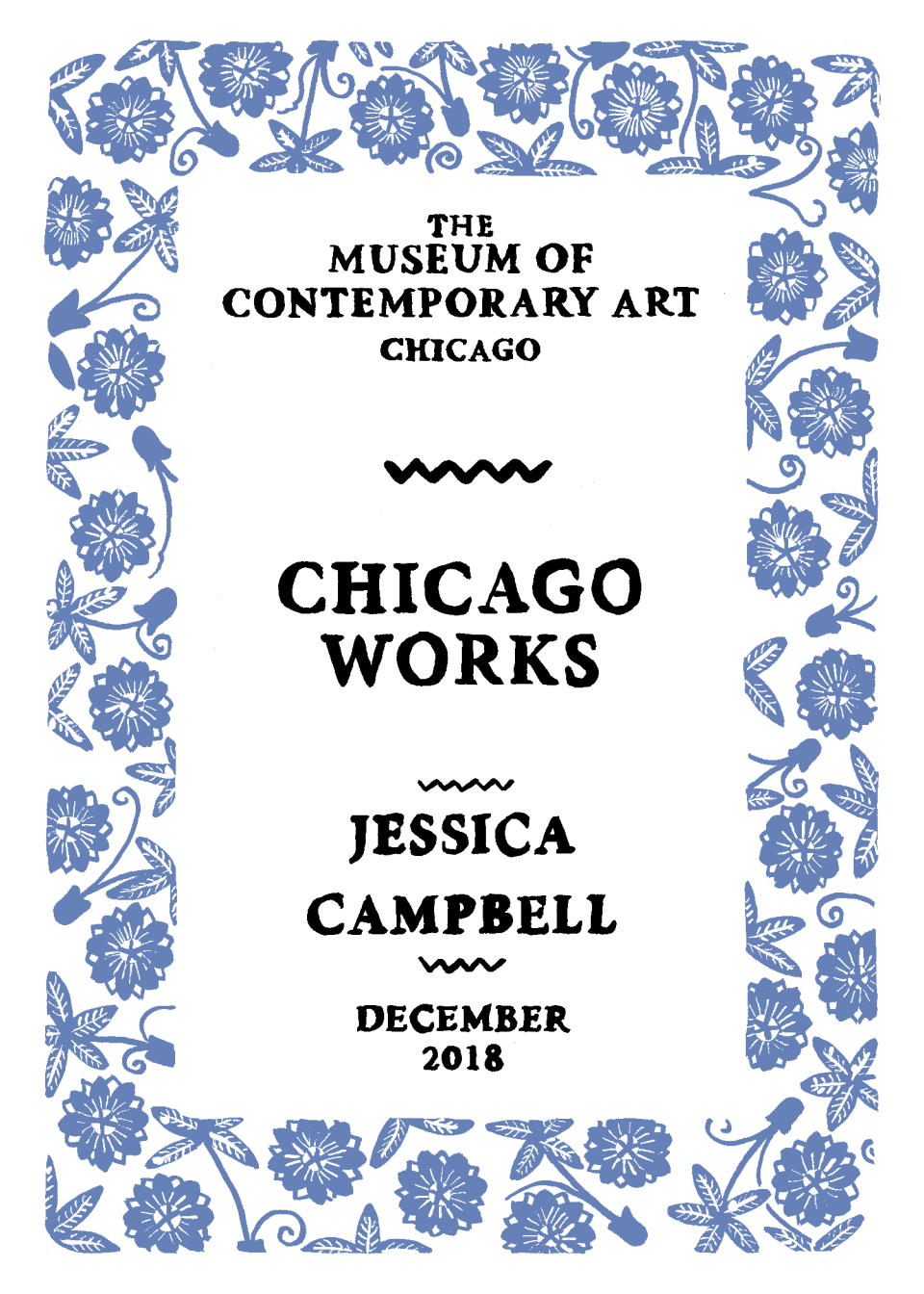








**THE
MUSEUM OF
CONTEMPORARY ART
CHICAGO**

~~~~~

**CHICAGO  
WORKS**

~~~~~

**JESSICA
CAMPBELL**

~~~~~

**DECEMBER  
2018**





ALL BOARDING HOUSES  
SEEMED TO SPECIALIZE  
IN DERELICT GRANDMOTHERS



AND CHILDLESS WIDOWS.



