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The Body is Just a Metaphor for the Soul: Performing trauma in the work of Leela Corman and Tom Hart

Abstract:

This paper discusses the graphic narrative as a dynamic space in which to re-enact, re-live, and re-tell experiences of grief, trauma, and post-traumatic stress disorder. The paper will focus on Tom Hart's 2016 autobiographical graphic novel *Rosalie Lightning* and Leela Corman's 2015 short comic 'The Wound That Never Heals', both of which deal with the death of Corman and Hart's young daughter. About writing the book, Hart has said: 'The attempt to relive was largely through the act of drawing and writing, in that order. The writing was the organizing principle, but the drawing was the reliving.' This article observes the ways in which narrative repetition, visual metaphor, sequentiality, and the embodiment of the drawn line, which are inherent to the medium of comics, are also representative of the experience of trauma in these works. This article incorporates short autobiographical interludes in both prose and comics form which recount personal experiences with Corman and Hart.

Biographical note:

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Dr Leonie Brialey is a cartoonist and musician from Perth, Western Australia. She recently completed her PhD on sincerity in autobiographical comics at The University of Melbourne. Her debut graphic novel is *Raw Feels*. Her comics have been published in *The Lifted Brow* and *TEXT*.

Keywords:

Creative Writing – Grief – Trauma – Graphic narrative – Comics – Autobiography – Leela Corman – Tom Hart.

Content note: the texts we focus on in this paper deal with the death of a child.

A note on citations: We have adopted the practice of citing specific panels in comics texts using a forward slash. For example (Jones 2004 15/3) refers to page 15, panel 3 of the Jones text.[1]

This essay looks at the interconnectedness of art and trauma. It does so via two approaches. One approach is a close textual analysis of Tom Hart's *Rosalie Lightning* (2016) and Leela Corman's 'The wound that never heals' (2015). Both Hart and Corman's works are autobiographical accounts of dealing with grief and PTSD after suddenly losing their daughter, Rosalie. In the background of these readings is the knowledge of the reality of this trauma: it is inscribed in the physical bodies of the cartoonists, and in their bodies of work. Thus, our additional approach is to offer personal reflections of knowing Tom and Leela; witnessing the trauma that exists and also the space between trauma and healing that is bridged by writing, drawing and cartooning. It is through this approach that we hope to show the very real potential of art for connection and healing, and a way into critical writing about grief and trauma that allows this openness.

Elizabeth

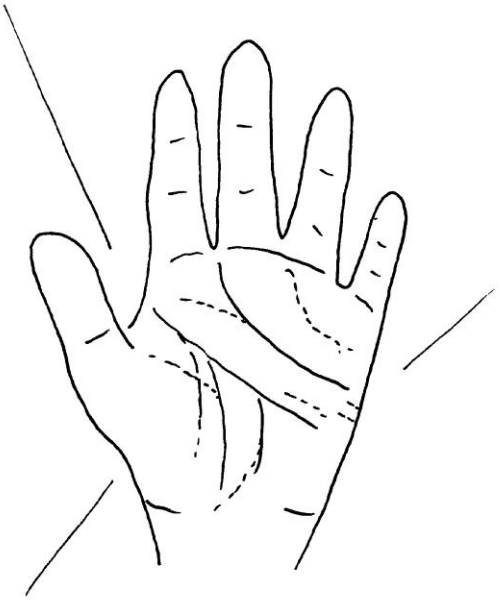
When I read the graphic novel *Rosalie Lightning* (Hart 2016) for the first time, it wasn't a bound book yet, but a pile of loose pages in a folder. It was November 2015, and I was on an island off the coast of Tasmania. I was in a large mess hall with my fellow campers, sheltering from the pouring rain outside. There was a fire going, table tennis being played, lunch sizzling on the stoves, and seventeen comic artists sitting and reading or drawing at the long trestle tables around the room. The book's author Tom Hart stood two feet from me, chatting and drinking coffee with others at the fire. Leela Corman, Tom's wife and Rosalie Lightning's mother, was across the table from me, working on a watercolour. Their two-year-old daughter Molly Rose, and my five-year-old son Henry were watching, for the fiftieth time, a cartoon of Popeye being besieged by termites on Tom's tiny laptop.

The book is about the death of Tom and Leela's first daughter Rosalie, who passed away from unknown causes before she turned two. Over the course of reading the first three chapters, on their loose paper, I had to stop for breath on a number of occasions, my eyes swimming, and look away from the page. I was then instantly reassured that Tom and Leela were OK, smiling, working, that their daughter Molly Rose was safe and happy. Most readers of the book, of course, do not receive such immediate reassurances.

Leonie


when I first met
Tom and Leela
what had happened
(for lack of a better metaphor)
hung over them like a cloud.
It had barely been a few
months since losing Rosalie.
It seemed a miracle
they were functioning.
there they are, picking me up
in their car, me in the back
(feeling like their daughter?)
and telling them (with
some embarrassment) that I'd
been to see a palm
reader that day.

