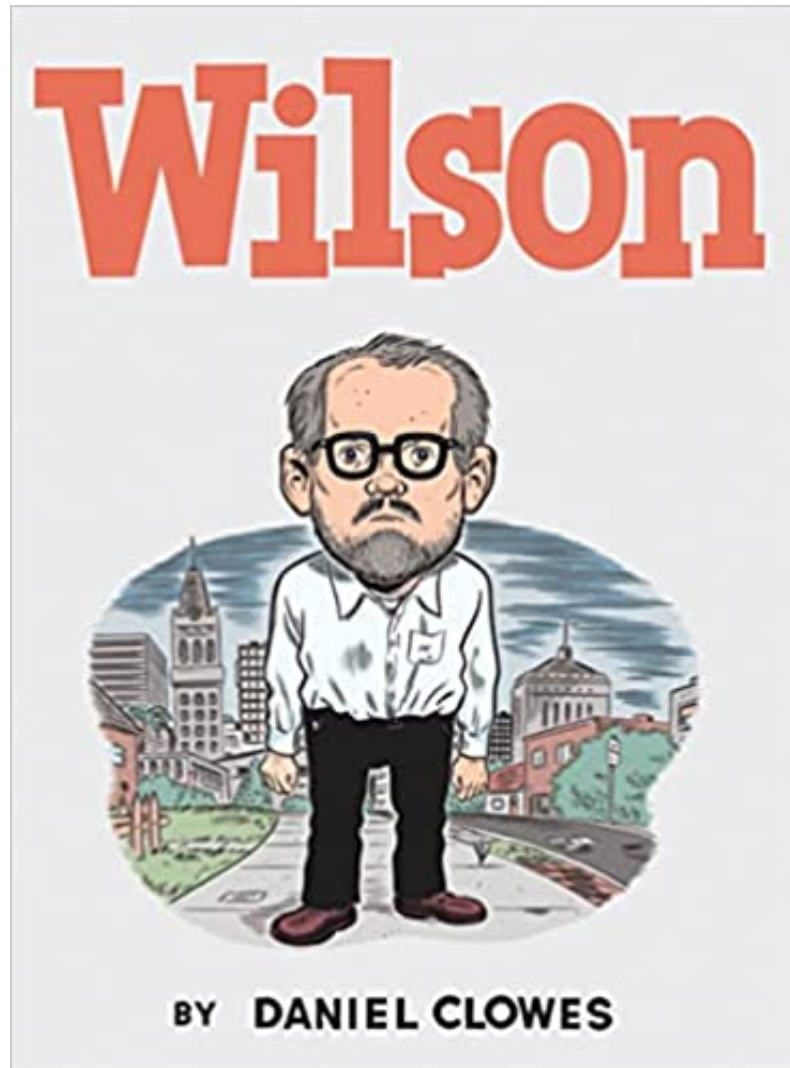


Wilson

by

Daniel Clowes



EBOOK DOWNLOAD

Synopsis

AN ORIGINAL GRAPHIC NOVEL FROM THE OSCAR-NOMINATED SCREENWRITER AND AWARD-WINNING CARTOONIST Meet Wilson, an opinionated middle-aged loner who loves his dog and quite possibly no one else. In an ongoing quest to find human connection, he badgers friend and stranger alike into a series of onesided conversations, punctuating his own lofty discursions with a brutally honest, self-negating sense of humor. After his father dies, Wilson, now irrevocably alone, sets out to find his ex-wife with the hope of rekindling their long-dead relationship, and discovers he has a teenage daughter, born after the marriage ended and given up for adoption. Wilson eventually forces all three to reconnect as a family—a doomed mission that will surely, inevitably backfire. In the first all-new graphic novel from one of the leading cartoonists of our time, Daniel Clowes creates a thoroughly engaging, complex, and fascinating portrait of the modern egoist—outspoken and oblivious to the world around him. Working in a single-page-gag format and drawing in a spectrum of styles, the cartoonist of *GhostWorld*, *Ice Haven*, and *David Boring* gives us his funniest and most deeply affecting novel to date.

