

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

A COLLECTION
OF CANTANKEROUS
COMMENTARY



Cover colors by Allan Ferguson



SLG Publishing
44 Race Street
San Jose, CA 95126
Dan Vado - President & Publisher

The material collected in this book appears as originally published by Drunk Monkeys, May 2016 - April 2020, excluding "Psychotropic San Francisco Sojourn".

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Dedicated to anyone who is still chasing their dream.

Acknowledgments

Special thanks and gratitude to:

All who generously donated their time and talents including Ron Evans, Hannah Means-Shannon, Dimitris Zach, Ace Continuado, X Brushes of Doom, Kurt Belcher, Randy Haldeman, and Javier Hernandez.

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Dan Vado and SLG Publishing for making this book a reality.

My family who at no time made me feel as though comics were not a "real job".

My eternally loving and patient wife who has more confidence in my ability than I ever will and never lets me throw in the towel.

A FOREWORD WRITTEN IN THE MIDST OF A GLOBAL PANDEMIC

How long ago did Alex ask you to write the foreword to this book? A few months.

Uhh...how many? I no longer have the ability to delineate the manner in which time passes and, as we all have learned since the beginning of 2020, it is meaningless anyway.

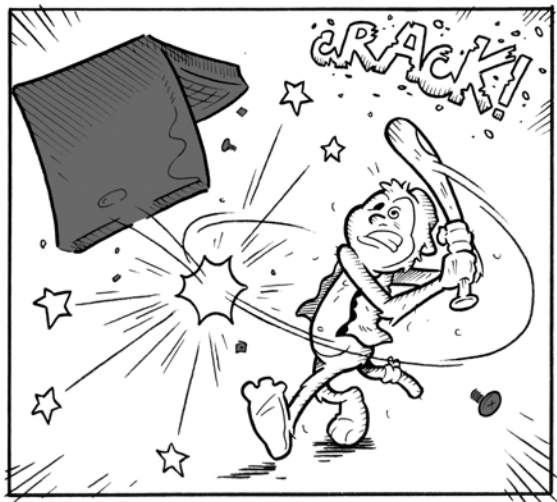
What have you done with all of the time given to you in which to write this? Look, don't hassle me. You spend your time the way you want, I will spend mine repeatedly telling myself that tomorrow will be a better day to write something. I had no idea that a global pandemic was going to be a thing, no matter how many warnings from scientists I would nod at while skimming books over the years.

Also, I broke my glasses and because almost everything is closed, it apparently takes a lot longer to make a new set. And, yes, I know that we have all been joking about living in a Twilight Zone episode with quarantines and social-distancing being the new normal, it just so happens that I was actually living the very specific episode everyone was joking about. I finally had time to read everything I have been stockpiling for years and then proceeded to almost immediately make it so it was RATHER difficult to do so. But now I no longer can rely on that as an excuse.

And to be clear, it's not that I didn't want to or know what to write here. It's not that at all. It was just a struggle with creativity that I wasn't really expecting. I had to cut my time on social media down because everyone was discussing what personal projects and fun things they were going to do instead of going outside. Not me! I was getting very good at thinking about things and never doing them. It was made worse when I would finally check in on Twitter and see that Alex was being even more prolific than he normally is.

What an asshole.

In a time where I, and many others (I checked just to make sure I wasn't the only one) couldn't find it in themselves to do anything outside of the bare minimum, Alex not only finished the rest of this collection, but continued with his weekly work on *Decades of (in)Experience*, plus he moved. Holy shit.



And it's pretty apt that I was getting reminders of how much he was getting done on Twitter because that is how Alex and I met. For once social media was actually doing what it was supposed to be doing and brought people together. (THAT'S NICE!)

But it's also where people talk the most shit. You want a reminder of literally everything that is going wrong at all times? Pop on Twitter. I'm guilty as hell of this. Alex, on the other hand, is busy making a series of comics that address everything from a point of view that extends beyond the ironic detachment his generation is accused of having. He is using all of the anger and pain that we feel on a daily basis and funneling it into his art.

The fact that he is doing it via a smoking monkey, in this case, doesn't minimize its impact either. You may have some initial, "Ha! That monkey sure is angry!" reaction to things, but then it will sneak up on you and have you going, "I feel you, Mr. Butterchips." And that is exactly what a comic like this should do.

Alex's work is a reflection of the world that will remind people years from now about all of the absolute bullshit we've been living through. And he does it with such a personal touch, that even if you have never met him, you understand him. He is bringing you closer to his world with this no-nonsense monkey than anyone could with a multi-tweet thread pontificating on what is making them upset at the time.

It was random happenstance that he and I became acquainted, but I'm glad it did. He makes me proud of all the cartoonists working today in a world that is filled with movies based on superheroes, but doesn't reflect on the importance of personal work done in comics. It's scary to put yourself out there like that, even if your main character doesn't share your name. It's still a reflection of who you are and the struggles you have. That takes courage. And talent. Luckily, Alex has both.

Maybe we should all take Alex's lead and use our frustration with the world to inspire us instead of bring us down. Easier said than done, especially if you are like me and can't draw for shit. But it may make us all feel a bit better.

-Kevin Ketner

Dynamite Entertainment

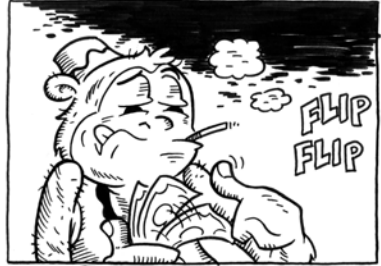
May 2020



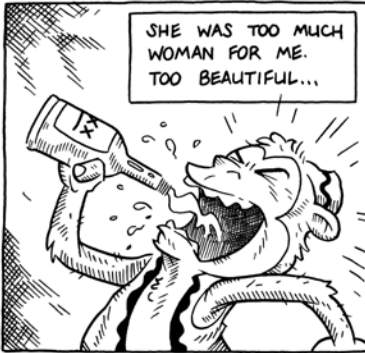
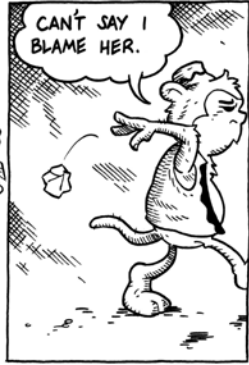
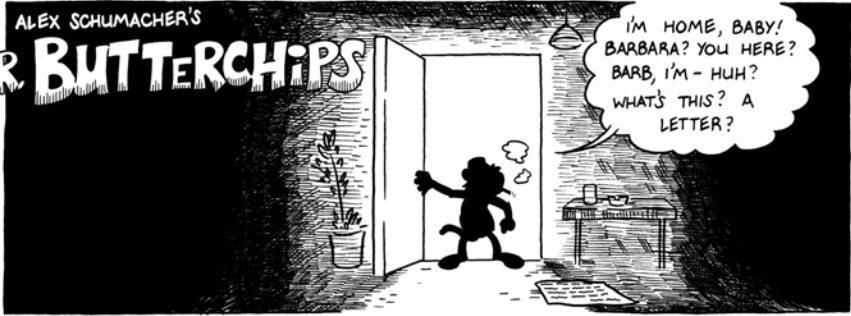
ALEX SCHUMACHER'S

MR. BUTTERCHIPS

SIX O'CLOCK, MAURICE.
DUSK IS SETTING IN, SO I SAY
WE PACK IT IN FOR THE DAY.
LET'S COUNT THE TAKE,
SPLIT THE DOUGH, AND
GET THE HELL OUT OF
HERE!



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S

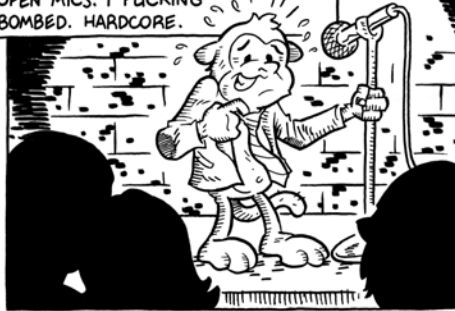
MR BUTTERCHIPS



IN JUNIOR COLLEGE I WAS KING OF THE JUNGLE! I ALWAYS HAD MY CLASSMATES IN STITCHES AND A FEW OF THEM SUGGESTED I SHOULD BE A PROFESSIONAL COMEDIAN.



I PACKED UP THE FEW BELONGINGS I HAD, MOVED TO THE LEFT COAST, AND STARTED HITTING THE OPEN MICS. I FUCKING BOMBED. HARDCORE.



THROUGH AN ENTERTAINER FRIEND I MET ON SOCIAL MEDIA I WAS INTRODUCED TO MY AGENT. HE'S KIND OF A CLOWN, BUT BELIEVES IN ME AND THINKS WE CAN DO BIG THINGS.



IN THE MEANTIME, HE RECOMMENDED I GET SOME SHITTY DAY JOB TO PAY THE BILLS.



SORRY, HUN. WHAT WAS THE QUESTION AGAIN?

I JUST ASKED WHERE THE CAN WAS IN THIS SHIT-HOLE.

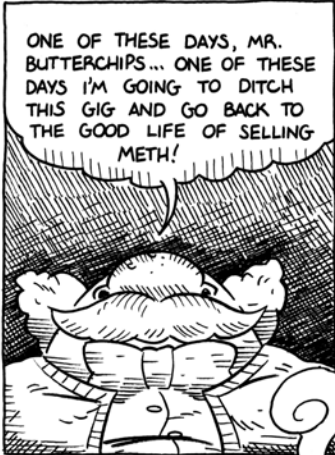




WHAT'S THE TAKE SO FAR, MAURICE?



FIFTEEN BUCKS, A USED TEABAG, FAST FOOD WRAPPERS, SOME CANADIAN COINS, AND A BUTTON.



ONE OF THESE DAYS, MR. BUTTERCHIPS... ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO DITCH THIS GIG AND GO BACK TO THE GOOD LIFE OF SELLING METH!



THEY SENT YOU AWAY FOR TEN YEARS FOR SLINGING THAT SHIT!



THIS GIG MAY IN FACT SUCK SWEATY DONKEY BALLS, BUT YOU SURE AIN'T GETTING LOCKED UP FOR IT!

AT LEAST IN THE JOINT YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHERE YOUR NEXT MEAL IS COMING FROM AND THE POWER OR WATER WON'T BE SHUT OFF FOR NON-PAYMENT.



OK, SURE. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE ASS-RAPE?

YEAH... THAT WASN'T SO FUN.

SHLEPPER!



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR. BUTTERCHIPS



MR BUTTERCHIPS



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

Tami Lahren
@TamiLahren

Powerful photo. We are fortunate to have a man of God back in the Oval Office.



REMEMBER THE LAST TIME YOU FELL DOWN THE COMMENTS SECTION RABBIT HOLE, BUTTERCHIPS! YOU VOWED NEVER AGAIN. **DO NOT REPLY!**



FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO OCCUPY YOUR HANDS. HOW ABOUT WORKING OUT? OH... WHO AM I KIDDING?



JERKING OFF? NAW... I'M STILL FUCKING CHAFING FROM THIS MORNING'S SOLO ACT!



I KNOW! I'LL HANDCUFF MYSELF TO THE RADIATOR. THERE'S NO WAY TO COMMENT IF I CAN'T REACH THE PC.!



I'LL BE DAMNED. MY PHONE'S BEEN IN MY POCKET THE ENTIRE TIME. A POX ON YOU, MOTOROLA.



