

WE PERFORMED OUR LITTLE RITUALS AROUND SECURITY

THE MASKS WERE ONE OF THEM. "SKELETON'S" IDEA, WE'D GO ON NOT KNOWING EACH OTHER'S FACES



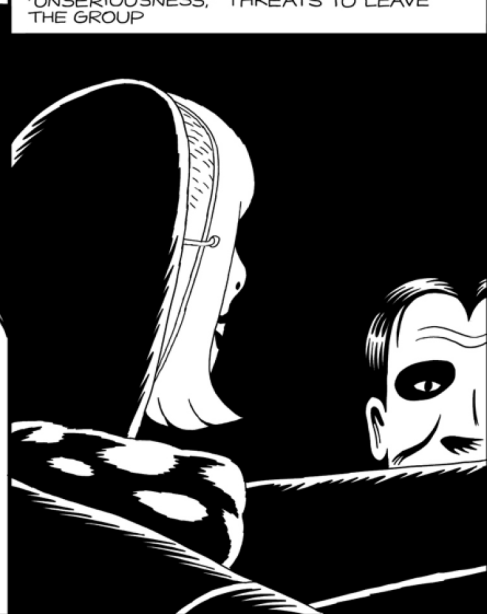
AT THE DEBRIEF LATER THAT NIGHT, I'D START AN ARGUMENT

I WOULDN'T PARTICIPATE IN THE ARGUMENT. I'D INSTEAD SET TWO OTHER MEMBERS OFF AGAINST EACH OTHER. I'D INSTIGATE IN A WAY THAT WASN'T OBVIOUS



I "INNOCENTLY" BRING UP A SORE SPOT BETWEEN "BLONDE" AND "CAT"

WHAT ENSUED IS ABOUT WHAT YOU'D EXPECT -- JOINT ACCUSATIONS OF "UNSERIOUSNESS," THREATS TO LEAVE THE GROUP

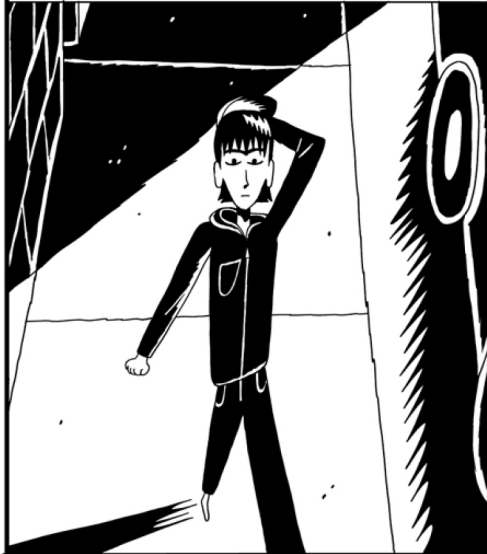


"CAT" STORMED OUT. "SKELETON" WENT TO MAKE SURE THEY WERE O.K.

THE REST OF THE MEETING IS DEDICATED TO DISCUSSING CONFLICT AND ACCOUNTABILITY PROCESSES. I VOLUNTEER TO MEDIATE. MOST MEETINGS WENT THIS WAY



MY ROLE WAS CHALLENGING. IF I WAS PERCEIVED AS OVERLY PASSIVE, THAT'D DRAW SUSPICION. ASSUMING A LEADERSHIP POSITION WOULD ALSO BE SUSPICIOUS



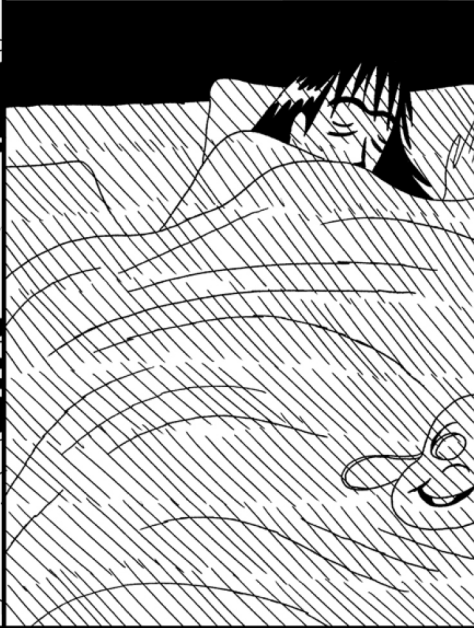
I HAD TO REMAIN INNOCUOUS WITHIN THE GROUP, BUT ALSO INDISPENSIBLE TO IT



I FOUND MYSELF RELYING ON CERTAIN WORDS TO BLEND INTO CONVERSATION



"MILITANCY." "CAPACITY." "ESCALATION"



THESE WORDS SEEMED TO MEAN SOMETHING AT SOME POINT IN TIME, AND DIDN'T ANYMORE



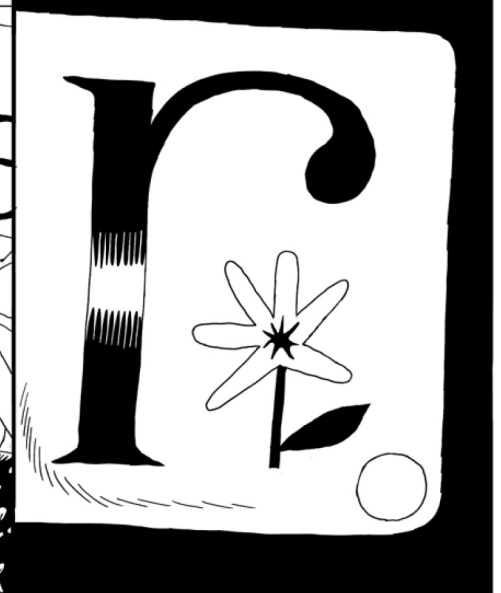
"WE MUST ESCALATE," I'D SAY AT A MEETING. "NOW IS THE TIME TO ESCALATE. THE POLITICAL MOMENT IS RIPE FOR ESCALATION"



THE GROUP WOULD NOD APPROVINGLY. LATER THAT WEEK, WE'D SPRAYPAINT A WINDOW, OR SOMETHING



I KEPT A FAKE JOB, WHICH IS OF COURSE MOST JOBS



I DESIGNED UI FOR A DATING APP CALLED RILE. IT WAS INITIALLY DEVELOPED FOR WEALTHY AND CELEBRITY USERS, CAPITALIZING ON A SCANDAL FROM A FEW YEARS PRIOR WHERE A PUBLISHING MAGNATE'S POLYAMORY WAS OUTED VIA ONLINE PROFILE



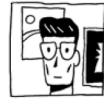
What riles you up?
Here at *rile*, we know privacy is currency. Making connections.

RILE DIDN'T SUCCEED AS A DATING APP, BUT BECAME KNOWN AND USED FOR ITS ENCRYPTION SERVICES

RILE OFFERED ENHANCED LEVELS OF PRIVACY FOR ITS USERS, INCLUDING MULTIPLE LAYERS OF MESSAGE ENCRYPTION



Greg T Hey what's up



FF Just following up on yesterday



Crow lol hell naw



QQC okok, see you there



Timothy

ITS ENHANCED SECURITY WAS USED FOR A RANGE OF PURPOSES: DRUG DEALS, CRIMINALIZED ORGANIZING ACROSS THE POLITICAL SPECTRUM, SUPPORT NETWORKS FOR VICTIMS OF ABUSE, WHISTLEBLOWING, SEXUAL PREDATION



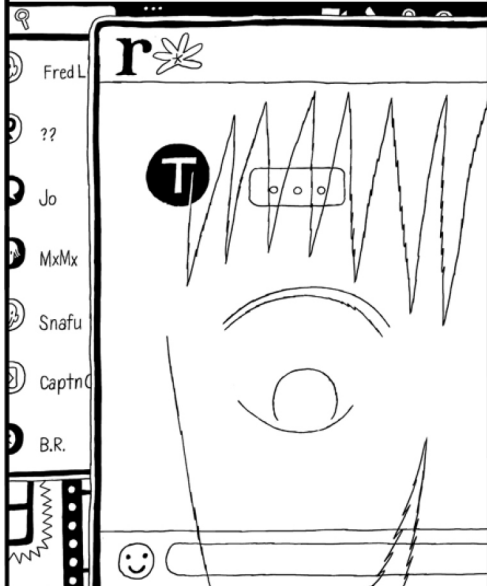
Yo,

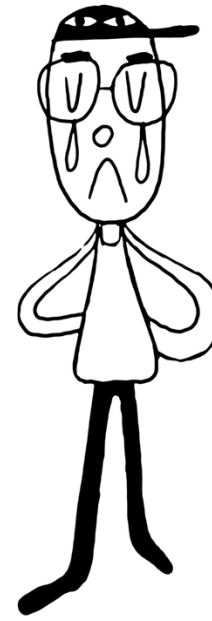
MY OWN GROUP USED IT EXCLUSIVELY FOR CORRESPONDENCE

TO AVOID FEDERAL REGULATION, RILE HAD TO STILL ADVERTISE ITSELF AS A DATING APP FIRST AND FOREMOST



WHEN I HAD INFORMATION FOR THE AGENCY, I'D GO SWIMMING





Michael DeForge draws comics and posters in Toronto.



THE LEGEND OF
KAMUI
SHIRATO SANPEI



THE LEGEND OF KAMUI: VOLUME THREE

SHIRATO SANPEI

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD RUBINGER & NORIKO RUBINGER

The greatest sword-and-samurai epic of all time continues!

Our hero Kamui is fresh off his training and begins to infiltrate the delicate hierarchy oppressing the countryside in order to begin tearing it down, piece by piece. Shōsuke faces off with a new assassin because of what he may—or may not have—witnessed. Ryūnoshin's vendetta befuddles the chief headman as well as his lord. Meanwhile, Kamui's fellow outcast Saesa takes on a more prominent role.

Revolution is in the air, and the sound of clashing swords rages on in Shirato Sanpei's landmark manga epic—the first of its kind. *The Legend of Kamui* was originally serialized between 1964 and 1971 in the legendary alt-manga magazine *GARO*. Its literary and historical merit was recognized long before a complete translation was even available. Now

available in full for the very first time, Shirato Sanpei's *The Legend of Kamui* is translated from the Japanese by Richard Rubinger with Noriko Rubinger.

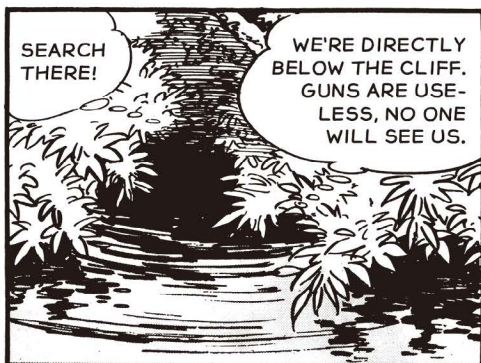
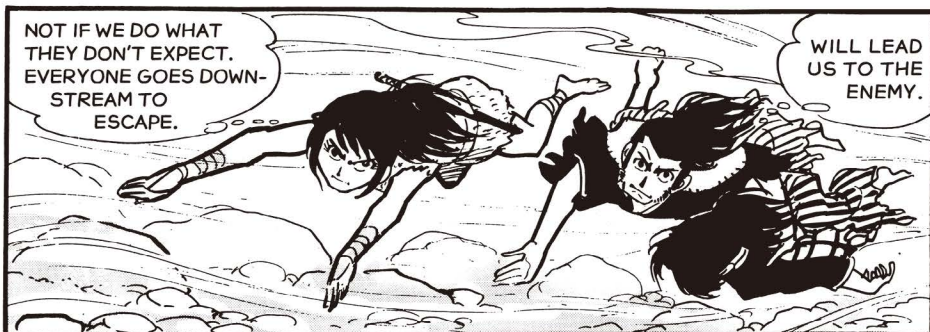
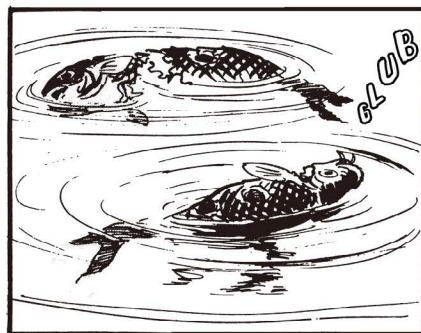
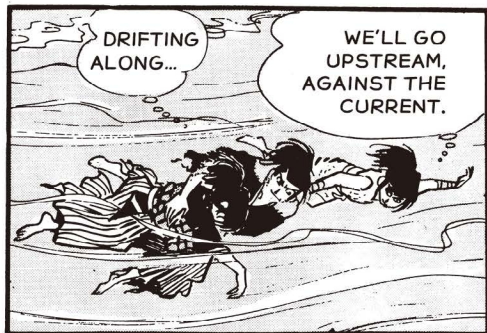
PRAISE FOR *THE LEGEND OF KAMUI*

"Part adventure epic, part historical fiction, part political call to arms, this manga defies easy categorization... Readers will want to dive in."

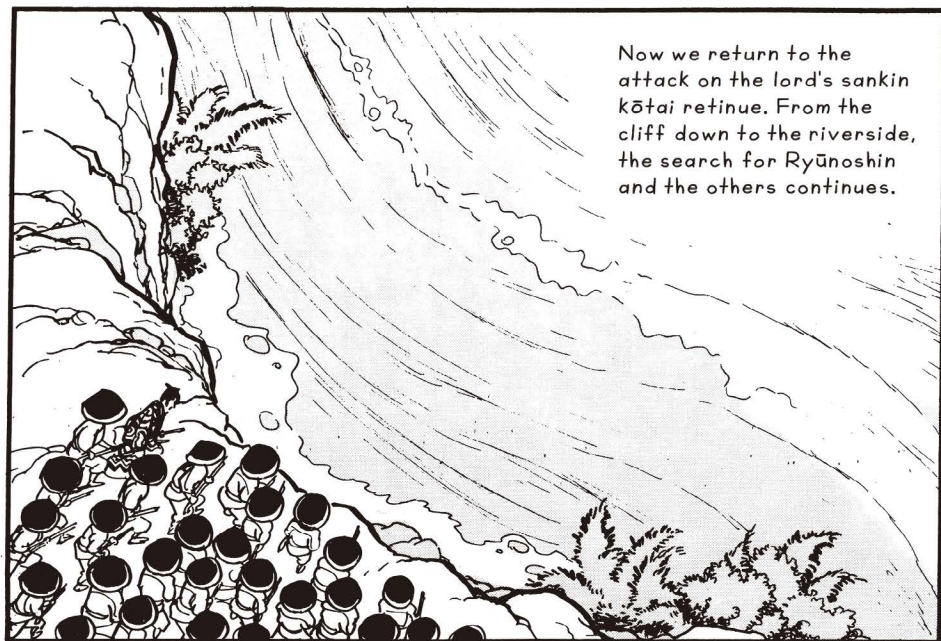
—*Publishers Weekly*, Starred Review

"*Kamui* opens on a confident, popular artist in full control of his work. [Shirato Sanpei] positions very primal, nearly mythic vignettes amidst a panoramic view of feudal society in 17th-century Japan."—Joe McCulloch, *The Comics Journal*

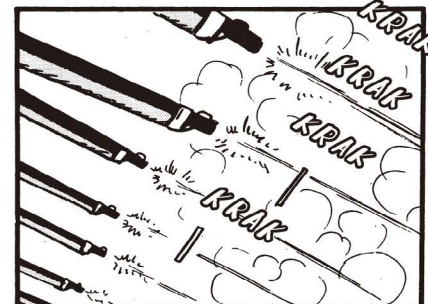
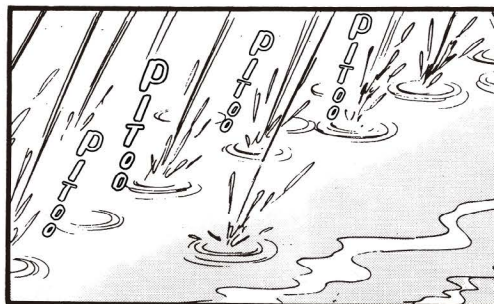
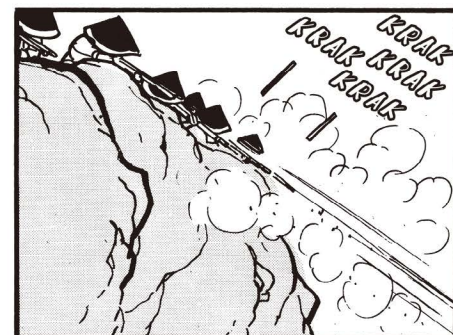
JANUARY 2026 • \$40 USD / \$50 CAD • B&W • 6.2" X 8.8" • 640 PAGES
PAPERBACK • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/EAST ASIAN STYLE • ISBN 978-1-77046-817-7



