

Ivy Noelle Weir & Steenz

ARCHIVAL QUALITY



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AN ONI PRESS PUBLICATION

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ARCHIVAL QUALITY

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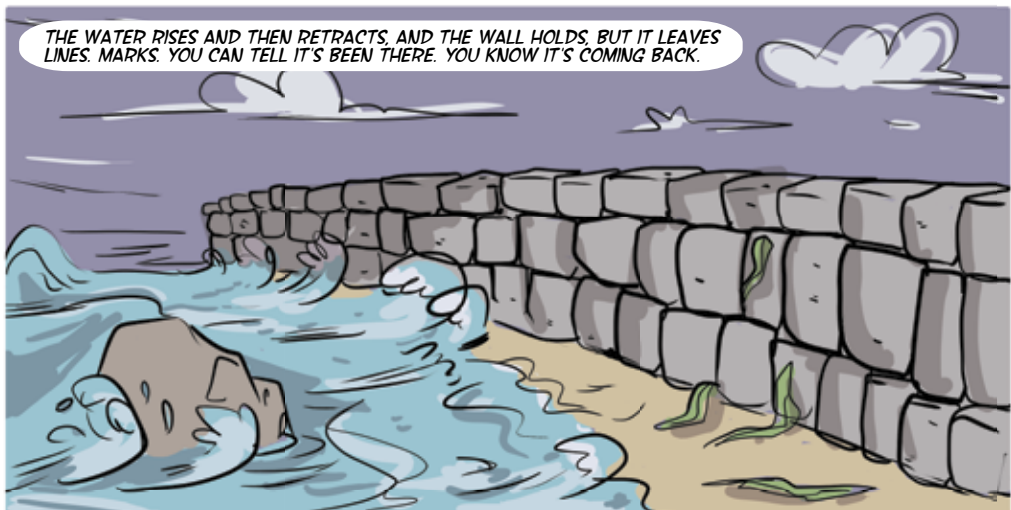
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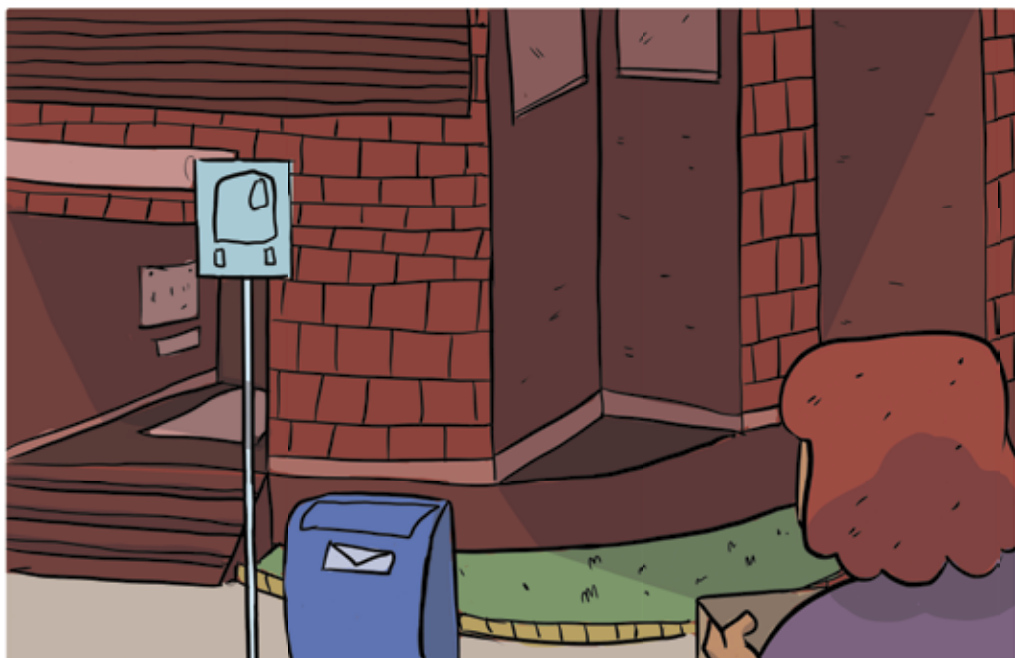
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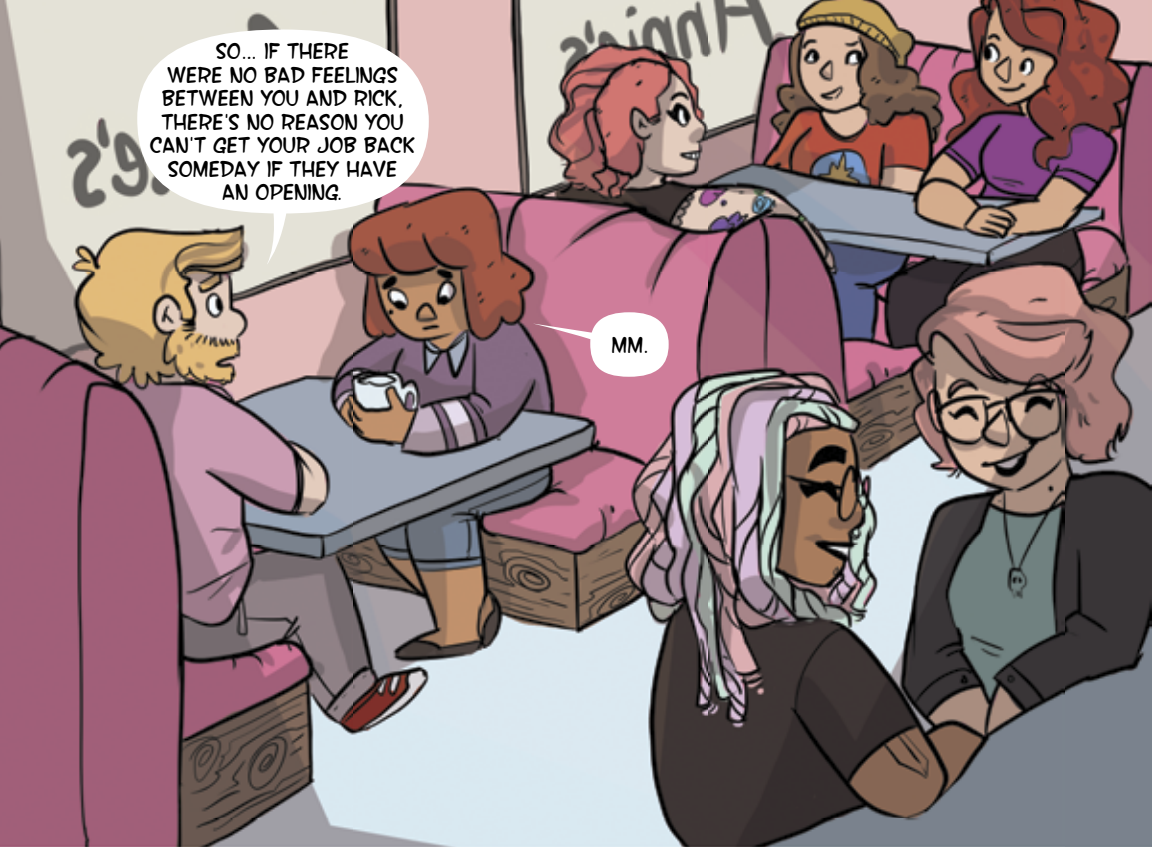
To everyone who believed I could. -INW



To everyone with no drawing skills
who offered to draw the book for me
when I was at my lowest. -S







TAKES MANHATTAN.



LIBRARY JOBS |

SEARCH

DONT SEARCH

LIBRARY JOBS NO DEGREE |

NET

PICS

VIDS

BOOKS

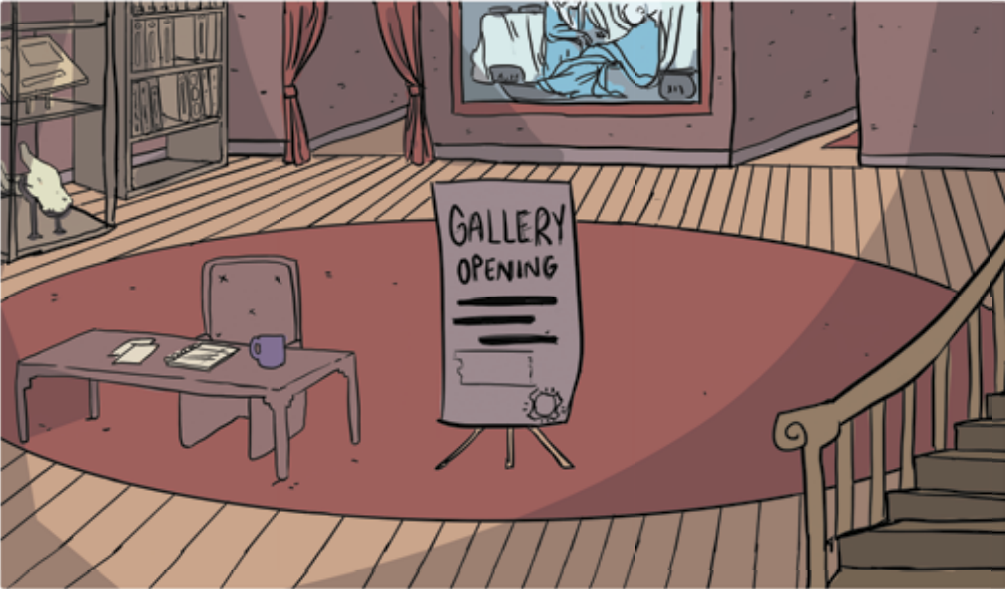
OTHER?

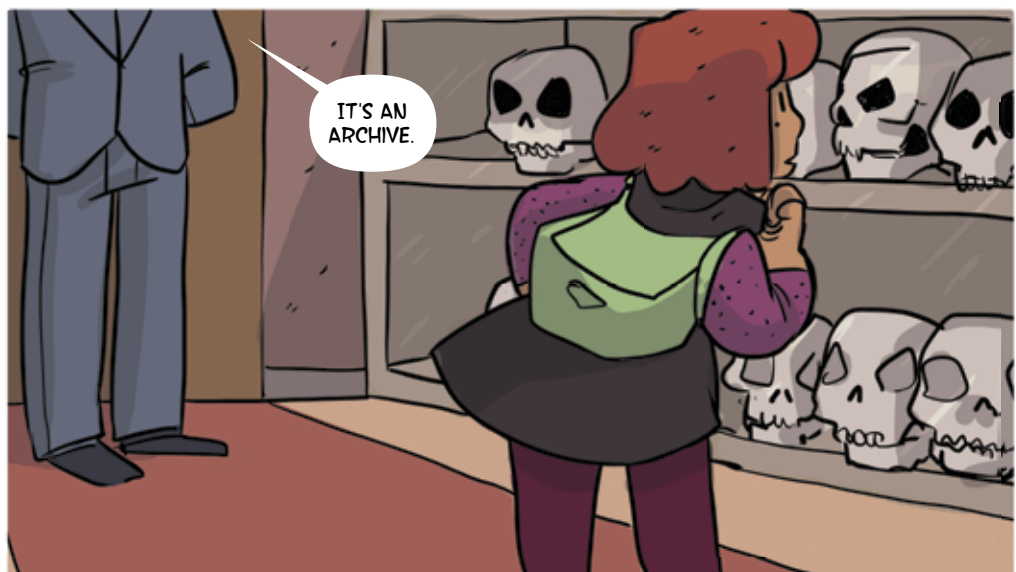
LOCAL LISTING: ARCHIVAL ASSISTANT.
IMMEDIATE OPENING. LOGAN MUSEUM AND
LIBRARY

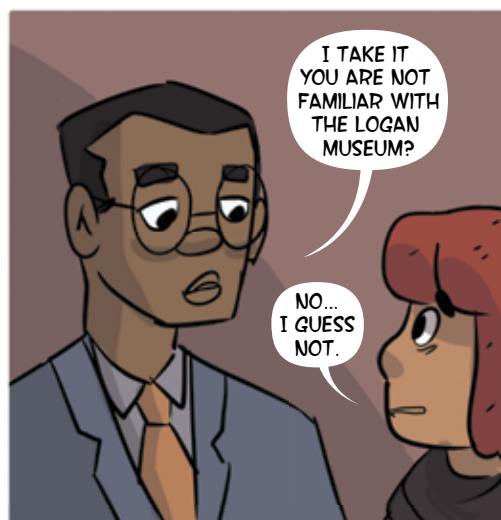
THAT JOB SOUNDS LIKE POOP. MUST WORK
IN HORRIBLE CONDITIONS.

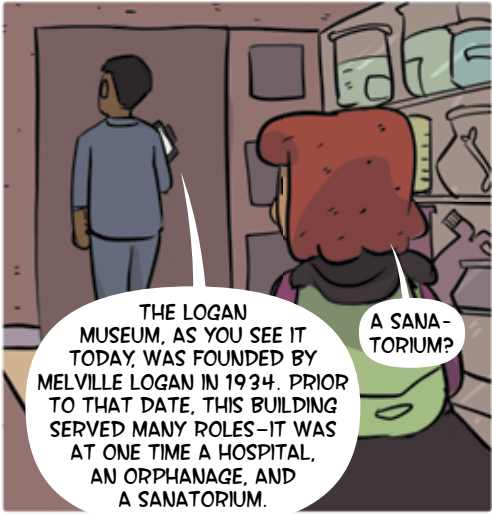
A POSSIBILITY IF WILLING TO MOVE TO
PARAGUAY. TOMORROW







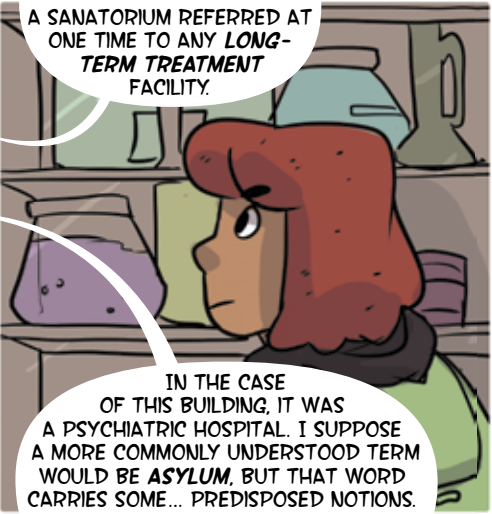




A SANATORIUM REFERRED AT
ONE TIME TO ANY **LONG-
TERM TREATMENT**
FACILITY.

THE LOGAN
MUSEUM, AS YOU SEE IT
TODAY, WAS FOUNDED BY
MELVILLE LOGAN IN 1934. PRIOR
TO THAT DATE, THIS BUILDING
SERVED MANY ROLES—IT WAS
AT ONE TIME A HOSPITAL,
AN ORPHANAGE, AND
A SANATORIUM.

A SANA-
TORIUM?



IN THE CASE
OF THIS BUILDING, IT WAS
A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. I SUPPOSE
A MORE COMMONLY UNDERSTOOD TERM
WOULD BE **ASYLUM**, BUT THAT WORD
CARRIES SOME... PREDISPOSED NOTIONS.



HAVE A
SEAT. WE CAN
CONDUCT YOUR
INTERVIEW
IN HERE.



SO, UM,
I NEVER GOT
YOUR NAME,
DID I?

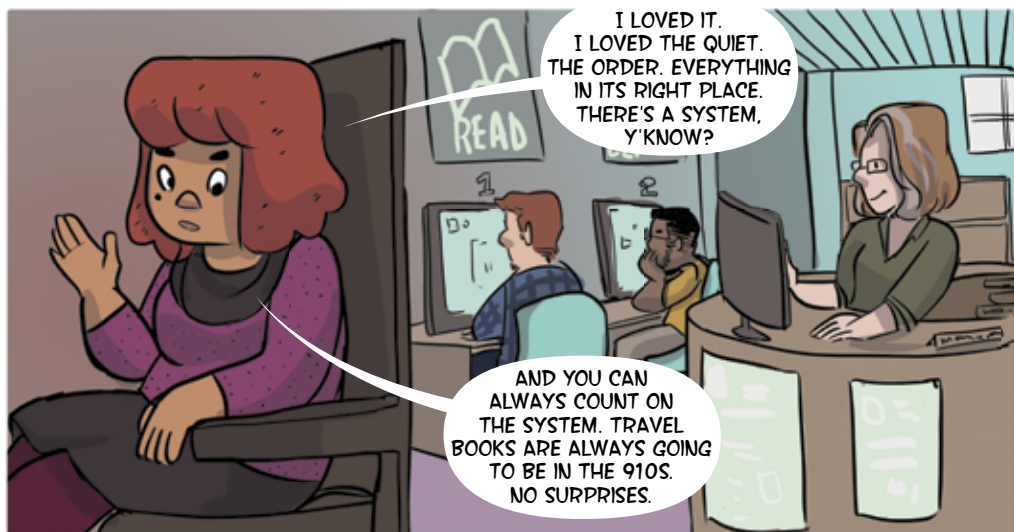
OH. YES. MY
NAME IS **ABAYOMI
ABIOLA**. I AM THE
CHIEF CURATOR HERE.
I MANAGE THE
COLLECTIONS.



I'M
**CELESTE.
CEL.**

MM.





I LOVED IT.
I LOVED THE QUIET.
THE ORDER. EVERYTHING
IN ITS RIGHT PLACE.
THERE'S A SYSTEM,
Y'KNOW?

AND YOU CAN
ALWAYS COUNT ON
THE SYSTEM. TRAVEL
BOOKS ARE ALWAYS GOING
TO BE IN THE 910S.
NO SURPRISES.



YOU *DISLIKE*
SURPRISES?



NO, I
MEAN... YES,
I GUESS.

I LIKE
STABILITY. I LIKE
THINGS NOT TO
CHANGE.



BUT YOU'RE SEEKING NEW
EMPLOYMENT?

NOT BY
CHOICE.

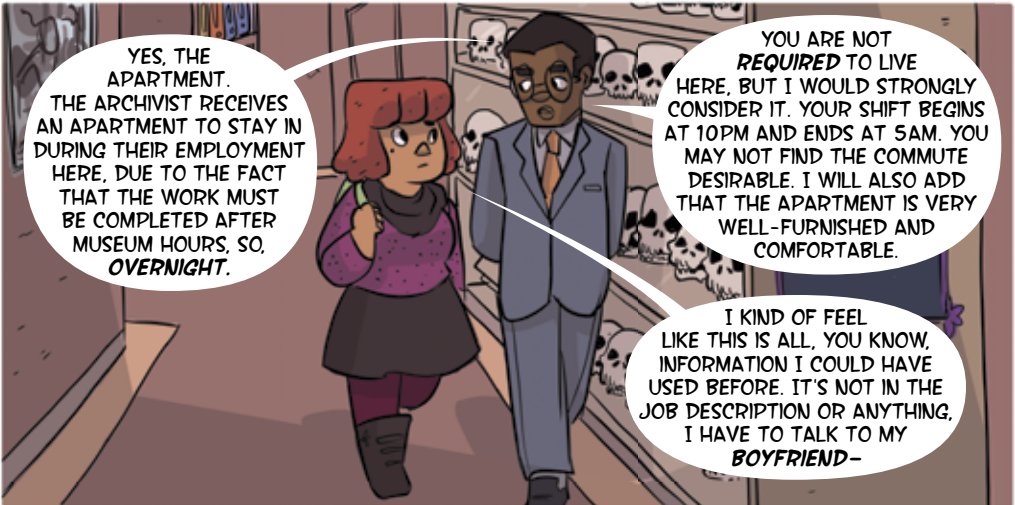


IT'S OKAY,
CEL, YOU'RE
SAFE...

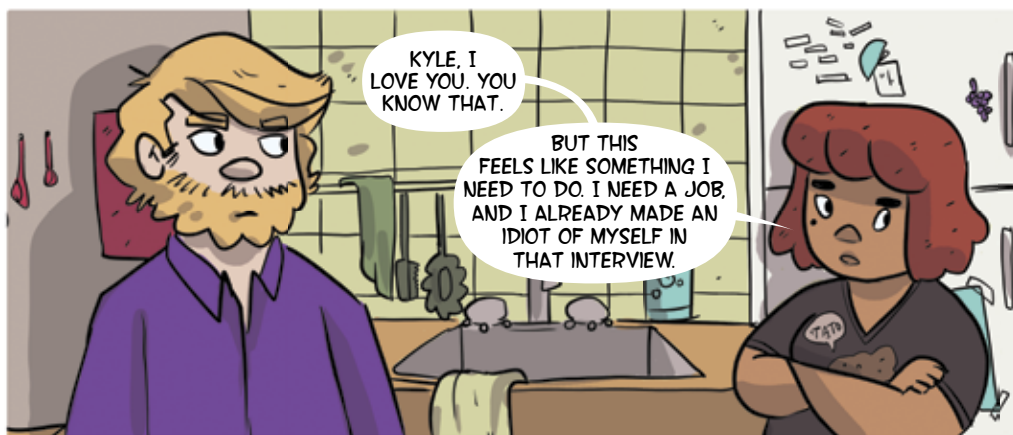
I'M CALLING
HER BOYFRIEND
NOW.













OH,
HEY!

I WAS
JUST HERE TO
TALK TO YOU,
ACTUALLY.



LET
ME TAKE
A GUESS: YOU
DO NOT WANT
THE ARCHIVIST
POSITION.

AND I WANTED
TO APOLOGIZE FOR MY
BEHAVIOR BEFORE. I'VE
BEEN HAVING KIND OF A ROUGH
TIME RECENTLY. BUT I PROMISE
YOU, I AM RELIABLE
AND I AM GOOD AT
WHAT I DO.



I ACTUALLY
DO. I'M HERE
FOR THE
KEYS.



VERY WELL. THEN.
I'M GLAD YOU'VE
RECONSIDERED.

LET ME
GIVE YOU THE
TOUR.





ABA!
HELLO!



WHO IS
THIS?

HOLLY,
GOOD
MORNING.



THIS IS
CELESTE...

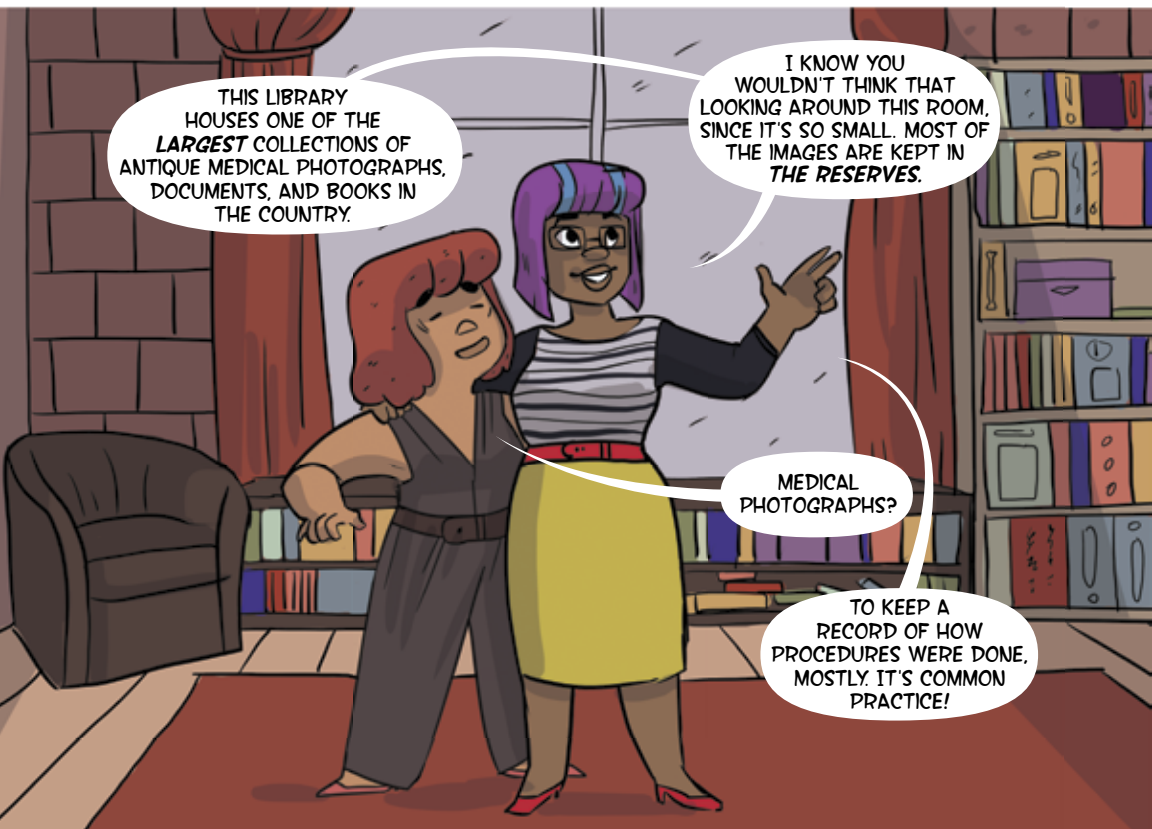
WALDEN.

MS. WALDEN
IS OUR NEW
ARCHIVIST.



IT'LL BE NICE TO HAVE SOME
YOUNG BLOOD AROUND HERE.
IT'S JUST ME AND **OLD
MAN ABA** MOST OF
THE TIME.

I AM
TWENTY-
NINE.



THIS LIBRARY
HOUSES ONE OF THE
LARGEST COLLECTIONS OF
ANTIQUE MEDICAL PHOTOGRAPHS,
DOCUMENTS, AND BOOKS IN
THE COUNTRY.

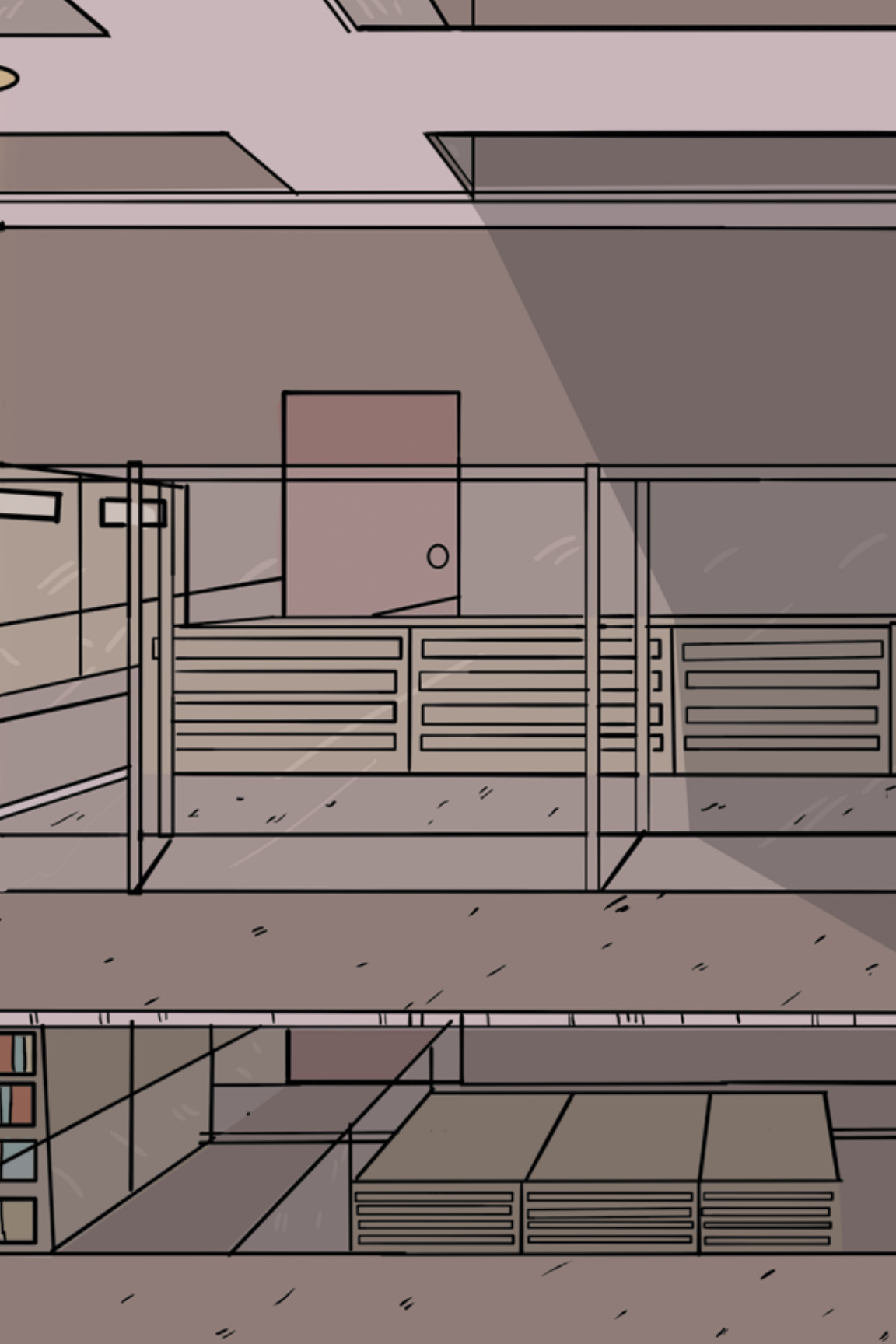
I KNOW YOU
WOULDN'T THINK THAT
LOOKING AROUND THIS ROOM,
SINCE IT'S SO SMALL. MOST OF
THE IMAGES ARE KEPT IN
THE RESERVES.

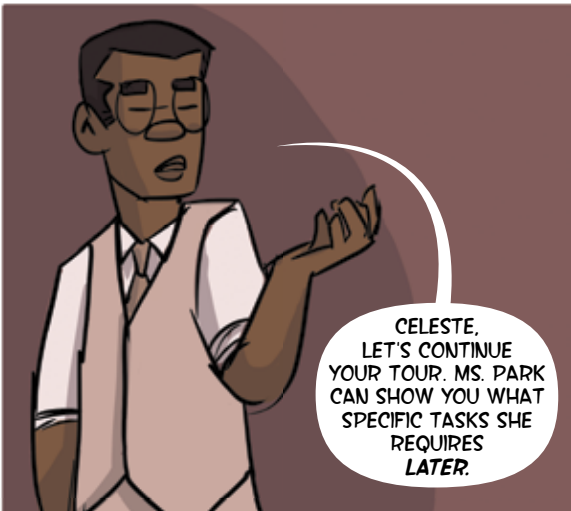
MEDICAL
PHOTOGRAPHS?

