



# THE ACME NOVELTY LIBRARY #21

CHRIS WARE

**Artist, writer, and ink pundit F. C. Ware returns to the high-stakes, hard-hitting pageantry of the American comic book**

This new, unasked-for number of the late 20th century experiment *The ACME Novelty Library* continues its winning run as the time-tested vehicle for delivering sheer disappointment, disgorging wedges of several in progress stories possibly cogent in their completed forms but here rendered disorienting and dissatisfying as fragmentary, incoherent excerpts. Mirroring the disintegrating nation which coddled both the artist's preadolescent delusions if not the very 20th century fashion for cartooning itself, the 21st volume of *The ACME Novelty Library* comes of age just in time to stress-test the 250th anniversary of America's ongoing indulgence of humanity's most venal appetites behind a threadbare scrim of lofty and perfidious constitutional ideals. A remedy for those weary of regular stage-four cultural botox injections and a last hurrah for sensitive bipeds who have fallen through the cracks of life and who would prefer to stay home with a booklet of cheerfully colored picture stories, it's what all the kids are talking about.

Three (3) securely bound and unaccountably legible 24-page saddle-stitched comic books accompany a large foldout comic strip newspaper section, the whole conveniently compacted into an attractively designed keepsake folio allowing for easy disposal and/or tindering in the

event of sudden societal collapse. Alice White, The Last Saturday, and a cast of unnamed and almost completely unfamiliar protagonists are all here in little hand-drawn boxes to keep you company on that upcoming rainy afternoon when you watch your hopes, dreams, and perhaps even your country go up in smoke.

Onboarding everything Mr. Ware and his team of vendors and their internationally-recognized brand have honed for years to esthetic lethality, *The ACME Novelty Library #21* is certain to be this season's biggest hit, should the season last long enough.

## PRAISE FOR CHRIS WARE

"Chris Ware has built a career as a sort of astronaut exploring the nature of the consciousness."—*New York Times*

"Maximalist and spare."—*Washington Post*

"Nobody chronicles lives of quiet desperation with the exacting meticulousness of Chris Ware."—*NPR*

"One of the most fascinating storytellers we have... dedicated to extending and elasticizing the medium of cartooning."—*LA Review of Books*

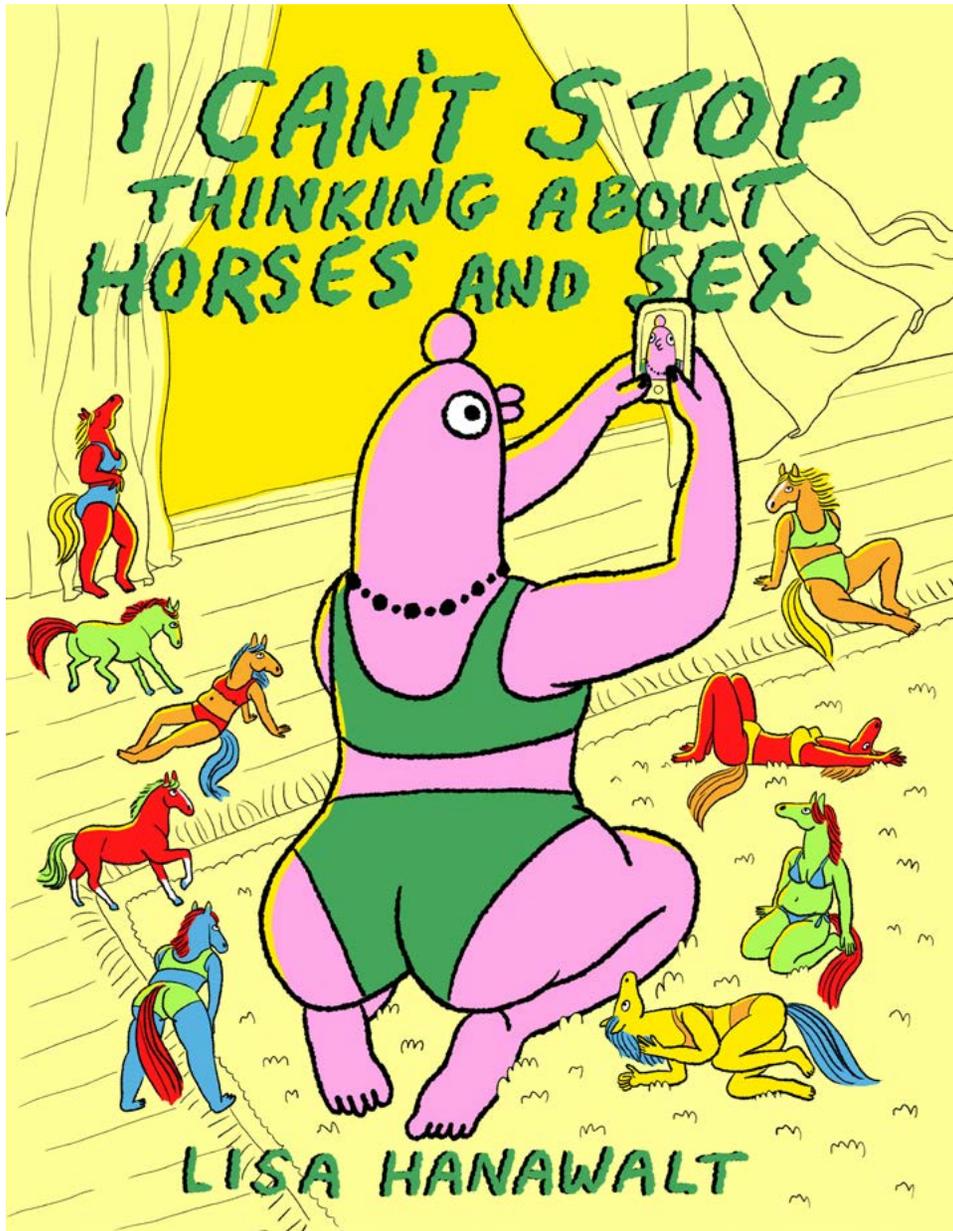


NOVEMBER 2026 • \$30 USD / \$35 CAD • 4-COLOR • 15.1" X 11.1" • 90 PAGES  
HARDCOVER • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-917-4





**Chris Ware** is a writer and artist and has contributed graphic fiction and thirty-two covers to *The New Yorker* since 1999. The author of *Jimmy Corrigan: The Smartest Kid on Earth*, which won the Guardian First Book Award in 2001; and *Building Stories*, which was chosen as a Top 10 fiction book by both the *Times* and *Time* in 2012; his most recent *Rusty Brown* was finalist for the PEN/Jean Stein award and named among the *New York Times*' top 100 Books of 2019. His work has been exhibited at the Hammer Museum, the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, as well as at the Adam Baumgold Gallery in New York and the Galerie Martel in Paris. In 2021, Ware received the Grand Prix de la Ville d'Angoulême and a solo retrospective of his work was presented at the Centre Pompidou in 2022, traveling on to venues in Switzerland, Italy and Holland; it will conclude at the Centre de Cultura Contemporàniade Barcelona in 2025.



# I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HORSES AND SEX

LISA HANAWALT

**Unmistakably Hanawalt, the *Tuca & Bertie* and *BoJack Horseman* visionary has returned to her comics roots**

From the creative mind behind some of the most inventive and genre-expanding animated shows on TV comes a long-awaited collection of honest, silly, horny, and vulnerable comics. Intimate and emotionally layered, *I Can't Stop Thinking About Horses and Sex* is a collage-like collection of comic strips and artwork that blurs genre lines. This is a fragmented memoir of a horse girl, now in her forties and reflecting back on a lifetime of obsessions.

Whether Lisa Hanawalt is confronting large life issues like whether or not to have children, being an anxious lil freak, caring for a sick horse, or dealing with a major breakup and the ensuing lustfulness—she delivers a reading experience that's relatable and affirming. In lush colors and kinetic lines, she charts the strange terrain of life, one bumpy, dusty horseback ride at a time.

Like peeking into Hanawalt's diary—*I Can't Stop Thinking About Horses and Sex* is an unbridled exploration of platonic and romantic fixations, traumas, and a send-up to interspecies friendship, told with her trademark candid humor.

## PRAISE FOR LISA HANAWALT

"Unabashedly horny and occasionally gross, with an unvarnished emotional core that comes, in part, from Hanawalt's uncanny ability to metabolize private thoughts and regurgitate them."—*New Yorker*

"With its leitmotif blend of whimsy, wistfulness, and a touch of scatology, [Hanawalt's work] is funny and life-of-the-party loud."—*The Paris Review*

"An artist with a masterly painting and drawing hand, obsessions with animals and genitals, and a very weird sense of humor."—*The New York Times*

OCTOBER 2026 • \$28 USD / \$35 CAD • 4-COLOR • 7.14" X 9.05" • 250 PAGES  
HARDCOVER • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/HUMOROUS • ISBN 978-1-77046-912-9

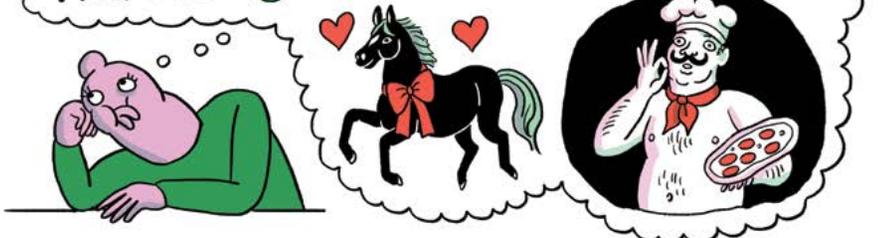
# HORSES AND SEX

Horse girls are used to enduring tiresome questions and innuendo.



I'll admit that when I'm bored, I usually daydream about either horses or sex. They're the two most mentally engaging things I can imagine.

PICK ONE: **A** HORSE FANTASY **B** SEX FANTASY



But I don't combine them!



I've also never had an orgasm while riding. I'm sure it's happened to some people, but not me, despite my unintentionally suggestive horsemanship.



One way that horseback riding connects to sex is the Pelvis.



I carry a LOT of stress in my lower body. My muscles are so tight that it gets in the way of certain activities...



It affects my performance, both in the sack and at the barn.



One time, I was hooking up with a guy (a rare one-night stand!) and I was taking too long to relax enough to fit his junk into my junk and he snapped at me.



Maybe he was anxious about losing his boner, but it still made me feel terrible! At least it turned into a decent in-joke with my college friends.

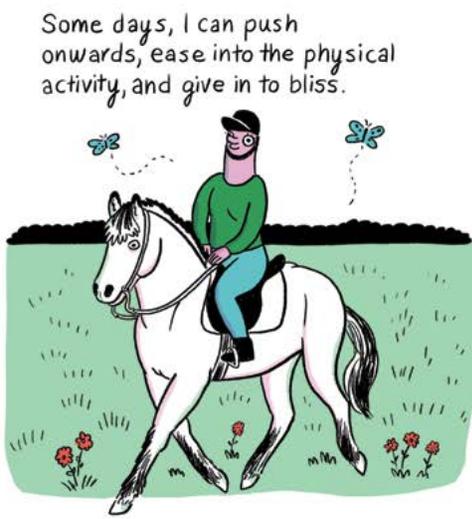
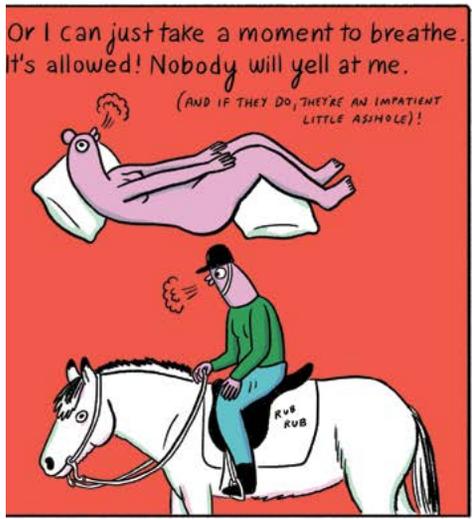
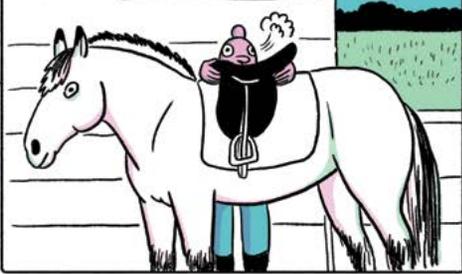




I get anxious before riding or having sex, imagining all the ways I might get hurt, or fail, or disappoint. Sometimes I avoid them in favor of less-intense alternatives.



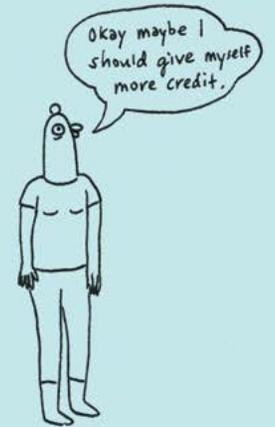
Riding isn't the only way to enjoy horses and penetration isn't the only way to enjoy sex. But I still want to enjoy these things without dread. Sometimes I just need to stop thinking and put the saddle on the horse.



# BARN GOSSIP



# BARN IMPOSTER SYNDROME



# CHOOSING HORSES

These days, so many of my friends have babies...

And meanwhile I'm, like, "Here's MY baby!"



I love children, but maybe I don't need my own. I'm satisfied by interacting with my friends' kids (and trying to convert them into horse-lovers).



But I worry. Will this become SAD at some point? While everyone else watches their babies grow up, will I seem like a stunted weirdo?



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



WOW, MAGNA CUM LAUDE!



MY BABY'S WEDDING DAY!



TODAY MR. NOODLES SPOOKED AT A TREE AND ALMOST BRAINED US BOTH!

I'm happy not to have kids, for many reasons. Everyone thinks horses are time-consuming. Not compared with babies!

Well, time to go home, enjoy my other hobbies, then get a solid night's sleep!



Plus, having kids would ruin my favorite activities: cursing and gossiping.

Did you know you CAN'T gossip around kids? Because they'll repeat EVERYTHING you @#&!ing say??

That's HORRIBLE! @#&!ing HORRIBLE!

The delicate social fabric woven from shit-talk means NOTHING to them!!



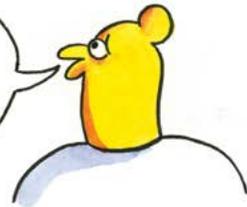
So I keep my eye out for positive models of childless adulthood, to reassure myself that I'll continue to be happy with my choice.

One of my favorite people I've met at the barn is a woman named Molly. She's brave, thoughtful, and also very funny.



Molly owned a handsome bay gelding named Durango.

He and my horse, Juni, loved to groom each other.



Last year, Molly had to make the tough decision to put him down.

She had a little ceremony so we could all say good bye.

It was a dignified sendoff for a beloved animal.



When a horse passes away, everyone at the barn fills the empty stall with flowers.

Losing a horse is intense. It's the loss not only of a pet, a partner, and a best friend but also of one's daily routine of going to the barn and connecting with this special place and community.

While caring for a horse is different from raising a child, horses can fill up your life in similar ways, if you let them. Their loss leaves a huge hole.

One time, when we were out riding, Molly expressed some ambivalence about never having children of her own.

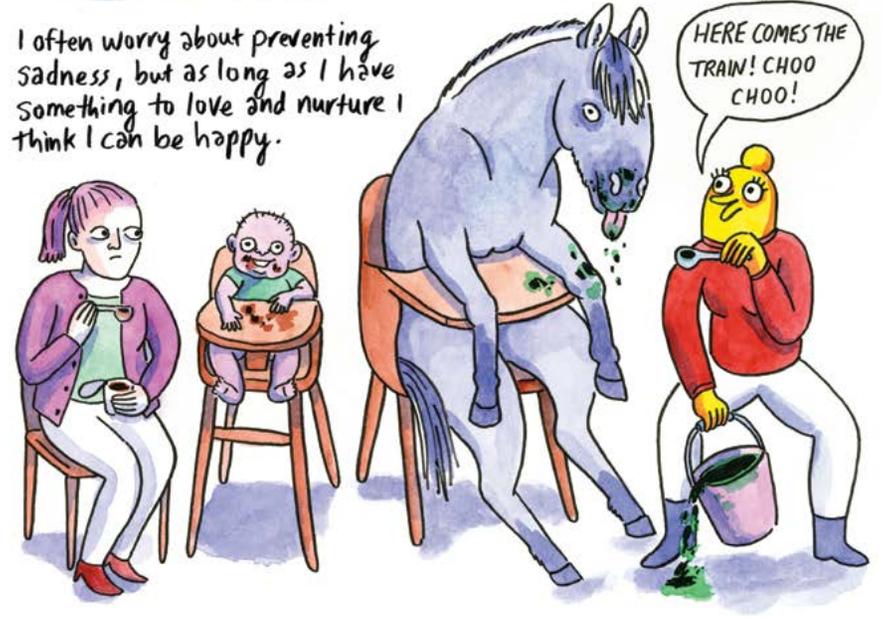


I realized that my goal of feeling ZERO regret about any of my life choices might be unrealistic.

Choosing animals instead of babies means that I'll be perpetually losing my loved ones. But having kids isn't insurance against loneliness. At least my animal companions won't grow up and move away.

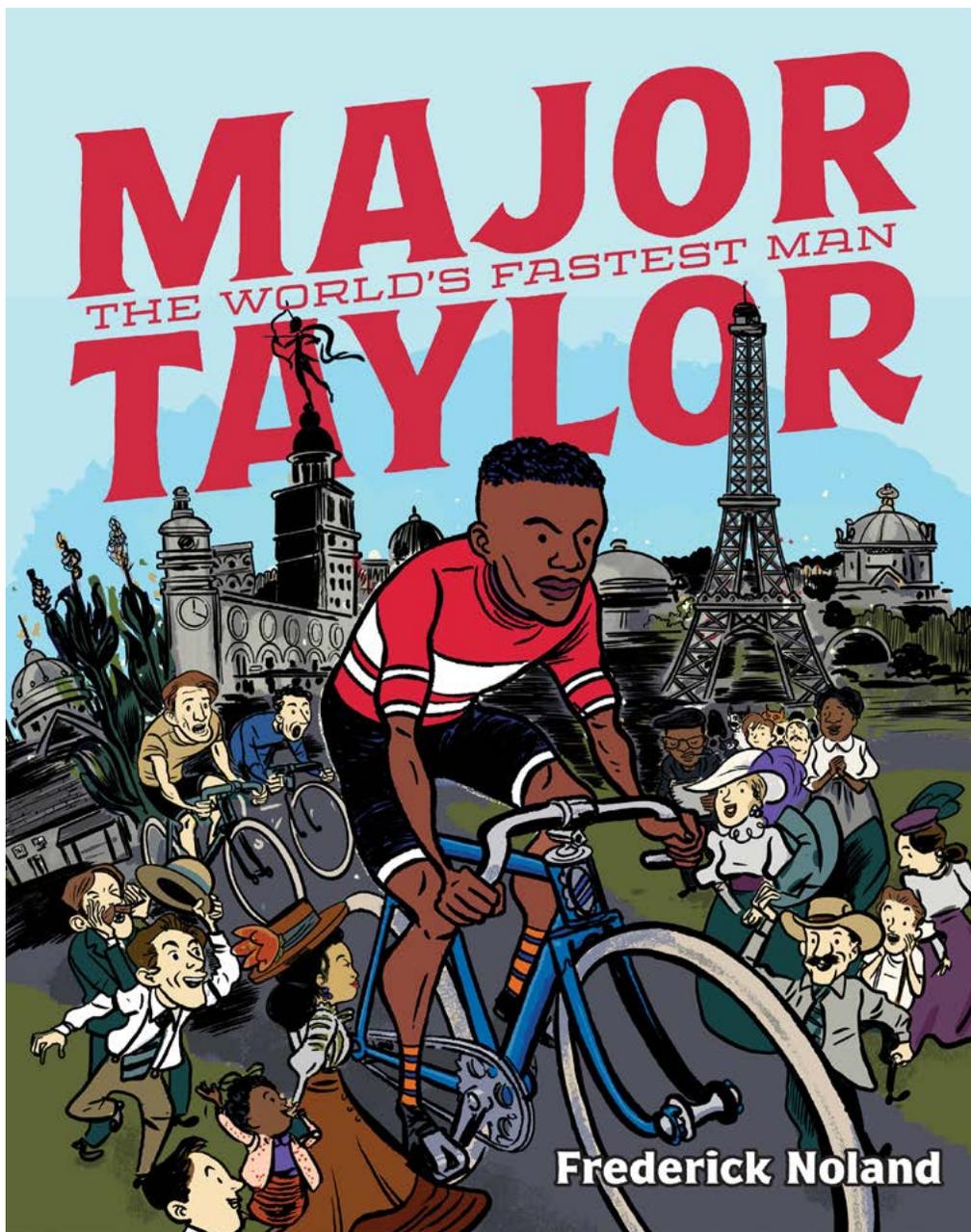


I often worry about preventing sadness, but as long as I have something to love and nurture I think I can be happy.





**LISA HANAWALT** is an artist and writer living in Los Angeles, CA. She is the creator of the animated series *Tuca & Bertie* and the production designer/producer on *BoJack Horseman* and *Long Story Short*. Lisa has published four books with Drawn & Quarterly: *My Dirty Dumb Eyes*, *Hot Dog Taste Test*, *Coyote Doggirl*, and *I Want You*.



# MAJOR TAYLOR: THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN

## FREDERICK NOLAND

**Celebrating the history-making Black American who smashed world records and became a global cycling sensation!**

Marshall Walter "Major" Taylor was one of the greatest American athletes of the early 20th century, setting records in regional bike races as a teen and winning his first world championship by the age of twenty. But Taylor was born in 1878 in Indianapolis and came of age during the height of the Jim Crow era, facing racism at every turn.

Cartoonist Frederick Noland is a cyclist himself, and in this epic 400-page graphic biography of America's first Black world champion, he thrills in the records Taylor broke and the adoring public he found across North America, Europe, and Australia, all the while showing how the invention of the bicycle changed society. Yet Noland also documents how racism inflicted Black life in the post Civil War era: cyclists would collude to injure Taylor, and he faced segregationist policies even in liberal cities such as San Francisco. And while Taylor found respite racing overseas, he also soon found American-style racism exported internationally to sell tickets.

Noland pens a gorgeous, humane, graphic paean to Major Taylor, illustrating how the fastest man in America also had a deep well of integrity and fortitude not

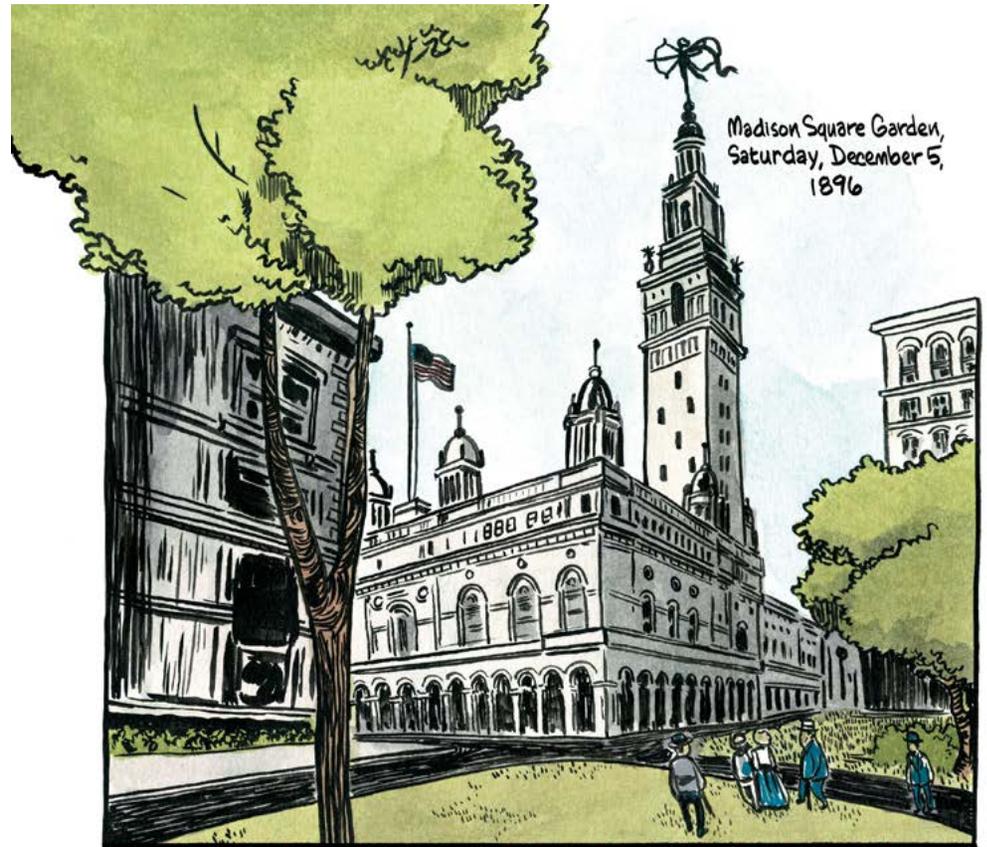
just to succeed, but to overcome the racist abuse he faced from fellow athletes and society at large. *Major Taylor: The World's Fastest Man* is a loving tribute to an exceptional American.

### **PRAISE FOR MAJOR TAYLOR**

"Lovingly rendered, exhaustively researched... Noland's indie comic style lends itself well to telling Taylor's outsider story. And I've seen Noland on his bike too many times to not know that this is the story he was meant to tell." —Keith Knight, *The K Chronicles*

"*Major Taylor* is a work of wonder! Be prepared to be a tandem passenger on Noland's bike as his storytelling propels you forward. The reader feels every pedal stroke of this cycling pioneer's rise to fame, along with his challenges and heartbreaks. Expressive and affecting drawings powerfully communicate a passionate connection with his subject. Noland takes you to the end of the line both literally and figuratively with beautifully colored compositions. A master storyteller, this is a true page-turner!" —Mimi Pond, *Do Admit: The Mitford Sisters and Me*

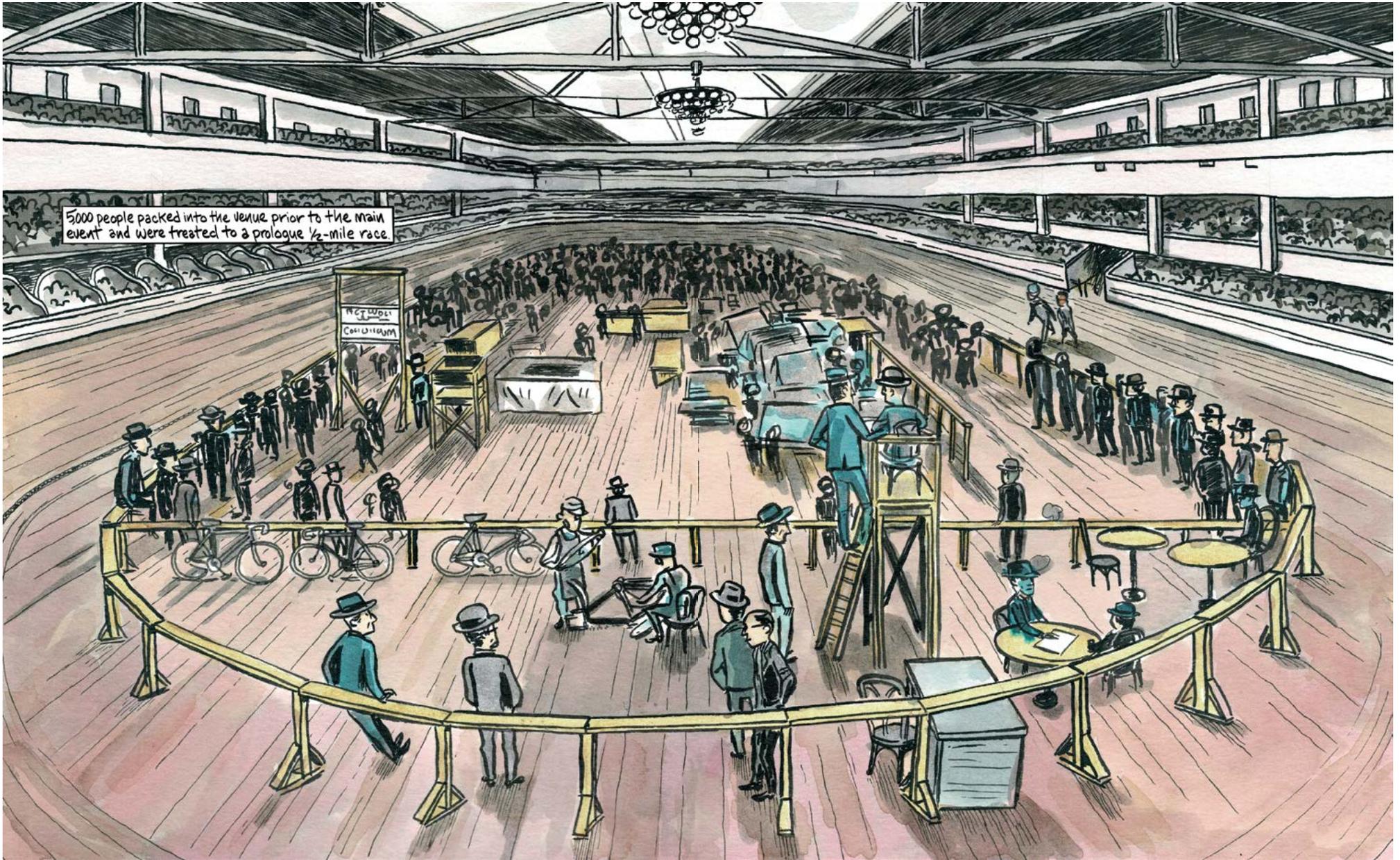
SEPTEMBER 2026 • \$30 USD / \$40 CAD • 4-COLOR • 7.3125" X 9" • 372 PAGES  
HARDCOVER • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/NON-FICTION • ISBN 978-1-77046-493-3



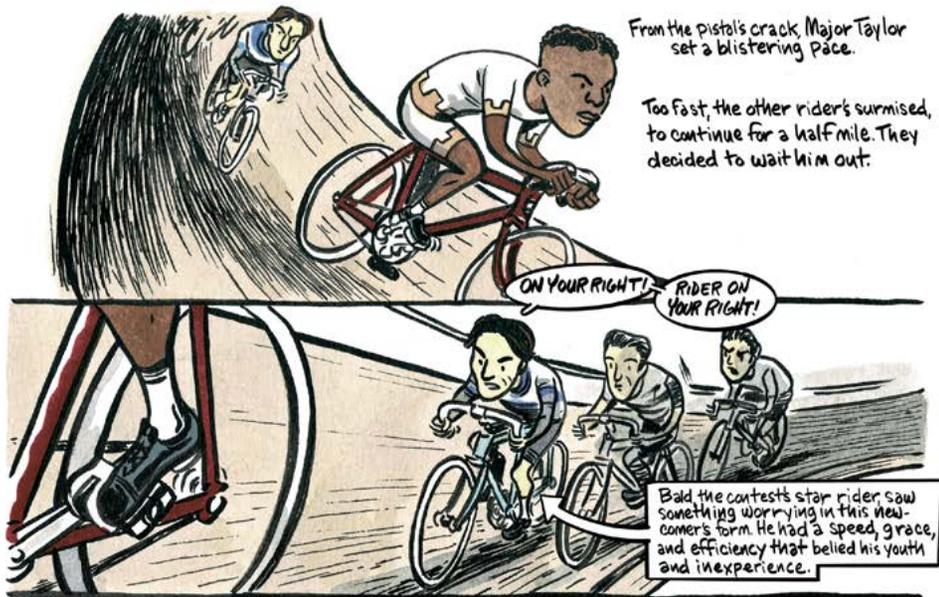
Madison Square Garden,  
Saturday, December 5,  
1896



Take heart, son...



5000 people packed into the venue prior to the main event and were treated to a prologue 1/2-mile race.



From the pistol's crack, Major Taylor set a blistering pace.

Too fast, the other riders surmised, to continue for a half mile. They decided to wait him out.

ON YOUR RIGHT!

RIDER ON YOUR RIGHT!

Bald, the contest's star rider, saw something worrying in this newcomer's form. He had a speed, grace, and efficiency that belied his youth and inexperience.

He had to rein him in. He was "The Cannon" after all.

He closed the gap with ease.

The race's sponsors were pleased.

Bully!

He's giving the old boys the business!

Cannon Bald will catch him!



The crowd whipped itself into a FRENZY.

The rest of the field fell away.

This was a two-man race.

Bald put on the heat, but Major held his own until the finish.



Major pulled out of his tuck, both delighted and surprised he'd won.

The crowd was going wild.



They chanted in unison.

But what were they saying?

He couldn't quite make it out.

"No?"

"FOE?"

"ROW?"





"GO!"

He had counted!  
There was still one  
lap to go!



Taylor could hear the whir and  
grind of chains and cogs at  
his wheel.



The graceful dance he'd previously  
done gave way to brute mashing  
and wrestling as he desperately  
clung to his lead.



He managed to hold on and won,  
an auspicious achievement  
for his professional debut.



The crowd went wild!