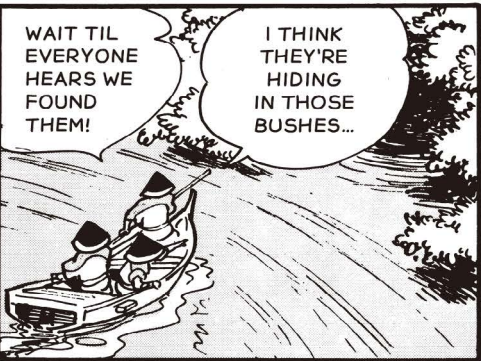
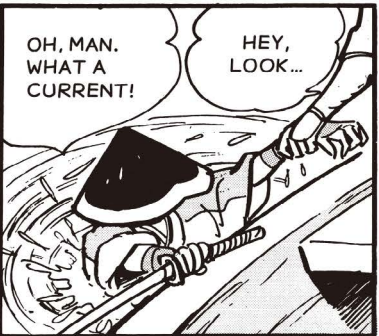
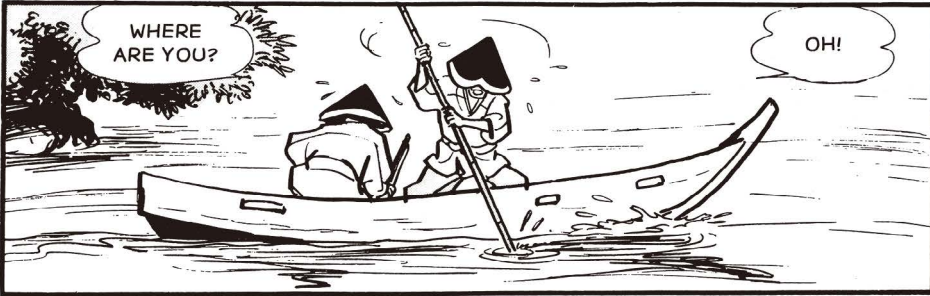
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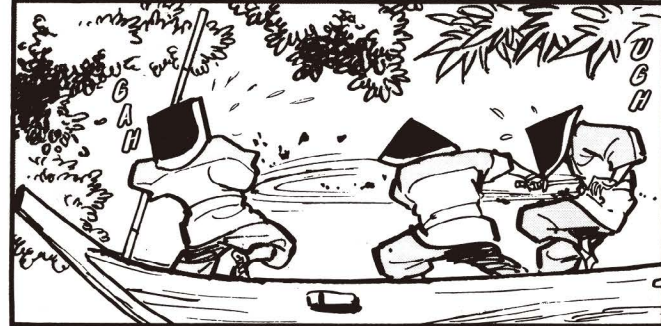
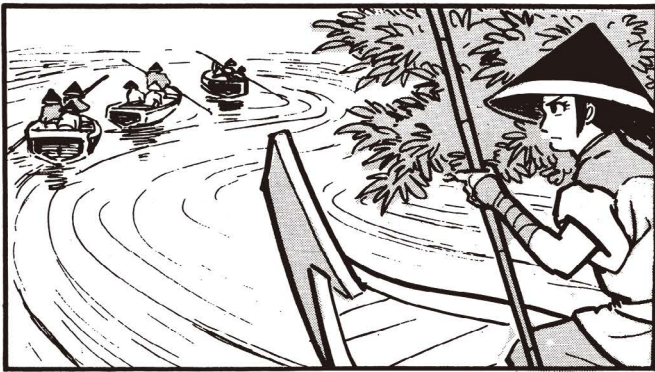
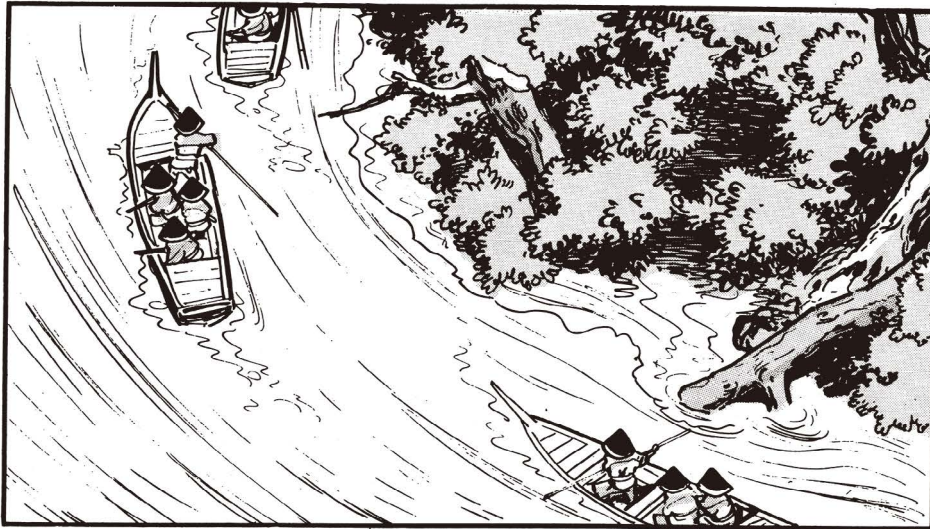
Now we return to the attack on the lord's sankin kōtai retinue. From the cliff down to the riverside, the search for Ryūnoshin and the others continues.



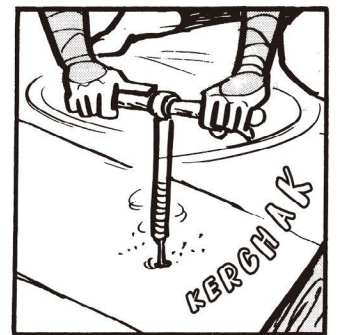
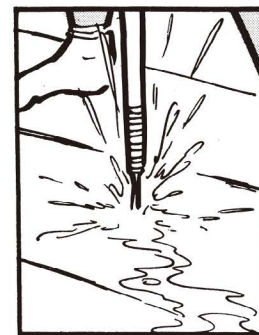
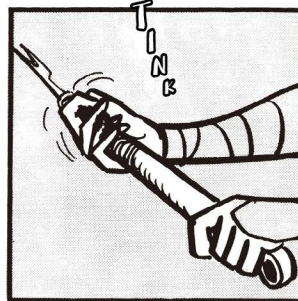
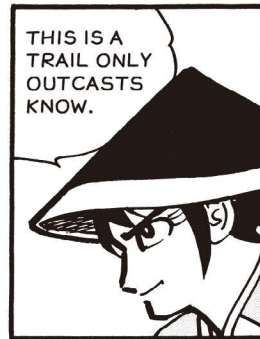
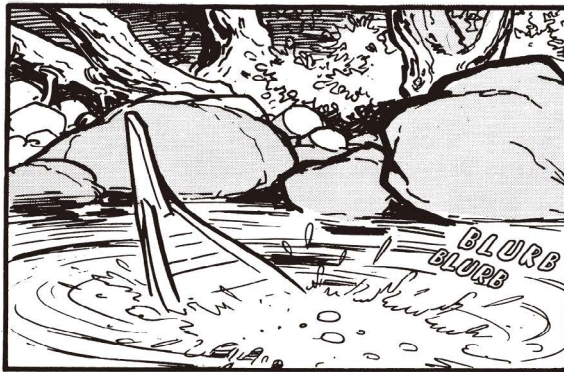
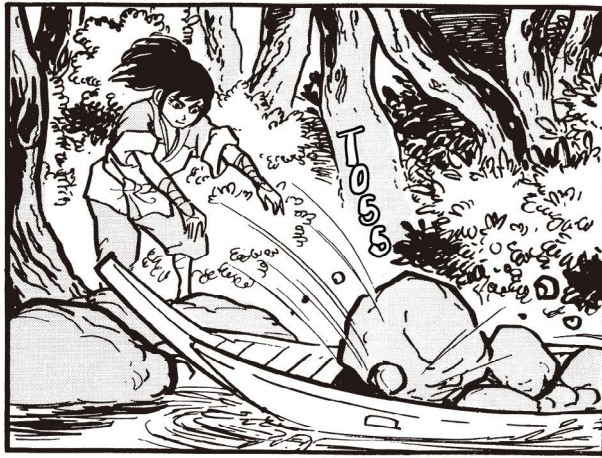
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These spreads are meant to be read from right to left.



A BONE STOPPED THE BULLET. IF PIERCED, IT MAY HAVE INJURED AN ORGAN.



IN HIS CONDITION HE'S GOING TO ATTRACT SOME ATTENTION. LET'S CHANGE HIS CLOTHES.

I THINK SO.

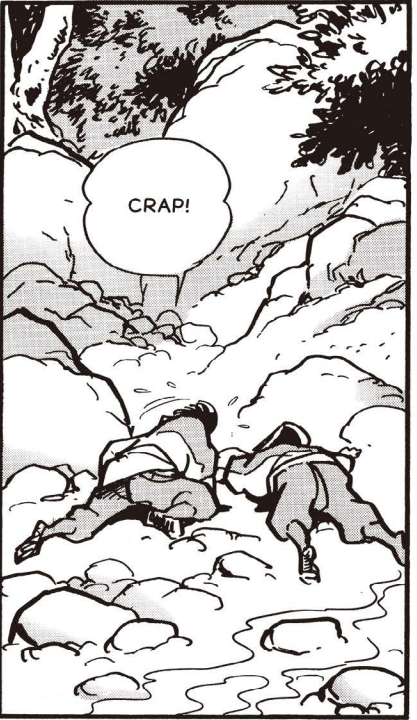
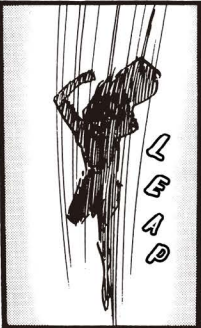
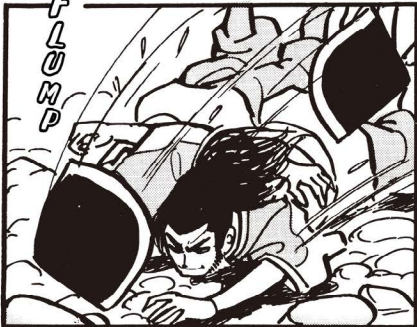
IS HE OK?

IT'S OUTCAST CLOTHING. IT WILL AROUSE THE LEAST SUSPICION.

WHAT'S THAT SMELL? WEAR THIS.

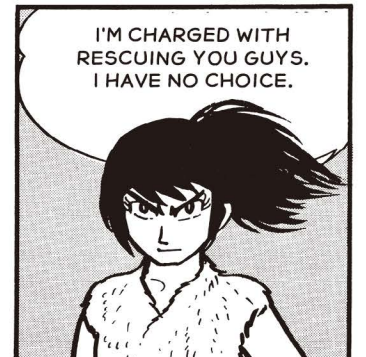
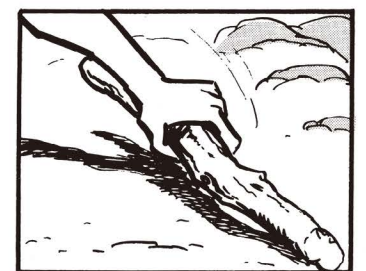
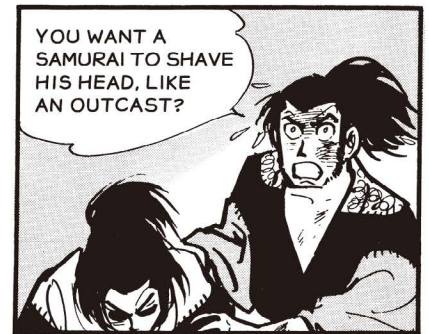
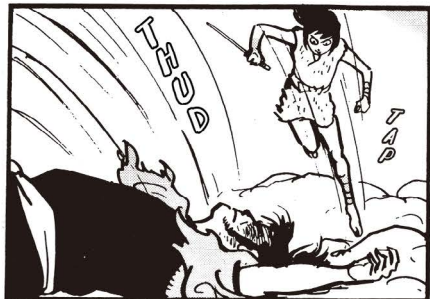
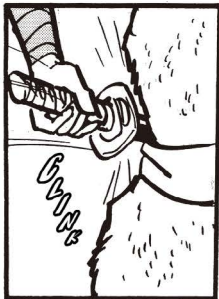
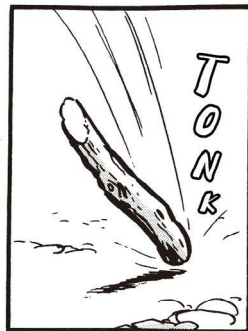
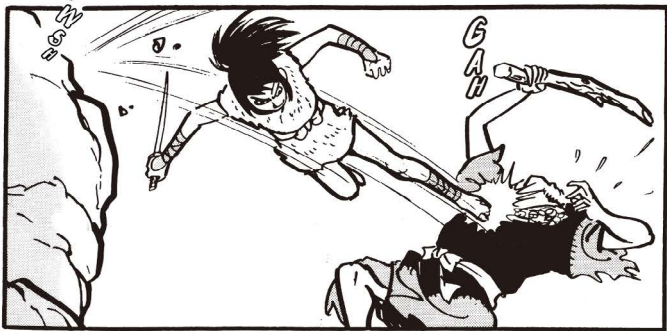
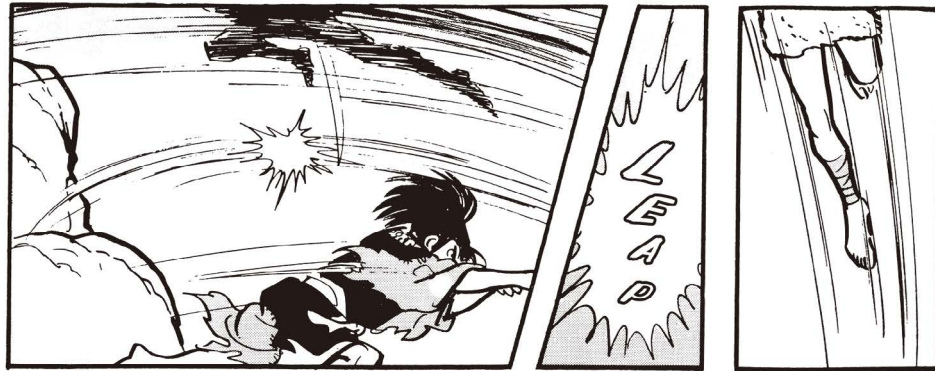
WHAT! THEN WE SHOULD SHAVE YOUR HEAD.

PUT IT ON, QUICKLY!



I NEED TO TREAT THE WOUND.

These spreads are meant to be read from right to left.





Shirato Sanpei was born in Tokyo in 1932. His father, Okamoto Tōki, was an oil painter whose artistic endeavors exposed the young Shirato to a variety of perspectives. Okamoto notably instructed Kurosawa Akira in painting and design before the latter became a filmmaker. After a seven-year stint as a kamishibai artist, Shirato would begin working in the kashihon manga market in 1957. *Kaze no Fujimaru*, an animated series based on an original story by Shirato, began to be broadcast in 1964. This was the first animation for which the young Miyazaki Hayao was in charge of original drawings. *The Legend of Kamui* debuted that same year in the pages of *Garō*—a manga periodical founded by Shirato—and now best known as a launching pad for other revered manga talents like Mizuki Shigeru and Tsuge Yoshiharu. Shirato died in 2021.

1

WHAT ARE YOKAI?

In ancient times, people believed all things had souls. Trees, for example, had **tree spirits**. Stones had **stone spirits**. At night, these spirits would come out and dance.

These ancient beliefs combined with the stories and impressions of the Edo period to create what we now know as yokai.

By impressions, imagine walking down a street at night next to a rice field. It is pitch black, and you are suddenly overcome with a sense of unease. As you quicken your pace, your feet feel heavy, as if something is clinging to them. Unease becomes terror. Putting a name to this, it becomes the yokai called **Sunekosuri**.

Yokai are born in such ways, to allow humans to express sensations they otherwise cannot explain or things they cannot see. In ancient times, before electricity, people lived much of their lives in this spooky dark.

Looking at things scientifically, current science cannot explain the mystery of yokai. It is possible that as science advances, we may find evidence that such things as yokai actually exist. Wouldn't that be fun?



DANCING TREE AND STONE SPIRITS



SUNEKOSURI



ZASHIKI WARASHI



TORIYAMA SEKIEN

However, to borrow the words of another scholar, “we cannot with absolute certainty determine the existence or nonexistence of yokai.”

Yurei—ghosts—appear in different forms. They often have a grudge against a specific person, and their appearance is terrifying. Yokai can also be scary, but they rarely manifest from resentment. They are there and have simply always been there. **Zashiki warashi**, for example, exist in their location regardless of humans.

People have been imagining yokai since ancient times. However, their most definitive appearance comes from the hand of artist **Toriyama Sekien**, who lived two hundred years ago. Toriyama illustrated several books on yokai. He included his own original creations alongside stories passed through the ages. Many artists were inspired by Toriyama to create their own yokai and yurei illustrations. There was often little intent beyond these other than to frighten people.

Yanagita Kunio also recorded living yokai legends in his book *Yokai Dangi* (*Discourses on Yokai*). However, he didn't include illustrations. I have drawn many yokai from Yanagita's books using old art as reference as well as designing my own.

I created about thirty new yokai for my comic series *Kitaro*. But I don't think this should be done lightly. It is not the same as creating new kaiju monsters for films. Yokai are a legacy from the past. It is our responsibility to preserve them and hand them down to future generations.

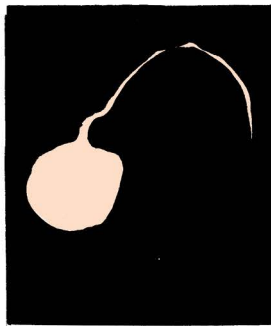
WHAT KINDS OF YOKAI ARE THERE?

The most common yokai are fireballs. Toriyama Sekien found them difficult and boring to illustrate, so he restricted the number he included in his books. However, when looking at regional stories, they are by far the most frequent.

I remember how excited I was as a child when I saw Onibi. Most people's first encounters with yokai are **Onibi** or **Hitodama** (which are essentially the same thing).



ONIBI



HITODAMA



OLD HOUSES HAVE AN ATMOSPHERE SUITABLE FOR YOKAI

That is usually followed by **house yokai**. Many old houses have a certain feeling of yokai. Even more so if there are cobwebs.

In those houses in the dark, there is a sense of dread, even though nothing is there. Many yokai come from putting a shape to that feeling.

These fears are inherited from ancient times, the way our coccyxes are remnants of vestigial tails.

In abandoned houses, the tattered mosquito netting hangs heavy with dust and mold. They are creepy enough to look at, but even more disturbing when they wrap around your neck. This sensation became the yokai **Shironeri**. It looks like a ragged net with a red mouth.

Also, when you go into old houses, there are often disturbing stains on the ceiling, like streaks. These are a sign of the **Tenjoname**, a yokai that comes out at night and licks the ceiling.

Some creatures appear during funerals and try to steal corpses from coffins. **Kasha** have a face that looks like a cross between a wild boar and a wolf. They emit an aura of fire so one can get close. They arrive in a gust of wind.

On the streets of old Kyoto, the yokai **Wanyudo** appeared at night. It rolled around deserted streets and is said to be emblematic of poor neighborhoods in ancient times.



SHIRONERI



KASHA



WANYUDO THAT TRAVELED THE STREETS OF KYOTO



TENJONAME

3

WHERE DO YOKAI LIVE?

Yokai live in places conducive to yokai. They rarely appear in modern, artificial places covered in concrete, or interlinked with trains. Perhaps they dislike pollution.

Bathrooms were once a place of fear, but since flushing toilets have become common, children no longer dread a ghostly hand arising from a dark and mysterious hole. They are no longer haunts for yokai.



