



MATT FRACTION CHIP ZDARSKY

ELIZABETH BREITWEISER
COLORS (CHAPTER 17)

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DREW GILL PRODUCTION

LAUREN SANKOVITCH
MANAGING EDITOR



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For Chip,
By the time you read this
I'll be gone
You son of a bitch

MATT

For Chip,
You're a self-made man
And that's what I respect about you.
Also, your undying patience with others.
Also, your nice penis.

CHIP









-Shut up, because, two, you're fucking stupid because everything you decide to do is hot blooded and personal.

You're talking about breaking real goddamn laws because this she-demon's fucking with you.

















You might not even realize it right now, but I promise you—legally there's not only no case here, there's no cause.





























































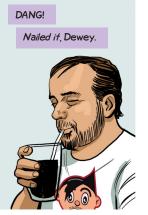


















































































































































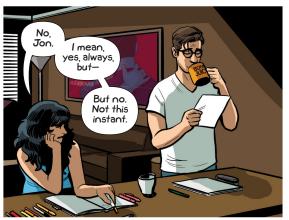


















































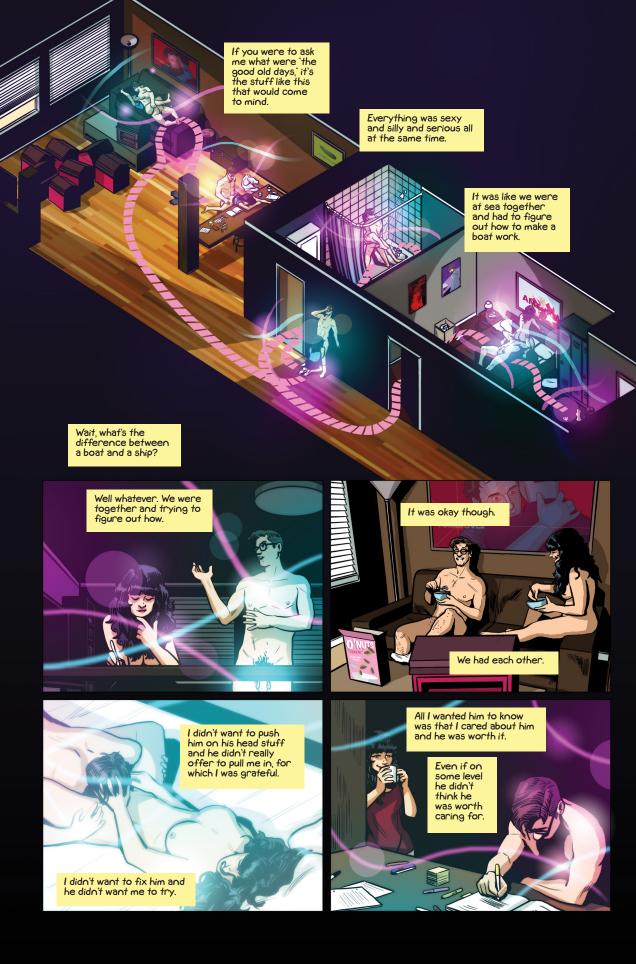






































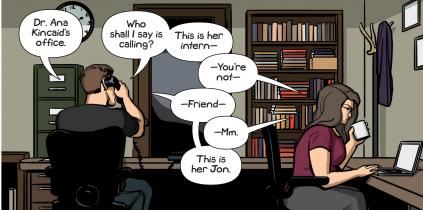










































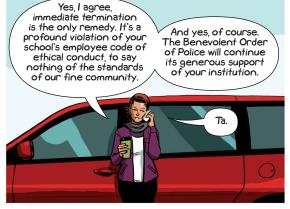
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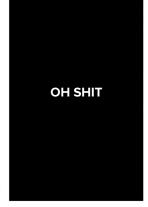










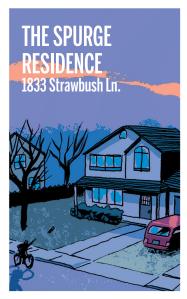




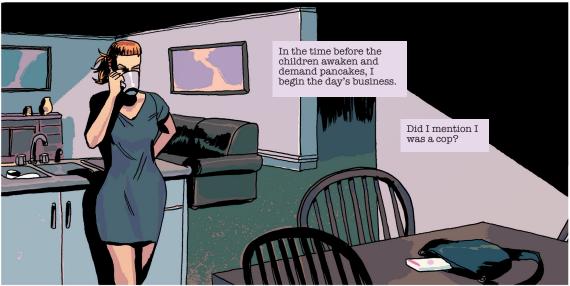
-ED BRUBAKER + SEAN PHILLIPS
MATT + CHIP
+ BETTIE

PART 2:
MYRTLE SPURGE:
SEXUAL COP

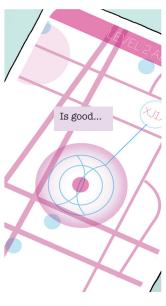
































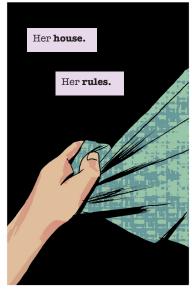














Of course, nobody knows why or how they're going to turn their kids into total sexual weirdos.























