WHERE I'M COMING FROM
BARBARA BRANDON-CROFT

NEJISHIKI
YOSHIHARU TSUGE
TRANSLATED BY RYAN HOLMBERG

WORK–LIFE BALANCE
AISHA FRANZ
TRANSLATED BY NICHOLAS HOUDÈ

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME?
PAUL B. RAINEY

BROOKLYN'S LAST SECRET
LESLIE STEIN

HARVEY KNIGHT'S ODYSSEY
NICK MAANDAG

WE ARE ON OUR OWN
NEW PAPERBACK EDITION
MIRIAM KATIN

KITARO
SHIGERU MIZUKI
TRANSLATED BY JOCELYNE ALLEN
Few Black cartoonists have ever entered national syndication, and before Barbara Brandon-Croft, none of them were women. From 1989 to 2005, Brandon-Croft brought Black women’s perspectives to an international audience with her trailblazing comic strip *Where I’m Coming From*. Brandon-Croft appraises popular opinion through nine distinct women in constant dialogue. From diets to daycare to debt to the dreaded microaggressions of everyday racism, no issue is off-limits. This remarkable and unapologetically funny career retrospective holds a mirror up to the ways society has changed and all the ways it hasn’t. The magic in *Where I’m Coming From* is its ability to impress an honest image of Black life without sacrificing Black joy, bolstered by unexpected one-liners eliciting much needed laughter.

As the daughter of mid-century cartoonist Brumsic Brandon Jr., creator of the second nationally syndicated strip to feature a Black lead, Luther, Brandon-Croft learned from the best. With supplementary writing by the author and her peers alongside throwback ephemera, this long-overdue collection situates Brandon-Croft as an inimitable cartoonist, humorist, and social commentator, securing her place in the comics canon and allowing her work to inspire new readers at a time when it is most needed.

**PRAISE FOR WHERE I’M COMING FROM**

“Distinctly and quietly funny takes on life, love, and all the stuff in between.”
—Essence Magazine

“From rape convictions to ‘Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell’ to the challenges of being a single mother, the diversity of Brandon-Croft’s characters’ conversations showcased a depth of feeling and sharpness of intellect that representations of Black women in media so desperately needed.”
—Black Nerd Problems

“[Barbara Brandon-Croft] explores humorously the serious issues affecting Black people and the nation as a whole, from the Clarence Thomas hearings to the Rodney King verdict and questions of equal justice.”
—The New York Times

*Where I’m Coming From*
BARBARA BRANDON-CROFT

A seasoned cartoonist of epic proportions, Brandon-Croft carves out space for Black women’s perspectives in her nationally syndicated strip.
SONYA: Why are you so mad at me?

I'M REALLY MAD AT MYSELF FOR LISTENING TO YOU.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

You said I should cut Kenny loose and now he has a new girlfriend.

You should know better than to listen to me. I CERTAINLY DON'T.

I SAID NO.

YES YOU DID.

IT'S ANNUAL SENSE TIME ON THE JOB AND ONCE AGAIN, I'M LOOSED OFF.

MY BOSS INFORMS ME THAT I WOULD BE RECEIVING A NEARLY 400 INCREASE.

HE INSISTED THAT A 3% RAISE WAS THE MAXIMUM HE WOULD ALLOW TO GIVE.

AND HAD THE NERVE TO ADD, "IT'S NOT MY FAULT...

SAY "SAD" "BOTCH I CANT EVEN MEET MY BILLS WITH THAT TRIVIUM ACCEPTABLE!"

OUR BOSS IS SO LOW.

AIN'T I THE RACE?

OK OK COME ON...

"HIGH SCHOOL DROPPED TO BE—"

"NY DROPPED TO BE..."

"MY SO-CALLED FRIENDS"

"I'M NOT GOING TO TALK TO ME, "YOU THINK I'M A

EXCUSE ME. THIS IS AMERICA WHERE AN OPEN DAD IS NOT LEGIT.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU ARE FROM.

IT'S THE FACT THAT AIN'T RIGHT.

YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE RIGHT.

DON'T YOU?