YOKAI RARELY APPEAR WITHOUT NATURAL PLACES



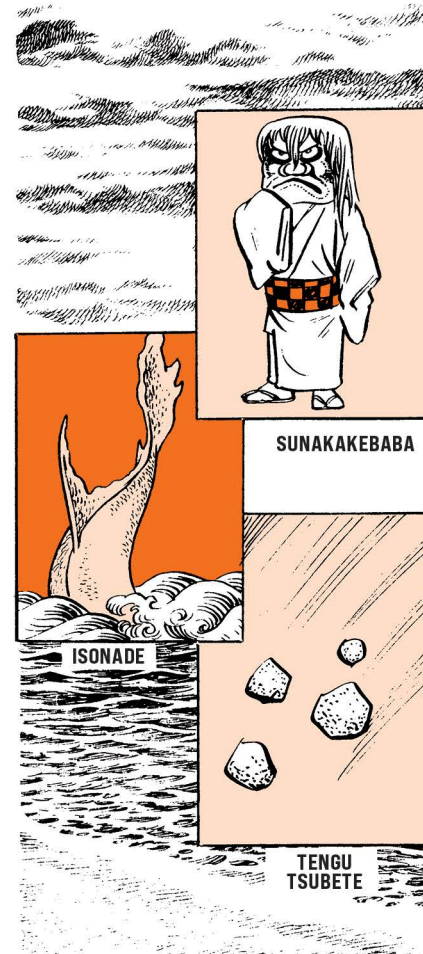
YOKAI OFTEN APPEAR IN MOUNTAINS



SORAKIGAESHI IS A YOKAI THAT LIVES IN MOUNTAINS

Yokai still live in mountains. If you still want that delicious thrill of an encounter with the supernatural, it is to the mountains you must go.

Especially when camping in isolated mountains, you are often surrounded by mysterious noises. You might hear the sound of a massive tree falling, but when you go to investigate nothing is there. That is an old yokai called **Sorakigaeshi**.



YOKAI ALSO APPEAR ON ISOLATED BEACHES

Yokai also live in oceans and rivers. However, these cannot be places with large human populations—where there is more urine than seawater. They must be isolated and lonely.

Go to a place where you can go for a swim. As you peek under the water with your goggles while the sun sets, you suddenly want to go home. Realizing no one else is around, a gentle wind blows, chilling you with fear. At such a time and place, you might encounter a yokai.

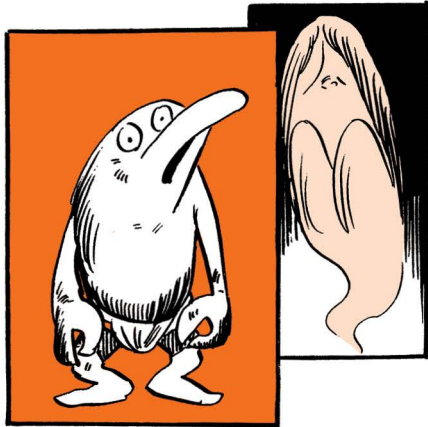
Of course, you won't see the creature itself. But if you are pelted by sand, that would be a **Sunakake Baba**. If you hear a mysterious sound, that is **Isonade**. If you are hit by stones, that is **Tengu tsubute**.

Should another person be even within a hundred yards, it will spoil the mood and the yokai will not appear.

It is similar with house yokai. They do not manifest in places where the family gathers. Only when you are alone at night studying for exams, or quiet nights when you switch off the lights, you might feel the presence of a yokai.



WHY ARE YOKAI SCARY?

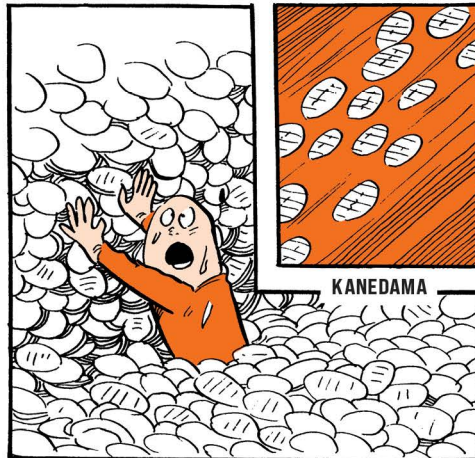


YOKAI ARE NOT AS SCARY AS YUREI

People are afraid of yokai, probably because subconsciously we are afraid they will eat us or spirit us away to a mysterious dimension. But unlike **yurei**, most yokai don't have any particular animosity towards humans.

They really aren't that scary.

One yokai called **Kanedama** will fill old storehouses to bursting with gold and silver coins. They don't even need to be asked.

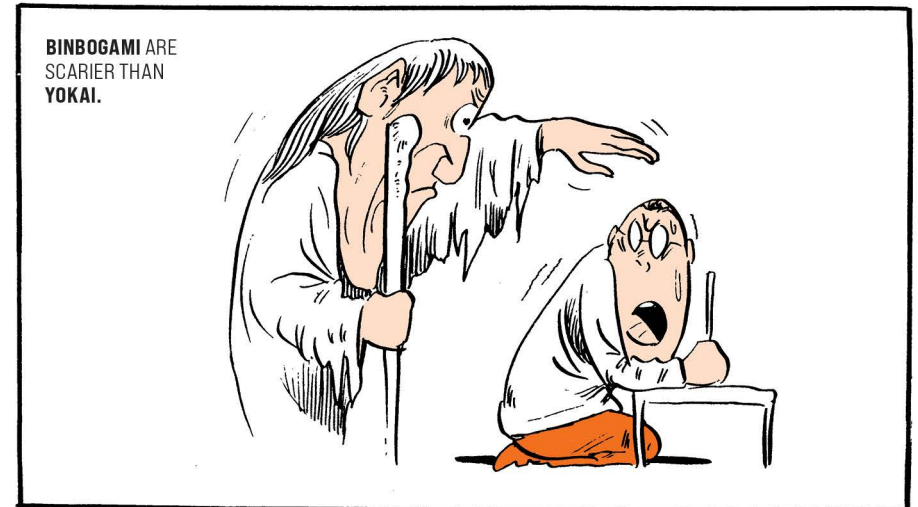


MANGA ARTIST



SINGER

In modern times, you might see this with a pop singer or manga artist who is suddenly blessed with success. When the **Kanedama** favors them, the wealth never seems to end. However, should the **Kanedama** abandon them, they will soon be reduced to their original poverty.



Instead, they have been possessed by the **Binbogami**—the god of poverty. I would say this is even more frightening than any yokai.

5

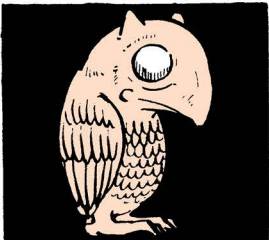
WHAT POWERS DO YOKAI HAVE?



By nature, yokai love to startle people. Some may suddenly shout in loud voices. Some may yell out “Uwan!” Some women yokai may cackle at you.



Most yokai only have a single ability. They laugh or howl or do their thing and then disappear. Once they are gone, everything returns to normal. **Mikoshi nyudo**, for example, surprises people walking on mountain paths. Its task done, it vanishes.



One yokai, **Konaki jiji**, has two abilities. It appears deep in the mountains and cries like an abandoned baby. When someone comes to help and picks it up, it increases its weight to almost nine thousand pounds. It's best to be wary of things like that.



A woman yokai called **Ubume** has a similar power. And the **Kawa akago** can also cry like a baby. Although this might be a shape-shifted kappa.

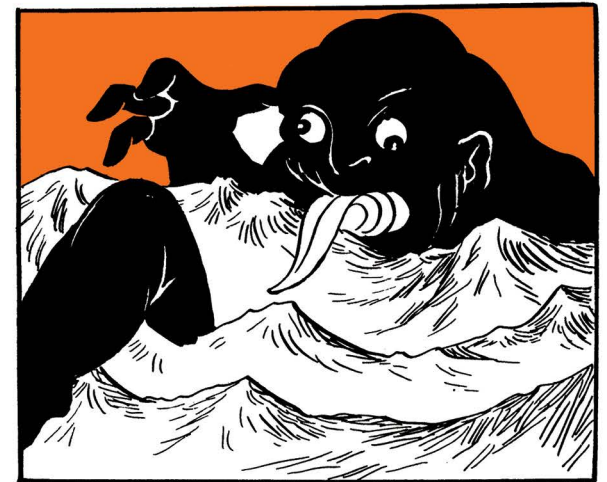
TOP TO BOTTOM: MIKOSHI NYUDO, KONAKI JIJI, UBUME, KAWA AKAGO



AMIKIRI

Generally speaking, yokai will not attack you unless you attack them. **Amikiri** is an exception. They will cut your mosquito netting unprovoked. That's not quite as devastating as a kaiju attack, but still bothersome.

The yokai **Onyudo** is as large as Mount Fuji. Its feet are massive enough to crush entire towns when it walks. Like most yokai, however, it walks its own silent path. Unlike humans, yokai rarely desire fame.



ONYUDO

6

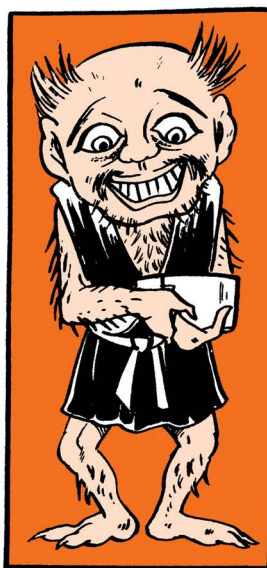
CAN YOKAI DIE?

Yokai are not bound by boundaries of life and death, money, or school. They live in a different dimension, beyond our ability to reach. From what I see, they live their lives unhurried, content to enjoy their nonsense every day, effectively immortal.

(As a side note, the yokai lifestyle seems ideal. I want to live that way!)

Some yokai live in streams, like **Azuki togi**. It sits on riverbanks making the sound of beans. But there also seems to be hidden yokai villages. We don't know much about these places, but the yokai must be happily living there.

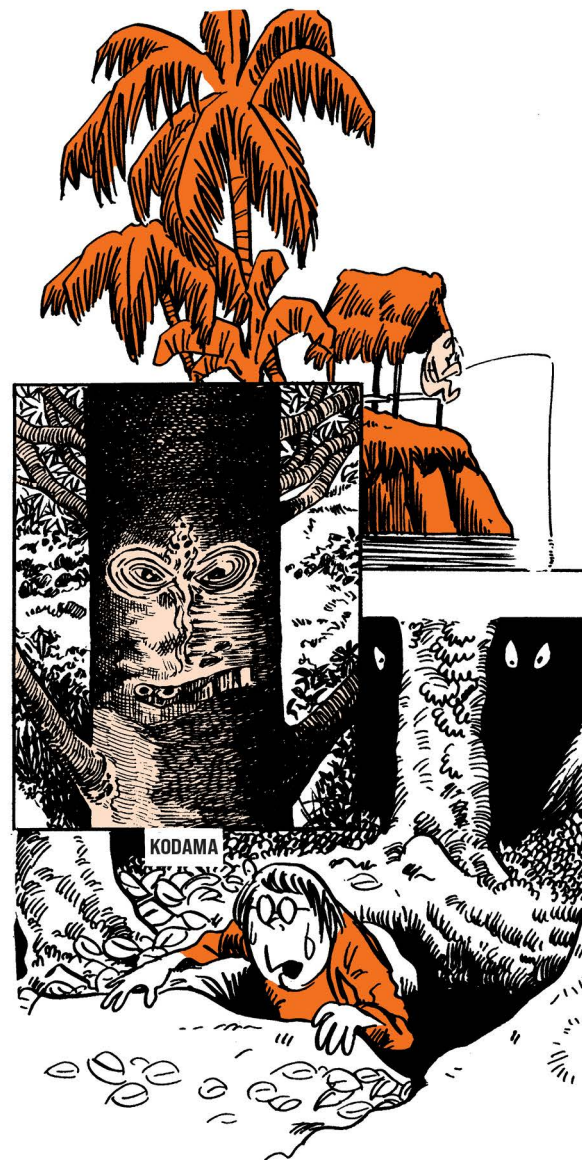
Recently, new roads have been laid through places it seems yokai would live. As cars drive through belching exhaust fumes, this must encroach on **yokai habitats**.



AZUKI TOGI



HIDDEN YOKAI VILLAGE



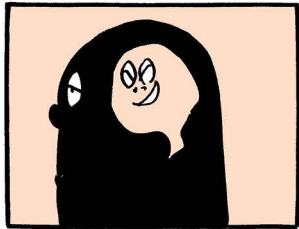
There used to be stories of woodcutters in the forest and encounters with **Kodama**. They no longer exist in Japan today.

One time, in the jungles of the South Pacific, I met a Kodama. I was climbing a mountain, surrounded by indescribable greenery. I couldn't tell you why, but no matter how high I climbed, I never tired. It was so euphoric I thought I might disappear forever, joining the jungle. However, I came to my senses and hurried down the mountain.

This was in a place far removed from any other people. I thought it must have been like what happened with others in the past, who encountered Kodama.

With this brief encounter, I almost became a tree.

ARE THERE STILL YOKAI IN THE MODERN WORLD?



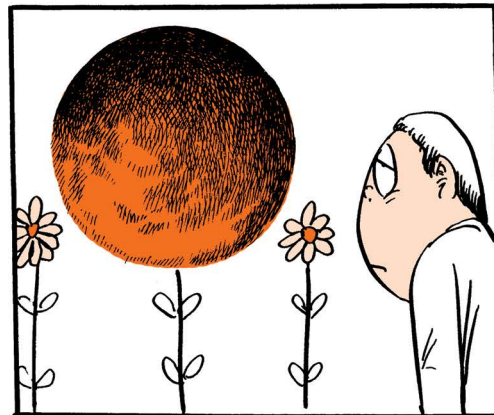
LEFT: YOKAI EXIST IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD;

RIGHT: FEAR OF THE DARKNESS IS THE MOST PRIMITIVE EXPERIENCE OF YOKAI

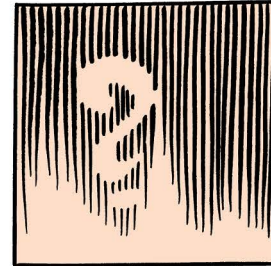
Aside from Kodama, I've had several experiences with yokai in my life. They aren't something you can touch or taste. Yokai exist entirely in the spiritual world.

Fear of the darkness and the things that hide there is primitive. This is the seed of yokai. If the only thing you fear is humans, this means your senses have dulled considerably.

To sense yokai requires recognizing a world beyond the one that we can see. This is vital.



SENSING YOKAI REQUIRES AN OPENNESS TO WORLDS BEYOND THE ONES WE EXPERIENCE WITH OUR SENSES



THE FEELING OF SOMETHING THERE IN THE FOREST

I was always an oddball. When I was sixteen, I thought there might be a race of small people living in the mountains. I wasn't completely sure. Still, I went every day into the mountains with a pair of fire tongs that were handy for digging holes. I was obsessed with insects and would dig for them. Sometimes I was so focused that I wouldn't even notice when night fell.

In the forest in the dark I couldn't see my way. I felt afraid, that the night parade for a hundred demons was passing nearby. I couldn't see anything. But I sensed it.

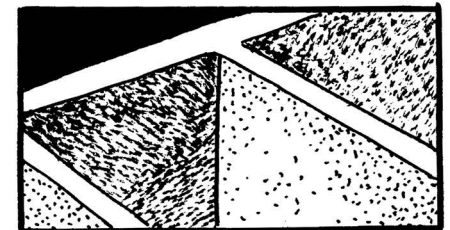
Years later, when I saw Toriyama Sekien's *Night Parade of a Hundred Demons* illustrations, I recognized them as what I had felt in that forest. I knew there was something there in the dark. Now I knew what they looked like.

There are about a hundred and fifty yokai in Toriyama's books. They express moods. Reading his works felt like discovering a kindred spirit.

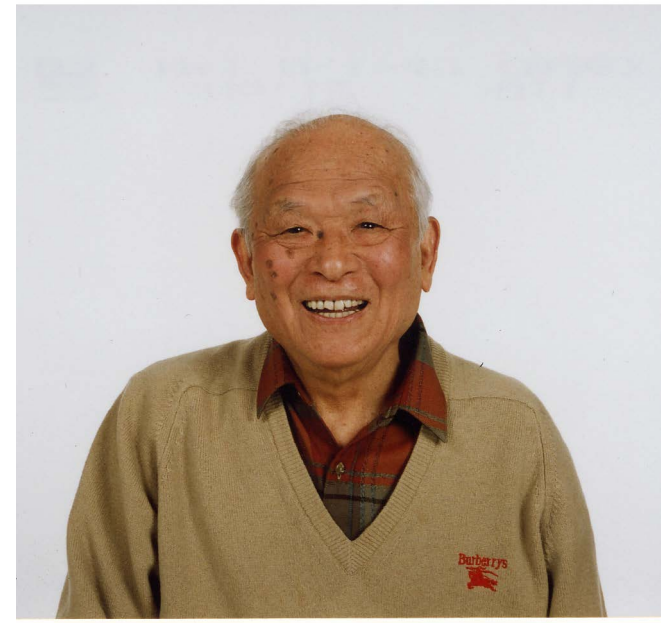
I wonder if people still see yokai today? I should clarify—I mean sense, rather than see. Most people live in modern cities, in apartments made of poured concrete. These artificial structures do not feed the imagination. They make it difficult to sense yokai. That is not a place where yokai feel at home.



THOSE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE HAVE AN EASIER TIME SEEING YOKAI



IT'S DIFFICULT TO SENSE YOKAI IN THE CITIES, SURROUNDED BY CONCRETE



Shigeru Mizuki (1922–2015) 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.



METADOGGOZ

BÉRÉNICE MOTAIS DE NARBONNE

TRANSLATED BY MONTANA KANE

A wise-cracking, dystopian visual feast

Gael Kaldera is a self-styled “junkyard dog” who runs with his crew the Metadoggoz: a squad of teenage dirtbags living in the techno-megalopolis, the Metastation. With no place to crash after losing his friend’s guitar, he drops a tab of “metadoggo” at a late night rave with his friends and everything goes sideways. Strobing lights, teeming dance floors and endless skyscrapers form an eerie, futuristic backdrop for this daring, imaginative exploration of race, class, and belonging through the lens of youth culture and science-fiction.

