DRAWN & QUARTERLY

JANUARY 2027

PICTURE THIS

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION

LYNDA BARRY

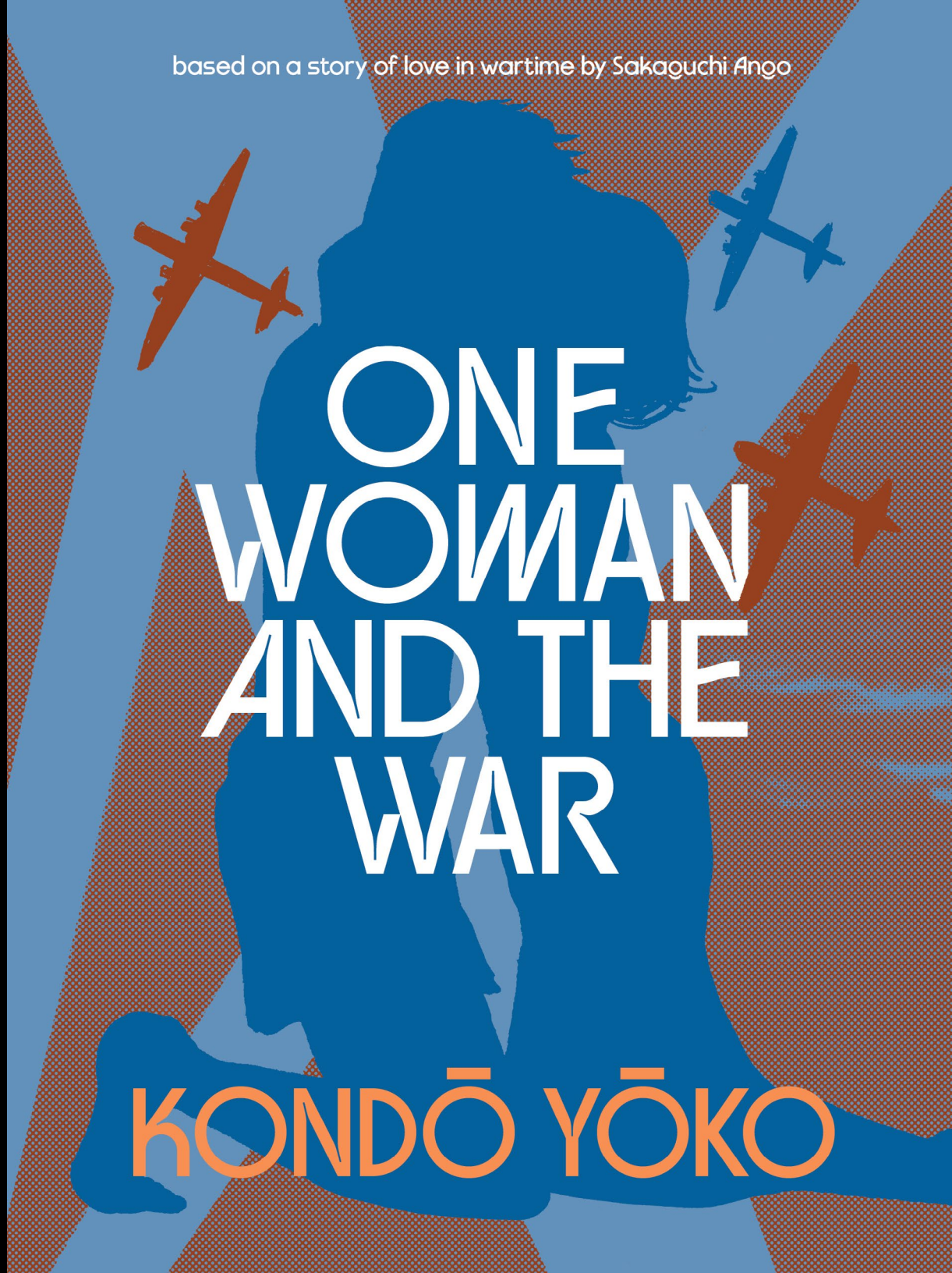
ONE WOMAN AND THE WAR

YŌKO KONDŌ

TRANSLATED BY DAVID BOYD

MOOMINLAND MIDWINTER

TOVE JANSSON





FOC: DEC 14

FULL TITLE LIST

MOOMINLAND MIDWINTER

TOVE JANSSON

D&Q reintroduces Tove Jansson's beloved Moomin chapter books to a whole new generation of readers in a deluxe hardcover format.

"They always slept from November to April, because such was the custom of their forefathers and Moomins stick to tradition." That is, until Moomintroll accidentally wakes in the middle of the night and can't get back to sleep. What awaits is a frighteningly unfamiliar world: dark, cold, and ultimately lonely. What's Moomintroll to do?

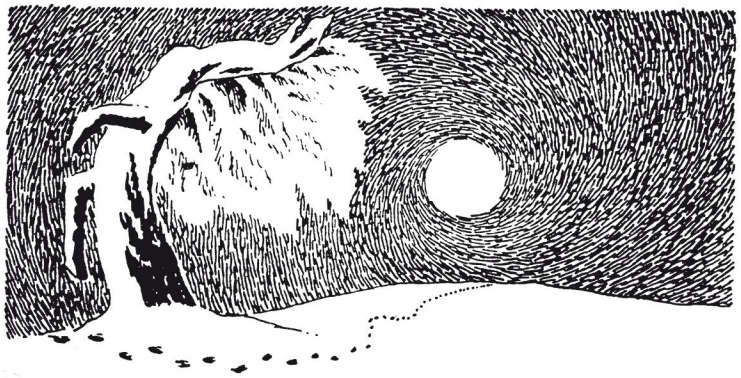
In *Moominland Midwinter*, Tove Jansson reveals Moominvalley as it's never been seen before–not even by a Moomin! With his new friends Too-ticky, Sorry-oo, The Groke, and the utterly indomitable Little My, Moomintroll faces his fears and weathers the winter chill to become the first Moomin to live through an entire year. Jansson's classic mid-century tale of friendship and finding your self-confidence is a timeless reminder that no matter how long the winter, spring always returns anew.

PRAISE FOR *MOOMINLAND WINTER*

"Jansson's intelligent intimacy and humor suffuses the books and her letters."—Sheila Heti, *The New Yorker*

"Among the most perfect children's books ever written, haunting and warm and wise."—Ty Burr, *The Boston Globe*

JANUARY 2027 • $22 USD / $28 CAD • B&W • 5.5" X 8.25" • 144 PAGES
HARDCOVER • JUVENILE FICTION/CLASSICS • ISBN 978-1-77046-885-6



CHAPTER 1

About the snowed-in drawing room

The sky was almost black, but the snow shone a bright blue in the moonlight.

The sea lay asleep under the ice, and deep down among the roots of the earth all small beasts were sleeping and dreaming of spring. But spring was quite a bit away because the year had only just got a little past New Year's.

At the point where the valley began its soft slope toward the mountains stood a snowed-in house. It looked very lonely and rather like a crazy drift of snow. Quite near it ran a bend of the river, coal-black between ice-edges. The current kept the stream open all winter. But there were no tracks leading over the bridge, and no one had touched the snowdrifts around the house.

Inside, the house was warm and cozy. Heaps of peat were quietly smoldering in the central-heating stove down in the cellar. The moon looked in sometimes at the drawing-room window, lighting on the white winter covers of the chairs and on the cut-glass chandelier in its white gauze dust cover. And in the drawing room also, grouped around the biggest porcelain stove of the house, the Moomin family lay sleeping their long winter sleep.

They always slept from November to April, because such was the custom of their forefathers, and Moomins stick to tradition. They all had a good meal of pine needles in their stomachs, just as their ancestors used to have, and beside their beds each had hopefully laid out everything likely to be needed in early spring: spades, magnifying glasses and films, wind gauges, and the like.

The silence was deep and expectant.

Every now and then somebody sighed and curled deeper down under the quilt.

The streak of moonlight wandered from rocking chair to drawing-room table, crawled over the brass knobs of the bed end, and shone straight in Moomintroll's face.

And now something happened that had never happened before, not since the first Moomin took to his hibernating den. Moomintroll awoke and found that he couldn't go back to sleep again.

He looked at the moonlight and the ice ferns on the window. He listened to the humming of the stove in the cellar and felt more and more awake and astonished. Finally he rose and padded over to Moominmamma's bed.

He pulled at her ear very cautiously, but she didn't awake. She just curled into an uninterested ball.

"If not even Mother wakes up it's no use trying the others," Moomintroll thought and went along by himself on a round through the unfamiliar and mysterious house. All the clocks had stopped ages ago, and a fine coat of dust covered everything. On the drawing-room table still stood the soup tureen with pine needles left over from November. And inside its muslin dress the cut-glass chandelier was softly jingling to itself.

All at once Moomintroll felt frightened and stopped short in the warm darkness beside the streak of moonlight. He was so terribly lonely.

"Mother! Wake up!" Moomintroll shouted. "All the world's got lost!" He went back and pulled at her quilt.

But Moominmamma didn't wake up. For a moment her dreams of summer became uneasy and troubled, but she wasn't able to open her eyes. Moomintroll curled up on the rug next to her bed, and the long winter night went on.