ME? NO! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK YOU MADE A...

YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE RIGHT.

DON'T YOU?

ME? NO! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK YOU MADE...

WROUGHT TURN BACK THERE. I'M GOING TO STOP AND ASK SOMEONE.

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

I DID MAKE A MISTAKE, WOULDN'T HAVE TO TURN AROUND.

WAIT, RIGHT.
CONGRATULATIONS,
WHERE THE NAME OF THE AWARD
THE SONG WENT TO WOMEN
SOUNDS PRESTIGIOUS, JAY!
IT IS MY FOLKS ARE SO PROUD!
WHAT IS TURNEE TO SAY?
THE SAY WHO?
THE SAY WE SLEPT THE FIRST SIX MONTHS!
THE SING H E GETS, HE KNOWS YOU COULD WRITE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, NICOLE NOW?
SHE'S JUST A LITTLE DEPRESSED THAT'S ALL...
SHE WENT GROCERY SHOPPING TODAY AND...
THE BIGGER CALLED ME MAM.

MAURICE IS DEPRESSED AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID. HE'S NOT TALKING...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU TRY TO LEARN TAKE ON THE RESPONSIBILITY THEN MAKE A PROPOSITION?
PERHAPS MAURICE'S MOURNERS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU!

EXACTLY NOTHING AT ALL TO DO WITH YOU!
NOTHING TO DO WITH ME, HUH? WELL, NOW I'M DEPRESSED!

WHY DO I ALWAYS AFFECT THE EMOTIONAL?
I WENT OUT WITH JAMES TWO MONTHS AGO AND I THREW ME A GOOD TIME.
ACTUALLY THOUGHT SOMETHING SPECIAL WAS DEVELOPING BETWEEN US. THEN NOTHING.

FINALLY YESTERDAY I CALLED ME. SORRY HE DIDN'T RETURN MY PHONE BUT HE'S BEEN SO BUSY. JUST LISTENED!

THEN, WITH WHAT I CAN ONLY DESCRIBE AS BORDERS IN HIS VOICE, HE ASKED, 'SO YOU HATE ME? HUH?'
I ALLOWED MY INDIFFERENCE TO ROLL THROUGH THE PHONE AS I RESPONDED.

WHO IS THIS?
Barbara Brandon-Croft was born in Brooklyn and grew up on Long Island. After debuting her comic strip Where I'm Coming From in the Detroit Free Press in 1989, Brandon-Croft became the first Black woman cartoonist to be published nationally by a major syndicate. During its 15-year run, Where I'm Coming From appeared in over 65 newspapers across the USA and Canada, as well as Jamaica, South Africa, and Barbados. Her comics are in the permanent collection of the Library of Congress. Brandon-Croft lives in Queens.
Nejishiki unveils the most iconic scenes from Yoshiharu Tsuge’s highly respected body of work alongside his most beloved stories. A cornerstone of Japan’s legendary 1960s counterculture that galvanized avant-garde manga and comics criticism, the title story follows an injured young man as he wanders through a village of strangers in search of emotional and physical release. Other stories in this collection follow a series of weary travelers who while away sultry nights and face menacing doppelgangers. Even banal activities like afternoon strolls uncover unsavory impulses. The emotionally and erotically charged imagery collected in this third volume remains as shocking and vivid today as it did upon its debut fifty years ago.

PRAISE FOR YOSHIHARU TSUGE
“Fascinating...one of Japan’s most celebrated and reclusive artists.”
—The Guardian

“Tsuge’s raw and profound work is equal parts pathos and poetry, streaked with irony and ribaldry.”
—Kirkus Starred Review

“Exemplary...an elucidating glimpse into modern manga’s origins.”
—Publishers Weekly Starred Review

Tsuge’s stories push boundaries, abruptly crossing the threshold of conventional storytelling. Unassuming protagonists venture further into eerie symbolism against a shadowy, perceptibly dreamlike landscape easily mistaken for the real world. The angst that pervades postwar Japanese society threatens to devour his characters and their pastoral sensibilities as each protagonist’s wanderlust turns surreal.
AIGHT AS WELL GO FOR A WALK.