In *Metadoggoz*, Franco-Vietnamese cartoonist Bérénice Motais de Narbonne constructs an uncomfortably familiar dystopia in which Gael and his friends slip in and out of our “real” world in search of something better. Each shepherded by a guiding spirit, they navigate the indignities of daily life: homelessness, mental illness, violence, and yearning.

Translated by Eisner Award winner Montana Kane, *Metadoggoz* reinvents the cyberpunk fairy tale in the vein of *Tank Girl*, *Blade Runner*, and *Love & Rockets*.

PRAISE FOR BÉRÉNICE MOTAIS DE NARBONNE

“In a few pages, sometimes even panels, [Motais de Narbonne] takes you from a measured almost impersonal style to spectacular flights of fancy calling to mind the psychedelic delirium of the 1970s.”—*ActuaBD*

“Bérénice Motais de Narbonne has created a debut graphic novel both as strange and as solid as only adolescence can be, a work both personal and political that evokes climate anxiety and a generation’s resignation to a world mutating before its very eyes.”—*FranceCulture*

MARCH 2026 • \$30 USD / \$40 CAD • B&W • 7" X 9" • 220 PAGES
PAPERBACK • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/SCIENCE FICTION • ISBN 978-1-77046-825-2



There are no stars
in the sky over
the Metastation.

They've
hung LEDs.

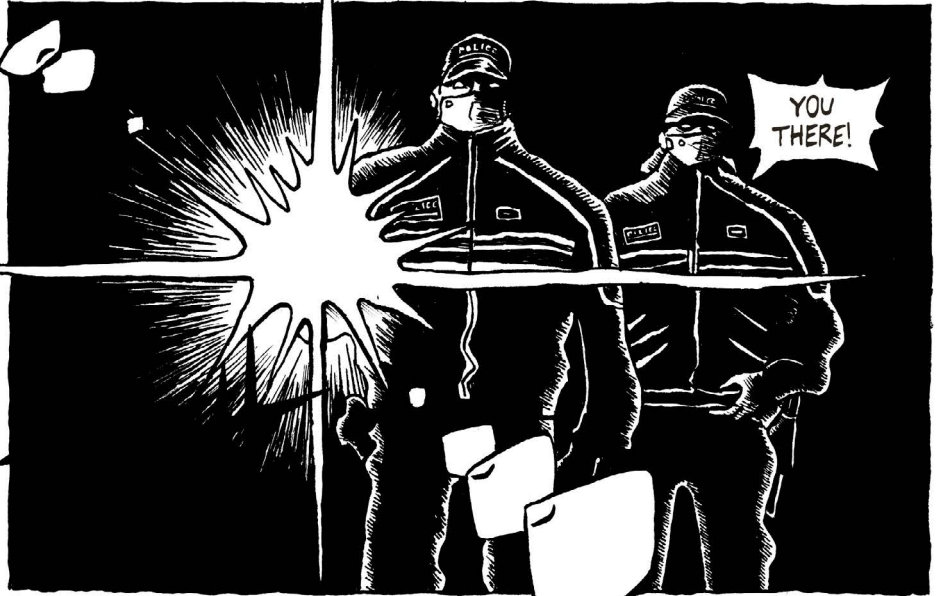


I like the ones
that twinkle...

Artificial,
defective.



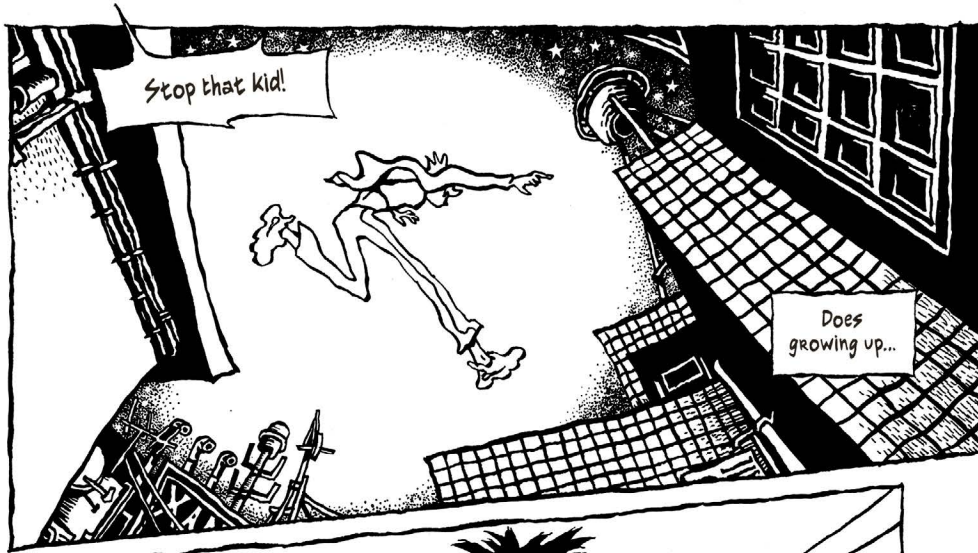
Do I wish
I could shine
brighter?

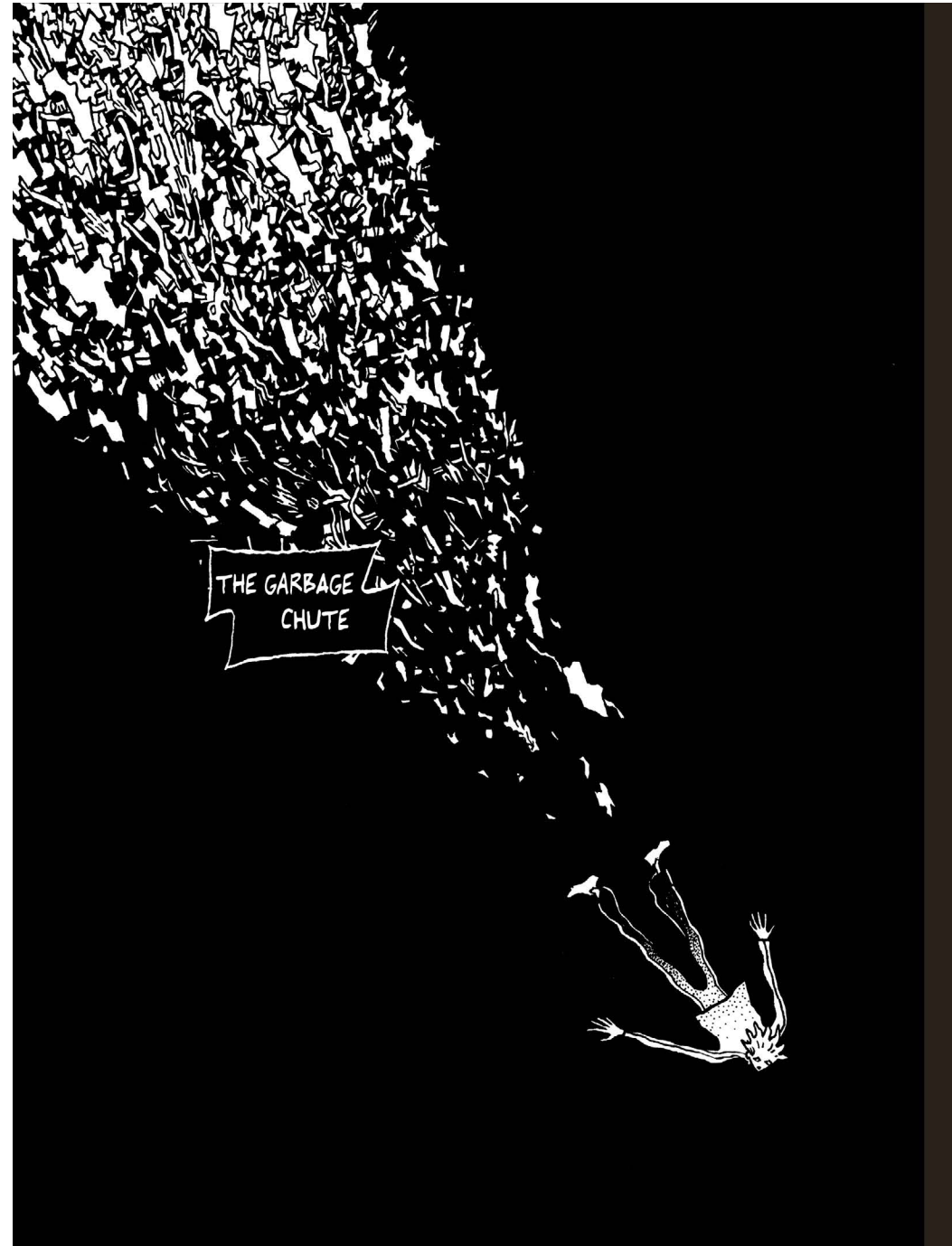


YOU
THERE!



Shit





Magda's going to laugh when she hears about this.

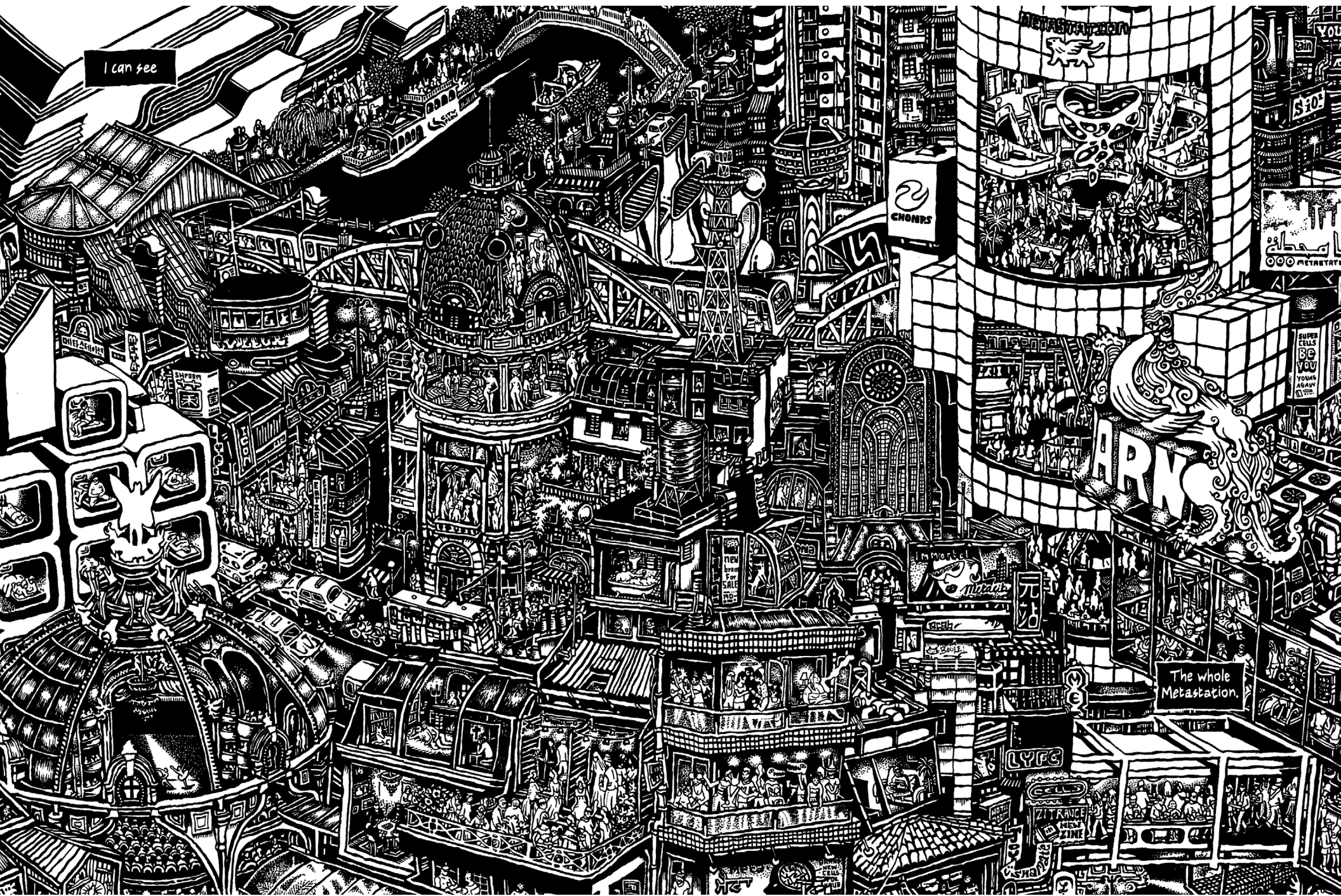
Actually... Maybe not.



A brain



No, it's the Metastation.



I can see

CHONGS

METASTATION

HARNS

The whole Metastation.

LYFC

FRANCE

SUPER CELLS BE YOU YOUNG AGAIN

استراحة

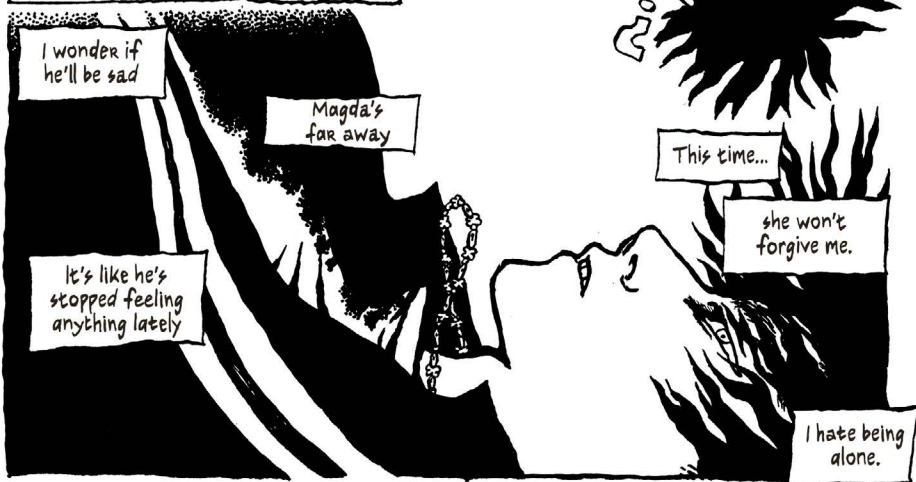
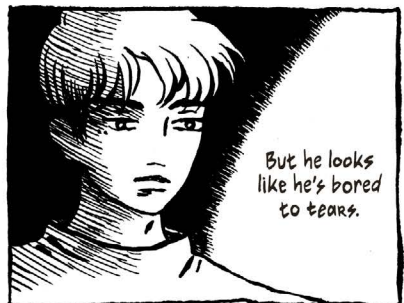
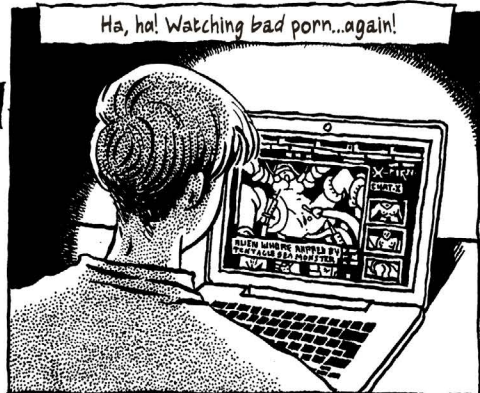
00 METASTATION

