



# THE CHAIRS' HIATU S

Matthew Bogart

## Why a revised edition?

"The Chairs' Hiatus" was my first graphic novel. I'm proud of it. With a few hundred more comic pages under my belt, more than a few panels look rough to my eyes, but I've got a soft spot for this book.

Since I completed it in 2011 this book had a good life. It had a webcomic version, a paperback black and white version, a two-color hardback version, and even a Google Plus version. I sold it at comic conventions, web stores, and ebook stores. People still tell me it's a favorite of theirs.

But after ten years I had moved on.

Then, in 2022, I mentioned "The Chairs' Hiatus" to my literary agent while trying to figure out my next project. I said I was fine with letting it be but if he thought any publishers might want to take a stab at bringing it to a wider audience I'd be happy to try.

He read the book and thought it was worth a shot. He said it was just slightly under the common length for a graphic novel and asked if there was anything I wanted to do to revise and expand it.

There were a few scenes that I thought could use more breathing room and he suggested I do some samples of what I had in mind to show publishers. This is what I put together for that pitch. It's not the completely revised edition I would have done if we'd done another print run. That didn't turn out to be in the cards. We never even took it out to pitch. But there's lots of fun stuff in here. There are revised panels, new panels, and even a new page or two. It ended up about five pages longer.

I found it weird and wonderful to spend more time with Mary and Nell after all these years, with their flip phones and audio cassettes, their story has become a period piece. Going back there felt cozy and good, like visiting old friends.

I liked it. I hope you do too.

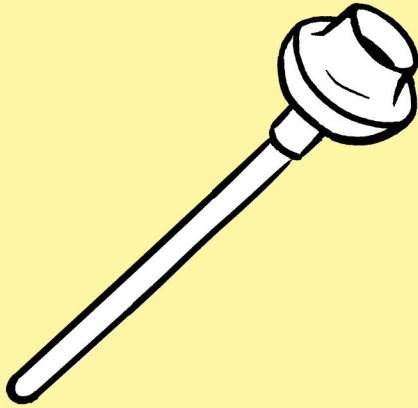
Matthew Bogart  
February, 2024



# THE CHAIRS' HIATUS

Matthew Bogart

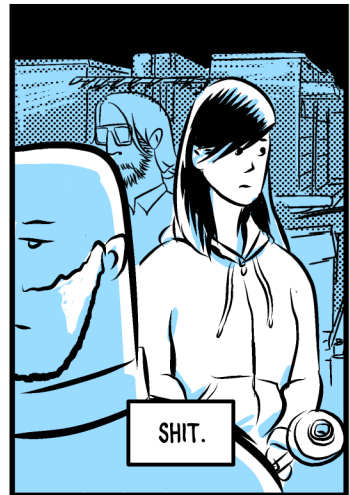




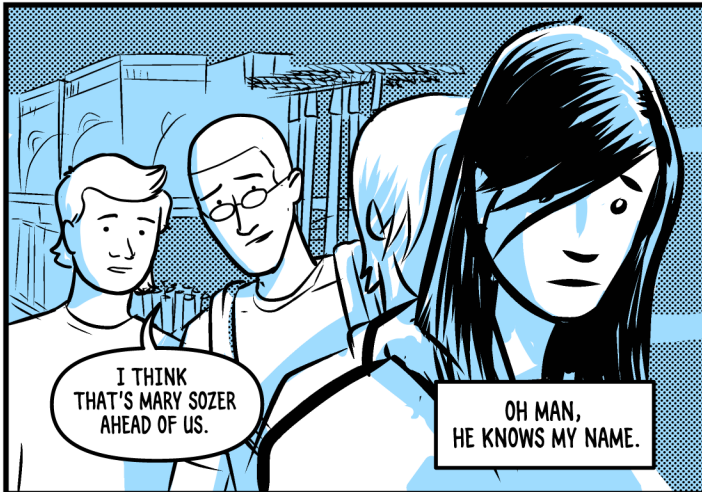


2008



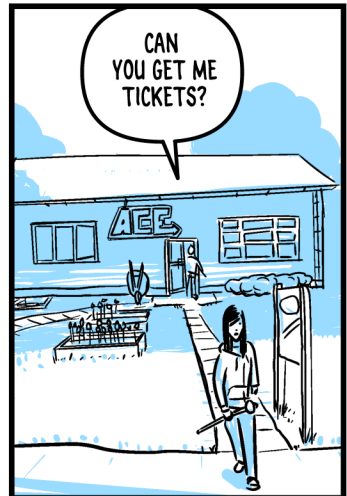


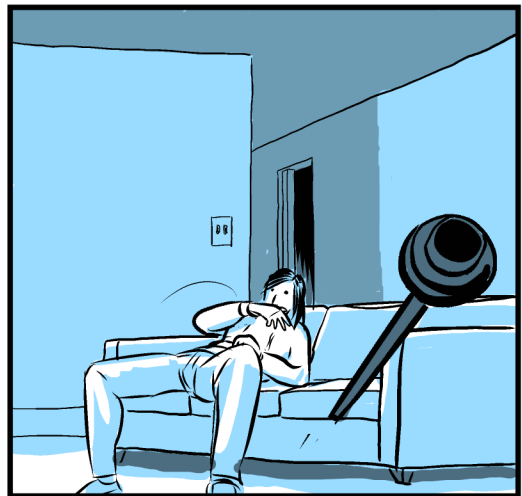
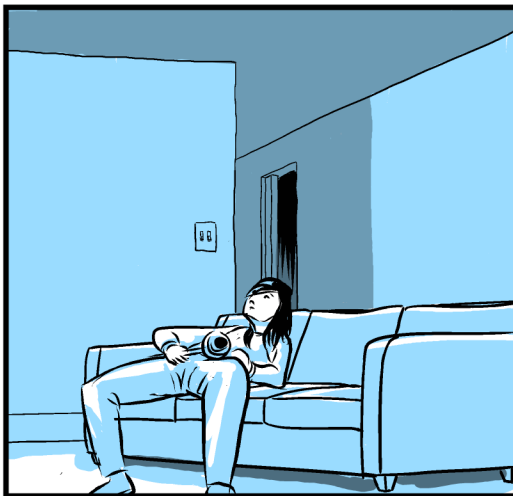
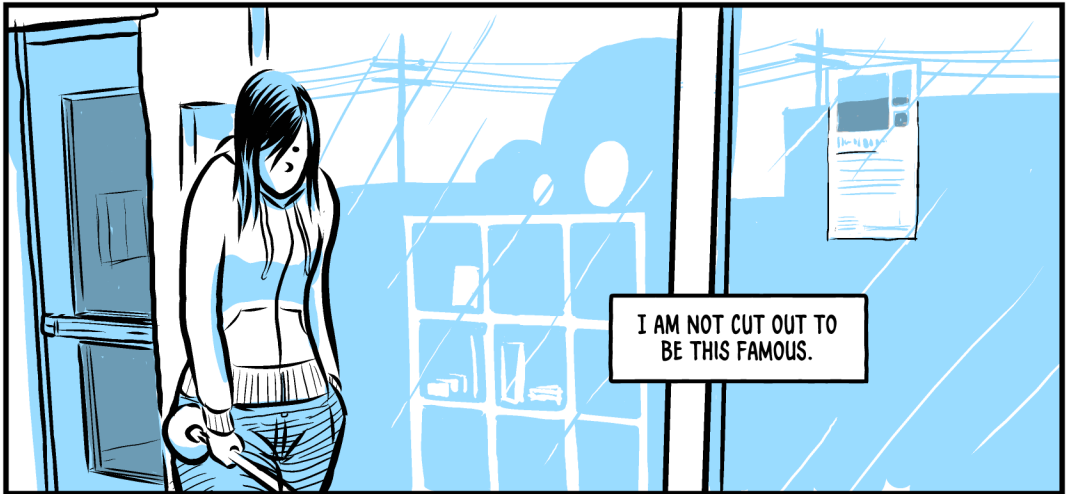


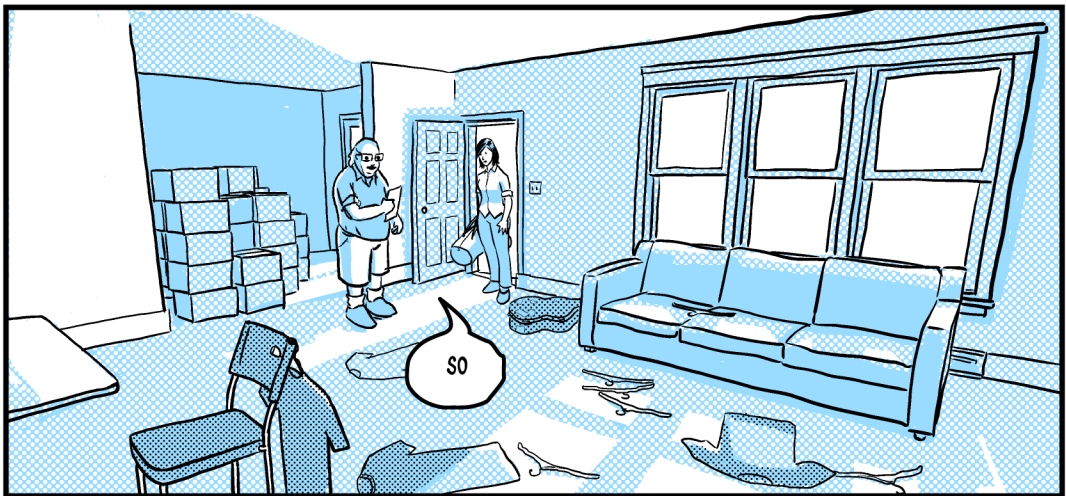
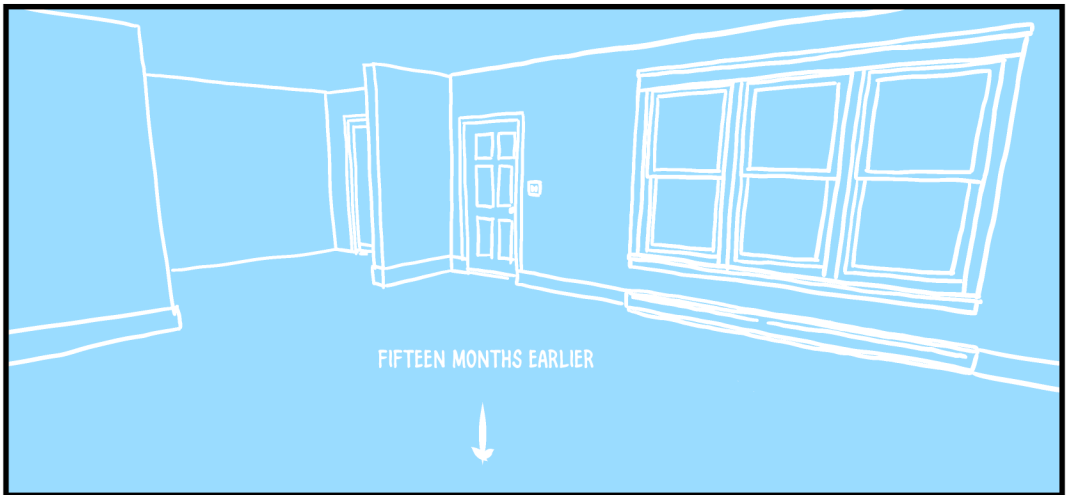
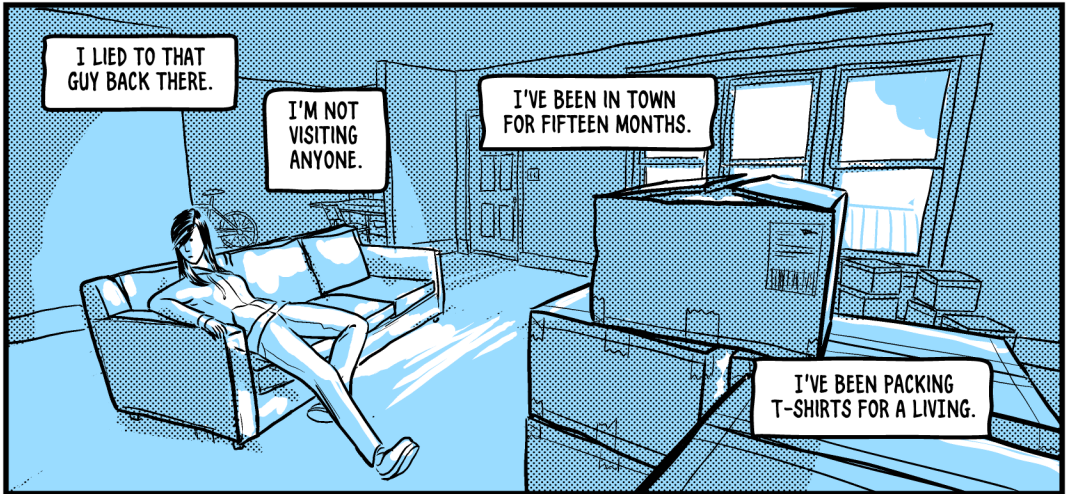


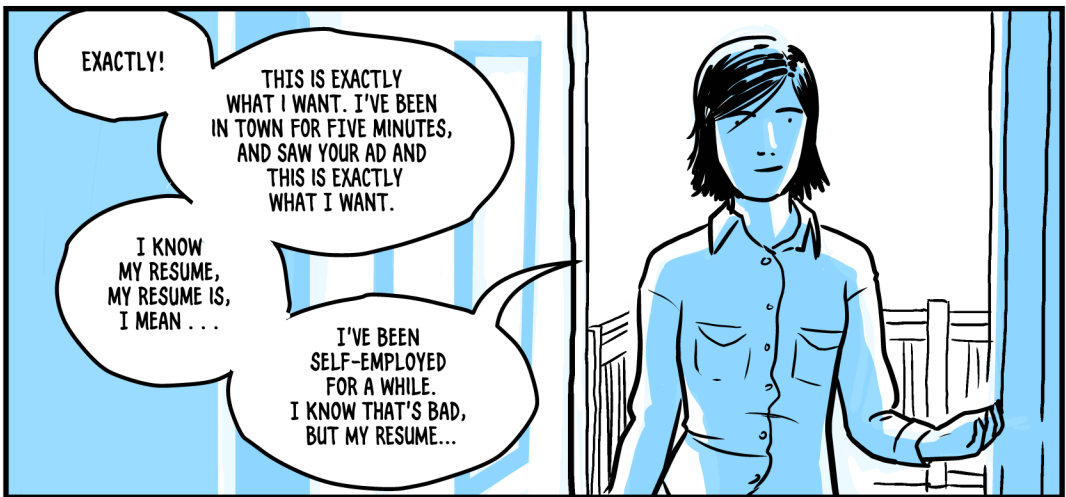
















YES, SIR.

TACO BELL.



FOR THREE MONTHS IN HIGH SCHOOL.

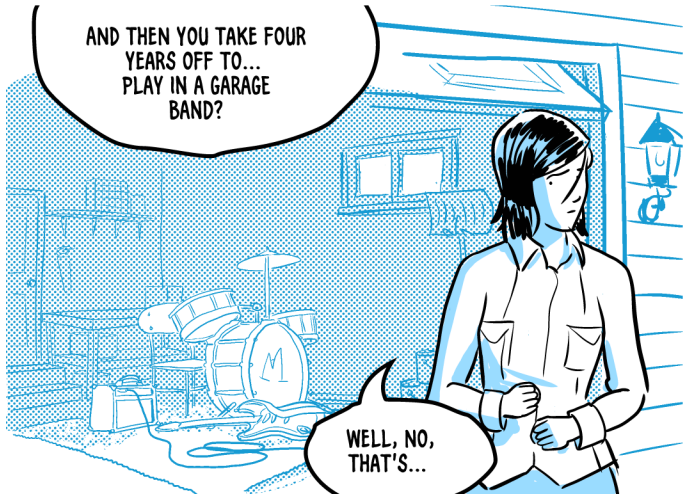


TWO MONTHS AT A PLACE CALLED "BASKETS, BEARS, AND TEES."

"OH MY."

IT WAS CALLED "BASKETS, BEARS, AND TEES... OH MY!"

I WORKED THERE FOR TWO MONTHS, YES.

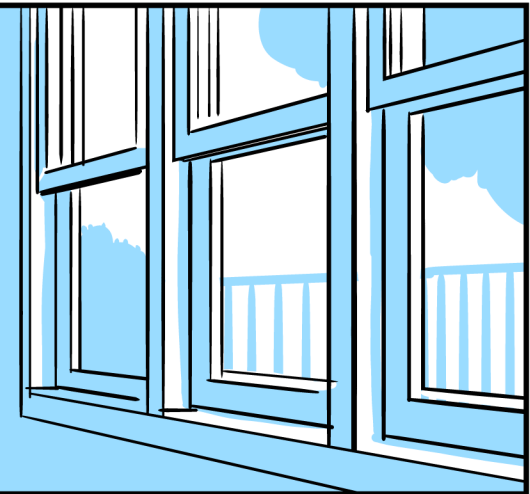
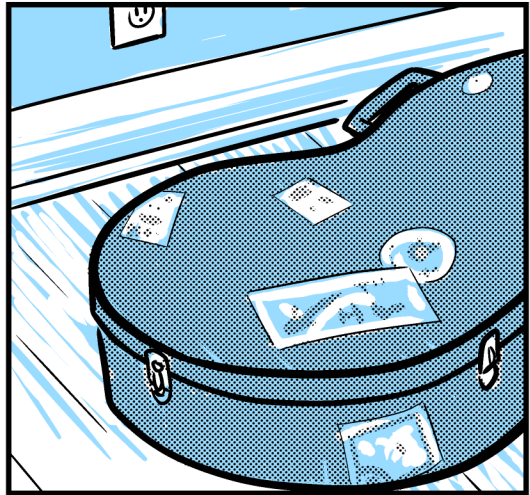


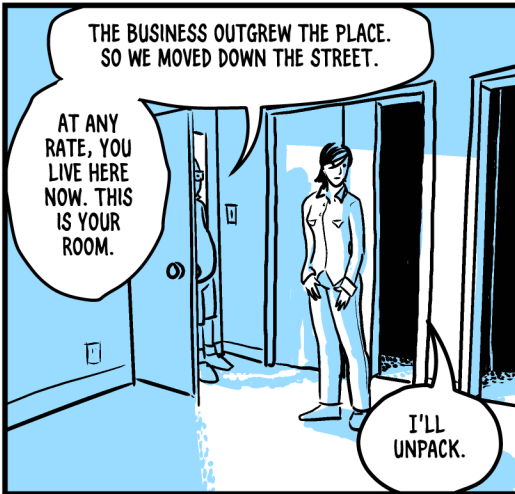
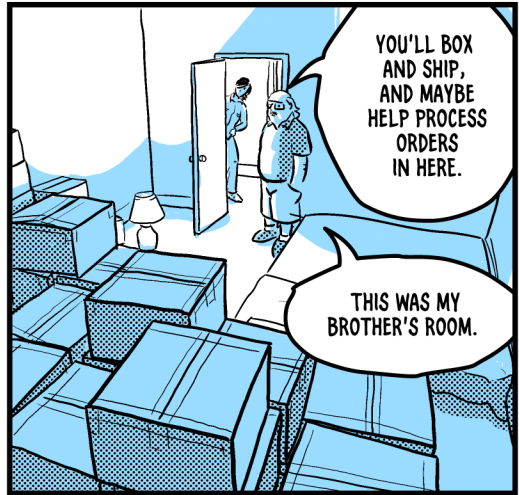
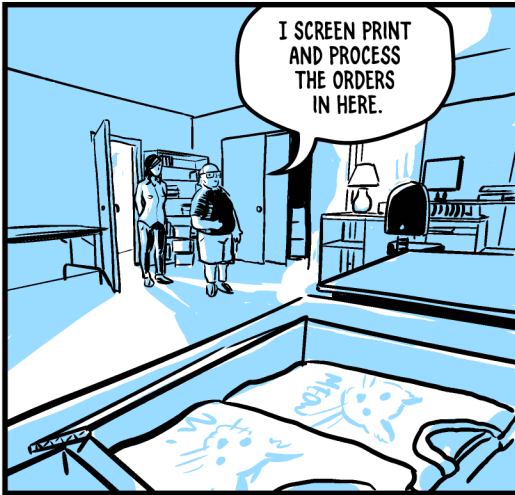
AND THEN YOU TAKE FOUR YEARS OFF TO... PLAY IN A GARAGE BAND?

