DRAWN & QUARTERLY

FALL 2024

MOOMIN ADVENTURES: VOLUME 1

TOVE JANSSON & LARS JANSSON

ACME NOVELTY DATEBOOK: VOLUME 3

CHRIS WARI

ACME NOVELTY DATEBOOK: VOLUME 1-3, SLIPCASE EDITION

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SHIGERU MIZUKI

TRANSLATED BY ZACK DAVISSON

DOG DAYS

KEUM SUK GENDRY-KIM TRANSLATED BY JANET HONG

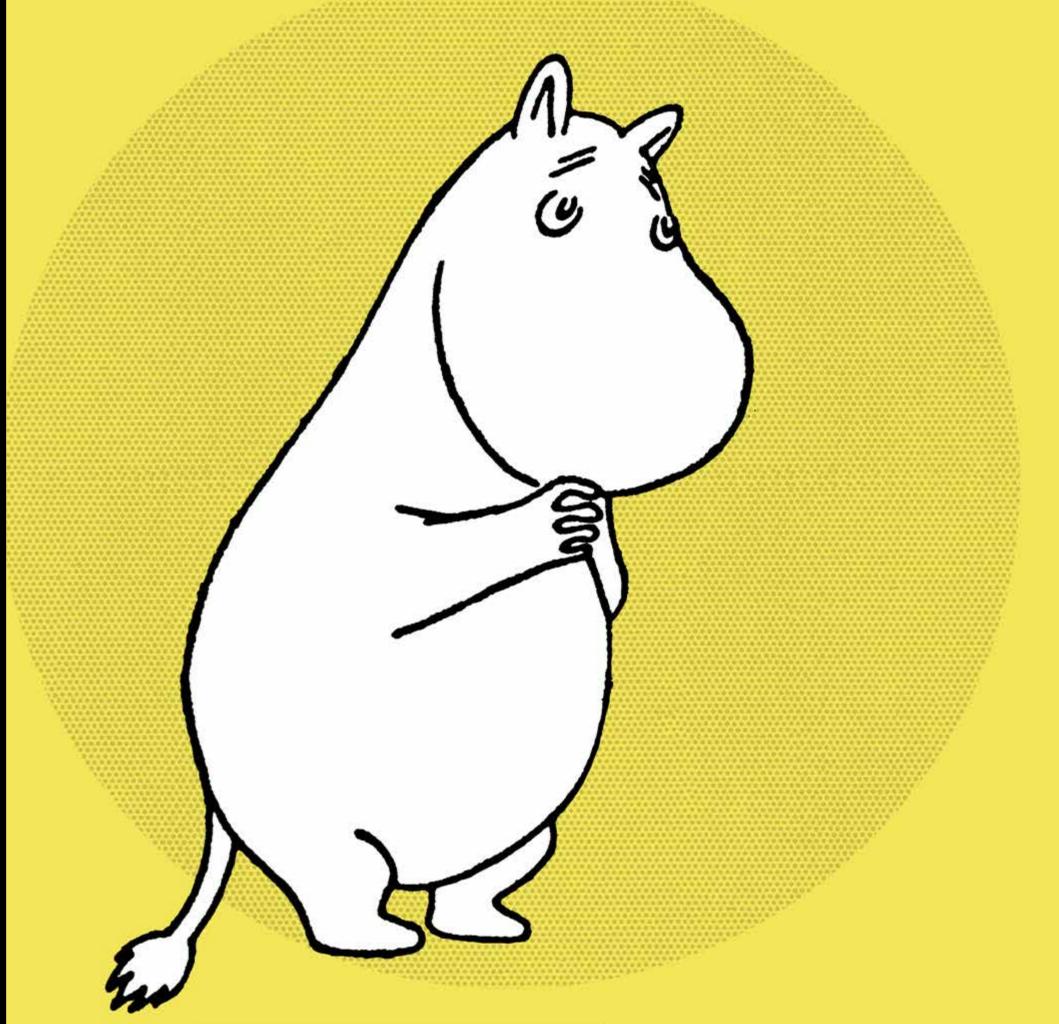
ARE YOU WILLING TO DIE FOR THE CAUSE?

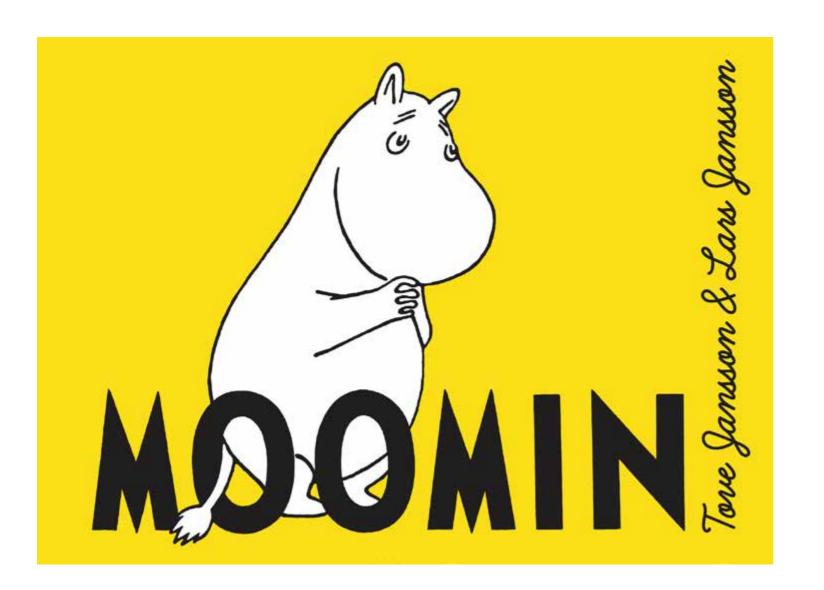
NEW PAPERBACK EDITION

CHRIS OLIVEROS

THE NATIVE TREES

LEANNE SHAPTON





MOOMIN ADVENTURES: VOLUME 1 TOVE JANSSON & LARS JANSSON

The classic comic strip by Tove Jansson and Lars Jansson in a new paperback series

Presented in an all new softcover format that collects the all ages comics of both Tove Jansson and her brother Lars Jansson, the five-volume *Moomin Adventures* series will introduce the timeless comic strip to a new generation of readers.

Moomin Adventures kicks off with perhaps the most famous adventure of them all, Moomin on the Riviera, which was adapted into an animated feature and debuted at the London Film Festival. In Moomin's Desert Island, the entire Moomin family is stranded on a desert island—the very island their ancestors came from.

When D+Q debuted the Moomin comic strip in 2007, it was the first time that the comic strip had been published in English

since its original appearance in the London Evening News. The series has gone on to sell 400,000 volumes.

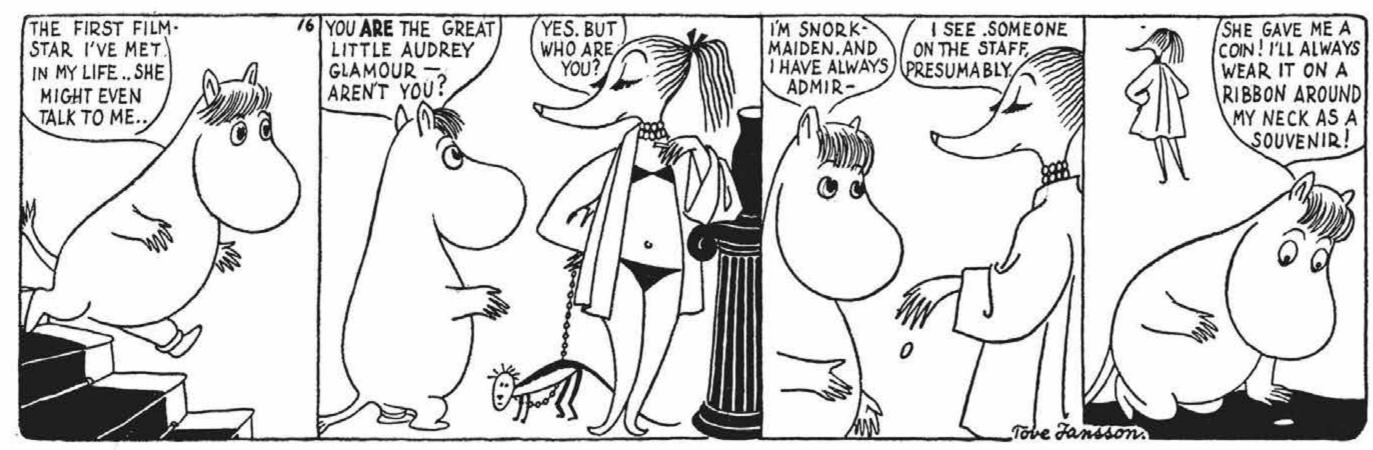
PRAISE FOR MOOMIN

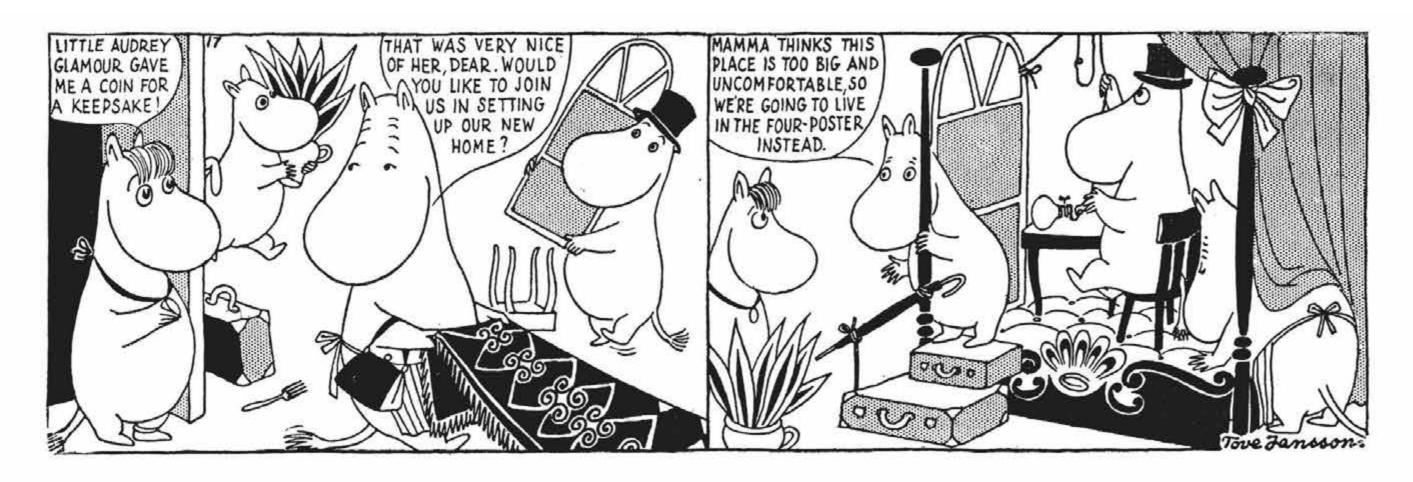
"The Moomin universe is what you'd get if you took Roald Dahl, Dr. Seuss, Bill Watterson and Charles Schulz, and mixed them together with Finland's cartoonishly long summer days and winter nights."—Myla Goldberg, NPR

"The experience of loneliness, unrequited love, insecurity, fear, separation, jealousy, and grief—Jansson was seen by her readers as someone who understood their inner lives."—Frances Wilson, *New York Review of Books*

JULY 2024 • \$22.95 USD/\$29.95 CAD • B&W • 8.375 X 6 • 312 PAGES COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-742-2 • PAPERBACK





