

# DRAWN & QUARTERLY

FALL 2025

**PHYSICS FOR CATS**

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**DO ADMIT: THE MITFORD SISTERS AND ME**

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**CANNON**

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**TRUE COLORS: GROWING UP WEIRD IN THE 90s**

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**FINN FAMILY MOOMINTROLL**

TOVE JANSSON

**9 TIMES MY WORK HAS BEEN RIPPED OFF**

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TRANSLATED BY ZACK DAVISSON

**YOU'RE ALL JUST JEALOUS OF MY JETPACK**

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION

TOM GAULD

**OVER EASY**

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION

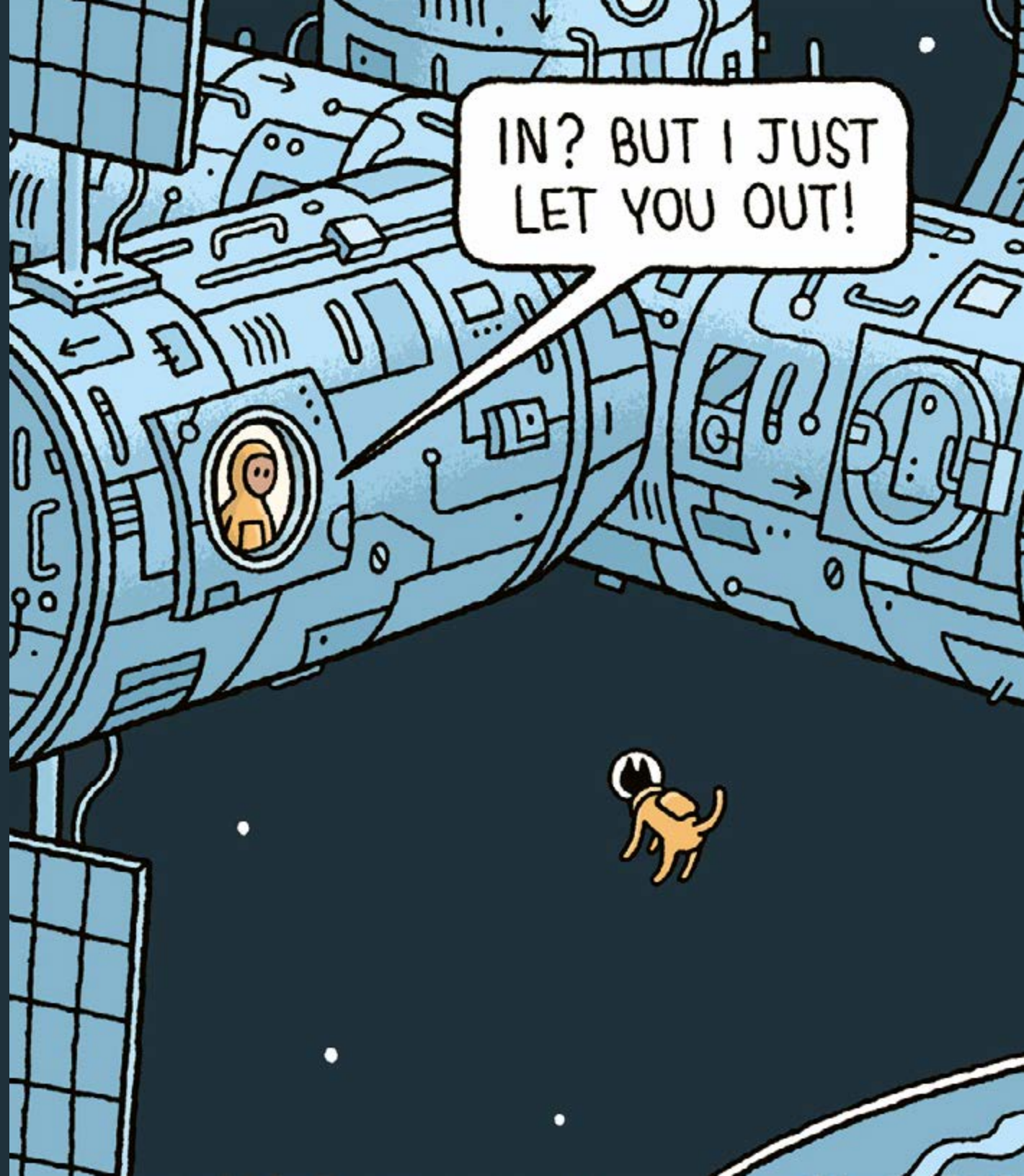
MIMI POND

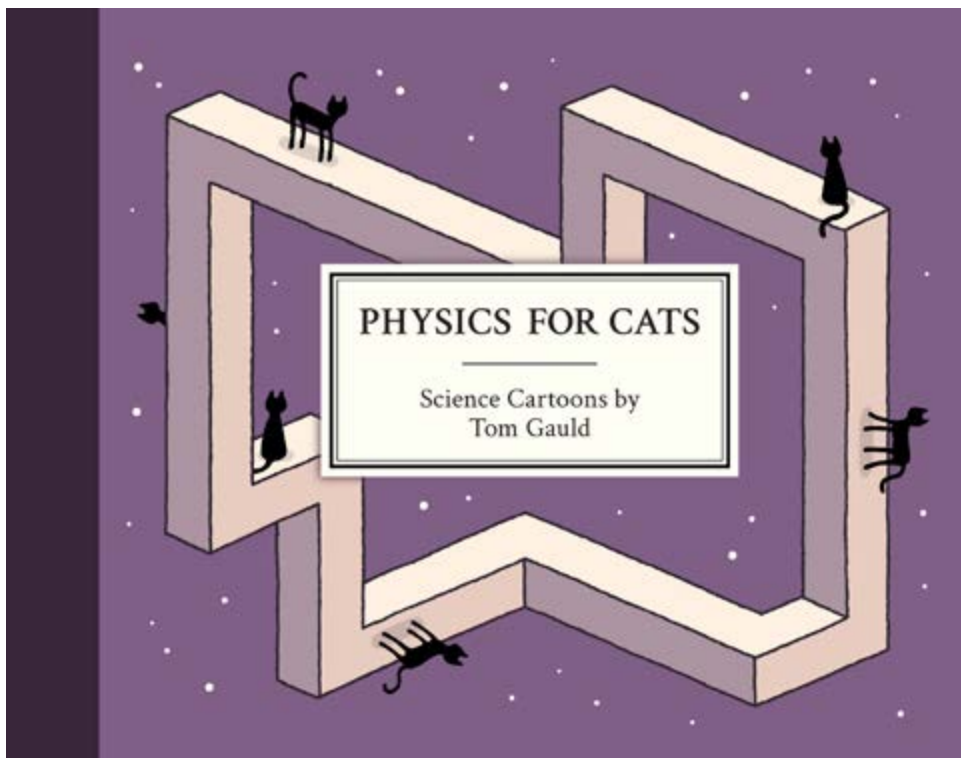
**A DRIFTING LIFE**

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION

YOSHIHIRO TATSUMI

TRANSLATED BY TARO NETTLETON





# PHYSICS FOR CATS

## TOM GAULD

### What happens to a cat who goes through a wormhole?

Tom Gauld returns with *Physics for Cats*, his second collection of science-based cartoons for the *New Scientist*. Find out why every scientist worth their sodium chloride has a Tom Gauld cartoon taped to his electron microscope. This new batch of hilarious gags will be as important to every self-respecting scientist as a lab coat and goggles and oversize rubber gloves.

Find out what the hadron's news alert about CERN says! Everyone asks, "What is dark matter?" and "Where is dark matter?" but do they ever take the time to ask, "How is dark matter?" Based all on previous data, we can predict with a 99.99% certainty that you will either laugh, guffaw, chortle or snort (we don't have a large enough sample

set to be able to say which particular type of mirth you will experience.)

### PRAISE FOR TOM GAULD

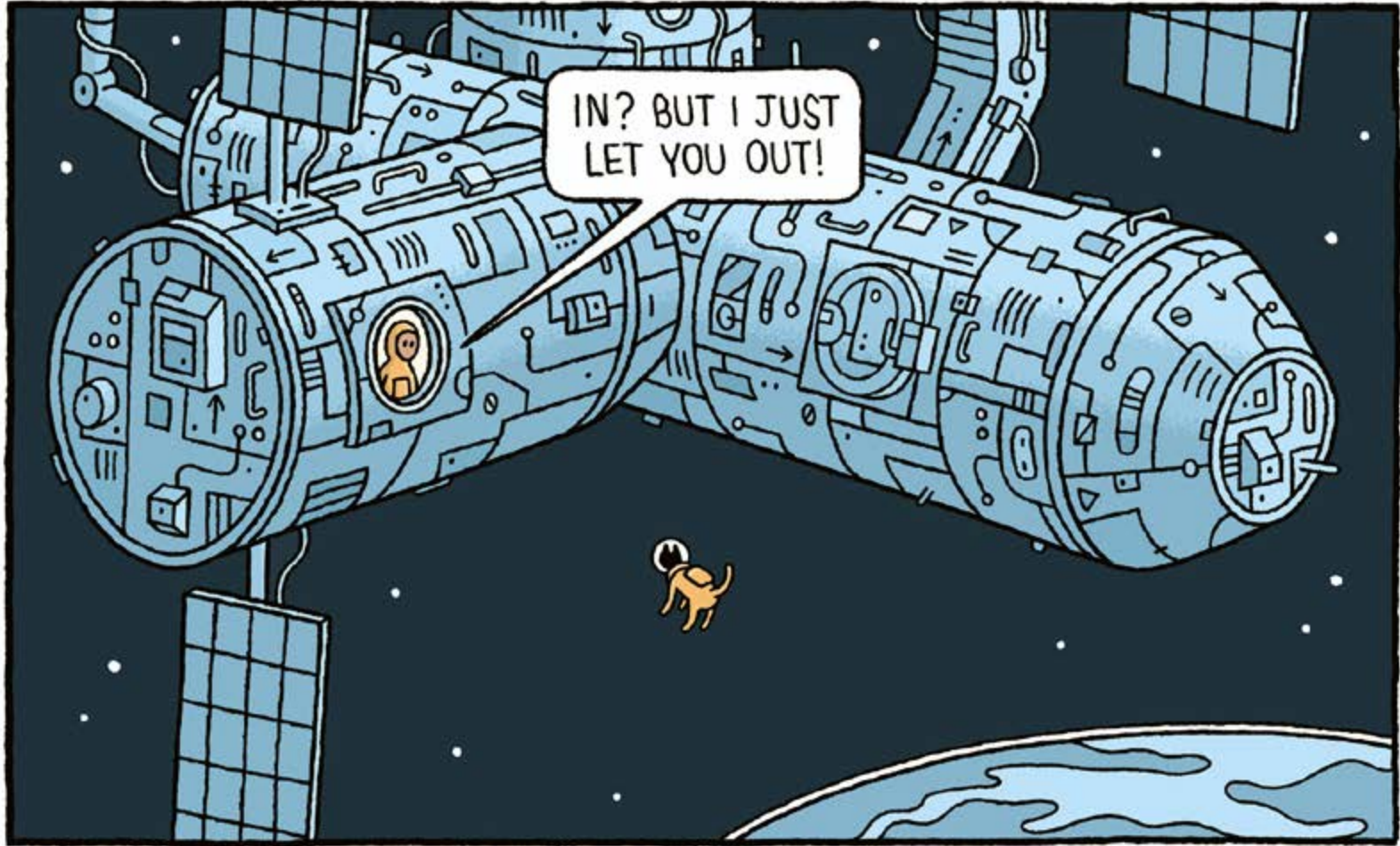
"Gauld is probably the first to even imagine such a thing as "science cartoons," but some of their titles hint at the rich material he has found in a seemingly somber field."—Gal Beckerman, *The New York Times*

"This British cartoonist is a master of heightening humor through restraint."—Michael Cavna, *The Washington Post*

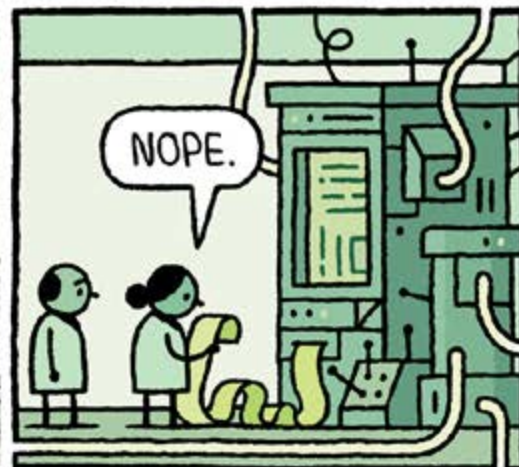
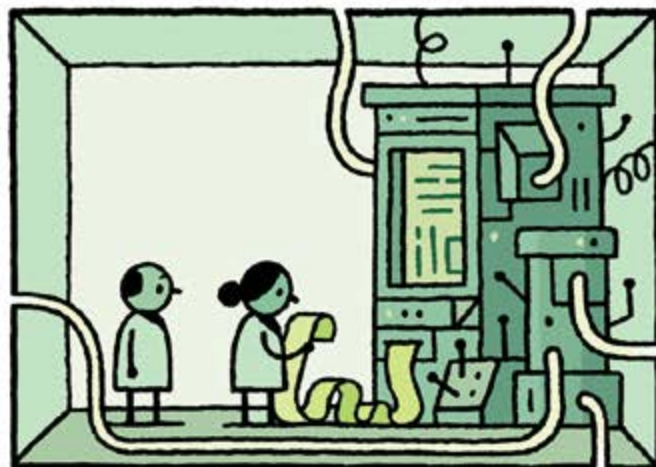
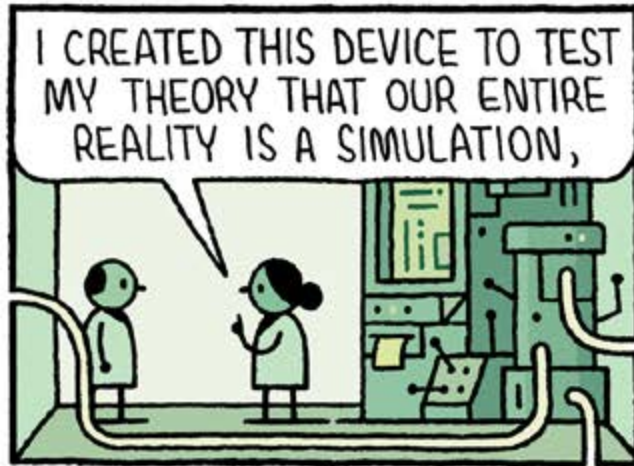
"Tom Gauld's transformation of the humble stick figure is perhaps the most impressive sleight of hand you will witness."—Irene Velentzas, *The Comics Journal*

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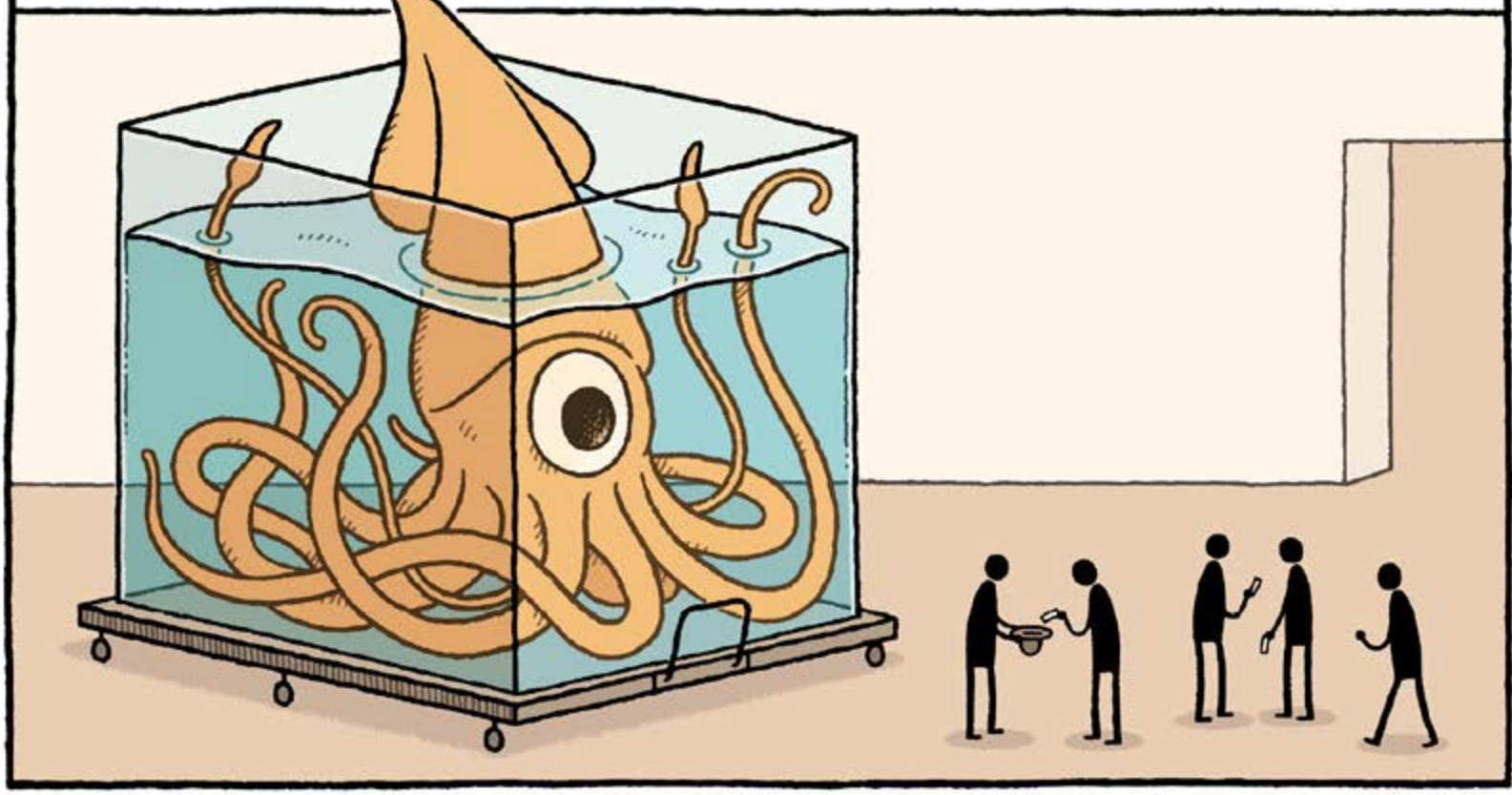
OCTOBER 2025 • \$21.95 USD / \$24.95 CAD • 4-COLOR • 8" X 5.9" • 160 PAGES  
HARDCOVER • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/HUMOROUS • ISBN 978-1-77046-805-4



IN? BUT I JUST  
LET YOU OUT!



EVERY DECEMBER, THE TEAM OF MARINE BIOLOGISTS DRAW LOTS TO DECIDE WHO WILL TAKE MISTER WIGGLES HOME WITH THEM FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



THIS IS FOR SPENDING ALL YOUR TIME STARING INTO SPACE.



SCHOOL PARENTS' NIGHT

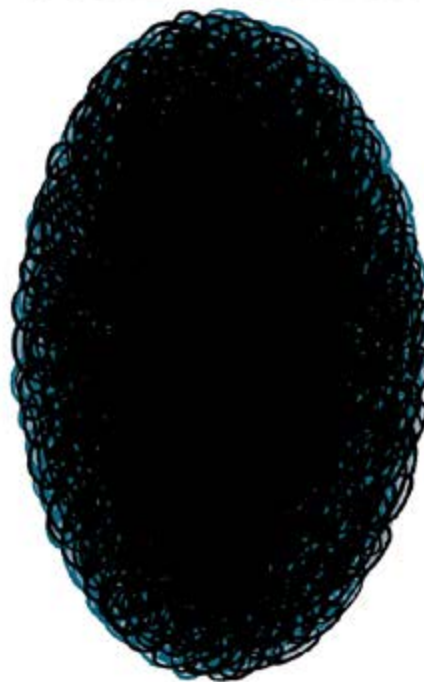


ASTRONOMY CONFERENCE

I STARED INTO  
THE ABYSS.



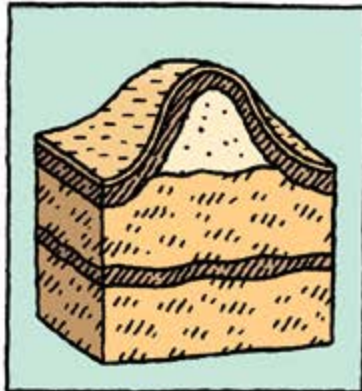
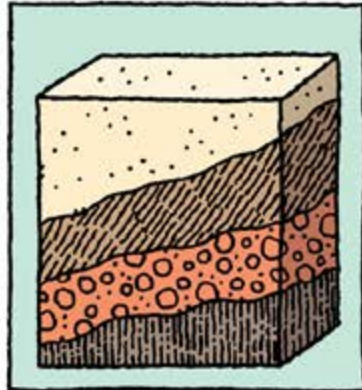
THE ABYSS  
STARED BACK.



ONE THING LED TO  
ANOTHER, AND NOW  
I MEET THE ABYSS  
FOR REGULAR  
CHATS IN THE  
COFFEE SHOP  
NEAR MY LAB.

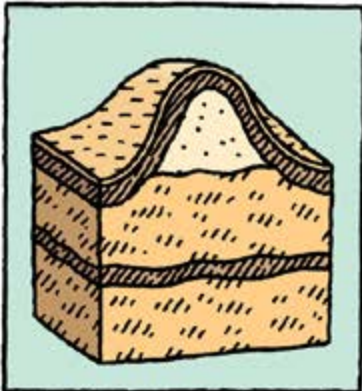
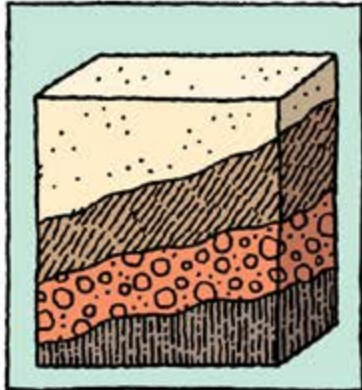


SLIDES FOR MY LECTURE  
AT THE GEOLOGY CONFERENCE



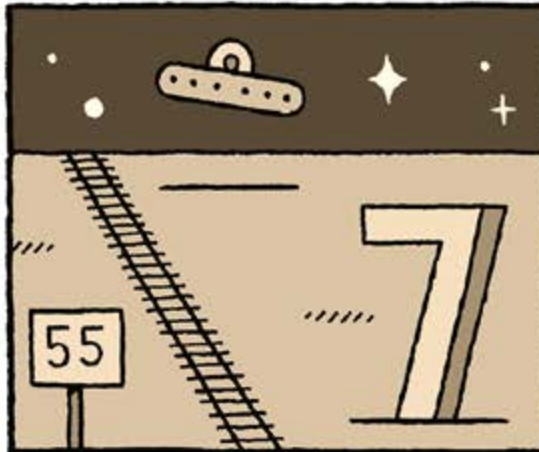
-  SURFACE
-  SANDSTONE
-  SHALE
-  IGNEOUS ROCK
-  LIMESTONE
-  GRANITE

SLIDES FOR MY LECTURE  
AT THE DESSERTS CONFERENCE

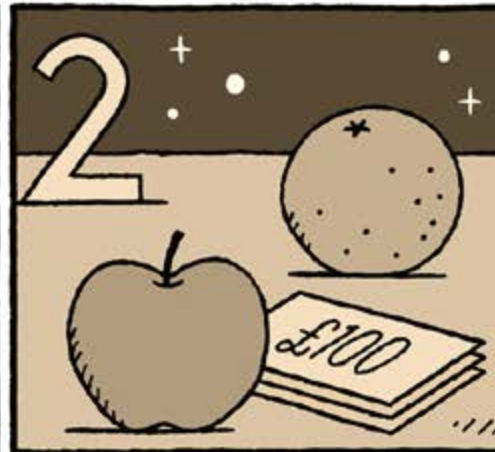


-  SPRINKLES
-  CUSTARD
-  CHOCOLATE
-  SPONGE CAKE
-  BERRY COMPOTE
-  BISCUIT BASE

## MATH PUZZLES FOR CONSPIRACY THEORISTS



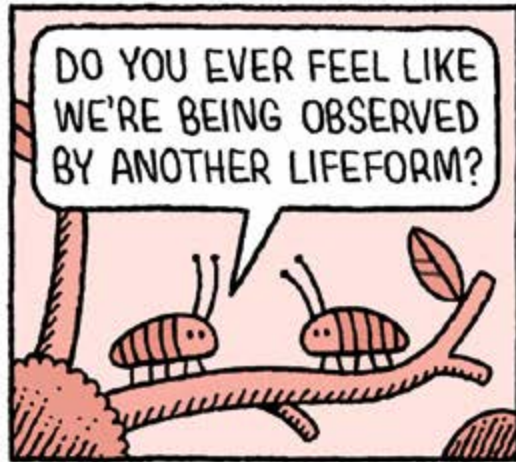
A TRAIN DEPARTS AT 2PM TRAVELLING AT 40MPH. THE NEXT TRAIN FOLLOWS AN HOUR LATER, TRAVELLING AT 45MPH. WHY ARE WE STILL USING TRAINS WHEN THE GOVERNMENT HAS HYPER-SPEED UFO TECHNOLOGY?