Here's my relief at them
not judging me,



asking
me what
I'd been told—

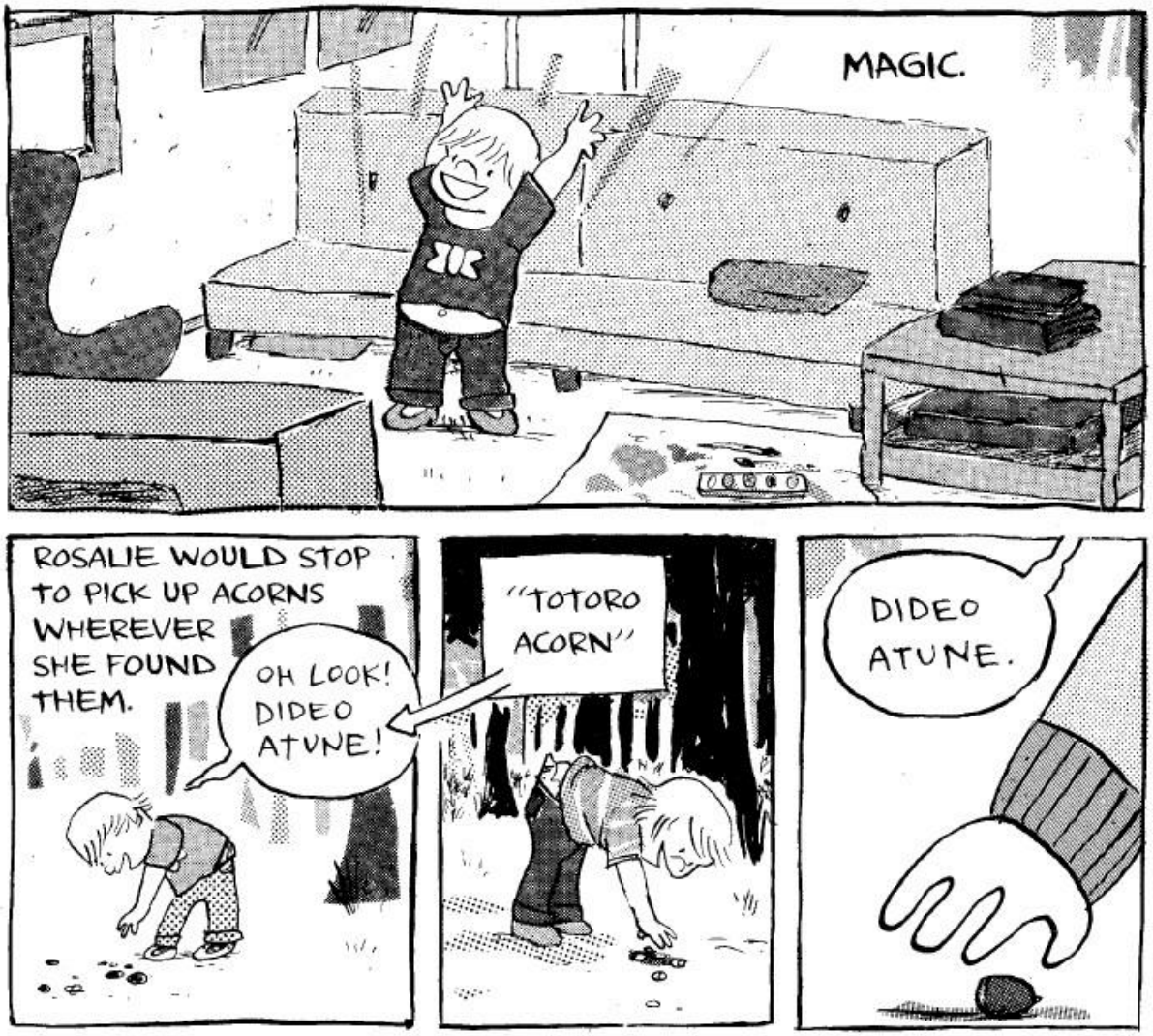
that I'll live to be very old.

And their response:

I've never believed anyone more.

Stopping Time in *Rosalie Lightning*

The pages that catch one's breath in *Rosalie Lightning* do so very deliberately, with a stark shift in visual style. The first comes on the third page of the book, which ends a sequence about Rosalie's love of the Studio Ghibli film *Tonari No Totoro (My Neighbour Totoro* 1988). Rosalie would collect acorns just like the characters Mei and Satsuki do in the film. The sequence includes images from the Miyazaki film, interspersed with images of Rosalie collecting acorns in the forest, and both are drawn in the same style, with clear, simple lines, geometric leaves with stippled textures, and light greyscale shading. Rosalie is drawn in Hart's trademark cartoonish style, very similarly to his well-known character Hutch Owen, both with an upside-down U-shape for a nose, wide, expressive mouths and simple dots for eyes.



Tom Hart Rosalie Lighting *(2016), page 17.*

In the last two panels of the sequence, a stark realism is introduced to the image of the hand. Tom's hand has a ring, bracelet, fingernails, hairs and wrinkles, details that are all absent from the simple style of Rosalie's hand in the previous panel. In the final panel of the page, Tom and Leela are depicted in the present, shadowed by scratchy, inky blackness, Tom's face is scored with dark, angry cross-hatching. The acorn itself

is no longer a seed that looks like it would grow (as it does voluptuously, miraculously in the Miyazaki film), but a dark black dead thing. This final panel, in its jarring contrast to the gentle animation-inspired style of the previous four panels, holds within it the chaos, anger, hopelessness, and profound weariness of the present and flings it in juxtaposition with the simple, light-filled past. The page following this one is all black.