A DOG!!

T hey think whoever did it probably got out to see if she was okay then ran away.

I HEARD THEY'RE BRINGING A DOG.

YOU KNOW TO SEE IF HE CAN PICK UP A SCENT.

WHAT HAPPENED WITH THAT ACCIDENT LAST NIGHT?

BUT THEY FOUND SOME FOOTPRINTS IN THE GRASS.

APPARENTLY THERE'S NO WITNESS.
These pages are meant to be read from right to left.

I'LL TAKE THESE FOUR YEN ONES.

YOU CAN CHUCK THESE OLD ONES.

I LIKE THE ZZM ZZM ZZM PART. YOU CAN REALLY FEEL IT.

YOU KNOW, IT HAPPENS SOME TIMES WHEN YOU'RE RIDING A BIKE.

BESIDES, THEY WERE OLD, SO I WAS PLANNING ON BUYING A NEW PAIR ANYWAY.

DOGS BITE OR SPEW IS AMAZING. I HEAR THEY NEVER GET IT WRONG.

I THOUGHT THEY WERE BRINGING A DOG.

DO THE POLICE LEAVE YET?
Yoshiharu Tsuge was born in Tokyo, Japan in 1937. Influenced by the realistic and gritty rental manga of Yoshihiro Tatsumi, he began making his own comics. He was also briefly recruited to assist Shigeru Mizuki in the 1960s. In 1968, working for Garo magazine, Tsuge published the groundbreaking story “Neji-shiki” (commonly called “Screw Style” by Western readers), which established Tsuge as an influential mangaka and a cultural touchstone in the changing Japanese art world. He is considered the originator and greatest practitioner of the “I-novel” method of comics-making. In 2005, Tsuge was nominated for the Best Album Award at Angouleme International and in 2017 he won the Japan Cartoonists Association Grand Award for Yume to tabi no sekai.
To achieve the proper work-life balance perhaps we just need the right therapist to coach us through our day-to-day. Anita, Sandra, and Dex have ambitions. Anita wants to move from making utility ceramics to fine art sculpture but her pent up dissatisfaction results in an outburst that puts her studio mate’s work at risk. Sandra juggles her practical administrative day job at a startup with her wellness influencer channel, finding both in jeopardy when a messy affair with her coworker comes to light. In another corner of the same startup, Dex’s innovative ideas are rejected, leading him to spend his days hacking and working as a bike courier. All three are disillusioned with their daily grinds. As the pressure for self-improvement builds they all end up looking to the same therapist for answers. Soon the boundaries between work and life begin to bleed into each other and it becomes increasingly impossible to find balance. All the solace the characters expect their therapist to provide is obscured by her quirks, whims, and psycho-parlance, leading to sessions that are neglectful at best and actively inhibit growth at worst. In striking colors and trippy transformational sequences, Aisha Franz captures the comedic absurdity of contemporary work-life and wellness culture.

PRAISE FOR AISHA FRANZ
"A wise and funny journey through loneliness and confusion."—The Guardian
"Shit is Real uncannily conjures both a sense of familiarity and displacement. Reality blends with dreams, as well as the hyper charged digital environment."—Los Angeles Review of Books
"Depression and loneliness—and how people cope—are aptly explored through Aisha Franz’s often surreal pencil drawings."—The Globe & Mail

WORK-LIFE BALANCE
AISHA FRANZ
TRANSLATED BY NICHOLAS HOUDE
A cutting portrayal of the pursuit of work-life balance from the cartoonist of Shit is Real
I MAKE POTTERY.

PLATES, VASES, THAT KIND OF STUFF...

IT'S KINDA MY HOBBY AND JOB IN ONE.

DOES IT MAKE YOU HAPPY?

YEAH... WELL...
NOT ALWAYS.

#ceramiclove
#potterylife
#instapotter
#pottery
#ceramics

#pottery
#contemp
#ceramic

WAAAA

AAA
I just flipped out.

Like I was possessed or something.

Hm...

Have you experienced something like that before?

No, not like that.

But I've been feeling annoyed for a while now.

About what?