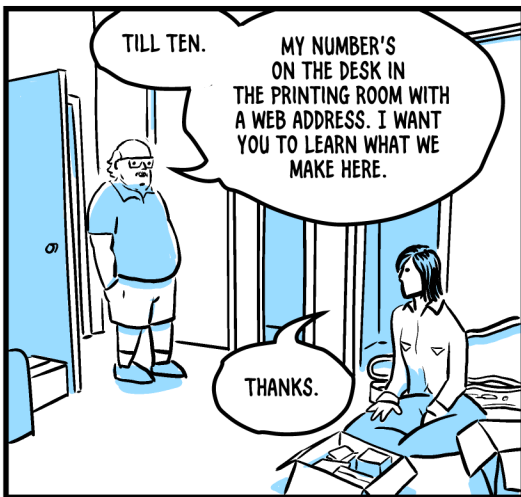
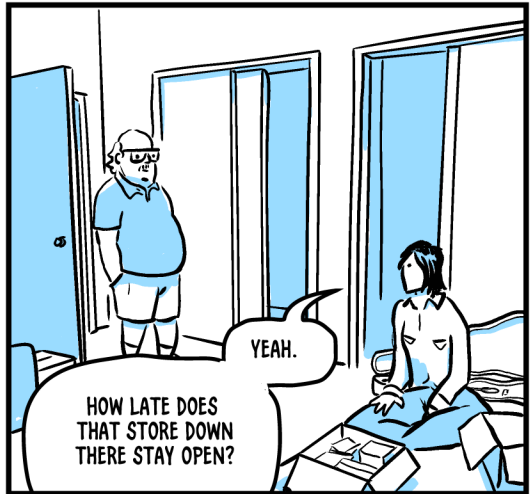
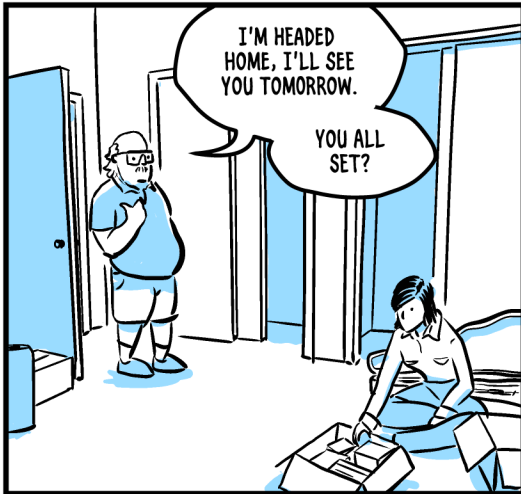
WELL, NO, THAT'S...



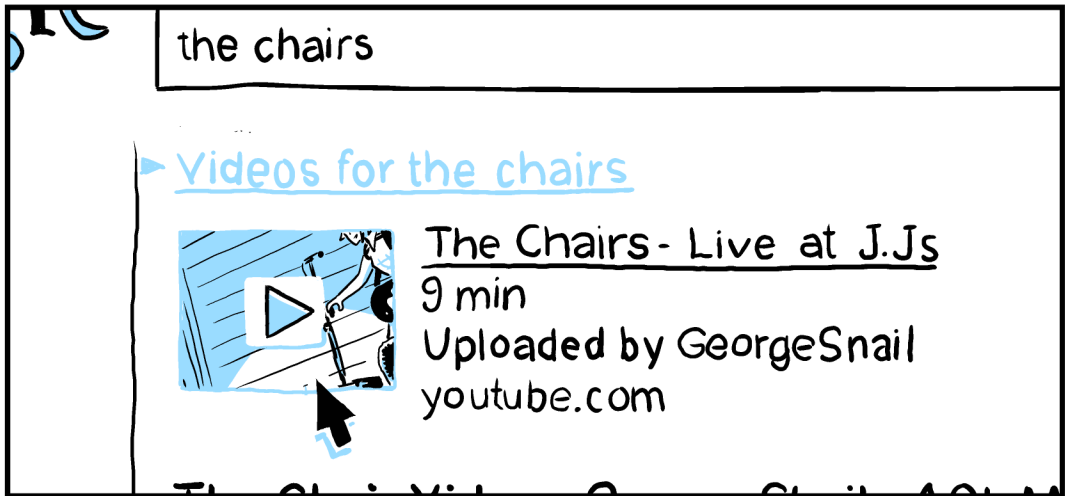
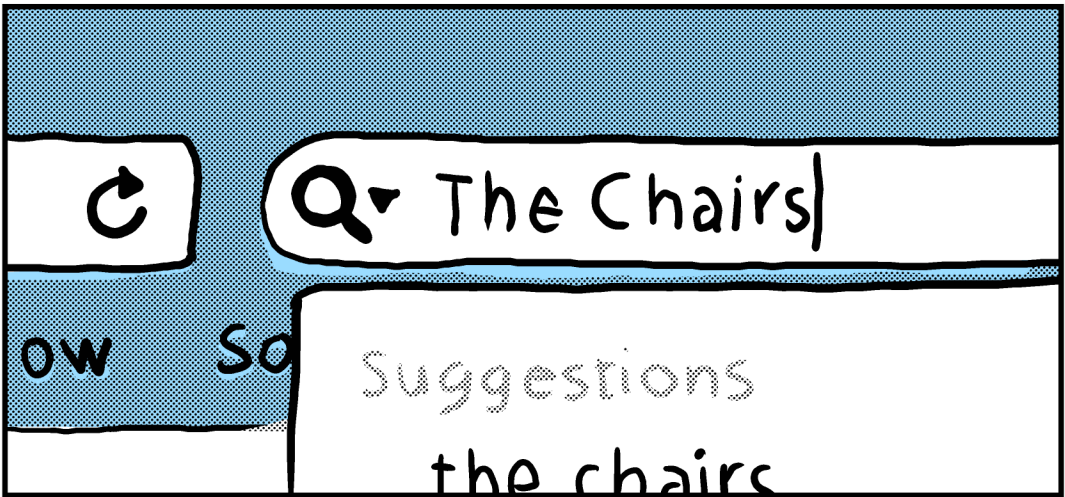
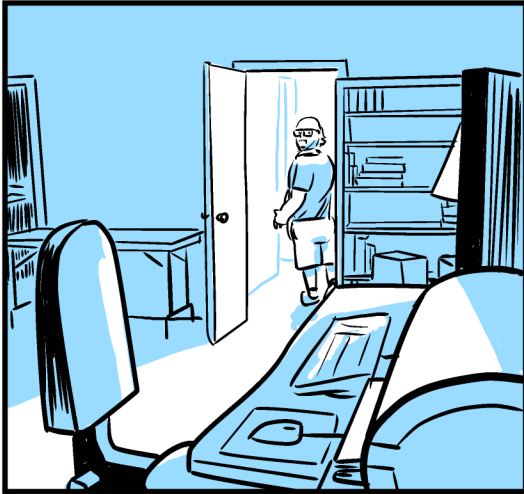
THAT'S NOT EXACTLY RIGHT.

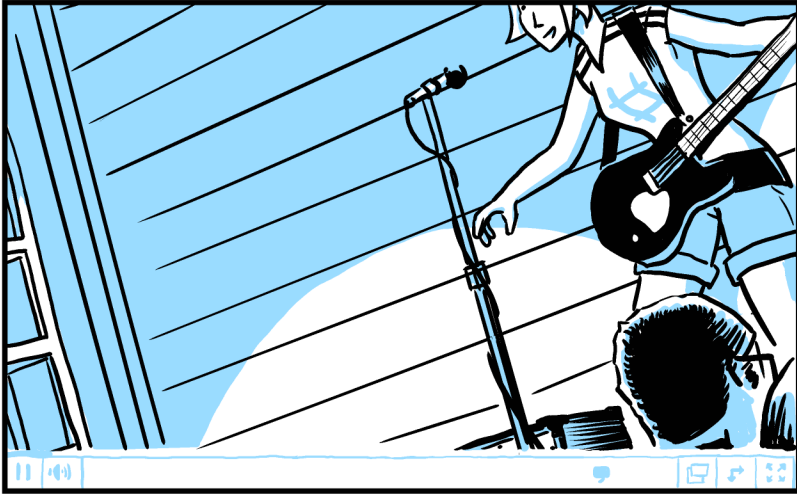








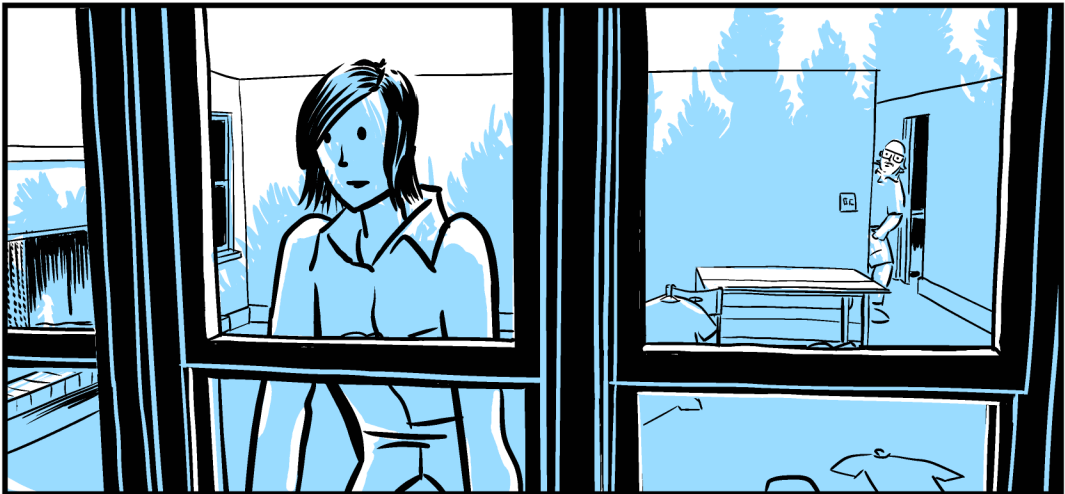
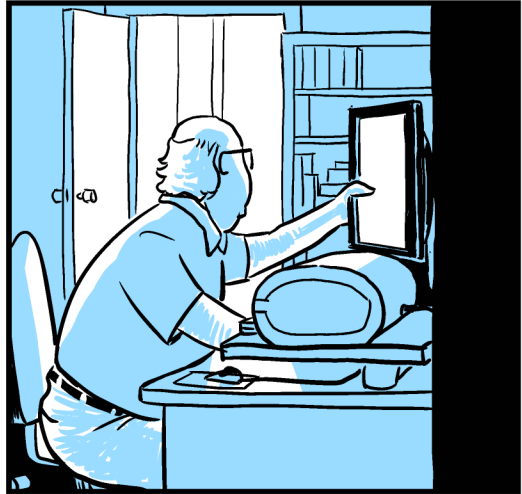


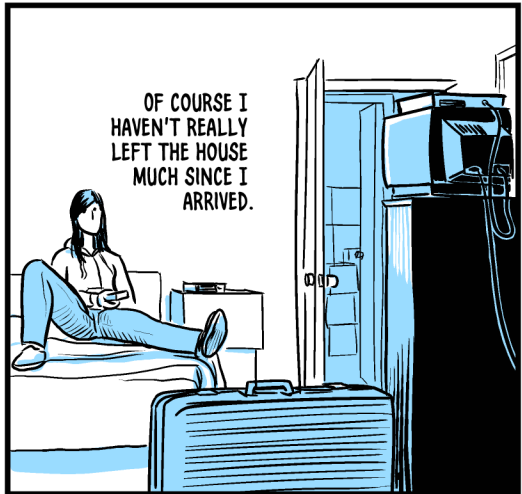
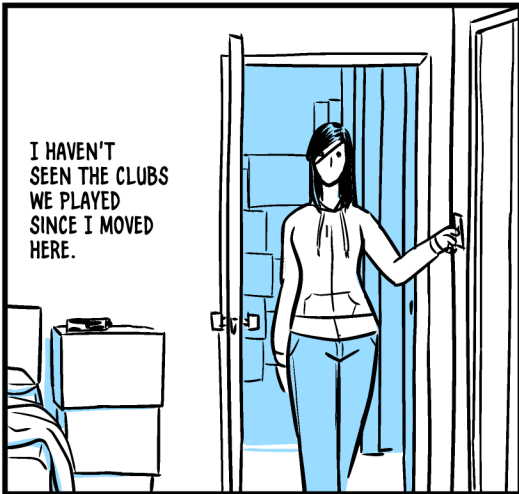
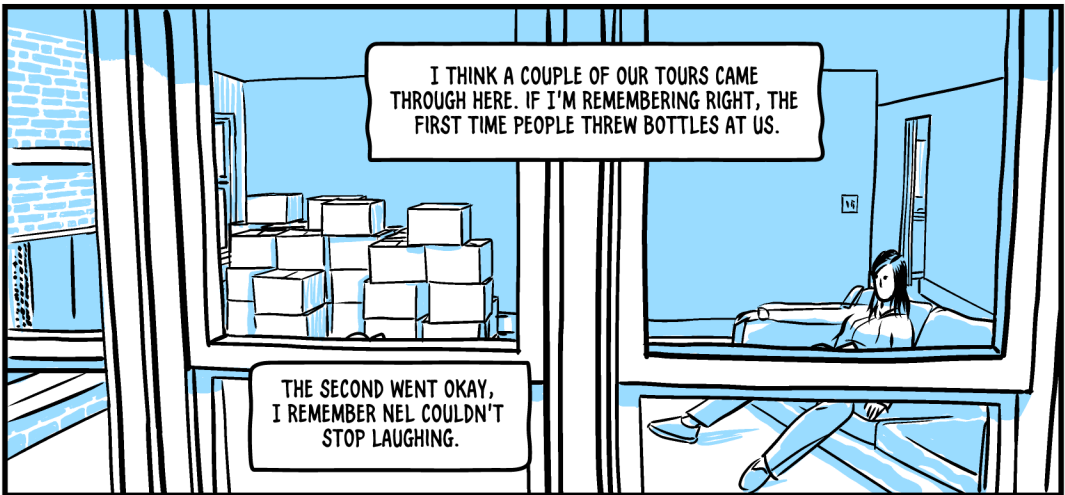
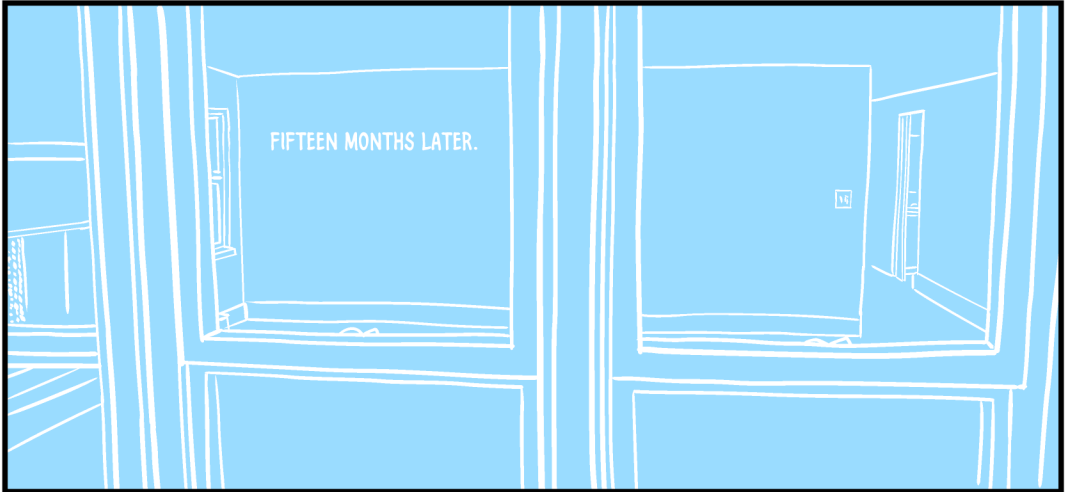


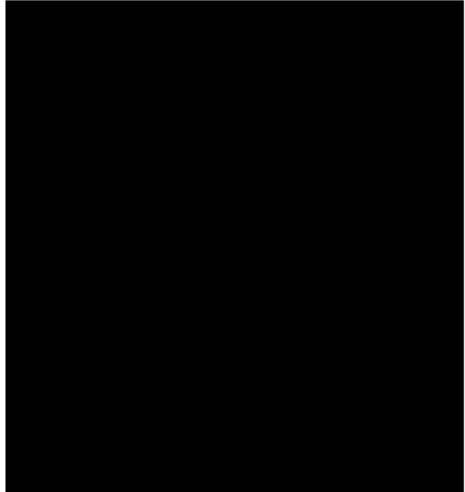










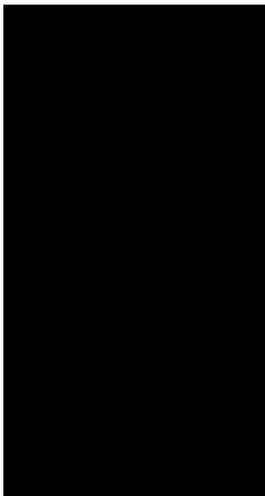


THERE ARE ACTUAL  
PEOPLE OUT THERE  
IN THE WORLD WHO  
HAVE LITERALLY  
LOST THEIR SENSE  
OF TOUCH.

THEY WAKE UP  
ONE MORNING AND  
FALL OUT OF BED  
BECAUSE THEY  
CAN'T FEEL THE  
FLOOR UNDER  
THEIR FEET.

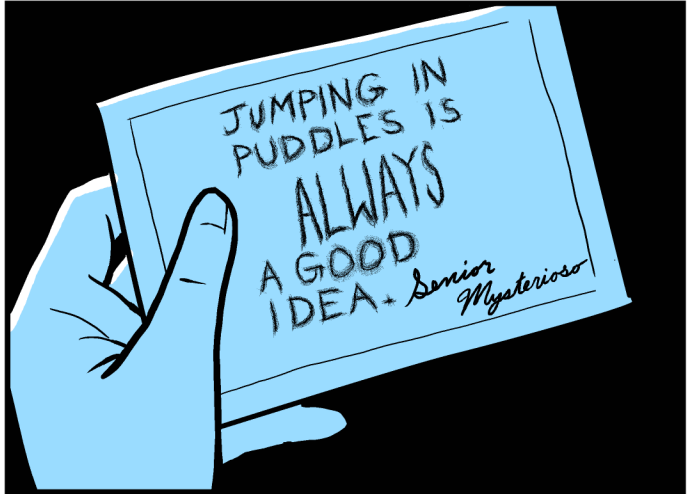
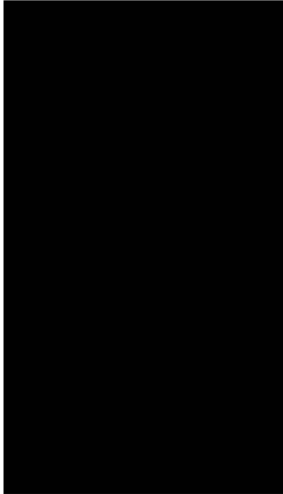
THEY HAVE TO  
TRAIN THEMSELVES  
TO PICK THINGS  
UP BY WATCHING...

AND OPERATING  
THEIR HAND LIKE  
A PRIZE MACHINE  
CLAW.

