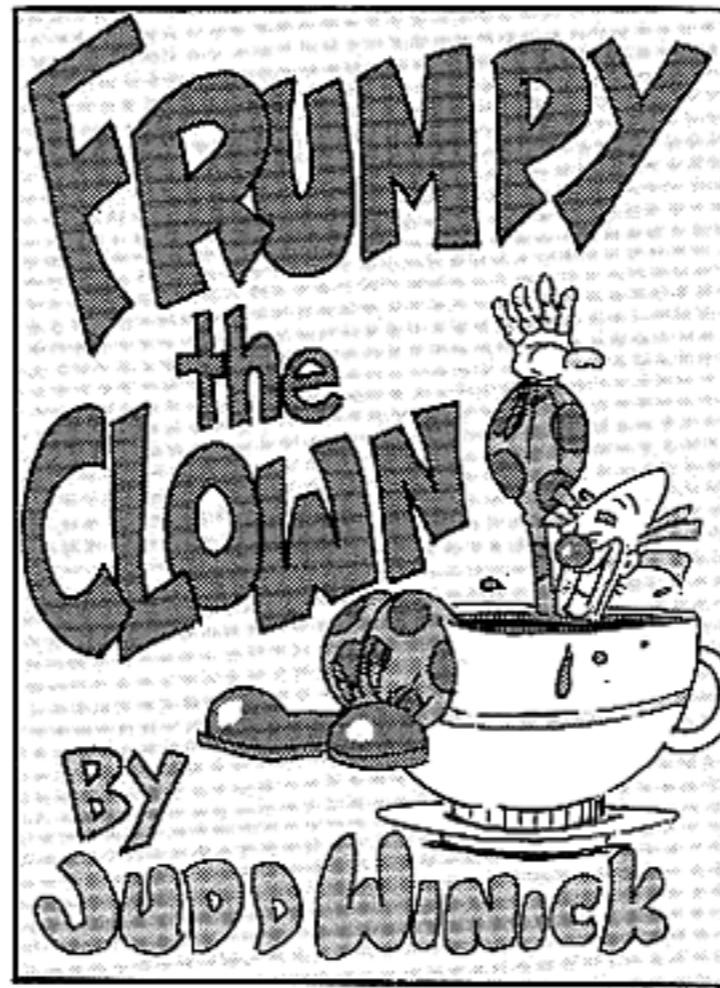
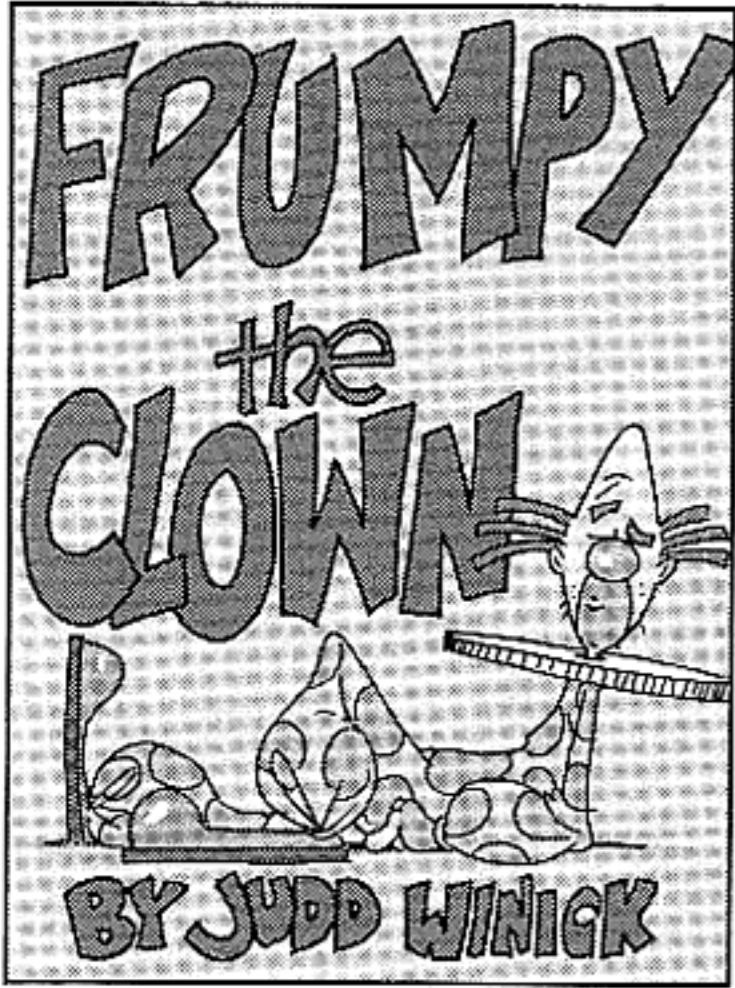
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 The Clown strip
 from Oni Double
 Feature #3.