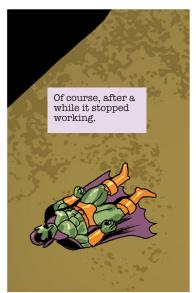














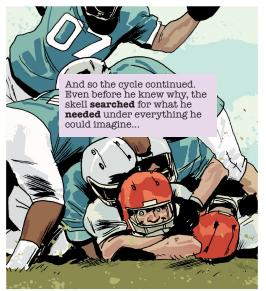




















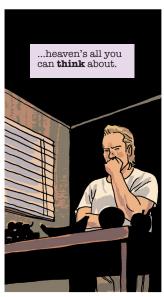














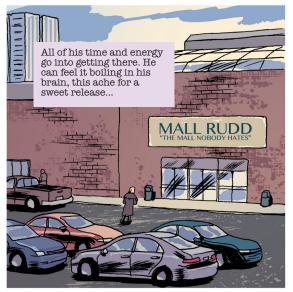








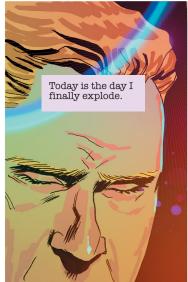
























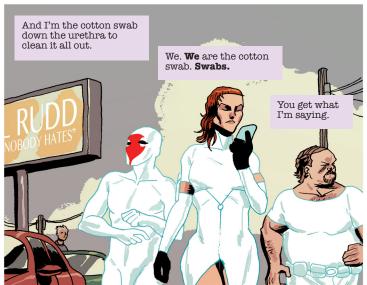
















































































































































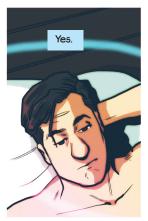










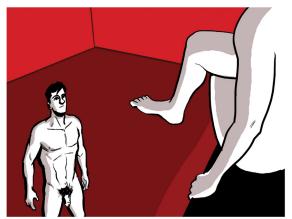




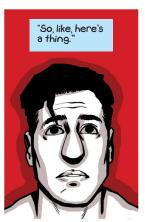
















And, like, maybe I wasn't thrilled to be there, or maybe I wasn't proud of myself for being there, or whatever.



But, like, I see it in my head sometimes, I feel like I'm there.



I only go when I feel bad about stuff, though.





























