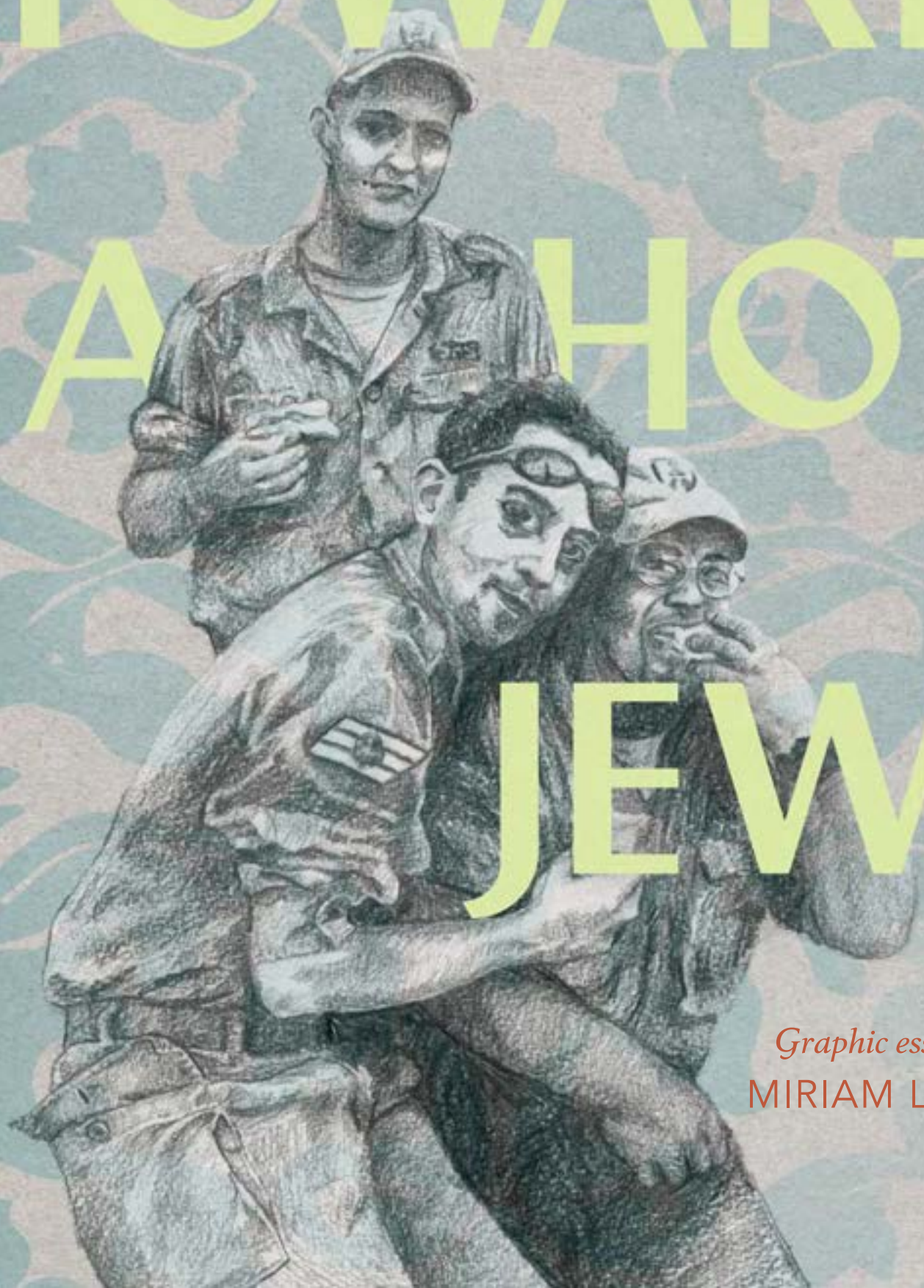


TOWARD

A HOT

JEW



*Graphic essays by*  
MIRIAM LIBICKI



TOWARD

A

HOT

*Graphic essays by Miriam Libicki*

JEW

who wants to be an

# Art Star





I enrolled at the Emily Carr Institute of Art & Design in 2003. Initially, I'd wanted to be a children's book illustrator. During my first course there, I started drawing comics stories & wanted to continue that. But since the school didn't have an illustration or a comics department, I was officially a Visual Arts major, with a concentration on painting & drawing.