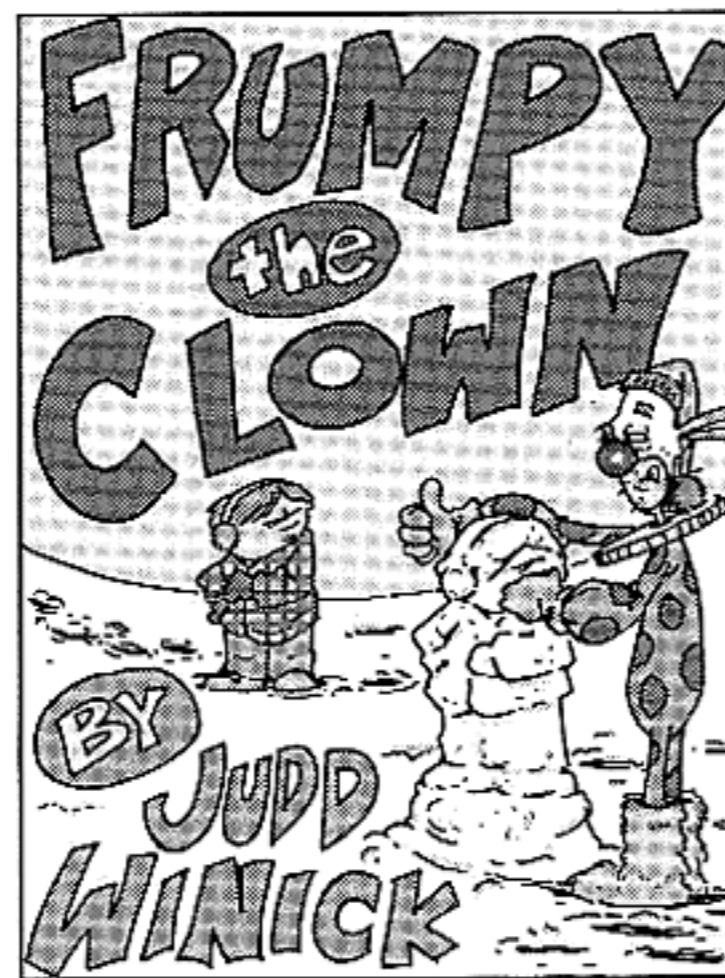
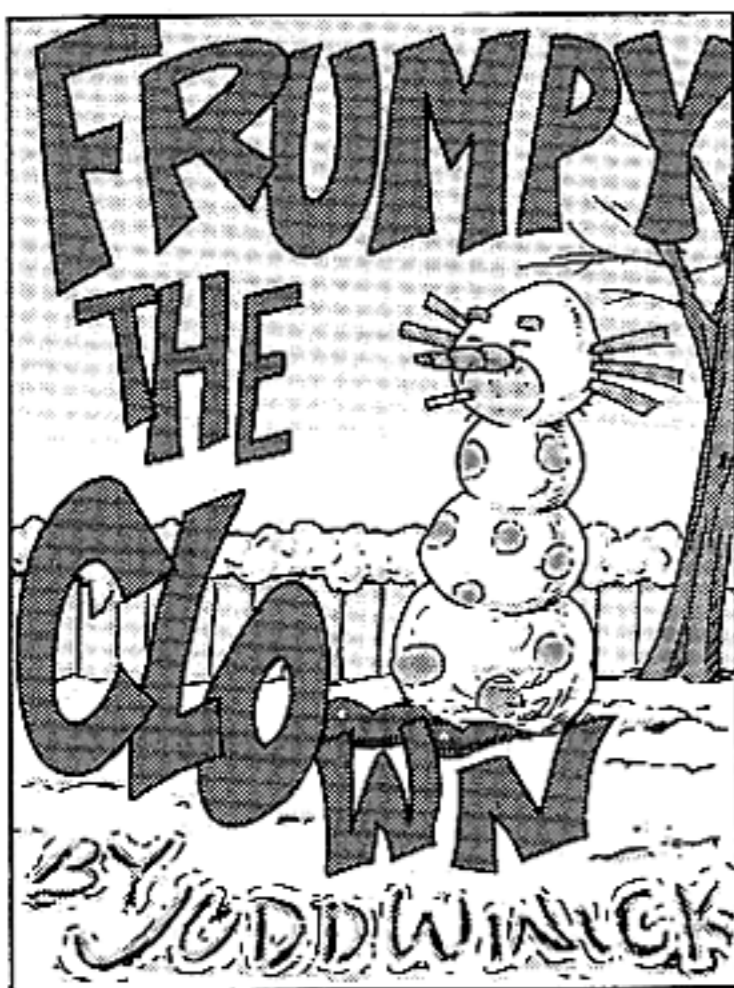
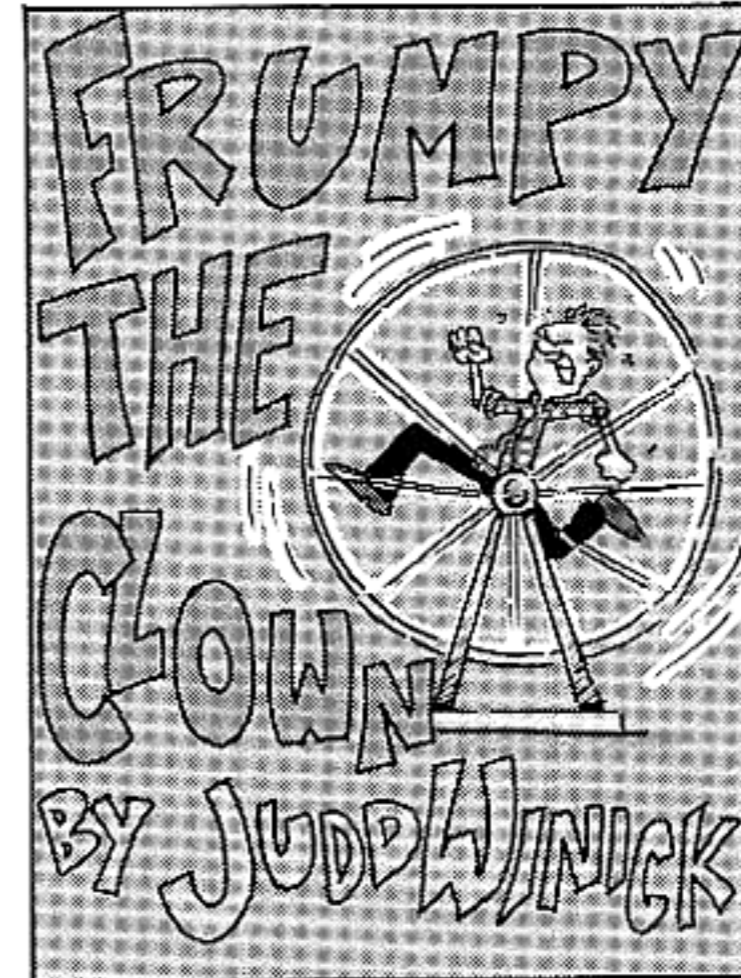
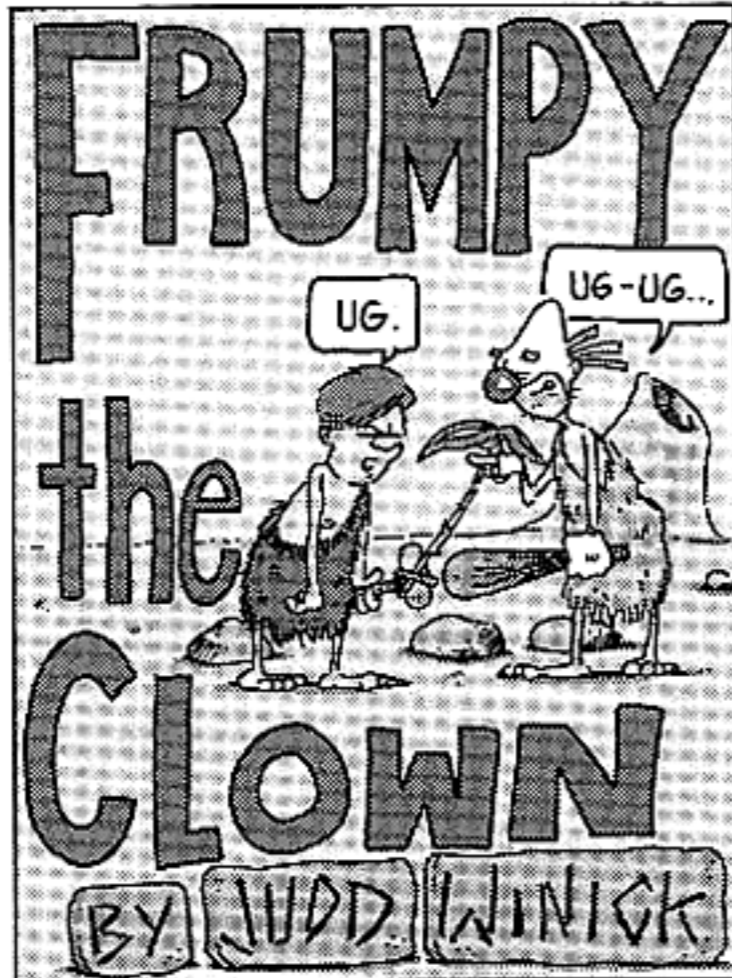
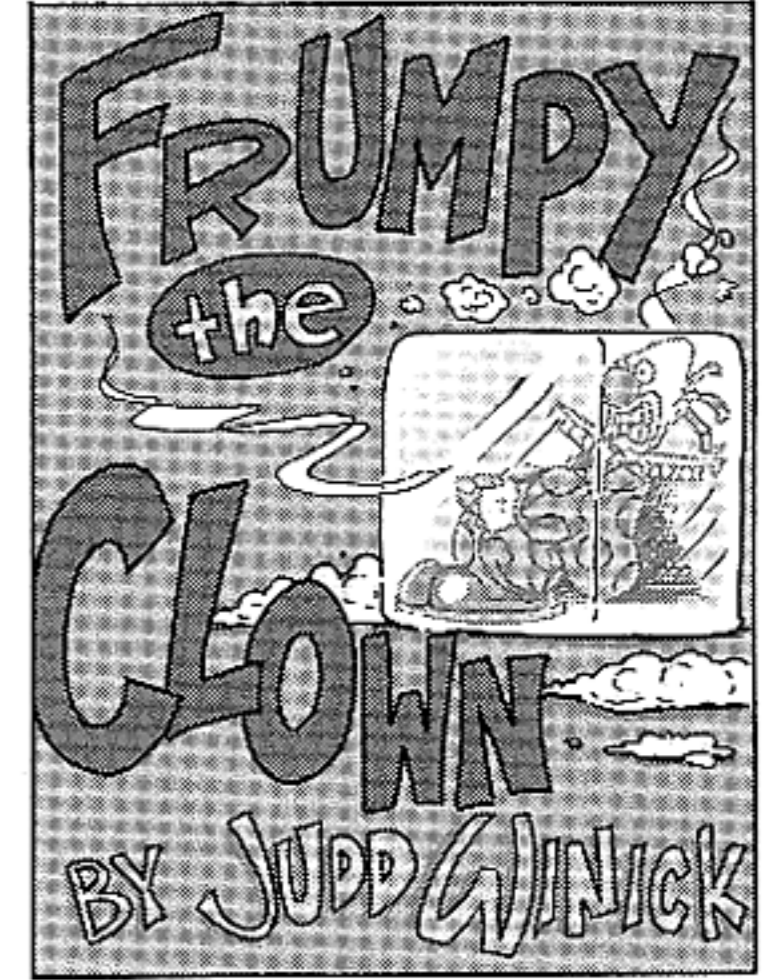
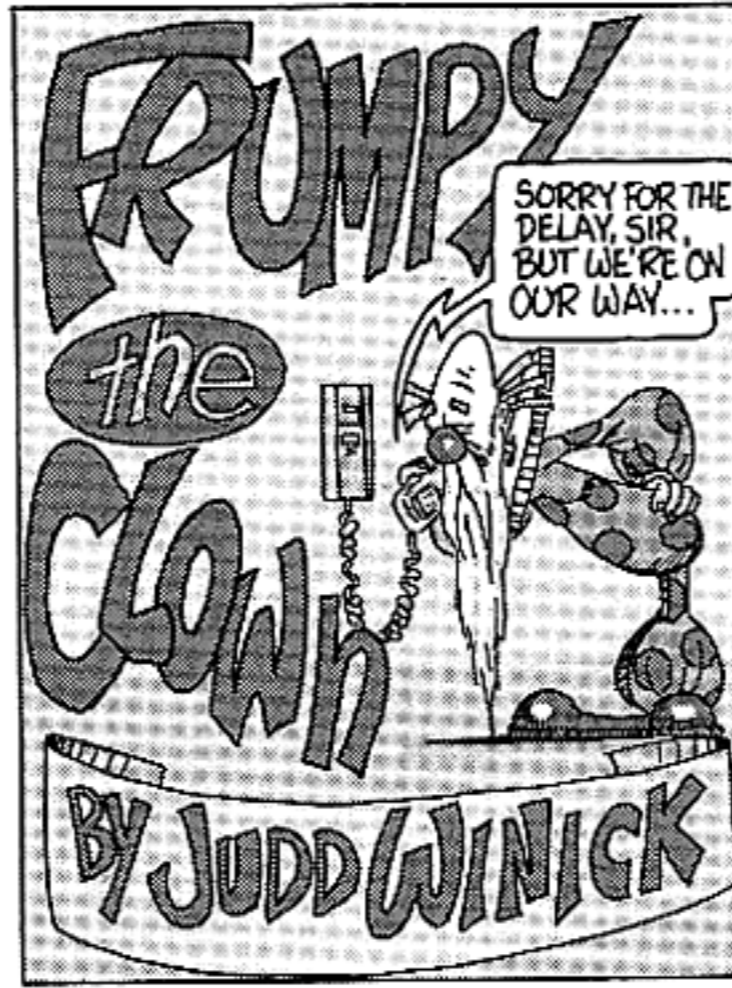
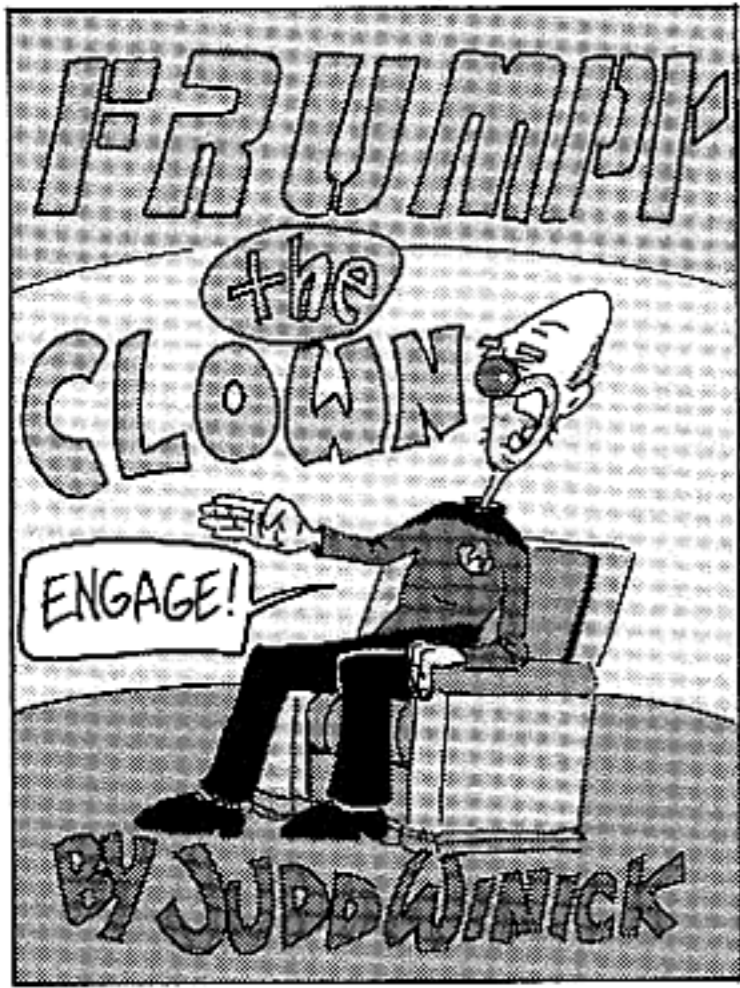