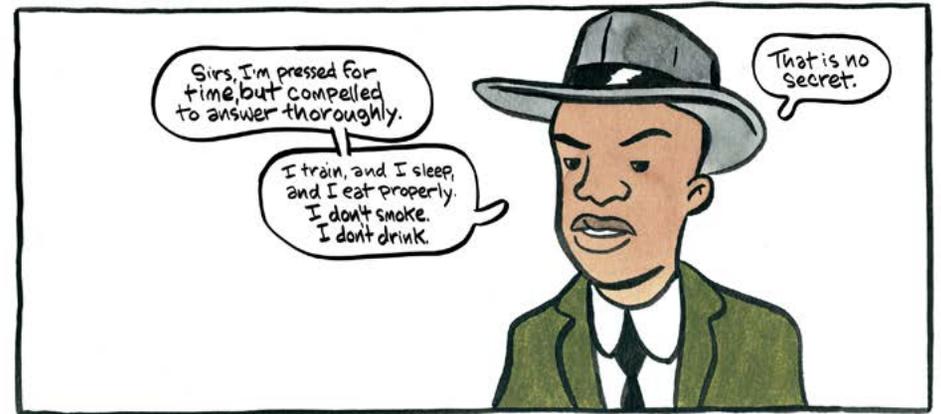
Not everyone was  
as exuberant.



A word please.  
For the readers --  
your fans.

My fans?

They'll all be saying  
that I'm the only crackerjack  
in the game. What'd let a  
N#e#r#i#z# best him...





**Frederick Noland** lives in Oakland, California. His specialty is visual storytelling, whether in animation, comics or illustration. Noland's comics have appeared in the *New Yorker* and his illustrations have appeared in *SF Weekly*, *Nickelodeon*, *Xbox Magazine*, and more. In the year 2000 he was awarded a Xeric Grant for his one-man anthology *Shpilkes*. He is currently working on *Major Taylor*, a biographical comic about the first Black World Champion in road cycling, who became one of the first international sports stars. Noland is an avid but unremarkable cyclist.



# MY FRIEND KIM JONG-UN

## KEUM SUK GENDRY-KIM

TRANSLATED BY JANET HONG

**Award-winning cartoonist Keum Suk Gendry-Kim contemplates and explores the long shadow North Korea casts over Korean society**

On an island located an hour from Seoul, North Korea sits visible from cartoonist Keum Suk Gendry-Kim's home and studio. The specter of the infamous dictatorship and nuclear power looms over daily life. Artillery fire, helicopters, and sirens from a nearby military base paint the acoustic landscape. In her award-winning books *Grass* and *The Waiting*, Gendry-Kim documents the pain and heartbreak of Korea's history. In *My Friend Kim Jong-Un*, she looks to the present—to the man currently responsible for upholding the national divide created after World War Two.

While the rest of the world partakes in the popularity of Korean culture, a certain unease and anxiety hangs in the air in South Korea as its people still grapple with the distrust and anger of one culture split into two distinct societies. Gendry-Kim explores the life of the supreme leader, searching for commonalities to make sense of the daily fear: from his birth to his international education, his hobbies, and his relationships. She weaves her personal accounts and includes interviews with former

South Korean president Moon Jae-in, North Korean defectors, researchers, journalists, and even Kim's former chef.

Translated by the award-winning Janet Hong, *My Friend...* is a cautionary tale on what makes a dictator, at a time when these lessons are more relevant in the West than ever.

### PRAISE FOR KEUM SUK GENDRY-KIM

*"The Waiting...continues Gendry-Kim's unflinching portrayal of the displacement caused by war, migration, and bias."*—NPR

*"The artist's stark brushstrokes and narrative masterstrokes make an affecting combination, as hope and heartbreak span generations."*—*The Washington Post*

*"The traumas of history blur into the present in a time-bending Korean graphic novel."*—*The Los Angeles Times*

*"Gendry-Kim...prov[es] yet again that she's an essential voice in global comics."*—*Publishers Weekly*, Starred Review

OCTOBER 2026 • \$30 USD / \$40 CAD • 4-COLOR • 5.9" X 8.3125" • 248 PAGES • PAPERBACK  
COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/NON-FICTION/BIOGRAPHY & MEMOIR • ISBN 978-1-77046-822-1





MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF YOSHIKO WASN'T GREAT. I DIDN'T LIKE HOW SHE MISPRONOUNCED MY NAME AND ASKED SO MANY QUESTIONS.



MOST OF THE BEGINNER STUDENTS AT THE SCHOOL WERE EUROPEAN, AND THEY SPOKE ENGLISH WELL.



WHEN THEY WENT SKIING...





BY EARLY SUMMER, I WAS STARTING TO HOLD SIMPLE CONVERSATIONS IN FRENCH. DESPITE MY FIRST IMPRESSION, YOSHIKO AND I BECAME BEST FRIENDS. WE COULD COMMUNICATE WITH A SINGLE WORD AND, SOMETIMES, JUST A LOOK OR EXPRESSION. WAS IT BECAUSE OUR CULTURES WERE SIMILAR?



GOING TO THE LIBRARY?

YUP.

ME TOO.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE WEEKEND?

I'M NOT SURE.

WANNA GO BIKE RIDING?

SURE!

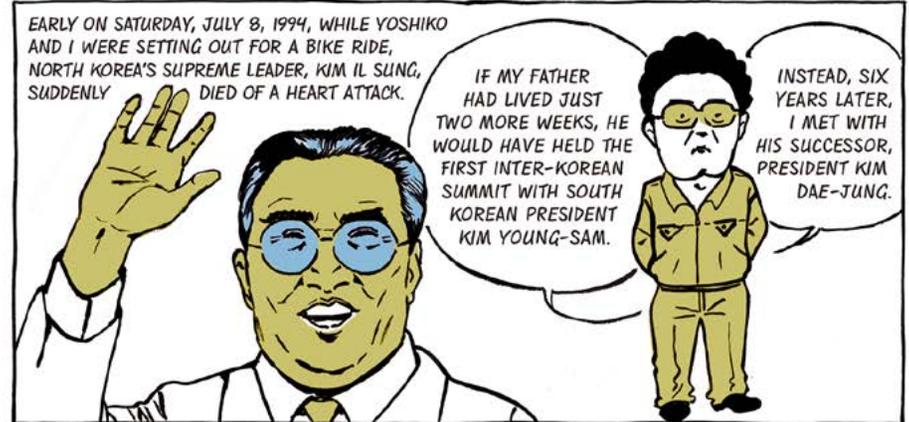


I'LL MAKE KIMBAP FOR LUNCH.



YUMMY!

THEN I'LL BRING DESSERT.



EARLY ON SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1994, WHILE YOSHIKO AND I WERE SETTING OUT FOR A BIKE RIDE, NORTH KOREA'S SUPREME LEADER, KIM IL SUNG, SUDDENLY DIED OF A HEART ATTACK.

IF MY FATHER HAD LIVED JUST TWO MORE WEEKS, HE WOULD HAVE HELD THE FIRST INTER-KOREAN SUMMIT WITH SOUTH KOREAN PRESIDENT KIM YOUNG-SAM.

INSTEAD, SIX YEARS LATER, I MET WITH HIS SUCCESSOR, PRESIDENT KIM DAE-JUNG.



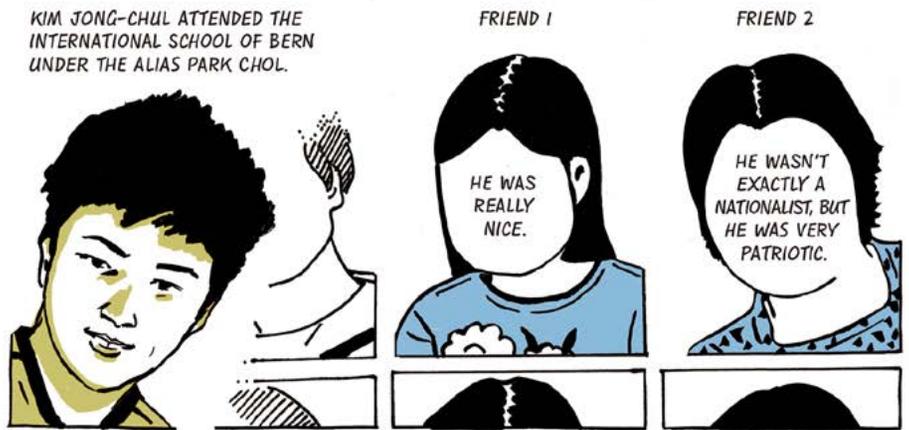
IN 1993, NORTH KOREA WITHDREW FROM THE NUCLEAR NON-PROLIFERATION TREATY (N.P.T.).

THEN, IN OCTOBER 1994, WE SIGNED THE AGREED FRAMEWORK WITH THE U.S., AGREEING TO FREEZE OUR NUCLEAR PROGRAM.

HOWEVER, THE AGREEMENT EVENTUALLY FELL APART, AND IN 2003, WE PULLED OUT OF THE N.P.T. AGAIN.



IN THE 1990S, DURING WHAT'S KNOWN AS THE ARDUOUS MARCH, WHEN POTENTIALLY MILLIONS OF NORTH KOREANS WERE STARVING TO DEATH, KIM JONG IL SENT HIS ELDEST SON, KIM JONG-CHUL, BORN TO KO YONG HUI, TO SWITZERLAND.



KIM JONG-CHUL ATTENDED THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF BERN UNDER THE ALIAS PARK CHOL.

FRIEND 1

FRIEND 2

HE WAS REALLY NICE.

HE WASN'T EXACTLY A NATIONALIST, BUT HE WAS VERY PATRIOTIC.

BY 1996, THE PEOPLE OF NORTH KOREA WERE EXPERIENCING SEVERE FAMINE AND ENDURING EXTREME HARDSHIP.



KIM JONG IL WAS WORRIED ABOUT THE REGIME COLLAPSING, AND SO WAS KO YONG HUI.



KIM JONG UN TOOK EXTRA GERMAN LESSONS AT A LOCAL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL NEAR BERN PUBLIC MIDDLE SCHOOL. IN AUGUST 1998, HE TRANSFERRED TO LIEBEFELD-STEINHÖLZLI PUBLIC SCHOOL IN BERN AS A SEVENTH GRADER.



IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, WE NEED TO SEND THE OTHER TWO CHILDREN SOMEWHERE SAFE.



WE SHOULD SEND JONG UN AND YO JONG TO SWITZERLAND, TOO.

HIS AUNT KO YONG SUK AND UNCLE RI GANG POSED AS HIS PARENTS UNTIL THEY DEFECTED TO THE U.S.



TO AVOID DRAWING TOO MUCH ATTENTION, KIM JONG UN AND KIM YO JONG WERE SENT TO A DIFFERENT SCHOOL THAN KIM JONG-CHUL.



AT THAT TIME, KIM JONG UN WENT BY THE ALIAS PAK UN...



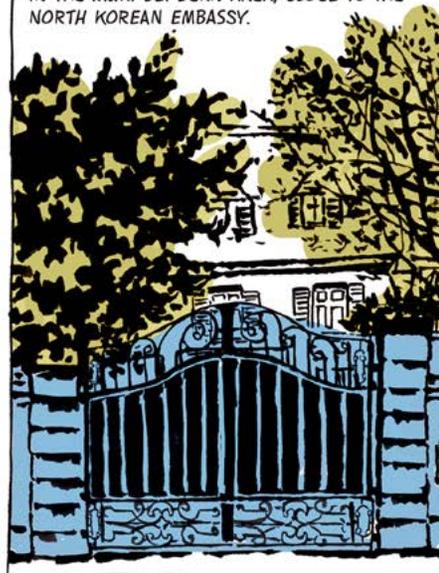
AND CLAIMED HIS FATHER WAS A DRIVER FOR THE NORTH KOREAN EMBASSY IN SWITZERLAND.



THE HOUSE WHERE KIM JONG UN, HIS SISTER KIM YO JONG, AND THEIR AUNT AND UNCLE ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LIVED WAS PURCHASED BY THE NORTH KOREAN EMBASSY.



KIM JONG-CHUL'S SCHOOL, THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF BERN (I.S.B.), WAS LOCATED IN THE MURI BEI BERN AREA, CLOSE TO THE NORTH KOREAN EMBASSY.



KIM JONG-CHUL ALWAYS HAD BODYGUARDS AND WENT TO SCHOOL IN A MERCEDES-BENZ.

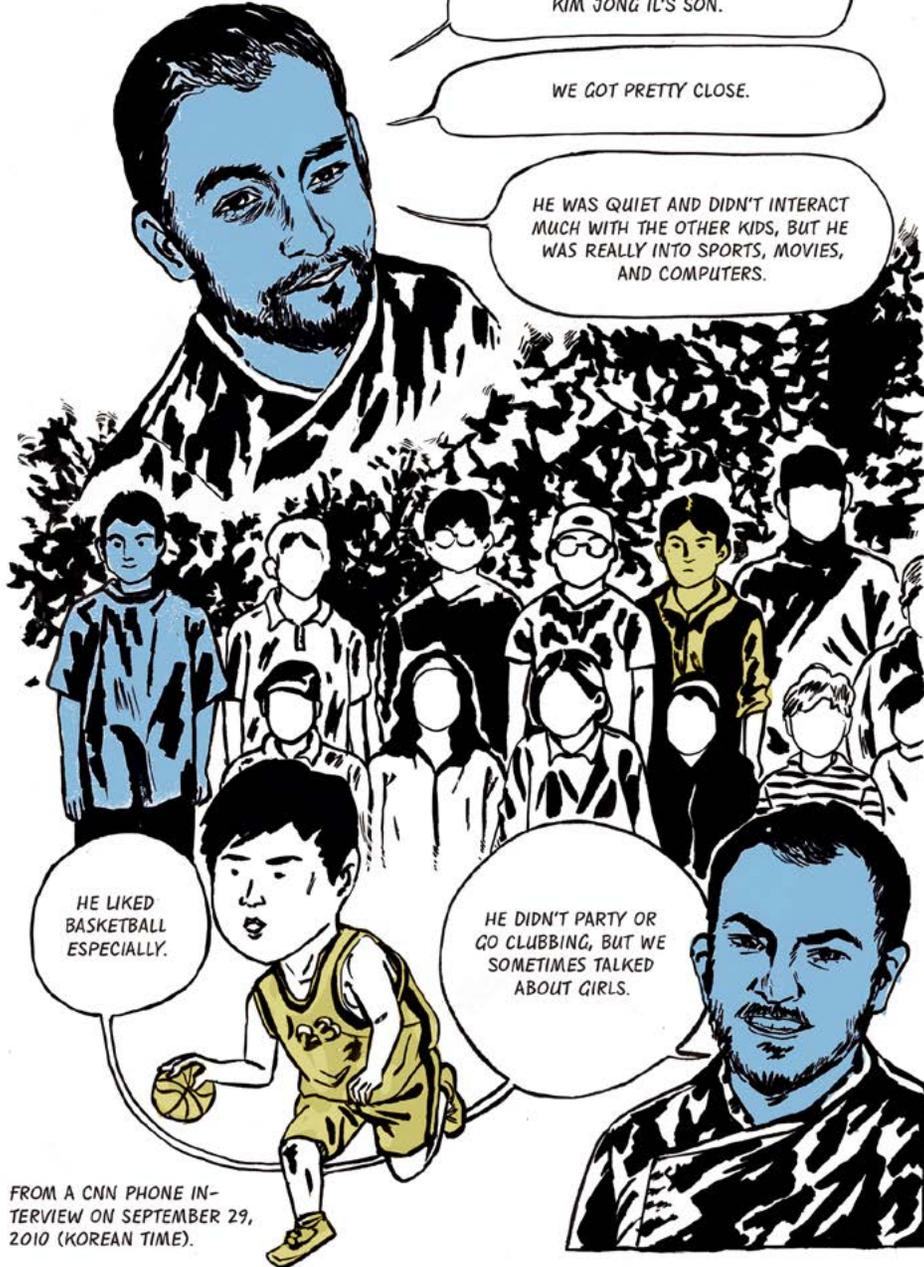


IT WAS A THREE-STORY BRICK TOWNHOUSE ABOUT 350 METERS FROM THE SCHOOL.

HOWEVER, KIM JONG UN ENJOYED MORE FREEDOM AT HIS SCHOOL IN KÖNIZ, WITH NO BODYGUARDS AROUND.



KIM JONG UN'S CLOSE FRIEND, JM, FROM HIS SWISS SCHOOL DAYS.



I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS KIM JONG IL'S SON.

WE GOT PRETTY CLOSE.

HE WAS QUIET AND DIDN'T INTERACT MUCH WITH THE OTHER KIDS, BUT HE WAS REALLY INTO SPORTS, MOVIES, AND COMPUTERS.

HE LIKED BASKETBALL ESPECIALLY.

HE DIDN'T PARTY OR GO CLUBBING, BUT WE SOMETIMES TALKED ABOUT GIRLS.

FROM A CNN PHONE INTERVIEW ON SEPTEMBER 29, 2010 (KOREAN TIME).



MIKAELO, DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

PAK UN.

NO, I'M THE SON OF NORTH KOREA'S LEADER.

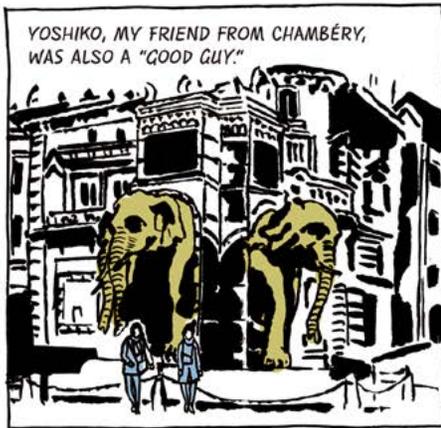
YEAH, RIGHT.

THEN I'M THE SON OF THE BRITISH KING! HAAAA.

IN 2012 AND AGAIN IN 2013, AFTER KIM JONG UN CAME TO POWER, JM WAS INVITED TO NORTH KOREA, AND THEY WERE ABLE TO MEET AGAIN.



MY FRIEND, KIM JONG UN. GOOD GUY.



YOSHIKO, MY FRIEND FROM CHAMBERY, WAS ALSO A "GOOD GUY."

LATER, I LEARNED THROUGH A JAPANESE FRIEND OF MINE THAT YOSHIKO WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS YAKUZA BOSS IN KOBE.



YOSHIKO HAD TOLD ME SHE WORKED AT A RECORD STORE IN OSAKA.



WAS IT A LIE?

WAS HER REAL NAME EVEN YOSHIKO?



I'LL WRITE YOU WHEN I GO BACK TO JAPAN.



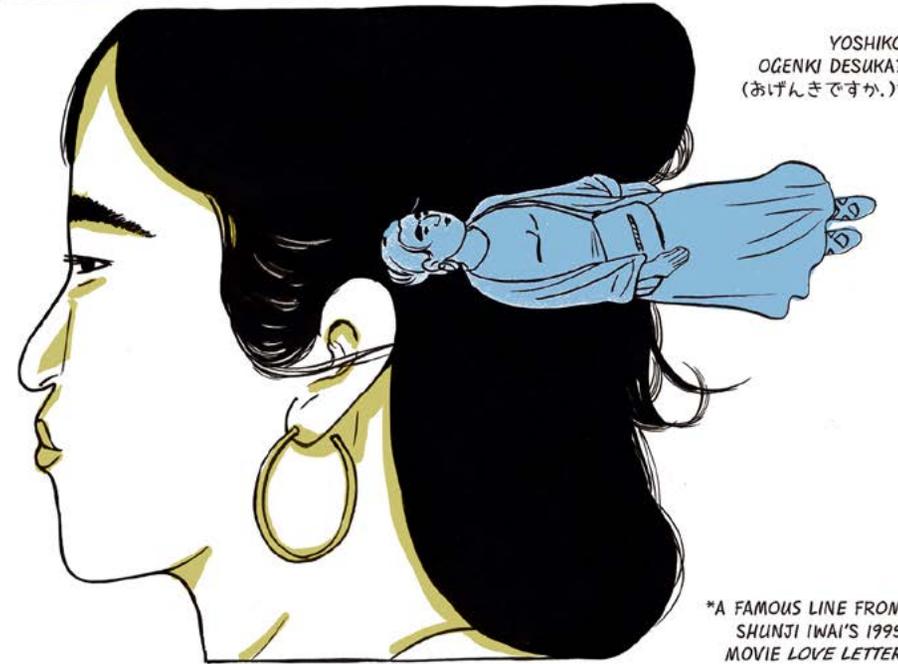
YEAH, LET'S KEEP IN TOUCH.



YOSHIKO LEFT FOR AMERICA INSTEAD.



AFTER THAT, I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN.

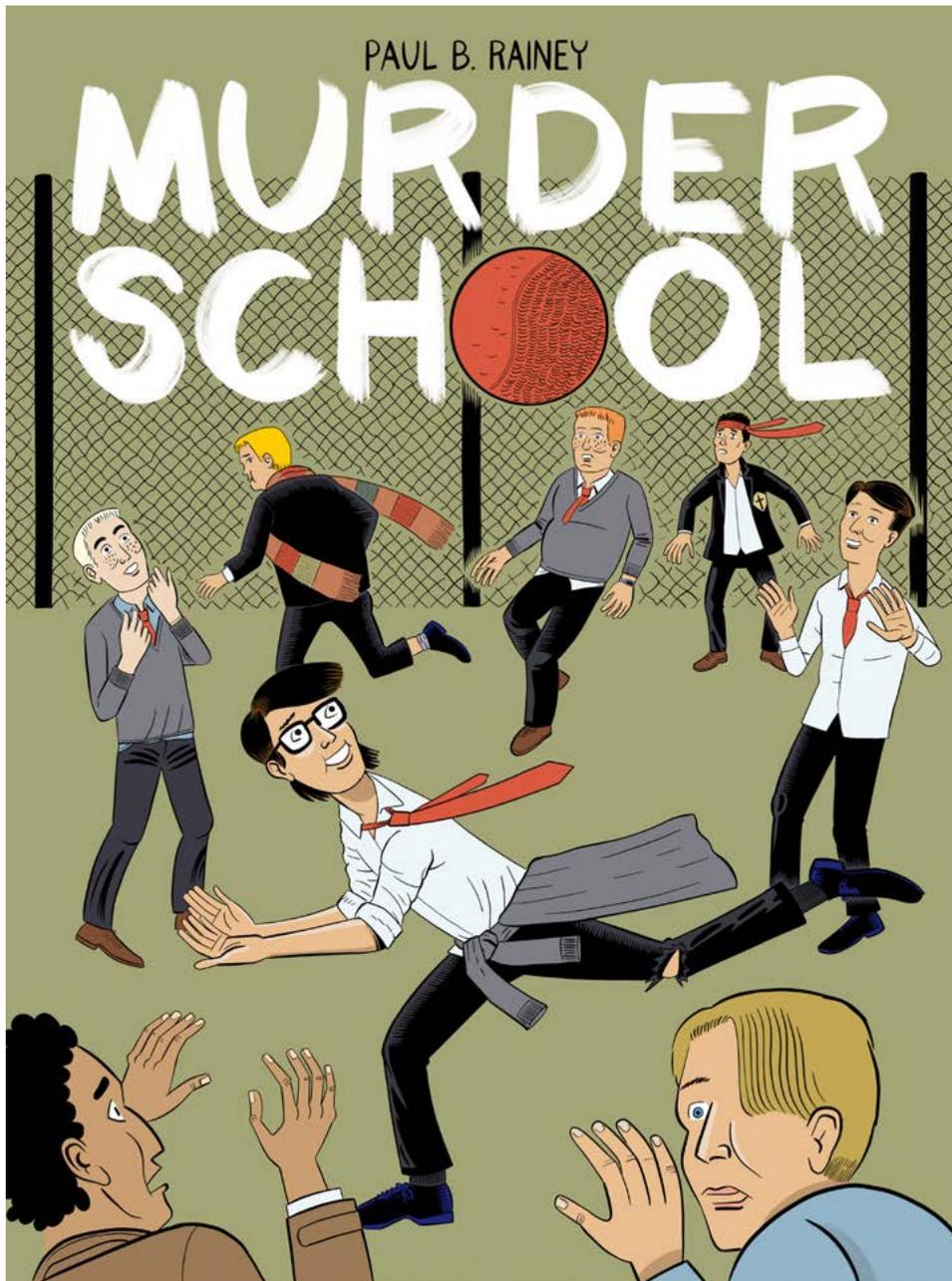


YOSHIKO, OGENKI DESUKA? (おげんきですか。)\*

\*A FAMOUS LINE FROM SHUNJI Iwai'S 1995 MOVIE LOVE LETTER.



**Keum Suk Gendry-Kim** was born in Goheung in Jeolla Province. A prolific cartoonist, her books have been translated around the world, and her graphic novels *Grass*, *The Waiting*, *The Naked Tree*, *Dog Days*, and, soon, *My friend Kim Jong-Un* have been translated to English. *Grass* (Drawn & Quarterly, 2019) appeared on Best of the Year lists from *The New York Times* and *The Guardian*, and received the Cartoonist Studio Prize for the Best Print Comic of the Year, the Big Other Book Award for Best Graphic Novel, the Harvey Award for Best International Book, and the Krause Essay Prize.



# MURDER SCHOOL

## PAUL B. RAINEY

### How much bullying can one comic nerd take?

A memoir of British middle school bullying and one precocious comic nerd's fight to make it through while remaining as invisible as possible.

Paul B. Rainey takes a look back at his middle school education and the indignities suffered—a mix of stalled friendships, pitched battles with martinets, and exasperated pleading with intractable parents. Playground games take on outsized importance as Paul and his friends seek respite from a particularly abusive science teacher. Paul jockeys to hold his place in the complicated hierarchy of school bullying.

Rainey takes a classic “school daze” tale—both wistful and hilarious—and manages to turn it on its head with a couple of his now famous twists. Find out the truth

behind *The Murder School* and the effect it's had on Rainey well into middle-age.

### PRAISE FOR *MURDER SCHOOL*

“What a clever and uncompromising comic Paul B. Rainey has created.”—*The Guardian*

“Rainey is a fantastic storyteller, and does a great job telling this story throughout, rendering it in a way that feels almost compulsively readable.”—*The Comics Beat*

“Darkly funny.”—*Variety*

“Movingly insightful and brave, Rainey's writing is engrossing...There's a lot to digest and a lot to look forward to.”  
—*Print Magazine*

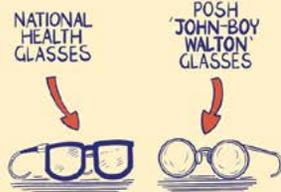
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SEPTEMBER 2026 • \$27 USD / \$35 CAD • 4-COLOR • 6.375" X 8.675" • 216 PAGES  
HARDCOVER • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-860-3

MY BEST FRIEND IN JUNIOR SCHOOL WAS ANTHONY IPSWITCH.



WE FOUND EACH OTHER BECAUSE ALL THE OTHER BOYS PLAYED FOOTBALL DURING PLAYTIMES. WE DIDN'T BECAUSE WE WERE TOO WORRIED WE MIGHT BREAK OUR GLASSES IF WE DID.



INSTEAD WE INVENTED OUR OWN GAMES AND PLAYED THEM, LIKE AIRPORT.



ONE PLAYTIME ANTHONY SUDDENLY POINTED AT A BUS DRIVING PAST THE SCHOOL...



...AND THEN HE DROPPED TO THE GROUND.



THE NEXT DAY, MORE OF US DID IT.



THE DAY AFTER THAT, EVEN MORE.



AND THE DAY AFTER THAT, YET MORE SO.



I FOUND IT HYSTERICAL!



WITHIN A FORTNIGHT ALL THE KIDS IN THE SCHOOL WERE DOING IT.



SOMEBODY WOULD POINT, SHOUT 'THREE FOUR ONE', THEN WE WOULD ALL DROP TO THE GROUND AND PRETEND TO BE DEAD.



WHO KNOWS WHAT THE PASSENGERS MUST HAVE THOUGHT!



THE NEXT DAY WE WERE PLAYING HOPSCOTCH WITH SOME GIRLS...



ONE PLAYTIME ANTHONY HAD SOME NEWS FOR ME -



MY MUM AND DAD ARE SENDING ME TO ANOTHER SCHOOL NEXT TERM.



SURE ENOUGH WHEN I RETURNED TO SCHOOL AFTER THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS, HE WAS GONE.





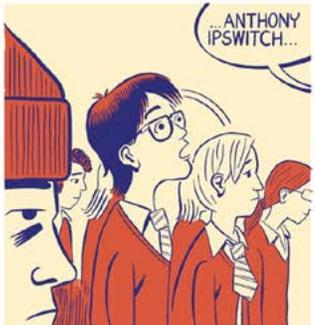
A YEAR LATER, A GROUP OF US WERE BUSED TO ALL-SAINTS THE SECONDARY SCHOOL WE WOULD BE STARTING AT THE NEXT YEAR.



THE PURPOSE OF THE TRIP WAS TO INFORM US WHAT CLASSES WE WERE GOING IN AND WHERE TO REPORT TO ON OUR FIRST DAY.



IT INCLUDED ALL THE NAMES OF THOSE IN THE NEW FIRST YEAR BEING READ OUT...



... ANTHONY IPSWITCH...



I LOOKED AROUND THE HALL TO SEE IF I COULD SPOT HIM BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS.



HE DEFINITELY SAID 'ANTHONY IPSWITCH'. HOW MANY ANTHONY IPSWITCHES CAN THERE BE?



SUDDENLY, THE PROSPECT OF SECONDARY SCHOOL WASN'T NEARLY AS INTIMIDATING TO ME.



THAT LONG SUMMER PASSED BY A LOT MORE PLEASANTLY KNOWING THAT MY LOST FRIEND WAS GOING TO BE THERE AS WELL.



I WONDER WHAT BUS PASSES ALL-SAINTS SCHOOL...



ON THE FIRST DAY OF SECONDARY SCHOOL, I SAW HIM SITTING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FORM-ROOM.



THAT'S HIM!



THAT'S DEFINITELY HIM!



I APPROACHED HIM AT THE END OF REGISTRATION.



HEY! ANTHONY! REMEMBER ME? PAUL RAINEY! REMEMBER THE THREE FOUR ONE BUS?



IT'S TONY.



HIS COLDNESS STUNNED ME. HEY! LADS! WAIT FOR ME!



I WAS CERTAIN THAT WE WERE BEST PALS SEPARATED BY HIS ASPIRATIONAL PARENTS BUT IT TURNED OUT THAT I WAS MISTAKEN.



I DECIDED TO KEEP A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE IN FUTURE.

AROUND THEN, I WAS WAITING TO BOARD THE BUS HOME WHEN TWO FIFTH-FORM BOYS PUSHED IN.



NOT SATISFIED WITH HAVING JUMPED THE QUEUE, THEY THEN PROCEEDED TO ROUGH ME UP.



THEY WERE EACH MY AGE PLUS NEARLY HALF MY AGE AGAIN. TOGETHER, NEARLY THREE TIMES MY AGE.



A BOY WHO MOVED FROM MY OLD SCHOOL TO TRINITY WITH ME WAS DESMOND PING.



IN THE OLD DAYS, WHENEVER WE ENCOUNTERED EACH OTHER, WE SEEMED TO GET ON WELL.



HE WAS A GOOD LAUGH.



I WAS USED TO BEING ASSAULTED AT MY OLD SCHOOL AND BY KIDS IN MY STREET AND THIS FELT TO ME LIKE BUSINESS AS USUAL.



I HOPED THAT STARTING A NEW SCHOOL WAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO REINVENT MYSELF... TO PRESENT MYSELF AS SOMEONE PREFERABLE TO WHO I HAD BEEN.



BUT I LEARNED THAT DAY THAT THIS WAS NOT POSSIBLE.



ONE WINTER'S DAY, THE PLAYGROUND WAS FROZEN OVER AND WE ALL HAD FUN SLIDING ACROSS THE ICE.



LOOK AT ME! I'M ICEMAN!



I'M THE SILVER SURFER!



IT WAS AS IF THEY HAD TUNED INTO A SPECIAL FREQUENCY, A BULLY-FIELD, THAT TOLD THEM I WAS FAIR GAME.



IT'S OKAY TO HURT HIM.



IT'S FUN TO HURT HIM.

HE'S HERE FOR OUR PLEASURE.



OUR PLEASURE IS ALL THAT MATTERS.

PING TOOK A BIG RUN UP TO THE ICE.



AND DID AN IMPRESSIVELY LONG AND SPEEDY SLIDE...



STRAIGHT INTO A WALL!



IT DIDN'T MATTER WHERE I WENT OR WHO I PRETENDED TO BE. THE SADISTIC NEAR-ADULTS WOULD ALWAYS FIND ME.



ONCE ON BOARD THE BUS, THEY BOWLED STRAIGHT TO THE BACK SEAT.



I SAT AS NEAR TO THE FRONT AS I COULD FROM THEN ON.



KNOCKING HIMSELF UNCONSCIOUS!



HE WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER THAT. HE BECAME SLOWER... THICKER... HIS SENSE OF FUN TURNED NASTY.



HE BECAME EVIL, ALMOST.



PING WAS FRIENDS WITH SEAN MCGOVERN, ANOTHER BOY FROM OUR OLD SCHOOL.