Still I felt lucky to be in their world, in their classes & sharing their studio space. Especially in third year, when everyone stopped being in shock over the university setting, & seemed to be 'finding their voices' as painters.

Our painting 310 instructor in Fall 2004, Jordan Broadworth, gave us an assignment to 'have an art adventure': have some sort of extreme experience with art, then document it. Mine was to interview other students about their art adventures, & put them together as a comic. What follows is that comic, more or less.

I'm re-painting the pages, five years later, on the occasion of my return to the academic art scene. I've been a working cartoonist since just before graduating. This fall, I'll be teaching a comic course at Emily Carr.

I thought it would be interesting now to relive being a student, trying to decide what Art meant to the world, & what you meant to the Art World.

I really enjoyed my time as a spectator in that world of giant canvases that were tacked on the wall of your studio space at the beginning of each semester & never really finished, pulling 12+ hour days in the painting studios with short breaks for nicotine or pot, Making A Statement by painting your mom, or Dr. Zaius in the fashion of a Renaissance saint, keeping up on ArtForum to make sure your name-dropping was up-to-date for class critiques, going to weekly art openings to nod sagely at the walls & the artist's statement but above all, painting your freaking arms off.

For the parts I hated, such as artist's statements seeming to take precedence over the actual art in any show, I consoled myself that I wasn't gonna be a gallery-showing high artist. For the parts I envied, like the singleminded dedication of my painter peers that resulted in amazing beautiful paintings... I consoled myself that I wasn't gonna be a gallery-showing high artist.



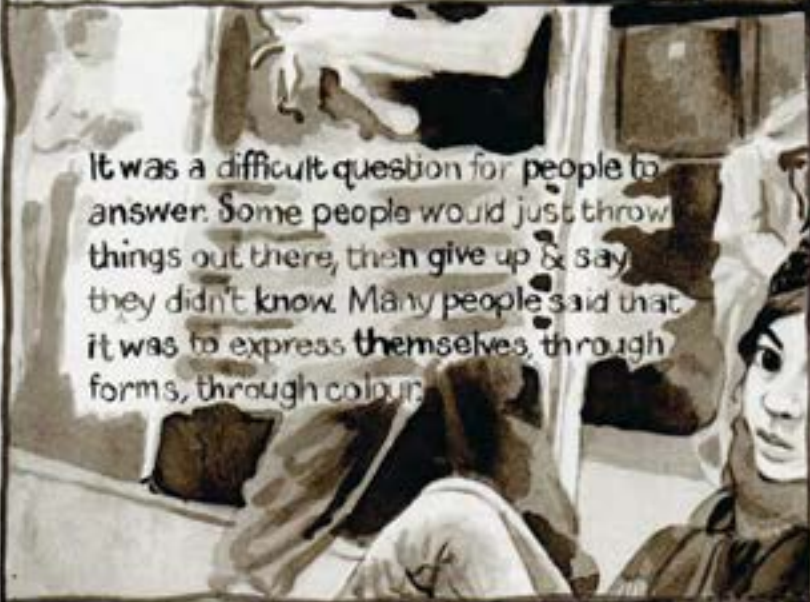




I went around to friends here & asked them why they wanted to be artists.



It's a question that I ask myself, why do I paint what I do. I never really have an answer. I thought that if I asked other people, I might get closer to an answer for myself.



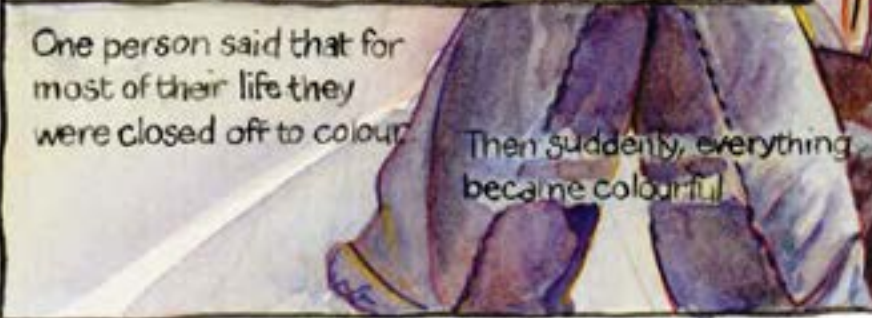
It was a difficult question for people to answer. Some people would just throw things out there, then give up & say they didn't know. Many people said that it was to express themselves, through forms, through colour.