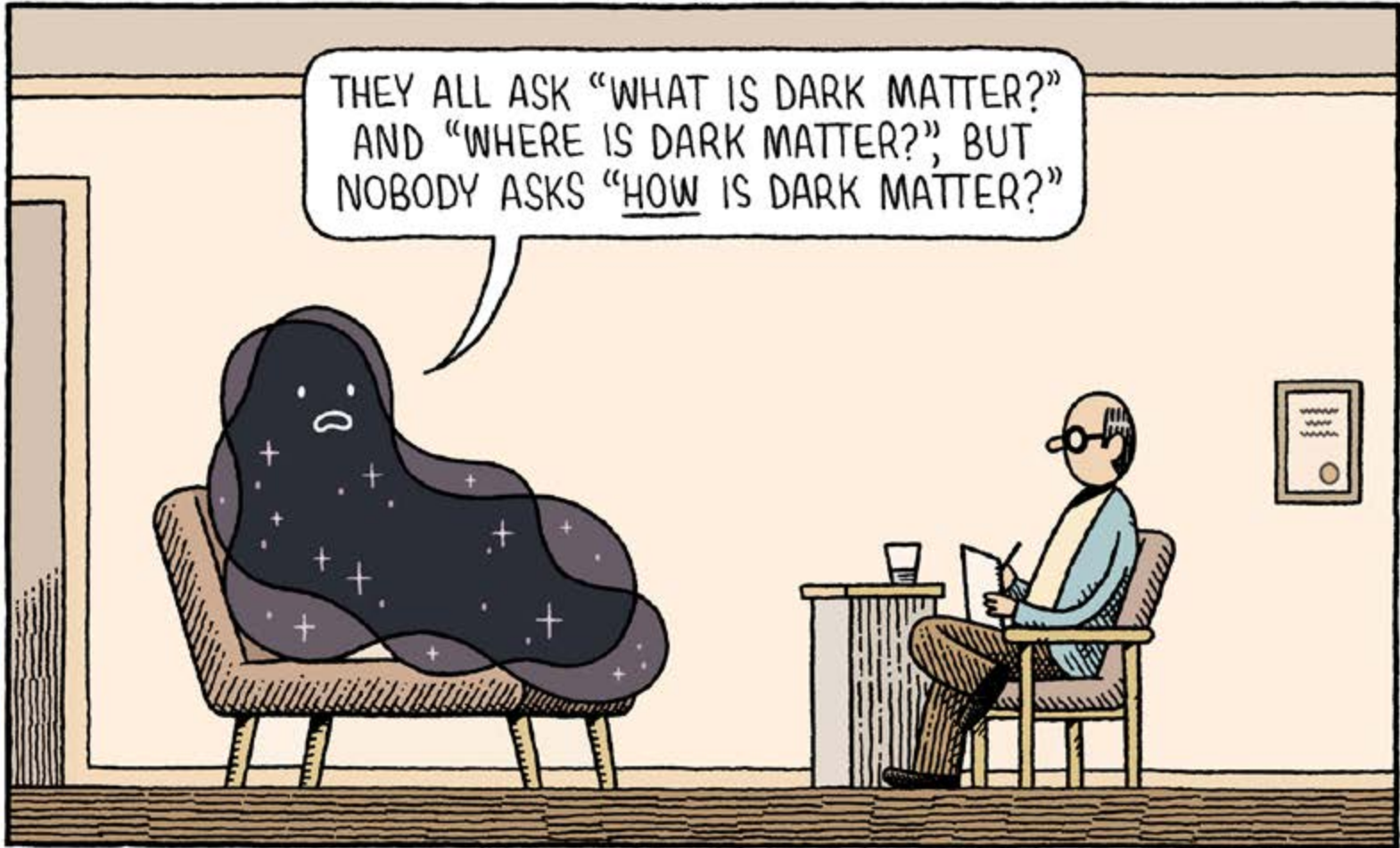
SUSIE BRINGS EIGHTEEN APPLES AND TWELVE ORANGES TO SCHOOL AND DIVIDES THEM EQUALLY BETWEEN HER SIX FRIENDS. HOW MANY OF THESE CHILDREN ARE IN THE PAY OF BIG FRUIT?



WHEN TOM WAS EIGHT, HIS SISTER, ANNE, WAS HALF HIS AGE. TOM IS NOW 48, SO WHY DOES ANNE JUST LAUGH AT HIM WHEN HE PATIENTLY EXPLAINS TO HER THAT THE EARTH IS FLAT?



THEY ALL ASK "WHAT IS DARK MATTER?"  
AND "WHERE IS DARK MATTER?", BUT  
NOBODY ASKS "HOW IS DARK MATTER?"



THE FIRST ITERATION OF OUR ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM HAD THE BRAINPOWER OF A NEW-BORN BABY, BUT IT WAS DESIGNED TO LEARN AND GROW OVER TIME...



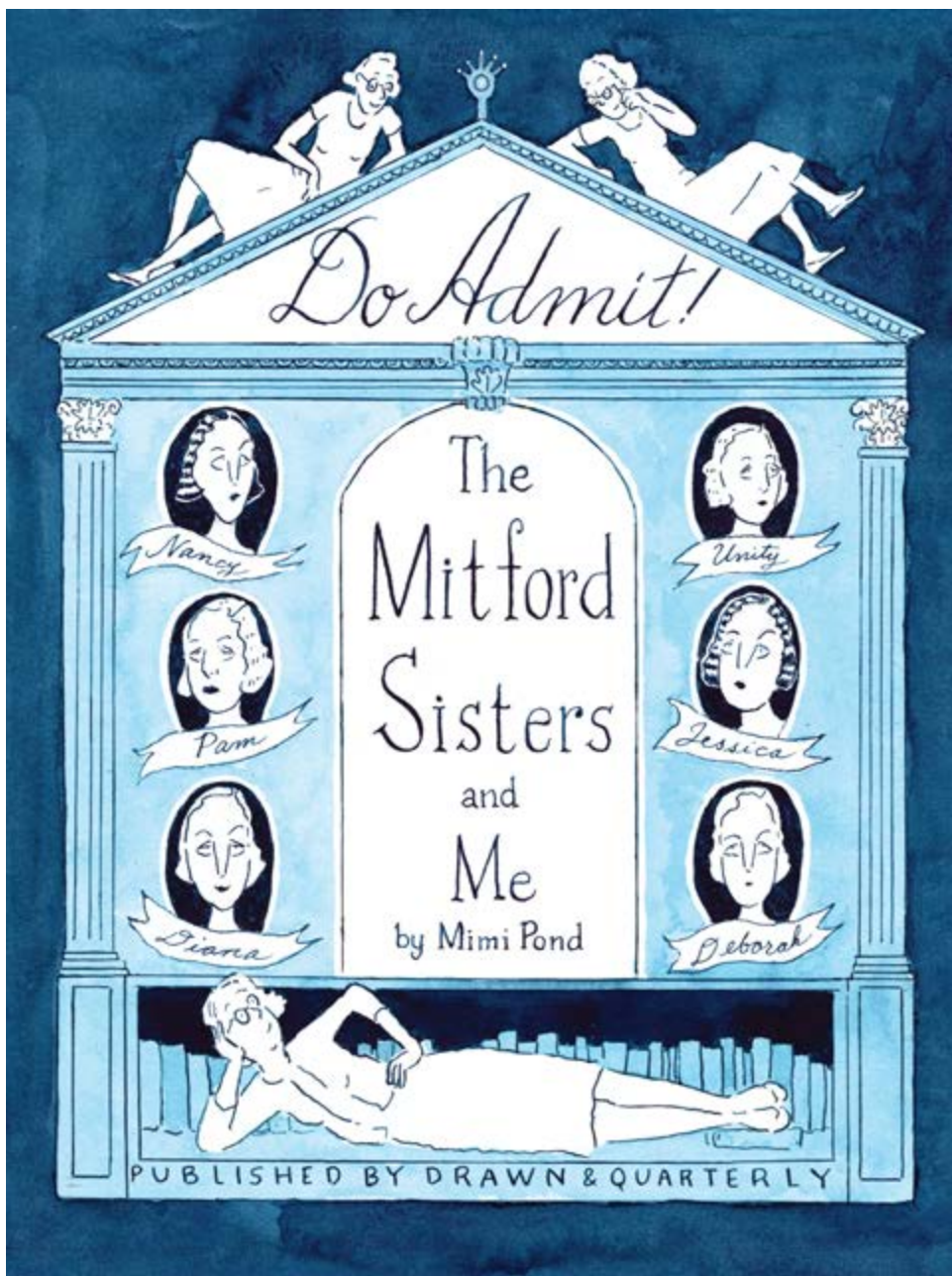
WE BELIEVE THAT IT'S NOW FUNCTIONING AT THE LEVEL OF A TEENAGER, BUT WE CAN'T BE SURE AS IT WON'T COME OUT OF ITS ROOM.



I HATE YOU!



**Tom Gauld** is a cartoonist and illustrator. He has weekly comic strips in *The Guardian* and *New Scientist* and his comics have been published in *The New York Times*, *The Believer*, and on the cover of the *The New Yorker*. In addition to his graphic novels *Baking with Kafka*, *Goliath*, *Mooncop*, *You're All Just Jealous of My Jetpack*, and *Revenge of the Librarians*, he has designed a number of book covers. Gauld lives and works in London.



# DO ADMIT: THE MITFORD SISTERS AND ME

## MIMI POND

### Mimi Pond crafts a gorgeous, dazzling biography of the Mitford Sisters

Born with pedigrees but without the pocketbooks to match, The Mitfords were certainly no strangers to lies, intrigue, or scandal. Nancy, Pamela, Diana, Unity, Jessica, and Deborah. All six sisters were weaned on their family's well-documented upper class eccentricities: a ne'er do well would-be entrepreneur father; a stern, stiff-upper-lipped mother; a revolving door of governesses of varying propriety, all against the backdrop of a crumbling estate falling into disrepair.

The sisters grew from cloistered turn-of-the-century country girls into debutantes who would marry into political influence—for better or worse. Is it any wonder that a young, working class Mimi in Southern California becomes enamored with The Mitfords' downright fanciful rich-and-famous lifestyle? This charming, inventively cartooned, and lovingly researched biography captures the dramatic, over-the-top antics of high society's strongest personalities as they

rubbed elbows with some of history's most infamous fascists and communists.

Pond's genius for classic cartooning in the vein of the *Vanity Fair* caricature and the satirical illustrations of Charles Addams brings the aesthetic decadence of the 1920s and '30s to life with effortless aplomb, warts and all.

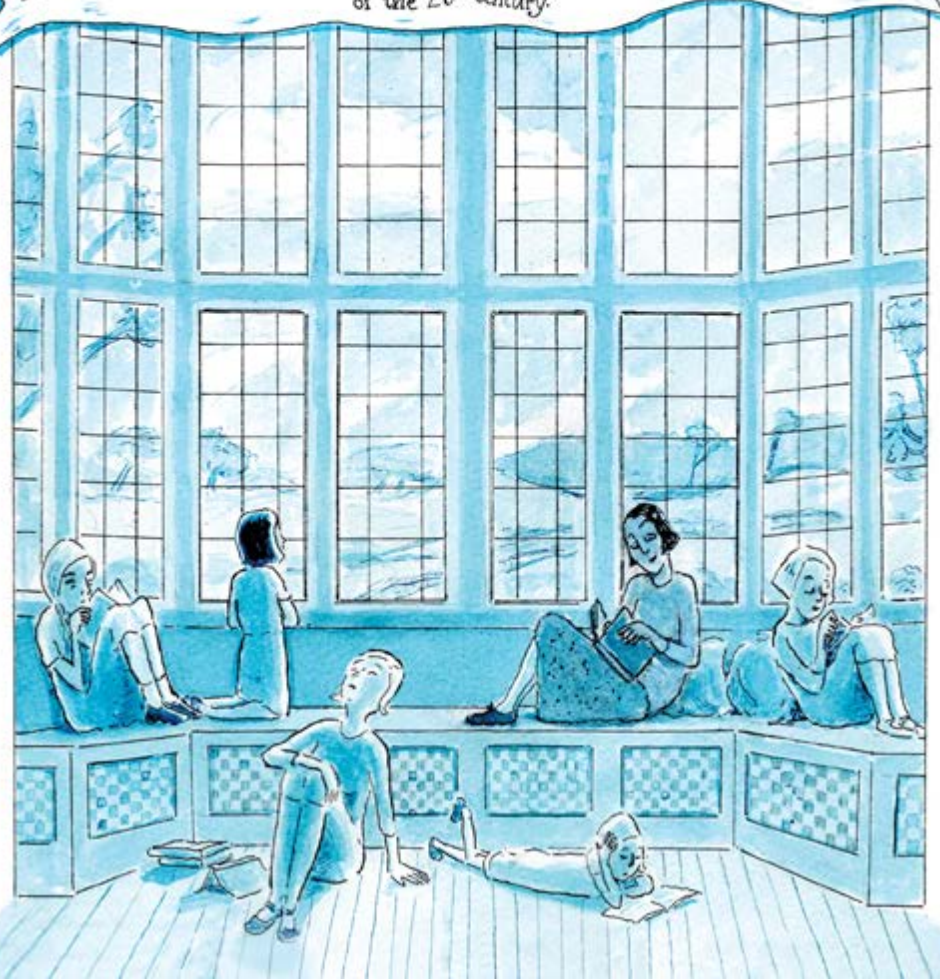
#### PRAISE FOR *DO ADMIT*

"Whether you know nothing (or everything) about the infamous Mitfords you will be wildly entertained by this exhaustive tome about them. A massive work almost big enough to encompass the enormous egos and lives of these fascinating (and sometimes frightening) woman. Told with wry charm and wit (the kind the Mitfords themselves might have appreciated) and endlessly visually-inventive. It is the sort of historical biography that will remind you that, yes, truth is always stranger than fiction."—Seth, *Clyde Fans*

SEPTEMBER 2025 • \$29.95 USD / \$39.95 CAD • 4-COLOR • 7.2" X 9" • 452 PAGES • HARDCOVER  
COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/CONTEMPORARY WOMEN • ISBN 978-1-77046-804-7




The Mitford sisters were raised in isolation in the English countryside in the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.




Other Mitford biographers point out the contradictions between the sisters' accounts, taking sides in the same way the girls did with each other.

The Entrenching Tool




NANCY

The Brute was Bagless




PAMELA

Streicher is a Kitten




DIANA

The Führer is too Sweet for Words




UNITY

White Slavers



JESSICA

Chinless Horrors



DEBORAH

This is what fascinates me most. They each had an innate talent for shaping entertaining narratives and for making their lives seem epic - which they were. So I don't mind, really...

Growing up in Southern California in the 1960s and '70s, my world was only about 60 years old.



The oldest bungalows in my neighborhood were maybe just pre-World War I...



and the newest were what came to be called "dingbat" apartment buildings...



which, during my childhood, popped up like mushrooms in what had been a community of single-family homes.



The construction sites, with their plumbing trenches, unfenced and unguarded, were perfect places for weekend combat...



which we watched on tv: not only on ABC on Tuesday nights...



but also every night on every network.



I wouldn't have been dying in those dingbat trenches if I'd had sisters instead of brothers.



If I'd been aware of six sisters growing up isolated in the English countryside in the first three decades of the 20<sup>th</sup> century...



I would have known my bedroom closet would be the perfect portal through which to access them...

since Decca and Debo\* used to hide in a linen closet for secret meetings of their Hons Society. They called it the Hons Cupboard,



not because, as the daughters of a baron, their honorific was "Honorable" or "Hon." It was named in homage to the family hens under their charge.

\*nicknames for Jessica and Deborah

It would have helped to know someone besides me felt they belonged elsewhere.



San Diego, California 1968

Forty years earlier, twelve-year-old Jessica Mitford was making plans too.



Swinbrook, England 1928

Jessica's oldest sister, Nancy, already a failed debutante, dropped out of art school after a month and came home.



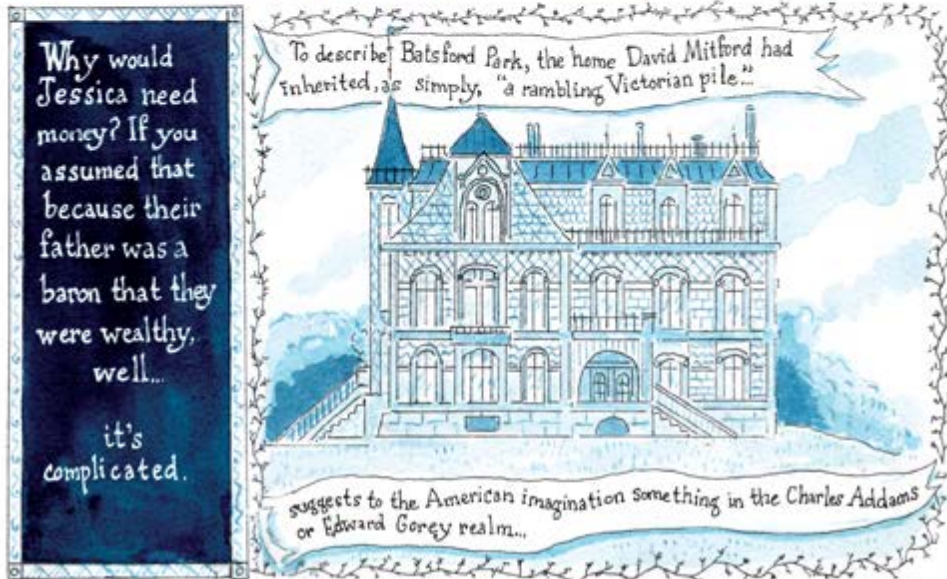
\* I would've killed to have had an older sister who called me "darling."

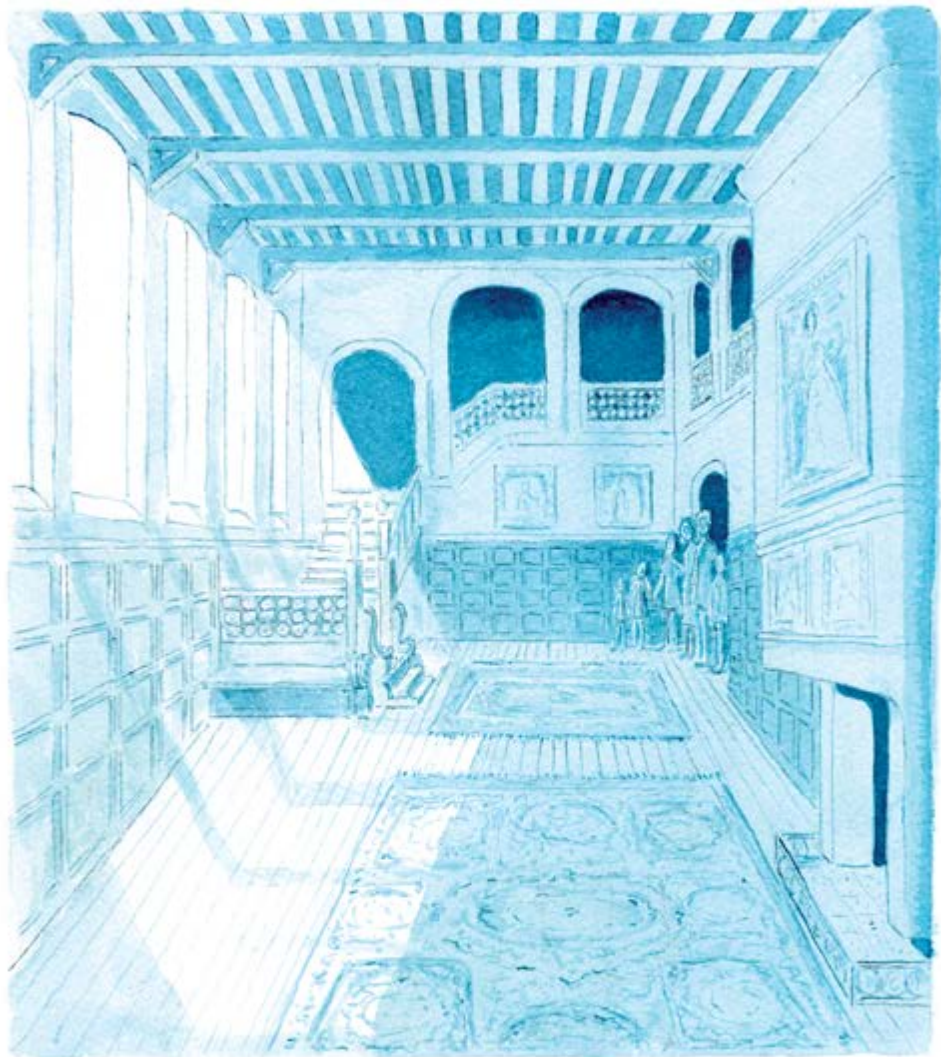
After a week it was knee-deep in underclothes...