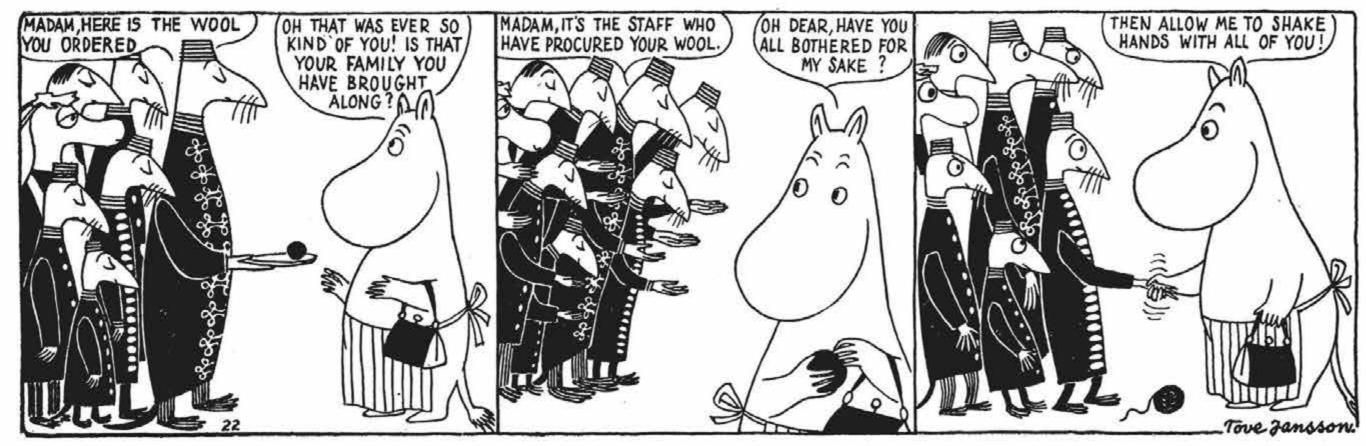




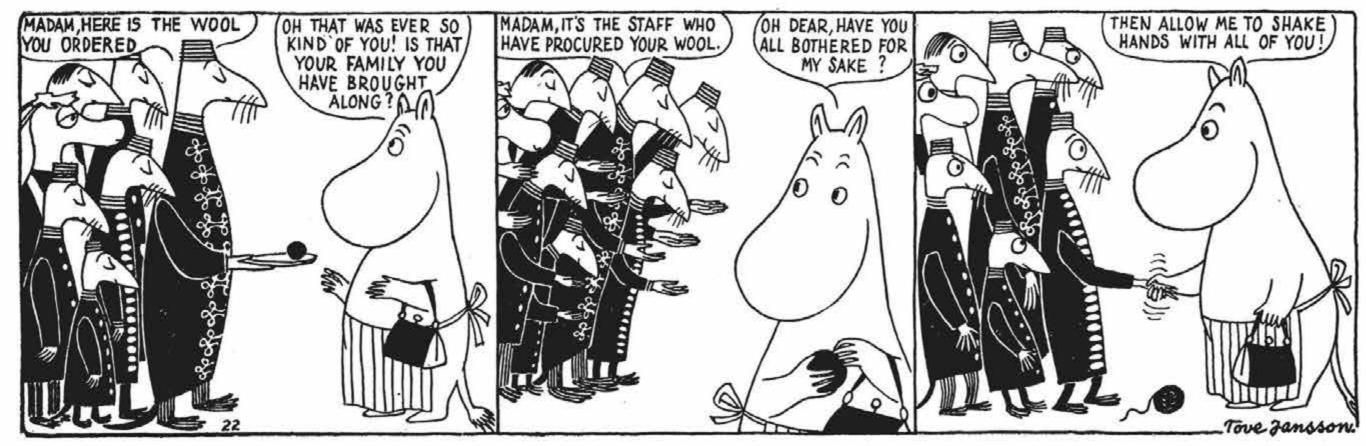


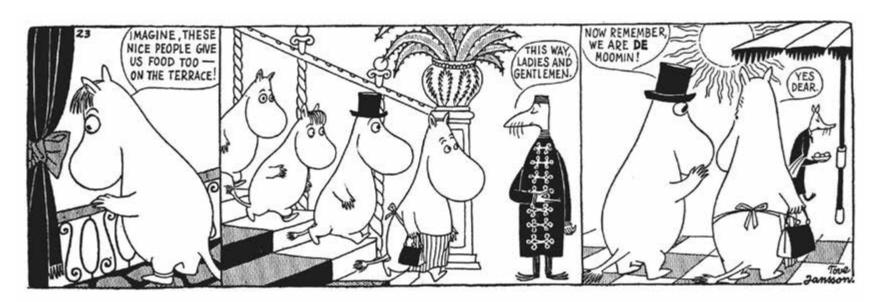












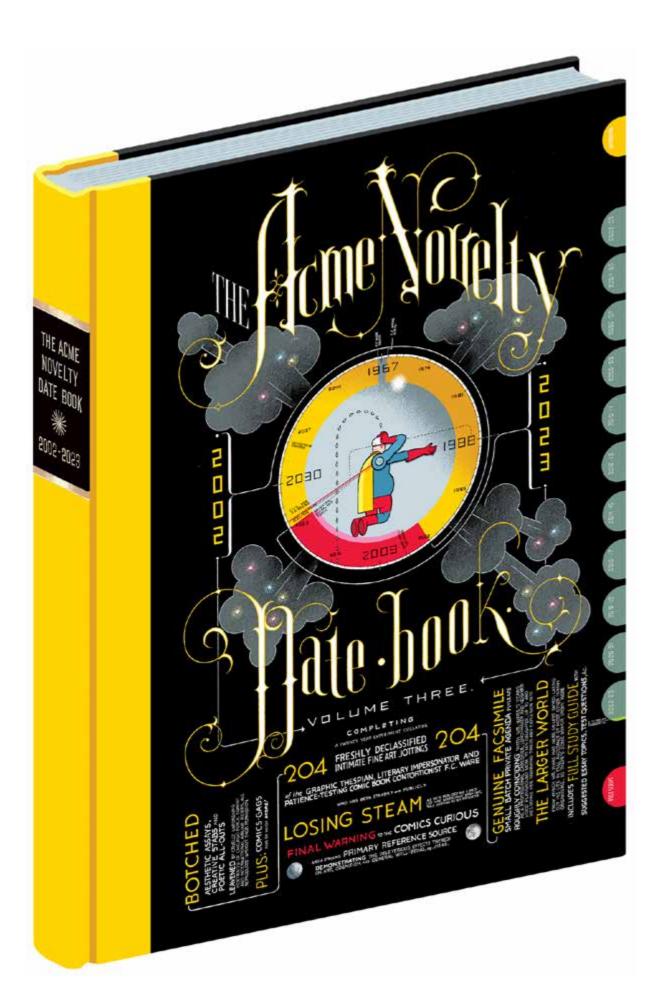




Tove Jansson (1914–2001) was a legendary Finnish children's book author, artist, and creator of the Moomins, who came to life in children's books, comic strips, theater, opera, film, radio, theme parks, and TV.



Lars Jansson (1926–2000) was a Finnish cartoonist and author. He was a published author at sixteen before he taught himself to be a cartoonist in order to replace his sister Tove on the *Moomin* comic strip. Lars Jansson drew the strip for fourteen years.



ACME NOVELTY DATEBOOK: VOLUME THREE CHRIS WARE

The third and final installment of the artist's facsimile sketchbook series

After over fifteen years deferral, delay and dawdling, the ink-and-paper cheerleader F. C. Ware finally succumbs to imaginary public pressure by concluding his tiresome experiment in reader trust with the third and final volume of secret notebooks and sketches spanning over thirty-seven years of bus rides, airport delays and telephone hold music.

Exquisitely crafted fine art doodles, hand-selected meanderings and artisanal rewritings of personal conflict are scattered throughout comic strips unconsciously revealing private hostilities and unflattering portraits of public transportation riders, the whole carefully cleansed of any impugnable or litigious tracery. As a professional adult-picture-book drawer and regular contributor to the *New Yorker*, *Le Monde* and the Illinois Cook County Assessor's office, Mr. Ware's work in these pages secures his reputation as an reliably unreliable self-narrator, willing to say or write anything to win petty disputes and imagined squabbles.

208 full-color pages augmented by annotations, introduction and a professional apology, with paper boards and cloth spine of misleading demureness to conceal its native prurience.

OCT 2024 • \$49.95 USD/\$64.95 CAD • 4-COLOR • 6.84 X 9.4 • 208 PAGES COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-734-7 • HARDCOVER



ACME NOVELTY DATEBOOK VOLUME 1-3, SLIPCASE EDITION CHRIS WARE

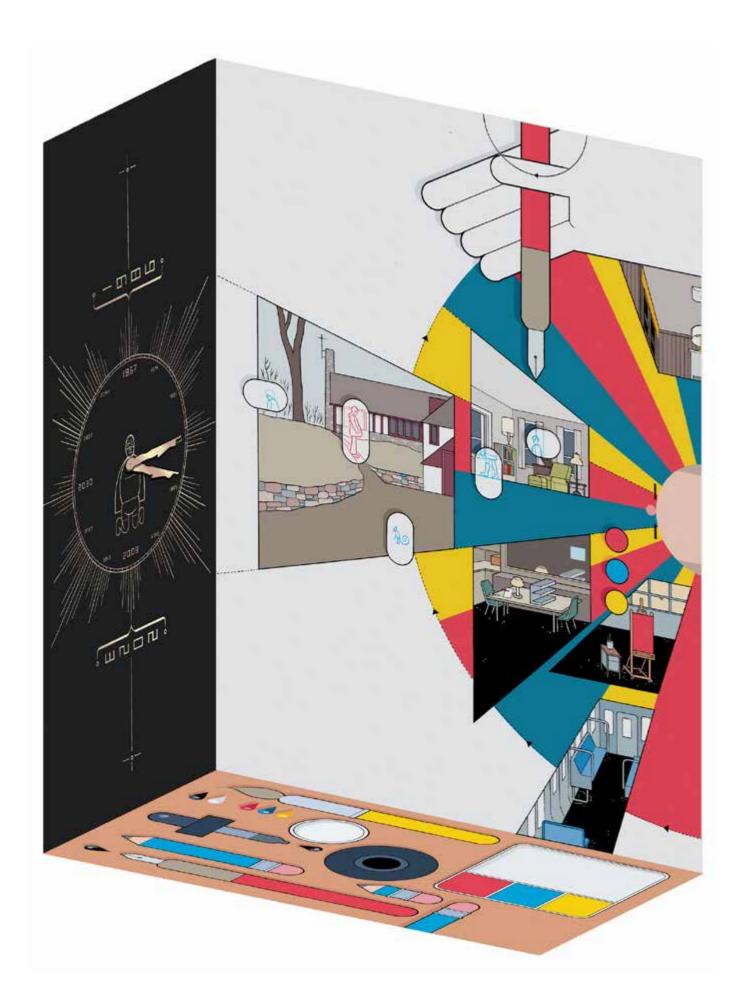
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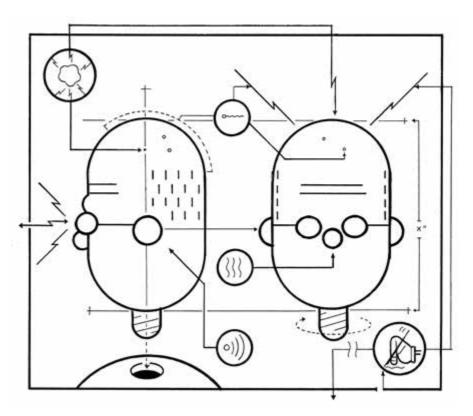
All three *Acme Novelty Datebooks* are also available in a compacted and easily

recyclable slipcase, the spine of which is punched through with a training time-piece for those caregivers who would like to adjust its miniature metal hands as a teaching aid to suit their own pedagogical exercise, private nostalgia or personal anxiety. As with the first two volumes, this third and, again, very final volume clocks in at 208 full color pages augmented by annotations, introduction and a professional apology, with paper boards and cloth spine of misleading demureness to conceal its native prurience.

***Limited numbers of book-less slipcase boxes will be made available for those hominids who purchased the first two volumes on the original occasions of their first printings. Due, however, a miscommunication to the printers over the scale of the second printing of the first edition — the "rare and oversized edition," in collecting parlance — its size will not allow admittance to this slipcase unless severe violent force is applied, any and all deleterious results from which the legal representatives retained by the publishers insist they cannot and will not accommodate.

OCT 2024 • \$174.95 USD / \$224.95 CAD • 4 - COLOR • 6.9 X 9.5 • 208 PAGES COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-735-4 • HARDCOVER





Chris Ware is the author of Jimmy Corrigan — the Smartest Kid on Earth and Building Stories, which was chosen as a Top Ten Fiction Book by both The New York Times and Time Magazine in 2012. A regular contributor of graphic fiction and over thirty covers to The New Yorker, his work has been exhibited at the MoCa Los Angeles, the MCA Chicago and the Whitney Museum of American Art as well as in regular exhibitions at the Adam Baumgold Gallery in New York and Galerie Martel in Paris. The PBS program "Art in the 21st Century" featured his work in their 2016 season, an eponymous monograph of his work was released by Rizzoli in 2017 and Rusty Brown Part I was published in late 2019 and selected as one the Best 100 Books of the Year by the New York Times. A solo retrospective of his work was presented at the Centre Pompidou in 2022, the Cartoonmuseum in Basel, Switzerland in 2023 and will continue to appear in Europe through 2025.



Q&A ADRIAN TOMINE

Everything you wanted to know about storytelling or Adrian Tomine but were too afraid to ask

"That would've been too easy and spontaneous for me, and I had to find a way to make everything more complicated."

And yet for over thirty years, bestselling author, screenwriter, and *New Yorker* cover artist Adrian Tomine's work has set the standard for contemporary storytelling. With Tomine, his readership has grown from the dedicated following of his comic-book series *Optic Nerve* to include a wider but still engaged, opinionated, and ever-inquiring public. And now, for the first time in print, Tomine responds to his readers directly, tackling their questions and comments with generosity, humor, and vulnerability.

Q&A is one part personal history, one art masterclass in crafting quality entertainment. With questions pulled from his time at the Substack Writers' Residency, and with additional, new material, *Q&A* is an indispensable addition to the collections of eagle-eyed fans and aspiring artists, writers, and cartoonists alike.

Tomine answers questions about his preferred tools, his creative process, the

ups and downs of adaptation, and perhaps most importantly—how to pronounce his last name. Illustrated with drafts, outtakes, and photos from the artist's personal collection, this rare peek into the mind of a contemporary cartooning giant lays out the method to his meticulous brand of madness. The artist looks back on his career in response to queries from his—maybe adoring but mostly curious—public with his signature dry wit and unflinching, self-deprecating honesty.

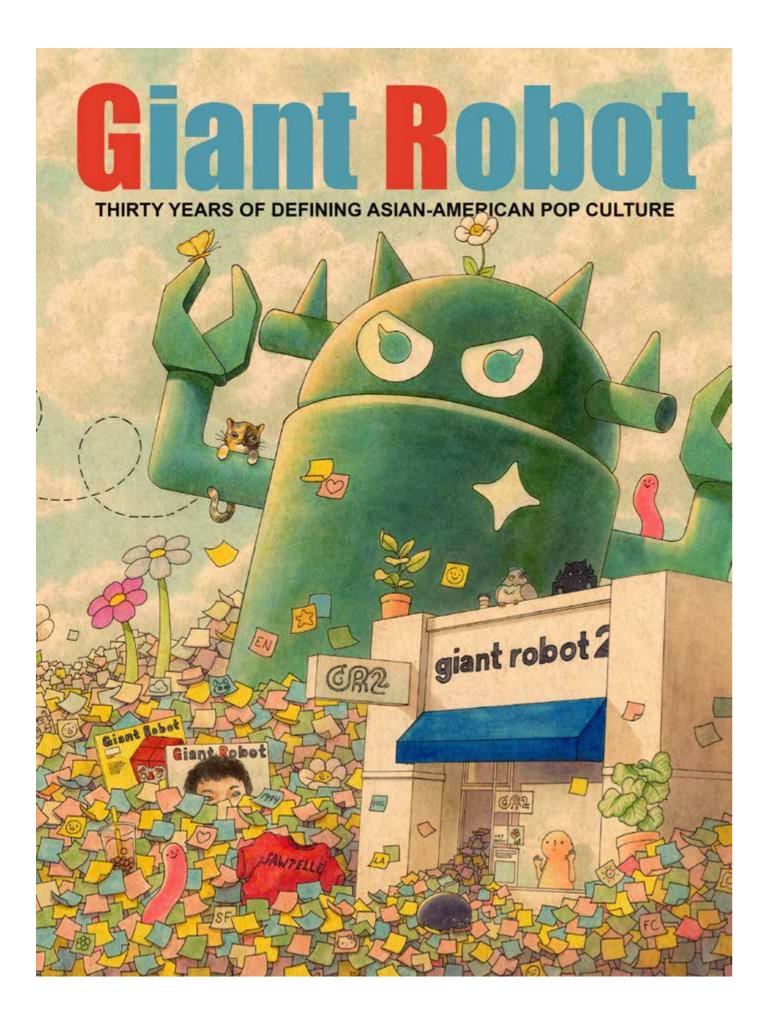
PRAISE FOR ADRIAN TOMINE

- "Adrian Tomine has more ideas in twenty panels than novelists have in a lifetime." —Zadie Smith
- "Funny and deeply honest... Tomine reveal[s] something that few artists are able to discuss without sounding unaware or falsely humble: the incredibly hard, exhausting, and often can't-see-the-treesfor-the-forest kind of work involved in building a career in the arts."—NPR

OCT 2024 • \$14.95 USD/\$19.95 CAD • 4-COLOR • 5 X 7.125 • 120 PAGES COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-730-9 • PAPERBACK



Adrian Tomine was born in 1974 in Sacramento, California. He began self-publishing his comic book series *Optic Nerve* when he was sixteen, and in 1994 he received an offer to publish from Drawn & Quarterly. His comics have been anthologized in publications such as *McSweeney's*, *Best American Comics*, and *Best American Nonrequired Reading*. Both his graphic novel Shortcomings and his memoir *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Cartoonist* were named *New York Times* Notable Books of the year. Since 1999, Tomine has been a regular contributor to the *New Yorker*. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife and daughters.