IF YOU WERE BEHIND MCGOVERN IN A QUEUE FOR CLASS, HE WOULD ELBOW YOU IN THE GUT.



IF YOU WERE IN FRONT OF HIM, HE WOULD BUTT YOU IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.



I SPENT MY FIRST YEAR AT SECONDARY SCHOOL FEELING ADrift.

CAN I HAVE A DOUGHNUT?



GO ON, THEN.



CHEERS.



WHEN HE WASN'T ASSAULTING YOU, HE WAS INSULTING YOU ABOUT HOW HE PERCEIVED YOU AS BEING GAY...



HOW HE PERCEIVED YOU AS DISABLED...



HOW HE PERCEIVED YOU AS NOT BEING WHITE ENOUGH.



THE CLOSEST TO A FRIEND I HAD WAS RICK O'CONNOR.



RICK'S MUM WORKED IN A BAKERY AND OFTEN PACKED HIM OFF TO SCHOOL IN THE MORNING WITH A BAG OF CAKES.



CAN I HAVE A DOUGHNUT? YOU'VE ALREADY HAD ONE!



MANY OF US STARTED TO ADOPT HIS ASSAULTS AS OUR OWN. WE BEGAN TO HEADBUTT THE BOY IN FRONT AND ELBOW THE BOY BEHIND US IN THE QUEUE.



TAKING CONTROL OF IT SEEMED TO DISPEL OUR FEELINGS OF ISOLATION.



THE GIRLS WHO HAD TO QUEUE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ENTRANCE, MUST HAVE BEEN GRATEFUL FOR THE SYSTEMIC SEXISM FOR ONCE.



WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE DOUGHNUTS, HIS MUM GAVE HIM MONEY FOR THE TUCK-SHOP.



WE INVENTED A GAME CALLED SUGAR RUSH. RICK WOULD THROW A FIZZ-BOMB HIGH INTO THE AIR AND WHOEVER CAUGHT IT GOT TO EAT IT.

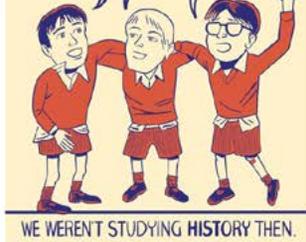
ALTHOUGH I KNEW TO AVOID PING AND MCGOVERN, I NEVER TOOK THEM VERY SERIOUSLY AS MENACES.



PERHAPS THIS WAS BECAUSE I HAD KNOWN THEM BOTH SINCE WE WERE FIVE YEARS OLD.



WE WON THE WAR IN 1964!



WE WERENT STUDYING HISTORY THEN.

RICK AND I NEVER SEEMED TO QUITE CONNECT.



FOR EXAMPLE, ALTHOUGH HE ALSO LIKED COMICS, HIS APPRECIATION WAS BAFFLINGLY DIFFERENT TO MINE.



BUT MAINLY HE WAS UNRELIABLE DUE TO OFTEN GOING HOME FOR LUNCH OR BEING ABSENT ALTOGETHER.



I SPENT SOME TIME HANGING OUT WITH A KID CALLED THOMAS OLDMAN.

BUT THEN...

I'M CHANGING FORMS.

WHAT? WHAT INTO?

MY MUM COMPLAINED TO THE SCHOOL ABOUT ME BEING BULLIED.

BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEING BULLIED!

ANOTHER BOY I TRIED TO BEFRIEND WAS JACOB HAIR. ACCORDING TO TO THE HIERARCHY, HE WAS A SOFT BOY BUT HE WAS ALSO INTO COMICS.

I WAS PUTTING MY SOCIAL RANKING AT RISK BY ASSOCIATING WITH HIM BUT I THOUGHT THAT HE MIGHT BE WORTH IT.

JACOB, DO YOU WANT TO COME TO MY HOUSE ON SATURDAY AND SEE MY COLLECTION?

AT THE VERY LEAST, I THOUGHT HIS GRATITUDE MIGHT BE WORTH MY KINDNESS.

THAT WOULD DEFINITELY BE... INTERESTING.

A FEW DAYS LATER, HE CONFRONTED ME...

HEY!

WHY DID YOU TELL SEAN MCGOVERN ABOUT MY MUM SEEING THE HEADMASTER?

THE REASON WHY WAS THIS...

I MET HIM IN TOWN AS PROMISED AND TOOK HIM HOME.

AFTER SHOWING OFF MY COMICS TO HIM...

DO YOU WANT A CUP OF TEA?

MOST CERTAINLY.

BUT WHEN I RETURNED TO MY ROOM, HE WAS GONE.

I SAW THE KIDS IN MY YEAR AS EXISTING IN A SOCIAL HIERARCHY.

AT THE TOP WERE THE HARD LADS.

IN BETWEEN WERE THE MIDLERS.

AND AT THE BOTTOM WERE THE SOFT BOYS.

I SAW MY POSITION AS FLIPPING IN AND OUT OF THE SOFT BOYS.

WHERE I WANTED TO BE WAS IN THE TOP HALF OF THE MIDLERS.

THERE I REASONED, I WOULD BE SPARED THE ATTENTIONS OF THOSE AT THE TOP.

ON MONDAY AT SCHOOL...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU ON SATURDAY?

OH... SATURDAY... YES... I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED AN URGENT ERRAND I NEEDED TO RUN FOR MY MOTHER.

HOWEVER, A FEW DAYS LATER, I NOTICED THAT TWO KEY COMICS WERE NOW MISSING FROM MY COLLECTION.

I THOUGHT TELLING MCGOVERN MIGHT MOVE ME UP THROUGH THE SCALE.

BUT I WAS ALSO ANNOYED THAT TOM HAD A PARENT WHO CARED ENOUGH TO COMPLAIN TO THE SCHOOL IN THE FIRST PLACE.

I THOUGHT IT WOULD STOP ME BEING BULLIED.

HE NEVER HAD MUCH TO DO WITH ME AFTER THAT AND I COULD NEVER BLAME HIM.

WHY DID YOU STEAL THE FIRST ISSUES OF RAMPAGE AND THE COMPLETE FANTASTIC FOUR FROM ME?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

LOOK, IF YOU ADMIT IT AND RETURN THEM TO ME TOMORROW, WE'LL SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT.

I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THOSE COMICS ARE NOT IN MY POSSESSION.



**Paul B. Rainey** is a British cartoonist who has been making comics for decades. He won the Observer/Jonathan Cape/Comica Graphic Short Story Prize in 2020 with the strip *Similar to But Not*. In it, he recounts meeting Madonna in his local pub in 1985. He is the author of *Why Don't You Love Me?* and *There's No Time Like the Present*.

# NO CONCESSIONS!

BY NATHAN GELGUD



A **REEL POLITIK** COLLECTION

## NO CONCESSIONS! NATHAN GELGUD

Your favorite gang of militant movie lovers are back for an all new season of hijinks and takeovers from their small town single screen cinema.

The Reel Politik guerillas discuss how to be an effective revolutionary while fighting the all-consuming evils of corporate Hollywood. Meditate! Fight your inner urge to binge watch! Engage in a cinema fast to truly appreciate the oeuvre of an auteur! Realism is bourgeois!

In an attempt to thwart a Hollywood studio from coopting the story of the Weather Underground, the gang then pursues its own cinematic celebration of their hero Bernardine Dohrn. "There are no good or bad movies, only correct or false ones." Along the way the gang gets sidetracked to start the MLIB, the Marxist Leninist International Baseball league.

With his trademark slapstick zingers, Gelgud lovingly skewers leftist radical politics while simultaneously illustrating how late stage capitalism has made ethical decision making fraught with compromise. At once a celebration of what makes Hollywood and independent local cinema great and a call to arms to protect it.

### PRAISE FOR NATHAN GELGUD

"A sharp, absurdist lens on film culture, late capitalism, and the epic highs, staggering lows, and various odd rituals of moviegoing... equal parts manifesto and workplace comedy."—*Library Journal*

"Film critic-turned-cartoonist Gelgud's looping caricatures achieve an appropriate mix of ardent and self-satirizing. This one will be snapped up by cinephiles who might, in between Agnes Varda retrospectives and complaining about Letterboxd, wonder if they could hijack the Criterion Closet van."

—*Publishers Weekly*

"Radicals get their pomposity punctured with every punchline, but that doesn't mean Gelgud, a one-time projectionist himself, disagrees with them."—*Sight and Sound*

"Cartoonist Nathan Gelgud's *Reel Politik* asks a question you never considered: What if there was a casual Sunday-comics-esque strip about insufferable movie snobs? (Yes, that's a recommendation.)"—*Chicago Tribune*

"[Gelgud has] seemingly become the official cartoonist (and satirist) of cinema culture. Movie lovers will likely recognize themselves in the characters' small-stakes bickering over such topics as assigned seating and film formats."—*Los Angeles Times*

"A full-fledged action drama that goes in wonderfully weird directions...{for} anyone who loves to talk film and politics, or enjoys sharp satire."—*Hyperallergic*

OCTOBER 2026 • \$20 USD / \$24 CAD • B&W • 4.8" X 7" • 188 PAGES • PAPERBACK  
PERFORMING ARTS / FILM / HISTORY & CRITICISM • ISBN 978-1-77046-911-2

THANK YOU FOR COMING TO THE REEL POLITIK THEATER. WE WON'T BE SHOWING ANYTHING TODAY, TOMORROW, OR THE NEXT DAY.



WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO STAY WITH US THE WHOLE TIME, WE'LL BRING YOU OATMEAL, COFFEE, AND BLANKETS.



THIS IS A CINEMA FAST. BY GOING WITHOUT MOVIES FOR A PERIOD OF TIME, WE ALLOW OURSELVES TO RECONNECT WITH OUR DEVOTION TO MOVIES.



THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! I DEMAND TO SEE THE MANAGER!



WE'RE COOPERATIVELY RUN. THERE'S NO MANAGEMENT.

WELL, I WANT MY MONEY BACK.



DUDE, WE DON'T CHARGE ADMISSION.



ARE YOU A SPY OR A REACTIONARY?

I HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING ABOUT RECONNECTING TO OUR LOVE OF MOVIES BY CHOOSING NOT TO WATCH ANYTHING FOR A FEW DAYS...



BUT I'VE WATCHED A MOVIE EVERY DAY FOR SIX YEARS! I KEEP TRACK OF ALL OF THEM IN A NOTEBOOK AND IT MOTIVATES ME TO WATCH AS MANY MOVIES AS POSSIBLE!



I DON'T WANT TO BREAK MY STREAK!



COMRADE, WE GET IT, BUT THIS OBSESSION IS NOT TRUE LOVE OF MOVIES.

COMPULSIVE VIEWING HABITS TURN MOVIES INTO COMMODITIES AND TURN YOU INTO A FETISHIST. THE LOVE OF MOVIES DWINDLES AND IS REPLACED BY A CONSUMPTIVE OBLIGATION.



THAT KIND OF MOVIE VIEWING OBSESSION TURNS MOVIES INTO SOMETHING MEANINGLESS, IT'S LIKE COLLECTING BASEBALL CARDS.



DESPITE YOUR BEST INTENTIONS, IT CAN SOMETIMES BE DIFFICULT TO REALLY ENJOY FILMS FROM A CENTURY AGO.



BUT AFTER A CINEMA FAST, WHICH YOU'RE ABOUT TO BEGIN, YOU'LL FEEL A CONNECTION TO THE EARLY PIONEERS OF THE MEDIUM.



WE'RE HALFWAY THROUGH THIS CINEMA FAST AND MAN, I FEEL LIKE IT'S GETTING TENSE IN HERE.



COULD YOU GET YOUR ELBOW OFF OF MY ARMREST?



THIS DRY SPELL WILL HELP YOU EXPERIENCE THE MOST RUDIMENTARY ELEMENTS OF FILM WITH ABANDON. A VOLUNTARY ABSTINENCE HAS POWERFUL EFFECTS.



YOU WILL LUST FOR LUMIÈRE! YOU'LL BE A FREAK FOR FEUILLADE! MÉLIÈS WILL MAKE YOU... WANT TO... RIP YOUR CLOTHES OFF!



COULD YOU STOP BREATHING SO LOUD?



YOU WANNA MAKE ME?

MAYBE I WILL!



OH, YEAH?

SHOVE

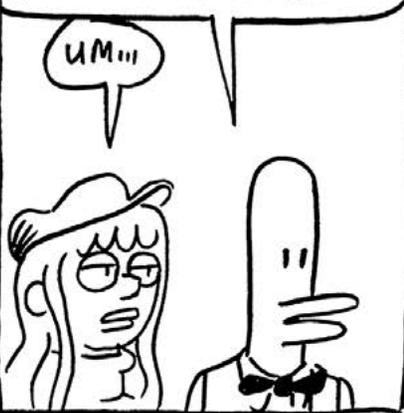
UM, YOU OK SANDRA? YOU'RE PRETTY WORKED UP.



YEAH, SORRY. EVER SINCE WE HOLED UP IN THIS THEATER I'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH A CERTAIN IN VOLUNTARY ABSTINENCE OF MY OWN.



SHOULD WE GO BREAK THAT UP?



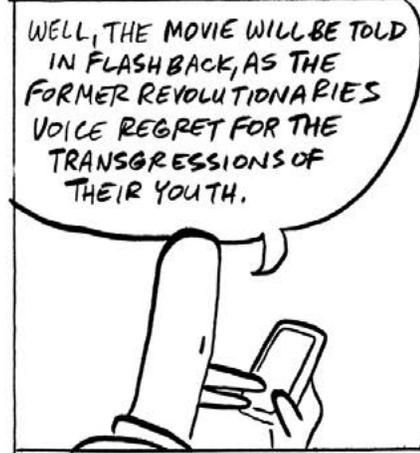
UM...

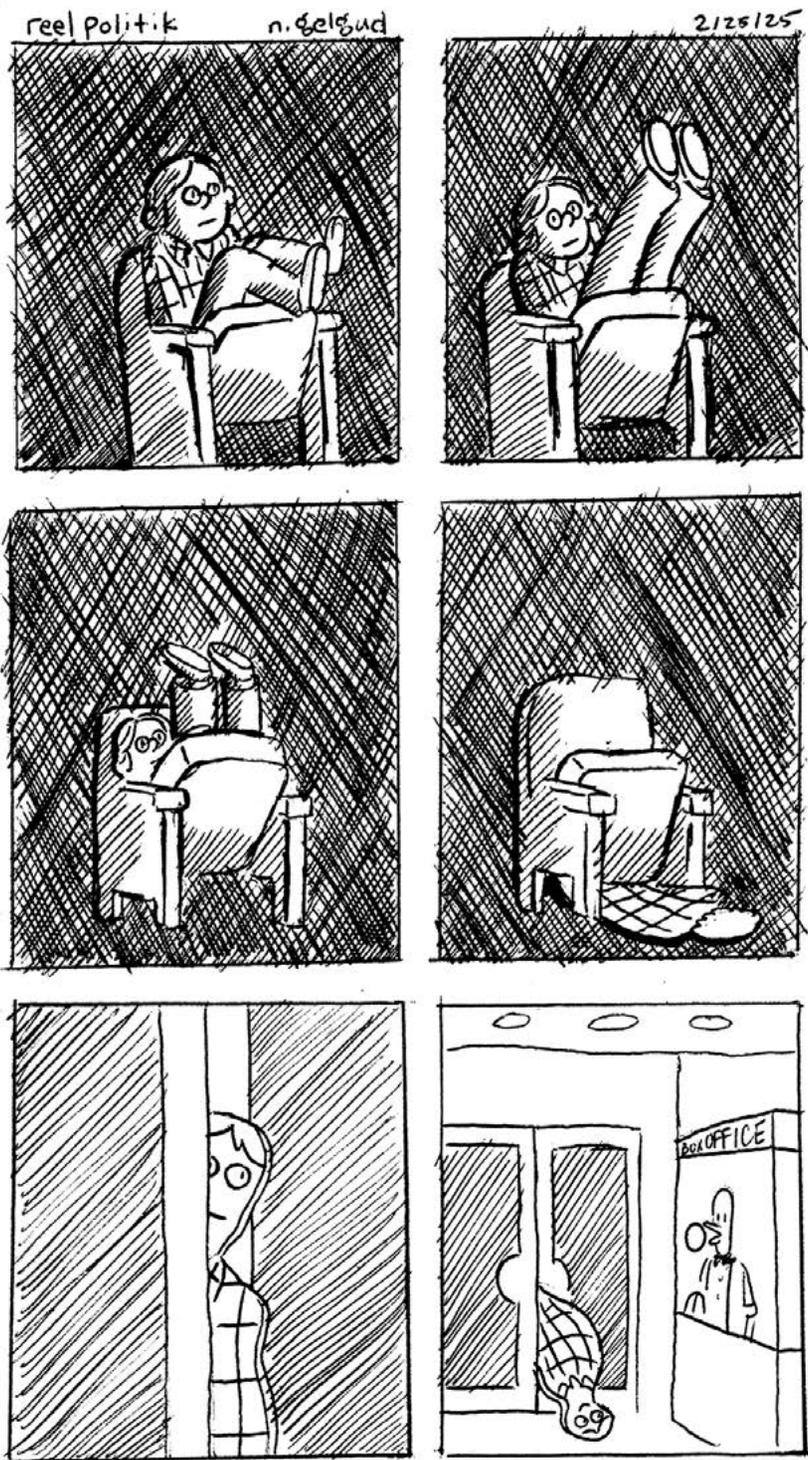
THEY'RE CINEPHILES, DUDE. IT WOULD BE A MIRACLE IF EITHER OF THEM WAS ABLE TO LAND A SINGLE PUNCH.







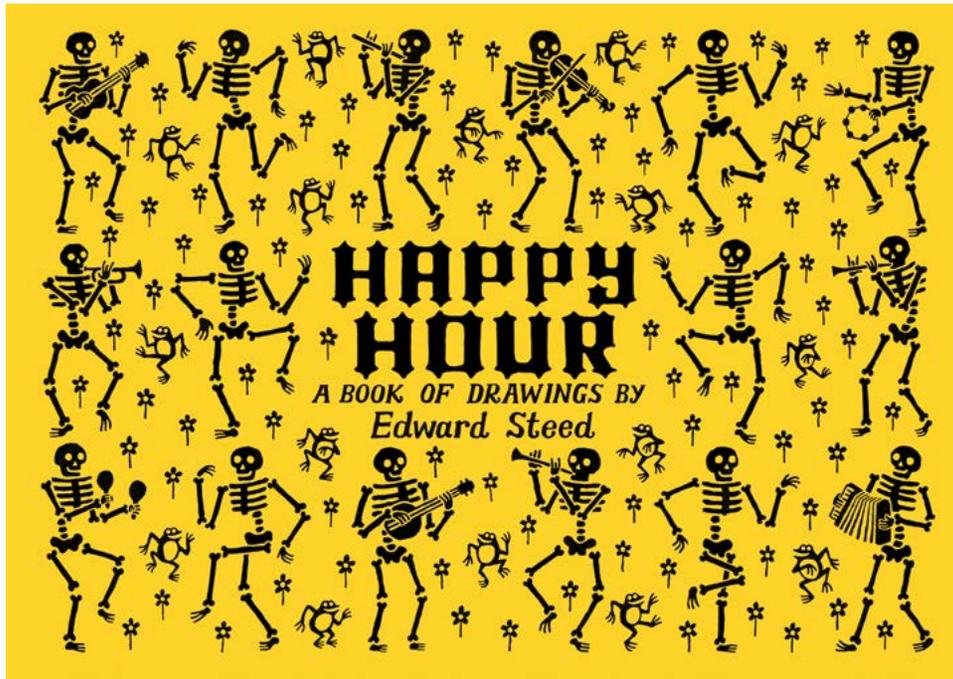




**Nathan Gelgud** has been a projectionist, a video store clerk, and a movie critic. In 2012, he came in second place for the AltWeekly Award in Arts Criticism. He pretty much quit film criticism right after that. He makes comics about the arts for the *New York Times* and *Hyperallergic* when they let him. He used to live in New York, now he lives in Los Angeles. He is also the author of *Reel Politik*.

# HAPPY HOUR

## EDWARD STEED



### A generational talent's old cartooning soul returns for a second round

Edward Steed continues his winning streak as the most exciting cartoonist in *The New Yorker's* pages in the 21st century. Hailed as the last great hope of the single panel gag strip, the sole saving grace of a print media taking its last dying breaths, Steed brings a deftly scrawled lacerating sense of humour that alludes to classic New Yorker cartoonists like Charles Addams, William Steig, and Sol Stenberg as well as modern cringe alt-comedy.

With *Happy Hour* out hot on the heels of his best-selling and critically-lauded debut collection, *Forces of Nature*, Steed proves he's no flash in the pan but an

enduring comedic talent. Every page in this collection is a hilarious master class on how to tickle a funnybone.

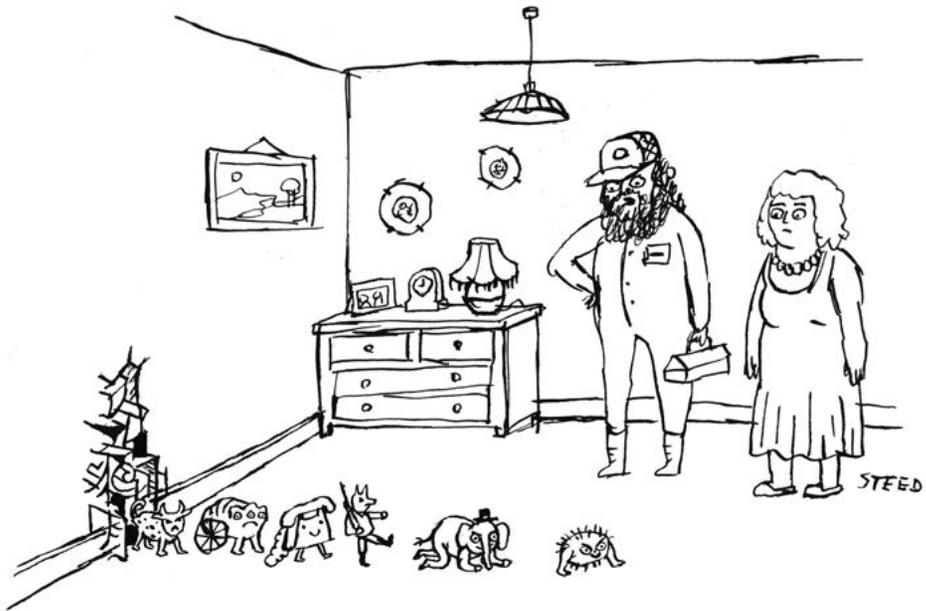
#### PRAISE FOR EDWARD STEED

"Steed's drawing line is loose and expressive, simple and inherently hilarious... With his few scrunchy lines he evokes an emotional satisfaction that few gag artists achieve so consistently."—*Print Magazine*

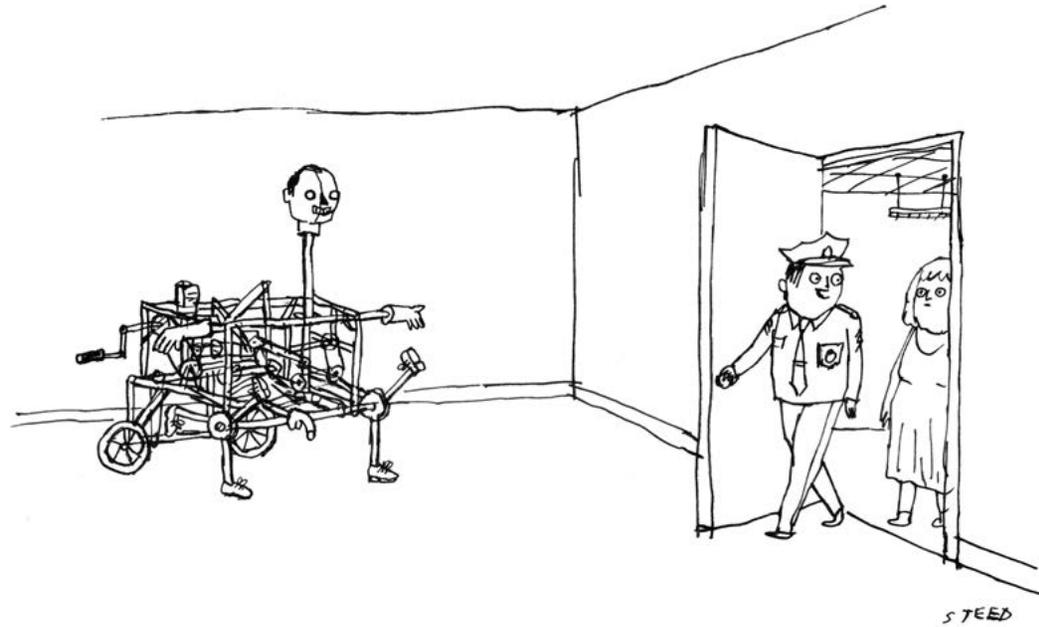
"Hilarious, concise comic puzzles whose philosophical implications you may find yourself pondering long after the first LOL."—*LA Review of Books*

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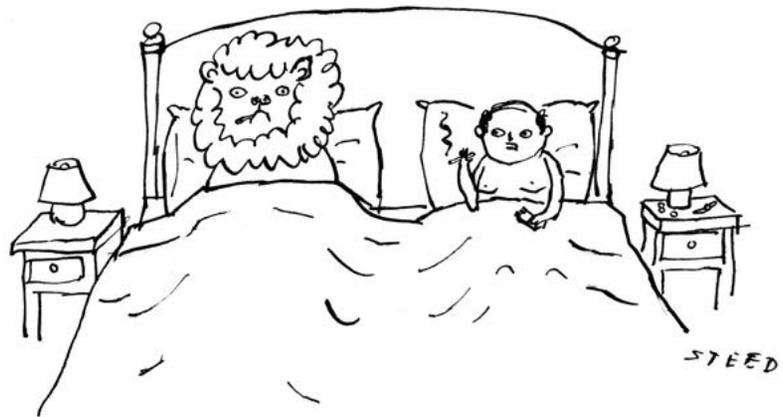
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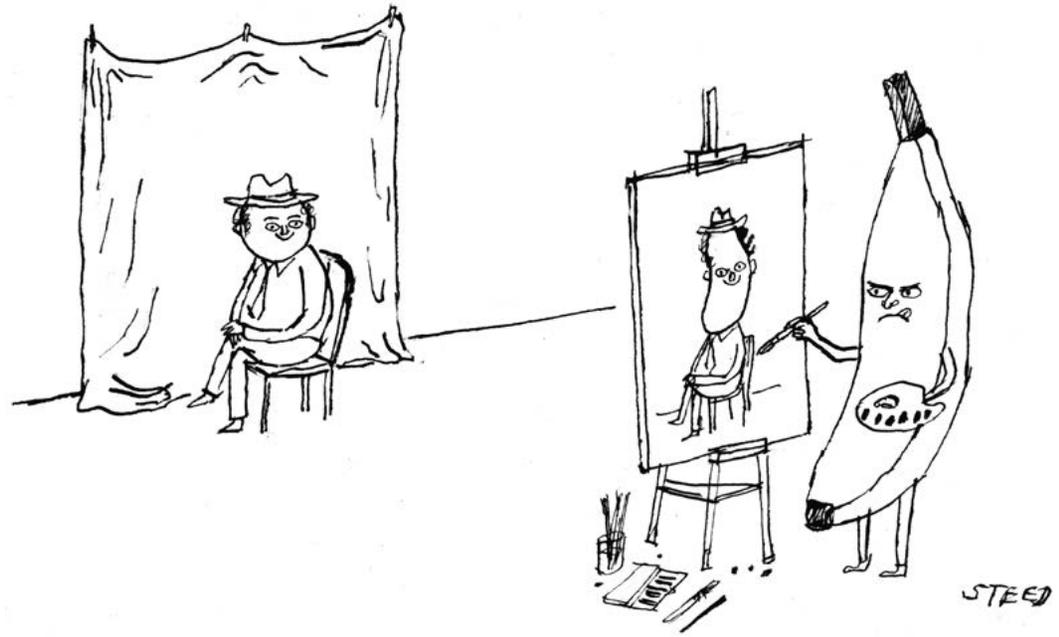
*"There's a tear in the very fabric of reality, that's how they keep getting in."*



*"We are doing everything we can to find your husband. But until we do..."*

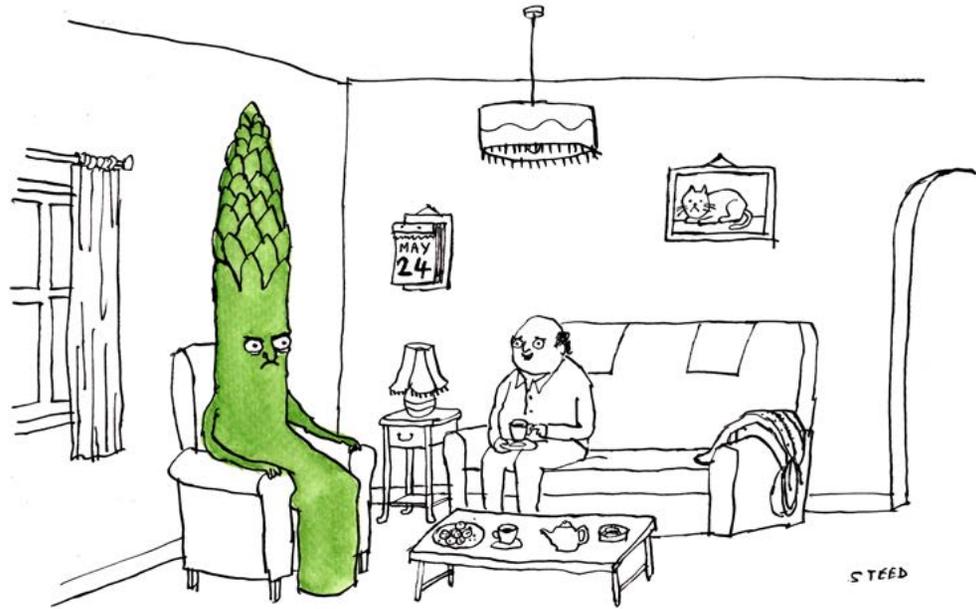


*"We just broke the first rule of zookeeping."*

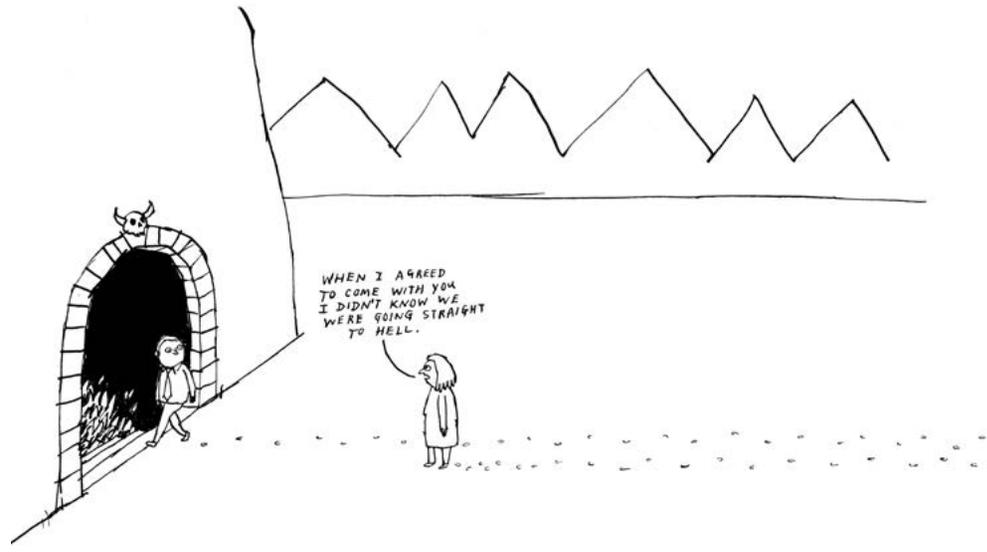


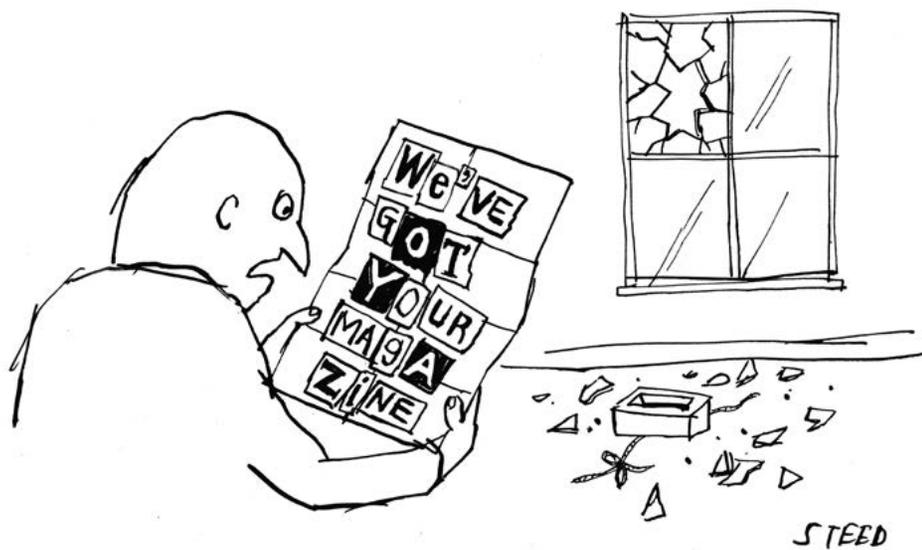


*"Sometimes I think it's the only thing we have in common."*



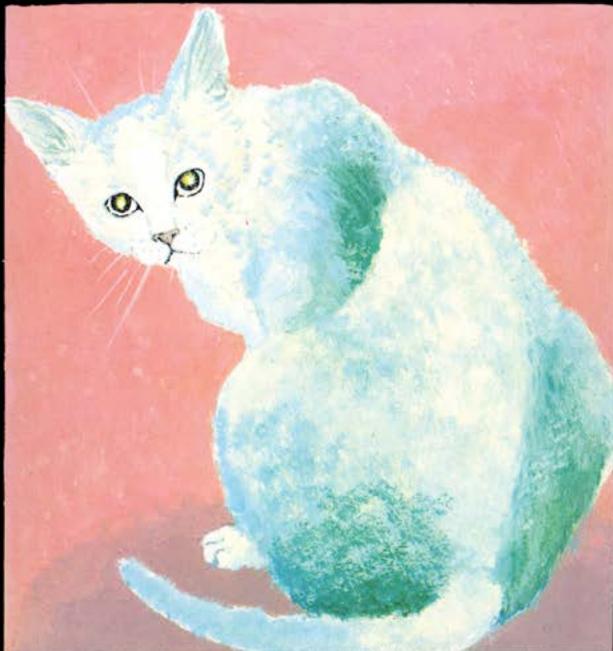
*"That's not fair, I don't only visit you once a year on National Asparagus Day."*





**Edward Steed** has been contributing cartoons and covers to the *New Yorker* since 2013. He won a Grammy for Best Recording Package for his Father John Misty album cover. Steed is also the author of *Forces of Nature*.