How is an adulterer, who covets his neighbor's wife, bears false witness daily, and demands that the public worship him a man of God? Explain yourself!



SNOWFLAKE!

LIBTARD!

FUCK YOU!

NEED A SAFE SPACE?

NEVER FAILS. CIVIL AND INTELLIGENT DISCUSSION IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH THOSE WHO ARE NEITHER CIVIL NOR INTELLIGENT.



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S

MR BUTTERCHIPS



SINCE WEED BECAME LEGAL HERE ON THE LEFT COAST, SOMETHING HAS BEEN NOTICEABLY ABSENT FROM THE EXPERIENCE.



THE TANTALIZING RUSH OF COMMITTING A MISDEMEANOR HAD BEEN UNDULY NEUTERED.



PERHAPS SOME PETTY LARCENY OR VANDALISM IS IN ORDER TO RE-VITALIZE OR RESIST.



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S

MR BUTTERCHIPS



I'VE BEEN MEANING T'ASK, BUTTERCHIPS. HOW'S THE WHOLE COMEDY THING GOING?



YOU'RE GOD-DAMN RIGHT, MAURICE! TONIGHT AFTER WORK I'LL CALL THAT SHYSTER AGENT OF MINE!



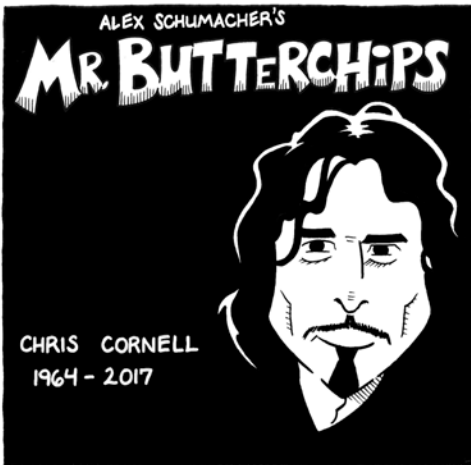
I'LL HAVE HIM BOOK A FEW SHOWS AND WRITE A SLEW OF NEW MATERIAL! NOTHING CAN KEEP ME FROM ACHIEVING MY WILDEST DREAMS!



LATER THAT NIGHT...







YOU ARE NOT REPLACEABLE.
 IF YOU OR SOMEONE YOU
 KNOW IS STRUGGLING
 EMOTIONALLY OR CONSIDERING
 SUICIDE PLEASE CALL THE

SUICIDE
 PREVENTION
 LIFELINE

1-800-273-TALK (8225)

SUICIDEPREVENTIONLIFELINE.ORG



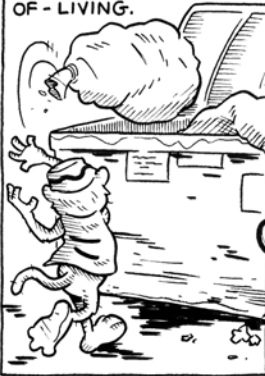
IF THIS COUNTRY GAVE A SHIT ABOUT EMPOWERING FUTURE GENERATIONS, EDUCATION WOULDN'T BE A FOR-PROFIT ENTERPRISE.



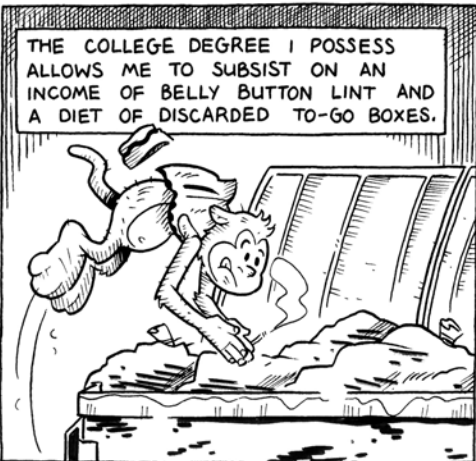
I WAS GOUGED FOR FOUR YEARS ONLY TO ENTER A FLAILING-JOB MARKET...



... AND BE OBSTRUCTED BY EXPONENTIALLY INCREASING COSTS-OF-LIVING.

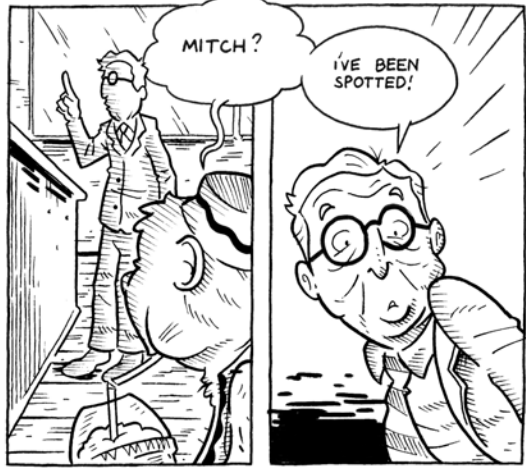


I KNEW I WOULD STRUGGLE UNTIL MY COMEDY CAREER FLOURISHED, BUT HOW THE FUCK DO I MAKE ENDS MEET AND DEFRAY LOANS WITH INTEREST?

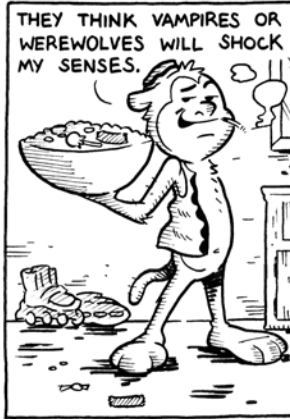


THOSE ARE THE TRUE TAXES YOU PAY FOR HAVING A DREAM IN THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.



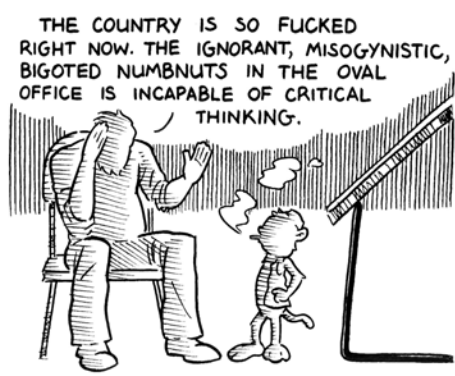
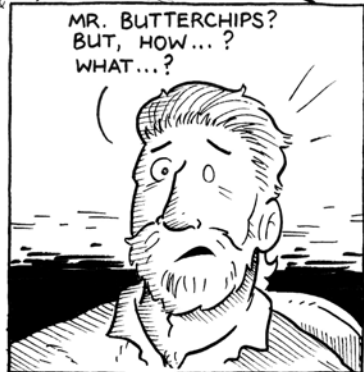
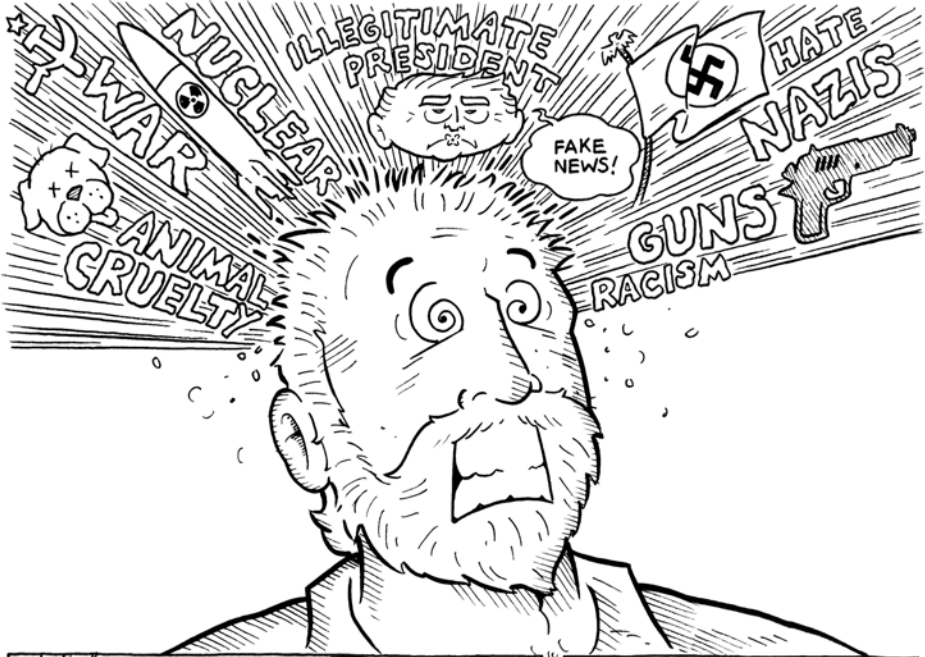


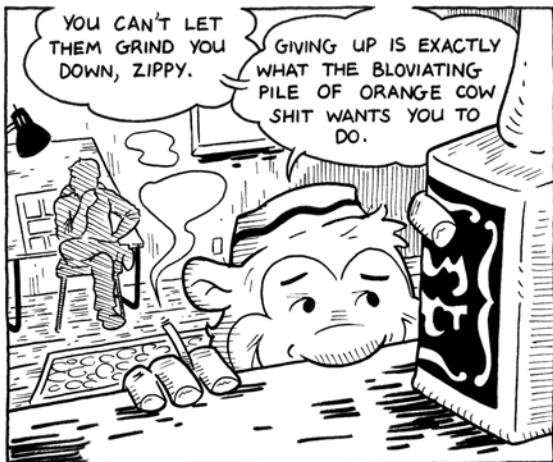
ALEX SCHUMACHER'S



AAAAAHHHHH







MR BUTTERCHIPS



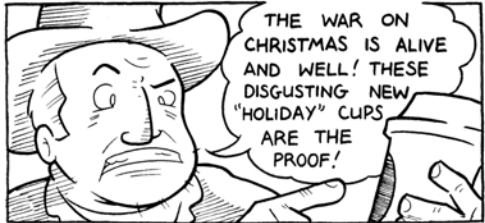
I DID NOT SIGN ON FOR THIS CUTESY SHIT.



THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE!**
IT IS AN ABSOLUTE DISGRACE!
HOW DO YOU PEOPLE CALL YOURSELVES AMERICANS?
SHAME ON YOU ALL!



UN-FUCKING-BELIEVABLE.



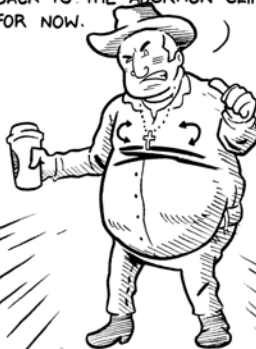
THE WAR ON CHRISTMAS IS ALIVE AND WELL! THESE DISGUSTING NEW "HOLIDAY" CUPS ARE THE PROOF!

THE LIBERAL HOMOSEXUAL INSURRECTION MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS! IT'S UP TO US DECENT, GOD-FEARING FOLK TO PROTEST AND MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN!



CHECK YOUR CUP AGAIN, BIBLE THUMPER!
THE HOLIDAY CUPS AREN'T EVEN OUT YET. HA!

DAMMIT! I HAVE TO ALERT MY ONLINE GROUP "NOT NAZIS, BUT NOT NOT NAZIS". LOOKS LIKE IT'S BACK TO THE ABORTION CLINICS FOR NOW.



IT'S NO MERE COINCIDENCE
THE TWO GREATEST THREATS TO THE SEASON OF GIVING
ARE RELIGIOUS ZEALOTS AND FRUIT CAKES.

