

DRAWN & QUARTERLY

SPRING 2024

SELF ESTEEM AND THE END OF THE WORLD

LUKE HEALY

WHAT IT IS

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION

LYNDA BARRY

GIANT ROBOT

EDITED BY ERIC NAKAMURA

SHORTCOMINGS: A SCREENPLAY

ADRIAN TOMINE

CLUB MICROBE

ELISE GRAVEL

GLEEM

FREDDY CARRASCO

VERA BUSHWACK

SIG BURWASH

SECOND HAND LOVE

YAMADA MURASAKI

TRANSLATED BY RYAN HOLMBERG

OBA ELECTROPLATING FACTORY

YOSHIHARU TSUGE

TRANSLATED BY RYAN HOLMBERG

RAW SEWAGE SCIENCE FICTION

MARC BELL



SELF-ESTEEM AND THE END OF THE WORLD



LUKE HEALY

SELF-ESTEEM AND THE END OF THE WORLD

LUKE HEALY

Life is not a race. There are no winners and losers.
Immeasurable people are doing better than you...
immeasurably worse. You are statistically average.

For over ten years, fictional Luke Healy has invested all of his self-esteem into his career. But two years post publication of his latest book, and suffering the blow of his twin-brother not finding him fit to act as best man, both Luke's career and self-esteem seem to have disintegrated.

Set against the backdrop of a dangerously changing global climate, with melting ice-caps and flooding cities, *Self-Esteem and the End of the World* spans two decades of tragicomic self-discovery. From discussing self-help books like Marie Kondo's with the guy you invited over for sex, to summiting a Greek mountaintop while pretending to be working remotely, and a workplace destination murder mystery to a Hollywood revival of Luke's early work, we see our protagonist grappling with his identity as the world crumbles.

Quietly funny, smartly introspective, and grounded in deeply-felt familial highs and lows, *Self-Esteem and the End of the World* ponders what happens when the person you are isn't who you need to be, who you are when nobody's watching, and ultimately, who can you possibly be at the end of the world?

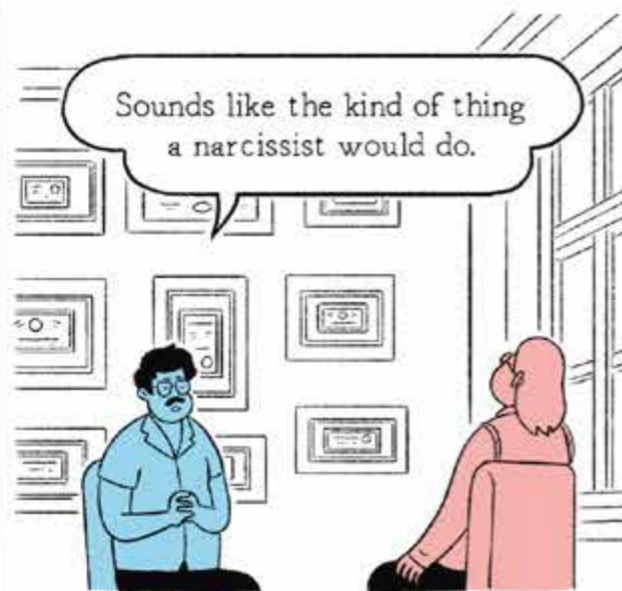
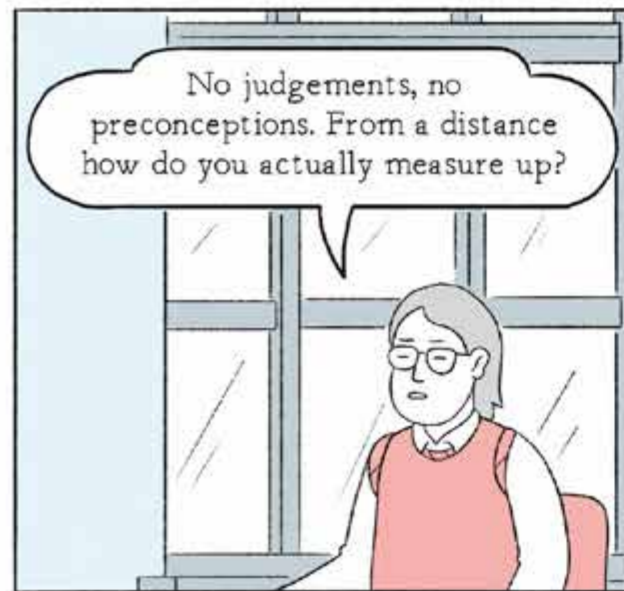
PRAISE FOR LUKE HEALY

"Full of deadpan humour...a deeply felt exploration of happiness, trust and the lies we tell our friends and ourselves."
—*Guardian*, Best Graphic Novels of 2022

"*The Con Artists* feels like a tender little indie film—about friendship and trust between twenty-somethings floundering for whatever it takes to survive into their thirties."—*The Stranger*

MAY 2024 • \$29.95 USD/\$34.95 CAD • 4-COLOR • 5.825 X 8.25 • 324 PAGES
COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/LITERARY • ISBN 978-1-77046-714-9 • PAPERBACK



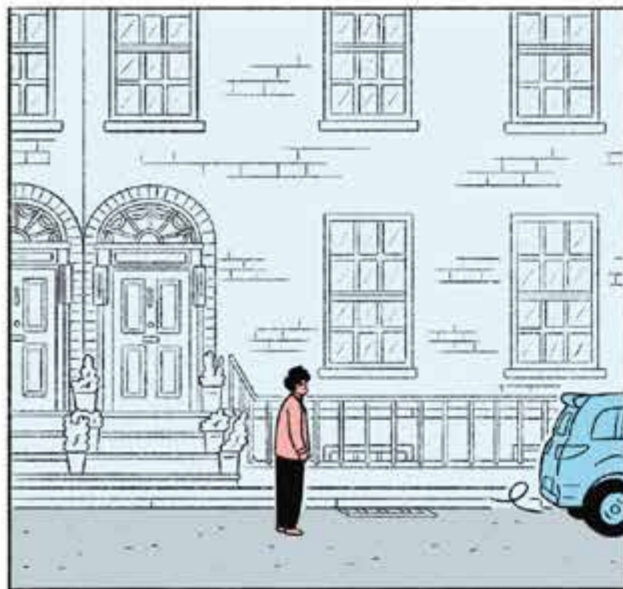


Life is not a race.



You are statistically average.







Luke Healy was born and raised in Dublin, Ireland, where he also received a BA in Journalism. He has an MFA from the Centre for Cartoon Studies in Vermont, USA. He has published four graphic novels: *Americana (And the Act of Getting Over It)*, *How to Survive in the North*, *Permanent Press*, and *The Con Artists* (published by Drawn & Quarterly). Healy's work has been exhibited in the Museum of Comics and Cartoon Art in Manhattan and his clients include *The New Yorker*, *BBC*, *Vice*, and *Narratively*.

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION

WHAT IT IS

LYNDA BARRY

“Deliciously drawn (with fragments of collage worked into each page), insightful and bubbling with delight in the process of artistic creation. A+” —*Salon*

How do objects summon memories? What do real images feel like? For decades, these types of questions have permeated the pages of Lynda Barry’s compositions, with words attracting pictures and conjuring places through a pen that first and foremost keeps on moving. *What It Is* demonstrates a tried-and-true creative method that is playful, powerful, and accessible to anyone with an inquisitive wish to write or to remember. Composed of completely new material, each page of Barry’s first Drawn & Quarterly book is a full-color collage that is not only a gentle guide to this process but an invigorating example of exactly what it is: “The ordinary is extraordinary.”

PRAISE FOR *WHAT IT IS*

“The collages in legendary cartoonist Lynda Barry’s *What It Is* are a bathysphere-like odyssey through the depths of her funky subconscious.” —*Vanity Fair*

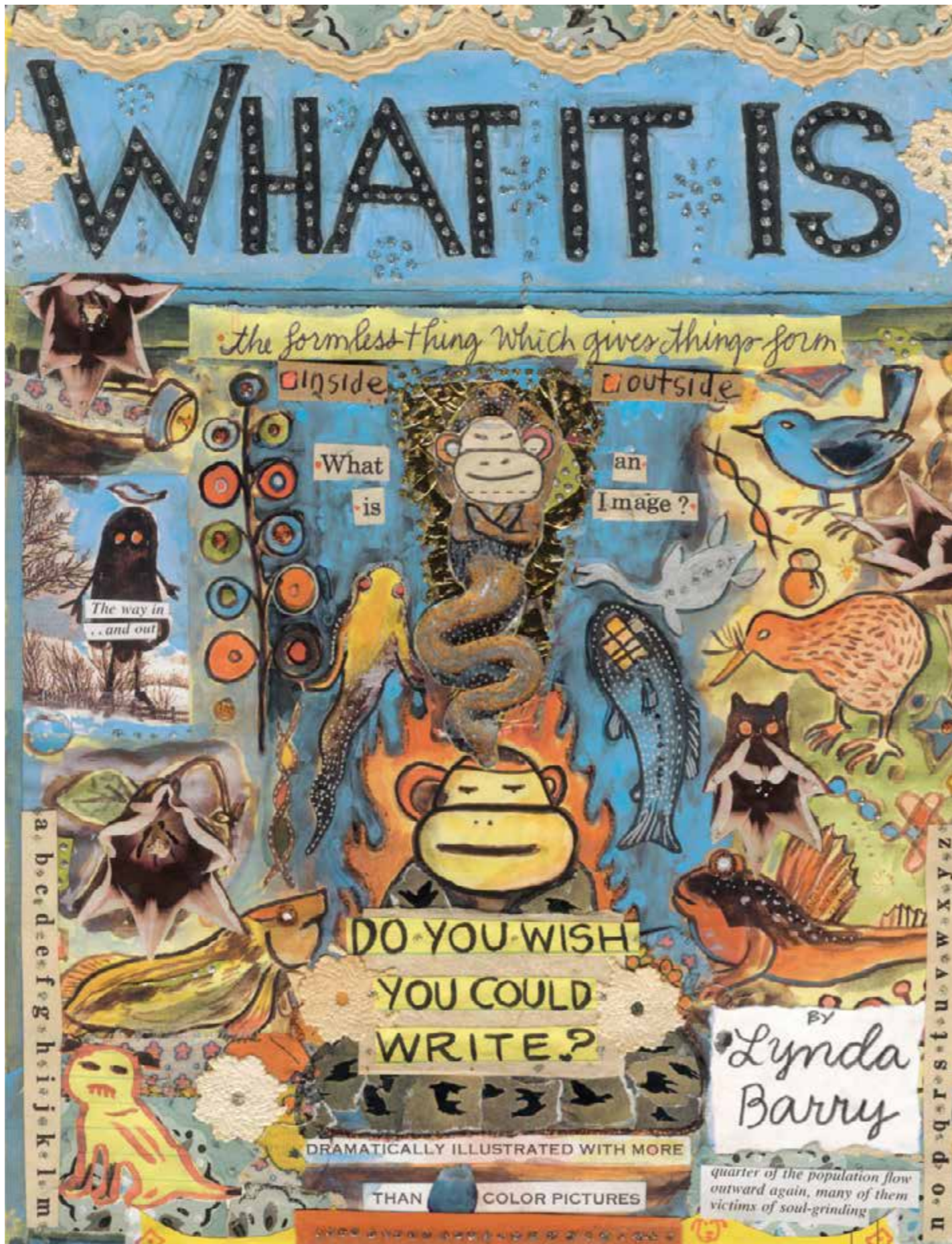
“*What It Is* is equal parts cartoon memoir,

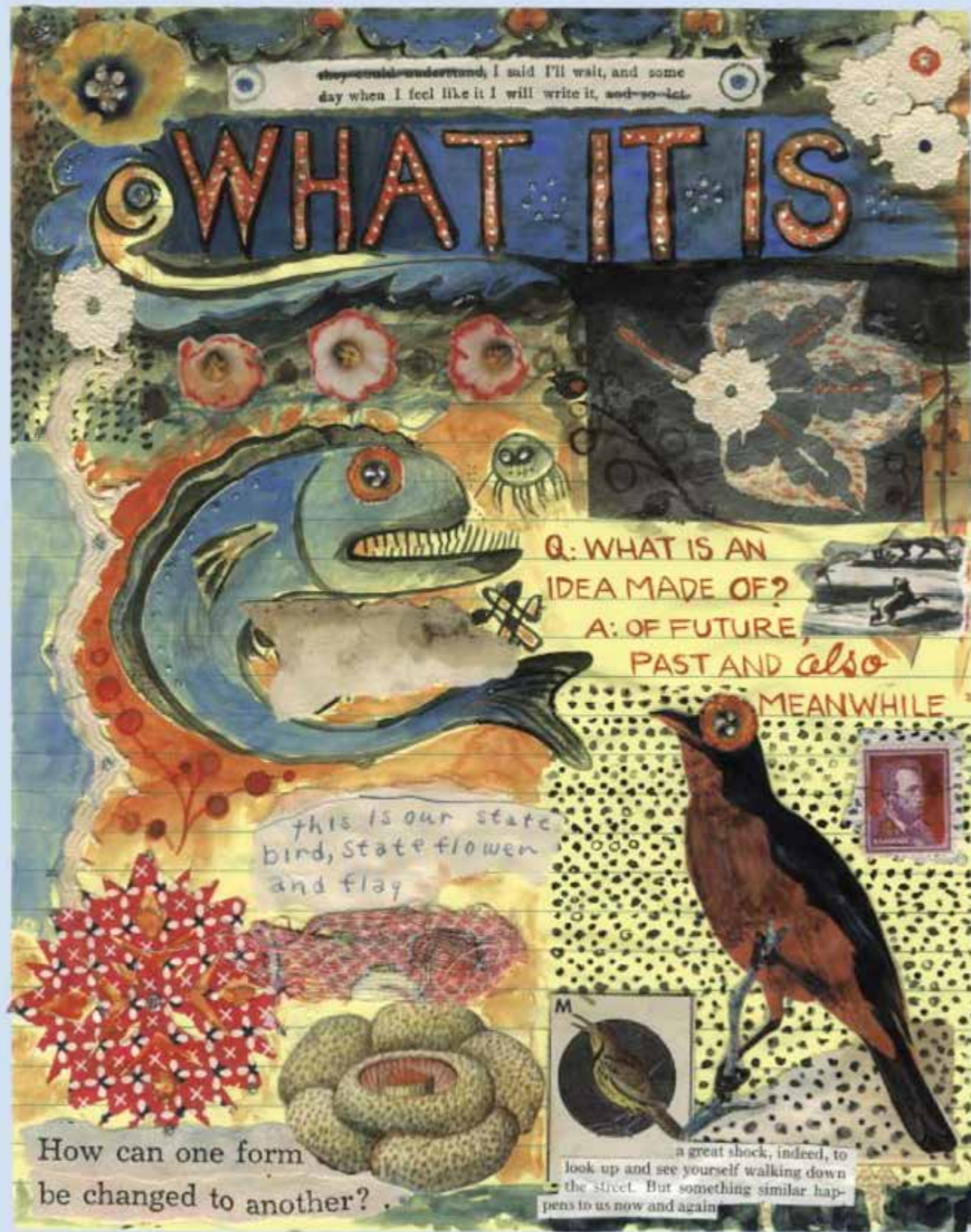
collage album, scrapbook, and Zen roadmap. Written and drawn in a chaotic but riveting style, it offers itself as a guide to creative self-ignition.” —*The Boston Globe*

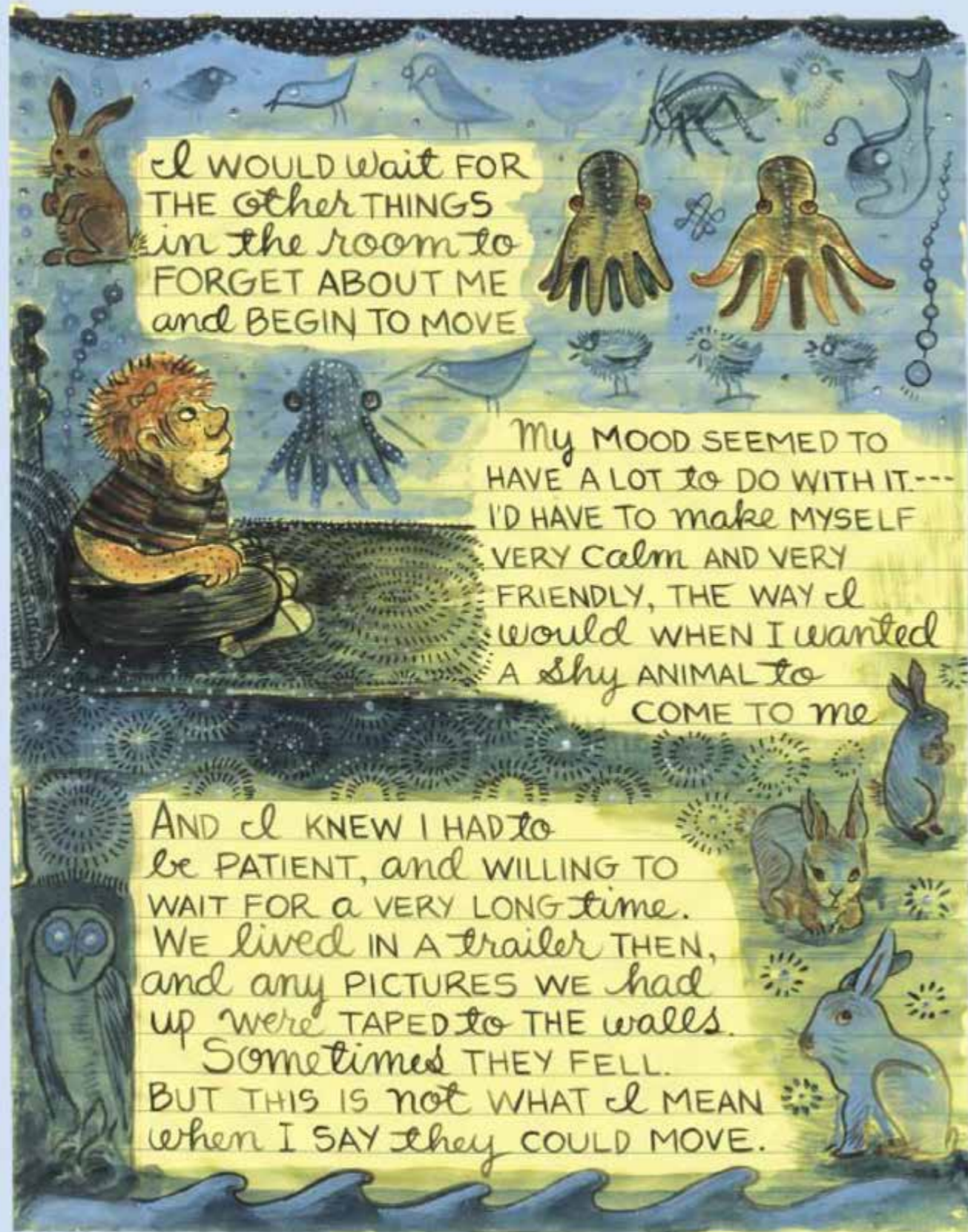
“*What It Is, Picture This: The Near-Sighted Monkey Book, and Syllabus*—...weave dense, brightly colored collage, narrative comics, and expressionistic drawing into philosophies of memory, pedagogy, and storytelling...groundbreaking: Richly graphic, and moving, they invent a hybrid genre that generates from within the comics universe but totally transcends known categories.” —Hillary Chute, *Artforum*

“Reading Barry is an ecstatic experience, and her unique blend of extravagant cartoon and collage serves this memoir-cum-creativity-manual perfectly. This isn’t a craft handbook, but rather an inspirational text: each page will stir something in you, ask you questions about the nature of art and memory and imagination, and you’ll be running to your own work in no time.” —*Flavorwire*

MAY 2024 • \$22.95 USD/\$29.95 CAD • 4-COLOR • 7.5 X 9.75 • 216 PAGES
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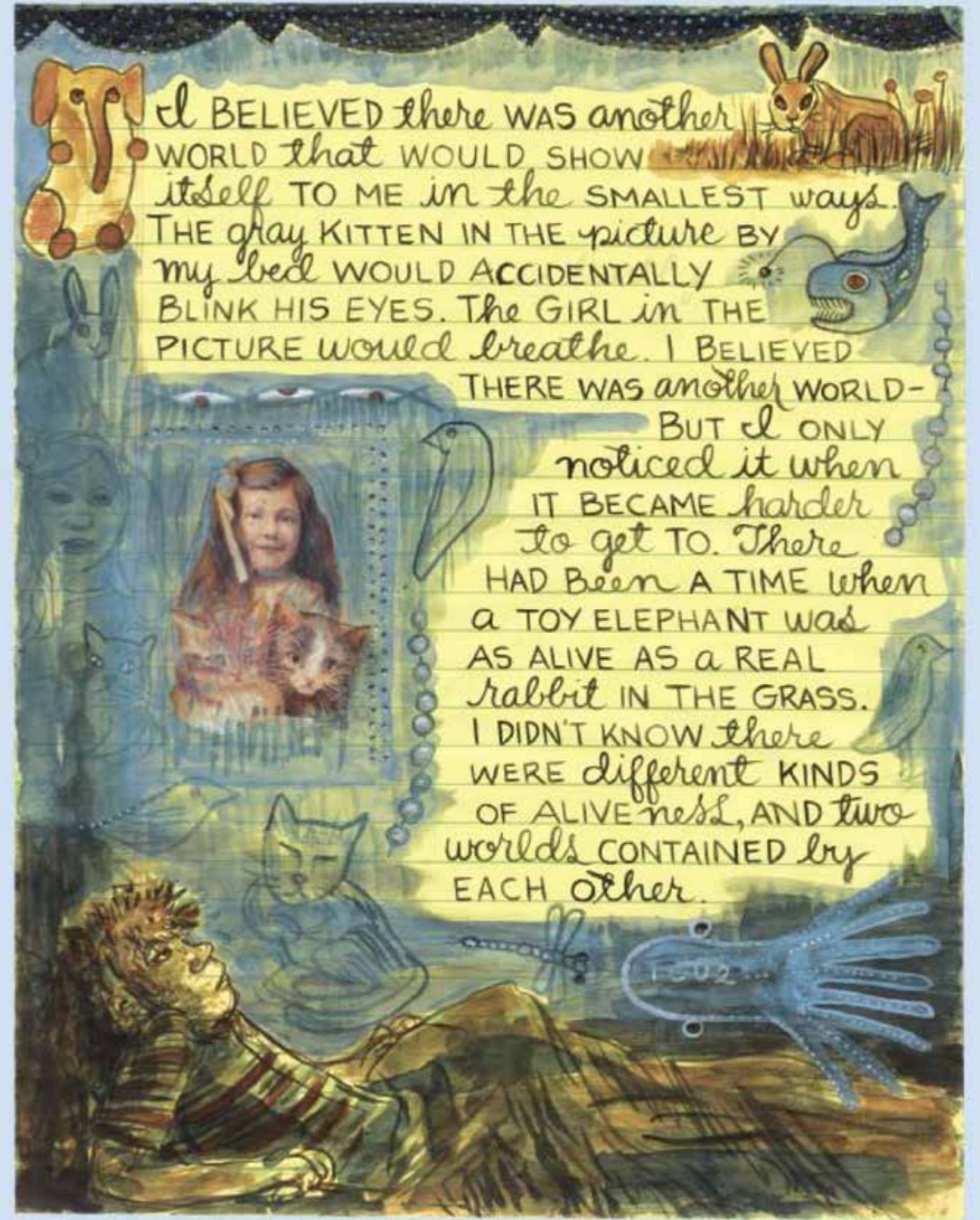




I WOULD wait FOR THE OTHER THINGS in the room to FORGET ABOUT ME and BEGIN TO MOVE

My MOOD SEEMED TO HAVE A LOT TO DO WITH IT--- I'D HAVE TO make MYSELF VERY calm AND VERY FRIENDLY, THE WAY I would WHEN I wanted A shy ANIMAL to COME TO me

AND I KNEW I HAD to be PATIENT, and WILLING TO WAIT FOR a VERY LONG time. WE lived IN A trailer THEN, and any PICTURES WE had up were TAPED to THE walls. Sometimes THEY FELL. BUT THIS IS not WHAT I MEAN when I SAY they COULD MOVE.