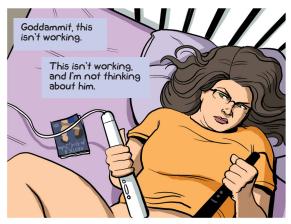


















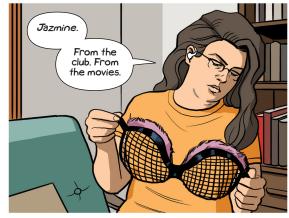
















































































































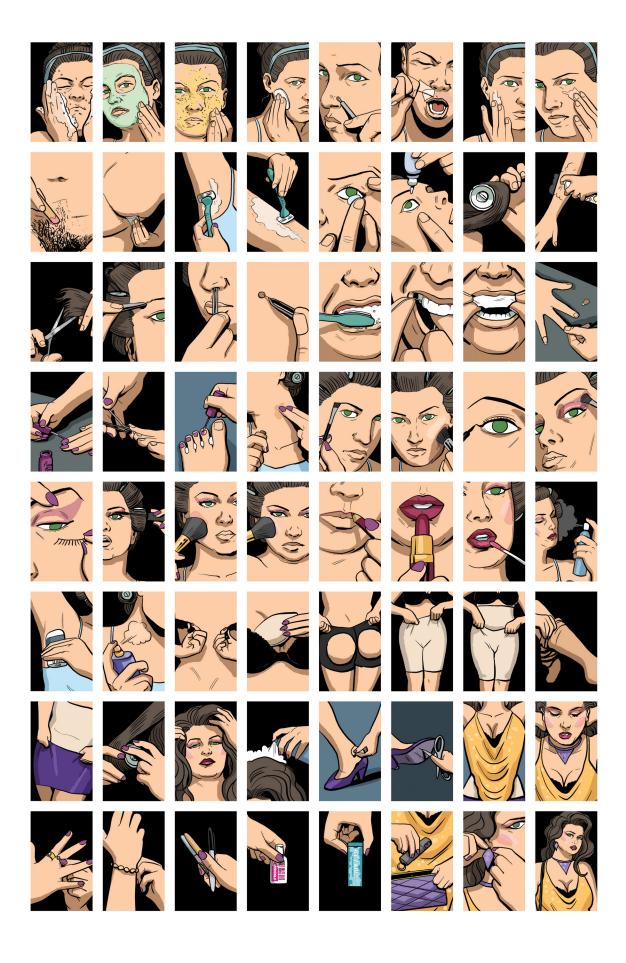




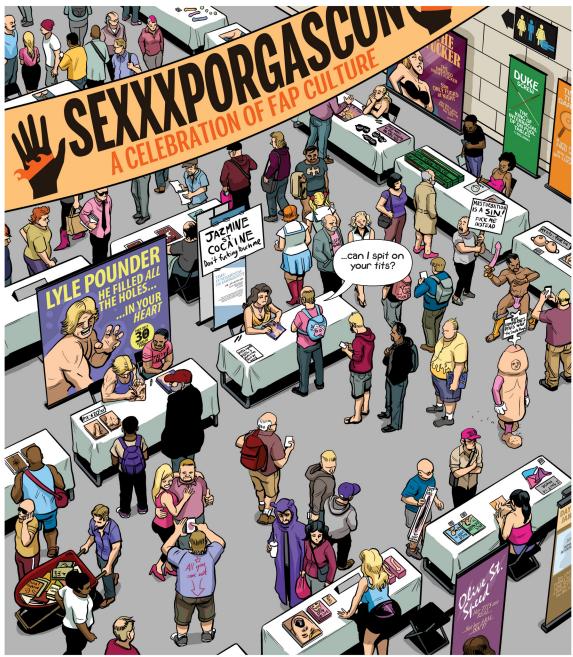


































































































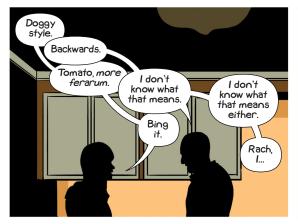








































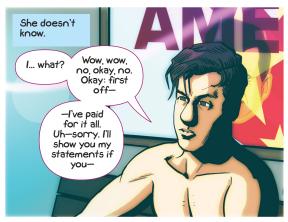
Then I started feeling—feeling objectified. Which, y'know. Okay.

That can be a thing. I can be objectified by you. I even like it sometimes.





























