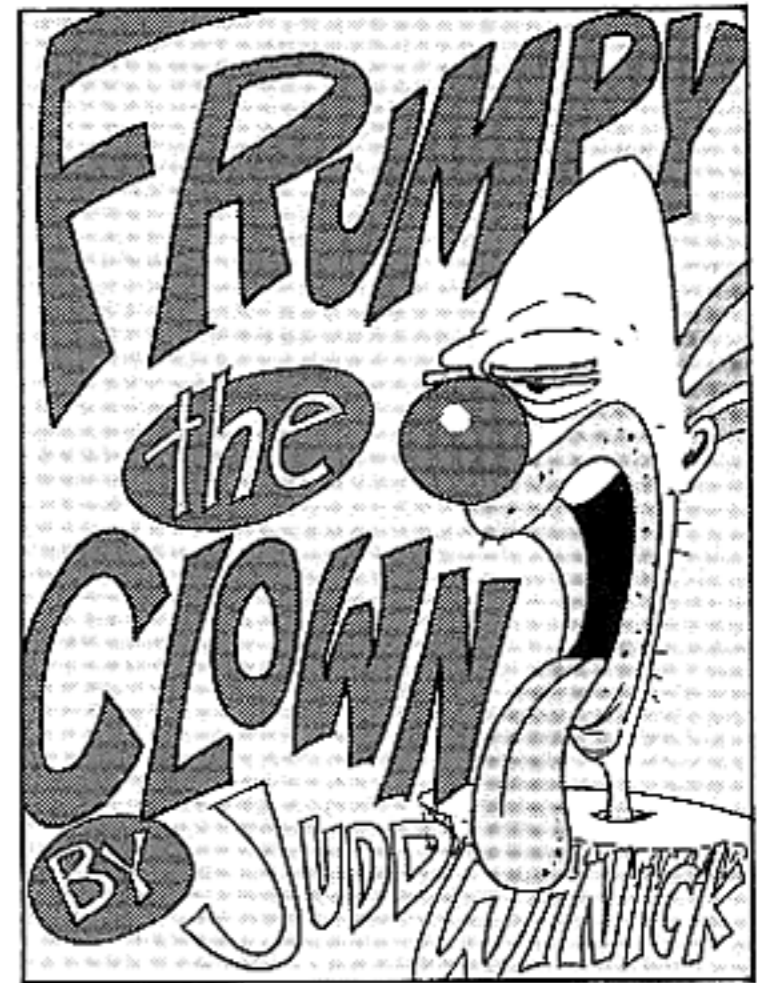
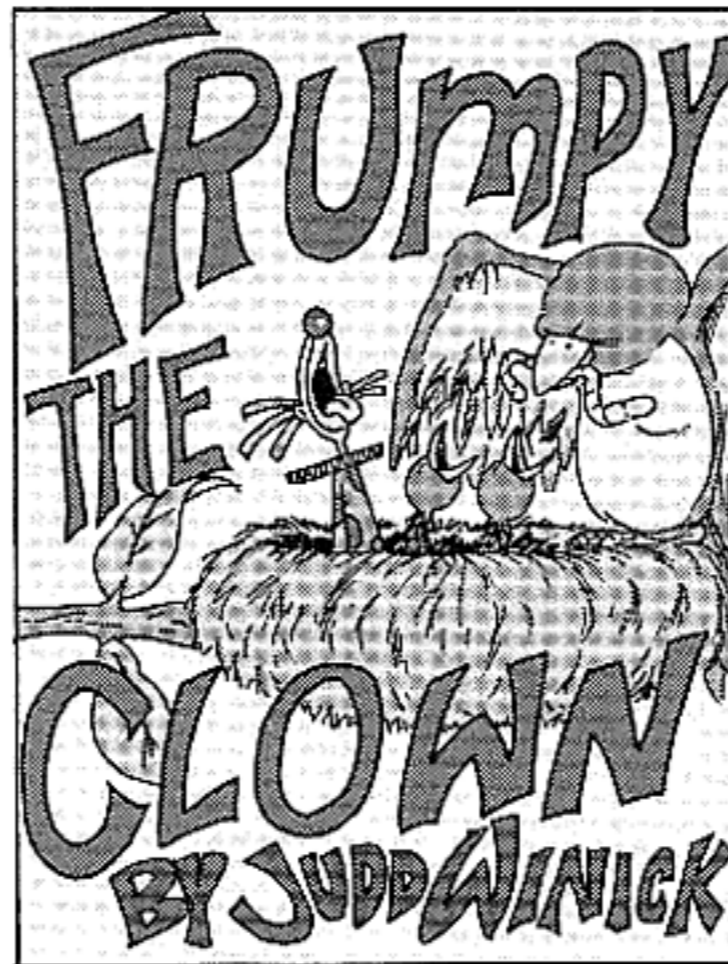
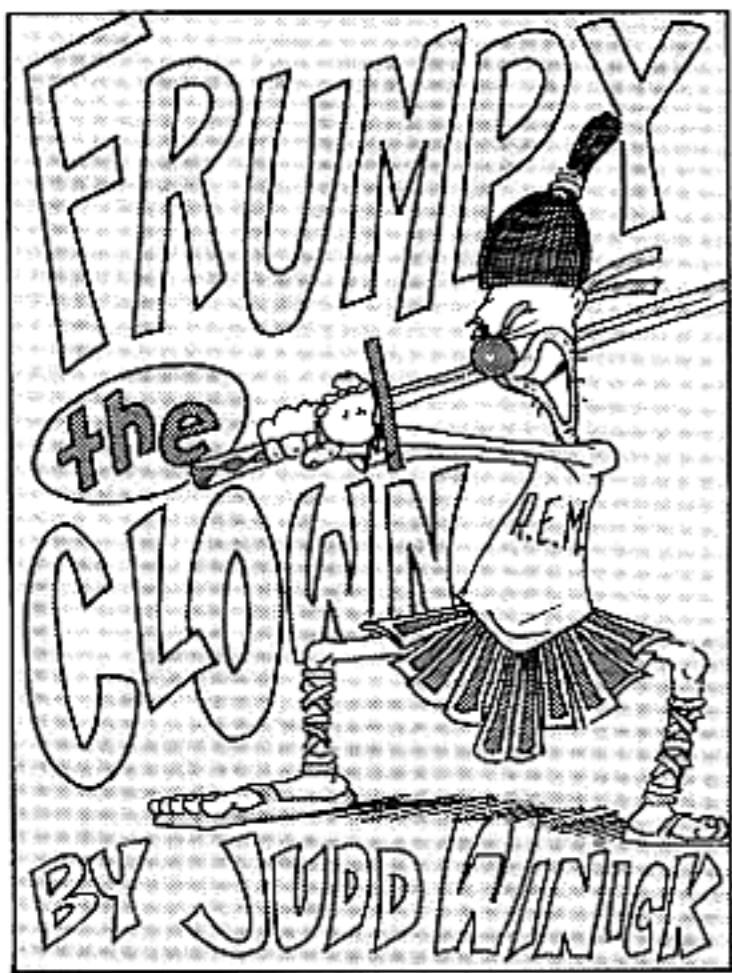
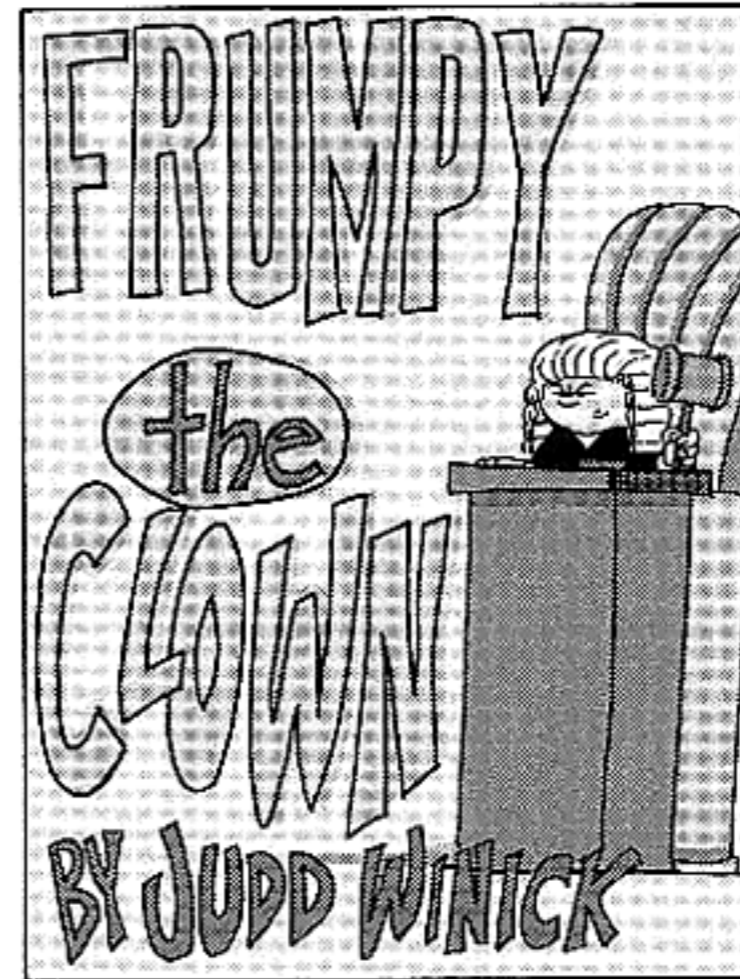