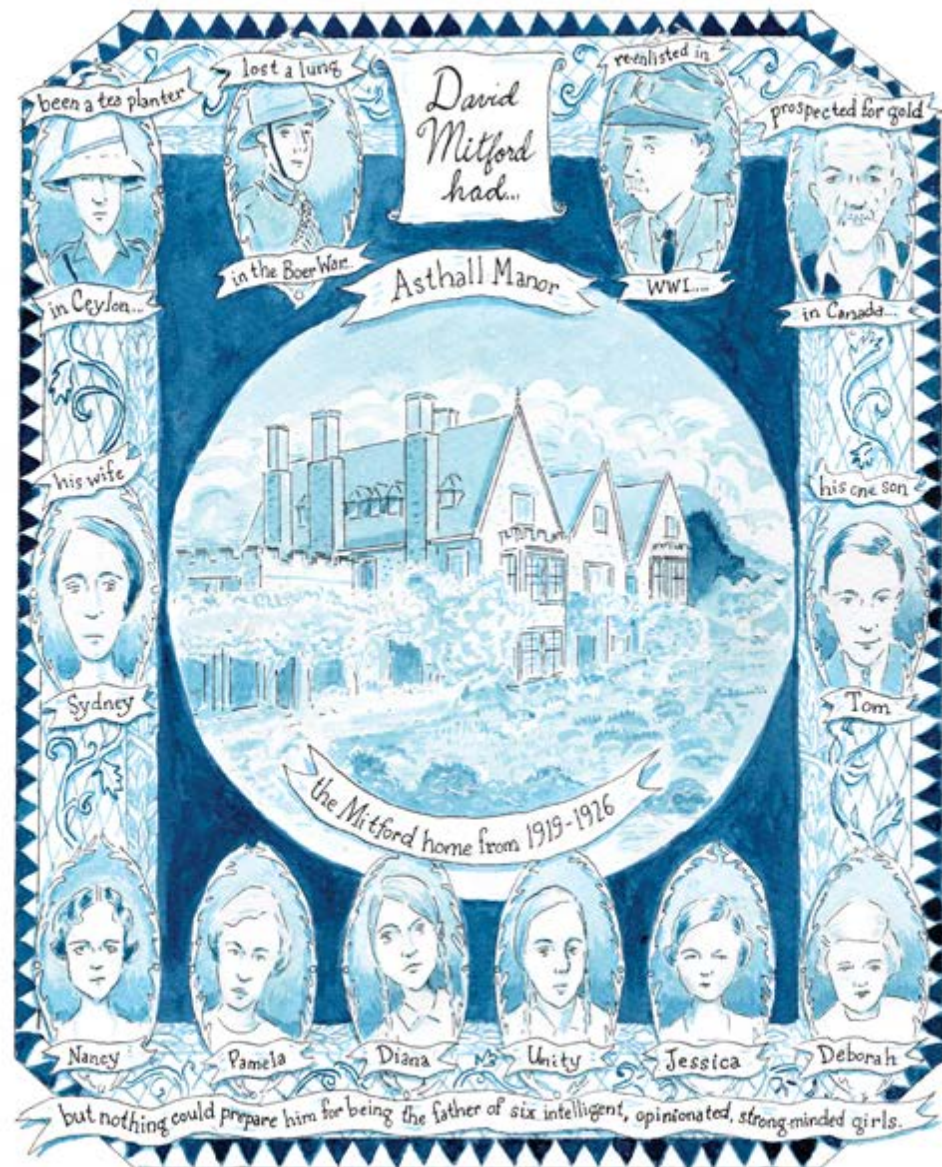
Jessica knew she'd need capital.





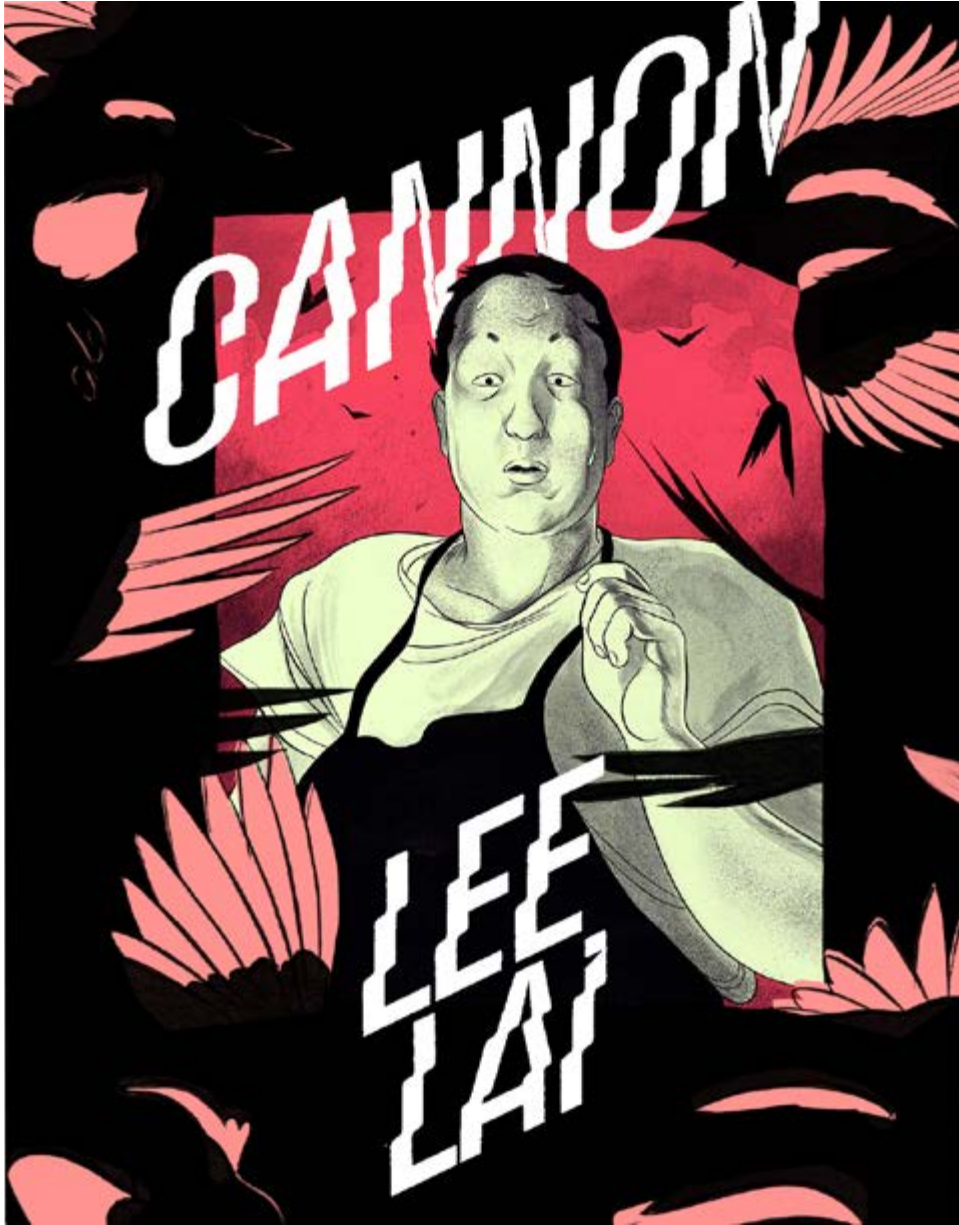


Moving into the immense Batsford Park was only a temporary measure. Even though David Mitford had inherited the modern equivalent of over two million dollars, it was insufficient to maintain this immense property.





**Mimi Pond** is an American cartoonist, humorist, and writer. She wrote the pilot episode of *The Simpsons*, "Simpsons Roasting on an Open Fire." She is the winner of the PEN Center USA award for Graphic Literature Outstanding Body of Work. She lives in Los Angeles with her husband, the artist Wayne White.



# CANNON

## LEE LAI

**A LAMBDA Award winner and breakout fiction sensation returns with a darkly funny slice of friendship strife**

We arrive to wreckage—a restaurant smashed to rubble, with tables and chairs upended riotously. Under the swampy nighttime cover of a Montreal heat-wave, this is where we meet our protagonist, Cannon, dripping in little beads of regret sweat. She was supposed to be closing the restaurant for the night, but instead, well, she destroyed it. The mess feels a bit like a horror-scape—not unlike the horror films Cannon and her best friend, Trish, watch together. Cooking dinner and digging into deep cuts of Australian horror films on their scheduled weekly hangs has become the glue in their rote relationship. In high school, they were each other’s lifeline—two queer second-generation Chinese nerds trapped in the suburbs. Now, on the uncool side of their twenties, the essentialness of one another feels harder to pin down.

Yet, when our stoic and unbendingly well-behaved Cannon finds herself—very uncharacteristically—surrounded by smashed plates, it is Trish who shows up to pull her the hell outta there.

In *Cannon*, Lee Lai’s much anticipated follow-up to the critically acclaimed and awardwinning, *Stone Fruit*, the full palette of a nervous breakdown is just a slice of what Lai has on offer. As Cannon’s shoulders bend under the weight of an aging Gung-gung and an avoidant mother, Lai’s sharp sense of humor and sensitive eye produce a story that will hit readers with a smash.

### PRAISE FOR LEE LAI

“Lai’s cinematic juxtapositions and dreamlike fugues give visual structure to a breakup story that’s heavy on processing, sharpening its edges[...] A poignant and mature rumination on how people change, and change each other.”  
—*Publisher’s Weekly*, Starred Review

“[Lee Lai] tells her story with control and authority and it’s impossible not to admire the way she has made a dextrous narrative out of so much taciturnity and mossy sadness.”  
—Rachel Cooke, *The Guardian*

SEPTEMBER 2025 • \$29.95 USD / \$39.95 CAD • PARTIAL COLOR • 7.25" X 8.5" • 300 PAGES  
HARDCOVER • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LGBTQ+ • ISBN 978-1-77046-802-3









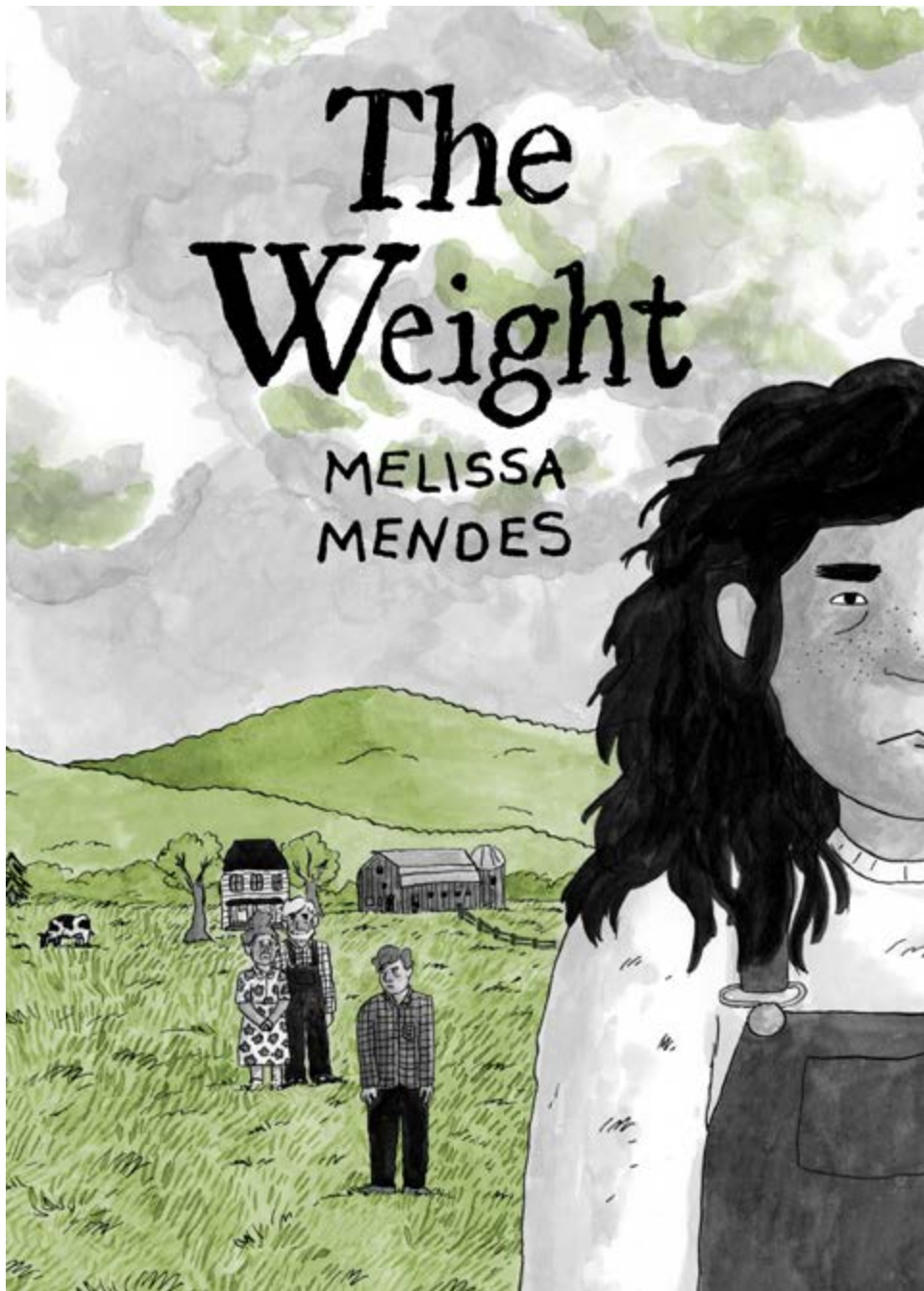








**Lee Lai** is an Australian cartoonist living in Tio'tia:ke (colonially known as Montreal, Canada). In 2021, she was selected as one of the National Book Foundation's 5 Under 35 for her debut graphic novel, *Stone Fruit*, which went on to win several awards, including the LAMBDA Literary Award for Graphic Novel, the Cartoonist Studio Prize, the Lynd Ward Graphic Novel Prize, and two Ignatz Awards. Her comics have appeared on the *New Yorker*, *McSweeney's*, *The New York Times*, *Granta Magazine*, and the *Museum of Modern Art Magazine*.



# THE WEIGHT

## MELISSA MENDES

**A relative's depression-era diary inspires a young woman's journey to adulthood**

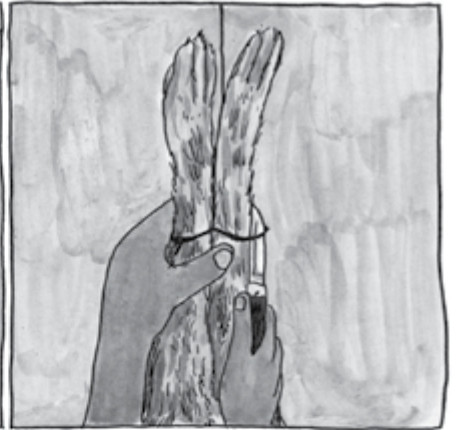
Edie comes into the world calmly as the adults around her rage. Her father is a cruel man who beats her mother regularly and much of Edie's young life is spent trying to escape this tyrant. "Why doesn't she ever cry?...Gives me the creeps." Of course, being a child means she lives a child's life—she still has laughter-filled sleepovers and outdoor adventures with the local rat pack of kids still too young to work. But Edie's heart grows callous as her father becomes drunker and angrier.

Melissa Mendes's pastoral cartooning captures the openness of rural America—soft breezes, tall grass, whirring grasshoppers, rainstorms, skinned knees. But all the while, the cruelty, the disappointment of man lurks behind the barn and in the trailer. Life can be stubbed out as easily as a cigarette tossed in the dirt. One moment all focus, next, gone without a thought. Will Edie find herself repeating a cycle or will she be free like she felt as a child?

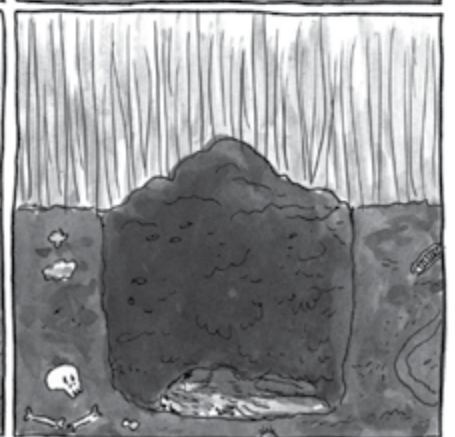
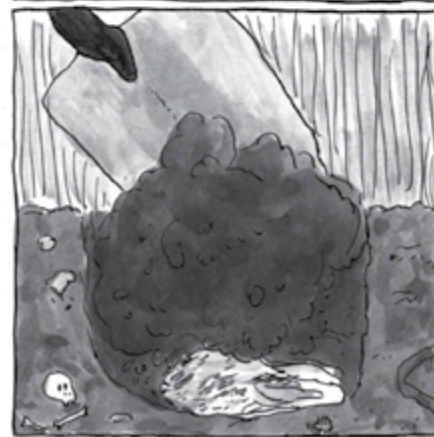
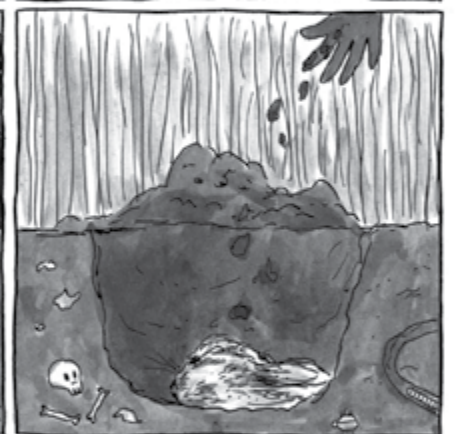
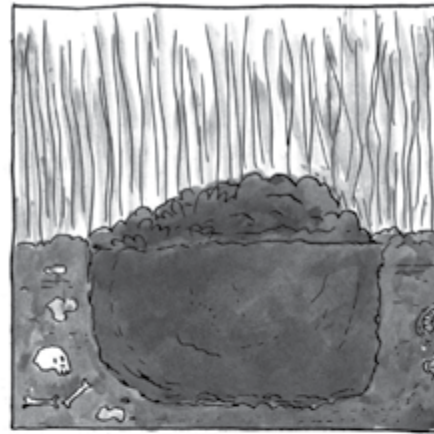
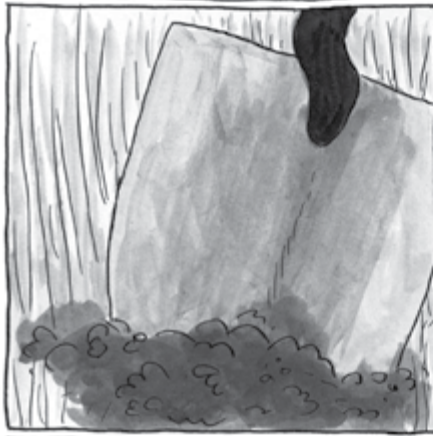
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SEPTEMBER 2025 • \$29.95 USD / \$39.95 CAD • B&W • 6.125" X 8.5" • 600 PAGES  
PAPERBACK • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/COMING OF AGE • ISBN 978-1-77046-716-3

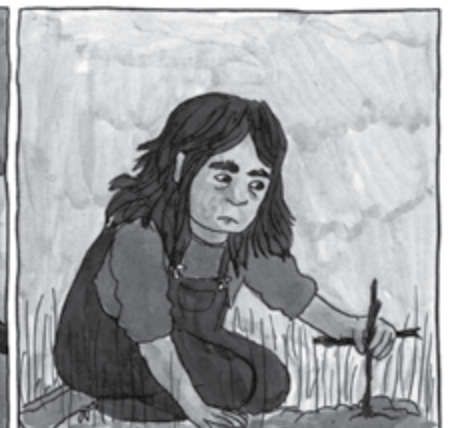
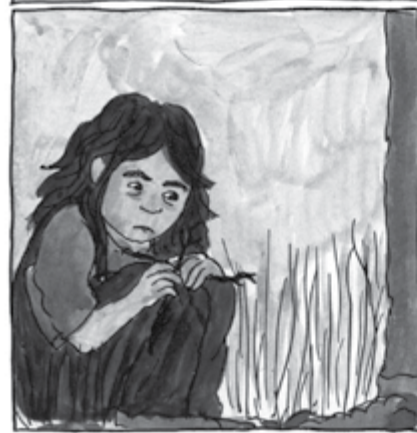


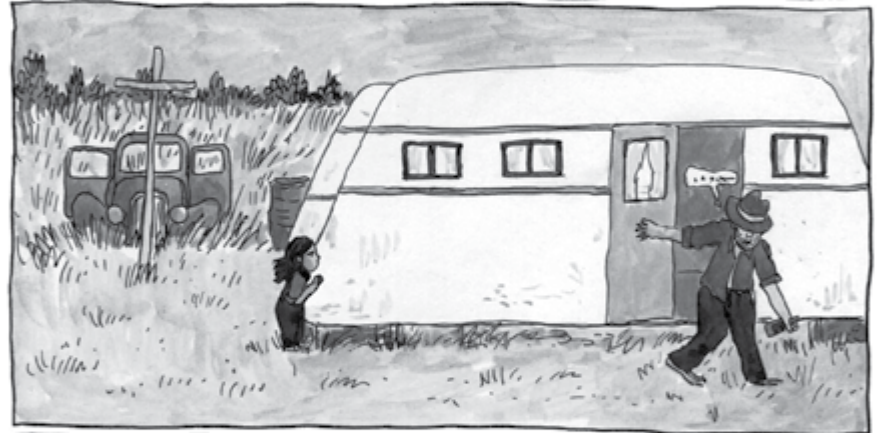
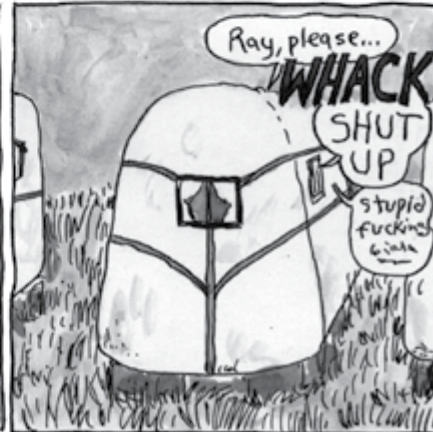














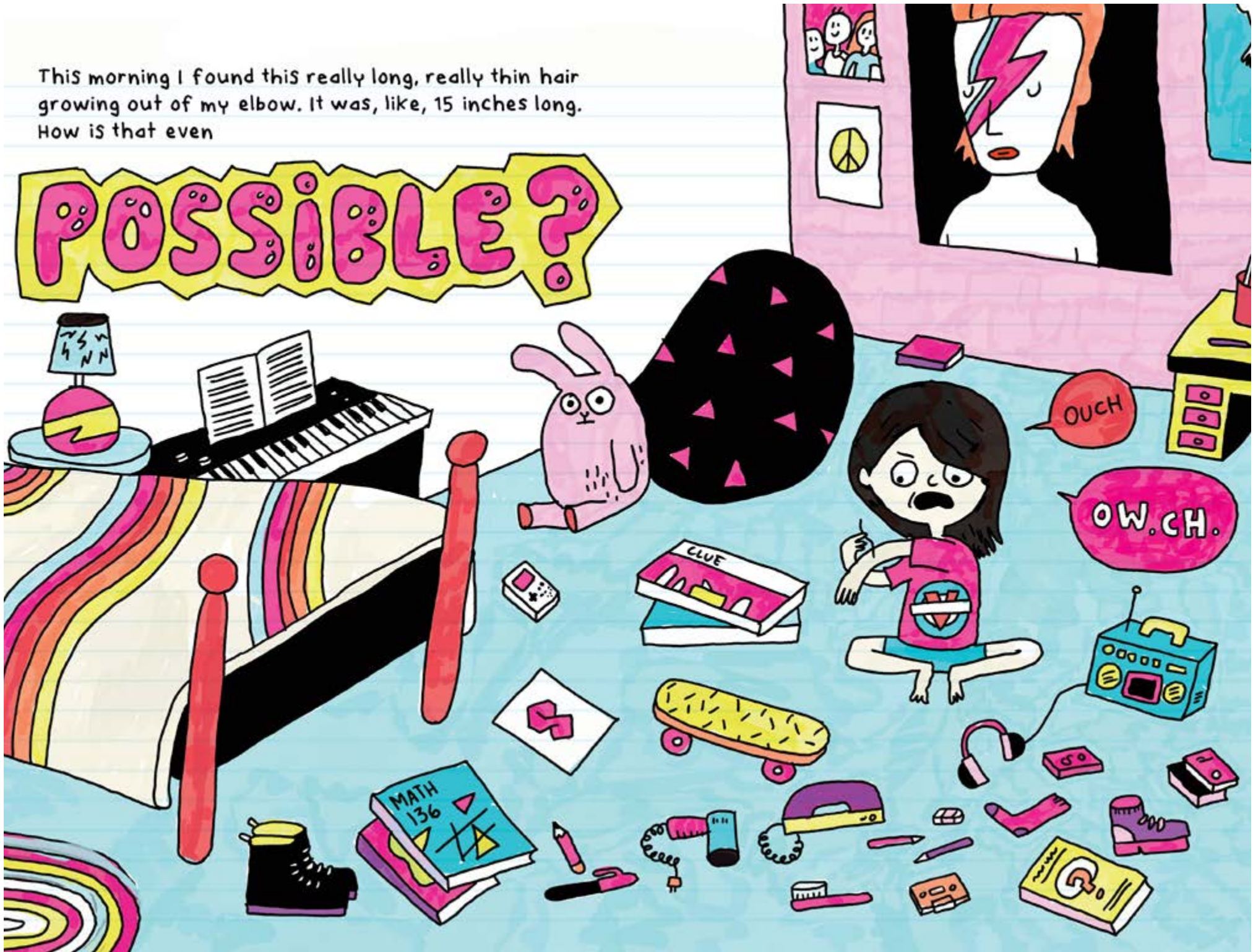


**Melissa Mendes** grew up in rural Western Massachusetts, where she currently lives and works. She started making comics in 2002 at Hampshire College and got her MFA from the Center for Cartoon Studies in 2010. Melissa was the recipient of the 2010 Xeric comics self-publishing grant for her book *Freddy Stories*. In 2014 she began creating and self-publishing the Ignatz-nominated comic *The Weight*, now a graphic novel, inspired by her late grandfather's life.