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

FOLLOWING AN EVENTFUL NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY AT MR. BUTTERCHIPS' APARTMENT...

GROOOOAN..



UGH... 2017 WAS FUCKING BRUTAL.

A black and white illustration of Mr. Butterchips sitting on the floor. He has a sad and dejected expression. There are stars and wavy lines around his head, indicating he is still feeling the effects of the party. He is looking down at his hands.

ALL OF THE UGLINESS THAT SOCIETY HAS TO OFFER SLITHERED OUT FROM UNDER ITS ROCK AND REARED ITS XENOPHOBIC HEAD.

A black and white illustration of Mr. Butterchips sitting on the floor. He has a thoughtful or perhaps angry expression. He is looking towards the right. There are stars and wavy lines around his head.

THE TIME TO ABANDON HOPE SEEMS TO HAVE ARRIVED. AFTER ALL, WHAT CAN BE DONE TO COMBAT SUCH ILLS?

A black and white illustration of Mr. Butterchips standing and drinking from a bottle. He has a stressed or desperate expression. There are stars and wavy lines around his head. The floor is messy with some debris.

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED, KIDS! YOUR RESOLUTION FOR 2018 IS THIS: DON'T BE A FUCKING ASSHOLE! CALL OUT RACISM, MISOGYNY, HOMOPHOBIA, AND ALL FORMS OF HATE. WE THE PEOPLE SHOULD NO LONGER TOLERATE WOULD-BE OPPRESSORS. LET LOVE RULE!

A black and white illustration of Mr. Butterchips speaking enthusiastically to a group of people. He is holding a bottle and a glass. He has a wide, confident smile. There are stars and wavy lines around his head.

WHO THE HELL IS HE GIVING THE PEP TALK TO?

BEATS ME. I'M GUESSING THE SHROOMS HAVEN'T WORN OFF YET.

A black and white illustration of Mr. Butterchips running away in the background. In the foreground, two people are sitting at a table, looking at him. One of them is speaking. There are stars and wavy lines around Mr. Butterchips's head.

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S

MR. BUTTERCHIPS



HELP! IN A FREAK ORGAN GRINDER ACCIDENT MY TAIL WAS LOPPED RIGHT OFF!

I PUT IT ON ICE TO PRESERVE IT UNTIL IT'S RE-ATTACHED.



THANKS TO THE PRESIDENT'S RELIGIOUS FREEDOM ACT, I AM ABLE TO REFUSE SERVICE TO ANY INDIVIDUAL WHO I OBJECT TO BASED ON MY BELIEFS. YOU, SIR, ARE AN ABOMINATION!

SO YOU'RE TELLING ME THIS RELIGION YOU FOLLOW WHICH PREACHES UNIVERSAL LOVE IS, IN FACT, CONDITIONAL?

FEED THE HUNGRY AND HEAL THE SICK, BUT DO SO AT YOUR OWN DISCRETION?

WHERE THE FUCK DID I MISS THOSE ANNOTATIONS IN GIDEON'S FOOT-NOTES?

I AM IN DIRE NEED OF MEDICAL ATTENTION HERE! YOU'RE ADVISING ME THAT AS A SWORN MEMBER OF PUBLIC SERVICE YOU REFUSE TO ADMIT ME BASED ON SOME ARBITRARY PERCEPTION OF MORAL SUPERIORITY?



FROM WHAT I UNDERSTOOD OF THAT, YES. YOU ARE CORRECT.



JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!!



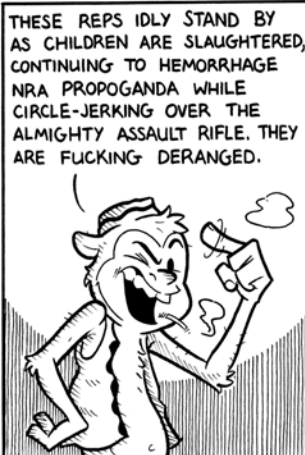
MY WORD. SOME PEOPLE ARE SO DISRESPECTFUL AND OFFENSIVE.



MR. BUTTERCHIPS

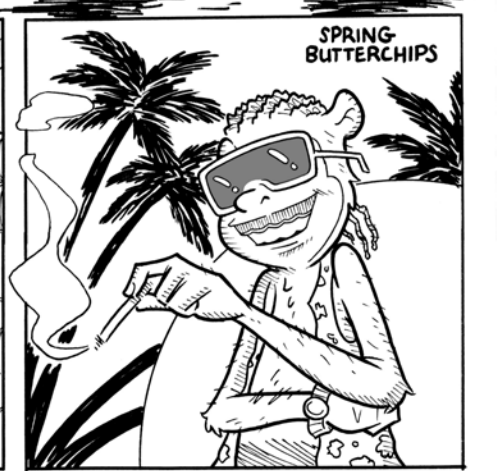


SINCE THE WHARF IS OWNED BY THE CITY, WE'RE TECHNICALLY GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES AND ALL GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES ARE BEING ISSUED FIREARMS TO INCREASE SAFETY.



Top 6 rejected ideas for:

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S **MR BUTTERCHIPS**

IN THE MIDST OF A DEBILITATING LOW PERIOD OF HIS CLINICAL DEPRESSION, MR. BUTTERCHIPS IS VISITED BY A NEW FRIEND.



HIYA, BUTTERCHIPS! I'M RODOLFO, THE HAPPIEST OF PILLS! COME AWAY WITH ME TO THE CONTENT KINGDOM!

THERE WE'LL FIND EXHILIRATING ATTRACTIONS LIKE THE 'HALL OF NORMALCY' AND 'LAUGH AGAIN MOUNTAIN.' VALID HEALTH INSURANCE IS ALL YOU NEED TO GAIN ACCESS.



I'M A FREELANCER. HEALTH INSURANCE IS ALL BUT UNAVAILABLE TO ME AT THIS POINT.



AH, WELL, WE CAN MOSEY DOWN THE ROAD TO THE GENERIC CONTENT KINGDOM. THE RIDES ARE NEARLY JUST AS THRILLING, BUT THE PRICE OF ADMISSION IS CONSIDERABLY LESS.



WITH THE GOP'S REPEAL OF THE HEALTH INSURANCE MANDATE, I WON'T BE ABLE TO COVER INCIDENTALS AT THAT COST EITHER.



HMM. I WAS HIRED TO BE FRIEND ONLY THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD RIDICULOUSLY HIGH ENTRANCE FEES.



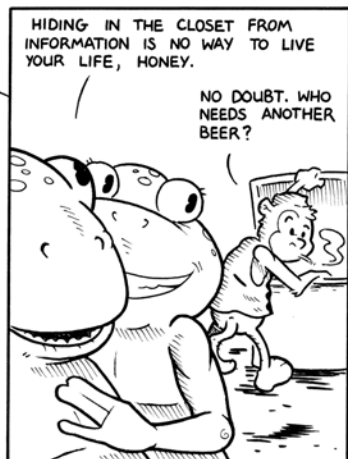
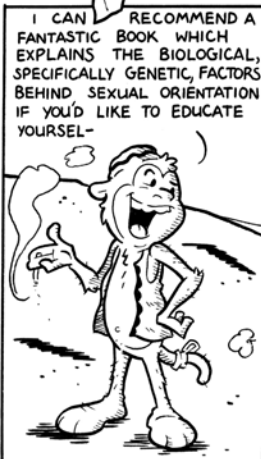
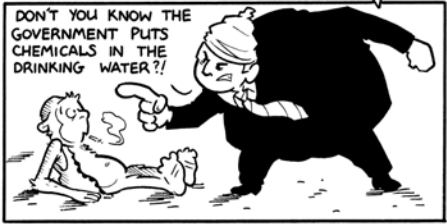
UM... HERE, HAVE A LOLLIPOP.



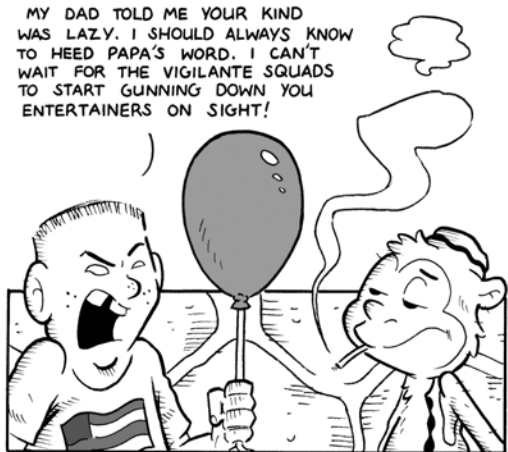
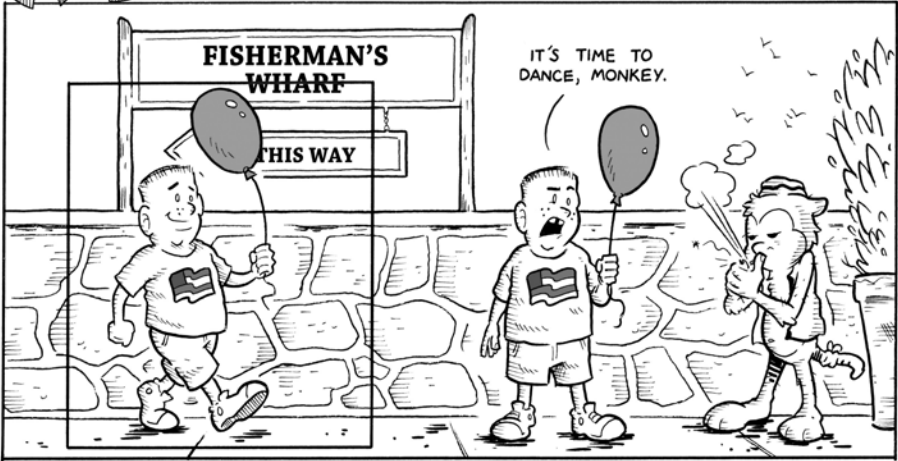
TRY THINKING HAPPY THOUGHTS OR SOME SHIT.



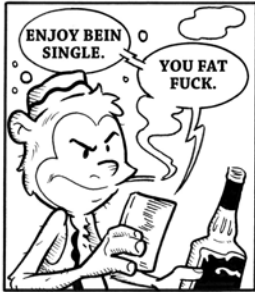
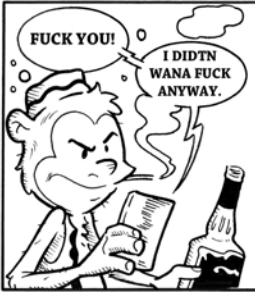
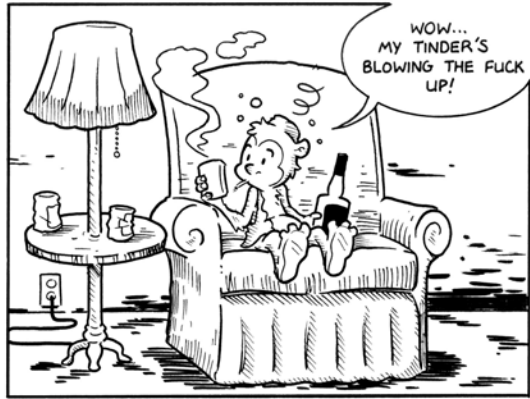
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WRONG PERSON OR NOT, YOU'RE A LOATHSOME FUCK WHO DESPERATELY NEEDS TO CHANGE THE WAY YOU CONDUCT YOURSELF. NO ONE OWES YOU A GOD-DAMN THING. IF YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR COMPANIONSHIP, TRY TREATING OTHERS WITH RESPECT.