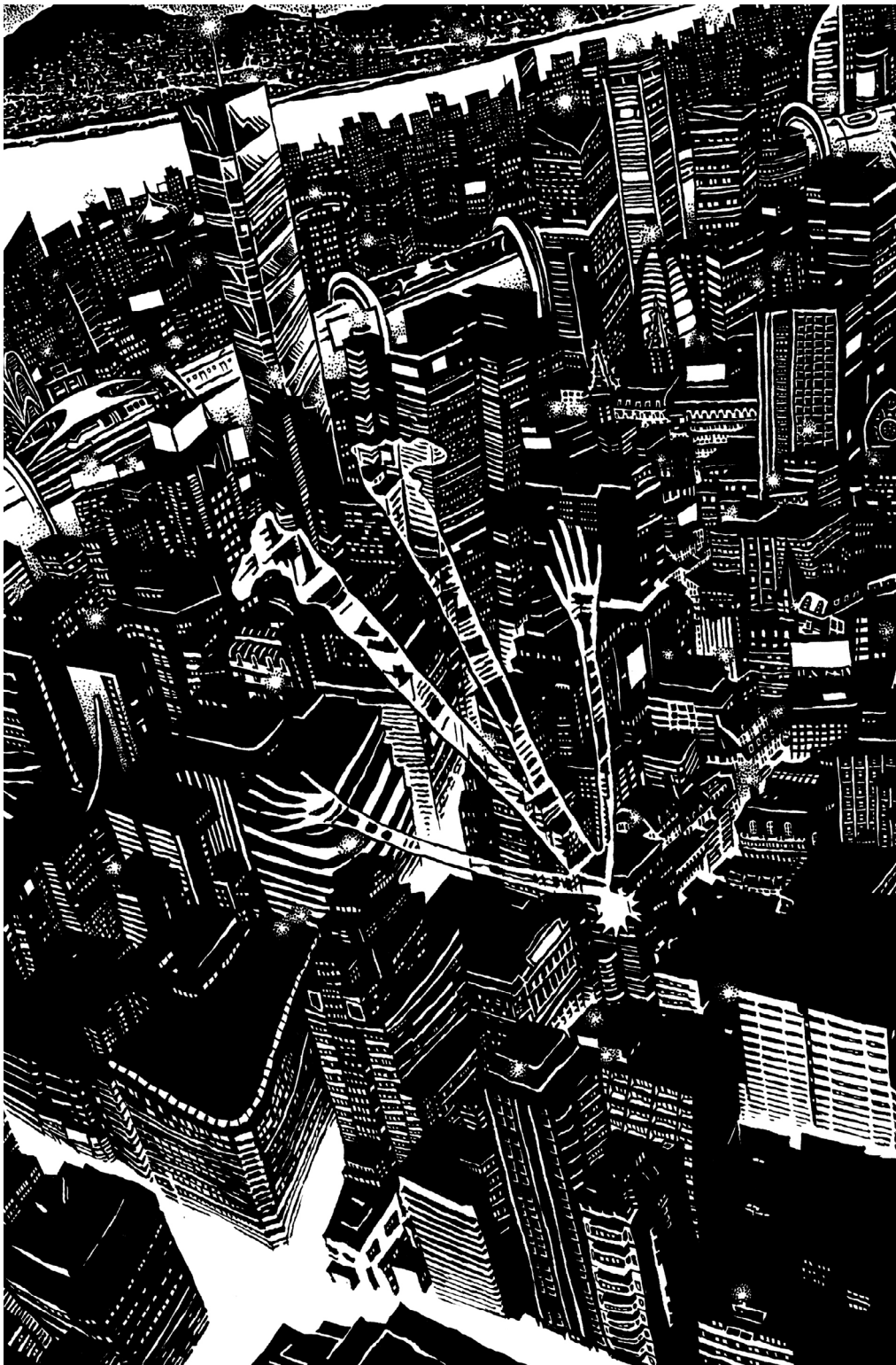
YOU

YOU

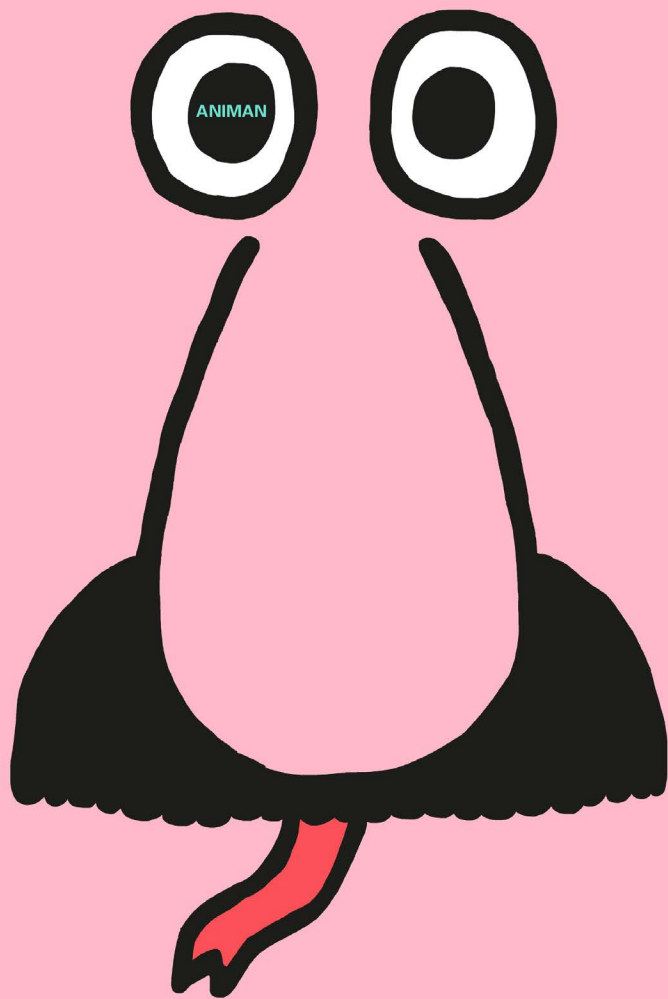
YOU







Bérénice Motais de Narbonne, aka B*MO, is a poet, comic artist, and animation filmmaker. They grew up in central France, known for its absolute emptiness, famous music festival and stories of witches, before moving to Paris to study literature and animation cinema. During their studies, they specialized in ceramics to create puppets and developed a feminist reflection on comics. Their graphic style blends 2000s manga, post-impressionist French engravings, psychedelic illustrations, and punk comics. Their art possesses a maximalist sensitivity, joyfully chaotic, stemming from their South Vietnamese family heritage.



ANIMAN

ANOUK RICARD

TRANSLATED BY MONTANA KANE

Pet therapist by day, animal-morphing pet detective by night—fear not, Animan’s on the case! ?

Inspired by the 1980s TV series *Manimal*, award-winning cartoonist Anouk Ricard pairs her unique brand of absurd storytelling and impeccable comedic timing to deliver the riotously funny adventures of Animan, superhero pet detective.

A radioactive mosquito bite as a baby gives Francis the superpower of morphing into any animal at will. Learning to keep his powers secret from an early age, Francis takes up pet therapy as his day job, the perfect cover for his secret identity as Animan.

Francis uses his fantastical gift to treat his animal patients, go undercover to solve murders, and battle it out with his nemesis, Objecto, a man capable of transforming into any and every possible object. And to top it all off, in his free time Francis is an avid watercolorist, who enjoys drawing landscapes and risqué portraits of his frog girlfriend, Fabienne.

Winner of the 2025 Grand Prix at the Angoulême International Comics Festival, veteran cartoonist Ricard delivers a fresh take on the superhero genre, imbued with her signature slapstick sensibility, preposterous scenarios, and off-the-wall punchlines.

PRAISE FOR ANOUK RICARD'S *BENSON'S CUCKOOS*

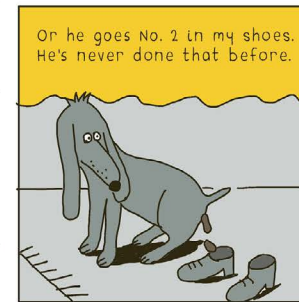
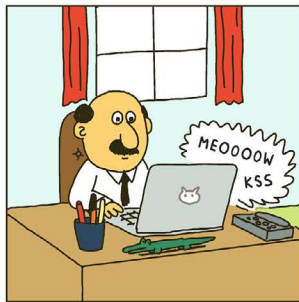
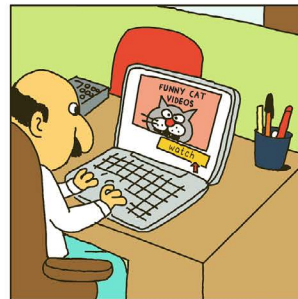
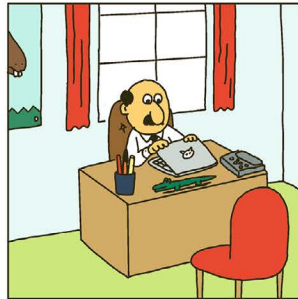
“Combine absurdity with Ricard’s simplified, charming funny animal art style and you’ve got a very funny comic. Ricard has a healthy appreciation for the ridiculous that is infectious.”—*Comic Book Resources*

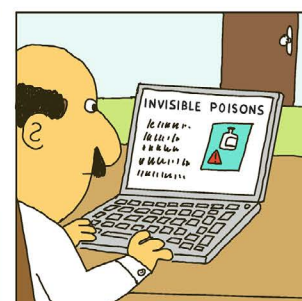
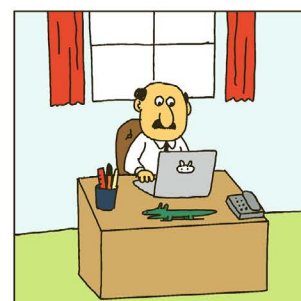
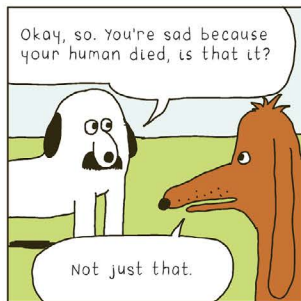
“Surreal workplace comedy as performed by anthropomorphic animals.”
—*The AV Club*

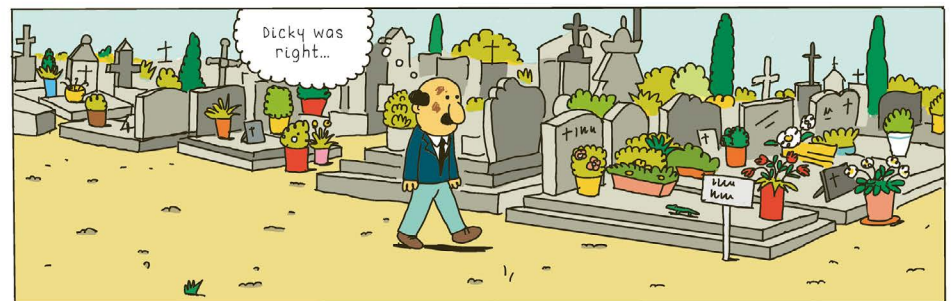
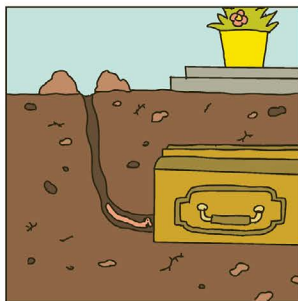
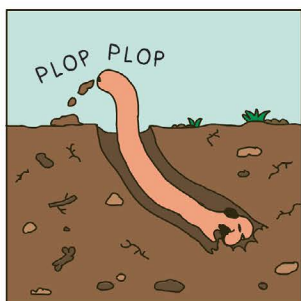
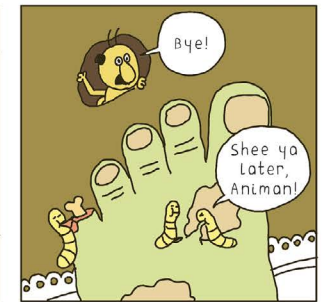
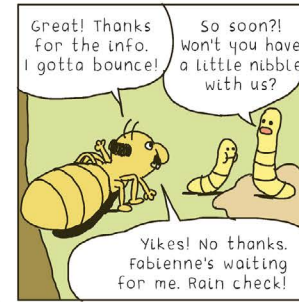
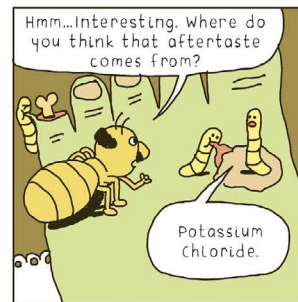
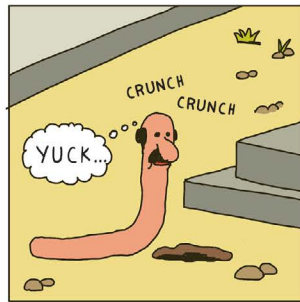
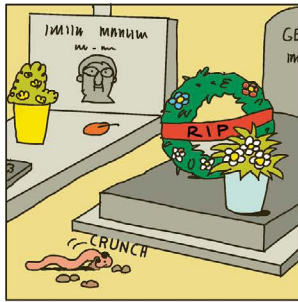
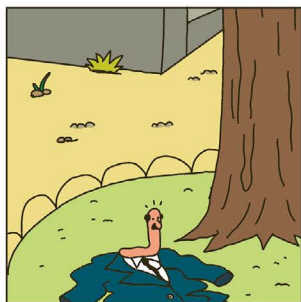
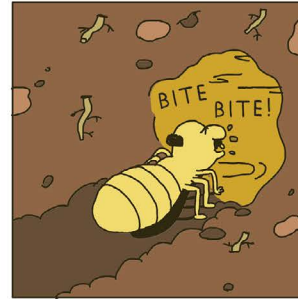
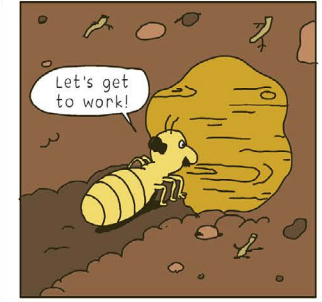
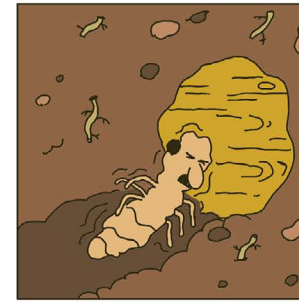
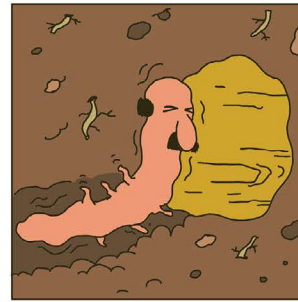
“In Anouk Ricard’s gently bonkers satire, [she] just barely cushion[s] her pointed jabs at the insular, dysfunctional families we construct at work.”—*The Globe & Mail*

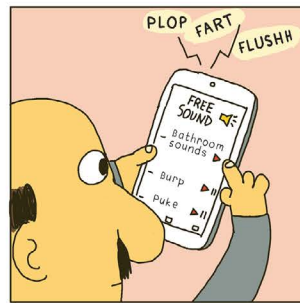
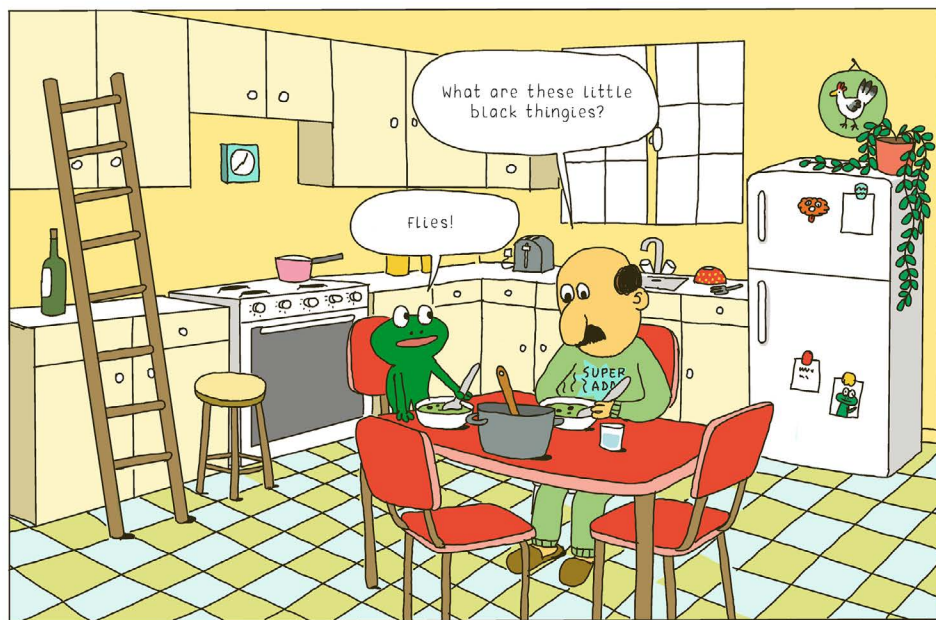
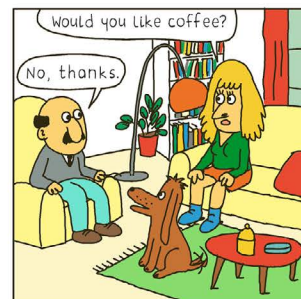
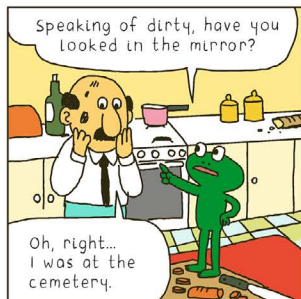
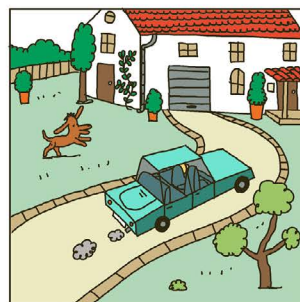
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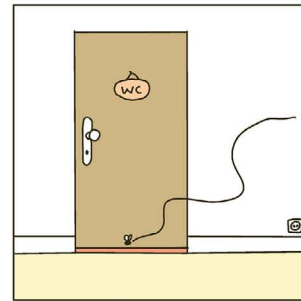
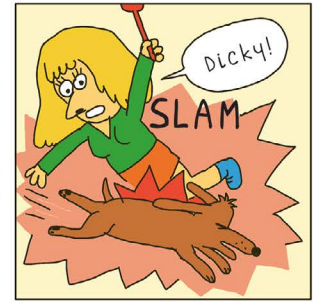
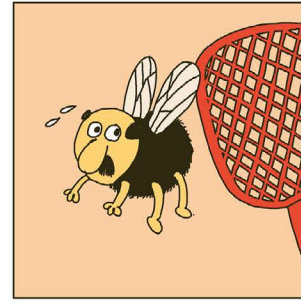
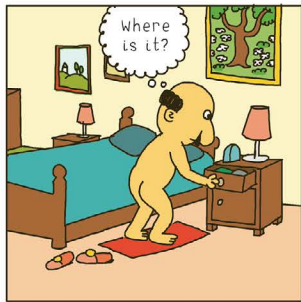
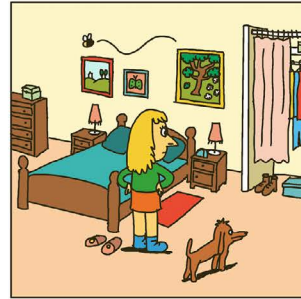
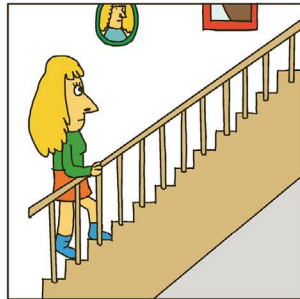
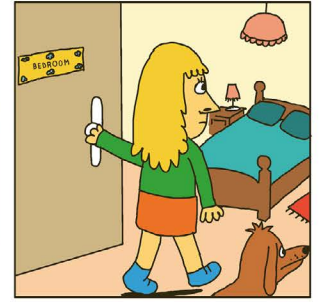
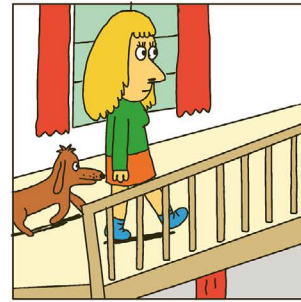
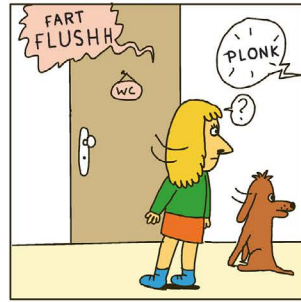
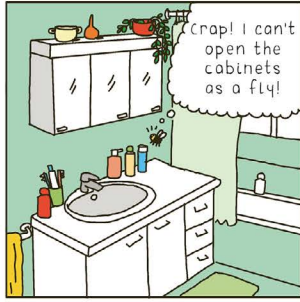
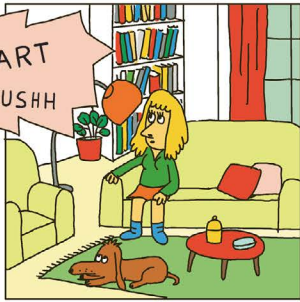
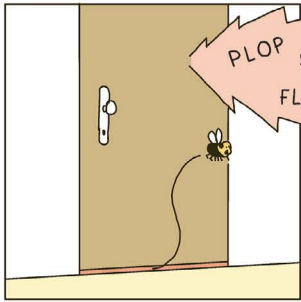
Animan's WORK













Anouk Ricard is an author, artist, and stop motion animator. She was born in the south of France. She began the *Anna and Froga* series after moving to Strasbourg in 2004. Initially published in *Capsule Comique* magazine, the collections of strips were reprinted by Drawn & Quarterly. In 2025, Ricard received the Grand Prix at the Angoulême Comics Festival, the highest prize in European cartooning.