If we observe this page more closely, subjecting it to the same rigor of textual analysis that we might subject a prose passage to, we can see a visual foreshadowing of the final panels in panel 3. Here we see Rosalie bending to grasp an acorn in front of a background of deep blackness, within which pale finger-like trees reach down to grasp her figure. The panel is also marked by the inclusion, or interruption, of the square narration box, which translates Rosalie's toddler-speak in a kind of editor's note. In addition, this central panel is the only one on the page to be right-oriented; it gives the impression, in fact, of having been flipped. In the left-leaning of the rest of the page, this panel sits in dark opposition. One might read this page without consciously pausing to notice any of these markers, but we would argue that they have an unquestionable effect on the way the passage is read. The flipped image, the black background, and the intrusion of the editorial voice in panel 3, all serve to insert a

temporal shudder into the text, which anticipates the narrative shift in the final two panels from the narration of a sweet past, to the silent impossibility of the present without Rosalie. If we were to attempt a similar effect in a prose passage, it might involve including a word like 'terribly' – *she was terribly fascinated by the acorns* – or a description of the trees such as 'under the looming oaks, we collected acorns', or a subtle narrative interruption like, 'It took us weeks to realise that *dideo atune* meant *Totoro acorn*'. Though clunky, any of these phrases might quietly introduce the idea of a coming darkness without the reader necessarily stopping to note it.

Hart uses the technique of a stark shift in visual style again and again in the opening chapters of the book, which document the weeks immediately following Rosalie's death. In the first three chapters, he uses the same image of his own face – close-up, prostrate – four times.

Images from Tom Hart Rosalie Lightning*: 22/9; 34/6; 49/9; 62/8*

The effect of each of these iterations of the image is the same as that first heart-stopping moment of the abrupt shift in style from light cartooning, to inky realism. The present encroaches on the past. The timeless horror of the present, of the absence of his child, marks the crashing end of memories or dreams: punctures and punctuates them.

The reader, in these opening chapters, is never allowed the luxury that past-tense narratives almost universally afford readers: that of feeling as though they are there in the past, living the moments as the narrator tells them to us. Many of the greatest narratives ever written operate on this ability to create a suspension of disbelief in the reader: allowing them to forget about both the present of their own world, and the present-tense of the narrator telling the story. In *Rosalie Lightning*, through Hart's persistent punctuations, his shifts in style, the reader does not *live* the past, but *re-lives* it, through the fractured, darkened lens of the present, which we are never allowed to forget. Hart gives us a glimpse into traumatised memory: reading these pages is like waking from a pleasant dream to remember an horrific present over and over again. On his blog, Tom has commented on the difference between writing and drawing *Rosalie Lightning*. He says: 'The attempt to relive was largely through the act of

drawing and writing, in that order. The writing was the organizing principle, but the drawing was the reliving' (Hart, 2015).

Elizabeth

On Maria Island, off the coast of Tasmania, we are eighteen adults and two children. Each day we workshop the work-in-progress of two artists. The workshops are intense discussions, running up to three hours each. In between, we prepare food, eat, sit in the sun, draw, and read in preparation for the next workshop. There is little time to be spent on play, so each day I look forward to taking the children on a jaunt to the beach or the bush where they can scream and run. Molly Rose, two years old, now directly associates the sight of me with the beach. She sees me and immediately busies herself with the collection of her bucket and spade, her sandals, while muttering passionately "Bee! Wawa! Hah-vey!" (Beach! Water! Henry!) My five-year-old son Henry, though equally excited, knows me better. He knows there will always be some interminable-seeming delay to our excursion, and waits for me to finally say, 'Right! Let's go!' before rising from his hand-made atlas. I check in with Tom and Leela, who make sure Molly Rose is equipped with a hat and sunscreen, and then the three of us head out.

We walk across fields strewn with the poo of Cape Barren geese towards the barbecue area. 'Poo!' Molly Rose and Henry giggle ecstatically. At first they avoid stepping on the poo with finicky disgust, but once they realise the poo has hardened to pebbles in the sun, they stride confidently on top of it, gathering nothing on their shoes. At the barbecue shelter there are whale-bones, arranged carefully – a skull, lines of ribs, and smaller bones I can't identify. It has become a ritual for Molly Rose and Henry to see-saw a rib-bone between them a few times before we walk the final steps to the sand.

At the beach I check my phone and find a message from Leela. *You guys having fun?*