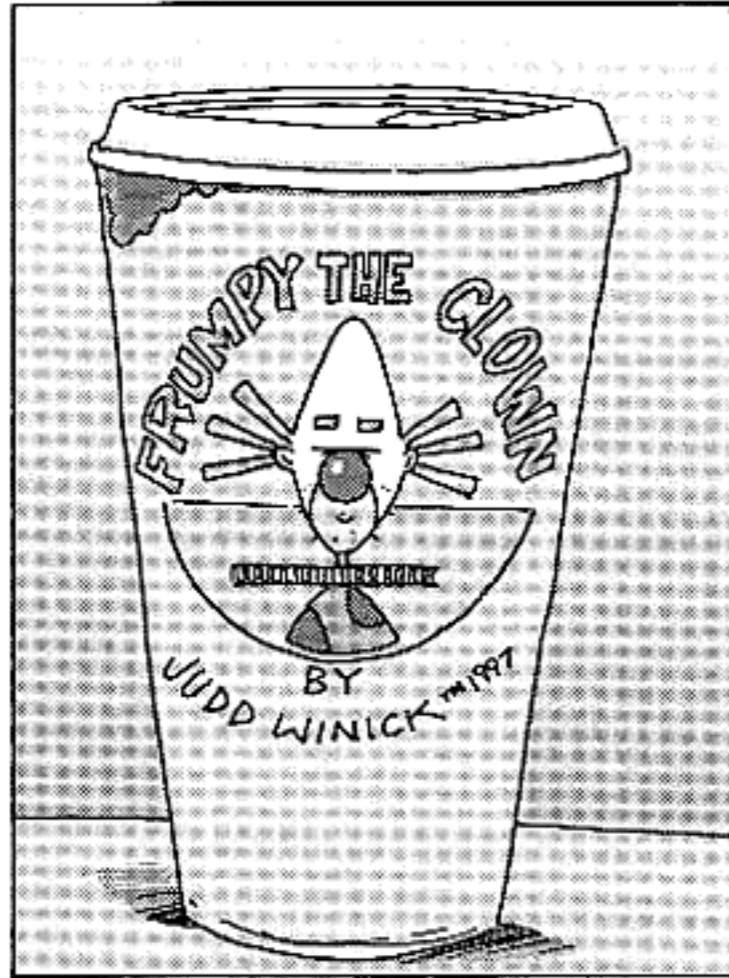
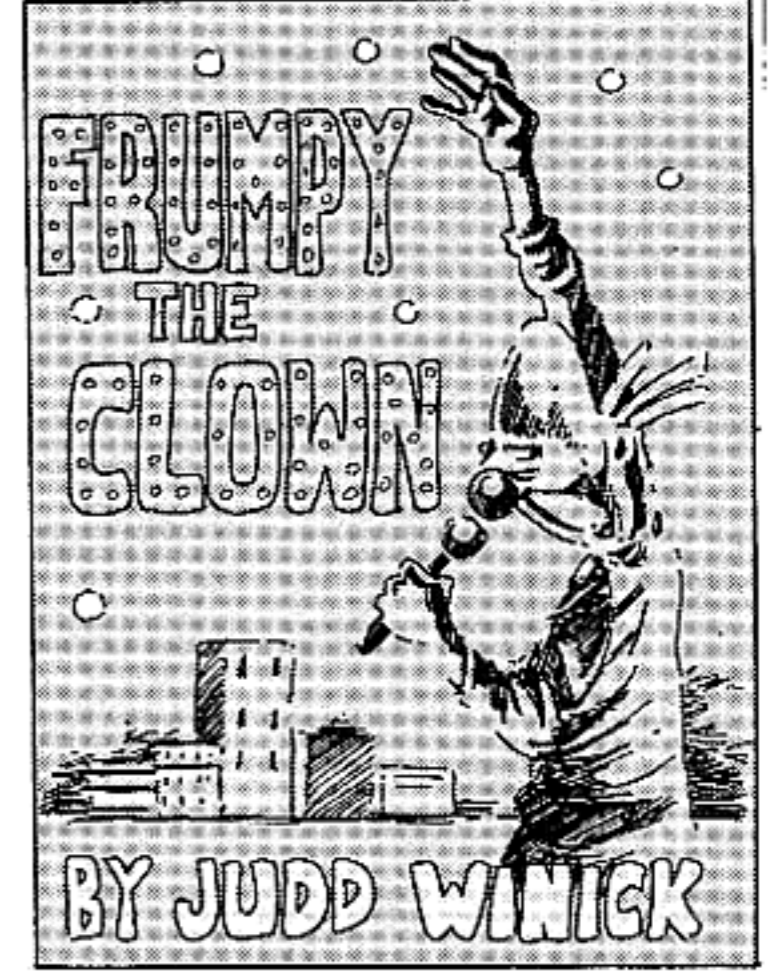
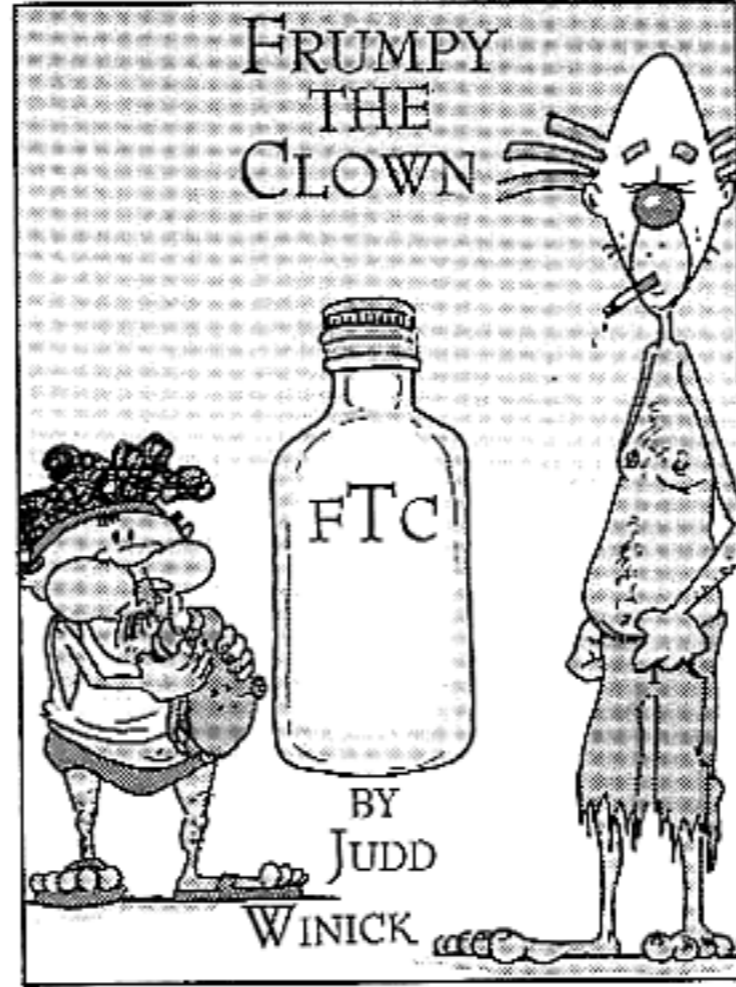
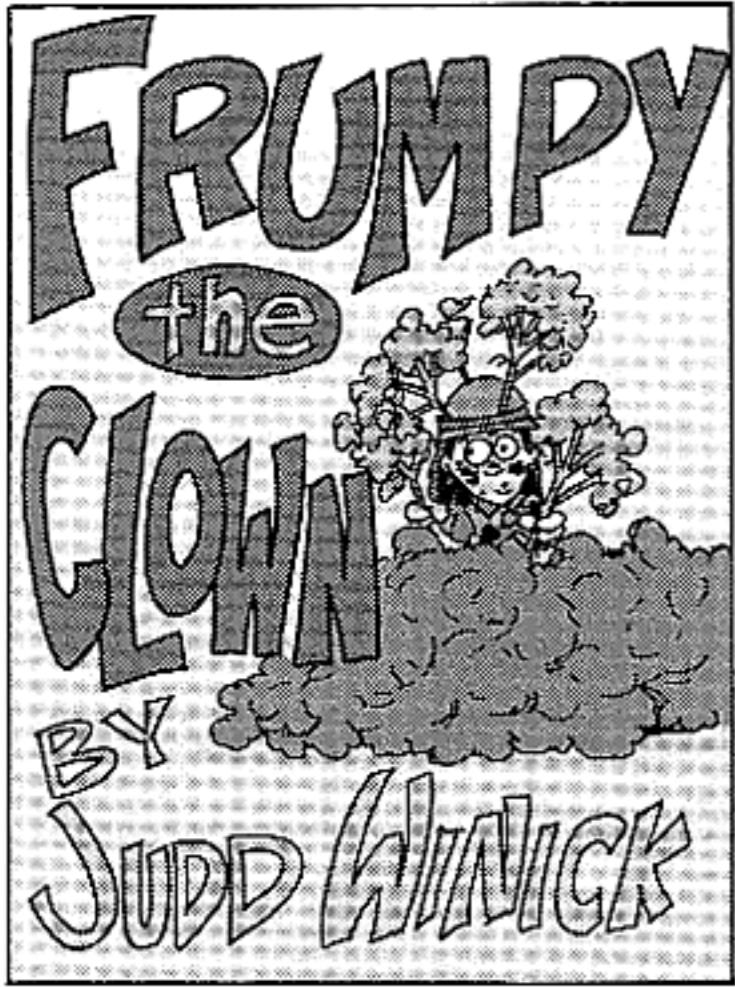