I BELIEVED there WAS another WORLD that WOULD SHOW itself TO ME in the SMALLEST ways. THE gray KITTEN IN THE picture BY my bed WOULD ACCIDENTALLY BLINK HIS EYES. The GIRL in THE PICTURE would breathe. I BELIEVED

THERE WAS another WORLD- BUT I ONLY noticed it when IT BECAME harder to get TO. There HAD BEEN A TIME when a TOY ELEPHANT WAS AS ALIVE AS a REAL rabbit IN THE GRASS. I DIDN'T KNOW there WERE different KINDS OF ALIVENESS, AND two worlds CONTAINED by EACH other.

SOMETHING CAN ONLY become AN illusion after disillusionment. BEFORE THAT, it IS SOMETHING REAL. WHAT CAUSED the disillusionment? NO ONE TOLD ME THE PRINT ON the WALL was JUST ink AND PAPER and HAD NO LIFE OF ITS OWN. at some point The cat stopped blinking, and I STOPPED THINKING it could.

But MY MEMORY OF the BLINKING CAT is STILL VIVID NEARLY fifty years later. WHY? WHY WOULD an IMAGE OF SOMETHING, WHICH never happened, TRAVEL WITH ME for all these YEARS?

The page features a drawing of a cat's face at the top right, a person with spiky hair holding a cat in the middle, and a framed portrait of a woman with glasses at the bottom left. The background is decorated with small bird and cat icons.

Essay Questions

P.S. We do not know the answers

The page is titled 'Essay Questions' in a decorative, dotted font. It features whimsical illustrations: a blue bird at the top, a yellow bird perched on an octopus, a green fish, a jellyfish, and a yellow cup. The background has a blue and white striped pattern with decorative borders.

THE STORY OF TRANSPORTATION

What Is An Image?

AT THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING WE CALL 'THE ARTS,' AND CHILDREN CALL 'PLAY,' IS SOMETHING WHICH SEEMS SOMEHOW ALIVE.

It's NOT ALIVE IN THE WAY YOU AND I ARE ALIVE, BUT IT'S CERTAINLY NOT DEAD.

IT'S ALIVE IN THE WAY OUR MEMORY IS ALIVE.

Alive IN THE WAY THE OCEAN IS ALIVE AND ABLE TO TRANSPORT US AND CONTAIN US.

Alive IN THE WAY THINKING IS NOT, BUT EXPERIENCING IS, MADE OF BOTH MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, THIS IS THE THING WE MEAN BY 'AN IMAGE'

WHERE ARE IMAGES FOUND?

LOOK
READ
SEE

THE ACTIONS INSIDE YOU
← THE OUTSIDE →

IMAGES ARE FOUND ACTION INSIDE and OUTSIDE

by in through between

CORRESPONDENCE-STUDY DEPARTMENT

- ✓ people
- ✓ the deep mines
- ✓ home
- ✓ DIATOMS
- ✓ our fingers
- ✓ the eggs of a certain blue hen
- ✓ highways
- ✓ railroads
- ✓ RIVER MISSISSIPPI
- ✓ summer
- ✓ other places
- ✓ The South
- ✓ The North

- ✓ damp soil
- There is an imaginary circle
- ✓ The Coal Age
- ✓ families
- ✓ The ocean
- ✓ underground
- ✓ any amphibians
- ✓ floor of the sea
- ✓ storybook
- ✓ dry land
- ✓ common names
- ✓ a flight of steps
- ✓ a piece of paper
- ✓ pours from volcanoes
- ✓ A stick
- ✓ water

Trace the source of energy that pulls a freight train.

FROM INSIDE TO OUTSIDE ← ACTION →

FROM OUTSIDE TO INSIDE ↑ ACTION ↓

Don't be too hard on the kids

And year by year

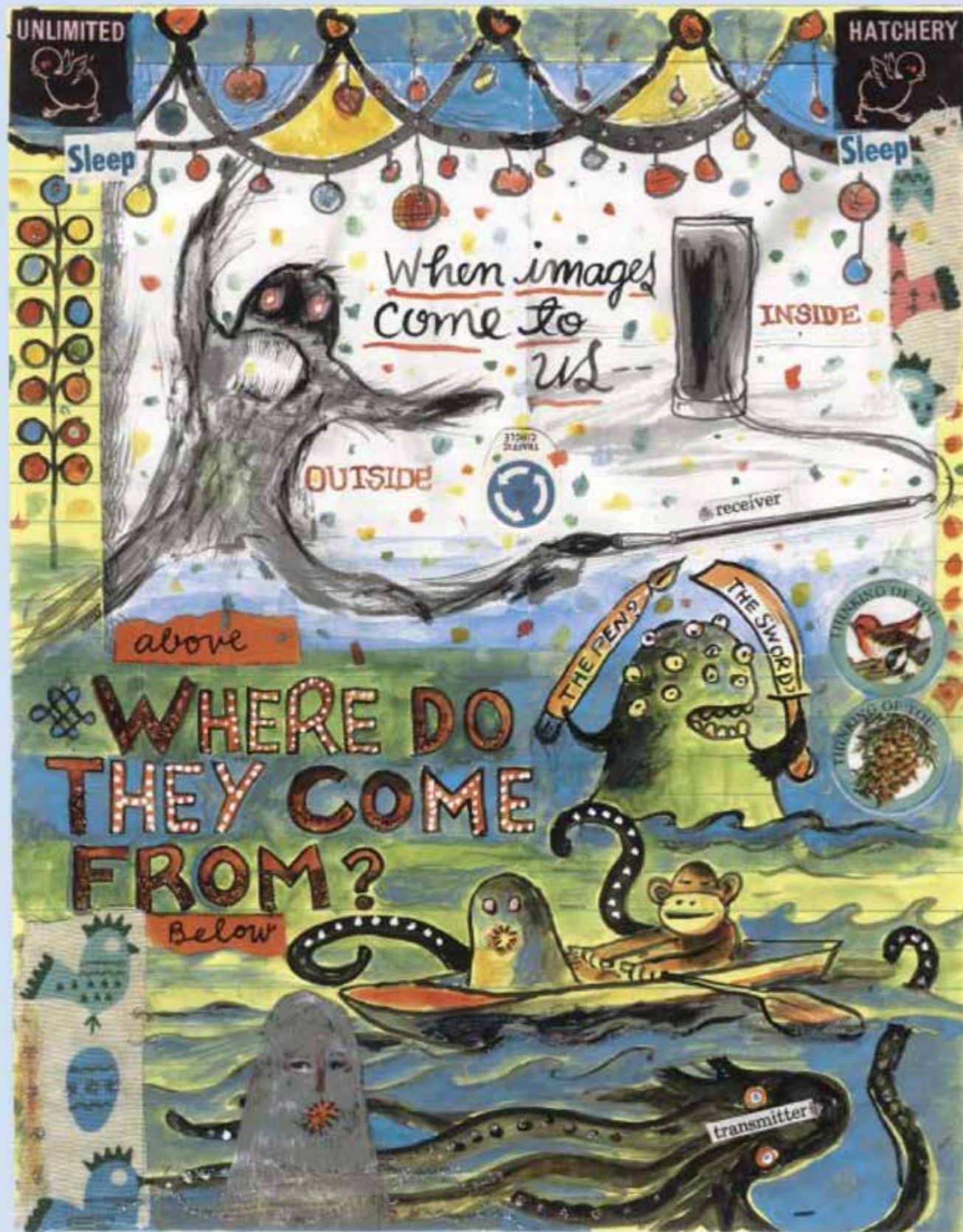
MEMORY

scrub a scrub

From all the circle of the hills—

I haven't written to you. I have thought of you often but each time I sat down to write to you something came up to hinder me.

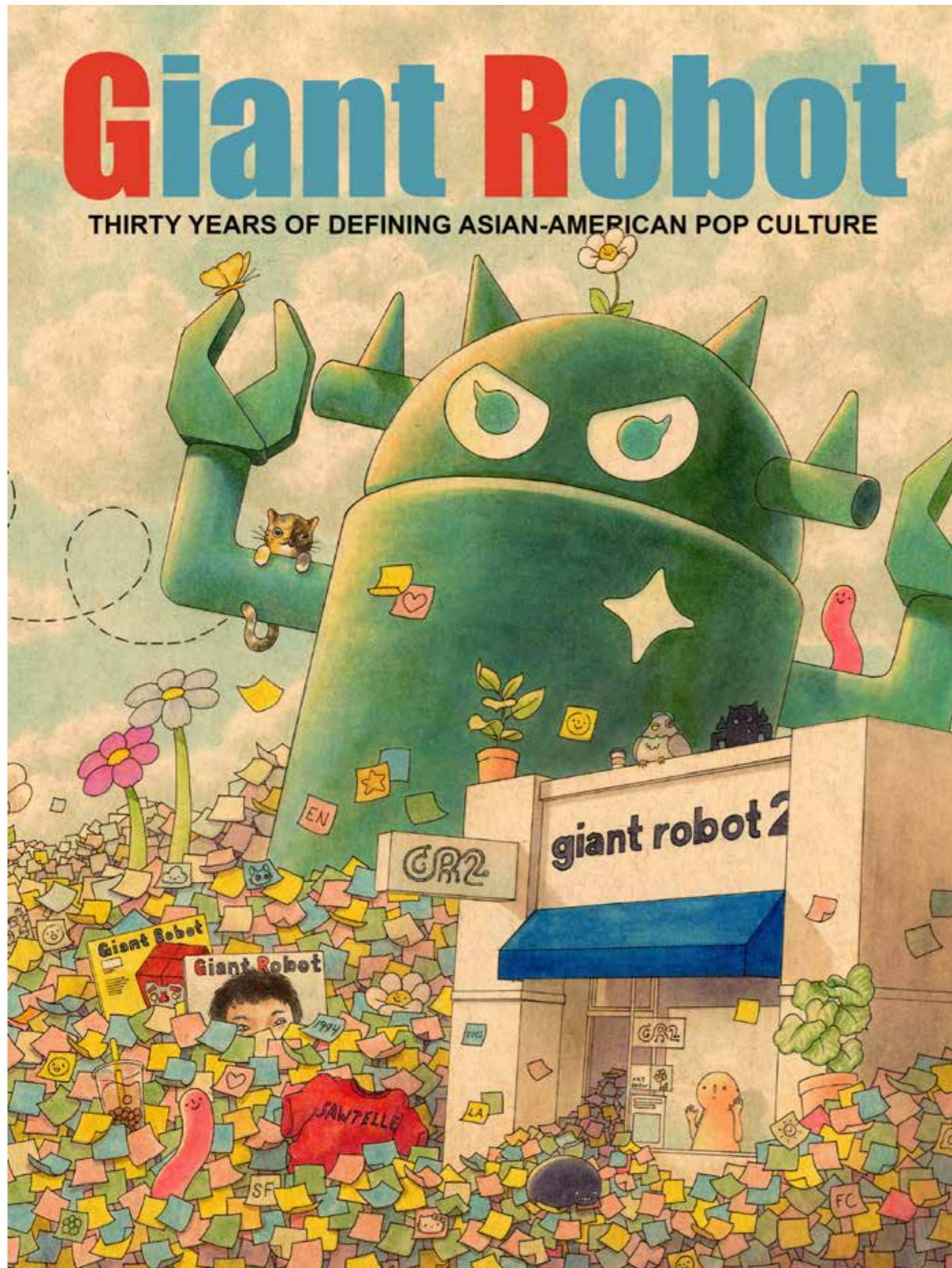
SOMETHING CAME UP TO HINDER ME.



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

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

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



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 00s, 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



The taste testers: Chantal Acosta, Jayson Sae-Saue, Angehlyn Wong, Martin Wong



Martin Wong

RED HOT AND YELLOW

CHILLI SAUCES ARE COMMON IN ASIAN FOOD

Since 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.



Odonus Urungus (singer), Jizmak de Gush (drummer), Slymenstra Hyem (dancer)

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 (Taiwan)

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: Who! 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 (USA)

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

TUONG OTTOI 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 lighter fluid.

Do you light your farts on fire? It comes out flaming every time.

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 rip each other's heads off?

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)

FLAVOR: 4.5
HOT: 1



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.



SAMBAL-BADJAK (USA)

FLAVOR: 5
HOT: 2



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 FACTORY TOUR

STORY AND ART BY
Eric Nakamura

On table tops in most Asian restaurants, stores, and homes, 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.

You'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 (USA)

FLAVOR: 3.5
HOT: 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.

SAMBAL OELEK (USA)

FLAVOR: 3.5
HOT: 2.5



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 (USA) FLAVOR: 4 HOT: 2.5



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) FLAVOR: 2.5 HOT: 2



Jayson: My head hurts. I should have taken the steam that singed my nose hairs when I opened the bottle as a warning. Someone must be holding a gun to the man giving the thumbs up on the label. The Chinese characters probably say "Do Not Eat."

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 (TAIWAN) FLAVOR: 4 HOT: 3.5



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!

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



RADISH PEPPER PASTE (JAPAN) FLAVOR: 1 HOT: 0



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 pureed carrots. There's no flavor, so I don't know what the point is.



CHILI SAUCE CAP JEMPOL (INDONESIA) FLAVOR: 5 HOT: 1.5



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.

SWEET CHILI SAUCE (SINGAPORE) FLAVOR: 4 HOT: 0



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.

MOMIJI OROSHI (JAPAN) FLAVOR: 1 HOT: 1



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) FLAVOR: 0.5 HOT: 5



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 aphrodisiac qualities. Why else would anyone consume this shitty-tasting sauce? Earthquakes, riots, and fires—add this stuff to the list of L.A. disasters.



CHILLI PASTE WITH HOLY BASIL LEAVES (THAILAND) FLAVOR: 3 HOT: 2.5



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.



LINGHAM'S HOT SAUCE (MALAYSIA) FLAVOR: 2.5 HOT: 0.5



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.



HSIN TUNG YANG CHILI SAUCE (TAIWAN) FLAVOR: 3 HOT: 2.5



Jayson: Looks like GWAR regurgitated this back into the bottle, and tastes like it, too. The seeds stuck in my teeth like corn.

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 (INDONESIA) FLAVOR: 5 HOT: 1.5



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

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





KENNETH WONG "What A Wonderful World" Louis Armstrong BOX • 1 • MOI
KAREN SEARGEANT "Black Magic Woman" Santana BOX • 1 • SAKE
HENT LIM "True Love" Fumiya Fujii BOX • 1-2 • TWO ASAHIS
PETE LEE "I'll Be Loving You Forever" NKOTB BOX • 1-2 • ALTOIDS
PERRY RIVERA "See Rose" The Damned BAR • NOT OFTEN • ALCOHOL

Somehow, 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 treeeeee." *"What the hell is that?" my friends asked. "It's my parents," I answered shamefully. "They're singing karaoke."* 🎵



CLAUDINE HO
 "Take On Me" A-ha
 BAR, 6, MAKER'S

KAH-RAH-OH-KAY

In 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-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 (NOH-deh-bung). We'd go to this place at the border of Oakland and Berkeley on Telegraph Ave.



 STEVEN HWEU "Just a Man" George Strait BOX • 2 • MR. PIBB	 GREG WONG "Hardly" George Strait BOX • 1-3 • CAKED SEED	 MONTY LAWRENCE "Amen, Amen" Simon & Garfunkel BAR • 2 • BEER	 JEE HYUN LEE "Some of My Favorite Things" Julie Andrews BOX • AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE • CAMELTS	 CHANTAL ACOSTA "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" Whitney Houston BOX • 4 • TAMBOURNE	 HEIDI EYSENBACH "She's a Lady" The Four Tops BOX • 4 • TAMBOURNE	 JANE HSUEH "Amen" The Four Tops BOX • 1 • HI-CHENS	 PETER SASLOV "Stay with Me" Sam Cooke BOX • 1 • LEMON SOJU	 LUONG QUANG "If I Stay" Justin Bieber BOX • 1 • NONE
 MIKELIKE "Secret Child" Mink Came at Rose's HOME • 1-3 • SOUP PANDA KIDS	 KELLY O'SULLIVAN "Thank You (I'm a Country Boy)" John Denver BOX • 1-5 • VELVET FINGER ROLLS	 DAVID MOSS "My Way" Frank Sinatra BOX • 1 • ROOKIE'S CHICKEN & Waffles	 SONIC OSAWA "Amazing Grace" Carole King HOME • 3 • OCHA	 JOSEPH BARILEAU "King of the Hill" Johnny Cash BAR • 1-2 • JAGMASTER	 WING HO "My Heart Will Go On" Celine Dion BOX • 1-3 • OOLONG TEA	 CHUN LEE "Secret" Travis Tinsley HOME • OKINAWA WINE • JASMINE TEA	 CATHY YOO "Shake Your Tail" Debbie Gibson BOX • 8 • POKALICED TEA	 RICHARD CHIU "Spice Up Your Life" Spice Girls BOX • 1 • SPICE
 BILLY SHIN "Lack the Knife" Frank Sinatra BOX • 2 • BEER	 VIV CHIA "Superwoman" Faye Wong BOX • 5 • OOLONG TEA MARBONDS U.S.	 TED LAI "My Way" Frank Sinatra BOX • 2 • BOTTLED WATER	 TONY LEE "Summer Wind" Frank Sinatra BAR • 2 • SAKE AND BEER	 WEI HONG "I Don't Want to Wait" P. Dinklage BAR • 3-4 • MOUTRI & FAT BUNT	 MICHELLE TENG "Hotel California" The Eagles BOX • 1 • MISTLE CRUNCH	 DAGG YNGVESSON "Lipps Inc." S.H. Gang BAR • 1-2 • RED WINE	 MICHELLE CAHALU "Secret Lovers" Tiara Starr BOX • 1 • LEMON SOJU & BANANA CHIPS	 SOO YOUNG PARK "My Shining" The Beach Boys BOX • 1 • BEER
 LEONARD NG "Three Times a Lady" The Commodores HOME • 1 • PRAYER	 TRANG LAI "Anything Goes" Cole Porter BOX • 2 • DRIED FRUIT	 AUDREY "RAIN" LEE "Close to You" The Carpenters BOX • 1 • GRANOLA	 YVONNE NG "You're So Fine" Carly Simon BOX • 3 • STANDING UP	 AUDREY EGALINA "I Don't Think" Laura Hill HOME • 2 • LUMPYA	 BILL POON "Killing Me Softly" Roberta Flack BOX • RANDOM • DUCK WITH RICE	 EDDIE RAVENEL "Stop Dragging Me" Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers BAR • 2 • MARGARITA	 SITS LO U "Girl from Ipanema" A. Gilberto BAR • 2 • MIDDORI SOJU	 TIFFANY NG "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" Diana Ross HOME • 2 • VEGIE JELLY CUP
 MASAH MIYAGAWA "Our House" Madness BOX • 1 • GM AND JUICE	 COLUMBERE JENNER "The Way 222" Zeger & Evans BOX • 1-3 • POKY AND VICS	 LILLIAN LAI "Top of the World" The Carpenters BOX • 3-4 • MOTHERS KEEFE DONUTS	 AIGEVE WONG "My Belong" Pat Benatar BOX • 1-4 • HI-CHENS	 AUDREY EGALINA "I Don't Think" Laura Hill HOME • 2 • LUMPYA	 BILL POON "Killing Me Softly" Roberta Flack BOX • RANDOM • DUCK WITH RICE	 SUSAN NSIEN "My Girl" The Temptations BOX • 3-4 • NONE	 JENNY NSIEN "Strangers in the Night" Frank Sinatra BOX • 1 • LEMON TEA WITH HONEY	 TWIGGIE TORRES "Enough is Enough" Diana Ross BAR • 4 • MICKY'S MALT LIQUOR

NAME
 ♪ Signature Song ♪
 BAR/BOX/HOME
 #TIMES/MONTH
 KARAOKE ENHANCER

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.