At dawn the snowdrift on the roof began to move. It went slithering down a bit, then it resolutely coasted



over the roof edge and sat down with a soft thump.

Now all the windows were buried, and only a weak grey light found its way inside. The drawing room looked more unreal than ever, as if it were deep under the earth.

Moomintroll pricked up his ears and listened long. Then he lit the oil lamp and padded along to the chest of drawers to read Snufkin's spring letter. It lay, as usual, under the little meerschaum tram car, and it was very much like the other spring letters that Snufkin had left behind when he went off to the South each year in October.

It began with the word "Cheerio" in his big round hand. The letter itself was short:

CHEERIO

Sleep well and keep your chin up. First warm spring day you'll have me here again. Don't start the dam building without me.

SNUFKIN

Moomintroll read the letter several times, and suddenly he felt hungry.

He went out in the kitchen. It, too, was miles and miles under the earth, as it were, and looked dismally tidy and empty. The larder was just as desolate. He found nothing there, except a bottle of loganberry syrup that had fermented, and half a packet of dusty crackers.

Moomintroll made himself comfortable under the kitchen table and began to chew. He read Snufkin's letter once more.

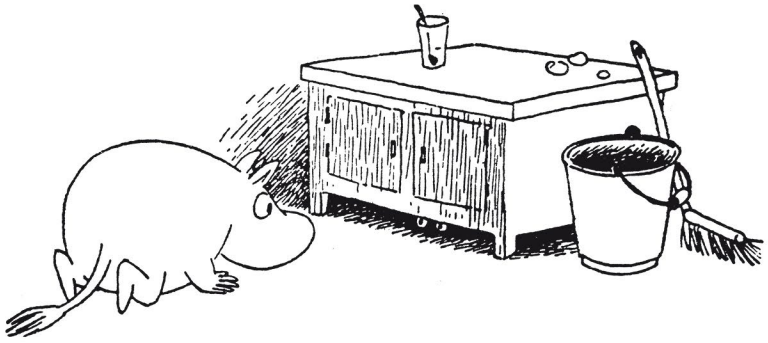
After that he stretched out on his back and looked at the square wooden clumps under the table corners. The kitchen was silent.

"Cheerio," whispered Moomintroll. "Sleep well and keep your chin up. First warm spring day," he said, slightly louder. And then he sang at the top of his voice: "You'll have me here again! You'll have me here, and spring's in the air, and it's warm and fair, and we'll be here, and there we are, and here and there in any year—"

He stopped short when he caught sight of two small eyes that gleamed out at him from under the sink.

He stared back, and the kitchen was silent as before. Then the eyes disappeared.

"Wait," Moomintroll shouted anxiously. He crept toward the sink, softly calling all the while: "Come out, won't you? Don't be afraid! I'm good. Come back . . ."



But whoever it was that lived under the sink didn't come back. Moomintroll laid out a string of cracker crumbs on the floor and poured a little puddle of loganberry syrup.

When he came back to the drawing room the crystals in the chandelier greeted him with a melancholy jingle.

"I'm off," Moomintroll said sternly to the chandelier. "I'm tired of you all, and I'm going south to meet Snufkin." He went to the front door and tried to open it, but it had frozen fast.

He ran whimpering from window to window and tried them all, but they were also stuck hard. And so the lonely Moomintroll rushed up to the attic, managed to lift the chimney-sweep's hatch, and clambered out onto the roof.

A wave of cold air received him.

He lost his breath, slipped, and rolled over the edge.

And so Moomintroll was helplessly thrown out into a strange and dangerous world and dropped up to his ears in the first snowdrift of his experience. It felt unpleasantly prickly to his velvet skin, but at the same time his nose caught a new smell. It was a more serious smell than any he had met before, and slightly frightening. But it made him wide awake and greatly interested.

The valley was enveloped in a kind of grey twilight. It also wasn't green any longer, it was white. Everything that had once moved had become immobile. There were no living sounds. Everything angular was now rounded.

"This is snow," Moomintroll whispered to himself. "I've heard about it from Mother, and it's called snow."

Without Moomintroll knowing a thing about it, at that moment his velvet skin decided to start growing woollier. It decided to become, by and by, a coat of fur for winter use. That would take some time, but at least the decision was made. And that's always a good thing.

Meanwhile Moomintroll was laboriously plodding along through the snow. He went down to the river. It was the same river that used to scuttle, transparent and jolly, through Moomintroll's summer garden. Now it looked quite unlike itself. It was black and listless. It also belonged to this new world in which he didn't feel at home.





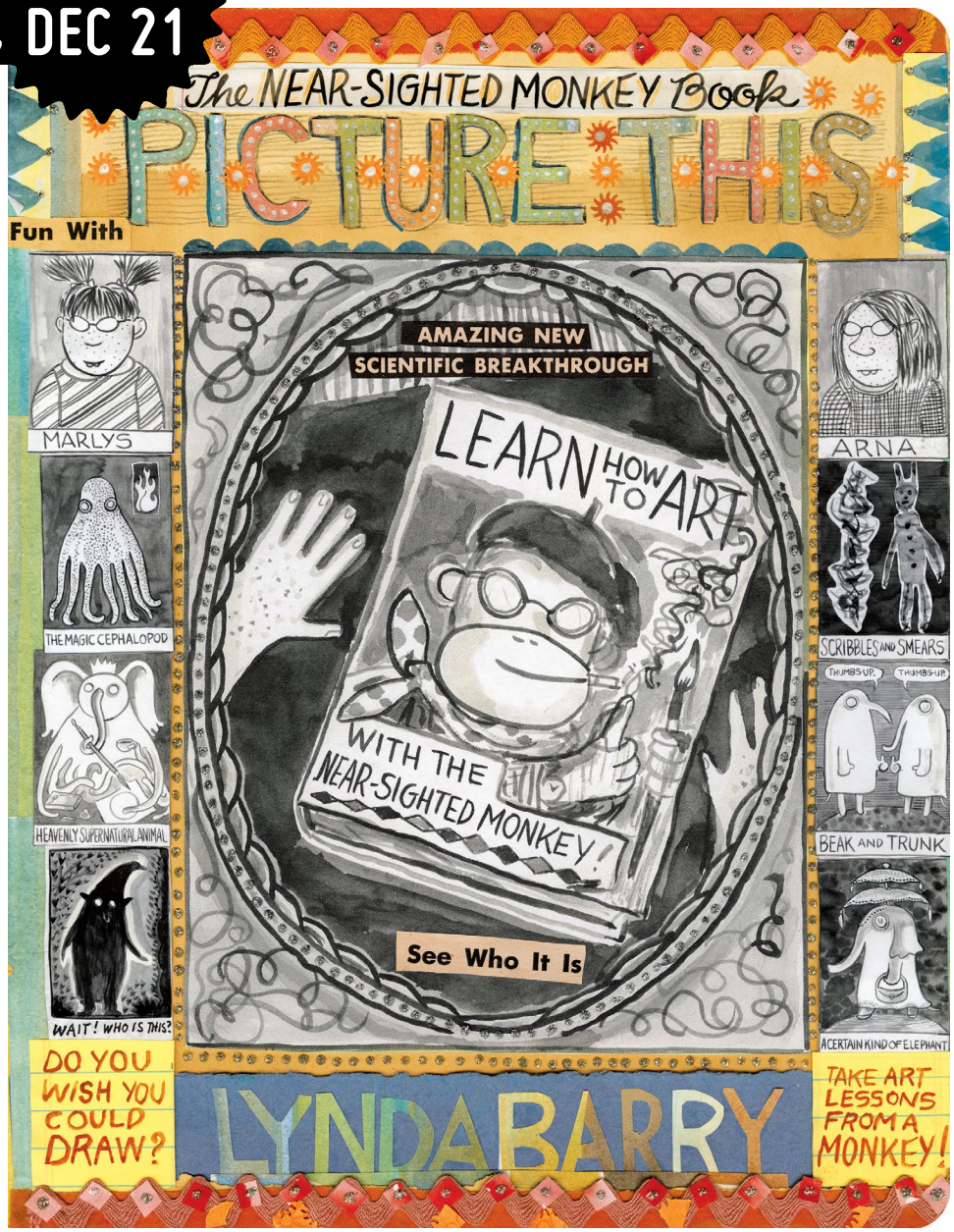


Tove Jansson (1914–2001) was a legendary Finnish children's book author, artist, and creator of the Moomins, who came to life in children's books, comic strips, theater, opera, film, radio, theme parks, and TV.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON TOVE JANSSON

FULL TITLE LIST

FOC: DEC 21



FULL TITLE LIST

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION!

PICTURE THIS

LYNDA BARRY

Veteran cartoonist and MacArthur Genius grant recipient Lynda Barry's critically acclaimed creativity guide *Picture This*, the drawing companion to *What It Is*—now available in paperback!

Beloved cartoonist and educator Lynda Barry takes readers along for the ride of their lives in this incredible peek at her creative process. *Picture This* is one part book-within-a-book found by young Arna at the library (to her good friend Marlys's utter annoyance), and one part choose-your-own-adventure mind map to overcoming every fear you didn't know you had about drawing.

If Barry's Eisner-Award winning book *What It Is* posed, explored, and answered the question "Do you wish you could write?," *Picture This* does the same with the question, "Do you wish you could draw?" This charmingly unconventional mix of autobio cartooning, collage, and free association through the joy of the doodle lays the groundwork for the full Lynda Barry experience as seen in her other books *Syllabus* and *Making Comics*.