Sort review

: Wilson is billed as Daniel Clowes's "first original graphic novel," which sounds a little funny, since he's the author of *Ice Haven*, one of the instant classics of that young genre, as well as the lesser-known but strangely wonderful *David Boring*, among others. But his other books first appeared serialized in his *Eightball* comics series, while *Wilson* comes to us all at once, in a beautiful oversized package. *Wilson* tells a single, complete story (of the bitterly lonely man named in the title), but it does so in tiny bites. Each page is a stand-alone vignette, in the familiar newspaper comics rhythm of setup, setup, setup, punch line: like *Garfield*, say, if Jon were a foul-mouthed incipient felon (and drawn with the tenderly grotesque genius of Clowes). The gags are the sort that stick in your throat rather than go down easy, and together they add up to a life that's just barely open to the possibility of wresting oneself out of the repetitions of hostility and failure. It's an intriguing addition to the most thrilling career in comics. --Tom Nissley From *Publishers Weekly* Starred Review. Clowes (*Ghost World*) takes his particular brand of misanthropic misery to new levels of brilliance in this book, a series of one-page gags that show the divorced and lonely main character repeatedly attempting to engage with life, and then falling back into his hell of pessimism. Clowes uses a variety of drawing styles to depict Wilson and his world; sometimes he's highly realistic, other times he's an Andy Capp-style cartoon, but he's always the same downbeat guy. In one sketch titled FL 1282, Wilson asks the kid seated next to him on a plane about his line of work. When the kid answers that he does I.T. stuff, Wilson comes back at him with a mockingly satirical description of his own supposed work, using only initials. The last panel shows Wilson looking at a *Spirit* magazine and asking, Christ, do you realize how ridiculous you sound? Clearly, the comment is directed as much at himself as to the I.T. kid. This

attitude of solipsistic despair is expressed incisively and cleverly, taking Wilson through a search for his ex-wife, Pippi, who has become a prostitute since leaving him, and their daughter, put up for adoption years earlier. Clowes offers another beautifully drawn slice of piercing social commentary. (Apr.) Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.

From Booklist The latest in a long line of brainy but alienated protagonists Clowes has created over the past two decades—Enid in *Ghost World* (1997) is the best known—Wilson may be the most deftly delineated of the lot. He is a middle-aged loner who voices his misanthropic views in self-absorbed soliloquies and harangues strangers in coffee shops and waiting rooms. When his father dies, he gives in to the sudden need to reconnect with the closest thing he has to remaining family, his long-absent ex-wife and the now-grown daughter she put up for adoption after separation from him. Wilson's social ineptitude leads him inexorably to disaster, but by his story's end, years later, he manages to find a measure of hard-won grace. Clowes tells Wilson's story in 70 single-page vignettes, each one drawn in a different style, from the humorous simplicity of magazine gag cartoons to detailed realism; this virtuosity allows him to convey both the darkly humorous and the emotionally wrought aspects of Wilson's existence. A cautionary tale about the consequences of intellect without empathy. --Gordon Flagg Review "A bona-fide cult hero." —The New Yorker on Daniel Clowes "[Clowes has] explored the tedium and mystery of contemporary American life with more wit and insight than most novelists or filmmakers." —A.O. SCOTT, The New York Times on Daniel Clowes "Clowes is the country's premier underground cartoonist." —Newsweek on Daniel Clowes

About the Author DANIEL CLOWES is the author of the seminal comic book series *Eightball*, the screenwriter of *Ghost World* and *Art School Confidential*, and an illustrator for *The New Yorker*. He is married and lives in Oakland, California.

From The Washington Post It's not as though I haven't noticed the rise of the graphic novel. Over the years, I've dropped into any number of bookstores and inevitably found -- and envied -- the three or four young people always sprawled on the floor next to the shelves labeled "Comics, Manga and Graphic Novels." No other readers look quite so utterly absorbed in their books. Back in the 1980s, I even oversaw a special *Book World* "Close-Up" devoted to comics: We ran pieces about Alan Moore's "Watchmen," Harvey Pekar's "American Splendor," the Hernandez Brothers' "Love and Rockets," Art Spiegelman's "Maus" and the work of Frank Miller. I remember being especially fond of Miller's samurai adventure "Ronin." There might have been something about Howard Chaykin's "American Flagg!" too. Comics, it was clear even then, had darkened since the glory days of Carl Barks's "Uncle Scrooge," and superheroes were no longer as uncomplicated as they were in the heyday of Superman. In fact, many of the best comics were already addressing themes far more grim and gruesome than anything in EC's old "Tales From the Crypt." Dysfunctional families, genocide, sexual violence, plain old existential despair -- there wasn't much that was comical in their generally noir outlook on life. They made "The Postman Always Rings Twice" look like a happy love story, a fairy-tale romance. Since then, graphic novels and comics have grown even more aesthetically complex and disturbing. Think of Marjane Satrapi's "Persepolis" and Alan Moore's and Melinda Gebbie's