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 impressive-yet-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 ‘80s!) 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 59-year-old Inoue was last heard running a company that makes cockroach traps.

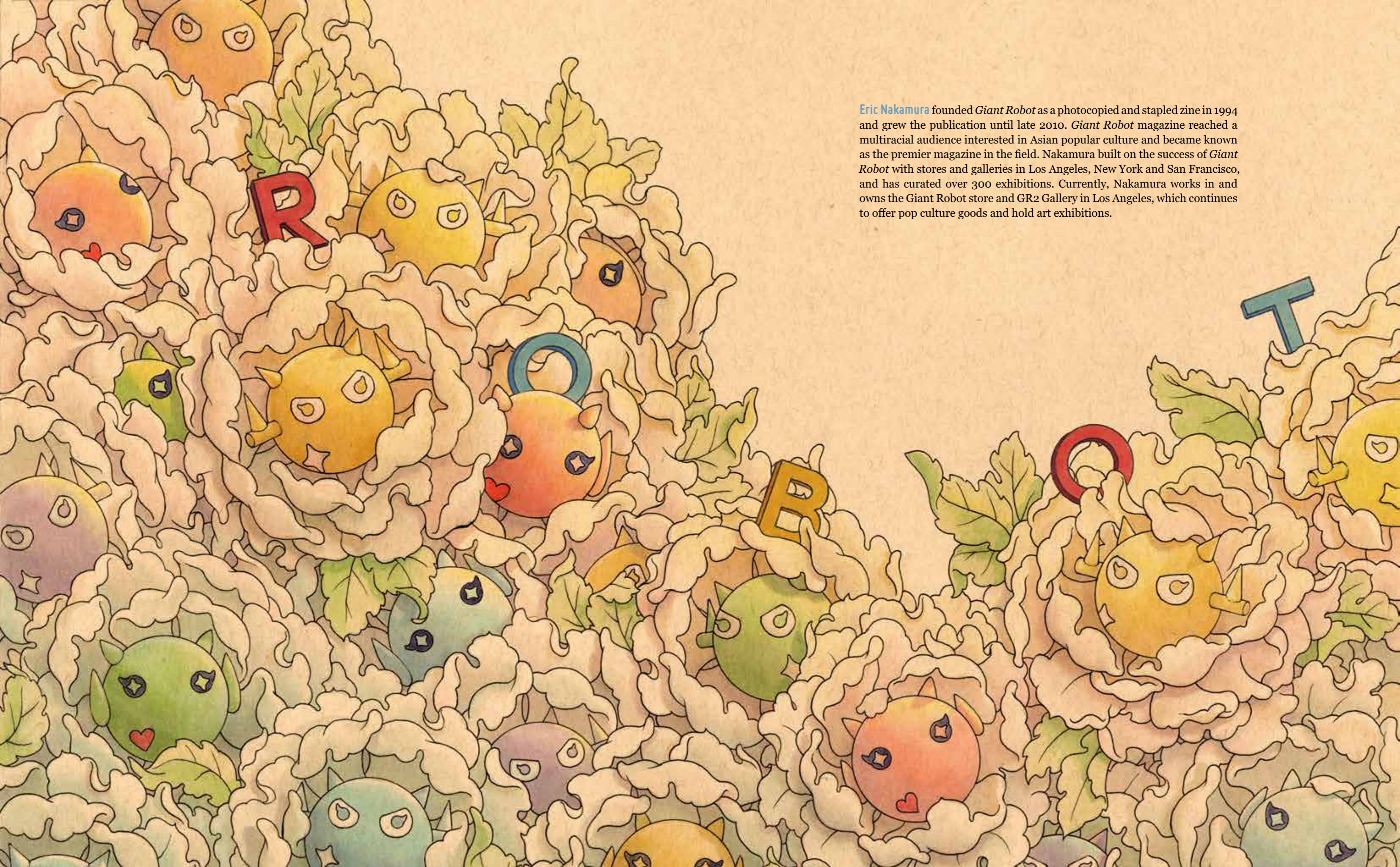
A little past 4 A.M., the chairs are stacked up on the tables and I am happily buzzed; liquor and karaoke are relatively synonymous. Junno and his friends (his brother Jae, co-owner Jean, waitress Devon, and Michael) are leaving for the night when they decide to hit Village Karaoke, a K-box-style singing place on Bowery. “They have a thousand more songs than we do,” he explains. I agree to go along because I have nothing better to do than wait for the next subway train to come.

As we drive across town, I am already adamant about not singing. But it begins again before we even get there. “You going to sing?” Junno asks. “No, I’m strictly observing tonight,” I reply. Yet somehow, in between Jae’s 86-scoring “With or Without You” and Jean’s decidedly professional “Summertime,” I acquiesce to Junno’s threats of not letting me leave the room without a performance.

I punch in a song inspired by friends from the L.A. noraebang set, and mentally prepare myself for the opening line, my palms sweating, my mid-section tingly. “If I’m going to fuck this up, I’m going to fuck this shit up,” I tell them as I suck it up and climb onto the vinyl-cushioned couch. The beat starts rocking and I plunge into A-ha’s “Take On Me.” There are some points when I think I’m hitting the notes right, but I lend that to the late hour and the amount of alcohol still running around my innards.

When we leave and emerge into the outside world, I feel as if I’ve been transported to a new realm. It’s light outside, and I feel vaguely high. Oh, don’t get me wrong: there’s no epiphany here, no moments of ecstasy as some karaoke partakers seem to feel. I still hate it and feel like an ass; it’s just been a long time since I’ve pulled an all-nighter. ¶





Eric Nakamura founded *Giant Robot* as a photocopied and stapled zine in 1994 and grew the publication until late 2010. *Giant Robot* magazine reached a multiracial audience interested in Asian popular culture and became known as the premier magazine in the field. Nakamura built on the success of *Giant Robot* with stores and galleries in Los Angeles, New York and San Francisco, and has curated over 300 exhibitions. Currently, Nakamura works in and owns the Giant Robot store and GR2 Gallery in Los Angeles, which continues to offer pop culture goods and hold art exhibitions.

INTRODUCTION BY RANDALL PARK

SHORTCOMINGS

A SCREENPLAY BY ADRIAN TOMINE



SHORTCOMINGS: A SCREENPLAY ADRIAN TOMINE

The annotated and expanded screenplay
adaptation of the landmark graphic novel

The major motion picture adaptation of Adrian Tomine's beloved *New York Times* Notable Book debuted at the Sundance Film Festival and made its New York premiere at the Tribeca Festival to great acclaim. Written by Tomine and helmed by director Randall Park, *Shortcomings* was lauded by *The New York Times* for its liberating representation of Asian Americans in all their messiness and humanity.

Tomine's screenplay is presented here in its final "shooting draft" form, along with extensive annotations, commentary, and bonuses including deleted and alternate scenes. This gorgeously-designed volume is supplemented with film stills, behind-the-scenes photos, and also includes an introduction by Park and a new, original comic from Tomine. A perfect companion to the original graphic novel, *Shortcomings: A Screenplay* is a peek behind the curtain of a story's progression from comic to script to film.

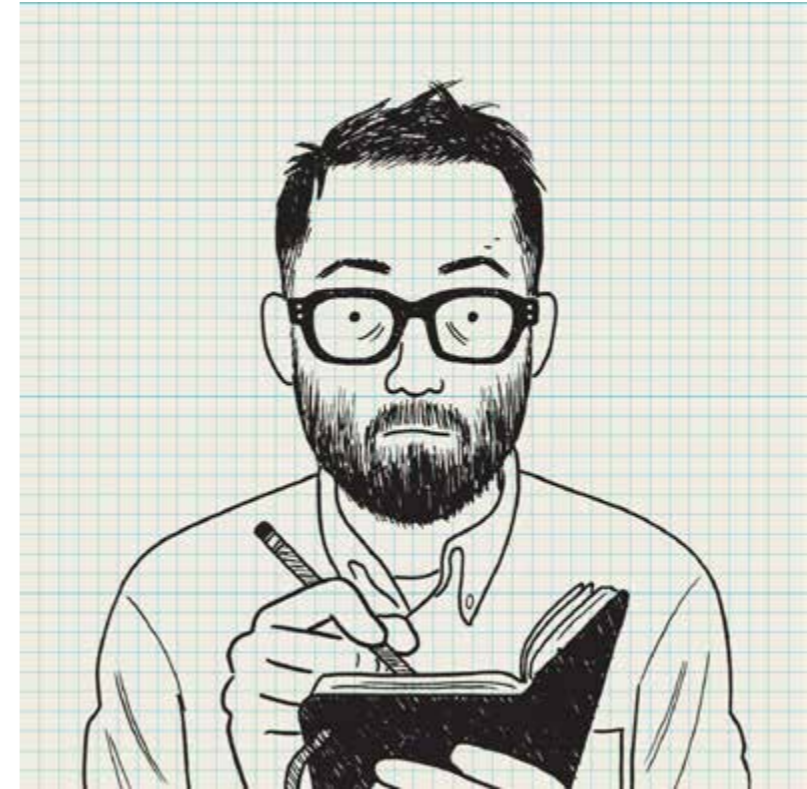
For fans of Tomine and movie-making alike, *Shortcomings: A Screenplay* is a brutal, funny, and insightful read in its own right, as well as a fascinating document of the translation of Tomine's expertly-crafted plot turns, subtle characterization, and irreverent humor from one medium into another.

PRAISE FOR *SHORTCOMINGS*

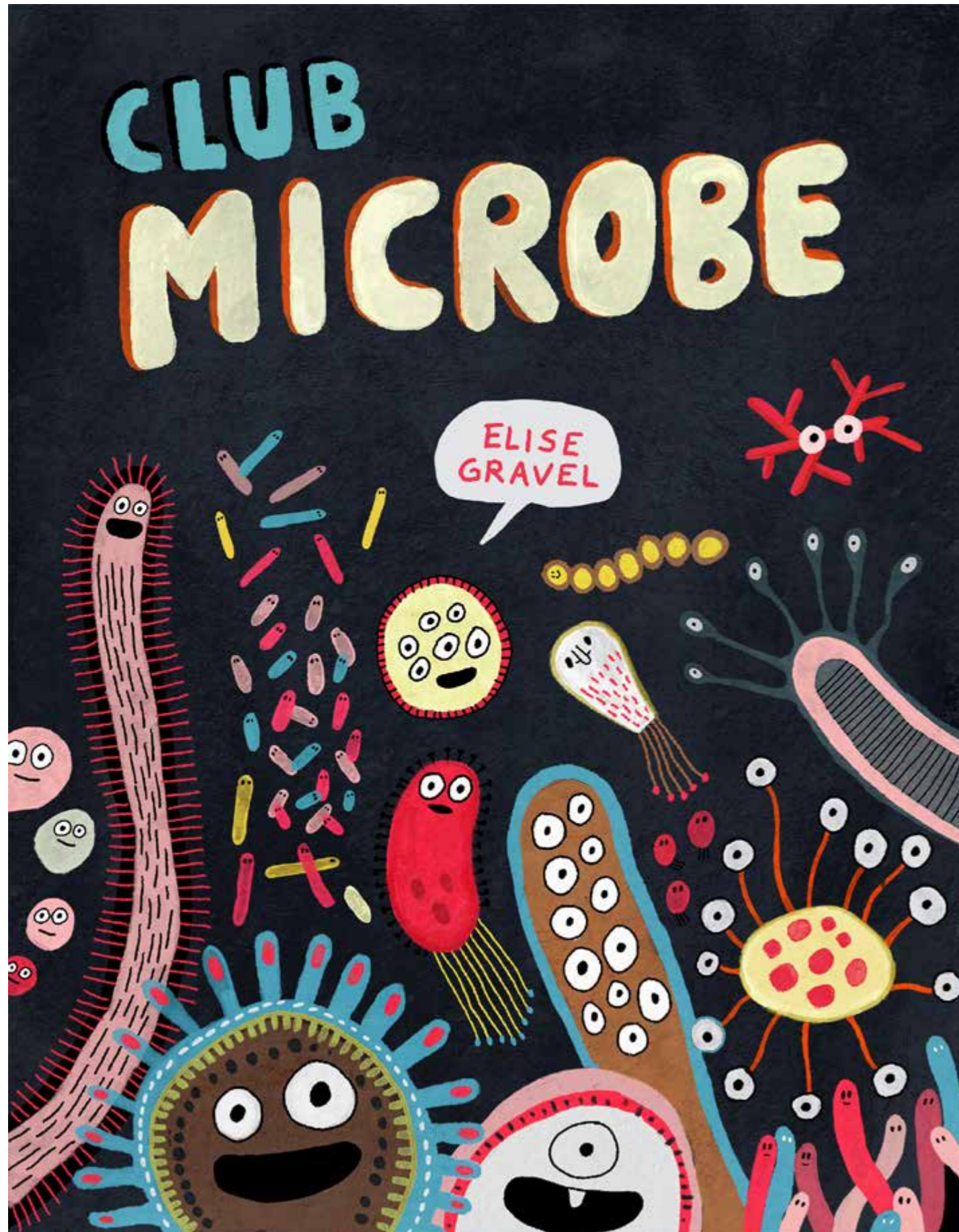
"Randall Park's film largely does justice to Tomine's fraught and challenging story of dating mores in a multiracial society. Thanks to Tomine's script, the film follows most of the book's narrative beats, with cultural and political references brought up to date."—*The Nation*

"A character study that takes the good, the bad, and the ugly of someone and gives them to you with a series of chasers to ease the burn. Ben is someone defined by his shortcomings until he isn't. The movie itself never comes up short."—*Rolling Stone*

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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*, and his graphic novel *Shortcomings* was a *New York Times* Notable Book of the year. Since 1999, Tomine has been a regular contributor to the *New Yorker*. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife and daughters.



CLUB MICROBE

ELISE GRAVEL

It's a germ's world. We're just living in it!

In *Club Microbe*, Elise Gravel teaches young readers that germs live all around us—and even inside of us! Guided by Gravel in this formidable introduction to the fascinating world of microorganisms, we learn that some microbes get a bad rep for making us sick, but that most are helpful creatures that allow us to digest food, make cheese, and even enable snowflakes to form in winter.

In her signature colorful cartoon style, Gravel describes the invisible work of microorganisms that aid in creating our food, producing oxygen, and keeping our planet alive. She gives us a tour of the heroes and the villains of the microbe world, stopping to marvel at their unique names and wondrous shapes.

Following the perennial success of *The Mushroom Fan Club* and *The Bug Club*, this latest installment of the hit science-focused collection will deepen readers' curiosity for all aspects of the natural world. A whimsical primer on the microscopic life that surrounds us, *Club Microbe* is sure to pique the interest (and imagination!) of any young scientist.

PRAISE FOR ELISE GRAVEL

"Elise Gravel[']s] enthusiasm is contagious."
—*School Library Journal*

"If you're not familiar with her art work, prepare to be charmed."
—*Youth Services Book Review*

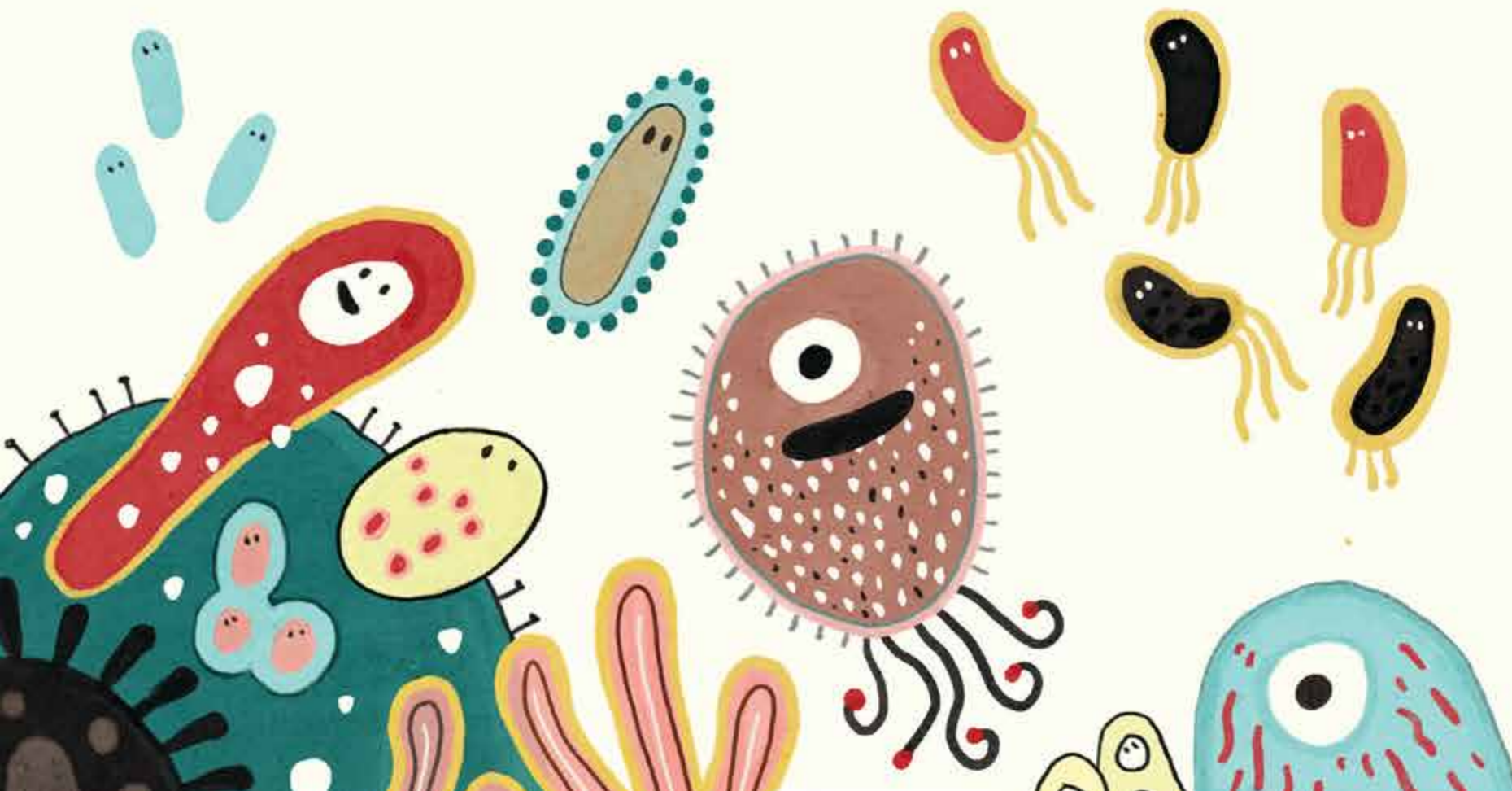
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But the VAST majority
of germs are good for us,
for nature, and for the

PLANET.

We couldn't survive without them!

Come, let me introduce
you to some of them!



To observe microbes, you need a very good

MICROSCOPE.



The scientists who study them are called

MICROBIOLOGISTS.

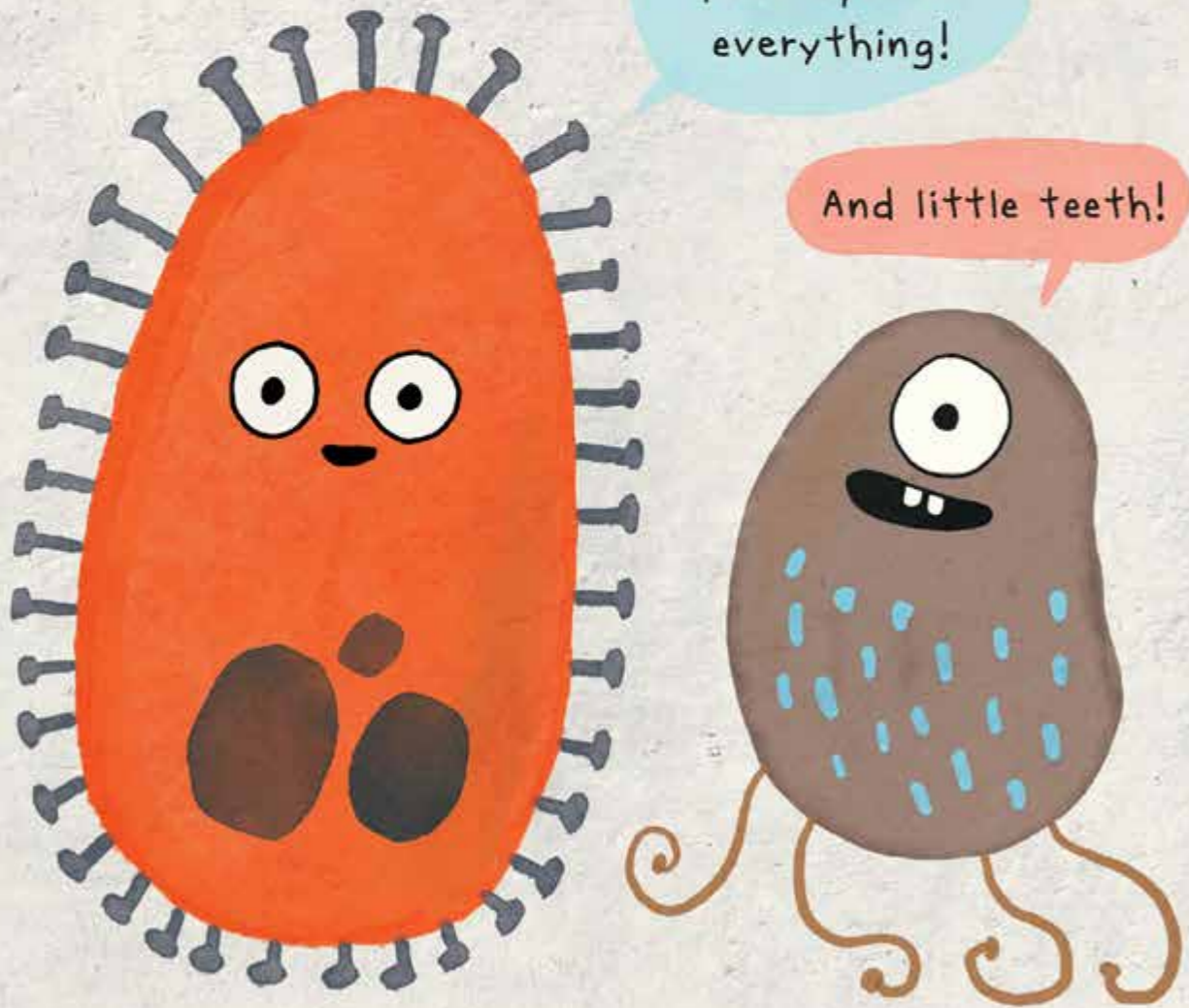
Hello!
I find germs
fascinating
as well!