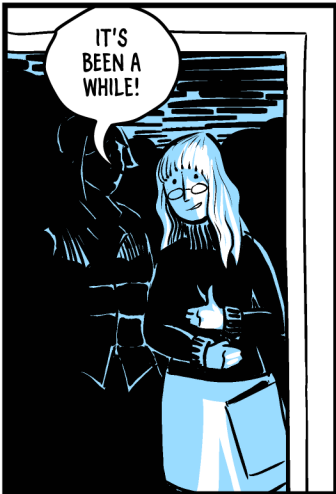
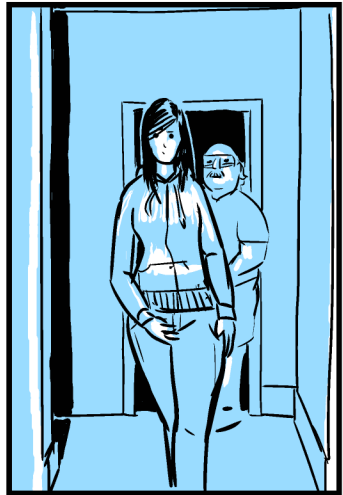


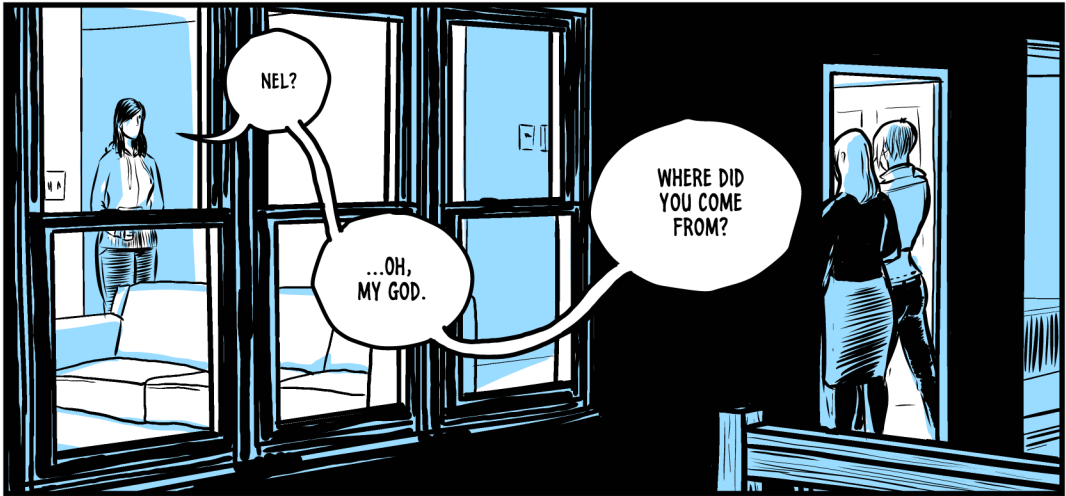
I'VE STARTED TO  
POKE MYSELF  
FROM TIME TO TIME,  
JUST TO CHECK.

SOMETHING IS MISSING,  
BUT EVIDENTLY  
IT'S NOT THAT.





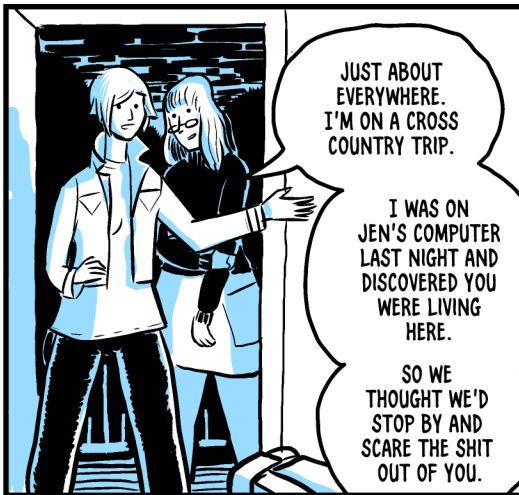




NEL?

...OH,  
MY GOD.

WHERE DID  
YOU COME  
FROM?



JUST ABOUT  
EVERYWHERE.  
I'M ON A CROSS  
COUNTRY TRIP.

I WAS ON  
JEN'S COMPUTER  
LAST NIGHT AND  
DISCOVERED YOU  
WERE LIVING  
HERE.

SO WE  
THOUGHT WE'D  
STOP BY AND  
SCARE THE SHIT  
OUT OF YOU.



JEN!

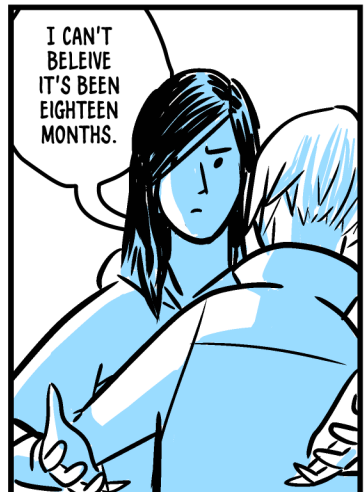
WHAT THE  
HELL? I DIDN'T  
EVEN RECOGNIZE  
YOU!

HAHA.

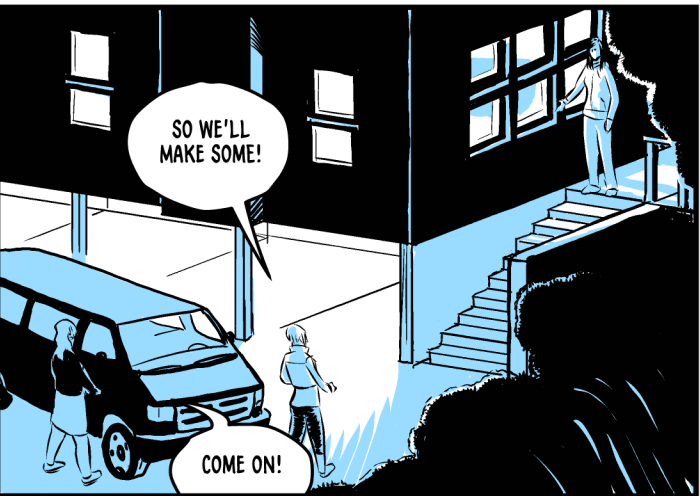
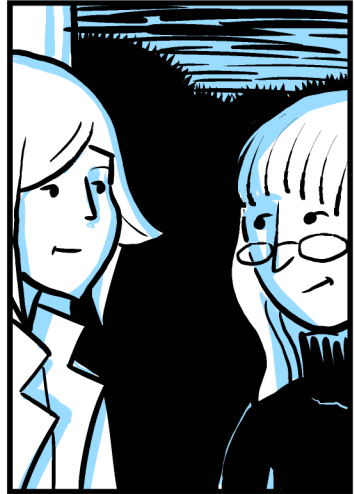
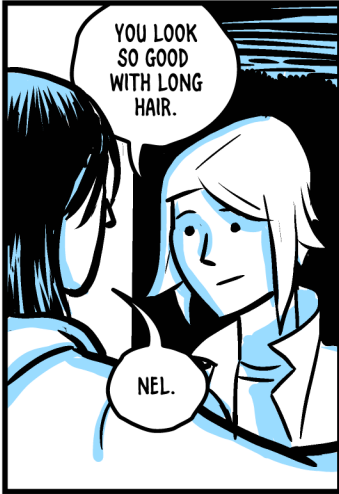
WHEN DID,  
WHEN, WHEN...



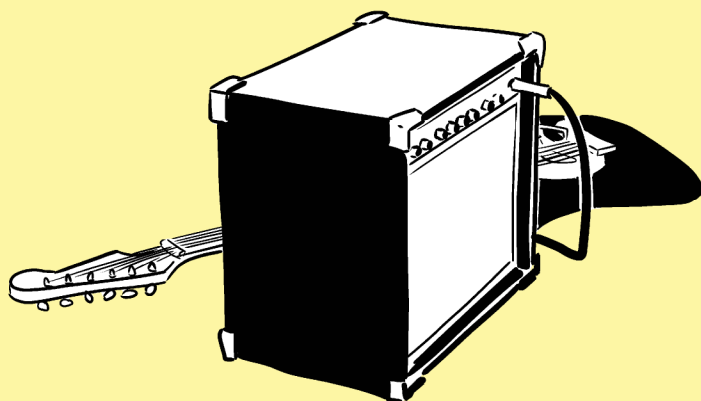
GOD, YOU'RE  
FREAKING OUT.  
IT'S OKAY.



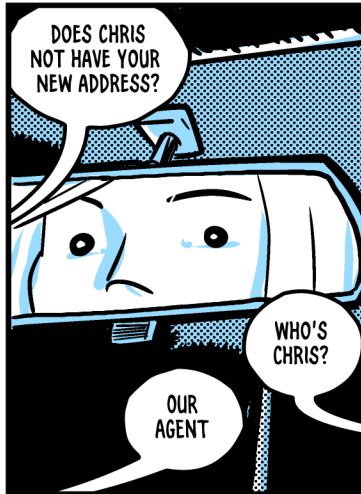
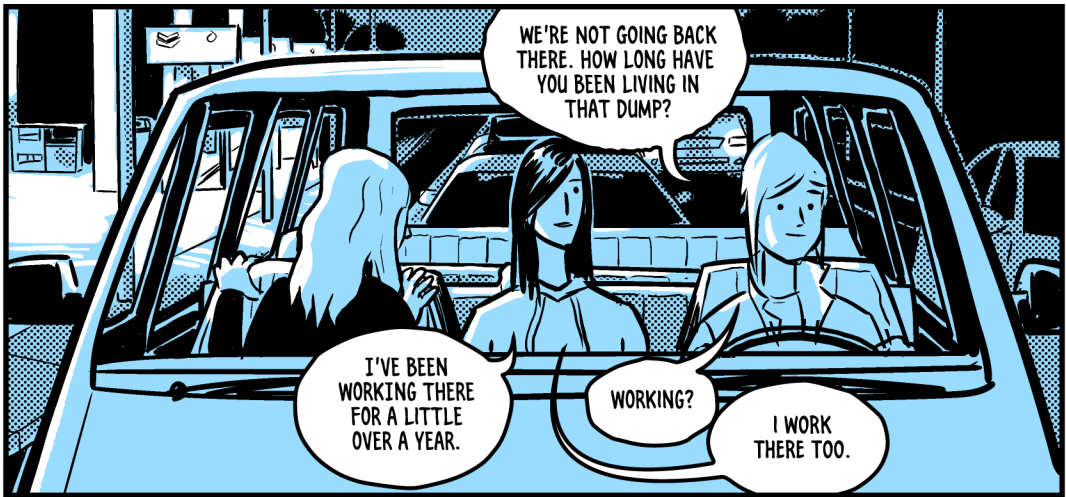
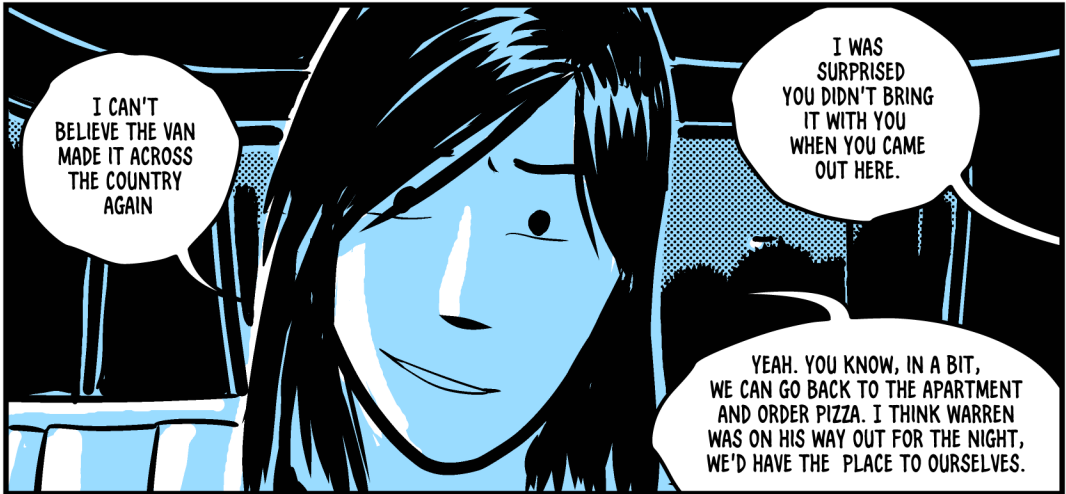
I CAN'T  
BELEIVE  
IT'S BEEN  
EIGHTEEN  
MONTHS.

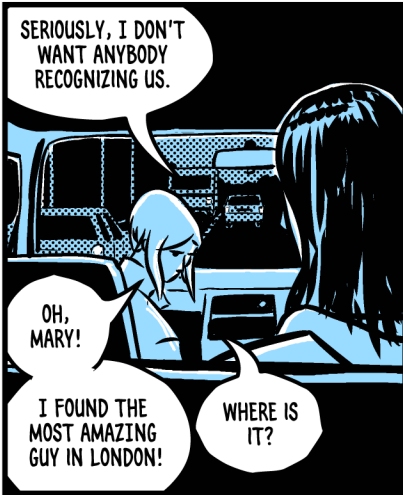
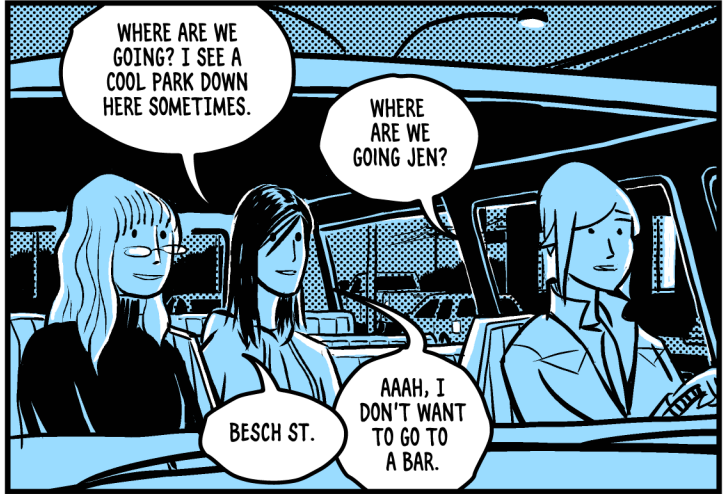




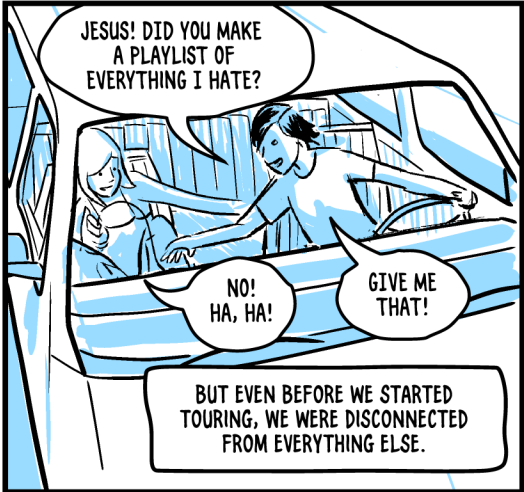
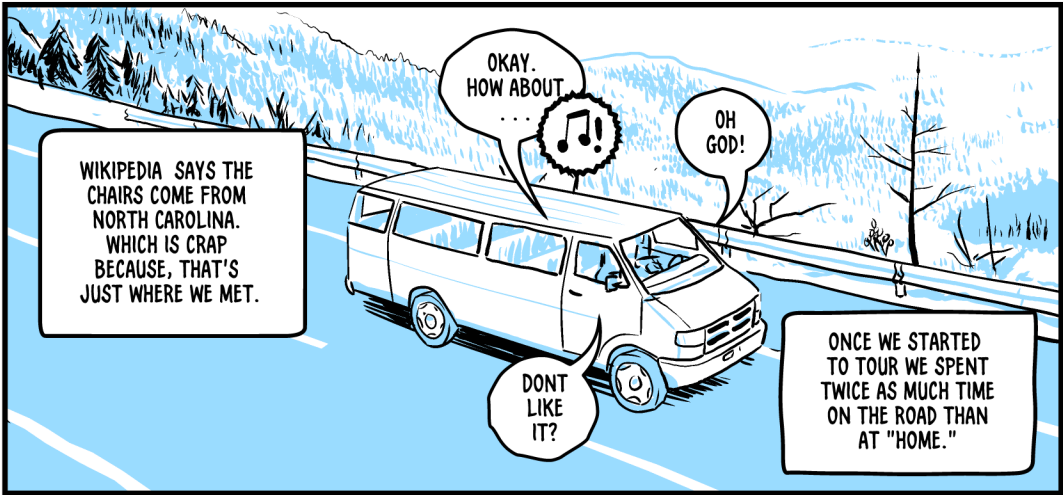
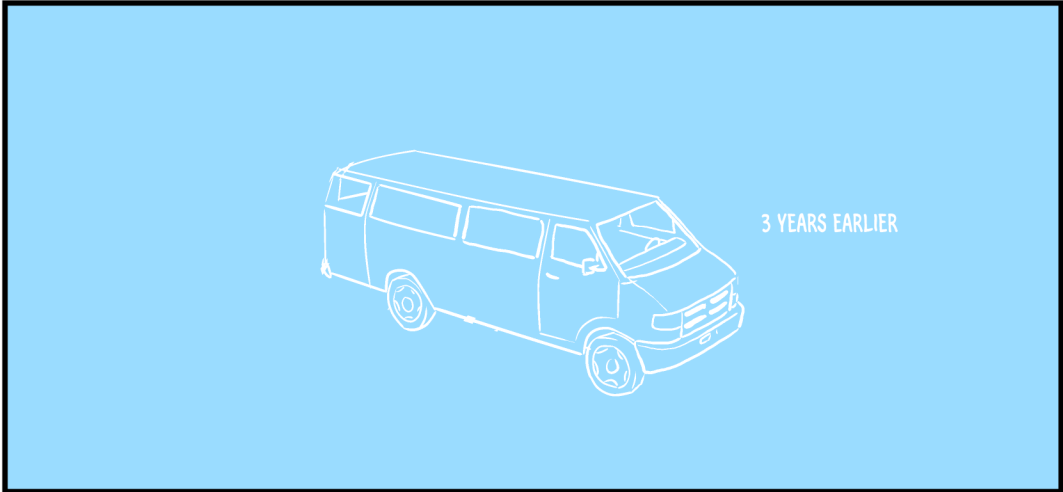


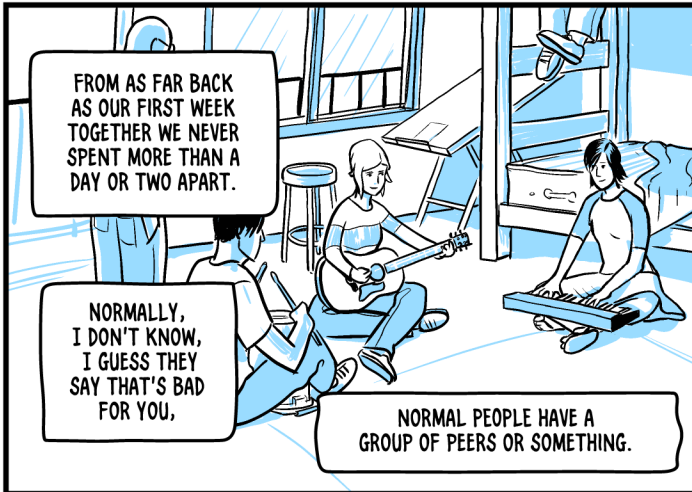








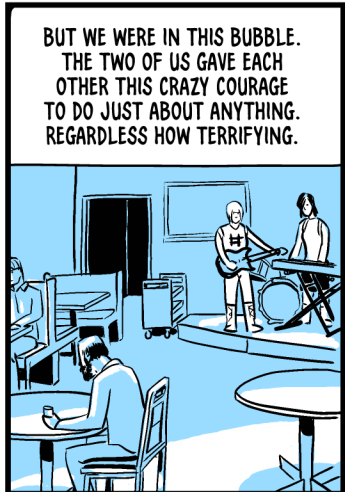




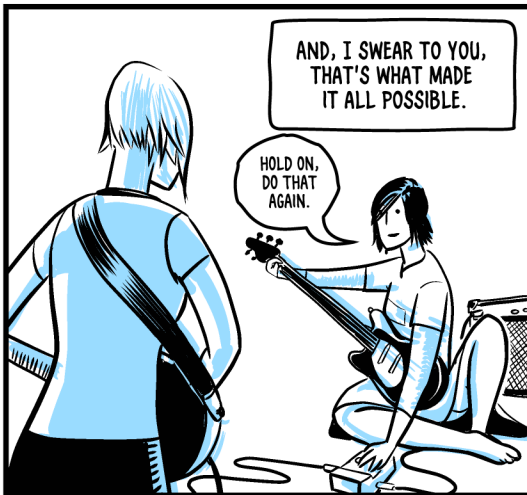
FROM AS FAR BACK AS OUR FIRST WEEK TOGETHER WE NEVER SPENT MORE THAN A DAY OR TWO APART.