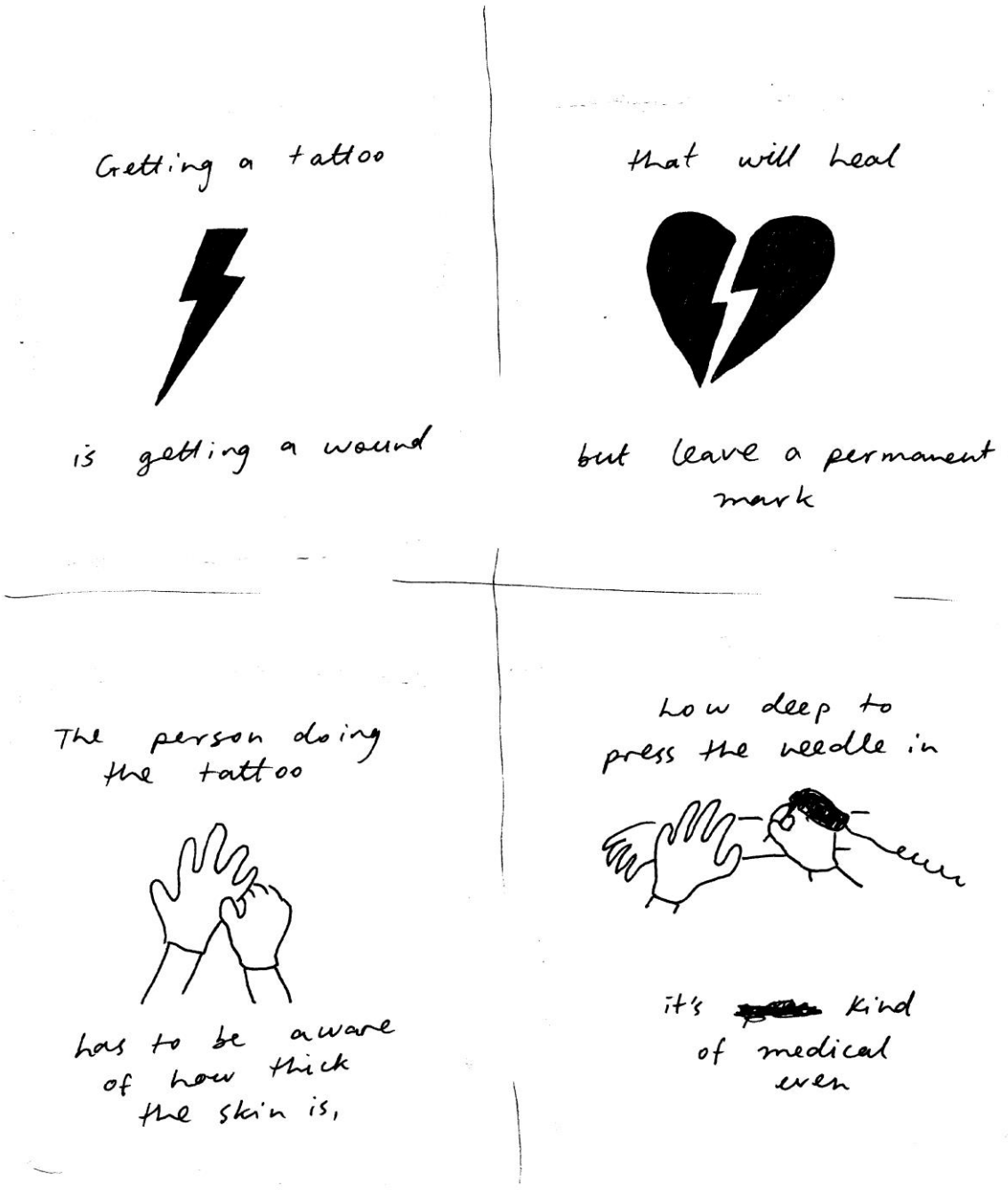
Yeah! I write back. *Molly Rose and Henry are making seaweed stew.*

The children add drifts of pink and brown seaweed to their bucket, then clumps of wet sand, rocks, shells and handfuls of water. Henry stirs the stew vigorously with the spade. Molly Rose carefully turns the bucket upside-down and with a satisfying sucking sound, a beach blancmange dollops onto the sand and wobbles there for a moment, before it is obliterated by four small feet.

I've received two more texts from Leela. *Oh yay! Just keep an eye on her, she is super-fast!* and *Molly Rose isn't going into deep water, right?*

We're using $10 burner phones from Coles for their reception on the remote island, so I can't send Leela a picture of Molly Rose, who is squishing her feet in the sand and staring contentedly at the horizon. Instead I write *She's having a ball ☺.*

Leonie


Getting a tattoo
is getting a wound
that will heal
but leave a permanent mark
The person doing the tattoo
has to be aware of how thick the skin is,
how deep to press the needle in
it's [redacted] kind of medical even


Both Tom and Leela have
Lightning tattoos on their forearms
"The body is the best picture of the soul"
– LW

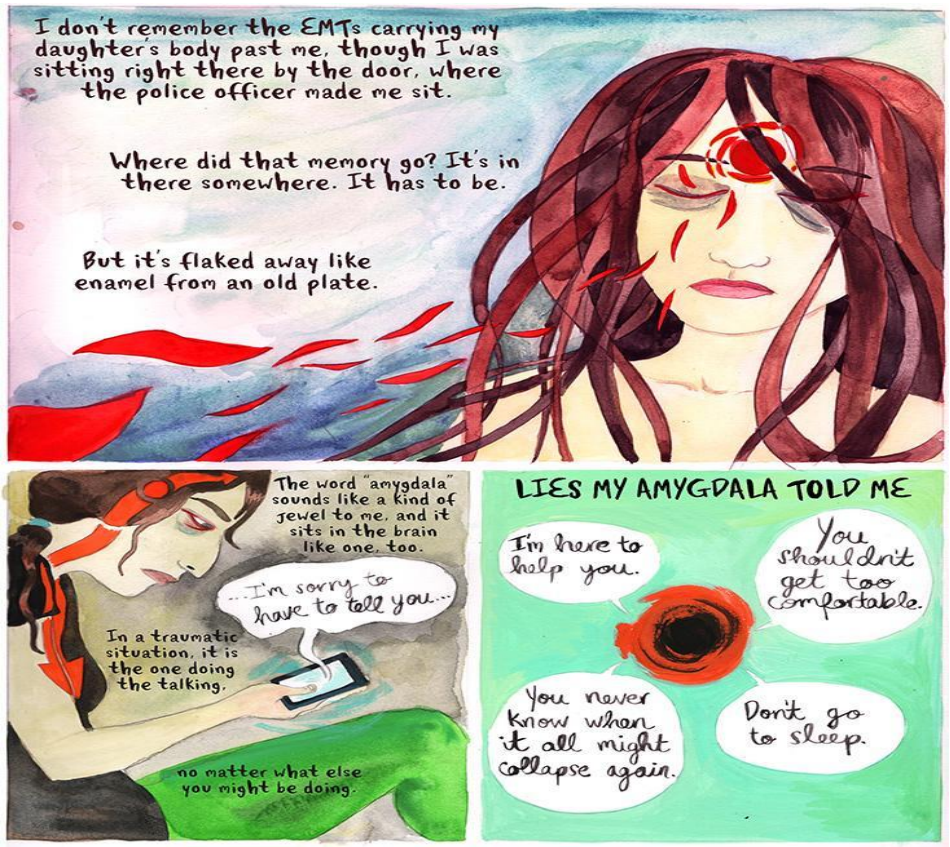
Seeing Double: Time, Metaphor, Trauma

In her article 'Accessing traumatic memory through art making', art therapist Savneet Talwar discusses the way the amygdala and hippocampus function in our every-day narrative-making:

> The hippocampus… functions by, first, comparing the events of present experience with events from the past and, second, determining whether and how the events are associated. When placed in perspective, the event becomes an experience with a beginning, middle and end. As a result, the traumatic event is prevented from occupying its proper place in the individual's life history. It continues to invade the present, affecting the integration of the traumatic experiences and memory. (Talwar 2007: 24)

Hart and Corman explore the nature of this invasion, this rupturing of time, in different ways. Hart, as we have seen, does so by puncturing his telling of memory with stark, repetitive images of a more realistically drawn present.

In her short comic about the experience and treatment of PTSD 'The wound that never heals' (2015), Leela Corman presents a more scientific and self-conscious approach to understanding her experience of trauma.



Leela Corman 'The wound that never heals' (2015)

In addition to her approach to the narrative being much more self-reflexive and technical, Corman's visual style is also in stark contrast to Hart's. She uses dramatic watercolours and fills each panel to bursting with colour, symbols, images and text. On the below page, Corman quotes from the National Alliance on Mental Illness on 'Dissociation', a common effect of trauma,

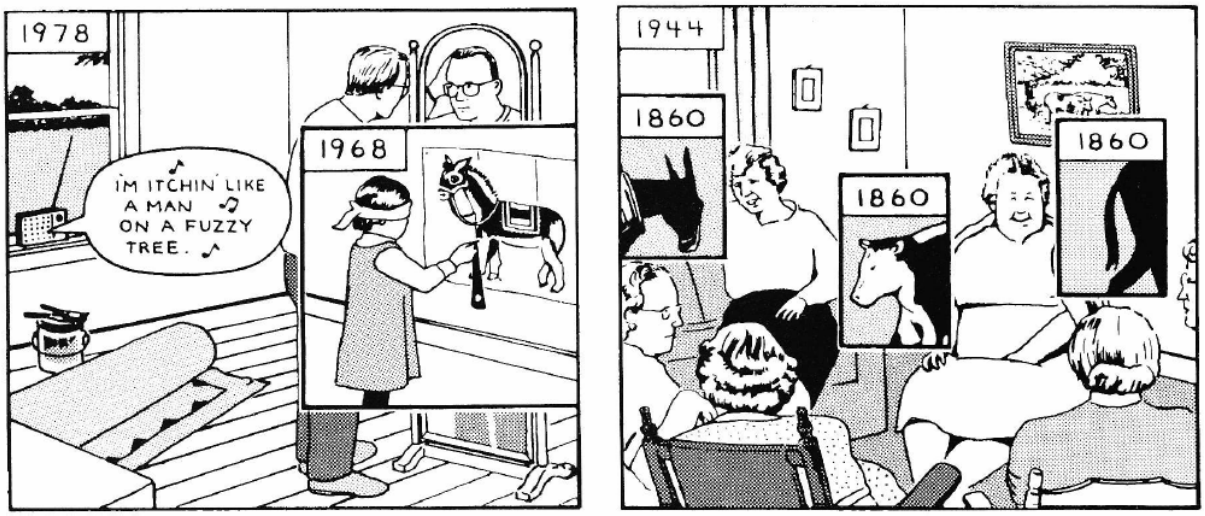
> Some people will experience having limited ability to regulate their bodily functions, and may feel like they are 'going crazy' or are 'out of my body' during dissociative events. Other people may lose control of their emotions or actions during a dissociative event and can do things that are otherwise quite uncharacteristic

but then says, "For me, it's not quite like that". Instead, Corman describes her state as such:

> I don't lose touch with consensual reality. It's more like two movies are playing at once: Where I am in time and space right now, and the moment of trauma. Or moments, plural. I'll spare you the details. (Corman, 2015)

Corman's 'The wound that never heals' (2015)

Comics as a medium, as many have noted over the last few decades[2] has a unique relationship with the representation of temporality. Comics is both a sequential and a simultaneous narrative art. When we read a comics page, we perceive the page as a composition – a still image, an artwork – alongside perceiving it as a sequential narrative. Both of these manners of perception – the looking at, and the reading – contribute to the meaning that we receive and make from the comic. Tom Foulsham, Dean Wybrown and Neil Cohn's eye-tracking software studies have shown that readers of comics firstly perceive the page as a whole, then begin the panel-by-panel sequential reading, but while this is happening, the eye continues to zoom in and out of the page so that panels which come before or after the one being read in the 'present' of the sequence, are also involved in the reading of the current panel (2016). Of course, many comic artists have exploited to wonderful effect the unique relationship of the medium with time. Richard McGuire's 1989 short comic 'Here' is perhaps the most famous example of this. 'Here' presents a rippling of time confined to a single space. Each panel of the six-page comic depicts one point in space, but multiple overlapping points in time, which span hundreds, sometimes thousands, of years.