One person said that for most of their life they were closed off to colour.

Then suddenly, everything became colourful.

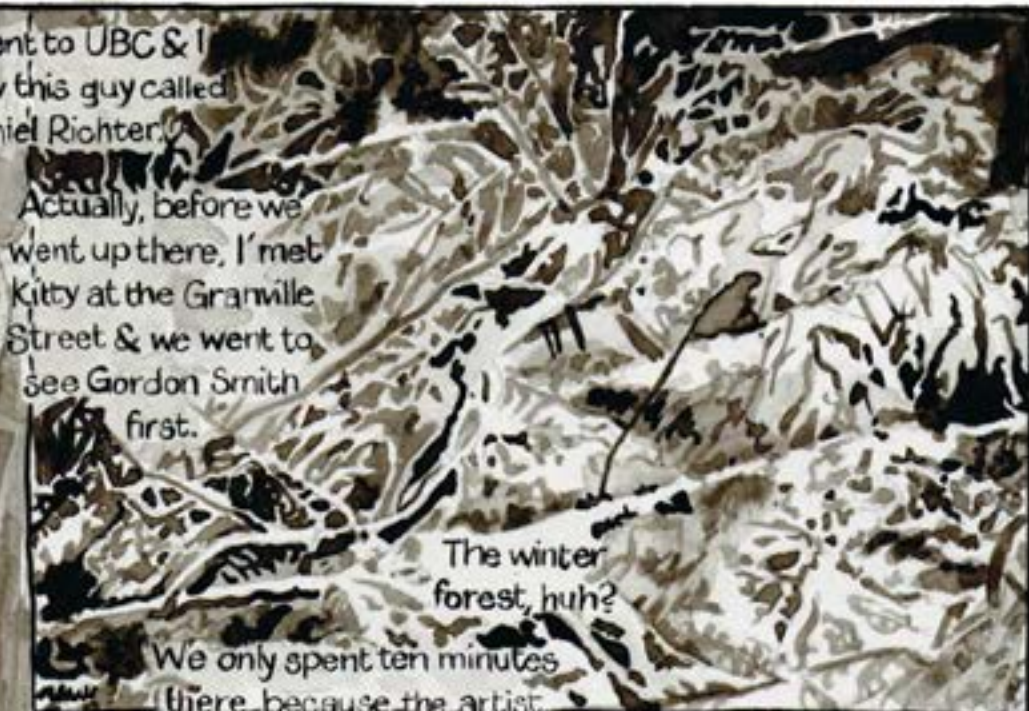
& they had to show that.







I went to UBC & I saw this guy called Daniel Richter.



Actually, before we went up there, I met Kitty at the Granville Street & we went to see Gordon Smith first.

The winter forest, huh?

We only spent ten minutes there because the artist, Daniel Richter, was due to appear the same day.

But of course, he did not show up! We spent half an hour there, looked around, watched this video.

# DANIEL RICHTER


He has huge paintings. Twelve by twelve feet, twelve by fifteen feet.

PINK FLAG - WHITE HORSE




So, that's it. Nothing much.





I wrote about an old adventure when I had an opening, & lots of people came & we got drunk.




I thought the opening was successful. I guess verbally expressing myself is difficult. I thought when people saw my paintings that I was expressing myself.

# Brier Rose

Paintings by Jason Froese

Flower Factory  
3604 Main St.  
Oct 9 - Nov 3  
Opening Thurs Oct 14, 7-9pm



It was late & I was very drunk. I think I stepped on a dog on my way to get another beer.



The owner was cleaning up at the end & I stayed to talk with her. We talked about my statement & my pricing.

After that I decided not to stiff her on her share of the paintings I sold.