I don't know.

Maybe because I'm just selling random stuff on Etsy.
Aisha Franz is a comic book artist and illustrator living in Berlin. She has published four graphic novels that have been translated into multiple languages and her illustrations have appeared in *Bloomberg BusinessWeek*, *Die Zeit Leo*, and the *New York Times*. Her book *Shit Is Real* was nominated for the L.A. Times book award in 2019. Together with the Berlin-based print studio Colorama she co-hosts the residency project Clubhouse.
Claire and Mark are in the doldrums of an unhappy marriage. She doesn’t get out of her bathrobe and chain-smokes while slumped on the couch. Mark has lost track of the days and can’t get the kids to school on time. They’ve lost interest in family and order-in pizza and Chinese food every night. Mark sleeps on the couch and has trouble remembering his son’s name. He feels like a fraud at work but somehow succeeds. Claire stalks an ex-boyfriend. How could he have left her to this life? Claire and Mark are both plagued by the idea that this is all a dream. Didn’t they have different lives? When reports of an imminent nuclear war come on the radio, the truth begins to dawn on them: this is not the life they chose.

Why Don’t You Love Me? is a pitch-black comedy about marriage, alcoholism, depression, and mourning lost opportunities. Paul B. Rainey has created a hilariously terrifying alternate reality/parallel world where confusion and pain might lead people to make bad choices but also eventually freedom...maybe.

PRAISE FOR PAUL B. RAINEY

“[There’s No Time Like the Present] is his magnum opus...It took [Rainey] seven years to finish, it took me seven hours, but every second was well spent, for both of us.”—Bleeding Cool

“One of the true veterans of the UK small press comics scene [drawing] delightfully bizarre and sometimes darkly comedic strips ranging from offbeat parody to semi-autobiography.”—Broken Frontier

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FULL TITLE LIST
Mummy! Mummy!

WHAT ARE YOU ASKING ME FOR?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

THOMAS... DANNY... JIM
WHATSOEVER YOUR NAME IS
DON'T MESS AROUND
PUT YOUR UNIFORM ON,
I'LL TAKE YOU!

WHERE IS OUR UNIFORM?
I DON'T KNOW WHEREVER
YOU LEFT IT,
SCATTERED ACROSS YOUR BEDROOM FLOOR!

LOOK, DO YOU WANT TO
GET TO SCHOOL OR DON'T YOU?

YEAH... DO YOU THINK
YOU SHOULD REVIEW THAT INDOOR

WHAT ABOUT THE KIDS' NAMES?
COOL IDEA... I ERE ALISON?

CHARLEY: HE'S A ME.
IS GROGLY!

RIGHT, RIGHT,
BOOBIES, EYES THAT END E...

NO MATTER, I'LL TRY BOTH.

IT'S NOT SURPRISING,
FOR ANYTHING, YOU?
FOUND IT JUST "SALLY"!

HAHA! YOU'RE
REALLY NAUGHTY
BY YOU, NAUGHTY...
BA HAI! YOU'RE
SCHOOL ON A SATURDAY?
I MEAN IT'S A MERRY DAY!

ALRIGHT, I DON'T
GET YOUR NAUGHTIES IN
A TRICK!

I DON'T KNOW WHY
YOU'RE BOBBING,
THE PAssengers PROBABLY
KNEE OF VARIOUS LETTERS
AND NUMBERS,
UPPER AND
LOWER CASE
LETTERS,
AND VARIOUS
CHARACTERS
ANYWAY.

MUM! ISN'T REALLY
ANNOYING US!

I'M JUST
EPICING AT BREATHING
IN...

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT I'M
STUCK IN A HOUSE WITH YOU
THERE WITHOUT YOUR STRANGE FRIENDS COMING
EVERYTHING!

SO OVER TO LEARK'S HOUSE
AND PLAY! AND TAKING YOUR
SISTER WITH YOU!
WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME?

HELLO!

OH, yeah. Sorry about that. I've taken them to the dentist for something in the little while.

Well, was that?

The school apparently, the kids haven't turned up yet.

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE STILL IN BED!