19 DOWN WITH THE THICKNESS











































































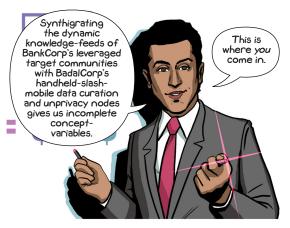




























































































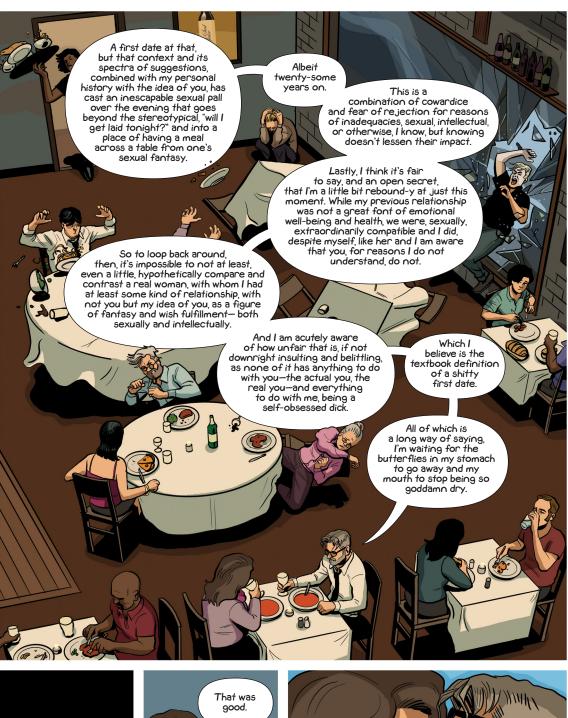


























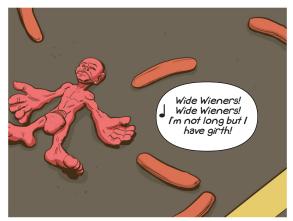


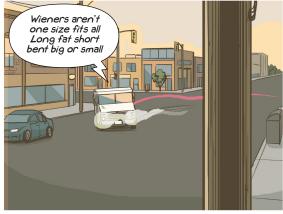














I'm a wiener made for buns











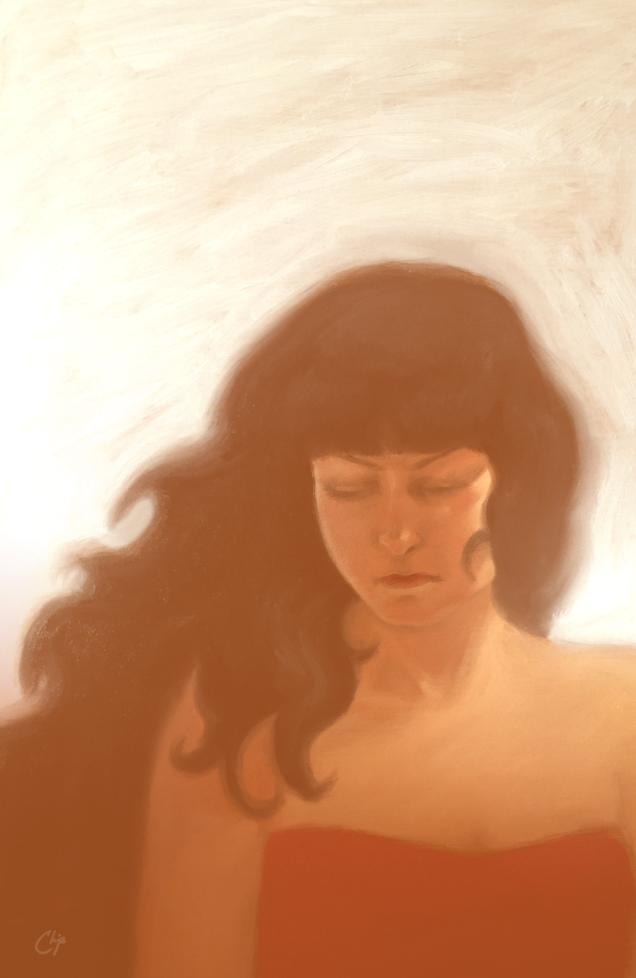








20 OUTS



























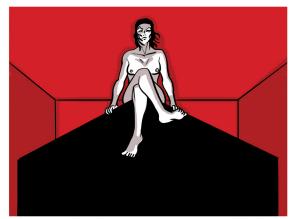








































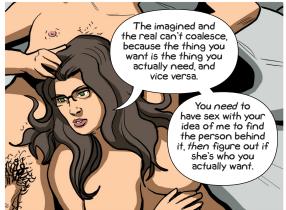






In my experience, which, granted, is only my own, there's a moment that happens when civilians fuck sex workers, past or present.



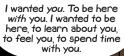
















You were here to write a sentence with an exclamation point at the competent.