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



TIS I, ROBO-TOAD, HERE TO PROTECT THE VIRTUES OF THE COMIC BOOK INDUSTRY!



WHICH WOULD BE WHAT EXACTLY?

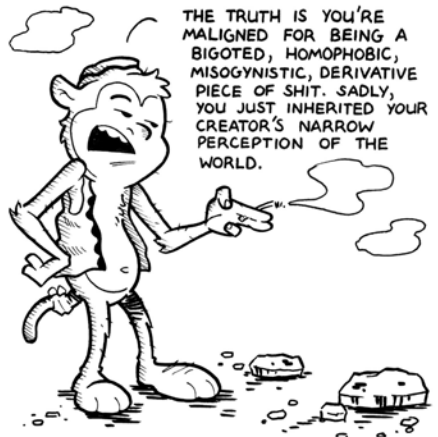
THE RIGHT TO RENDER WOMEN WITH EPICALLY UNREAL PROPORTIONS IN ORDER TO INDUCE MASTURBATORY FANTASIES... AND THE ABSENCE OF HOMOS AND MINORITIES.



ALL OF THESE DAMN SOCIAL JUSTICE WARRIORS MAKING EVERYTHING "POLITICALLY CORRECT" ARE THE REASON THE PUBLISHERS DIDN'T WANT ME AND WHY I HAD TO RESORT TO CROWD-FUNDING.

YOUR RATIONALE IS AS FLIMSY AS YOUR PREMISE.

CHICK



THE TRUTH IS YOU'RE MALIGNED FOR BEING A BIGOTED, HOMOPHOBIC, MISOGYNISTIC, DERIVATIVE PIECE OF SHIT. SADLY, YOU JUST INHERITED YOUR CREATOR'S NARROW PERCEPTION OF THE WORLD.



THE HATEFUL BILE SPEWED BY THOSE WHO RALLY AROUND YOU ARE THE REASON YOU'RE NOT WELCOME. WOMEN AREN'T JUST FUCK DOLLS, MINORITIES AREN'T CRIMINALS, AND THE LGBTQ COMMUNITY AREN'T GODLESS HEATHENS.



HMM. YOU'VE GIVEN ME MUCH TO THINK ABOUT.

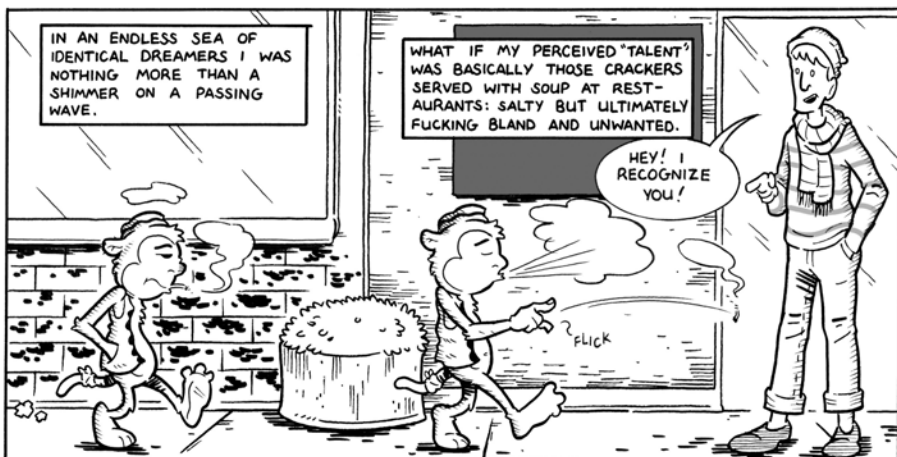
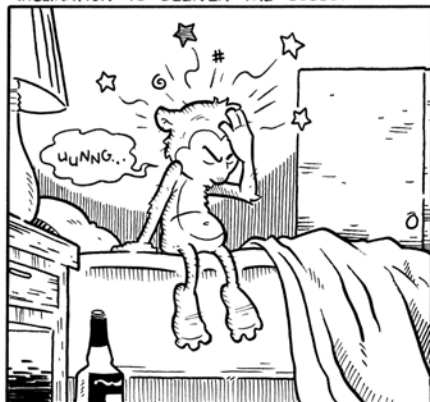
BEFORE YOUR HEAD EXPLODES, WHY DON'T YOU HEAD BACK TO MOMMY'S BASEMENT TO MULL IT OVER. WHILE YOU'RE THERE, HAVE HER WRITE ME A CHECK FOR MY GOD-DAMN WALL!



THESE ARE INTEGRAL VOICES THAT ARE FINALLY STARTING TO BE HEARD. WE SHOULD ALL BE CELEBRATING THIS, NOT ACTIVELY TRYING TO DESTROY IT!

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

I ALWAYS AIMED TO BE A STANDUP COMEDIAN, GROWING UP BELIEVING I HAD A NATURAL INCLINATION TO DELIVER THE GOODS.



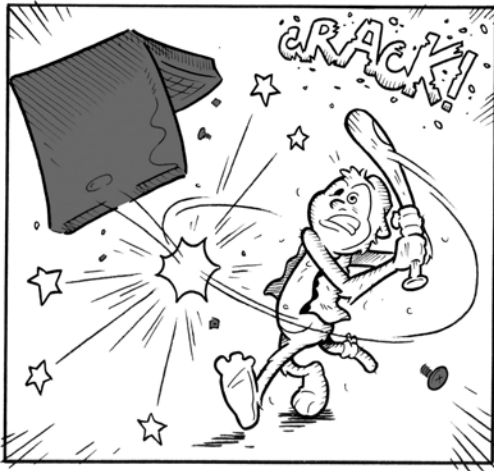
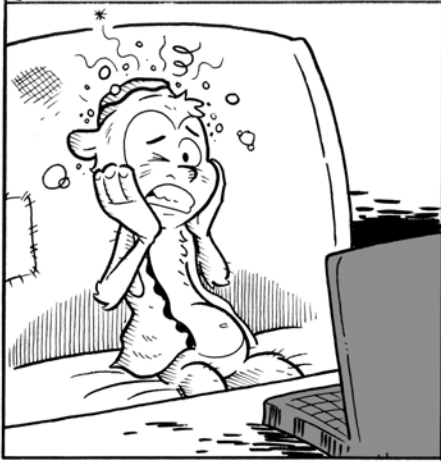
MY CLOWN OF AN AGENT BOOKED ME IRREGULAR GIGS WITH DISMAL COMPENSATION, BUT I BEGAN TO FEAR THIS MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY HIS FAULT.



THE THOUGHT THAT HAUNTED MOST OF MY WAKING HOURS WAS THAT I ACTUALLY SUCKED AT THE ONE THING IN LIFE I BELIEVED I HAD ANY APTITUDE TOWARDS.



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

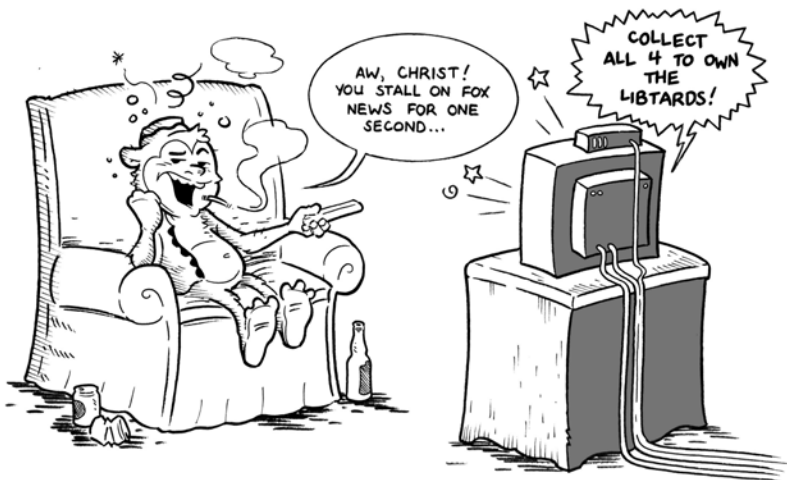
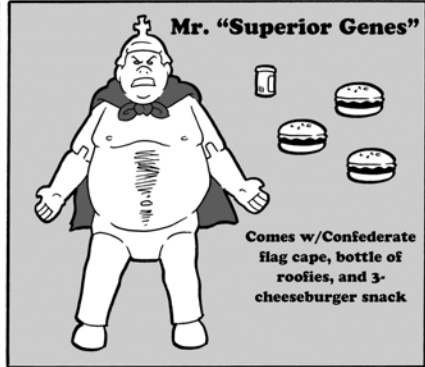
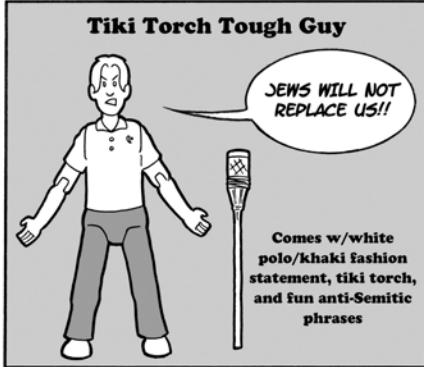


DON'T EVER WATCH A SUPER CLOSE-UP
TIME-LAPSE VIDEO OF CELL DIVISION WHILE
TRIPPING BALLS. JUST DON'T.



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR. BUTTERCHIPS

**WHAT DO YOU BUY FOR THE PATRIOT WHO HAS EVERYTHING?
NOW, JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS (the only *real* winter holiday) IT'S THE ALT-RIGHT REACTION FIGURES!**



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



PSST! HEY BUDDY,
 WANT TO PARTY?



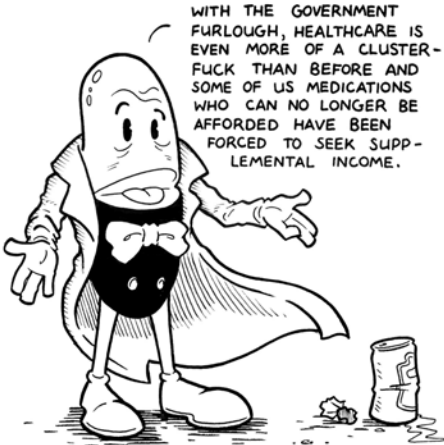
I HAVE
 PHARMACEUTICAL
 GRADE GIFT
 BAGS, DIG?

RODOLFO? IS
 THAT YOU?



OH, HEY MR.
 BUTTERCHIPS! I
 DIDN'T SEE THAT
 WAS YOU.

WHAT THE
 HELL ARE YOU
 DOING?



WITH THE GOVERNMENT
 FURLOUGH, HEALTHCARE IS
 EVEN MORE OF A CLUSTER-
 FUCK THAN BEFORE AND
 SOME OF US MEDICATIONS
 WHO CAN NO LONGER BE
 AFFORDED HAVE BEEN
 FORCED TO SEEK SUPP-
 LEMENTAL INCOME.



SO YOUR DEFAULT
 IS DRUG PUSHER? YOU
 WERE THE HAPPIEST OF
 PILLS' WHISKING THOSE
 WITH CHEMICAL IMBALANCES
 AWAY TO A MAGICAL
 LAND.