Microbes are living beings, but they aren't animals, or plants, or insects. They don't have legs, brains, mouths, or eyes. (Except in my drawings).

Elise puts eyes on everything!

And little teeth!



Elise Gravel is an author/illustrator from Montreal, Quebec. After studying Graphic Design, Gravel pursued a career writing and illustrating children's books, where her quirky and charming characters quickly won the hearts of children and adults worldwide. In 2012, Gravel received the Governor General's Literary Award for her book *La clé à molette*. A prolific artist, she has over thirty children's books to her name which have been translated into a dozen languages, including *The Disgusting Critters* series, *The Mushroom Fan Club*, *The Bug Club*, *The Worst Book Ever*, and *If Found...Please Return to Elise Gravel*, her challenge to young artists to keep a sketchbook. Elise Gravel still lives in Montreal with her spouse, two daughters, cats, and a few spiders.

FREDDY CARRASCO GLEEM

A selection of spectacular short stories



GLEEM FREDDY CARRASCO

Enter a future of defiant vitality in *GLEEM*

Imbued with cyberpunk attitude and in the rebellious tradition of afrofuturism, *GLEEM* is drawn with a fierce momentum hurtling towards a future world. Carrasco's distinct cinematic style layers detailed panels and spreads, creating a multiplicity of perspectives, at once dizzying and hypnotic. Vignettes unspool in proximity to our own social realities and expand into the outer layers of possibility. Whether in the club or a robot repair workshop, the characters in these three interconnected stories burst across frames until they practically step off the page.

A boy becomes bored at church with his grandmother until he tries a psychedelic drug. A group of friends are told that they need a rare battery if they want any chance of reviving their friend. Street

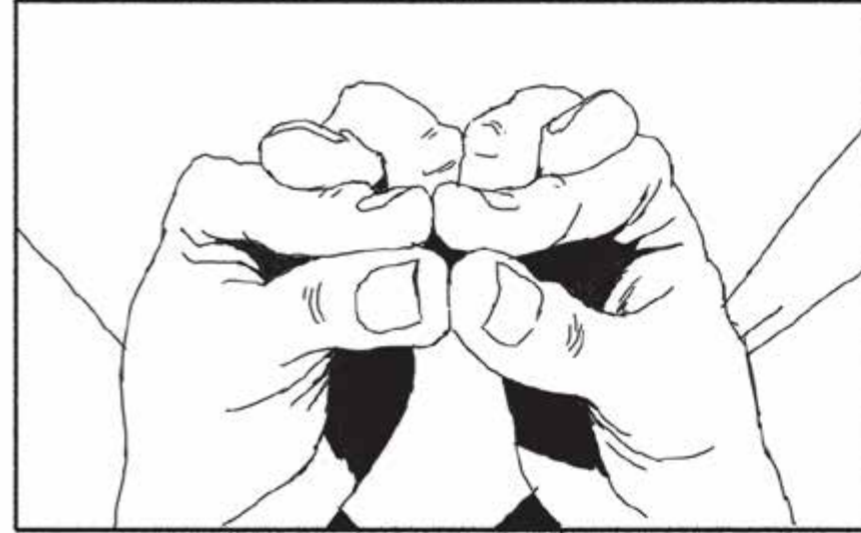
style and cybernetics meet and burst into riotous dancing. Kindness and violence might not be as distant from each other as we think. *GLEEM* unsettles with a confidence that could make you believe in anything.

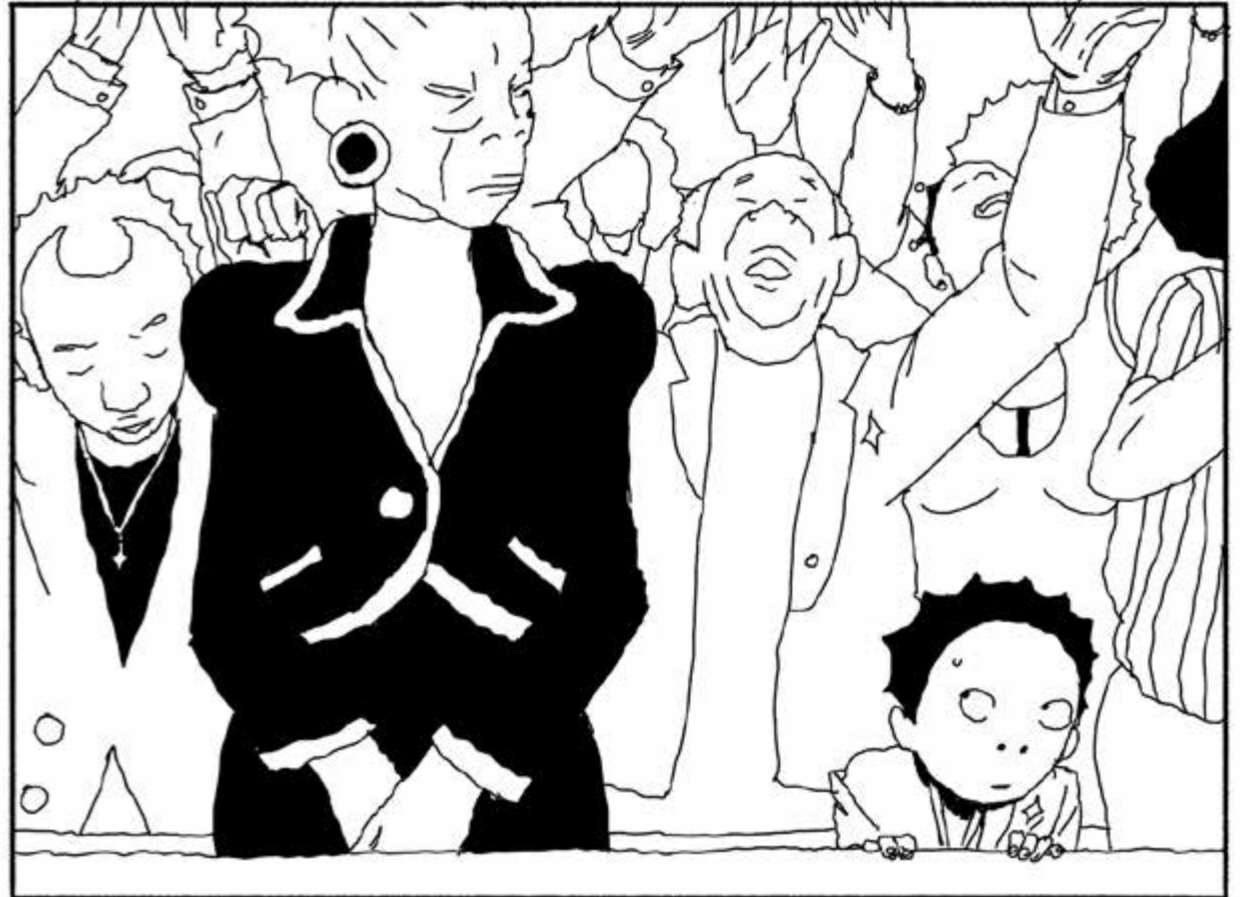
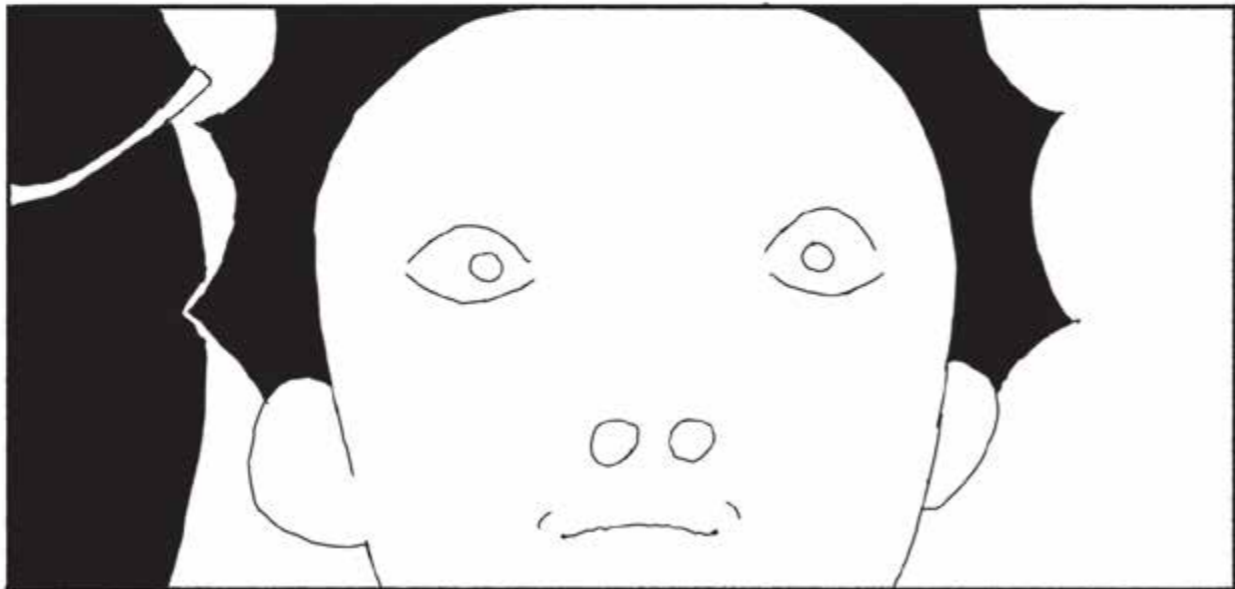
PRAISE FOR *GLEEM*

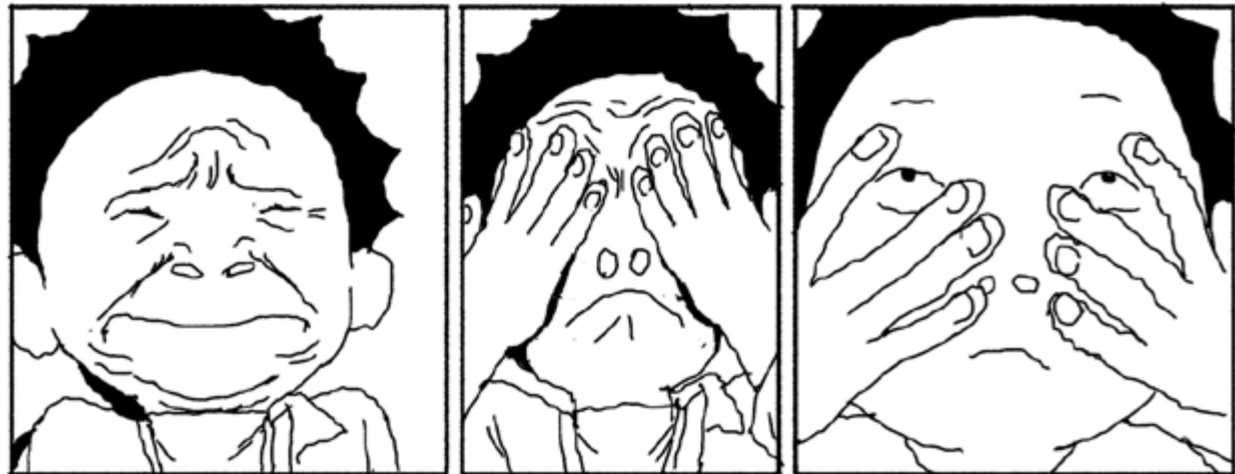
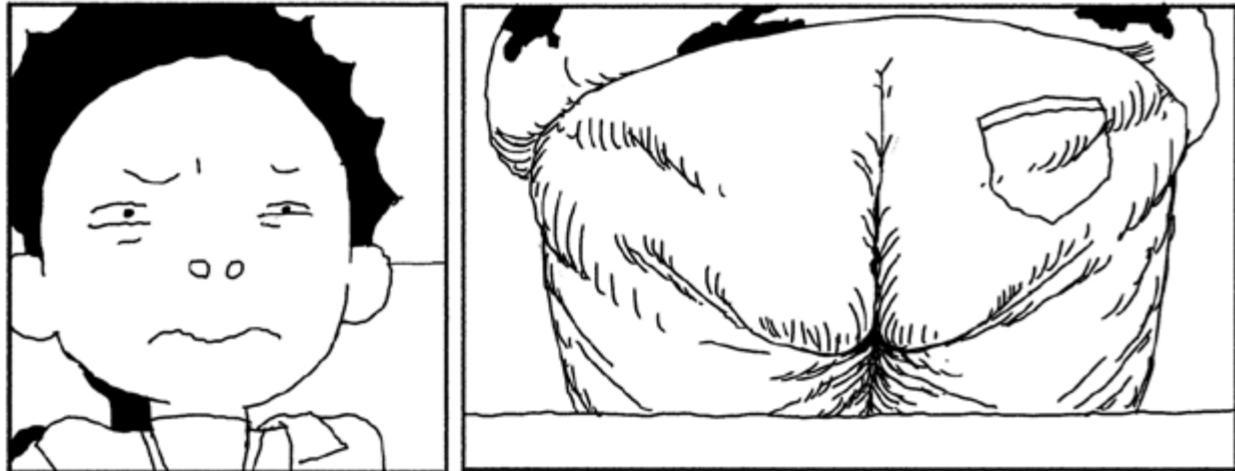
"An Afro-futuristic world where the kids are alright but looking for more...Throughout *GLEEM*, narratives and images blur into one another, making you look again and again, longer and more intently each time."
—*Buzzfeed Books*

"Dynamic cyberpunk in a Taiyo Matsumoto veil [where] Blackness exists in a dangerous place outside the security of citizenship—in the real world."—*The Comics Beat*

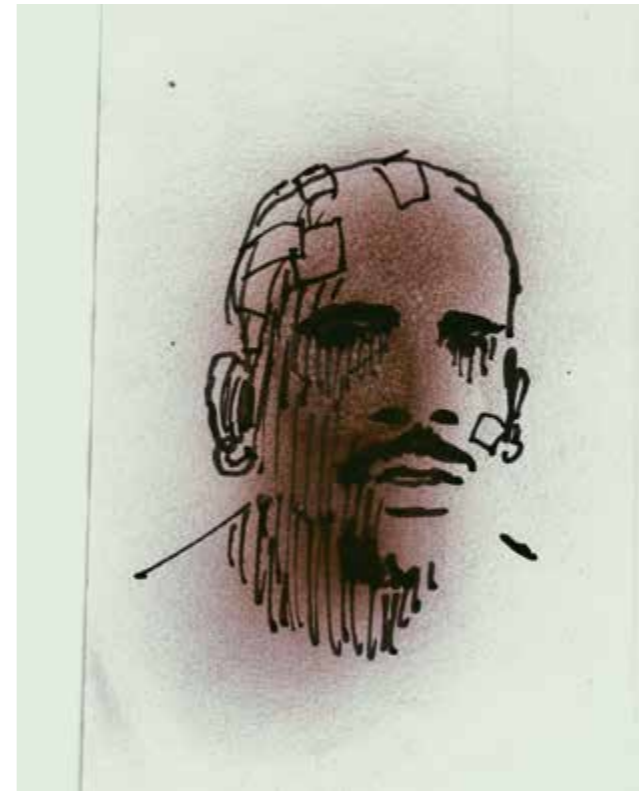
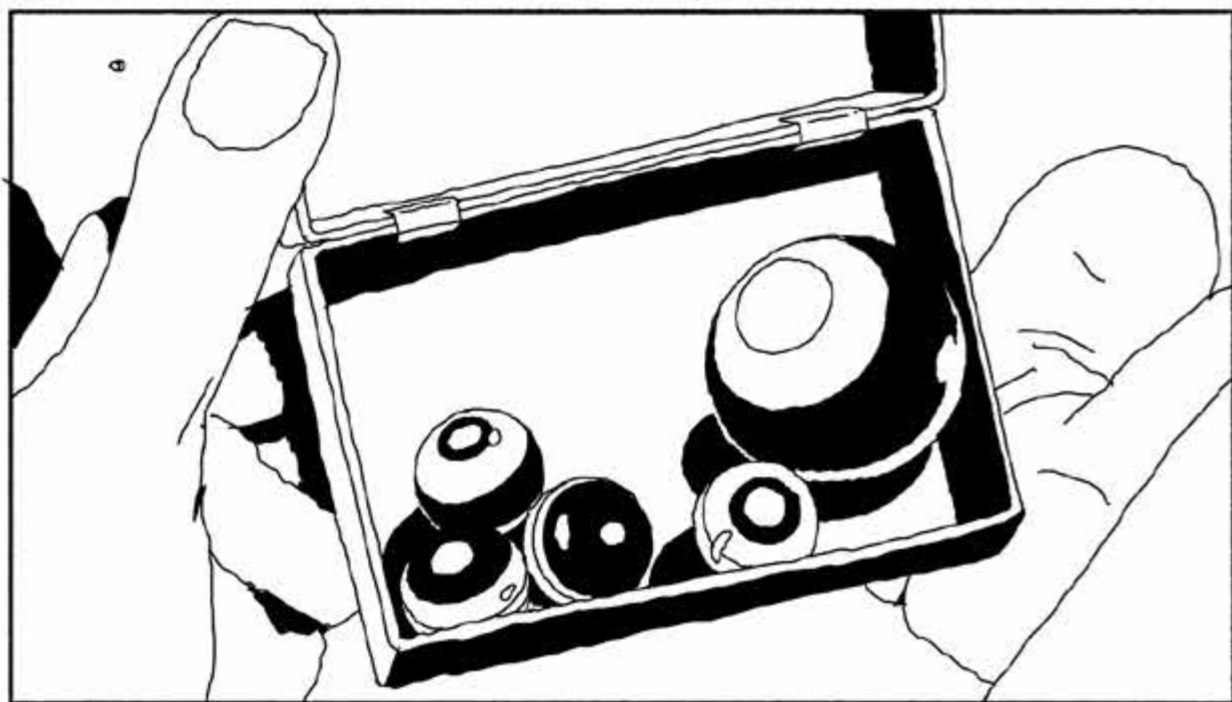
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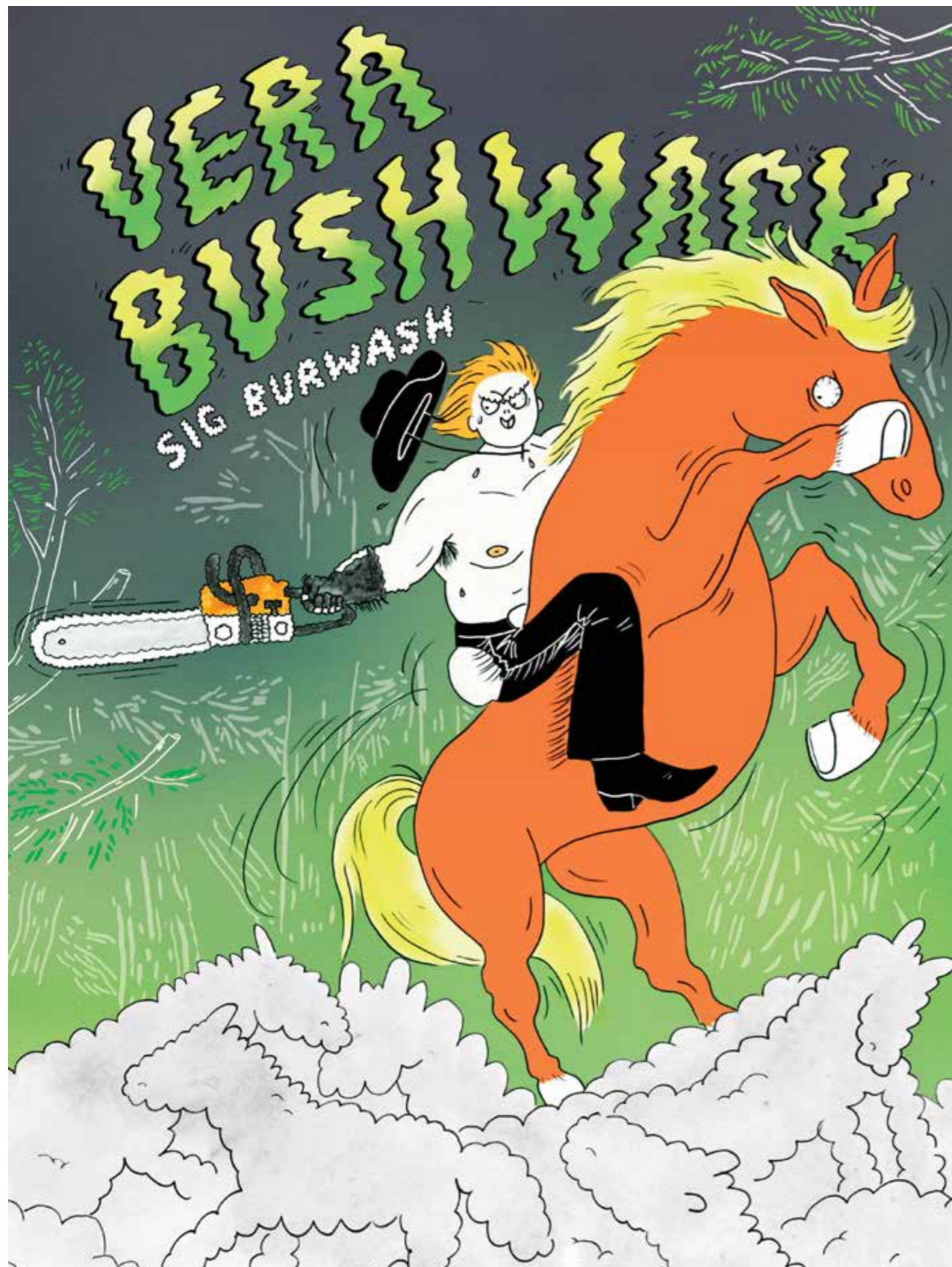








[Freddy Carrasco](#) is a Dominican-born artist from Toronto, Canada. His multidisciplinary practice encompasses comics, illustration, painting, sculpture, and music. He is currently living in Tokyo, working on his first solo exhibition and the follow up to the award-winning graphic novel *GLEEM*.