This lush new paperback edition of a D&Q classic invites readers of all ages to nurture a drawing practice in a manner that is accessible to all who wish to learn.

PRAISE FOR *PICTURE THIS*

"In more than 200 pages of riotously distinct collages made with brush and paint, notebook paper, cutouts, tape and glue, Barry sets out to show you—no, to remind you of—the pleasures of inking, smudging and, most important, fumbling your way to inspiration."—*The New York Times*

"In her memoir-cum-workbooks—*What It Is* and *Picture This*—Barry puts her many talents into play. The books' dense collages, lively cartoons, and hand-drawn text use autobiographical tidbits and philosophical flights of fancy to explore the creative impulse."—*The Paris Review*

JANUARY 2027 • $23 USD / $28 CAD • 4-COLOR • 7.4375" X 9.625" • 228 PAGES
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VOLUME LXXIII • NUMBER

PICTURE THIS

A magazine for imaginary creatures and the people who see them



BEAK

TRUNK

Winter

All the sky was dark and gray,
On that chilly, winter day;
In the woods and on the hill
Every tree was bare and still.

Sun—circle with dot
Moon—crescent

January 1928

FEBRUARY, 1950

MARCH, 1959

Man—head, body, arms and legs
Tree—branches, trunk, roots

Write us

Send for Free Classroom Helps

An attractive colored wall chart entitled "Why imaginary creatures smoke Don't" today, giving name of school, principal or superintendent, grade and number of pupils. Address

Name.....

School.....

City.....State.....

NOTE: If any local dairy delivers milk to your school, we would appreciate your filling in the dairy's name below.

Name of Dairy.....

Address.....

IN WINTER

SMOKE DON'T

The Imaginary Cigarette
with Controllable Smoke

This issue brought to you by Don't Ciggrettes Imaginary flavor, imaginary fun.

JANUARY • 1957 • VOLUME LXXIV • NUMBER

IN THIS ISSUE....

When leaves are thick in summer wood,
Then Bunny wears a coat of brown;
For Mother Nature thinks he should
Be thus attired. Up and down

The shaded paths he takes his way,
Blending with thicket and with tree;
And from his enemies he may
Conceal himself quite easily.

But when Old Winter looms in sight,
And snow and ice drape oak and pine,
Above the brown hairs grow the white,
Till Bunny has an ulster fine!

A warm, white ulster—very good
For winter wear; and eyes are keen
Which can see Bunny in the wood,
Outlined against the wintry scene!



DOTS
LINES
BLOTS
STAINS
SCRAPS
SCRIBBLES
WADS
DRIPS
SHAPES
HOLES
BEATNIK ART
MONKEYS
RABBITS
MONSTERS
SMOKING
SHADOWS
TELEVISION
CHICKENS
GIVING UP



We swim.
We see icicles.
We wear heavy coats
We go wading.
We go coasting.
We sit on the grass.
We skate.
We go barefoot.
We wear sun suits.
We make snow men.
We go on picnics.
We throw snowballs.
We drink lemonade.
We wear warm caps.







. . . the weather gets colder, and he starts to change color! When the ground is covered with snow . . .



. . . he has become all white — perfectly camouflaged once again!



