

THE STRAIGHT POOP

(Biography of the Artist)

I was born at a very young age long, long ago in a hospital far, far away. In honor of my birth, the hospital was torn down to make way for a very important parking lot. Ah, but that was back in a time before cable TV, video games, arena football and central air conditioning so we must fast forward (another non-existent phrase at the time of my birth since the invention of the VCR was years away)...

As far back as I can remember, two or three weeks on a good day, I have loved drawing cartoons. My teachers loved my cartoons too – so much so that over and over they sent me to the principal's office so the principal could enjoy them as well and I could dream up more as I rested on a chair outside their office. My drawings were first published when I was in ninth grade. I drew several section divider pages and other illustrations for my Junior High School

(this was in the dark ages before Middle Schools) yearbook. They were awful and I spent several years trying to buy, cajole, wheedle or steal back every copy ever printed. So far I have my copy. And a couple other copies have been promised to me in the wills of classmates who, unfortunately, are a lot healthier than I am.

My High School years were whiled away in deep trouble and as the cartoonist for the school newspaper. My reputation having preceded me, each weekly cartoon was sent to the principal's office where it was carefully inspected with a magnifying glass and a razor blade until it was sufficiently sanitized for publication. In spite of this "help from the authorities" I was the first person ever to receive an award for editorial cartooning from the "Quill & Scroll Society" of the Illinois High School Newspaper Association.

After High School I went to college then to junior college then into the Army then back to college then to Phoenix, Arizona to a Captain Beefheart / Little Feat concert. This was a life-changing experience. When the concert ended I was hung over, unemployed and 2000 miles from home. I recognized this as an opportunity to research material for future comics and immediately embarked on a years-long life of fun and debauchery disguised as a fact-finding mission. During these times I held many wonderful jobs, gas station attendant, art director, resort manager, social worker, antisocial worker, business owner, aimless wanderer, husband to the long-suffering Barbara, father to the lovely Morgan and Ramona, father-in-law to the equally lovely Eric, proud grandfather of Sebastian the Great and his little sister Natasha the Very Energetic, and always...cartoonist. So... enough about me...how you doin'?