OH, I'll get them up, shall I?

HEE! THE TIME TO GET UP FOR SCHOOL!

SHE'S ONLY THREE YEARS OLD!

OH, I'LL CLEAN IT AFTER ALL.

OH, YOU VERRY NAKED! ARE YOU VERRY NAUGHTY?

NEXT TIME YOU FINK, TRY MATCH IT IN THE BOX, WILL YOU?

FUCK!

PIZZA AGAIN?

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT? WHEN DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO PIZZA FOR DINNER?

I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL...

HURK!

OH, YOU VERRRY NAUGHTY BUD! CHINESE TUNDEE BUD?!

OH, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.
FRAINEY

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME?

HEY, WHERES BRIDGET?

WHICH ONE?

YOU MEAN SHAR?

SHAR! SHE WAS HERE!

SHE WAS HERE!

FRAINEY

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME?

DIABULO! I NEEDED YOU TO BE ME AT THE TABLE. I NEEDED YOU TO BE ME AT THE SHED AND BY SOME IDEA AGE.

CIGARS.

HOPPER.

I'M ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD...

I NEED YOUR HELP. PLEASE.

I'M ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD...

I NEED YOUR HELP.

WHAT DO YOU THINK SAVING BETTER'D JUDGEMENT FOR EVA?

REALITY I'D TELL YOU WHAT...

REALITY I'D TELL YOU WHAT...

ROBERT SANGRE BANGE Called By My DRAGONITY.

BANG THE HILL...

AROUND THE LAKE.

THEIR INTO THE IRON SHOP FOR A LITTLE TREAT.

TANNY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU ARE NOT AN ANSWER.

YOU'RE THINKING TO BEND A PAVE IN GUTTER

HEAVY CLAIM TO BE WRITTEN IN MY BLOOD.

DO YOU HAVE ANY MONEY?

I CAN TELL.

YOUR FINGERS IN MY BANK...

DO YOU KNOW THAT...?

LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THAT...

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE HIM FROM THE COLD.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS BILL...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS BILL...

THURSTON SONGARDS HICKS AND A HANDEL ICE COLDY, PLEASE?

DO YOU GO
Paul B. Rainey is a British cartoonist who has been making comics for decades. In 2015, his graphic novel There's No Time Like The Present was published by Escape Books. He has been a regular contributing cartoonist to Viz since 2013. His creations include Peter The Slow Eater, 14 Year Old Stand Up Comedian, and Audrey Pemberton. He won the Observer Newspaper/Jonathan Cape/Comica Graphic Short Story Prize in 2020 with the strip Similar To But Not. In it, he recounts meeting the singer Madonna in his local pub in 1985. He has written, drawn and self-published many comics including Pope Francis Goes To The Dentist, Journey Into Indignity, and Gripe Night.
Welcome aboard the tour van of Major Threat—Brooklyn’s finest rock band yet to catch a break—as they traverse the US of A on a last-ditch summer festival tour. On drums we’ve got “band dad” Ed, the stoic drummer who keeps bumping into tech bro co-workers that he can’t quite relate to. On bass, there’s Paul, a man of mostly mystery, who drinks hard and yet manages to glide through life, intelligible to no one except energy-drink guzzling Marco, the baby of the band and newest replacement lead singer. And of course there’s the gentle and serene Lilith, a weed lollipop sucking, stuffed-animal backpack wearing guitarist healing from heartbreak.

There’s sex, drugs, and rock n roll, sure, but there’s also tender moments as the motley crew take turns behind the wheel, compiling lists of the hottest hunks and best guitar riffs to pass the miles. From tour fashion to breakdowns—mechanical and emotional—Leslie Stein holds no bars in this incredibly funny and heartfelt love-letter meets parody of life on the road.

Her first full-length fiction, Brooklyn’s Last Secret expertly showcases Stein’s trademark cocktail of charm, wit, and whimsy, leaving readers decidedly affected by their time spent in her world. With her smoothest line and most stunning watercolor washes to date, Brooklyn’s Last Secret reveals a lighter, more humorous tone from the LA Times Book Prize winning cartoonist.