GIANT ROBOT:

THIRTY YEARS OF DEFINING ASIAN-AMERICAN POP CULTURE

Ed. Eric Nakamura. Introduction by Claudine Ko. Cover by Felicia Chiao

A deluxe hardcover that celebrates the pop culture phenomenon, Giant Robot, who redefined what it meant to be Asian-American for the late 20th Century

Los Angeles, 1994. Two Asian-American punk rockers staple together the zine of their dreams featuring Sumo, Hong Kong Cinema and Osamu Tezuka. From the very margins of the DIY press and alternative culture, Giant Robot burst into the mainstream with over 60,000 copies in circulation annually at its peak. Giant Robot even popped right off the page, setting up a restaurant, gallery, and storefronts in LA, as well as galleries and stores in New York and San Francisco. As their influence grew in the 90s and oos, Giant Robot was eventually invited to the White House by Barack Obama, to speak at Harvard University's Graduate School of Design, and to curate the GR Biennale 3 at the Japanese American National Museum.

Home to a host of unapologetically authentic perspectives bridging the bicultural gap between Asian and Asian-American pop culture, GR had the audacity to print such topics side-by-side, and become a

touchstone for generations of artists, musicians, creators, and collectors of all kinds in a pre-social media era. Nowhere else were pieces on civil rights activists running next to articles on skateboarding and Sriracha. Toy collectors, cartoonists, and street style pioneers got as many column inches as Michelle Yeoh, Karen O, James Jean, and Haruki Murakami.

Giant Robot: Thirty Years of Defining Asian-American Pop Culture features the best of the magazine's sixty-eight issue run alongside never-before-seen photographs, supplementary writing by Giant Robot contributor and journalist Claudine Ko, and tributes from everyone who had a hand in making the magazine and storefronts into a cultural touchstone for so many. Now a contemporary art gallery GR2 and specialty retailer at its home on Sawtelle in LA, Giant Robot continues to carve out space for friends and fans alike to keep coming together.

SEPT 2024 • \$49.95 USD/\$59.95 CAD • 4-COLOR • 8.5 X 11 • 400 PAGES ART/AMERICAN/ASIAN AMERICAN & PACIFIC ISLANDER • ISBN 978-1-77046-713-2 • HARDCOVER





Martin Wong RED HOT AND YELLOW

CHILLI SAUCES ARE COMMON IN ASIAN FOOD

ince a very young age, we are cautioned about the dangers of fire. But at campfires, beach barbecues, and building blazes, there's something appealing about watching tongues of flame licking upwards, dancing in the air, and consuming everything in its path.

Spicy sauces are kind of like that. They will make your breath reek and your sweat smell funky. (After simply handling their containers for this article, the oils on my hands made my eyes sting when I removed my contact lenses...) They'll give you the ring of fire, too. But after you start putting them on your food, you can't stop. Without that fiery flavor, all foods seem incomplete.

We rounded up 16 hotties and four guinea pigs to take the Giant Robot sauce survey. Taste buds vary from throat to throat, so we averaged the scores given on flavor and hotness. Try a spoonful or two next time you dine, but you might want to have some ice water ready, too.

Don't play with matches.

Only you can prevent forest fires.

Last one out of the classroom takes the flag.

BATHING IN SAUCE WITH GWAR

When GWAR play shows, not only does their audience feel blood trickle from their ears as a result of the extra loud and aggressive music, but they also feel the blood, semen, and guts squirting from GWAR's enemies who are sliced and diced on stage. It's like seeing Conan, the Texas Chainsaw Massacre, and Les Miserables at once. During the L.A. show, I invited GWAR to take a break from their usual rations to sample some Asian spicy sauces.



CAP JEMPOL (Indonesia)

Odonus: This is weak. The Pope's blood is hotter. The Pope's blood is hot as shit.

HAR HAR PICKLE **FOOD FACTORY'S CHILLI SAUCE**

Odonus: Laughing down boy with thumb in air-looks like our old bass player. Mmm... It tastes good! It's even better mixed with beer!

Jizmak: It's got a nice kick to it, like a little person came up and kicked me in the ass. It's okay.

SAMBAL EXTRA PEDAS (Indonesia)

Odonus: Whoo! Aaaaaagh! That's dandy! That hits the spot, the G-spot. This one reminds me the most of diarrhea.

TSO HIN KEE BLACK **BEAN CHILE SAUCE**

That's dandy! That hits the spot, the G-spot. This one reminds me the most of diarrhea.

TUONG OT TOI VIET NAM (USA)

Odonus: It's okay. Compared to pickled penguin penis, I give it a 3 out of 4.

Jizmak: I recommend this to any human. This will put anyone's ass on fire. This one I'd recommend. I'd put it on goat toast with paté

Slymenstra: I put it on my eggs for breakfast every morning. Do I look like I worry about cholesterol?

YEO'S SWEET CHILLI SAUCE (USA)

Odonus: It's okay. It's not very hot thought. I'd eat that with maggot soufflé or perhaps rabid baby brains.

TECHNO DESTRUCTO (THE ANTI-GWAR) SPEAKS:

Have you tried the Tso Kin Kee suace with the penguin on the label?

Usually I drink a mixture of 10W-30 motor oil, gasoline and

Do you light your farts on fire?

What do you do when you're not battling GWAR?

I like to watch Japanese cartoons I masturbate to them every day. But I can't believe all this psycho-porn bullshit. Who wants to look at a bunch of demons with 50 dicks entering every hole, even ones that don't exist, in some little 14-year-old girl? Forget that. I find it much more erotic to watch giant robots pound each other's faces with big, metal fists.

You like fisting robots? Launch power fists! Why is

Lum so popular when people could be watching robots

Who would win in a fight? GWAR or the Gundam troops

Come on now, we all know that these are only fictional characters. They don't exist! GWAR is real. I'm supposed to take them back into outer space, but they've gotten so into this decadent rock and roll lifestyle that they must be destroyed.

TUONG OT SRIRACHA (USA) FRANCE: 45 HOT: 1



SAMBAL-BADJAK (USA) FLAVOR: 5 HOT: 8



Angelyn Wong: Good flavor. The Pace Picante suace of Asian sauces, this stuff's definitely not made in New York City. I'd put this on anything that needs a kick. Do they sell this in jugs at the Price Club?

Jayson Sae-Saue: This is the market standard plain-but-good Asian ketchup.





Chantal Acosta: The garlic smell would send Dracula reeling, but the fresh, ripe onions give this sauce a delightful flavoring. I wouldn't mind eating this stuff just off a spoon. Yummy!

Jayson: There's a bit of an aftertaste, but I think it's the Hsin Tung Yang seeds lingering on my molars. Put this on your toast, in your salad, or just toss it down straight.





THE FAMOUS HOT SAUCE STORY AND ART BY Eric Nakmura On table tops in most Asian restaurants, stores, and homes, is the bottle with the green top. On table tops in most Asian restaurants, stores, and nomes, is the bottle with the green top. The plant is in Southern California and the man behind it, David Tran, gave me a personal tour.

ou've seen the bottle and you've probably burned your ass with the contents. I've heard people refer to the clear chili bottle with the rooster logo and green top as "Red Cock Hot Sauce," but most of us know it as Tuong Ot Sriracha (Sriracha is the name of a coastal Thailand town). People across the country probably have loads of names for this bottle of crimson fury, and I'm sure it's aided in the creation of some of the best mixtures of Thai noodles, dipping sauces, and spicy tuna rolls—along with multiple cases of stomach pangs of red chili rejection.

Tuong Ot Sriracha may be (next to soy sauce) the most common form of flavoring. It's absolutely everywhere. When something is lacking that massive twang, a squirt of the red rooster brightens the day in a hurry. But where does it come from? I had always assumed the sauce was an import item straight off a Bangkok freighter until I read the bottle (printed in five languages!) which said it was made in Rosemead (just out of L.A.). So after dialing up the phone number on the bottle and getting a hold of a woman named Donna, I got hooked in to meet the chief assassin of chili, the sultan of spice, the ringleader of the ring of fire—David Tran.

"We used the best chili. The vegetable is red and the stem is green. If the stem is purple or black, it means the chili is fresh. The cap is like the stem."

I expected a man wearing a suit and smoking a cigar (looking like Chow Yun-Fat), but instead Tran was a humble man wearing a golf shirt (looking more like John Woo). The man was soft-spoken as we sat in a small waiting room filled with sample bottles of sauce, wall-mounted newspaper articles, and a wooden model rooster.

Perhaps the most popular part of the sauce isn't the flavor, it's the packaging. The rooster, proud of its prowess, practically crows. "Why a rooster?" Tran answers simply that he was born in the Year of the Rooster. A Vietnamese refugee, Tran named the sauce Tuong Ot, after the boat that took him



to Hong Kong in 1978. The trademark green top represents the freshness of the chili used. Says Tran, "We use the best red chili. The vegetable is red and the stem is green. If the stem is purple or black it means the chili is not fresh. The cap is like the stem."

"In Vietnam, I planted chili. I was a farmer," remarks Tran. Although he left everything behind him in Vietnam, he didn't forget about his sauce concoction. In America, he started his business in 1980, making sauce for the Vietnamese community. "We liked to eat spicy food. We could get sauce, but then we thought we could make it better. Before I started, I did not research the market. I just tried to make \$1,000 a month—enough for my family." Now Tran can't fill the demand and although he pawns off seven million bottles and makes \$10 million a year, he needs to make more. During the chili season, September through October, the plant receives shipments of tons of chili from an 18-wheeler. The chili is ground right away and placed into vats for months of aging and further processing. The plant can grind down 100-200 tons of chili in one day, and Tran upgrades his machinery annually. When shopping at stores for just about any sauce, you'll notice

TUONG OT VIETNAM (1841) FLAVOR: 35 INT: 2.5



SAMBAL OFLEK (USA) FILAVOR: 35 INT. 2.5





Chantal: Pretty standard hot sauce. I think it would taste good on rice.

Martin Wong: Hot, garlicky, and grainy, the label says you can add this to American, Italian, and Chinese food. This potent sauce can boost any flavor with a blast of pure sink.



Jayson: Taco Bell hot sauce with seeds! Make a run for the Great Wall...

Angelyn: This one's making me sweat. Instead of going to the sauna, take a swig of this. The description says it "heats up" any dish. Microwave companies, watch out!

that most bottles are almost always made of glass with pretty labels stuck on them. Instead of paying more for freight and a shiny, colorful, affixed label, Tran gets plastic bottles screened in one color—white. Since the bottles are unbreakable and unuseable as weapons, there's at least one jail buying his sauces for inmates. The economy of the bottle is a reflection of the streamlined company which only employs a total of 17 or 18 people, many of whom are relatives.

For some reason, Sriracha sauce has attained a powerful cult status. The word is spreading slowly, and more and more non-Asians are beginning to know about it. Attributing his success partially to Americans' changing tastes and the growing popularity of Asian restaurants since the '70s, Tran is sure that his sauce is the best in terms of flavor, heat, color, texture, and most of all, price. For example, if you price shop Tabasco versus his Sriracha sauce, they are roughly the same price—if you buy the tiny Tabasco bottle and his 17 oz. mid-sized bottle. Each one is about \$1.50. But if you want the ultimate deal, then show up at his shop and buy a case of 12 30 oz. bottles for a mere \$18.

He made me lift a case to prove his point about the value. Yes, the box was heavy.

After our quick talk in the meeting room, I got the tour of a lifetime. You wouldn't think much of a pepper plant, but after stepping into the rooster-logo'd golf cart, we cruised his spicy fragrance-filled plant. It looked more like a laboratory—perfectly clean with glass windows for observation. From the mixing area (where a worker or two mixes the raw chili with vinegar) to the next room (where it gets bottled), there is not one single drop of sauce anywhere. This makes Tran proud. He relays a story about the Health Department, who actually enjoy coming to his factory since they have to do little or no paperwork. They are able to relax, and occasionally they bring a new inspector to show how clean a plant can be.

In the bottling machine's area, not only was the floor spotless, the machines were shiny and dispensing the exact amount of sauce per bottle. Tran mentions that he went to another sauce plant that uses the exact same equipment and ten

people, including one to hand-wipe each bottle due to the sauce spillage. At Tran's plant, only two operate the same machine. Also Tran mentions a horrifying article:

> "I once saw a chili plant in a magazine, and oh my god! Terrible! In Louisiana."

The sauce machines are all prefabricated, but no machine is exactly tailor-made for the creation of the sauce. When there is a discrepancy about efficiency, Tran takes to his tools and makes modifications in his own on-site machine shop. There, he fabricates parts, welds them, and customizes his equipment unless he subs the job out.