A PILL'S GOTTA
 DO WHAT A PILL'S
 GOTTA DO. I HAVE
 HUNGRY CAPSULES
 AT HOME TO
 FEED.



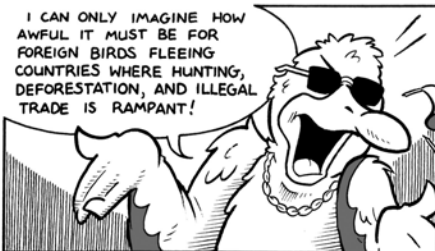
SPEAKING OF WHICH,
 ARE WE GOING TO
 DO THIS OR WHAT?

HOW ABOUT I GIVE
 YOU THIS TEN BUCKS
 AND WRITE IT OFF AS
 A 'CHARITABLE
 DONATION' ON MY
 TAXES INSTEAD?

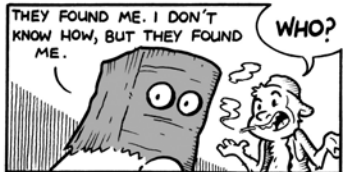
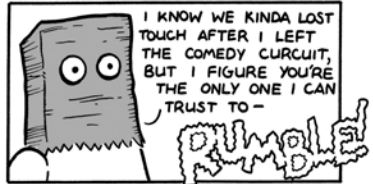
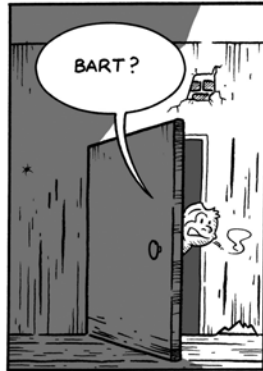
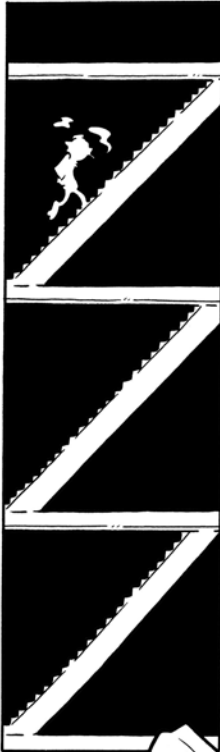
MR BUTTERCHIPS



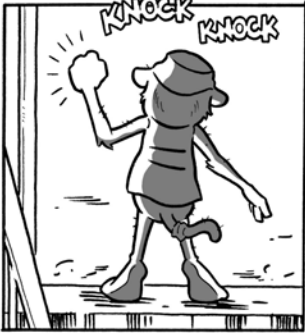
THEY BADGERED US FOR HOURS, DEMANDING TO SEE OUR PAPERS AND PROVE WE WERE NATIVE BIRDS. ALL BECAUSE WE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THEM!



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

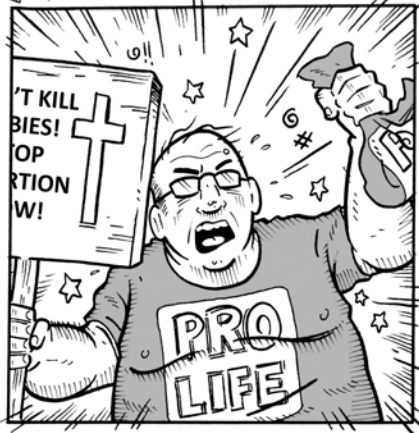


ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



ALL LIVING CREATURES ARE DESERVING OF COMPASSION.

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

NO GAG THIS
MONTH, FOLKS.



OUR COUNTRY'S IN A REAL
PICKLE! IT'S UP TO US TO USE
ANY PLATFORM AVAILABLE TO
FIGHT THE POWER.



SO FOR THE MONTH OF JULY THIS
GOOFBALL CARTOONIST WILL BE
SELLING PERSONALIZED PRINTS AND
DONATING ALL PROCEEDS* TO RAICES,
PLANNED PARENTHOOD, AND THE
ACLU.



YOU CAN ALSO DONATE TO
EARN A CAMEO IN ONE OF
ALEX'S UPCOMING COMICS!



IF ANYONE'S TRYING TO LOCATE
ME I'LL BE PEACEFULLY PRO-
TESTING IN HERE THE ENTIRE
MONTH.



CAGES ARE NOT HUMANE.
TIME TO SHUT DOWN THE
CONCENTRATION CAMPS.



*Minus shipping & handling

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



THEY ARE A TRULY VILE GROUP OF LIBERALS HELL-BENT ON UPENDING THE CURRENT ADMINISTRATION FOR THEIR OWN NEFARIOUS PURPOSES!



INSTEAD OF ALLOWING THIS COUNTRY TO DESCEND INTO THE GLORIOUS DARKNESS OF AN AUTOCRACY...



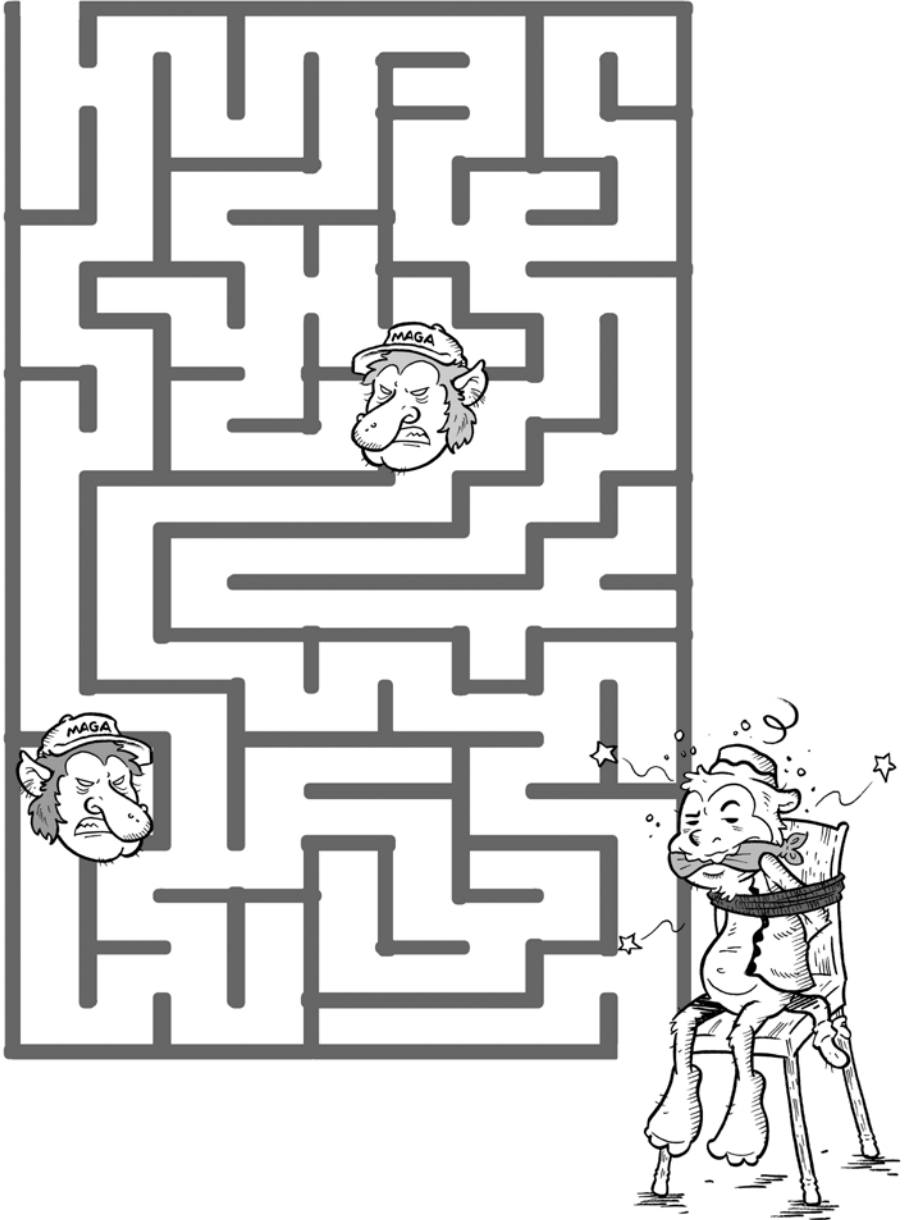
THESE FIENDS WANT TO IMPLEMENT MEDICARE FOR ALL, LIVING WAGES WITH LABOR RIGHTS, AND 100% RENEWABLE ENERGY.



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

INTERNET TROLLS HAVE KIDNAPPED MR. BUTTERCHIPS!
WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH THE MAZE TO RESCUE HIM
AND UNLOCK AN ALL NEW COMIC (TO BE POSTED IN A
COUPLE OF WEEKS).

★ START HERE



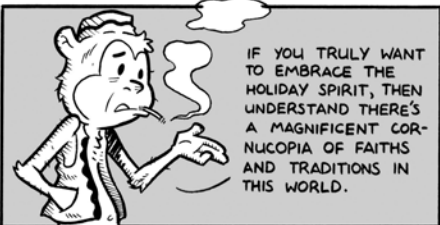
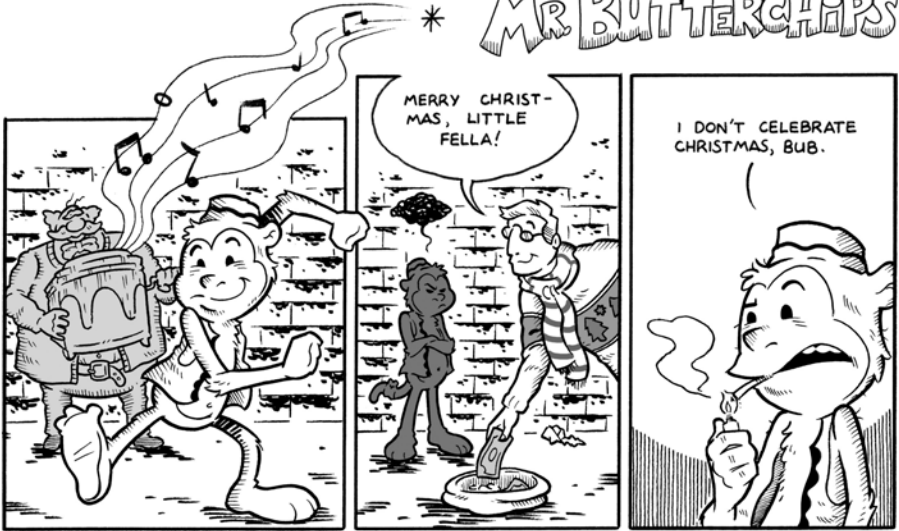
ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR. BUTTERCHIPS



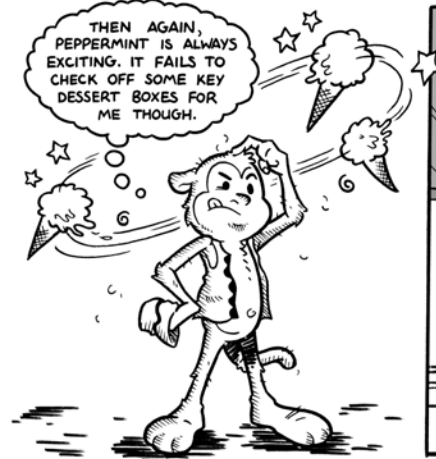
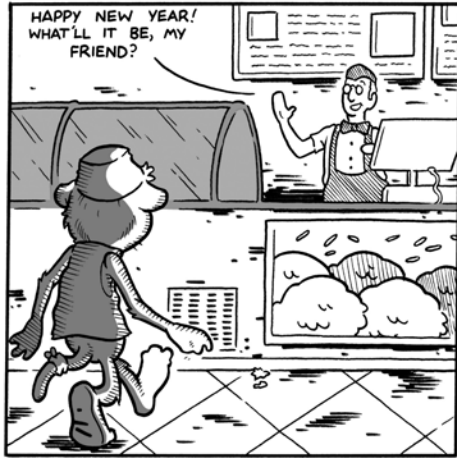
ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

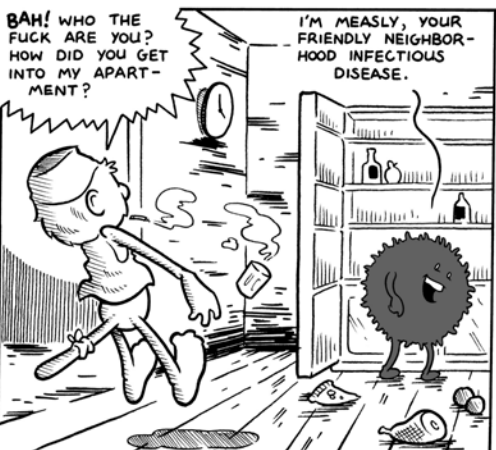


ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR BUTTERCHIPS

NEWS ALERT: 4-YEAR-OLD DIES AFTER MOTHER FOLLOWS THE ADVICE OF ANTI-VAXXER GROUP IN URGING HER TO FOREGO FLU TREATMENT.