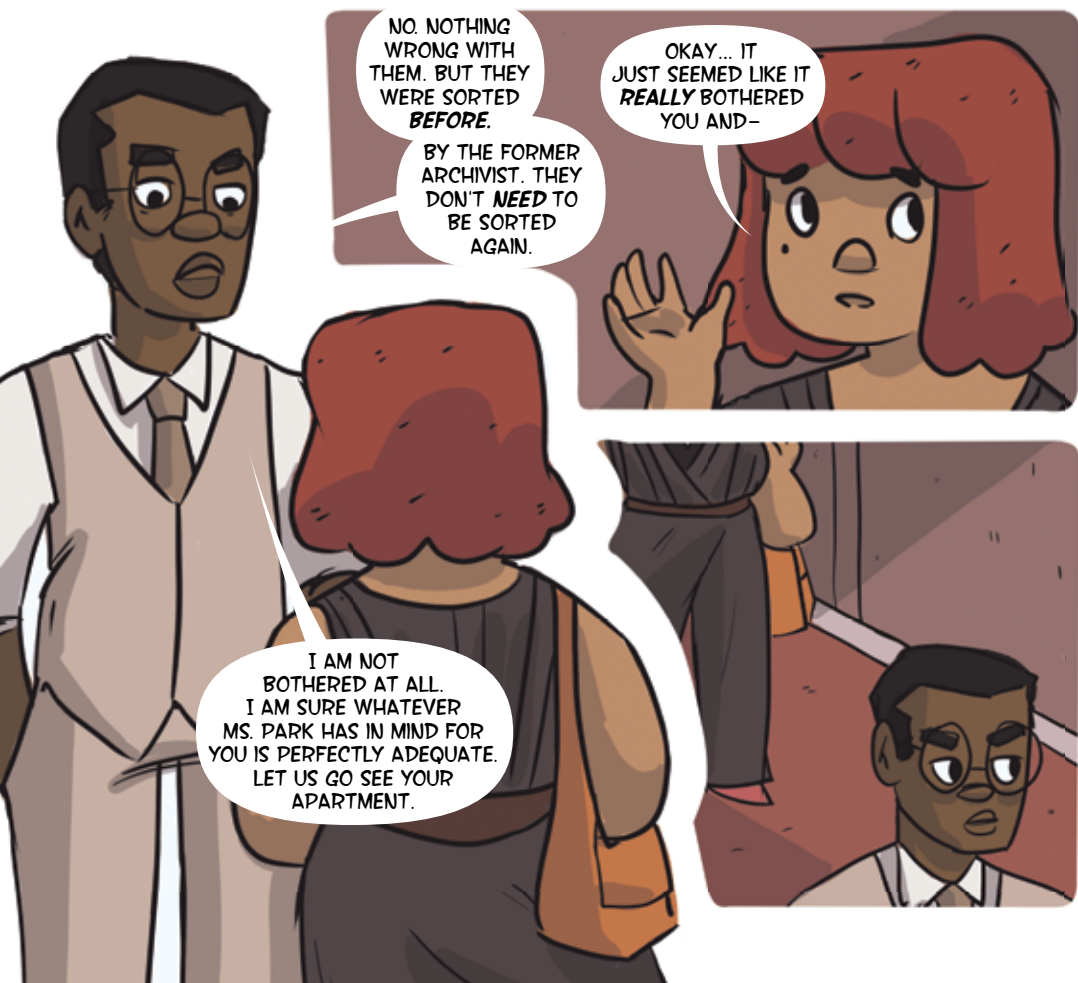
TO KEEP A
RECORD OF HOW
PROCEDURES WERE DONE,
MOSTLY IT'S COMMON
PRACTICE!











NO. NOTHING
WRONG WITH
THEM. BUT THEY
WERE SORTED
BEFORE.

BY THE FORMER
ARCHIVIST. THEY
DON'T **NEED** TO
BE SORTED
AGAIN.

OKAY... IT
JUST SEEMED LIKE IT
REALLY BOTHERED
YOU AND—

I AM NOT
BOTHERED AT ALL.
I AM SURE WHATEVER
MS. PARK HAS IN MIND FOR
YOU IS PERFECTLY ADEQUATE.
LET US GO SEE YOUR
APARTMENT.

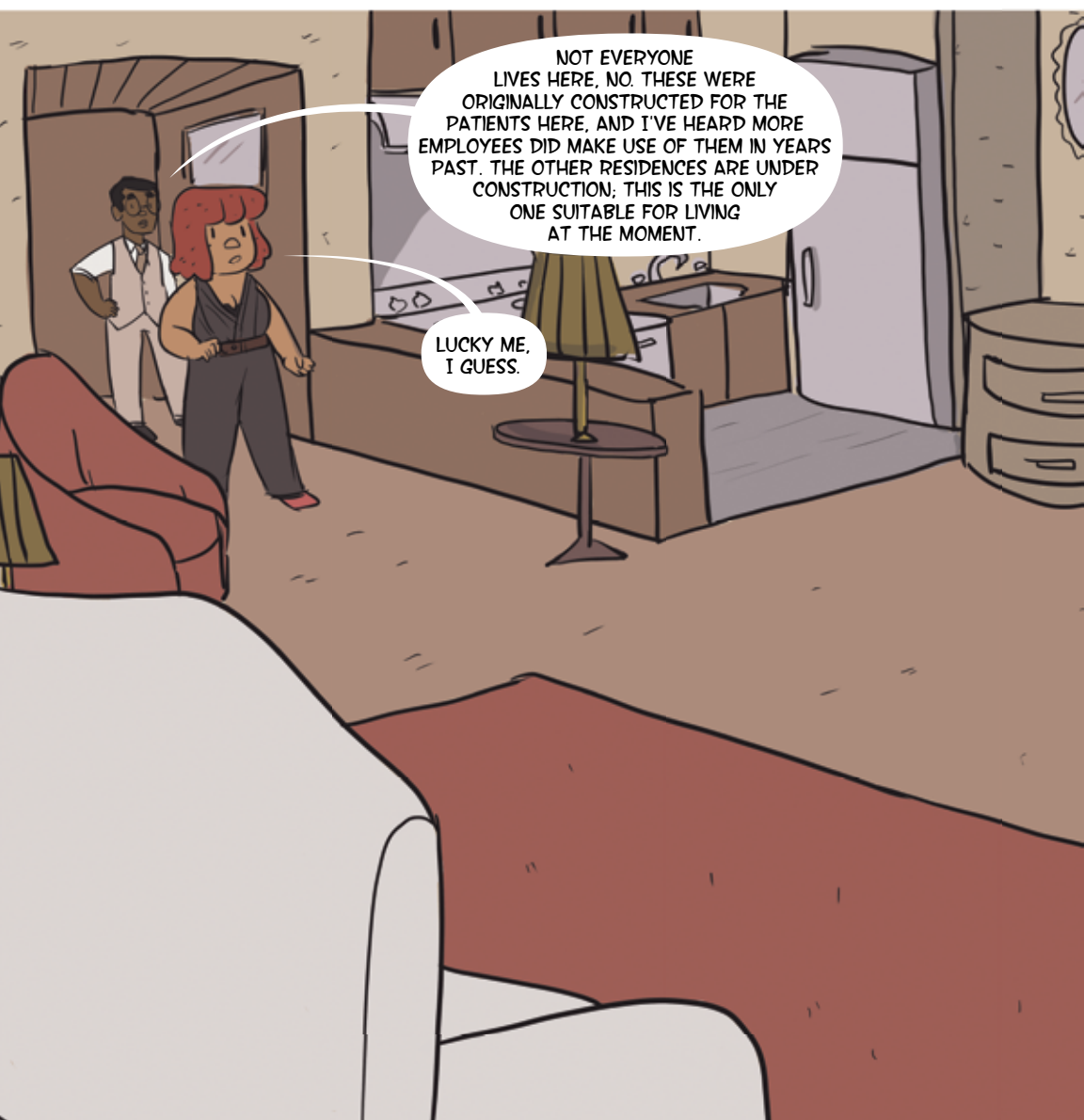




IT'S FULLY FURNISHED, BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY FURNITURE WE CAN TRY TO ARRANGE FOR IT.

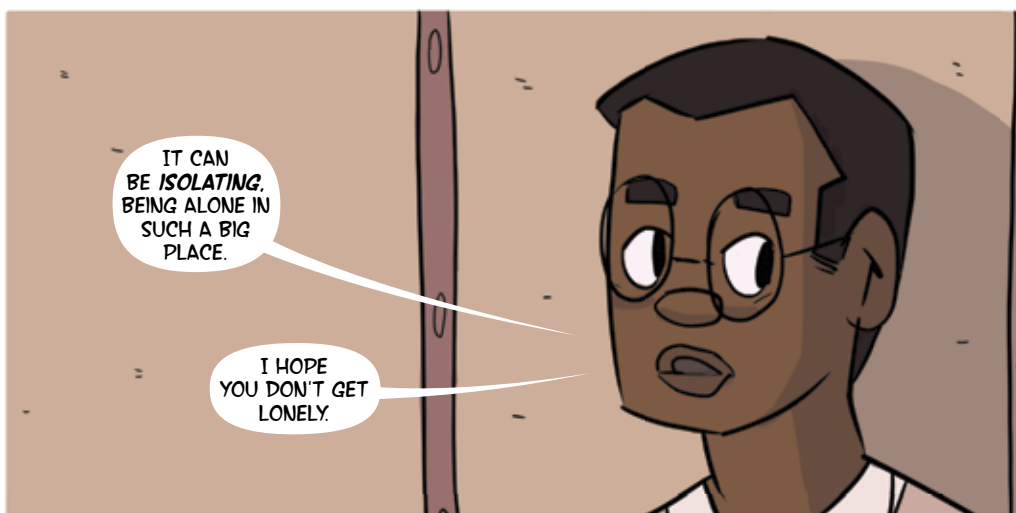
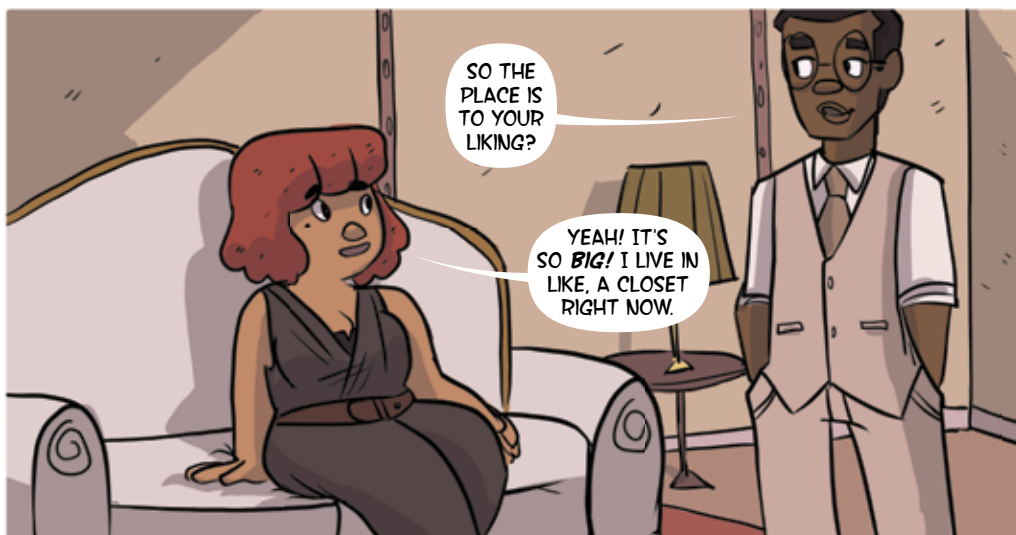


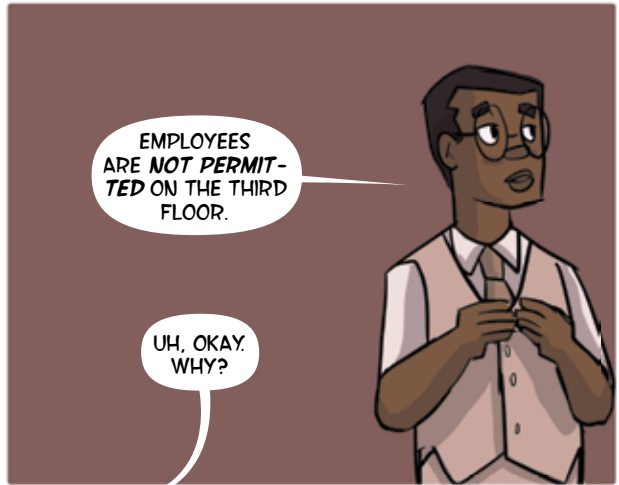
WOW. DOES **EVERYONE** WHO WORKS HERE GET THIS DEAL?



NOT EVERYONE LIVES HERE, NO. THESE WERE ORIGINALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE PATIENTS HERE, AND I'VE HEARD MORE EMPLOYEES DID MAKE USE OF THEM IN YEARS PAST. THE OTHER RESIDENCES ARE UNDER CONSTRUCTION; THIS IS THE ONLY ONE SUITABLE FOR LIVING AT THE MOMENT.

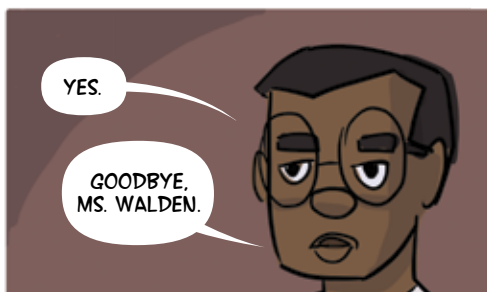
LUCKY ME, I GUESS.



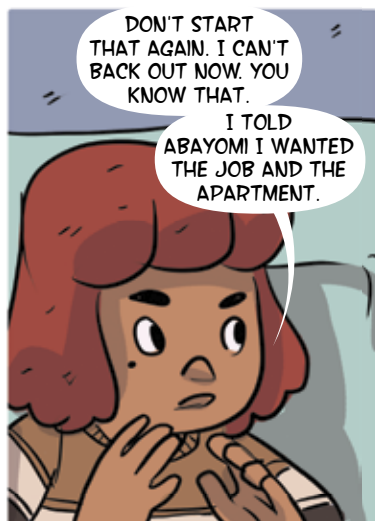


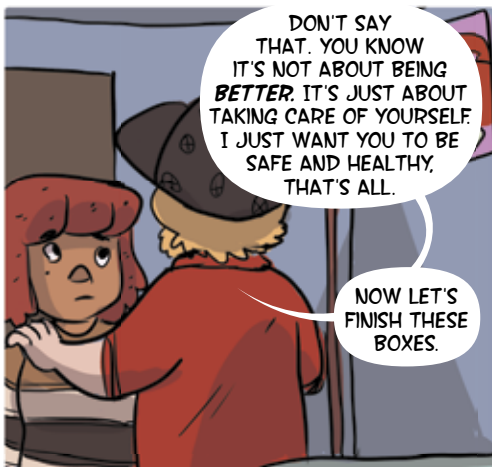










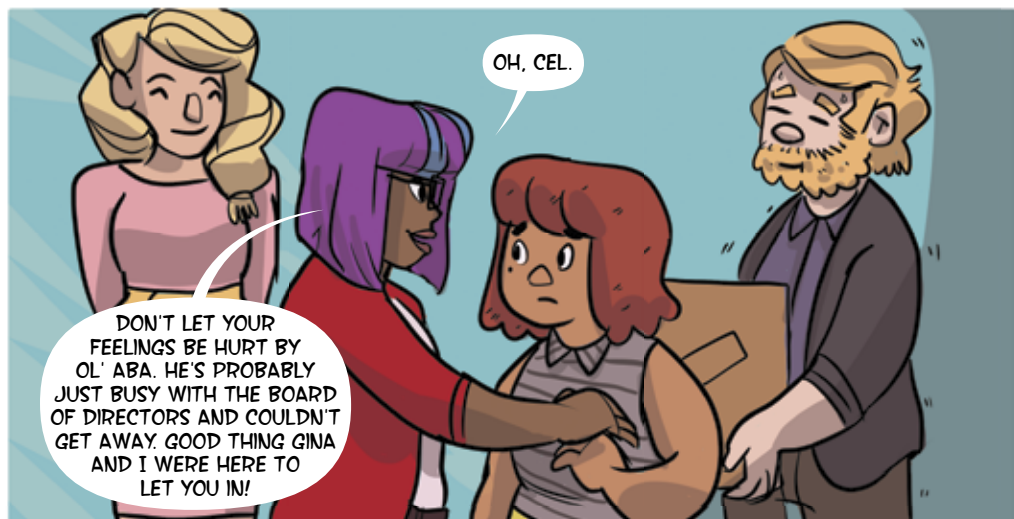
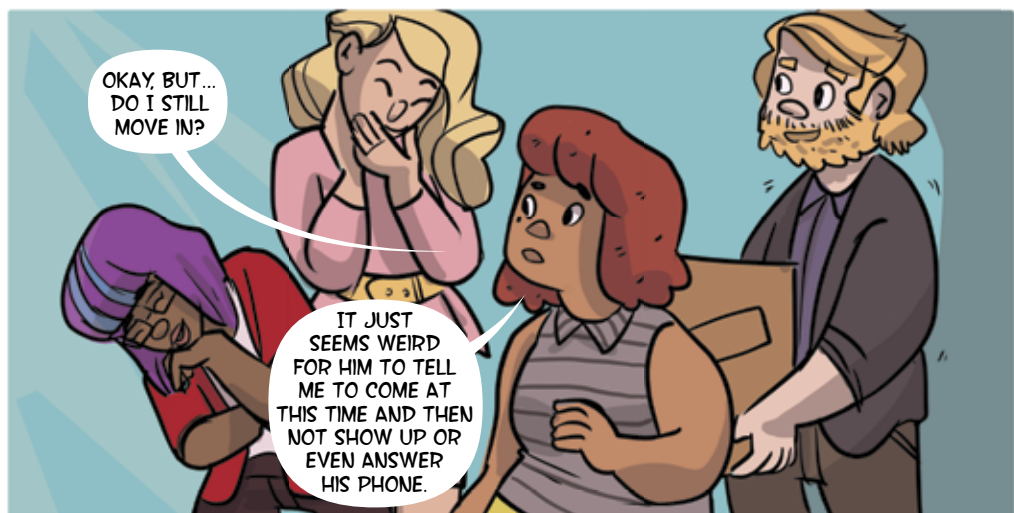


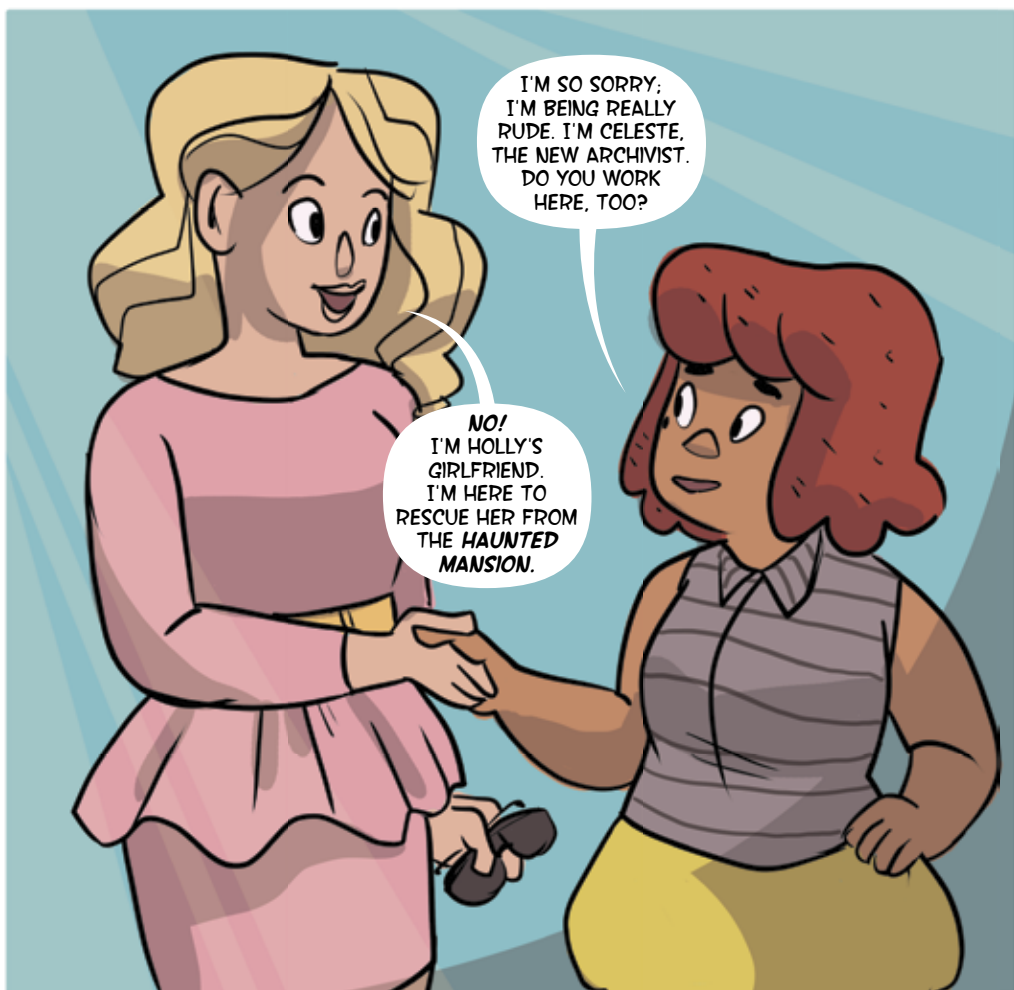


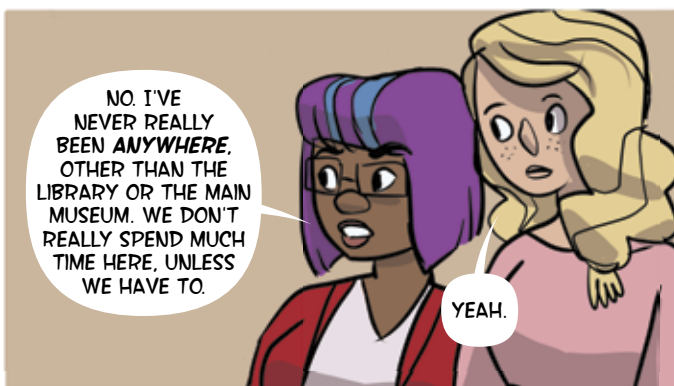
TWO DAYS LATER









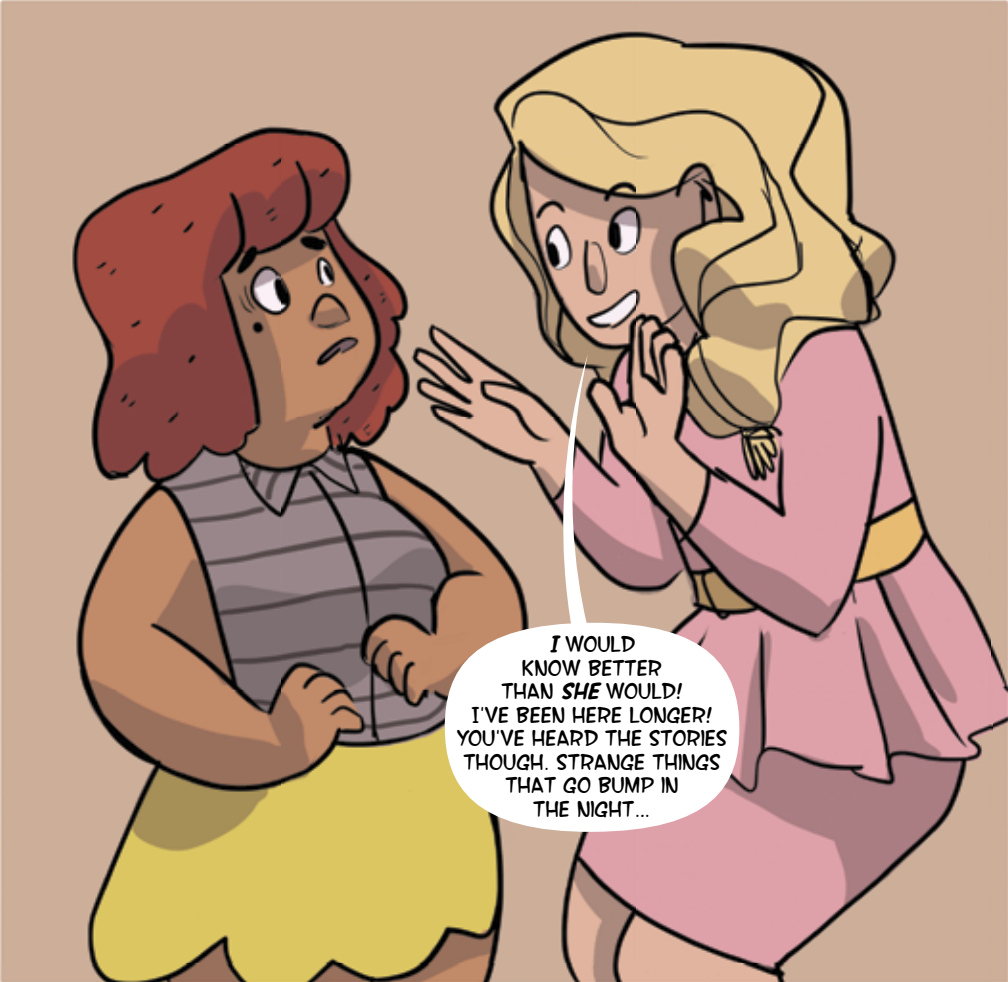




PLUS, THERE'S THE
G-G-G-GHOSTS!



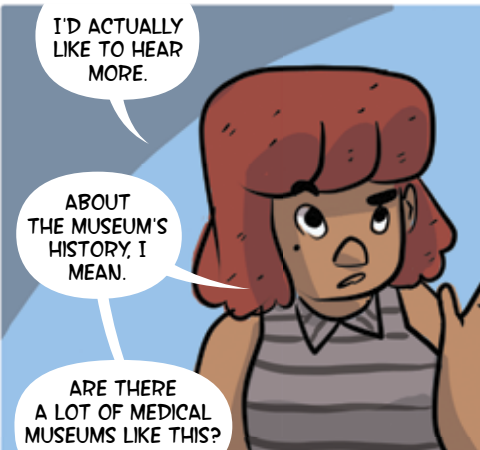
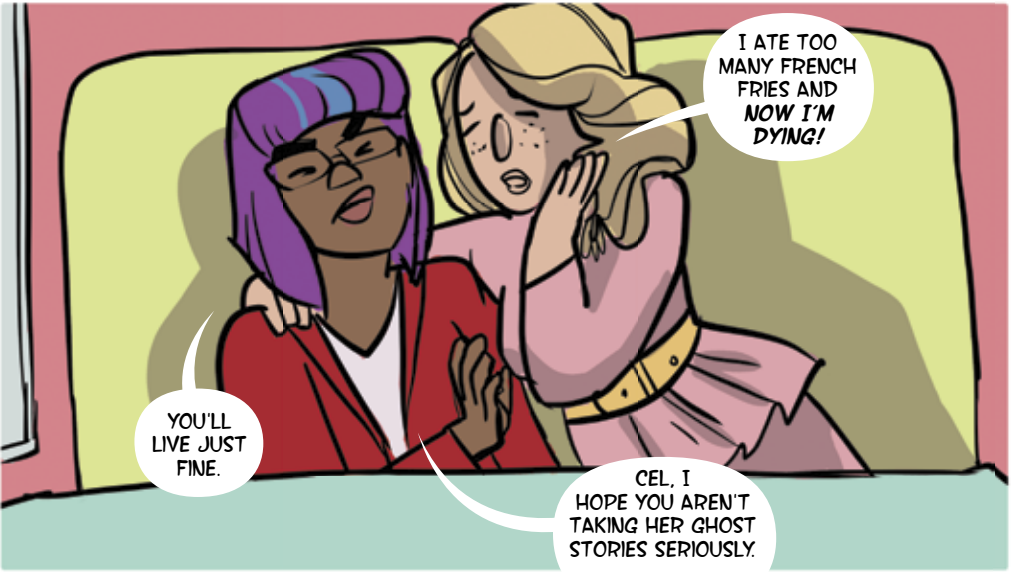
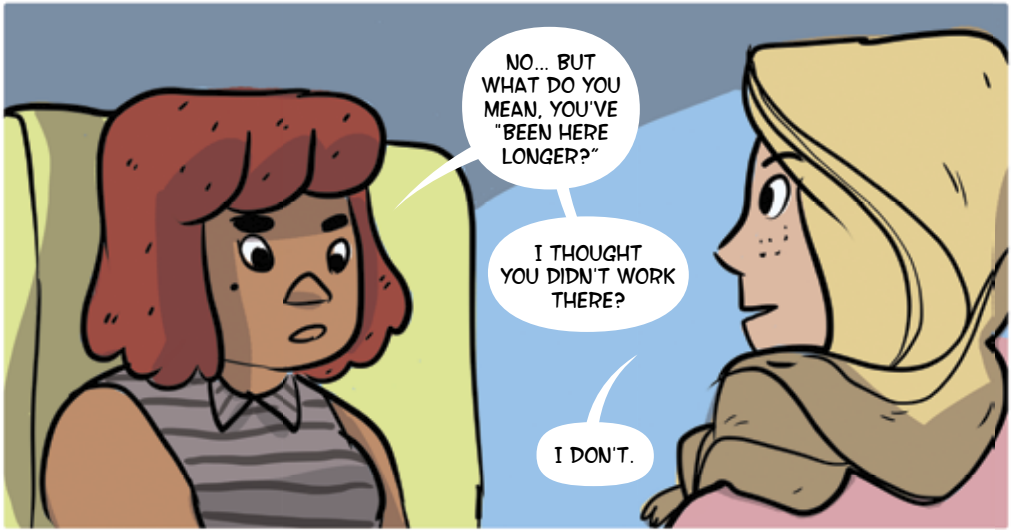
GINA! DON'T
SCARE HER WITH
NONSENSE!