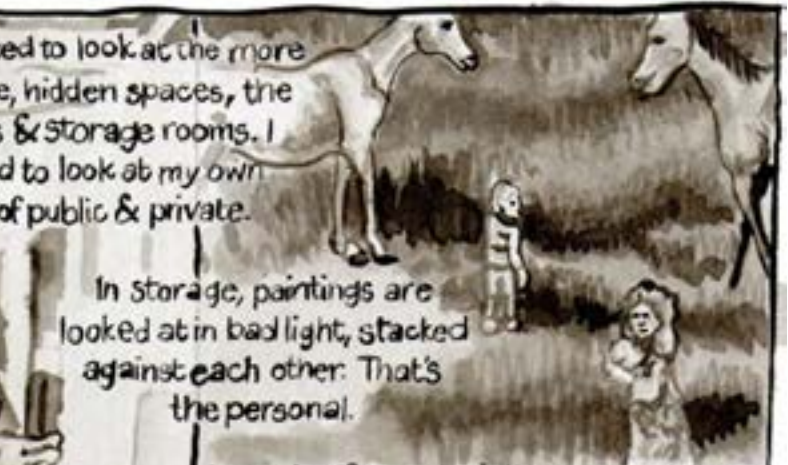
What I wanted to look at was traditional gallery spaces, like four white walls.



I wanted to look at the more private, hidden spaces, the offices & storage rooms. I wanted to look at my own ideas of public & private.

In storage, paintings are looked at in bad light, stacked against each other. That's the personal.

I wonder if some paintings are made to be painted not seen, like a journal entry.



I thought I'd be dealing with just artwork, but I was more affected by the company I was with. You know, the girl?



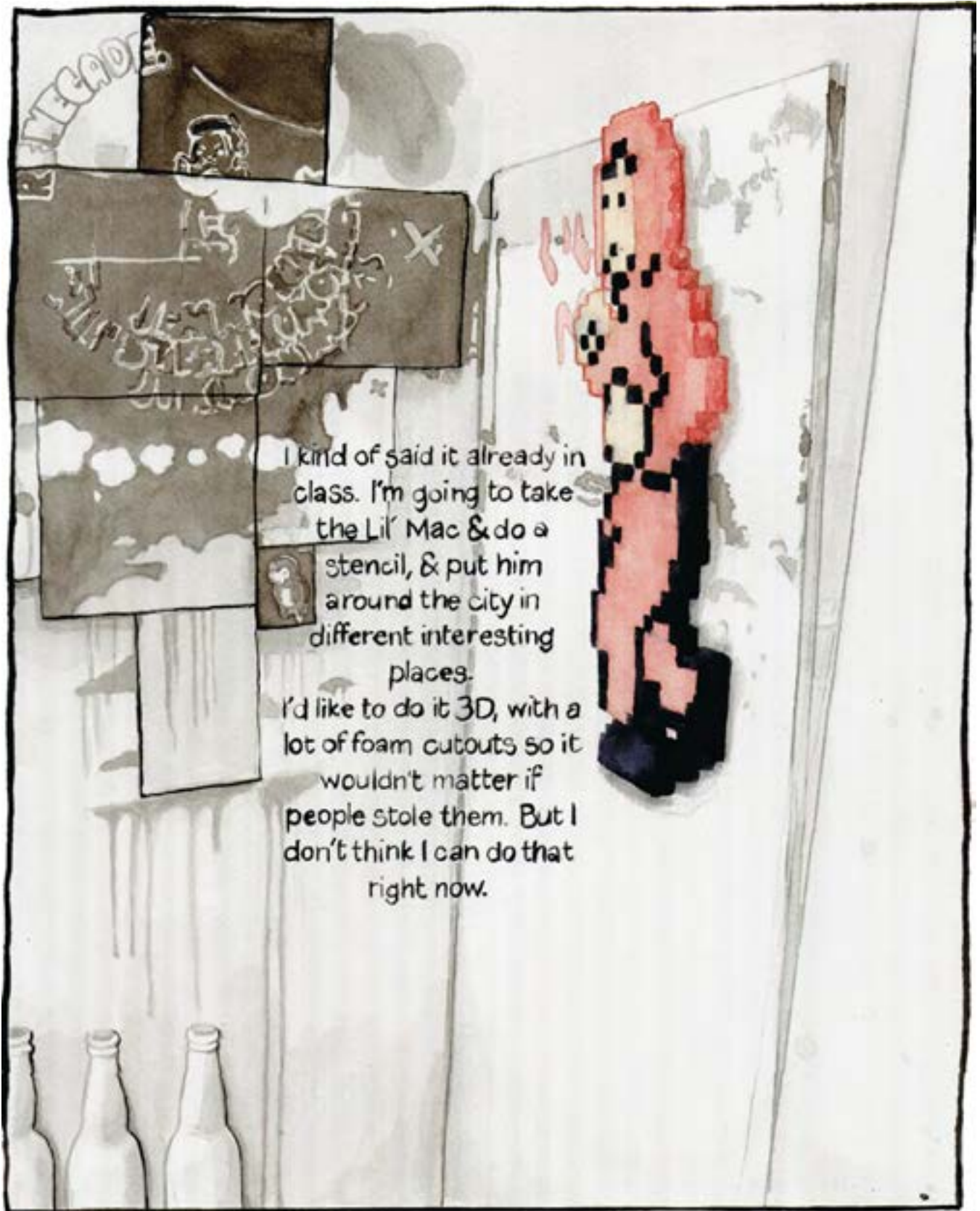
That was the personal artwork.