I asked about his work schedule and how he manages to maintain such a clean and highly productive factory. Tran claims that he only works eight hour days, 40 hours a week, with his daily activities being machine work and efficiency figuring. But when there is an emergency, he's there 24 hours doing the fixing.

Even though the chili sauce gets made in rapid speed, there's simply not enough produced to fill the demand. Year after year, the orders grow and the company expands. Just recently, Tran purchased the old Wham-O building two doors down. It is a huge ten acre complex that has a 170,000 square foot warehouse and office. It could house a number of jets, but instead it's used for storing sauce. We cruised it in the golf cart with Tran using his remote controls to open every roll-up door and turn on almost every light. The ride was long and the office space will most likely never be used since he'll never hire the 1,600 people who once worked for Wham-O. Instead it's all going to be for storage for when the sauces someday make the American supermarkets.



After 17 years of operation, not one cent has been spent on advertising, professional research, or promotion. Although there are a few other flavors of Tran's sauces that haven't caught on nearly as well as his Sriracha sauce, he claims that they are all good and will just need some more time to catch on. He claims to have his sauces with every meal. The word on the Red Cock Hot Sauce is still spreading like wildfire through word-of-mouth. Tran envisions his future as a slow-growth, keeping his prices as low as possible, penetrating new markets little-by-little, and still with no plan to waste a cent. That's one of his secrets of success—to not let any competitor even get close.

TIA CHIEU SATE (IISA)



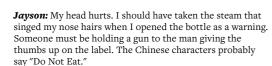


Chantal: Recreate the Stinking Rose experience in your own home with just a little Tia Chieu Sate on your noodles or meat. If you have a weak spot for sauteed garlic sauce, this sauce will sa-tis-fy you.

Martin: Super-garlicky and smooth, this one will be affecting my scent for years. Even if you don't believe in vampires, it's still worth eating, because the flavor is excellent.

CHILI SAUCE (TAIWAN)





Martin: The hot and sticky sensation of this concoction gagging down my throat will no doubt be repeated in my sphincter tomorrow morning. This comes from the Har Har Pickle Food Factory in Taiwan, and the joke's on me. This sauce sucks.





KIMLAN HOT BEAN SAUCE



Angelyn: Mix up some soy sauce and chili oil and you get this hot, but somehow sweet and salty goop. I made the mistake of licking my lips and now they won't stop burning!

but mostly it's just creamed fire. The beans add a smoothness that the others lack. You can dip fried wonton skins in here to make Chinese nachos.



CHILI SAUCE CAP JEMPOL (IDDITESTA)

Martin: This one's almost sweet in a plum-sauce fashion,

RADISH PEPPER PASTE (JAPAN)



Angelyn: You know how the smell of puke causes gagging reflexes? This stuff did that to me. The mystery is, how could something smell so putrid and taste so bland? This is really just stinky baby food.

Martin: Smells like vomit but tastes like puréed carrots. There's no flavor, so I don't know what the point is.



Chantal: This reminds me of pineapples! I really like its sweetness, which adds a new, unexpected, and flavorful dimension to your food.

Jayson: I was somewhat skeptical about this one after seeing the thumbs up on the case since my previous experience with a thumb logo was so bad. Actually, it's just sweet and bland. If these labels thumb-wrestled, the Har-Har brand chili sauce would kick this Indonesian sauce's ass.





Jayson: How hot can it be when the major



ingredient is sugar? Yeo might have been influenced by Mexican tamarind action.

Angelyn: This tastes like a Mexican tamarind lollipop and could be an ice cream topping compared to the rest of these sauces. Little kids would probably sneak into the kitchen cupboard for this sweet treat.



Chantal: It reminds me of spicy tomato soup. I wouldn't bother putting it on my food since it would probably just give a reddish coloring but not much flavor.

Angelyn: This one's a waste of sauce. No flavor. No heat. A rip-off.





SAMBAL KEMIRI CANDLE-NUT (USA)



CHILLI PASTE WITH HOLY BASIL LEAVES (THAILARD)





Angelyn: Lots of crunch like super-chunky peanut butter, but half the taste. This one goes from mild to fire-engine hot in 10 seconds. The flavor sucks.

Martin: "Candle nut" sounds very testicular, so this must have some sort of potency-boosting or aphrodiesiac qualities. Why else would anyone consume this shitty-tasting sauce? Earthquakes, riots, and fires—add this stuff to the list of L.A. disasters.



Chantal: Not really hot, just nasty, especially the texture. It's way too oily. Just smelling it makes me want to puke. I wonder how long it's going to

take me to digest those chunks of basil leaves. Martin: This looks like the Swamp Thing's snot, with lots of green leaves, seeds, and oil. At first it just tastes salty and oily (like you're licking a potato chip bag), but when you bite a seed, out comes some funky heat.



HSIN TUNG YANG CHILI SAUCE (TAIWAN)





Chantal: I was thrilled to read that sugar is the main ingredient of this sauce. Then when I tried it, I thought they overdid the sugar. My stomach is cramping up a little from this marmalade-like sauce.

Angelyn: This is the Grey Poupon of hot sauces with the fanciest packaging. It tastes like relish with a little heat mixed in.





Martin: You can't get away from the seeds in this thick, salsa-textured jar of glop. With nothing but chilli, salt, and sesame oil, this is probably the cleanest-burning flavor fuel of the batch.

SAMBAL EXTRA PEDAS (INDORESIA)





Chantal: Hey, wait a minute. I just tried this. Same ingredients as Cap Jempal in a slightly different order. Tastes just as scrumptdidliumptious!

Jayson: Either my taste buds are numb and dead or this tastes like nothing. Extra hot, my ass.







omehow, it became this thing—a disease afflicting the suburban homes of Asian families across America, pervading block upon block like spores flying through the air. My parents got it on a trip to Taiwan back in the late '80s, when I was still in high school. Afterward, when it got bad, my sisters and I would stay locked in our rooms, refusing to go downstairs, giving each other meaningful glances when we passed on our way to the bathroom. I remember the first time my friends found out. I was being dropped off after a night out, and all I had to do was open the car door. It immediately permeated the vehicle's interior like a mysterious fog, while bouncing between the street lamps and mailboxes with an eerie echo-effect: "Tie a yellow ribbon 'round the old oak treeeeeee." "What the hell is that?" my friends asked. "It's my parents," I answered shamefully. "They're singing karaoke." I



KAH-RAH-OH-KAY

n 1971, Daisuke Inoue, a 30-something Japanese musician, invented the first karaoke machine. He played the electone, an electric organ, while club patrons sang along. One night, he was invited to play at a regular customer's party, but instead of going, he sent a recorded eight-track accompaniment. After that, he started Crescent, a company that specialized in renting out the tapes and echo-speakers. He did not patent his invention. Five years later, a car-au-

tion. Five years later, a car-audio company called Clarion first coined the machines as "karaoke" (from the music industry term meaning "empty orchestra"), and began commercially distributing their "Karaoke-8" machine. Clarion's early karaoke sales increased 60-fold after only a few months.

It's not just my parents and their friends who do it anymore. Since other Japanese electronic companies co-opted the idea, and recently deceased country singer Box Car Wil-

lie (supposedly) brought the machines to the U.S. in 1984, karaoke fever has become a multi-billion dollar industry, spreading through China, Taiwan, Korea, Southeast Asia, Europe, and North America. Today, "karaoke" is an official word in English dictionaries. In Japan, it's transcended the banal setting of bars or homes to include hospitals, bowling alleys, taxis, and buses. It's been the focus of panels held during academic conferences

on popular music. It's even the root of violent crime. (In November 1993, a Toronto man was shot to death after insulting another singer at a Vietnamese karaoke bar.) Meanwhile, the 59-year-old Inoue was last heard to be running a company that makes cockroach traps.

After I left home and moved to
Berkeley, I had some friends
who introduced me to Korean
karaoke, or noraebang (NOHdeh-bung). We'd go to this place at
the border of Oakland and Berkeley on
Telegraph Ave.



Noraebang, which is based on the railroad-car-converted karaoke rooms, or "K-boxes," first used roughly 15 years ago in the rice fields outside of the Okayama Prefecture, is less frightening than cheesy open-mic karaoke nights at bars or restaurants. Around 1985 in Japan, K-Boxes were only big enough to fit a few people at most and were conducive to sketchy activity. Later, the boxes were reconstructed to fit larger groups, as to allow more families and fewer miscreants. At noraebangs and K-boxes today, you basically rent a private, mostly sound-proof room which comes equipped with a T.V. screen, a couple of microphones, and a menu of thousands of song titles to satiate any karaoke fanatic's appetite. Usually at the end of your song, the machine's computer will "score" your singing ability on a scale of 1 to 100 by digitally comparing your voice to the guide voice tracked onto the disc. But according to a technical support guy at Pioneer, if you're really talented, say like Barbra Streisand, you might score poorly because you actually sing better than the person on the disc.

Still, karaoke isn't a regular event for me, childhood trauma and all. In fact, it was, is, and always will be an unnerving experience. As I'm sure most karaoke-shy people feel, it brings out an inferiority complex in me quicker than an over-demanding, first-generation Chinese mother.

The 59-year-old Inoue was last

heard running a company

that makes cockroach traps.

Unfortunately, I can't seem to avoid it. Every time I visit L.A., my friends and I inevitably end up stopping off at this club on Sixth St. in Koreatown. We get a table, down glasses of not-so-cheap domestic beer and Korean soju until we're drunk

as ice tea on a hot summer's day, fearless as gods. Then it's off to one of the nearby noraebangs for surprisingly impressiveyet-amateurish renditions of '80s tracks by artists like Prince, Chris Isaak, and U2. I enjoy listening; my friend Wes does a



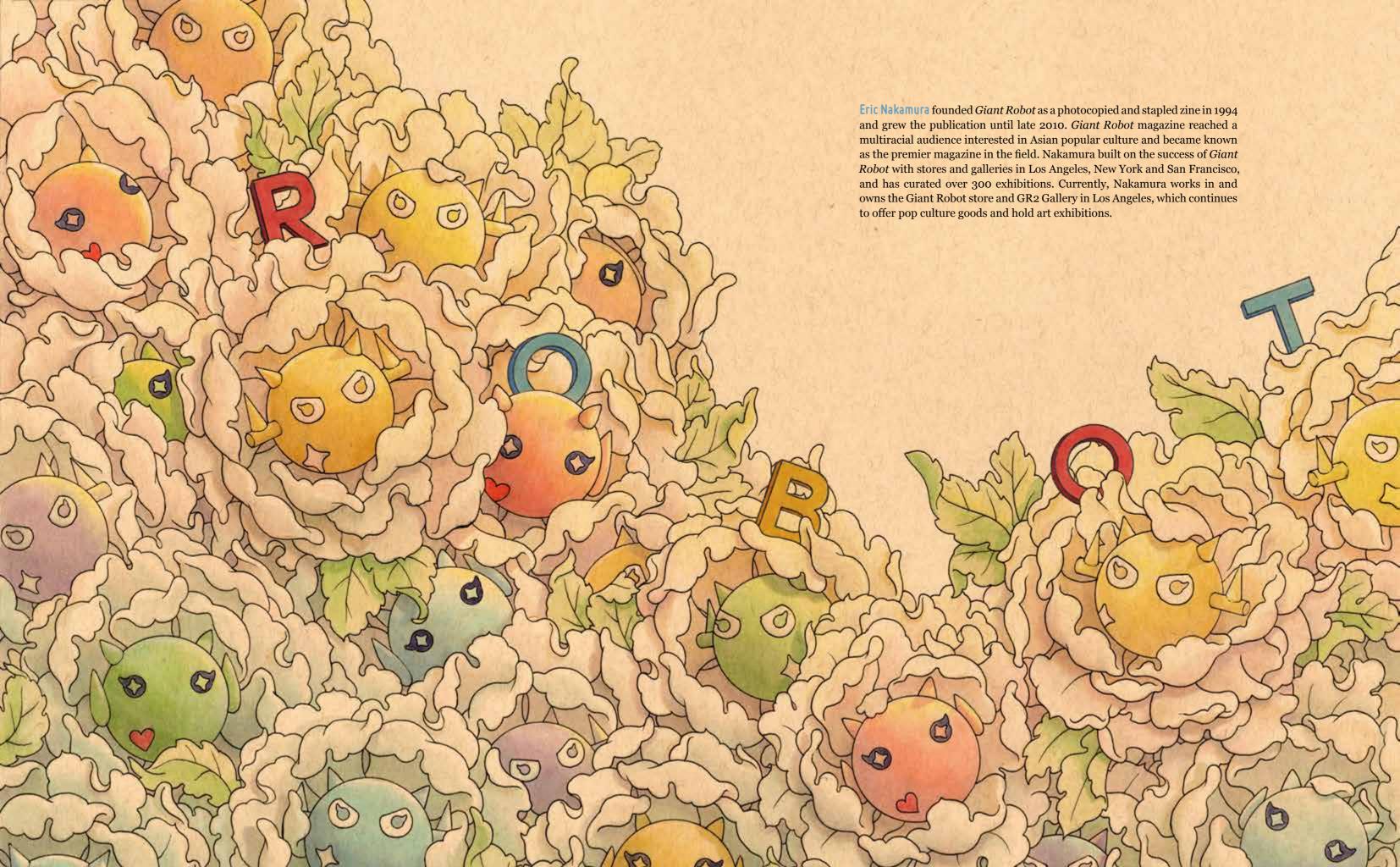
killer "Purple Rain." But then there's the inevitable, "Come on, Claudine, pick a song." I'd like to politely tell them to fuck off, but I don't. As a basic rule of karaoke etiquette, it's worse to make a big deal over singing than squeaking out an off-key version of Bette Midler's "The Rose." (That's supposedly one of the easiest songs to sing.)