NORMALLY, I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS THEY SAY THAT'S BAD FOR YOU,

NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE A GROUP OF PEERS OR SOMETHING.

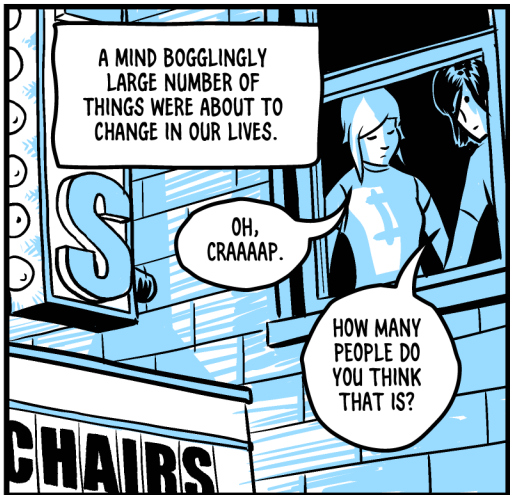


BUT WE WERE IN THIS BUBBLE. THE TWO OF US GAVE EACH OTHER THIS CRAZY COURAGE TO DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING. REGARDLESS HOW TERRIFYING.



AND, I SWEAR TO YOU, THAT'S WHAT MADE IT ALL POSSIBLE.

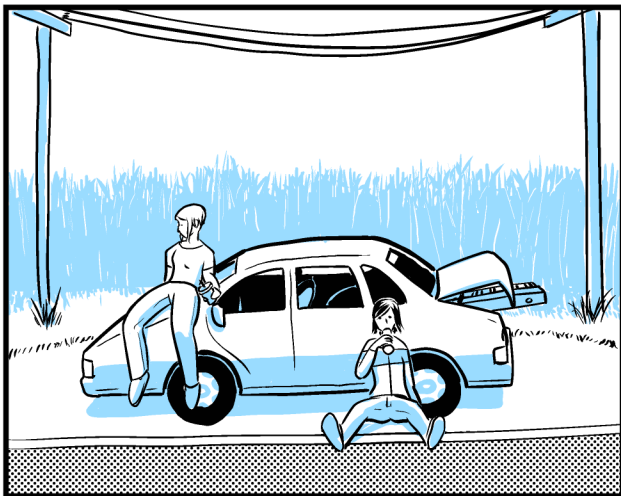
HOLD ON, DO THAT AGAIN.



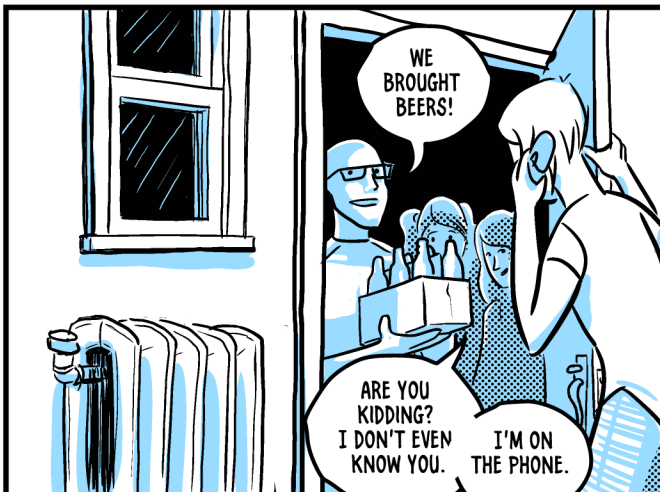
A MIND BOGGLINGLY LARGE NUMBER OF THINGS WERE ABOUT TO CHANGE IN OUR LIVES.

OH, CRAAAAP.

HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU THINK THAT IS?

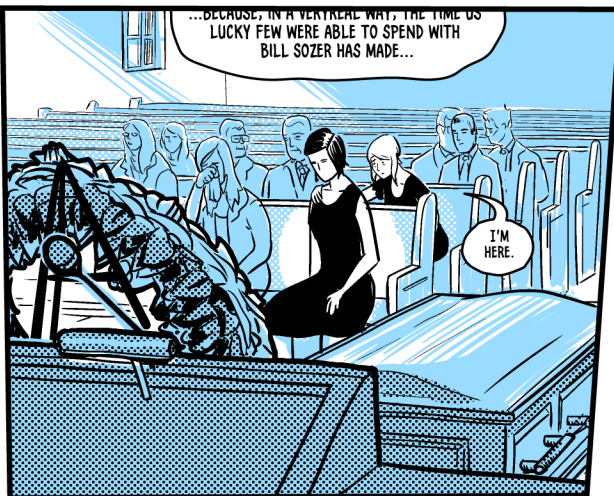
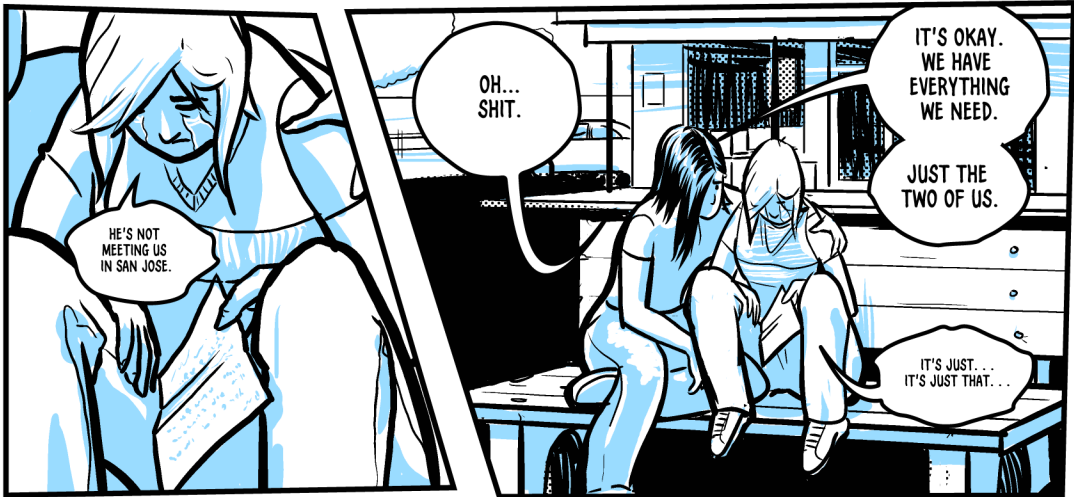


BUT NOT INSIDE THE BUBBLE

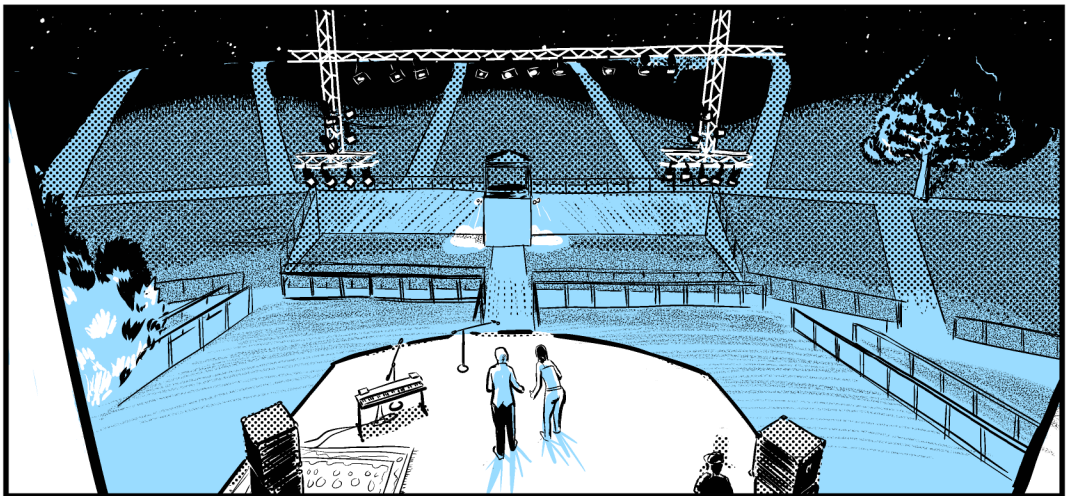
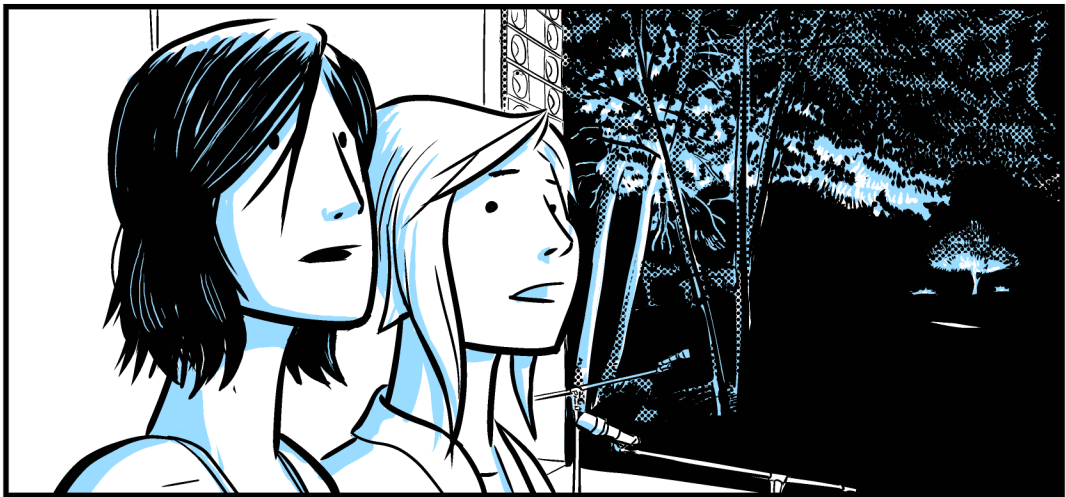
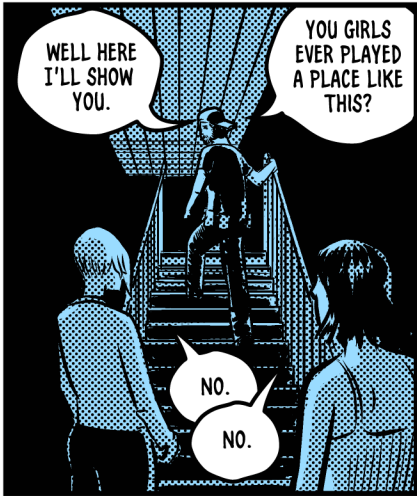


YOU HOLD ON TO PEOPLE  
YOU TRUST, AND YOU HOLD  
ONTO THEM TILL YOUR  
MUSCLES ACHE.

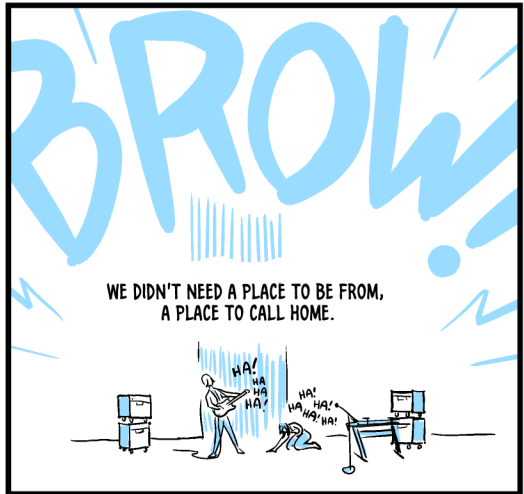
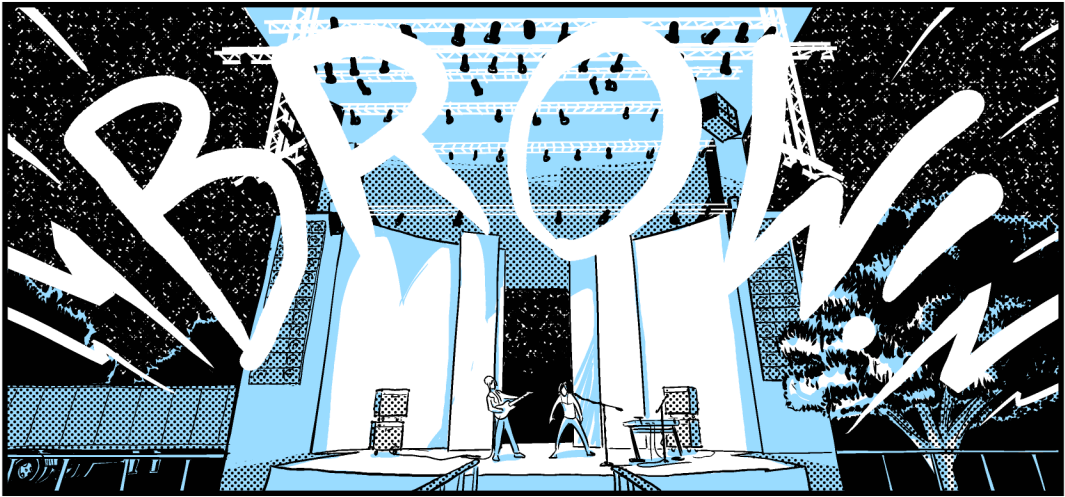
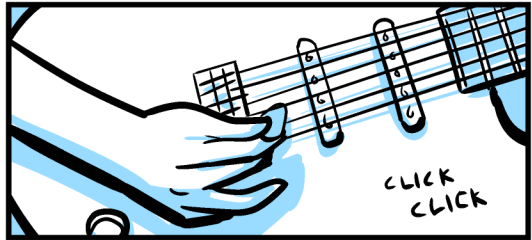
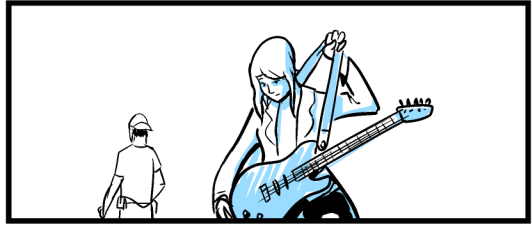
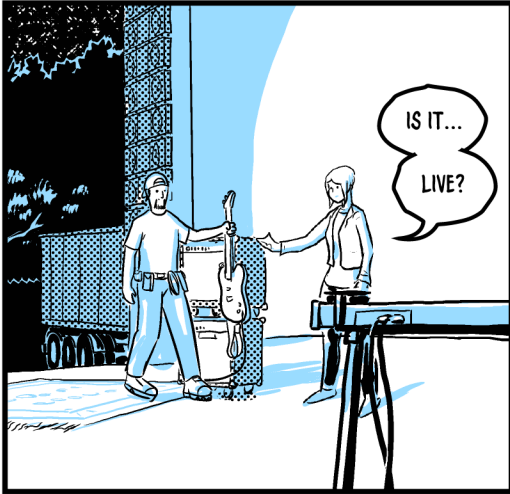
WE DIDN'T NEED A PLACE TO BE FROM,  
A PLACE TO CALL HOME,





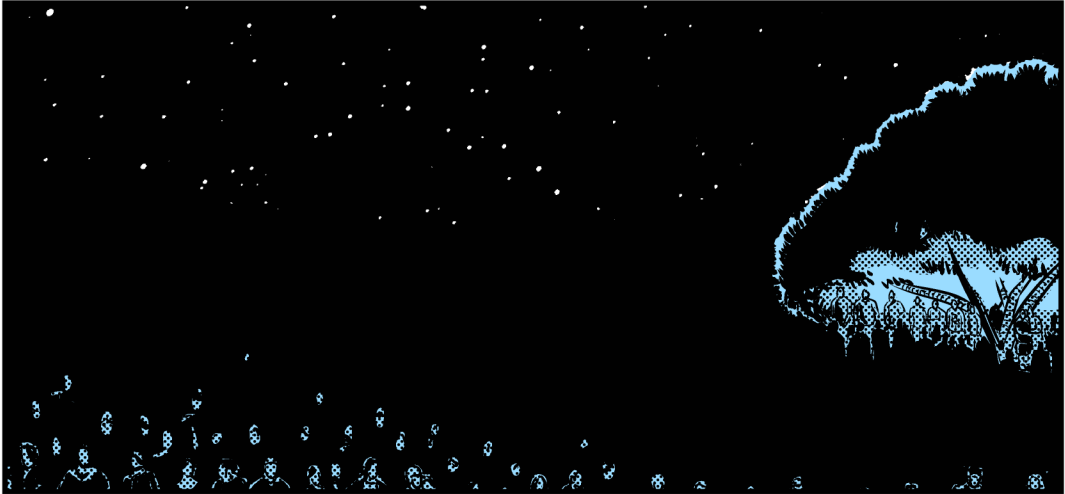


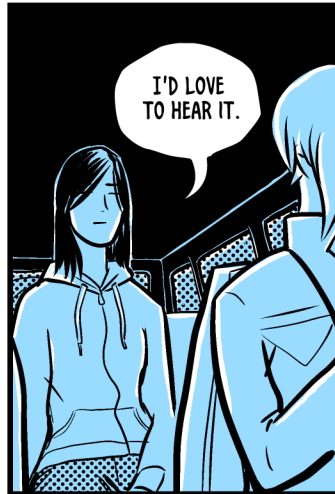
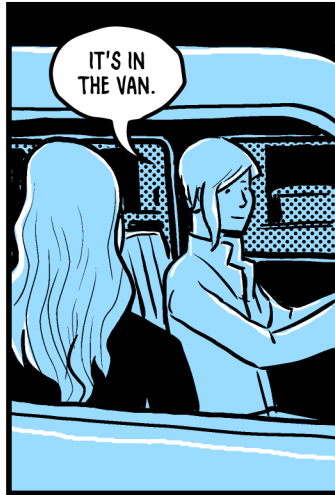




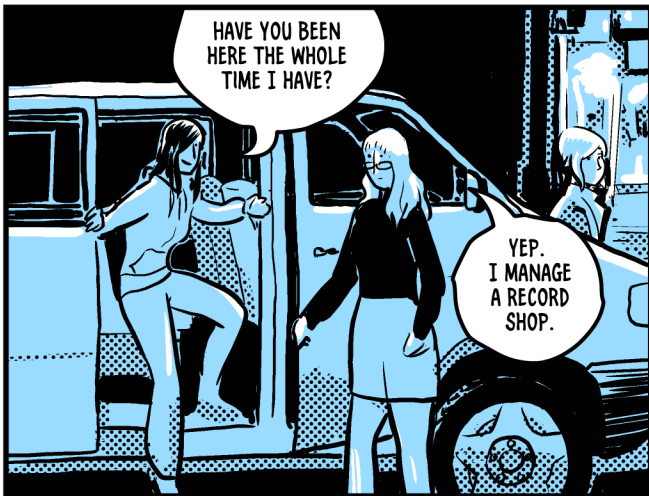
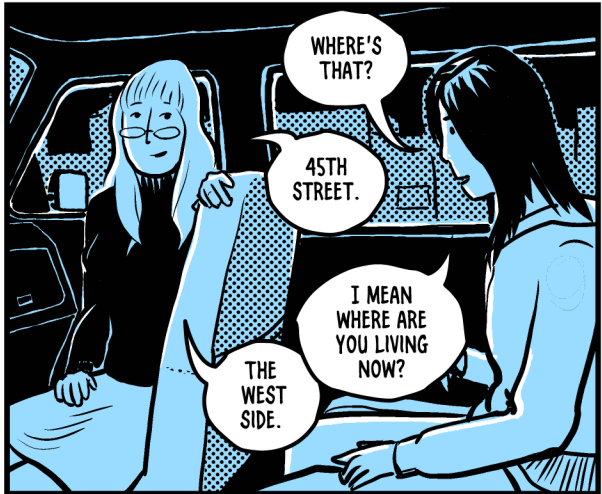
WE WERE FROM EACH OTHER.