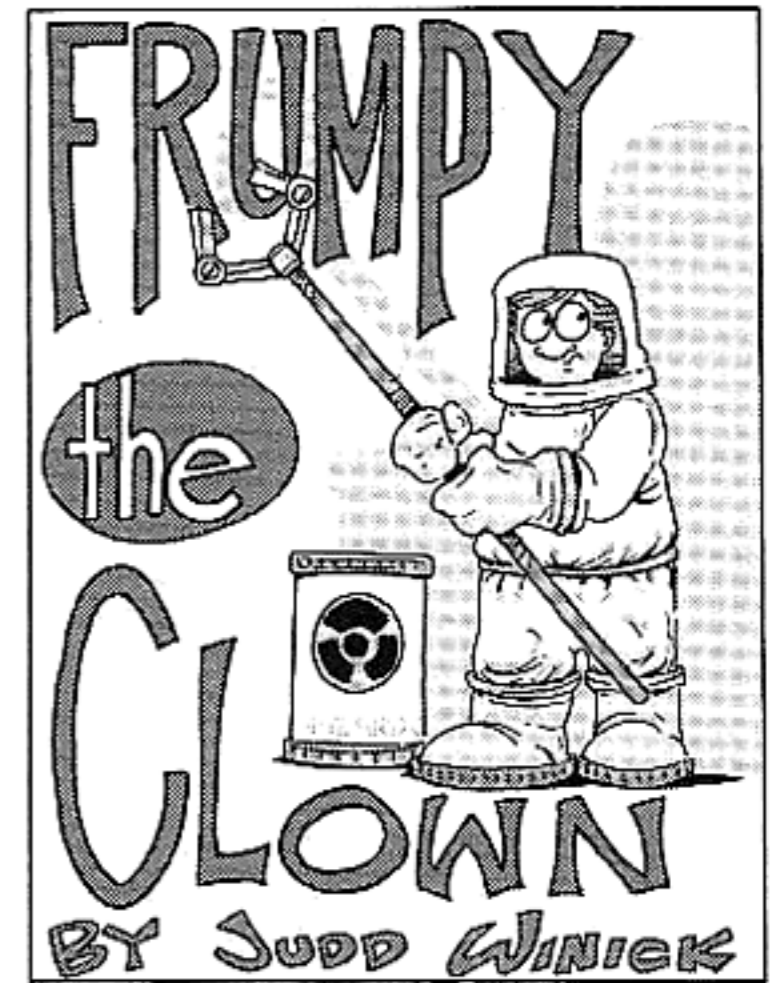
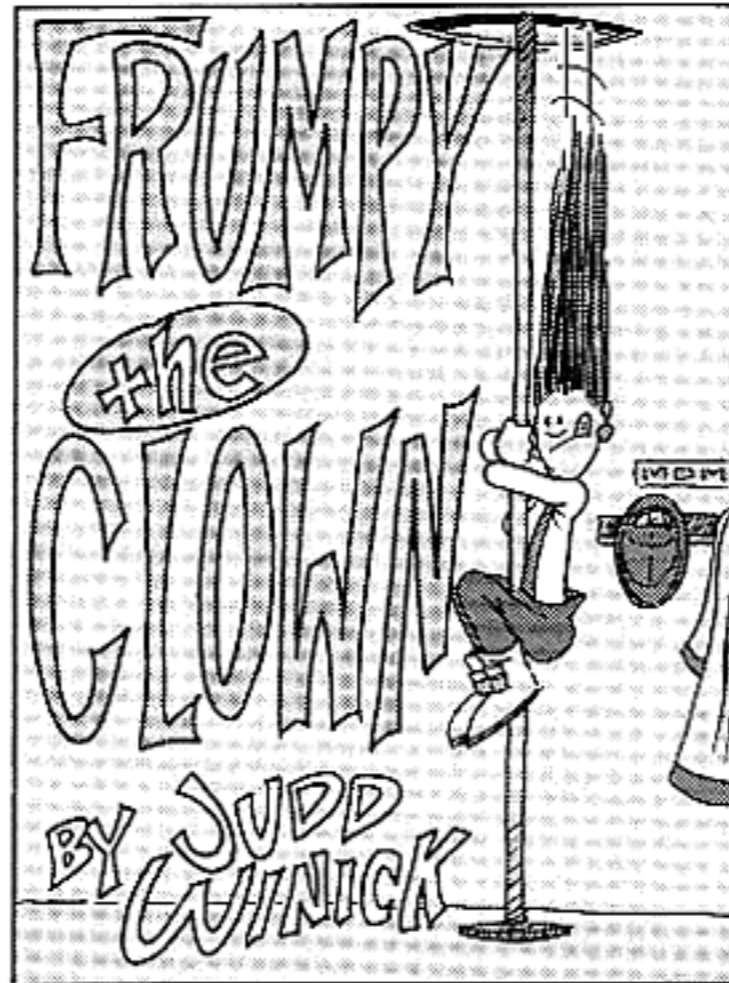
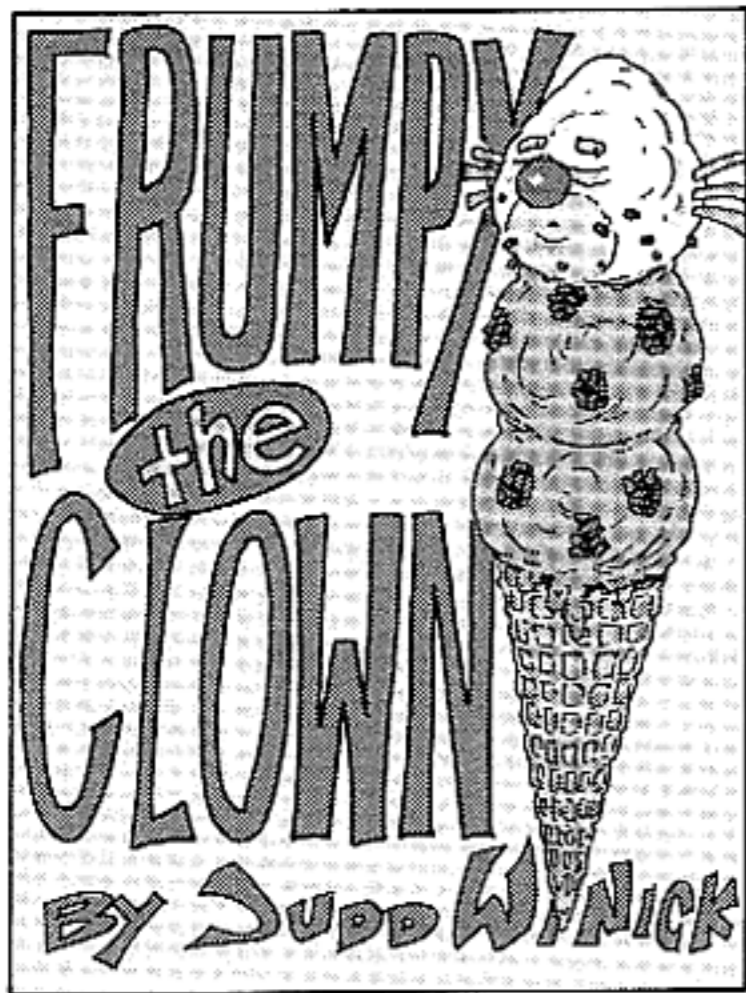
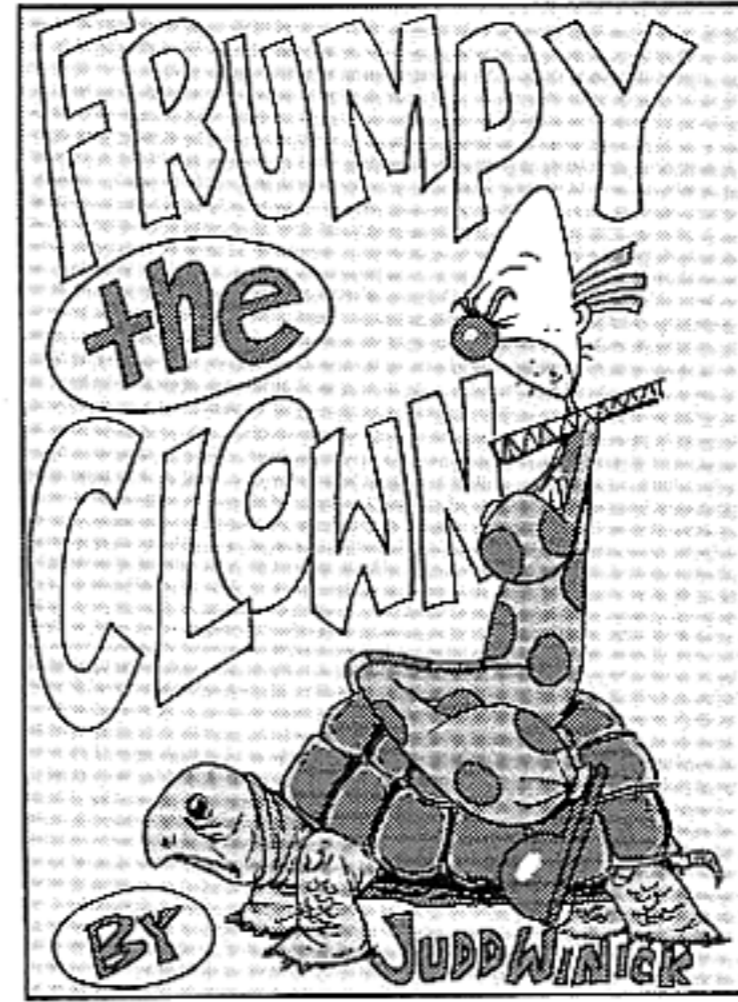
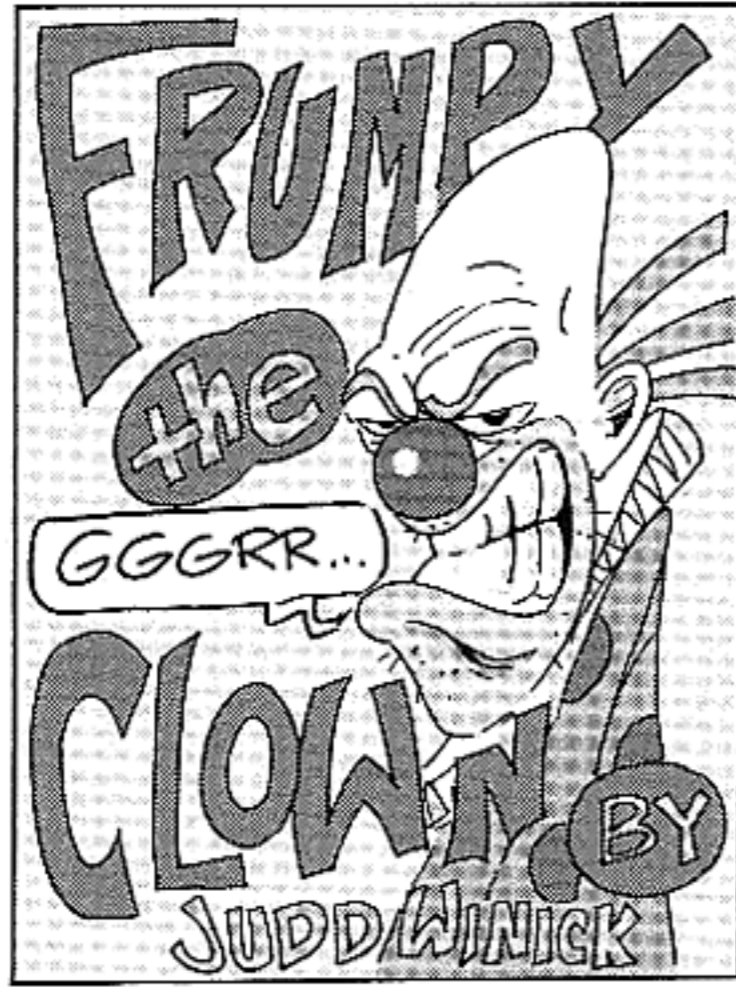