Richard McGuire's 'Here'(1989)

Corman's reference to occupying the space of two moments at once, then, resounds with a profound eloquence in the medium of comics, which is uniquely suited to articulating simultaneous but contrasting experience. Corman, in fact, approaches the idea of the past impinging on the present again and again in her body of work. She addresses the historical past and its psychic effects on the present, in her graphic novel *Unterzakhn* and in her short comic 'The Irreducible Essence of Jewishness' in which we find the striking lines, "History wraps around us and won't let go. If letting go means forgetting that others suffer now as we once did not long ago, then let us be wrapped in it. Let us hold on tightly and let that force try to pull people out." (Corman, 2015) The lines are accompanied by one of Corman's most recognisable visual metaphors: a woman with long strands of hair, some of which fly off to the edges of the panel, and others which bind the woman's body in curling cuffs and restraints. The abiding theme in Corman's art is the understanding that freedoms – personal and artistic – have been won at great cost, and may yet be taken away again at any moment. In 'The wound that never heals,' Corman uses the phrase, "It's like two movies are playing at once" (2015) to describe an experience that could be

conceptualised as a lived metaphor. Corman is living double; she is living a comparison. She exists suspended in the moment of trauma, while simultaneously continuing to chop onions and teach dance classes. Linguistic figures of speech proliferate almost overwhelmingly through the piece, and almost always refer to the body: "I must have felt [the police sirens] under my skin" (8/2); "[The memory] has flaked away like enamel from an old plate" (9/1); "The word 'amygdala' sounds like a kind of jewel to me" (9/2); "Flashbacks, the star of the show" (10/3); "The black hole of hypervigilance" (11/1); "The aftermath of a trigger reaction makes me feel like my insides are coated with something black and disgusting" (13/5); and the story's final panel, "You must accept that part of you will always be submerged" (15/6).

Corman's 'The wound that never heals' (2016)

The image of the amygdala is equally physical and metaphorical. In language it "sounds like a kind of jewel," (9/2) and is visually drawn as a sharp explosion, jewel, bubble, or black hole. In the above sequence Corman is addressing the stopping of flashbacks as "triage." Across three images, the blink of an eye, the suggestion is that although the flashback is momentary, it will repeat itself; "the wound never heals." The image of the wound as a black hole threatens to swallow time. Corman writes, "It is difficult to describe the black hole of hypervigilance to someone who isn't experiencing it" (2015). The "black hole" moves from the position in the middle of the forehead to a hand holding Corman's avatar down, not letting her sleep, to a figure acting like a puppeteer behind her. The black hole or shadow person of hypervigilance takes the present moment and warps it: the price, "$11.17" is "the date of her death." No matter where Corman is in time and space, she is always also potentially in the past at the moment of trauma. The metaphor of the black hole as hypervigilance, like the amygdala, goes beyond the metaphor to a physical form, with Corman's physicality in its grip.

Corman's 'The wound that never heals' (2015)

Within the disciplines of psychology, neuroscience, and psychotherapy, an enormous amount has been written about metaphor and its relationship to therapy and the brain over the past century. In his 2007 book *The Stuff of Thought* Stephen Pinker highlights the evolutionary benefit metaphor may have had for our adaptation and survival. Metaphor is "the capacity to use our experiential knowledge of one concept or idea as a springboard for understanding other concepts or ideas yet known" (Pinker

in Faranda 2014). He writes: "If all abstract thought is metaphorical, and all metaphors are assembled out of biologically basic concepts (such as up and down, left and right, our body's gravity), then we would have an explanation for the evolution of human intelligence." In his article 'Working With Images in Psychotherapy: An Embodied Experience of Play and Metaphor', Frank Faranda summarizes the 1915 work of Sandor Ferenczi, and the groundbreaking work of Lakoff and Johnson in their 1980 book *Metaphors We Live By*, to state that when we think metaphorically, "We are taking something we know, often something we have felt in our bodies, and applying it to something distant, unfamiliar, or abstract. Metaphoric thinking is an approximation that allows for greater creativity and novelty." (Faranda 2014). In other words, clarity sometimes arrives through removal and distance, or better, a thing is seen only by contrast with another.

Corman's direct and abundant use of metaphor serves a dual purpose. It firstly inscribes textually the feeling of living double. It secondly reiterates to the reader that the terrible-ness of the thing itself – the cause and moment of trauma – cannot be described sufficiently in plain, direct language. The thing itself hovers out of reach, at the edges of the panel, and can only be glimpsed through refraction, aslant.

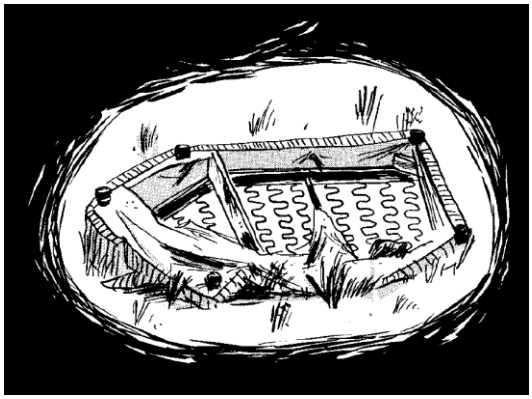
By contrast, Hart's use of metaphor in *Rosalie Lightning* is less deliberate. It is as though Hart stumbles upon metaphor rather than using it as a tool. Over the course of the book, Hart has trouble reading images. He reads them wrongly, misreads them, sees things in them that are not there.