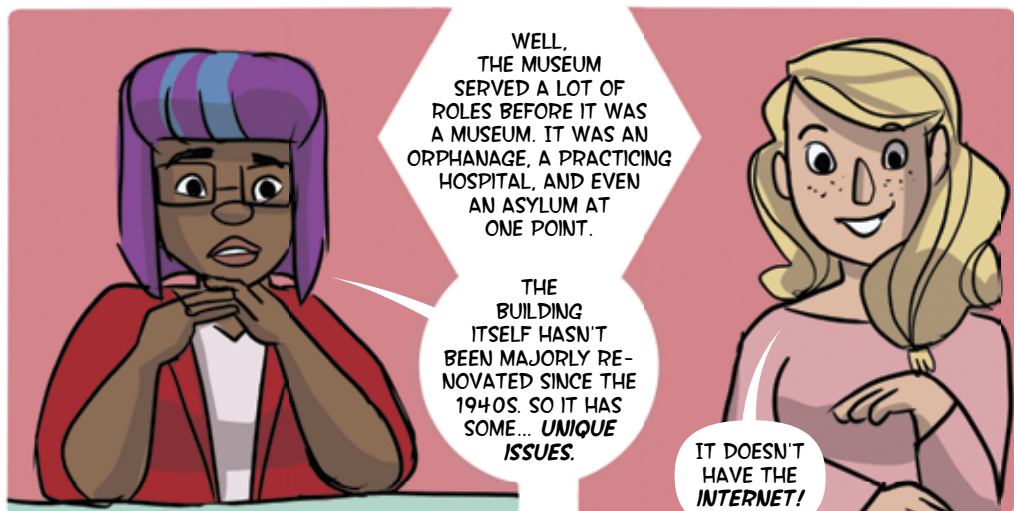


I WOULD
KNOW BETTER
THAN *SHE* WOULD!
I'VE BEEN HERE LONGER!
YOU'VE HEARD THE STORIES
THOUGH. STRANGE THINGS
THAT GO BUMP IN
THE NIGHT...









WELL, THE MUSEUM SERVED A LOT OF ROLES BEFORE IT WAS A MUSEUM. IT WAS AN ORPHANAGE, A PRACTICING HOSPITAL, AND EVEN AN ASYLUM AT ONE POINT.

THE BUILDING ITSELF HASN'T BEEN MAJORLY RENOVATED SINCE THE 1940S. SO IT HAS SOME... *UNIQUE ISSUES.*

IT DOESN'T HAVE THE *INTERNET!*

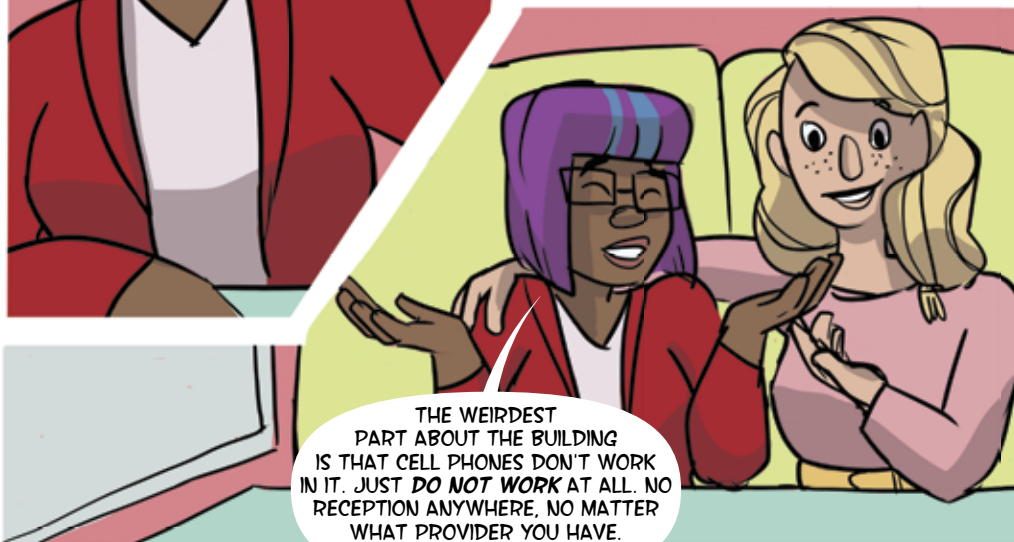


RIGHT. WHICH MAKES MY JOB PRETTY HARD, ACTUALLY.



HOW IS IT OPERATING WITHOUT THE INTERNET?

YOU NEED THE INTERNET FOR LIKE, *EVERYTHING*, NOW.



THE WEIRDEST PART ABOUT THE BUILDING IS THAT CELL PHONES DON'T WORK IN IT. JUST *DO NOT WORK* AT ALL. NO RECEPTION ANYWHERE, NO MATTER WHAT PROVIDER YOU HAVE.



HOW'S THAT WORK?

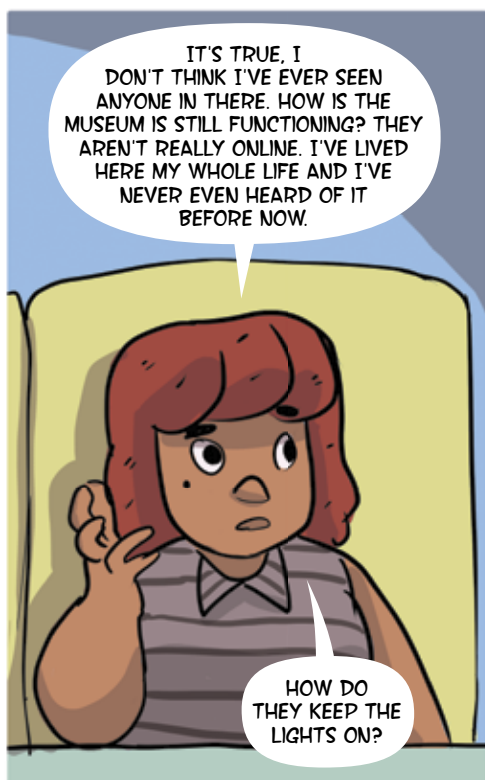
THE BUILDING IS *OLD*, AND WHAT FEW SPOT RENOVATIONS HAVE BEEN DONE TO IT BETWEEN THE 40S AND NOW SEEM TO BE PRETTY SHADY. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY IT'S BUILT MAKES IT SOME SORT OF FARADAY CAGE, OR SOMETHING. OR MAYBE IT'S JUST TUCKED AWAY IN SUCH A FORGOTTEN PART OF THE CITY THAT NO ONE BOTHERED TO CHECK.



ANYWAY, TO SUMMARIZE: BASICALLY IT'S SUPER CREEPY AND NO ONE EVER GOES THERE.



OR MAYBE IT'S FOR OTHER REASONS. *GHOST REASONS.*



IT'S TRUE, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN ANYONE IN THERE. HOW IS THE MUSEUM IS STILL FUNCTIONING? THEY AREN'T REALLY ONLINE. I'VE LIVED HERE MY WHOLE LIFE AND I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF IT BEFORE NOW.

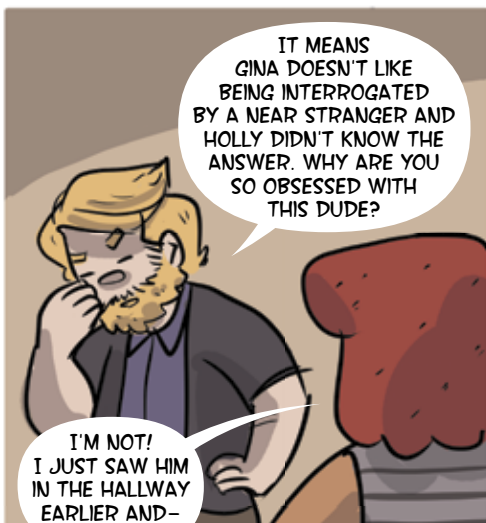
HOW DO THEY KEEP THE LIGHTS ON?



THAT'S A QUESTION FOR *ABAYOMI*, I THINK.

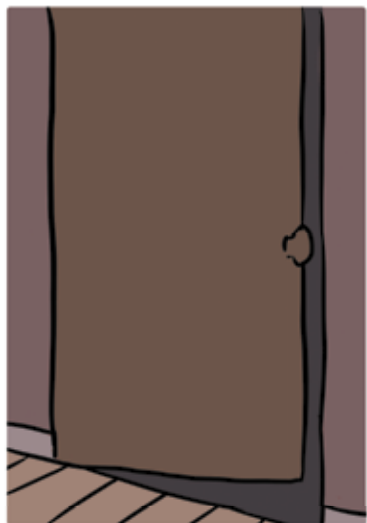
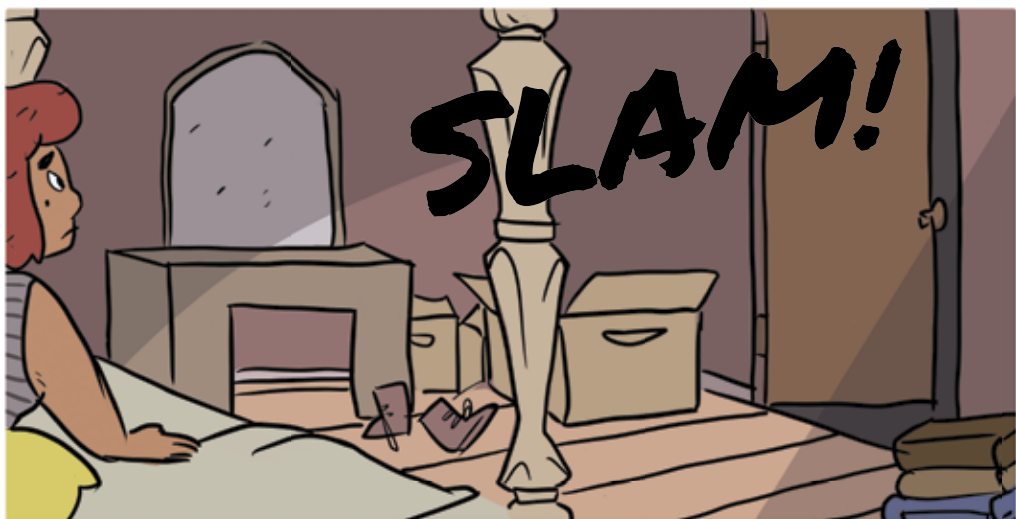
BUT HEY, YOU MUST BE TIRED! LET'S GET YOU HOME. DINNER'S ON *GINA*.





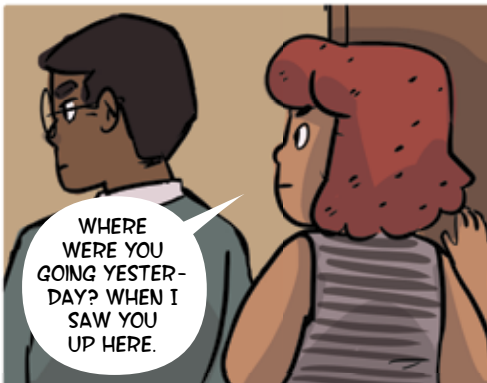
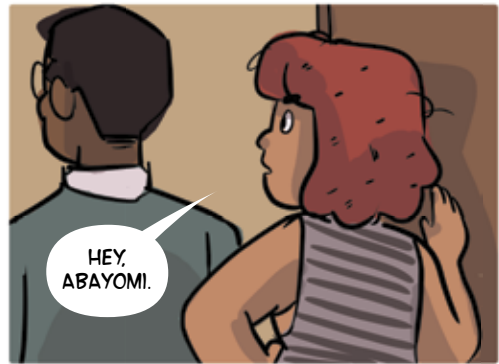
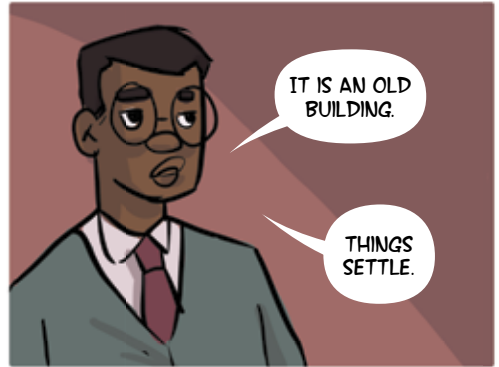
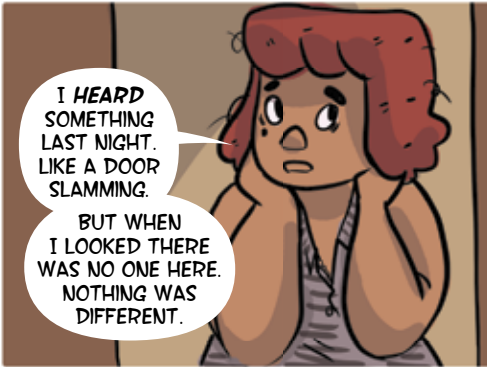






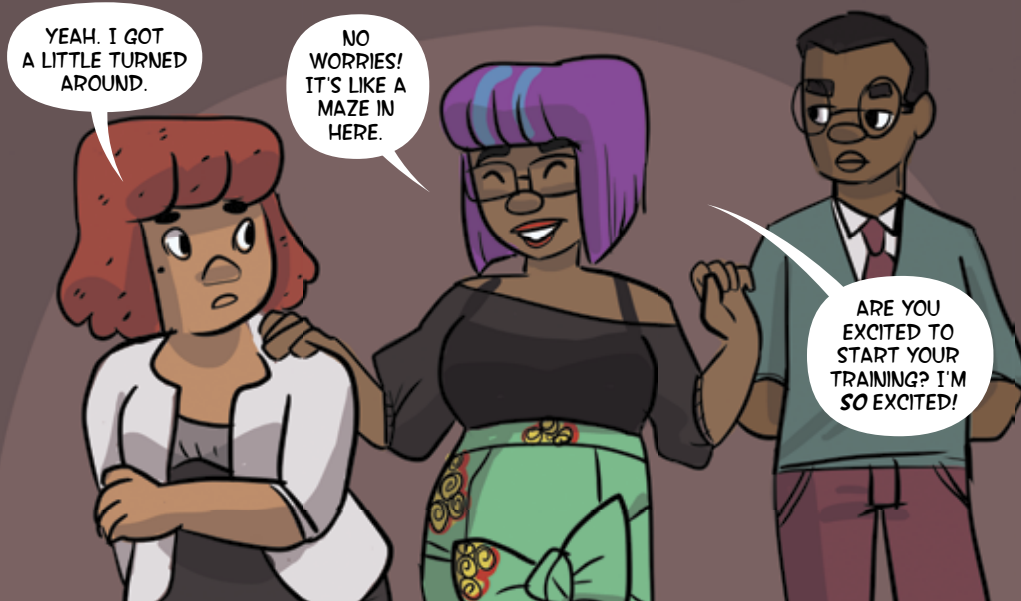
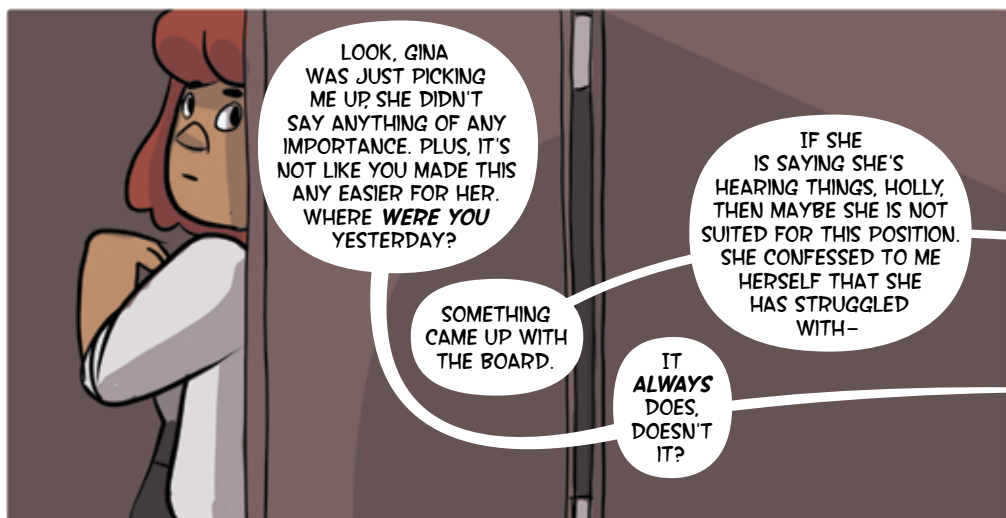
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK





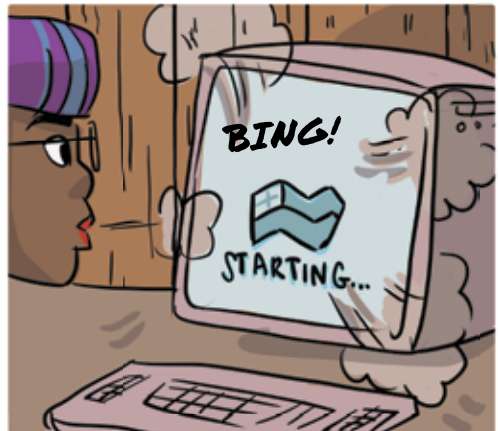








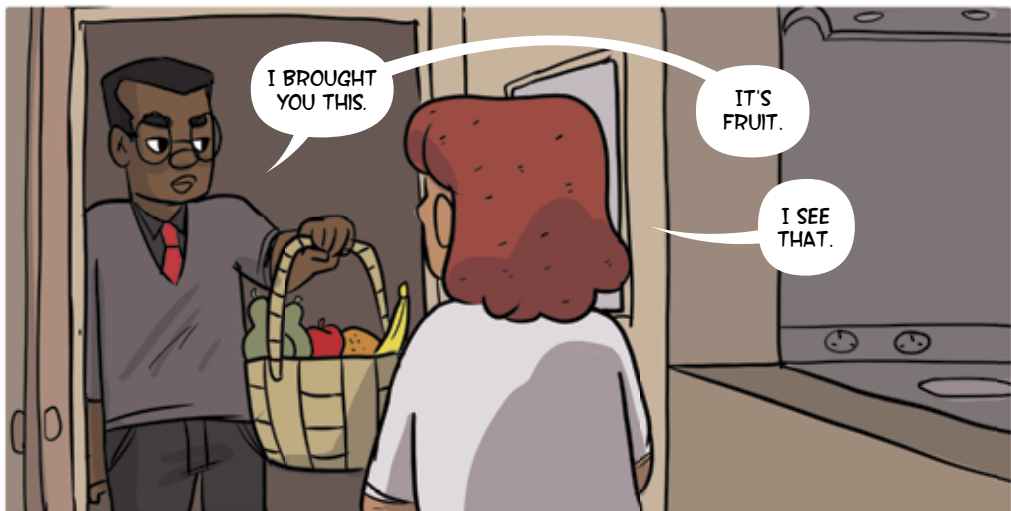














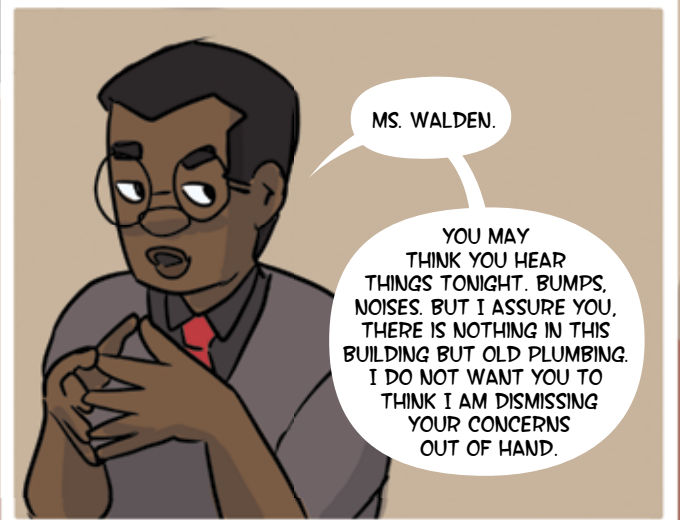
I JUST WANTED
TO CHECK IN AND SEE
THAT YOU WERE ADEQUATELY
PREPARED FOR THIS EVENING.
MS. PARK INFORMED ME
THAT YOU WOULD BE
STARTING WORK.



AND I WANTED TO
GIVE YOU A HOUSE-
WARMING GIFT.

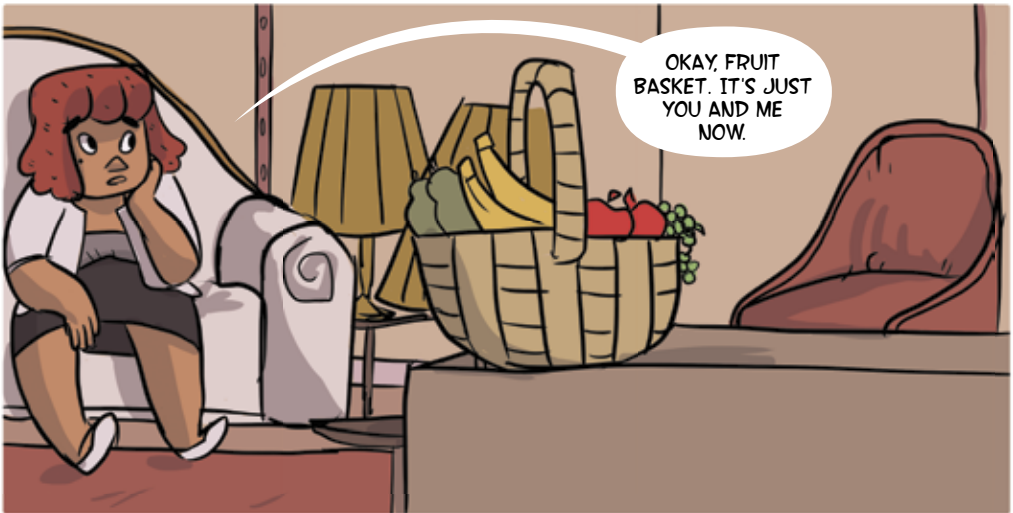


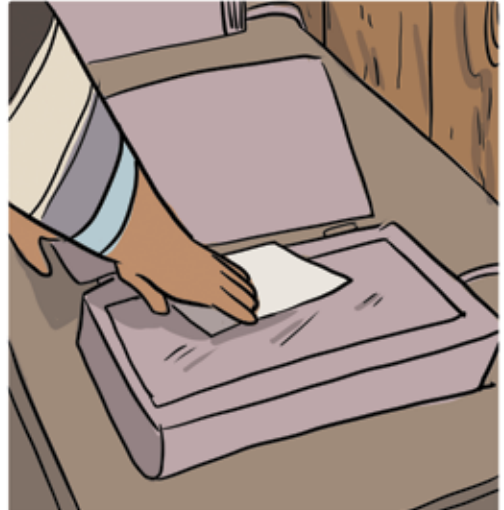
THANKS.



MS. WALDEN.

YOU MAY
THINK YOU HEAR
THINGS TONIGHT. BUMPS,
NOISES. BUT I ASSURE YOU,
THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS
BUILDING BUT OLD PLUMBING.
I DO NOT WANT YOU TO
THINK I AM DISMISSING
YOUR CONCERNS
OUT OF HAND.















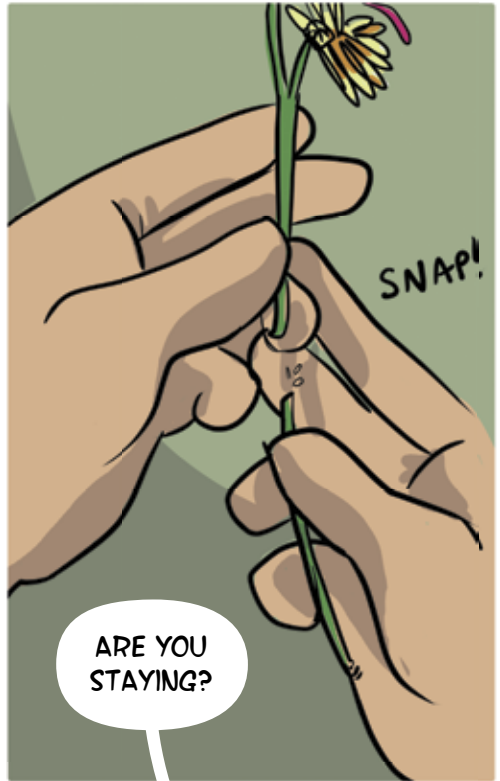


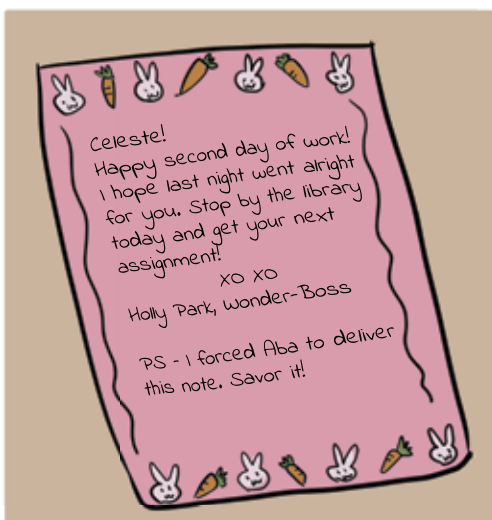
THE NEXT MORNING





SLEEP

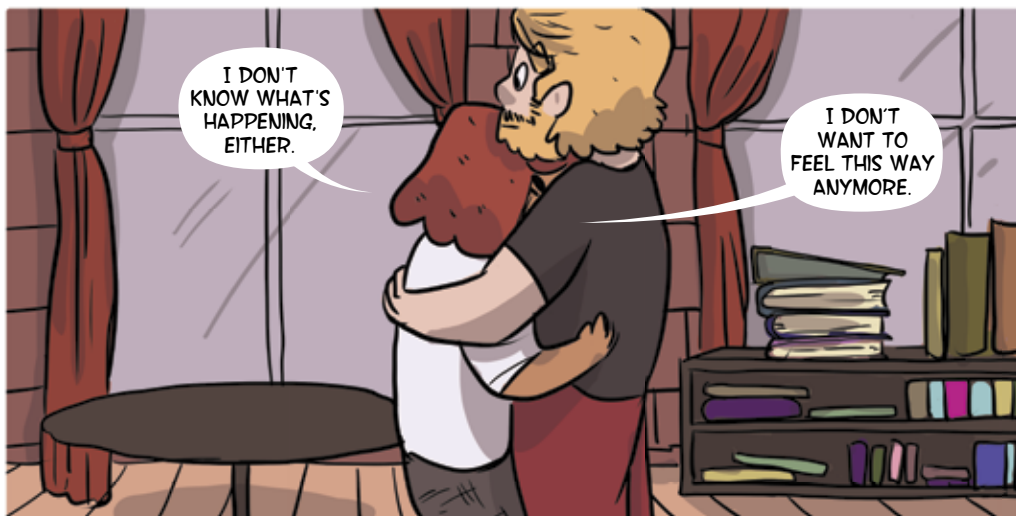


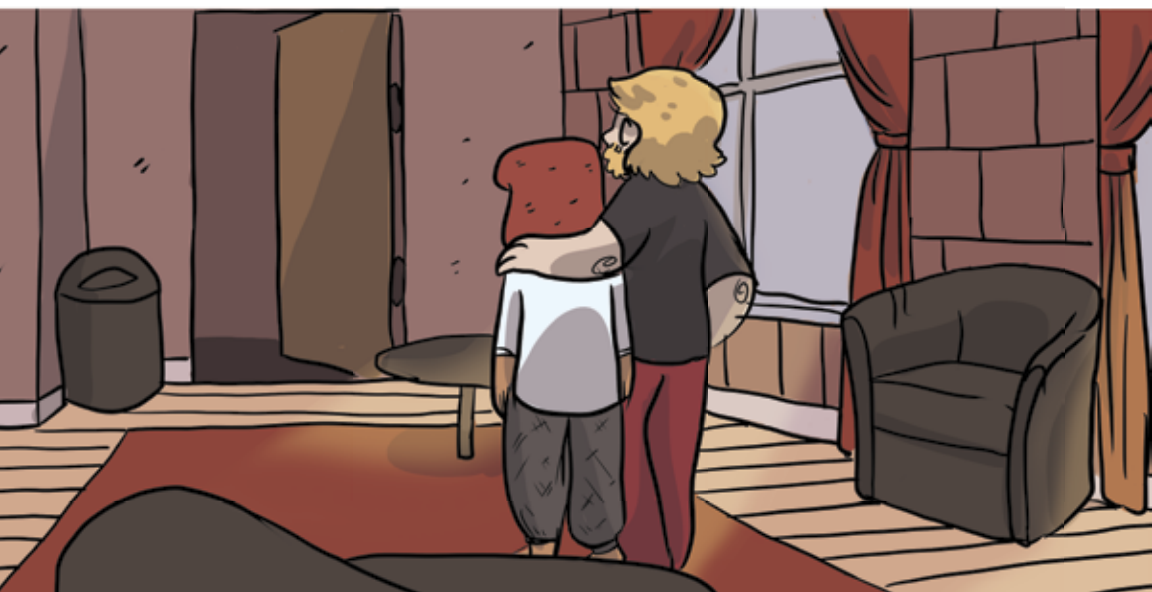


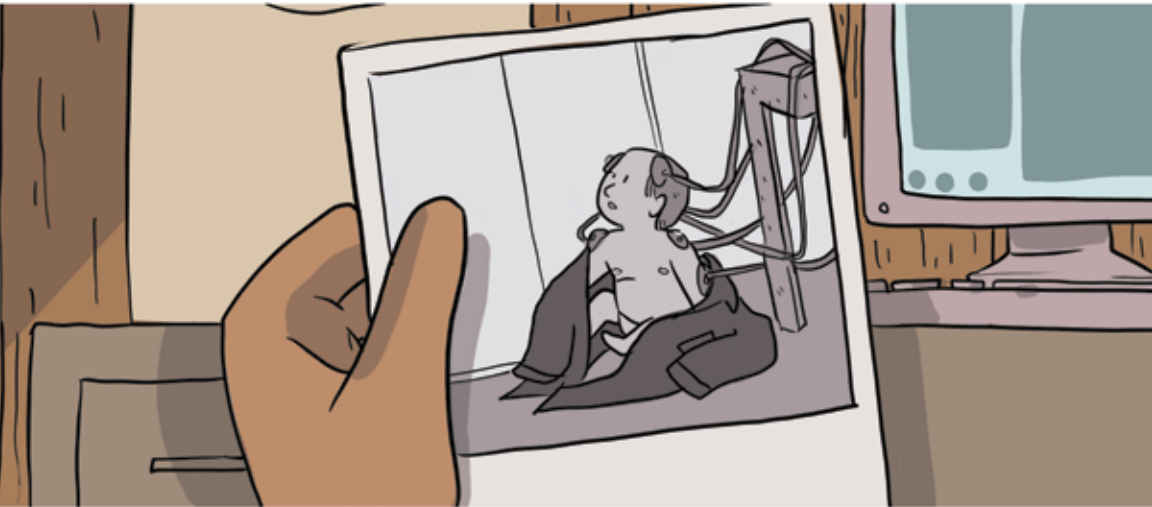
















MS. WALDEN.
IT IS **NINE**. YOUR SHIFT
WAS SUPPOSED TO END
AT **FIVE**. THE MUSEUM WILL
OPEN IN THIRTY MINUTES.