PRAISE FOR LESLIE STEIN
“Leslie Stein’s [drawings] are prismatic, loopy, and effervescent. Her handwritten dialogue, squiggly forms, and watercolor washes are irresistible.”
—The Paris Review

“Frank, charming, insightful.”
—Buzzfeed Books

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Woo-Hoo!

Red Rocks
Here we come!

What's Red Rocks?

Oh, dude, you're going to love it.

Oh yeah, before we forget...

Jesus, their designer's rather literal.

Maybe they're lucky big California fans?

Is this our last show with FTLIC hardware?

It's a fest. But... Yeah.

Red Rocks

Day 19

Denver
Dude! We get to play here?

Oh...

It doesn’t matter, man. These things are where we actually get paid.

Dad sets up the whole tour. Thanks.

Oh, okay, cool.

Dude! Great set, man!

Cool. So, we’ve been meaning to talk to you about something if you have a minute, real quick.

Hey, thanks. You gonna stick around after our set?

Yeah, of course man.

Oh, hey! You gonna stick around after our set?

Yeah, of course man.

Sy, I just wanted to tell you how much I think you guys are like an amazing band.

Yeah, we know. You guys aren’t exactly caught on fire yet.
Leslie Stein is the cartoonist of I Know You Rider and the LA Times Book Prize Award winning Present, as well as I Know You Rider, Bright-Eyed at Midnight and the Eye of the Majestic Creature series. Her diary comics have been featured on The New Yorker, Vice, and in the Best American Comics anthology. She lives in Brooklyn, New York.
Solarism is a religion that acknowledges there is a balance of light and dark in the Universe. But while solarists believe it is possible to achieve a state of Pure Light by exposing themselves to the rays of the sun (or tanning beds on cloudy days), the Forces of Dark conspire against them and send hooded Shadow Men to eliminate the Light. Subsequently, Solarists must kill these Shadow Men. It’s the only way. When a thief infiltrates the sacred chambers of the Solarists, Assistant-to-the-Master Harvey Knight must test the strength of his beliefs in order to restore order. Or maybe he’s plotting to overthrow the leader and make the religion his own. Either way, it’s an odyssey.

Nick Maandag has been making bone-dry and hilarious comics for years, exploring the ridiculousness of human vanity and beliefs. He approaches each comic with the understanding that we are all desperate to be seen and find the most outrageous ways to make that happen. Few cartoonists elicit belly laughs the way Nick does.

PRAISE FOR NICK MAANDAG
“When this graphic novel arrived, I absent-mindedly picked it up and flipped through it, then started to laugh. Two hours later, I’d read it in a single sitting, without meaning to, and forgotten to eat. I can think of no higher accolade for a comical book.”—The Toronto Star

“A collection of comics that tell the stories of questionable protagonists with messy lives that showcase cartoonist Nick Maandag’s absurdist sense of humour.”—CBC books
Mr. Knight, I'd be honored if you'd stay for dinner tonight. I have fresh owl.

Would you like the head, Mr. Knight? Oh, yes. Please.

We're no, I don't want to be presumptuous, and I know your current sparrow has been working for you, but have you ever given any thought to a second career? I've actually been looking for a personal assistant slash scientist.

Personal assistant? Slash scientist? Yes, the personal assistant part would consist of running errands, and performing routine tasks. The scientist part would consist of testing hypotheses through rigorous empirical observation and experimentation.

It would be within a solaris context. Basically, you'd be conducting science to support the doctrine of solaris.

You have a high school diploma, don't you? Yes.

Now...
I spent most of my time in the garden, though.

Well, here we are, the old homestead.

Nice, I guess.

Got any salsa?

What the...

I completely forgot!

I was the one who stole the master’s tanning bed.

Yes, it’s all coming back to me now.

A while ago I was in the church office doing some paperwork, when I came across some old documents. These documents revealed the origin of the master’s tanning bed, which is no ordinary tanning bed.

The master had worked with a team of scientists and engineers to create the ultimate tanning bed—one capable of emitting the maximum amount of ultra-violet radiation possible, and the project was a resounding success. They managed to increase the amount of UV output by eighty-one percent.