BAH! WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET INTO MY APARTMENT?

I'M MEASLY, YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

AS TO THE "HOW," YOU CAN THANK THE EASILY SWAYED ANTI-VAXXERS FOR BRINGING US ALL OUT OF EARLY RETIREMENT.



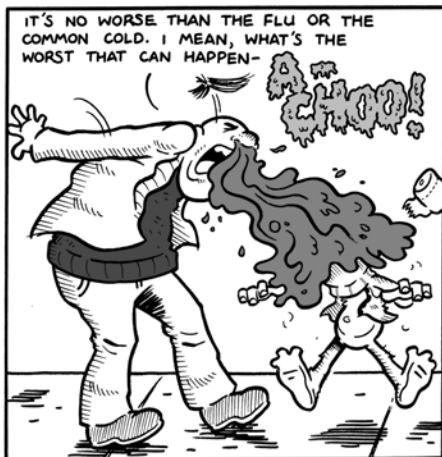
ALL OF US?

YEAH. HERE I AM TRAVELING WITH POLIO AND HEPATITIS. OH, AND THEN THERE'S RUBELLA. THAT GUY'S A RIOT!



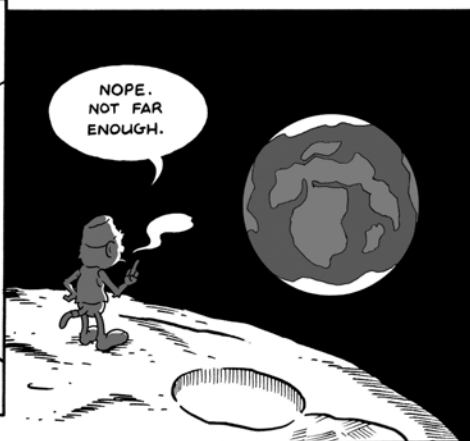
OY. I NEED A GODDAMN BREAK FROM IDIOTS. AND THAT PEANUT BUTTER IS YOURS NOW.

ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR. BUTTERCHIPS



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR. BUTTERCHIPS

WHEN LIFE LEAVES YOU WITH FESTERING WOUNDS AND LIBERALLY APPLIES LEMON JUICE, THE PETTY IDIocy OF OTHERS CAN BE TOO MUCH TO BEAR.



ALEX SCHUMACHER'S
MR. BUTTERCHIPS

IN:

PSYCHOTROPIC
SAN FRANCISCO
SOJOURN

FEATURING:



RODOLFO



CYRANO



NUG
THE FAIRY
GOD PUFFER

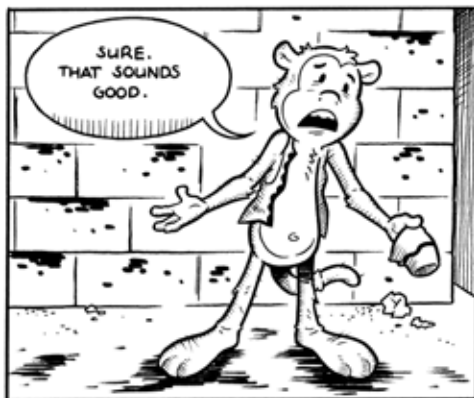


THIS IS **NOT**
THE TYPE OF SAN
FRANCISCO TRIP I
WAS LOOKING
FOR!









HAVING TO WORK THIS SHITTY GIG TO BARELY PAY THE BILLS BECAUSE MY DEGREE MIGHT AS WELL BE TWO-PLY...



...MY ELECTRICITY'S BEEN SHUT OFF SO I HAVE TO SHOWER IN THE DARK...

...AND THE NEWS IS NOTHING BUT A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR OF DESPAIR AND HEARTBREAK!

SPEAKING OF, IF MY HEART LITERALLY WERE TO BREAK, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE MEDICAL PROCEDURES TO HAVE IT REPAIRED!

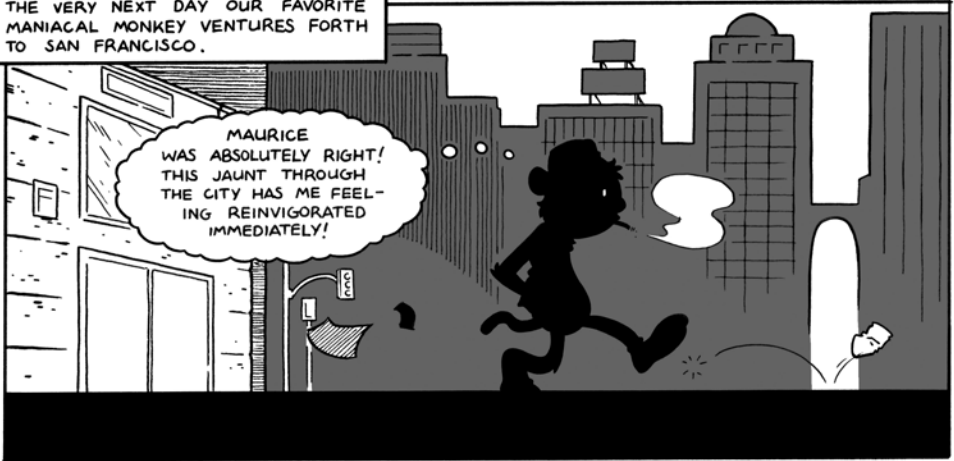


THERE, THERE, LITTLE BUDDY. YOU NEED SOME TIME AWAY. VISIT SOMEWHERE YOU LOVE AND PUT THE PEP BACK IN YOUR STEP.



THE VERY NEXT DAY OUR FAVORITE MANIACAL MONKEY VENTURES FORTH TO SAN FRANCISCO.

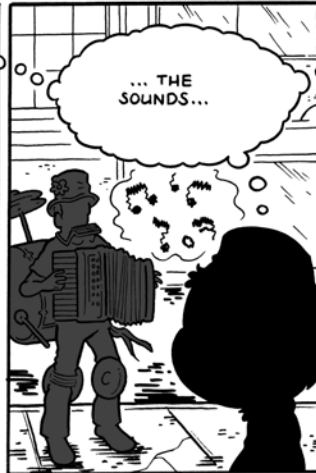
MAURICE WAS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! THIS JAUNT THROUGH THE CITY HAS ME FEELING REINVIGORATED IMMEDIATELY!



I HAVEN'T VISITED THE CITY IN SOME TIME AND FORGOT JUST HOW MUCH I DIG THE SIGHTS...



... THE SOUNDS...



... AND THE SMELLS THIS METROPOLITAN WONDERLAND HAS TO OFFER.

AH, COFFEE AND URINE!



ONE LARGE COFFEE, PLEASE.

THAT'LL BE \$4.50.

\$4.50?!

WHY THE HELL DOES A CUPPA COFFEE COST \$4.50?

OUR LEASE HAS TRIPLED OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS, KEEPING THE LIGHTS ON MEANS PREMIUMS FOR JAVA.

CAFFUCCINO	\$4	NOT 100
LATTE	\$4.75 / \$5.25	ESPRESSO
ICED LATTE	\$5.25	TRIPLE
FRESH ORANGE JUICE	\$4	NOT CI
HOT CHOCOLATE	\$4	BEER
MILK'S	STROPS	CAN WH
RED-DAILY	AND 1.00	SHAKED
FRUIT CAFFE	CARAMEL	SOSS
WATER	WATER	WATER
LAVERRE		

SPECIALTY COFFEE

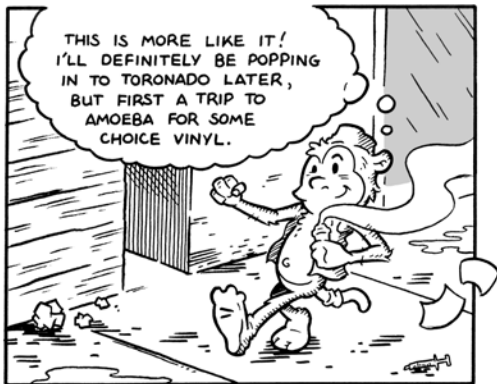
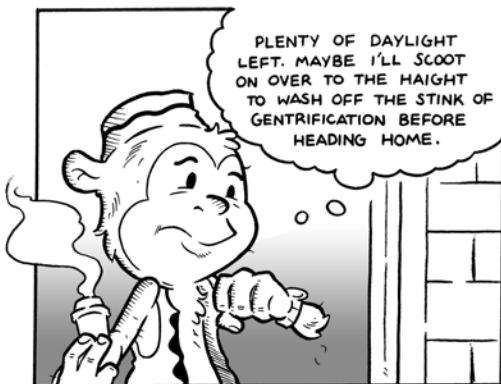
IF THE BUSINESSES ARE BEING HIT, I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW DIFFICULT IT MUST BE TO AFFORD LIVING IN THE CITY.

MOST OF US DON'T, CONSIDERING SIX FIGURES CONSTITUTES THE MIDDLE CLASS HERE. I HAVE TO BUS IN FROM MILPITAS EVERY DAY. I DON'T GET TO SPEND MUCH TIME WITH MY FAMILY, OR TAKE VACATIONS, BUT OUR BILLS ARE PAID. FOR THE MOST PART.

KOMBUC		WINE BY THE GLASS
ESPRESSO		WHITE
AMERIC		RED
MACCHI		WHITE SPRITZER
CORTAD		
CAPPUCC		
WINE	\$12	
LAMBRUSCO	WHITE	
ROSSI	RED	
WHITE SPRITZER		

CAPITALISM IS A VINDICTIVE MISTRESS. I'LL JUST TAKE A SMALL.







LITTLE DOES OUR FURRY FRIEND REALIZE HE WOULD SOON BE IN THE THROES OF A PSYCHOTROPIC MISADVENTURE.



OH MAN, DID I REALLY JUST SPILL INTO THE SEWER? I'M STARTING TO TRIP HARD!