Not the girl, but the relationship.

We were the private artwork, in the public gallery space.







I kind of said it already in class. I'm going to take the Lil' Mac & do a stencil, & put him around the city in different interesting places.

I'd like to do it 3D, with a lot of foam cutouts so it wouldn't matter if people stole them. But I don't think I can do that right now.



The first part was a total failure. I wanted to go to daycares & see the kids' art, I'm interested in art without justification. But every place I called, people were freaked out, thinking I was a pervert.

My next idea was to ask a bunch of sober people what I should paint, & then get really fucked up & ask a bunch of similarly fucked up people.

The sober people asked for breasts, a penis, a naked waitress, a winning lottery ticket.

the drunk people asked for cooler things, like outer space, my friend asked for ducks dancing.

I was so fucked up though, I was writing these things down & I was hallucinating so bad I couldn't see the paper. It was hard reading some of the requests the next day.

The hardest one, I think, I wrote "carburetor."





It wasn't exactly my idea.

The first idea was to do these interviews as a comic story.



I thought of journalistic comic books, like Joe Sacco's, or others that you start to see more often.

So to do something similar, I took photos of other people & interviewed them about their adventures.



I did it outside of class, just hanging around the painting studios looking for other students. There are some interviews I won't be able to use, cause people were in a hurry & I couldn't take pictures.

This will be a very different style of comic for me, being all photo-based, & the images don't really move along in the traditional narrative sense.



Last semester Sadira Rodriguez said we could get a studio visit with Attila Lukacs.

But we couldn't, cause he went to Germany.

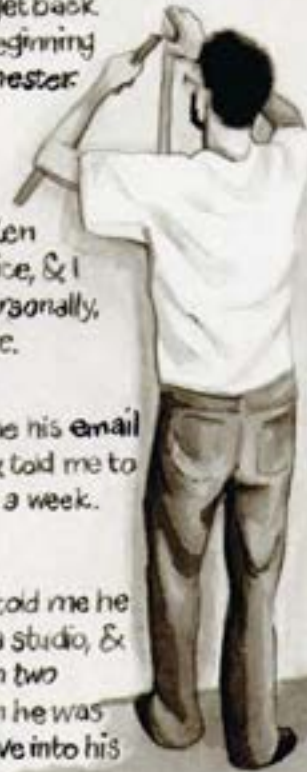
They said the visit was still on, but when he got back.

He didn't get back until the beginning of this semester.

I saw him in Ken Wallace's office, & I asked him personally, & he said sure.

He gave me his email address & told me to call him in a week.

So I did. He told me he didn't have a studio, & to call him in two weeks, when he was going to move into his new studio.



Two weeks later: I ran into him at Dadabase. He was setting up a show.

I don't know if it's true or not.

The next day I stumbled into the show drunk, & it was really awful.

I just decided it wasn't worth it to keep calling him.

It was, like, surf paintings?  
Painted surfboards.