PALOOKAVILLE 25

SETH

The semi-periodical look into the expansive art practice of an acclaimed cartoonist

Palookaville 25 houses three benchmark projects from the artistic practice of cartoonist and New Yorker cover artist Seth (*Clyde Fans*). His highly-acclaimed memoir “Nothing Lasts” returns. A wave farewell to his youth and a love letter to Toronto in the 1980s, this installment of his memoir caps off his teenage years and the budding romance at the Cove Inn, and sees Seth setting off for the big city where he moves to attend art school.

Showcasing Seth’s fine-art practice, *Palookaville 25* also includes a photo essay about the creation of “Living Room Suite,” his bronze sculpture installation in Guelph. Through text and photographs, Seth documents early pieces in the same series, followed by maquettes of the sculpture, photos showing the fabrication process, and then, finally, a series of photos showing the completed installation.

Lastly, the life and death of post-humorously renowned Dominion painter Owen Moore is told through comics in ten episodes. Originally serialized in *The Walrus*, this is the first time the story has been collected. Pages from

the original sketchbook version and the final art are presented in pairs, revealing Seth’s process to readers.

A rarity in the world of publishing, Seth’s *Palookaville* series has become an ongoing monograph of sorts, a deep look into an idiosyncratic mind, and a survey of a singular artist’s multifaceted output.

PRAISE FOR THE PALOOKAVILLE SERIES

“Pulling out the 24th edition of Seth’s *Palookaville* from its mailing wrapper, it’s hard not to feel like a kid at Christmas.”—*The Comics Journal*

“Consummately iconographic... Rich with longing, haunted memory, and masterful control.”—*CBC Books*

“Seth’s seemingly autobiographical stories drew immediate acclaim when he began *Palookaville* two decades ago. His heartbreakingly melancholy return to that mode shows how completely he has mastered his craft in the ensuing two decades.”—*The Paris Review*

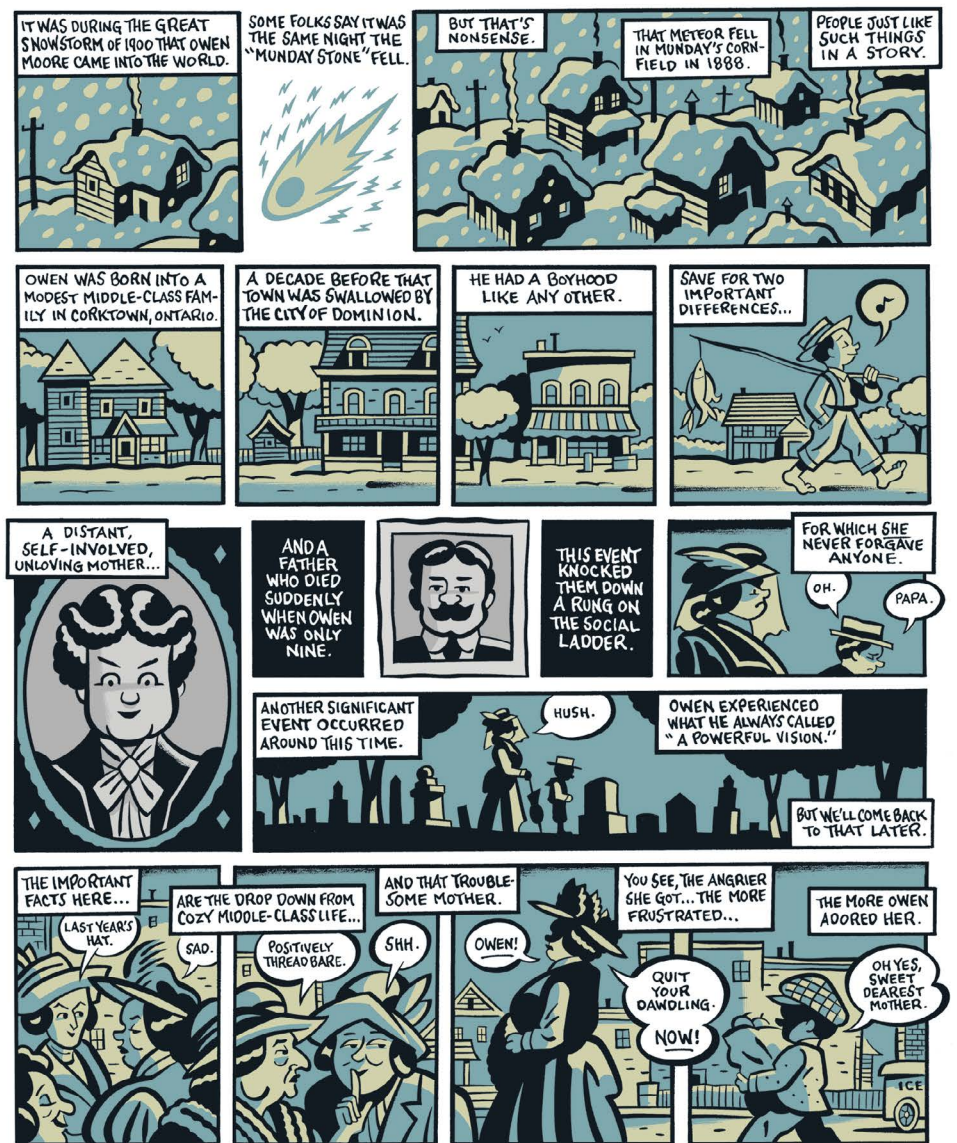
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OWEN MOORE EPISODE ONE OF TEN PROLOGUE



SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE TWO OF TEN BEGINNINGS



SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE THREE of TEN PROPER ORDER

ON A HOT SUMMER DAY IN 1909, AT THE AGE OF NINE...

LYING SICK IN BED WITH INFLUENZA...

OWEN MOORE EXPERIENCED WHAT HE ALWAYS CALLED "A POWERFUL VISION."

THOUGH, I SUPPOSE, IT WAS JUST A FEVER DREAM.

GLANCING OUT THE WINDOW...

HE OBSERVED THE FAMILIAR STREET SEEM TO STOP DEAD STILL.

AND IN A MOMENT OF FRIGHTENING CLARITY...

A STRANGE "CRISPNESS" CAME OVER IT ALL.

AS IF EACH OBJECT WERE BOLDLY OUTLINED AND GLOWING FROM WITHIN.

ALL SHARPLY SEPARATE, YET ALL PART OF A LARGER, EXQUISITE WHOLE.

THE OAK TREE.

THE NELSONS' SHED.

THE TROLLEY.

MR. SAMUEL'S DOG.

EVEN THE OLD TRASH BIN.

A DEEP SENSE OF "FINENESS" CAME OVER OWEN MOORE.

AND HE UNDERSTOOD THE "PROPER ORDER OF THINGS."

HE'D PEERED INTO A REALM WHERE ALL WAS COMPLETE, ETERNAL, AND LOVINGLY PLACED IN THE "CORRECT ORDER."

LATER, HE OFTEN CLAIMED THAT IF HE CLEARED HIS MIND...

HE COULD AGAIN DRAW FORTH THAT DEEP EXPERIENCE.

HE COULD NOT HELP BUT WONDER...

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

WAS IT REAL?

AND YET...

SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE FOUR of TEN TICKET TAKER

IN PREVIOUS EPISODES, I REFERRED TO OWEN AS A FAMOUS ARTIST.

I HOPE I HAVEN'T MISLED ANYONE.

HE CERTAINLY NEVER MADE A LIVING AT IT.

THERE WERE VERY FEW FULL-TIME ARTISTS IN DOMINION IN THOSE DAYS.

NO, HE WORKED A REGULAR JOB LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

5¢ PLEASE.

A TICKET TAKER ON THE YELLOW STREETCARS OF THE G.D.T.C.*

OWEN LIKED THE WORK WELL ENOUGH.

DING DING

HE WAS VERY FOND OF THE MILVERTON STREET ROUTE.

ESPECIALLY THE OLD BUSINESSES ALONG THERE.

SOME OF THEM GOING BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY.

SMALL GLIMPSES OF QUIET, OVERLOOKED PLACES.

HE WORKED THAT JOB RIGHT UNTIL RETIREMENT.

GOT THE GOLD WATCH AND ALL.

UP WEEKDAYS AT FIVE IN THE MORNING...

AND HOME BY THREE IN THE AFTERNOON.

YES, OWEN WAS A SUNDAY PAINTER.

BUT DON'T MISTAKE HIM FOR AN AMATEUR.

HE WAS A TALENTED AND TRAINED ARTIST.

HE GRADUATED ART SCHOOL AND WAS A MEMBER OF THE DOMINION ARTS AND LETTERS CLUB.

OWEN WAS A REALLY GOOD PAINTER.

THIS WAS THE GREAT TRAGEDY OF HIS STORY.

WELL... ONE OF TWO GREAT TRAGEDIES.

DINNER'S READY, MOTHER.

YES, YES!

EDIBLE, I HOPE.

SIGH.

SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE FIVE OF TEN A FLOWER

IT IS TIME TO TALK ABOUT OWEN'S MOTHER, VIVIAN MOORE.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

TIGHT-LIPPED ABOUT HER UPBRINGING AND HER MARRIAGE.

NEVER CONFIDED IN A SOUL. A FRIEND TO NO ONE.

WHY WAS SHE SUCH A HARD, MEAN LADY?

OWEN CERTAINLY OFFERED NO ANSWERS OF ANY KIND.

NOT EVEN IN HIS PRIVATE DIARIES.

HE DIDN'T SEE HER IN THAT LIGHT.

IN FACT, TO HIM, SHE WAS SOMETHING OF A DELICATE HOTHOUSE FLOWER.

YES, REALLY.

WHAT DO WE MAKE OF SUCH BLINDNESS? WAS OWEN A SAINT? OR A FOOL?

AFTER HER DEATH, TWO PHOTOS WERE FOUND IN A DRAWER.

WHO WAS THIS YOUNG MAN?

HE WASN'T OWEN'S FATHER!

IT'S EASY TO MAKE UP A STORY THAT FITS.

ONE THAT NEATLY EXPLAINS HER.

OR IS THAT JUST WISHFUL THINKING?

A COMFORTABLE LIE OF "HIDDEN LOSS" AND FORGIVABLE TEMPER?

WHO CAN SAY?

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT OWEN TOOK THE ABUSE SHE SO DEARLY NEEDED TO DISH OUT...

AND HE TOOK IT WITH GRACE.

WELL, OWEN?

SHE DIED SUDDENLY OF A WEAK HEART* WHEN OWEN WAS SIXTY-FIVE.

SPEAK UP, BOY.

THEY HAD LIVED TOGETHER, WITH BARLEY A VISITOR, SINCE OWEN WAS A CHILD.

DON'T BE SUCH A MOUSE.

NOW, WITHOUT HER CONSTANT COMPLAINS, IT WAS A CALMER, QUIETER HOME.

ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?

BLINK

BUT HERE IS THE STRANGE PART...

OWEN?!

IT WAS NOT A HAPPIER ONE.

YES, DEAREST MOTHER.

*NO SNIDE REMARKS, PLEASE.

SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE SIX OF TEN OVERLOOKED

WE'VE TALKED MUCH ABOUT OWEN MOORE, THE ARTIST... BUT VERY LITTLE ABOUT HIS PAINTINGS.

HE DID NO NUDES, NO PORTRAITS, NO STILL LIFES.

ALL HIS PAINTINGS WERE LANDSCAPES. WELL, CITYSCAPES.

HIS ONLY SUBJECT WAS THE CITY OF HIS BIRTH: DOMINION.

ITS STREETS AND STOREFRONTS AND FACTORIES.

ITS CORNER STORES, ITS WORKSHOPS.

ITS TAVERNS AND GREASY SPOONS AND LEGION HALLS.

HIS WAS A THOROUGHLY MID-CENTURY URBAN VISION.

I DOUBT HE LEFT THE CITY EVEN ONCE IN HIS LIFE.

OWEN'S SPECIALTY WAS THE QUIET, OVERLOOKED LITTLE CORNERS OF THE CITY.

MOODY WORKS—ALL GREYS AND BLUES AND TWILIGHT COLOURS.

HIS MOST WELL-KNOWN PIECE IS TITLED "5 A.M."

A LONELY PARKING LOT. EARLY MORNING.

DEAD STILL.

THE SUBJECT MATTER, LIKE OWEN HIMSELF, WAS HUMBLE...

YET IT WAS ALSO WELL ORDERED AND GLOWING WITH AN INNER SENSE OF PERFECTION.

OVER THE DECADES HE STEADILY PRODUCED A GOOD NUMBER OF PAINTINGS...

AND CAREFULLY STACKED THEM IN THE ATTIC.

OH, HE SOLD A FEW... BUT HE REMAINED UNCELEBRATED, OBSCURE.

YOU HAVE TO WONDER WHAT KEPT HIM GOING.

WHAT WAS HE TRYING TO CREATE?

HMM.

OR, MORE PROPERLY: WHAT WAS HE TRYING TO RECREATE?

SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE SEVEN of TEN SUCCESS



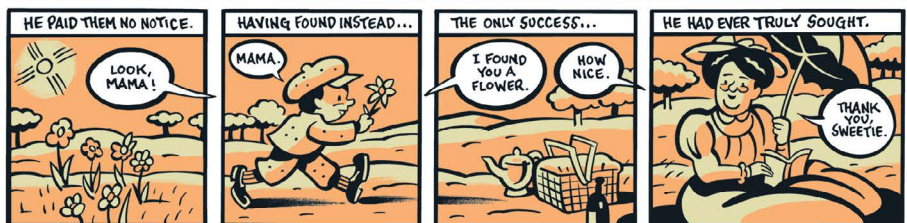
BY THEN, HE WAS TOO FAR GONE TO SEE IT SHOW UP.

BY THEN, HE WAS DRIFTING, OBLIVIOUS FROM ONE DREAMY MOMENT TO THE NEXT.

HIS PAINTINGS HAD BEEN SOLD AS A LOT YEARS EARLIER, WHEN HE ENTERED THE MANOR.

ART DEALER CASLOW BLACK HAD NO INKLING OF THE WISE INVESTMENT HE'D MADE.

THAT OWEN WOULD END UP AS DOMINION'S MOST FAMOUS ARTIST WAS RATHER UNLIKELY.



SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE EIGHT of TEN SHINING WORLD



SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE NINE of TEN

HI, THERE

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

HERE'S A MAN WHO DOTTED HIS LIFE AWAY ON A CRABBY MOTHER.

HE NEVER MARRIED.

NEVER REALLY EVEN HAD A DATE.

JUST WHAT WAS UP WITH HIM?

CELIBATE? ASEXUAL? CLOSETED?

NONE OF THESE, APPARENTLY.

THAT IS, IF HIS DIARIES ARE TO BE TRUSTED.

OWEN, IT TURNS OUT, WAS QUITE UNEXCEPTIONAL.

HE HAD A RATHER TYPICAL SEX LIFE.

JUST NOT MUCH OF ONE.

ONLY FOUR SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS.

ALL WITH THE SAME WOMAN.

HI, THERE.

EACH TRYST ABOUT A DECADE APART.

HE MET HER AT ART SCHOOL, AND SHE QUICKLY RELIEVED HIM OF HIS VIRGINITY.

SHE WAS A BOLD ONE. LET'S CALL HER LULU.

YOU'RE KIND OF CUTE, MISTER!

THE NEXT TIME THEY MET WAS TEN YEARS LATER, A WEEK BEFORE SHE MARRIED.

MISS ME?

ME AGAIN.

THEN ANOTHER DECADE, RIGHT AFTER A DIVORCE.

HAPPY TO SEE ME?

MY DEAR OWEN.

BLUSH

IN AND OUT OF HIS LIFE LIKE A WHIRLWIND.

THIS WAS THE LAST TIME THEY SAW EACH OTHER.

BUT LET'S NOT MAKE A GREAT ROMANCE OUT OF ALL THIS.

OWEN CERTAINLY DIDN'T WRITE OF IT IN THOSE TERMS.

IT'S HARD TO GUESS JUST WHAT HE FELT.

I WILL SAY THIS...

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER SHE WAS "THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE" OR NOT...

BUT I DO KNOW WHOSE NAME WAS ON HIS LIPS WHEN HE DIED.

MOTHER.

I SEE YOU...

SETH

OWEN MOORE EPISODE TEN of TEN

EPILOGUE

AND SO, THIS IS WHERE OUR STORY ENDS.

WHERE MOST STORIES END, I GUESS.

OWEN LEFT VERY LITTLE OF HIMSELF BEHIND WHEN HE DIED.

HE DID LEAVE SOME BEAUTIFUL PAINTINGS, THOUGH.

THE PLACE TO SEE THOSE PAINTINGS IS THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT THE CONFEDERATION PARK ART GALLERY.

OPEN TUESDAY TO SUNDAY, NINE TO FIVE.

HIS PAINTINGS CAN ALSO BE FOUND IN BANKS AND BOARDROOMS ACROSS THE CITY.

THEY ARE A VERY GOOD INVESTMENT.

AND A FEW REMAIN TUCKED AWAY IN SURPRISING SPOTS.

IN A DUSTY CORNER OF THE CORKTOWN LIBRARY, FOR EXAMPLE.

A GIFT OF THE ARTIST.

A MOODY FACTORY SCENE HANGS IN THE HOME OF MRS. EMILY MOTT.

AN OLD LADY WITH NO IDEA OF ITS VALUE.

PURCHASED YEARS AGO FOR ONLY A FEW DOLLARS.

IN FACT, SEVERAL OF HIS PAINTINGS HANG ON MODEST WALLS.

OR SIT, FORGOTTEN AND UNRECOGNIZED, IN ATTICS.

AS FOR THE MAN HIMSELF?

OWEN DIED FEEBLE-MINDED AND ALONE.

HE DIED WITHOUT A CENT.