CLICK!

RODOLFO, THE
HAPPIEST OF PILLS?
WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING DOWN
HERE?

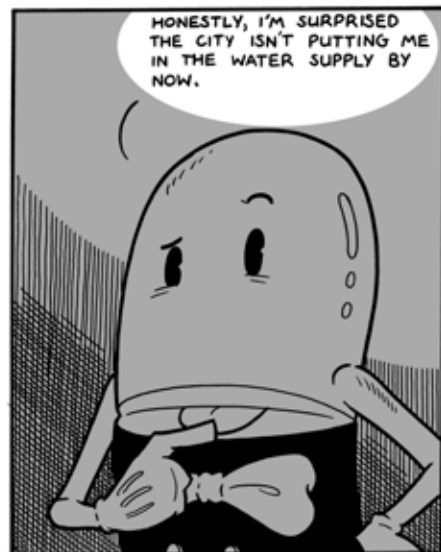


I'M ALWAYS IN THE
TUNNELS READY TO
GUIDE PEOPLE OUT OF
THE DARKNESS. YOU SEE,
THIS IS BOTH META-
PHORIC AND LITERAL.



WELL, WE
HAVEN'T GOT ALL
DAY. FOLLOW
ME!



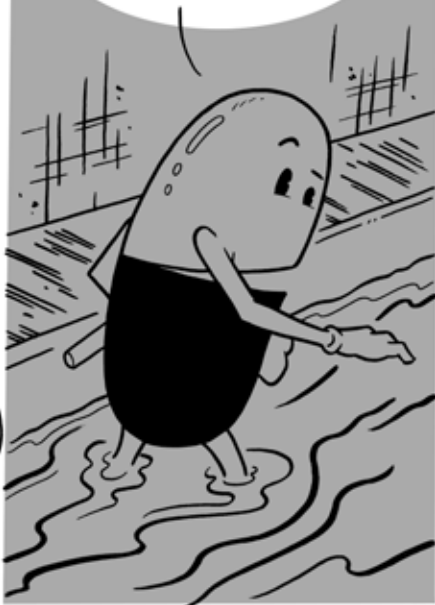


THE PERPETUALLY PEPPY PILL'S OPTIMISM PROVIDED NO RELIEF FOR MR. BUTTERCHIPS' TENUOUS ASSOCIATION WITH REALITY.

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?



OF COURSE! IN THE PROPER DOSES WE MEDICATIONS CAN ACTUALLY ENHANCE DEDUCTIVE REASONING AND CRITICAL THINKING.

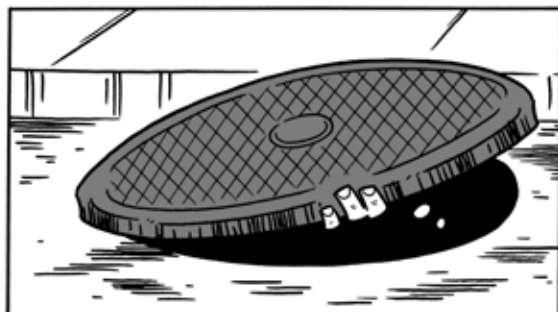
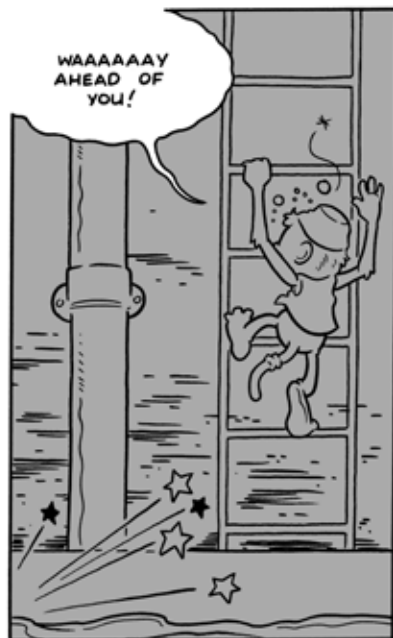


WE ALLOW FOR THE INDIVIDUAL WHO LACKS THE ABILITY TO FOCUS TO - WAIT, WAS I SUPPOSED TO TAKE THE LAST LEFT?



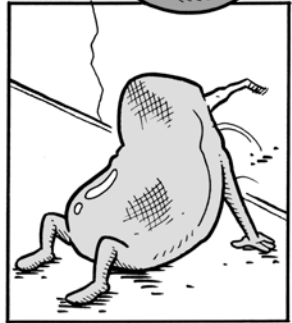
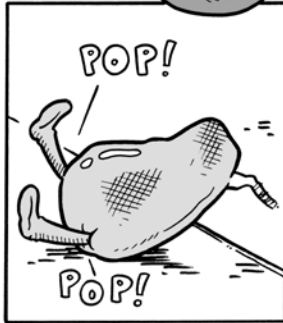
IT'S JUST THAT I HEAR THINGS MOVING DOWN HERE. I'M NOT A CONSPIRACY THEORIST OR ANYTHING, BUT I'VE READ ONLINE ARTICLES ABOUT R.O.E.P.S.











LADY LUCK THEN DECIDED TO SEND A SEARCH PARTY FOR OUR WAYWARD WANDERER.



THE INFLUX OF THE 17% CERTAINLY HAS NOT DONE US ANY FAVORS IN THIS CITY AND THE SHELTERS CONTINUE TO SHUTTER LEFT AND RIGHT.



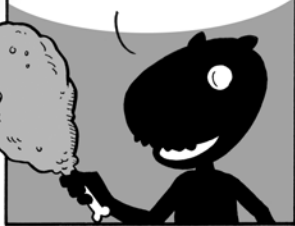
WE LOWLY ITINERANTS ARE NOT ASSETS TO THE CITY LIKE THE INVESTMENT BANKERS OR BIG BUSINESSES, SO WE ARE CONSIDERED ACCEPTABLE CASUALTIES AND NUISANCES.



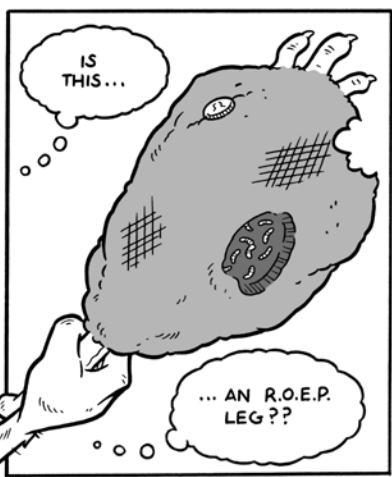
SORRY. I TEND TO LAUNCH INTO TANGENTS. I'M CYRANO, BY THE WAY. SEEMS A TAD HIGH-MINDED, I KNOW, BUT MY PARENTS WERE LITERATURE PROFESSORS.



HERE, YOU APPEAR FAMISHED. SOME SUSTENANCE MAY RE-NEW YOUR STRENGTH.

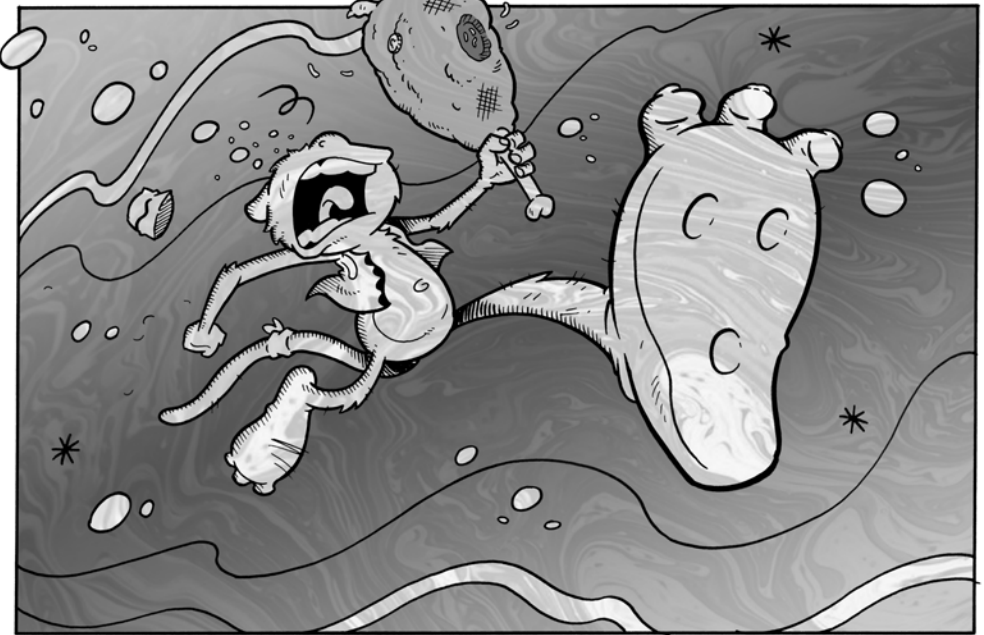
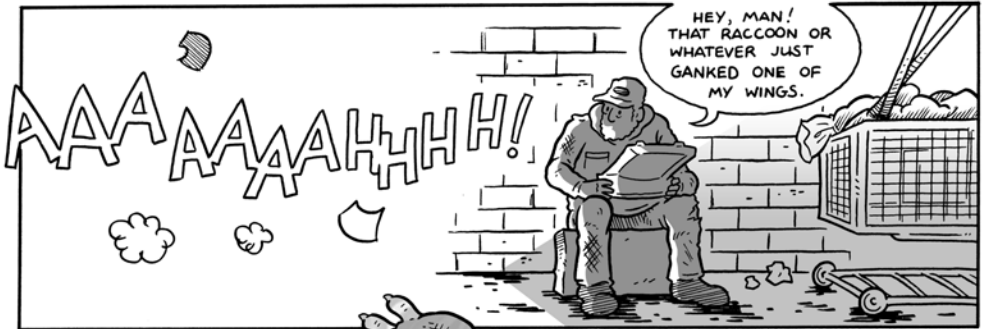


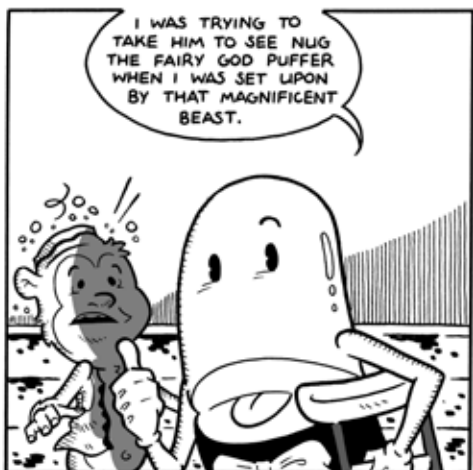
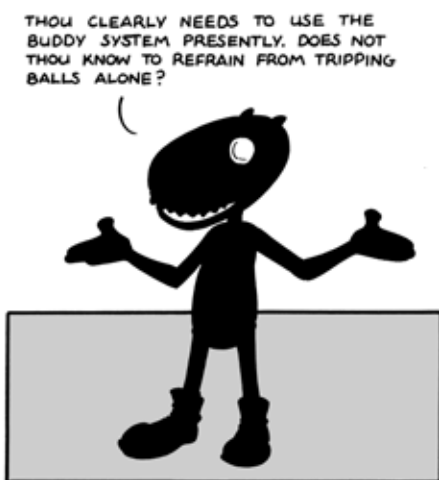
THANKS. I'VE BEEN HAVING A ROUGH DAY, SO SOME FOOD MAY DO ME GOOD - #

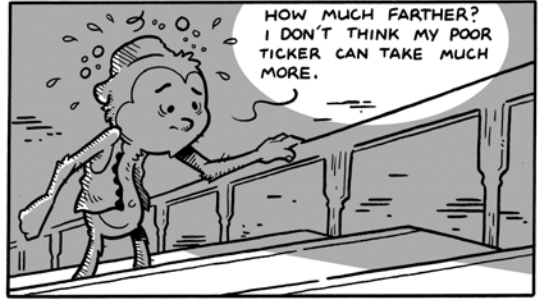


IS THIS...