A woman in a swimming pool is horrified at the malevolent monster emerging from the depths beside her, a giant question mark floating over her head. Tom realizes later that the monster is just a lane marker, and the question mark a number 2. [91]

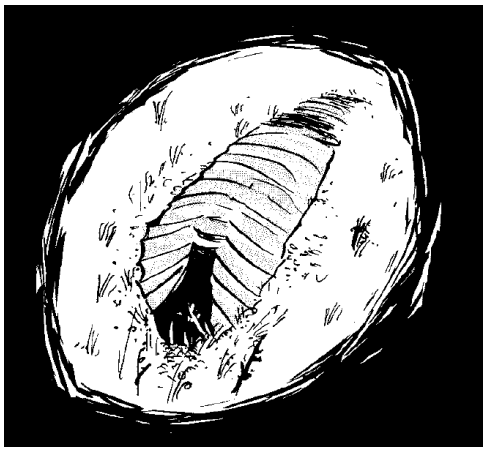
A clipping from a random Japanese comic falls from his book, a photograph of a lost boy. Is it a detective story? A lost lover from long ago? A missing son? Then Tom looks again and asks himself: "Why did I assume this boy was lost?" [91]

The misreading happens not just with images in the traditional sense: photographs, paintings, drawings, but objects Hart sees in the world around him, which become images in his perception.

An overturned sofa is a boat. [90]



A sewage drain is his own broken rib cage. [90]



Jen Webb wrote in 2009, in an archived article to which we have returned many times in thinking about the discipline of creative writing:

> We place metaphor in general and symbolic (creative) writing at that end of the (academic) writing continuum which has low modal value – or little apparent transparency to 'reality'. In philosophical or academic terms, creative writing has the lowest modality, and hence the lowest truth claim, because it has the least apparent transparency. This means that those of us who are also academics, and yearn to write in that liminal space between philosophy and poetry, always risk the 'contamination' of the creative – and its low modality – when read by academics, and risk the 'contamination' of the critical – and its insistent reason – when read by creative writers. (Webb, 2009)

In allowing metaphors to be afforded their proper weight, as not simply fanciful or pretty, but as sites of clarification and reality, Hart and Corman's explorations of grief offer a remarkable insight into the interconnectedness of art and trauma. In this exploration of Hart and Corman's texts, we thus found their work inextricable to the experience of knowing them as people and chose to use autobiographical interludes, in prose and comics form, to enact this inextricability.

Elizabeth

To get to Maria Island, Tom, Leela and Molly Rose fly from Florida to Melbourne, from Melbourne to Hobart, ride in a bus from Hobart to Triabunna, and catch a ferry from Triabunna to the island.

I am on the same Melbourne to Hobart flight. Leela and Tom board the plane carrying a child-seat. It's a nifty thing which detaches from a pram and then attaches to a plane or car-seat. But as they are attaching it, an attendant approaches and tells them that because their child-seat does not display a particular safety code, they will not be allowed to use it on the flight. 'We used this seat all the way from Florida to Melbourne,' says Leela. 'It complies to all American safety regulations.'

'We're going to have to stow it,' says the attendant to Leela. 'We'll provide you with a child's seat-belt.'

By now there is a line of people bunched up behind Tom and Leela, waiting to find their seats. Another attendant must squeeze past in order to give a second opinion on the child-seat. Both attendants check the seat all over, raising it above their heads, reading the fine-print on the underside. But they can't find the particular safety symbol that the aircraft requires.

Leela remains standing and repeats, 'We have travelled from Florida using this child-seat. It is the safest option.'

I look past them at the waiting line of people. Their faces are hardened, staring at Leela, whose New York accent is reverberating through the cabin.

'Please tell me what symbol it is that you require, so that we can make sure we have it for our other Australian flights,' says Leela. The attendant goes to the back of the plane and retrieves a booklet which he hands to Leela. He takes the child-seat from her and she sits. The line behind her begins to move forward.

I want to say to the grumbling Australians, 'They have lost a child.'