# SASSY CATS



YAMADA MURASAKI

# SASSY CATS

YAMADA MURASAKI

TRANSLATED BY RYAN HOLMBERG

**With those piercing eyes and flicks of the tail, house cats observe domesticity poetically, and with sass**

“Have you ever given birth before?”

“Me..? No, not yet.”

“When it happened to me for the first time, it wasn’t just kittens that I birthed, but also me as a mother. So now, as I’m raising them, I am also raising myself as a mother...And it ain’t no joke! So, no! I don’t really have the luxury to think about things like whether my children are ‘cute’ or not.”

These are the simple musings of a house cat, sprawled on a veranda in the sun, while birds flit and flutter by, as she nurses her most recent litter and chats with a curious yearling. But these are also the musings of Yamada Murasaki.

*Sassy Cats* was the pioneering manga artist’s bold return to comics after a yearslong hiatus, during which time she gave birth to two girls. Engaging sensitively and poetically with domesticity,

motherhood, and gender relations, *Sassy Cats* is the work of a master cartoonist, evident in the silky lines of these felines and the textural play at work on the page.

Originally serialized in the legendary alternative magazine *Garo* between 1979 and 1980, *Sassy Cats* is translated by Ryan Holmberg and includes an essay by the cartoonist’s daughter Yamada Yu about her mom, cats, and growing up with a cartoonist.

## PRAISE FOR YAMADA MURASAKI

“This groundbreaking alternative manga moves with a spare poetry through daily routines and moments of solitude.”—James Smart, *The Guardian*

“Concise, elegant, and deceptively simple.”  
—*Under the Radar*

“A revelation.”—Rachel Cooke, *The Observer*

NOVEMBER 2026 • \$22 USD / \$26 CAD • B&W • 6.1" X 8.4" • 160 PAGES • PAPERBACK  
COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/EAST ASIAN STYLE/MANGA • ISBN 978-1-77046-897-9

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

Stray

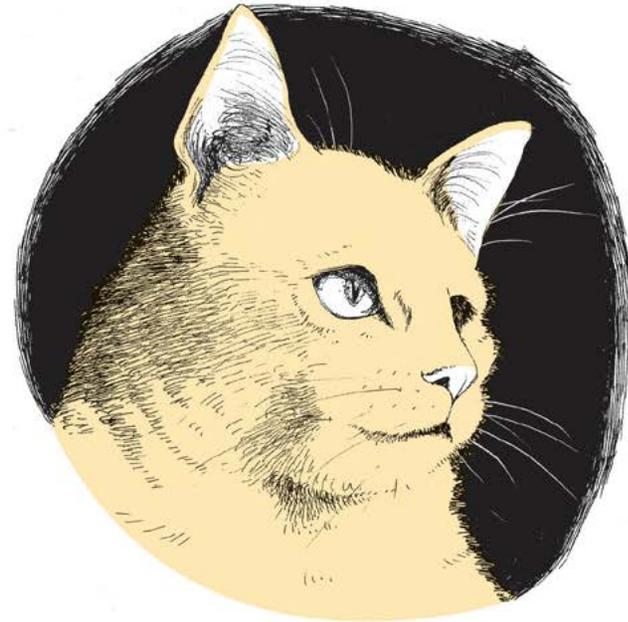
AN ASH-COVERED PRINCESS,  
I AM ASH-COVERED AND FERAL



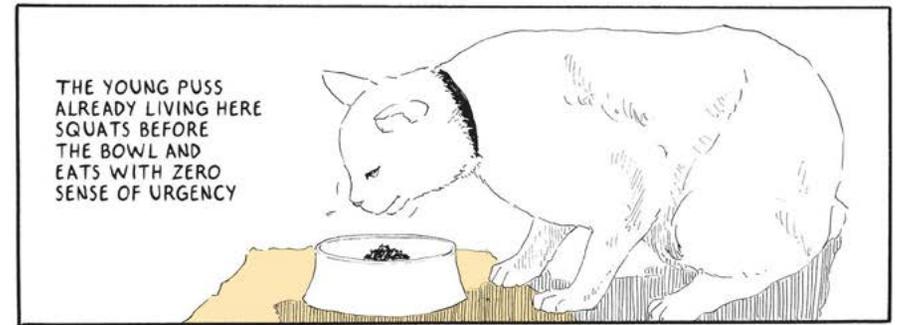
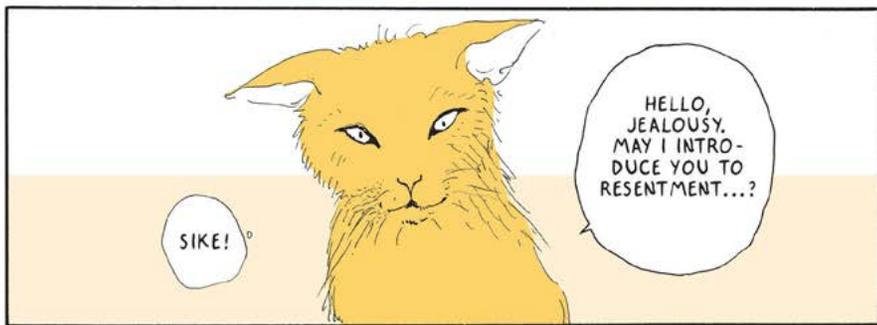
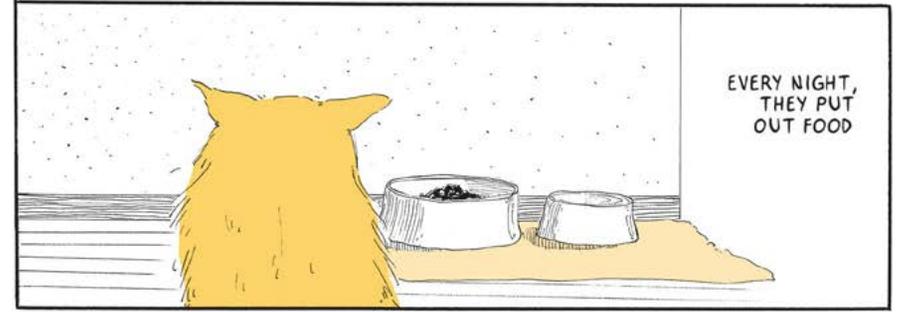
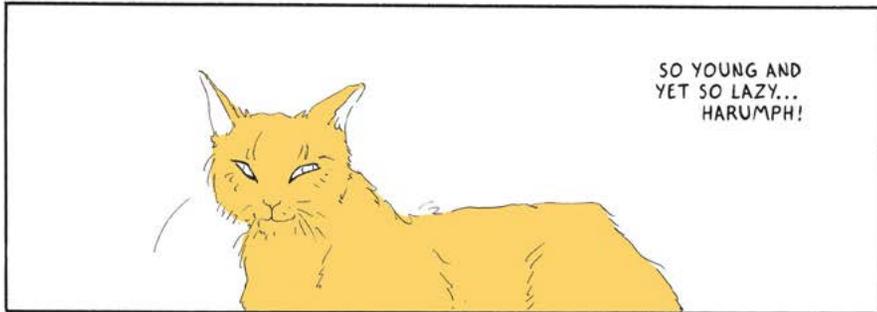
THUS THE LOOK  
IN MY EYES



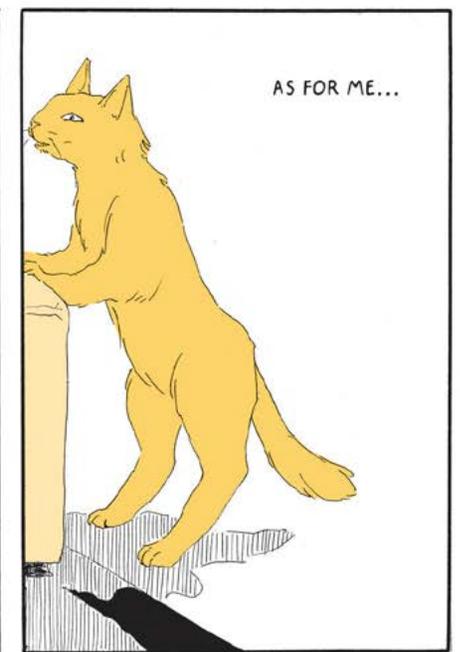
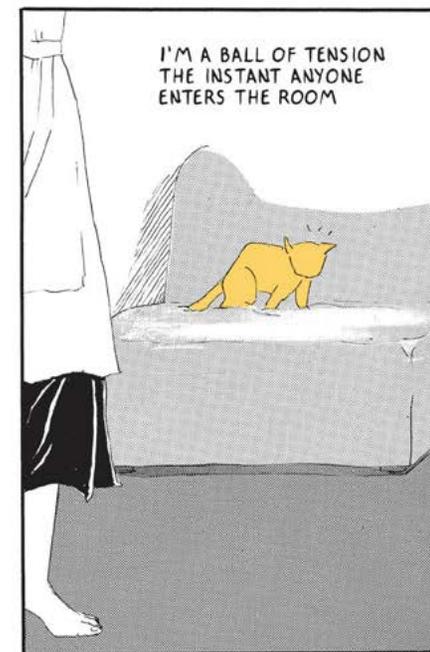
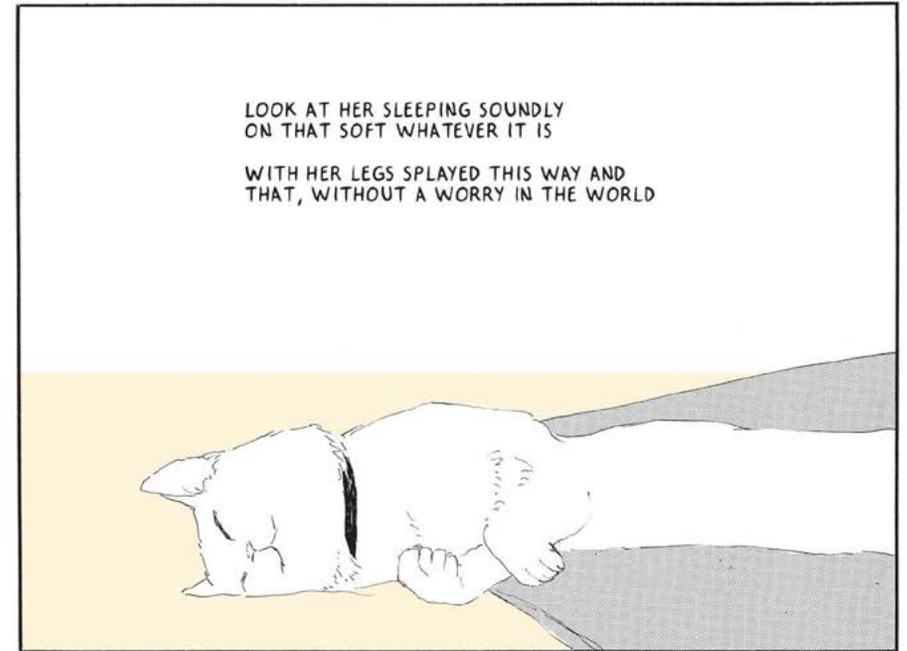
NO YOU DIDN'T!  
ANOTHER  
STRAY?! LOOK  
HOW FILTHY AND  
BEAT-UP IT IS!



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

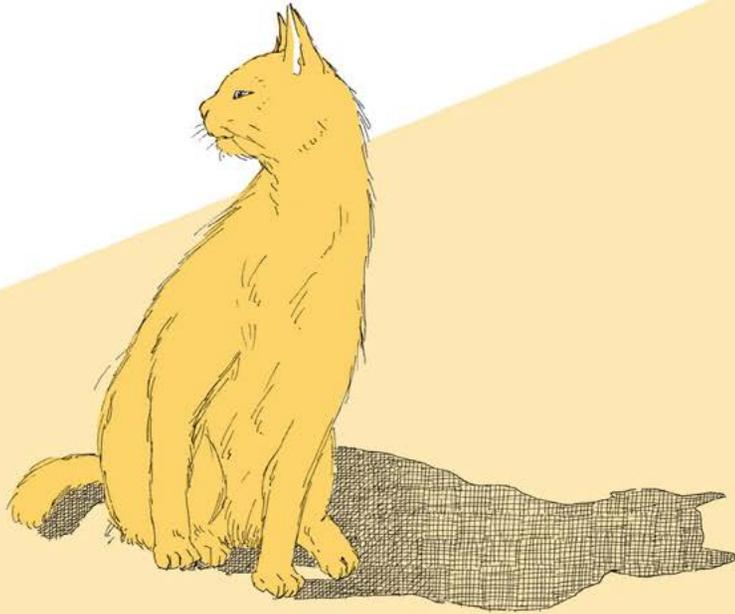


*These spreads are meant to be read from right to left.*



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

AND YET, WILLY-NILLY, HERE I FIND  
MYSELF A LITTLE AFRAID  
FOR WHAT WILL I DO IF THEY KICK  
ME OUT BACK INTO THE WORLD?



I'M A STRAY  
NOTHING WORRIES ME



BUT IN THEIR  
LACK THEY  
LIBERATE

MY COAT MAY BE RAGGED  
MY DIET MAY BE MEAGER  
MY ABODE MAY BE DECREPIT



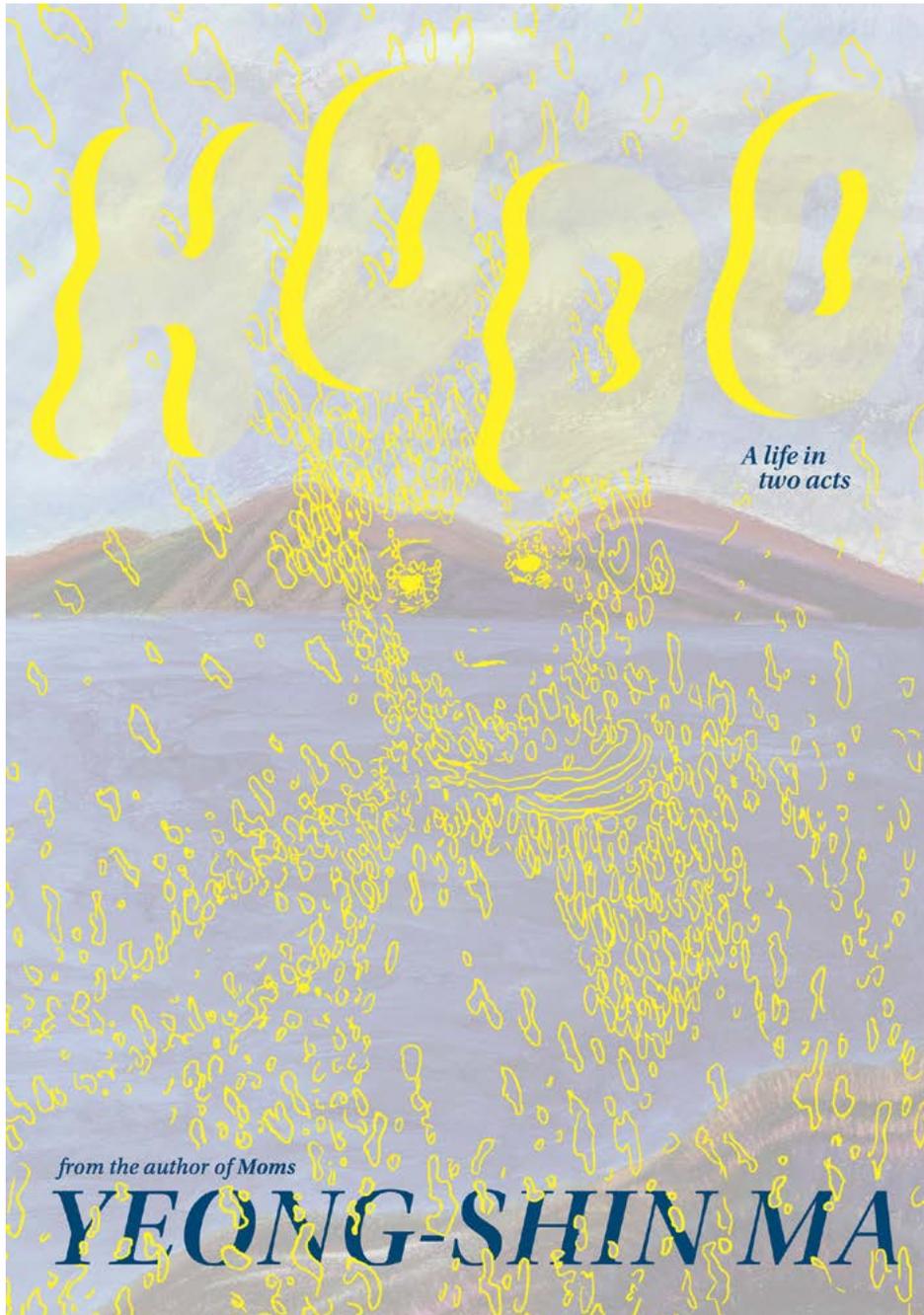
TO HAVE IS TO  
FEAR, SINCE  
TO HAVE IS  
TO LOSE



SO PISS OFF,  
YOU PETIT-  
BOURGEOIS  
BRAT!



**Yamada Murasaki** (1948–2009) debuted as a cartoonist in 1969. Informed by her upbringing—she was raised mainly by her grandmother—and a background in design and poetry, Yamada’s early work was unique in form and content, offering realistic portraits of young women negotiating complicated family situations and the passage to adulthood. In the late ’70s, after having a family of her own, her work shifted to young mothers negotiating children, husbands, and the balance between social responsibilities as a housewife and self-respect as a woman. Yamada published manga in practically every issue of *Garo* from 1978 to 1986, and is considered the first cartoonist to use the artistic freedoms of alternative manga to explore motherhood and domesticity with an unromantic eye. She is the cartoonist of *Talk to My Back* and *Second Hand Love*.



# HODO

## YEONG-SHIN MA

TRANSLATED BY JANET HONG

**A deeply affecting portrait of a woman's life from the author of the Harvey Award-winning *Moms***

At first there was “Lake,” and then there was “Island.” Or was it the other way around? A story told in two parts, it is up to the reader to determine where they’d like to begin this eerie journey. Based on a true story that Yeong-shin Ma felt compelled to help share, together these two parts are *Hodo*—the story of a painter, whose hard and dark past is brought to life with sensitivity and authenticity.

Lake—

Hodo is haunted—by her mother and step-mother, her classmates, a neighbor, and yes, literal ghosts. She is also five years old. Through masterful cartooning, we see a child’s despair in the face of pervasive violence, and her confusion as to why bad things keep happening to her. We see the edges of her depression begin to appear.

Island—

Hodo is haunted—by her past, a friend’s suicide, her sister’s heartbreaking yet unsurprising betrayal, and yes, literal ghosts, still. Through masterful cartooning, we

see a woman reckoning with her past and the shadow it has cast on her adulthood. But we also see her develop her artistic practice and witness her determination to find herself through her paintbrush. Because despite the incredible pain, *Hodo* is a story of light in the dark—a story of hope.

From the author of critically acclaimed *Moms*, *Hodo* is translated by award-winning Janet Hong.

### PRAISE FOR YEONG-SHIN MA

“This wry story, drawn with pen on paper, follows three friends—a novelist, a painter and a musician—as they struggle with creative obstacles, daily tedium and the pretensions of their wounded egos.”—*New York Times*

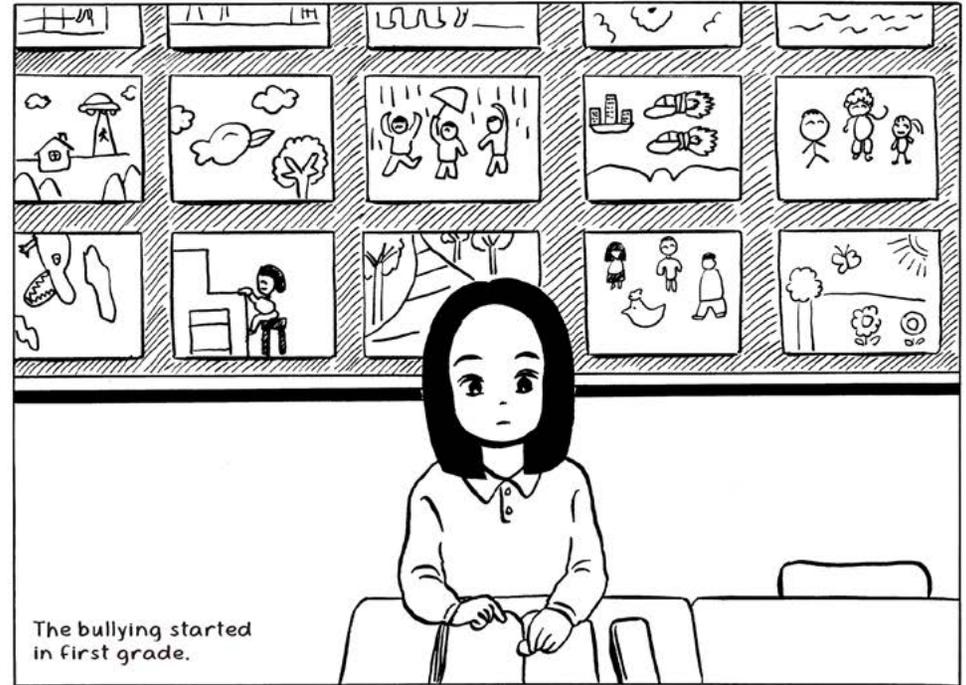
“Don’t sleep on the work of Yeong-shin Ma.”—*The Toronto Star*

“This darkly comic tale of three hapless and macho males fixes a boldly satirical eye on Korean society.”—*The Guardian*

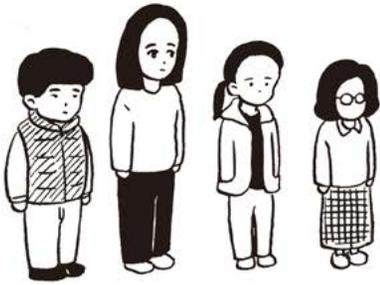
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### 3. The Start of Bullying



I was bigger than the other kids,



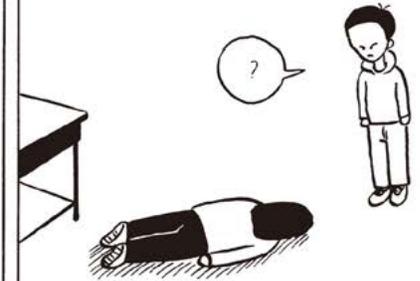
but in everything else, I was slow.



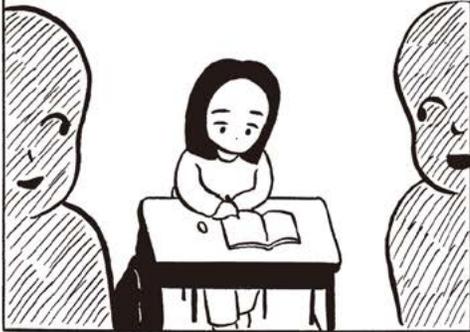
One day, my head hurt so much



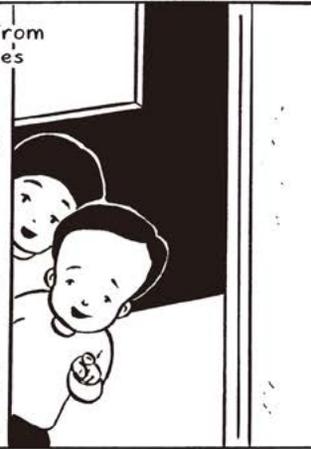
that I pretended to faint—



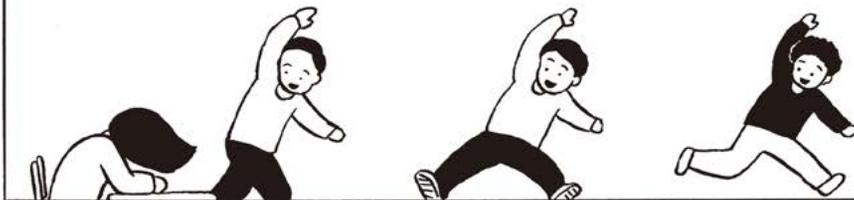
I mumbled too, so I became the class target.



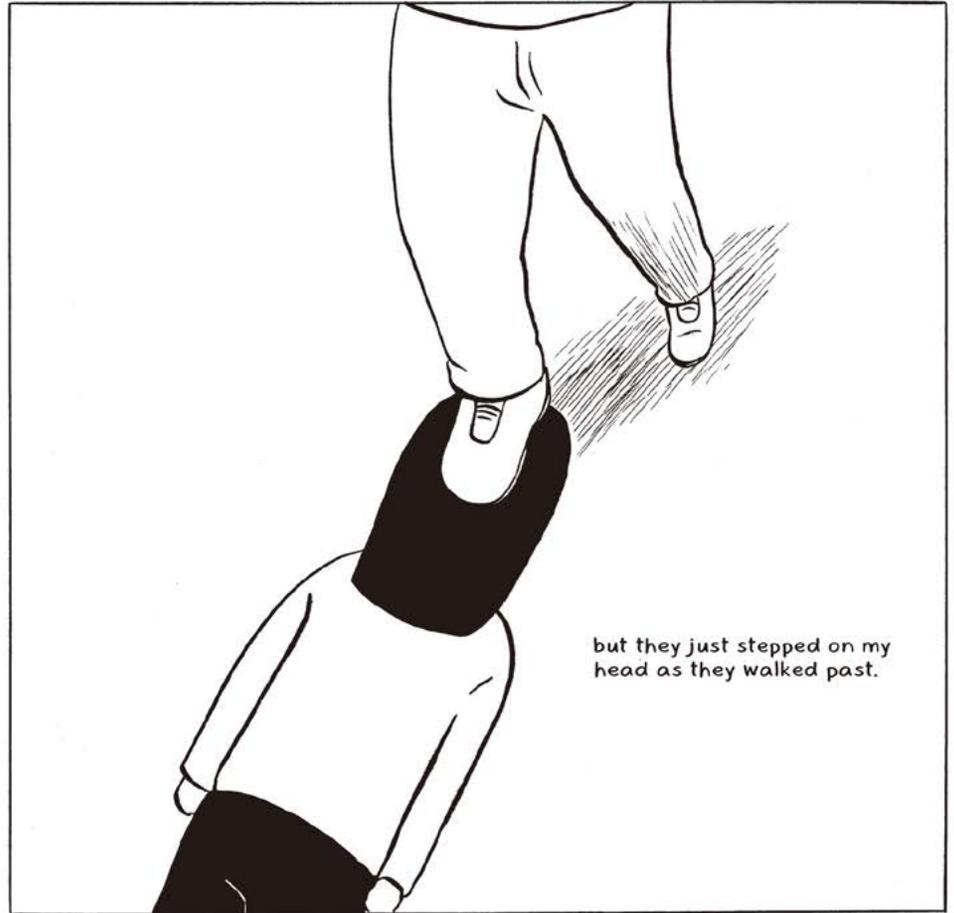
Even boys from other classes



would smack me on the head and run off.



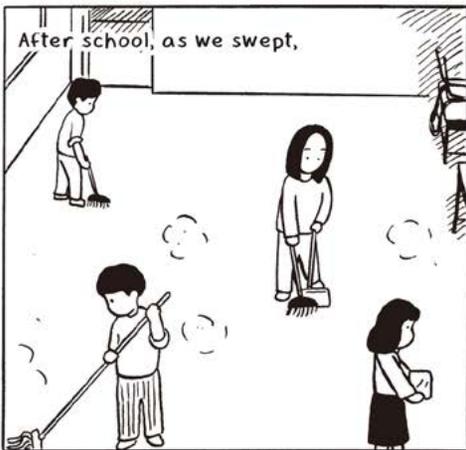
but they just stepped on my head as they walked past.



Cleanup duty was miserable.



After school, as we swept,



and throw chairs at me.



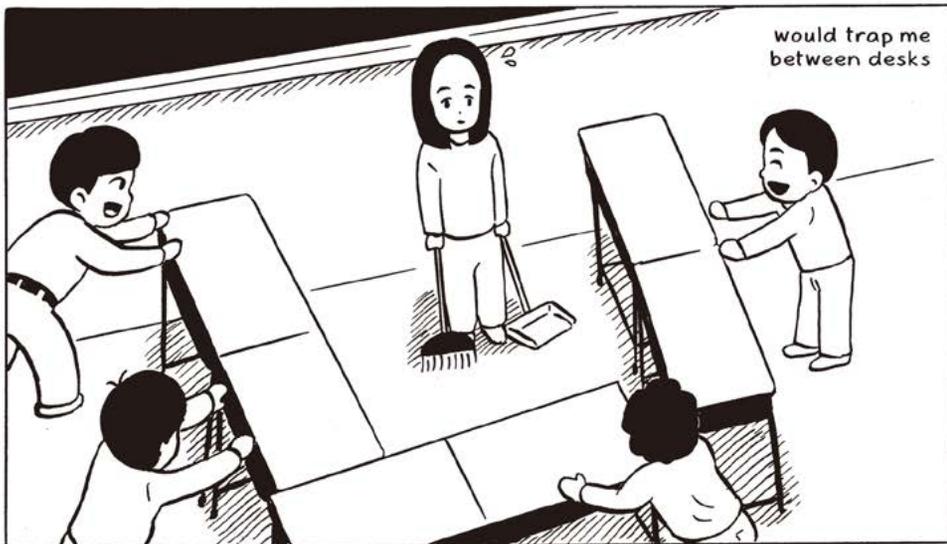
I was too young to understand why they treated me that way.