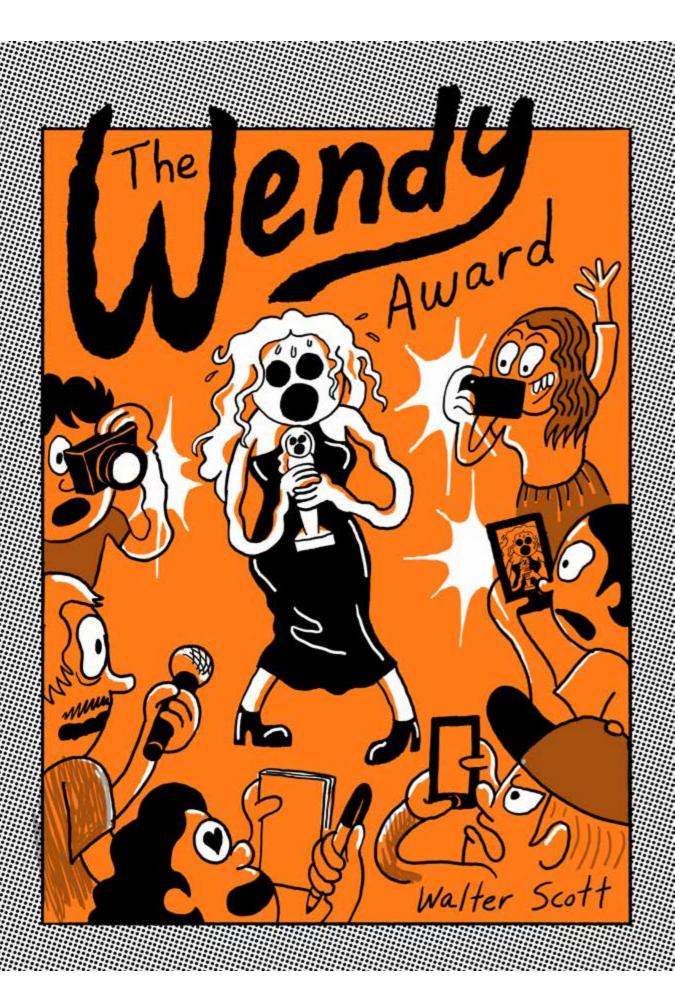
My parents have since graduated from the lyric-sheet addled, old-fashioned karaoke tapes to the low-grade video karaoke system: unwieldy VHS copies of songs where the words are highlighted on cue against a background of, most times, a

completely unrelated video storyline. However, my mother's hot to get the latest top-of-the-line Pioneer DVD Karaoke system. More dazzling than last season's video compact discs, it's got digital echo, multi-language functions, DTS, a voice scoring system, and is fully CD-compatible: a doozy of a player. However, even with insider knowledge of Asian markets that sell karaoke machines at prices cheaper than your average American karaoke specialty store, the DVD is pretty expensive at a little over a grand. Luckily, I am pretty much no longer affected by any of this. After moving to New York, the only times I encounter karaoke is when I fly back to California to visit my parents and friends. Then I started going to Junno's.

Three A.M. on a Saturday night, I'm sitting alone at Junno's sky blue bar on Downing St. in the West Village, with my Maker's on the rocks like a sad alcoholic. The haphazardly planned karaoke session is on tonight, and Clem, the Elvis-Costello-glasses-wearing bartender, is at the mic singing Tom Petty's "Here Comes My Girl." A guy I know, Michael, comes up to chat with me and before I know it, I realize I've found one of the many hardcore karaoke lovers who hangs here. (Later, I even meet a guy who acted in a karaoke video in the late '8os!) Soon after, Michael steps up to the impromptu karaoke setup with his hands shoved in his pant pockets. As the music comes on, he clears his throat, lifts his hand, and pulls the mic closer to him. He hams it up for a sultry rendition of Glen Campbell's "Rhinestone Cowboy." Women swoon. "He wasn't this good in '91-'92," his friend Bruce observes.







THE WENDY AWARD WALTER SCOTT

Everybody's favorite party girl Wendy is so back

When Wendy is nominated for the coveted National FoodHut Contemporary Art Prize alongside her friend Winona, all of her millennial dreams seem to be coming true. She lives a post-pandemic, polyamorous fine artist's lifestyle in the big city and basks in the glory of national attention with the success of her popular comic strip, "Wanda."

But not even achieving bona fide art star fame can hide the truth: a neverending struggle with imposter syndrome. After she cracks in an online interview and gets dragged in the comments section, she heads straight to a local watering hole to drown her sorrows. Several lines of coke, too many drinks, and one all night rager with fans later, Wendy is ready to curse Gen Z and confront her addictions. All the while, she and Winona drift apart as a younger Indigenous artist wedges herself between them. Will Wendy's commitment to change wind up short-lived?

The Wendy Award incisively skewers

the art world with its corporate overlords, performative activism, generational wealth, and weaponized therapy speak. A showcase of Walter Scott's deft wit and social commentary, *The Wendy Award* asks the hard questions, like Do they still give awards to men? Should we be grateful for the exposure? and What exactly is Big Auntie Energy?

PRAISE FOR WENDY

- "Gleeful and witty, this is also a tender account of a woman gnawed by self-doubt."—James Smart, *The Guardian*
- "Wendy skewers art school and young adulthood alike via the lens of the titular protagonist."—Kasia Pilat, New York Times
- "Scott manages a rare thing: the sharpness of his satire doesn't preclude a realistic rendering of personhood, and the seeming flatness opens up, at every turn, to a depth of feeling."—Naomi Fry, *The New Yorker*

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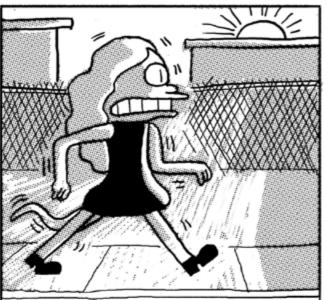












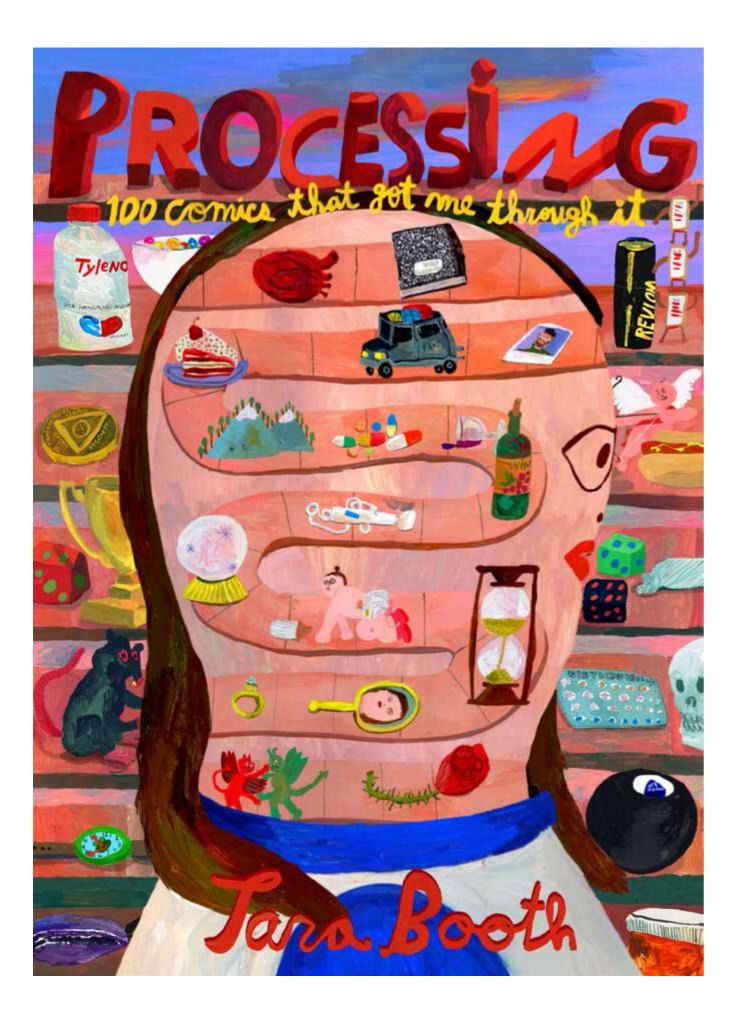








Walter Scott is an interdisciplinary artist working in comics, drawing, video, performance, and sculpture. His graphic novel series Wendy chronicles the continuing misadventures of a young artist in a satirical imagining of the contemporary art world. Scott's eponymous party girl has previously been featured in three graphic novels Wendy; Wendy's Revenge and Wendy: Master of Art as well as in Canadian Art; Art in America; The New Yorker; The New York Times and MoMA Magazine. Scott was nominated for the Sobey Art Award, considered to be the preeminent fine art award in Canada.



PROCESSING: 100 COMICS THAT GOT ME THROUGH IT

TARA BOOTH

Riotous bodies abound in these deeply honest comics that will get you through it (or at least help)

"When you order CBD gummies for your anxiety but forget to consider your eating disorder."

Known for her buzzing colors, delightful patterns, sharp humor, and unflinching vulnerability, Tara Booth does not miss any mark in this exquisitely woven collection of pure and nasty magic. Part advice column and exhibit, exploration of psychic pollution and tranquility, *Processing* is—quite simply—intrepid: in its honesty; its unapologetic grossness; its unrivaled and frank portrayal of life with a body that bleeds.

In the grand tradition of underground women cartoonists like Julie Doucet and Aline Kominsky-Crumb, Booth draws a horned up woman laying rose petals on the bed, to distract from the bedbugs before her hookup arrives. She bears witness to the reality of wearing a t-shirt with no bra—when you stretch, your boobs, sometimes, pop right out. This is all just life but we don't often see it on the page. Undaunted, Booth draws it.

When advice from spiritual gurus like Tara Brach and Ram Dass just aren't cutting it, take solace in the genuine arms of Tara Booth: a fearless cartoonist who is unafraid to put her existential angst, blemishes, and stains right on the page, and who—with relentless relatability—makes us all feel a bit more at home in our too-human vessels. With color that vibrates and fluids that impose, *Processing* lays Booth bare—literally and figuratively.

PRAISE FOR TARA BOOTH

"A classically trained painter, [Booth is a] cartwheeling, emotional clown who's both eager to remind us we're not alone in our struggles, and grinning nervously, awaiting our approval."—Vulture

"For her fans, Tara Booth's paintings are beyond relatable. She has nothing to hide and comforts her audience by exposing and painting universal neuroses."

—Juxtapoz

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THE FIRST 6 MONTHS OF SOBRIETY:



Hello I'd Like to deposit these dollars I AM Sober Right Now.





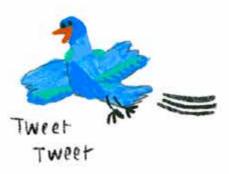






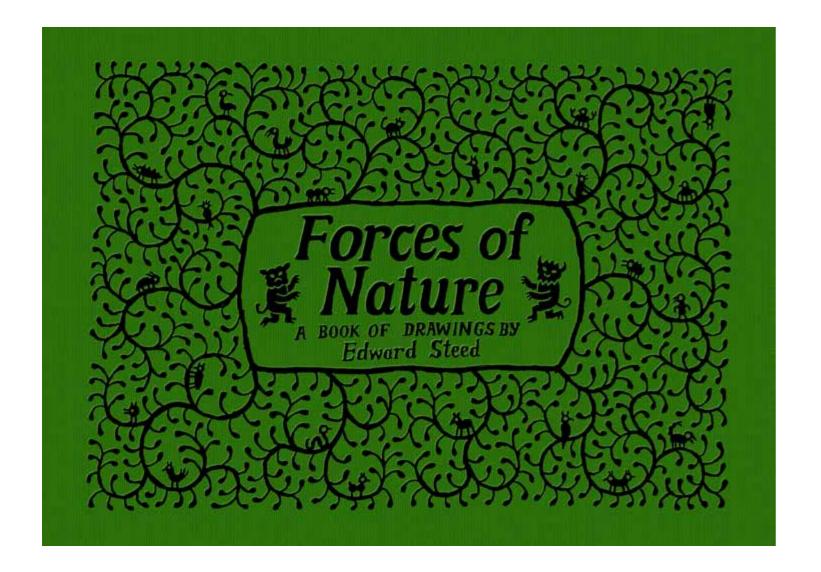
Hi, I'm in RECOVERY







Tara Booth is an Ignatz Award winning cartoonist, painter and illustrator from Philadelphia. Her autobiographical comics tackle issues relating to mental health, addiction, gender and sexuality. Known for her painterly approach to comics, often using bright colors and dizzying patterns—Tara's work has been featured in *Best American Comics*, *The New York Times*, *Vice* and *Bloomberg Businessweek*, among others.



FORCES OF NATURE ED STEED

The arrival of the greatest single panel cartoonist since Charles Addams

One swing trapeze artist prepares to receive a newborn child from another all the while shrieking "Support the head!" A hopeful, naked Adam reaches high for the largest leaf while a frustrated Eve hands him a smaller, more-appropriately sized leaf. A dejected squid stands in a doorway, shock and dismay on his face, as a ruined surprise party lies in wait before him—guests, presents, and birthday cake covered in a blast of ink in mid-"Sur..." as loose balloons butt against the ceiling.

Once in generation, a distinctly new perspective emerges from the pages of *The New Yorker*. In our times, that perspective belongs to Ed Steed. Steeped in the classic formalist tradition of the single-panel gag, Steed possesses a shocking and macabre talent for drawings guaranteed to make even the most composed of casual readers laugh out loud. At times reminiscent of Charles Addams,

George Booth, William Steig, Saul Steinberg, and Edward Gorey, the artist defies the blasé, urbanite's worldview of the magazine in which his comics appear.

If anyone has described a *New Yorker* cartoon to you at a cocktail party recently it is almost certainly a "Steed." *Forces of Nature* is the first of what promises to be many award-winning collections by this young man with an old cartooning soul.