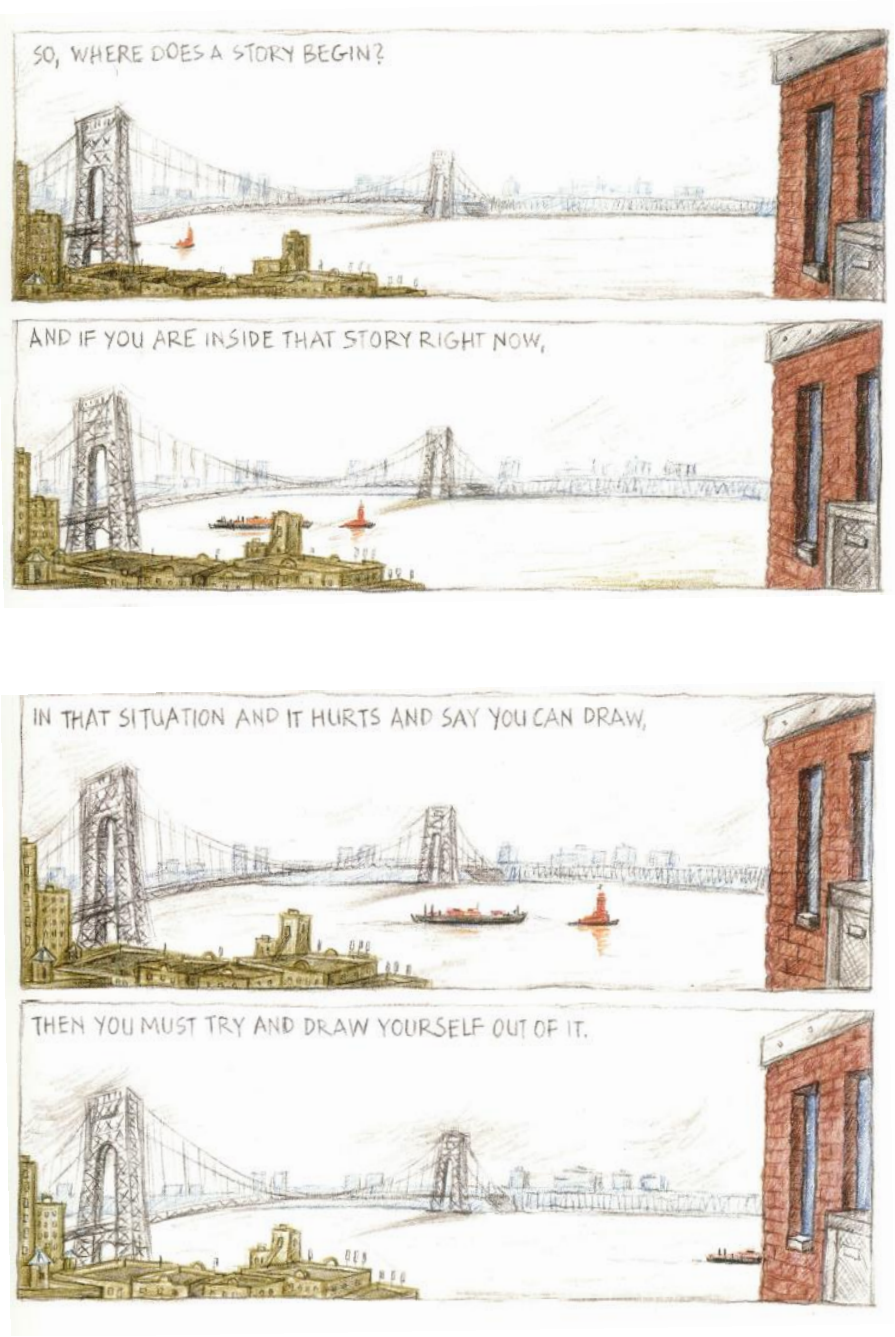
Instead I describe for Leela how the child's seatbelt will attach directly to her own in a little loop, so Molly Rose will sit right on her lap during take-off and landing.

'I bought that seat because it met all safety regulations,' says Leela.

We sit back and wait.

Performing Grief: **drawing as re-living on the stage of the page**

Miriam Katin's 2013 graphic novel *Letting It Go* details Miriam's struggle with the idea of her son settling in Berlin, a city which for she and her ancestors is the home of the enemy. "So, where does a story begin?" Katin asks. "And if you are inside that story right now / In that situation and it hurts and say you can draw / Then you must try and draw yourself out of it."



Miriam Katin Letting It Go *(2013, n.p.)*

It's a piece of advice that's true for artists of all kinds. In our creative writing classrooms, sometimes when a student is having trouble finding the right voice for their piece we might say to them, "write your way there". Keep writing sentence after sentence until you find the right voice, the voice the story needs to be told in. Tom Hart makes a distinction between the writing process and the drawing process for *Rosalie Lightning* – the writing, he says, is the organising principle. The drawing is the reliving. At one point in the book he says to his grief counsellor "I'm so angry sometimes that I could get up and pound that mountain into smithereens." "Why don't you?" asks the counsellor. And Tom, in an inner monologue, says "I know he wants me to externalize my anger, chop wood, start hitting things. But he doesn't know I do

this. I write and I draw. It serves the same purpose." The subtle distinction that Tom makes between writing and drawing has to do with enactment, reliving trauma on the stage of the page.

In his *Philosophical Investigations* Wittgenstein says, "The human body is the best picture of the soul." (2006, 152) The two keys to this statement lie in what a picture is (and the best picture) and what is a soul. What is a picture if not a metaphor? Cartoonist Lynda Barry has said about pictures, about images, that there is something alive behind or in a drawing (2008). Inscribed in the moment of drawing, and continuing to animate the drawing with some sense of life or spirit beyond it, the image has a "soul" so to speak. Children understand this: the animated spark in something otherwise inanimate; it's what they are doing when playing. The soul inhabits the body and this picture of the soul plays out in all activities of the human body. This includes language. This includes drawing. This includes our interactions with each other. By inscribing our interactions with each other—poignant or insignificant—we give them a second life, a new body that stands in for the best picture of the soul. This is particularly the case when the best picture (the human body) is lost (in death) or traumatised (in grief). Hart and Corman's work offer the best picture of the soul in torment, and the slow process of healing.

wombat, Molly Rose, Tom and Leela on Moreton Island November 2015

This essay has sought to show the process of writing and cartooning as a way of expressing grief and trauma, and the potential in this for healing. The ability of comics to show multiple realities/ temporalities simultaneously allows for an accurate portrayal of the experience of grief as both in the past, and continually intruding on the present. This is re-lived in the act of drawing, but it is this re-living that allows the experience its own body outside of the body of the cartoonist. It is in this gap that there lies the potential for healing from grief and trauma, however slow and incremental. This essay has also been an exercise in a form of critical writing that engages with the personal aspects of reading work that is autobiographical; of witnessing the authors of such personal work slowly healing from the events that the authors have written about. It has sought to show, in all its entanglement, the presence of trauma in people and in art, and the hope and connection between people that art about grief and trauma can offer.

Endnote

1. See Ellis, Allen 'Comic Art in Scholarly Writing: A Citation Guide' at http://www.english.ufl.edu/comics/scholars/guide.html
2. See for instance the work of Thierry Groensteen (2014), Thomas Bredehoft (2006), Blaise Larmee (2009), Hillary Chute (2007), and David Barnes (2009).

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