NOSY OLD LADIES WITH  
NOTHING TO DO BUT  
SLEEP, EAT,



DRESS UP, GO OUT,  
COME BACK AND  
EAT AGAIN.



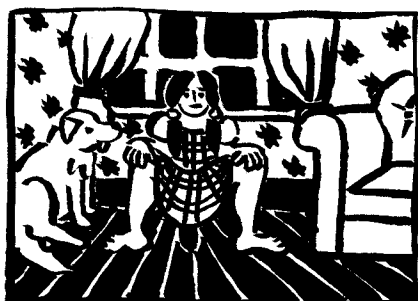
BEING LONELY AND  
BORED



THEY CONCENTRATED  
ON ME.



I WAS SOON VERY  
OVERMOTHERED.



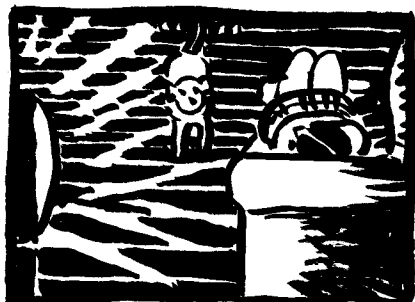
THEY HAD ONLY BEEN  
OUT IN THE NEW WORLD  
A GENERATION OR TWO,



AND MY ENGLISH UPBRINGING  
REMINDED THEM OF THEIR  
OWN CHILDHOOD.



THEY LIKED MY  
SOAP-SHINY,  
UNPOWDERED NOSE,



LIKED MY USING THE  
NAMES FATHER + MOTHER



INSTEAD OF  
MOMMA + POPPA.



NOT FOR ONE MOMENT  
WOULD THEY EXCHANGE  
THEIR SMART,



QUICK-IN-THE-UPTAKE  
GRANDDAUGHTERS FOR ME



BUT THEY DID TAKE  
GRIM SATISFACTION



OUT OF MY DOWDY,  
OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES  
AND MY SHYNESS.



THEIR YOUNG PEOPLE  
WERE SO SOPHISTICATED,



SO INDEPENDENT.



IT HURT THEM THAT I  
REFUSED THEIR FINERY



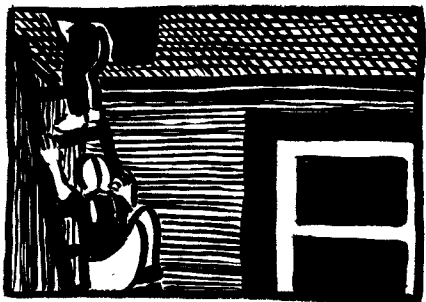
PREFERRING TO WEAR  
MY OWN CLOTHES



WHICH I FELT WERE  
MORE SUITABLE TO  
AGE AND COMFORT



EVEN THOUGH THEY  
WERE NOT SMART.



THEY HAD TO ADMIT  
THAT SOMEHOW I LOOKED  
BEST, AND WAS MOST ME,



IN MY OWN THINGS.



THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER  
AND I WERE FRIENDS.



WE DECIDED WE WOULD  
TEACH OURSELVES TO SEW  
AND MAKE OUR OWN CLOTHES.



WE BOUGHT PATTERNS,  
SPREAD THEM ON THE  
FLOOR OF THE TOP LANDING



WHERE OUR ROOMS WERE

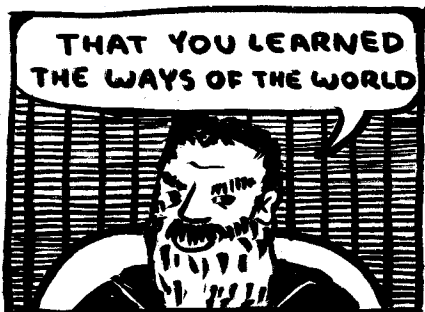


AND IN WHICH THERE WAS  
NOT MUCH MORE THAN  
SPACE TO TURN ROUND.