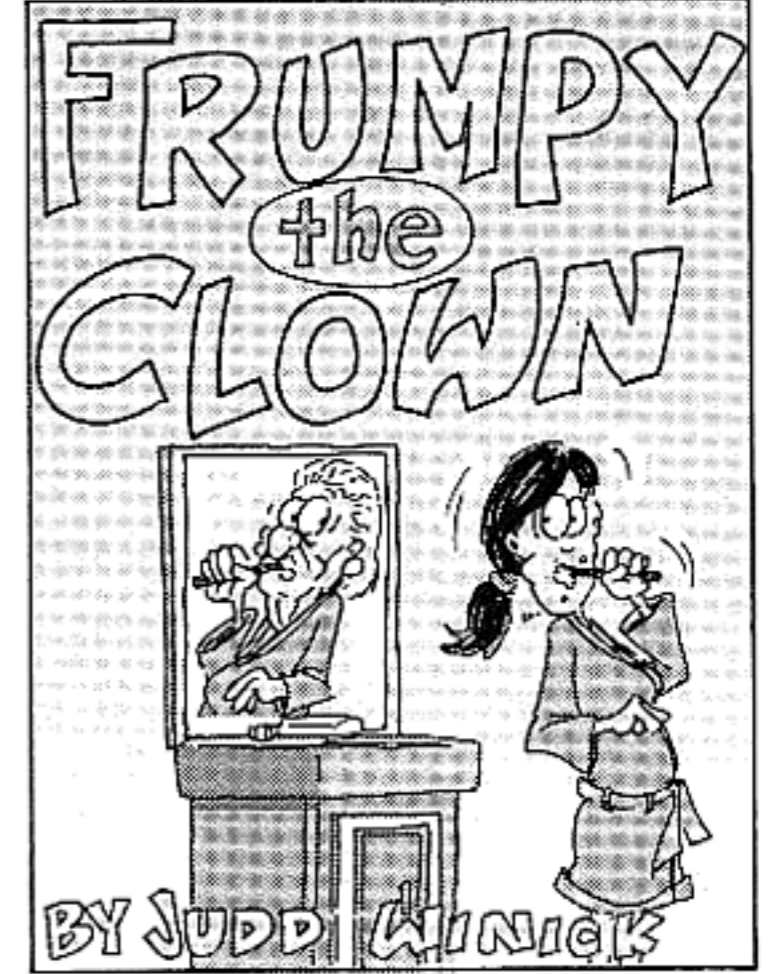
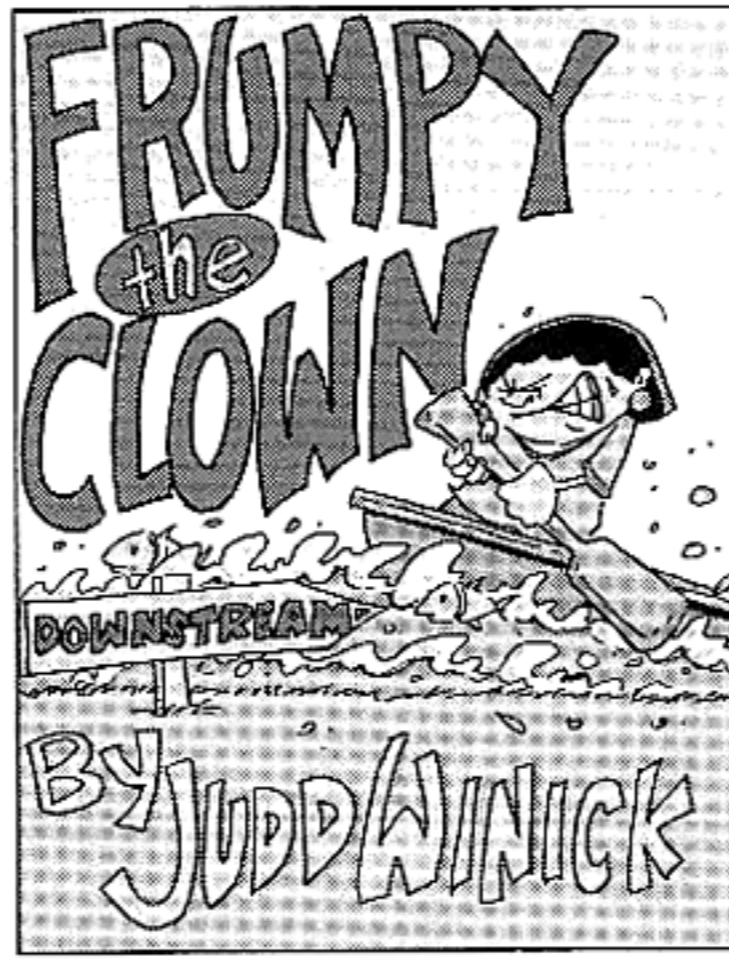
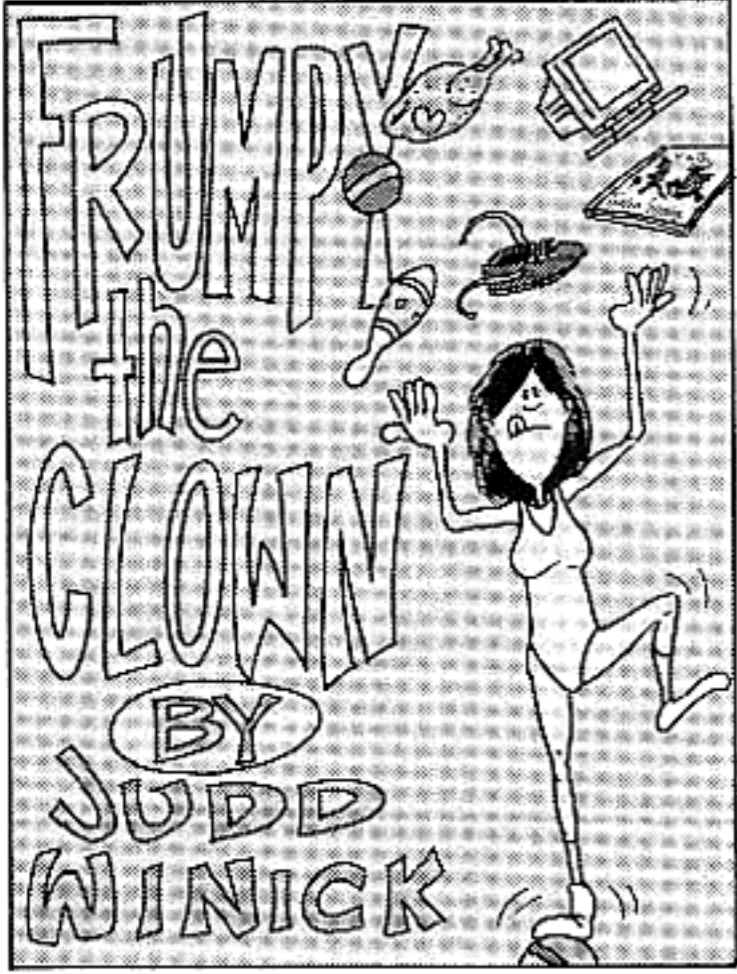
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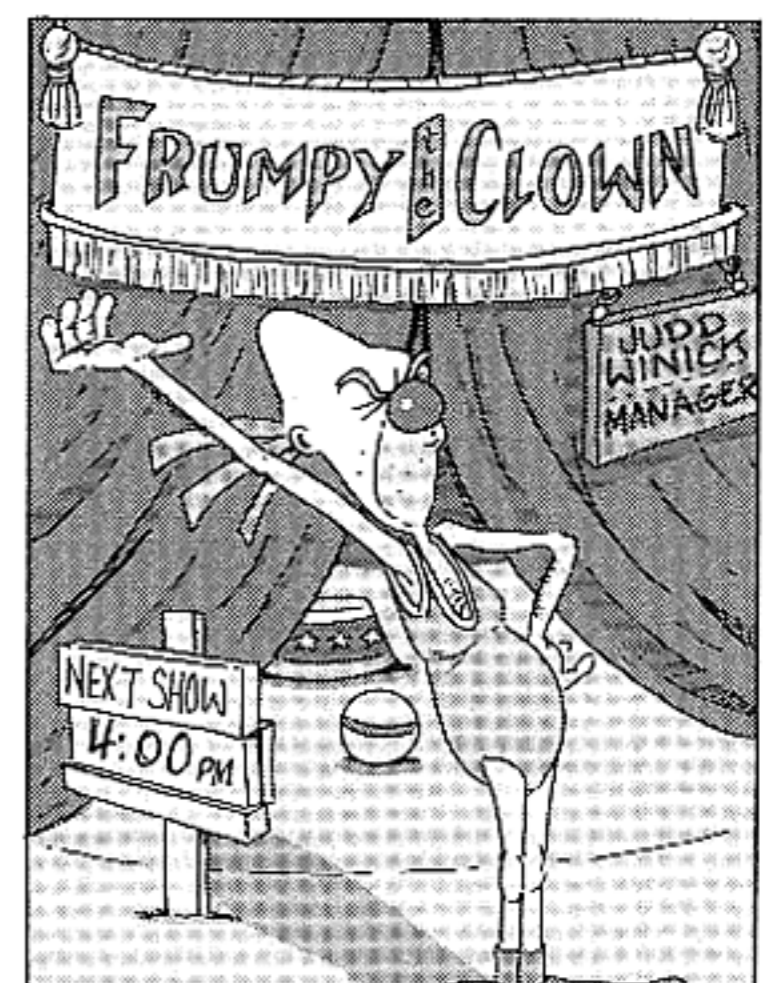