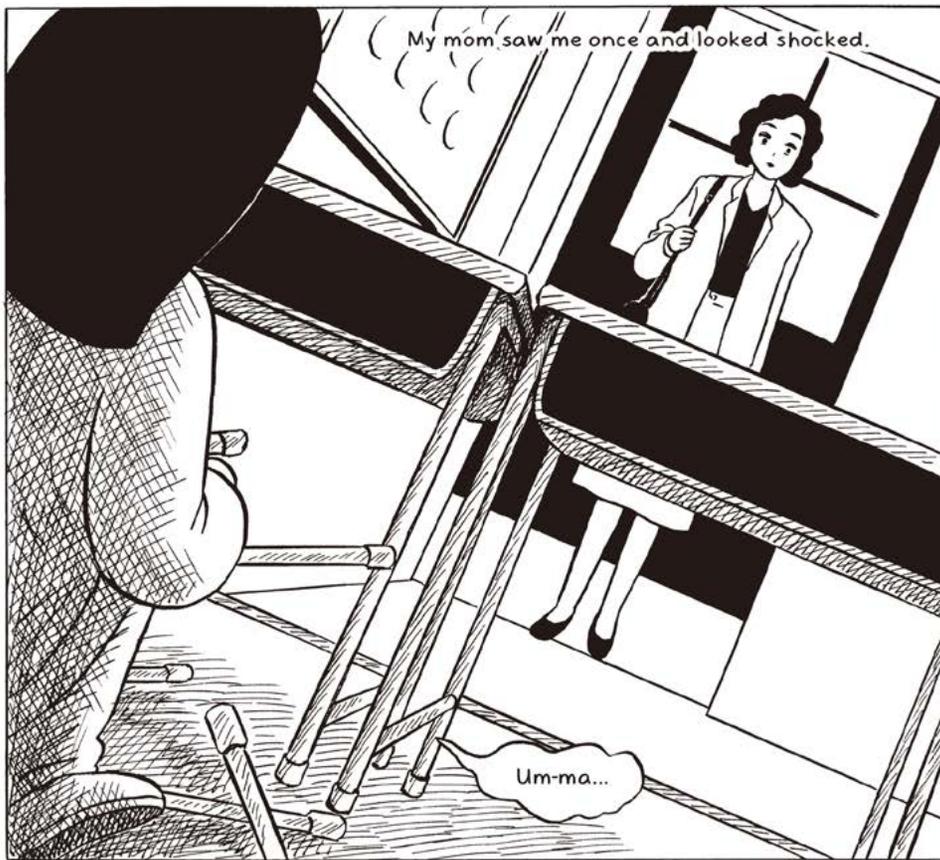
the boys



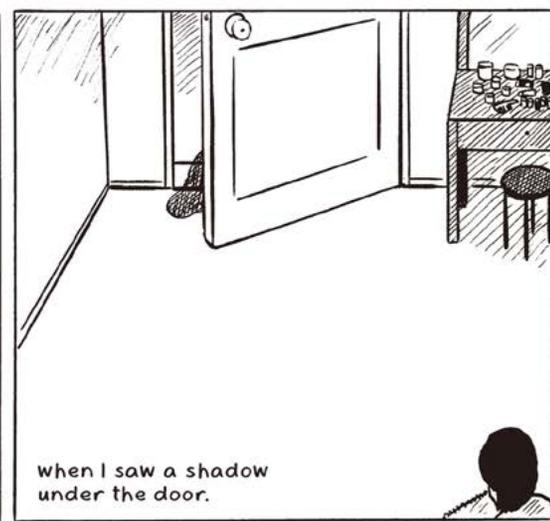
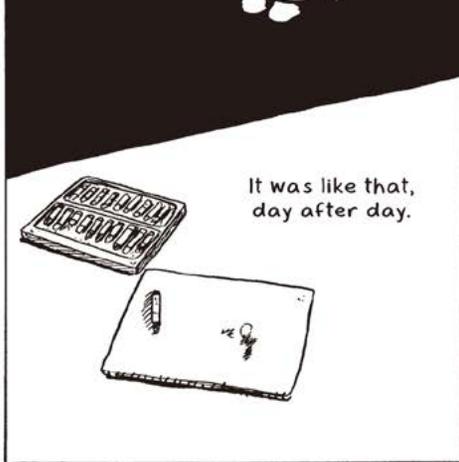
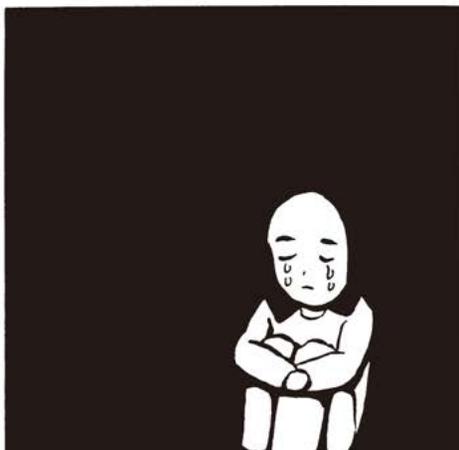
would trap me between desks



My mom saw me once and looked shocked.

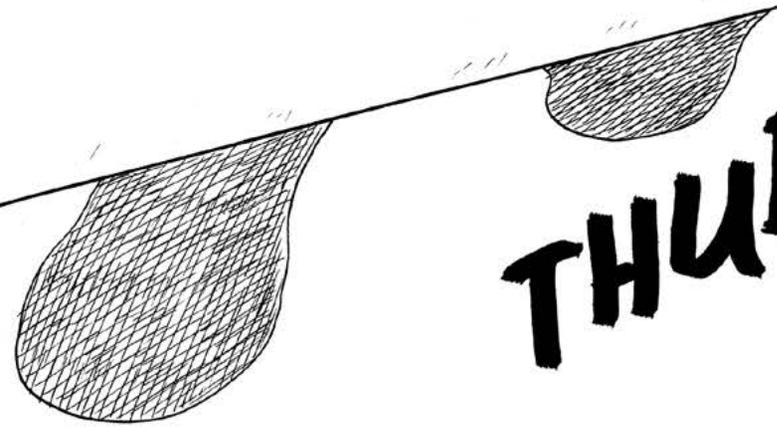
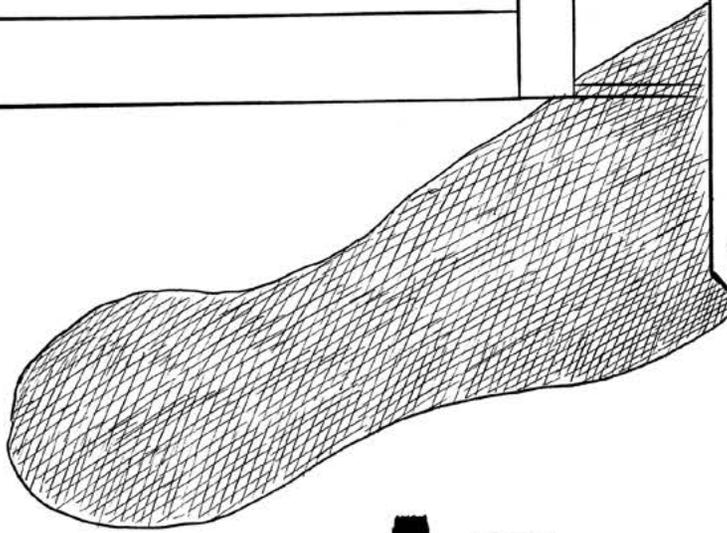


## 6. Ghosts



**THUD**

**THUD**



**THUD**

**THUD**  
**THUD**

**THUD**

**THUD**

I heard the sound of  
many footsteps.

They came closer—

THUD THUD THUD THUD



then faded away—

THUD THUD THUD



and came closer again.

THUD THUD THUD

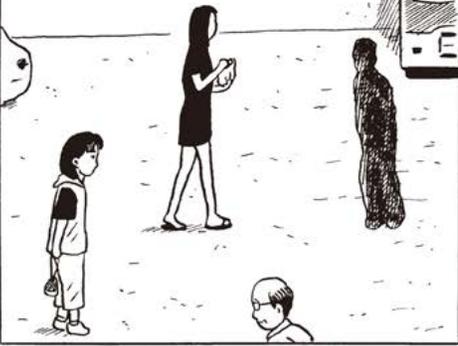


Until the footsteps finally moved away,  
I was too scared to breathe.



THUD THUD THUD THUD

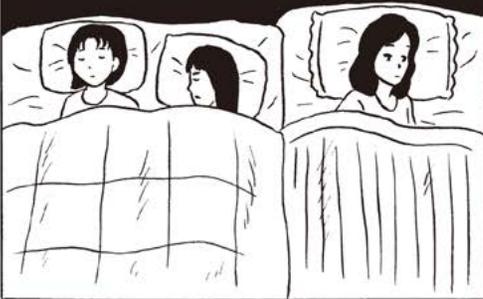
After that, I started seeing ghosts everywhere.



They became as common a sight as stray cats.



I didn't tell my mom.



Mom, a ghost is staring at you.



And there's another one in the other room.





My sister and I ignored them and danced to the music.



**Yeong-shin Ma** was born in Seoul in 1982. He made his debut in 2007 and began publishing webtoon comics in 2015. Though comics publishing has moved from print to digital in Korea, he still prefers to work with pen and paper. *Moms*, his first book to be published in English, received the Harvey Award for Best International Book. He is also the author of *Artist*.



# Yoshiharu TSUGE

*A Nobody Artist*

# A NOBODY ARTIST

## YOSHIHARU TSUGE

TRANSLATED BY RYAN HOLMBERG

**A revealing glimpse into the life and times of alt-manga's most intriguing comics auteur**

Tsuge Yoshiharu, one of manga's last living legends, remains an elusive and highly influential character as he moves into the final phase of his career.

*A Nobody Artist* features a number of loosely (and disputably) semiautobiographical vignettes often concerning a young cartoonist trying to make a go of it in the shifting manga market. True to form, Tsuge delivers much more than a straight accounting of a cartoonist's life. Lust routinely distracts our young artists while older artists again and again provide a model for what not to do, or more likely, where a cartoonist's life will lead you. Fleeting moments of domestic happiness are upset by bouts of self-doubt. As always, Tsuge's art is succinct and glorious—a beautiful document of a changing Japan.

This penultimate volume in Drawn and Quarterly's complete collection of

the legendary manga-ka's oeuvre collects richly-detailed and deeply human comics stories originally published between 1981 and 1985. Translated by prolific manga scholar and art historian Ryan Holmberg.

### PRAISE FOR YOSHIHARU TSUGE

"Tsuge throws open his inner gates of possibility and lets the world rush in with all its complexity, humanity, beauty, uncertainty and violence."—Chris Ware, *The Washington Post*

"A gritty and humorous postwar Japan is depicted in these early works by the influential manga cartoonist."  
—*The Guardian*

"Tsuge's raw and profound work is equal parts pathos and poetry, streaked with irony and ribaldry."  
—*Kirkus*, Starred Review

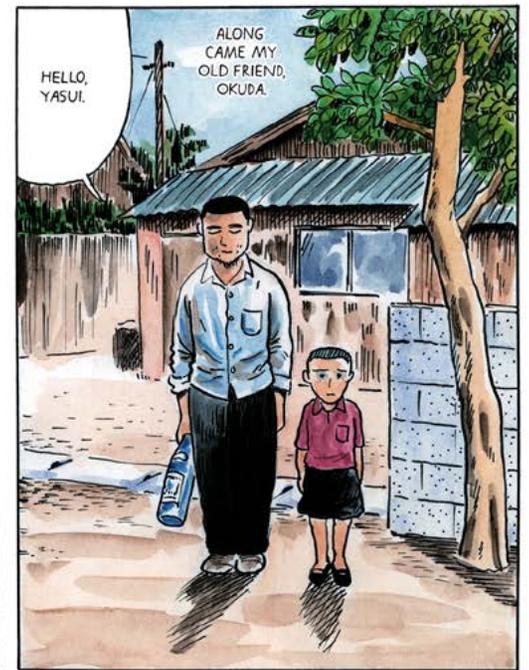
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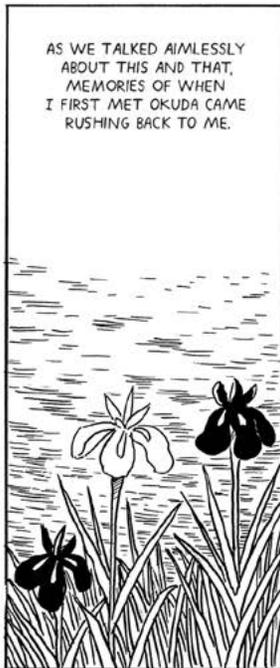


SIGN: FUJI VIEW APARTMENTS

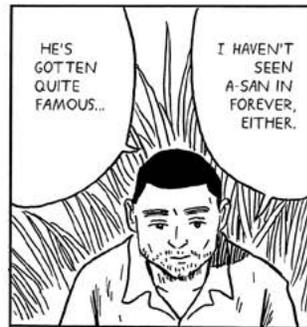




I HAD BEEN DRAWING FOR THE RENTAL KASHIHON MARKET FOR SOME TIME...



AS WE TALKED AIMLESSLY ABOUT THIS AND THAT, MEMORIES OF WHEN I FIRST MET OKUDA CAME RUSHING BACK TO ME.

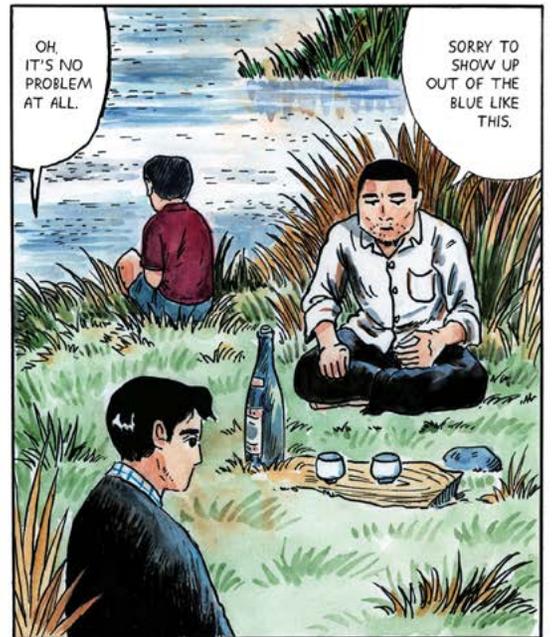


HE'S GOTTEN QUITE FAMOUS...

I HAVEN'T SEEN A-SAN IN FOREVER, EITHER.



UNLIKE ME!



OH, IT'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL.

SORRY TO SHOW UP OUT OF THE BLUE LIKE THIS.



HEY, SHINICHI, GO BUY US SOME TSUKUDANI FOR OUR SAKE.

TSUKUDANI: SIMMERED SEAWEED SNACK



OKUDA WORKED THERE TOO, THOUGH MOST OF THE TIME HE SAT AT HIS DESK READING ENGLISH LANGUAGE NEWSPAPERS.



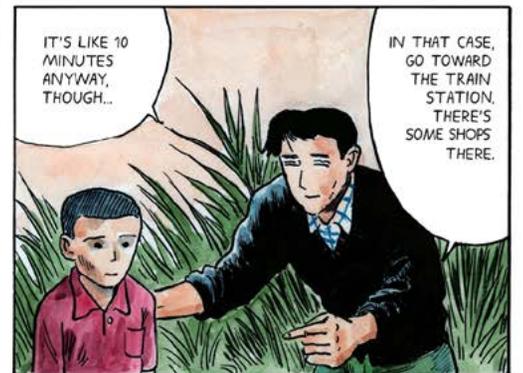
BUT WAS PENNILESS AND MISERABLE, SO I TOOK UP A JOB HELPING A-SAN WITH HIS COMICS.



PLEASE?

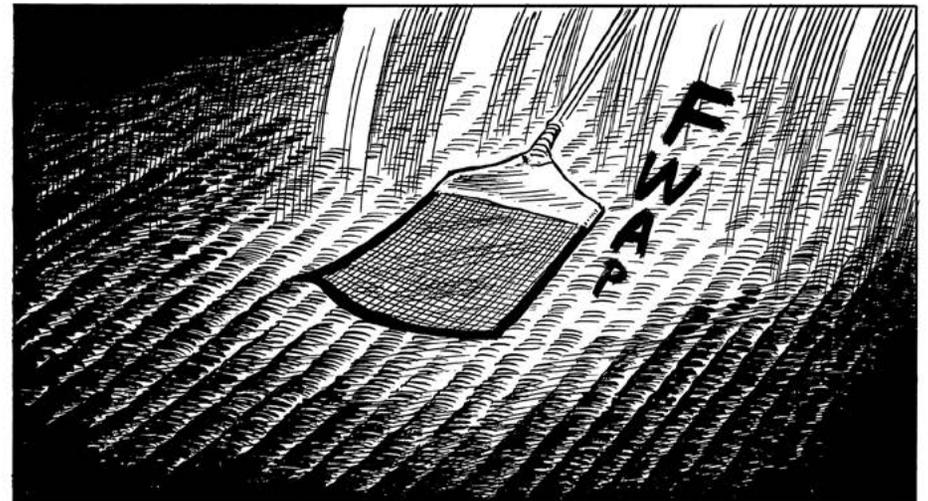
IT'S FINE, JUST GO LOOK, OKAY?

OH, I'M GOOD. BESIDES, THERE'S NO STORES NEARBY...



IT'S LIKE 10 MINUTES ANYWAY, THOUGH...

IN THAT CASE, GO TOWARD THE TRAIN STATION. THERE'S SOME SHOPS THERE.



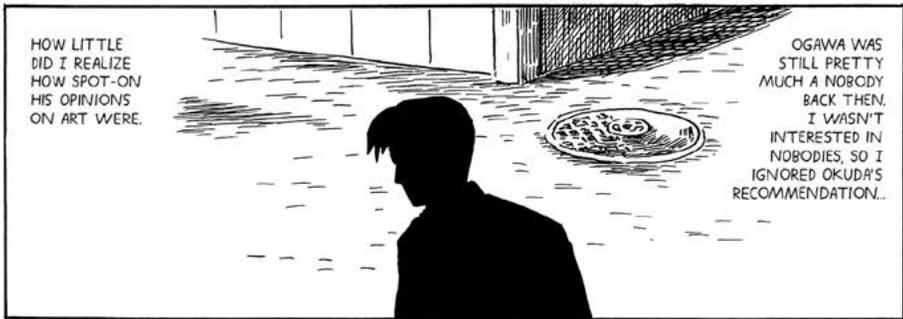


THAT REMINDS ME... IT WAS DURING THAT VISIT THAT OKUDA RECOMMEND I READ OGAWA KUNIO'S NOVELS...



I WAS SURPRISED TO HEAR OKUDA FLATTER MY WORK, SINCE NO ONE ELSE UNDERSTOOD WHAT I'D BEEN TRYING TO DO.

BOOK: ISLES OF APOLLO



HOW LITTLE DID I REALIZE HOW SPOT-ON HIS OPINIONS ON ART WERE.

OGAWA WAS STILL PRETTY MUCH A NOBODY BACK THEN. I WASN'T INTERESTED IN NOBODIES, SO I IGNORED OKUDA'S RECOMMENDATION...

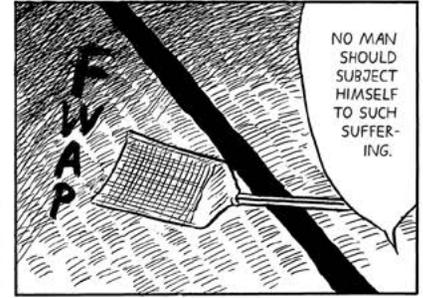


HE SAID HE WANTED TO TRY WRITING.

WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S PLANNING ON DOING FOR MONEY?



IF MONEY'S A PROBLEM, THEN YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET A JOB DOING SOMETHING EASIER AND LESS STRESSFUL, RIGHT?



NO MAN SHOULD SUBJECT HIMSELF TO SUCH SUFFERING.



SORRY. I SHOULDN'T BE SAYING THIS TO YOU GUYS. YOU JUST STARTED WORKING THERE, AFTER ALL.



ME TOO. A-SENSEI IS TEACHING ME A LOT.

I'M FINE WITH WORKING THERE...



I EVEN CONSIDERED QUITTING COMICS ALTOGETHER.

YEAH, WELL... PEOPLE REALLY HATED THOSE STORIES.



YOU BASICALLY PIONEERED SELF-EXPRESSION IN MANGA. WHY WOULD YOU WORK FOR SOMEONE ELSE AT THIS POINT IN YOUR CAREER?!



BUT YASU... YOU I REALLY DON'T GET. NOT ONLY ARE YOU ALREADY AN ESTABLISHED CARTOONIST...



AS LONG AS I CAN EAT, THAT'S SATISFACTION ENOUGH FOR ME.

SO I DON'T REALLY DON'T MIND WORKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

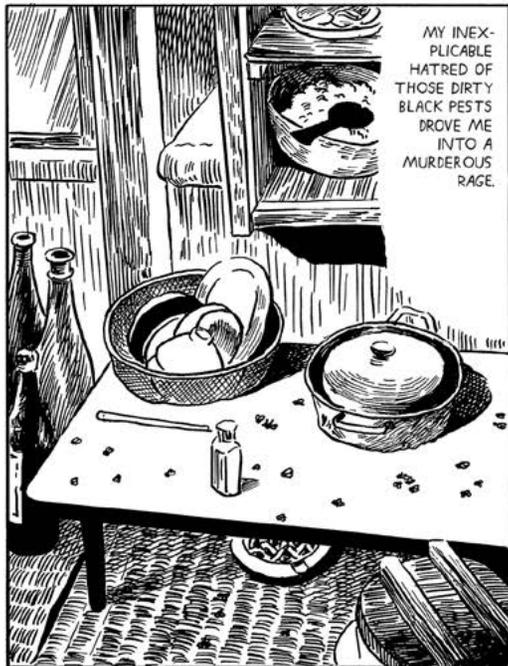


"THE GIRL OF THE SWAMP," "THE SPARROW"... THOSE STORIES WERE AMAZING!

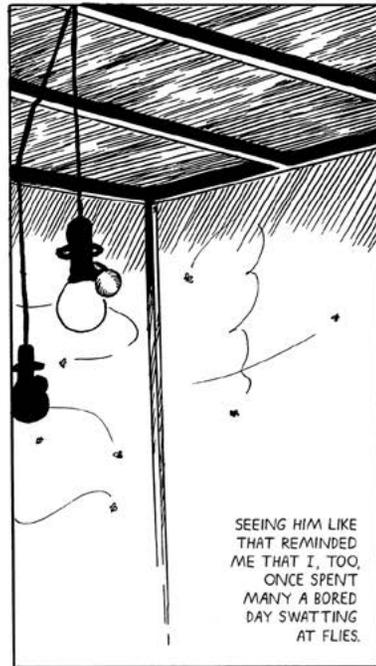


IT WAS NOT THE SEASON FOR FLIES, YET OKUDA OFTEN SAT THERE FLICKING HIS SWATTER.

FWAP



MY INEXPLICABLE HATRED OF THOSE DIRTY BLACK PESTS DROVE ME INTO A MURDEROUS RAGE.



SEEING HIM LIKE THAT REMINDED ME THAT I, TOO, ONCE SPENT MANY A BORED DAY SWATTING AT FLIES.

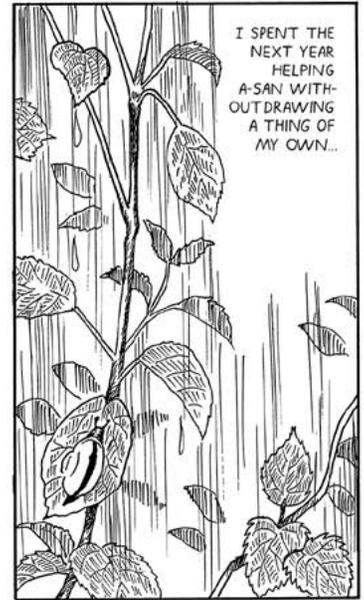


THAT'S WHAT A-SENSEI SAID...

HE'S ALL TALK AND NO SKILL...



BUT THE CREATIVE BUG WOULDN'T ALLOW ME TO BE A MERE ASSISTANT, SO I STARTED DRAWING MY OWN COMICS AGAIN.



I SPENT THE NEXT YEAR HELPING A-SAN WITHOUT DRAWING A THING OF MY OWN...



FROM TIME TO TIME, I WOULD CALL ON OKUDA TO SEE HOW HE WAS HOLDING UP... WHICH WAS NOT WELL.

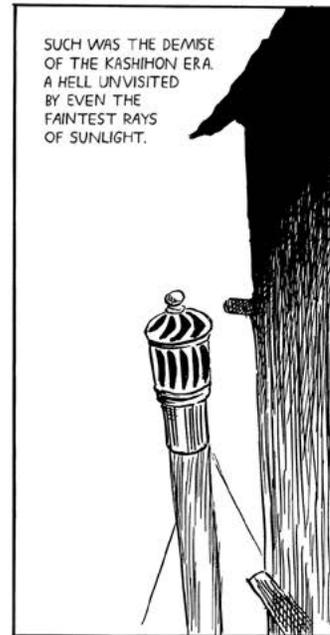


WHO WAS I TO LOOK DOWN ON FLIES...

IRONICALLY, EVENTUALLY I WAS FORCED TO MOVE INTO A ROOM THAT WAS A CONVERTED TOILET.



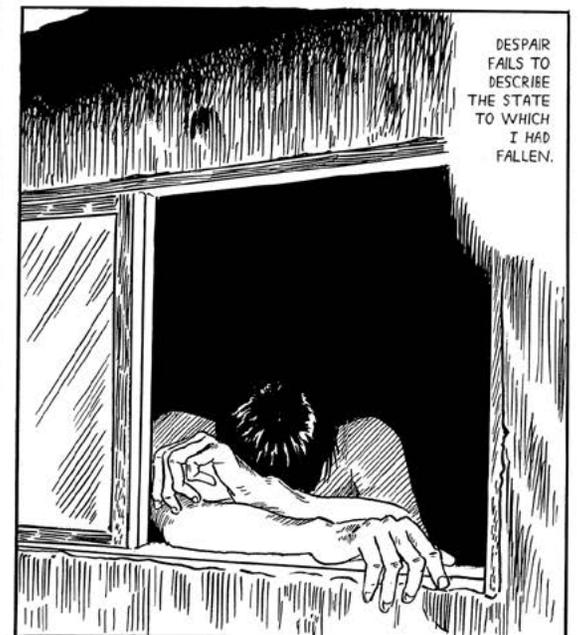
LIVING, AS I DID, LIKE A WRETCHED MAGGOT?



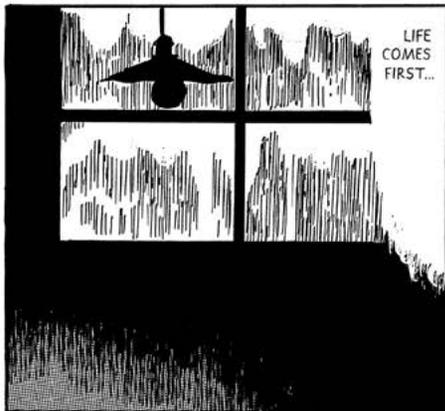
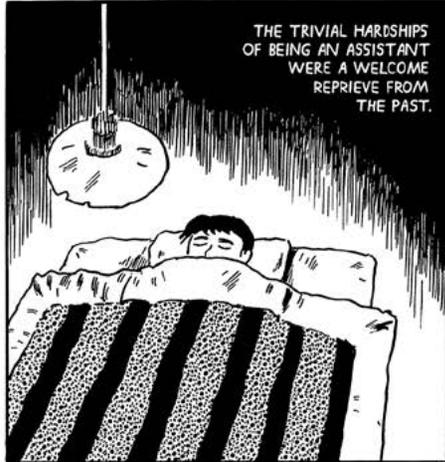
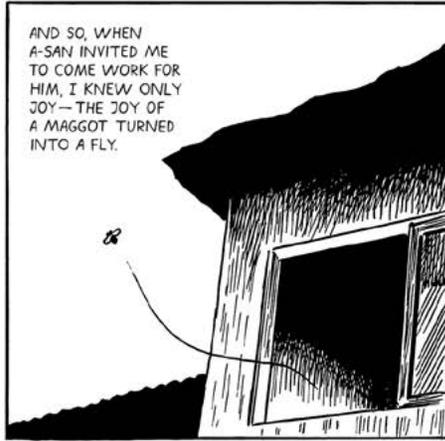
SUCH WAS THE DEMISE OF THE KASHIMON ERA. A HELL UNVISITED BY EVEN THE FAINTEST RAYS OF SUNLIGHT.



HAD I NOT OWED THE LANDLORD TWO YEARS OF RENT, HE WOULD HAVE SURELY KICKED ME OUT.



DESPAIR FAILS TO DESCRIBE THE STATE TO WHICH I HAD FALLEN.



**Tsuge Yoshiharu** was born in Tokyo in 1937. Influenced by the adventure comics of Tezuka Osamu and the mystery manga of Tatsumi Yoshihiro and Matsumoto Masahiko, he began making his own comics in the mid '50s. He also assisted Mizuki Shigeru during his explosion of popularity in the '60s. In 1968, Tsuge published the groundbreaking surrealistic story "Nejishiki" in the legendary alternative manga magazine *Garō*. It cemented his position as not only an influential cartoonist, but also a major figure within Japan's artistic counterculture. Tsuge is considered the greatest practitioner of the semi-autobiographical "I-novel" genre of comics-making. In 2020, he was honored for his career achievements at Angoulême International. In 2022, he was one of the first mangaka to be inducted into the prestigious Japan Art Academy.



# THE JELLYFISH KING: BOOK ONE

BRECHT EVENS

TRANSLATED BY FRANÇOIS VIGNEAULT & BRECHT EVENS

**The author of *Panther* returns with another unconventional coming of age story**

A child is born and slowly opens his eyes to a cruel world. His mother is dead and his father has retreated into himself. Seeking the approval of his father, the child begins to draw: to create, to document what he sees. This awakens his father from his grief and he begins to educate his child in the ways of the world. Our hero is educated in the arts and sciences and survival skills and is taught to beware of the outside sinister forces at play behind everything. Every pattern is a code, every acquaintance a betrayer waiting to be exposed.

Brecht Evens returns with a lucid detailed shining *bildungsroman* that looks deep into the heart of generational trauma, miseducation, and conspiracy-minded thinking. Page after page of complicated brilliant tableaus mixing symbols modern and ancient unfold revealing an ever complex and sinister world. Evens is a master at mixing humour and horror

in what will surely be the year's most gorgeous and transfixing graphic novel.

Translated by François Vigneault and Brecht Evens.

## PRAISE FOR BRECHT EVENS

"One of the most beautiful and disturbing narratives of childhood ever produced in the comics medium."—*Vulture*

"Filled with the kind of magical thinking that powers childhood—where the unknown is exciting and terrifying in equal measures—and told with a confidence that dares you to keep up, it's unlike anything else you'll read this month and all the better for it. A triumph."—*Wired*

"Brecht Evens manages to dream up the same kind of menacing, seductive hocus-pocus that made kid-lit curmudgeons Maurice Sendak or Roald Dahl so beloved."—*The Globe and Mail*

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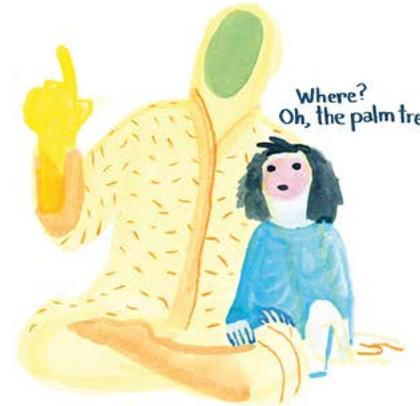
I've been trapped in the dark and you've opened a thousand windows for me...  
Oh, my son! I...

Look that boat full of refugees!  
It's so spot on!



Those are Vikings.

And there, that explosion!



Where?  
Oh, the palm tree.

My father had an indescribable expression on his face.

You can't quite *understand* everything you can see.  
That's normal. How could you?  
You need me at your side to help you...



With my guidance,  
there won't be any limits  
to what you can accomplish  
in this cruel world.





Once my father recovered his voice,  
he didn't ever stop talking.  
We discussed all manner of things,  
going back and forth until late at night.

Every explorer  
needs to be able to  
tie his shoelaces,  
first of all.



There you go...  
That's it.



Now you're  
all set.



At dawn we set off.

The forest would be my school.



In the forest, everything had to fight to survive, in a thousand different ways.



My father showed me how to survive as well.



He showed me how to collect the morning dew.



To teach me to breath through my nose, we would run with our mouths full of water (an old Apache trick, or so he told me).



He trained me to launch stones with the accuracy of a Sphendonite.



We pierced holes in the hides of cows to drink their blood.



I learned to leap from tree to tree, traveling without ever touching the ground. I had no fear...  
And in any case, my father was a brilliant surgeon, so if I did fall, he could always fix me right up.

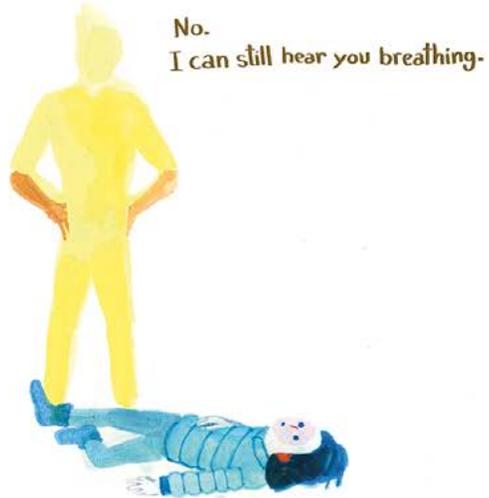


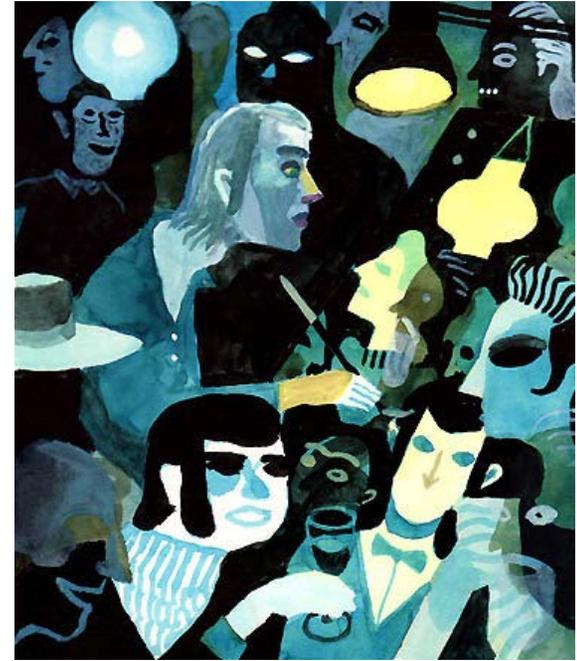
The forest was teeming with tiny creatures, masters of the arts camouflage and trickery...