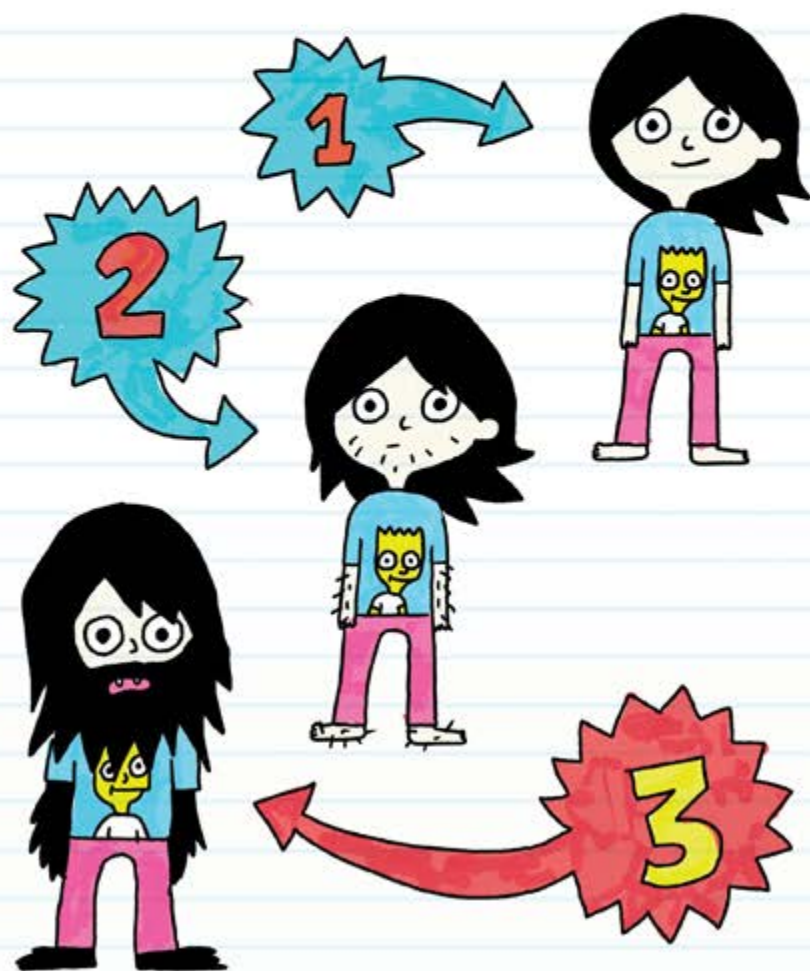
This morning I found this really long, really thin hair growing out of my elbow. It was, like, 15 inches long. How is that even

# POSSIBLE?



What is happening to me? Am I turning into Chewbacca? Into a

# WEREWOLF?



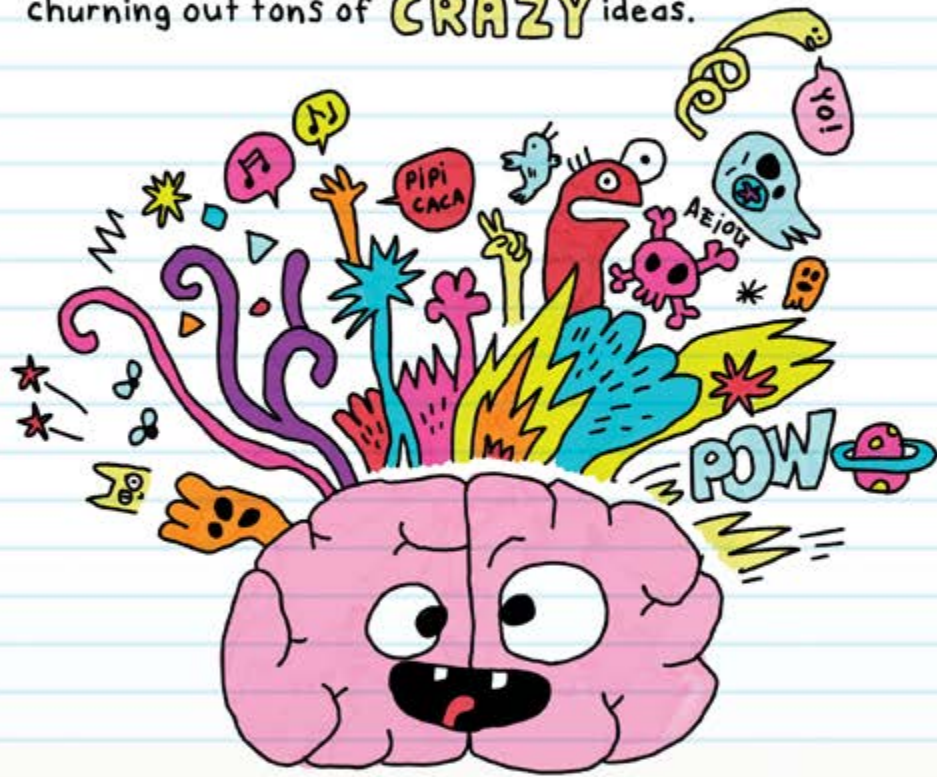
The werewolf theory sure would explain a lot. I've been feeling like a mutant lately. I can wake up as chipper as a newborn chic, and then bam! Ten minutes later, I feel like biting someone.



Honestly, at this point, I actually wouldn't mind turning into a werewolf, or even a zombie. I don't feel like being me today anyway.

Being **ME** these days is absolutely  
**EXHAUSTING.**

I just can't deal with my own brain anymore.  
It's constantly spinning out of control and  
churning out tons of **CRAZY** ideas.



**ALL THE TIME.**

In class. When someone's talking to me.  
When I'm watching a movie.

**I CAN NEVER  
TURN IT OFF.  
EVER.**

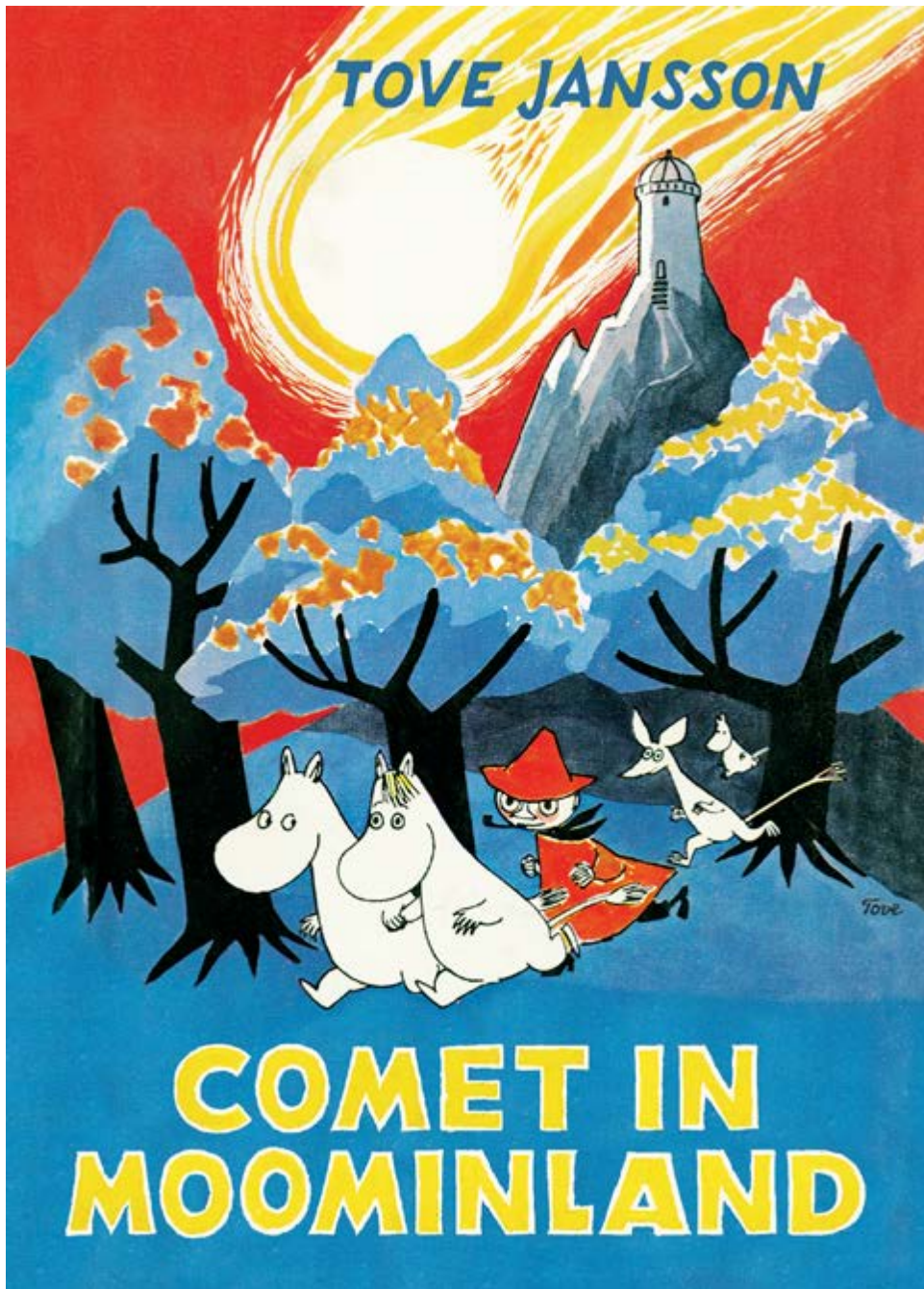


Not even when I'm trying to go to sleep.





**Elise Gravel** is an author illustrator from Montreal, Quebec. After studying Graphic Design, Gravel pursued a career writing and illustrating children's books, where her quirky and charming characters quickly won the hearts of children and adults worldwide. In 2012, Gravel received the Governor General's Literary Award for her book *La clé à molette*. A prolific artist, she has over thirty children's books to her name which have been translated into a dozen languages, including *The Disgusting Critters* series, *The Mushroom Fan Club*, *The Bug Club*, *Club Microbe*, *The Worst Book Ever*, and *If Found... Please Return to Elise Gravel*, her challenge to young artists to keep a sketchbook. Elise Gravel still lives in Montreal with her spouse, two daughters and cats.



# COMET IN MOOMINLAND

TOVE JANSSON

**D&Q relaunches the classic mid-century MOOMIN chapters books in deluxe hardcover editions**

Join Moomintroll and his friends on an unforgettable adventure in this timeless classic from the beloved Moomin series by Tove Jansson. When Moomintroll learns that a comet is heading straight for Moominvalley, he and his companions—Snufkin, the brave little Hemulen, and the ever-curious Sniff—set off on a journey to warn the inhabitants of the impending disaster. Along the way, they face a series of challenges, uncover mysterious happenings, and learn the importance of friendship and courage in the face of the unknown.

With Jansson's trademark blend of whimsical charm and deep philosophical undertones, *Comet in Moominland* explores themes of uncertainty, resilience, and the power of community. It was selected

by *The Guardian*, as one of the Best 100 Children's Books of all time.

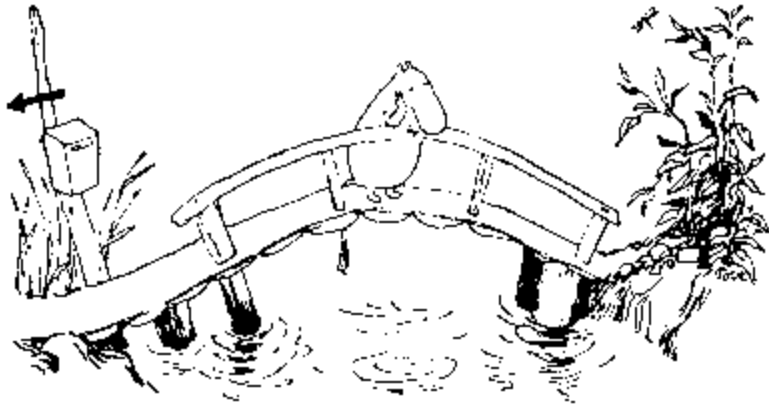
Relunched in hardcover, extra material, gorgeous painted covers, a fold out map and a reading ribbon, *Comet in Moominland* will appeal to all current Moomin fans and is sure to find new ones who will adore the undeniable charm in Jansson's magical adventures with a dash of surrealism.

## **PRAISE FOR TOVE JANSSON'S MOOMINS**

"An astonishingly daring story: the only time I have felt a similar terror was watching Lars von Trier's *Melancholia*."  
—Frances Wilson, *New York Review of Books*

"The Moomins are not so much cute as strangely familiar."  
—Sheila Heti, *The New Yorker*

AUGUST 2025 • \$24.95 USD / \$29.95 CAD • PARTIAL-COLOR • 5.5" X 8.25" • 180 PAGES  
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## CHAPTER ONE

*Which is about Moomintroll and Sniff following a mysterious path to the sea, pearl-fishing, the discovery of a cave, and how the Muskrat avoided catching a cold.*

The Moomin family had been living for some weeks in the valley where they had found their house\* after the dreadful flood (which is another story). It was a wonderful valley, full of happy little animals and flowering trees, and there was a clear narrow river that came down from the mountain, looped round Moominhouse, and disappeared in the

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\*It was painted blue. Moominhouses usually are. *Translator.*

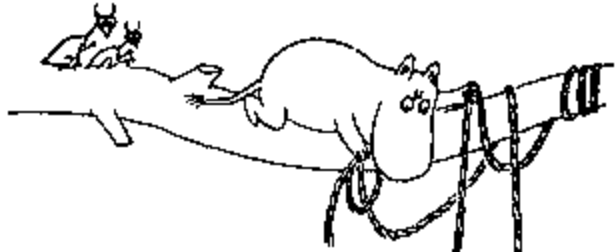
direction of another valley, where no doubt other little animals wondered where it came from.

One morning—it was the morning that Moomintroll’s pappa finished building a bridge over the river—the little animal Sniff made a discovery. (There were still plenty of things left for them to discover in the valley.) He was wandering in the forest when he suddenly noticed a path he had never seen before winding mysteriously into the green shadows. Sniff was spellbound and stood gazing at it for several minutes.

“It’s funny about paths and rivers,” he mused. “You see them go by, and suddenly you feel upset and want to be somewhere else—wherever the path or the river is going, perhaps. I shall have to tell Moomintroll about this, and we can explore it together, because it would be a bit risky for me to go alone.” Then he carved a secret sign on a tree trunk with his penknife, so that he could find the place again, and thought proudly: “Moomintroll *will* be surprised.” And after that he scooted home as fast as he could so as not to be late for lunch.

Moomintroll was just putting up a swing when Sniff got home. He seemed very interested in the mysterious path, and directly after lunch they set off to have a look at it.

Halfway up the hill on their way grew a clump of blue-trees covered with big yellow pears, and of course they couldn’t get past that without Sniff deciding that he was hungry.



“We’d better only take the wind-falls,” said Moomintroll, “because mamma makes jam from these.” But they had to shake the tree a little so that there *were* some windfalls.

Sniff was very pleased with their haul. “You can carry the provisions,” he said, “because you haven’t got anything else to do, have you? I’m too busy to think about things like that when I’m the Path Pioneer.”

When they reached the top of the hill they turned and looked down at the valley. Moominhouse was just a blue dot, and the river a narrow ribbon of green: the swing they couldn’t see at all. “We’ve never been such a long way from home before,” said Moomintroll, and a little goose-fleshy thrill of excitement came over them at the thought.

Sniff started to snuffle about. He looked at the sun, felt the direction of the wind, sniffed the air, and in fact behaved in every way like a great Path Pioneer.



“It should be somewhere here,” he said busily. “I made a secret sign with my knife on a plum tree just where it began.”

“Could it possibly be here?” asked Moomintroll, pointing to a curly flourish on a tree trunk on the left.

“No! Here it is!” screamed Sniff, who had found another curly flourish on a tree trunk on the right.

At the same time they both caught sight of a third curly flourish on a tree trunk right in front of them, but it was terribly high up, at least three feet above the ground.

“That’s it, I’m sure,” said Sniff, stretching himself. “I must be taller than I thought!”

“Well, strike me pink!” exclaimed Moomintroll, looking around. “There are curly flourishes everywhere! And some of them are nearly a hundred feet up. I think you’ve found a haunted path, Sniff, and now the spooks are trying to stop us from using it. What do you say to *that*?”

Sniff didn’t say anything, but he got very pale about the nose. And at that moment a cackle of spooky laughter broke the silence, and down fell a big blue plum, which nearly hit Moomintroll in the eye. Sniff gave a screech of terror and ran for cover, but Moomintroll

was just angry, and had decided to have a look for the enemy when, all of a sudden, he saw who it was. For the first time in his life he was face to face with a silk-monkey!

She was crouching in the fork of a tree: a small, dark, velvety ball. Her face was round and much lighter than the rest of her (about the color of Sniff's nose when he had washed rather carelessly), and her laugh was ten times bigger than herself.

"Stop that horrible cackling!" shouted Moomintroll when he saw that she was smaller than he. "This is *our* valley. You can go and laugh somewhere else."

"Wretched wretch!" muttered Sniff, pretending he hadn't been frightened. But the silk-monkey just hung by her tail and laughed louder than ever. Then she threw some more plums at them and disappeared into the forest with a parting hoot of evil laughter.

"She's running away!" screamed Sniff. "Come on—let's follow her." So off they rushed, scrambling



headlong through bushes and brambles under a perfect rain of ripe berries and fircones, while all the little animals underfoot escaped into their holes as quickly as they possibly could.

The silk-monkey swung from tree to tree in front of them; she hadn't enjoyed herself so much for weeks.

"Don't you think it's ridiculous (puff) to run after a silly little monkey like that," panted Sniff at last. "I don't see (puff) that she matters."

Moomintroll agreed to this, and they sat down under a tree and pretended to be thinking about something important. The silk-monkey made herself comfortable in the fork of a tree above them and tried to look important too; she was having nearly as much fun as before.

"Take no notice of her," whispered Moomintroll. Out loud he said: "Good spot this, isn't it, Sniff?"

"Yes. Interesting-looking path, too," Sniff answered.

"Path," repeated Moomintroll thoughtfully. And then he suddenly noticed where they were. "Why, *this* must be the Mysterious Path," he gasped.

It certainly looked most mysterious. Overhead the branches of the plum trees, oaks, and silver poplars met and formed a dark tunnel which led away into the unknown.

"Now, we must take this seriously," said Sniff, remembering that he was the Path Pioneer. "I'll look for by-paths, and you knock three times if you see anything dangerous."

"What shall I knock on?" asked Moomintroll.

“Whatever you like,” said Sniff. “Only don’t talk. And what have you done with the provisions? I suppose you’ve lost them. Oh, dear! Do I have to do everything myself?”

Moomintroll wrinkled his forehead dejectedly but didn’t answer.

So they wandered farther into the green tunnel, Sniff looking for by-paths, Moomintroll looking for dangerous intruders, and the silk-monkey leaping overhead from branch to branch.

The path wound in and out of the trees, getting narrower and narrower, until at last it petered out altogether. Moomintroll looked baffled. “Well, that seems to be that,” he said. “It ought to have led to something very special.”

They stood still and looked at each other in disappointment. But as they stood a whiff of salt wind blew in their faces and a faint sighing could be heard in the distance.

“It must be the sea!” exclaimed Moomintroll with a whoop of joy, and he started running upwind, his heart thumping with excitement, for if there is anything Moomintrolls really love, it is swimming.

“Wait!” screamed Sniff. “Don’t leave me behind!”

But Moomintroll didn’t stop till he came to the sea, and there he sat down and solemnly watched the waves rolling in, one after another, each with its crest of white foam.

After a while Sniff came out from the fringe of the wood and joined him. “It’s cold here,” he said. “By

the way, do you remember when we sailed with the Hattifatteners in that dreadful storm, and I was so seasick?”

“That’s quite another story,” said Moomintroll. “Now I’m going to swim.” And he ran straight out into the breakers, without stopping to undress (because, of course, Moomintrolls don’t wear clothes, except sometimes in bed).

The silk-monkey had climbed down from her tree and was sitting on the sandy beach watching them. “What *are* you doing?” she cried. “Don’t you know it’s wet and cold?”

“We’ve managed to impress her at last!” said Sniff.

“Yes. I say, Sniff, can you dive with your eyes open?” asked Moomintroll.

“No!” said Sniff. “And I don’t intend to try—you never know what you’ll see down there on the bottom. If you do it, don’t blame *me* if something awful happens!”

“Pooh!” said Moomintroll, diving into a big wave and swimming down through green bubbles of light. He went deeper and came upon forests of crinkly seaweed swaying gently in the current—seaweed that was decorated with beautiful white and pink shells—and even farther down the green twilight deepened until he could see only a black hole that seemed to have no bottom.

Moomintroll turned round and shot up to the surface, where a big wave carried him right back to the beach. There sat Sniff and the silk-monkey screaming



for help at the tops of their voices.

“We thought you were drowned,” said Sniff, “or that a shark had eaten you up!”

“Pooh!” said Moomintroll again. “I’m used to the sea. While I was down there I got an idea—a good idea, too. But I’m wondering if an outsider should hear it or not.” And he looked pointedly at the silk-monkey.

“Go away!” Sniff said to her. “This is private.”

“Oh, please tell!” entreated the silk-monkey, for she was the most inquisitive creature in the world. “I

swear I won’t breathe a word.”

“Shall we make her swear?” asked Moomintroll.

“Well, why not?” answered Sniff. “But it’ll have to be a proper swear.”

“Repeat after me,” said Moomintroll. “‘May the ground swallow me up, may old hags rattle my dry bones, and may I never more eat ice cream if I don’t guard this secret with my life.’ Go on now.”

The silk-monkey repeated the swear, but she was a bit careless over it because she could never keep a thing in her head for long. “Good!” said Moomintroll. “Now I’ll tell you. I’m going to go pearl-fishing and then I shall bury all my pearls in a box here on the beach.”

“But where shall we find a box?” asked Sniff.