TRUTH IS, HIS BANK ACCOUNT HAD A NEGATIVE BALANCE.

I LEAVE IT TO YOU TO IMAGINE THE INEVITABLE PUN ON HIS NAME...

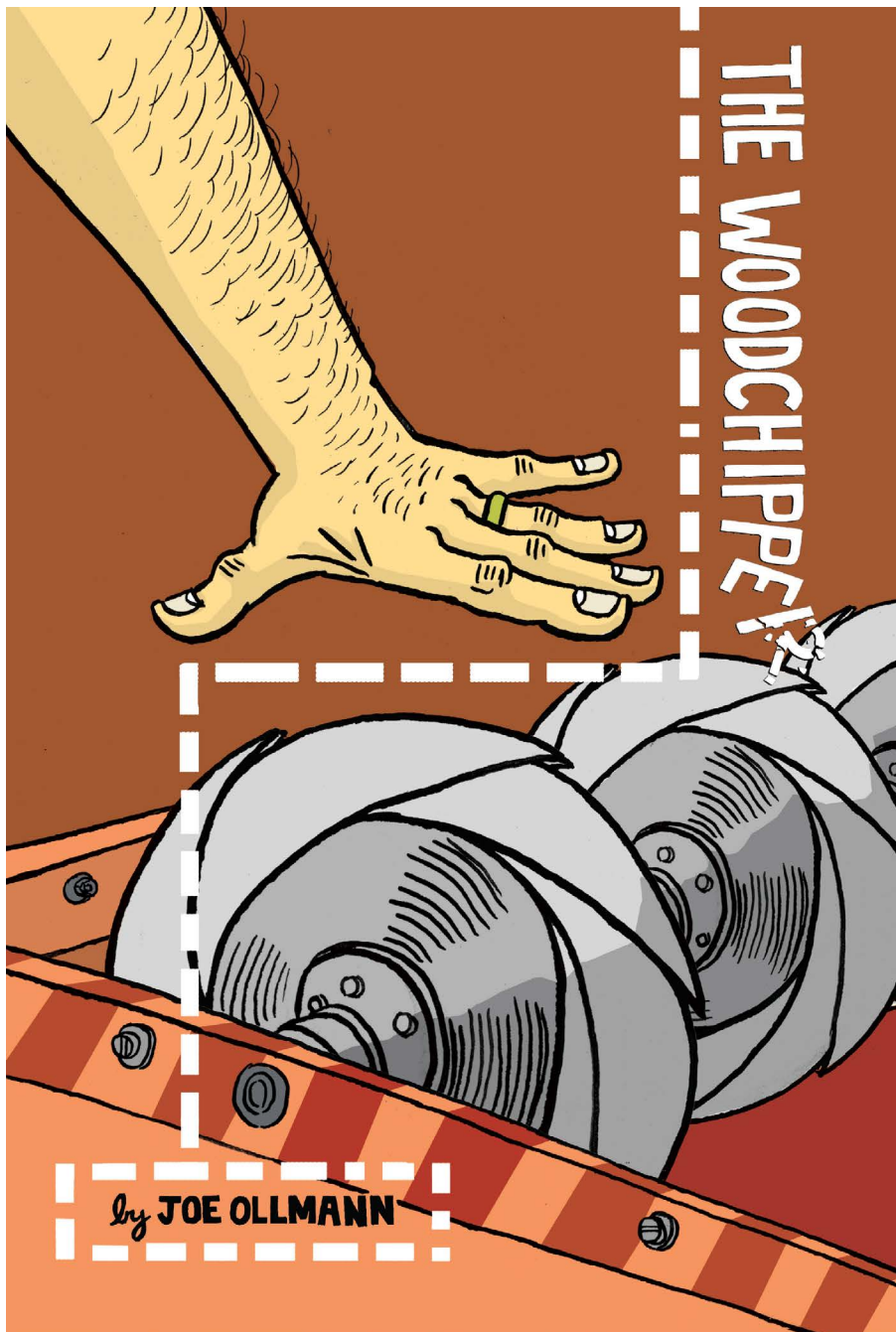
THAT THEY CARRIED INTO HIS UNASSUMING GRAVESTONE.

SETH

The END



Seth is the cartoonist behind the graphic novel *Clyde Fans*. His comics have appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Best American Comics*, and *McSweeney's Quarterly*. His illustrations have appeared on the cover of *The New Yorker*, *The Walrus*, and *Canadian Notes & Queries*. He designs collections of work by Charles Schulz, John Stanley, and Doug Wright, and was the subject of a National Film Board documentary entitled *Seth's Dominion*. Seth lives in Guelph, Canada in a house he has named Inkwell's End.



THE WOODCHIPPER

JOE OLLMANN

An award-winning cartoonist confronts anxiety and regret

A long-time city maintenance worker keeps pulling an accident prone newbie's fat out of the fire or maybe in this case, an arm and another arm and a leg out of the woodchipper. What happens when NOTHING HAPPENS? Can a disaster averted still be a disaster?

In "Nestled All Snug," frazzled bookstore clerk Sasha prepares to close the store and head home to watch Hallmark Christmas specials after a fight with her boyfriend means she's home alone for the holidays. Hmm, that stack of boxes outside the bathroom seems a little precarious. Maybe Sasha will do returns when she gets back to work post-holidays. FWUMP FWUMP FWUMP. Guess someone is going to regret leaving their phone by the register before going to the bathroom.

In *The Woodchipper*, Joe Ollmann, cartoonist of the groundbreaking Governor General Award finalist *Fictional Father*, returns with a suite of

comic short stories focused on his trademark nervous wreck characters caught in a series of escalating personal disasters. Everybody's doing their best. Everybody's just trying to get through the day.

PRAISE FOR JOE OLLMANN'S *FICTIONAL FATHER*

"Though no one does galumphing human failure better than Ollmann, thankfully his tongue is also ever in his cheek."

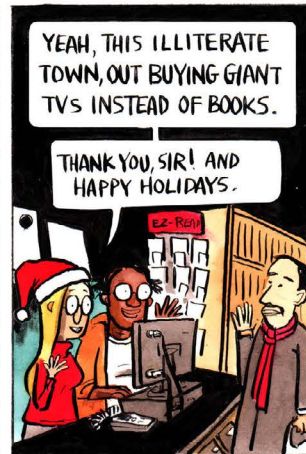
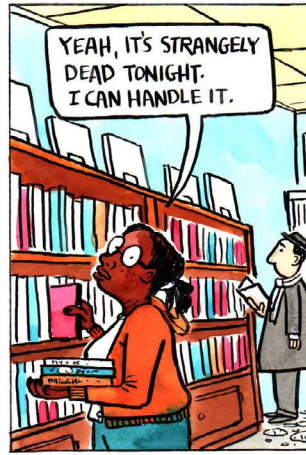
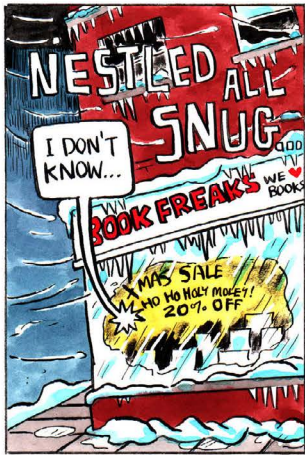
—*The Guardian*, Best Books of 2021

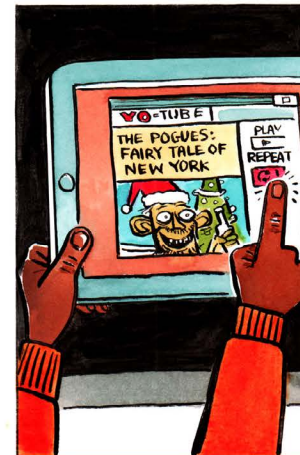
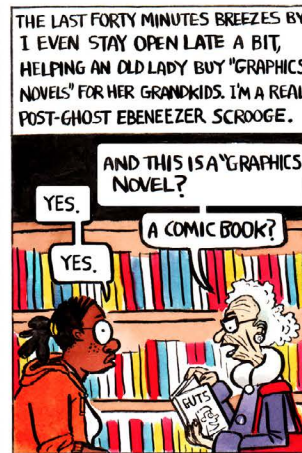
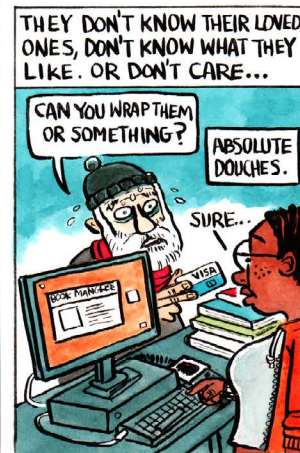
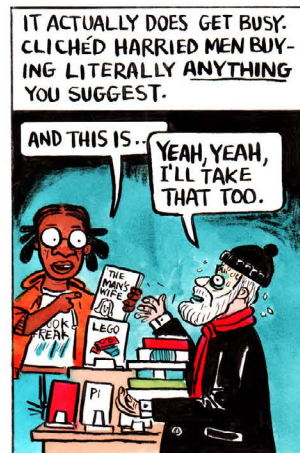
"Portraying the aimless, alcoholic son of an aloof, philandering cartoonist, Ollmann blends jovial grotesquerie with a surprising generosity of spirit."

—*The Globe and Mail*, Best Books of 2021

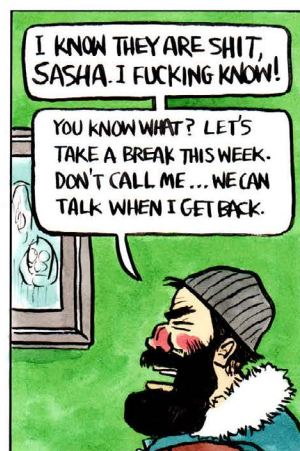
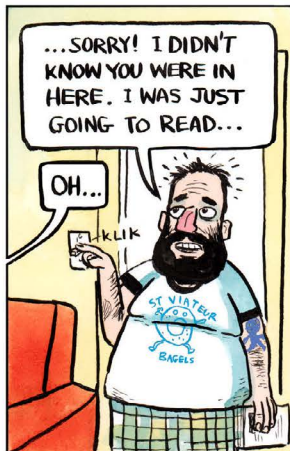
"Readers—especially those with a keen interest in the history and mechanics of comics—will appreciate Ollmann's formal playfulness and emotional honesty."—*Shelf Awareness*

MARCH 2026 • \$25 USD / \$35 CAD • 4-COLOR • 6.75" X 10" • 216 PAGES
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Joe Ollmann lives in Hamilton, the Riviera of Southern Ontario. He is the winner of the Doug Wright Award for Best Book in 2007 and loser of the same award another time. He has published three books with Drawn & Quarterly: *Mid-Life*, *The Abominable Mr Seabrook*, and most recently *Fictional Father*, which was the first graphic novel to be nominated for the Governor General's Literary Award for Adult Fiction.



HOT OR NOT

JESSICA CAMPBELL

A hilarious send-up of the art world's patriarchy

The history of twentieth century art is filled with men, but one key component has always been missing: Which of these men are boneable? And which are not? Jessica Campbell has created the definitive resource on this very important subject in a hilarious rundown of male artist hotness and notness.

From its cheeky scratch-off cover and curator's statement, MFA docent Campbell introduces the masters of the fine art world with an irreverent overview of their practice, only to quickly get to the point on the next page with a HOT or a NOT. Would Campbell kick Cy Twombly out of bed? Probably not. How about Paul Gauguin? Most definitely.

A silly but stinging rebuttal of male chauvinism, Jessica Campbell's *Hot Or Not* is a delightful, cheeky exclamation of female desire and utter lack thereof.

PRAISE FOR *HOT OR NOT*

"Jessica Campbell has forever altered the canon of art history. Thanks to her erudite and lovingly illustrated guide, I can now walk into the finest museums and confidently answer the question 'Can these old pricks get it???'—Lisa Hanawalt

"These men should be judged on their artistic merit, not their hotness. What Ms. Campbell has done here is disgraceful."—Jillian Tamaki

"I love this little book that does exactly as the title suggests: breaks down male artists into the ol' "hot or not" categories usually reserved for women, even, or even especially in the art world."—*The Comics Journal*

"This might be one of the best ways to learn about art I've encountered."—*The Comics Beat*

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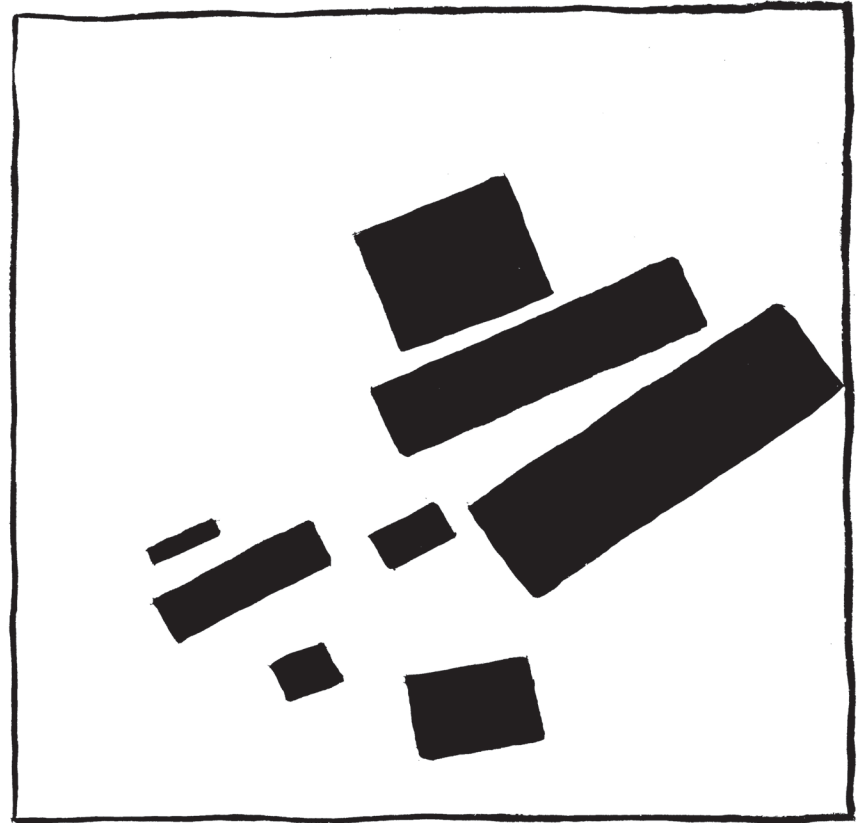
PHILIP GUSTON

ALL RIGHT, CANADA, IMMA CALL IN A PINCH HITTER. THAT'S RIGHT, A SEXY LITTLE CANADIAN-BORN AMERICAN BY THE NAME OF PHIL GUSTON. FILL ME UP WITH A GUST OF SEX WIND, PHIL!



HOT

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THIS SUPERMODEL MADE THOSE EFF-ED UP PAINTINGS, BUT DUDE HAD SOME B-A-G-G-A-G-E.



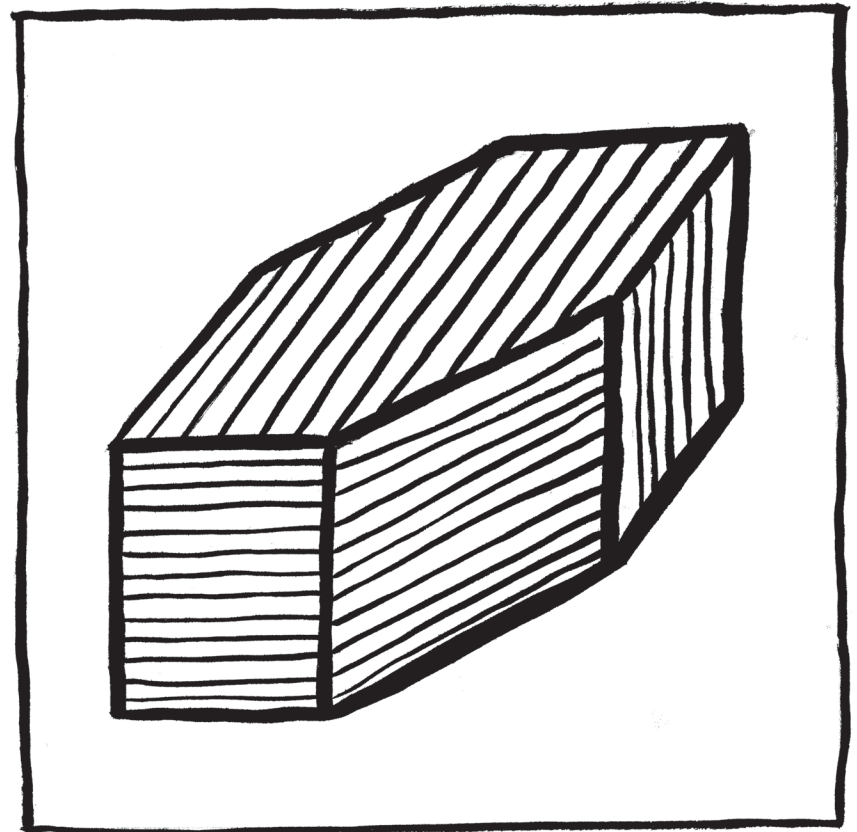
MALEVICH

THESE ARE THE PAINTINGS OF A BROODING, COMPLICATED SEX MAN.



NOT

AND THIS IS THE FACE OF
AN ADULT BABY.



SOL LEWITT

DUDE'S GOTTA BE A NOTTIE.
HE SEEMS LIKE A WEARER OF
MONOCLES AND ASCOTS WHO'D
SCOFF AT ANYONE WHO
DIDN'T APPRECIATE SQUARES
WITH ENOUGH GRAVITAS.



NOT

DID YOU KNOW THAT IN ORDER
TO GET A TEMPORARY, MINIMUM
WAGE JOB SCRIBBLING ON THE
WALL PER LEWITT'S INSTRUCTIONS
YOU NEED AN 80 K USD
MASTER'S DEGREE?



BALTHUS

OK, SO DUDE'S CLEARLY A PERV,
BUT DOES A PERV AN UGGO
MAKE? I SUSPECT IT MAY NOT.



HOT

MON DIEU! THIS FACE MAKES ME WISH I WAS A CHILD AGAIN! ALSO, A TIME TRAVELER, SO I COULD BONE BALTHUS, I MEAN.