We emulated their methods to escape the notice of our own enemies.







**Brecht Evens** is a Belgian cartoonist living in Paris. *The Wrong Place*, his first graphic novel, was nominated for an Eisner Award for Best Painter. He has since received five more nominations. He has also won the Special Jury Prize in Angoulême for the original edition of his fourth graphic novel *The City of Belgium (Les Rigoles)*. Evens is also the author of *The Making Of* and *Panther*.

# THE JULYS

Nylso



# THE JULYS

NYLSO

TRANSLATED BY MONTANA KANE

**A poetic, pastoral look at aging through both the eyes of a father and his young son.**

A father worries his son is growing up too fast and losing his innocence as they bike and hike and swim and spend the day in nature. As they move from place to place, they tell stories, specifically stories of The Julys, mythical creatures who rise from the still depths of the local swimming holes on the first day of July and disappear on the last.

These timid harmless creatures swarm and chatter and slowly become aware of where they are and where they're headed as they march across beaches and amble through fields and stumble across streams. Is there a destination? Does the child understand the mortality and fallibility of his father? Does the father understand the unlimited possible futures of his son? *The Julys* is a meditation on how we grow and learn and live.

Nylso is one of the great 90s independent creators of the French New Wave of Comics. Devoted to a pastoral and heavily crosshatched style depicting the overwhelming qualities of nature and humankind's insignificance in comparison, Nylso drifts from field to forest to shoreline and back again.

Translated by Montana Kane.

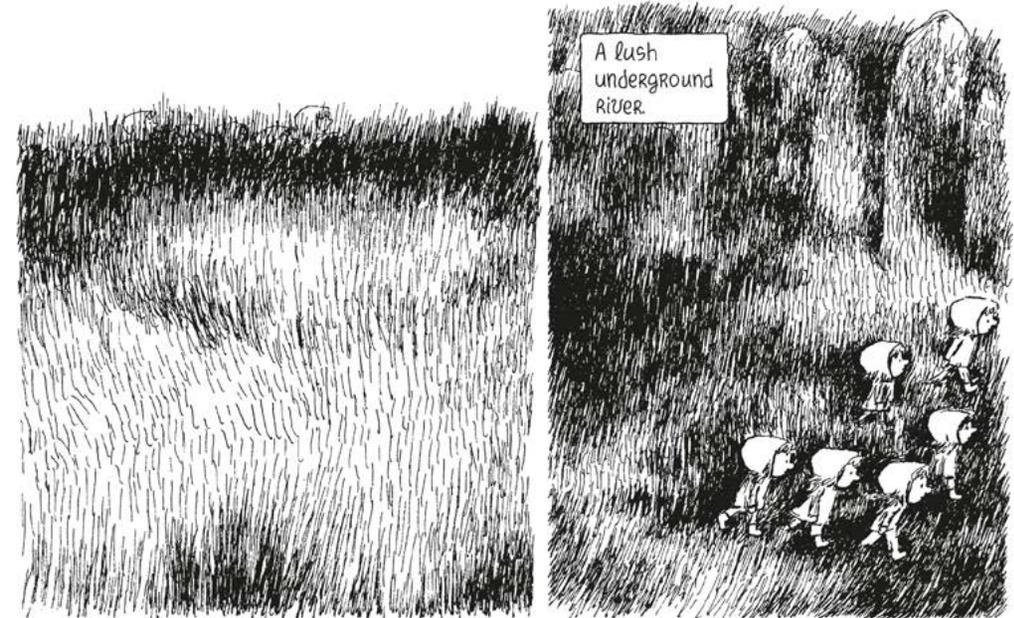
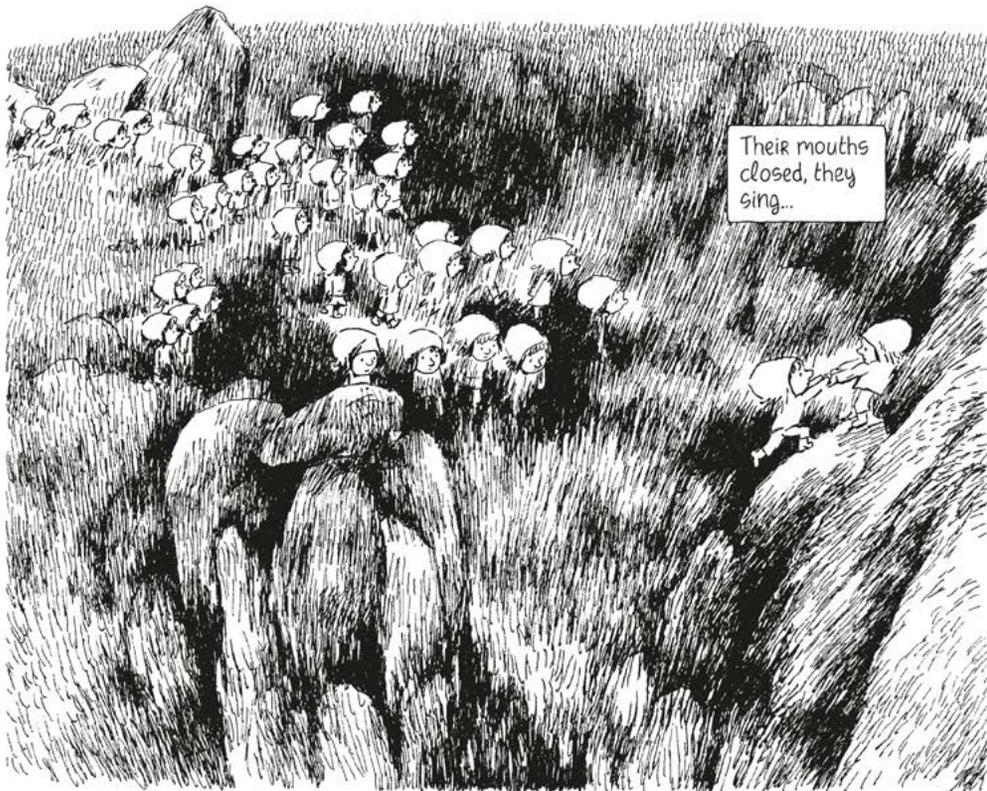
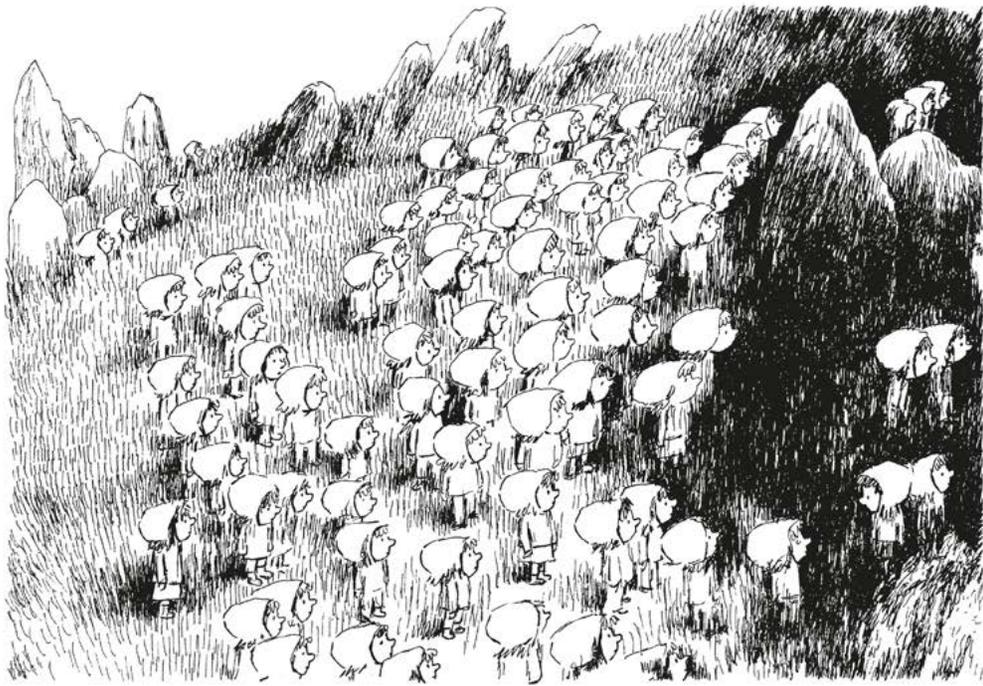
## PRAISE FOR *THE JULYS*

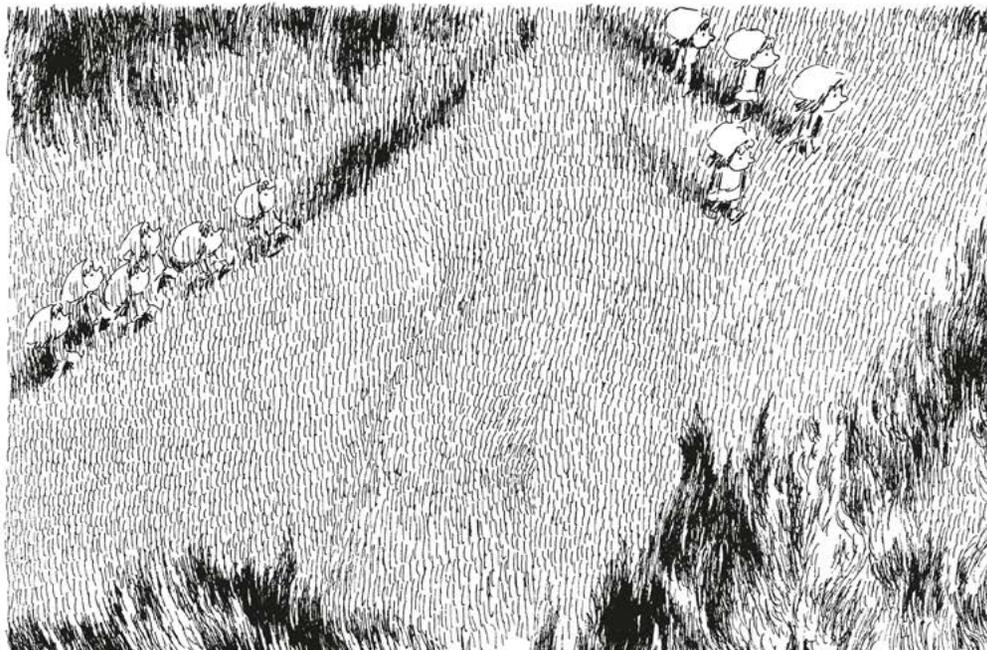
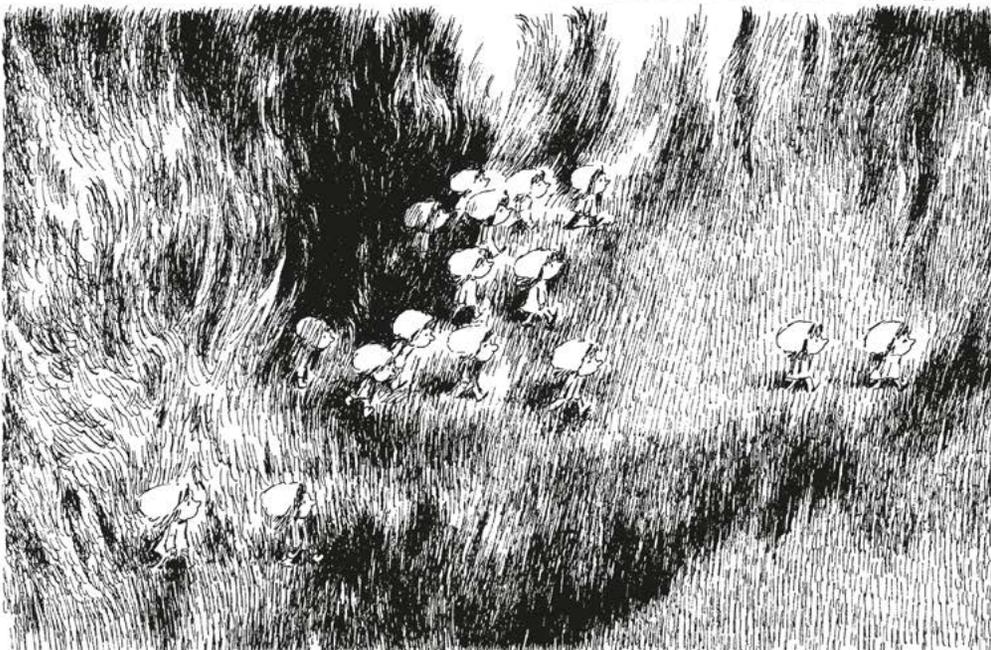
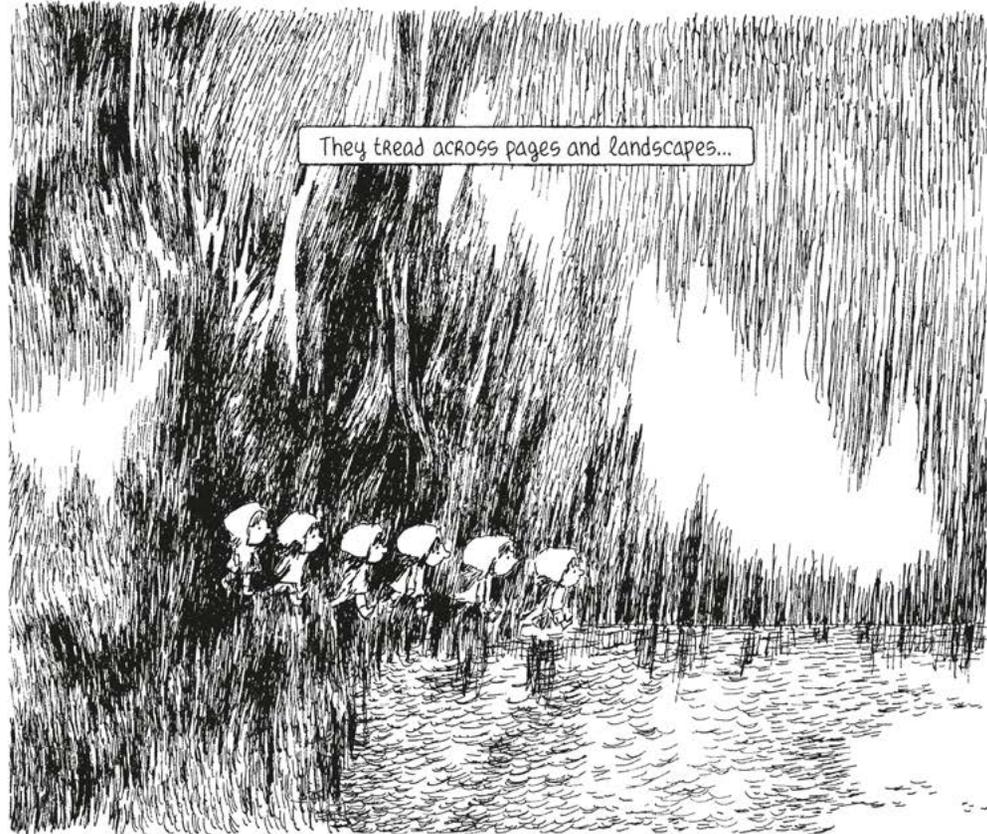
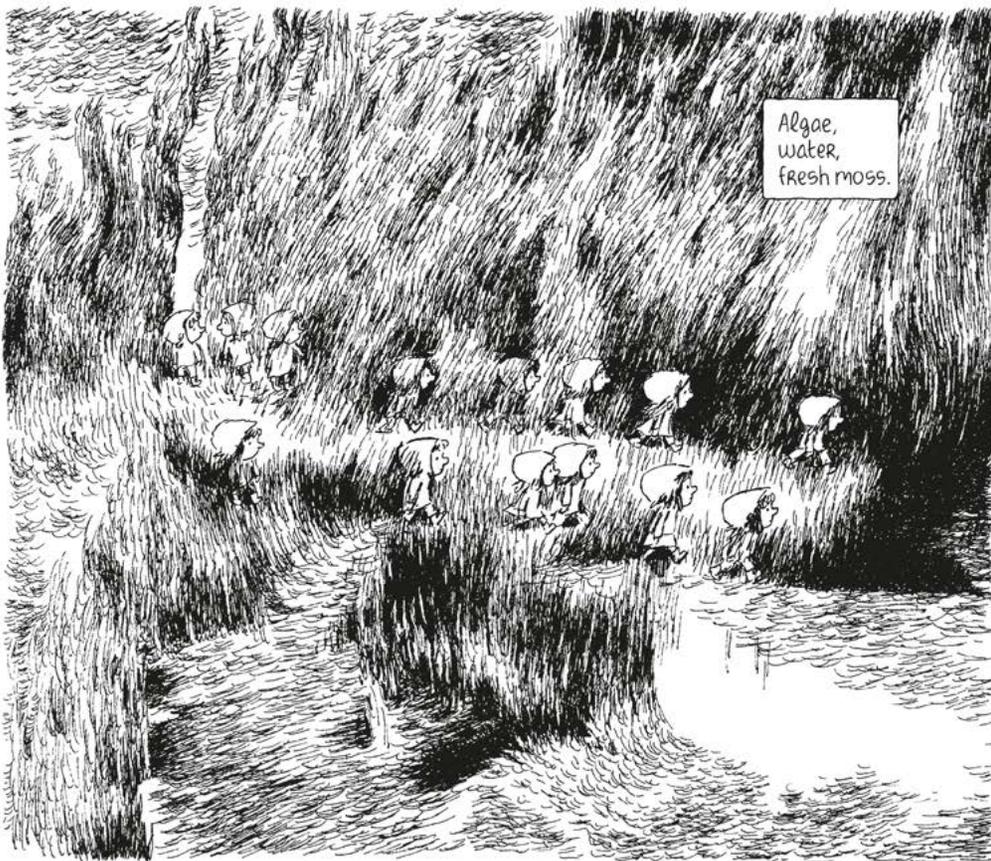
"A story that emerges as a whisper off the tip of the tongue, a book of hide-and-seek. [*The Julys*] is a diary of sorts, where a father searches for the right words for his son, of a man searching for the right way to behave in the world."—*Libération*

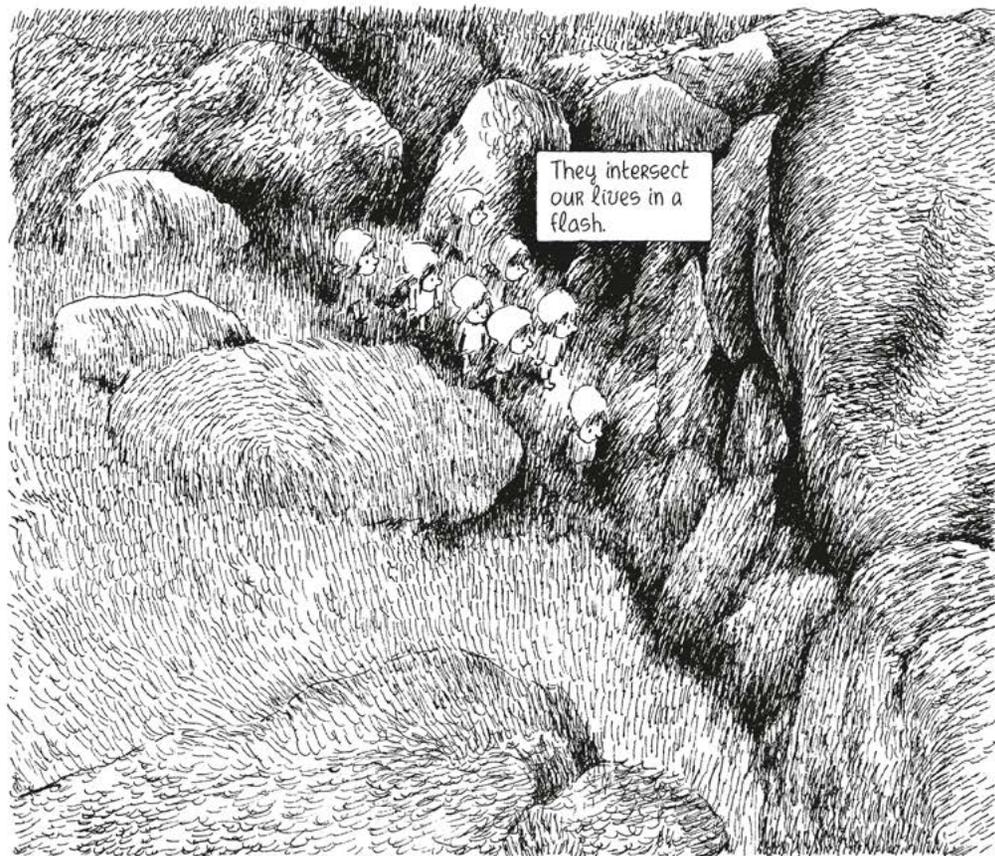
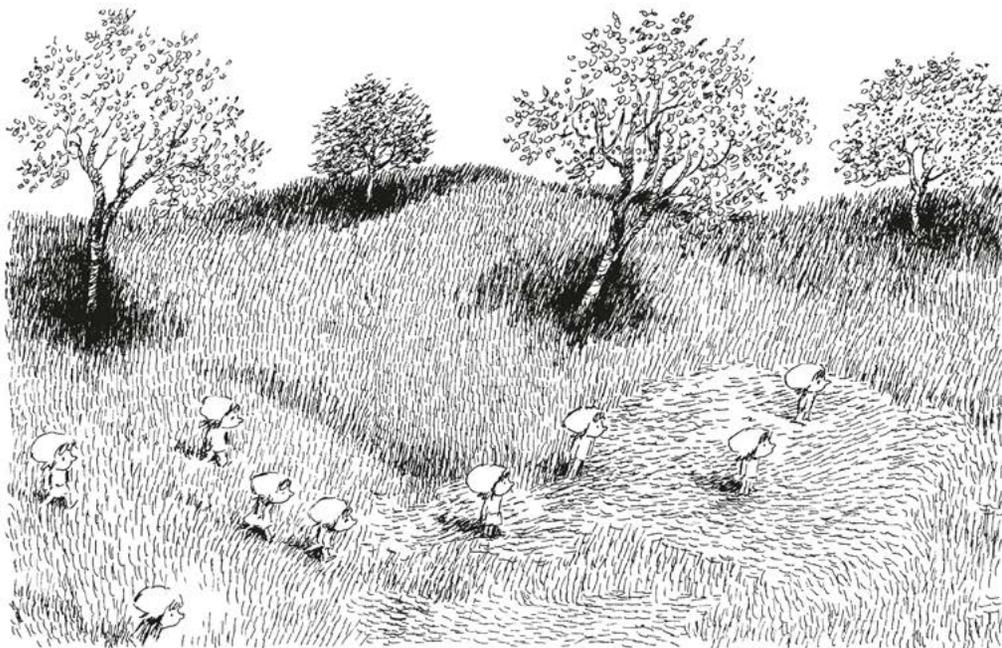
"In *The Julys*, readers are immersed in a wonderful world, full of tenderness and ingenuity."—*ActuaBD*

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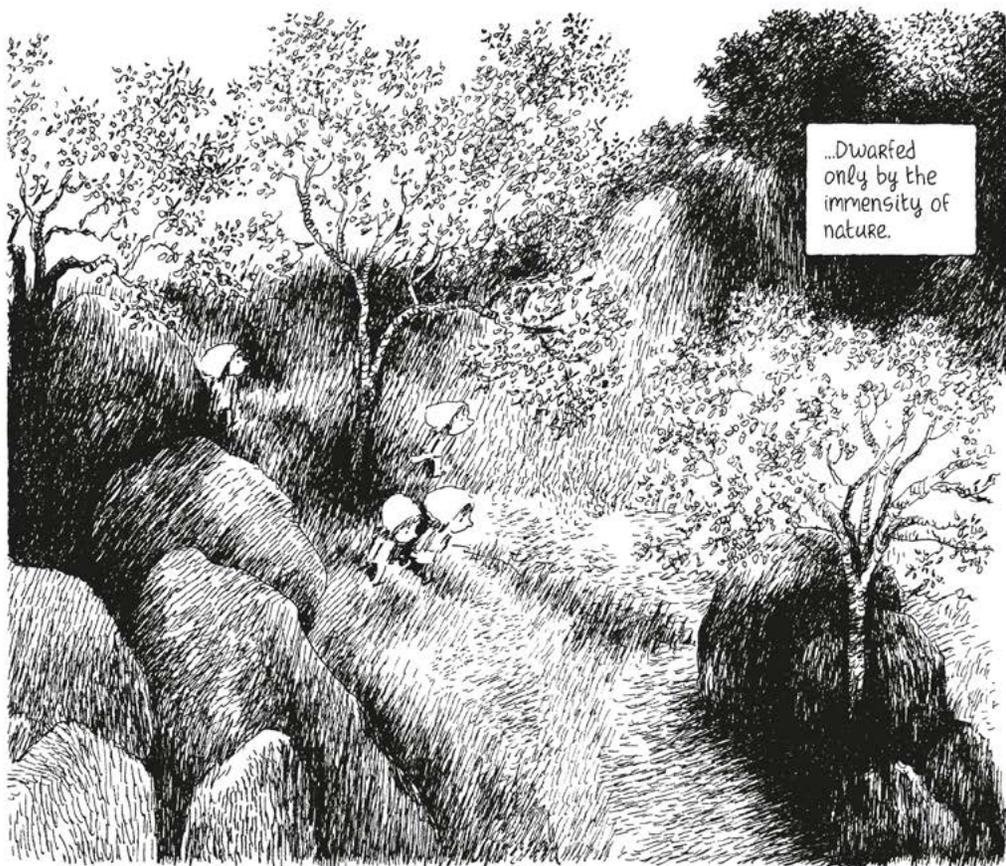
NOVEMBER 2026 • \$30 USD / \$40 CAD • B&W • 6.58" X 9.1" • 312 PAGES  
HARDCOVER • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-842-9







They intersect  
our lives in a  
flash.



...Dwarfed  
only by the  
immensity of  
nature.



ARRIVING  
after June.

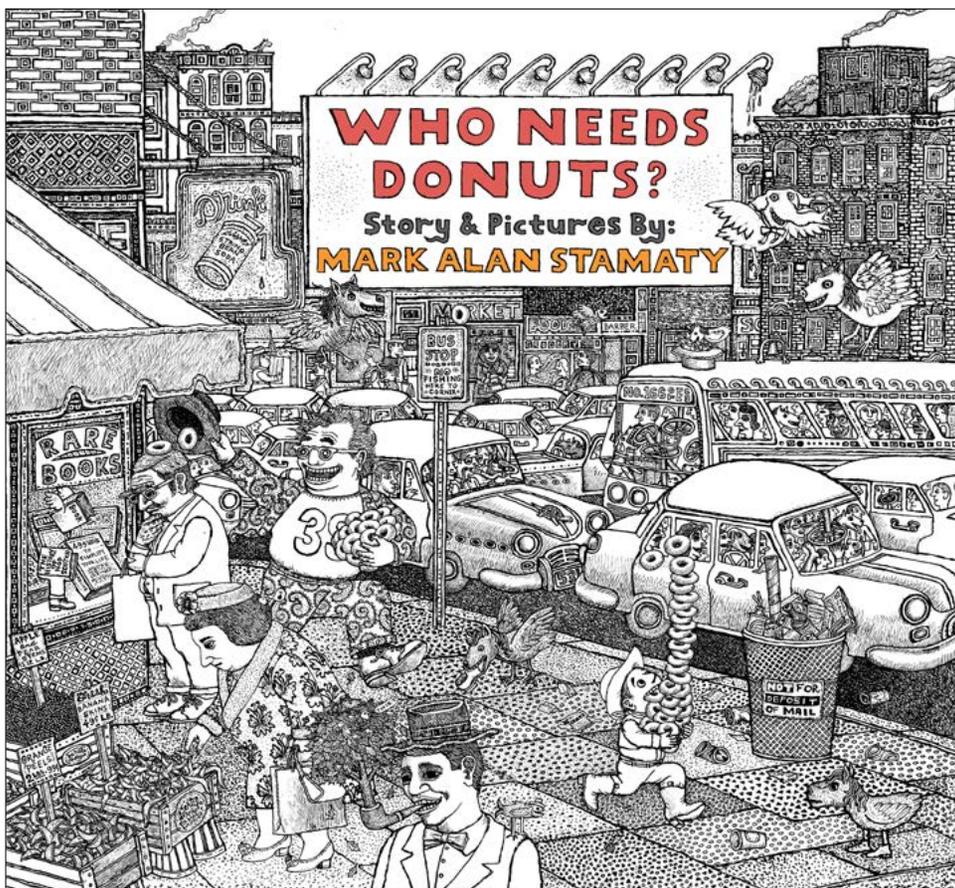


Gone by  
August.





**Nylso** is the pen name of French cartoonist Jean-Michel Masson. He is one of seven children. In the mid-90s, published the seminal small press zine *Le Simo* with fellow cartoonist Jo Manix.



# WHO NEEDS DONUTS?

## MARK ALAN STAMATY

**The cult classic kids book in all its resplendent absurdity and subversiveness**

Sam's love of donuts takes him to the Big City where he makes friends with Mr. Bikferd, a world class collector of donuts. But when Mr. Bikferd falls in love with Pretzel Annie, the prophecy of an old woman comes true: "Who needs donuts when you've got love?" Mr. Bikferd bequeaths his donut collection to Sam, who uses it to save the old woman from drowning in a basement flooded with coffee.

This is a reissue of Mark Alan Stamaty's masterpiece of the absurd, first published 50 years ago. With an illustration style that mixes a benign

Hieronymus Bosch with an urban *Where's Waldo?*, Stamaty's off-the-wall humor is on target for little kids and big kids today.

### **PRAISE FOR *WHO NEEDS DONUTS?***

"Brilliant and surreal."