ONE DAY I WAS CUTTING ON  
THE FLOOR WHILE THE  
LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER BASTED.



THAT YOU LEARNED  
THE WAYS OF THE WORLD

"NO, WHAT FLAVOUR IS SHE?"



FATHER!

BUT WE HAVE TO LIVE,  
THERE IS SO MUCH  
COMPETITION NOW."



IT IS HIGH  
TIME...

SPITTING OUT SIX PINS  
SHE SAID, "SEEN MOTHER'S  
NEW BOARDER?"



"LOUD! THE OLD HOUSE  
TABBIES ARE FURIOUS AT  
MA FOR TAKING HER



FATHER?

"THE HOUSE IS BIG. THOSE  
WHO WISH TO BE EXCLUSIVE  
CAN AVOID EACH OTHER."



"THE NEW GIRL HAS HER OWN  
SITTING ROOM—DOUBLE SUITE  
IF YOU PLEASE!



I DON'T LIKE HER MUCH  
BUT SHE'S IN YOUR ART  
SCHOOL SO YOU'LL SEE HER."



NEXT MORNING I  
SLAMMED THE FRONT DOOR  
AND RAN DOWN THE STAIRS.



I HAD NO SOONER REACHED  
THE PAVEMENT THAN  
THE DOOR RE-OPENED.



AND ISHBEL DANE, THE  
NEW BOARDER, CAME OUT.



"CAN I COME ALONG? I  
RATHER HATE BEGINNING"



SHE HAD LARGE BOLD EYES,  
A STRONG MOUTH.



YOU WOULD NOT HAVE  
SUSPECTED HER OF  
BEING SHY, BUT SHE WAS.



SHE WAS VERY SMARTLY  
DRESSED, FUR COAT, JEWELLERY,  
FANCY SHOES.



I TOOK HER INTO THE  
SCHOOL OFFICE AND  
CONTINUED TO THE STUDIOS.



"WHO?" I WAS ASKED AND  
NUDGED BY STUDENTS.



"NEW BOARDER  
AT MY PLACE."



ADDA FROWNED. SHE HAD  
NEVER LIKED MY BOARDING  
HOUSE-TOO BIG, TOO MIXED.



SUDDENLY SHE HAD A THOUGHT.



"MOMMA IS COMING!  
BROTHER IS TAKING A  
COURSE AT BERKELEY.



WE SHALL RENT A  
HOUSE THERE. I'VE  
GIVEN NOTICE.



WHY NOT TAKE MY  
ROOM?"



"NO, THANKS, I AM VERY  
WELL WHERE I AM."



ADDA SAID NO MORE.



I'LL HAVE THE  
FETTUCINI ALFREDO.  
AND AN  
RC COLA

SHE WATCHED ISHBEL  
BUT REFUSED TO MEET HER.



IN THE EVENING, I  
PRACTISED ON MY GUITAR.

A TAP ON MY DOOR.



AND THERE WAS ALMOST  
PLEADING AS ISHBEL  
DANE VOICED,



"COME TO MY SITTING-  
ROOM AND HAVE A  
CUP OF TEA WITH ME?"



I WENT WONDERING.



MY "GRANDMOTHER GUARDIANS" IN THE BOARDING HOUSE ADVISED OF ISHBEL DANE,



"NOT YOUR SORT MY DEAR."



HAVING FOUND THEY COULD NOT DIRECT MY CLOTHES THEY WERE EXTRA DICTATORIAL OVER MY MORALS.



THEY WERE VERY COOL TO ISHBEL, CONFINING CONVERSATION TO WEATHER.



ALL THEY HAD AGAINST THE GIRL WAS HER ELEGANT CLOTHES.



ISHBEL HAD MADE HER  
SITTING ROOM VERY ATTRACTIVE-



POOR BABIES

FLOWERS, BOOKS, CUSHIONS, A  
QUAINT SILVER TEA SERVICE  
WHICH SHE TOLD ME HAD  
BEEN HER MOTHER'S.