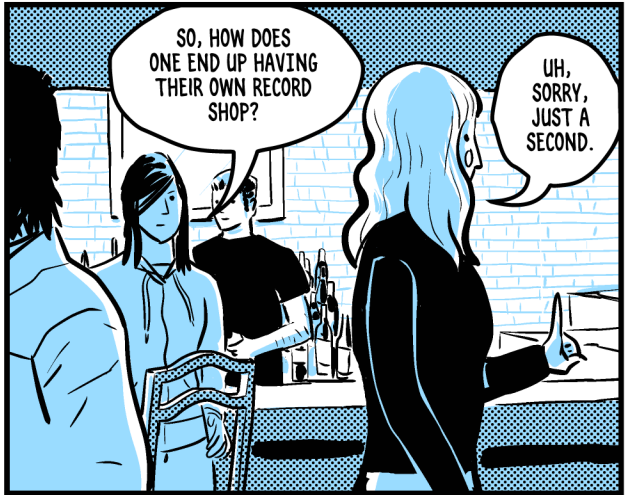
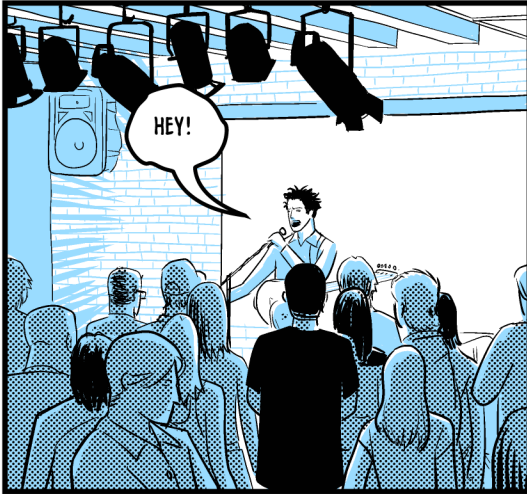




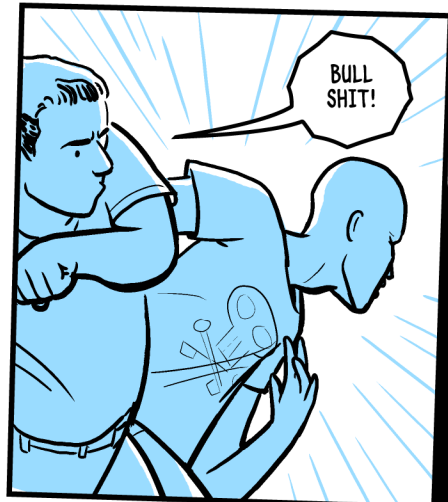


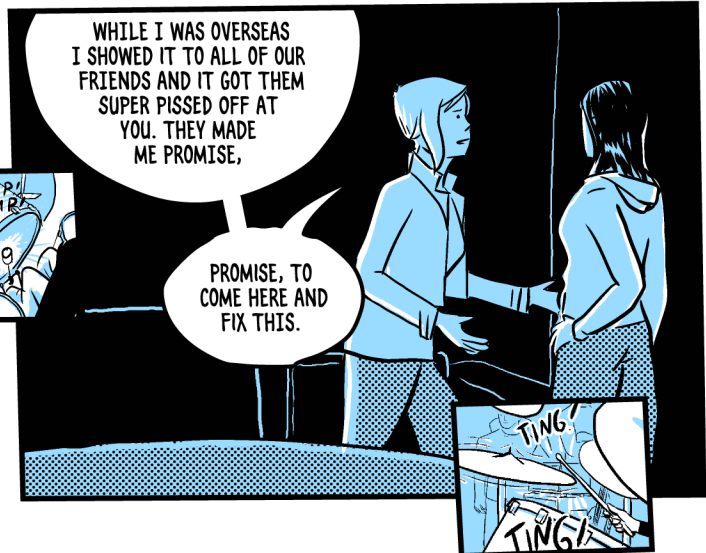
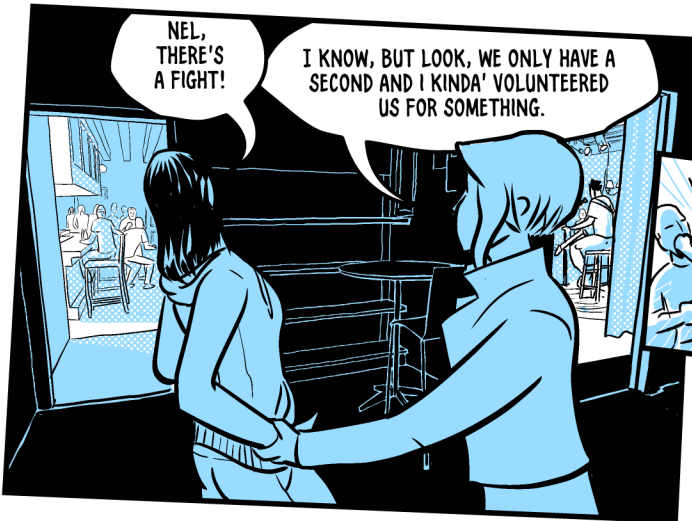




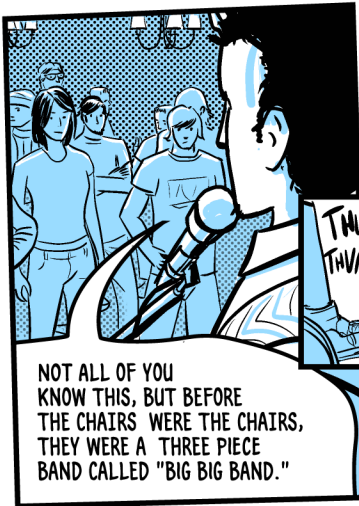












NOT ALL OF YOU KNOW THIS, BUT BEFORE THE CHAIRS WERE THE CHAIRS, THEY WERE A THREE PIECE BAND CALLED "BIG BIG BAND."



YOU WROTE THAT YOU WERE GIVING UP MUSIC.



I DIDN'T CARE IF YOU WANTED SOME TIME TO SULK AFTER JON LEFT.

WOAH! HOLD ON!



BUT YOUR FRIENDS COULD NOT LET YOU SINK SO LOW AS TO GIVE UP WHAT YOU REALLY LOVE.



MARY SOZER, NEL CALHOON, AND BONE CELLAR RECORDS' OWN JEN O'NEAL KICK IT WITH JAMS THEY HAVEN'T PLAYED IN SIX YEARS!

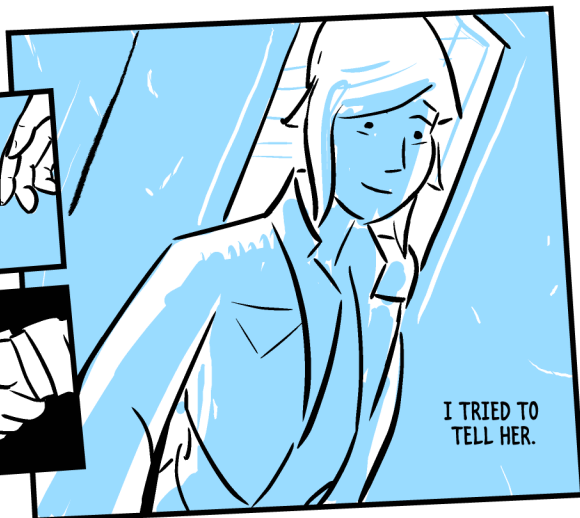


MAKE SOME FUCKIN' NOISE!

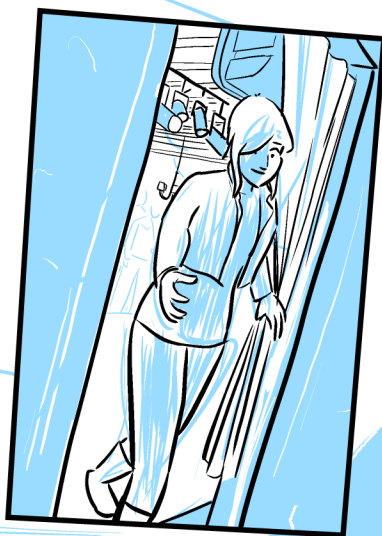


NOISE!

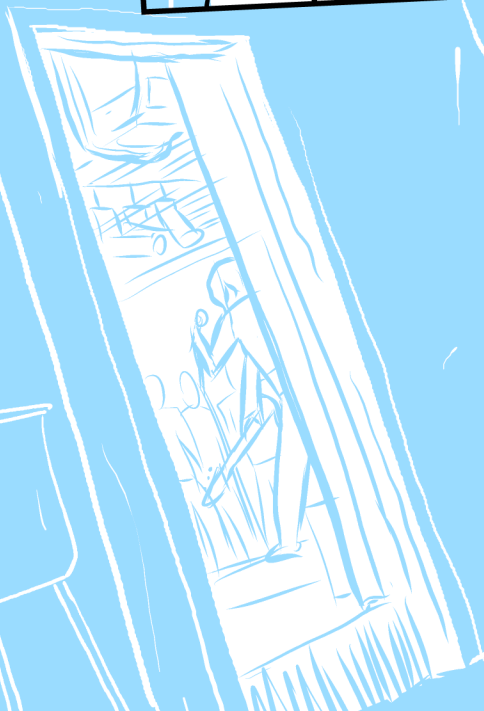
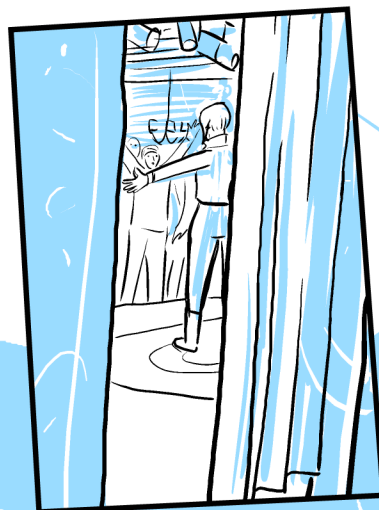
ALL THE SOUND  
DROPS OUT OF MY  
HEAD.



I TRIED TO  
TELL HER.



I HAVEN'T PICKED UP  
AN INSTRUMENT SINCE  
THE DAY YOU LEFT.





THEY MUST HAVE SAID MY NAME BECAUSE EVERYONE TURNS TOWARD ME.



STANDING IN MY SPOT, WATCHING NEL ON THE MIC.



LET ME TALK TO YOU FOR A SECOND...

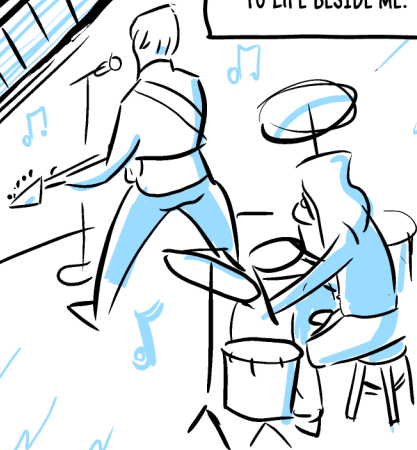


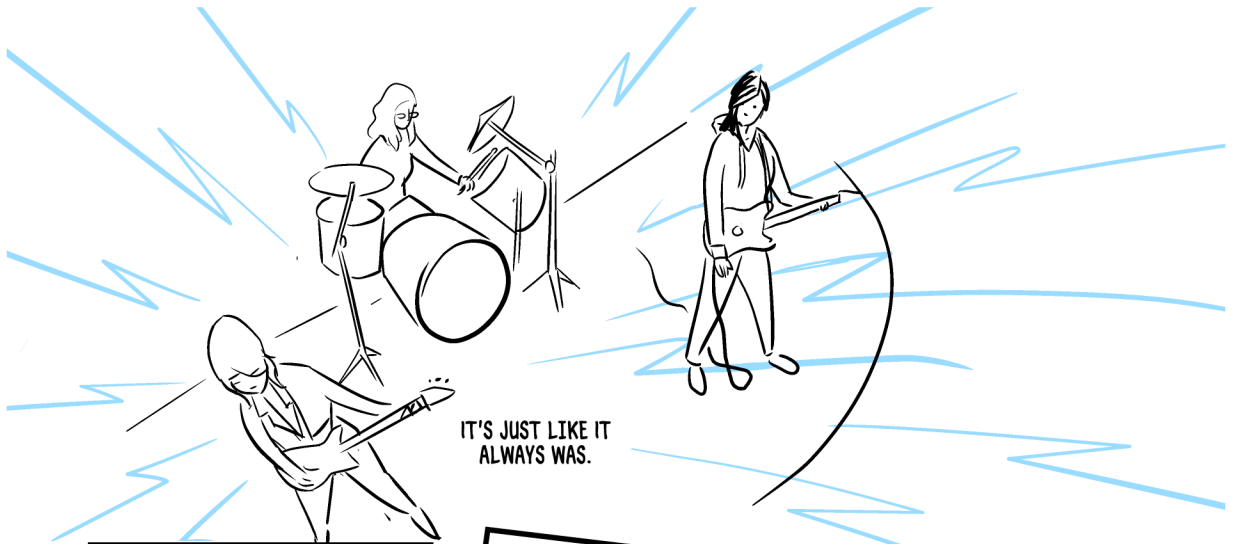
THE STRINGS ARE SHARP.

THIS IS MY GUITAR.

HOW DID THEY GET IT OUT OF MY HOUSE?

A SONG SPUTTERS TO LIFE BESIDE ME.

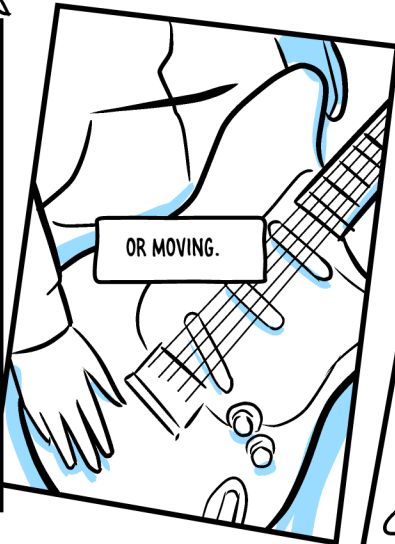




IT'S JUST LIKE IT ALWAYS WAS.



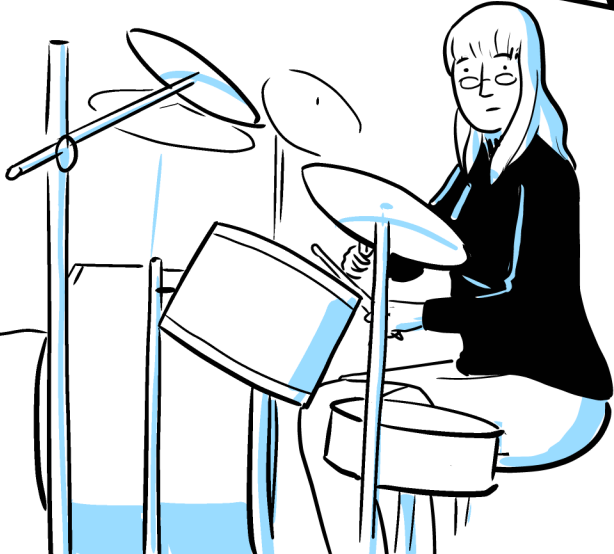
EXCEPT I'M NOT PLAYING.

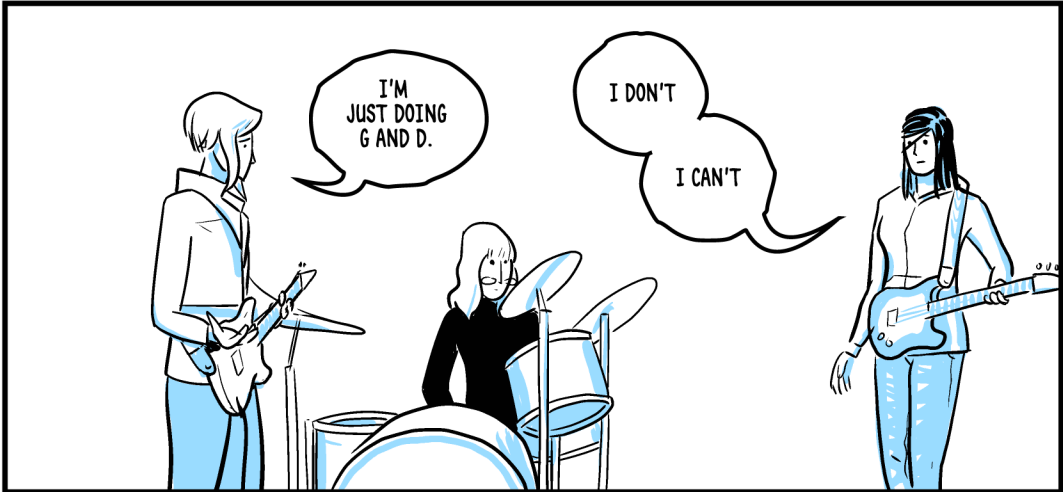
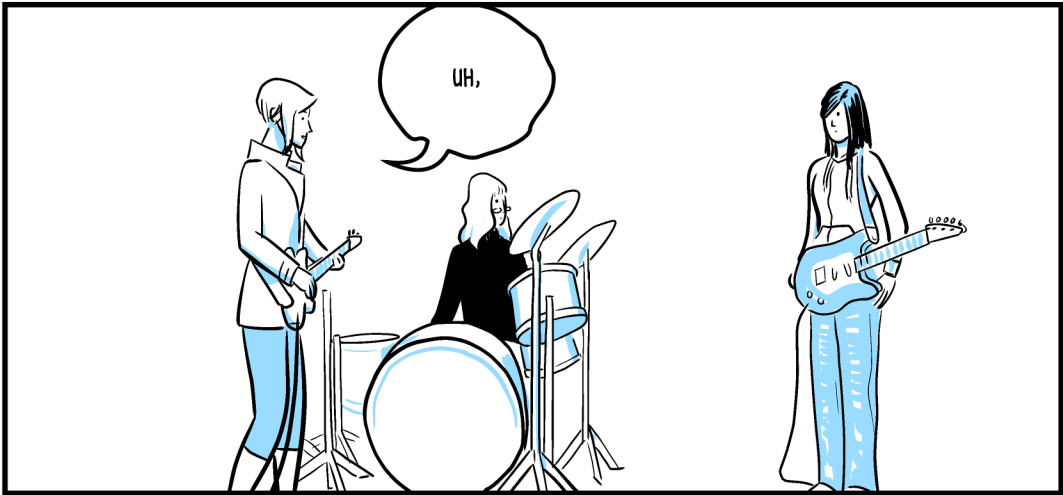
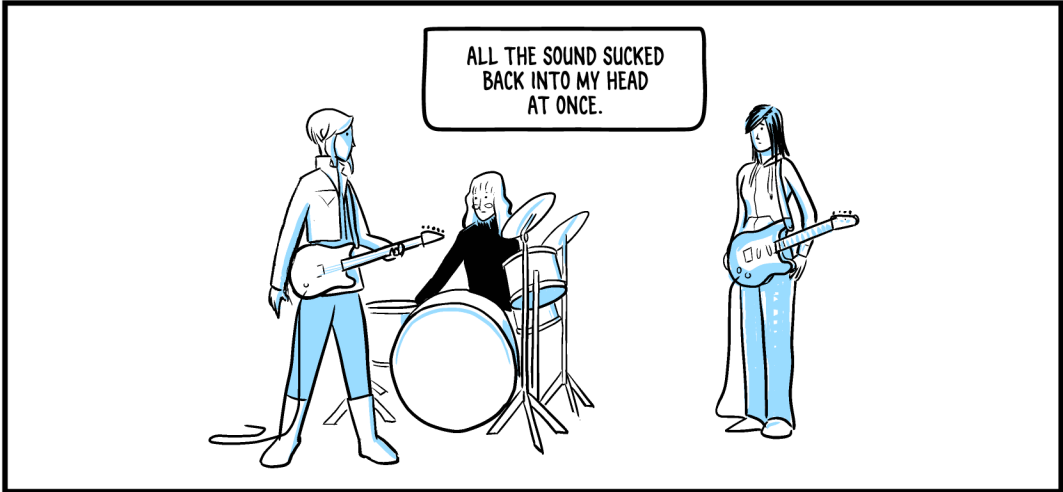


OR MOVING.