I **KNOW**, I **KNOW**! I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED!
I JUST LOST
TRACK OF
TIME!



BUT CHECK IT OUT! I SCANNED
LIKE, TWO HUNDRED IMAGES!
HOLLY IS GOING TO BE
SO **PUMPED**!



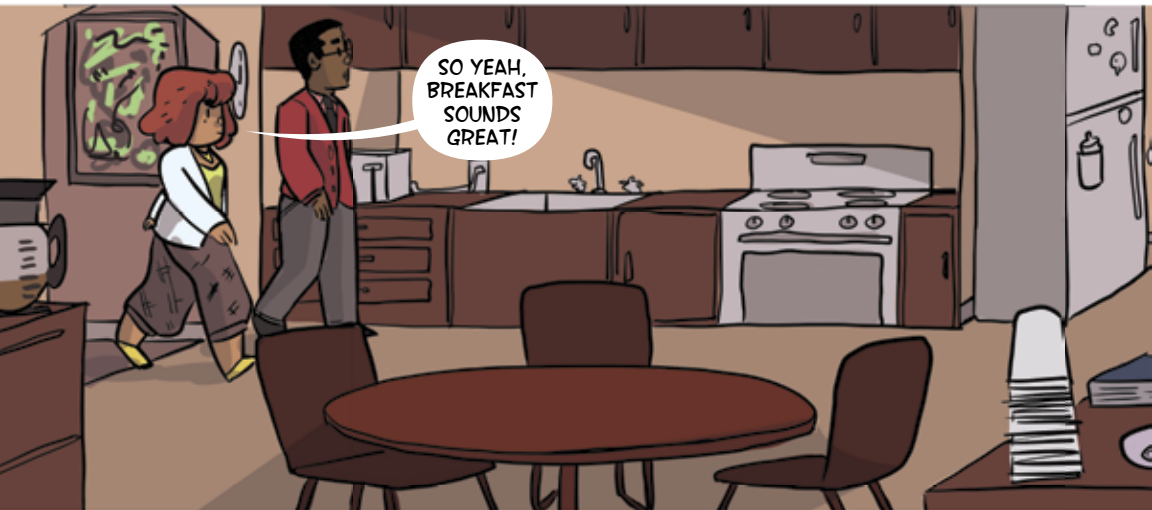
SHE'LL MOST
DEFINITELY BE...
PUMPED. I AM AS
WELL. GREAT WORK.



SINCE WE'RE
BOTH HERE, DO
YOU CARE TO JOIN
ME FOR BREAKFAST?
I WAS HEADED TO THE
KITCHEN, BUT I HEARD
SOMETHING IN THE
ARCHIVE.

I'M GLAD IT
WAS ONLY
YOU.

WHAT
ELSE WOULD
IT BE?





TOASTER
PUFFINS? YOU
DON'T SEEM LIKE
THE TYPE.

A GUILTY
PLEASURE.



IT APPEARS
YOU'RE PICKING
UP THE ARCHIVING
ROUTINE QUICKLY.



IT'S
PRETTY
SIMPLE.

THE
ORGANIZING
INSIDE THE
BOXES THEM-
SELVES IS WHAT
TAKES THE
LONGEST.

WHOEVER
THE LAST ARCHIVIST
WAS, THEY LEFT
THINGS A REAL MESS.



I KNOW
THIS PLACE CAN
FEEL ISOLATING. I'M
SORRY IF I HAVEN'T
BEEN ADEQUATELY
WELCOMING.

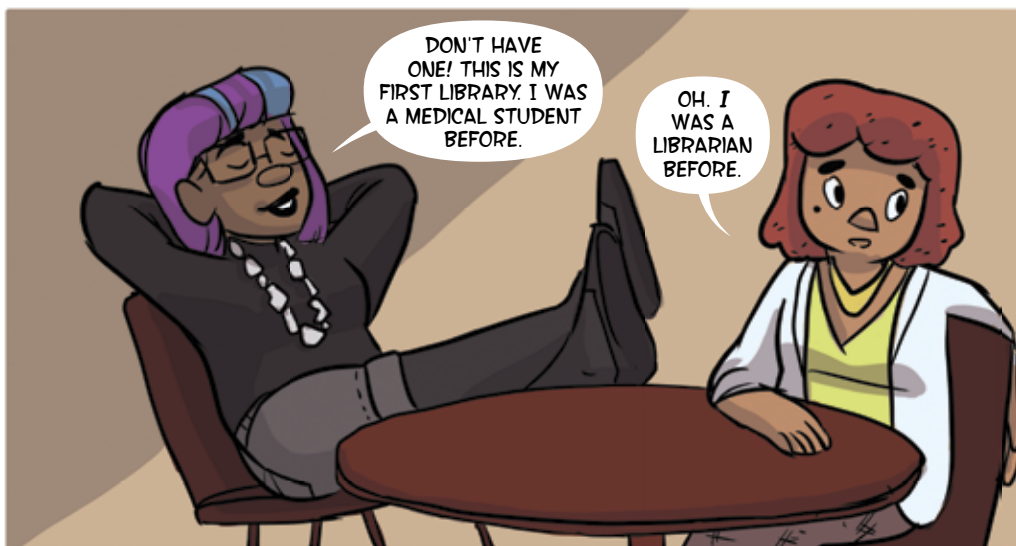


YOU'VE
BEEN FINE.
IT'S BEEN
FINE.









DON'T HAVE ONE! THIS IS MY FIRST LIBRARY. I WAS A MEDICAL STUDENT BEFORE.

OH. I WAS A LIBRARIAN BEFORE.



AND YOU'RE A LIBRARIAN NOW! WHAT DO **YOU** CALL WHAT YOU DO?



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I LIKE THE JOB, SO FAR. IT'S SO MEDITATIVE. I MEAN, WHEN THE POWER ISN'T GOING OUT.



WHAT MADE YOU LEAVE MEDICAL SCHOOL?

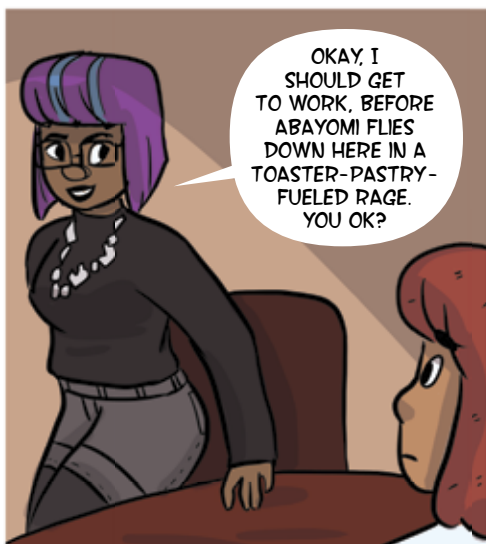


IT WAS WHAT MY **PARENTS** WANTED ME TO DO. MY DAD IS STILL MAD ABOUT IT, HONESTLY. BUT I LIKE WHAT I DO NOW. I'VE BEEN HERE THREE YEARS AND I DON'T SEE MYSELF LEAVING.

YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO TAKE CARE OF **YOU**. I WAS MISERABLE IN MED SCHOOL, BUT I'M HAPPY HERE. I DON'T THINK **EVERYONE** SHOULD JUST QUIT THEIR JOBS AND BECOME A UNICORN OR WHATEVER, BUT THIS HAS MADE ME HAPPY AND IT PAYS MY BILLS.



I WISH I KNEW HOW TO DO THAT. BE HAPPY, I MEAN.

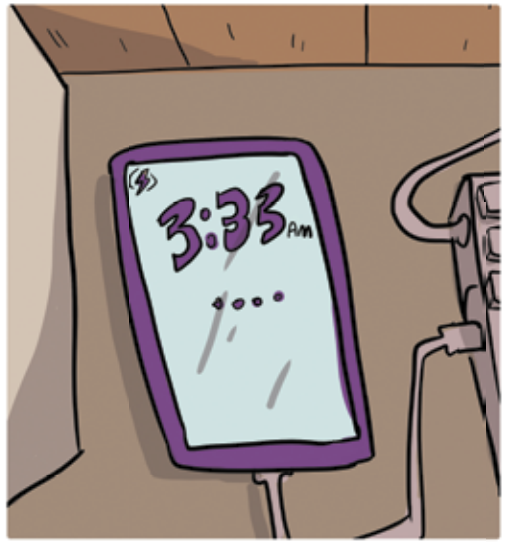






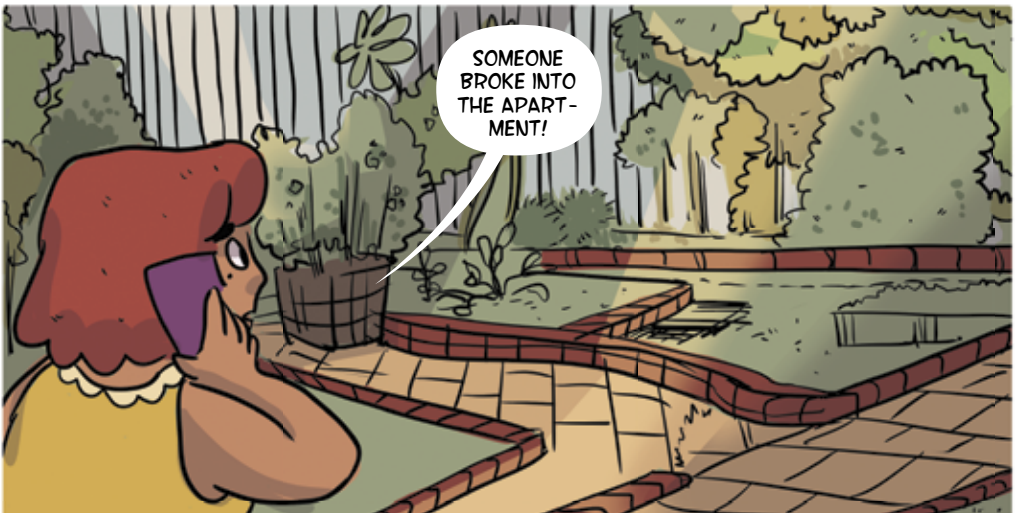


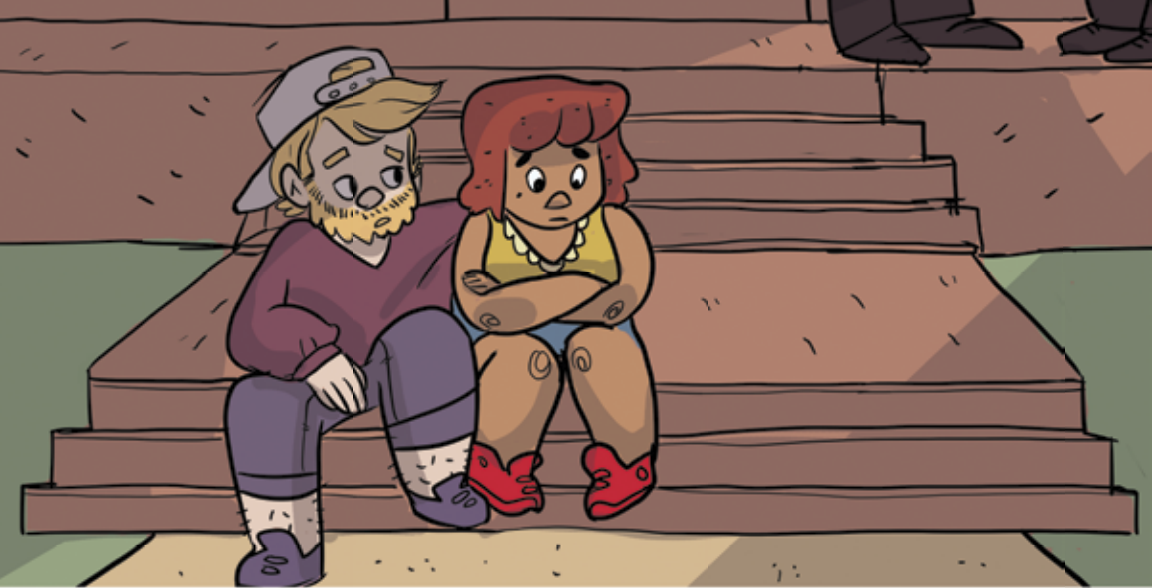


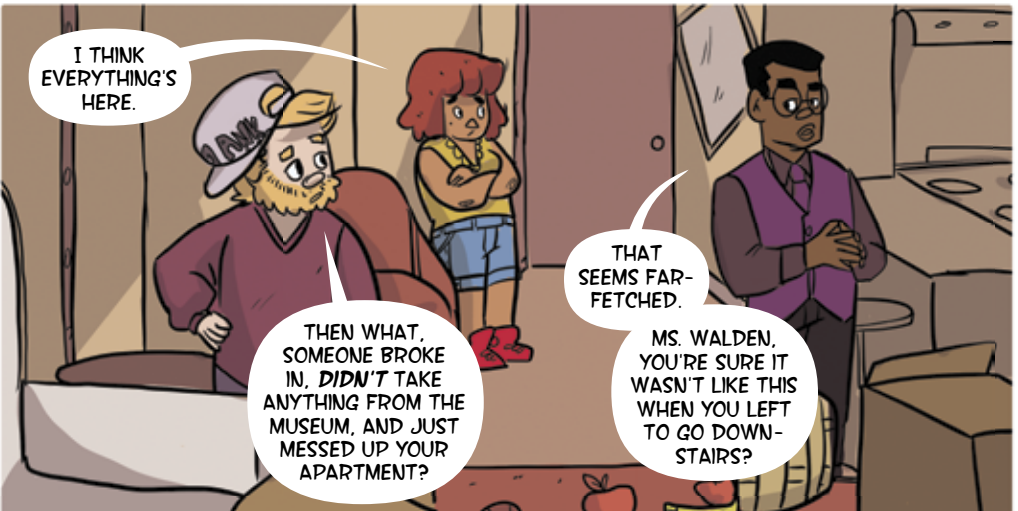
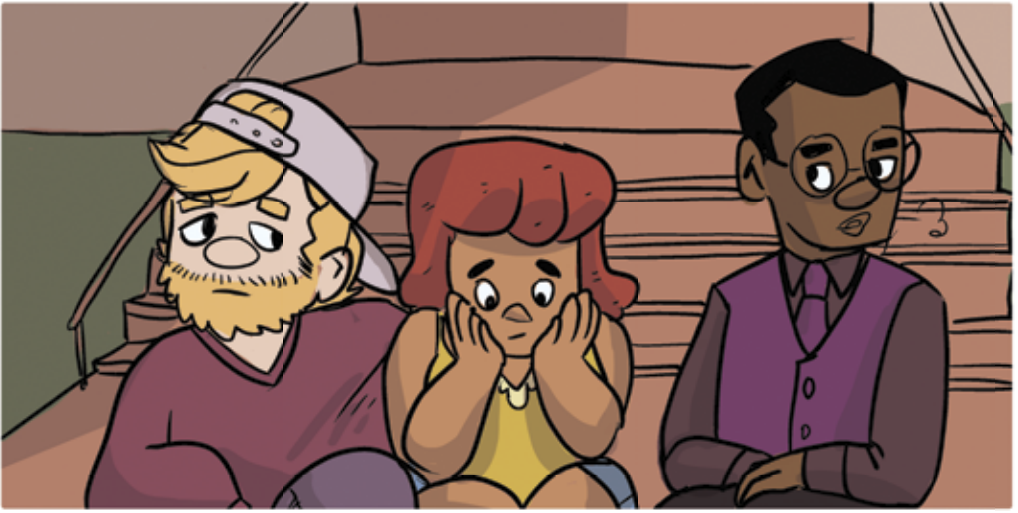






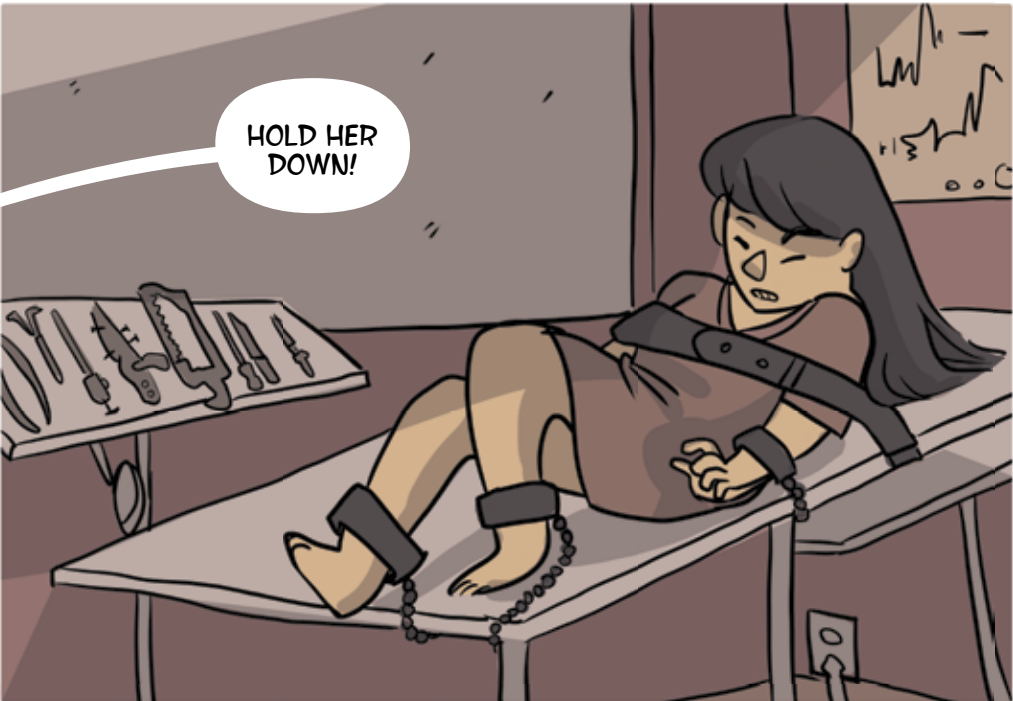








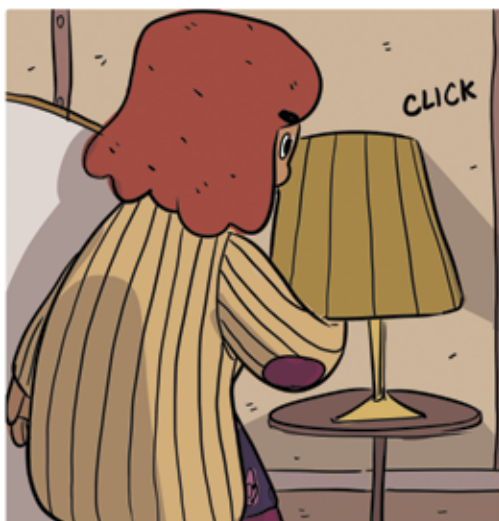




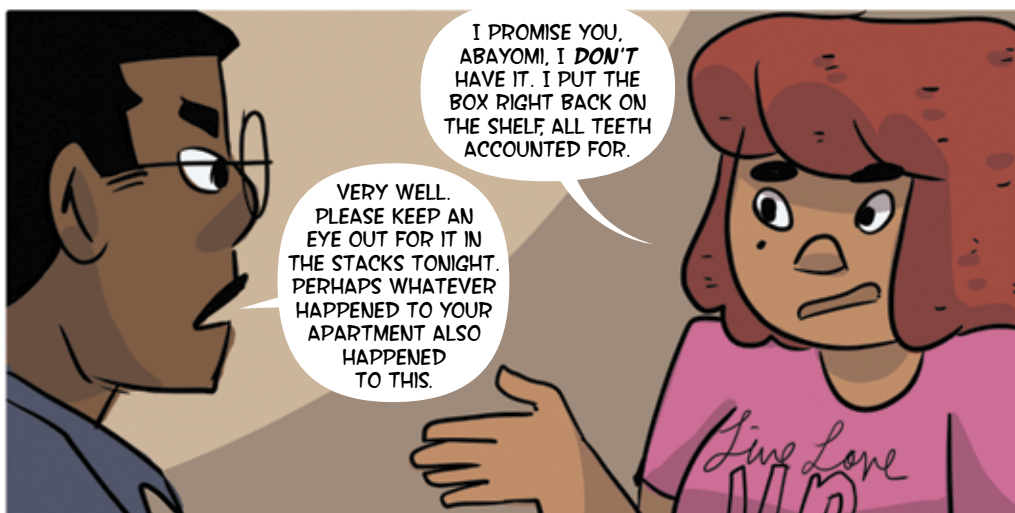




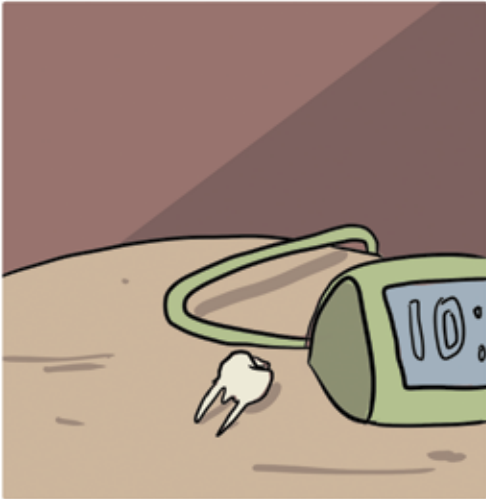


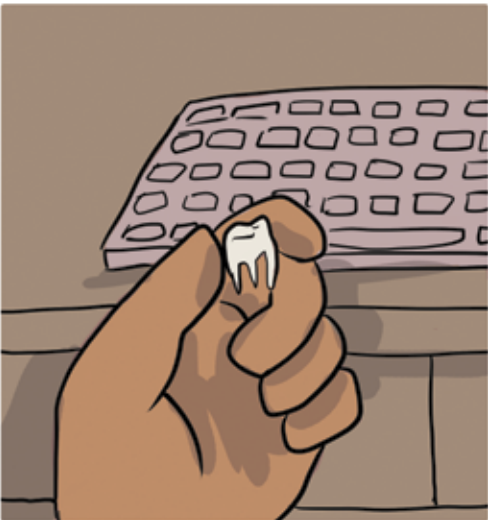






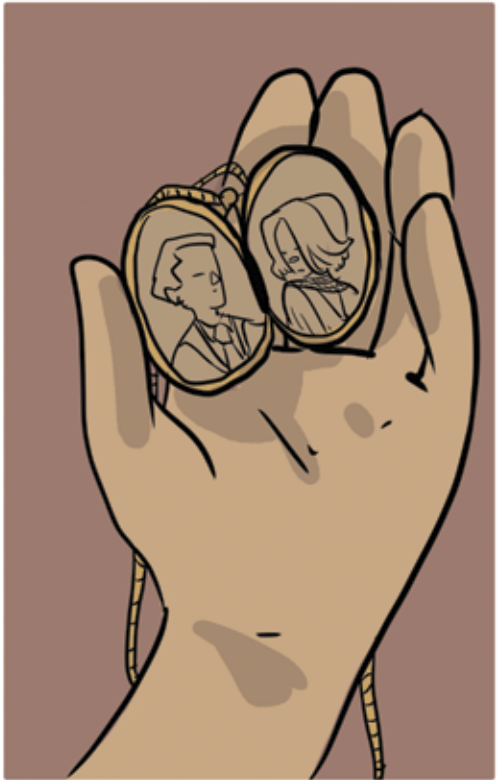


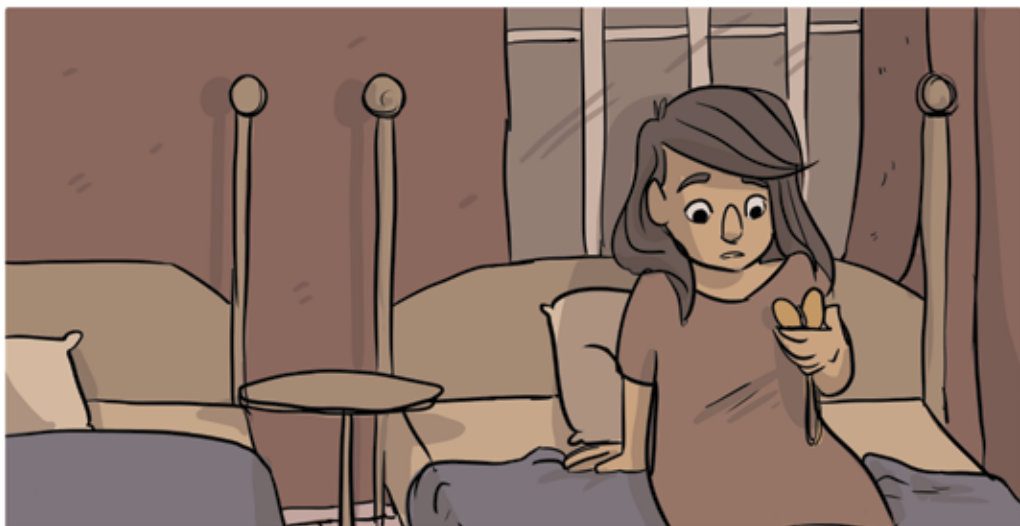








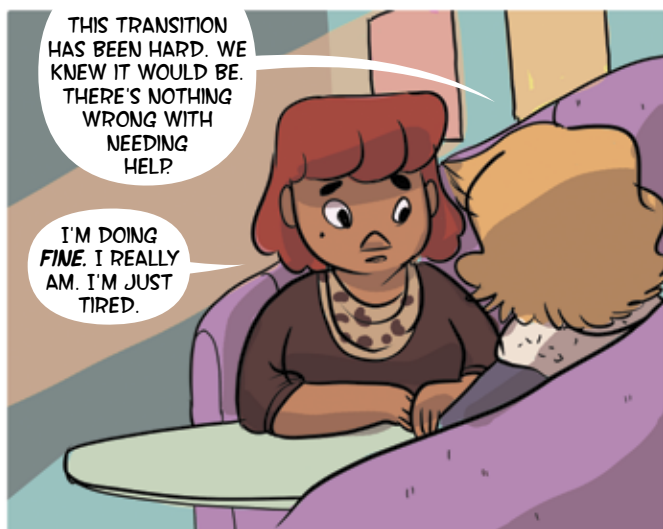


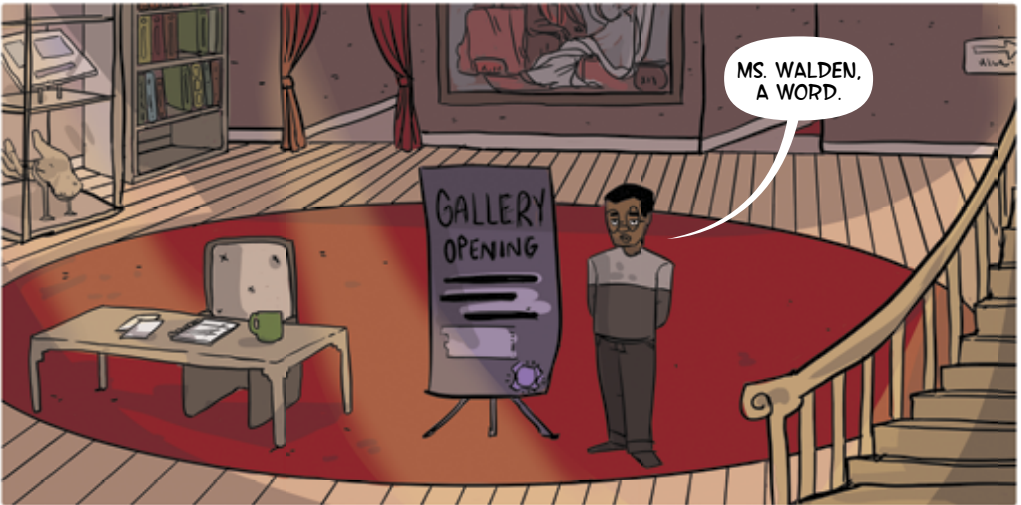
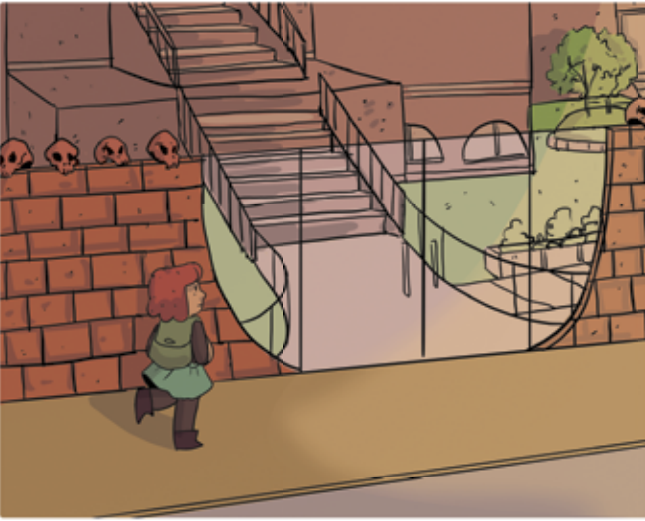






TWO WEEKS LATER









YOUR INITIALS ARE **CW**, CORRECT? YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE IN THE BUILDING AT NIGHT, AND THIS CERTAINLY WAS NOT THERE WHEN I VISITED YOUR APARTMENT TWO WEEKS AGO. WHICH, IF I RECALL, WAS TO DISCUSS ANOTHER **PROBLEM**.

WHAT IS YOUR **PROBLEM** WITH ME?!



I-I BEG YOUR PARDON?



YOU **CLEARLY** HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ME. YOU'VE BEEN RUDE, AND **WEIRD**, AND ACCUSING ME OF ALL KINDS OF THINGS EVER SINCE I CAME IN HERE FOR MY INTERVIEW. IT'S BEEN NON-STOP SINCE I **STARTED**.

I'M TELLING YOU NOW, I DIDN'T DO THAT, AND I DIDN'T TAKE THE TOOTH. SO WHAT IS IT? WHY DID YOU EVEN **HIRE** ME IF YOU THINK I'M SO HORRIBLE? I'M ON A PROBATIONARY PERIOD, RIGHT? SO WHY NOT JUST **FIRE** ME?









AND THEN
HE JUST RAN
OFF!

WHAT IS
THE DEAL WITH
THAT GUY?

LET ME
TELL YOU ABOUT
ABAYOMI.