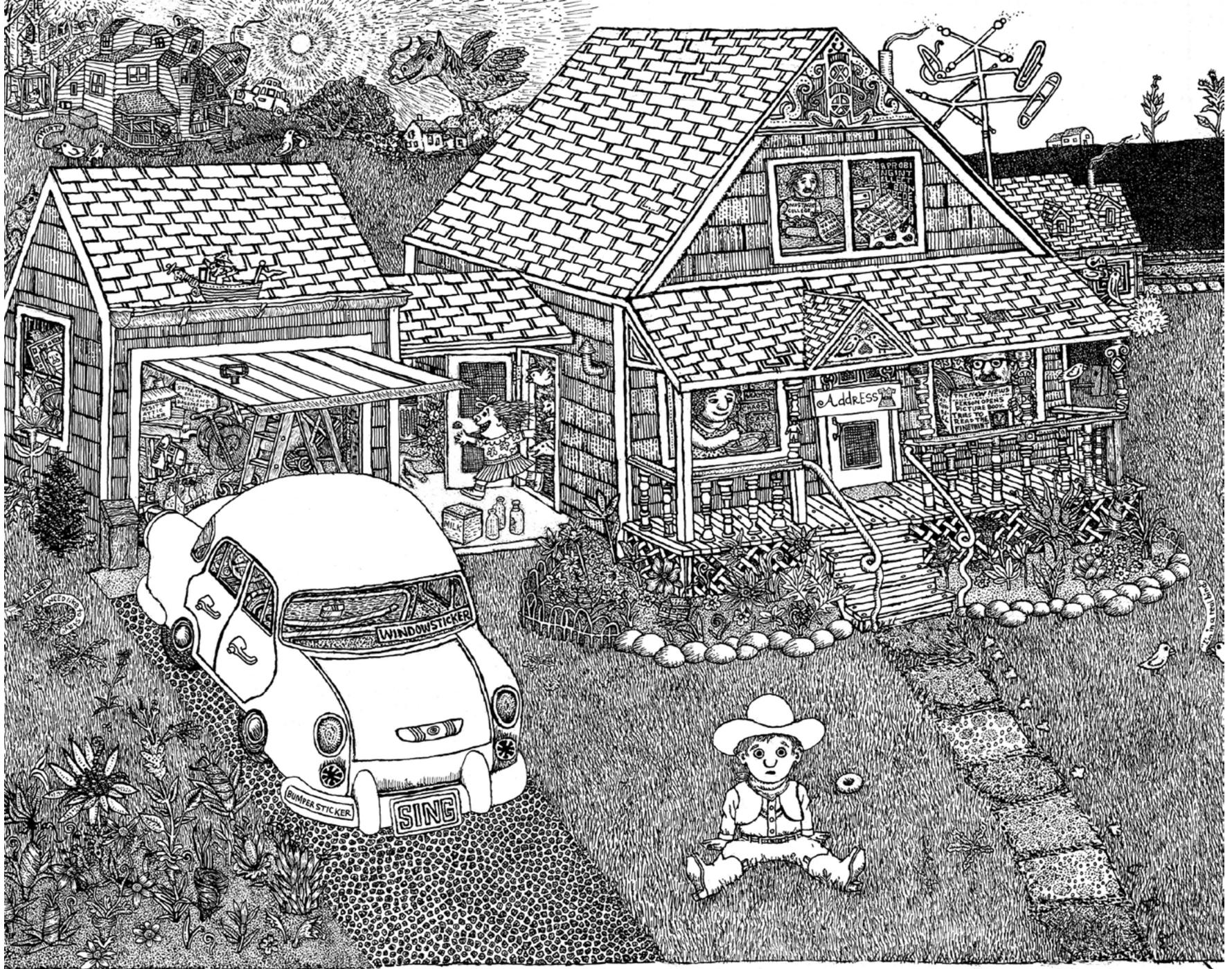
—Dwight Garner, *The New York Times*

"The hallucinogenic pen-and-ink masterpiece"—Catherine Hong, *The New York Times*

"A charming and hilarious book for kids."—Jesse Thorn, *Bullseye*

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SEPTEMBER 2026 • \$18 USD / \$24 CAD • B&W • 9.8" X 9" • 40 PAGES • HARDCOVER  
JUVENILE FICTION / COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / HUMOROUS • ISBN 978-1-77046-915-0



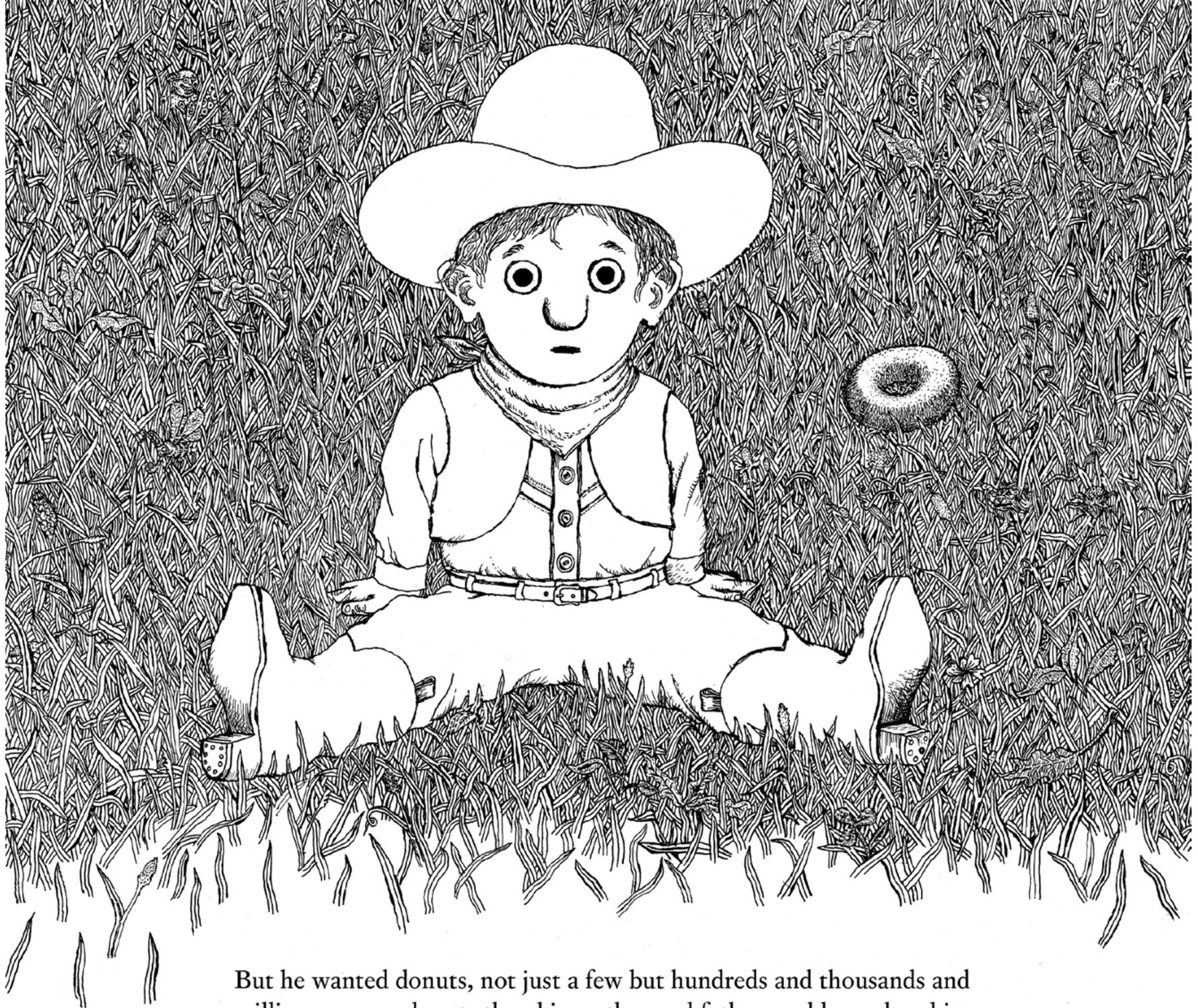
Sam lived with his family in a nice house.





He had a big yard and lots of friends.





But he wanted donuts, not just a few but hundreds and thousands and millions—more donuts than his mother and father could ever buy him.

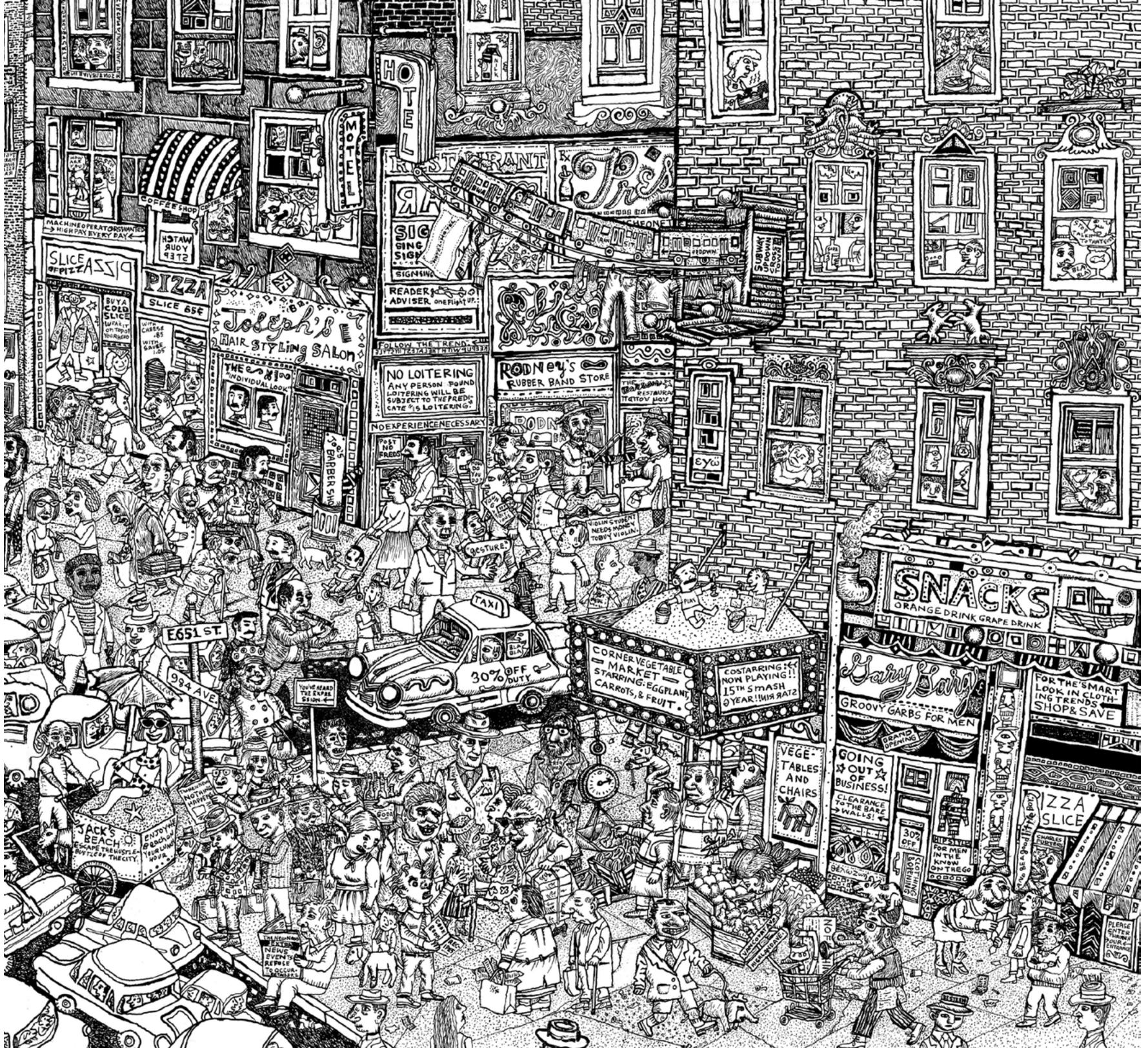


Finally one day he hopped on his tricycle and rode away to a big city



to look for donuts.





MACHINES FOR EYE EXAMINATIONS  
HIGH PAY EVERY DAY  
COFFEE SHOP  
HOTAW  
RUDY  
4312

SLICE OF PIZZA  
BUY A SLICE  
LIFELONG  
ON TOP OF  
THE WORLD  
PIZZA  
SLICE 55¢  
WITH CARBON  
\$1.50  
WITH TOPPING  
\$1.75

Joseph's  
HAIR STYLING SALON  
THE  
INDIVIDUAL LOOK

HOTEL  
RESTAURANT  
SIGN  
SING  
SIGN  
READER  
ADVISER  
ONE PRINT UP  
FOLLOW THE TRENDS  
NO LOITERING  
ANY PERSON FOUND  
LOITERING WILL  
SUBJECT TO THE PREDI-  
CATE 'IS LOITERING'  
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY  
MAY  
NO PREDI-  
CATE

RODNEY'S  
RUBBER BAND STORE  
RODNEY'S  
RUBBER BAND STORE

TAXI  
30% OFF  
DUTY

CORNER VEGETABLE  
MARKET  
STARTING NOW PLAYING!!  
15TH ST. SMASH  
9 YEAR. 1914 RAZZ

SNACKS  
ORANGE DRINK GRAPE DRINK

Sally Sally  
GROOVY GARBS FOR MEN

FOR THE SMART  
LOOK IN CLOTH-  
ING TRENDS  
SHOP & SAVE

VEGE-  
TABLES AND  
CHAIRS

GOING  
OUT OF  
BUSINESS!  
CLEARANCE  
TO THE BARS  
WALLS!

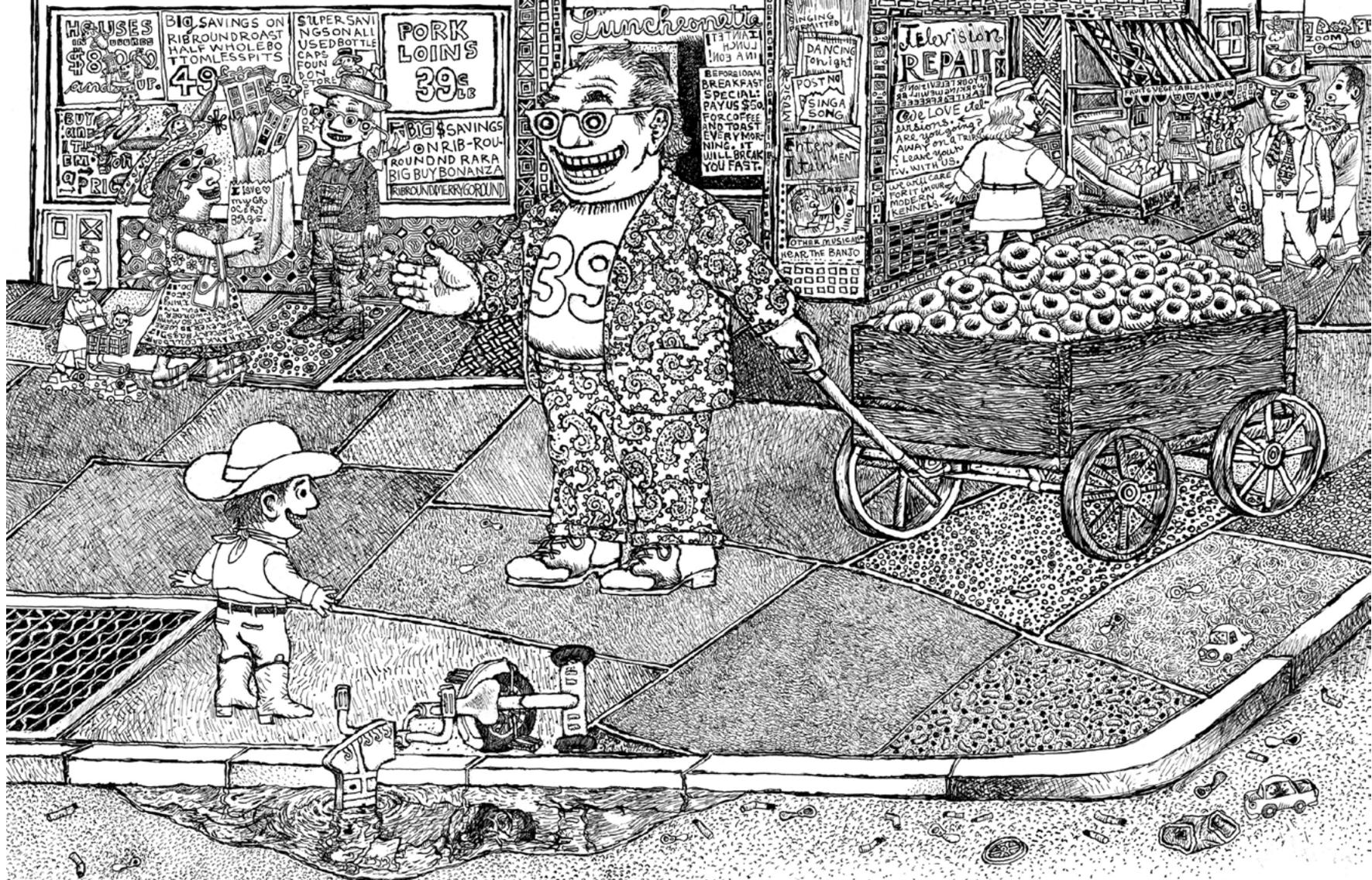
PIZZA  
SLICE

JACK'S BEACH  
ESCAPE THE HOT  
HEAT OF THE CITY

THE  
NEWS  
EVENTS  
REPEAT  
TO OCCUR

PLEASE  
ENTER  
YOUR  
NAME  
ON THE  
BOARD





until he met a man with a big wagon full of donuts.

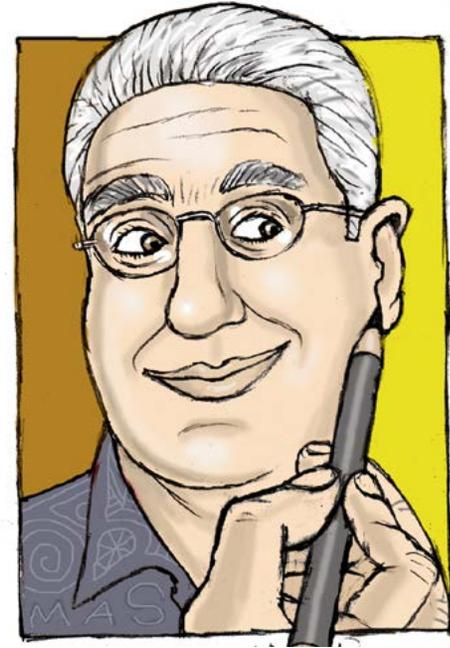
“Hello,” said the man. “My name is Mr. Bikferd and you look like a boy who wants some donuts. I collect them, but it is very hard work for one person. Would you like to help me?”



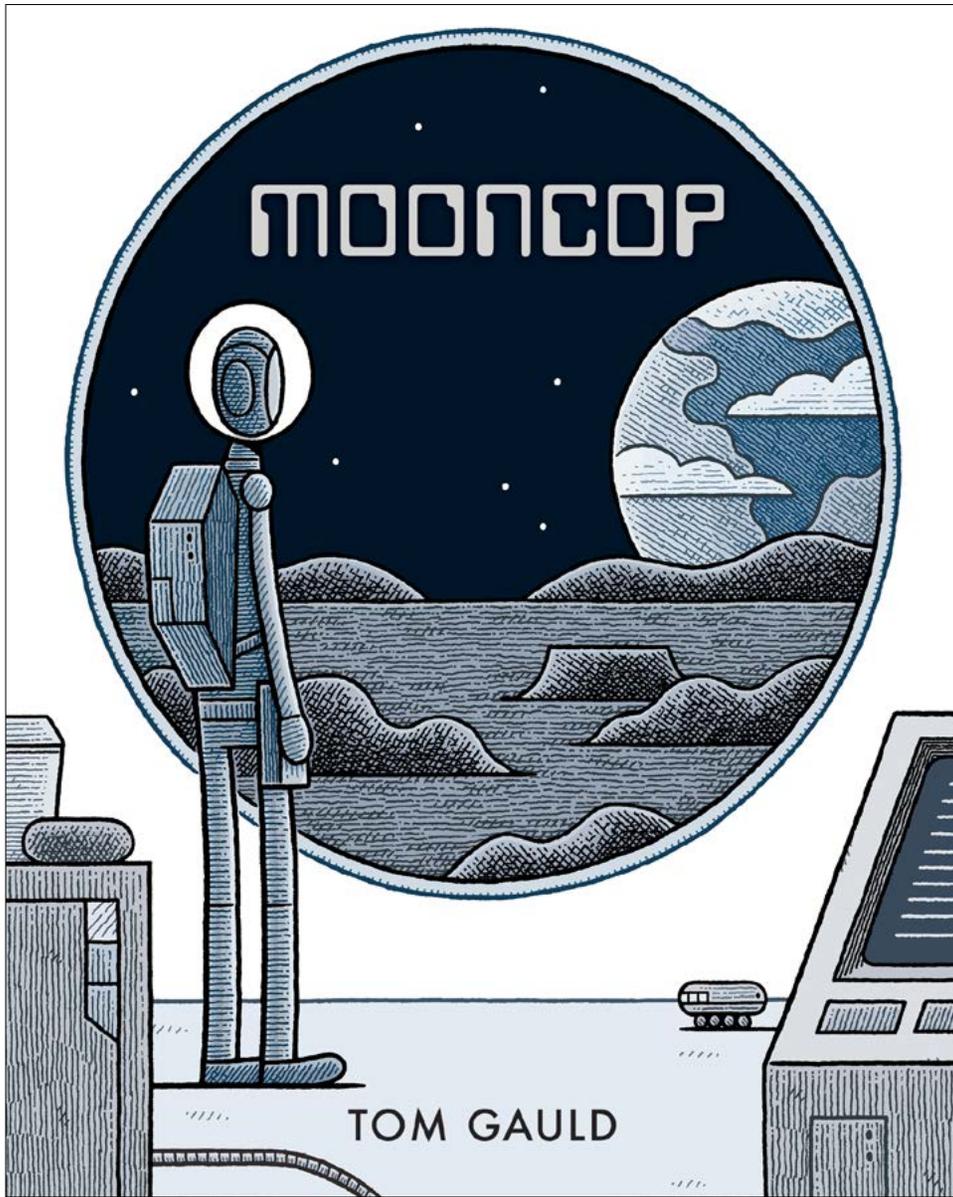
“Oh boy!” said Sam. He climbed into Mr. Bikferd’s wagon and off they went.



“Oh boy!” said Sam. He climbed into Mr. Bikferd’s wagon and off they went.



**Mark Alan Stamaty** is a cartoonist, illustrator, and children's author, whose work has appeared in the *New Yorker*, *GQ*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Slate*, and the *New York Times Book Review*. His comic strip "Washington" ran regularly in the *Village Voice*, the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe*, and over 40 newspapers between 1981 and 1994. He's also the illustrator of the classic children's book *Yellow Yellow*, written by Frank Asch, and published with Drawn & Quarterly in 2019. Mark lives in New Jersey with his wife Lynn.



# MOONCOP

## TOM GAULD

**Bestselling author Tom Gauld's comedic still life of a moon colony in decline—now in paperback**

“Living on the moon ...Whatever were we thinking?...It seems so silly now.”

The lunar colony is slowly winding down, like a small town circumvented by a brand-new super highway. Our hero, the Mooncop makes his daily rounds, his beat growing ever smaller as the population dwindles. His most pressing engagements: a young runaway who doesn't get very far, a dog breaking off his leash, and an out-of-date automaton wandering off from the Museum of the Moon. What's a man on the moon to do as human company gets harder and harder to come by?

Now available in paperback for the first time, Tom Gauld's *Mooncop* is a prescient reflection on humanity besieged by late-stage capitalism and ever advancing technology. Equal parts funny and melancholy, Gauld's matter-of-fact storytelling is a testament to his dedication to the craft of cartooning.

### PRaise FOR TOM GAULD

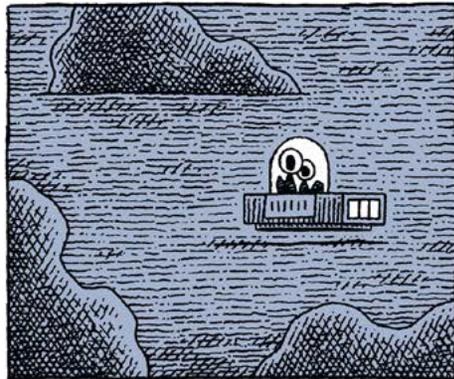
“*Mooncop* [is a] light, rueful comedy, whose motor is the absence of anything happening...long, lovely silent passages...Even when dreams don't quite work out, the book suggests, it can still be possible to find beauty in them.”—*The New York Times*

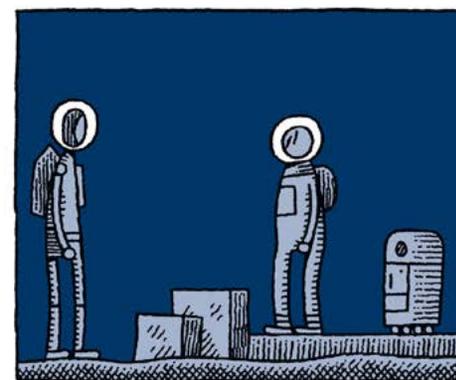
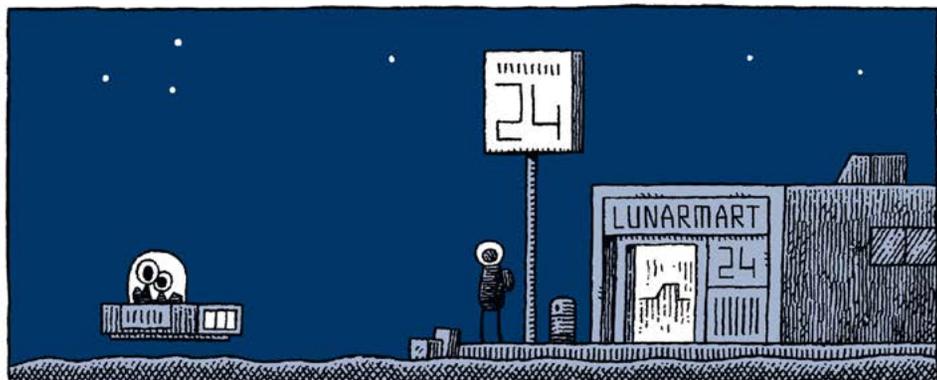
“At once hilarious and achingly melancholy, [*Mooncop*] reads like a requiem for the future we were promised decades ago that never arrived. A quietly essential read for anyone who grew up reading sci-fi.”—*Wired*

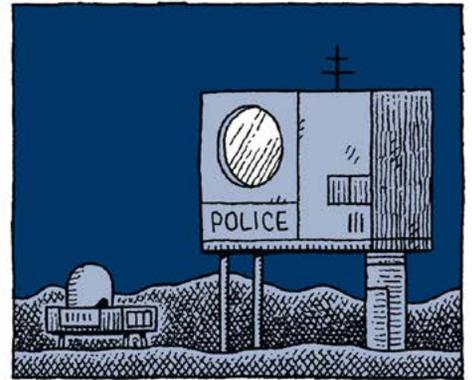
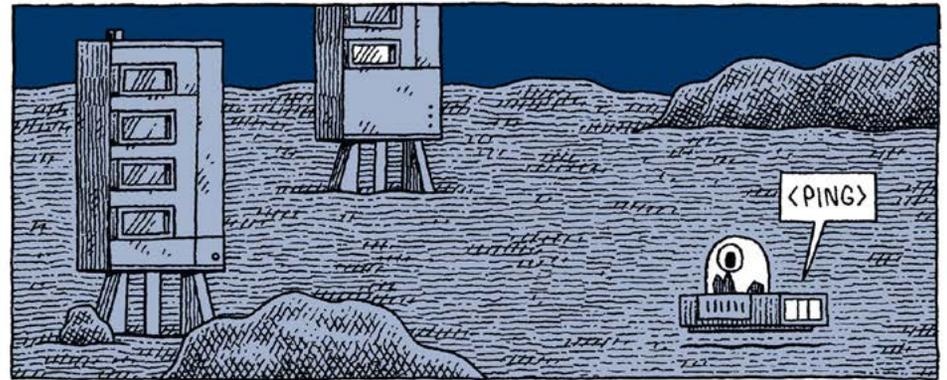
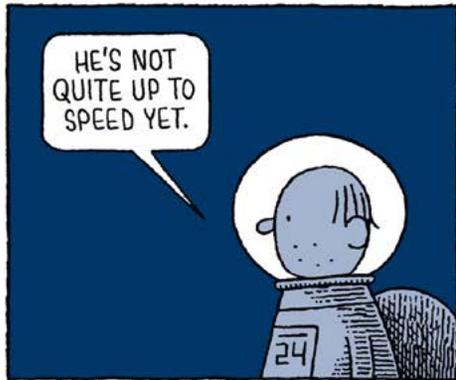
“Leave it to Gauld to find the quiet bit of poetry in bad news.”—*GQ*

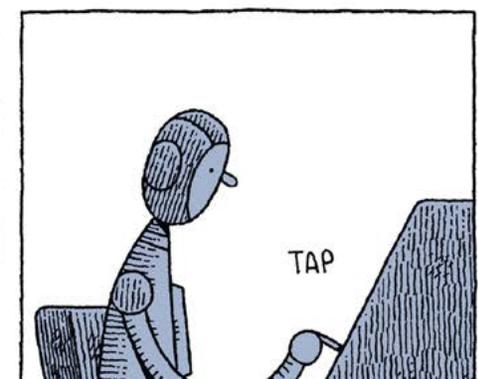
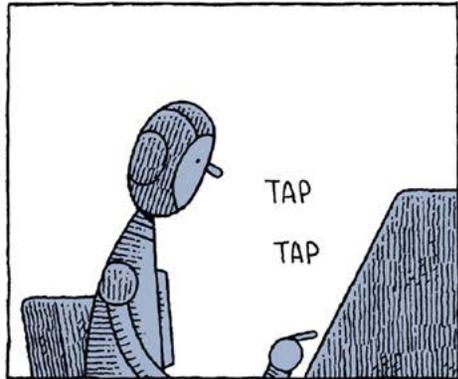
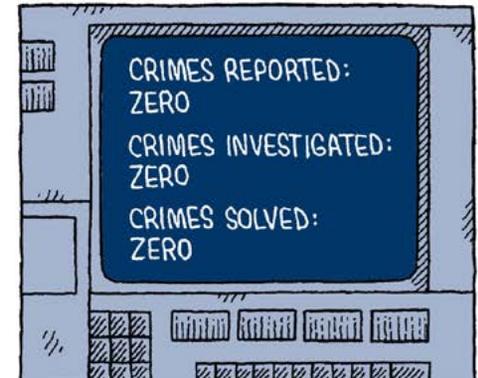
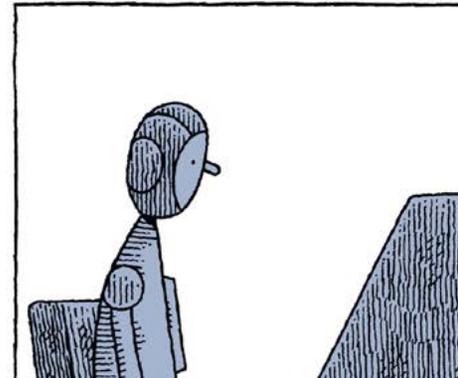
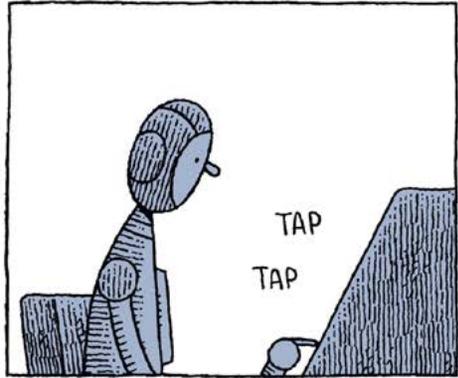
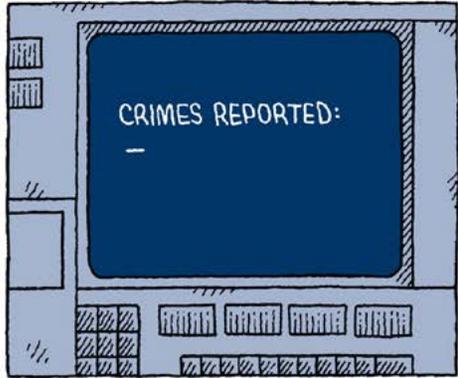
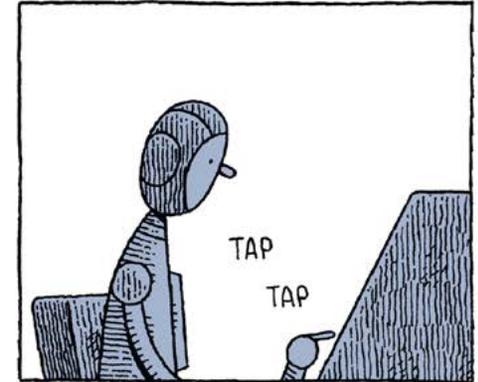
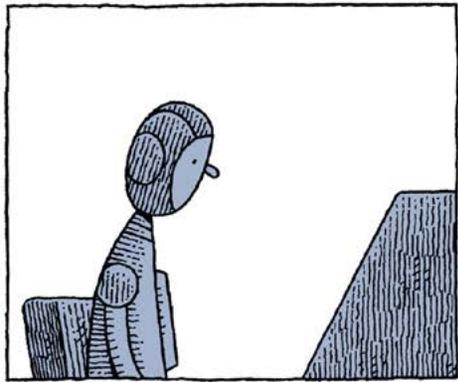
“At its heart, *Mooncop* provides an optimistic, rich metaphor for life... a fun, clever meditation on what it means to be human.”—*Nerdist*

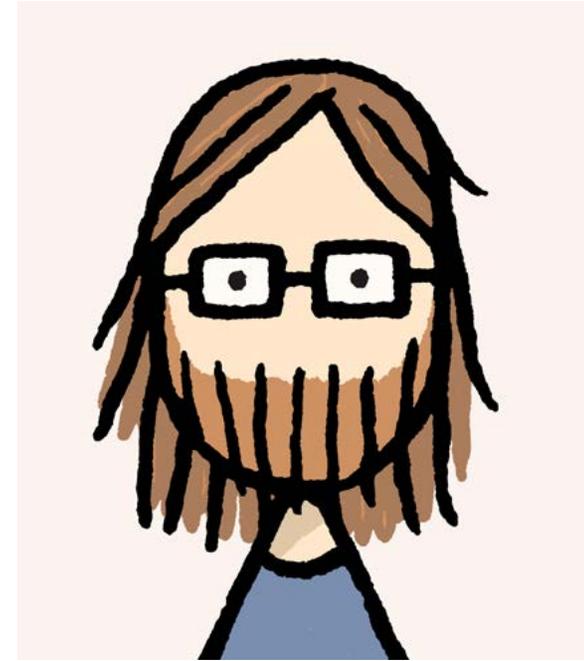
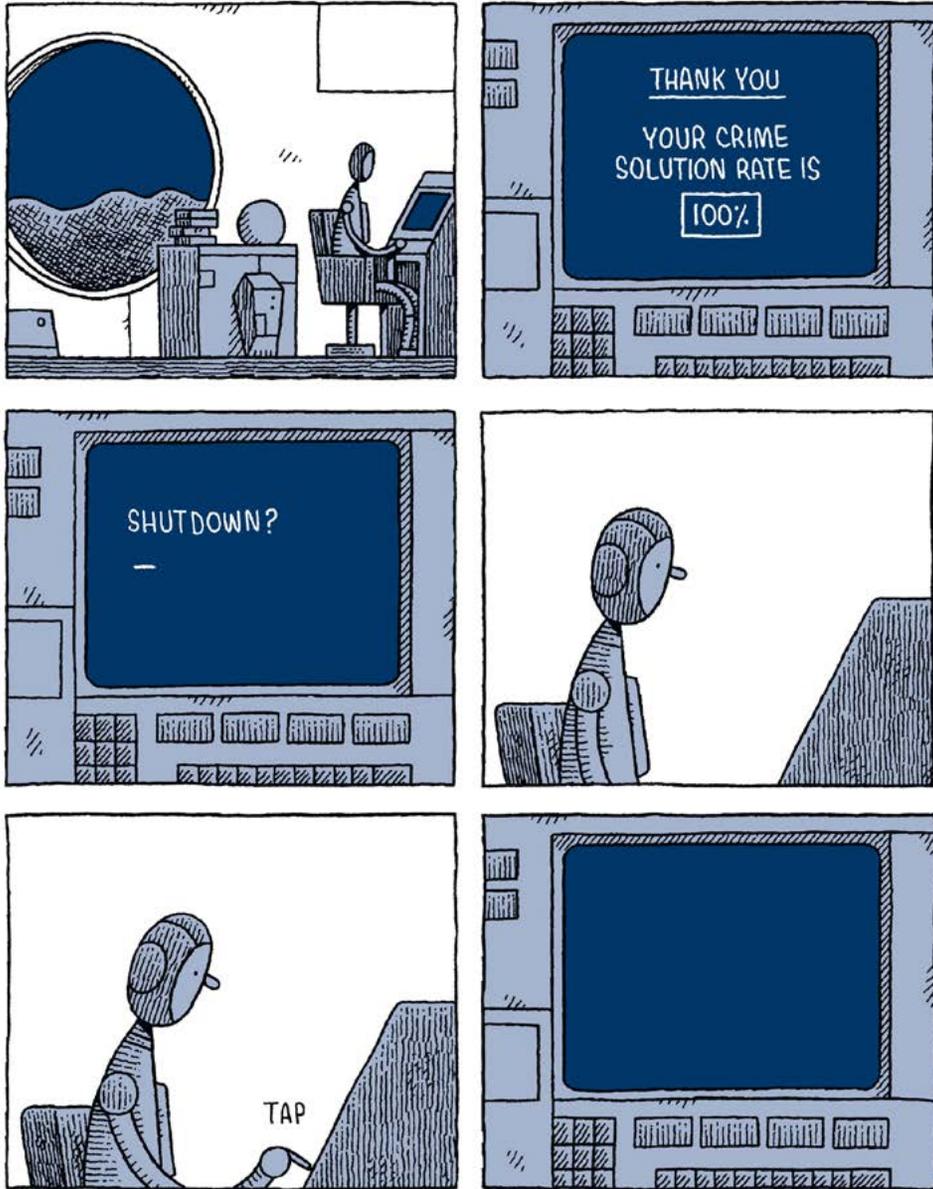
DECEMBER 2026 • \$20 USD / \$24 CAD • 4-COLOR • 5.125" X 6.4" • 96 PAGES  
PAPERBACK • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-923-5