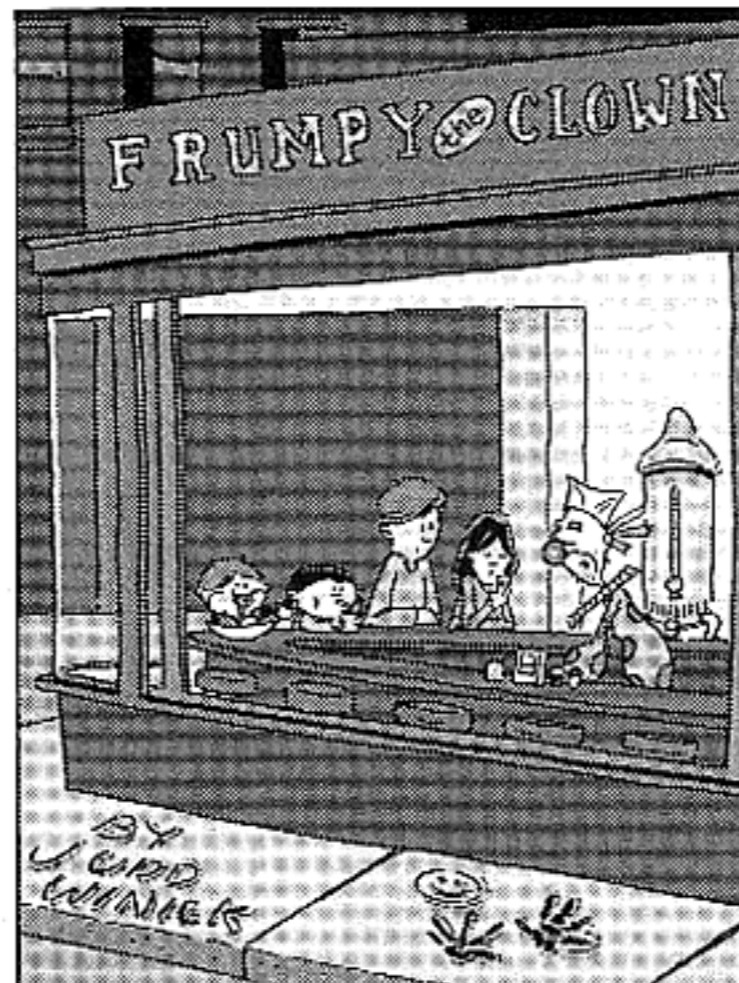
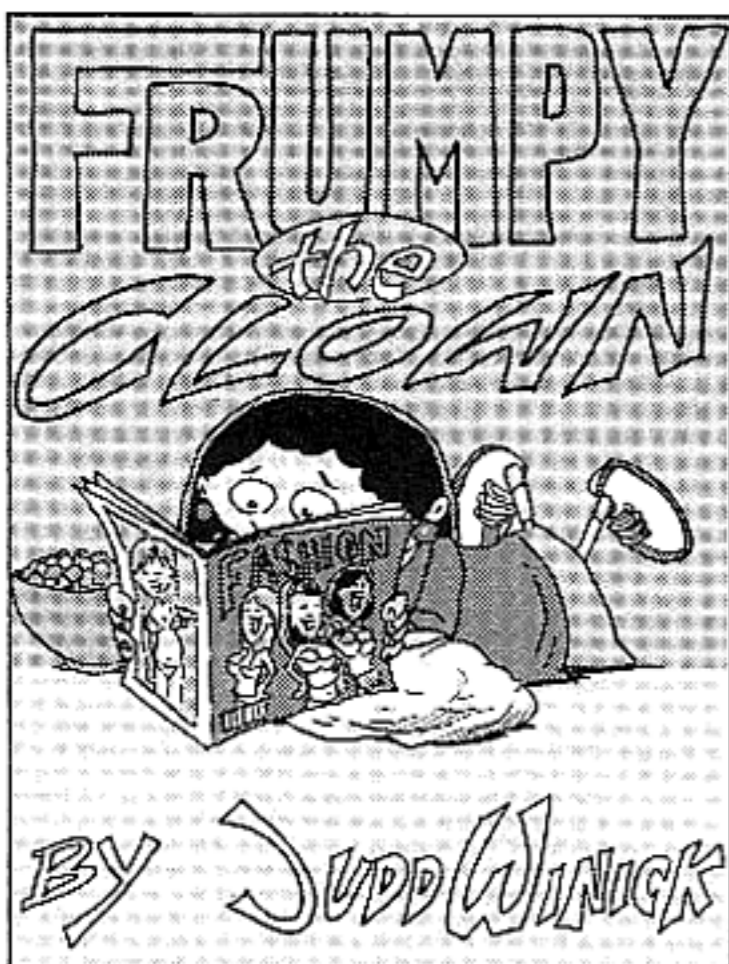
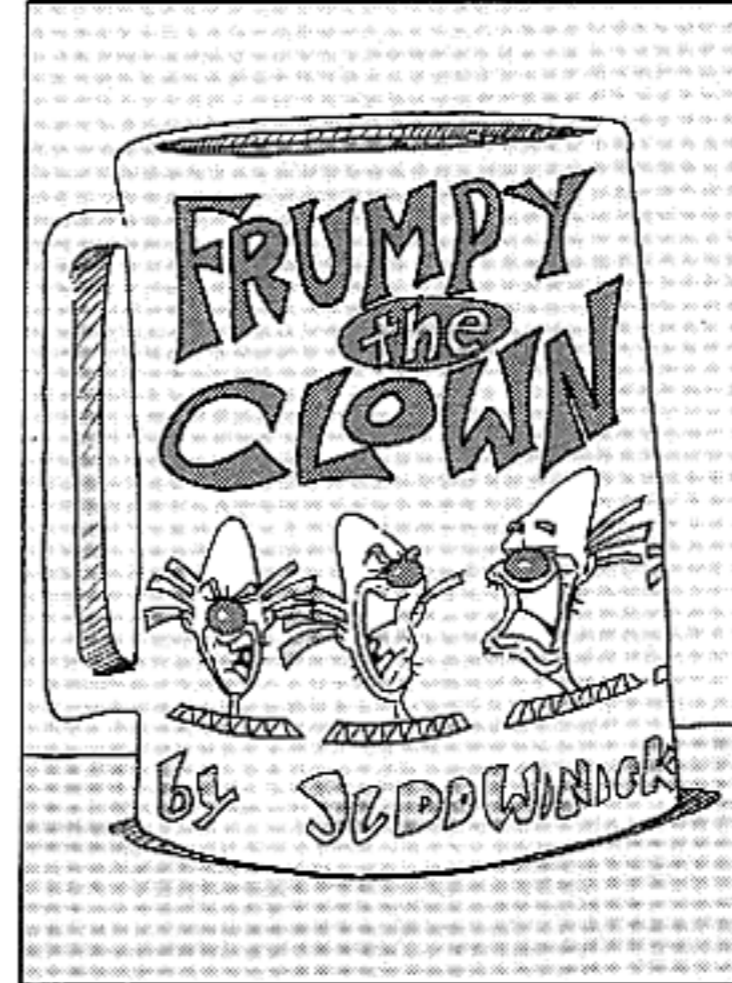
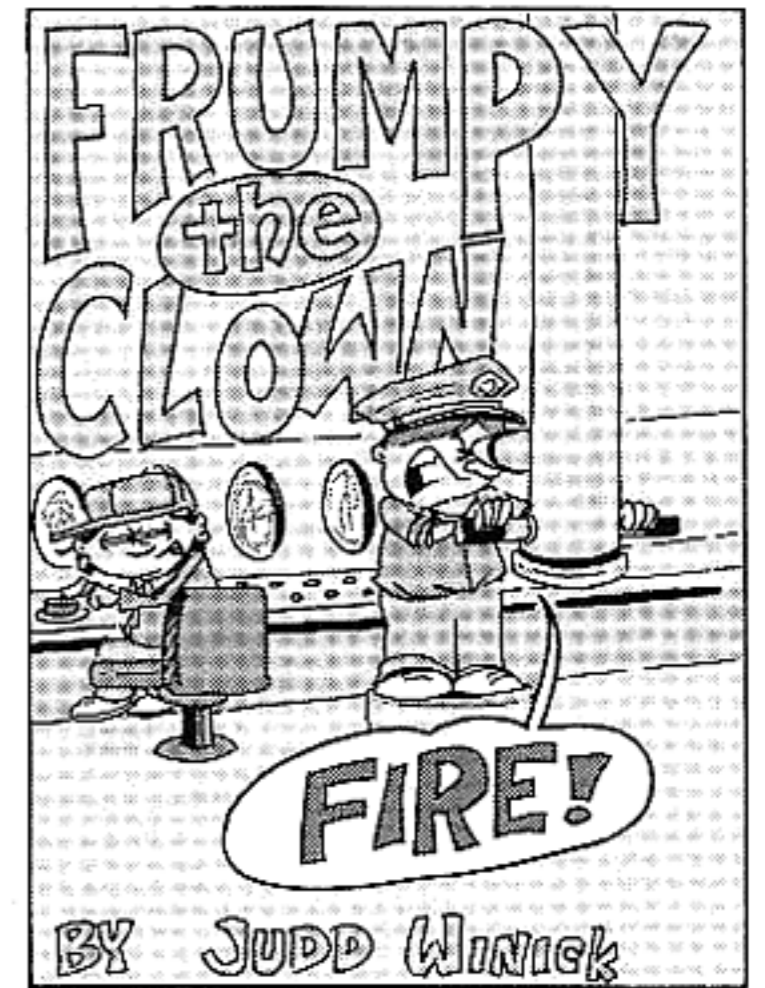
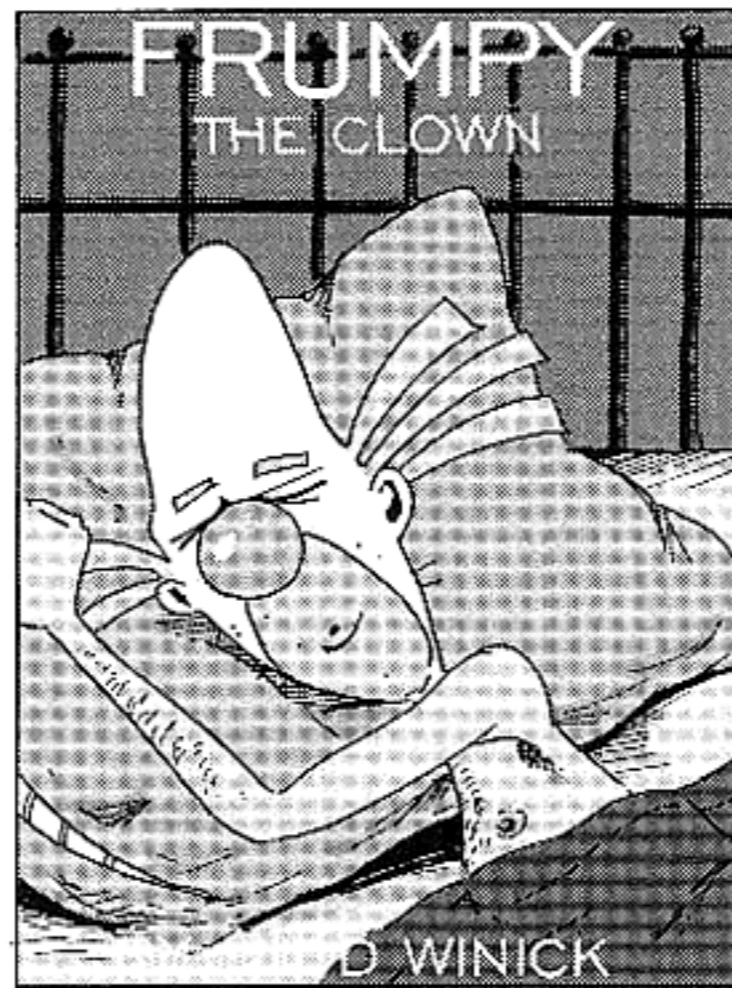