But the master left all of our tanning beds with the old technology. He had no plans to share his newfound spiritual capital with the rest of the community. The master’s a fraud!
Nick Maandag was born in Mississauga, Ontario in 1982. He studied philosophy at Erindale College before moving to Toronto in 2006. His previous comics include The Follies of Richard Wadsworth, Streakers, The Libertarian, and Facility Integrity. He has received nominations for both the Doug Wright and Joe Shuster awards.
With the heart-rending We Are On Our Own, Miriam Katin recounts the story of her escape from Germany-occupied Hungary as a child led by her determined mother. The two fled Budapest near the end of WWII and at the age of sixty-three Katin enshrined her memory in these extraordinary pages, originally published in hardcover over fifteen years ago.

In 1944, Miriam is a toddler beloved by her dog Rexy, but when her mother is forced to give up their “Jewish dog” to the German authorities, Miriam’s world begins to unravel. The two flee to the countryside after faking their deaths and traversing lands blanketed with snow. Miriam’s fragmented childhood memories of forests, chocolate, strange men, and the noise of war are reconstituted in this beautifully told, epic journey wherein the innocence of a child is set against unthinkable violence.

Another crisis, one of faith, haunts the severed family on their path. Struggling to reunit with Miriam’s father conscripted to the Hungarian army, mother and daughter contemplate God, wondering how He could allow such destruction. Poetic words of the Torah combine with images of war as the author examines the theological dilemma plaguing both victims and survivors of the Shoah. When Miriam and her mother hide with a winemaker, they soothe their nerves with the tonic, reciting “God is red. God is in the glass.” God, they understand, is in the very human will to survive, and in that pursuit of survival, we are truly on our own.

PRAISE FOR WE ARE ON OUR OWN
"Richly illustrated in pencil, this book should not be missed by anyone with an interest in history, love, or faith—so anyone, really.” —TIME MAGAZINE

"This book is a powerful reminder of the lingering price of survival.” —Publishers Weekly, Starred Review
1944. BUDAPEST. A CITY OF LIGHTS, CULTURE AND ELEGANCE.

I NEED SOME COFFEE. LET'S SIT DOWN.

OH EVA, I CAN'T SPEND MONEY NOW.

IT IS ON ME, PLEASE.

STOP REXY! STOP!

SIT REXY!

TWO ESPRESSOS AND A VANILLA ICE CREAM.

SIT REXY!

I RECEIVED AN ORDER TO HAND OVER THE DOG TODAY.

AND WHAT WILL HITLER DO WITH ALL THOSE DOGS? SEND THEM OFF TO FIGHT?

OH ESTHER!

POSSIBLY, BUT THEY ARE JEWISH DOGS.

HUSH.
DID YOU JUST SAY JEWISH DOGS?
JEWISH DOGS. CANINES OF THE HEBREW FAITH.

HA! HA! HA!

THEY WOULD HAVE TO BE CONVERTED. CIRCUMCISED?!?

HA! HA! HA!

Ielier Rotten Times.

LISA, STOP FEEDING THE DOG!

OH, LET HER.

YEAH, MIGHT AS WELL.

I DON'T!

I JUST WONDER WHAT'S NEXT.

POOR ALL OF US.

POOR CHILD.

SO I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU PLEASE TAKE HER FOR THE AFTERNOON. I CAN'T HAVE HER WITH ME.

FINISH YOUR ICE CREAM SWEETIE. AUNT EVA WILL TAKE YOU TO SEE SNOW WHITE.

THAT'S ENOUGH NOW REXY OR YOU WILL SPOIL YOUR APPETITE FOR SUPPER AND YOU WILL GET FAT. YOU DON'T WANT TO GET FAT REXY?