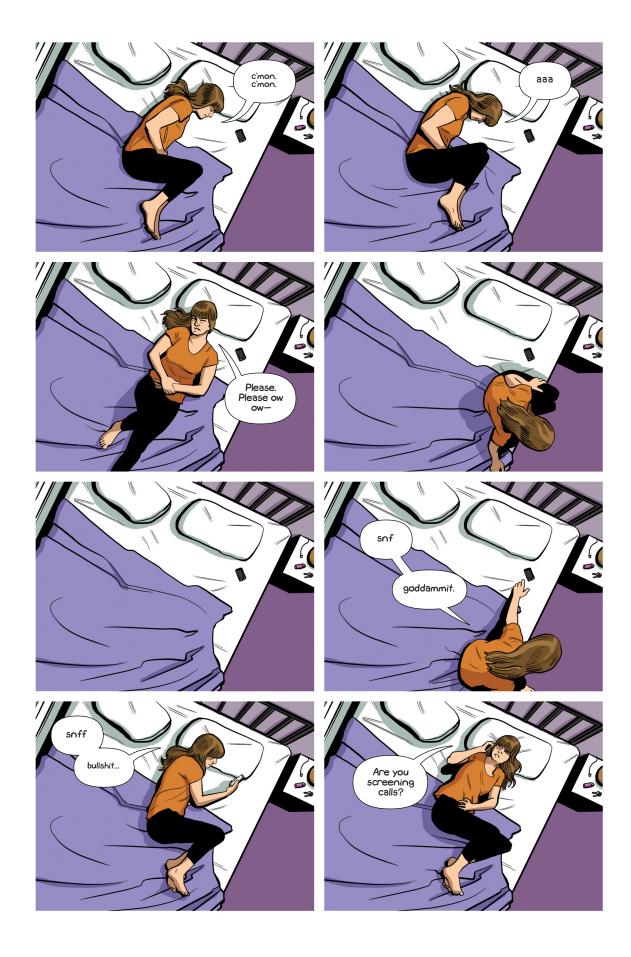


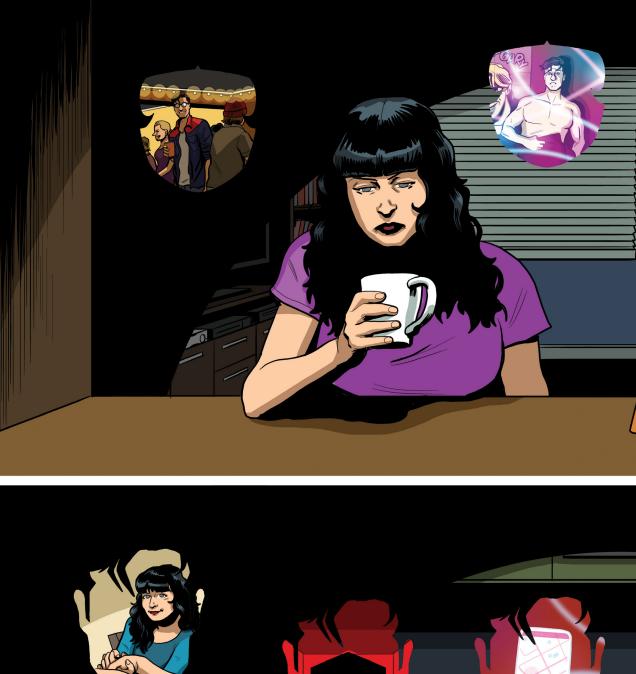




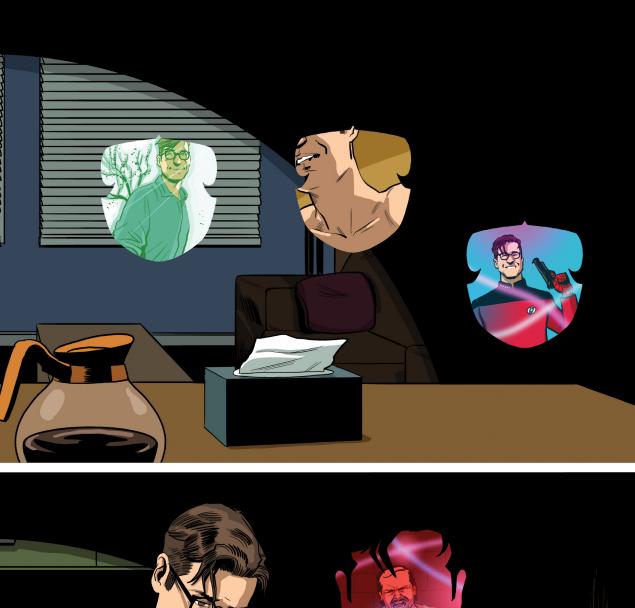






















































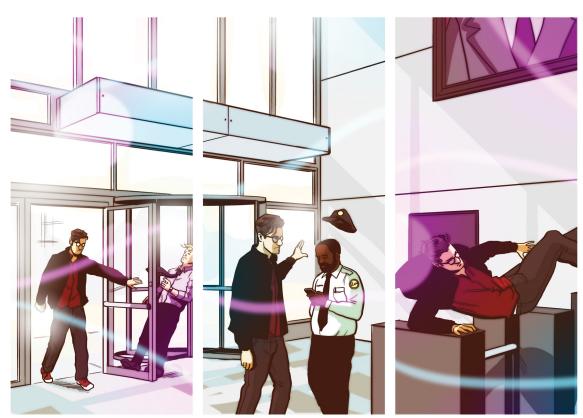




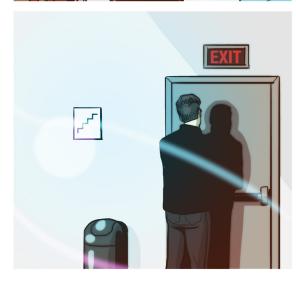


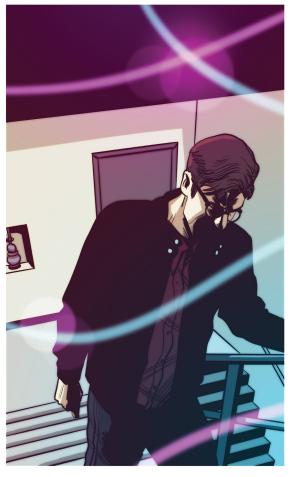




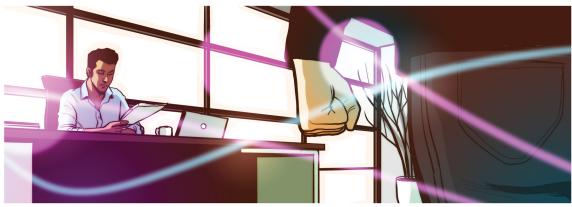






































































I might be short, but I'm so wide So wide that I won't fit inside Just take your time, and gen-tl-y Soon inside your mouth I'll be

Wide Wieners, Wide Wieners Stubby, jolly, full of mirth Wide Wieners, Wide Wieners I'm not long but I have girth

Wieners aren't one size fits all Long fat short bent big or small Just be cool and trust me chum I'm a wiener

Made for buns

INTHE BACK OF THE VAN WITH THE BLACKED-OUT WINDOWS, THIS IS THE MUSIC THAT PLAYS The Oral History Of The Wide Wiener Song

Some time during the spring of 2017, two humbly bi-furious comic creators, Chip Zdarsky and Matt Fraction, set out to produce the latest issue of their comic book. Four days later they returned with the singular greatest creation in the history of not only comic books, but of America, and maybe even the world probably?

BY ALEX PAPPADEMAS

hen Sex Criminals premiered in the fall of 2013, few could have predicted that it would become a comic book that would one day see an issue 19 published. It launched one career -- Chip Zdarsky's -- into the stratosphere of mainstream superstardom and ended another -- Matt Fraction's -- in a poof of shame and ignominy. It was the first time a comic book had the word "Sex" and "Criminal" in the title, and the world would never be the same again, which is a thing people said about Sex Criminals so enthusiastically and so often

that that guy put it into that song in *Hamilton*, but in that it was about something else and not this, but originally it meant this.

As Sex Criminals continued beyond its original conception and began to explore its world and characters, readers became acquainted with several others gifted with (or cursed by) the same "powers" shared by lead characters Suzie and Jon -- the ability to freeze time post-orgasm. Several of these characters would exhibit variations on that theme: one became a kind of ghost, one became a kind of

monster, and one became...a legend.

A legend with a theme song.

We sat down with several members of the creative teams behind Sex Criminals and "The Wide Wiener Song" to talk about their experiences in crafting the jingle that would transform art, mankind, life, love, and the idea of hot dogs as sandwiches -- an intellectual-cum-gastronomic puzzle that still gives us goosebumps all over our boners and gooseboners all over our lady businesses.

1. They Used To Give Us Awards For This Shit

MATT FRACTION

("writer"): I think I'd written, or was going to write, that The Little Man was like an ice cream man, but for hot dogs. At that point, (The Little Man) wasn't really a character, so much as an excuse for me to make Chip draw those horrible little sex goblins.

CHIP ZDARSKY ("artist"): I fucking hate

those little things.

Fraction: He thinks they're the worst.

Zdarsky: You're the worst. It's why I quit.