PRAISE FOR ED STEED

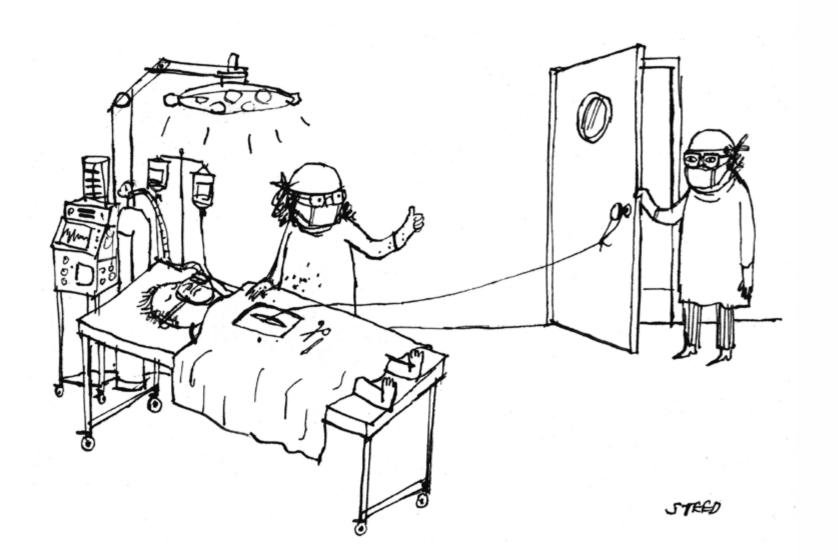
"He is amazing, a once-in-a-generation talent."—Robert Mankoff

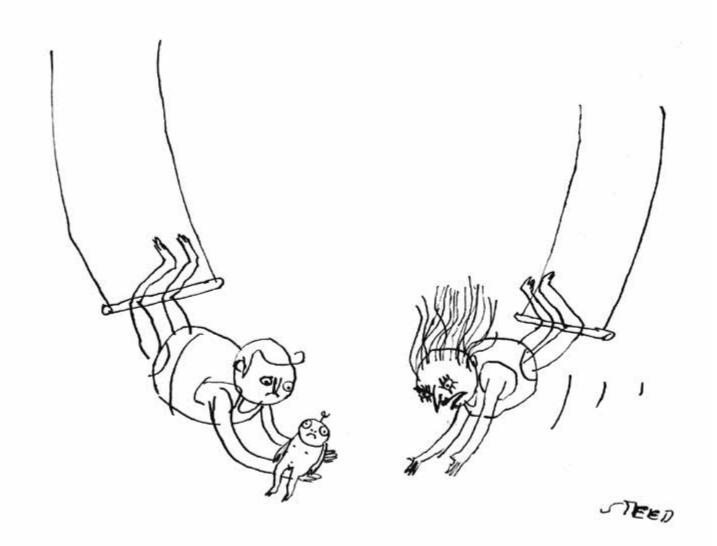
"There's a dark hilarity to Steed's scratchy drawings...wise, funny, angry, and melancholic beyond his years."

—The Believer

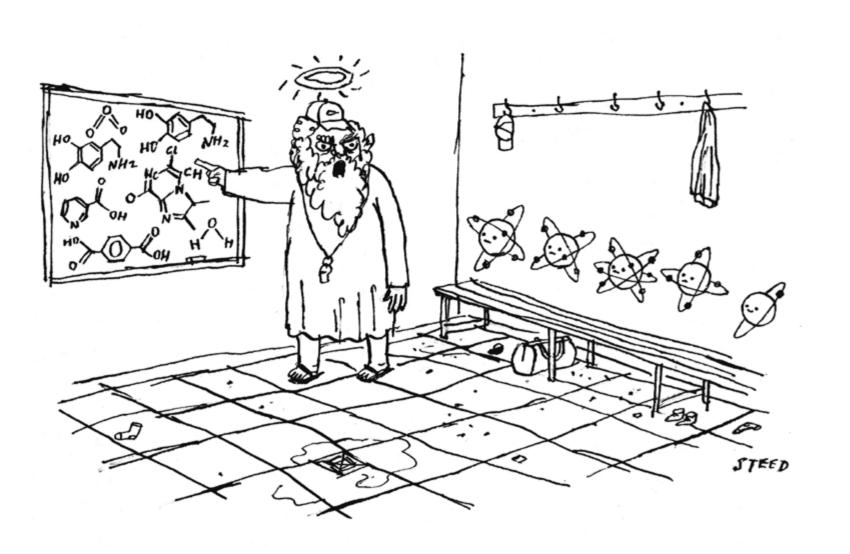
"Wildly detailed cartoon illustration...and wry black humor."—*Uproxx*

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"Support the head."

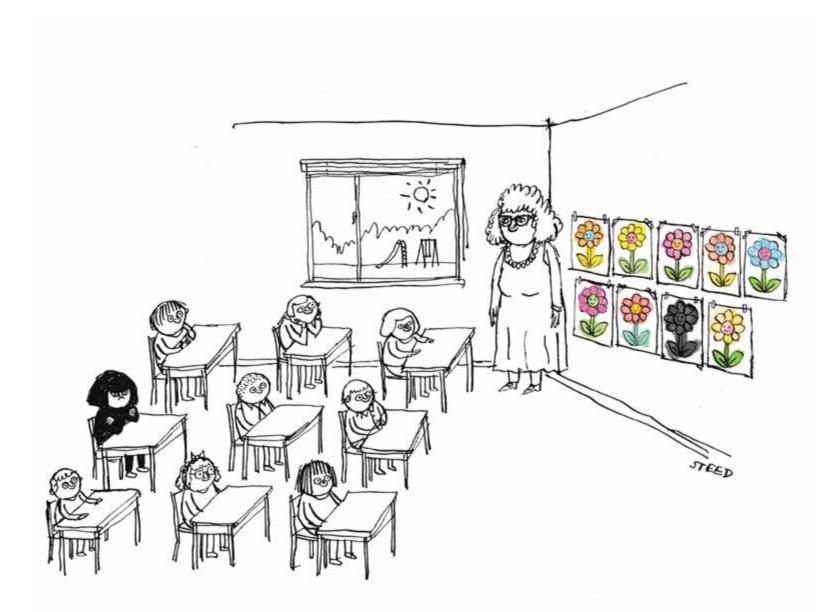


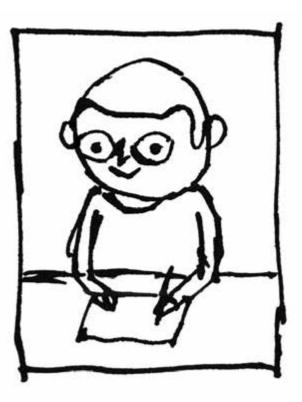




"There are three main types of husband to choose from."







Ed Steed has been contributing cartoons and covers to the *New Yorker* since 2013. He won a Grammy for Best Recording Package for his Father John Misty album cover.



YOKAI: THE ART OF SHIGERU MIZUKI

SHIGERU MIZUKI TRANSLATED BY ZACK DAVISSON

Manga's most beloved creator ventures into Japan's mythical past and emerges with a menagerie unlike any other

Shigeru Mizuki is no stranger to the supernatural and its portents. *Kitaro* and *Tono Monogatari* reimagined the obscure folktales of his youth, bringing them to life with whimsy. Mizuki the cartoonist certainly left an indelible mark on comics as world literature. Mizuki the fine artist, on the other hand, rounds out the full scope of his fascination with the otherworldly and fantastic, bringing these worlds to life in robust color.

Yokai: The Art of Shigeru Mizuki show-cases his expertise of not only folklore, but celebrates him as a naturalist. Elements of Mizuki's lush compositions—flora, fauna, and everything in between—showcase his mastery of form and love for nature. These popular renderings of a disappearing, rural Japan are his contribution to the preservation of a cultural heritage that would have otherwise been forgotten. The grotesque realism central to his body of

work is offset by the ingenuity of his fancy for the macabre. Pieces in this deluxe, full-color edition call to mind the playful popsensibility of Maurice Sendak informed by the technical prowess of traditionalists like Dürer and Doré. And like any other Mizuki classic, each oeuvre is a unique snapshot of spirit, human or otherwise, in constant transition.

Yokai: The Art of Shigeru Mizuki includes an introduction by acclaimed Mizuki scholar and translator Zack Davisson, and biographies of each yokai, written by Shigeru Mizuki.

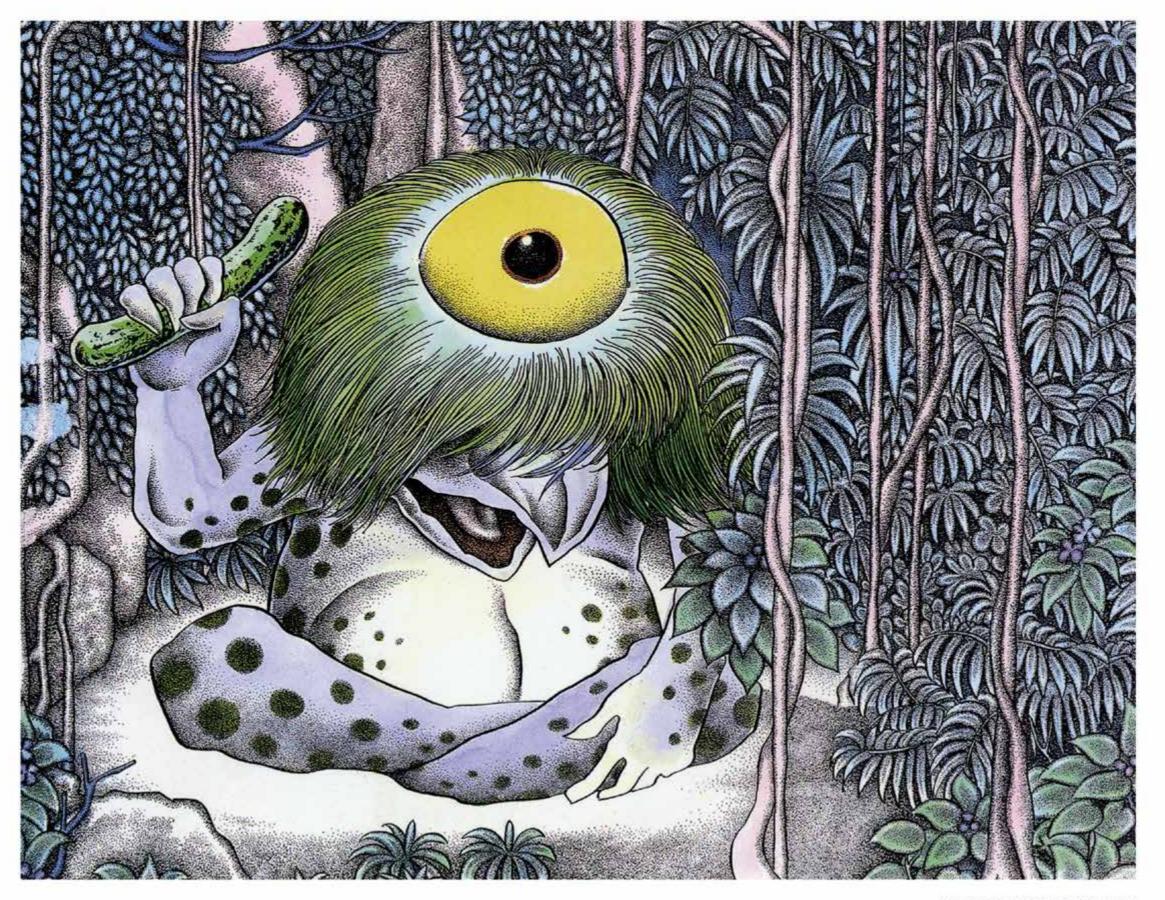
PRAISE FOR SHIGERU MIZUKI

"Shigeru Mizuki resurrected Japan's folk creatures as pop culture for the masses." —The New Yorker

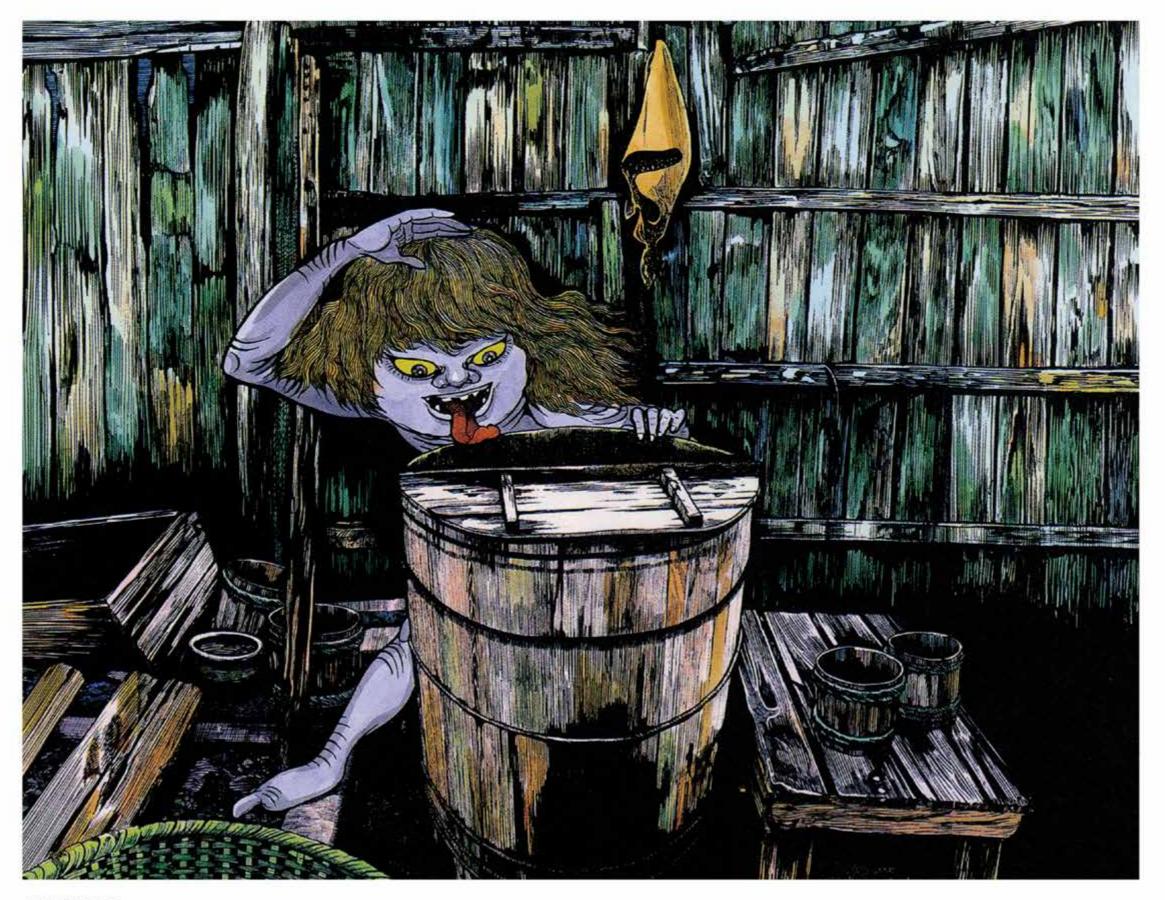
"One of Japan's greatest illustrators."