VERA BUSHWACK

SIG BURWASH

A uniquely thrilling and emotive fantasy ride along a sea-bordered highway

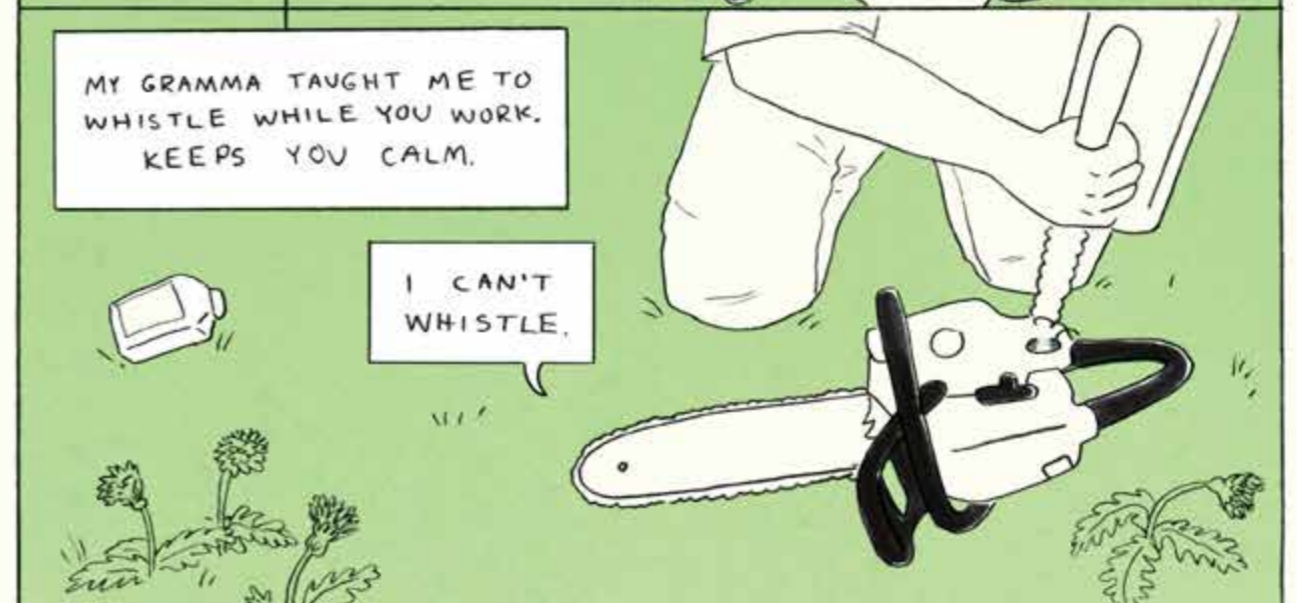
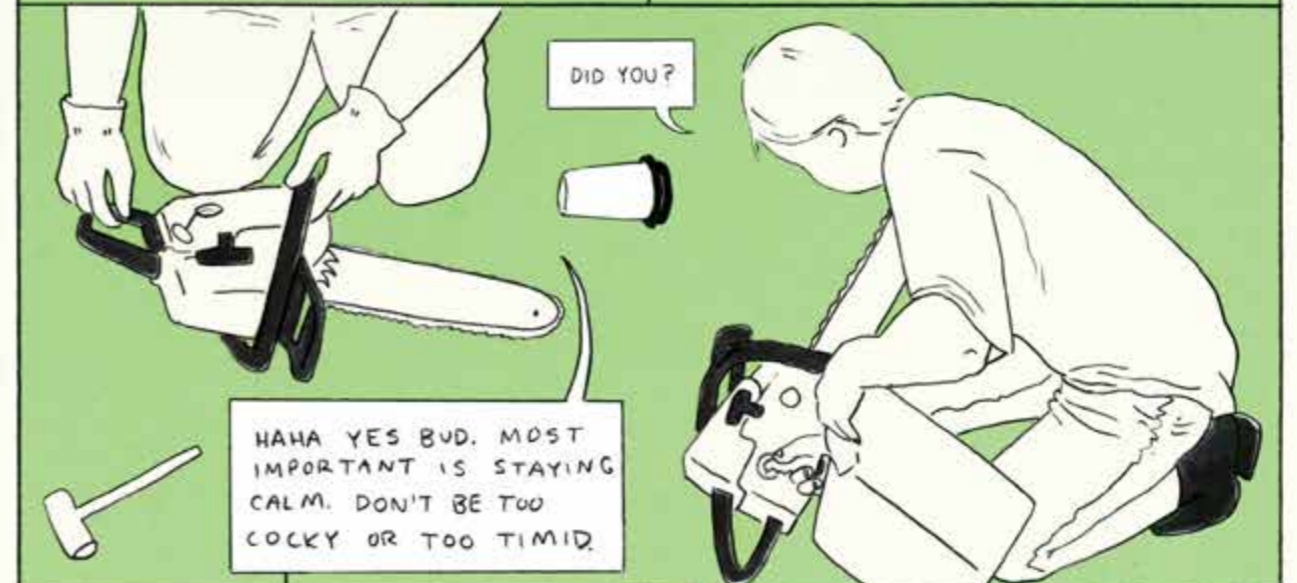
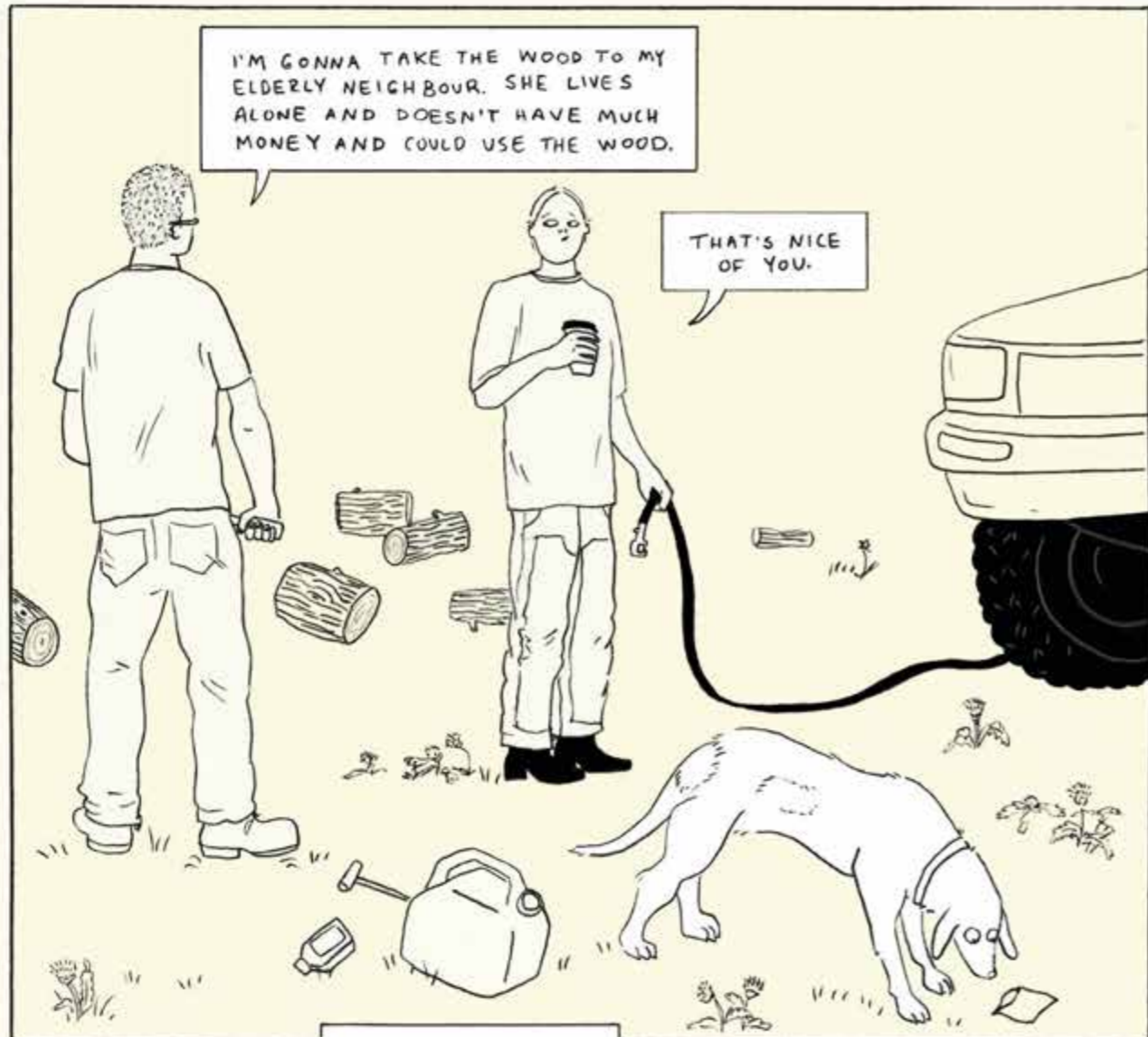
The wondrous rustic landscape of Nova Scotia bursts from the page in *Vera Bushwack*, where reality gladly gives way to fantastical flights of fancy before gently coming back down to earth. A chainsaw fires up and Drew's vision blurs. Their body vibrates alive with the whrrr of the engine, the whiff of gas. Drew dissolves as their alter-ego, Vera Bushwack, takes charge. Assless-chaps-wearing, unflinching Vera slashes through thick trunks, felling trees righteously from the back of a majestic steed.

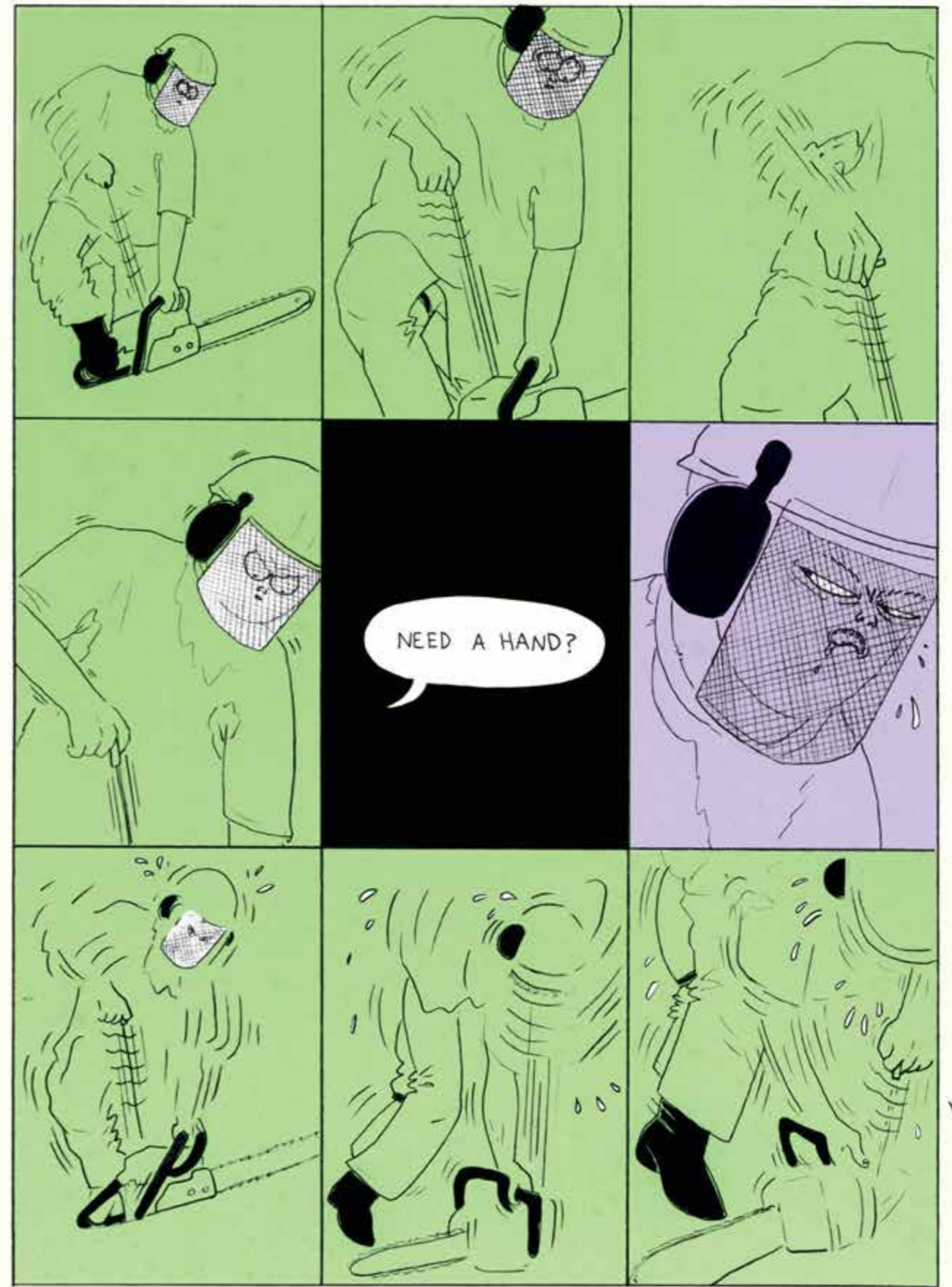
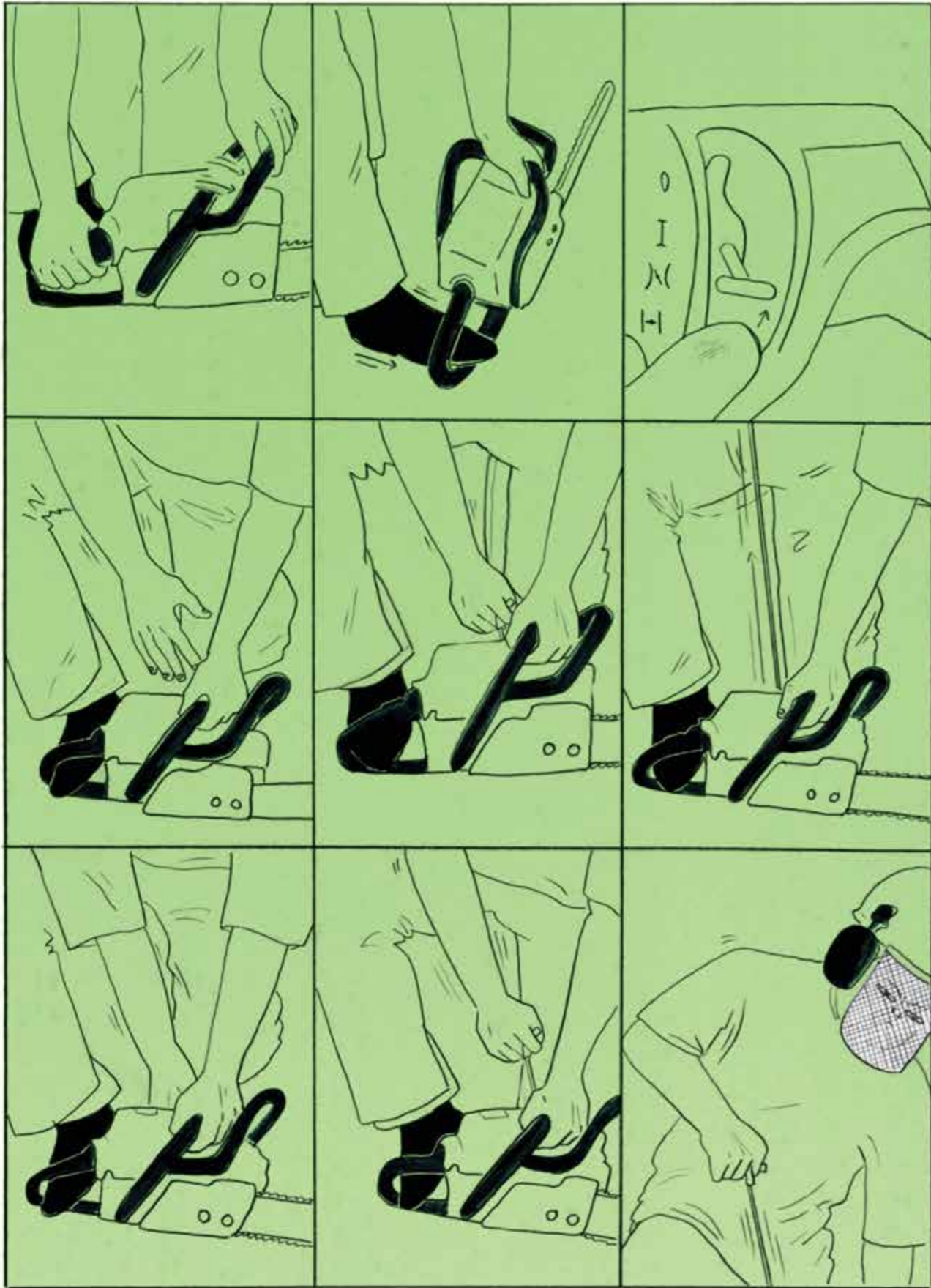
Vera's here to help, of course. Drew needs to clear the land for their future

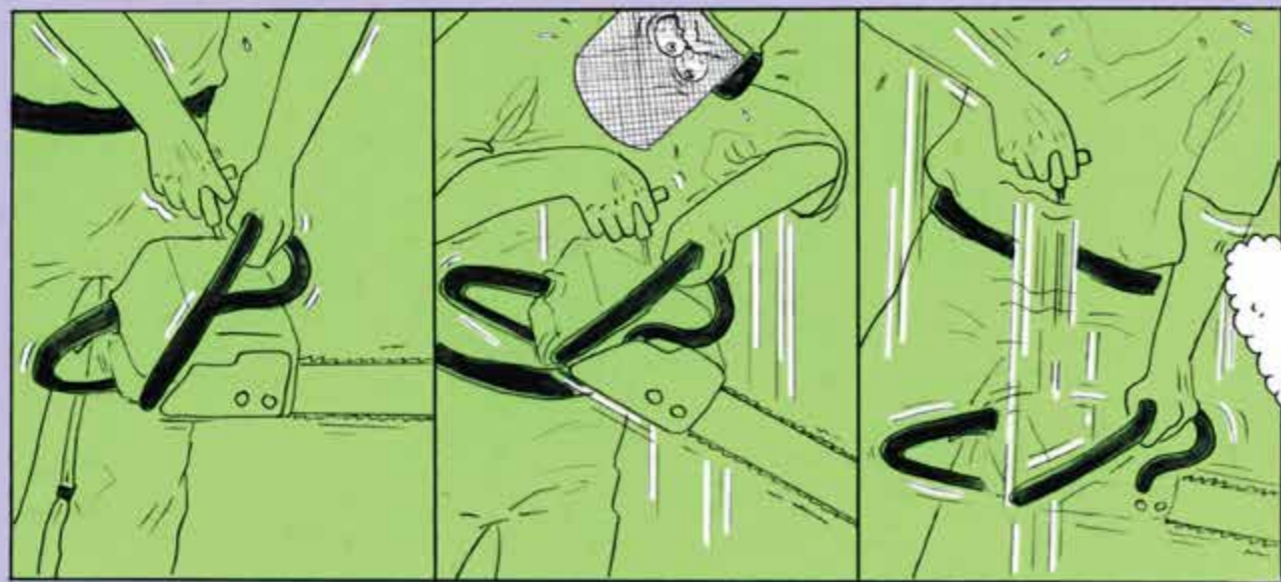
cabin in the woods. And if it weren't for Vera's brazenness, Drew may, ironically, fall reliant on others to learn self-reliance. Nevertheless, men enter Drew's orbit, all too eager to explain how things work—an aggravating occurrence that comes crashing into Drew as dependably as the nearby ocean waves.

Joy, anger, grief, and self-acceptance ripple through these pages with Sig Burwash's hilariously expressive pencil drawings and flair for buoyant watercolors. Approaching something like liberation, our protagonist comes to terms with past traumas, boundaries, and the many expressions of themself.

