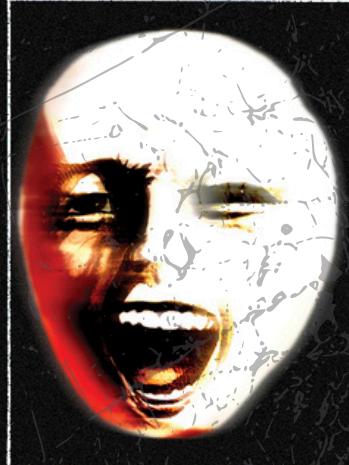
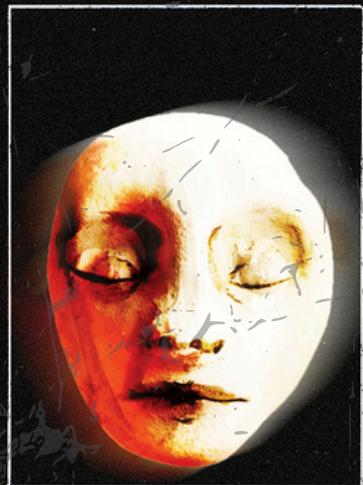


PADRAIG CAMPBELL's

UPWARDS INCURSION

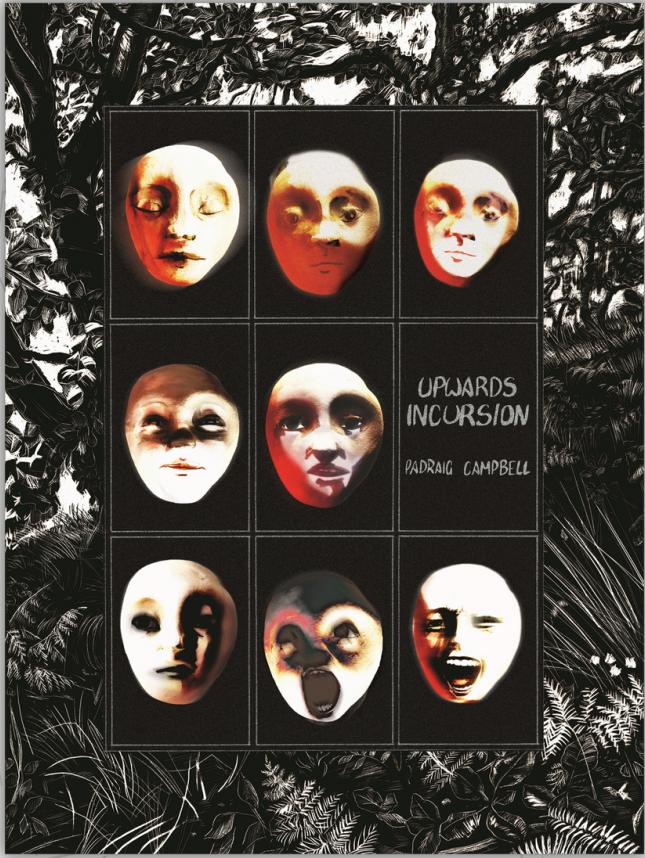
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PADRAIG CAMPBELL'S UPWARDS INCURSION

weaves together a haunting
examination of agency and
narrative.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Padraig Campbell is an artist and cartoonist from the UK. As a child he was a firm believer in ghosts and aliens, and spent most of his time living in fear. He has since become intimately familiar with the feeling of fear, and is regularly seeking out and producing works that push or examine this sensation. He now spends most of his time drawing - when he's not working (or living in fear.) He currently lives in Devon with his husband and their FIV+ cat, Fergus.



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PAGE ONE

ADVANCED PRAISE

“A unique collection of both detailed and mysterious comics that get under skin and stay with you.”

— LIAM COBB,
AUTHOR OF WHAT AWAITS THEM

“*Upwards Incursion* finds the horrors hidden in the formal layers of cartooning itself. Each story in this collection is a freefall through stranger and stranger realities until we arrive at the worst of them all, our own.”

— CONOR STECHSCHULTE,
AUTHOR OF ULTRASOUND

“*Upwards Incursion* is an epic nightmare in the sincerest sense, one that imprisons you in a world of logical absurdity, where things feel fleeting and eternal, apathetic and vengeful, attractive and grotesque. Such horror told through invitingly supple and beautiful inks feels vulgar, like a succulent toxic fruit; Campbell has the kind of creative mind that I both deeply fear and deeply envy.”

— JENNA CHA,
CO-AUTHOR OF BLACK STARS ABOVE & THE SICKNESS

“A dark, delicate and disturbing work, an exploration of the psychology of imagery with silence and mystery. A wonderfully distorted book by Padraig Campbell.”

— J. WEBSTER SHARP,
AUTHOR OF THE SCRAPBOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH

LETTER TO THE READER

DEAR STRANGER,

Around the time I started working on Upwards Incursion I found myself ambling around in the woods near my house. My husband and I had only recently moved to the area, and I hoped to soak in my new surroundings. It gradually dawned on me as I roamed the path that threaded through the dense vegetation, that I had absolutely no idea where I was or where I was going. Furthermore, I hadn't encountered another person for quite some time. Immediately I started to wonder just how long it would be before my 'going missing' was noticed. My husband was at work and had no idea that I had even left the house. The car park was small and free, so it followed that there would be no disgruntled traffic warden to discover my car. I'd have to pray that some regular dog walker would cotton on eventually, but how long would that take? Days? A week? When does curiosity become concern?

Despite my catastrophising, I was not all that upset. The matter of getting lost had temporarily severed my connection to the world, and the distance gave me the opportunity to reflect upon it in a more abstract fashion. As a queer person, I follow the shifting attitudes of the world rather acutely, something that can be pretty exhausting. But here, I was able to feel momentarily severed from the 'discourse'. It seemed almost absurd: here I was in perfect yet eerie quiet, dwarfed by trees that had outlived me by decades and thrived, despite their altogether un-busy nature. Out there though, petty little people bickered over trivial matters, feverishly forming cliques that frothed and foamed at the mouths. Despite feeling at a distance to the latter, I could not consider this a form of 'escapism'. Instead, it allowed me to recontextualise things, to put it in some form of perspective for a brief time. As the path beneath my feet reminded me, the two disparate worlds were inseparably intertwined, and while you might feel out of reach, it would only be a matter of time before your feet proved otherwise.

Upwards Incursion became my own private forest, a place where I could go and get lost whenever I chose. But whilst the book may not be outwardly political, it is steeped in an apprehension of a seemingly inevitable and terrible conclusion. Despite its macabre and sinister wrappings, it is not designed to elicit fear, but rather it is the product of fear. Whilst it has been a place all of my own for a great deal of time, I now give you the map so that you may tread the same anxious paths as I did. Come on in, get lost, and trust that your feet will bring you home in time.

PADRAIG CAMPBELL