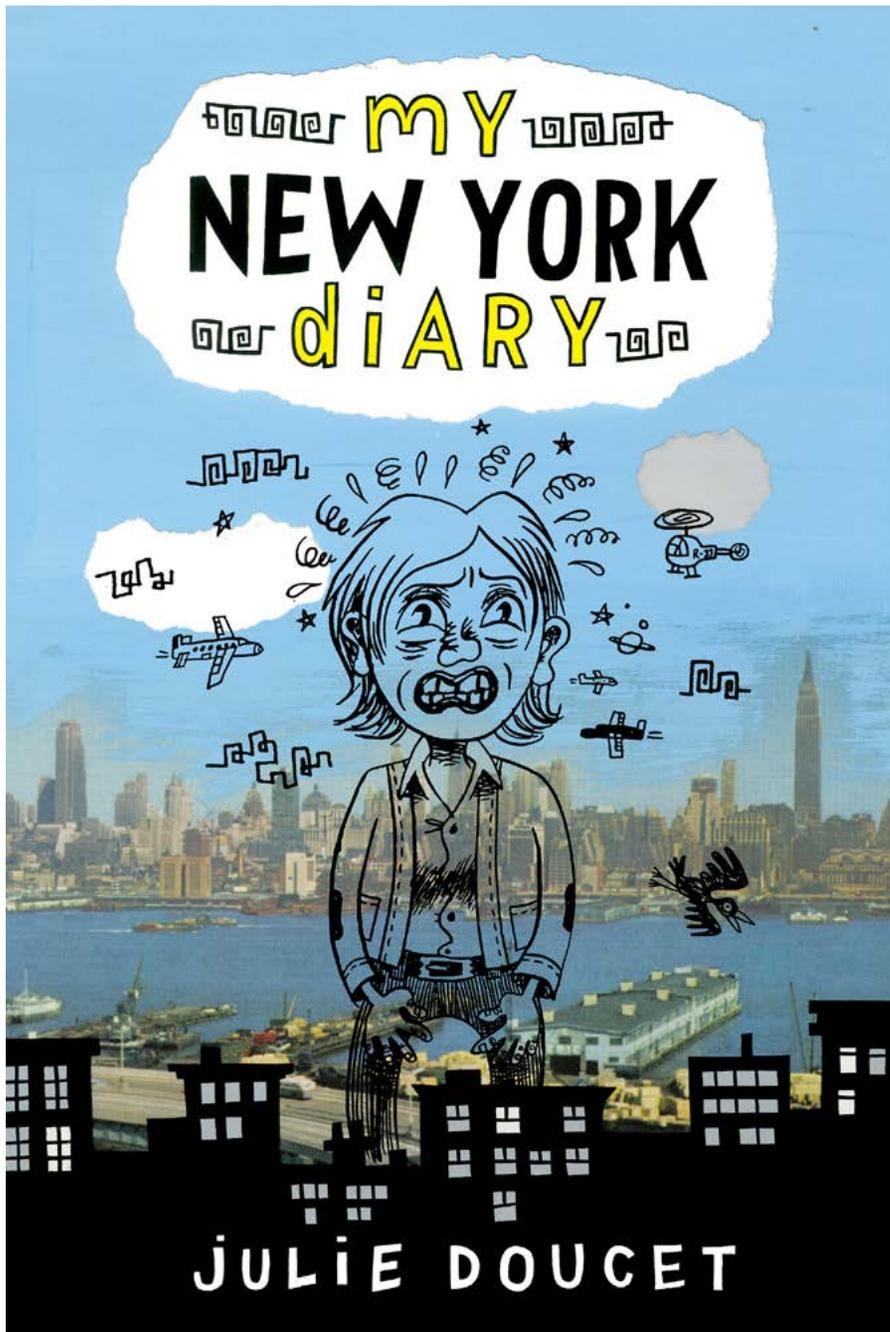








**Tom Gauld** is a cartoonist and illustrator. He has weekly comic strips in *The Guardian* and *New Scientist* and his comics have been published in *The New York Times*, *The Believer*, and on the cover of the *The New Yorker*. In addition to his graphic novels *Baking with Kafka*, *Goliath*, *Mooncop*,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



# MY NEW YORK DIARY

## JULIE DOUCET

**An all-new edition of Julie Doucet's glorious contribution to the graphic memoir canon**

In 1991, pioneering cartoonist Julie Doucet packed up her life and moved to New York. Thirty-five years later, the diary she kept lives on as a classic of autobio and literary comics.

Doucet takes readers through a chaotic yet deeply relatable time. Trouble crops up at every other turn through a toxic on-again-off-again relationship, her creative insecurities in a male-dominated art scene, her worsening epilepsy, and a tendency to self-medicate with booze and drugs. This unapologetic, no-holds-barred account of an artist's day-to-day in her mid-20s captures the highs and lows of modern womanhood. New York's 90s underground scene comes to life in strikingly detailed panels with messy uptown apartments, crowded punk clubs, and unmanicured, trash-lined city sidewalks in all its dingy glamour.

Each and every panel of *My New York Diary* is jam-packed with the tiny details and blocky flourishes that cemented Doucet's reputation and earned her the Grand Prix d'Angoulême in 2022.

### PRaise for Julie Doucet

"Dark, funny, feminist...*My New York Diary* sealed the reputation of Montreal-based cartoonist Julie Doucet. [It's] a signal text: for its intimate revelations (miscarriage, drugs, epilepsy); its bold, confident draftsmanship; and its spot-on presentation of decline—of crumbling relationships and of charismatic men overwhelmed by insecurity."—*ArtForum*

"[Julie Doucet is] creating some of the edgiest work about young women's lives in any medium."—*The New York Times*

"The Canadian artist whose funny, feminist, and candidly intimate tales of the female psyche have never seemed more bracing or relevant."—*The Guardian*

"The daring adventures of Julie Doucet's smart, hot, disheveled, and sometimes rageful imaginary self just goofing off or engaging in semierotic play with an array of mammalian coconspirators have seared themselves into the minds of a generation of readers."—*The Paris Review*

DECEMBER 2026 • \$18 USD / \$22 CAD • B&W • 6.5" X 9" • 109 PAGES  
PAPERBACK • COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-914-3

TUESDAY, APRIL 17<sup>TH</sup> 1991 HERE BEGINS MY...

# NEW YORK DIARY



A TRUE  
STORY BY:  
JULIE  
DOUCET  
.....  
PART ONE:  
SPRING



DO... DID YOU HAVE TO WAIT LONG?

NO, NOT VERY MUCH... HOW WAS YOUR TRIP?

OH!.. AH... O.K., GOOD!

YES!

WELL, LET'S GO HOME NOW, JEWELS!

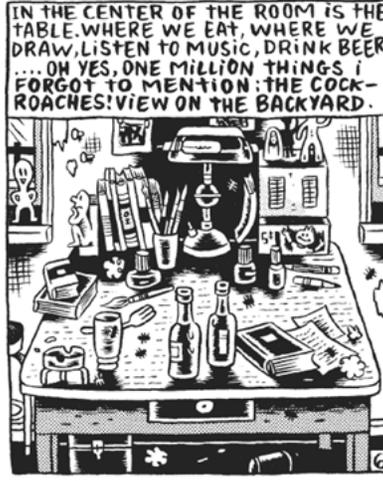


SO, FROM NOW ON, I WILL LIVE IN MANHATTAN, MORE EXACTLY IN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

IT'S A 45 MINUTES SUBWAY RIDE TO GET HOME!



75 FAIRVIEW AVENUE APARTMENT 3B. THE ROAD GOES UP A HILL AND ON ONE SIDE OF IT IS WHAT LOOKS LIKE A DUMP... IT'S ACTUALLY THE PEOPLE LIVING UP THE HILL WHO ARE THROWING THEIR GARBAGE OUT OF THEIR WINDOWS!.. UHM...



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18<sup>TH</sup> 1991 | THE NEW LIFE. FIRST WE WENT TO THE POST OFFICE TO RENT OUR P.O. BOX. THEN, AFTER, WE TOOK A WALK...



...HEY! THAT MAKES ME THINK: YOU WILL NEED TO OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT, RIGHT, DOLL?

OH... NO, LIKE, NOT FOR NOW.

JUST LIKE ABOUT EVERYDAY HE DOES! THAT'S SOMETHING I'M NOT USED TO. I USUALLY JUST STAY HOME, WHERE I FEEL SAFE.



BECAUSE... I HAVE TO GO BACK TO MON-TREAL ONCE IN A WHILE, TO GET MY MEDICATION, SO...

WAIT! STOP!.. JUST STAND IN FRONT OF THIS BOTANICA



BOTANICA



SMILE, ANGEL FACE! YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

BUT I LOVE WALKING AROUND WITH HIM...!



I MEAN I JUST HAVE TO PICK UP A BUNCH OF MONEY AT THE SAME TIME

I CAN COME WITH YOU SOMETIMES, JEWELS?

OH WOW YES, YES! ... THAT WOULD BE GREAT!..

JULIE! DON'T MOVE!



WH...? HA! YOU!..

BABY! I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO TONIGHT...



PEDRO'S BODEGA



I'LL BE BACK IN A SEC.

O..OK



SMITH'S BEER WAREHOUSE  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL - 273-1482

SPECIAL PACIFIC \$1.69  
SPECIAL BECH'S \$2.10  
SPECIAL SCHNEFEL \$0.79  
SPECIAL R. ROCK \$1.59

B.B...BBER WAREHOUSE!!

SLURP SLURP

AAAH YES!.. DO WE NEED ANY?



DON'T WORRY, BABY: I GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL...

THAT ONE NIGHT, WE DID "WHIPPETS" I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT "WHIPPETS" BEFORE... I GUESS I AM AN IGNORANT, OR MAY BE IT'S JUST HIM WHO'S PARTICULARLY RESOURCEFUL WHEN IT COMES TO DRUGS?



ALL YOU NEED TO DO "WHIPPETS" IS ONE OF THOSE SIPHON BOTTLE FOR WHIPPED CREAM AND THE COMPRESSED GAS CARTRIDGES THAT GO WITH IT. NO CREAM NEEDED.



YOU PUT THE CARTRIDGE IN THE SOCKET AND LET THE GAS IN THE EMPTY BOTTLE. AND... THE GAS IN YOUR LUNGS.



PSSSH!

FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT...

YOU GET A 20 SECONDS SWEET LITTLE BUZZ



IT'S NOT MUCH OF A CHEESE SHOP REALLY, IS IT?

BABY! ARE WE HOME??



WELL...

RING! RING! CLIK... COULD BE...

WELL... OKAY. HAVE YOU GOT ANY...

NOOOO!!! HA! HA! HA! HA!



BEEP! HELLO THIS IS A MESSAGE FOR JULIE DOUCET. I AM...

LIMBERGER? NO-THAT FIGURES...



FINEST IN THE DISTRICT, SIR- AN WHAT LEADS YOU



...TO THAT CONCLUSION! -WELL, IT'S SO CLEAN!

SATURDAY, APRIL 21<sup>ST</sup> 1991 MAY BE ONCE A WEEK, WE GO OUT, DOWN IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, OR AROUND THERE... TONIGHT, 'KAREN BLACK' IS PLAYING.



WANNA BE YOUR DOG? ...UHN... UHN...

YOUR DOG? ...UHN... UHN...

YOU CAN FIND THE "WHIPPETS" CARTRIDGES IN BOXES OF 20, IN ANY GOOD BODEGA UPTOWN...



HA! HA! HA! HA!

WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY UNCOMMONLY ILLUMINATED.

BY CHEESE! - YOU HAVEN'T...



...ASKED ME ABOUT LIMBERGER, SIR - IS IT WORTH IT?

CLAP YAAH CLAP CLAP CLAP WOO CLAP YEEAH CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

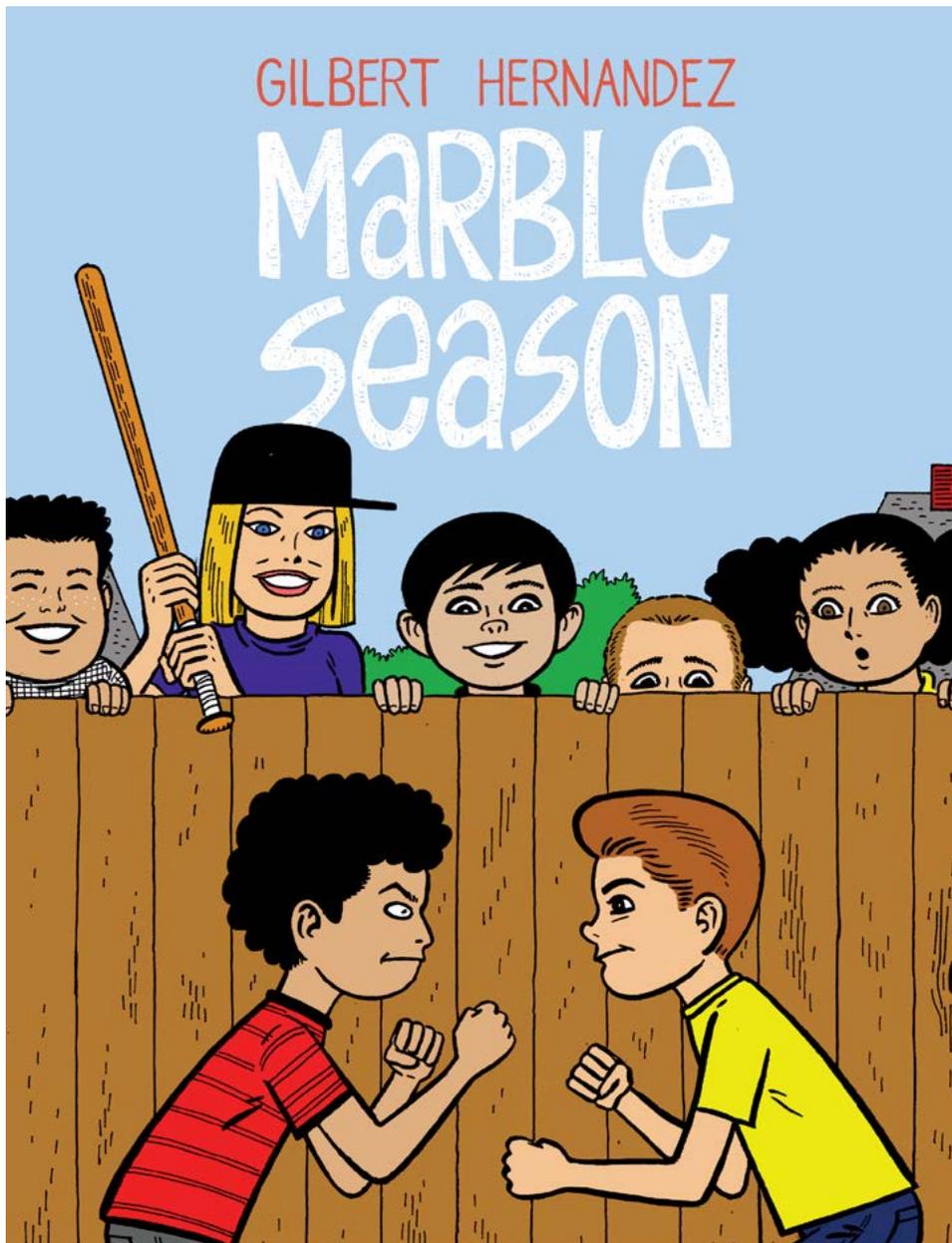


HEY-HEY MAN!!... LONG TIME NO SEE!





**Julie Doucet** was born near Montreal in 1965 and is best known for her frank, funny, and sometimes shocking comic book series *Dirty Plotte*, which changed the landscape of alternative cartooning. In the 1990s, Doucet moved between New York, Seattle, Berlin, and Montreal, publishing the graphic novels *My New York Diary*, *Lift Your Leg*, *My Fish is Dead!*, *My Most Secret Desire*, *The Madame Paul Affair*. In 2000, she quit comics to concentrate on other art forms. From these experiments emerged the collection of engravings and prints *Long Time Relationship*; her one-year visual journal, *365 Days*; and sassy collages from fumetto comics, *Carpet Sweeper Tales*. She published her most recent book, *Time Zone J* in 2022 and was the first woman cartoonist from Quebec to win the Grand Prix d'Angoulême that same year.



# MARBLE SEASON

## GILBERT HERNANDEZ

**A love letter to growing up with comics from one of the art form's great modern masters**

In *Marble Season*, Harvey and Eisner Award winner Gilbert Hernandez revisits the golden age of the American dream and the silver age of comics.

Middle child Huey stages backyard Captain America plays and treasures his older brother's comic book collection almost as much as his approval. It's a simpler time: when shooting marbles, trading Mars Attacks cards, and the excitement of the latest comic you could get your hands on reigned supreme. This evocative story of a young family navigating cultural and neighborhood norms in a majority Latino community brings forth a snapshot of mid-century Americana that goes all too often unseen. The joyful, creative play of childhood might gradually bend under the pressure of name-calling naysayers and abusive bullies—but it certainly doesn't break.

Drawing from his own upbringing in 1960s suburban California, Hernandez delivers a modern literary classic about the redemptive and timeless power of storytelling and play.

### **PRAISE FOR MARBLE SEASON**

"In this semi-autobiographical tale, Mr. Hernandez captures the wonder of childhood—the joy of imagination, an apprecia-

tion for comic books and all the ultimately petty but seemingly world-shattering trials and tribulations of friendships during that time in one's life."—*The New York Times*

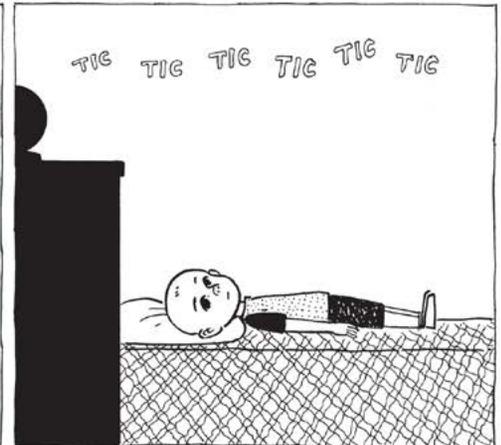
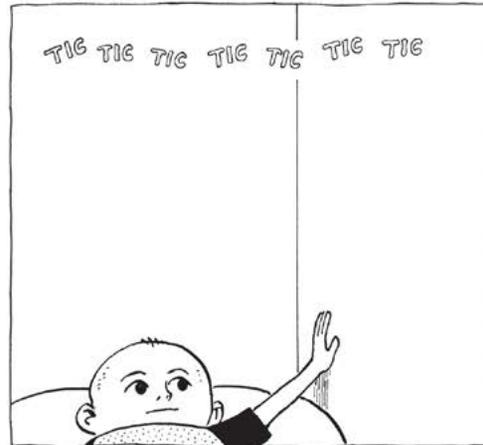
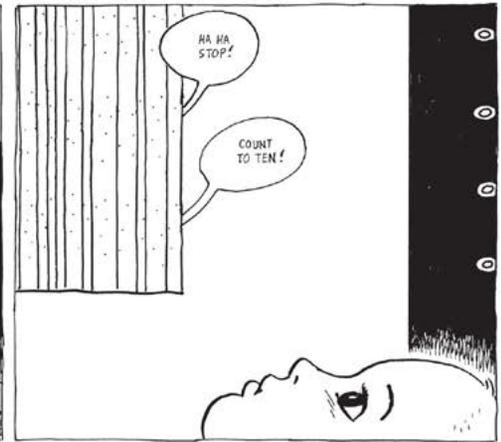
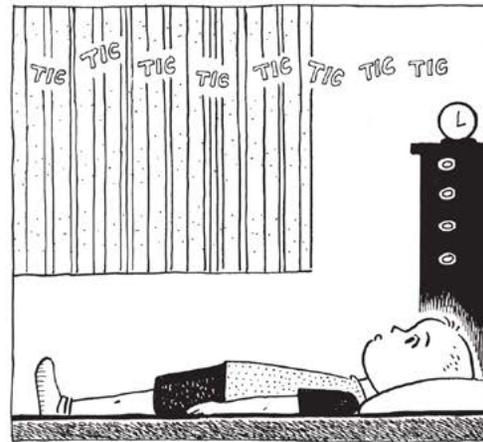
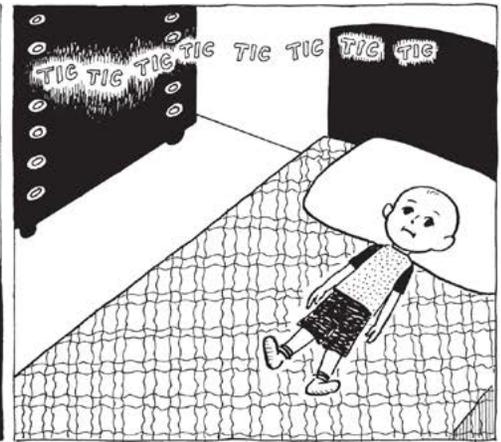
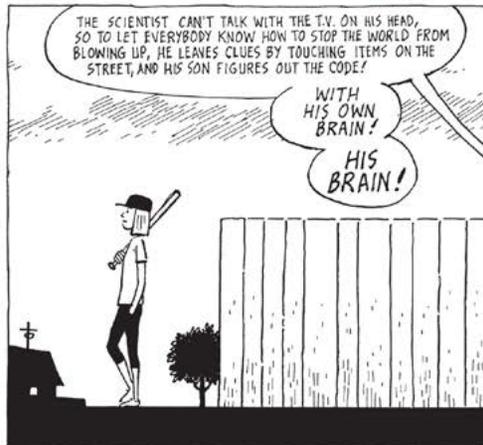
"Hernandez is brilliant on the particular embarrassments of growing up...and on the way its disappointments, however trivial, linger into adulthood...*Marble Season* is a treat: beady, nostalgic and sometimes unexpectedly piercing."—*The Guardian*

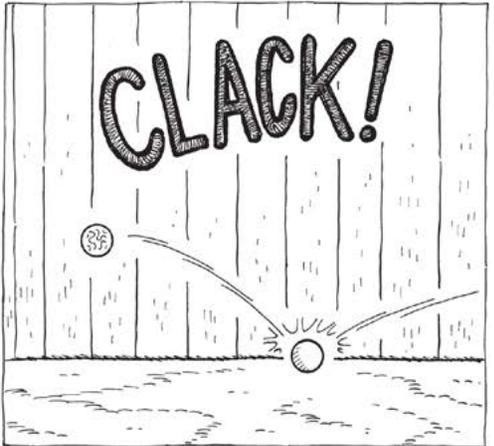
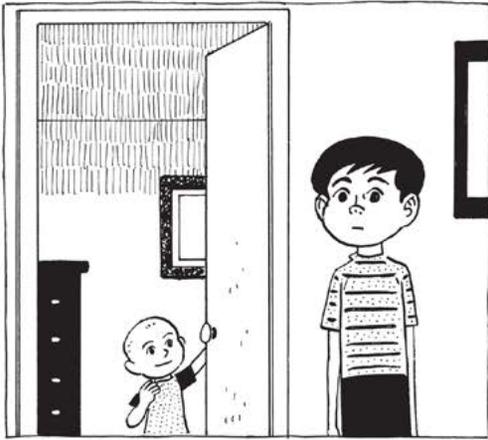
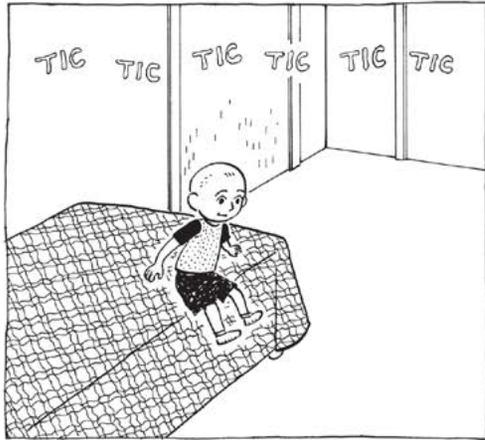
"*Marble Season* sometimes feels like one long, seamless shot of budding love, brimming with violence and suddenly struck friendships. This is a highly physical, meta-Peanuts suburban universe in which adults are off-camera, but navigating other kids is plenty harrowing."—*The Washington Post*

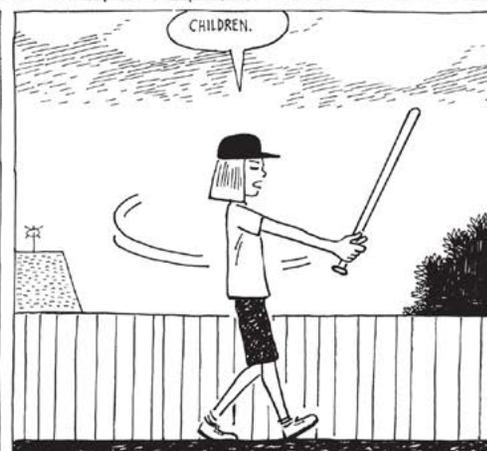
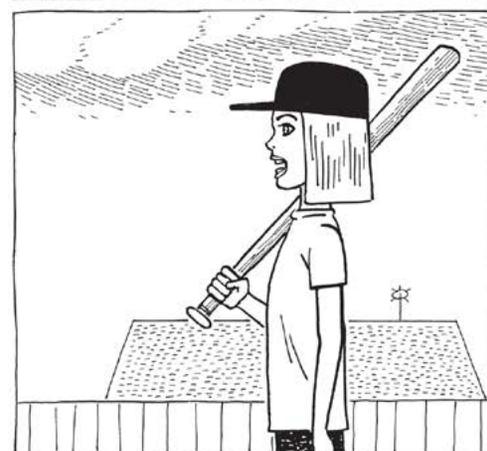
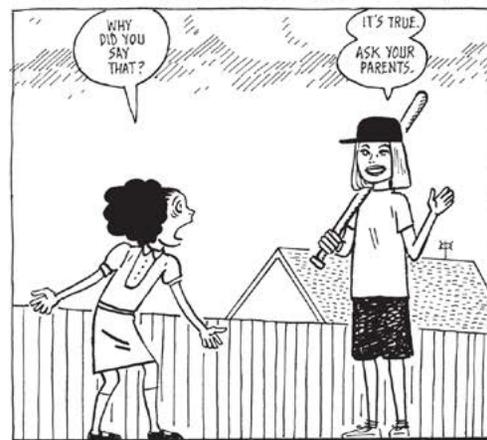
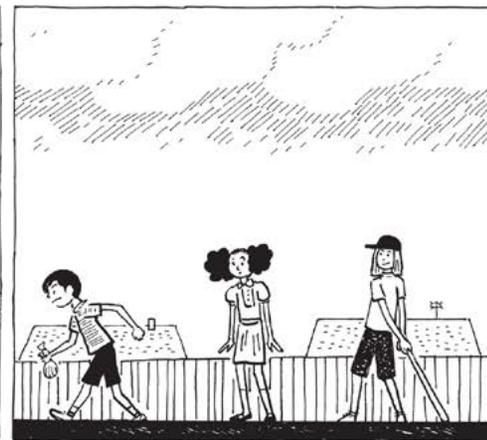
"Set in a lower-middle-class multiracial Southwestern suburb in the early 1960s, *Marble Season* is a wonderfully evocative account of a group of kids for whom popular culture...serve as both a lingua franca and a not wholly reliable guide to the mysteries of social life...in *Marble Season*, the slow encroachment of adolescence, both a threat and a promise, gives the work emotional heft."—*The Globe & Mail*

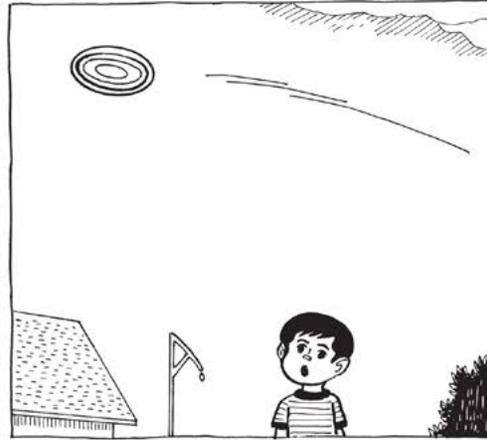
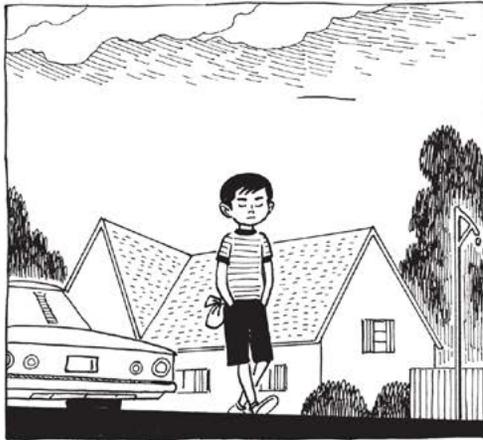
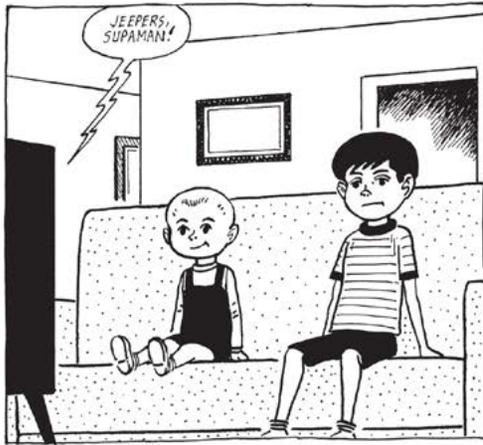
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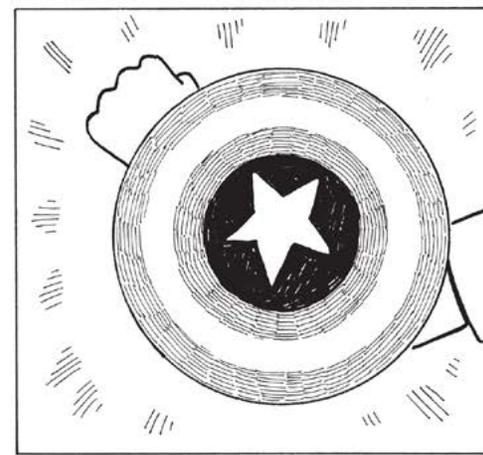
DECEMBER 2026 • \$21 USD / \$26 CAD • B&W • 7.3125" X 9.5" • 128 PAGES  
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**Gilbert Hernandez** was born in 1957 in Oxnard, California, a middle child in a family of six children. Alongside his brothers Jaime and Mario, Gilbert co-created and contributed to the acclaimed comic book series *Love and Rockets*, which celebrates its 45th anniversary in 2026. Hernandez was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 2017.

# DRAWN & QUARTERLY

## FALL 2026

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

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