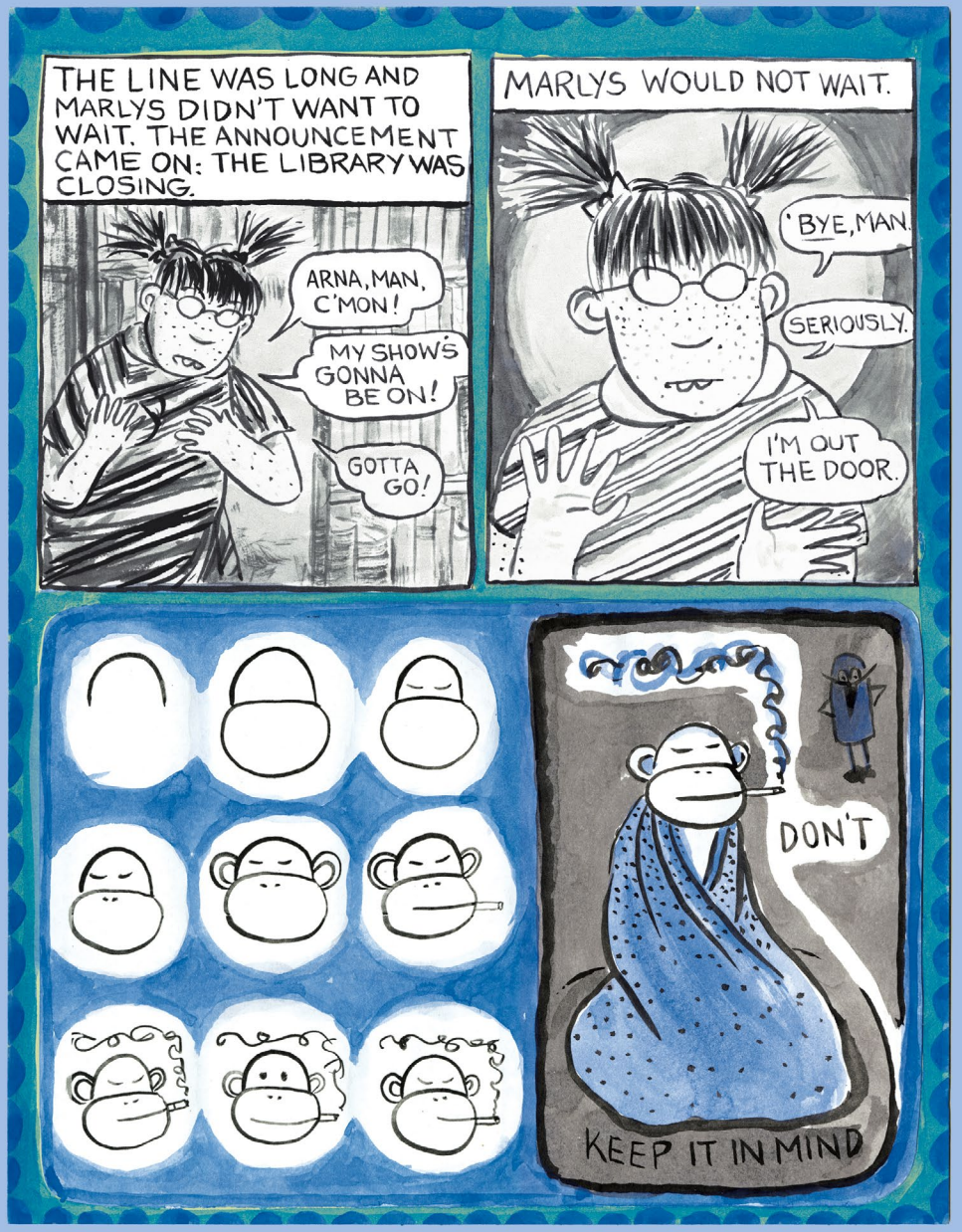


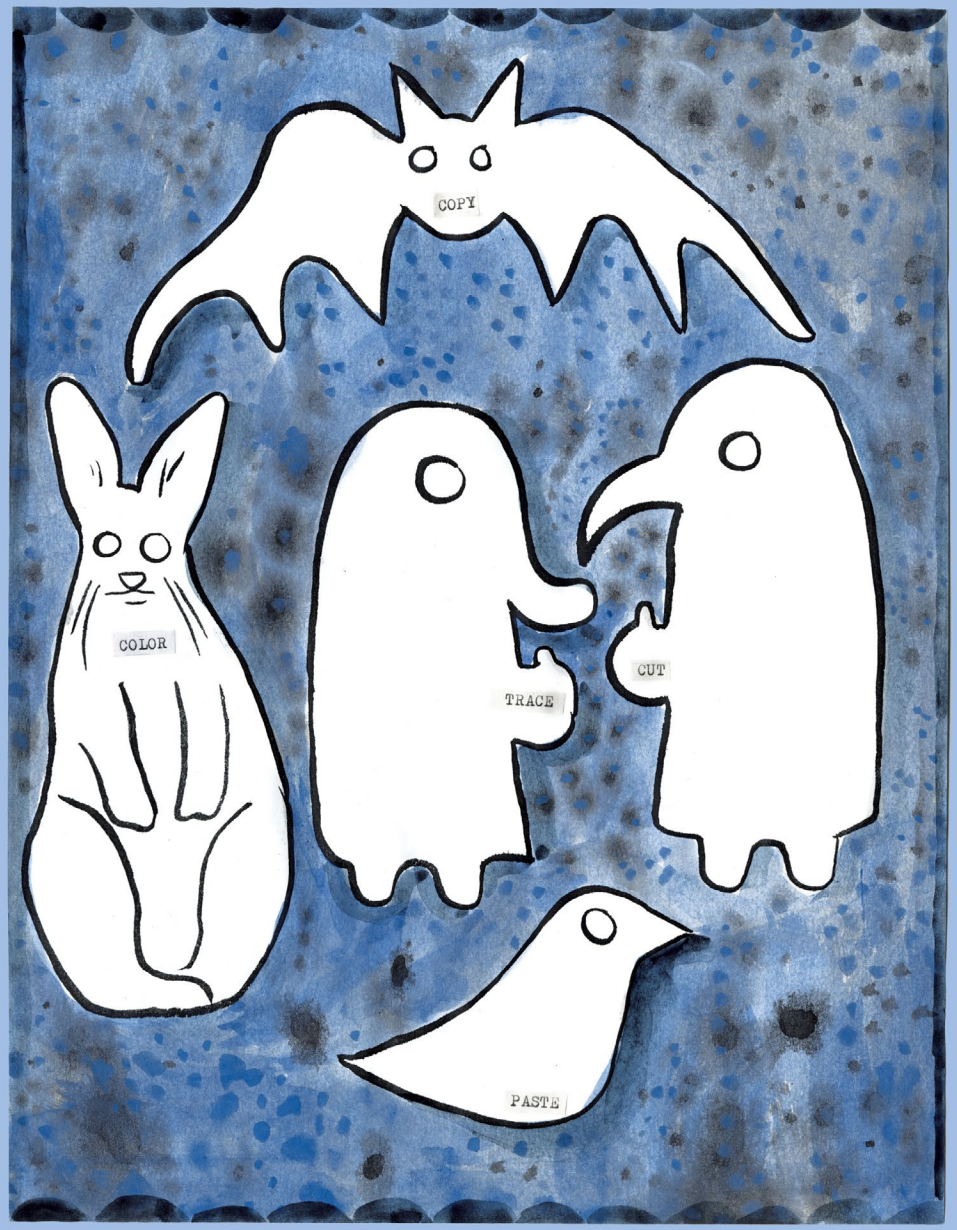



IT WAS AN ACTIVITY BOOK BUT THE ACTIVITIES WERE MYSTERIOUS.
THUMBSUP
MR. TRUNK MUST FIND THE LINE THAT LEADS TO DONT
DONT
THE IMAGINARY CIGARETTE


THE NEAR SIGHTED MONKEY WON'T FOLD


WAS IT A BOOK FOR KIDS OR GROWN-UPS? THE MONKEY DRANK BEER, PLAYED CARDS AND BOUGHT LOTTERY TICKETS. WAS THAT A GOOD INFLUENCE?
THE NEAR SIGHTED M
SHOULD SHE CHECK OUT THIS BOOK OR NOT?
PICTURE
THE NEAR-SIGHTED
THIS
THE NEAR-SIGHTED MONKEY DRANK ALL YOUR WINE AND READ ALL YOUR TABLOIDS AGAIN
BANANA SLIMS
YOU'VE SWUNG A LONG WAY, MONKEY
A PERFECT DAY BEGINS WITH
DO N'T
FILTER KING'S BLUE
THE IMAGINARY CIGARETTE
DON'T WARN MONKEY
Try One!

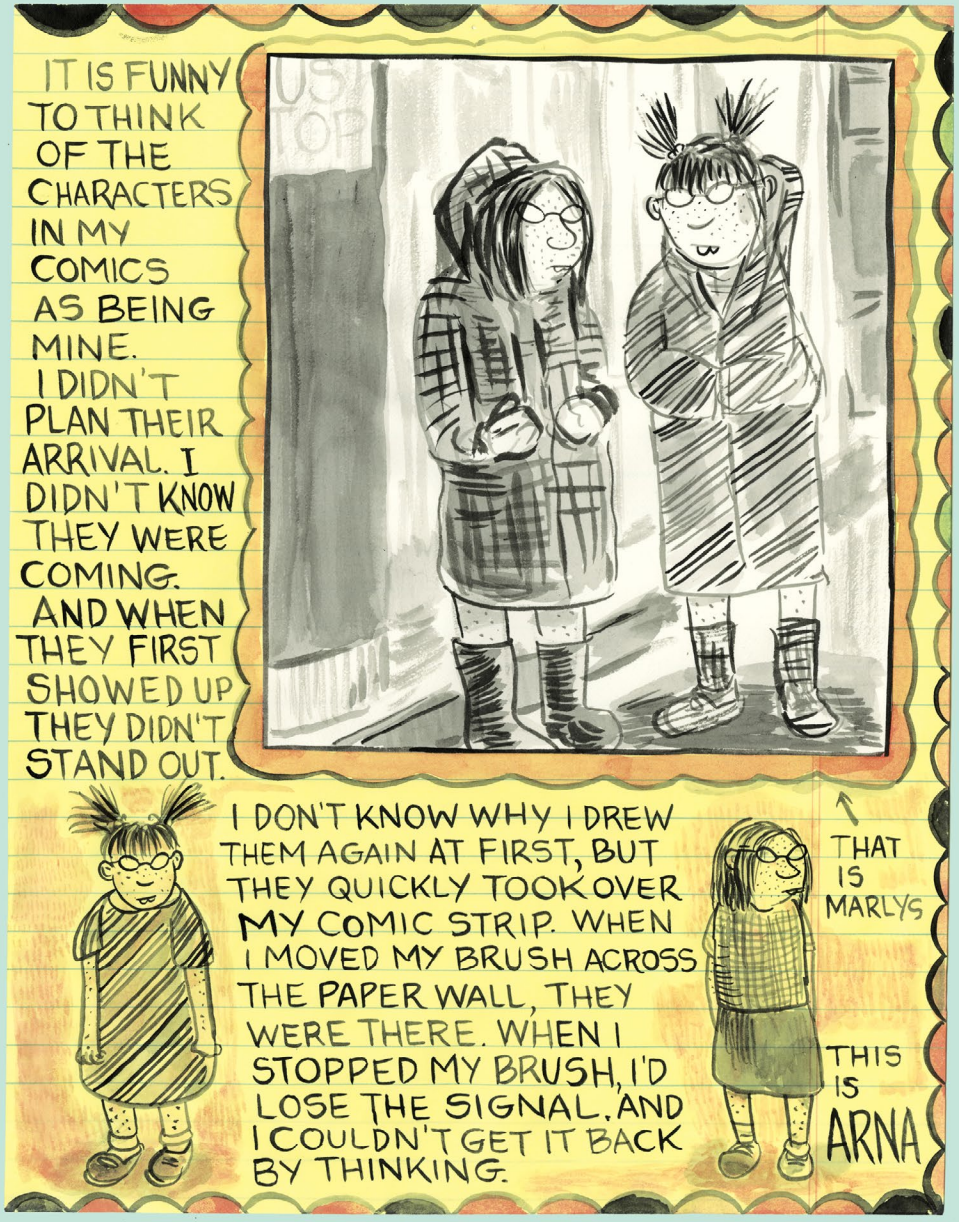

THE LINE WAS LONG AND MARLYS DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT. THE ANNOUNCEMENT CAME ON: THE LIBRARY WAS CLOSING.
ARNA, MAN, C'MON!
MY SHOW'S GONNA BE ON!
GOTTA GO!
MARLYS WOULD NOT WAIT.
BYE, MAN.
SERIOUSLY.
I'M OUT THE DOOR.
DON'T
KEEP IT IN MIND


COPY
COLOR
TRACE
CUT
PASTE


TEMPLATES to copy, cut, trace and color


"COLORING BOOKS ARE BAD FOR YOU," MAYBONNE SAID. "THEY WRECK YOUR IMAGINATION."
NO.
WHAT'S BAD FOR YOU IS SMOKING, MAN.
IT'S NOT CREATIVE.


IF YOU USE COLORING BOOKS PAST THE AGE OF TEN, YOU WILL WRECK YOUR IMAGINATION FOREVER.
WHO SAYS?
ALL THE SCIENTISTS.
JUST WARNIN' YA





Lynda Barry has worked as a painter, cartoonist, writer, illustrator, playwright, editor, commentator, and teacher and found that they are very much alike. She lives in Wisconsin, where she is associate professor of art and Discovery Fellow at University of Wisconsin Madison.