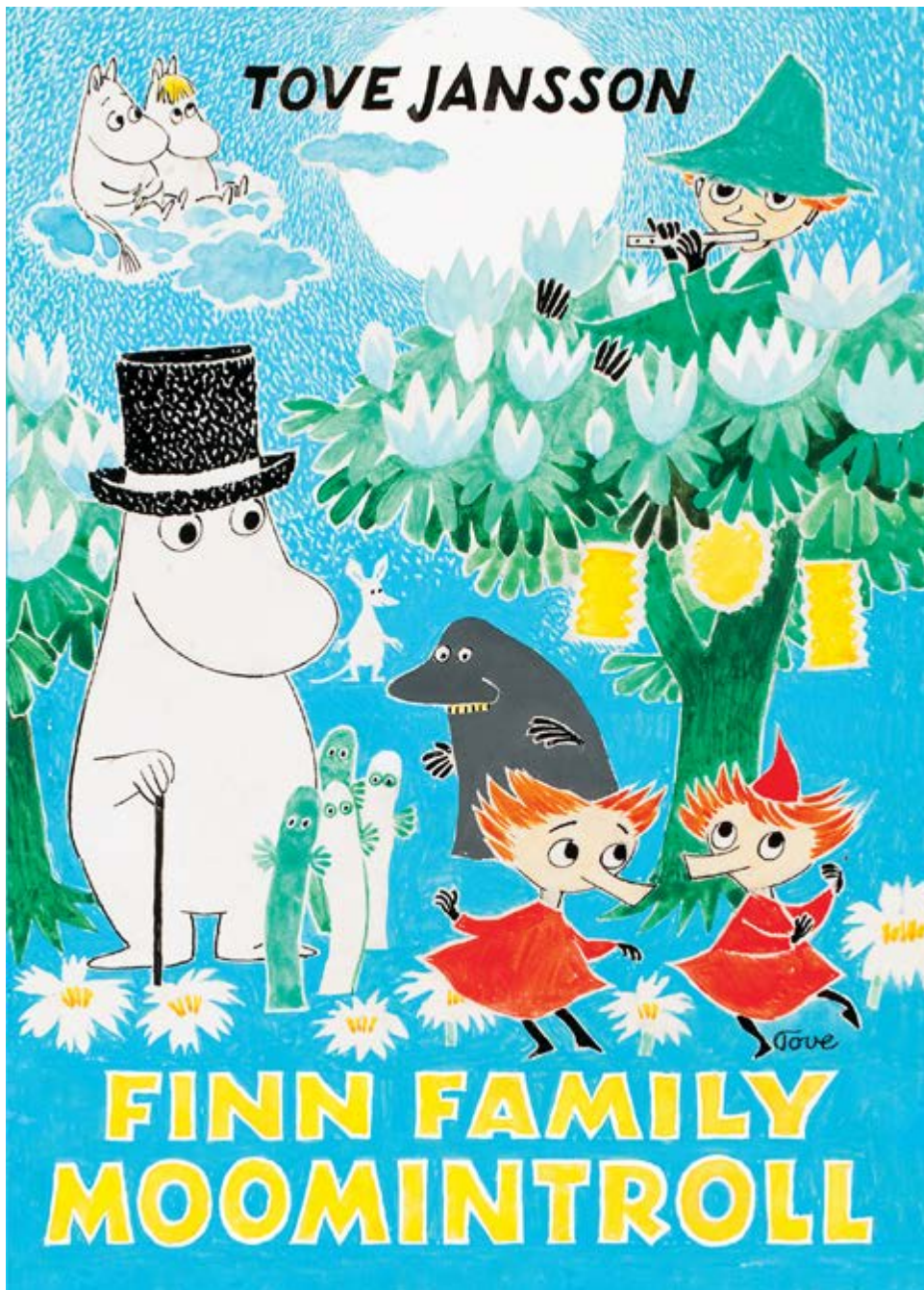
“I shall hand that job over to you and the silk-monkey,” replied Moomintroll.

“Why do *I* always have to do the difficult things?” asked Sniff gloomily. “*You* have all the fun.”

“You were the Path Pioneer just now,” said Moomintroll. “And besides, you can’t dive. So don’t be silly.”

Sniff and the silk-monkey set off along the beach. “Wretched wretch!” muttered Sniff. “He could have looked for his own old box.”

They poked around for a bit, but after a time the silk-monkey forgot what they were supposed to be doing and began to hunt for crabs instead. There was one that always careered off with his odd sideways gait and hid himself under a stone, so that they could



# FINN FAMILY MOOMINTROLL

TOVE JANSSON

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Step into the enchanting world of Moominvalley with Tove Jansson's beloved *Finn Family Moomintroll*, a timeless tale of adventure, friendship, and eccentricity. First published in 1948, this delightful novel follows Moomintroll and his quirky family as they navigate the joys and surprises of life in their magical valley.

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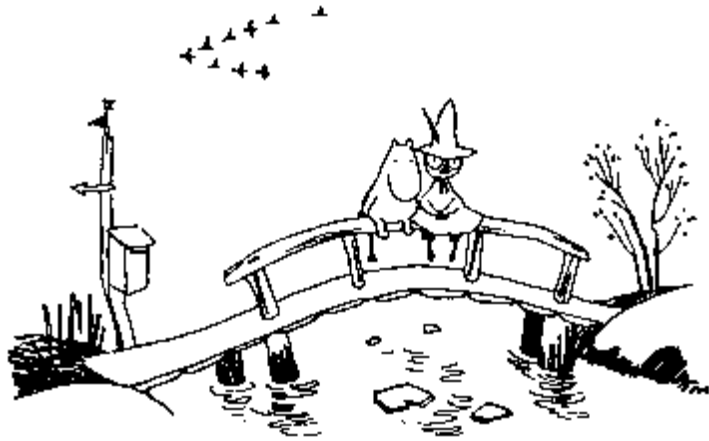
Jansson's intricate illustrations, filled with love and insight, bring this timeless story to life, offering both adventure and introspection in equal measure.

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"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."—Grace Edquist, *Vogue*

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## CHAPTER 1

*In which Moomintroll, Snufkin, and Sniff find the Hobgoblin's Hat; how five small clouds unexpectedly appear, and how the Hemulen finds himself a new hobby.*

One spring morning at four o'clock the first cuckoo arrived in the Valley of the Moomins. He perched on the blue roof of Moominhouse and cuckooed eight times—rather hoarsely to be sure, for it was still a bit early in the spring.

Then he flew away to the east.

Moomintroll woke up and lay a long time looking at the ceiling before he realized where he was. He had slept a hundred nights and a hundred days, and his dreams still thronged about his head trying to

coax him back to sleep.

But as he was wriggling around trying to find a cozy new spot to sleep he caught sight of something that made him quite wide awake—Snufkin's bed was empty!

Moomintroll sat up. Yes, Snufkin's hat had gone, too. "Goodness gracious me!" he said, tiptoeing to the open window. Ah-ha, Snufkin had been using the rope ladder. Moomintroll scrambled over the window-sill and climbed cautiously down on his short legs. He could see Snufkin's footprints plainly in the wet earth, wandering here and there and rather difficult to follow, until suddenly they did a long jump and crossed over themselves. "He must have been very happy," decided Moomintroll. "He did a somersault here—that's clear enough."

Suddenly Moomintroll lifted his nose and listened. Far away Snufkin was playing his gayest song, "All small beasts should have bows in their tails." And Moomintroll began to run toward the music.

Down by the river he came upon Snufkin who was sitting on the bridge with his legs dangling over the water, his old hat pulled down over his ears.

"Hello," said Moomintroll sitting down beside him.

"Hello to you," said Snufkin, and went on playing.

The sun was up now and shone straight into their eyes, making them blink. They sat swinging their legs over the running water feeling happy and care-free.

They had had many strange adventures on this

river and had brought home many new friends. Moomintroll's mother and father always welcomed all their friends in the same quiet way, just adding another bed and putting another leaf in the dining-room table. And so Moominhouse was rather full—a place where everyone did what they liked and seldom worried about tomorrow. Very often unexpected and disturbing things used to happen, but nobody ever had time to be bored, and that is always a good thing.

When Snufkin came to the last verse of his spring song he put his mouth-organ in his pocket and said:

“Is Sniff awake yet?”

“I don't think so,” answered Moomintroll. “He always sleeps a week longer than the others.”

“Then we must certainly wake him up,” said Snufkin as he jumped down. “We must do something special today because it's going to be fine.”

So Moomintroll made their secret signal under Sniff's window: three ordinary whistles first and then a long one through his paws, and it meant: “There's something doing.” They heard Sniff stop snoring, but nothing moved up above.

“Once more,” said Snufkin. And they signaled even louder than before.

Then the window banged up.

“I'm asleep,” shouted a cross voice.

“Come on down and don't be angry,” said Snufkin. “We're going to do something very special.”

Then Sniff smoothed out his sleep-crinkled ears

and clambered down the rope ladder. (I should perhaps mention that they had rope ladders under all the windows because it took so long to use the stairs.)

It certainly promised to be a fine day. Everywhere befuddled little creatures just woken from their long winter sleep poked about rediscovering old haunts, and busied themselves airing clothes, brushing out their moustaches and getting their houses ready for the spring.

Many were building new homes and I am afraid some were quarrelling. (You can wake up in a very bad temper after such a long sleep.)

The Spirits that haunted the trees sat combing their long hair, and on the north side of the tree trunks, baby mice dug tunnels amongst the snowflakes.

“Happy Spring!” said an elderly Earthworm. “And how was the winter with you?”

“Very nice, thank you,” said Moomintroll. “Did you sleep well, sir?”

“Fine,” said the Worm. “Remember me to your father and mother.”

So they walked on, talking to a lot of people in this way, but the higher up the hill they went the less people there were, and at last they only saw one or two mother mice sniffing around and spring-cleaning.

It was wet everywhere.

“Ugh—how nasty,” said Moomintroll, picking his way gingerly through the melting snow. “So much

snow is never good for a Moomin. Mother said so.” And he sneezed.

“Listen, Moomintroll,” said Snufkin. “I have an idea. What about going to the top of the mountain and making a pile of stones to show that we were the first to get there?”

“Yes, let’s,” said Sniff, and set off at once so as to get there before the others.

When they reached the top the March wind gambolled around them, and the blue distance lay at their feet. To the west was the sea; to the east the river looped round the Lonely Mountains; to the north the great forest spread its green carpet, and to the south the smoke rose from Moomintroll’s chimney, for Moominmamma was cooking the breakfast. But Sniff saw none of these things because on the top of the mountain lay a hat—a tall, black hat.

“Someone has been here before!” he said.

Moomintroll picked up the hat and looked at it. “It’s a *rarey* hat,” he said. “Perhaps it will fit you, Snufkin.”

“No, no,” said Snufkin, who loved his old green hat. “It’s much too new.”

“Perhaps father would like it,” mused Moomintroll.

“Well, anyway we’ll take it with us,” said Sniff. “But now I want to go home—I’m dying for some breakfast, aren’t you?”

“I should just say I am,” said Snufkin.

And that was how they found the Hobgoblin’s Hat



and took it home with them, without guessing for one moment that this would cast a spell on the Valley of the Moomins, and that before long they would all see strange things . . .

When Moomintroll, Snufkin and Sniff went out onto the verandah the others had already had their breakfast and gone off in various directions. Moominpappa was alone reading the newspaper.

“Well, well! So you have woken up, too,” he said.

“Remarkably little in the paper today. A stream burst its dam and swamped a lot of ants. All saved. The first cuckoo arrived in the valley at four o’clock and then flew off to the east.” (This is a good omen, but a cuckoo flying west is still better . . . )

“Look what we’ve found,” interrupted Moomintroll, proudly. “A beautiful new top hat for you!”

Moominpappa put aside his paper and examined the hat very thoroughly. Then he put it on in front of the long mirror. It was rather too big for him—in fact it nearly covered his eyes, and the effect was very curious.

“Mother,” screamed Moomintroll. “Come and look at Father.”

Moominmamma opened the kitchen door and



looked at him with amazement.

“How do I look?” asked Moominpappa.

“It’s all right,” said Moominmamma. “Yes, you look very handsome in it, but it’s just a tiny bit too big.”

“Is it better like this?” asked Moominpappa, pushing the hat on to the back of his head.

“Hm,” said Moominmamma. “That’s smart, too, but I almost think you look more dignified without a hat.”

Moominpappa looked at himself in front, behind and from both sides, and then he put the hat on the table with a sigh.

“You’re right,” he said. “Some people look better without hats.”

“Of course, dear,” said Moominmamma, kindly. “Now eat up your eggs, children, you need feeding up after living on pine needles all the winter.” And she disappeared into the kitchen again.

“But what shall we do with the hat?” asked Sniff. “It’s such a fine one.”

“Use it as a wastepaper basket,” said Moominpappa, and thereupon he took himself upstairs to go on writing his life story. (The heavy volume about his stormy youth.)

Snufkin put the hat down on the floor between the table and the kitchen door. “Now you’ve got a new piece of furniture again,” he said, grinning, for Snufkin could never understand why people liked to

*have* things. He was quite happy wearing the old suit he had had since he was born (nobody knows when and where that happened), and the only possession he didn't give away was his mouth-organ.

"If you've finished breakfast we'll go and see how the Snorks are getting on," said Moomintroll. But before going out into the garden he threw his eggshell into the wastepaper basket, for he was (sometimes) a well brought up Moomin.

The dining room was now empty.

In the corner between the table and the kitchen door stood the Hobgoblin's Hat with the eggshell in the bottom. And then something really strange happened. The eggshell began to change its shape.

(This is what happens, you see. If something lies long enough in the Hobgoblin's Hat it begins to change into something quite different—what that will be you never know beforehand. It was lucky that the hat hadn't fitted Moominpappa because the-Protector-of-all-Small-Beasts knows what would have become of him if he had worn it a bit longer. As it was he only got a slight headache—and that was over after dinner.)

Meanwhile the eggshell had become soft and woolly, although it still stayed white, and after a time it filled the hat completely. Then five small clouds broke away from the brim of the hat, sailed out onto the verandah, thudded softly down the steps and hung there just above the ground. The hat was empty.

"Goodness gracious me," said Moomintroll.

"Is the house on fire?" asked the Snork Maiden, anxiously.

The clouds were hanging in front of them without moving or changing shape, as if they were waiting for something, and the Snork Maiden put out her paw very cautiously and patted the nearest one. "It feels like cotton-wool," she said, in a surprised voice. The others came nearer and felt it, too.

"Just like a little pillow," said Sniff.

Snufkin gave one of the clouds a gentle push. It floated on a bit and then stopped again.

"Whose are they?" asked Sniff. "How did they get onto the verandah?"

Moomintroll shook his head. "It's the queerest thing I've ever come across," he said. "Perhaps we ought to go in and fetch Mother."

"No, no," said the Snork Maiden. "We'll try them out ourselves," and she dragged a cloud onto the ground and smoothed it out with her paw. "So soft!" said the Snork Maiden, and the next minute she was rocking up and down on the cloud with loud giggles.

"Can I have one, too?" squealed Sniff jumping onto another cloud. "Hup-si-daisy!" But when he said "hup" the cloud rose and made an elegant little curve over the ground.

"Golly!" burst out Sniff. "It moved!"

Then they all threw themselves onto the clouds and shouted "Hup! Hup, hup-si-daisy." The clouds

bounded wildly about until the Snork discovered how to steer them. By pressing a little with one foot you could turn the cloud. If you pressed with both feet it went forward, and if you rocked gently the cloud slowed up.

They had terrific fun, even floating up to the treetops and to the roof of Moominhouse.

Moomintroll hovered outside Moominpappa's window and shouted: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" (He was so excited he couldn't think of anything more intelligent.)

Moominpappa dropped his memoir-pen and rushed to the window.

"Bless my tail!" he burst out. "Whatever next!"

"It will make a good chapter for your story," said Moomintroll, steering his cloud to the kitchen window where he shouted to his mother. But Moominmamma was in a great hurry and went on making rissoles. "What have you found now, dear?" she said. "Just be careful you don't fall down!"

But down in the garden the Snork Maiden and Snufkin had discovered a new game. They steered at each other at full speed and collided with a soft bump. Then the first to fall off had lost.

"Now we'll see!" cried Snufkin urging his cloud forward. But the Snork Maiden dodged cleverly to the side and then attacked him from underneath.

Snufkin's cloud capsized, and he fell on his head in the flowerbed and his hat fell over his eyes.

"Third round," squeaked Sniff, who was referee and was flying a bit above the others. "That's two: one! Ready, steady, go!"

"Shall we go on a little flying tour together?" Moomintroll asked the Snork Maiden.

"Certainly," she answered, steering her cloud up beside his. "Where shall we go?"

"Let's hunt up the Hemulen and surprise him," suggested Moomintroll.

They made a tour of the garden, but the Hemulen wasn't in any of his usual haunts.

"He can't have gone far," said the Snork Maiden. "Last time I saw him he was sorting his stamps."

"But that was six months ago," said Moomintroll.

"Oh, so it was," she agreed. "We've slept since then, haven't we?"

"Did you sleep well, by the way?" asked Moomintroll.

The Snork Maiden flew elegantly over a treetop and considered a little before answering. "I had an awful dream," she said at last. "About a nasty man in a high, black hat who grinned at me."

"How funny," said Moomintroll. "I had exactly the same dream. Had he got white gloves on, too?"

The Snork Maiden nodded, and slowly gliding through the forest they pondered this awhile. Suddenly they caught sight of the Hemulen, who was wandering along with his hands behind his back and his eyes on the ground. Moomintroll and the Snork Maiden made perfect three-point landings on



**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.

# 9 Times My Work Has Been Ripped Off ( An Informal Self-Defence Guide for Independent Creatives )

Raymond Biesinger



# 9 TIMES MY WORK HAS BEEN RIPPED OFF

## RAYMOND BIESINGER

**A veteran illustrator imparts practical advice for the working creative with candid humor**

*New York Times* and *New Yorker* illustrator Raymond Biesinger has over twenty years of experience as a self-employed creative. You might say he's been through it all: from chasing down a concert promoter for payment on a fifty-dollar Megadeth poster design, to a regular stint at *Monocle*, to confronting a government agency for stylistic theft. Biesinger's ingenuity for solving the most unexpected issues extends far beyond his primary task of filling the page.

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Many non-arts folks seem delighted to talk about business. While the books I've just mentioned prove that creative folks *can* talk that talk, most of us seem hesitant to. I imagine there are two reasons for that: we either think that good people don't care about money, or we think it's a good move to pretend money doesn't matter. Neither of these things take into account that everyone needs money to live.

I, myself, was a very broke musician before I became involved in visual things, and I came from the "slacker" '90s where music icons like Courtney Love and Mudhoney's Mark Arm were impossibly anti-commercial. Cracks in that facade have started to appear, but in the 1990s most "alternative" artists, musicians, labels, and magazines were very anti-money. Any written contract was a deal with the Corporate Devil. "Real" creativity was exclusively non-commercial.

The centre of 1990s slacker culture was Seattle, specifically Sub Pop records. That record label's most popular band was a trio called Nirvana, and it was active from 1987 to 1994. The story of how the Nirvana logo was created tells us a lot about commerce in the era.

There are a few very similar versions of the process, but my favourite version is an account from former Sub Pop designer and godfather of American

DIY graphic design Art Chantry. To paraphrase a Facebook post he made a few years ago: in the late 1980s Sub Pop had a complex relationship with a group of music-minded designers in Seattle, and both the record label and designers were financially struggling. In the spirit of supporting the label and its musicians, the designers (sometimes begrudgingly) took turns working for the label for low payment or no payment.

In 1989 Sub Pop needed someone to put together the cover typography for the then-unknown band's first album, *Bleach*. Sub Pop Art Director Lisa Orth asked a local typesetter named Grant Alden to do it. To make it easier, they agreed that he could typeset it with the typeface his Compugraphic typesetter was already set to: Bodoni Extra Bold Condensed. He was paid \$15 USD. In absence of a usage agreement, Sub Pop then used that type as-is on most of Nirvana's subsequent releases, and the modern Nirvana logo was later completed with the addition of a blissed-out, tongue-out, face. History is mum about who added that, but Orth herself is my prime suspect.

When Nirvana's second album, *Nevermind*, came out in September of 1991 with his type on the cover, Alden could've used that \$15 to buy one of the 30 million copies that'd eventually be sold.



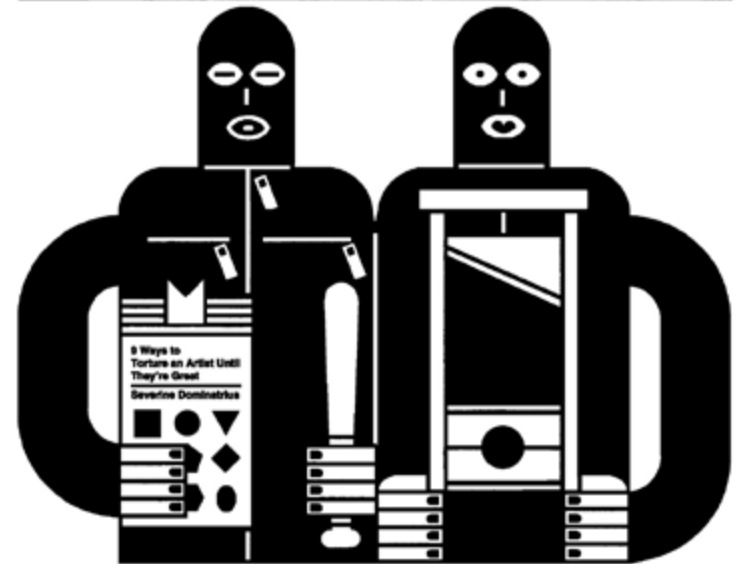
Thirty-some years later Sub Pop records still exists, Kurt Cobain's estate is worth around \$450 million USD, and just yesterday I saw a kid at my daughter's school wearing the Nirvana logo on a shirt. It's not as famous as the Nike swoosh, but it's still one of the most recognizable logos in the music business and worth much, much, more than \$15.

I'm not saying Sub Pop, Nirvana, or Orth were villains, or saying that Alden was gullibly swindled or daft for not being able to predict the coming Nirvana boom—he's a smart and capable person, currently writing, editing, and designing in Kentucky after a decade or so of publishing a music mag called *No Depression*. Orth, too, is the kind of multi-medium, multi-skilled artist and activist that I especially admire, and was probably paid much less than what she was worth as Sub Pop's Art Director. What am I saying? That whether it's the 1990s or right now, it often benefits the client more than the creative when biz agreements are kept informal.

\*

What else do us creatives have to contend with, besides cultural baggage left over from the 1990s? Off the top of my head:

- The very modern phenomena of the “hobby-to-career pipeline.” On that path, creativity runs fast and business concerns follow slowly and reluctantly on a long, long, leash.
- That many independent creatives see themselves as an “idea guy,” waiting for a “money guy” to show up and take care of them. They very rarely show up, except in fiction or in cases that a creative is already doing quite well.
- That discussions about conflict and theft can be awkward, emotional, or embarrassing. It can feel intensely personal, because we pour so much of our selves and identities into our work.
- That very few of us are eloquent or confident when it comes to dealing with ripoffs—they happen rarely enough that almost any creative is damned to be an amateur at dealing with them.