ABA WAS THE ASSISTANT CURATOR WHEN I STARTED HERE,
UNDER DR. WESTON. HE'D ONLY BEEN WORKING AT THE
MUSEUM FOR ABOUT TWO MONTHS BEFORE I WAS HIRED.

WHAT HAPPENED TO
DR. WESTON? DID HE
RETIRE?

TIME WILL TELL, CURIOUS
SOUL. LISTEN!

DR. WESTON WAS SO KIND, AND SO WELCOMING. HE HIRED ME IN SPITE OF MY LACK OF EXPERIENCE, AND TRAINED ME HIMSELF.



AND ABA, HE WAS A TEACHER'S PET. HE LOVED DR. WESTON LIKE A FATHER, BUT I DON'T THINK IT WAS NECESSARILY RECIPROCATED.



ABA WAS OBSESSED WITH GETTING THE DOCTOR'S APPROVAL, AND STUDIED THE COLLECTION AND HISTORY OF THE MUSEUM LIKE IT WAS HIS JOB

WELL... WASN'T IT?

WHY DO YOU HATE GOOD STORYTELLING, CELESTE?

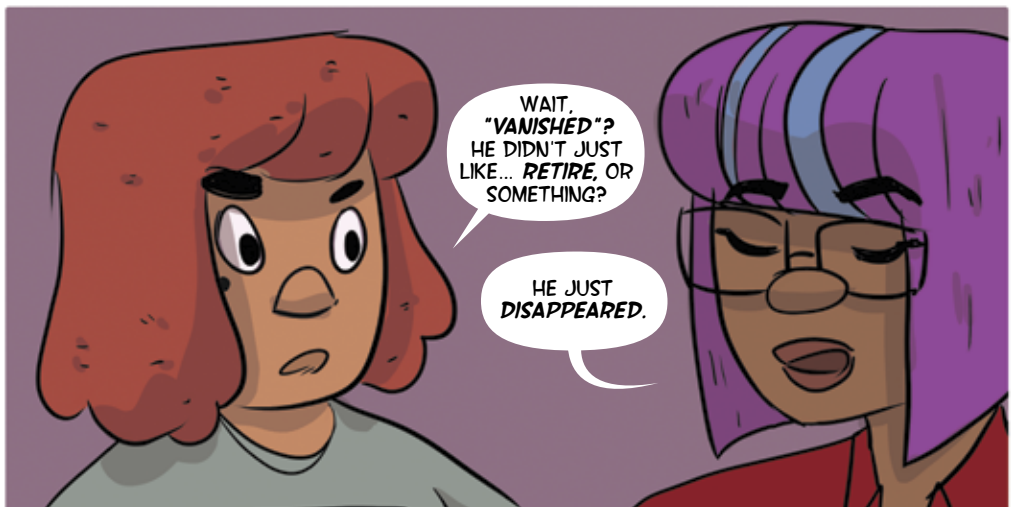


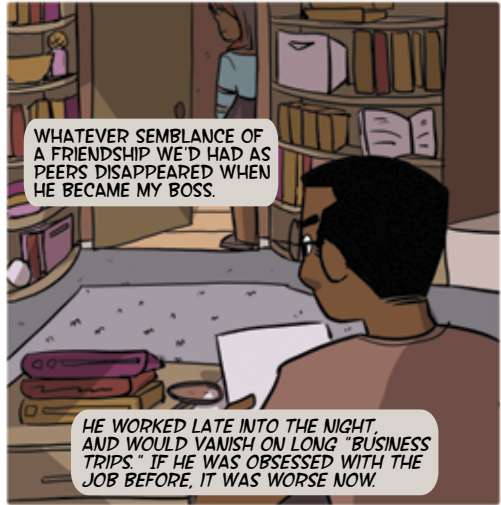
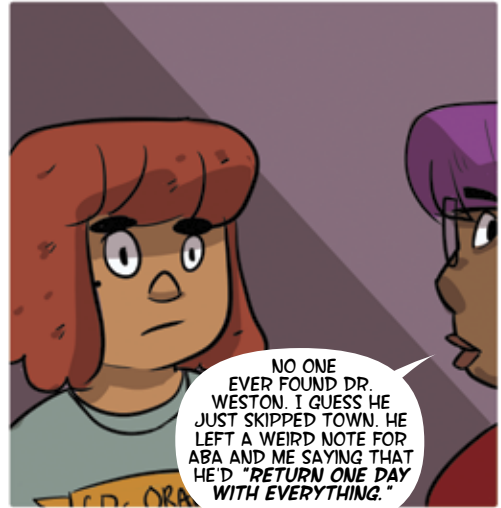
WHEN DR. WESTON VANISHED, ABAYOMI TOOK IT REALLY HARD. WE BOTH DID.



WAIT, "VANISHED"? HE DIDN'T JUST LIKE... RETIRE, OR SOMETHING?

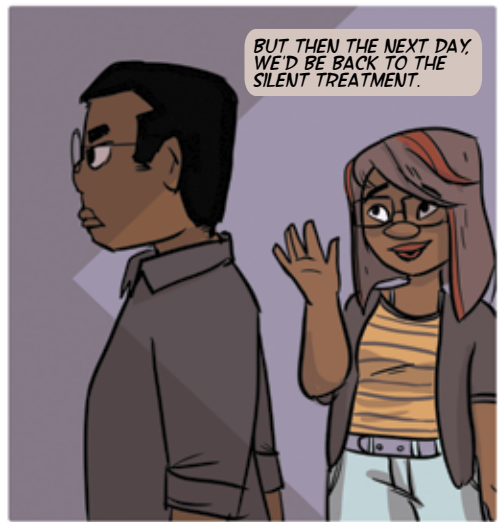
HE JUST DISAPPEARED.







BUT THEN SOMETIMES, HE'D BURST INTO THE LIBRARY AND JUST START BABBLING—HOW **STRESSED** HE WAS, HOW HE JUST WANTED TO **SUCCEED** AT HIS JOB. HE WOULD VAGUELY HINT ABOUT HOW **CONFLICTED** HE FELT ABOUT HIS WORK, BUT HE NEVER TOLD ME **WHY**.



BUT THEN THE NEXT DAY, WE'D BE BACK TO THE **SILENT TREATMENT**.



SO, I GUESS WHAT I'M SAYING IS: CUT HIM A LITTLE SLACK, CEL. HE'S BEEN UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE AND STRESS FOR A WHILE. THAT KIND OF LIFE ISN'T GOOD FOR **ANYONE**.

I MEAN, I'M NOT EXCUSING HIS BEHAVIOR. HE CAN BE A REAL JERK.

I GUESS, IN MY MIND, THIS IS TEMPORARY. IT'S ONLY BEEN A YEAR. MAYBE HE'LL GO BACK TO BEING NORMAL—**ABAYOMI'S** VERSION OF NORMAL, ANYWAY. JUST GIVE HIM TIME.



I'LL TRY. MAYBE I SHOULD APOLOGIZE.



IT'S A START.



THREE DAYS LATER

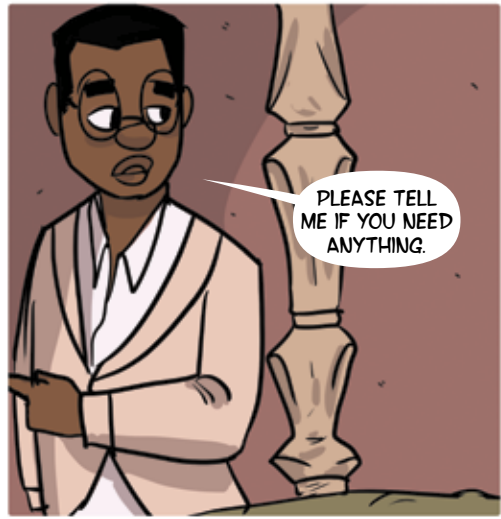


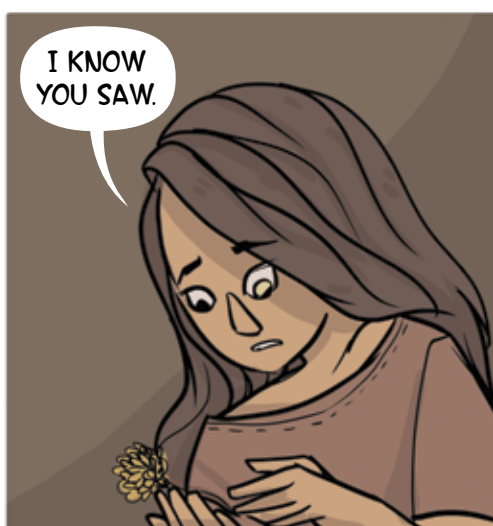


CELESTE?
CELESTE!

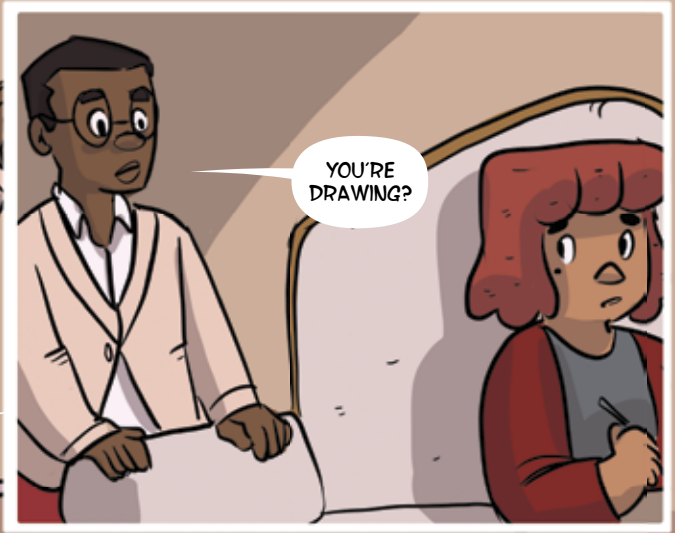






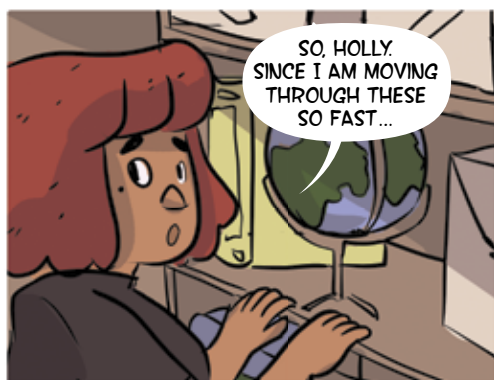












SO, HOLLY.
SINCE I AM MOVING
THROUGH THESE
SO FAST...



I WAS WONDERING
IF IT WOULDN'T BE MORE
EFFICIENT FOR ME TO JUST COME
UP HERE AND GET BOXES AS I NEED
THEM, RATHER THAN ONLY WORK WITH
WHAT YOU GIVE ME. THAT WAY I'M
NOT SITTING AROUND AT THE
END OF THE NIGHT.



WELL, I
DON'T SEE
THE HARM IN IT...
I KNOW ABA ONLY
WANTS ME HANDLING
THE MATERIALS
IN THE STACKS,
THOUGH.



HE DOESN'T
NEED TO KNOW,
RIGHT? I PROMISE I
WON'T TOUCH ANYTHING
ELSE, JUST THE BOXES
ON THIS ROW.











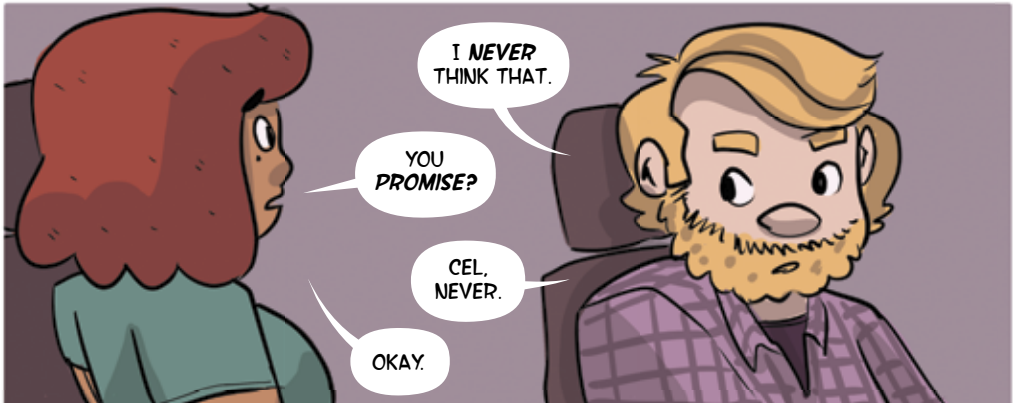
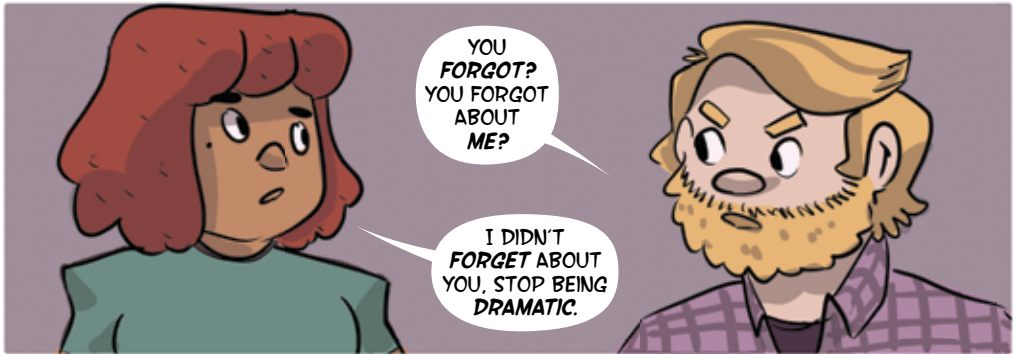




ONE WEEK LATER











I THINK SHE WAS A PATIENT
HERE. I THINK SHE **DIED** HERE.
I THINK THEY DID SOME-
THING TO HER AND
SHE DIED.



I HAVE
TO HELP
HER.



DON'T
LOOK AT ME
LIKE THAT.

IF I FIND
OUT MORE,
MAYBE I CAN
HELP HER.

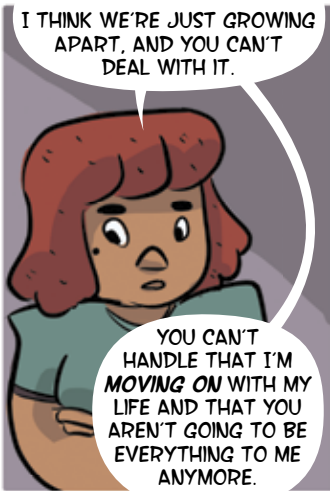


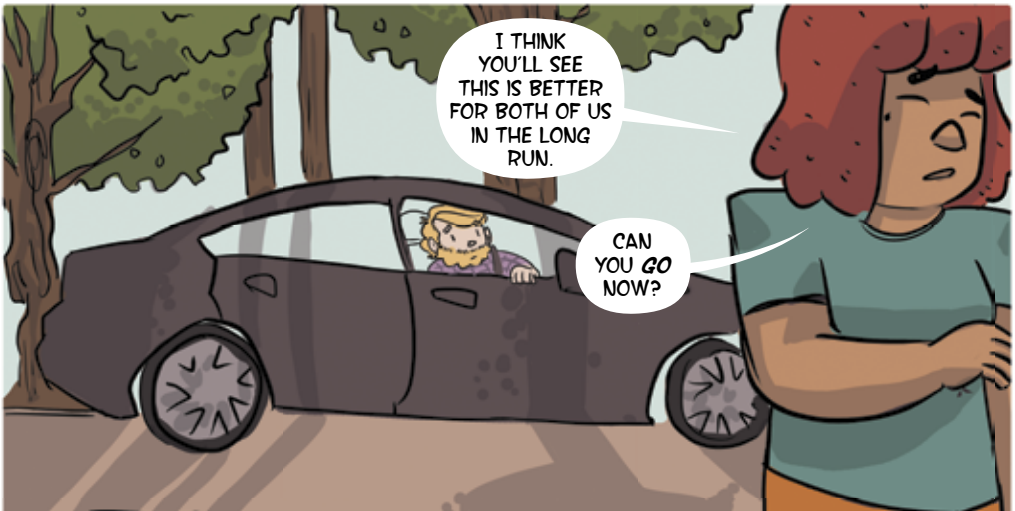
I'VE
BEEN GOING
THROUGH THE STACKS,
AND I'VE FOUND NOTHING
BUT A PHOTOGRAPH. SHE'S
SHOWN ME A DOOR IN MY
DREAMS. I NEED TO
GO THERE.

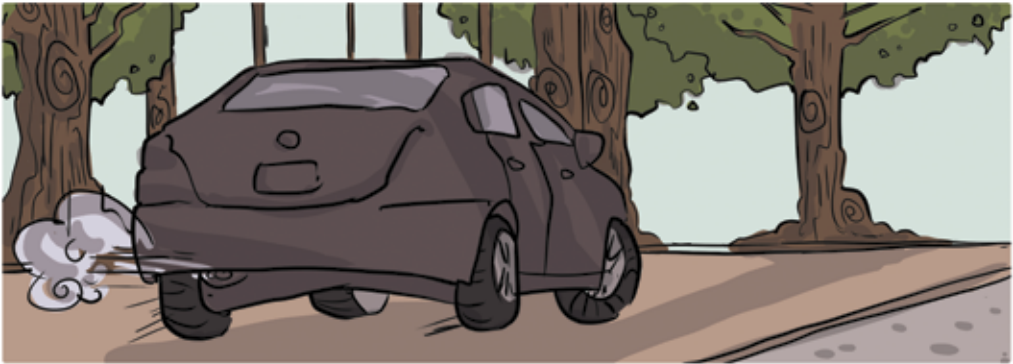


RIGHT
NOW, THE ONLY
PERSON YOU NEED
TO BE HELPING IS
YOURSELF.







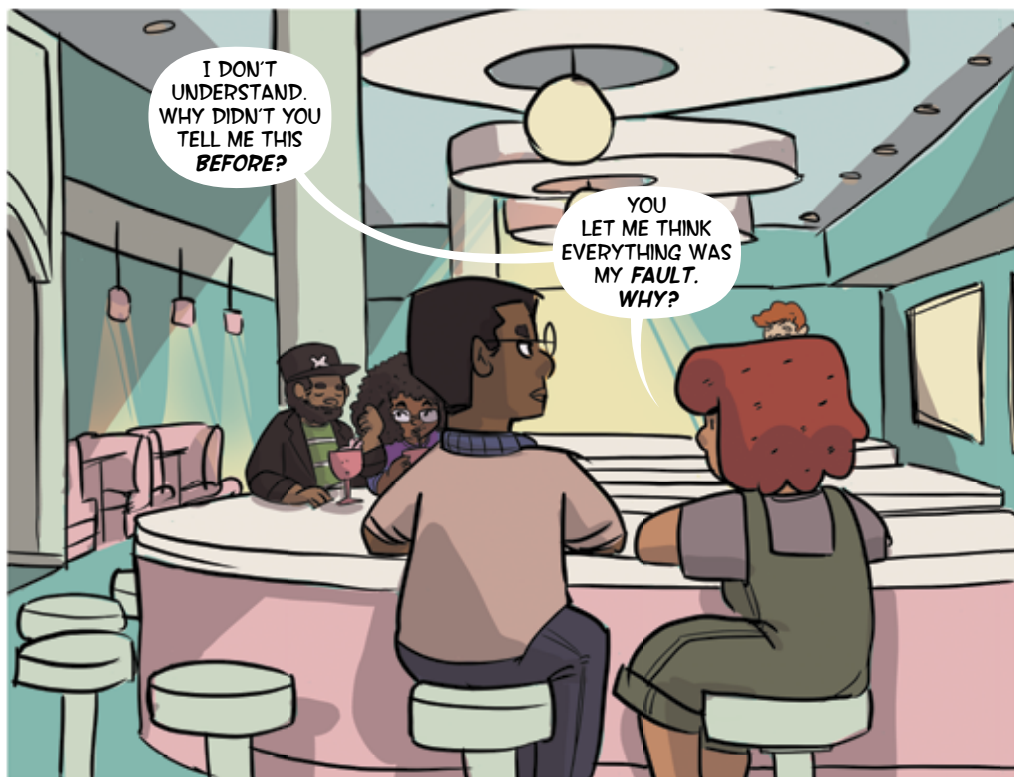






STOP



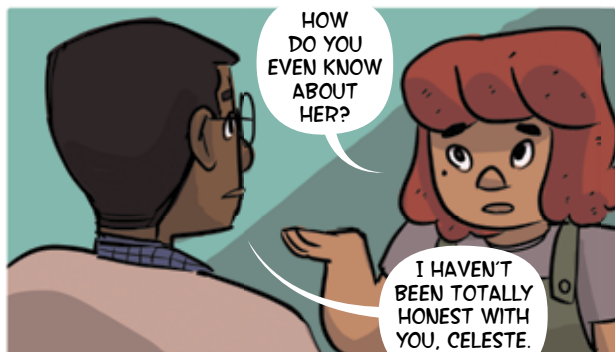


I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE?

YOU LET ME THINK EVERYTHING WAS MY FAULT. WHY?

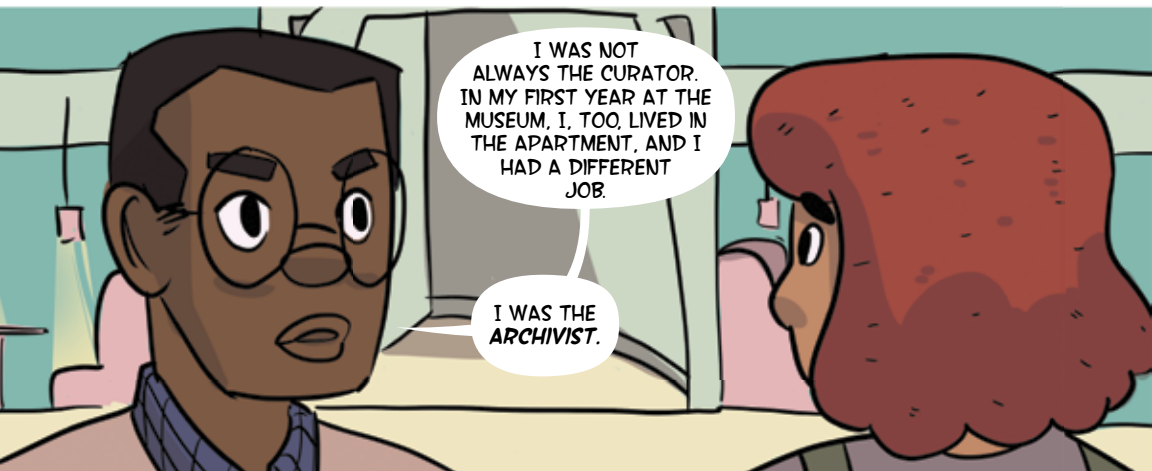


I WAS AFRAID. I AM **STILL** AFRAID, HONESTLY.



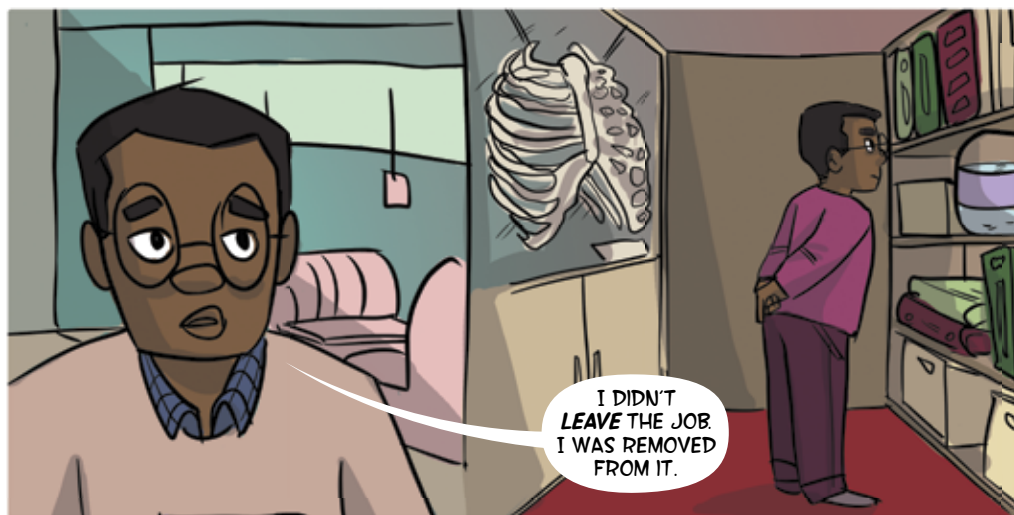
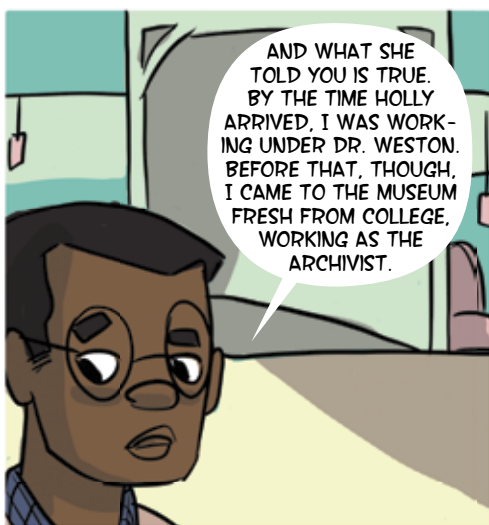
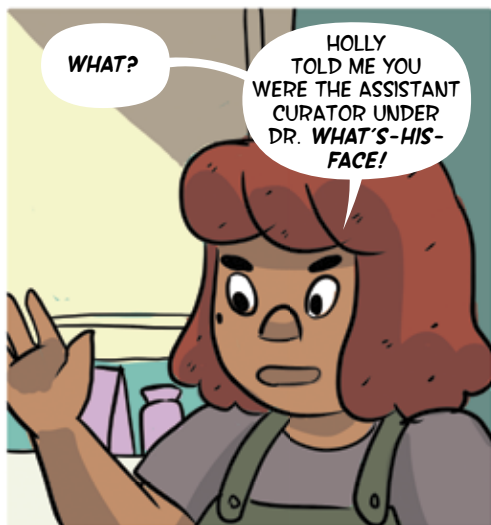
HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW ABOUT HER?

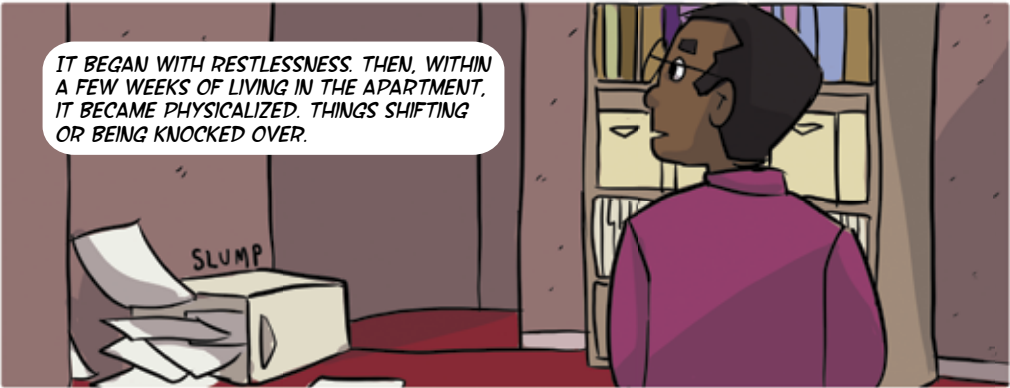
I HAVEN'T BEEN TOTALLY HONEST WITH YOU, CELESTE.



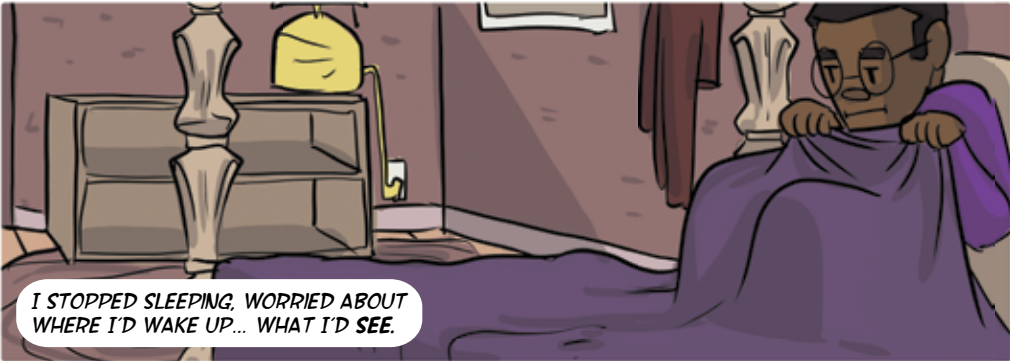
I WAS NOT ALWAYS THE CURATOR. IN MY FIRST YEAR AT THE MUSEUM, I, TOO, LIVED IN THE APARTMENT, AND I HAD A DIFFERENT JOB.

I WAS THE **ARCHIVIST**.





IT BEGAN WITH RESTLESSNESS. THEN, WITHIN A FEW WEEKS OF LIVING IN THE APARTMENT, IT BECAME PHYSICALIZED. THINGS SHIFTING OR BEING KNOCKED OVER.



I STOPPED SLEEPING, WORRIED ABOUT WHERE I'D WAKE UP... WHAT I'D SEE.



YOU SAW HER EYES, THEN?