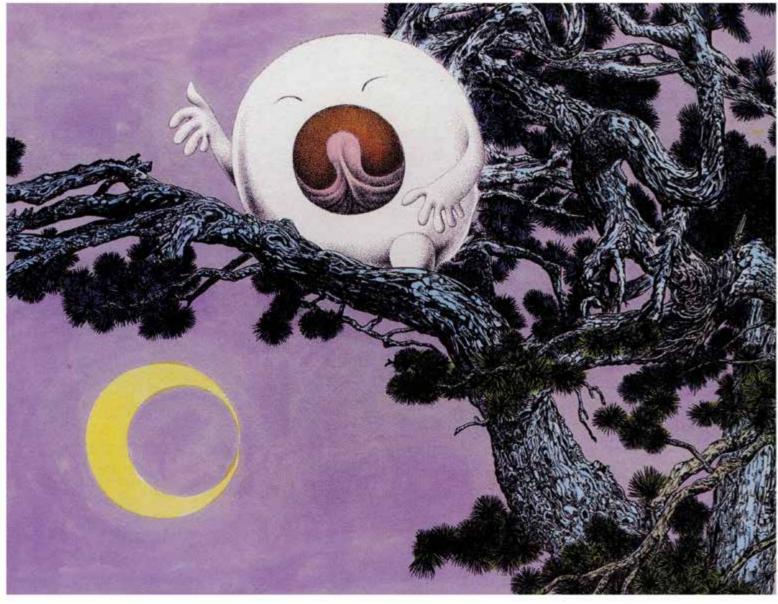
—The Globe & Mail

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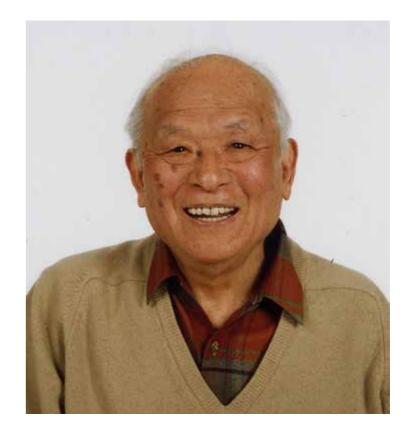




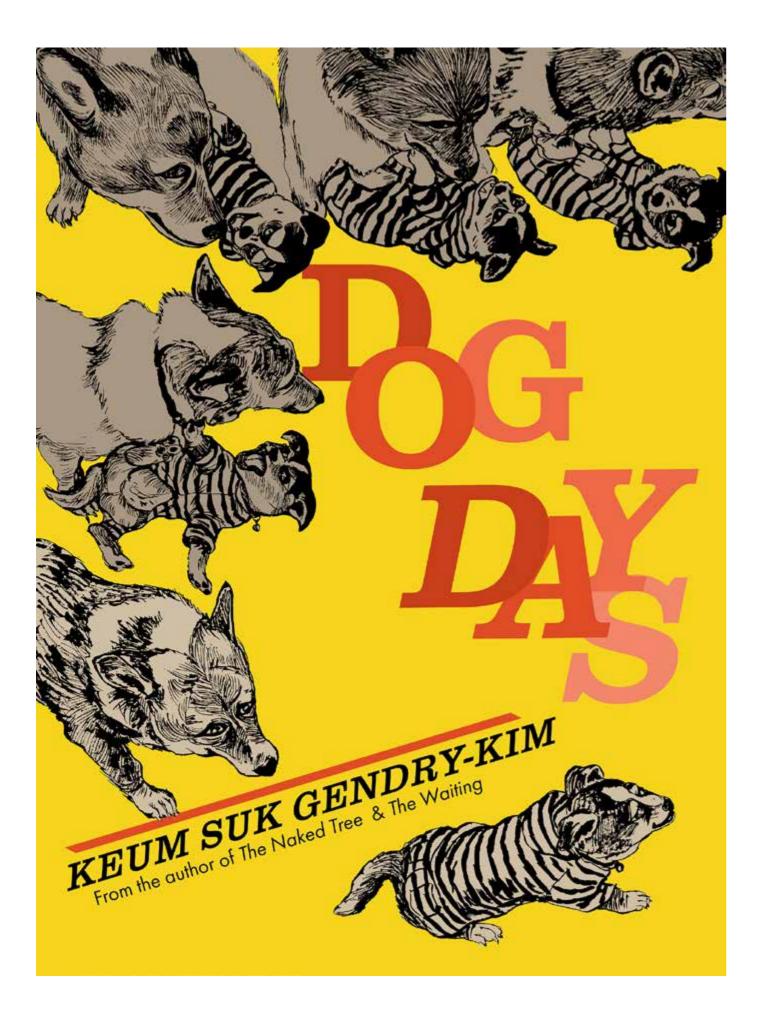




OGOME



Shigeru Mizuki (1922-2015) was one of Japan's most respected artists. A creative prodigy, he lost an arm in World War II. After the war, Mizuki became one of the founders of Japan's latest craze—manga. He invented the *yokai* genre with GeGeGe no Kitaro, his most famous character, who has been adapted for the screen several times, as anime, live action, and video games. In fact, a new anime series has been made every decade since 1968, capturing the imaginations of generations of Japanese children. A researcher of yokai and a real-life ghost hunter, Mizuki traveled to over sixty countries to engage in fieldwork based on spirit folklore. In his hometown of Sakaiminato, one can find Shigeru Mizuki Road, a street decorated with bronze statues of his Kitaro characters.



DOG DAYS KEUM SUK GENDRY-KIM TRANSLATED BY JANET HONG

The author of *Grass* and *The Naked Tree* returns with a profound tale of family

Yuna never wanted to adopt a dog. But with her partner in mourning—and in desperate need of a boost in morale—she gives in to his humble request. And in the grand tradition of reluctant pet owners, she and their puppy soon become inseparable. The young couple even goes so far as to relocate to soothe their new canine pal's anxiety. After all, there's nothing like a move to the country to set yourself right. Right?

The idyll of a quiet life soon gives way to a surprising degree of antagonism, including clashes with long-time local residents of a different generation. The culture shock is palpable for all three urban transplants as the isolation of their new environs starts to sink in. They eventually adopt another dog, and still another—all while reckoning with the ups and downs of middle-age and childlessness in an unforgivingly traditional milieu.

Dog Days is critically-acclaimed and multi-award-winning cartoonist Keum Suk Gendry-Kim's first foray into contemporary fiction. With the aid of veteran translator Janet Hong, Gendry-Kim's twenty-first century tale of an unconventional family building trust with one another and their neighbors is a heartfelt exploration of compassion and the unlikely places we find the love we all need.

PRAISE FOR KEUM SUK GENDRY-KIM

"Stark brushstrokes and narrative masterstrokes... as hope and heartbreak span generations."—Washington Post, Best Graphic Novels of 2021

"Gendry-Kim takes the reader inside some of the human heart's most inaccessible chambers...the stark economy of her drawings no guide at all to their lasting emotive power. What a talent she is."

—Guardian

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HE LIVES RIGHT AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN. HE USED TO WANDER AROUND THE MOUNTAIN AS IF IT WAS HIS OWN. BUT NOW, YOU'VE MOVED NEXT TO THE MOUNTAIN.

































THREE DOGS, ABOUT FIVE OR SIX MONTHS OLD, WERE HOPPING UP AND DOWN, TRYING TO GET OUT OF THEIR KENNEL. JUDGING BY HOW IDENTICAL THEY LOOKED, AS SIMILAR AS SLICES IN A LOAF OF BREAD, THEY WERE UNDOUBTEDLY SIBLINGS.















WE NAMED THEM SLICE I, SLICE 2, AND SLICE 3. EVERY TIME WE WENT TO OUR GARDEN, WE HELD THE PUPS UP TO SHOW THEM THE OUTSIDE WORLD. OF COURSE, WE DID IT SECRETLY.

THEN ONE MORNING ...

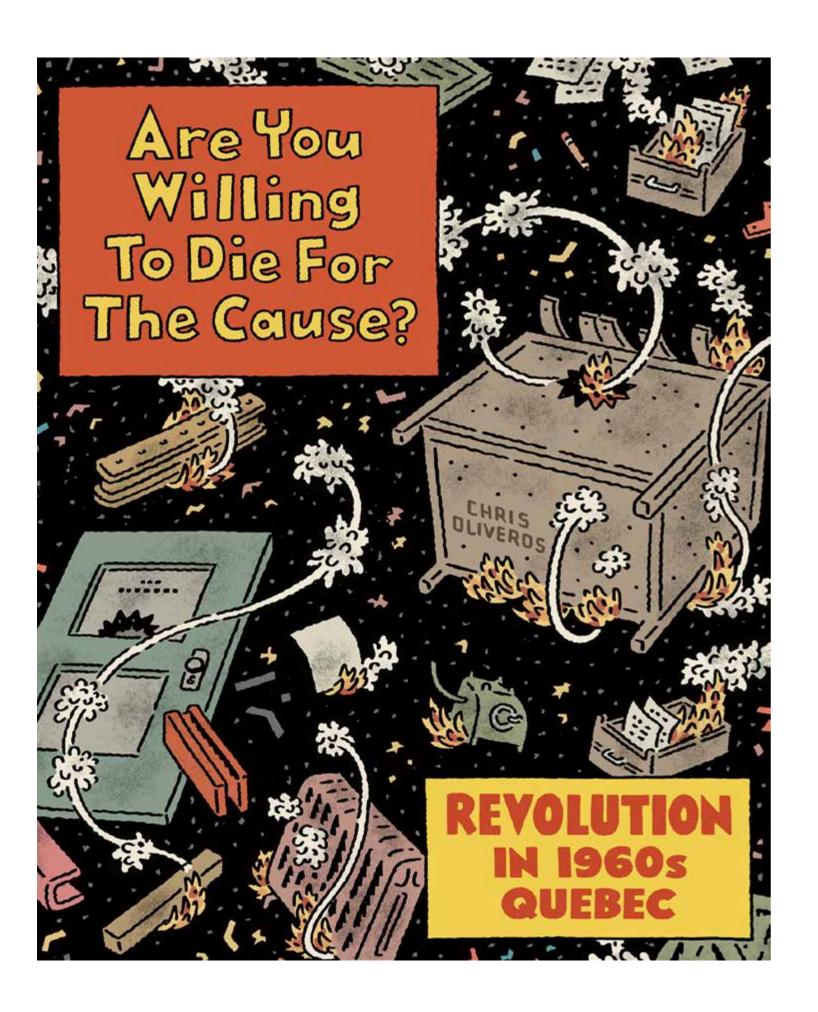




CHESTNUT TREE, DID YOU SEE WHERE THEY WENT? DID SOMETHING HAPPEN TO THEM?



Keum Suk Gendry-Kim was born in Goheung in Jeolla Province. She has cartooned the graphic novels *Grass*, *The Waiting*, *La saison des pluies*, *Jiseul, Jun, The Naked Tree*, and *Alexandra Kim, a Woman of Siberia*; the autobiographical comic *The Song of My Father*; the three-volume children's comic *Coquinette*; the picture books *The Baby Hanyeo Okrang Goes to Dokdo* and *A Day with My Grandpa*; and the children's book *My Mother Kang Geumsun*. Grass (Drawn & Quarterly, 2019) appeared on Best of the Year lists from the *New York Times* and the *Guardian*, and received the Cartoonist Studio Prize for the Best Print Comic of the Year, the Big Other Book Award for Best Graphic Novel in 2019, the Harvey Award for Best International Book, and the Krause Essay Prize in 2020.



ARE YOU WILLING TO DIE FOR THE CAUSE? CHRIS OLIVEROS

A deep dive into a contentious and dramatic period in Canadian history—the rise of a militant separatist group whose effects still reverberate today.

It started in 1963, when a dozen mailboxes in a wealthy Montreal neighborhood were blown to bits by handmade bombs. By the following year, a guerilla army training camp was set up deep in the woods, with would-be soldiers training for armed revolt. Then, in 1966, two high school students dropped off bombs at factories, causing fatalities. What was behind these concerted, often bungled acts of terrorism and how did they last for nearly eight years?

In Are You Willing To Die For The Cause? Quebec-born cartoonist Chris Oliveros sets out to dispel common misconceptions about the birth and early years of a movement that, while now defunct, still holds a tight grip on the hearts and minds of Quebec citizenry and Canadian politics. There are no initials more volatile in Quebec history than F-L-Q. Standing for the Front de libération du Québec (or in English, the Quebec Liberation Front). The original goal of this socialist movement was to fight for workers rights of the

French majority who found their rights trampled on by English bosses. The goal was to rid the province of its English oppression by means of violent revolution.

Using dozens of obscure and longforgotten sources, Oliveros skillfully weaves a comics oral history where the activists, employers, politicians, and secretaries piece together the sequence of events. At times humorous, other times dramatic, and always informative, *Are You Willing To Die For The Cause?* shines a light on how just little it takes to organize dissent and who people trust to overthrow the government.

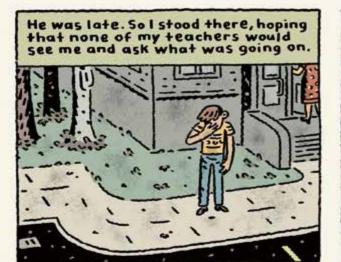
PRAISE FOR CHRIS OLIVEROS

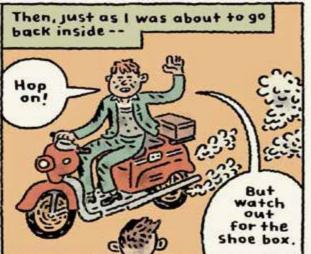
"The complex relationship between words and images reveals the depth of Oliveros' understanding of the medium."