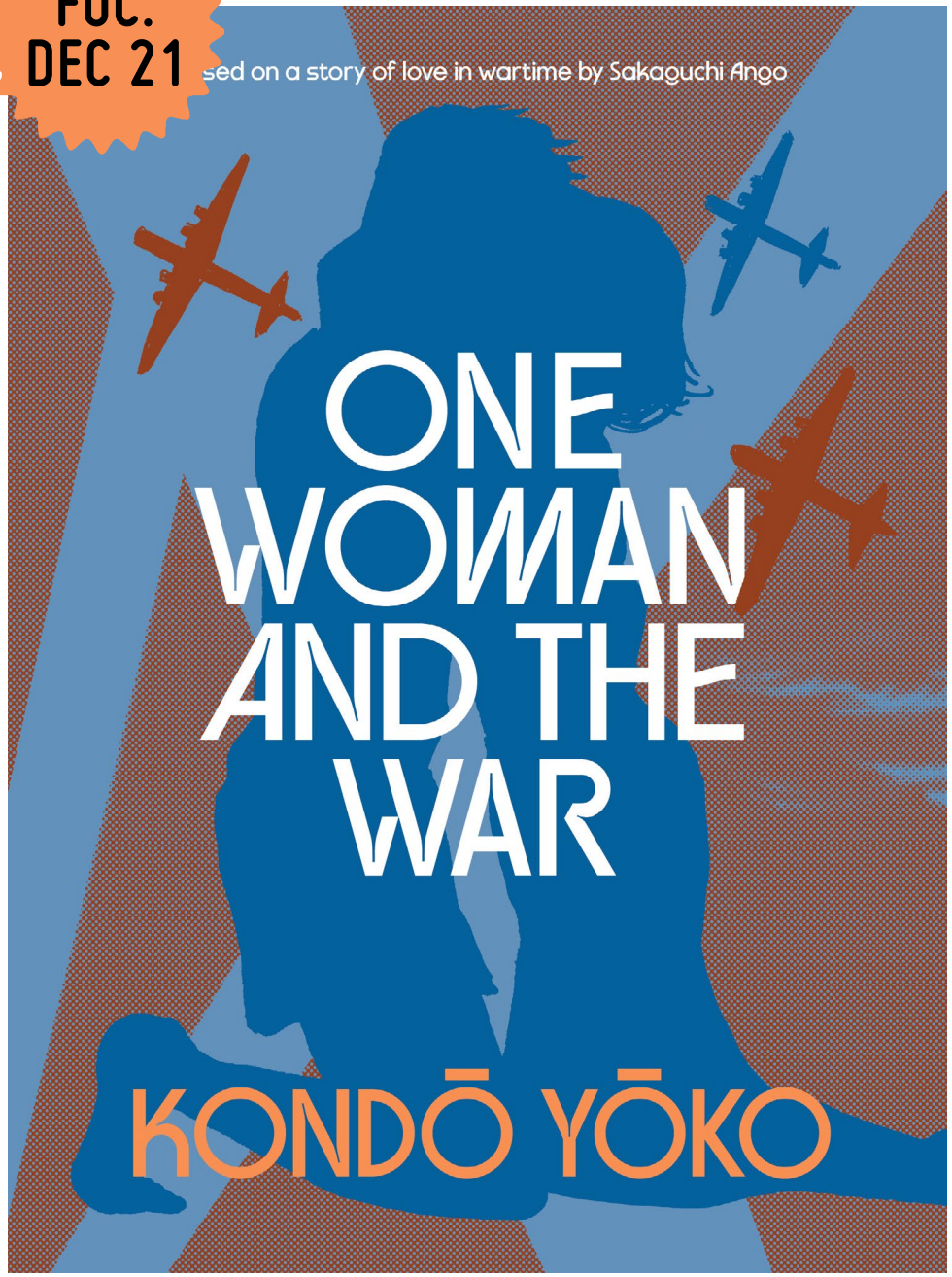
Barry is the inimitable creator behind the seminal comic strip that was syndicated across North America in alternative weeklies for two decades, *Ernie Pook's Comeek*, featuring the incomparable Marlys and Freddy. She is the author of *The Freddie Stories*, *One! Hundred! Demons!*, *The! Greatest! of! Marlys!*, *Cruddy: An Illustrated Novel*, *Naked Ladies! Naked Ladies! Naked Ladies!*, and *The Good Times are Killing Me*, which was adapted as an off-Broadway play and won the Washington State Governor's Award.

She has written four bestselling and acclaimed creative how-to graphic novels for Drawn & Quarterly, *What It Is* which won the Eisner Award for Best Reality Based Graphic Novel and R.R. Donnelly Award for highest literary achievement by a Wisconsin author; *Picture This*; *Syllabus: Notes From an Accidental Professor,* and *Making Comics*, which received two Eisner Awards and appeared on numerous best of the year lists including the *New York Times*. In 2019 she received a MacArthur Genius Grant. Barry was born in Wisconsin in 1956.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON LYNDA BARRY

FULL TITLE LIST

FOC:
DEC 21



FULL TITLE LIST

ONE WOMAN AND THE WAR

KONDŌ YŌKO

TRANSLATED BY DAVID BOYD

A melancholic portrait of Tokyo at the edge of collapse during the final days of World War II, by a celebrated *Garo* cartoonist.

Adapted from Sakaguchi Ango's famous historical fiction/romance writing, the graphic novel follows two people bound not by love, but by proximity to ruin.

A former sex worker, she is emotionally sealed off, incapable of feeling pleasure in any familiar way. A writer, he is numb and adrift, and drawn to her detachment from the unraveling world.

Together, they have made an agreement: they will stay together until the war ends—or they die.

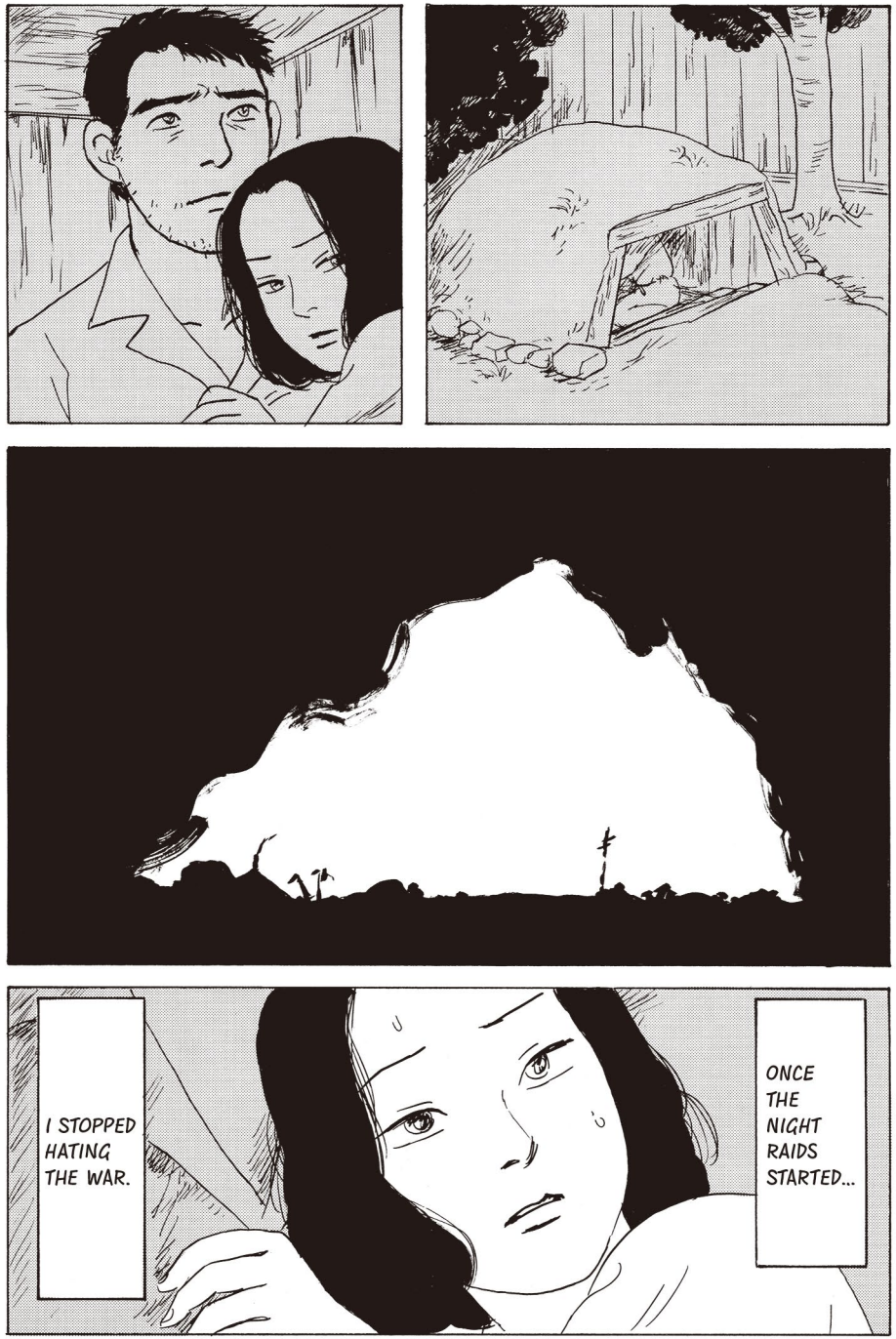
Drifting through bomb shelters, burned-out streets, and nights heavy with smoke, desire, and resignation, terror becomes a strange fascination; destruction takes on an erotic charge. There is something beautiful, almost intoxicating, about the end.