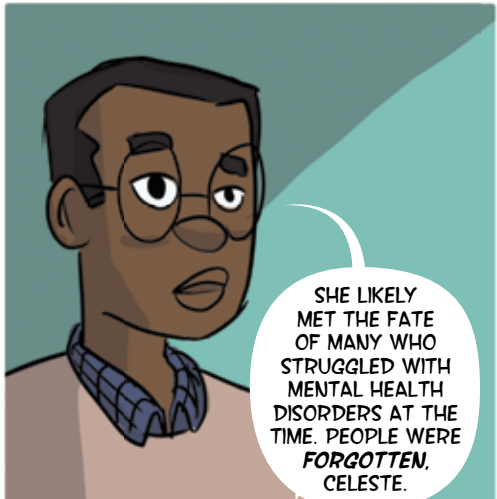
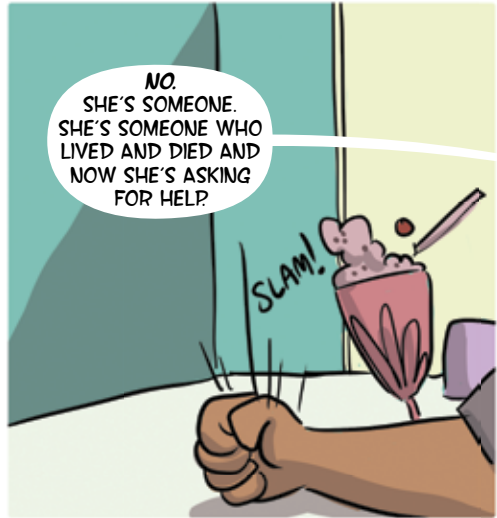


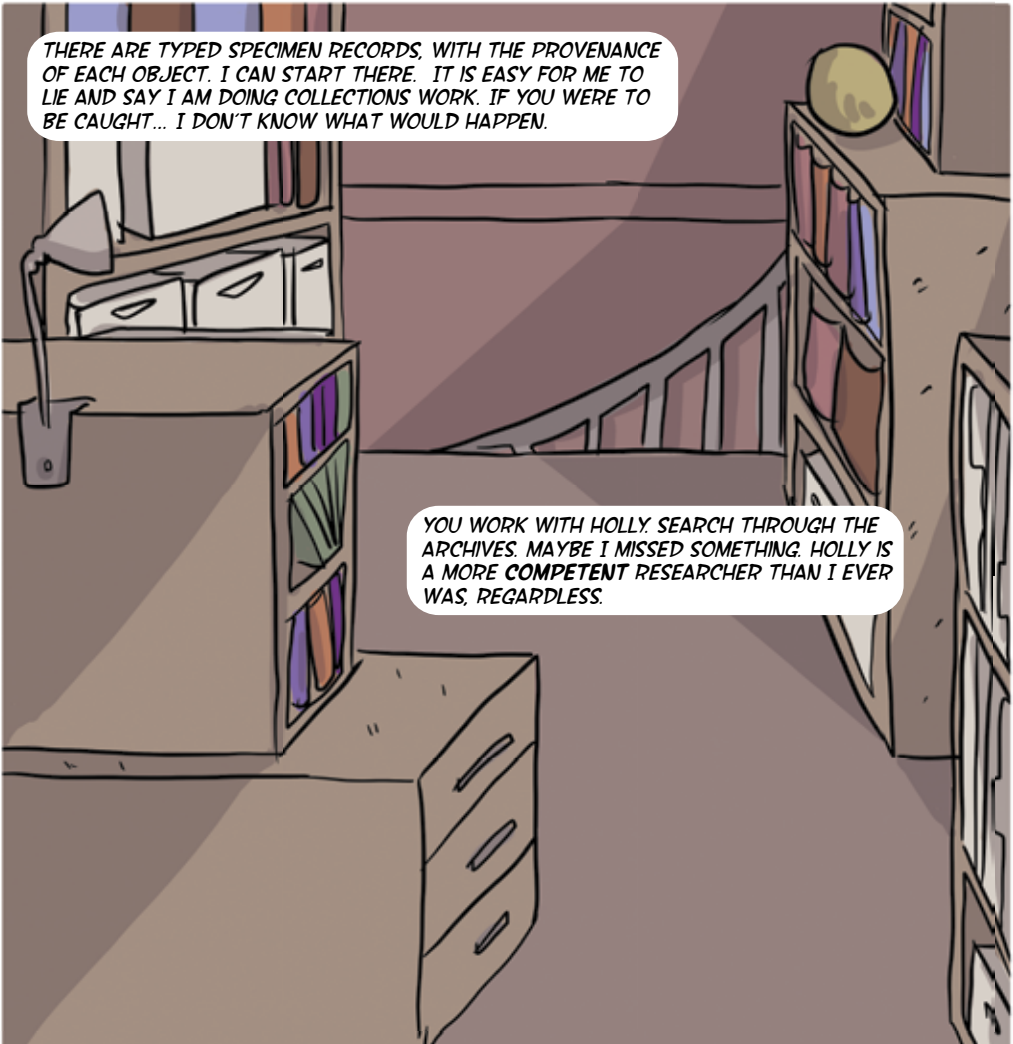
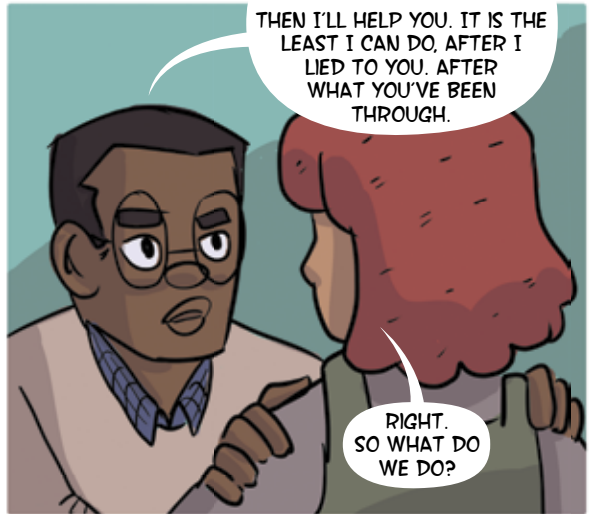
YES. **BROKEN.** ONE HALF-FILLED WITH BLACK. I **TRIED** TO FIND HER, CELESTE. I SPENT A YEAR. I SEARCHED AND SEARCHED.



EVENTUALLY, DR. WESTON... HE **CARED**. HE SAW ME STRUGGLING. HE REMOVED ME FROM THE ARCHIVE. AND NOW I SPEND AS LITTLE TIME THERE AS I CAN.











YOU WANT
WHAT?

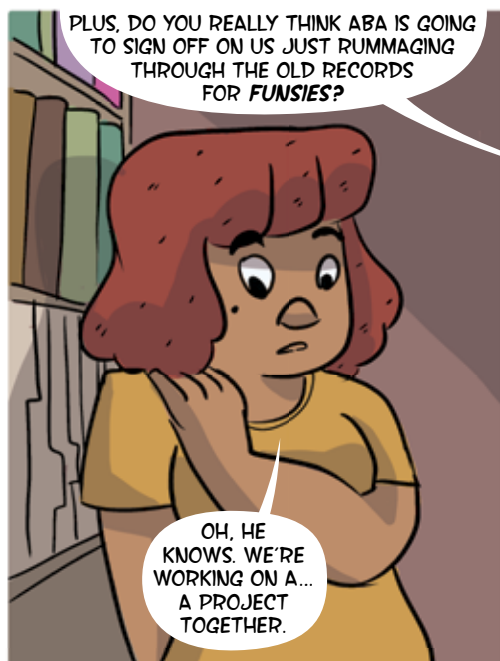


I WANT
YOU TO HELP ME
FIND SOME PATIENT
RECORDS THAT
MIGHT NOT
EXIST.

YOU DO
KNOW HOW
LIBRARIES
WORK,
RIGHT?



OR, LIKE, JUST HOW
THE WORLD WORKS IN
GENERAL? THINGS NEED
TO EXIST BEFORE
WE CAN "FIND"
THEM.



PLUS, DO YOU REALLY THINK ABA IS GOING
TO SIGN OFF ON US JUST RUMMAGING
THROUGH THE OLD RECORDS
FOR **FUNSIES**?

OH, HE
KNOWS. WE'RE
WORKING ON A...
A PROJECT
TOGETHER.



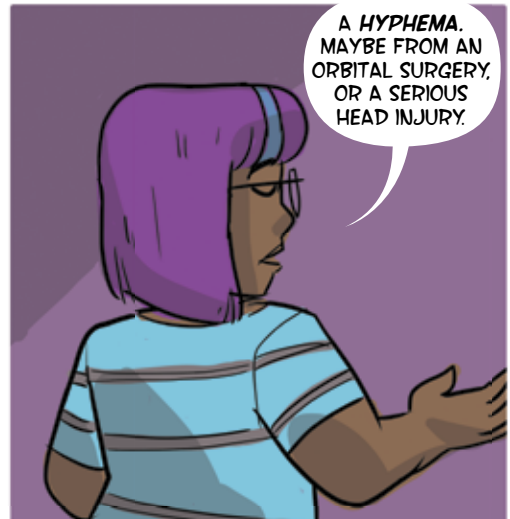
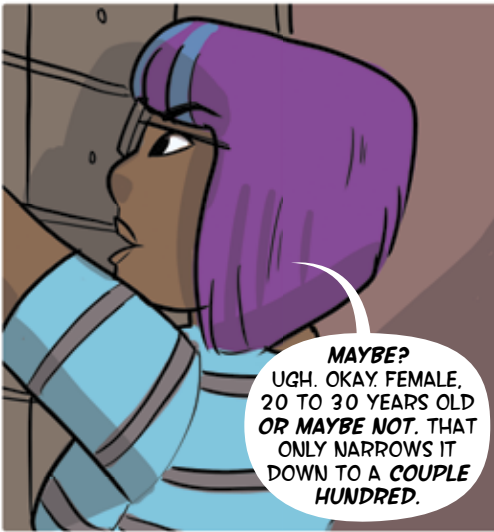
I'M SORRY,
WHEN DID THIS
GET DECIDED?
YOU TWO ARE
SUDDENLY
BFFS?



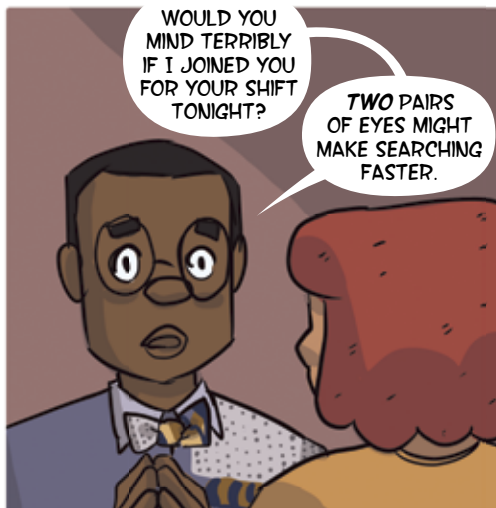


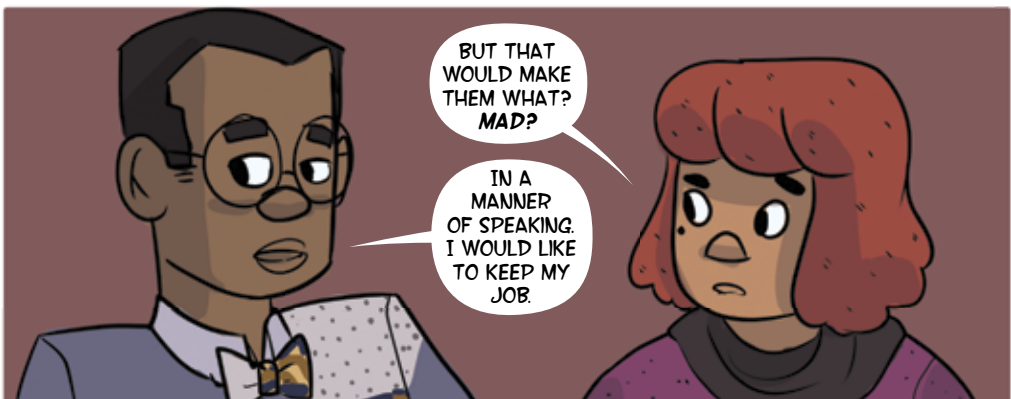
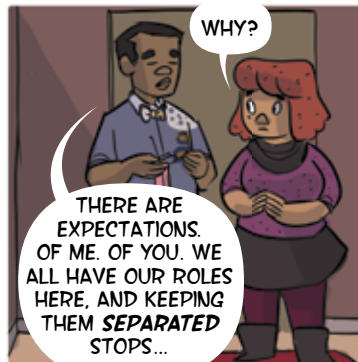








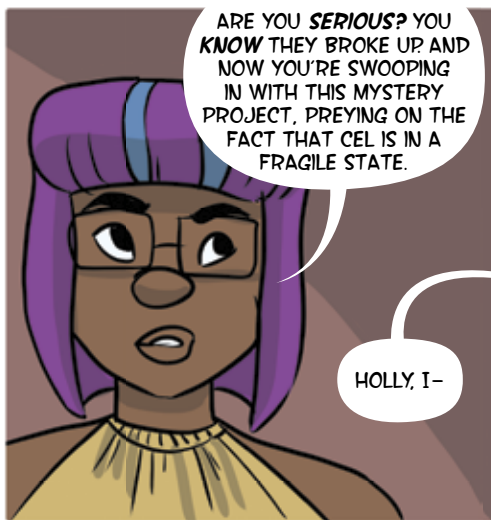


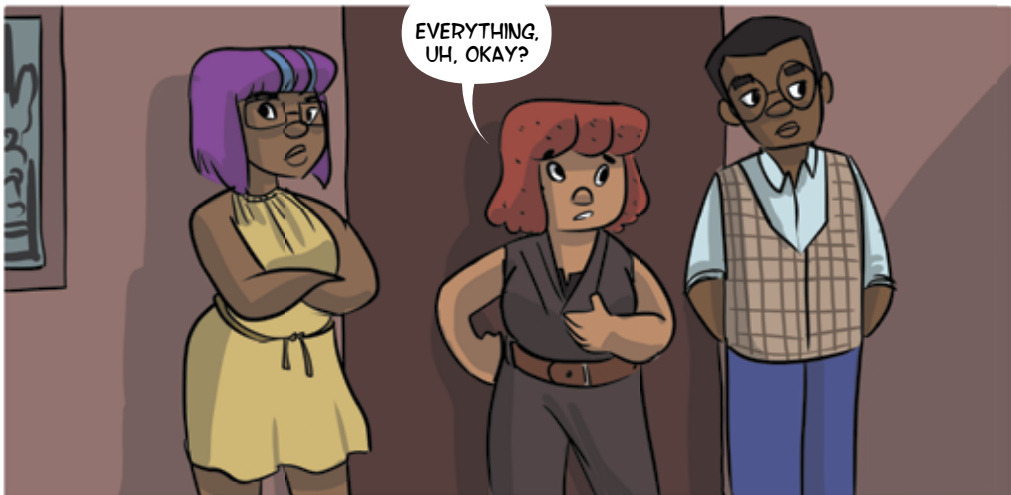






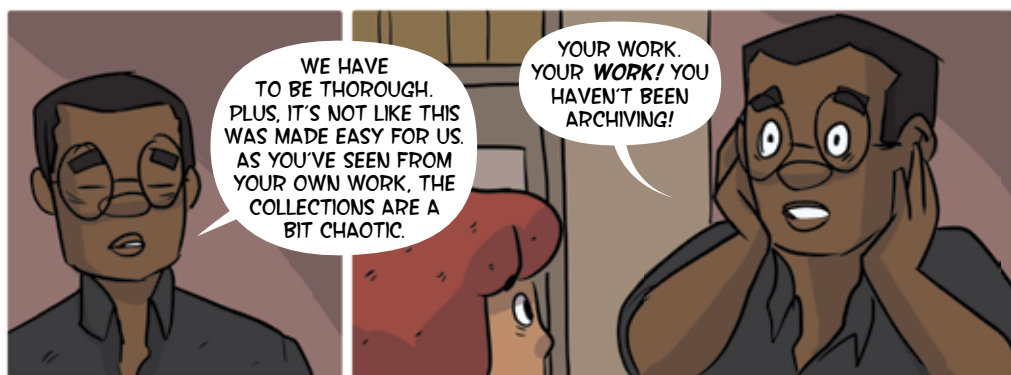


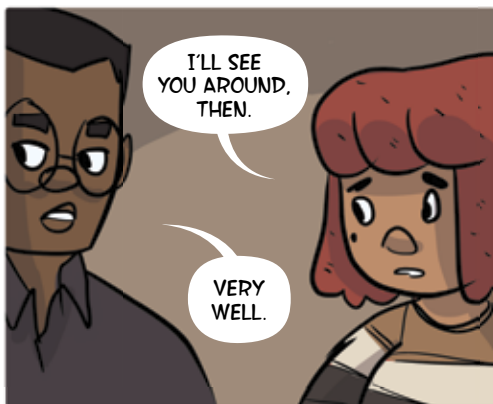
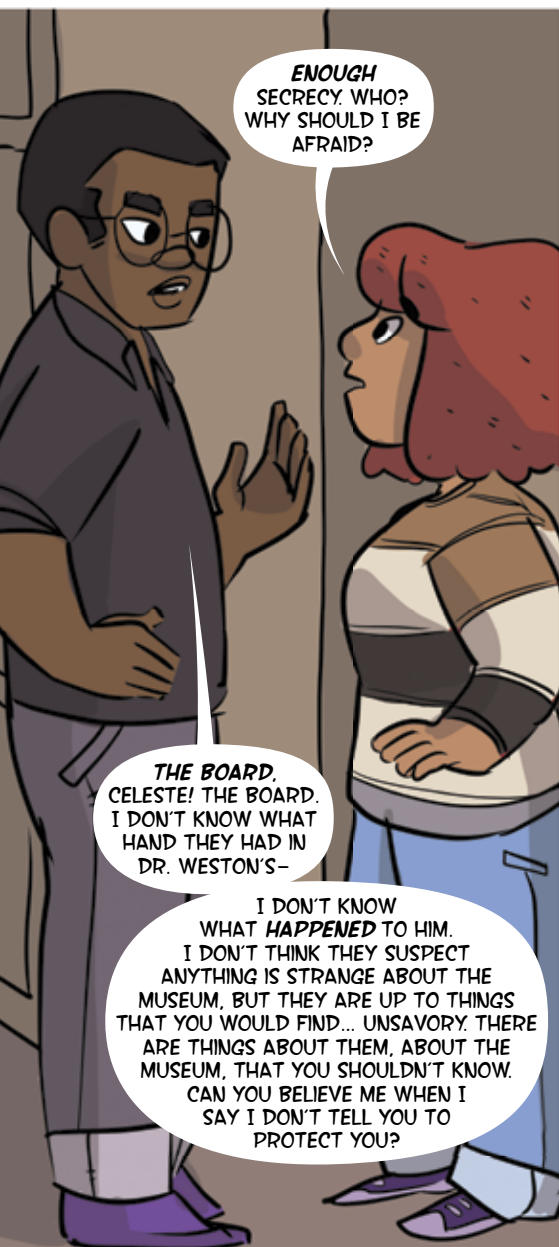
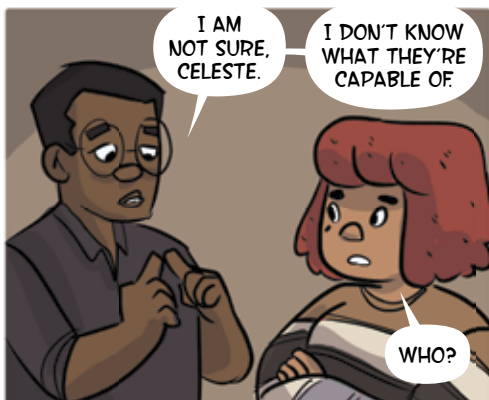






TWO WEEKS LATER



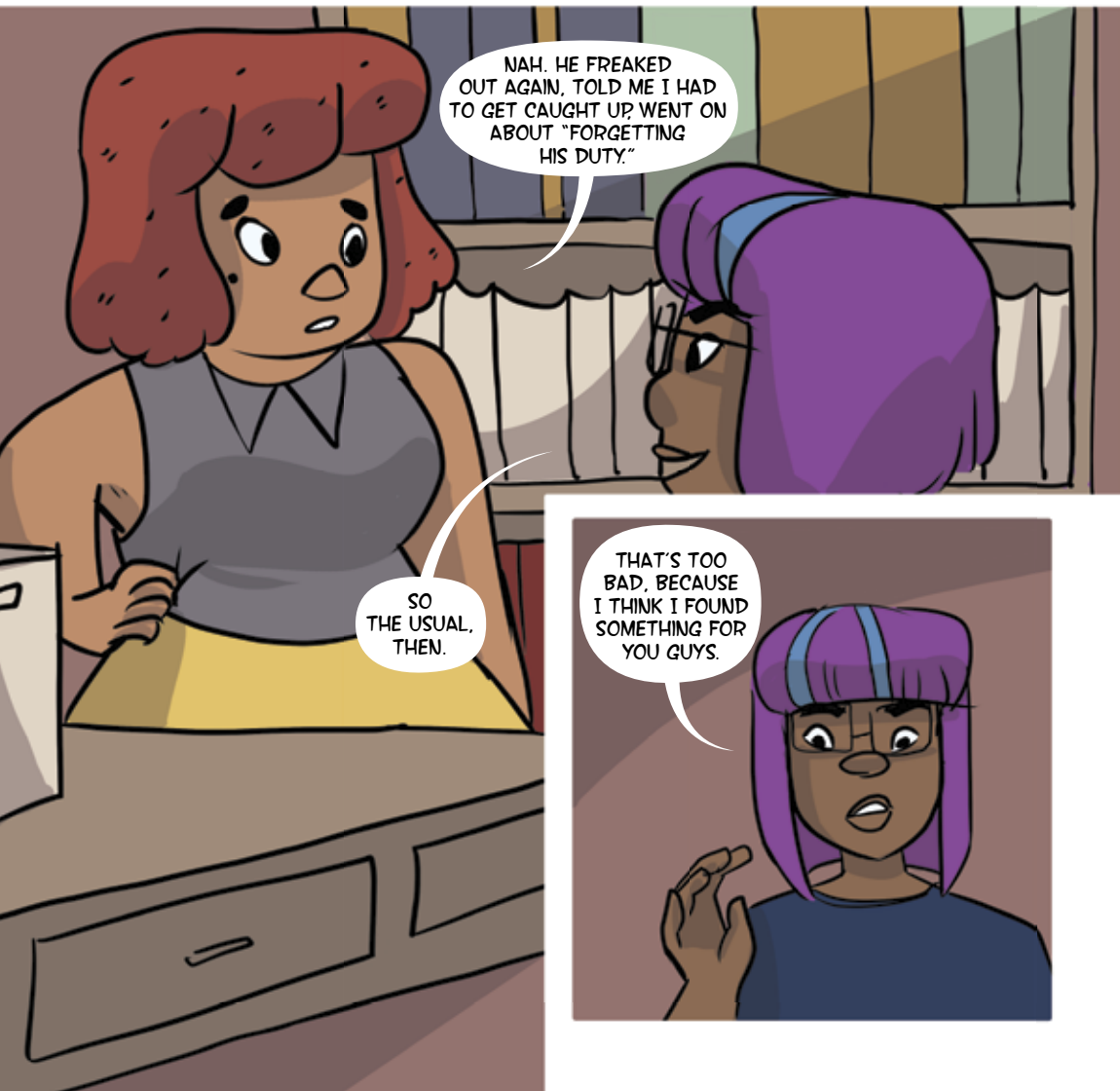




FRESHLY
SORTED AND
SCANNED,
BOSS.



REALLY?
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE TOO *BUSY*
WITH WHATEVER
ABAYOMI'S GOT
YOU DOING.



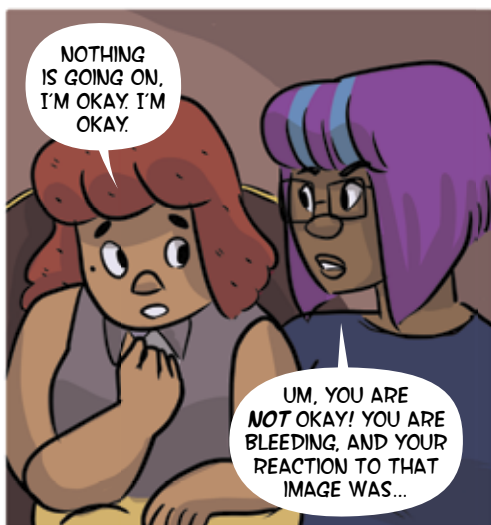
NAH. HE FREAKED
OUT AGAIN. TOLD ME I HAD
TO GET CAUGHT UP, WENT ON
ABOUT "FORGETTING
HIS DUTY."

SO
THE USUAL,
THEN.



THAT'S TOO
BAD, BECAUSE
I THINK I FOUND
SOMETHING FOR
YOU GUYS.

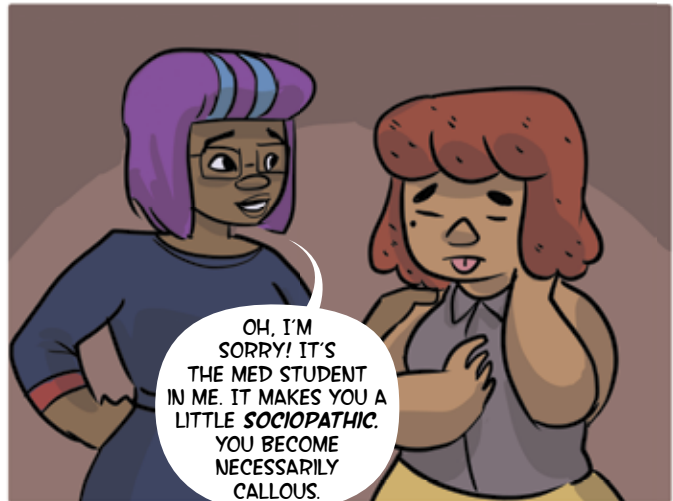
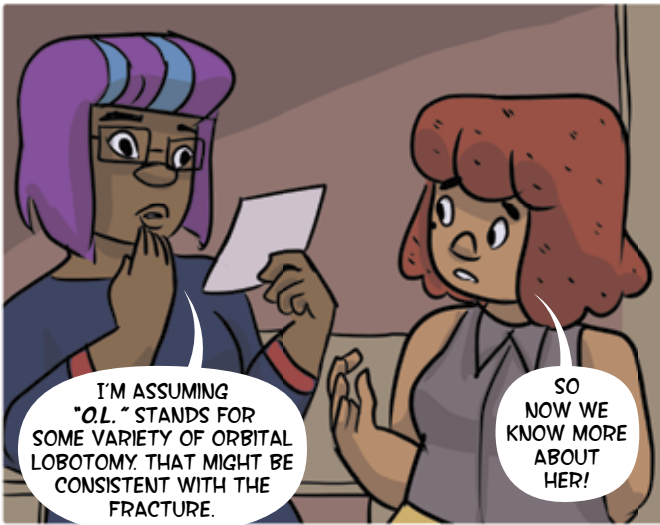


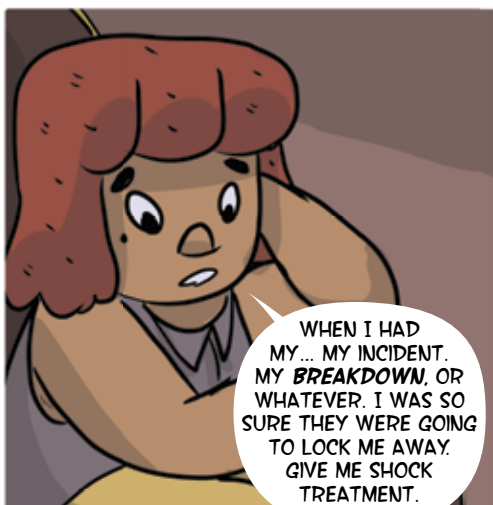
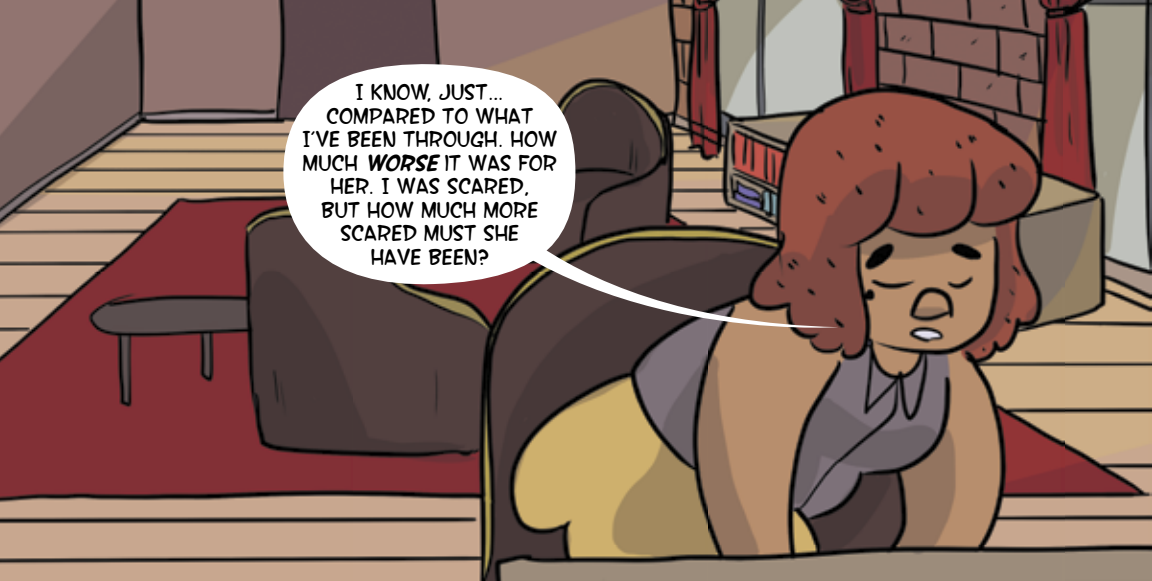






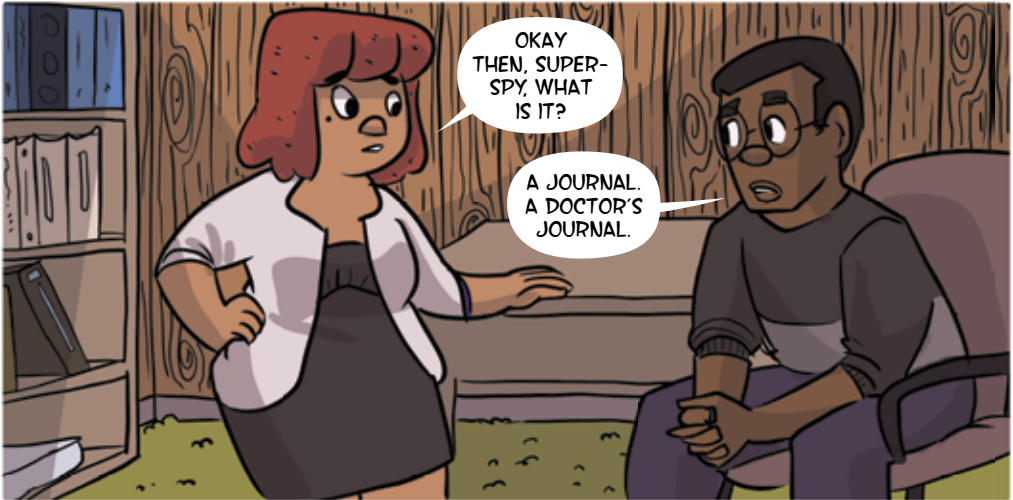


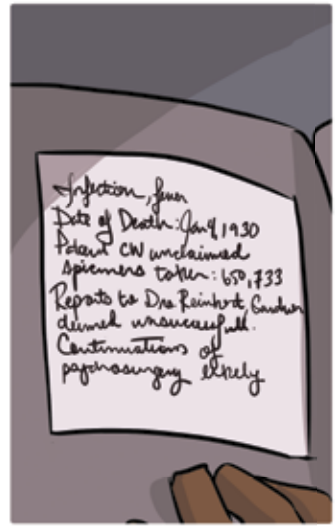






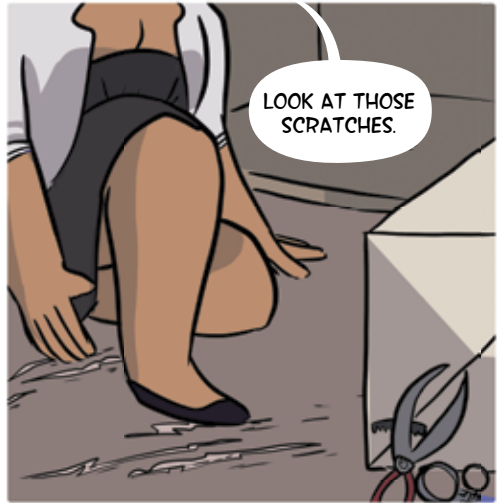






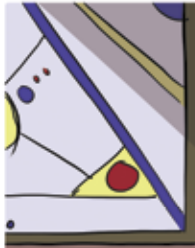












I AM JUST NOT
SURE I UNDERSTAND,
MR. ABIOLA, WHY YOU
WERE DOING COLLECTIONS
MANAGEMENT AT SIX IN
THE MORNING?