SHE SAW MY EYES STRAY  
TO A BEAUTIFUL BANJO  
LYING ON THE SOFA.



"YES, I PLAY. I BELONG TO  
A BANJO, MANDOLIN AND  
GUITAR CLUB.



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO  
JOIN? IT HELPS ONE.



ALL BETTER

I HAVE LEARNT EVER SO  
MUCH SINCE I PRACTISED  
WITH OTHERS."



"I'LL THINK."



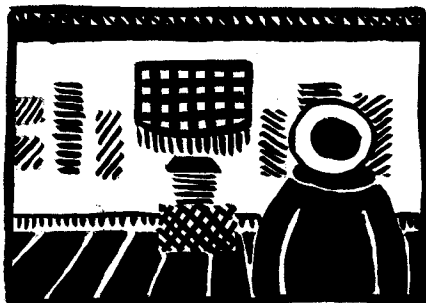
I KNEW THE GRANDMOTHERS,  
LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER AND  
ADDA WOULD DISAPPROVE.



WHEN I LEFT, ISHBEL  
TOOK MY HAND.



"COME AGAIN," SHE SAID,



"IT'S LONELY. MOTHER DIED  
WHEN I WAS ONLY  
A BABY;



FATHER BROUGHT ME UP  
FATHER'S FRIENDS ARE  
ALL MEN, OLD AND DULL."



I JOINED THE PRACTICE CLUB.



MY FRIENDSHIP WITH ISHBEL  
WARMED WHILE THE OLD  
LADIES' AFFECTION CHILLED  
TOWARDS ME.



ADDA WAS ACTIVELY DISTRESSED.  
SHE MOVED TO BERKELEY.



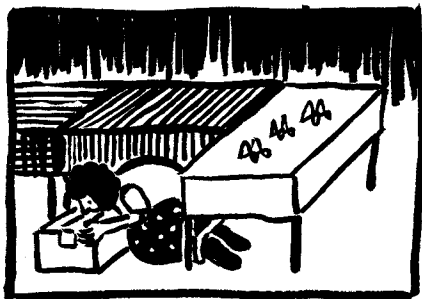
HER LAST SHOT WAS  
"MY OLD ROOM IS STILL VACANT."



TROUBLE WAS IN HER EYES,  
ANXIETY FOR ME,  
BUT I LIKED ISHBEL



AND I KNEW MY  
FRIENDSHIP MEANT A LOT  
TO HER.



I HAD TO GO TO THE  
MUSIC STUDIO FOR  
SOME MUSIC.



THE CLUB LEADER  
FOLLOWED ME OUT  
ONTO THE LANDING.



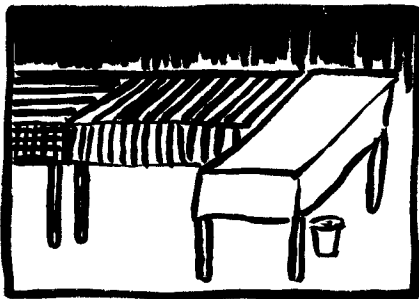
AS I TOOK THE ROLL OF  
MUSIC FROM HIM, HE CAUGHT  
ME ROUND THE WRISTS.



"LITTLE GIRL," HE SAID,



"BE GOOD TO ISHBEL, YOU  
ARE HER ONLY WOMAN  
FRIEND AND SHE LOVES  
YOU. GOD BLESS YOU!"



HIS DOOR BANGED.



I A WOMAN'S FRIEND  
SUDDENLY I FELT VERY  
GROWN UP.



MYSTERIOUSLY ISHBEL-A  
WOMAN-HAD BEEN PUT INTO  
MY CARE, MY TRUST.



I WENT DOWNSTAIRS  
SLOWLY, EACH TREAD  
SEEMED TO STRETCH ME,



AS IF MY HEAD HAD REMAINED  
ON THE LANDING WHILE MY  
FEET + LEGS ELONGATED ME.



ON REACHING THE  
PAVEMENT, I WAS GROWN-UP,  
A WOMAN WITH A TRUST.