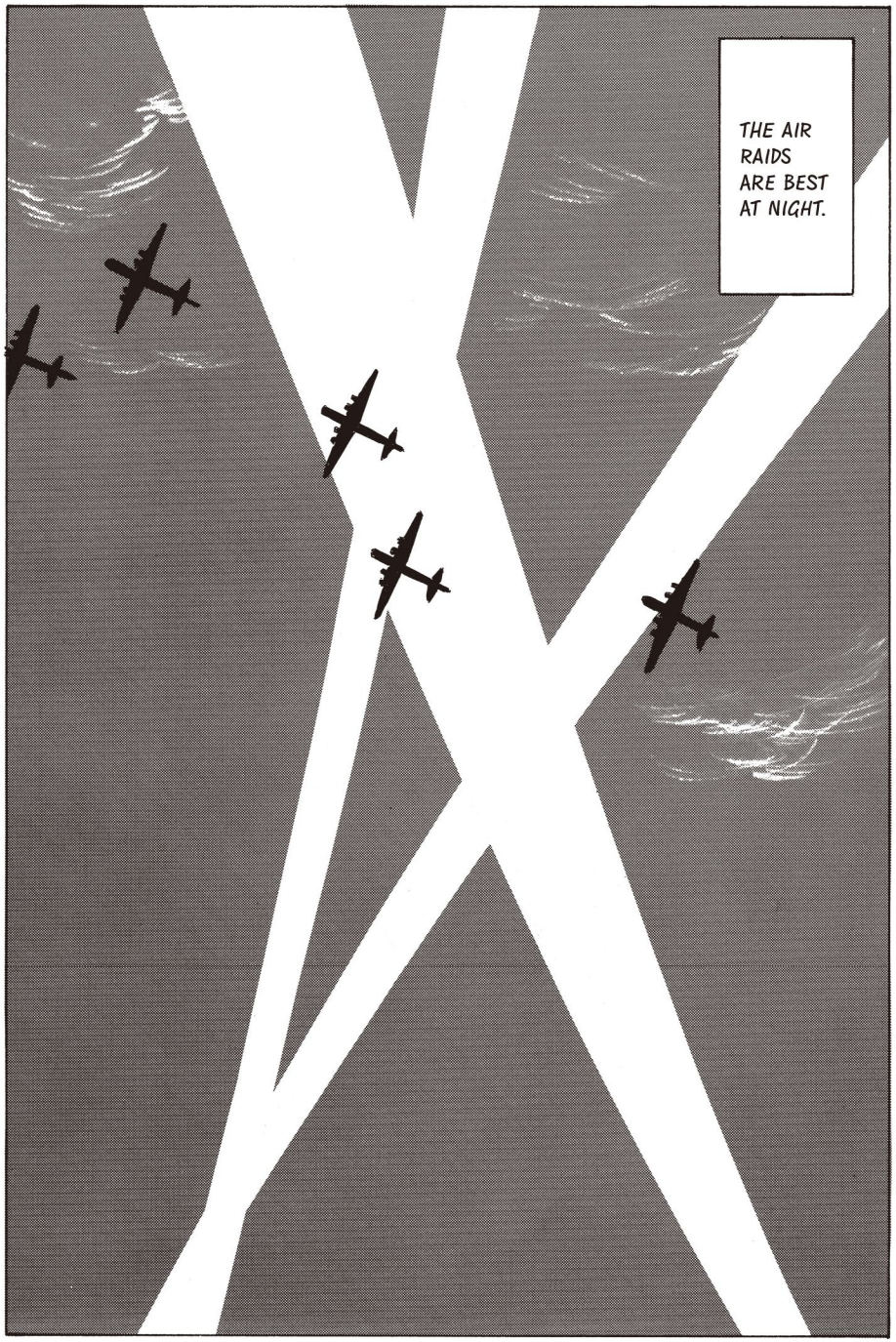
Kondō's minimalist manga style heightens the void—thin lines, empty rooms, distant gazes.

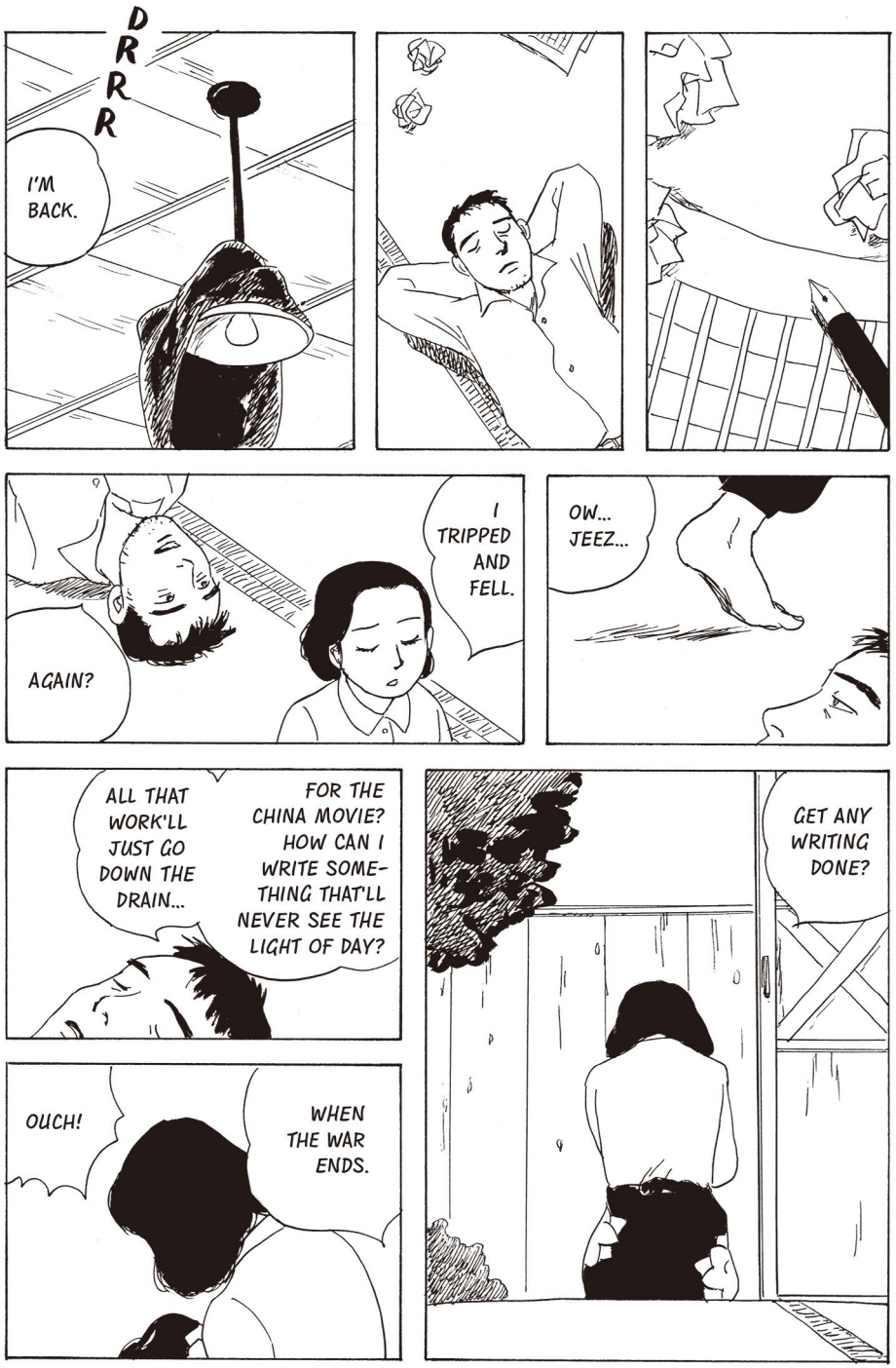
Translated by award-winning David Boyd (*Breasts and Eggs*), this long-awaited release will be an instant classic.

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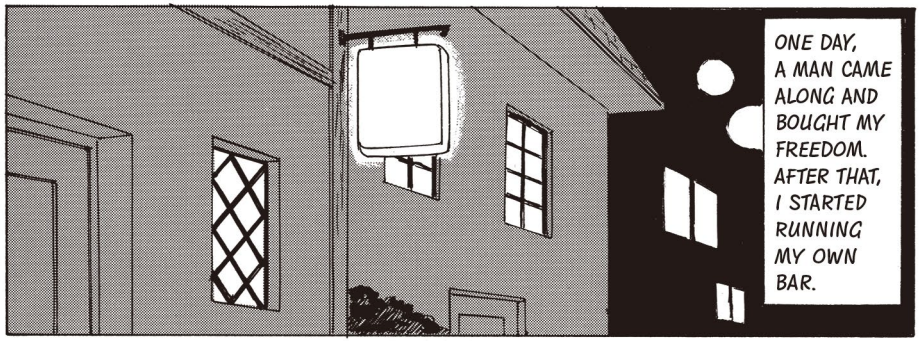