IT CAN BE
HARD TO DO THIS
SORT OF WORK
DURING MUSEUM
HOURS, SIR.

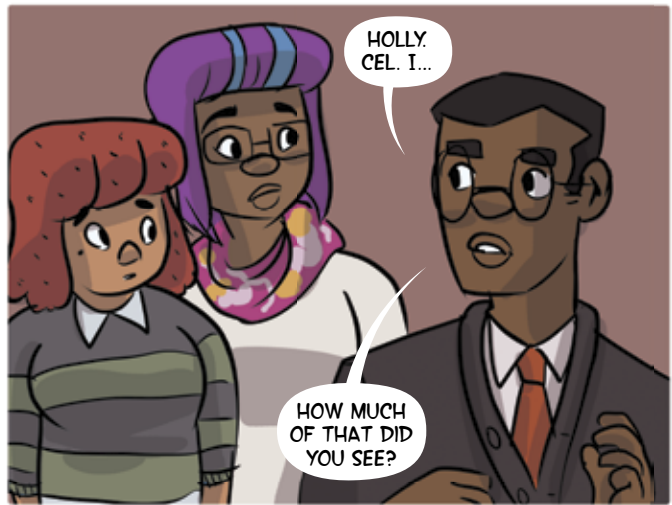


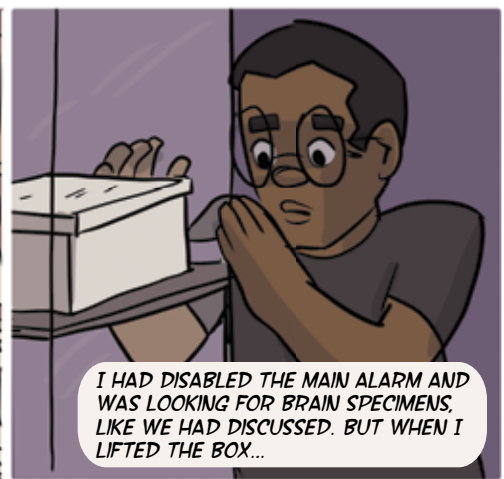
YOU'VE
NEVER HAD AN
ISSUE DOING IT
BEFORE.

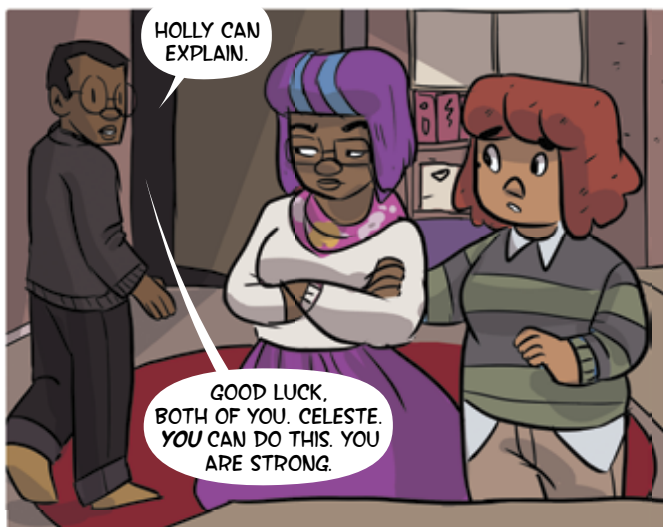
SIR—

AND YOU'RE ALSO
AWARE THAT DR. WESTON
STOPPED REPORTING THESE
**"EXTRACURRICULAR
ACTIVITIES"** TO US,
CORRECT?



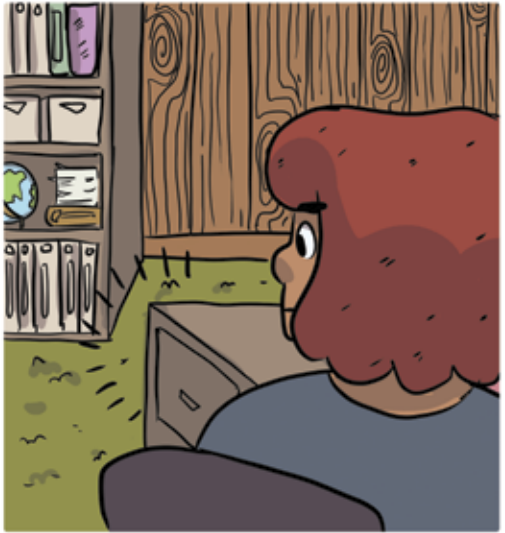


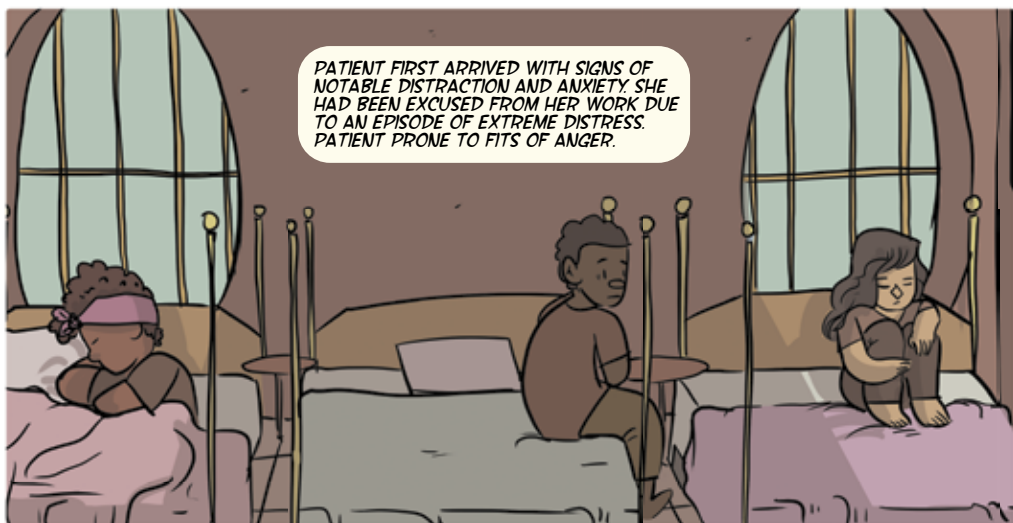




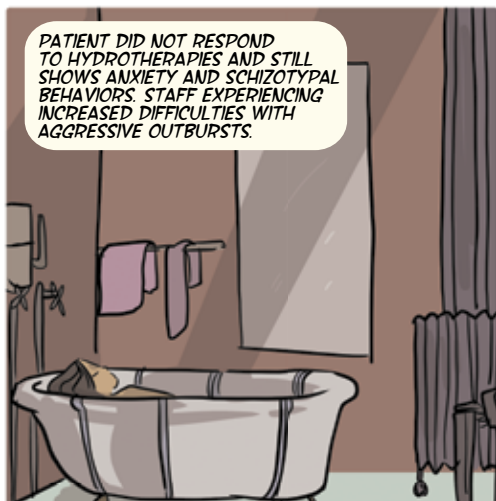




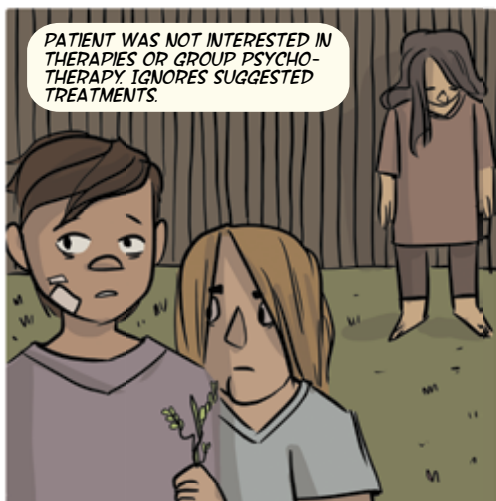




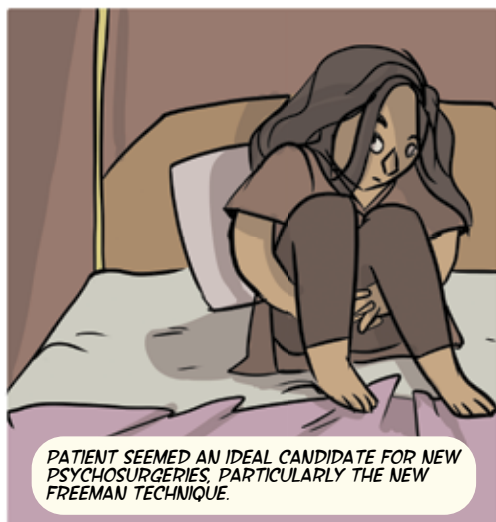
PATIENT FIRST ARRIVED WITH SIGNS OF NOTABLE DISTRACTION AND ANXIETY. SHE HAD BEEN EXCUSED FROM HER WORK DUE TO AN EPISODE OF EXTREME DISTRESS. PATIENT PRONE TO FITS OF ANGER.



PATIENT DID NOT RESPOND TO HYDROTHERAPIES AND STILL SHOWS ANXIETY AND SCHIZOTYPAL BEHAVIORS. STAFF EXPERIENCING INCREASED DIFFICULTIES WITH AGGRESSIVE OUTBURSTS.



PATIENT WAS NOT INTERESTED IN THERAPIES OR GROUP PSYCHOTHERAPY IGNORES SUGGESTED TREATMENTS.



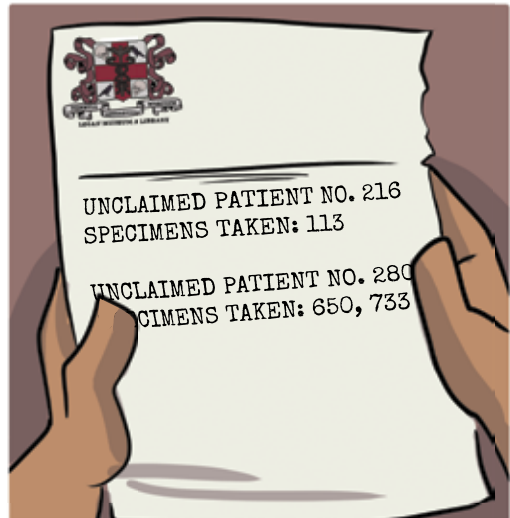
PATIENT SEEMED AN IDEAL CANDIDATE FOR NEW PSYCHOSURGERIES. PARTICULARLY THE NEW FREEMAN TECHNIQUE.







H
I
C
K
P





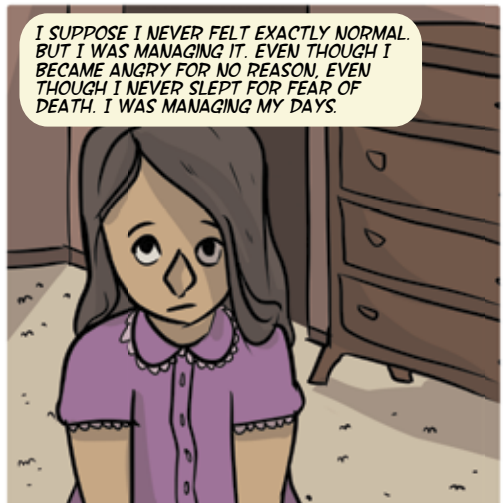
I KNOW YOU'RE ANGRY. I KNOW THAT YOU FEEL ABANDONED. I'M **NOT** GOING TO ABANDON YOU. BUT I NEED YOU TO STOP MAKING SUCH A MESS AND GETTING US IN TROUBLE. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO HELP YOU IF YOU GET US ALL **FIRED** FIRST.







I SUPPOSE I NEVER FELT EXACTLY NORMAL. BUT I WAS MANAGING IT. EVEN THOUGH I BECAME ANGRY FOR NO REASON. EVEN THOUGH I NEVER SLEPT FOR FEAR OF DEATH. I WAS MANAGING MY DAYS.



THEY SUSPECTED SOMETHING WAS WRONG. BUT I STILL WAS PUSHED THROUGH--SCHOOL, AND THEN A RESPECTABLE JOB. AND WHEN I WAS TERMINATED FROM WORK... THEY BRANDED ME DEFECTIVE.



THEY LEFT ME HERE WHEN I COULD NO LONGER DO WHAT THEY WANTED.



AND NOW THEY ARE TRYING TO GET RID OF ME AGAIN. SHUFFLE ME SOMEWHERE ELSE. I HATE THEM.





ONE WEEK LATER

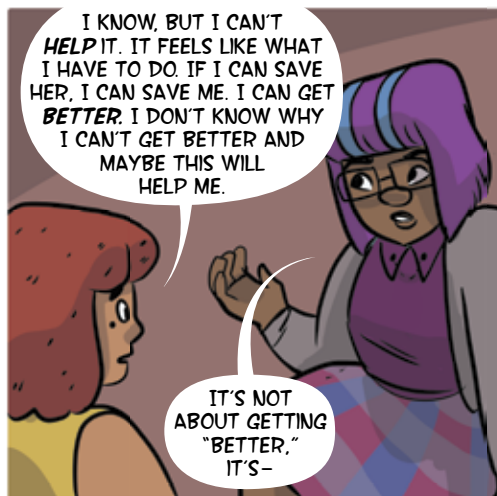














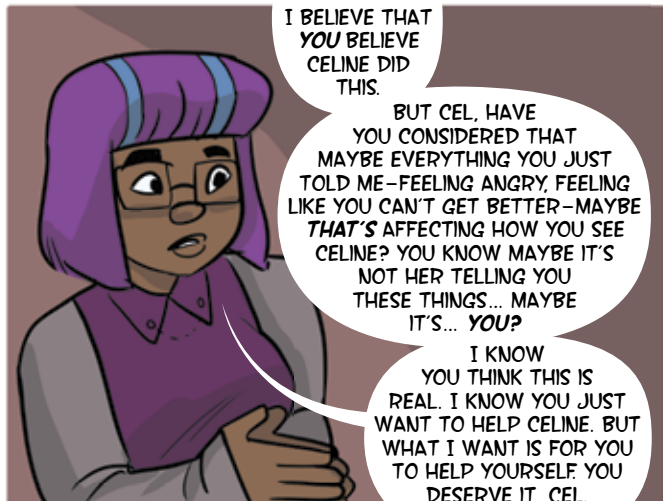
SHE DID THIS
LAST NIGHT. SHE'S TELLING
ME TO GO INTO THE
BOARDROOM.



YOU'RE
TELLING ME
CELINE DID THIS?
THE... UM, GHOST?



YES, HOLLY,
PLEASE BELIEVE ME.
PLEASE.



I BELIEVE THAT
YOU BELIEVE
CELINE DID
THIS.

BUT CEL, HAVE
YOU CONSIDERED THAT
MAYBE EVERYTHING YOU JUST
TOLD ME—FEELING ANGRY, FEELING
LIKE YOU CAN'T GET BETTER—MAYBE
THAT'S AFFECTING HOW YOU SEE
CELINE? YOU KNOW MAYBE IT'S
NOT HER TELLING YOU
THESE THINGS... MAYBE
IT'S... **YOU?**

I KNOW
YOU THINK THIS IS
REAL. I KNOW YOU JUST
WANT TO HELP CELINE. BUT
WHAT I WANT IS FOR YOU
TO HELP YOURSELF. YOU
DESERVE IT, CEL.



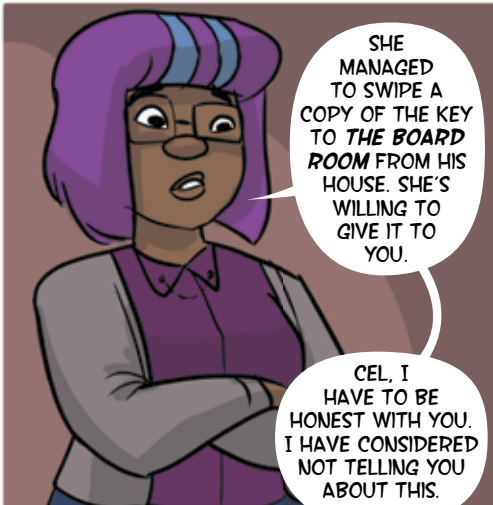
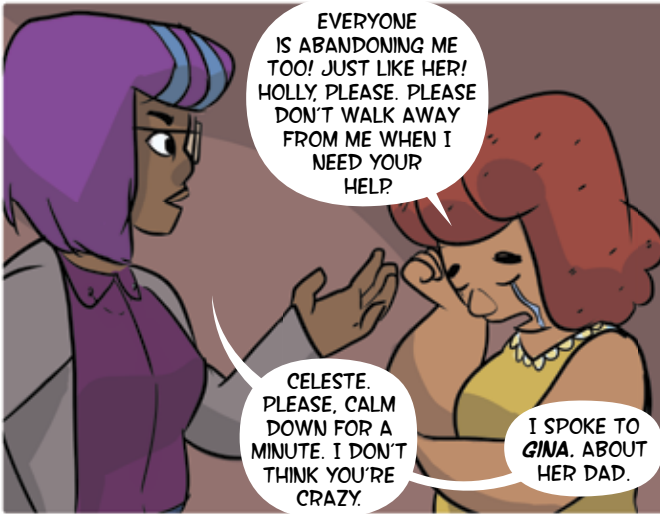
YOU
TOO?!

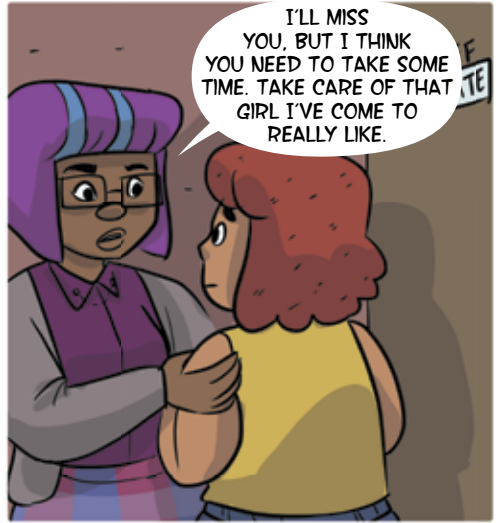
YOU
THINK I'M
CRAZY
TOO!



I DO
NOT—

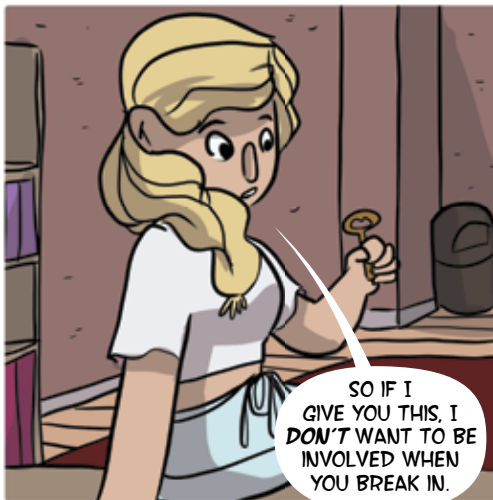
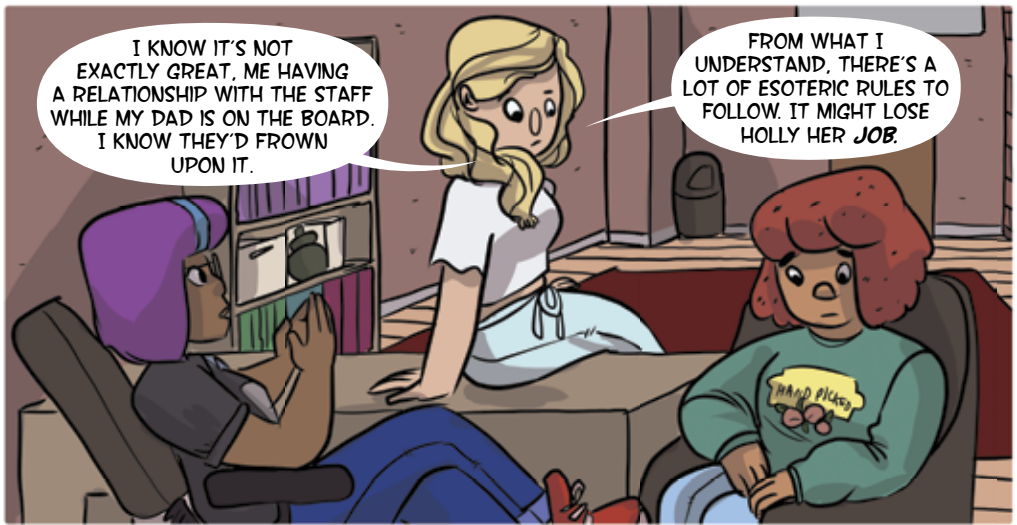
EVERYONE
THINKS I'M **CRAZY.**
EVERYONE THINKS I'VE
LOST MY GRIP EXCEPT
ABAYOMI. BUT WHAT
DOES THAT SAY
ABOUT HIM?

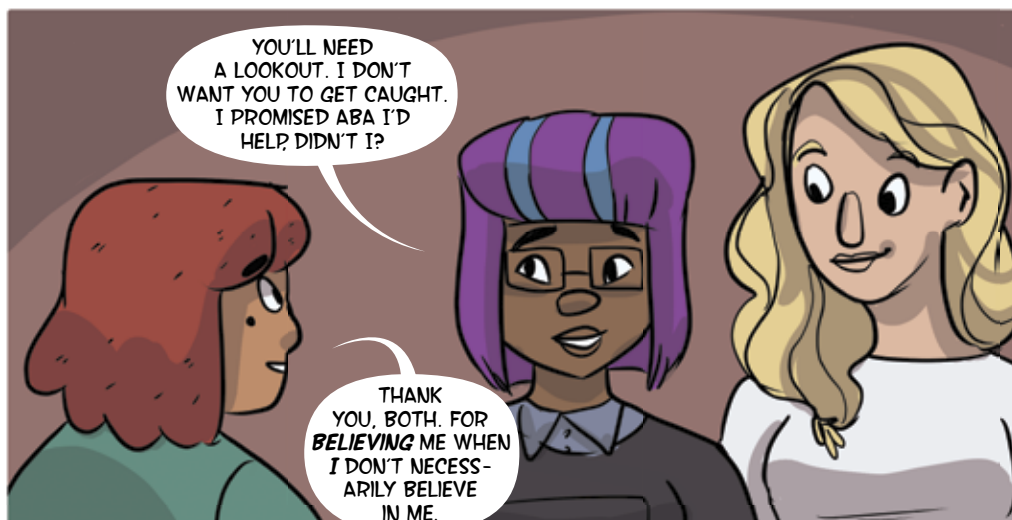
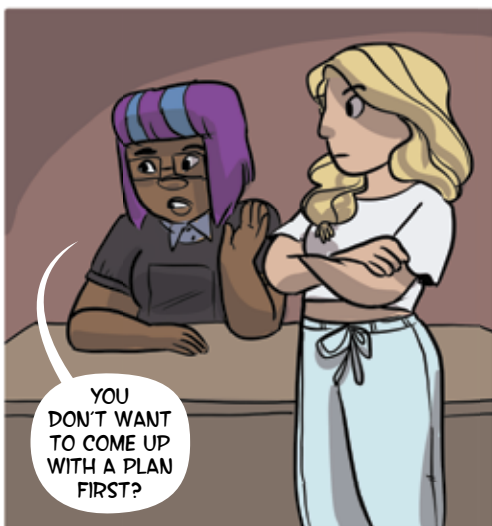


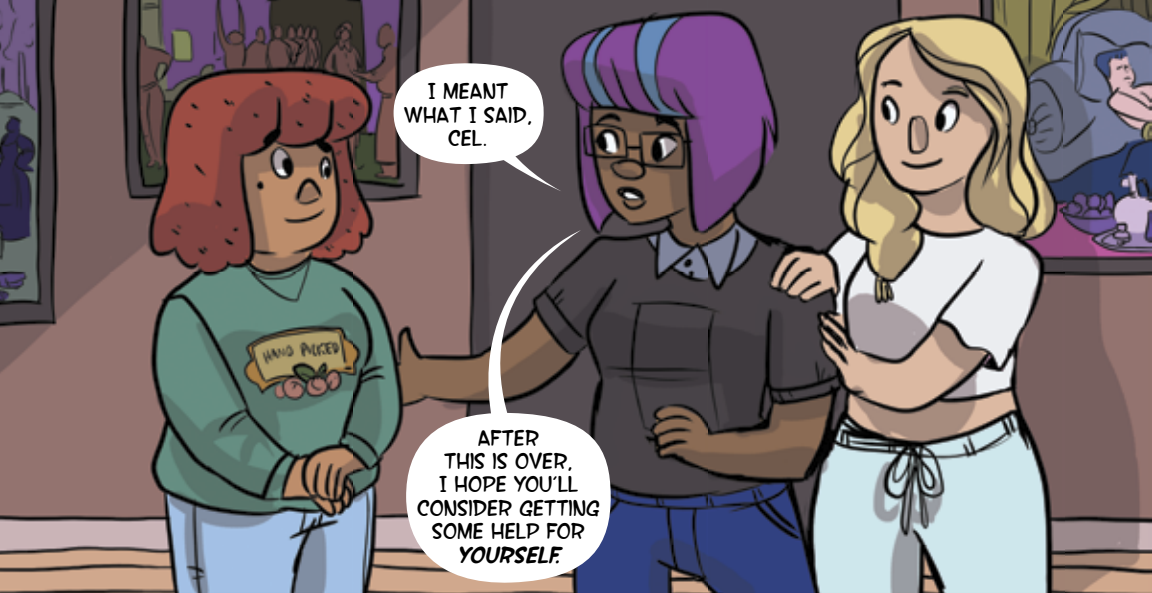


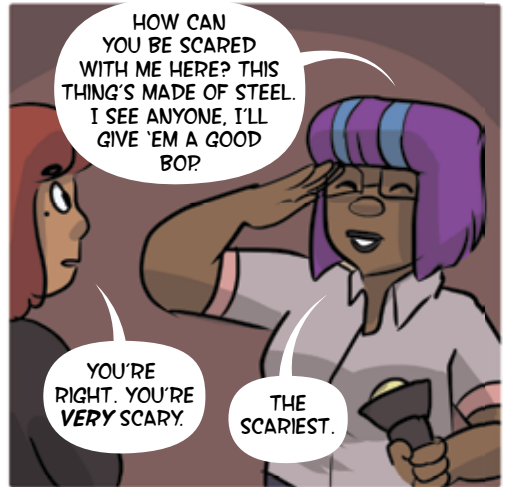


THREE DAYS LATER



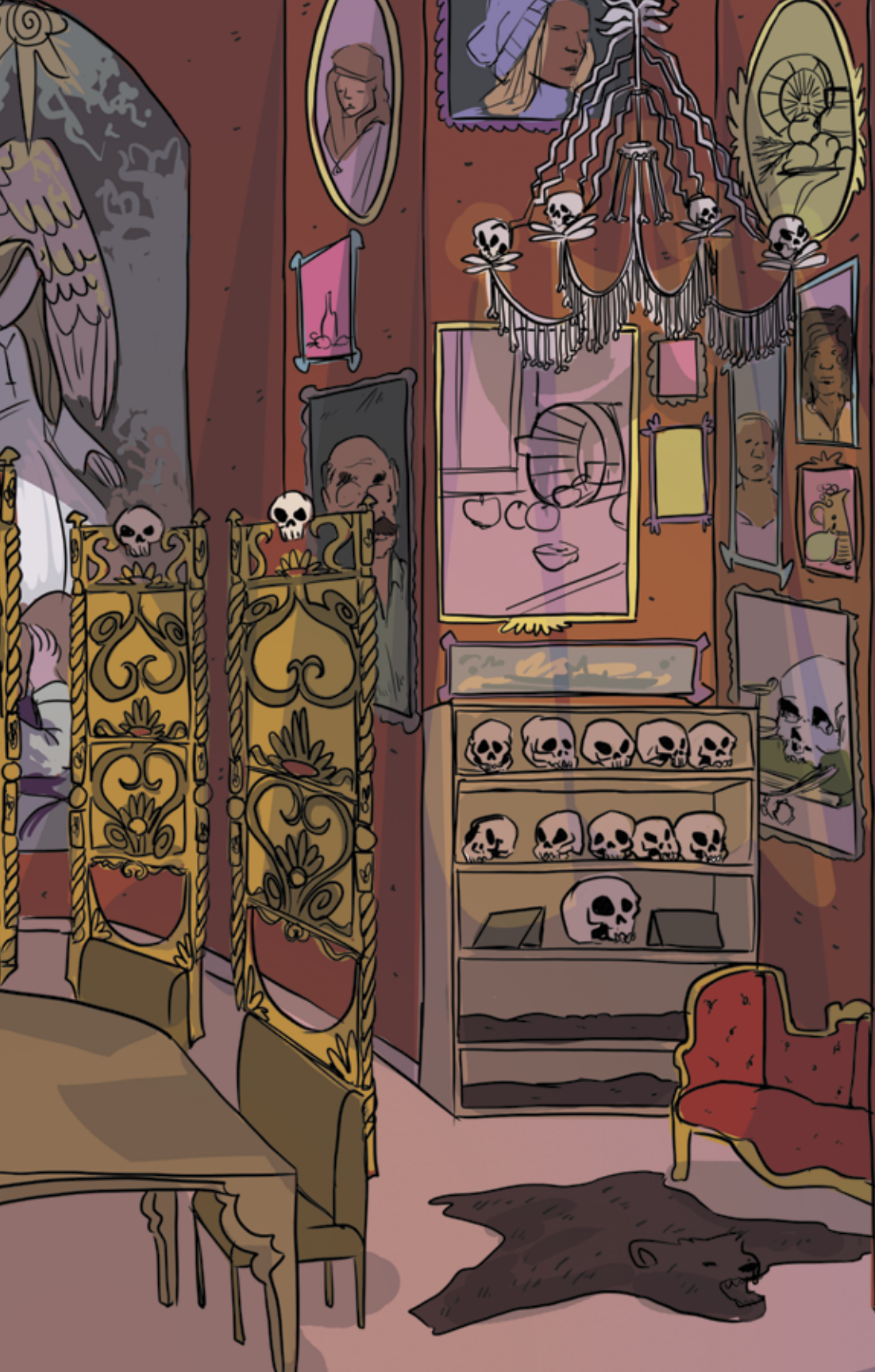




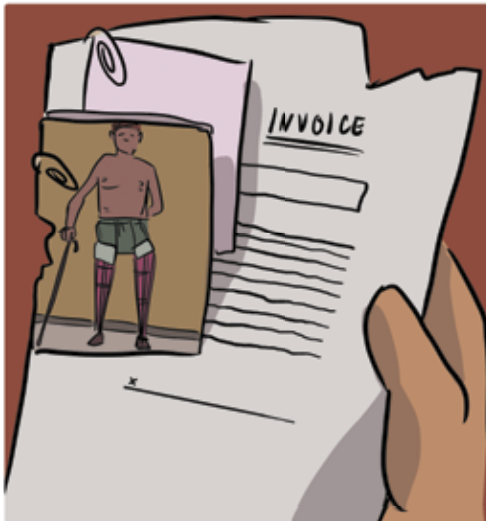
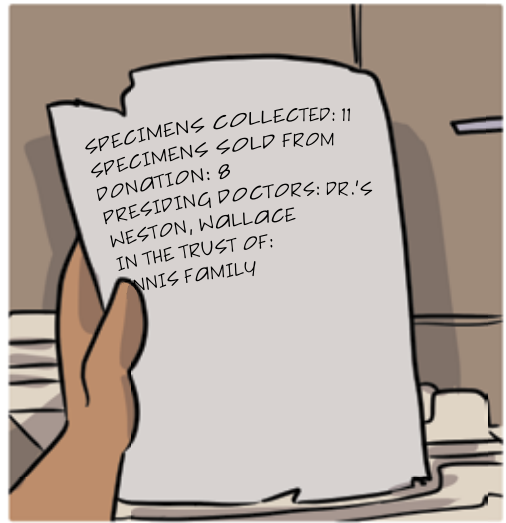