MODIGLIANI

MODIGLIANI HAS BEEN IN EVERY COLLEGE CO-EDS BEDROOM SINCE THE DAWN OF POSTERS, BUT ONLY "AS A FRIEND," AND NO ONE ENDS UP IN CONSISTENT FRIEND ZONE PURGATORY BY BEING HANDSOME!



HOT

NEVER MIND! PAINT ME LIKE ONE
OF YOUR MANGLED ITALIAN GIRLS,
AMEDEO.



Jessica Campbell is from Victoria, British Columbia, and is an enthusiast of jokes, painting and comics. She completed her MFA at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where she was the recipient of the Edward L. Ryerson Fellowship, and also a comics instructor. She has exhibited work in Canada, the United States, Australia, and Greece. She lives in Toronto and is an assistant professor of Fine Arts at York University.



THE WRONG PLACE

BRECHT EVENS

A new edition of the debut classic by a visionary stylist offered in a deluxe format

Rendered in vivid watercolor where parquet floors and patterned dresses morph together, *The Wrong Place* revolves around oft-absent Robbie, a charismatic lothario of mysterious celebrity who has the run of a city as chaotic as it is resplendent. Robbie's sexual energy captivates the attention of men and women alike; his literal and figurative brightness is a startling foil to the dreariness of his childhood friend, Francis.

With a hand as sensitive as it is exuberant, the first graphic novel by award-winning cartoonist Brecht Evens (*The City of Belgium*, *Panther*) captures the strange chemistry of social interaction as easily as he portrays the fragmented nature of identity. *The Wrong Place* contrasts life as it is, angst-ridden and awkward, with life as it can be: spontaneous, uninhibited, and free.

PRaise FOR BRECHT EVENS

"Evens is a master of crowd scenes and colour, and his psychedelic symphony bleeds into a pensive, washed-out dawn that suggests that even the wildest trips must end sometime."—James Smart, *The Guardian*

"This fizzy little novel is all about buzz, gossip, sex, and having fun. It's so busy and exuberant you wish you could join the party."—*The Boston Globe*

"Turning the pages, you never know what you'll find next: a scene from a children's fairytale, lush and magical; a comic strip, busy and droll; or a nightmare straight out of the lost sketchbook of Edvard Munch."—Rachel Cooke, *The Guardian*

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Oh, hi, Robbie.
I just got here. Still
by the floor, yes...
I'll wait here,
otherwise you'll
never find me.





Hi, Gary!

I was all the way upstairs. Shame I didn't make it to your party, everything went a bit crazy the other day...

Total chaos...

What did I miss?

Hmm, quite a lot of people came... Waldo, Linda, Isis, Eric, Deborah... It was okay.

There was ice-cold vodka!

Everyone was sorry you weren't there.

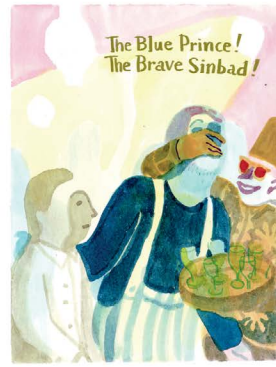
The missing ingredient.

Yes, the secret ingredient, like Coca-Cola.

Like the little cherry on the top. Well, it's my loss.



But I'm glad we can make up for it now, Gary! Let's get the drinks in!



The Blue Prince!
The Brave Sinbad!



Ah, the Sultan!
Can I take two of these? I insist!



Gary, this is the Sultan, Sultan, Gary.

Oh, hello, friend.

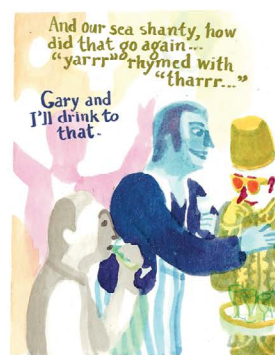
Hi, Sultan!



Hey, Robbie, wasn't it great the other night?
No, legendary!



I was still pulling seaweed out of my pants yesterday.



And our sea shanty, how did that go again... "yarr" rhymed with "tharr..."

Gary and I'll drink to that.



Let me know if it comes back to you, Sultan!

Oh, okay. Talk later!



Come, let's go somewhere quiet where we can catch up.



The Belgian cartoonist **Brecht Evens** was born in 1986 and studied illustration in Ghent, Belgium. *The Wrong Place* (2009) started out as a graduation project. It won the Haarlem Comic Festival's Willy Vandersteen Award for best Dutch-language graphic novel, and an award at the Angoulême International Comics Festival. He followed *The Wrong Place* with *The Making Of* (2012), *Panther* (2016), and *The City of Belgium* (2021). Evens lives in Paris in a charming and oh-so-Parisian garret apartment.

TOVE JANSSON



THE MEMOIRS OF MOOMINPAPPA

THE MEMOIRS OF MOOMINPAPPA

TOVE JANSSON

D&Q's deluxe hardcover series of the classic mid-century MOOMIN chapter books continues!

Before he had a family, even before he met Moominmamma, Moominpappa led a life of adventure and intrigue. But he's never told his story 'til now. Being under the weather with a bad cold, provides the perfect opportunity to remember his youthful endeavors and to ponder the experiences that have made him the remarkable Moomin that he is.

As he reads each chapter aloud to Moomintroll, Snufkin, and Sniff, they—and we—learn of his triumphs and tribulations: his arrival at Hemulin's orphanage, his momentous meetings with the Joxter, the Muddler, and a cast of other characters too incredible (especially Edward the Booble) to list here.

The Memoirs of Moominpappa by Tove Jansson was originally released in Swedish in 1950 and has been published in over fifty languages. Often regarded as the most philosophical of the Moomin chapter books, it shares the introspective and imaginative qualities that have made the Moomins beloved for so many decades.

PRAISE FOR THE MEMOIRS OF MOOMINPAPPA

"The Moomins are philosophical in a way that cuts through typical kids' entertainment, which is why they have enchanted readers of all ages for generations. Like their creator, the Moomins are poets, delivering lessons on friendship, loneliness, loss, and acceptance."—*Vogue*

"[Jansson's] work soars with lightness and speed, and her drawings only echo her writing: delicate but precise, observant yet suggestive."

—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"In Jansson's narratives, whether tilted to children or adults, a debate can be felt rustling under the surface: it's between voices that speak for the open hand of compromise and diplomacy and those that see the truth as naked or nothing, wills that would rather do whatever the hell they like."—*The New Yorker*

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CHAPTER 1

In which I tell of my misunderstood childhood, of the first Experience in my life and the tremendous night of my escape, and of my historic meeting with Hodgkins.



Early one cold and windy evening many years ago, a simple shopping bag was found on the doorstep of the Moomin Foundling Home. In the bag lay none other than I, rather carelessly wrapped in newspaper.

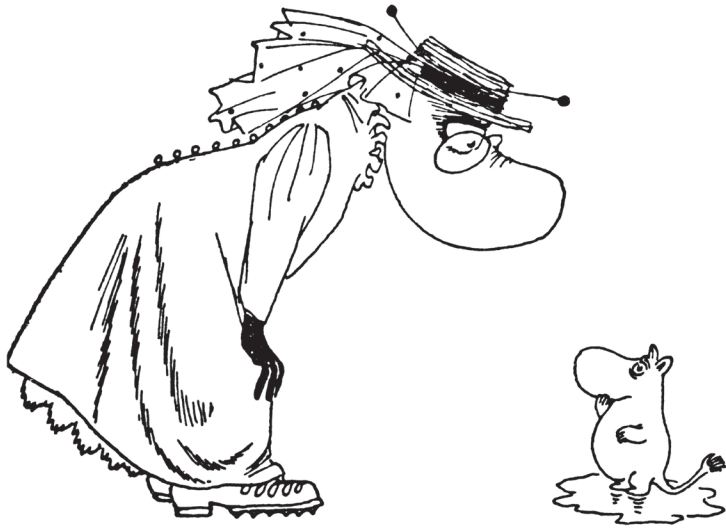
How much more romantic it would have been had I been placed instead on green moss in a small, pretty basket!

However, the Hemulen who had built the Foundling Home was interested in astrology (somewhat), and wisely enough she observed the dominant stars at the time of my coming into the world. They indicated the birth of a very unusual and talented Moomin, and the Hemulen accordingly worried about the trouble awaiting her (geniuses are often regarded as being disagreeable, but I must confess that this has never disturbed me).

The position of the stars is a remarkable matter! Had I been born a couple of hours earlier, I would have become a keen poker player, and everyone born twenty minutes after me felt compelled to join the Hemulic Voluntary Brass Band (fathers and mothers cannot be careful enough when starting a family, and I recommend making minute calculations).

Anyhow, when I was lifted out of the shopping bag I sneezed three times in a very peculiar way. It might have signified something or other.

The Hemulen tied a tag to my tail and stamped it with the magical number 13, because she already had twelve foundlings. All of them were grave, tidy, and obedient, because unfortunately the Hemulen washed them more often than she kissed them (she owned the sort of solid character that lacks all the finer nuances). Dear reader, imagine a Moomin-house where all the rooms are placed strictly in a row, foursquare and painted in the same beer-brown color! You don't believe me? Moominhouses, you say, should have plenty of the most surprising nooks



and secret chambers, stairs, balconies, and turrets? Not this one! And worse: in the night none of us was allowed to get out of bed, to eat, chat, or walk about. (We were barely permitted to pee!)

I was never allowed to take any funny little bugs home with me to keep under my bed. I had to eat and wash at fixed times. I had to carry my tail at an angle of forty-five degrees when saying good morning. Oh, who can talk about such matters without shedding a tear!

I used to stand before the tiny mirror in the hall and look deep into my unhappy blue eyes, trying to penetrate the secret of my life. With my nose in my paws, I heaved sighs such as “Alone!” “Cruel World!” “Fate is my Lot!” and other sad words, until I felt a little better.

I was a very lonely Moominchild, as is often the case with original talents. No one understood me or could make me out, least of all I myself. Of course, I was aware of the difference between me and the other Moomin children. It lay mainly in their deplorable incapacity for wondering and marvelling.

For example, I would ask the Hemulen why everything was just as it was and not the other way round.

“Wouldn’t that be pretty indeed,” said the Hemulen to this. “What’s wrong with things as they are?” She never explained anything, and I felt more and more strongly that she was trying to shrug the whole matter off. “What, when?” and “Who, how?” have no meaning to Hemulens.

Or I asked her why I was I and not someone else.

“Bad luck for both of us! Have you washed your face?” was the Hemulen’s reply to this important question.

I continued: “But why are you a Hemulen and not a Moomin?”

“My father and mother were Hemulens, praise be,” she replied.

“And their fathers and mothers?” I asked.

“Hemulens!” the Hemulen cried. “And also their fathers and mothers, and all theirs, and so forth and so forth, and now go and wash or I’ll be getting nervous!”

“How dreary. Do they never end?” I asked. “Sometime there must have been a *first* father and mother, mustn’t there?”

“That’s so long ago that nobody cares,” said the Hemulen. “And anyhow, why should we end?” (A dim but unavoidable notion told me that the line of fathers and mothers that had to do with myself was something rather exceptional. I wouldn’t be surprised if my swaddling-clothes had been embroidered with a royal crown. But alas! old newspapers tell nothing!)

One night I dreamed that I was holding my tail at a wrong angle, namely, seventy degrees, when I said good morning to the Hemulen. I described this nice dream to her and asked if it made her angry.

“Dreams are trash,” said the Hemulen.

“How does one know?” I objected. “Perhaps the Moomin in my dream is the real one, and the Moomin who stands here is only something you are dreaming?”

“I’m afraid not! You are very real!” said the Hemulen dejectedly. “I haven’t time for you now! You give me headaches! What’ll become of you in this un-Hemulic world?”

“I’m going to be famous,” I declared earnestly. “And among other things, I’ll build a house for little Hemulen foundlings. And I’ll let them eat treacle sandwiches in bed and keep grass snakes and skunks under it!”

“They’ll never care for that,” said the Hemulen.

I’m afraid she was right.

So passed my early childhood in quiet and constant wonderment. I was permanently astonished, always

repeating my questions of “What, when?” and “Who, how?” The Hemulen and her obedient foundlings avoided me as best they could; the word “why” seemed to make them uneasy. So I wandered alone in the bleak, treeless landscape by the sea near the Hemulen’s house, musing over spiders’ webs and stars, over the Little Creeps with curled tails that scuttled around in the water pools, and over the wind that blew from different quarters and always smelled different. (I have later learned that a talented Moomin always wonders about things that seem self-evident but finds nothing strange in things that an ordinary Moomin thinks are curious.) It was a melancholy time.

But by and by a change came: I started to muse about the shape of my nose. I put my trivial surroundings aside and mused more and more about myself, and I found this to be a bewitching occupation. I stopped asking and longed instead to speak of my thoughts and feelings. Alas, there was no one besides myself who found me interesting.

Then came the spring that was so important for my development. At first I didn’t understand that it was directed toward myself. I heard the usual chirping, whirring, and humming from all who awoke from the winter and now were in a hurry for something. I saw the Hemulen’s symmetrical vegetable garden get its start, and everything that came up was crumpled from impatience. New winds were singing at night.

The smells were different. They were the smells of change. I sniffed at everything and got growing pains in my legs, but I still had no idea that it was all intended for me.

Finally, one windy morning, I had a feeling that . . . well, I simply had a feeling. And I walked straight down to the sea that the Hemulen didn't like and consequently had forbidden us.

An important experience awaited me. For the first time I saw myself full-length. The bright and shiny ice was much wider than the Hemulen's hall mirror. I could see the clouds of the spring sky sailing past my small, pretty, upright ears. At last I could view the whole of my nose and the firm, well-rounded rest of myself all the way down to my paws. The paws were really my only disappointment: they had a look of helplessness and childishness that bewildered me. "However," I thought, "perhaps it will pass with time. Doubtless my strength is in my head. Whatever I do, I will never bore people. I'll never give them *time* to look as far down as my paws." Enchanted, I gazed at my reflection. In order to see it still better, I lay down on the ice on my stomach.

But now I disappeared. Now there was only a green dimness that dwindled deeper and deeper. Vague shadows were moving about in the unknown world that led its secret life under the ice. They looked threatening and very attractive. A giddiness came over me and I thought, "To fall down there. Down among the strange shadows . . ."



The thought was so terrifying that I thought it once again: "Deeper, deeper down . . . Nevermore! Only down and down and down."

It made me extremely upset. I rose up and stamped my feet to see if the ice would hold. It did. I walked a bit farther out to see if it would hold there, too. It didn't.

Suddenly I hung up to my ears in the cold green sea with my paws helplessly dangling over a bottomless and dangerous darkness. In the meantime the clouds were sailing along in the sky quite calmly, as if nothing had happened.

Perhaps one of the threatening shadows would devour me! It was not impossible that he would take one of my ears along to his children and tell them, "Now, eat up before it goes cold! This is genuine

Moomin and not to be had every day!” Or I would float ashore with a tragical clump of seaweed behind one ear, and the Hemulen would weep regretfully and tell everyone she knew, “Oh, he was such a singular Moomin! What a pity I didn’t understand it in time . . .”

I was just starting on my funeral when I felt something very cautiously nipping my tail. Everyone who owns a tail knows how careful one is of this special ornament and how instantly one reacts if it is threatened by danger or affront. I laid my enticing dreams aside and was filled with energy. Determinedly I crawled up onto the ice, and then ashore. There I told myself, “Now I have had an Experience. This is the first Experience of my life. I can’t possibly stay with the Hemulen any longer. I shall take my fate in my own paws!”

I felt cold all day, but no one asked me why. This fortified me in my resolution. At dusk I tore my bedsheet in long strips and tied them into a rope. I made it fast to the windowsill. The twelve obedient foundlings looked on but didn’t say a word, and this hurt me. After evening tea I wrote a farewell letter, taking great care over it. Simply, but with dignity, it said:

*Dear Hemulen,
I feel that great events await me, and that a Moomin’s life is short. So I leave this place. Good-bye. Do not grieve: I shall return one day crowned with laurel wreaths!*

*Cheerio, and with best wishes,
A Moomin who is unlike others*

P.S. I am taking a pot of pumpkin mash along.

The die was cast! Led by the stars of my fate, I went on my way, with never an inkling of the strange events that lay in wait for me. I was simply a very young Moomin, gloomily wandering over the heath, sighing in desolate gorges, my loneliness increased by the terrifying sounds of the night.

At exactly this point in his Memoirs, Moominpappa became very deeply moved by the tale of his unhappy childhood, and he felt that he needed a break. He screwed the top on his memoir-pen and went over to the window. All was silent in Moominvalley.

A light breeze was whispering in the garden and gently swinging Moomintroll’s rope ladder to and fro. “I’m sure I could still manage an escape,” Moominpappa thought. “I’m really not so very old!”

He chuckled to himself. Then he lowered his legs over the windowsill and reached for the rope ladder.

“Hello, Pappa,” said Moomintroll at the next window. “What are you up to?”

“Exercises, my boy,” answered Moominpappa. “Keeping fit! One step down, two up, one down, two up. Good for the muscles!”

“Better be careful,” said Moomintroll. “How are the Memoirs going?”

“Quite well,” answered Moominpappa and hauled his

trembling legs to safety over the windowsill. “I’ve just run away. The Hemulen cries with grief. I think it will all be very moving.”

“When are you going to read it to us?”

“Soon. As soon as I’ve come to the riverboat,” said Moominpappa. “It’s great fun to read your own book aloud!”

“I’m sure it is,” said Moomintroll and stifled a yawn. “Well, good night, Pappa.”

“Good night, Moomintroll,” said Moominpappa, already unscrewing the top of his memoir-pen.

“Well. Where was I . . . ? Oh, yes, I had run away, and then in the morning—no, that’ll come later. I must enlarge upon the night of escape . . .”

All night I wandered through unknown, bleak landscapes. How I pity myself now, afterward! I didn’t dare stop, I didn’t dare look around me. Who knows what you may suddenly see in the darkness! I tried to sing “How Un-Hemulic Is This World,” the morning march of the foundlings, but my voice trembled so much that it only frightened me all the



Tove Jansson (1914 - 2001) was a legendary Finnish children’s book author, artist, and creator of the Moomins, who came to life in children’s books, comic strips, theater, opera, film, radio, theme parks, and TV.



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