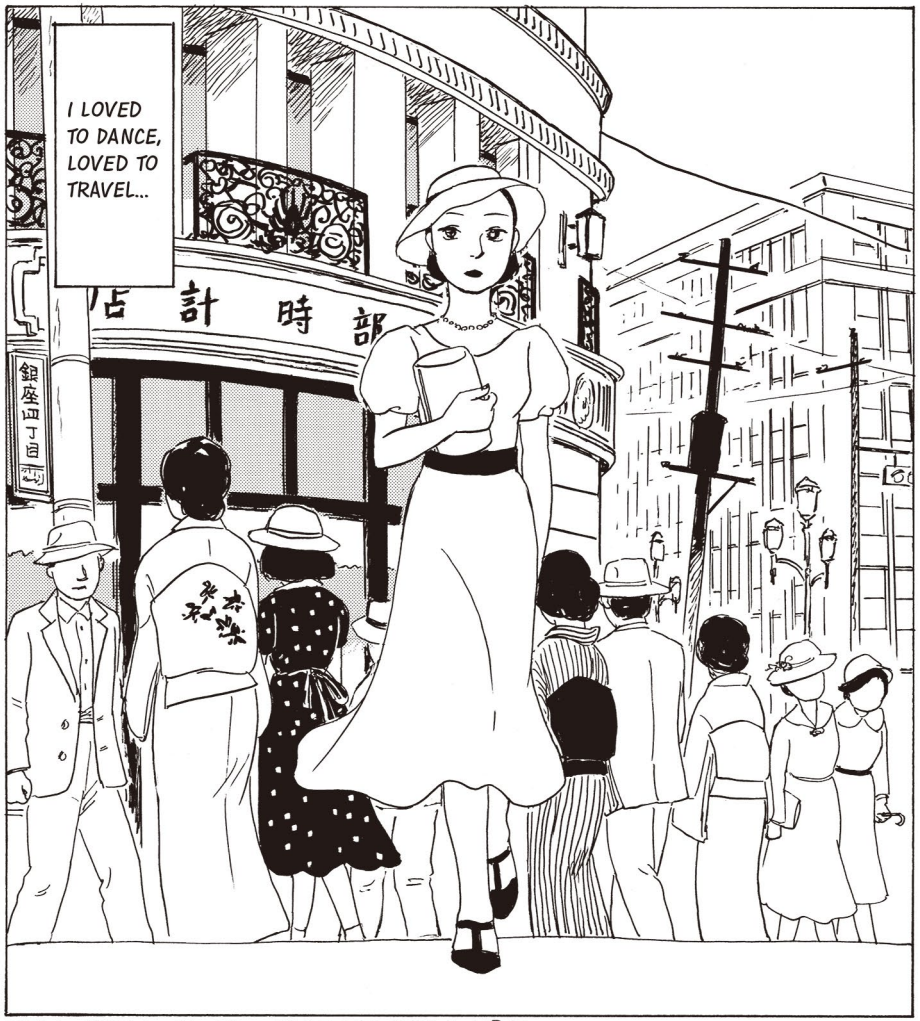



DRRR
I'M BACK.
I TRIPPED AND FELL.
AGAIN?
OW... JEEZ...
ALL THAT WORK'LL JUST GO DOWN THE DRAIN...
FOR THE CHINA MOVIE? HOW CAN I WRITE SOMETHING THAT'LL NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY?
GET ANY WRITING DONE?
OUCH!
WHEN THE WAR ENDS.

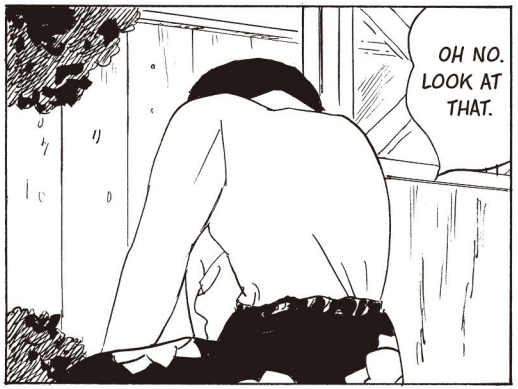

映畫社
SIGN: — FILM CO.
越三座銀
SIGN: GINZA MITSUKOSHI
戦
の虎
東洋の凱
WE'D LOVE TO HAVE IT SOON.
HOW'S THE SCREENPLAY COMING, NOMURA?
POSTERS: TIGER OF MALAYA / TRIUMPH IN THE EAST / BATTLE OF —
OF COURSE...

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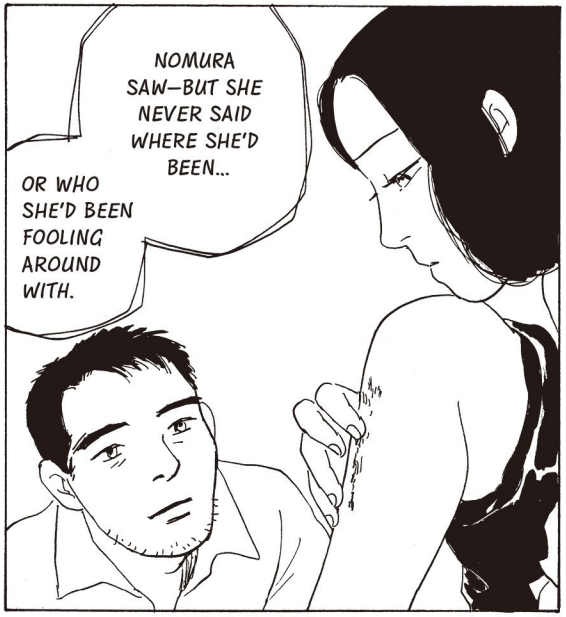




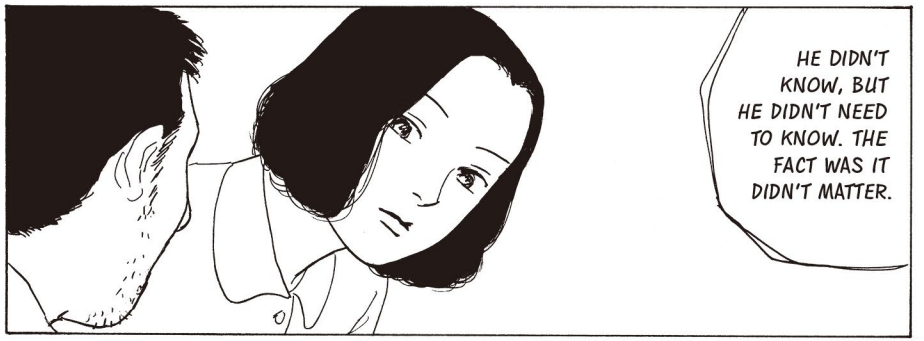
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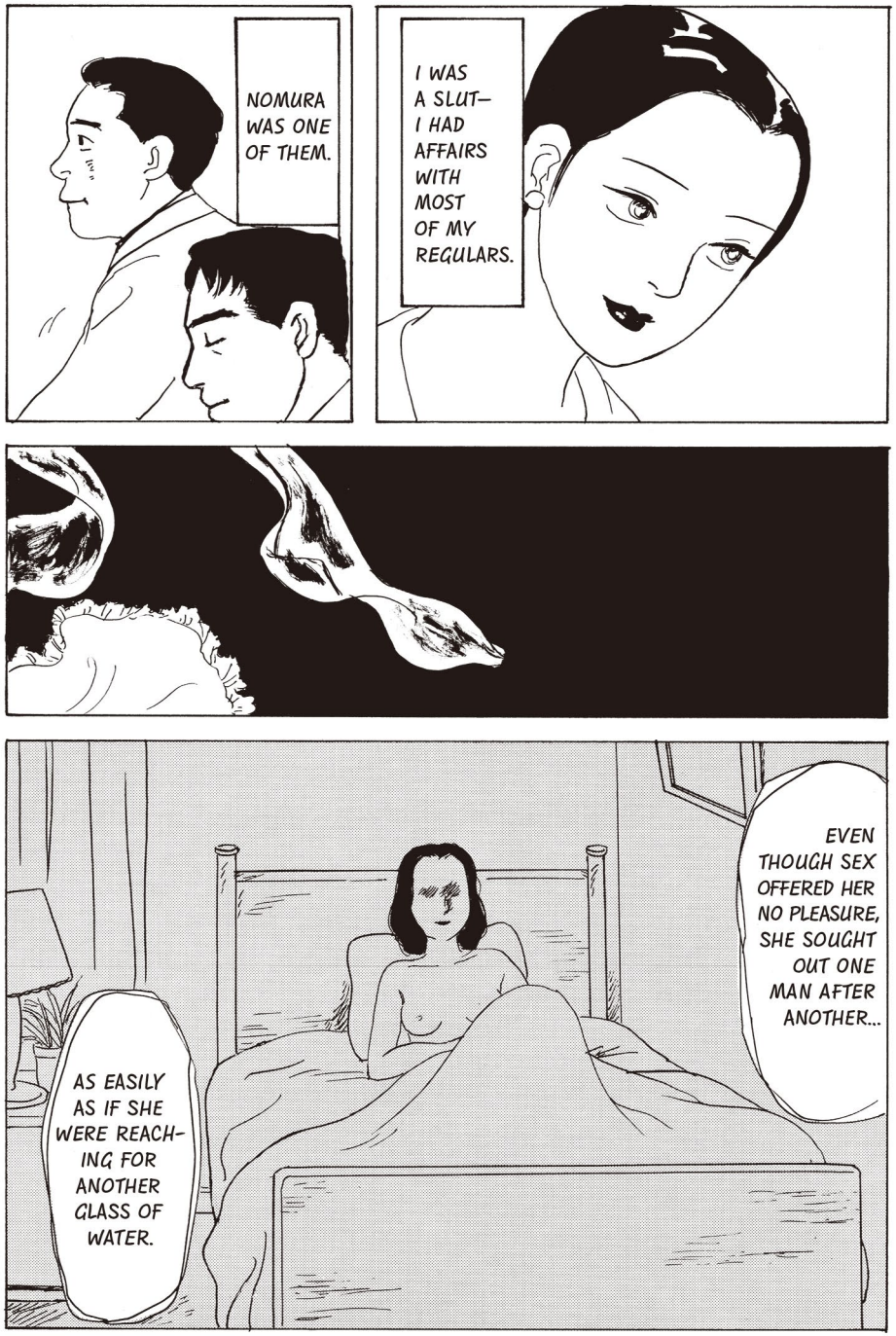