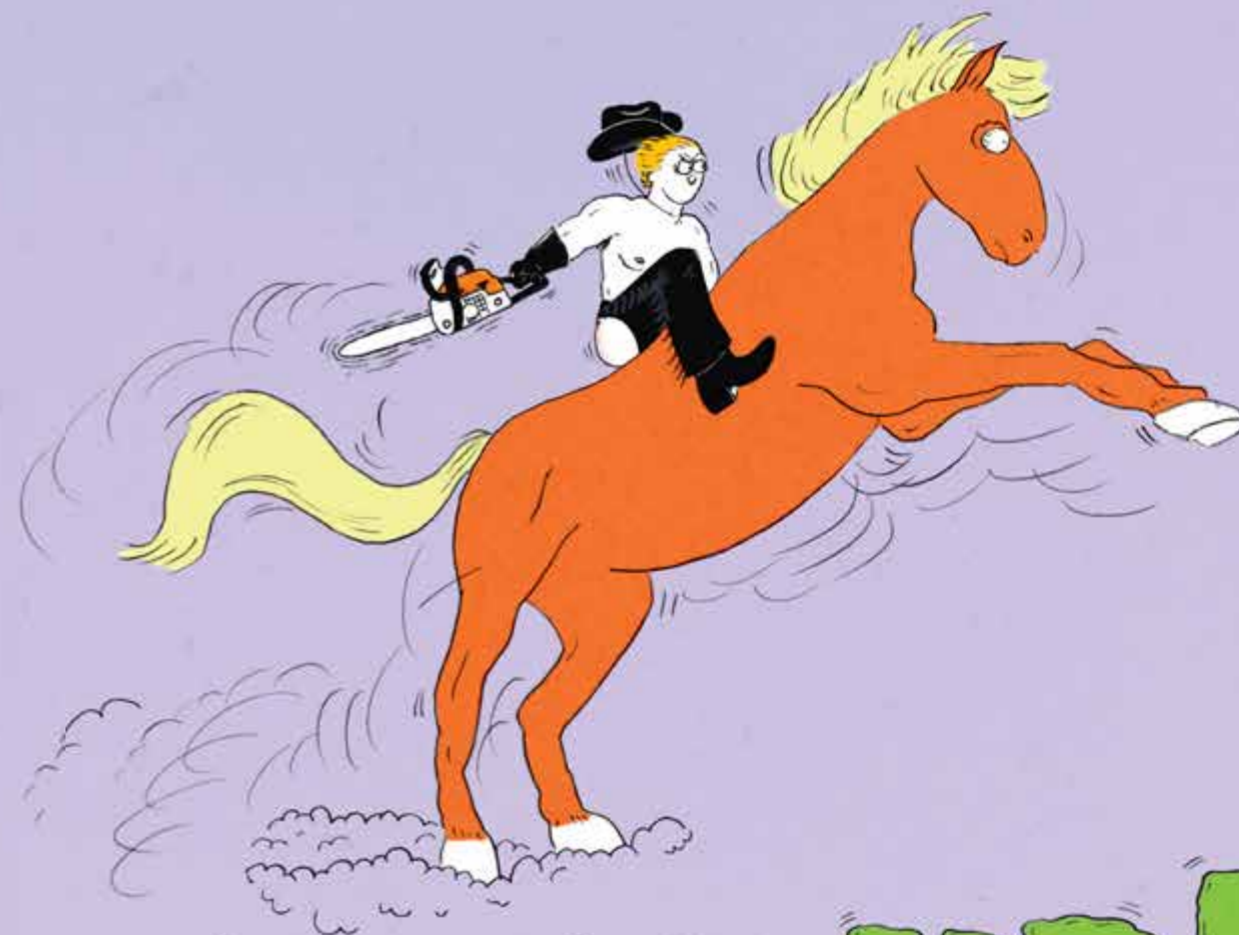
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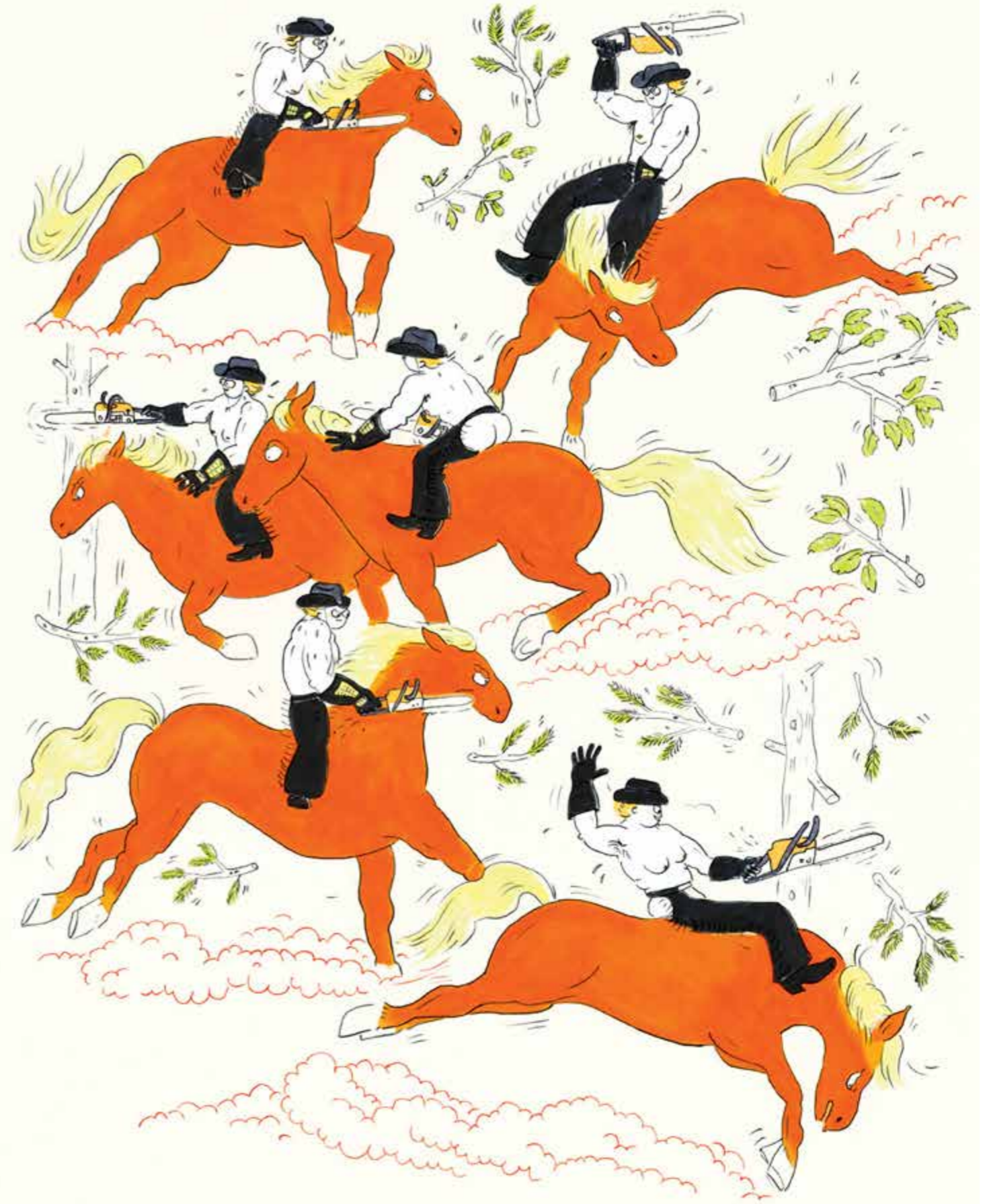
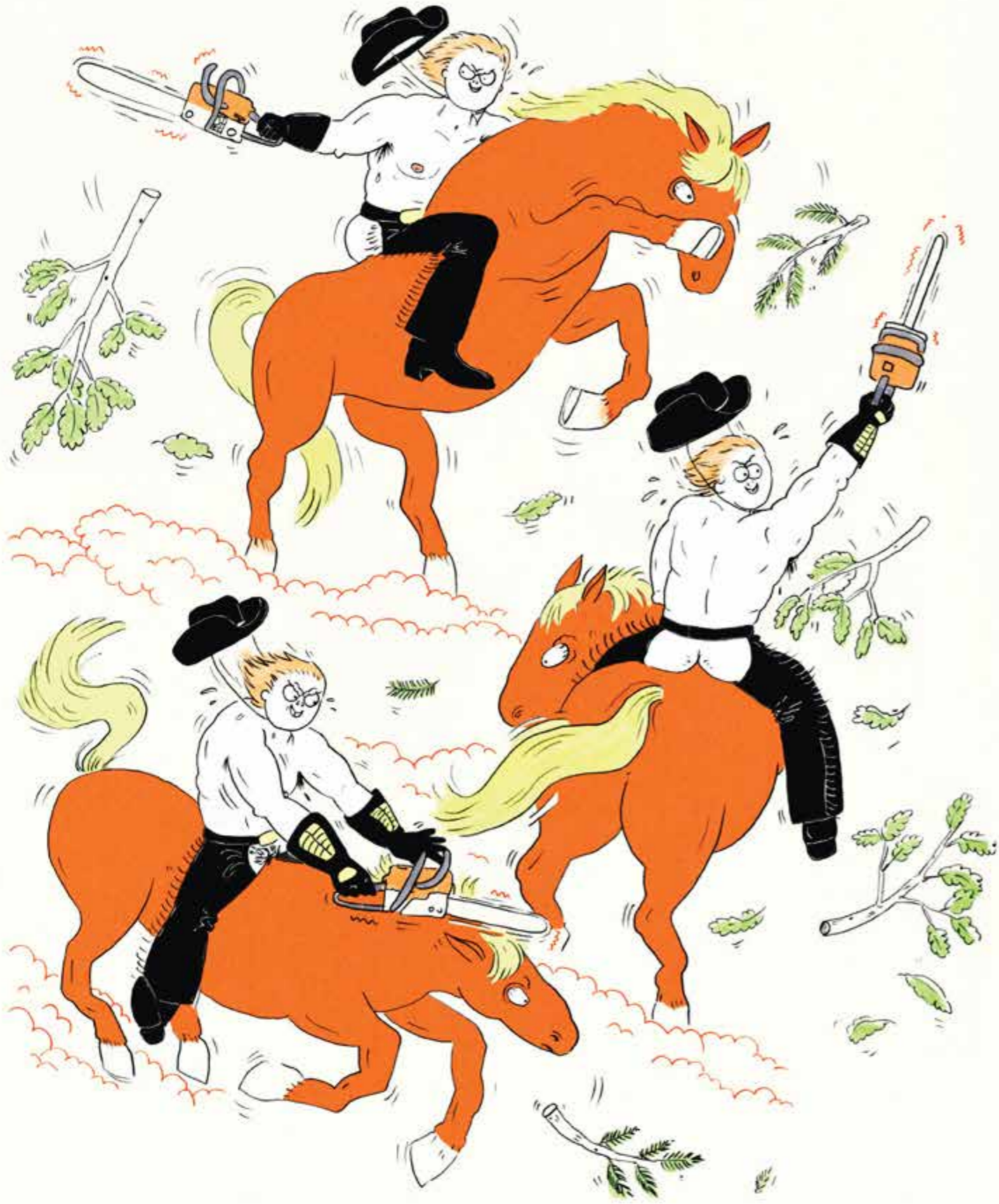




WARRROOOOOOM!



GIDDY UP!





OPEW

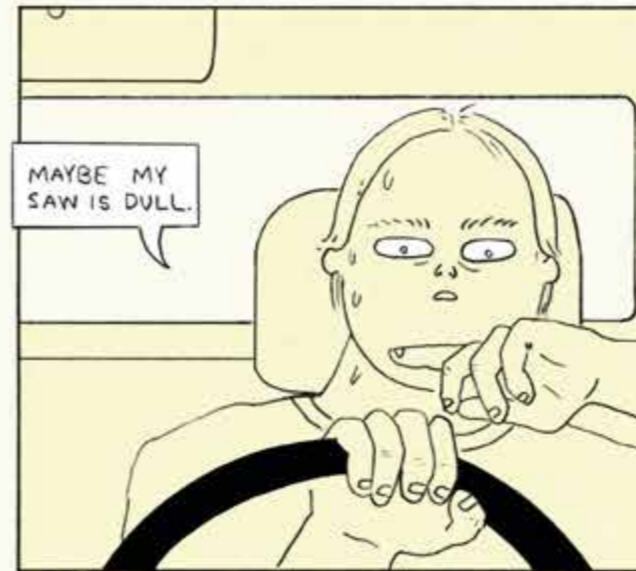


THAT WAS MINT! YOU REALLY GOT IN THE ZONE THERE.



YA WOW... I'M DRENCHED.

ME TOO. IT'S A WICKED WORKOUT. WELL I GOTTA SPLIT, SEE YA TOMORROW AT 7AM, YOUR PLACE.



MAYBE MY SAW IS DULL.



I NEED TO PRACTICE SHARPENING.



WHERE DO GUYS GET OFF EXPLAINING THINGS.



I KNOW I KNOW, I'M THERE TO LEARN BUT..

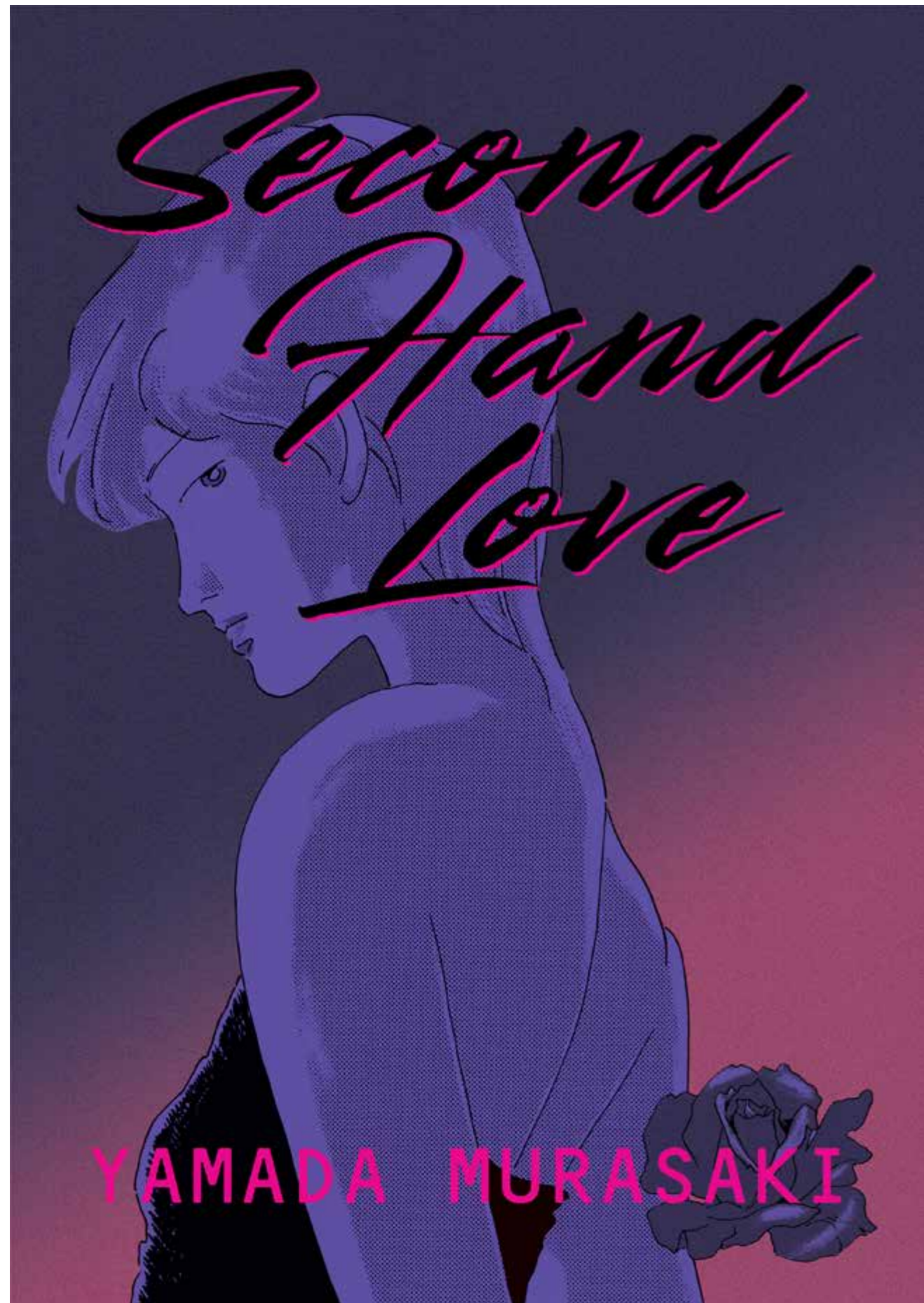


WHAT !?! I'M STARVIN'





Sig Burwash is a visual artist whose practice includes watercolour, collage, ceramics, animation, illustration, and comics. Their work is both imaginative and rooted in their lived experience, including cabin building, forest stewarding, motorcycling and crewing on fishing vessels. They have participated in residencies internationally and have been exhibited in Canada, the United States and Europe. Burwash attended the Centre for Cartoon Studies to work on their debut graphic novel 'Vera Bushwack'. Originally from kEluwi'sst- Rossland, British Columbia, they now live in Unama'ki- Cape Breton Island.



SECOND HAND LOVE

YAMADA MURASAKI

TRANSLATED BY RYAN HOLMBERG

In the end, we're all the same...we just want to be smothered like babies against another human's beating heart

Through a cracked door, heartsick Emi hears a playful growl. Cautiously, she lets her lover in—a wolf of a man wielding a bouquet of roses. His shoulders must have been four inches wider than mine. *As I stood behind him, I fantasized about the broadness of his chest and the thickness of his neck...and about becoming his mistress once again.*

And so their story goes. For a young woman interested in love without the hassle of a traditional relationship, an affair with someone else's spoiled husband is just what she ordered—until it's time to move on.

Then there's Yuko: with even less time for married men's shenanigans, she turns her attention to her aging father and the guilt of adultery that has gnawed at his heart for years. Her mother is long dead, yet her memory is enshrined for eternity in their—both father's and daughter's—mirrored indiscretions.

Drawn soon after the critically-acclaimed *Talk to My Back*, the two stories in *Second*

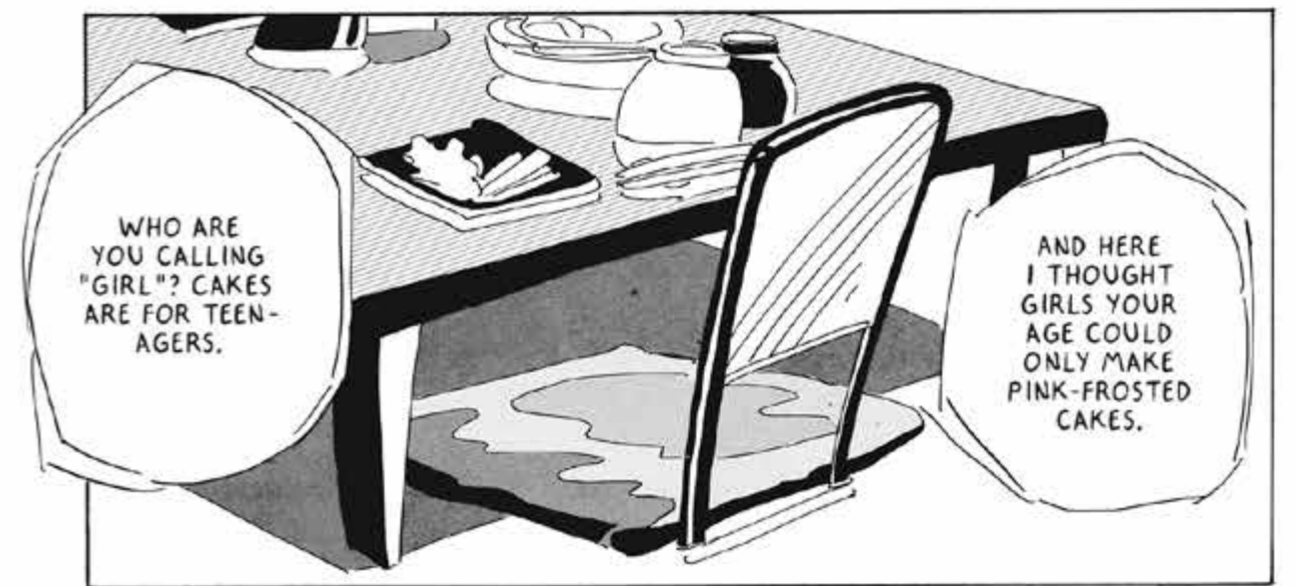
Hand Love mark the triumphant return of Yamada Murasaki, one of literary manga's most respected feminist voices. Translated by noted historian Ryan Holmberg, this edition includes an interview with the artist from the height of her career in 1985, where her wit and wisdom are on shimmering display.