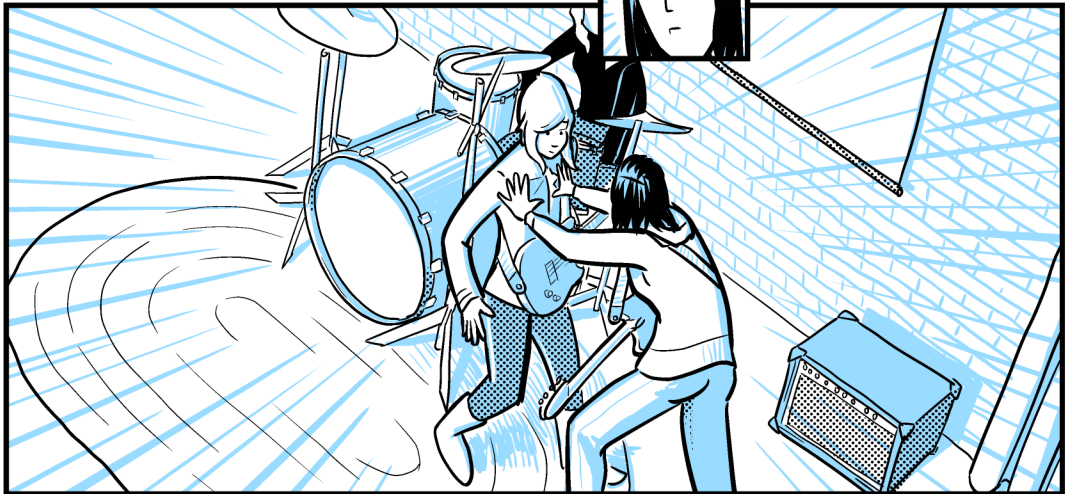
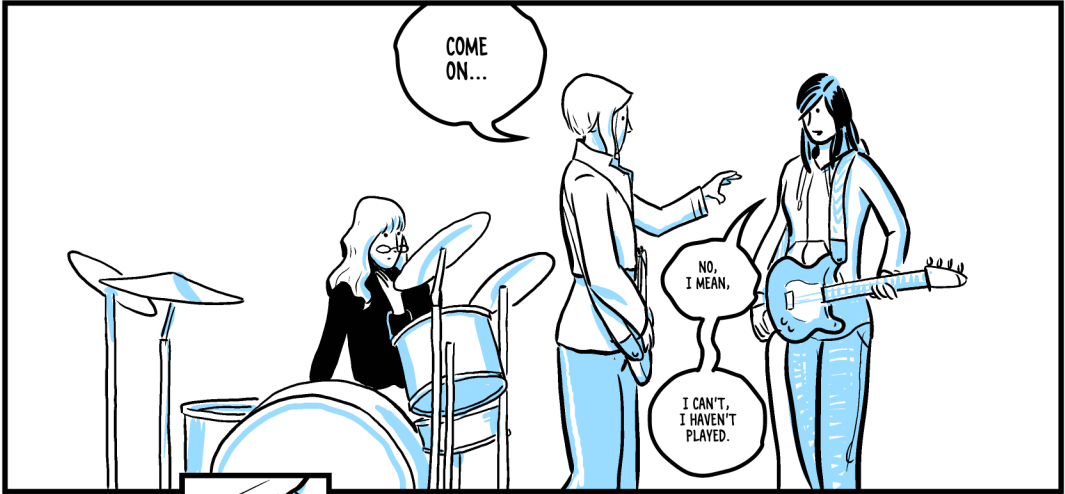


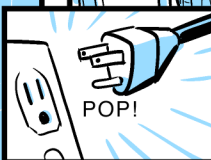
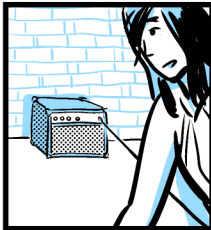
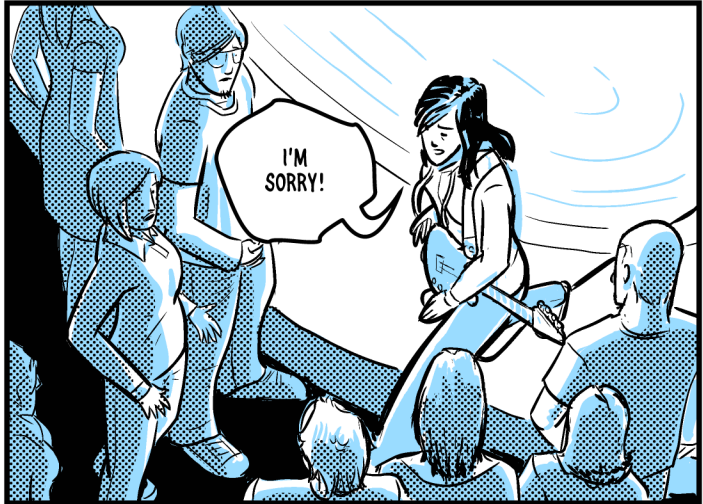
AT ALL.

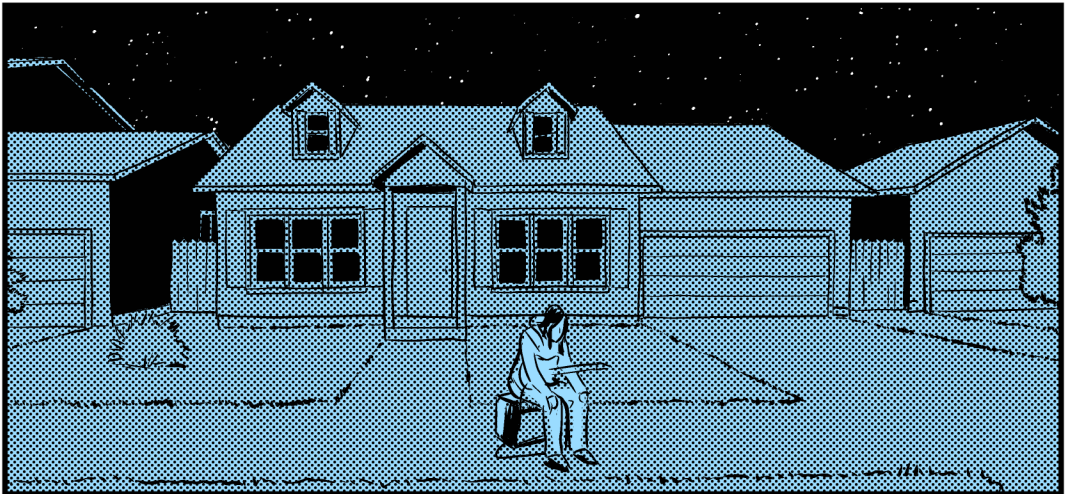
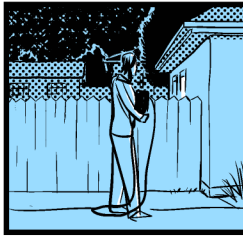
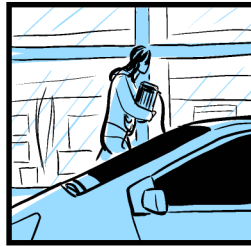














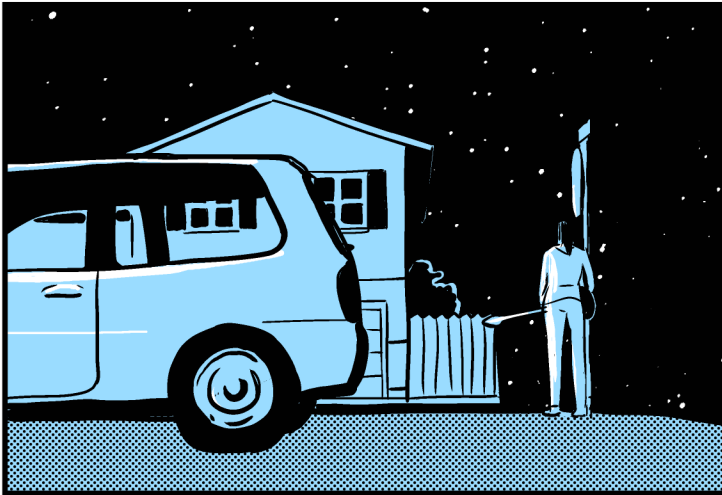
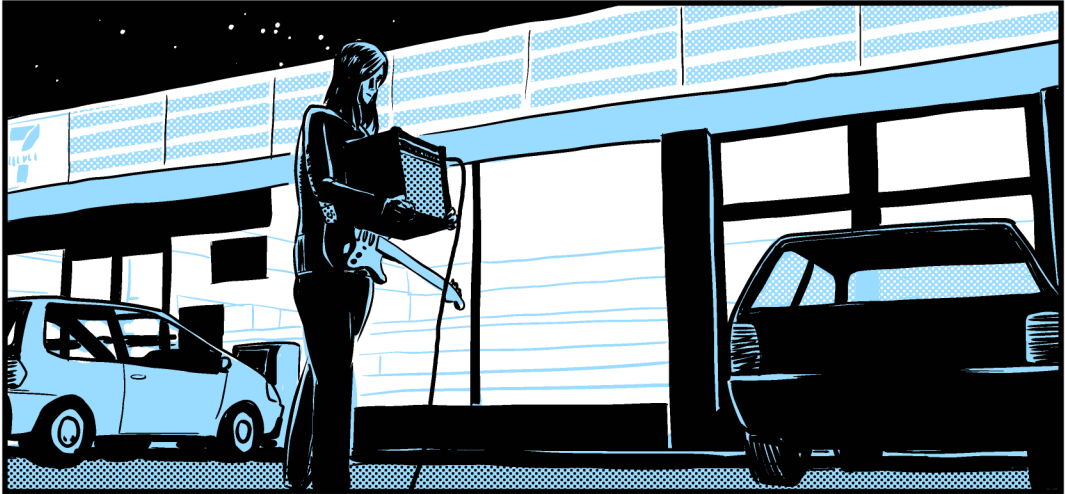


THIS ISN'T  
MY GUITAR.

















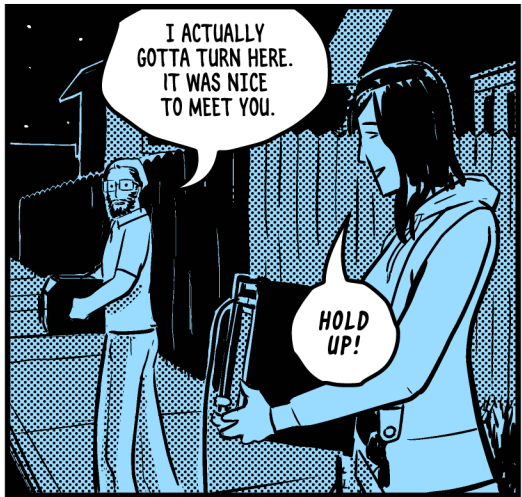
HO, IT'S A LONG STORY.  
I JUST BAILED ON A BOTCHED ROCK SHOW.

WOW.



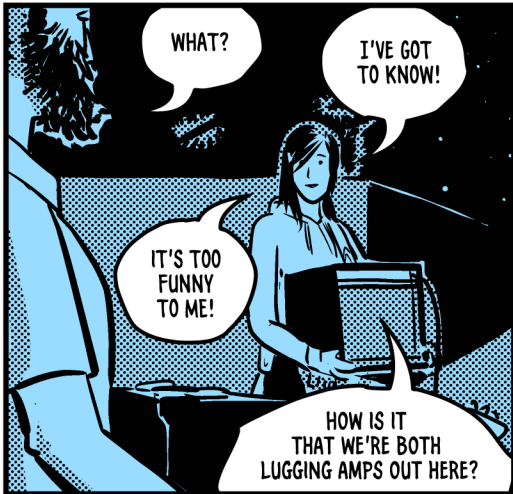
WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE LUGGING THAT THING?

woooooo wooooo



I ACTUALLY GOTTA TURN HERE. IT WAS NICE TO MEET YOU.

HOLD UP!



WHAT?

I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

IT'S TOO FUNNY TO ME!

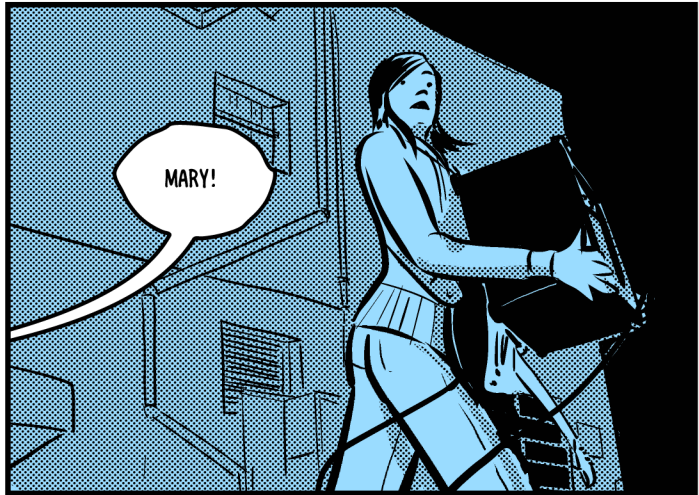
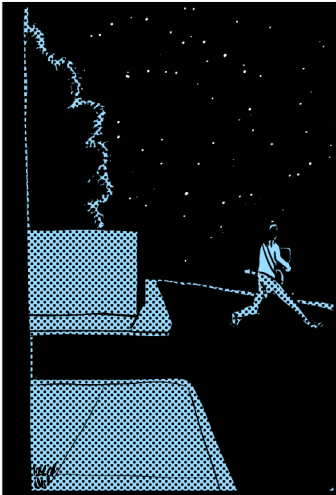
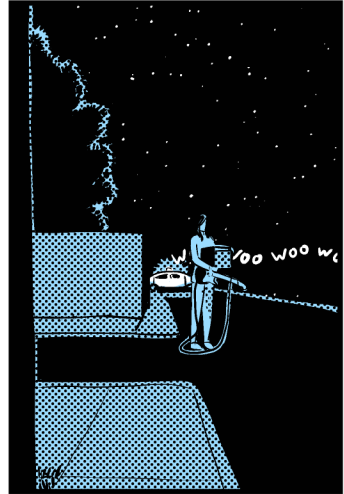
HOW IS IT THAT WE'RE BOTH LUGGING AMPS OUT HERE?

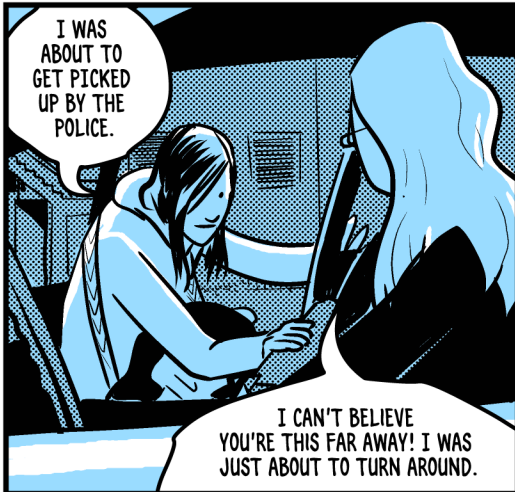


OH,

I JUST STOLE THIS FROM THE MUSIC SHOP ON FIFTH!

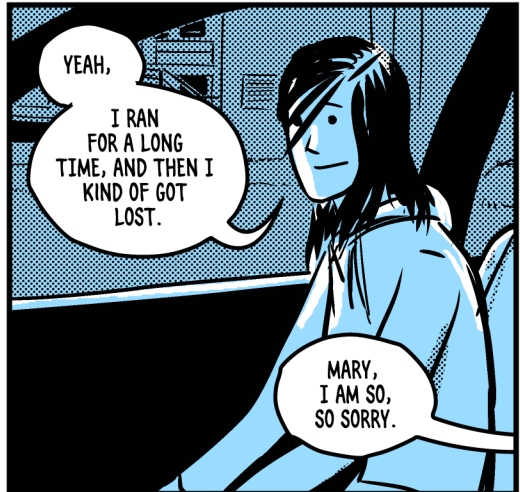
SEE YA!





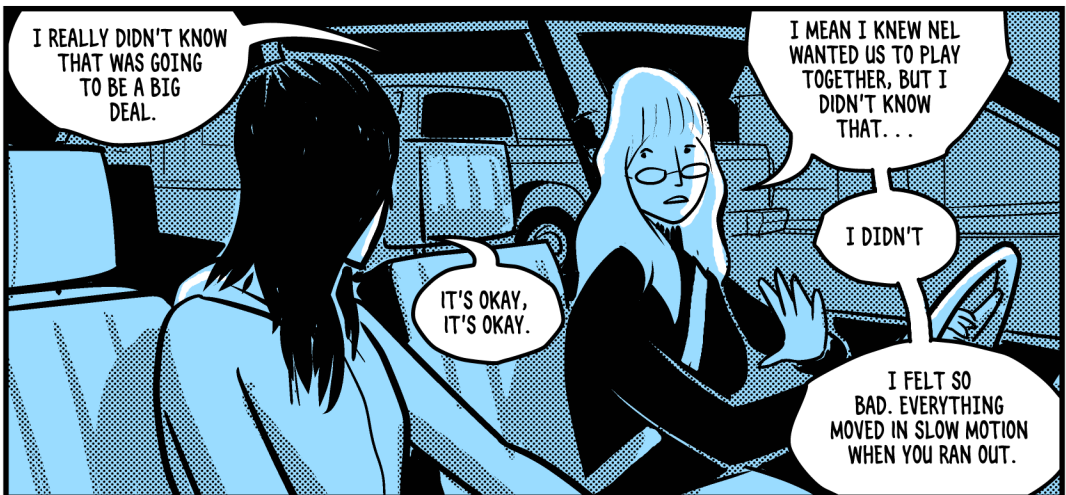
I WAS ABOUT TO GET PICKED UP BY THE POLICE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE THIS FAR AWAY! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TURN AROUND.



YEAH, I RAN FOR A LONG TIME, AND THEN I KIND OF GOT LOST.

MARY, I AM SO, SO SORRY.



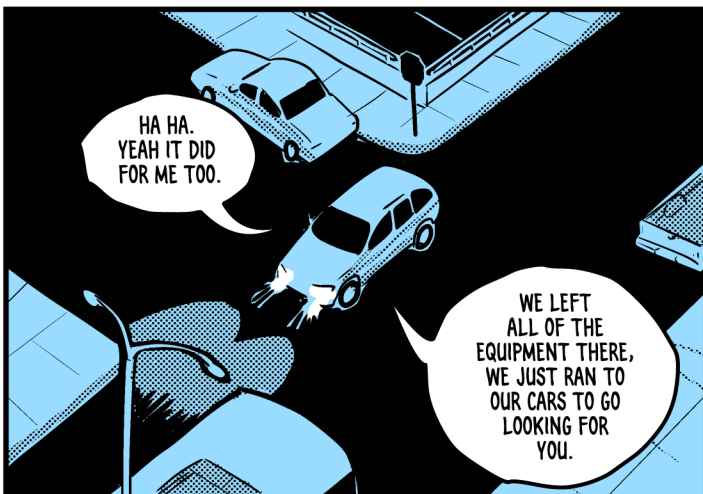
I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW THAT WAS GOING TO BE A BIG DEAL.

IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY.

I MEAN I KNEW NEL WANTED US TO PLAY TOGETHER, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT...

I DIDN'T

I FELT SO BAD. EVERYTHING MOVED IN SLOW MOTION WHEN YOU RAN OUT.



HA HA. YEAH IT DID FOR ME TOO.

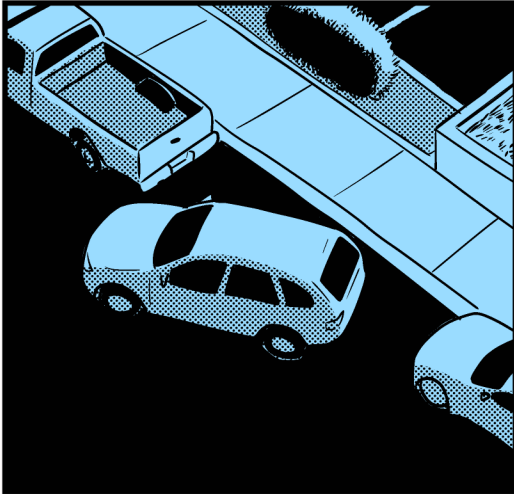
WE LEFT ALL OF THE EQUIPMENT THERE, WE JUST RAN TO OUR CARS TO GO LOOKING FOR YOU.

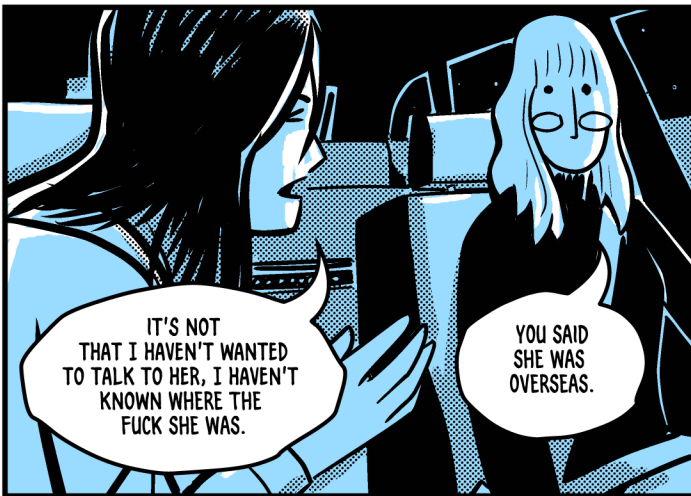
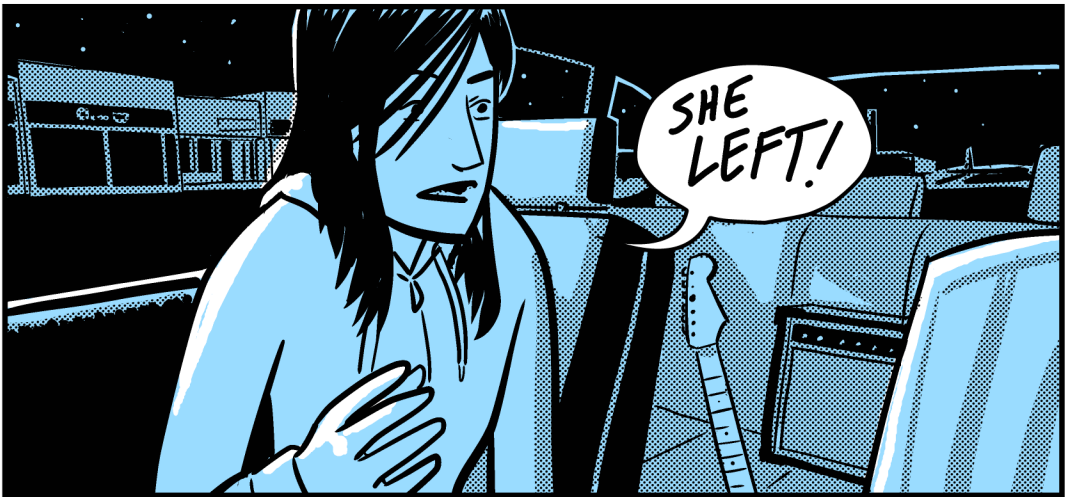
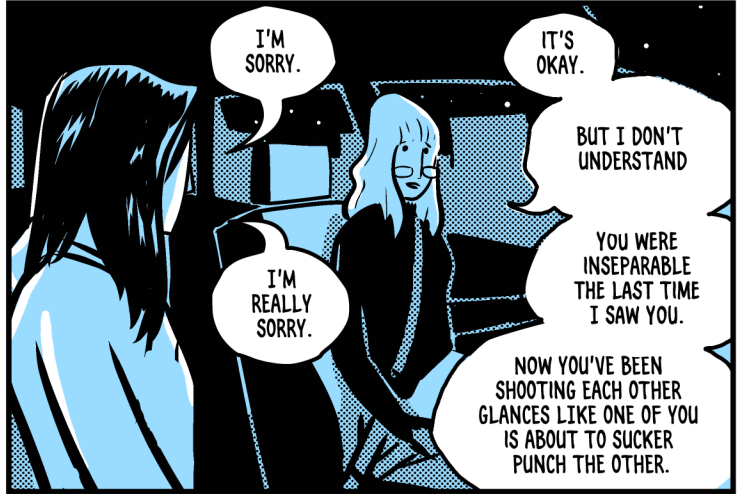


UM

CAN YOU PULL OVER FOR A SECOND?





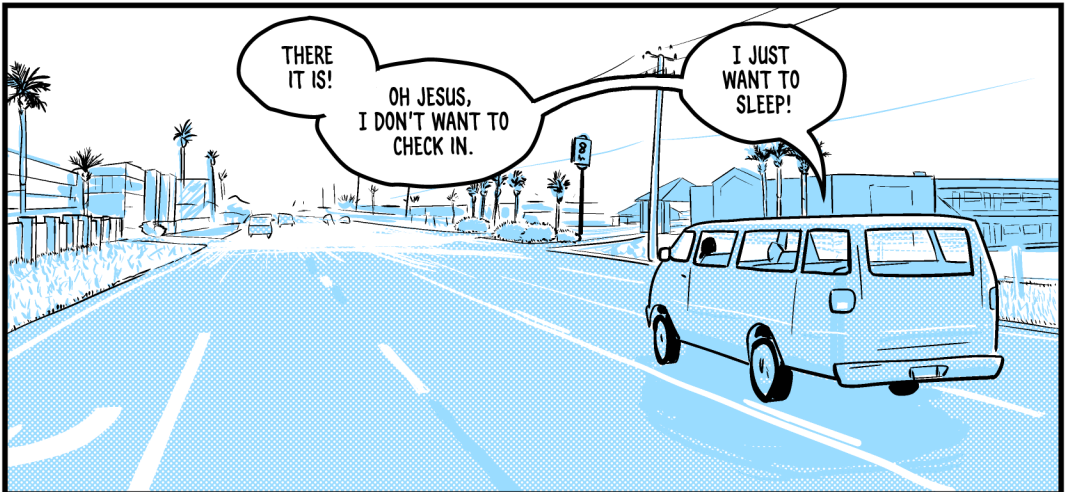


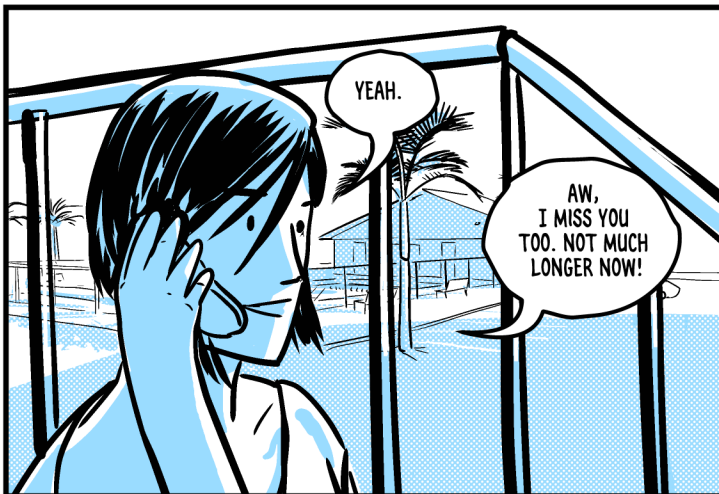
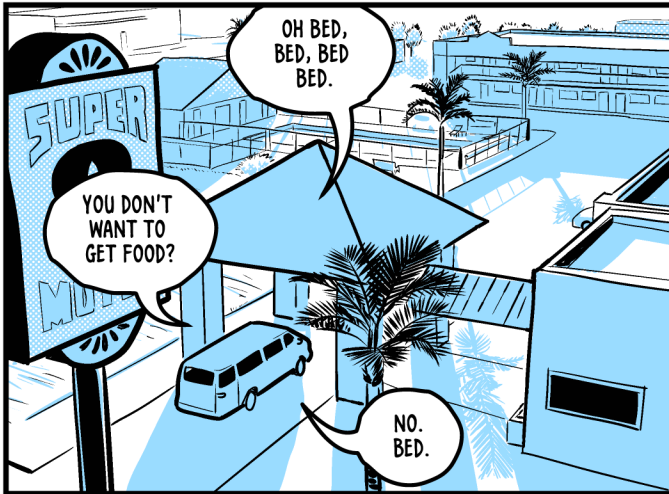


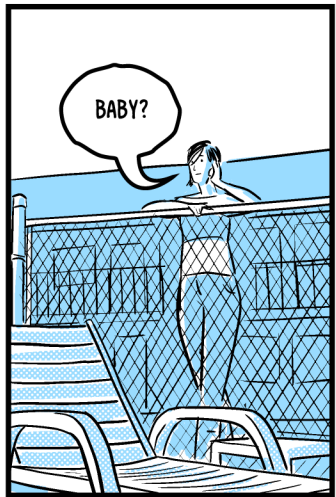
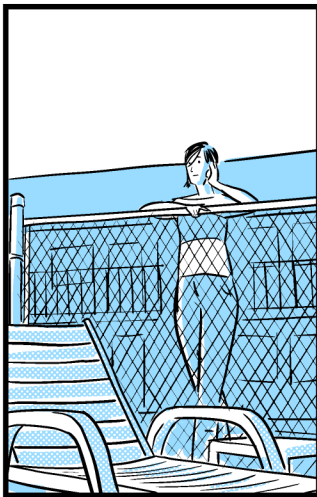
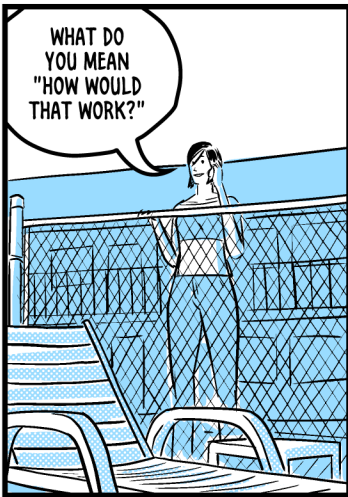
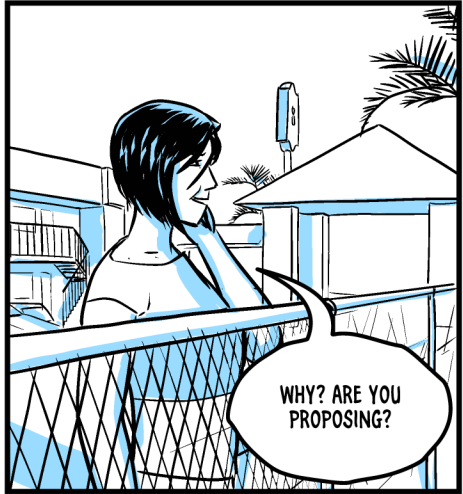
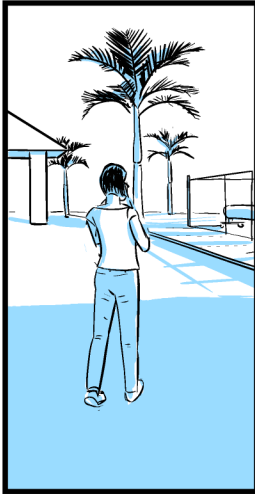


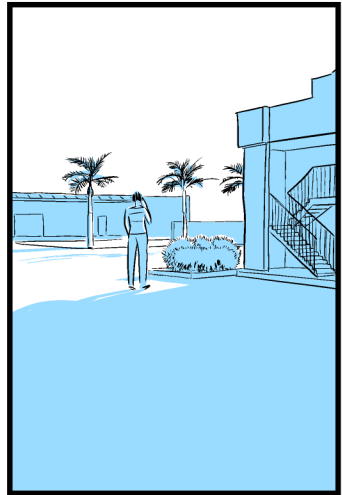
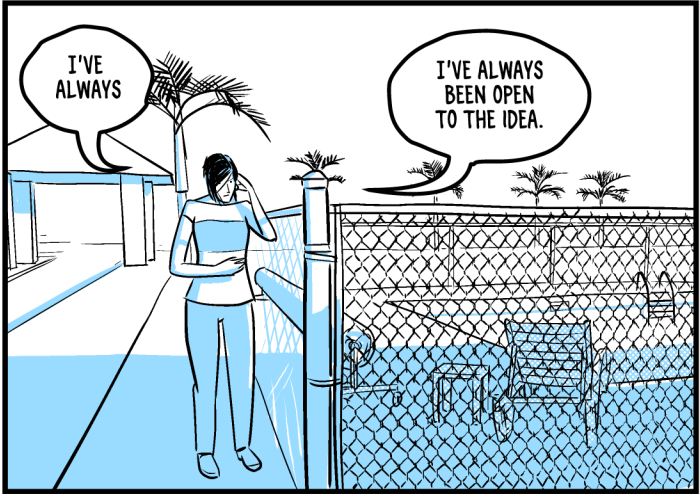
WE'D BEEN ON TOUR  
FOR SIX MONTHS,  
WE HAD THREE DAYS  
LEFT BEFORE WE  
GOT TO GO HOME.

WE WERE WELL INTO  
THE HOME STRETCH.

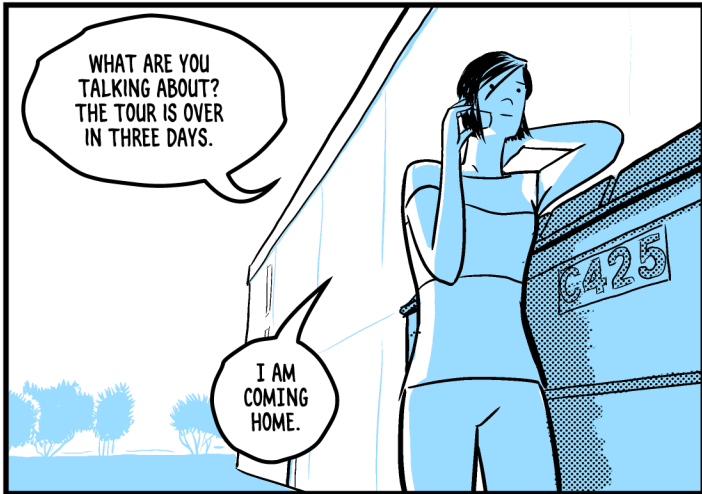




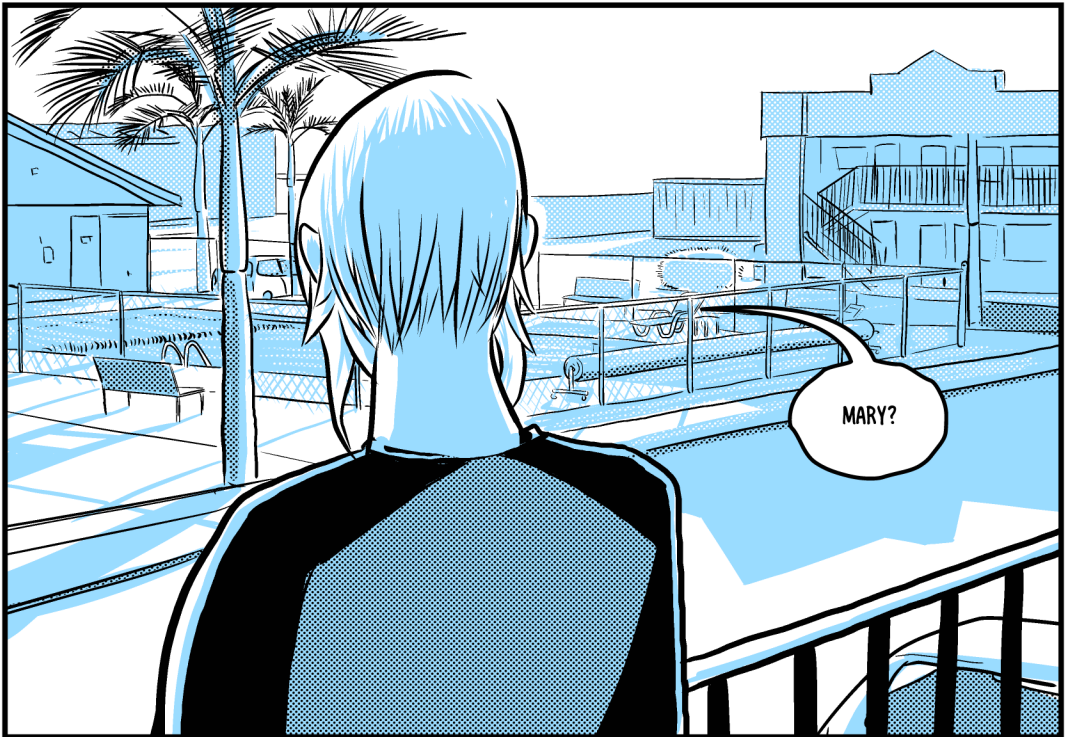


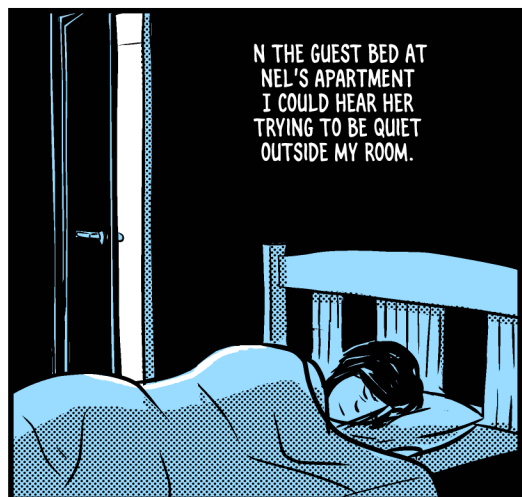
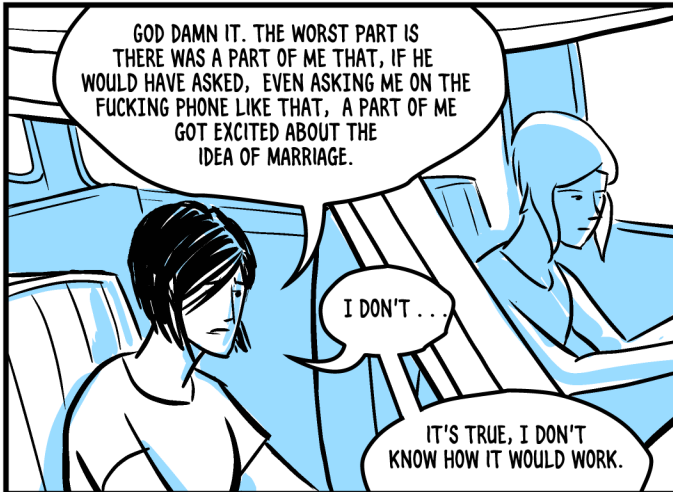