Fraction: I think I said he was a hot dog man, and Chip said, "of course, he sells wide wieners." It had to be Chip. I don't know that I'd call them "wieners." I still can't even spell it right. I'd probably say, "Wide Hot Dogs Like Hamburgers But Hot Dog Meat." See, that's not as funny.

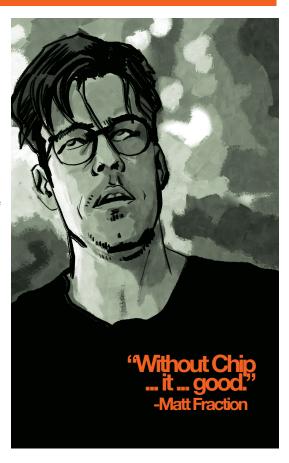
Zdarsky:: True story: One day while I was in therapy, my therapist started laughing and told me we

should have a character in the book named "Wide Wiener." I asked her to clarify what that meant, but she just kept laughing. So when Little Man needed a job, I knew it had to be selling wide wieners.

Fraction: Like pretty much everything else in the book, without Chip I'd have just gone on to something else and it wouldn't be as good.

Zdarsky: When we did the cover for the solicitation, I showed my therapist the Wide Wiener truck, proudly. She chuckled, and then became sad and quiet. She then whispered, "I shouldn't have told you that." I asked her if she felt she broke some sort of code of ethics and she said no, but that she wanted to maybe write a detective novel some day about a detective named Wide Wiener. I felt pretty bad, but also pretty confused.

Fraction: They used to give us awards for this shit. Can you believe it?





2 "Like, a Jingle"

Fraction: If he had an ice cream man truck, that'd mean he'd have ice cream man music. Like, a jingle.

JOHN DARNIELLE (musician, author):

Matt has no musical talent at all. no.

MIKE DOUGHTY (musician, author):

Like -- like none.

JEAN GRAE (musician, actress): He even claps white.

MICHAEL CHABON (author): (Matt) asked me if I could help with the lyrics.

Fraction: I wrote the lyrics first. I think that's how

musicers do it? But I don't really understand songs, or lyrics, or rhyming, or meter, or any... anything really. So yeah, of course, I looked up "really good writers" in the Yellow Pages because I live in 1987 and it's from then that I called (Chabon) for

Chabon: "Help" isn't the word I'd use, and I have won a Pulitzer Prize for worditry, so I know from good words a lot. I got on the horn with Phil(ip Roth) and Tommy P(ynchon) right away -- this was, like, the emergency triage surgery of "helping." It was like M*A*S*H or something. Just trying to keep this stupid little thing alive before it got shipped off to a better hospital in Pyongyang.

PHILIP ROTH (author, masturbator):

Get off my lawn.

THOMAS PYNCHON (author):

Roth: I'm calling the cops goddammit.

DAVID THOMAS MURRAY (musician, producer, brother of Chip Zdarsky): I'm

actually quite an accomplished musician, producer and audio engineer. I play, I don't know, eight or nine different instruments, and spend all day in a ProTools suite, recording and mixing. And Steve (Chip Zdarsky's false name in the civilian world -- ed.) isn't too bad a

musician either, honestly. But no, no, (Zdarsky or Fraction) never asked.

Zdarsky: He never mentioned a song at all. Just one night... there it was.

KIT COX (Fraction's assistant and office

mate): He sat at his desk with a ukulele for like three days and plunked it out, note by note, on these terrible, off-key strings, whisper-singing in this creepy falsetto. In the back of the van with the blacked-out windows, this is the music that plays.

TOM BREVOORT (Editor, Marvel

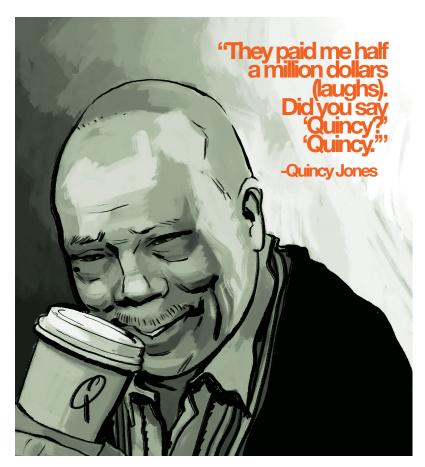
Comics): It sounded like the kind of thing a broken

doll would want played at her funeral.

RICHARD M. NIXON (disgraced former president): Literally the music you hear in hell.

Zdarsky: (Matt) sent (me) the song in March of 2017, while I was at a screening of Logan with (musician, producer, brother) David Thomas Murray. (So) when I turned (my phone) on afterward, (it) was the first (thing) I saw. It didn't really impact me much initially, because (I was still thinking a lot about Logan and the journey the character [of Logan] went on). But eventually (the song) started infiltrating my thoughts about Logan to the point where I can no longer separate the two. When (someone) mentions (Logan) (to me) now, I (immediately start [singing the lyric {"stubby, jolly, full of mirth,"}]) and that's a testament (to how good the song is, that it's now the soundtrack to Logan in my mind).

Murray: The fuck wouldn't they actually get an actual musician? Jesus.