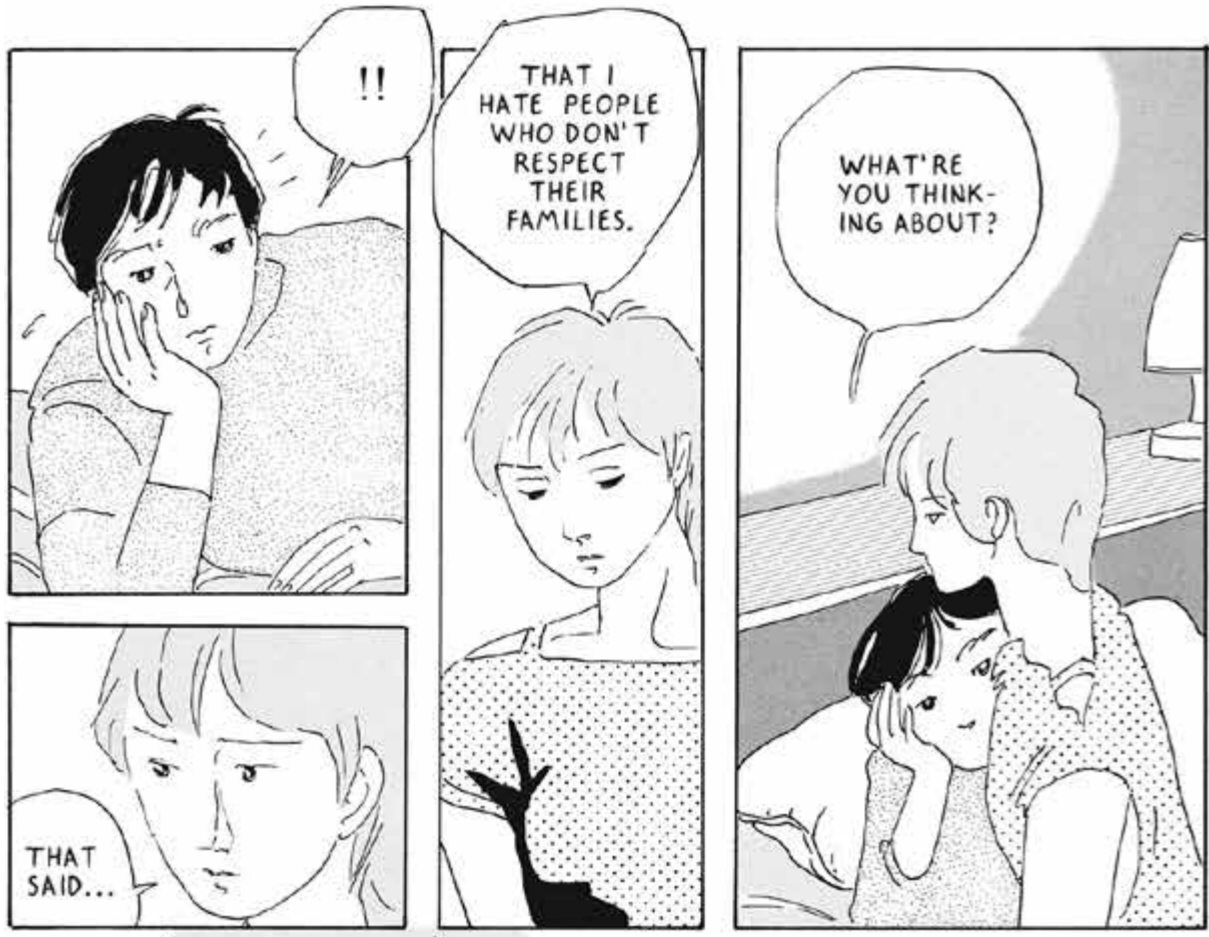
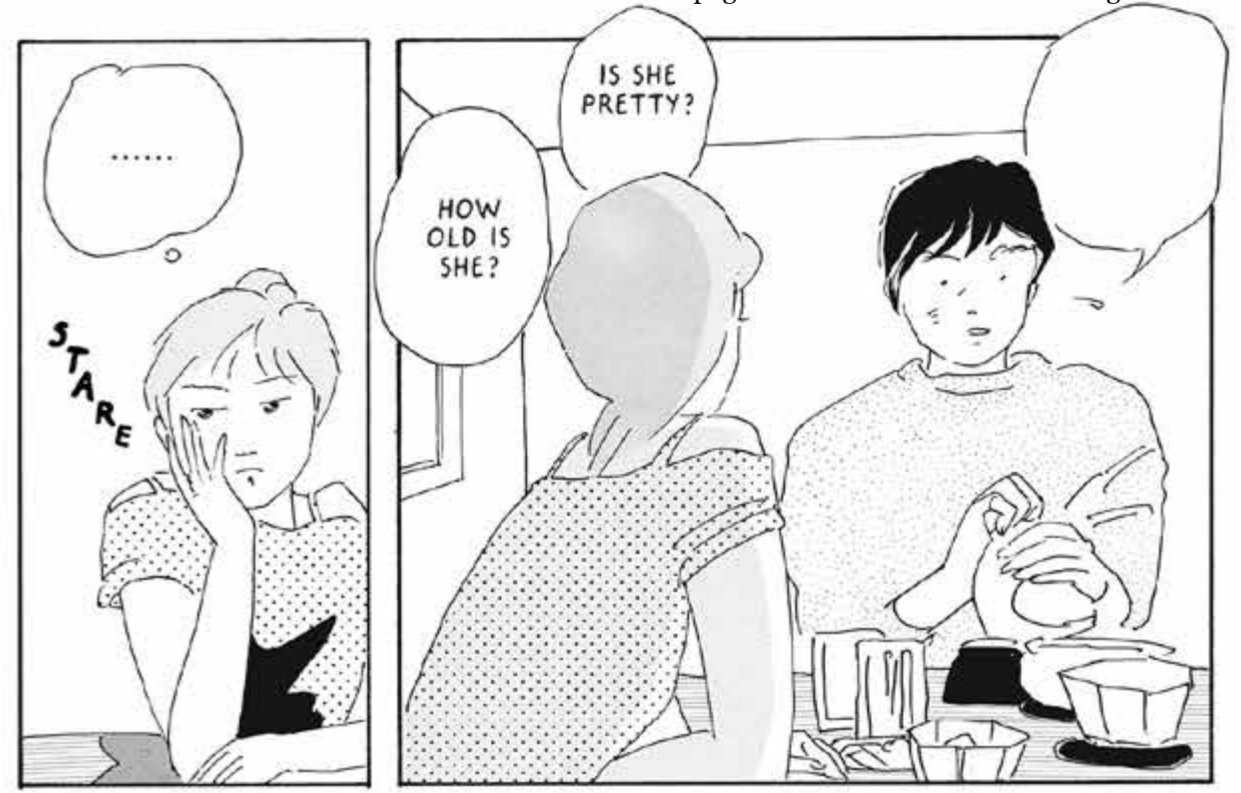
PRAISE FOR YAMADA MURASAKI

"This early feminist manga follows a suburban Tokyo woman as she navigates her relationship with an emotionally distant husband, her two maturing daughters and the fear of having been 'thrown away inside that empty vessel called the household.'"—*The Guardian*, Best Books of 2019

"[Murasaki] moves with a spare poetry through daily routines and moments of solitude as a woman wrangles her children, chafes at the limitations of the housewife's role and wonders where half her life has gone."—*Guardian Best Graphic Novels of 2022*

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These pages are meant to be read from right to left.



Yamada Mursaki (1948–2009) debuted as a cartoonist in 1969. Informed by her upbringing—she was raised mainly by her grandmother—and a background in design and poetry, Yamada's early work was unique in form and content, offering realistic portraits of young women negotiating complicated family situations and the passage to adulthood. In the late '70s, after having a family of her own, her work shifted to young mothers negotiating children, husbands, and the balance between social responsibilities as a housewife and self-respect as a woman. Yamada published manga in practically every issue of *Garō* from 1978 to 1986, and is considered the first cartoonist to use the artistic freedoms of alternative manga to explore motherhood and domesticity with an unromantic eye.



Yoshiharu TSUGE

Oba Electroplating Factory

OBA ELECTROPLATING FACTORY

YOSHIHARU TSUGE

TRANSLATED BY RYAN HOLMBERG

An alt-manga legend strikes out on his own, creating some of his most revealing and personal works

Oba Electroplating Factory is a startlingly bleak but nonetheless captivating portrait of mid-century Japan in its most unglamorous iteration. Glimpses of the artist reflecting upon his life, his work, and his contemporaries pepper the narrative landscape: a wife teases her husband about a former fling on a trip to the hot springs, a young cartoonist is aghast at the cavalier conduct of his supposed betters, and imperfect men must grapple with the discomfort of their own honesty. Tsuge's stories are studies in staging nature, working to evoke stillness and movement in such a way that renders his chosen setting a character all on its own.

Following the breakthrough success of *Nejishiki*, Yoshiharu Tsuge forges a path for autofiction in manga and changes the cultural landscape of comics forever. Some of his most revealing and personal works were published between 1973 to 1974. As much as it is a testament to the author's predilection for addressing

sensitive and mature themes in response to his culture, this volume also collects works from the only period in which Tsuge tries his hand at writing for a mainstream audience in earnest.

Translated by Ryan Holmberg, this fourth volume in the complete works of a legendary manga-ka is an indispensable addition to the literary comics canon and shining example of world literature at its most human.

PRAISE FOR YOSHIHARU TSUGE

"A revered creator of gekiga manga [who works] in a style both spare and lush."
—*New York Times Book Review*

"Evidence that Tsuge remains one of the world's great cartoonists."
—*The Toronto Star*

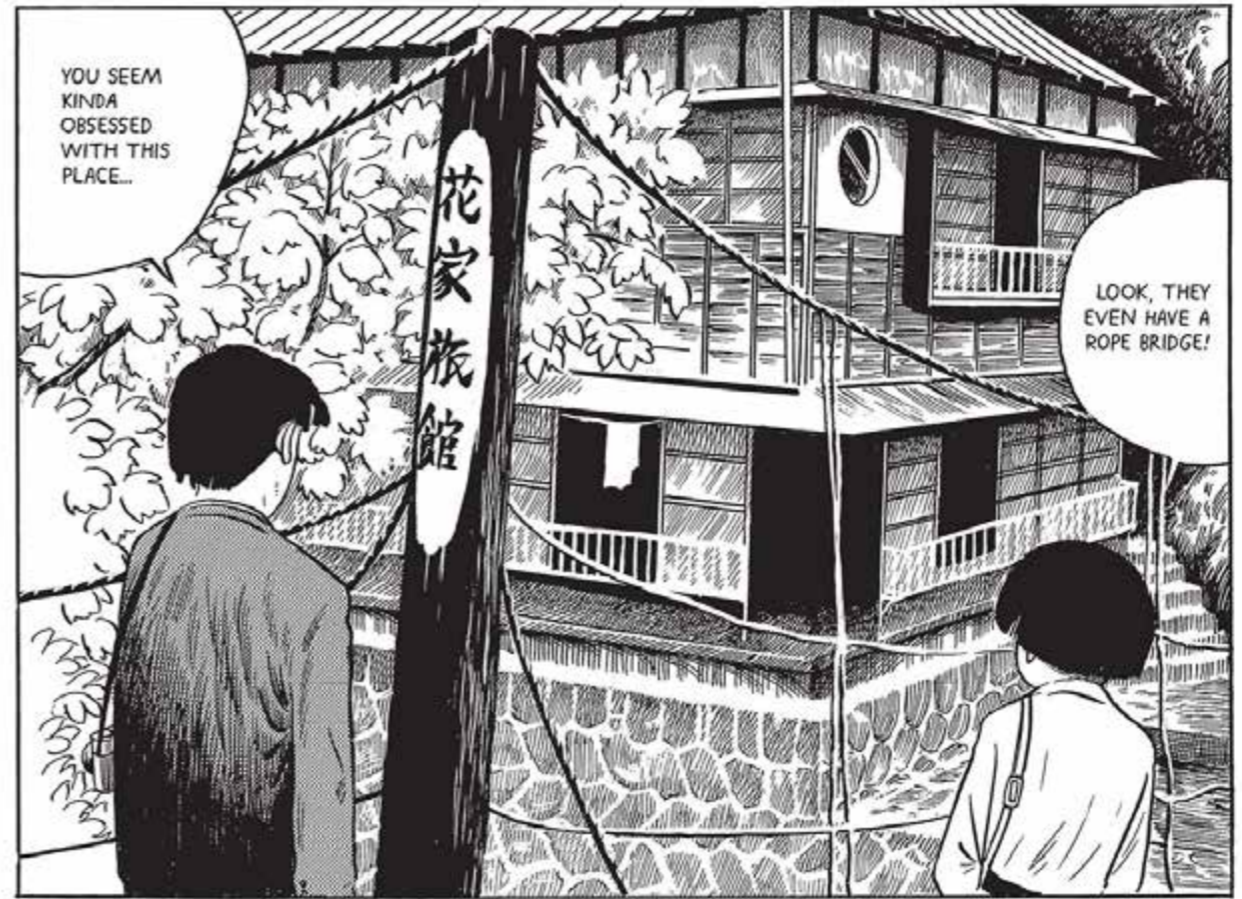
"Fascinating... one of Japan's most celebrated and reclusive artists."
—*The Guardian*

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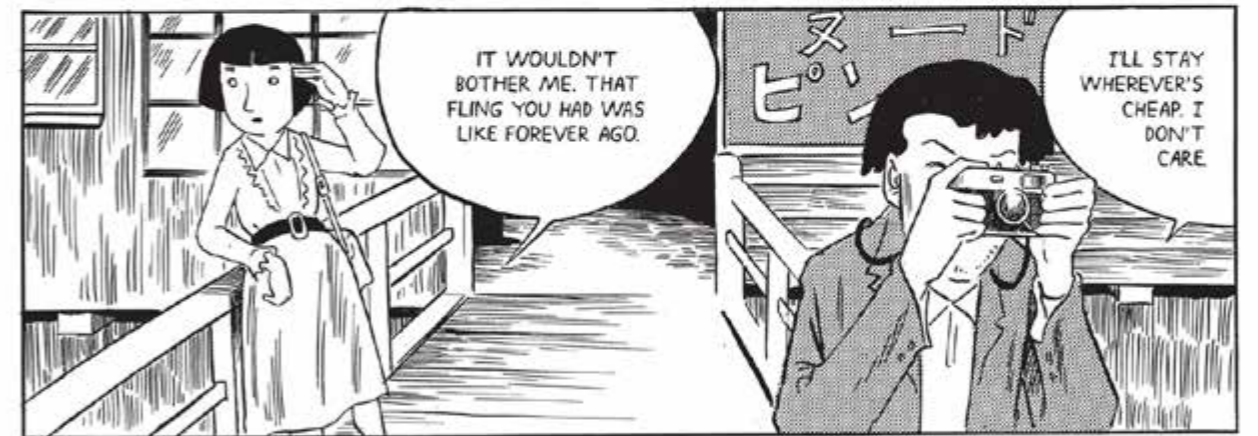
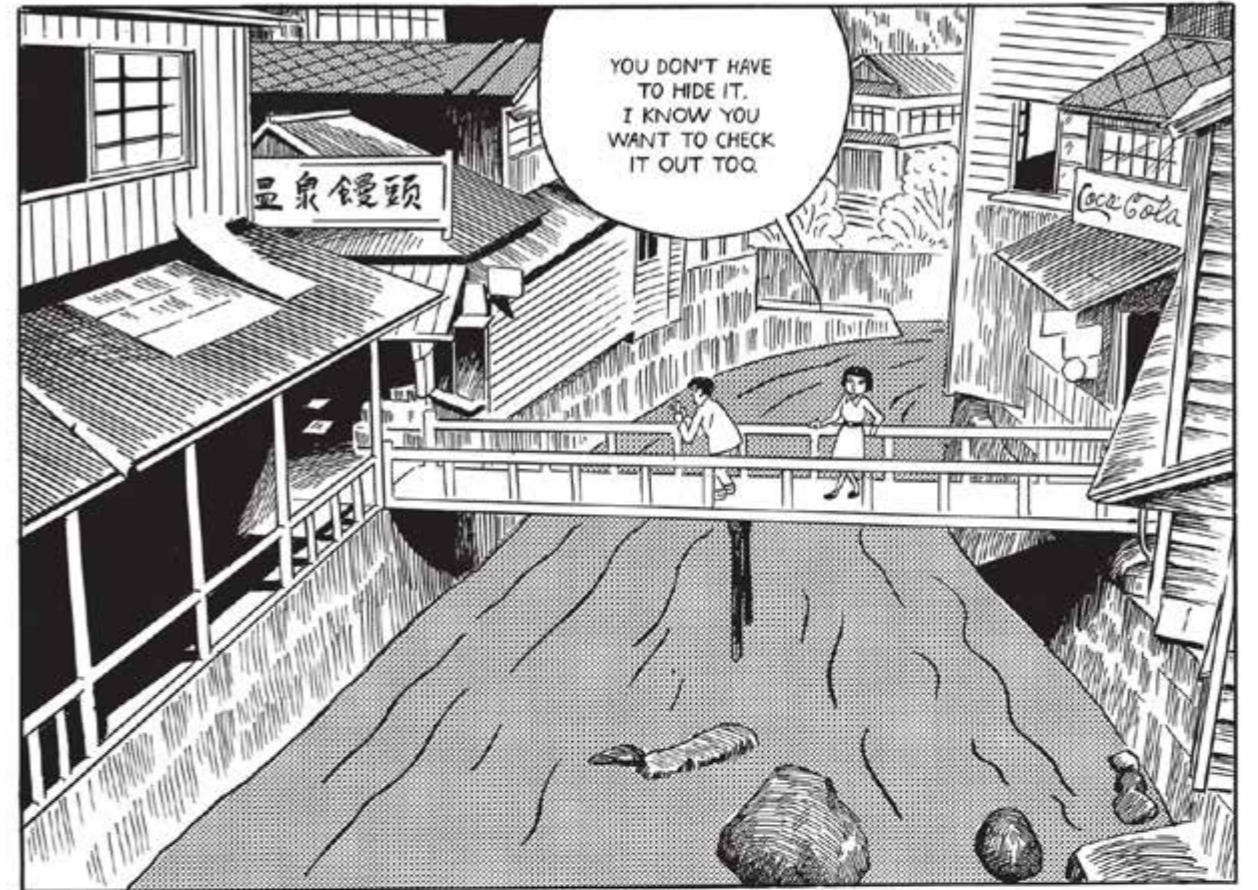


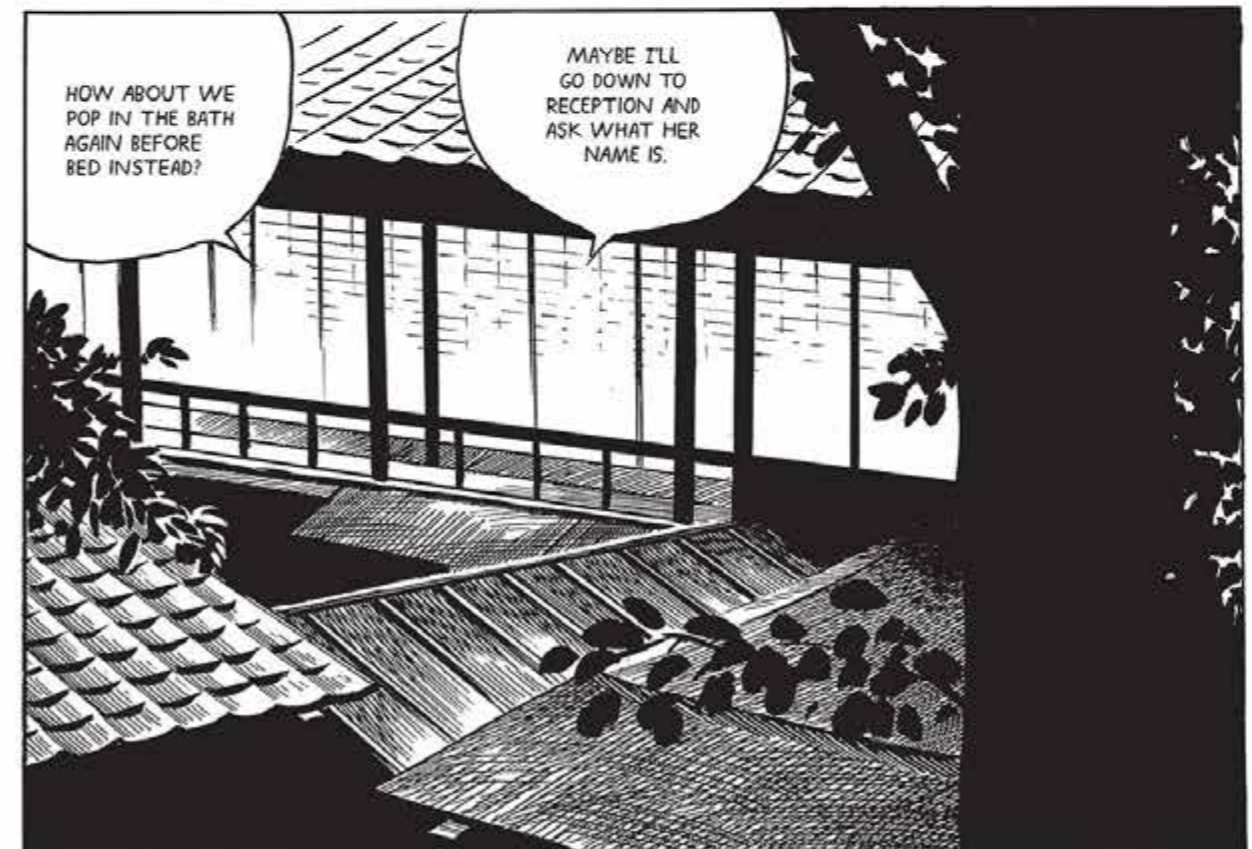
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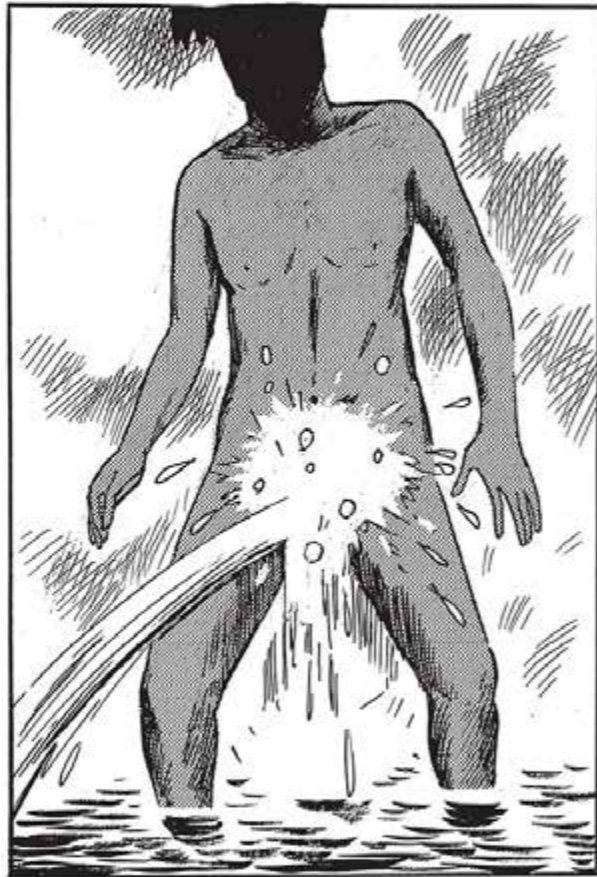
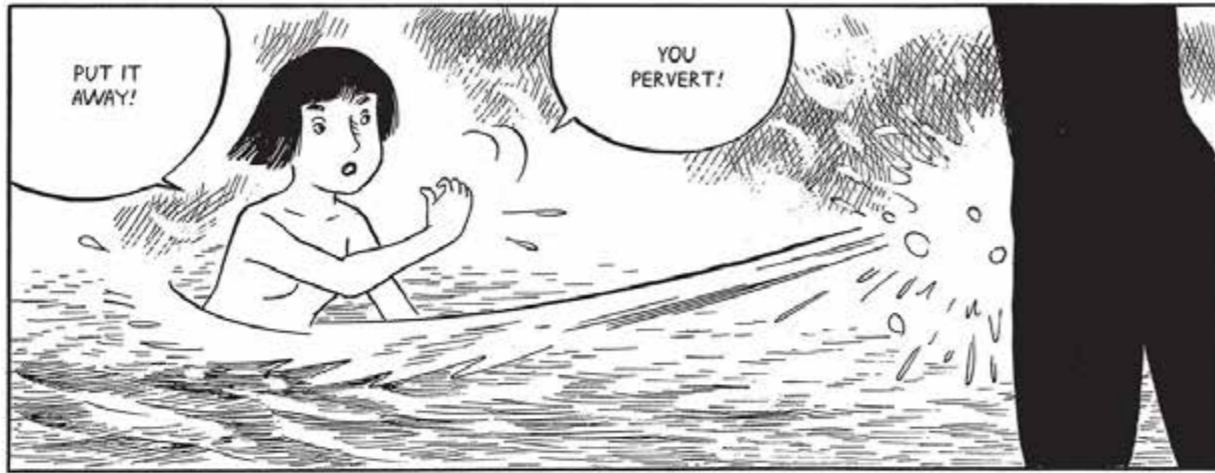


SIGN: FLOWER HOUSE INN









Yoshiharu Tsuge was born in Tokyo, Japan in 1937. Influenced by the realistic and gritty rental manga of Yoshihiro Tatsumi, he began making his own comics. He was also briefly recruited to assist Shigeru Mizuki during his explosion of popularity in the 60s. In 1968, working for Garo magazine, Tsuge published the ground-breaking story "Neji-shiki" (commonly called "Screw Style" for Western readers.) This story established Tsuge as not only an influential manga-ka but he also became a cultural touchstone in the changing Japanese art world. He is considered the originator and greatest practitioner of the "I-novel" method of comics-making. In 2005, Tsuge was nominated for the Best Album Award at Angouleme International and in 2017 he won the Japan Cartoonists Association Grand Award for *Yume to tabi no sekai*.