"Lost Girls" -- or consider "Wilson," the latest from Daniel Clowes, author of "Ghost World" and "David Boring," recipient of all the major awards in the field, and a frequent contributor to the New Yorker. In this album the hero is a fat, bearded and profane Everyman of some indeterminate middle age. Even more than most of us, Wilson has made a mess of his life. When the book opens, he's unemployed and cares only for his dog. Things go downhill from there: His father dies, he hooks up with his ex-wife (whom he suspects has been a druggie and prostitute), discovers that he has a now-grown (and very alienated) daughter, goes to prison and, after his release, learns that he has become a grandfather. The book ends with Wilson in a bare apartment, staring out the window, as raindrops skate down the panes of glass. "Of course," he murmurs to himself, "that's it! Of course!"

Ever since Scott McCloud's foundational "Understanding Comics," people have come to realize that there's a lot more going on than meets the eye in what Will Eisner calls "sequential art." In "Wilson," the first thing you notice is that the "novel" is divided up into page-long "chapters." Each bears a title, such as "Oakland" or "Taxi Cab" or "Shopping Mall," and most take only six or seven panels to relate an incident from the protagonist's life. Most of them end with an unexpected kicker or reverse, often a kind of joke or comment on the human condition. In "Pure Bliss," Wilson sits peacefully with his ex-wife, Pippi, and newly discovered daughter on a pier, overlooking a lake. He speaks of "the connection between us. We don't even have to say a word -- it's purely chemical." He keeps on in this vein: "Don't you feel it, Pippi? Don't you feel like we're doing the right thing for once in our stupid lives?" Finally, his ex-wife answers, "I don't know." And an incredulous Wilson responds, in shock, "You don't know?? My God, Pippi!" There's a final panel break, and then we're looking at the little group from the back, as Pippi adds, "I guess maybe this whole kidnapping thing makes me a little uncomfortable, Wilson!"

Because each chapter can stand alone, it takes a while before the reader recognizes that they are moving forward in chronological order, gradually telling a unified story. In "Post Office," for instance, Wilson plans to send a box of dog feces to someone. Only much, much later do we discover -- during a family dinner party -- the identity of the recipient. Throughout, Wilson periodically accosts various strangers, and these encounters often resemble concise, absurdist dramas. While waiting for a plane, he asks a well-dressed businessman about his job. The man, ill at ease, answers: "I'm in senior management at a small equity firm, and I do some consulting for various -- ." Wilson interrupts, saying he doesn't want "all the mumbo-jumbo. I want to know what you actually do. Like the actual physical tasks of your daily life." The man splutters that a lot of it focuses "on how to best implement managerial strategies in -- ." Wilson suddenly erupts: "Listen to me, brother -- you're going to be lying on your deathbed in 30 years and thinking 'Where did it all go? What did I do with all those precious days?' Some [expletive]-work for the oligarchs? Is that it?" The man answers: "Look, I'm proud of what I do, and I work very hard to -- ." At which point, Wilson buries his head in his hands: "Oh God, it's so terrible the way people live!"

While Clowes's art is essentially realistic, he seems to have deliberately emphasized the round-faced dumpiness of Wilson, Pippi and their daughter, Claire. No one in the book is at all physically attractive. At the same time, he varies his drawing

styles: In some, Wilson is distinctly gnomish or cartoony; in others, he's thinner and more normal-looking -- even as some chapters are in color, some in black and white, and several in a washed-out monochromatic blue or pink. Who is the audience for "Wilson"? Certainly not those young people I see sprawled on the floor with Japanese manga. This is a book about life's passages and disappointments, and will be most appreciated by those who know something of quiet desperation. It's not a pretty book, and even its language is so vulgar that it's difficult to quote from. But this descent into a man's soul is certainly a long way from what my mother used to call "your funny books." Reviewed by Michael Dirda Copyright 2010, The Washington Post. All Rights Reserved. Read more