3. Upgrading the Upgrade

SETH MEYERS (writer, comedian, talk show host): Hey everybody, welcome to late night, I'm Seth Meyers. We got a great show for you tonight.

ERIC STEPHENSON (Publisher, Image Comics): We knew right away we had something special on our hands, or in our hands, as it were, and wanted to make sure the issue was released with the appropriate fanfare and press attention. We contacted the printers, the distributors, and our retail partners in advance, not just to "prime the pump" as it were, sales-wise, but just to give them a head's up. Something big was coming. Big and wide. Of course nobody could see just HOW girthy a hit like this could he

QUINCY JONES (music producer, legend): I told Michael (Jackson) when we made Thriller, "hey, this is pretty good, you might really be on to something here." Like, deliberately understating things, right? Because it's Thriller, it's Michael Jackson, you just knew it was gonna be the biggest thing in the world. But nobody could've seen Thriller coming. We thought we knew what the biggest thing in the world was. And while we were right, and it was Thriller, what we were mistaken on was either size of the thing or the world. Maybe we thought the world was bigger? So -- so that's it. Thriller was as big a hit as we thought it would be, only we thought the entire planet was way larger than it

actually was, so... so it looked bigger than we imagined. But the world got smaller. The record remained exactly the -- like, perspective, right? We needed to see another thing to understand how big the first thing was, or wasn't, but really was because it's like, something very big but it's very far away, or it's something very small and it's very close? Anyway, I'd like a non-fat half-caf mocha, no whip.

Stephenson: We got Q what we were kindly referring to as Matt's "rough demo," and...

Jones: They paid me half a million dollars (laughs). Did you say "Quincy?" "Quincy." Is that the drink for Quincy? Oh, okay. Sorry, it's hard to hear in here. **Stephenson:** ...And we let Q be Q and make a hit record. We knew it'd be an upgrade, but Q, he upgraded the upgrade.

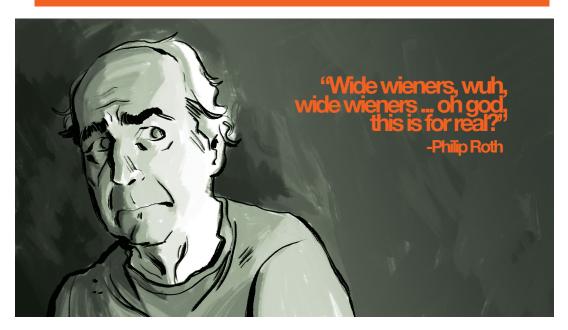
ROBERT PLANT (musician, writer): Way way down inside. I'm gonna give you my love. I'm gonna give you my love. I'm gonna give you my love. I wanna whole lot of love. BBBEEEEERRR-ROOOOOWWWW.

Jones: Yeah, the mocha, no-whip. Yeah.

Fraction: I don't know if Chip ever listened to it.

Zdarsky: We don't really talk any more.

4. Philip Roth Reads the Lyrics Clearly Under Duress



Roth: My (muffled audio) Philip Roth. It is April 1st, 2017. I am being well treated by my captors. I have been asked to read (crying) I'm sorry I'm sorry I (muffled audio) (tape break) I am being well treated by my captors. I have been asked by (pause) (unintelligible) I have been asked by my captors to read the following, uh, the

following message:

I might be short, but I'm so wide so wide that I won't fit inside. Take your, uh, take your time and gen-tl-y, did I say that right? (unintelligible) okay, and gen-tl-y, soon inside your, uh, your mouth I'll be, wide wieners, wuh, wide wieners... oh god, this is for real? Oh god. I (unintelligible) (tape break)

VOICE OF MAN TRYING TO SOUND LIKE PHILIP ROTH WHO CLEARLY IS NOT PHILIP ROTH AND YET IN THE BACKGROUND THE MUFFLED SOUNDS OF PHILIP ROTH WEEPING CAN BE OVERHEARD

(hostage taker): Stubby, jolly, full of mirth! Wide Wieners! I'm

not long but I have girth! Wieners aren't one size fits all, long fat short bent big or small, just be cool and trust me chum, I'm a wiener made for buns, and also I am the author of American Pastoral and Portnoy's Complaint and I have read this freely and voluntarily of my own will.

Chabon: (singing): Nailed it.

5. Pandemonium

Jones: I loaded up the studio with everyone I ever worked with, wanted to work with, owed a favor, or who owed ME a favor. I wanted a murderer's row of talent. I wanted the new "We Are The World." I wanted the end of a Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame induction, this isn't -- there's whip. I asked for no whip. No whip. No. No whip. This has whip. If it has whip, how do I know it's actually half-caf? You just want me to trust you? You put whip on and say it's no whip and want me - no, make it again. Start over. Start where I can

see you. Start it over.

HAL BLAINE (legendary drummer, The Wrecking Crew):

When Q calls, you come. We got the Wrecking Crew together for one last gig. To play together, all of us, on one last track? I can't think of a better way to go.

CAROL KAYE (bass player, The Wrecking Crew):

They called us The Wall of Sound Orchestra, the Clique, the First Call Gang, The Wrecking Crew... we played for everybody. We played everything.

Fraction: Ooh, did they get Glen Campbell too, or -- oh.