... AN R.O.E.P. LEG??



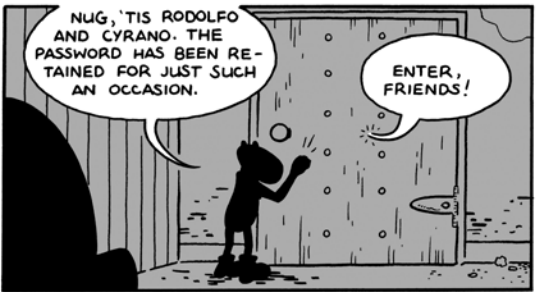




HOW MUCH FARTHER?
I DON'T THINK MY POOR
TICKER CAN TAKE MUCH
MORE.

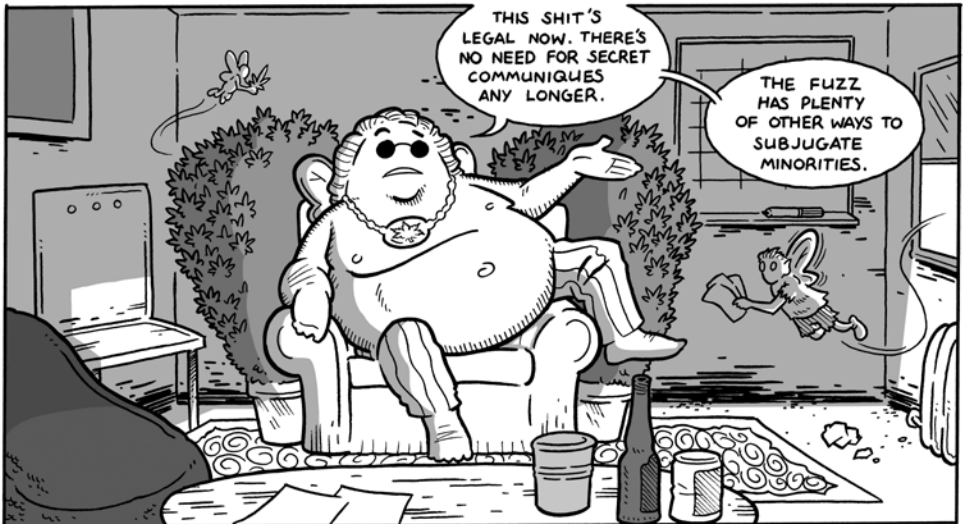


YOU'RE DOING
WONDERFULLY. IT'S JUST
A 3-STORY WALK-UP
AND OUR DESTINATION
IS RIGHT HERE.



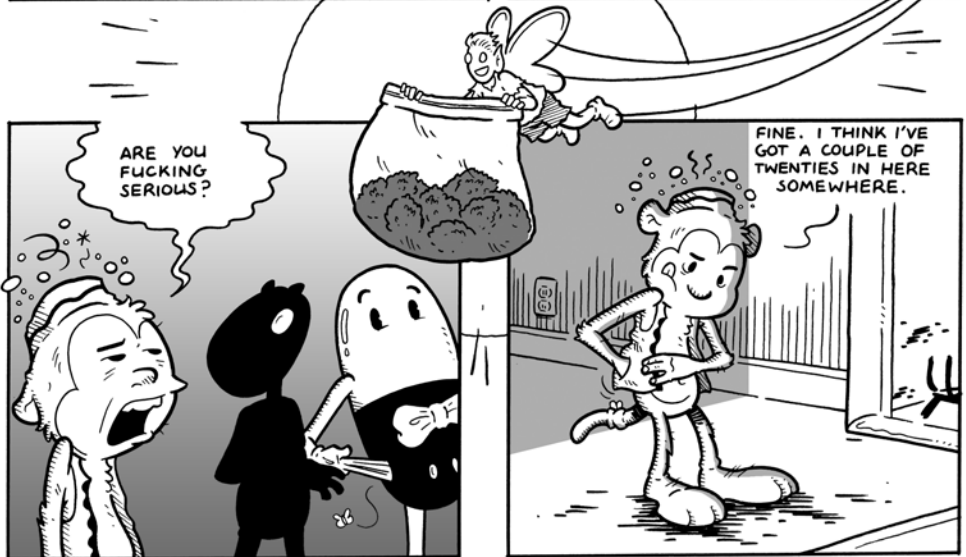
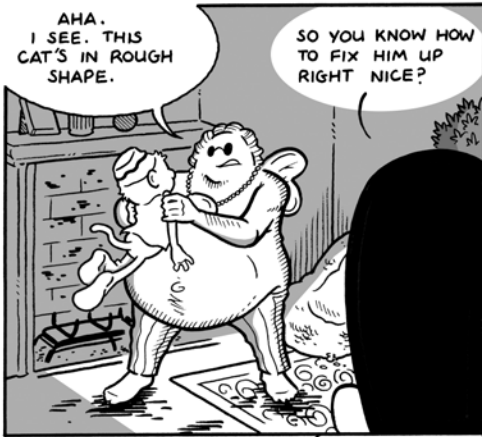
NUG, 'TIS RODOLFO
AND CYRANO. THE
PASSWORD HAS BEEN RE-
TAINED FOR JUST SUCH
AN OCCASION.

ENTER,
FRIENDS!



THIS SHIT'S
LEGAL NOW. THERE'S
NO NEED FOR SECRET
COMMUNIQUES
ANY LONGER.

THE FUZZ
HAS PLENTY
OF OTHER WAYS TO
SUBJUGATE
MINORITIES.





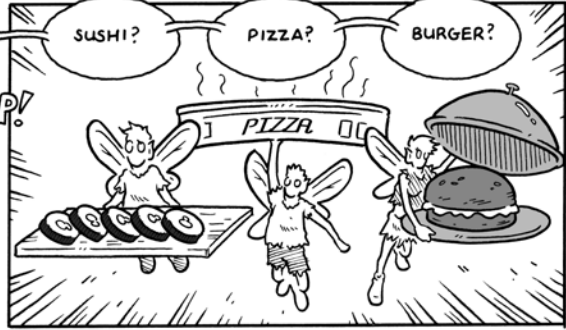
THAT'S THE TICKET, AM I RIGHT? HOW YA FEELING NOW, LITTLE MAN?



MUCH MORE MELLOW, TO BE CERTAIN. HUNGRY TOO, MAN. ALSO HUNGRY.



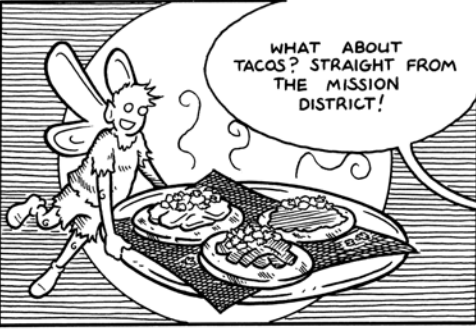
WE NEED MUNCHIES HERE!



SUSHI?

PIZZA?

BURGER?



WHAT ABOUT TACOS? STRAIGHT FROM THE MISSION DISTRICT!



NOT FEELING IT.



I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED, MY FURRY LITTLE FRIEND.

WE'RE OFF TO GET GELATO!!



AND SO THE SUN SETS AS THE REGULATED
RAPSCALLION REFLECTS ON AN UNCONVENTIONALLY
SUCCESSFUL OUTING.

I MAY JUST HAVE
TO MAKE A TRIP IN
THE CITY A REGULAR
EXCURSION.



Gallery Credits (In order of appearance)

Ace Continuado

<https://ace-continuado.artstation.com>

Dimitris Zach

Javier Hernandez

<https://www.instagram.com/javierloscomex/>

Kurt Belcher

<https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B07PJ41QSJ>

Randy Haldeman

<https://www.randyhaldeman.com/>

X Brushes of Doom

<https://www.brushesofdoom.com/>

Keith Knight

<http://www.kchronicles.com/>





ACE
CONTINUADO
2020

I 'M
**BUTTERCHIPS
SHITHEAD!**





AS MR. BUTTERCHIPS SAT UPON THE COMMODE, HE COULD HEAR THE STEADY STREAM OF NEWS AND COMMENTARY FROM THE TELEVISION IN THE ADJOINING ROOM. HE CONTEMPLATED OVER THE STATE OF THINGS. THIS STRANGE NEW WORLD...

AS A MELANCHOLIC WAVE OF EXISTENTIAL ANXIETY WASHED OVER HIM, THE WORDS OF THE LATE, GREAT FREDDIE BLASSIE CAME TO MIND:

"WHAT THE HELL EVER HAPPENED TO THE HUMAN RACE?!"





THE BIGOTS,
HOMOPHOBES,
AND MISOGYNISTS
WILL LOOK UP AND
SHOUT, "SAVE US!"
AND I'LL
WHISPER...

"FUCK YOU."





Mr. Butterchips: A Short and Sordid History

Since we're here to celebrate the maniacal monkey, I figured I'd take the opportunity to demystify his seemingly sudden materialization. In reality, his frenzied tale began some time ago in a vastly different world. America was at least a decade away from the reign of a megalomaniacal moron with a spray-on tan and the internet was in its infancy—anyone remember AIM? So prehistoric was technology that I was photocopying submission packages for the comic strip syndicates who still required physical copies at the time.



One such comic strip submission revolved around an ensemble cast of anthropomorphic characters and their exploits on and around a nondescript fisherman's wharf. Mr. Butterchips (named for my mother's favorite variety of pickles) was but an ancillary player. However, as I fleshed out the backgrounds of the cast and their personalities emerged, the salty simian was by far the most compelling.

Fast forward to 2013. I was working with an animation talent manager who was looking for original content to hock. Reaching back into the annals of my absurdist comics history, I reworked the strip to fit the mold of a half hour series. Surprising to no one, the studios were unenthusiastic and the show was dead on arrival. My fondness for the remainder of the cast was waning even then. Yet, Mr. Butterchips persisted.

In 2016 I was approached by Matt Guerreo, founding editor of Drunk Monkeys, to develop a monthly feature for their online magazine. Mr. Butterchips' existence as an organ grinder's monkey served as an infuriatingly apt metaphor for those toiling away in customer service purgatory. On a whim—though not as contrived as it may appear—I pitched the idea as an homage to the underground comix of the 60's and 70's, for which Matt and I shared an affinity. This aesthetic lasted all of 5 months. The ensuing election was a bombshell, dry-humping the country into uncharted and "unpresidential" territory. This historic misstep also served to forever alter the course of the series.

A silver lining in these unmoored times has been the curmudgeonly capuchin striking a chord with a number of people, fellow wanderers on the bumpy road we'll travel for some time to come. Rest assured, so long as the fires of injustice and hate rage on, Mr. Butterchips will be there to piss all over them.

-Alex Schumacher
May 2020