GOOD BYE REXY! SEE YOU LATER!
Miriam Katin was born in Hungary during World War II. She later immigrated to Israel and then the United States, where she worked in background design for animation studios such as MTV and Disney. She is the author of the award-winning memoirs *We Are On Our Own* and *Letting It Go*. She currently lives in Washington Heights with her husband and a giant Ficus benjamina tree.
Kitaro seems just like any other boy. Of course, he isn’t—what with his one eye, his jet-powered geta sandals, and the fact that he can shapeshift like a chameleon. It’s all a part of being a 350 year-old yokai, a Japanese spirit monster. Against a backdrop of photorealistic landscapes, Kitaro and his otherworldly cartoon friends plunge into the depths of the Pacific Ocean and forge the oft-unseen wilds of Japan’s countryside. The twelve stories in this special collection include more works published in the golden age of GeGeGe no Kitaro between 1967 and 1969. It is a must-have for Kitaro’s most devoted fans and features one of the earliest monster vs. giant-robot battles seen in print. In another very special episode, our titular good guy even battles vampires, werewolves, and witches alongside creepy compatriots and occasional foes.

Kitaro, as seen on TV and played in video games, is now a cultural touchstone for several generations whose importance cannot be overstated. This updated and newly released edition is a wonderful companion to the classic all-ages Kitaro series that blends the eerie with the comic. Eisner-award winner Shigeru Mizuki’s offbeat sense of humor and genius for the macabre make for a delightful, lighthearted romp where bad guys always get what’s coming to them. Translated by Jocelyne Allen, including a special glossary by Mizuki Scholar Zack Davisson.

PRAISE FOR SHIGERU MIZUKI
"Mizuki’s ability to affect three or four different complex styles in the same story is mesmerizing. His stories are quaint and fun—certainly enjoyable to read—but the way he draws establishes him as a titan, and his reputation as a major talent is confirmed again and again"—AV Club

"If you haven’t experienced Kitaro before, this is a perfect place to start."—The Anime News Network
DON'T WORRY, POPS! KAGAMIIJI EXPLODED! I GOT MY IMAGE BACK. I'M SURE THAT THE GIRL IS BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN, TOO. I HOPE...

BAM...

BYE-BYE!

NO, NO. DON'T THANK ME, YOU'RE MAKING ME KUSHER...

THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. KITARO, YOU'RE MY HERO!

THE GIRL WAS WAITING FOR THEM AT THE FIRST HOUSE.

JUST THINKING ABOUT IT MAKES ME SHIVER.

KITARO, THIS BATTLE CERTAINLY WAS A TOUGH ONE, HUH?

THE MOMENT KAGAMIIJI GRABBED HIS FATHER, KITARO AttACKED!

HWAHHH!

KAGAMIIJI'S TRUE FORM SLIPPED OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

WHEN KITARO FOUNDED, THE YOKAI TOLD THE OLD MAN'S BODY, WHICH WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A BORROWED SHELL AS SOON AS KAGAMIIJI WAS OUT, KITARO JUMPED IN AND TOOK HIS PLACE.

AHH! KITARO, STOP!

KITARO LEAPED UP AND SMASHED THE MIRROR.
These pages are meant to be read from right to left.

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.

KITARO, YOU COULD END UP IN PIECES!

OH! DAD!

C'MERE, YOU!

KITARO'S A PRISONER NOW, TOO!

HE TOOK MY IMAGE, SO I'M GOING TO SMASH THE MIRROR WITH THIS ROCK AND TRY TO GET IT BACK.

NO, I'M JUST HOLDING THE ROCK.

YOU TURNED INTO A ROCK?

PAPA, I'M RIGHT HERE.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU?

YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO KILL KAGAKU JIJI THAT WAY, BUT...
Shigeru Mizuki was one of Japan’s most respected artists. A creative prodigy, he lost an arm in World War II. After the war, Mizuki became one of the founders of Japan’s latest craze—manga. He invented the yokai genre with GeGeGe no Kitaro, his most famous character, who has been adapted for the screen several times, as anime, live action, and video games. In fact, a new anime series has been made every decade since 1968, capturing the imaginations of generations of Japanese children. A researcher of yokai and a real-life ghost hunter, Mizuki traveled to over sixty countries to engage in fieldwork based on spirit folklore. In his hometown of Sakaiminato, one can find Shigeru Mizuki Road, a street decorated with bronze statues of his Kitaro characters.