MATT WILSON (Eisner-award winning colorist, THE WICKED + THE DIVINE, et al.):

I normally do work in comic books, so it was a little surprising for Quincy Jones to reach out. But, hey, who am I to say no? You want to pay me eight-hundred grand to sit in a recording studio for a week and talk about what colors the walls could be, I'll do it.

Kaye: I think it's safe to say The Crew gave that two-and-a-half-hour recording session all we had to give and then some. It was a very exciting mid-morning for all of us. The old magic was back. And then it was home again in time for lunch and Pilates.

Jones: It's pandemonium in this goddamn Starbucks. Half-caf mocha latte, no whip, come on. It's not rocket science, it's a fucking drink order. Pandemonium. Pandemonium!

6. "Put It in the Clown"

Fraction: So they send it to me and they say --

Jones: Put it in the Cloud.

Stephenson: Put it in the Cloud.

Zdarsky: Put it in the Cloud.

Fraction: Put it in the clown? Clown? I don't know what that means. But, okay, now I gotta find a clown.

Zdarsky: Apparently he just, he went out and... you know those guys that paint themselves silver and stand on boxes and pretend to be robots for nickels? Matt

goes out, he's got this song on a jump drive, and the first one of these street performers he sees, he just...

Fraction: He wasn't really a clown, but I thought it was pretty close.

Zdarsky: He just dropped it in the guy's tip jar. And simultaneously grabbed a couple of bucks from it. Later he told me he did that to "keep it legal." I have no idea what that means.

Stephenson: I have literally never heard it. It was the only copy.

Jones: Are you insane? You think Quincy Jones has

that kind of data storage just laying around? Hell no, Q keeps his hard drives like a brand new Starbucks: open, clean, and really very small when you look at it. I dumped the track on a thumb drive, cleared off the 44 megs of space it was eating up and got on with my life.

Zdarsky: Apparently it was quite the thing, but nobody ever heard it. Why are you doing an oral history of a thing nobody ever heard, or heard of? That doesn't make any sense. Like, I find your premise to be satirically diffuse. Are you -- what's the joke? The song? The dumb song? Are

you making fun of, like, overblown Oral History things that journalists cut and paste together and call it "writing"? Are -- no, no, I'm not mad, I just don't get the joke.

Fraction: I guess in the end, no one did.

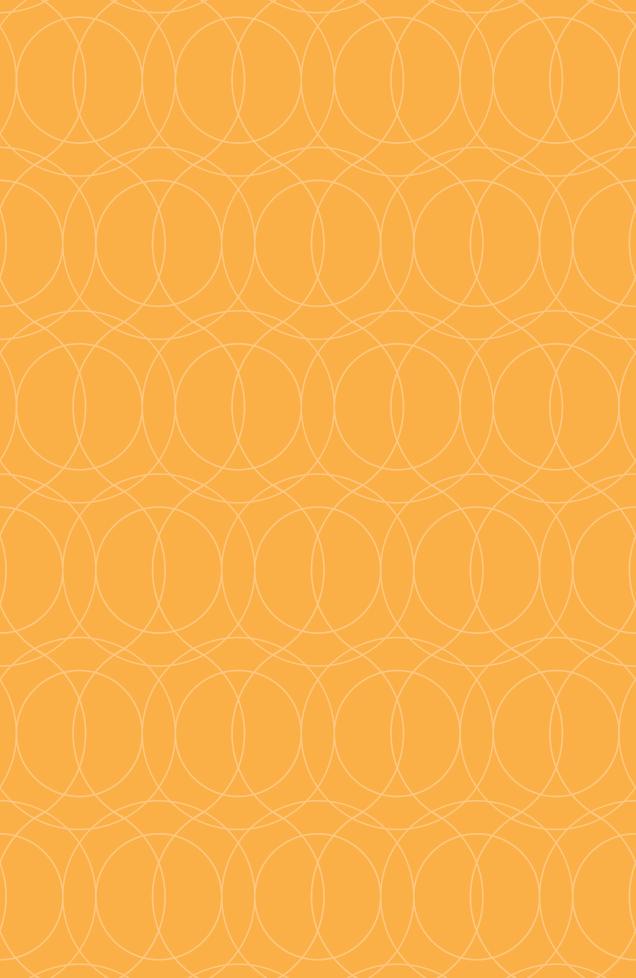
(Ed. Note - None of the people appearing in the preceding story, including purported author Alex Pappademas, were contacted nor spoken to in any way during the writing of this piece. We just made it all up for funsies.)



Matt Fraction invented the search engine "Bing" and also using "Bing" as a verb

Chip Zdarsky has travelled many roads for many years and it all led him here: to a bio page reminding you to Bing him later.





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THEY HAVE SEX THEY FREEZE TIME THEY ROB BANKS

which was fun for a while but

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becomes regular, reliable and predictable

HOW DO YOU STAY IN IT HOW DO YOU LET GO

and most importantly

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER YOU HAVE SEX FREEZE TIME AND ROB BANKS

because surely
they're not gonna get away with it
for very long anyway
right?
probably not
idk



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Sex Criminals: Fourgy

collects issues #16-20 of the award-winning series by Matt Fraction (Satellite Sam, ODY-C) and Chip Zdarsky (Peter Parker: The Spectacular Spider-Man, Kaptara).