**“He still hasn’t suffered enough.”**

- That some people don't consider what we do as "labour," which makes them think it's okay to pay us with intangible things like "exposure" instead of tangible things like paycheques.
- That the internet age has turned notions of copyright and trademark and "originality" upside-down. As a result, our notions of "right" and "wrong" are uncertain, varied, and changing.
- The idea that chaos, pain, and poverty fuel creativity, so trying to improve one's situation is counter to making "good art." See the previous page for a humorous example of this. And while I'd like to take credit for the gag, I've just redrawn an unsigned cartoon I found in a late '60s low-brow pulp joke book called *Zowie!*

There are other considerations, too. If you're independently wealthy, a hobbyist, a retiree-turned-painter, a hermit, an avant garde messiah, or a trust fund kid, getting ripped off doesn't matter

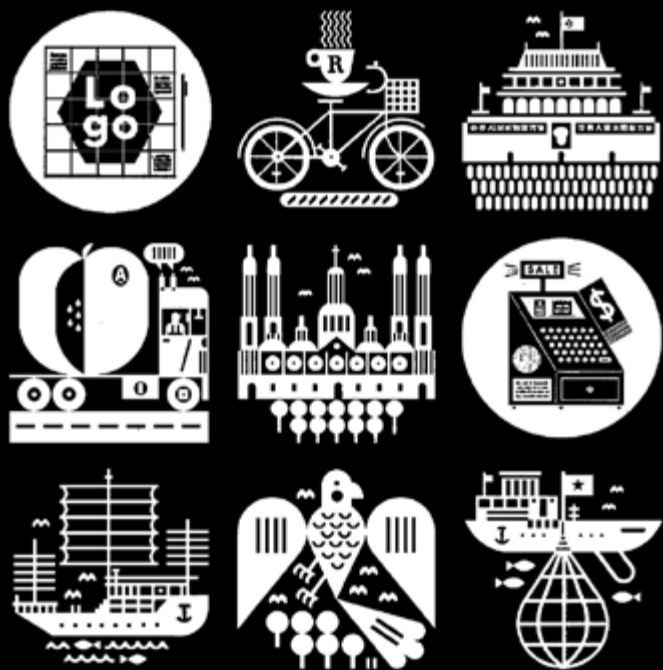
as much. Those folks can enjoy claiming that "art wants to be free" without consequences. It's an easy thing to say when your expenses are nonexistent or already taken care of.

But actual creative individuals don't often fit these categories. We might want to support a family, have a stable home, maintain our health, eat reasonably good food, and vacation every once in a while. We probably don't want to make art while binge-drinking absinthe like Henri Toulouse-de-Lautrec, however fun that seems every once in a while. If you're intent on creating a stable career that will exist for years and years, one has to take these things somewhat seriously.

\*

And that's exactly what this book hopes to do. I'm not going to pretend to be your parent, friend, mentor, instructor, teacher, or lawyer. I am, though, going to be candid enough about my experiences to make something relevant to modern photographers, designers, and illustrators. Ideally, these experiences will be relevant to others, too—whenever the law is out of reach, people improvise and find their own ways to find justice and settle grievances. Some of my tactics should be applicable

## A Collection of Essays by an Italian Design Legend



wherever and however artists are at work. And just in case you're into the "sport" of authenticity-debating, it's here, too. A third of the ripoffs in this book fit into that conversation, as does the cover of this book itself.

When I posted an early mockup of it online, an acquaintance said it looked like "a ripoff of a Penguin crime cover." He was half right. I was indeed staring at the cover of Italian design legend Bruno Munari's Penguin Classic edition of *Design as Art* before and after making it, and it's still an arm's-length away from me as I type this. I'm also aware that if I add the word "by" to the cover of this book—as authors usually do—it'd easily be misread as *9 Times My Work Has Been Ripped Off By Raymond Biesinger*. An earlier version of the cover said exactly that, a hilarious reminder to examine my own own relationship to copyright, trademark, and other peoples' works.

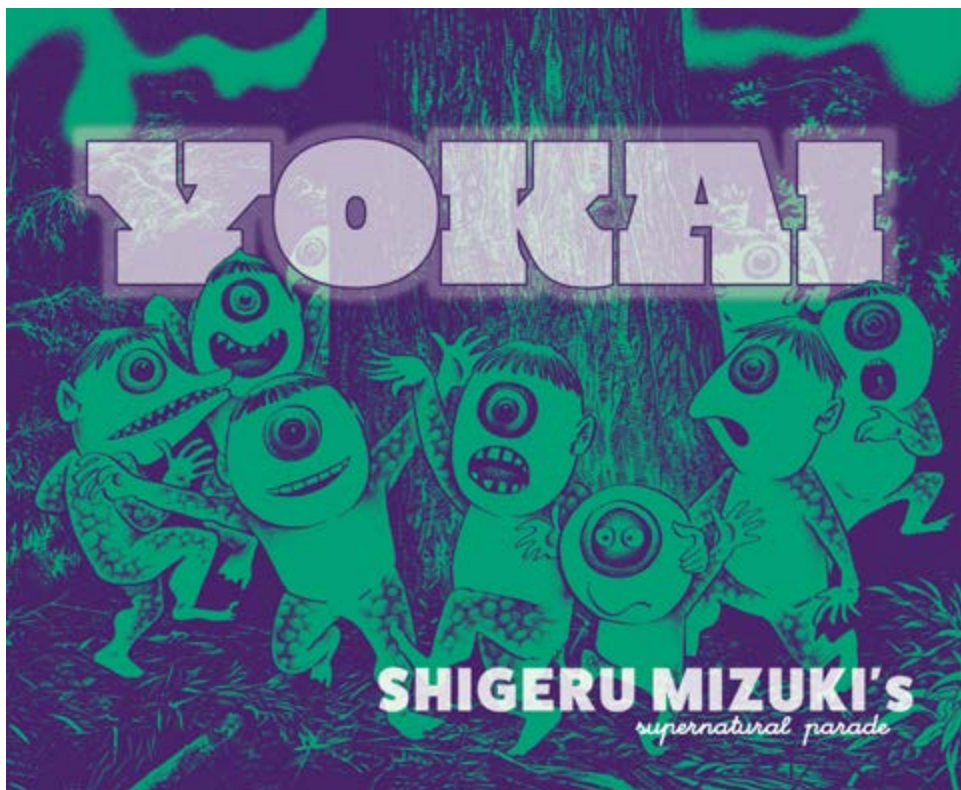
Researching for this book has involved poring through a lot of my old notes, and I've been amused by how flawed and inconsistent I have been towards the rights of older illustrators and designers. And I'm definitely not pretending the examples of my own abuses found in this book are the *only* ones I've ever committed. You'll find more if you look harder—some of my personal pieces are absolute

minefields of intellectual property. So, not only am I going to be talking to some of the people who've ripped me off, I'll also be talking to some of the people *I've* ripped off. They're all part of this, too, and their perspectives are worth noting.

With all that in mind, don't take my actions as an always-right example of what needs to be done about infringements of your work and thefts of your labour. Ripoffs are varied, as are the people involved with them. Through these illustrations and words, though, I hope you can develop a few more skills to use in the getting-rougher world of being an independent creative worker. The better we all are at defending ourselves, the less we'll have to do it.



**Raymond Biesinger** is a Montréal-based illustrator, artist, and author. He has completed more than one thousand assignments for magazines, newspapers, and ad agencies since 2002. Other interests of his include minimalism, maximalism, world and local history, equality, diversity, economics, music, science fiction, historic buildings, pictorial maps, Canadiana, and preserving a 145-year-old home, etc. His 2022 collection of drawings *305 Lost Buildings of Canada* was a national non-fiction best-seller and his latest joy is a notepaper and 2:3 scale recreation of a 1960 Civil Defence booklet titled *Your Basement Fallout Shelter*.



# YOKAI: SHIGERU MIZUKI'S SUPERNATURAL PARADE

TRANSLATED BY ZACK DAVISSON

**Manga titan Shigeru Mizuki brings Japan's most entertaining myths to the modern age**

As travelers approach a lush, cedar forest—the soft floor and woodland scent palpable from Shigeru Mizuki's fecund drawing—something falls from the trees with a thud: a human head, twelve times average size. A dozen more heads follow, peering at the travelers with maniacal laughter, before retreating back into the woods. A hallucination? No, this is Tohoku No Tsurubeotoshi.

An earthworm, larger than a human, floats in the air, backlit from window lights ensconced by shadowy darkness. Sontsuru—majestic on the page in Shigeru Mizuki's delicate ink lines and bold colors—is no worm, but a yokai who haunts families across generations, wriggling between their skin and muscles.

And then there is Shirime, a city dwelling trickster who shouts, “A moment, sir!” only to then lift their kimono to reveal their unusual rump—

a giant, glowing eyeball where one would otherwise expect a crack.

Indeed, not all the yokai in the pages of *Yokai: Shigeru Mizuki's Supernatural Parade* are there to cause fright. Like Mizuki himself, yokai often have a playful spirit, which Mizuki explores with joy in this stunning collection, which contains one hundred new, lavish, full page yokai illustrations, with biographies for each. *Yokai: Shigeru Mizuki's Supernatural Parade* is the companion book to *Yokai: The Art of Shigeru Mizuki*, and includes supplementary writing by acclaimed Mizuki scholar and translator Zack Davisson.

**PRaise FOR YOKAI: THE ART OF SHIGERU MIZUKI**

“A glimpse into an artist's mind, and possibly a front-row seat into how he created his manga.”—Rebecca Silverman, *Anime News Network*

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## HOYAUKAMUI

---

According to Ainu folklore, Hoyaukamui are snake gods who are lords of the lakes they dwell in. They are also called Saxomoaipu, meaning "one whose name is not spoken during summer." Their trunks are as thick as rice bales, with wings sprouting from their backs; their heads and tails slender. They are pale black, and have red rims on their eyes and sharply pointed noses.

Hoyaukamui emit a foul odor, making it easy to identify the lakes wherein they live. Should anyone enter the miasma of their stench, their skin will swell with red sores and their hair will fall out. These swamps are called Kamuito, meaning the swamp of the evil god. Everyone avoids these foul places.

According to the folklore of the Hidaka region, the god of Lake Toya is a Hoyaukamui. He looks like a turtle with wings. This god can be evil and attacks humans, yet also protects humans by possessing them and using their mouths to diagnose illnesses. Many believe it was Hoyaukamui's stench that drove away the demon of smallpox.



## TOHOKU NO TSURUBEOTOSHI

Tsurubeotoshi is a yokai that appeared mainly in the Kinki region, but according to Yamada Norio's *Travels in Tohoku*, it also appears in the Tohoku region. The story goes like this...

Long ago, in Oshu, Shiroishijoka (modern-day Miyagi), a merchant traveled to Yonezawa along the Shichigashiyuku Highway. The weather was fine, and the trip was pleasant until they approached a cedar forest, and something fell from the top of a tree with a thud. It was the heads of a man and a woman. A dozen more heads fell from the tree. Looking at the merchants, the heads giggled and laughed and then retreated back to the tree.

Tsurubeotoshi from the Kinki region are said to pull people into trees and eat them. But those from the Tohoku region seem to be content startling people. And while the name Tsurubeotoshi is used primarily in the Kinki region, related stories—such as this one from Shiroishijoka—can be found across Japan.

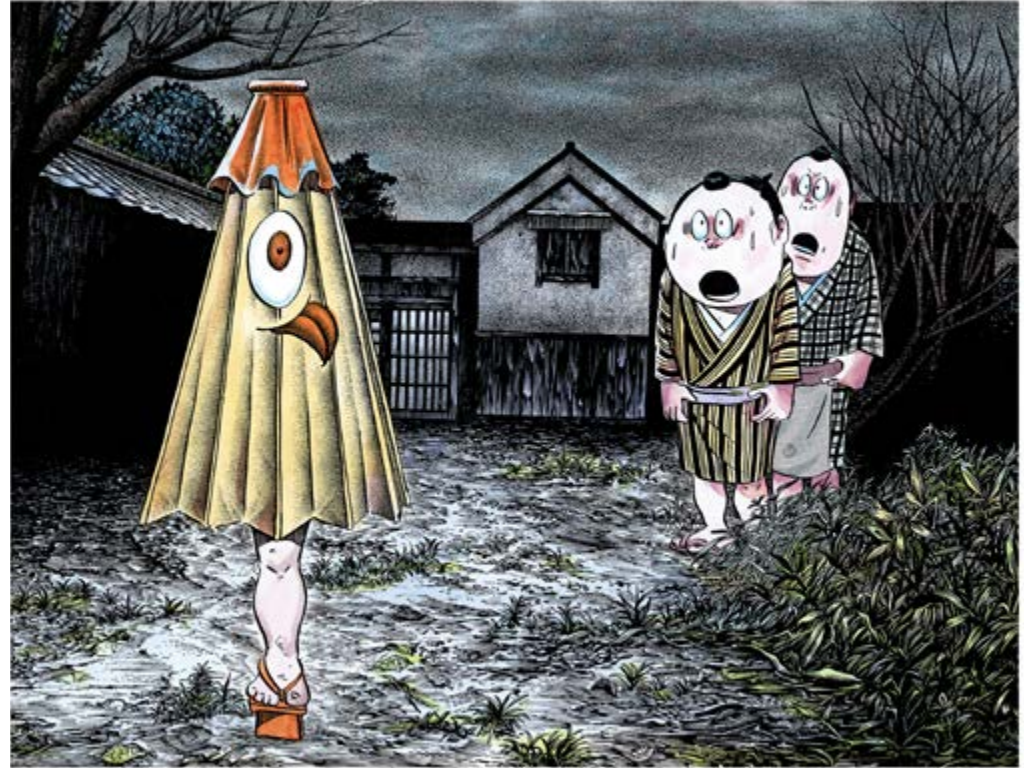


## KASABAKE

In his *Gazu Hyakki Tsuzurebukuro*, ukiyo-e artist Toriyama Sekien drew a yokai called Honekarakasa. There is no detailed explanation, but looking at the picture, it is likely depicting an old umbrella that has transformed into a yokai. Kasabake also sometimes appear in illustrations of the story "The Tongue-out Sparrow." Related to Tsukumogami beliefs that objects can come to life after a hundred years, Kasabake are more charming than frightening. Thought to come out at night, Kasabake sometimes have two eyes and sometimes one, with tongues wagging from smiling mouths.

Long ago, Yureigasa, or ghost umbrellas, were said to haunt Mizokuchi, Tottori. Also one-eyed and one-legged, it was said to pull people into the sky on windy days. When I was a child, I read a story about a group of Kasabake that swam across a river.

In the olden days before electricity, nights were dark. It is easy to see how people might have seen old objects appearing to come to life. If it had been as bright at night as it is in modern times, you wouldn't even see rats scurrying around.



## SONTSURU

---

In Hoki (modern-day Tottori), there was a family called Sontsuru. The word "tsuru" refers to a dark lineage—a yokai that has haunted a family for generations. Little is known about the creature, and no one has ever seen it. Some say it is snakelike; others say it resembles an earthworm. Since it has never been seen, I am unable to give more details.

Generally, when a yokai possesses someone, it is not physical. But Sontsuru burrows between the skin and muscle, causing illness. If you ask the possessed person what happened to their body, they will answer "I left it behind a tea plant." In some legends, when foxes possess people, they hang their furs over a hedge to allow their spirit to enter their victims' body. Fox or snake, their discarded shell must be nearby.



## KANATZUCHIBO

The *Hyakki Yagyo Emaki* was said to have been painted by Tosa Mitsunobu during the Muromachi period (1333-1568). In it, Tosa depicted a birdlike figure with glaring eyes, wielding a large wooden mallet. However, there is no explanation—we know nothing else about this yokai. At the Kanatzuchibo's feet is another unidentified yokai, a bright red blobby creature. Kanatzuchibo appears to be striking the other yokai. Many later artists modeled yokai after the ones in *Hyakki Yagyo Emaki*, including Kanatzuchibo.

Many of the yokai in *Hyakki Yagyo Emaki* are objects or vessels, leading them to be called Tsukumogami, or object spirits. There are other yokai wielding mallets. It's possible at some point in time these were the spirits of the mallets themselves, including Kanatzuchibo.

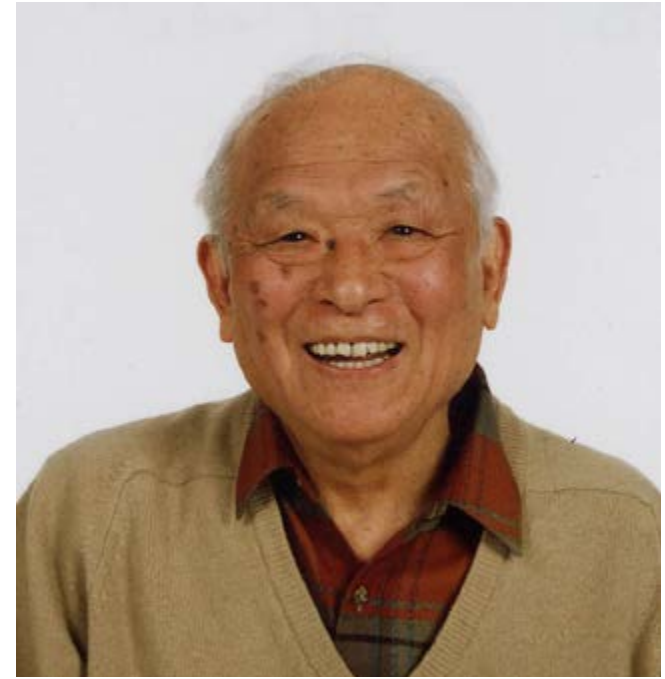


## SHIRIME

This yokai was reported to have appeared on the streets of Kyoto long ago. A samurai was walking home one night when he heard a voice shouting "A moment, sir!" The samurai responded, "Who's there?" A man stepped out from the shadows, removed his kimono, and pivoted to show his rear. Bending over, a huge glowing eye appeared between his butt cheeks. Shocked, the samurai fled. Haiku poet Yosa Buson was fond of yokai and left behind a collection called *Buson Yokai Emaki*, which is the only known appearance of Shirime.

Shirime seems to have originally been a type of Nopperabo, creatures that like to startle people by surprising them with a face with no eyes or nose. Shirime has an eyeball in its butt, doubling the shock. It has no motivation other than the joy it gets from pranking humans.



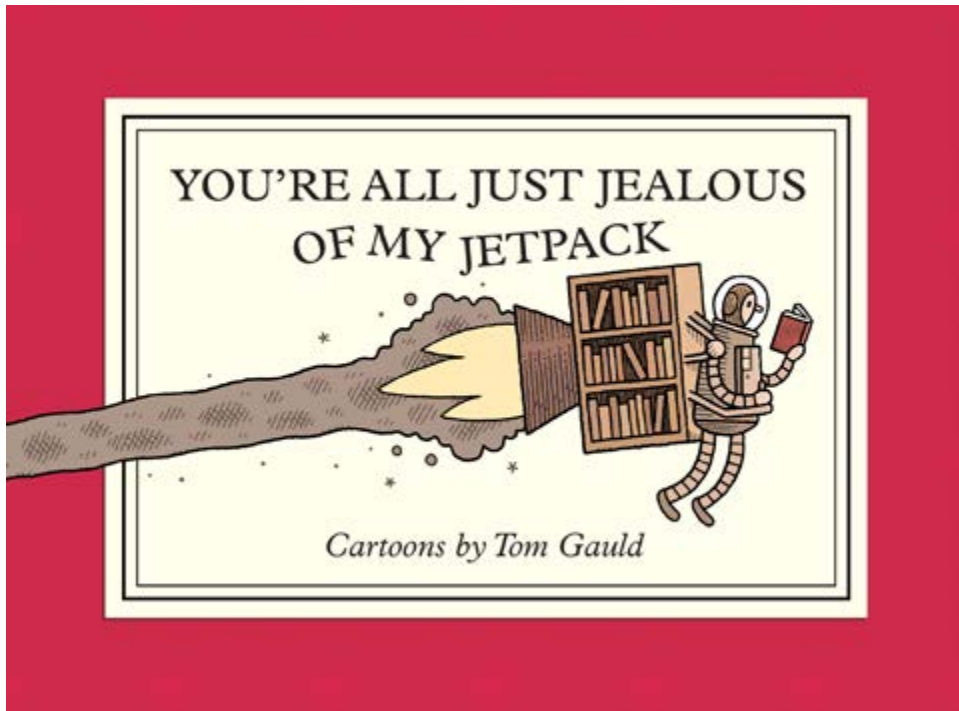


**Shigeru Mizuki** (1922–2015) was one of Japan's most respected artists. A creative prodigy, he lost an arm in World War II. After the war, Mizuki became one of the founders of Japan's latest craze—manga. He invented the yokai genre with *GeGeGe no Kitaro*, his most famous character, who has been adapted 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.

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# YOU'RE ALL JUST JEALOUS OF MY JETPACK

## TOM GAULD



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Again and again, Gauld reaffirms his position as a first-rank cartoonist, creating work infused with a deep

understanding of both literary and cartoon history.

### PRAISE FOR TOM GAULD

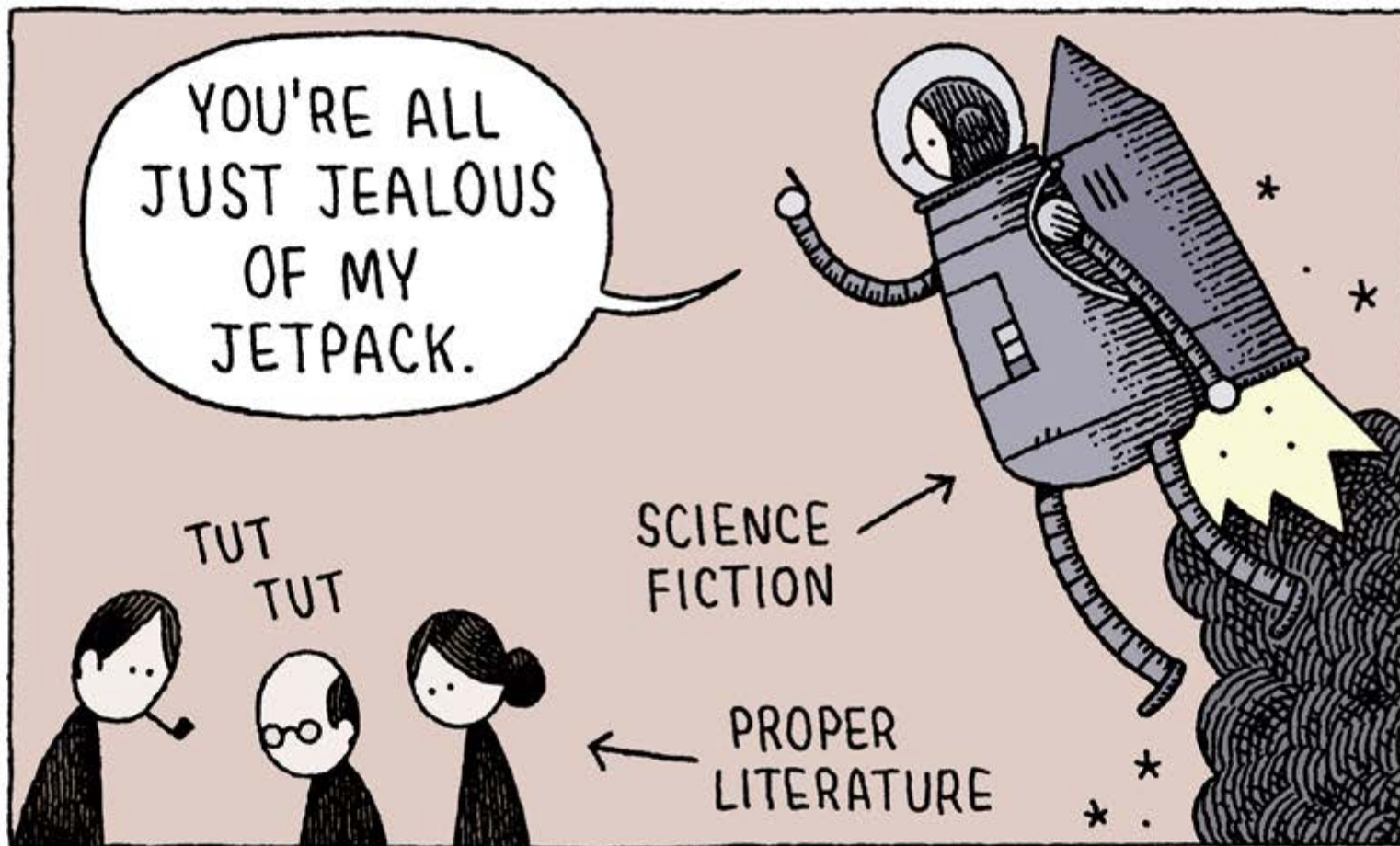
"[Gauld's] economical art—think Edward Gorey drawing elegant stick figures—is married to dry, incisive humor, making each strip a carefully composed marvel."—*Publishers Weekly*, Starred Review