RAW SCIENCE SEWAGE FICTION



MARC BELL

RAW SEWAGE SCIENCE FICTION

MARC BELL

The great fine art doodler returns

Canadian treasure Marc Bell returns with another gorgeous, confounding comic that redefines how an art book can tell a story and how a graphic novel can be an object first and story second. His internal monologue leaks out like static from a radio and informs the external; he's tying up loose ends; he's finishing long-paused sentences.

Raw Sewage Science Fiction is about making art and interpreting the results as autobiography. The process is a series of indignities, bubble wrapped frames, unpaid invoices, art lost through neglect or in the mail. Bell uses autofiction, collage, straight comix, tight cross hatching, loose doodling, repurposed in-flight magazines, envelopes, grocery lists, and snatches of late night CBC radio to examine a lost

decade as he wanders from coast to coast.

In a century, these will be our illuminated manuscripts, our sacred texts, our guides to life for now they are simply the truth—the irritating, confounding, glorious truth.

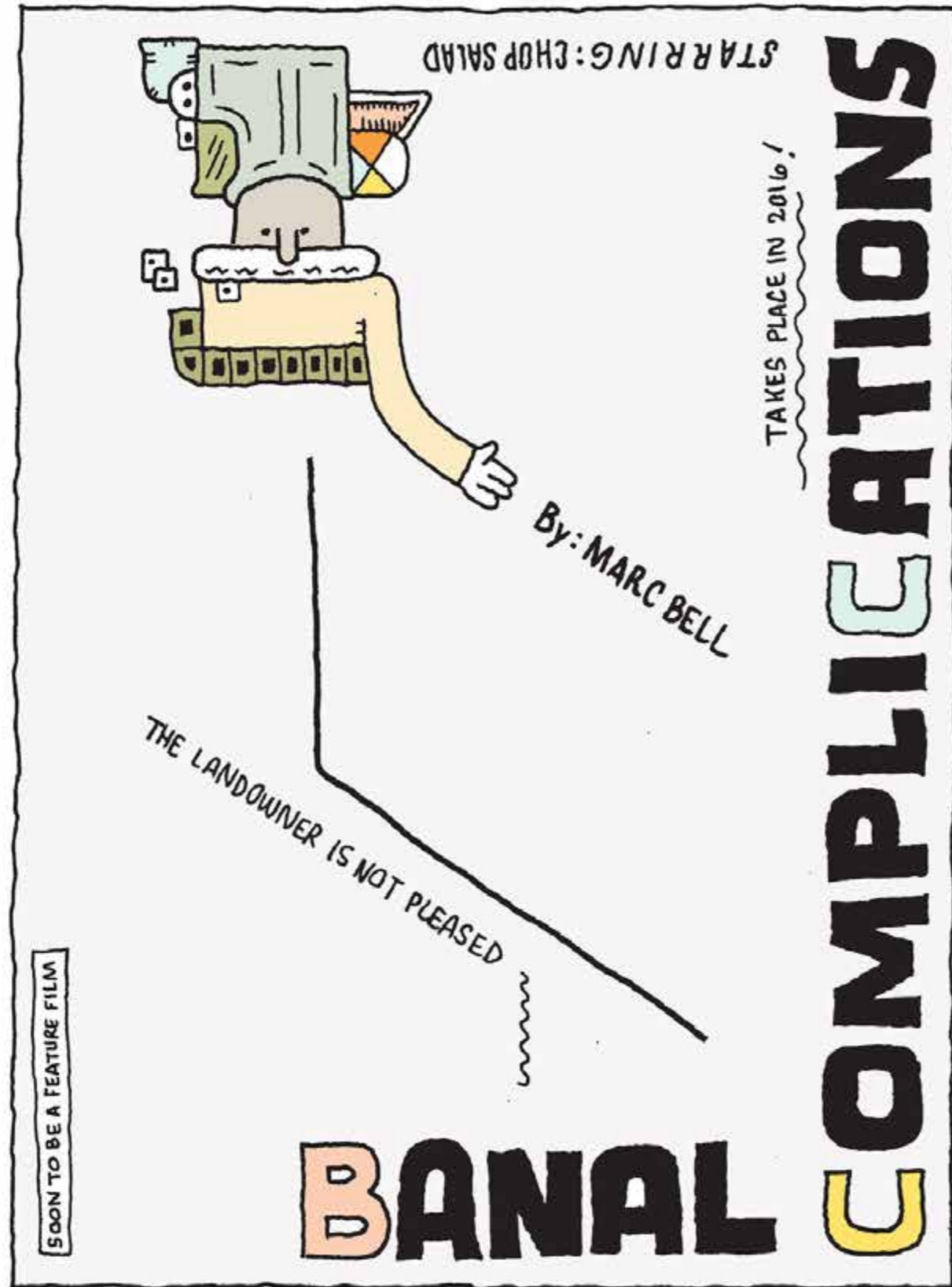
PRAISE FOR MARC BELL

"[Bell] charges full speed ahead toward a strange land of hallucinations and absurdity. [Readers] will howl at his relentlessly ingenious words and images."
—*The Miami Herald*

"There's a fuzzy line between comics and fine art, and Marc Bell is determined to doodle all around it...[with] his absurdist tableaux."
—*The Globe and Mail*

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WITH RIGOROUS EASE...



WELL, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

1. CHOP SALAD TRAVELS FROM HIS HOME COUNTRY TO NEW YORK, NY WITH HIS FRIEND SUBSONIC IMPOSTER TO RETRIEVE MOST OF HIS ARTWORKS THAT HAVE BEEN SITTING FOR YEARS IN STORAGE AT THE DAISY FLUSH GALLERY. HIS VISIBILITY HAS DWINDLED THERE AND CHOP SALAD HAS BEEN CONCERNED THAT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THE GALLERY OR IT'S OWNER, DAISY FLUSH, THAT THE WORK THERE WILL BE CREDITED TO THE ESTATE SINCE PROPER CONSIGNMENT FORMS HAVE NOT BEEN CREATED IN THE PAST. NOWADAYS DAISY FLUSH IS FOCUSED ON HIS RESALE MARKETS AS WELL AS THE ARTISTS BLOOPER ARCHIVE AND APPLE BUFFET, WHO ARE MORE POPULAR IN THE RAW SEWAGE SCIENCE FICTION INDUSTRY.



BANAL COMPLICATIONS

2. AROUND 50 OR SO WORKS (OF 70 OR SO) ARE RETRIEVED FROM THE DAISY FLUSH GALLERY, LEFTOVERS FROM SEVERAL CHOP SALAD SOLO SHOWS, INCLUDING CONTRACTUAL GOALKEEPER, THE DUMB COUCH SHOW AND PUBLIC THERAPIST DATE. DAISY FLUSH RETURNS A FEW WORKS TO CHOP SALAD THAT CHOP CLAIMS WERE ALREADY BOUGHT AND PAID FOR (ACCORDING TO CHOP SALAD'S OWN DETAILED RECORDS). 20 OR SO WORKS REMAIN AT THE GALLERY, WHICH COULD NOT BE LOCATED AT THE TIME. CHOP SALAD IS SECRETLY WORRIED THAT PERHAPS THEY ARE BURIED DEEP IN DAISY FLUSH'S HUGE STOCK OF WORKS BY OTHER ARTISTS OR THERE WAS AN ACCOUNTING ERROR AND THEY WERE ACTUALLY SOLD.* SOME BARGAINING AND TRADING ENSUES INVOLVING THE PRICE OF THE FRAMES. AT ONE POINT, A PRINT BY THE FAMOUS SWEDISH ARTIST DANCING BLEMISH (A FAVOURITE OF CHOP SALAD'S) IS ON THE TABLE BUT DAISY FLUSH REMOVES IT FOR UNKNOWN REASONS. THE BORDER IS A BIT OF A CONFUSING AFFAIR BUT SUBSONIC IMPOSTER IS COOL UNDER PRESSURE AND NO DUTIES ARE PAID. THE ARTWORK IS MOVED INTO CHOP SALAD'S GIANT SHITHOLE APARTMENT IN HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

* SOME OF THESE WERE RETURNED LATER AND SO THINGS PRETTY MUCH EVENED OUT (NOT BAD CONSIDERING USUAL ART WORLD COMPLICATIONS).

THE ARTIST IS OH SO FORTUNATE TO HAVE SOLD SOME PEN AND INKS

3. CHOP SALAD IS ALSO AT THIS TIME PREPARING TO LEAVE HIS HOME COUNTRY FOR 3-6 MONTHS TO LIVE WITH HIS DEAR COMPANION HORSE TROUSERS IN MINNEAPOLIS, MN. HE ATTEMPTS TO SELL SOME OF THESE LEFTOVER WORKS PRIVATELY TO FRIENDS AND/OR REDISTRIBUTE THEM TO OTHER GALLERIES IN HIS HOME COUNTRY IN ORDER TO RAISE FUNDS AND CLEAR SPACE (WITH LIMITED SUCCESS). INSTEAD, HE MANAGES TO SELL A LARGE AMOUNT OF OTHER WORKS, ALL OF THE ORIGINAL ARTWORK FOR HIS BOOK 'HOGWASH BLASTER' (64 PAGES PLUS COVERS) TO THE RAW SEWAGE SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR/DEALER DOWNTOWN OCTOPUS (ALSO IN NEW YORK CITY). IT IS AGREED THAT THE AMOUNT OWING WILL BE PAID BY THE SUMMER AND THE ART WILL BE SUBSEQUENTLY DELIVERED.



BANAL COMPLICATIONS

4. MT SHELVES IS VISITING FROM NEW YORK, NY AND HE IS KIND ENOUGH TO BRING ALMOST ALL OF THE 'HOGWASH BLASTER ARTWORK BACK TO THE USA WITH HIM, TO BE DELIVERED TO DOWNTOWN OCTOPUS UPON THE COMPLETION OF PAYMENTS TO CHOP SALAD FOR THE TOTAL AMOUNT. WHILE HE IS IN HAMILTON, ON, THEY SPEND A DAY COLLABORATING ON A PSEUDO-DOCUMENTARY ABOUT CHOP SALAD'S TIME THERE CALLED POLITE SADNESS (AVAILABLE FOR VIEWING ON VIMEO).



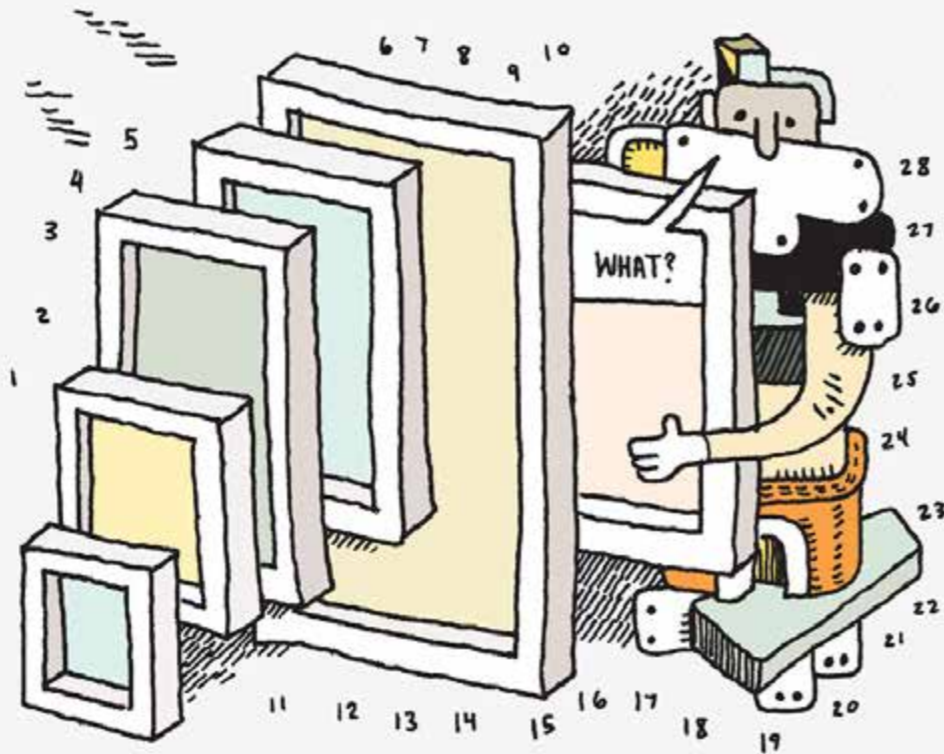
SOME ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE

5. CHOP SALAD, STILL PREPARING FOR HIS STINT IN THE USA, IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT HIS GIANT SHITHOLE APARTMENT IN HAMILTON. MR. FORDBLATCH INSISTS THEY MOVE MOST OF THE IMPORTANT CONTENTS TO HIS HOME IN GUELPH, ON TO REJOIN CHOP SALAD'S OTHER BELONGINGS (ALREADY STORED THERE). CHOP SALAD LEAVES BEHIND ONLY FURNITURE AND KITCHEN ITEMS TO BE USED BY THE SUBLETTER, PUDDING HORROR, AND ASKS FOR A DEPOSIT WHICH EQUALS HALF THE RENT.



BANAL COMPLICATIONS

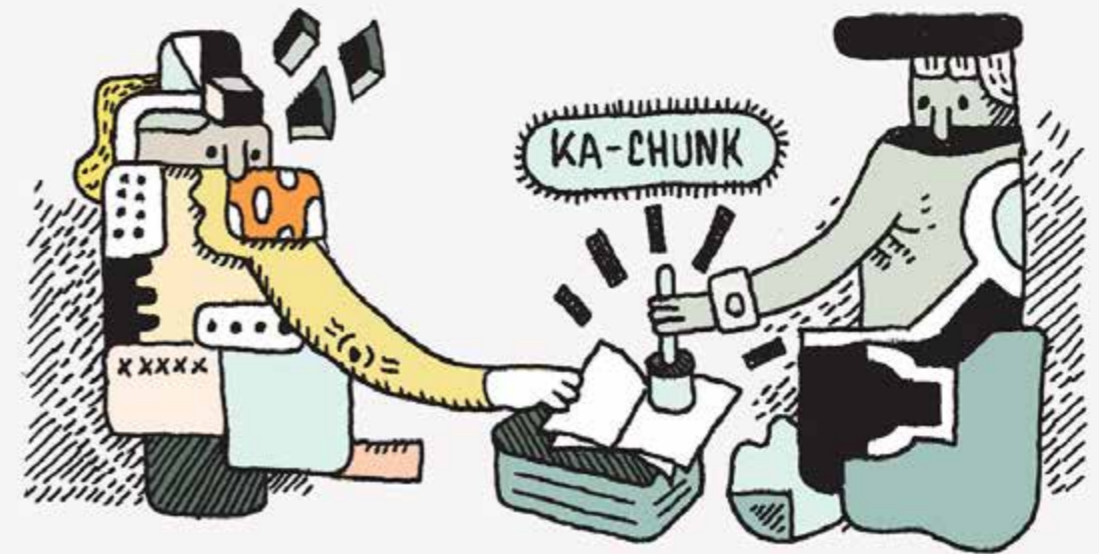
6. CHOP SALAD IS CONCERNED THAT THE SALE OF HIS HOGWASH BLASTER PAGES WILL PUT HIM IN A HIGHER TAX BRACKET AND SO HE CONTACTS SEVERAL INSTITUTIONS IN HIS HOME COUNTRY, HOPING TO DONATE SOME OF THE RETURNED WORKS TO OFFSET HIS TAXABLE INCOME. THIS WILL ALSO CLEAR OUT SOME ROOM WHERE THEY ARE BEING STORED AT MR. FORDBLATCH'S HOME IN GUELPH, ON.



THE JOURNEY TO ANOTHER COUNTRY BEGINS

7. CHOP SALAD COMPLETES FOUR YEARS OF OVERDUE TAX RETURNS WITH HIS NEW ACCOUNTANT, CARGO PILLBOX, A LESS EXPENSIVE ONE THAN HIS PREVIOUS ONE, REFRIGERATOR GOLF (WHO WAS QUITE ANNOYED ABOUT CHOP SALAD'S DEPARTURE AND REMARKED THAT HE WOULD NOT COMMUNICATE WITH CARGO PILLBOX IF SHE IS NOT AN ACCOUNTANT OF A SPECIFIC STATURE).

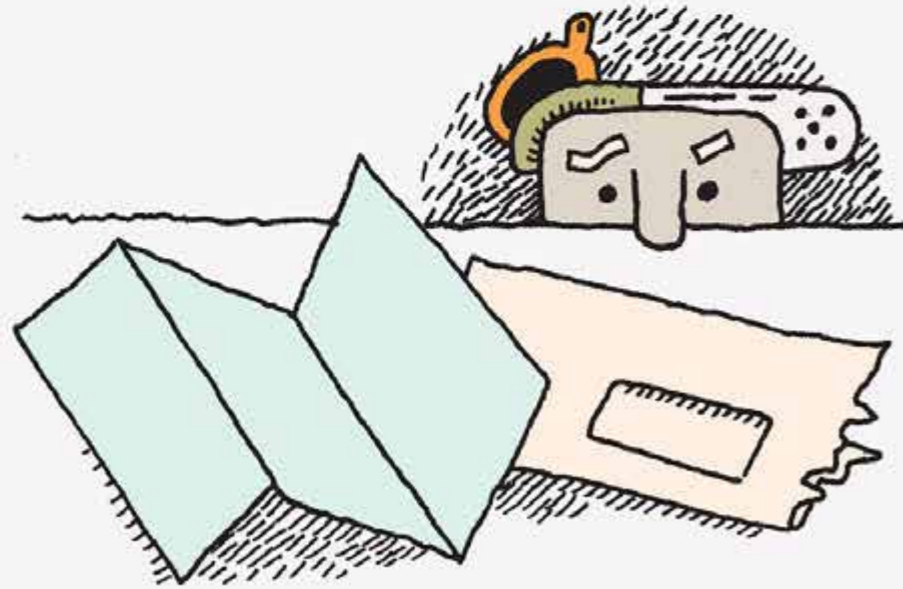
8. CHOP SALAD ENTERS THE UNITED STATES ON JUNE 1ST, 2016. THE BORDER GUARD ON DUTY APPEARS TO BE STAMPING PASSPORTS WITHOUT QUESTION AND HIS IS STAMPED FOR THE NON-EXISTENT DATE OF RETURN, DEADLINE, NOVEMBER 31ST, 2016, NO QUESTIONS ASKED.



BANAL COMPLICATIONS

9. LODGE JUNIOR (WHO IS RECEIVING CHOP SALAD'S MAIL) FORWARDS HIM A LETTER REGARDING HIS SUBMITTED TAXES, INDICATING THAT HE OWES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 16,000 DOLLARS IN HIS HOME COUNTRY'S CURRENCY. IT MUST BE A MISTAKE, GIVEN HIS LOW AVERAGE INCOME BUT THERE APPEARS TO BE NO EXPLANATION INCLUDED.

10. TWO INSTITUTIONS IN HIS HOME COUNTRY ARE INTERESTED IN RECEIVING DONATIONS FROM HIS STOCKPILE OF FRAMED ARTWORK. THE SILVER GARAGE MUSEUM IN HAMILTON, ON IS INTERESTED IN 20 WORKS AND THE RIVER COLONY GALLERY FROM HIS HOMETOWN OF LONDON, ON IS INTERESTED IN 8 WORKS (TO ADD TO THE TWO PURCHASED WORKS ALREADY IN THEIR COLLECTION).



Marc Bell was born in London, Ontario, and has befuddled and bemused his readers for almost twenty years. He is the author of *Hot Potatoe*, *Pure Pajamas*, and *Shrimpy and Paul and Friends*. His comics have appeared in many Canadian weeklies, *Vice*, and *LA Weekly*. He is a twin.

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