[*Download to continue reading...*](#)

Wilson

What people say about this book

2.0, "Mr. Wilson's World. A while ago, Dan Clowes did the strip Mister Wonderful. It followed the ups and downs of its main character in a sort of tragic/romantic-comedy with more color than Clowes usually brings to his work. With Wilson, Clowes focuses more on the downs of life, the quite and subtle depressions, the lonely excitements and even the fondness for love deep within his title character. The thing Wilson has that Mister Wonderful didn't is a far more person and introverted character and style than Mister Wonderful. The styles Clowes uses vary and don't necessarily weave into one another too comfortably. Much of the book is broken down in form, like classic newspaper comics (with more Nancy than Nemo). Wilson's moods and environment change along with each page. Sometimes the changes are minor along with Wilson's temperament and attitude and the page style compliments it. The story follows along the same pacing Mister Wonderful did, mostly because it was serialized in one-page instalments while Wilson is one-page vignettes in days or moments of the same day along Wilson's unexciting life. It's Wilson's own conflict with urban frustrations and boredom that give each page it's variation on mulling over the mundanities' of life. One page might be a gag of modern content fleshed out in a formula that is fixed into the DNA of comic from 3 panel dailies to the likes of Mad, and the next might be a slice of life moment wfilled with sadness draped in one of Clowes typical hues. This book is a peculiar one in the Clowes library not just because it is amorphous, but because it seems like a stepping stone. Very much a summation of what came before, Wilson interacts with examination of not just the self but of the form (stylistic and of comics itself). Seeing style change every page is almost like having a new artist take on the same character through-out it's life the way newspaper strips do. The book itself is a bit of overkill. For only 80 pages, why is it hard cover and with such a price? I would much rather have this in soft cover, printed with a collection of the Mister Wonderful pages --especially since this book is in this oversized format with thick paper stock and not very much on its own-- with a lower price tag. While I can understand that people can be upset this book does echo the past to the point where it feels a bit familiar, it works well on its own but does lack a french phrase."

oldmanron, "With 'Wilson', Clowes has created a new genre all its own. 'Wilson', the latest book by cartoonist extraordinaire Daniel Clowes is unique in both Clowes' work as a whole and in the evolution of comic books/graphic novels as a serious medium. Unlike his previous books like 'Ghost World, 'Wilson' did not appear first in a serialized form. It was written as a book and is meant to be read as a book. That very fact is one of the things that causes the reading experience of 'Wilson' to be intriguing. Although Clowes has stated his desire for 'Wilson' to be viewed as a whole, the story is told in the form of page-long 'snippets' that resemble Sunday funnies comic strips such as 'Peanuts', which appears to have been a substantial influence on Clowes. The reader, who in this case was myself, may at the beginning of the book may be tempted to view the first handful of snippets as amusing little experiments (a number of different

drawing styles are applied throughout), shortly discovers something : a story emerges, one that is funny, disturbing difficult to forget. By the time that the book is over, one realizes that Clowes has created a very unique character, as contradictory and troubled as any real human being can be. In Clowes' hands, the comic book/graphic novel/whatever the hell you want to call it has become a very unique medium, one distinctly of its own. Clowes has done great work before, but `Wilson' is a book that makes one look forward to what he does next.”

adriano godinho, “intresting. interesting and amusing. short but imaginative reactions of this strange Wilson character. Didn't blow my mind, though. recommend for those who like realistic kind of comics.”

L, “Five Stars. Great read!”

davebrookson, “Five Stars. as described”

Owen Brown, “Great comic book. Witty, touching, perfect.”

The book by Daniel Clowes has a rating of 5 out of 4.2. 87 people have provided feedback.

Book Information

Language: English

Hardcover: 80 pages

Item Weight: 1.65 pounds

Dimensions: 8.49 x 0.7 x 11.52 inches

Paperback: 492 pages

Reading age: 9 - 12 years

Grade level: 4 - 6

Lexile measure: AD680L

File size: 3413 KB

Text-to-Speech: Enabled

Screen Reader: Supported

Enhanced typesetting: Enabled

X-Ray: Not Enabled

Word Wise: Enabled

Sticky notes: On Kindle Scribe

Print length: 176 pages

Library Binding: 32 pages

[DMCA](#)