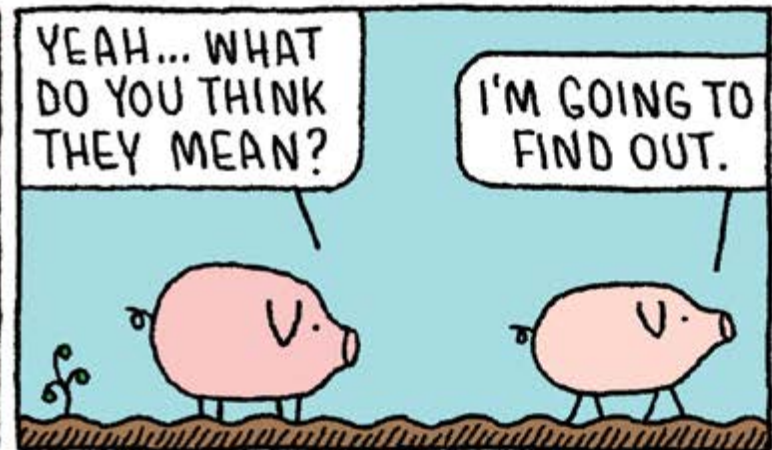
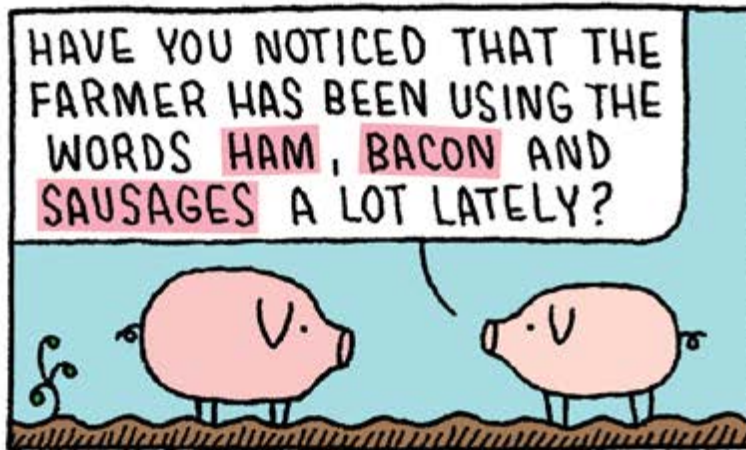
"That Gauld is able to get so much of that across with so little is like the most disarming, confounding magic trick."—*A.V. Club*

"Terrifically funny."—*Paste Magazine*

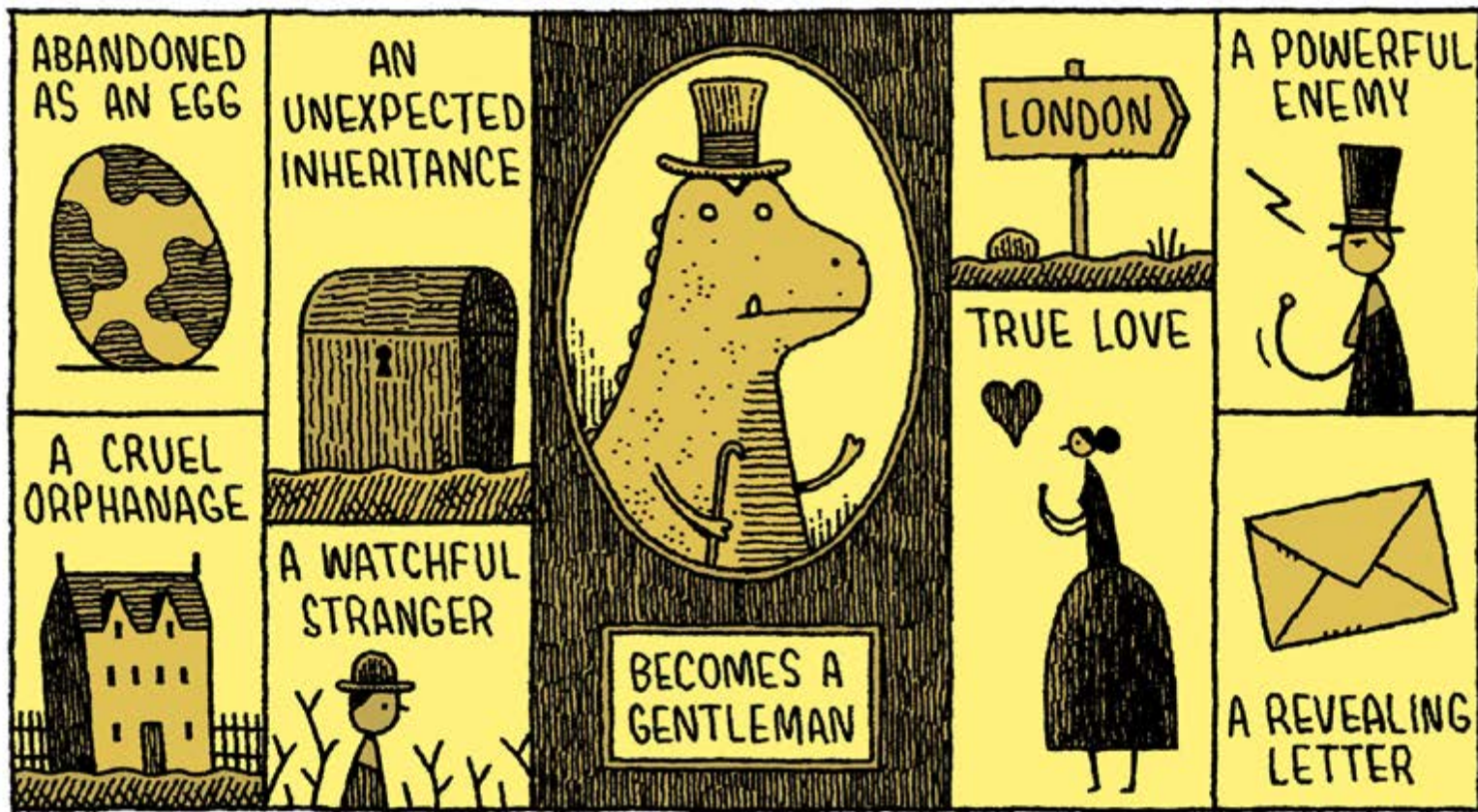
"[*You're All Just Jealous of My Jetpack*] consists of single panel cartoon that explore the passage of time, absurdism, and most of the 7 Deadly Sins, all presented with a sense of graceful whimsy that makes his work such a delight to read."—*Boing Boing*

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FRAGMENTS OF DICKENS'S LOST NOVEL "A MEGALOSAUR'S PROGRESS"



# THE OWL AND THE SEASICK PUSSYCAT



# COMING SOON: BRONTË SISTERS-THE VIDEOGAME



# THE MOON

4,500,000,000 BC  
- 1968 AD

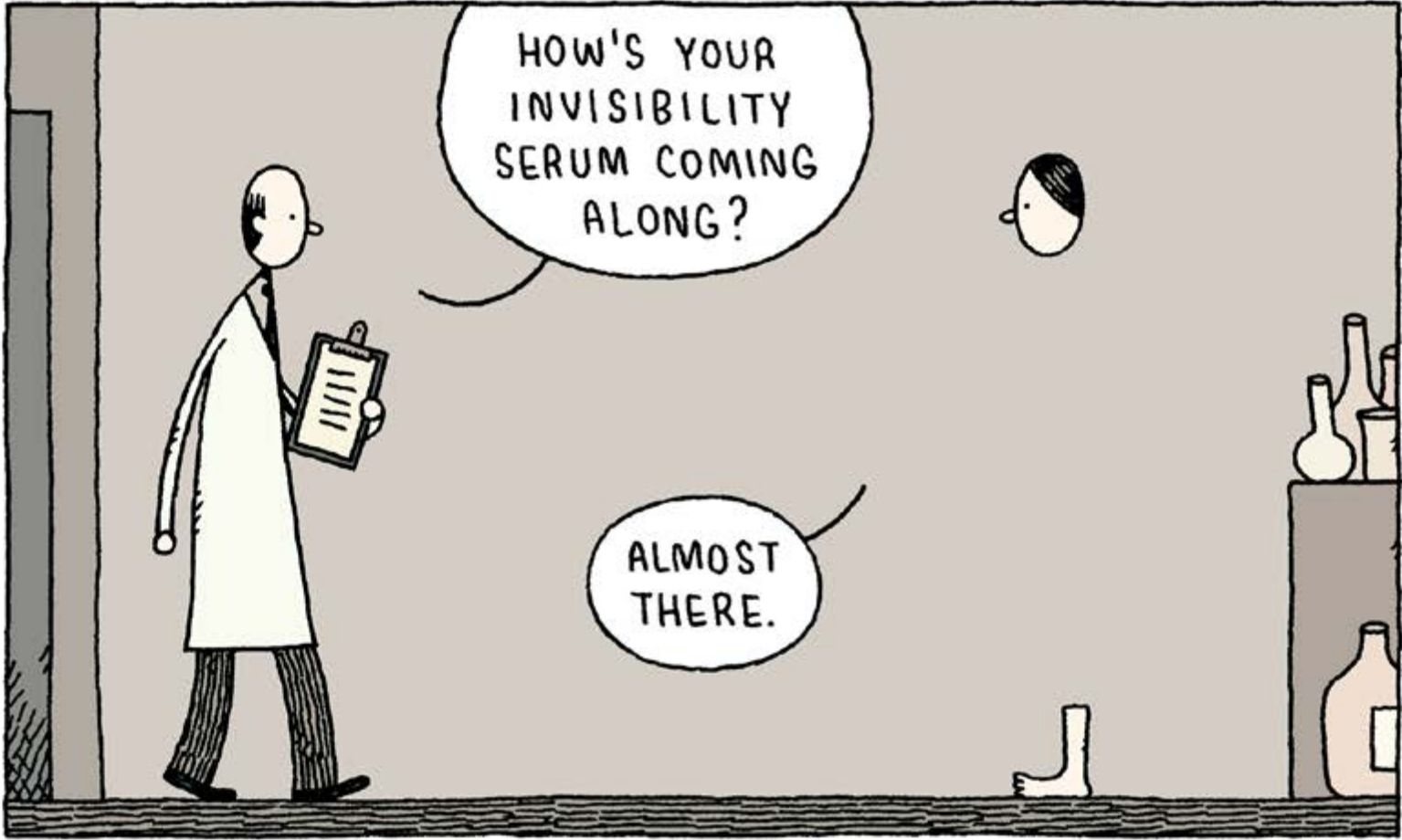


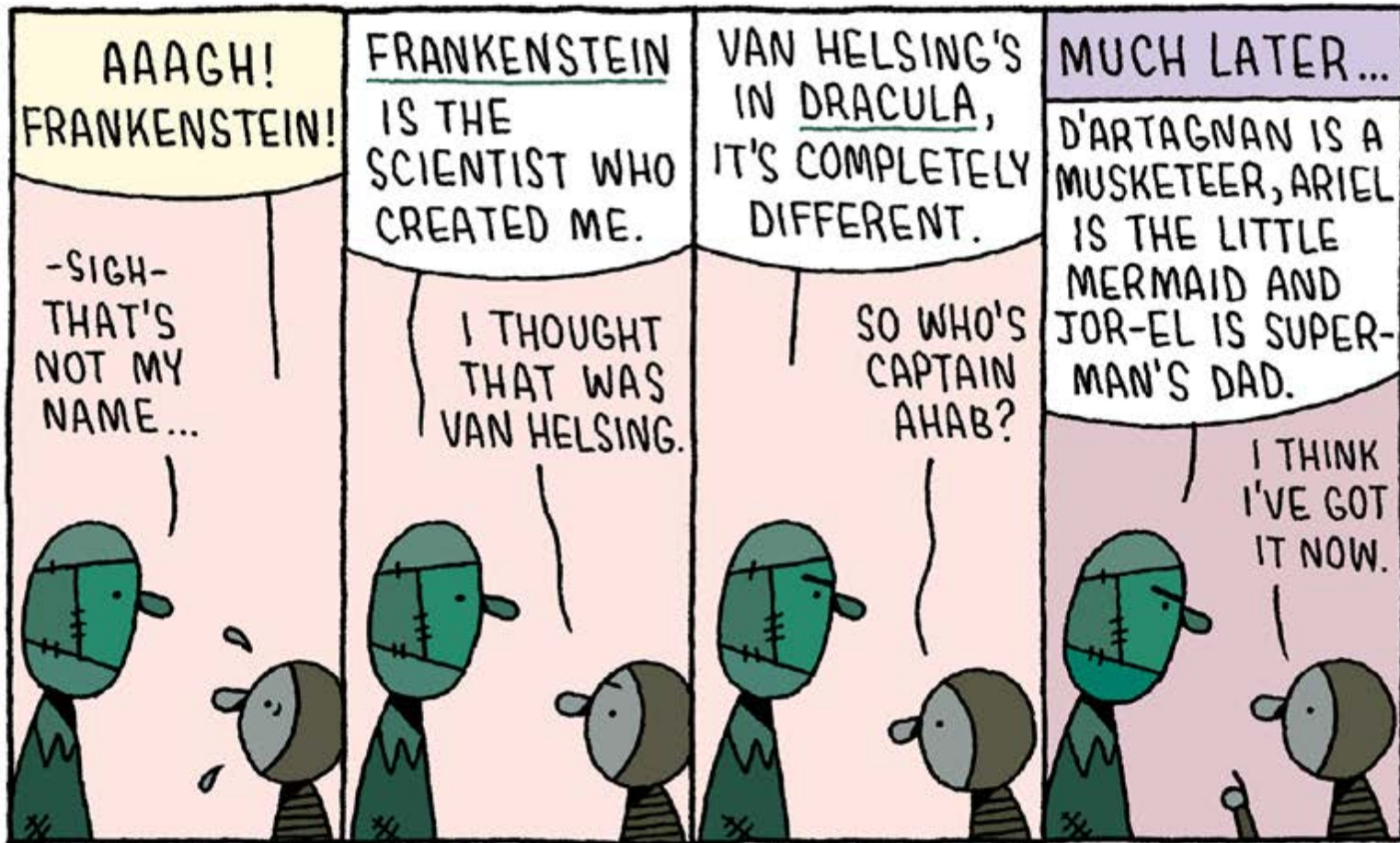
1969 - 1972

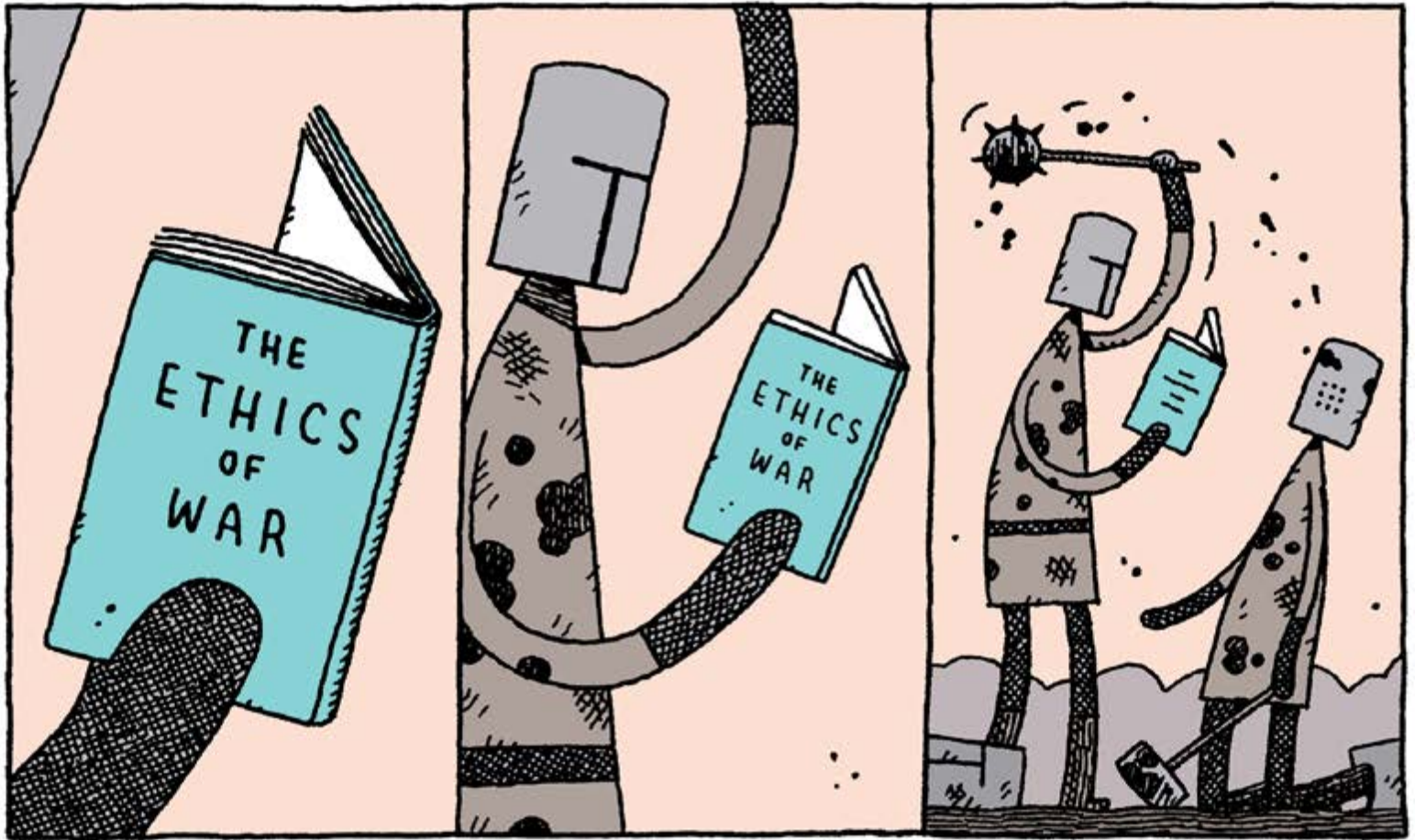


1973 - PRESENT





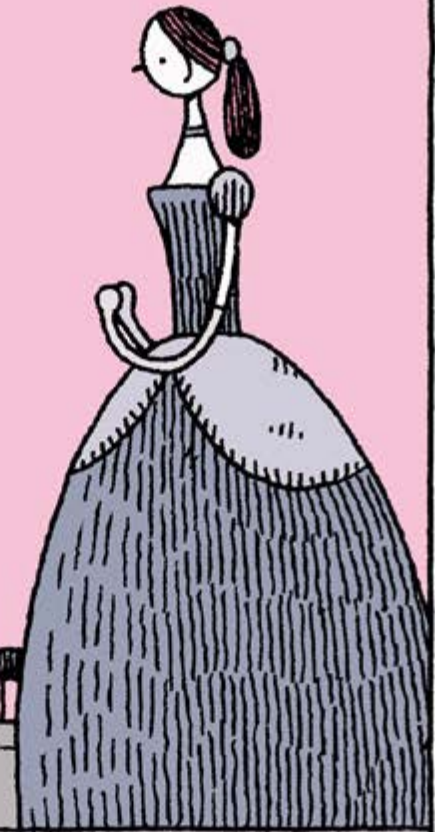




FEMINIST  
FAIRY  
GODMOTHER

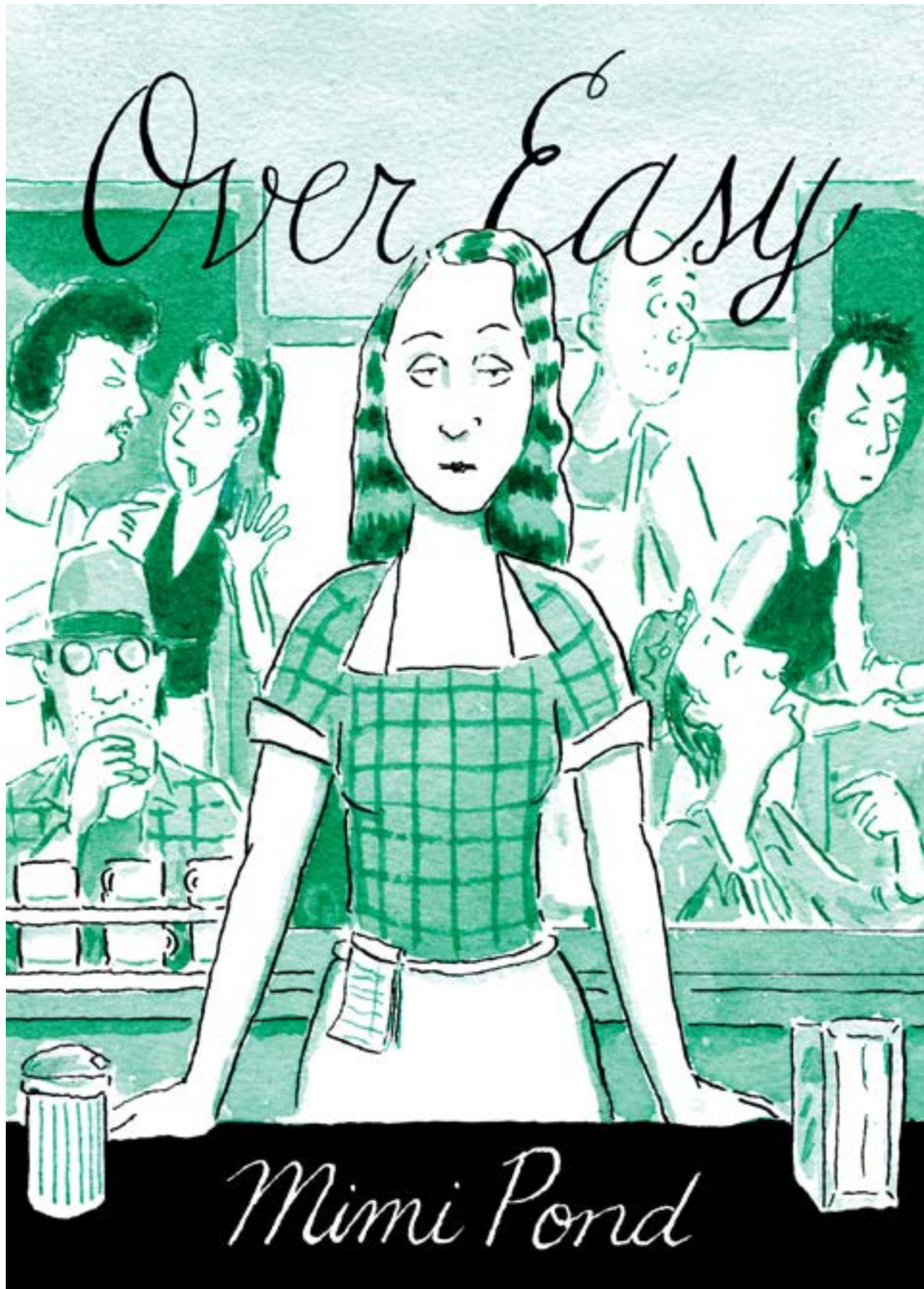


... AND I SHALL TURN THIS MOP  
AND BUCKET INTO A FULFILLING  
CAREER AND A BANK ACCOUNT  
SO YOU ONLY NEED MARRY IF  
YOU REALLY WANT TO...





**Tom Gauld** is a cartoonist and illustrator. He has weekly comic strips in *The Guardian* and *New Scientist* and his comics have been published in *The New York Times*, *The Believer*, and on the cover of the *The New Yorker*. In addition to his graphic novels *Baking with Kafka*, *Goliath*, *Mooncop*, *You're All Just Jealous of My Jetpack*, and *Revenge of the Librarians*, he has designed a number of book covers. Gauld lives and works in London.