This page: Early adventures of Frumpy in Nuts & Bolts.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THANKS TO:

Joe, James, Steve, and Jamie for agreeing to put together this collection. It's something I've wanted to do for a long time. Truth be told, I've wanted a comic strip collection of my own since I was eleven. Thanks, boys.

Friends of *Nuts and Bolts* – Brad Meltzer (editor and publisher of my first collection in college), partner in crime, proofreader of my first crack at the medium, best critic, loudest cheerleader. And who “Brad” in the strip is named for. Adam Schrager, editor in chief of the *Michigan Daily* 1989-90, the guy who gave me my first big break. Marlon Stone, Jessica Landaw, Jen Socol, and cast of the production LINE. Ben “Imp” Holcomb, the creator of the first Frumpy website and my art school pal. We were freaks together and I relish the memory.

Cathy “Cathy” Guisewite who shepherded me through syndication, both the good and the bad, and who was angriest when I lost my first development deal. You know who your friends are by their outrage. Thank you, Cathy. Linda Simensky who tried like hell to get *Nuts and Bolts* turned into an animated program and was also ticked as all hell when it didn't happen. You have been a constant source of support and advice.

Friends of *Frumpy the Clown*: The folks at Creator's Syndicate – Anita Tobias who brought me on board and saw it through. Katherine Searcy who edited and massaged the strip to make it a reality every day. And Richard S. Newcombe who made it all possible. Including this book. And to all the editors at all the newspapers that ran *Frumpy the Clown* from beginning to end. And for all you editors at newspapers that dropped Frumpy because you got a handful of phone calls from people who thought Frumpy was “...inappropriate for a family newspaper...” “a bad role model...” “...made obnoxious behavior of children seem acceptable...” You are all weak. **Pffffff!** (That's me giving them a raspberry)

Maida Carpio Scott, the webmistress at www.frumpy.com. This woman, this angel keeps the site up and running despite my screw-ups, late deliveries and last minute cries of “Can we do this by tomorrow!?” I wish a Maida upon all creators, she keeps the car's engine in perfect working order and makes sure we never plow into a tree. BLESS YOU, MAIDA!!

Nana Dot (Dorothy Elias), my grandmother who passed away last year. She was the inspiration for the strip's Nana and was one tough ol' broad. We miss you, Nana.

Mom and Dad, and my brother, Orin, who miss Frumpy more than any of you.

To Pam. She read every strip, gave the thumbs up or thumbs down, and supported me when I wanted to walk away. Threw the party when the strip was launched and got drunk with me when we put *Frumpy* to bed. She is my lighthouse keeper. She keeps me on course, safe and dry.

Lastly, and I mean this with all the sincerity and schmaltz that goes along with it.

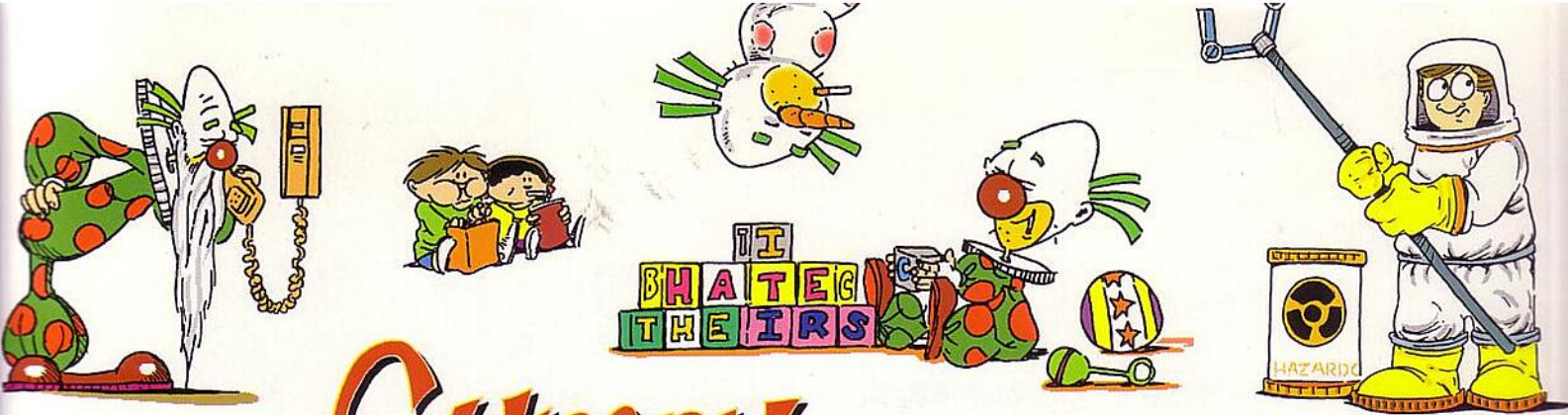
TO ALL THE READERS OF *FRUMPY THE CLOWN*.

You cats were a hearty bunch. Thank you for all the e-mails, letters, and words of encouragement over the years. Thank you for understanding why I had to step down and thank you for being patient. I know I promised this book a loooooong time ago. I'm glad that I finally was able to keep my promise.

And thank you to Jim Davis, Berke Breathed, and B.Kliban. The mentors of my youth.

JUDD
WINICK

December 2000



frumpy the clown™

VOLUME ONE
FREAKING OUT THE NEIGHBORS

Before *Road Trip*, before Barry Ween, there was Frumpy the Clown! And hey, isn't it true that every child wants his or her own clown? Forget ponies and puppy dogs and hamsters, a clown is the true prize. And not the creepy kind that's gonna freak you out and make you soil your shorts either, but a chain-smoking, cynical, anarchist clown whose more interested in sticking it to the stuffed-shirt establishment than getting a job or focusing on the finer points of personal hygiene. When Frumpy enters the home of a typical American family, the children, Brad and Kim, are ecstatic. Their parents, neighbors, and local law enforcement, on the other hand, wish he would go away.

This volume collects the newspaper strips originally distributed by Creator's Syndicate, as well as sneak peeks at Frumpy's humble beginnings and a new introduction from series creator Judd Winick.

Judd Winick is the Russ Manning and Eisner Award-nominated creator of Road Trip, The Adventures of Barry Ween, Boy Genius, and Pedro & Me.

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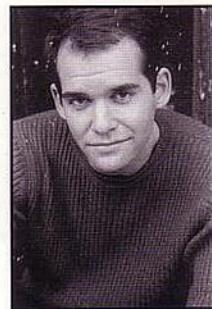
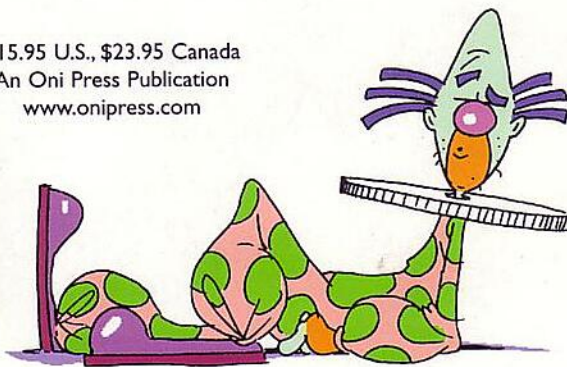


Photo by Steve Criner