I DID NOT KNOW HOW OR  
WHY ISHBEL NEEDED ME.  
I ONLY KNEW SHE DID  
AND WAS PROUD.



WHILE I WAS OUT,  
A LETTER HAD COME.



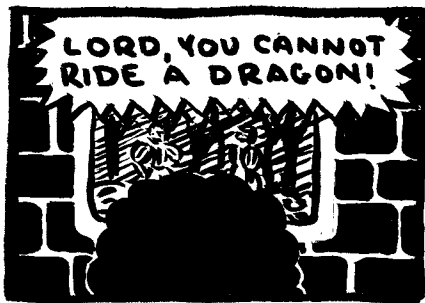
I OPENED IT.



MY GUARDIAN THOUGHT  
I HAD "PLAYED AT ART"  
LONG ENOUGH.



I WAS TO COME HOME  
AND START LIFE  
IN EARNEST.



ISHBEL CLUNG TO ME.  
"FUNNY LITTLE MOTHER-GIRL"  
SHE SAID, KISSING ME.



"I AM GOING TO MISS YOU!"



SHE POKED SOMETHING  
UNDER MY ARM, PUSHED  
ME GENTLY TOWARDS  
MY OWN ROOM.



A GREAT LUMP WAS  
IN MY THROAT.



ISHBEL WAS THE ONLY  
ONE OF THEM ALL WHO  
HADN'T WANTED TO  
CHANGE PART OF ME—



THE ONLY ONE  
WHO HAD.



UNDER MY ARM, SHE  
HAD PUSHED A  
PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.



I CAME HOME ONE  
WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



THE HOUSE WAS DECORATED,  
THERE WAS SNOW.



FIRES CRACKLED IN EVERY  
GRATE OF EVERY ROOM,



THEIR WARMTH DREW SPICY  
DELIGHT FROM THE BOUGHS  
OF PINE AND CEDAR  
DECORATING EVERYWHERE.



THERE WERE BUNCHES OF  
SCARLET BERRIES + HOLLY.



THE PANTRY BULGED  
WITH GOOD THINGS  
ALREADY COOKED.



THEY WERE GLAD  
TO HAVE ME HOME.



WE WERE VERY MERRY.



ALL DAY THE POSTMAN  
WAS BRINGING CARDS  
AND LETTERS;

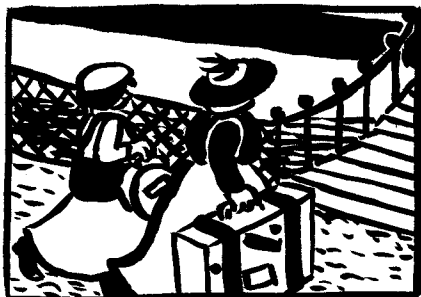


FLITTER, FLITTER, THEY  
DROPPED THROUGH THE  
SLIT NEAR THE FRONT DOOR.

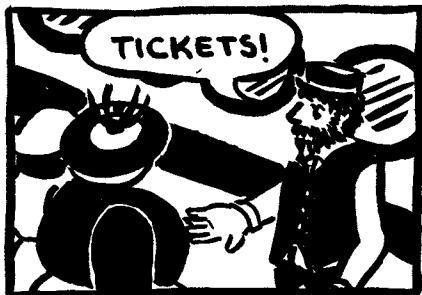


AND WE ALL DARTED CRYING,

"WHOSE? WHOSE?"



IGOT MY FULL SHARE,  
BUT THERE WERE  
TWO DISAPPOINTMENTS—



NO LETTER FROM  
NELLIE MCCORMICK,



NONE FROM ISHBEL DANE.



NEW YEAR PASSED  
BEFORE I HEARD OF EITHER.