NEW PAPERBACK EDITION!

# OVER EASY

## MIMI POND

**A fast-paced semi-memoir about diners, drugs, and California in the late 70s**

After being denied financial aid to cover her last year of art school, Margaret takes a waitressing job at local Oakland fixture: the Imperial Café. Here an impressionable young woman transforms into the worldly Madge as she is introduced to the wisecracking, fast-talking, drug-binging cooks, dishwashers, and waitstaff in her new life. At first she mimics these new and exotic grown-up friends, trying on the guise of adulthood with some awkward but funny stumbles. Gradually she realizes that these adults she idolizes are a mess of contradictions, misplaced artistic ambitions, sexual confusion, dependencies, and addictions.

*Over Easy* is equal parts time capsule of late 1970s life in California—with its deadheads, punks, disco rollers, casual sex, and drug use—and bildungsroman of a young woman who grows from a naïve, sexually inexperienced

art-school dropout into a self-aware, self-confident artist. Mimi Pond's chatty, slyly observant anecdotes create a compelling portrait of a distinct moment in time. *Over Easy* is an immediate, limber, and precise semi-memoir.

### PRAISE FOR *OVER EASY*

"Pond offers a vivid, perfectly rendered snapshot of the late '70s, that strange, lost period of time that bridged the hippy '60s and the go-getter '80s. The '70s culture was groping toward an identity, and it's the perfect backdrop for Pond's young heroine, who was busy doing the same."  
—Robert Kirby, *The Comics Journal*

"The tale of an art student who gets a job in a diner and much more: a look at a handful of people, brought together by a shared affection for the fringes, who make a temporary haven for a young woman thirsting for Real Life."  
—Etelka Lehoczky, *NPR*

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I'D SCRAPED UP ENOUGH CHANGE TO BUY A CUP OF COFFEE.



I'D WALKED THE SIX BLOCKS FROM SCHOOL.



IT FELT GOOD TO GET OUT OF THERE, AWAY FROM THE NEWS I'D GOTTEN, AWAY FROM ART, OUT INTO THE FRESH AIR.

I'D DECIDED NOT TO GO TO DAVE'S, AN UNTOUCHED MONUMENT OF A 1950S DINER.



I HAVE FILLED SKETCHBOOK AFTER SKETCHBOOK WITH DRAWINGS OF THE CUSTOMERS THERE, THEIR FAT BUTTS CRAWLING OVER THE EDGE OF THE STOOLS. I HAVE DRAWN THE COFFEE POTS...



SECURE IN THEIR BUNNO-MATIC STATIONS...

I HAVE DRAWN THE NAPKIN DISPENSERS...



AND I HAVE DRAWN THE WAITRESSES.



I ADMIRE THE WAITRESSES AT DAVE'S BECAUSE THEY ARE NO-SHIT GALS WITH NAMES LIKE BEA AND MYRNA, WOMEN WHO KNOW ABOUT REAL LIFE, NOT LIKE ME, A SNIVELING, PRIVILEGED GIRL WHO HAS DONE NOTHING BUT DRAW, REPEATEDLY, MANY BUS INTERIORS, NUMEROUS BUS DEPOTS, AND COUNTLESS COFFEE SHOPS IN ORDER TO TRY TO PIN DOWN REAL LIFE.

I SHOULD ALSO ADD THAT I HAVE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME ALONE IN MY ROOM WITH TOM WAITS ALBUMS.



THESE WAITRESSES ARE NOT DISPOSED TO THINK KINDLY OF ME. ART STUDENTS ARE NOT GOOD TIPPERS.

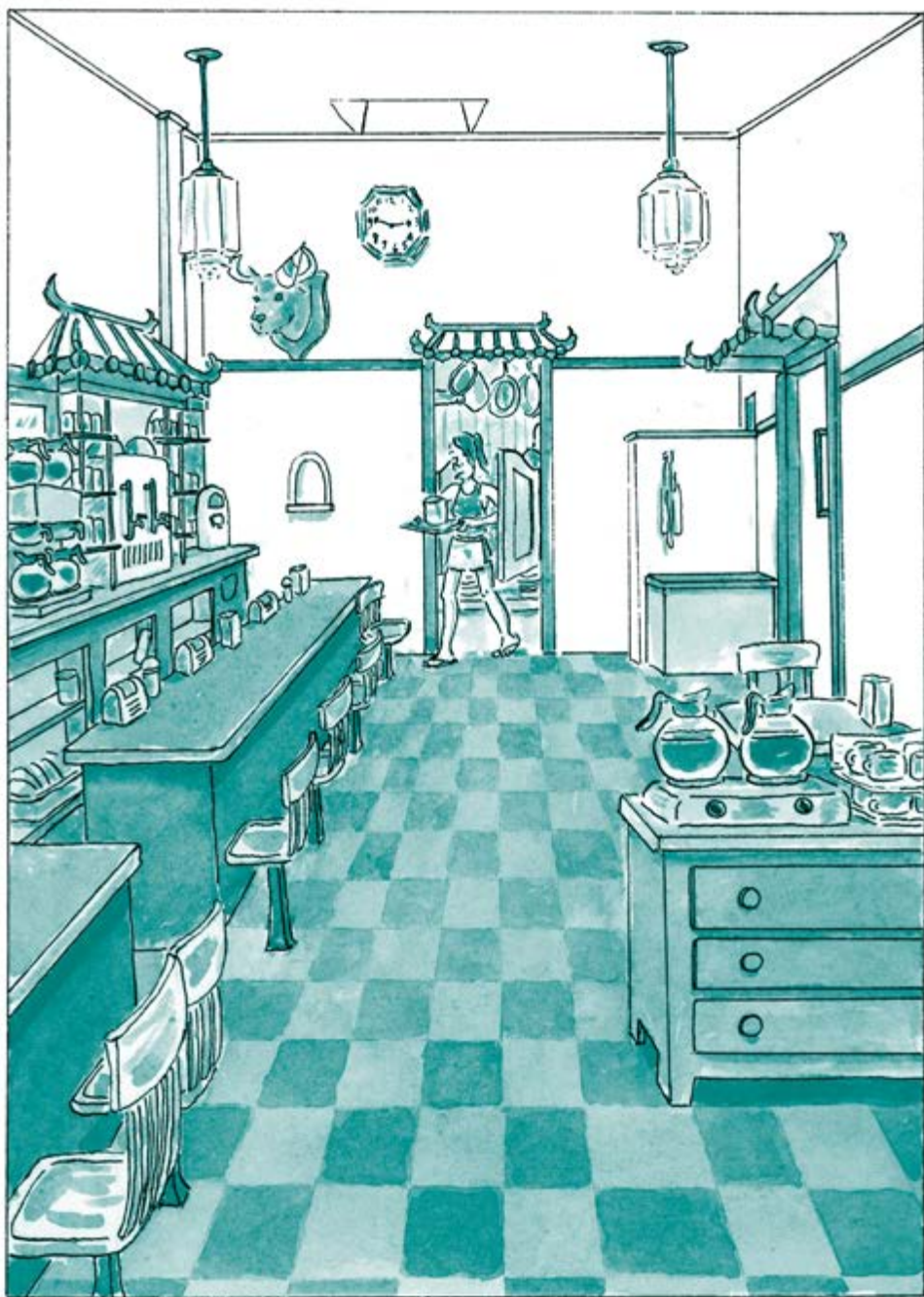


I NEED SOMETHING NEW.

I GET TO THIS PLACE. I'D ASSUMED IT WAS AN ABANDONED CHINESE RESTAURANT.



BUT THE SIGN SAYS "OPEN."



THE MINUTE I OPEN THE FRONT DOOR, THE SMELL OF COFFEE IS OVERWHELMING AND NARCOTIC.



HI, HON.  
WANNA SEE A MENU?



UN... JUST COFFEE  
CREAM?  
YEAH.

TO MY SURPRISE, INSTEAD OF A TEENY, FACTORY-SEALED PLASTIC CONTAINER OF NON-DAIRY PRODUCT LIKE THEY GIVE YOU AT DAVE'S...



SHE GIVES ME A TINY BEAKER OF REAL CREAM ALONG WITH MY COFFEE.



THE FLAVOR IS RICH, ROUND, THREE-DIMENSIONAL, NOTHING LIKE THE USUAL THIN, GRAY COFFEE SHOP FARE. IT HARDLY WASHES OVER MY TONGUE BEFORE I GET A JOLT OF THAT CAFFEINE OPTIMISM, A RAY OF SUNSHINE FLOODING THE INSIDE OF MY BRAIN. LIFE LOOKS GOOD. MY HEART IS BEATING LIKE THE INSIDE OF MY BRAIN. LIFE LOOKS GOOD. MY HEART IS BEATING LIKE THE INSIDE OF MY BRAIN. LIFE LOOKS GOOD.



EVEN THOUGH I TOLD MYSELF I WOULDN'T, I PULL MY SKETCHBOOK OUT OF MY BACKPACK AND GET OUT MY FOUNTAIN PEN. I BEGIN TO DRAW THE WHOLE TABLEAU HERE.

AND NOW THIS GUY WHO IS NOT CHINESE, WHO HAS TWIRLED IN WITH THE CHINESE PARSLEY, PLOPS DOWN ON THE SEAT NEXT TO ME.



I INSTANTLY RECOGNIZE THE COMIC, DRUGGY ALTER EGO. IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS PEOPLE ANYWHERE FROM TWO TO TWENTY YEARS OLDER THAN ME LIKE TO DO—GIVE THEMSELVES SILLY ALIASES:



THE SUBTEXT IS THE CONCEIT THAT THEY ARE ACTUALLY SO SUBVERSIVE AND DANGEROUS (SOMETHING TO DO WITH DRUGS OR REVOLUTION) THAT THEY MUST TRAVEL UNDER ASSUMED NAMES. I MISSED THE COUNTERCULTURAL BOAT BY BEING JUST A LITTLE TOO YOUNG; I USED TO REGRET THAT. THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS, THOUGH, THE WHOLE HIPPIE THING HAS STARTED TO GET ON MY NERVES.

BUT LAZLO MERENGUE'S FACE IS WIDE AND OPEN. I CAN'T DISLIKE HIM.



I DECIDE TO TELL HIM MY SHIRLEY STORY.



LAZZO THROWS BACK HIS HEAD AND CACKLES. HE HAS SUCH A WELCOMING LAUGH.



IT IS A BUBBLING FOUNTAIN OF ENTRE NOUS.

HE CERTAINLY IS FORTHCOMING, A SWITCH FROM THE BROODING, WILLFULLY OBLIQUE BOYS WHO'VE BEEN DRIVING ME CRAZY FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS OF ART SCHOOL. ABRUPTLY, I BLURT OUT:



I AM LONELY AND LUMPISH. I LACK ANY INSTINCT FOR THE FEMALE MYSTERY.

THERE IS ONLY THE SMALLEST AWKWARD HALF-BEAT.

HE PICKS UP MY SKETCHBOOK AGAIN.



I GET AN IDEA. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE MINGY, FREELADING THINGS I HAVE LEARNED TO DO AS A STUDENT.





...SAYS LAZLO, CHANGING MY IDENTITY IN AN INSTANT.



SAMMY EXAMINES MY DRAWING AT EXTREMELY CLOSE RANGE.



I KNOW YOU HAVE TO BEHAVE AS THOUGH DRUGS ARE SIMPLY MISCHIEVOUS FUN. THIS IS BEFORE THEY BECOME A MAJOR THEME.



ALL OF THIS SEEMS SO FAMILIAR THAT I FIND MYSELF TRYING TO REMEMBER WHERE AND WHEN I MET THESE PEOPLE. IT SEEMS LIKE WE'VE ALREADY KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS...



I AM TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO STICK AROUND, BUT...



I AM REMINDED THAT THESE PEOPLE, UNLIKE ME, ARE ACTUALLY WORKING.



**Mimi Pond** is an American cartoonist, humorist, and writer. She wrote the pilot episode of *The Simpsons*, "Simpsons Roasting on an Open Fire." She is the winner of the PEN Center USA award for Graphic Literature Outstanding Body of Work. She lives in Los Angeles with her husband, the artist Wayne White.

# YOSHIHIRO TATSUMI A DRIFTING LIFE

"One of Japan's most important visual artists." —The New York Times



NEW PAPERBACK EDITION!

# A DRIFTING LIFE

## YOSHIHIRO TATSUMI

TRANSLATED BY TARO NETTLETON

**The award-winning memoir translated by Taro Nettleton with a new design by Adrian Tomine**

In this memoir that won two Eisner Awards, the Tezuka Osamu Cultural Prize, a prize at the Festival de la BD d'Angoulême, and was adapted into a feature film that debuted at the Cannes Film Festival, legendary manga-ka Yoshihiro Tatsumi uses his life-long obsession with comics as a framework to tell his life story incisively and unflinchingly. He deftly weaves a complex story that encompasses Japanese culture and history, family dynamics, first love, the intricacies of the manga industry, and most importantly, what it means to be an artist. Alternately humorous, enlightening, and haunting, *A Drifting Life* is the masterful summation of a fascinating life and a historic career.

Over sixty years ago, Yoshihiro Tatsumi expanded the horizons of comics storytelling by using the visual language of manga to tell gritty, dark, literary stories about the private lives of everyday people, a genre he coined "gekiga" in order to differentiate his comics from mainstream manga. His comics appeared in the legendary Japanese comics magazine *GARO*, and he became the first of his *GARO* peers to have his work published in English in the graphic novel era.

*A Drifting Life* is Tatsumi's most ambitious, personal, and heartfelt work and considered to be one of the defining autobiographical works of the comics medium.

### PRAISE FOR A DRIFTING LIFE

"Tatsumi had that magic touch all great storytellers have, illuminating many corners with economical light, telling simple tales that unfolded to reveal many subtexts, implications and messages. He used and abused the manga tradition, repurposing the format to interrogate a national culture, with real human characters who were bored, horny, frustrated, and lonely."—*The Guardian*

"[*A Drifting Life*] manages to be, all at once, an insider's history of manga, a mordant cultural tour of post-Hiroshima Japan and a scrappy portrait of a struggling artist...It's among this genre's signal achievements...It's as if someone had taken a Haruki Murakami novel and drawn, beautifully and comprehensively, in its margins."—*The New York Times*

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PAPERBACK • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/MANGA • ISBN 978-1-77046-813-9

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



SIGN: TOYONAKA NO. 2 MIDDLE SCHOOL

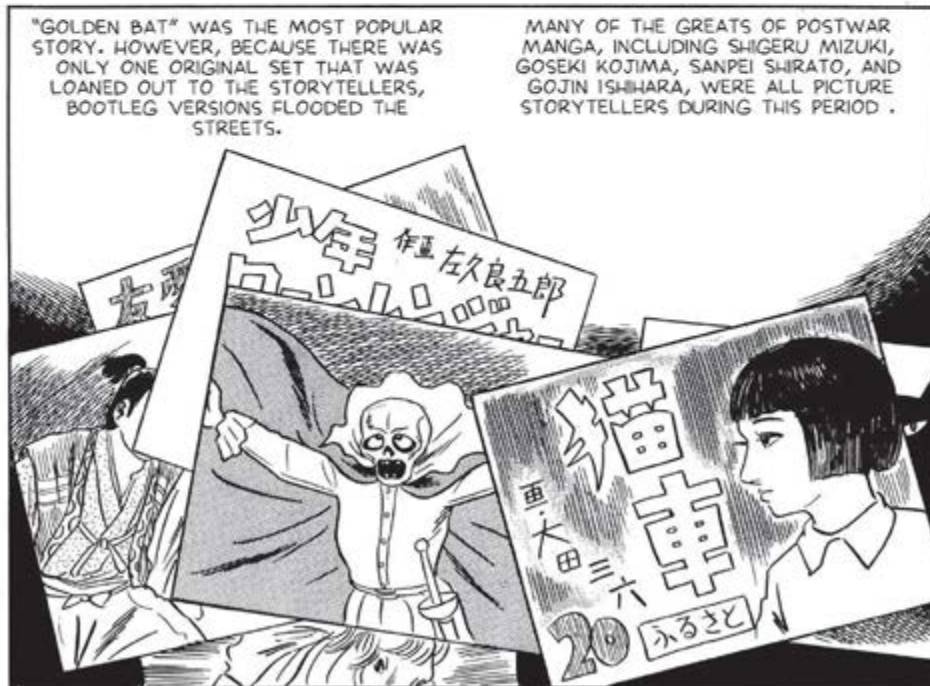


These spreads are meant to be read from right to left.



PICTURE STORY SHOWS WERE AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR POPULARITY IN 1949. THERE WERE 50,000 PICTURE STORYTELLERS ON THE STREETS OF JAPAN.

THEY WOULD SELL KIDS CANDY AND CRACKERS, THEN PERFORM TWO OR THREE EPISODES.

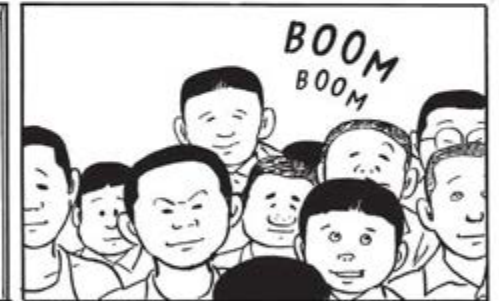


"GOLDEN BAT" WAS THE MOST POPULAR STORY. HOWEVER, BECAUSE THERE WAS ONLY ONE ORIGINAL SET THAT WAS LOANED OUT TO THE STORYTELLERS, BOOTLEG VERSIONS FLOODED THE STREETS.

MANY OF THE GREATS OF POSTWAR MANGA, INCLUDING SHIGERU MIZUKI, GOSEKI KOJIMA, SANPEI SHIRATO, AND GOJIN ISHIHARA, WERE ALL PICTURE STORYTELLERS DURING THIS PERIOD.



AND NOW, THE CONTINUED STORY OF "GOLDEN BAT" THAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!

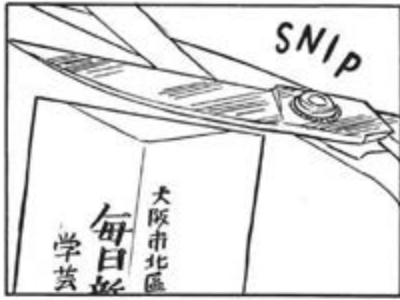


TITLE: "GOLDEN BAT," DRAWN AND COLORED BY KOJI KATA



GOLDEN BAT SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM THE SKY!

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



ENVELOPE: HIROSHI KATSUMI 1-37 ASADA, TOYONAKA-SHI

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



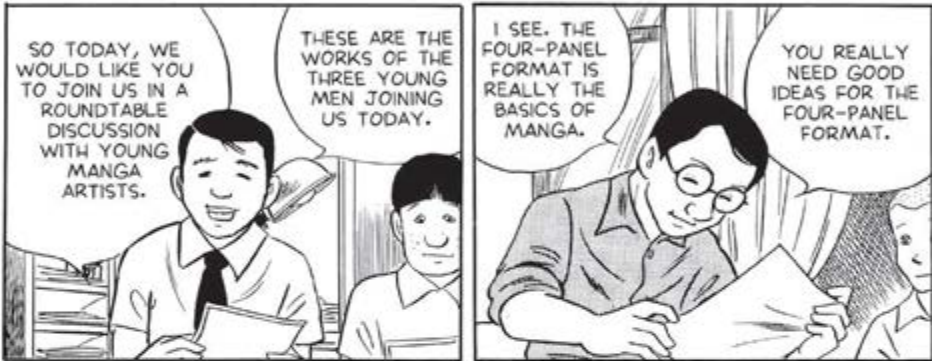
*These spreads are meant to be read from right to left.*



ENTER TEZUKA



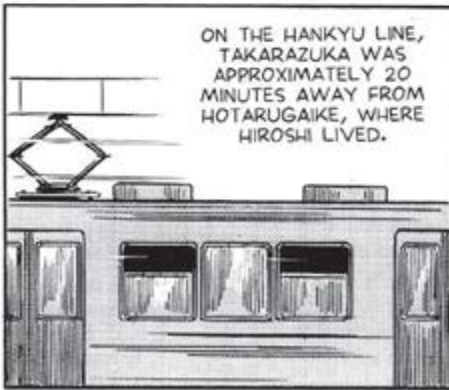
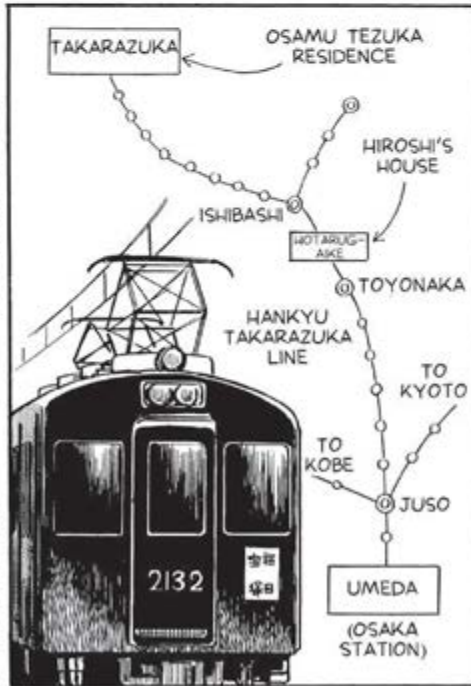
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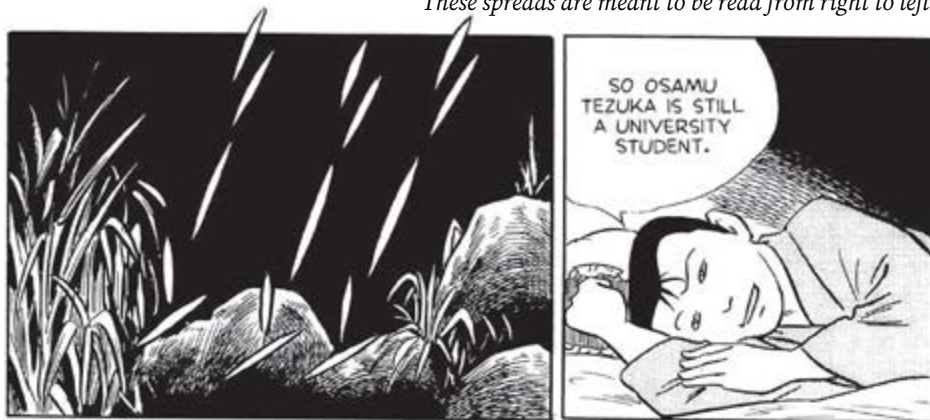
These spreads are meant to be read from right to left.



PAPER: LOOK FOR THE LARGE CINNAMON TREE; APPROX. 10 MINUTES (TEZUKA ADDRESS)



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



<FIFTH AND SIXTH PANELS: SOUND OF CRICKETS>



Born in Osaka, Japan, **Yoshihiro Tatsumi** (1935-2015) began writing and drawing comics as a young teenager with comics in national manga magazines and regional children's newspapers. He continued drawing comics for the rental market for kids comics in Japan, and eventually his tastes matured and he sought to make comics for a sophisticated adult readership in a realistic style he called "Gekiga." He was known as "the grandfather of Japanese alternative comics" and influenced generations of cartoonists around the world. His achievements to the industry also include helping to form the short lived but influential Gekiga Studio, an artist-run publishing collective as well as his own publishing house Dai'ichi Pro. For many years while he drew comics, he ran a used manga bookstore with his wife in Jinbochō, a neighborhood in Tokyo often referred to as "Book Town."

# DRAWN & QUARTERLY

## FALL 2025

For more information on Drawn & Quarterly cartoonists, comics, and graphic novels, please contact:

**JULIA POHL-MIRANDA** *MARKETING DIRECTOR*

**FRANCINE YULO** *SALES & MARKETING MANAGER*

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