-AV Club

"A thoughtful portrait of a changing world."—Publishers Weekly

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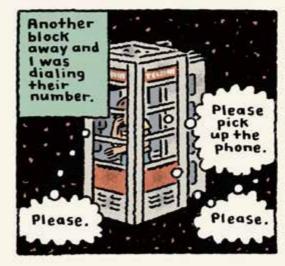






















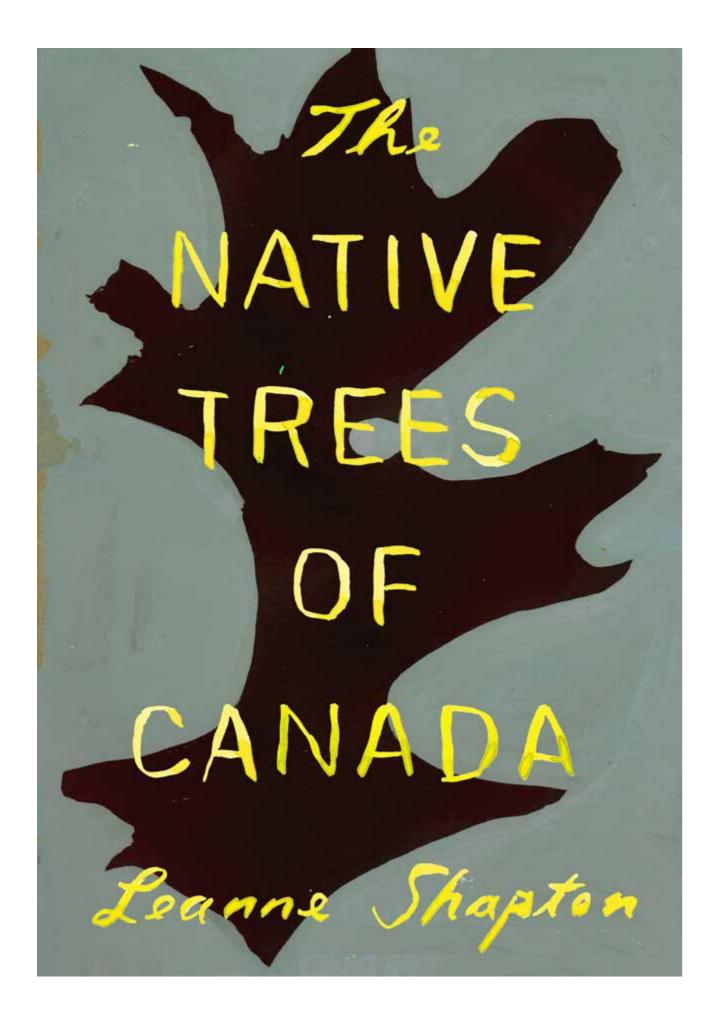




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Chris Oliveros is the founder and original publisher of Drawn & Quarterly—one of the most influential comics publishers in the world.



THE NATIVE TREES OF CANADA LEANNE SHAPTON

A new edition of the artist's bold reinterpretation of a century-old book

With a foreword by Sheila Heti, Leanne Shapton's cult art book inspired by a government textbook is back in print with a gorgeous new cover.

While shopping in the used-book store the Monkey's Paw in Toronto, Leanne Shapton happened upon a 1956 edition of the stalwart reference book *The Native Trees of Canada*, originally published in 1917 by the Canadian Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources. Most people might simply view the book as a dry cataloging of a banal subject; Shapton, however, saw beauty in the technical details and was inspired to create her own interpretation of *The Native Trees of Canada*.

Shapton distills each image into its simplest form, using vivid colors in lush ink and house paint. She takes the otherwise complex objects of trees, pinecones, and seeds and strips them down into bold, almost abstract shapes and colors: the water birch is represented as two pulsating

red bulbs contrasted against a gray backdrop; the eastern white pine is represented by a close-up of its cone against a radiant summer sky.

The author of Guest Book; Toys
Talking; Sunday Night Movies;
Swimming Studies; Was She Pretty?
and Important Artifacts and Personal
Property from the Collection of Lenore
Doolan and Harold Morris, Including
Books, Street Fashion, and Jewelry,
Shapton puts forth yet another entirely
new facet of her creative artistry.

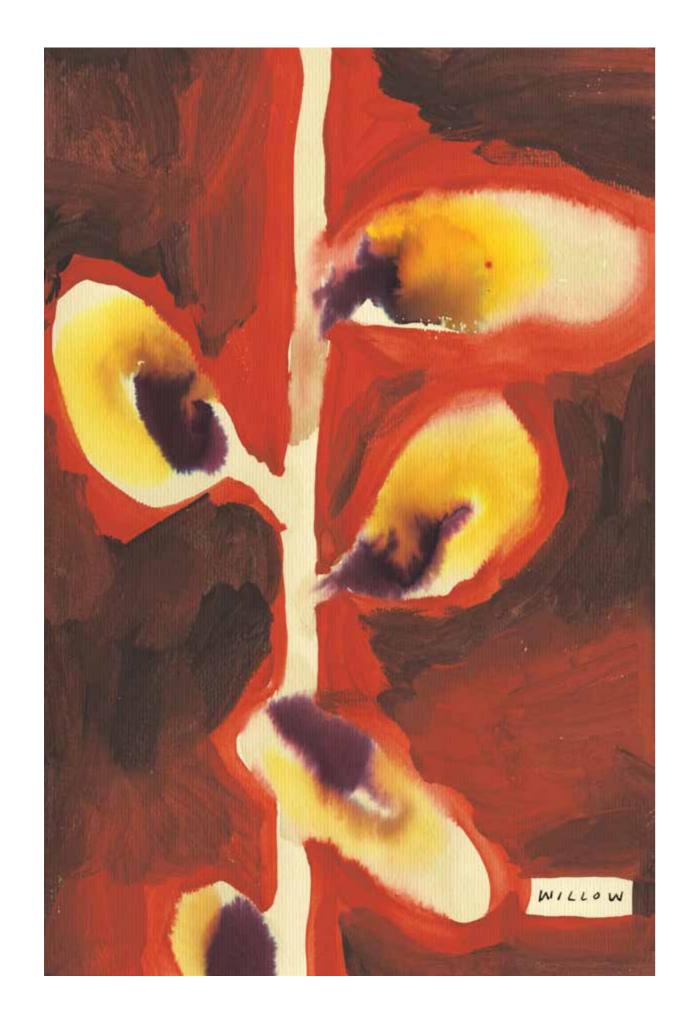
PRAISE FOR LEANNE SHAPTON

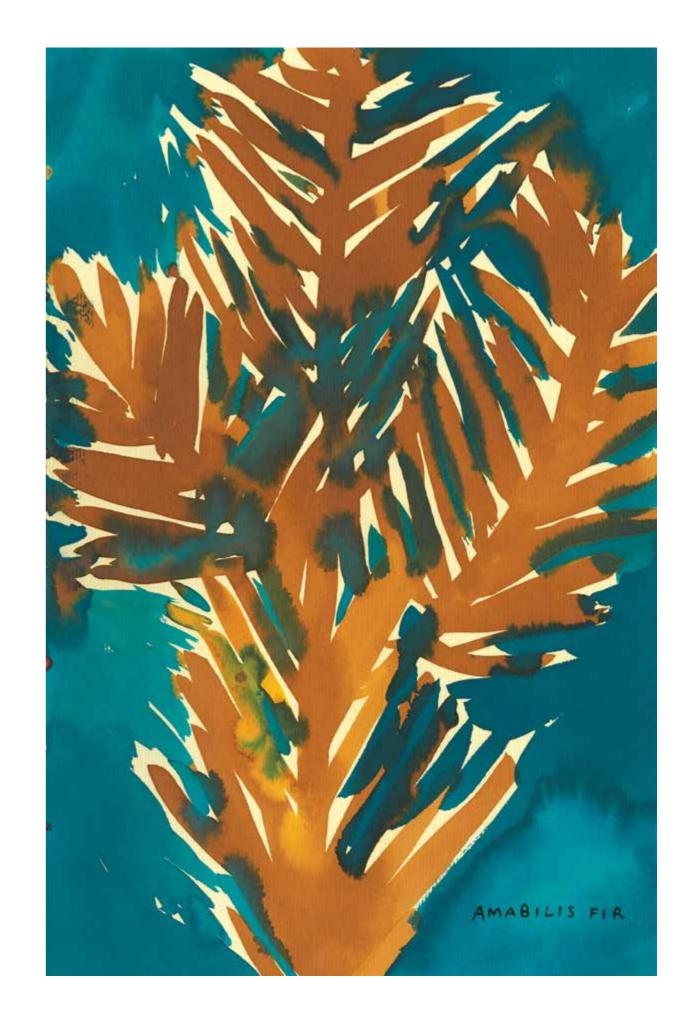
- "Leanne Shapton has distinguished herself as a writer (she's also an artist) with an inspiring disdain for genre.
- —The Globe and Mail

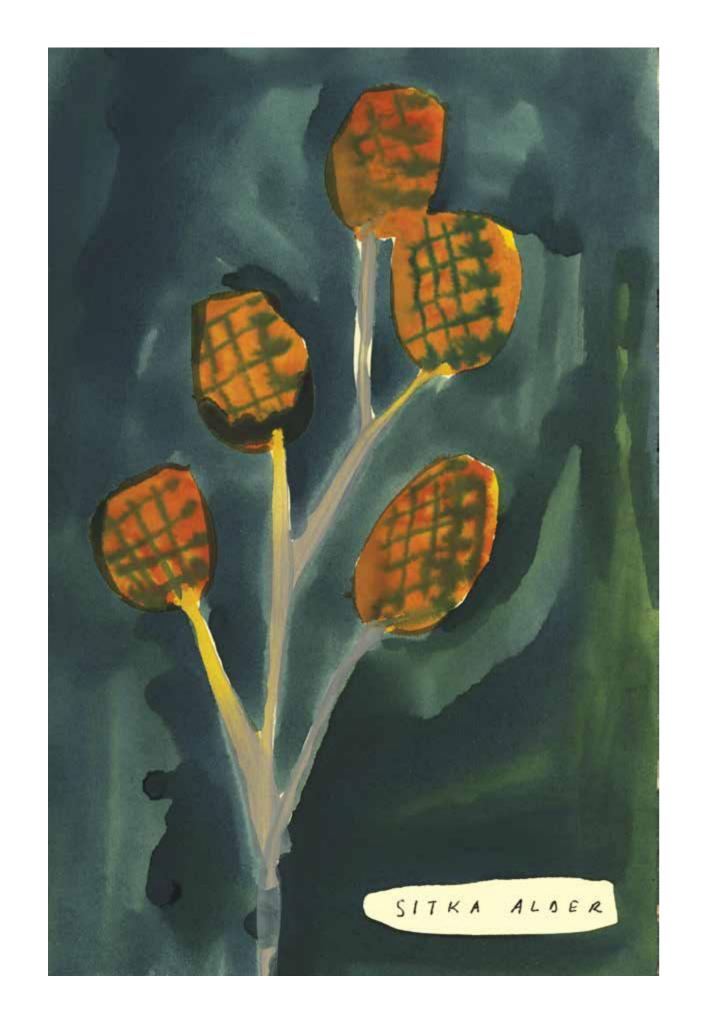
"[Shapton] is as at home with pictures as she is text, requiring her audience to master a skill she calls "visual reading."

—The Guardian

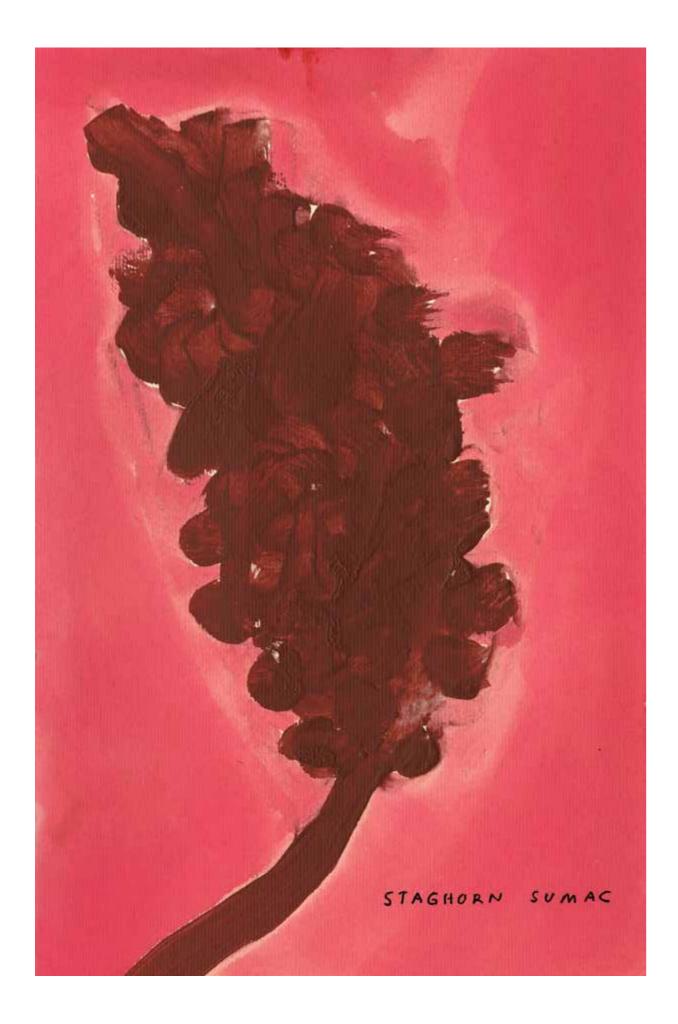
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Leanne Shapton is an author, artist, illustrator and publisher based in New York City. She is currently the art editor at *The New York Review of Books*. She is the co-founder, with photographer Jason Fulford, of J&L Books. Shapton is a fellow of the Royal Canadian Geographical Society. She grew up in Mississauga, Ontario, Canada. Shapton is the author of nine books: *Toronto; Was She Pretty?*; *Important Artifacts and Personal Property from the Collection of Lenore Doolan and Harold Morris, Including Books, Street Fashion*, and *Jewelry; Native Trees of Canada; Sunday Night Movies; Swimming Studies; Guest Book: Ghost Stories; In Cars and Toys Talking*, a children's book. *Swimming Studies* won the 2012 National Book Critic's Circle Award for autobiography, and was long listed for the William Hill Sports Book of the Year 2012.

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