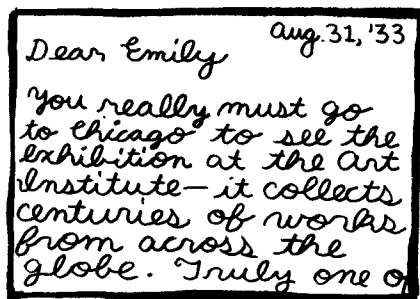
ADDA WROTE, "NELLIE  
M'CORMICK COULD ENDURE  
HOME TYRANNY NO LONGER,



FROM THE BOARDING HOUSE,  
ONE OF THE GRANDMOTHERS  
ABSOLUTELY SNIFFED  
IN WRITING,



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES,  
MY DEAR, PERHAPS  
IT WAS BEST



SHE SHOT HERSELF."



"ISHBEL DANE DIED IN  
THE 'GOOD SAMARITAN'  
HOSPITAL ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

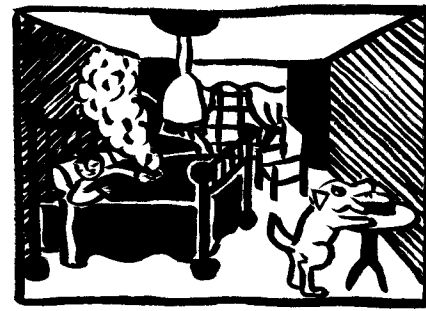


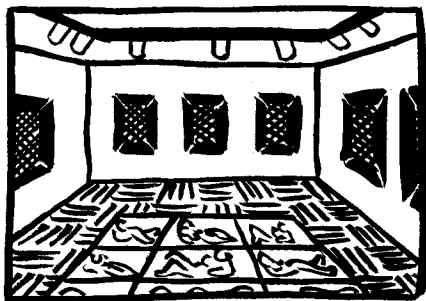


NELLIE MY FRIEND!

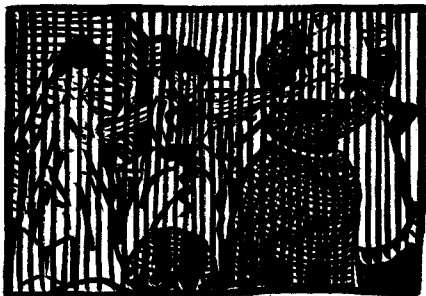


ISHBEL MY TRUST!

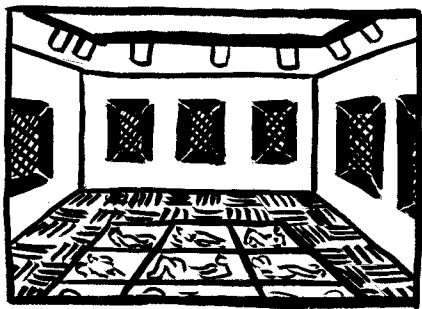
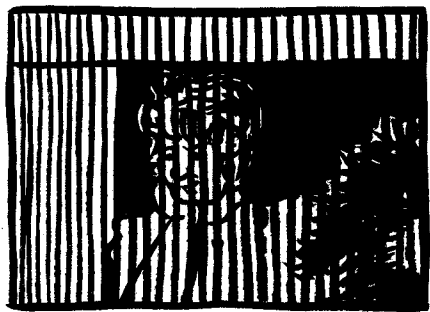




I CARRIED MY CRYING  
INTO THE SNOWY WOODS.



THE WEATHER WAS BITTER,



MY TEARS WERE TOO.



THE WRITING IN THIS COMIC IS ADAPTED  
FROM THE DIARIES OF EMILY CARR, AN  
EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY ARTIST FROM  
VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA.

# ENORMOUS THANKS TO



AARON  
RENIER



NINA  
WEXELBLATT



EMMA  
AKINS



BRIDGET  
MOSER



EM  
KETTNER



ERIN  
TOALE



SCOTT  
SPEH



ANIKO  
BERMAN



DAN  
GUNN

ALSO: MARY CLIMES, XPRT TRADE SHOW CARPET,  
OX BOW, LARISSA BORTEH, BRAD MARTIN, LEAH  
SINGSANK, ERICA ERDMANN, CHRISTY LEMASTER,  
ANNA CHIARETTA LAVATELLI, BRIDGET O'CARROLL,  
MY FAMILY, SANDRA + JACK GUTHMAN +  
THE MCA PREPARATOR TEAM. PRINTED IN CANADA.