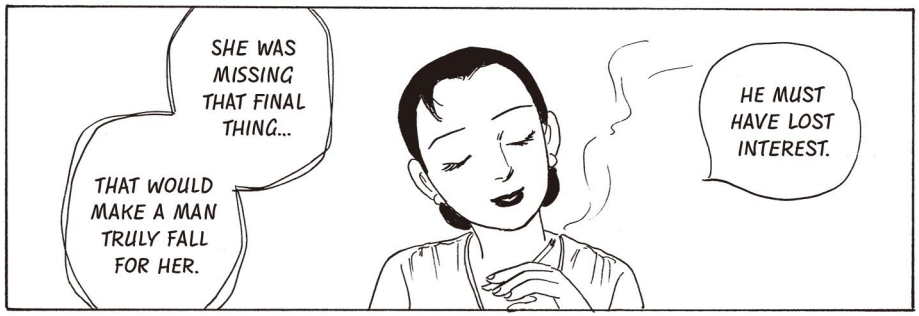
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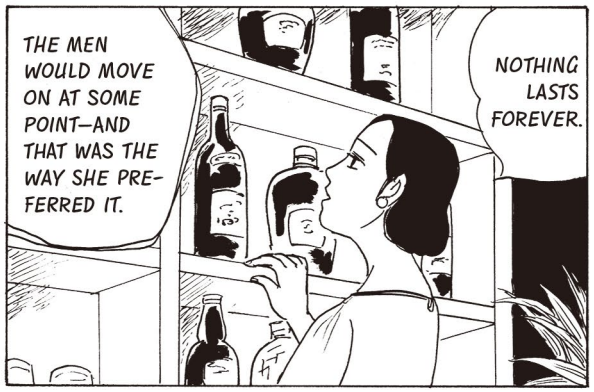




POSTERS: SONGS FOR THE SOLDIERS: GRAND CONCOURS / AERIAL DEFENSE / AIR RAIDS ARE COMING! / SIGN: — OUR TROOPS

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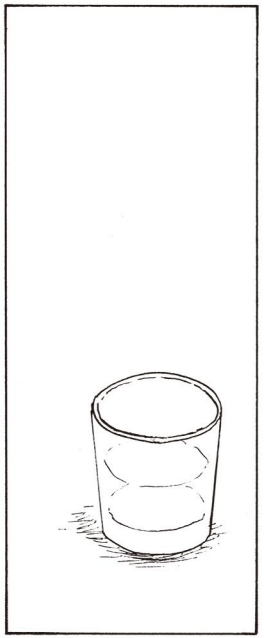


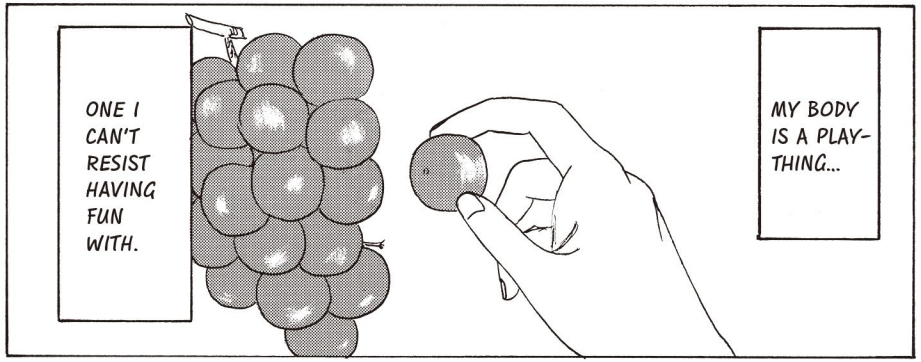


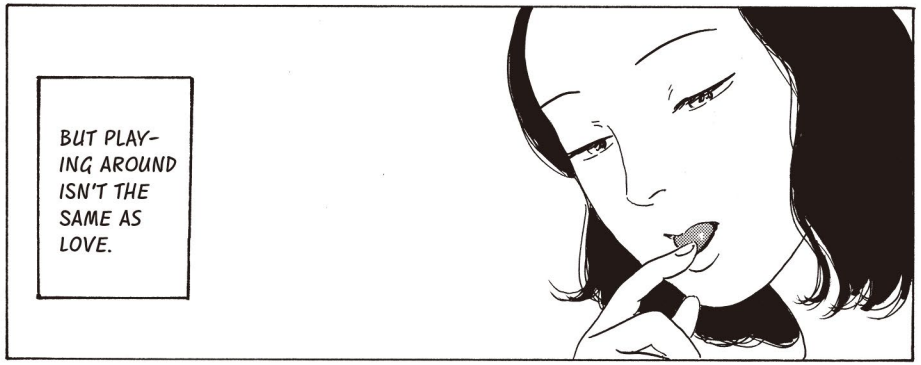










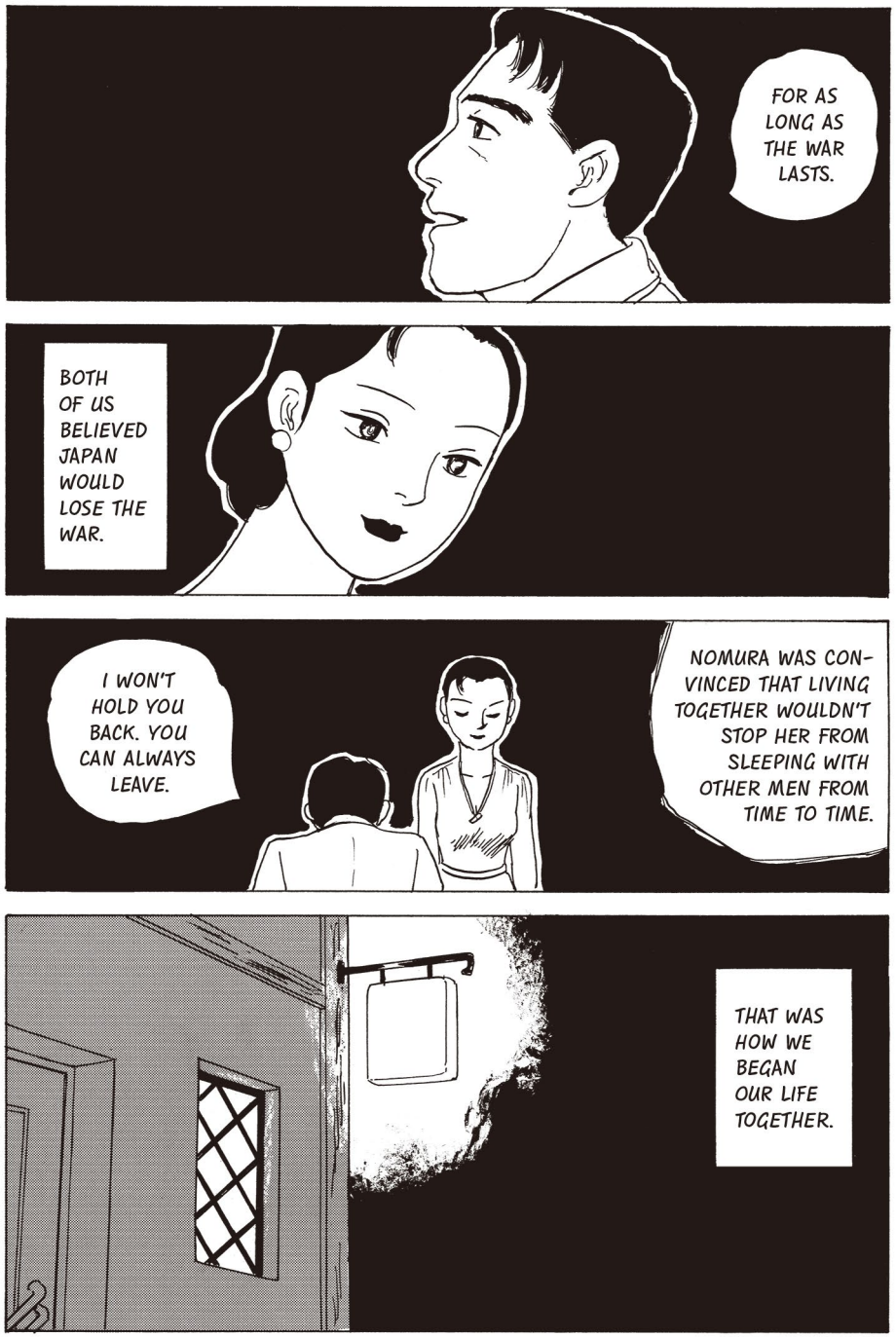








This spread is meant to read right to left.









Kondō Yoko was born in 1957 in Niigata, Japan. Her first comics were published in *Garo Magazine* when she was just 22 years old, and she has continued to work in gekiga, shojo, josei, and seinen manga over the past fifty years. Kondō worked as an assistant to Murasaki Yamada, and attended high school with Rumiko Takahashi.

She has been nominated twice for the Tezuka Osamu Cultural Prize, and received the Grand Prize at the Japan Media Arts Festival as well as the Excellence Prize of the Japan Cartoonists Association. Her comics have been translated into French, Italian, and Spanish. *One Woman and the War* is her first graphic novel to be translated into English.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON KONDO YOKO

FULL TITLE LIST

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