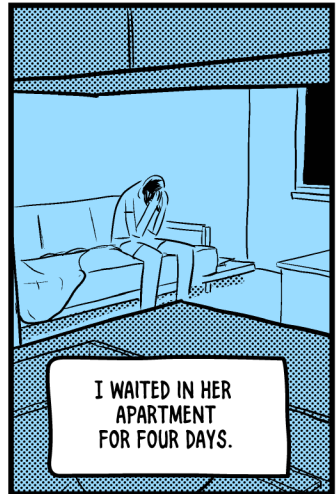
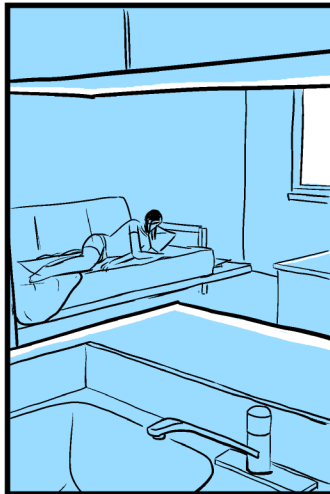
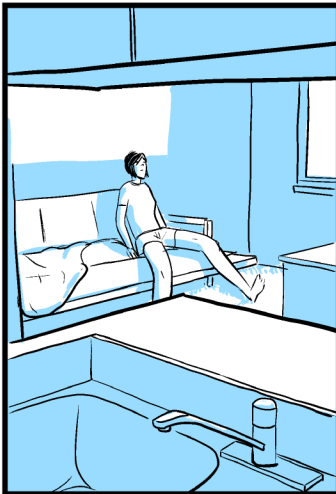
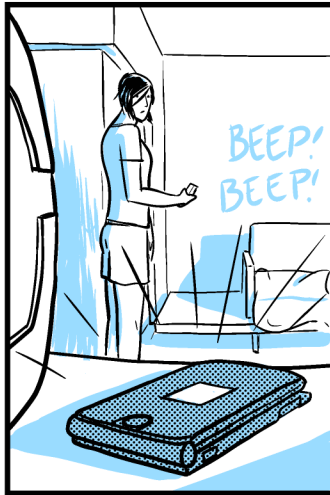


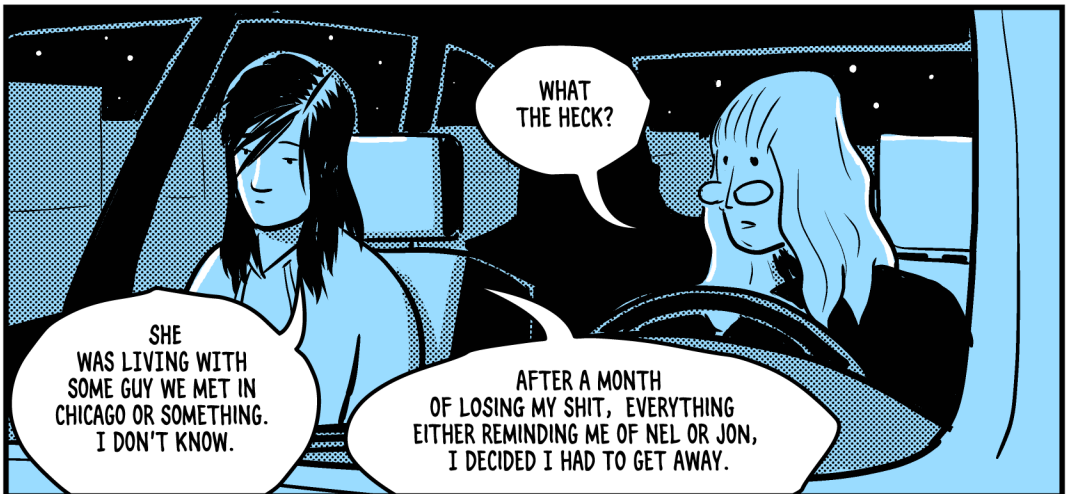
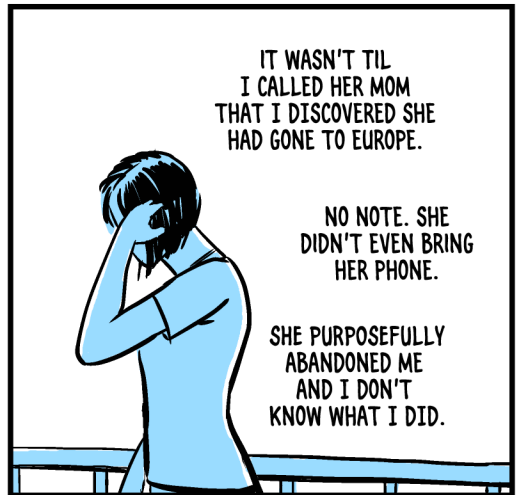
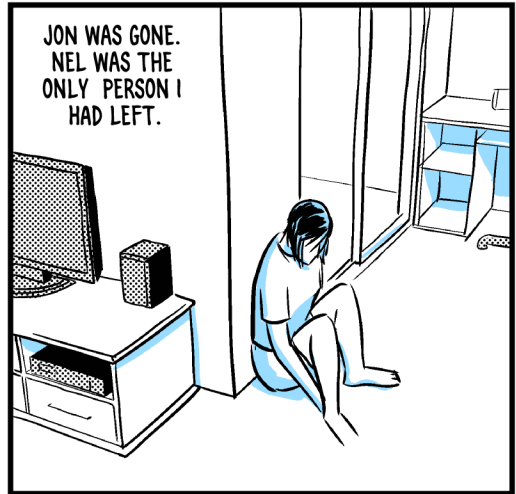




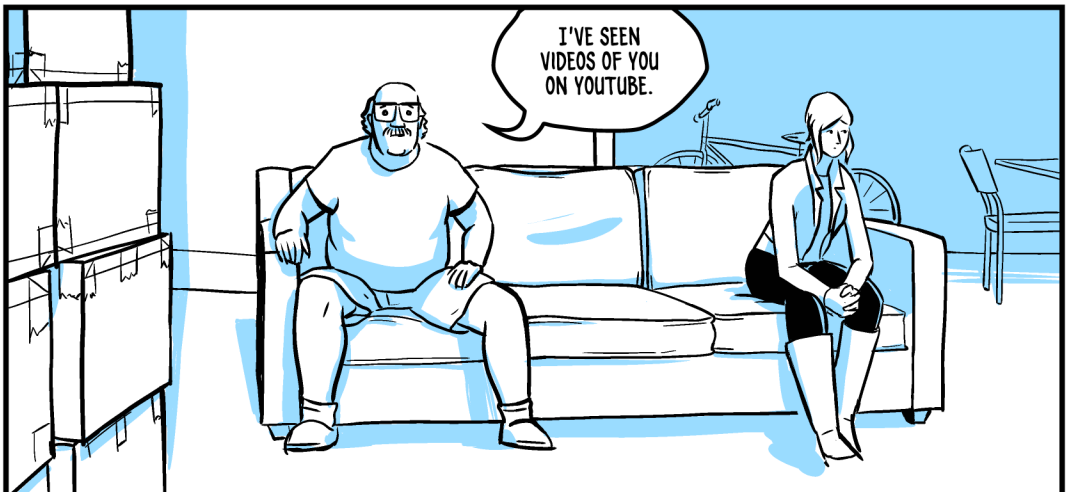
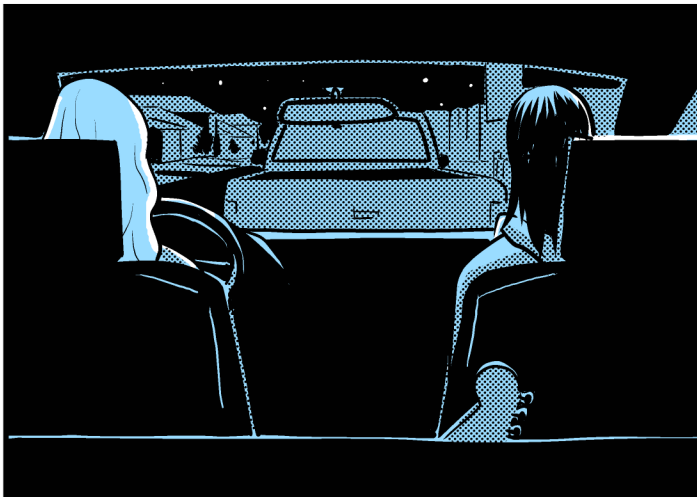
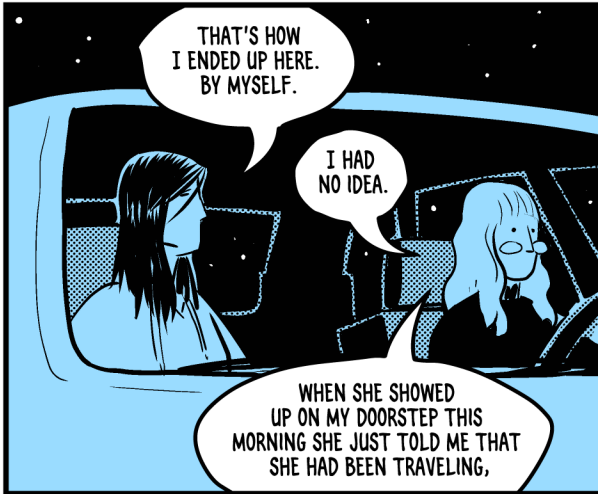




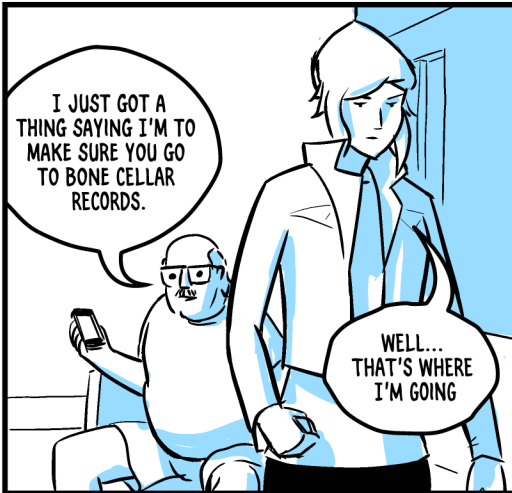
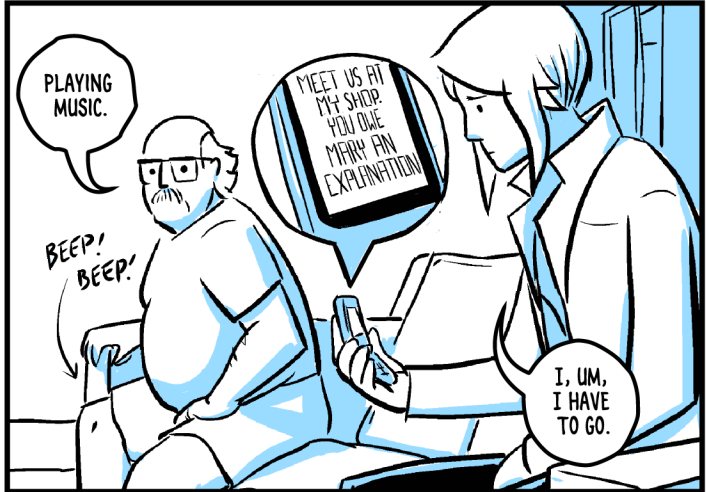






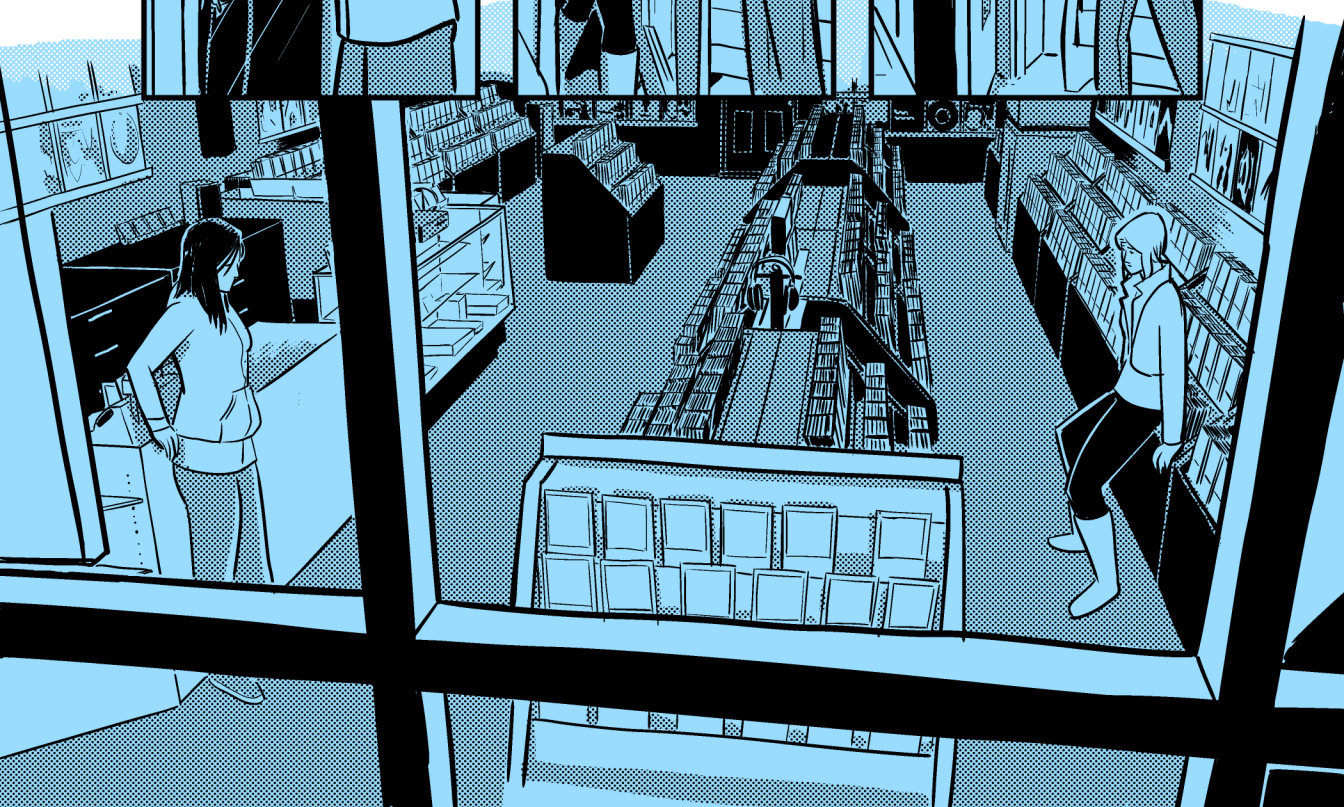
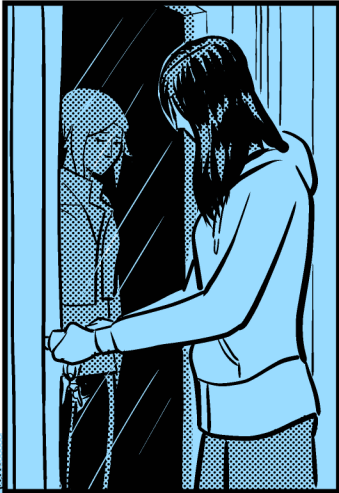
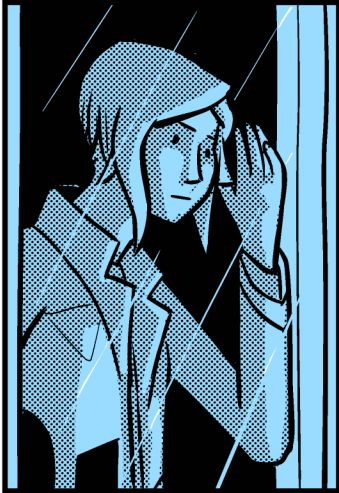


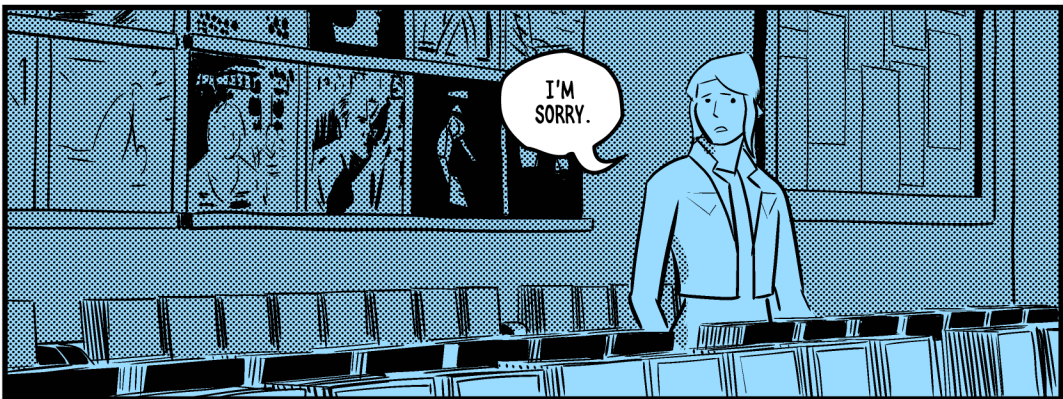




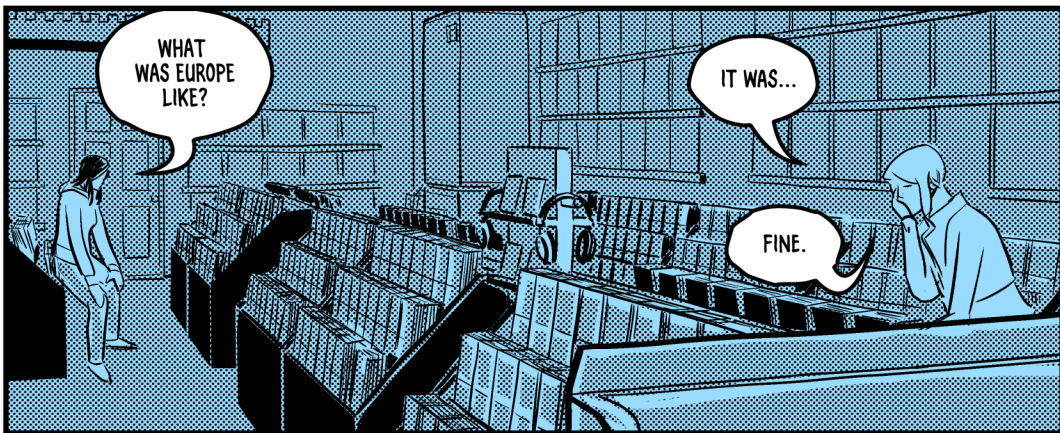
















AT ME.



JUST LET ME GET THROUGH THIS.

I WAS SO MAD AT YOU AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHY.

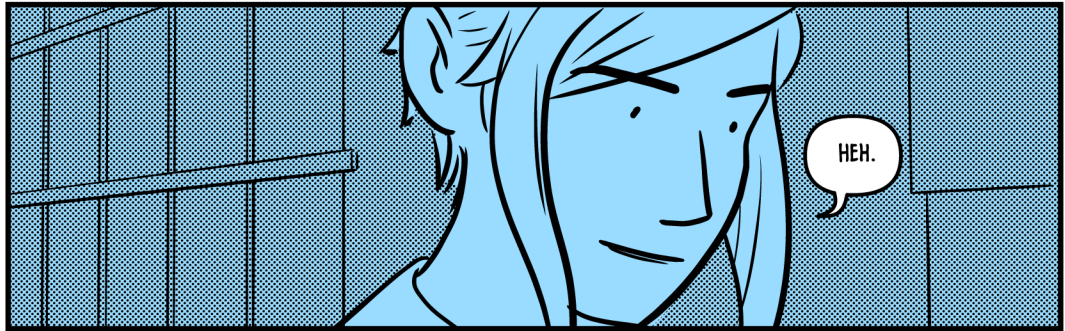


I WOULD WAKE UP IN THIS BEAUTIFUL SCOTTISH TOWN, THE SUN WOULD BE SHINING, THERE WERE LITERALLY DUCKS IN THE BACK YARD, AND I WOULD BE IRATE FOR NO REASON.



WE WOULD

WE WOULD



HEH.