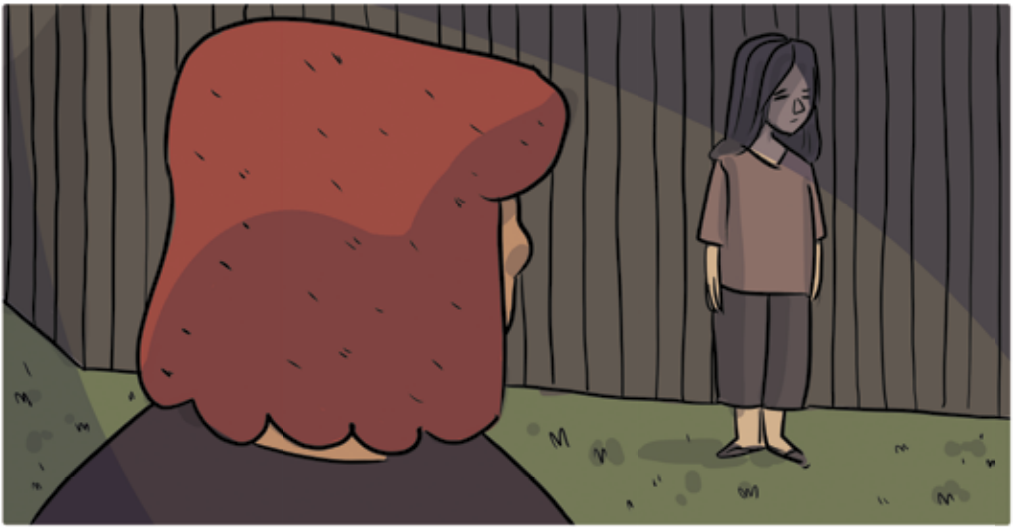


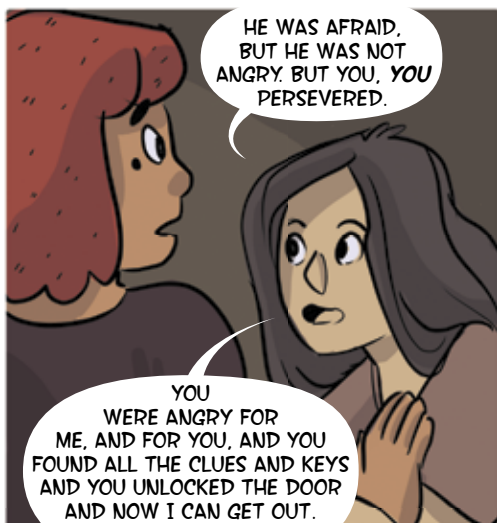
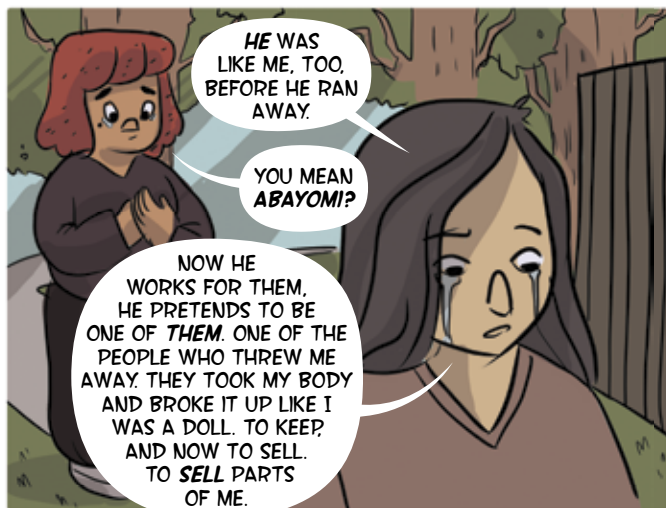














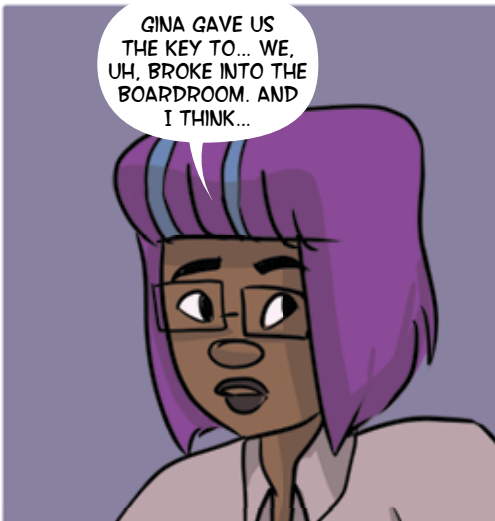


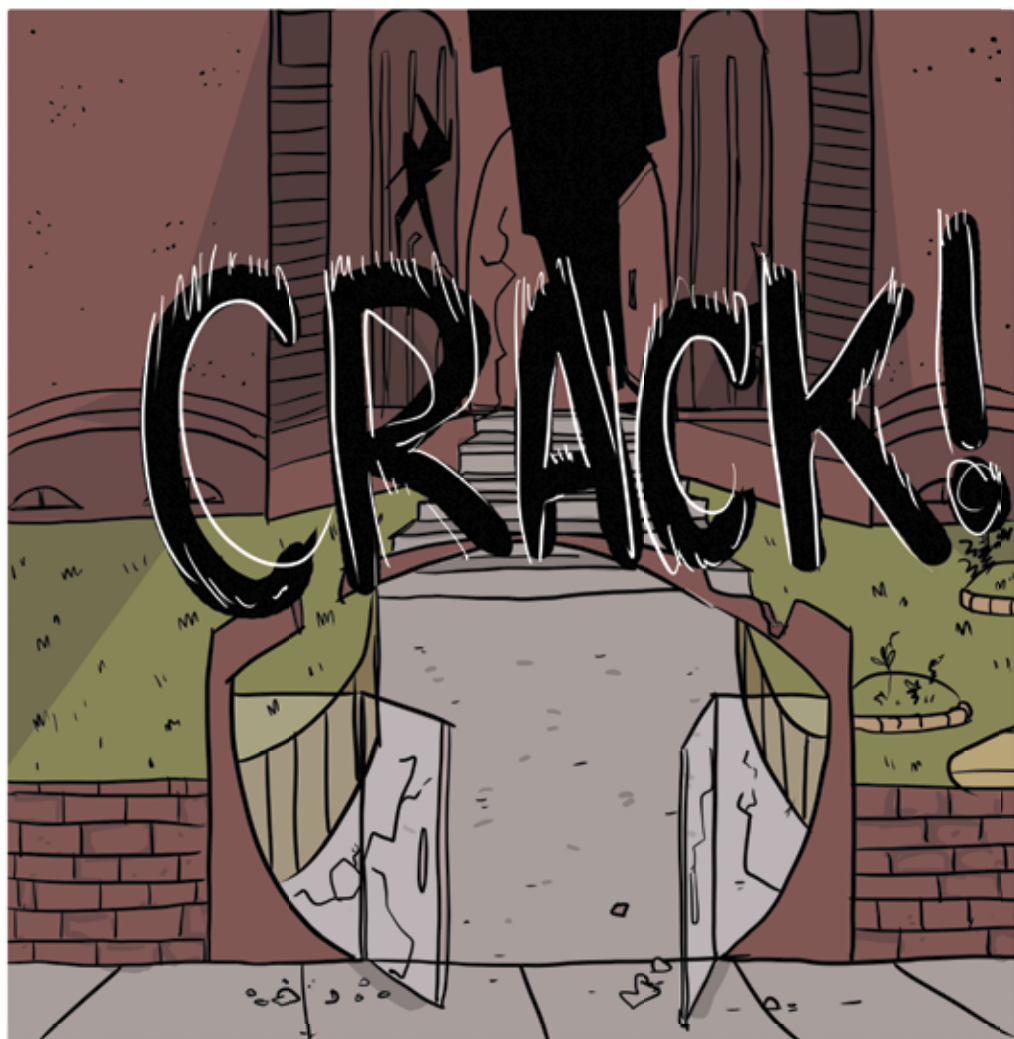
CEL!

**CEL, PLEASE!
WE HAVE TO GET
OUT OF HERE!**



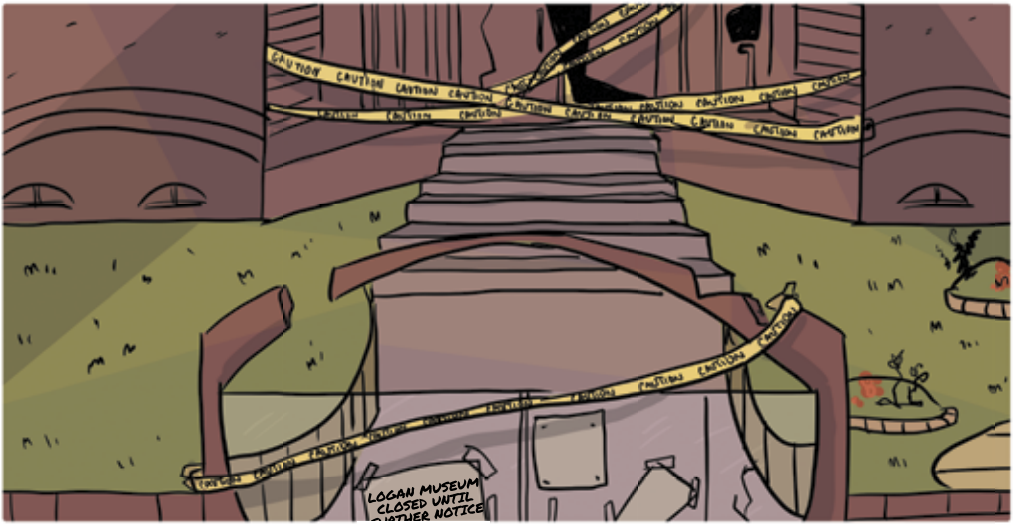


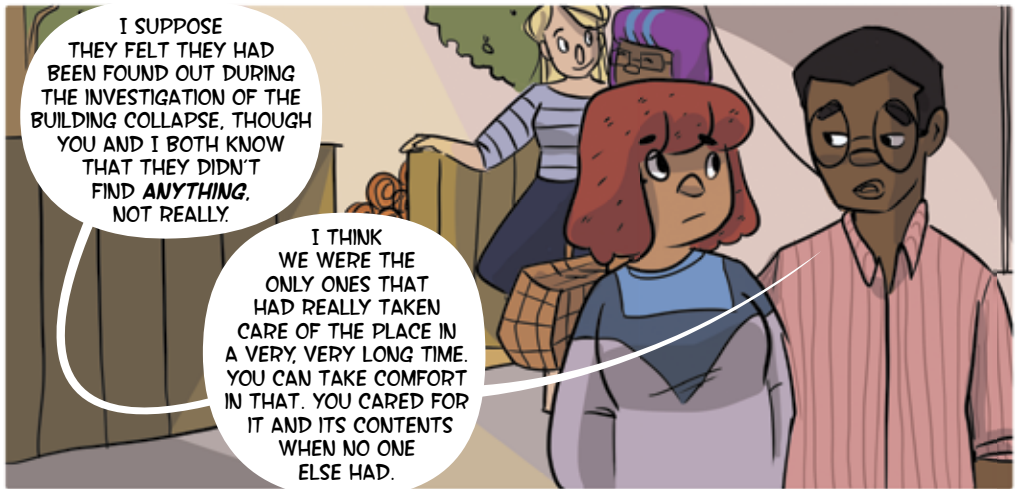
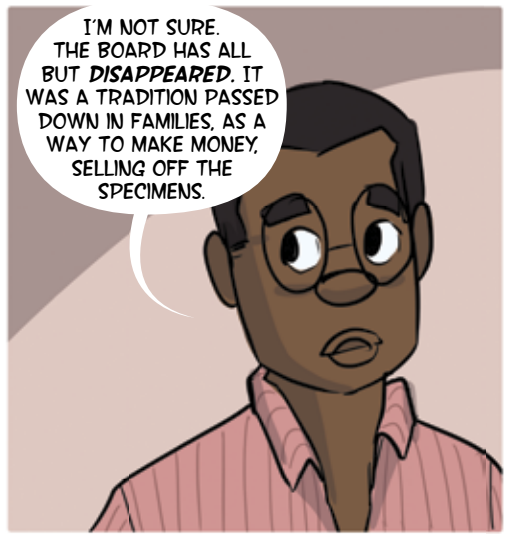


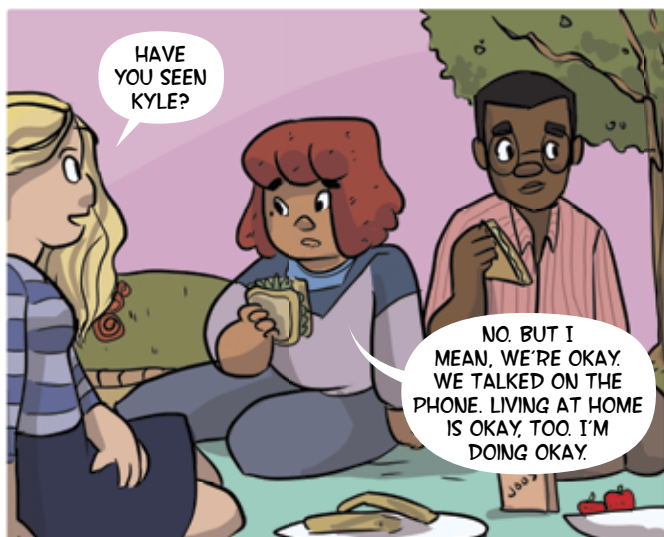




SIX WEEKS LATER







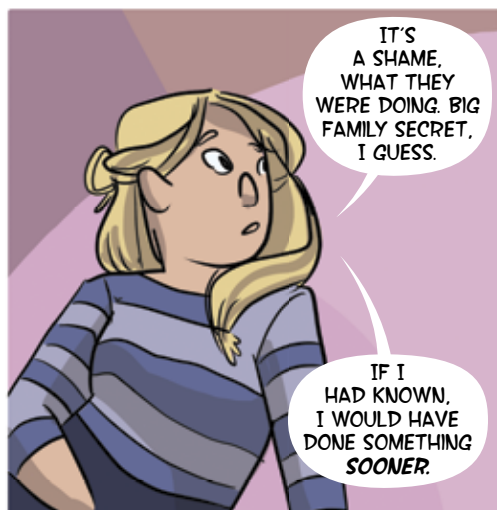
HAVE
YOU SEEN
KYLE?

NO. BUT I
MEAN, WE'RE OKAY.
WE TALKED ON THE
PHONE. LIVING AT HOME
IS OKAY, TOO. I'M
DOING OKAY.



THAT'S
THE BEST YOU
CAN HOPE FOR,
I GUESS.

YEAH.



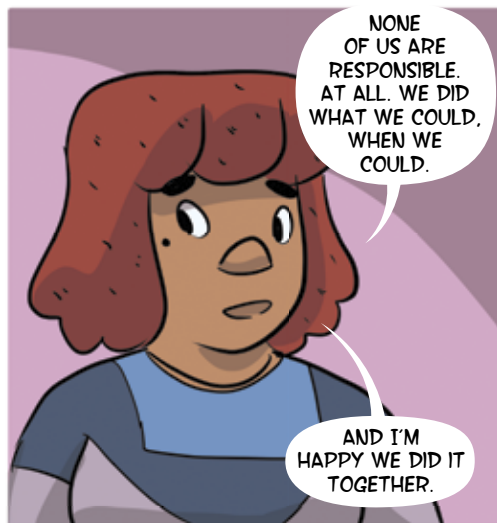
IT'S
A SHAME,
WHAT THEY
WERE DOING. BIG
FAMILY SECRET,
I GUESS.

IF I
HAD KNOWN,
I WOULD HAVE
DONE SOMETHING
SOONER.



NO ONE
BLAMES YOU,
GINA.

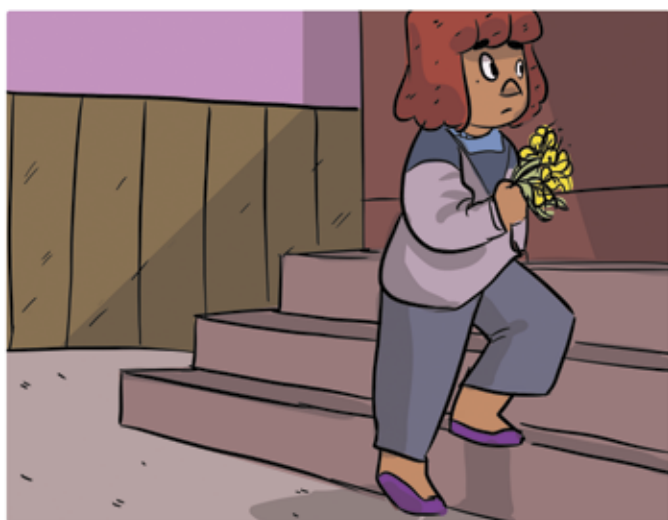
NO ONE IS
MORE RESPONSIBLE
THAN **I AM.** IF I HAD
ONLY BEEN LESS **AFRAID.**
IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN
WHAT TO DO...

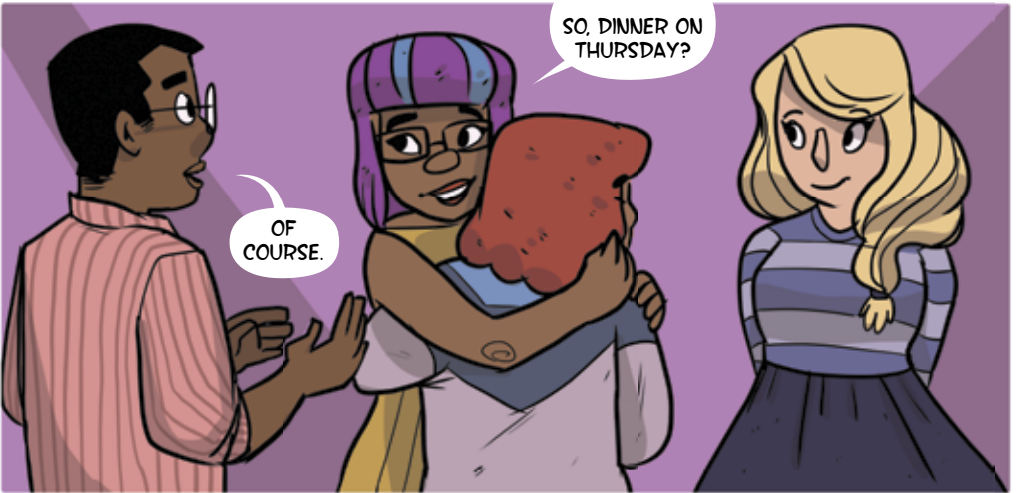


NONE
OF US ARE
RESPONSIBLE.
AT ALL. WE DID
WHAT WE COULD,
WHEN WE
COULD.

AND I'M
HAPPY WE DID IT
TOGETHER.







The End



Afterword

In 2012, I began to sketch out a story about a girl who works in a haunted museum. I was 23 years old, and I had just moved back home after leaving art school in my junior year. I spent my days feeling aimless, and found myself working part-time in a library, which I quickly took to as a replacement for the structure of school. Inside, I was depressed, anxious, and toed the line of suicidal, feeling guilty for how I was treating others and myself. It wasn't a great time.

In school, I had tailored my studio work and my writing to focus on early 19th century medical and spiritualist photography. Throughout my entire life, I'd struggled with chronic illness, depression and anxiety, and a general sense of not belonging, so I felt like something of an oddity myself, and had compassion for the subjects stiffly posed in these tintypes and albumen prints. My writing and knowledge on the subject was rewarded when I managed to land an internship in the archives of a medical history museum, where I would be helping to digitize an enormous collection of antique medical photographs, illustrations, and documents. Honored to have been allowed inside the secret rooms of the museum's library, I spent long afternoons filing away images of doctors, skeletons, and surgeries in a basement office. However, after a few months, I began to feel burnt out, desensitized to the images I was seeing, and my writing on the ethics and history of medical imagery began to suffer.

So, I decided to approach it from a different, non-academic angle, and I began to compose a little haunted house story. Celeste Walden, a cypher for myself, investigated the mysterious happenings at a medical oddities museum after dropping out of school due to her depression. Soon I had a little novella, which I submitted to the Clarion Writer's Workshop. I was soundly rejected, and so I shoved the story away, and became even more depressed.

Three years later, in a much healthier headspace, I came across the art of Steenz via The Valkyries, the female-only comic shop employees group we both belonged to. To say my love for Steenz's art was instant is no lie—I was enamored by her use of color, the way she captured facial expressions, and how it spoke to her as a person: vibrant, trend-defying, and full of a crackling wit that I wanted to have in my life. I'd never written a comic script before, but that didn't stop me from sending her a message: I have an idea for a ghost story. Will you draw it?



She agreed, and we set out to work. Originally intended as a webcomic, Steenz and I dove into *Archival Quality* with the idea of giving more life to Celeste, her friends, and their world. I let Steenz run free, putting flesh on the bones of my story with her art, giving Cel, Abayomi, and Holly even more depth by drawing each of them as real people with poignant emotions and, let's be real, amazing wardrobes. I learned that even if you've written prose for most of your life, writing a comic book script is a very different animal. We both grew, and improved, and changed our styles over time. The place we were at when we sent our rough ten pages to Oni for consideration is very different from where we are now.

An unexpected, but amazing, bonus to all of this was the friendship I developed with Steenz. Over the course of the past two years, we've become incredibly close, holding each other up through this process, but also connecting over our shared love of trashy television and comics. We've flown to see each other in our hometowns, we message each other so much that if I don't hear from Steenz for more than 24 hours, I assume something is wrong. Like the relationships in *Archival Quality*, Steenz and I created an unexpected bond that has been a comfort in difficult times. I'm extremely thankful.

This book was a challenge to balance. My original novella was steeped too far in my academic background, and I wanted to make a story that could be enjoyed by those who didn't necessarily study early psychiatry (Dr. Genius, M.D., as Cel would say). As such, there are inaccuracies, fantasies, and bendings of the truth in this version of *Archival Quality* that exist to further the story and do not reflect on the actual history of medicine.

I am no doctor, and while I certainly crept out enough seatmates on the train by researching orbital lobotomies,

I can't say for sure that this is scientifically sound (do not use this book as a guide for giving lobotomies). Celine's experience is only one part of history, as well: there are mountains of academic study on the way that women of color were treated in early medicine, which I felt were owed more space and nuance than I could give here. While some of the photographs you see in the book are based on real images I've encountered in my years of research, some are fabrications, while others are inspired by artists like Thomas Eakins and Matthew Barney.



As someone who has received some form of psychiatric treatment off and on for over a decade, I wanted to open a small window into the history of mental health treatment, particularly for women, to our readers. To go through therapy is to at once give up and regain agency—you have to put the deconstruction of what you believe in the hands of a near-stranger, and then you must rebuild by yourself. You put your faith in practitioners and pills. It's scary. Cel's journey through anger, to action, to acceptance is a mirror of one that many who go through therapy experience. Overall, this is a book about freedom, peace, the death of things living and imagined. It's about freeing yourself, freeing others. Letting go of pain. I hope that if you are going through a time like Cel or Celine, you can get to a place where you can let go of some of that pain, too.



I did a lot of reading to influence this book, and I've included a few of those titles here:

Stanley Burns and Elizabeth Burns. ***Stiffs, Skulls, and Skeletons: Medical Photography and Symbolism***. (Schiffer, 2014)

Asti Hustvedt. ***Medical Muses: Hysteria in Nineteenth-Century Paris***. (W.W. Norton, 2011)

College of Physicians of Philadelphia. ***Mütter Museum Historical Medical Photographs***. (Blast Books, 2007)

Alice Miller. ***The Drama of the Gifted Child***. (3rd ed.) (Basic Books, 2008)

Richard Barnett. ***The Sick Rose: Disease and the Art of Medical Illustration***. (D.A.P, 2014)

There are also many real-life museums that do an amazing job of discussing and showcasing the ethics of early medicine and psychiatry (thankfully, I know of absolutely no modern museums that operate like the creepy one in our book).

The Mütter Museum, Philadelphia, PA

The Warren Anatomical Museum, Boston, MA

New Orleans Pharmacy Museum, New Orleans, LA

And of course, the now heartbreakingly-closed Morbid Anatomy Museum in Brooklyn, NY.

-Ivy Noelle Weir

August 2017



Archival Quality

Steenz's Confidential Files

DO NOT STEAL!!



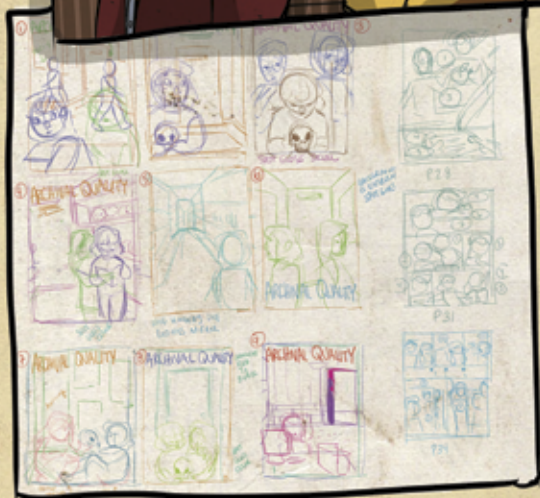
I love drawing kung fu, and I happened to use Holly for a model. She does no kung fu in this book. She's more of a kickboxing gal.

I drew some ideas of the layout of the museum as well as shelving around February of 2015. Ivy gave me the general idea for the book back then and I just ran with it!



This is the first postcard we made promoting Archival Quality! It was so much fun to do and I think it really got people hype for the book.







When Ivy and I first worked on Archival Quality it was as a webcomic! But then when we decided to submit to Oni, I re-drew the first 8 pages. THEN when we started working on the book I re-drew the first 8 pages AGAIN. So I have three versions of this page spread out over 2 years of artistic growth.









IVY NOELLE WEIR

has been writing stories for her entire life, and her essays on art, pop culture and librarianship have appeared in a variety of outlets. In addition to her writing, Weir is a visual artist and former librarian who studied photography at Parsons the New School for Design, art history at Goddard College, and holds an MLIS from Clarion University of Pennsylvania. A native of Philadelphia, she currently works in publishing and lives on a crooked old street in an apartment full of Halloween decorations with her partner and tiny dog.

(Photo by Kelsey Hoffman)



STEENZ

is an illustrator from St. Louis, MO. According to her mom, Steenz has only ever answered “an artist” when asked what she wants to be when she grows up. Here we are, years later. Steenz spends a lot of time watching reality TV, eating pizza, working at Lion Forge and drawing comics. She can officially call herself a professional artist. Steenz lives with her fiancé, Keya, and her cat, Marko. Steenz is short for Christina.

(Photo by Caitie Metz)

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KATE LETH

Author of *Patsy Walker, A.K.A. Hellcat!*,
Edward Scissorhands, and *Spell on Wheels*

"Weir and Steenz have crafted a **freshly-textured ghost story** for the new millennium. It's a grand mystery, a pointed critique, and a celebration of individual resilience all wrapped up with a **perfectly charming dose of the macabre.**"

DANIEL F. YEZBICK

Editor of *Perfect Nonsense: the Chaotic Comics*
and *Goofy Games of George Carlson*



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