

When my son was three months old,
my mom asked me



if I could imagine what my life
would be like



if he hadn't been born.



I said, Yeah,



I'd be getting a lot more sleep,



among other things
I might rather be doing.



like having an art show in New York,



or getting a latte,



getting laid,



or surfing the internet.



That's me on James Street, **feeding my son in a disorganized way.**
I wish I was in my studio.

JAMES STREET



When I moved here, I was following a dream. (My art studio)



I was getting married.

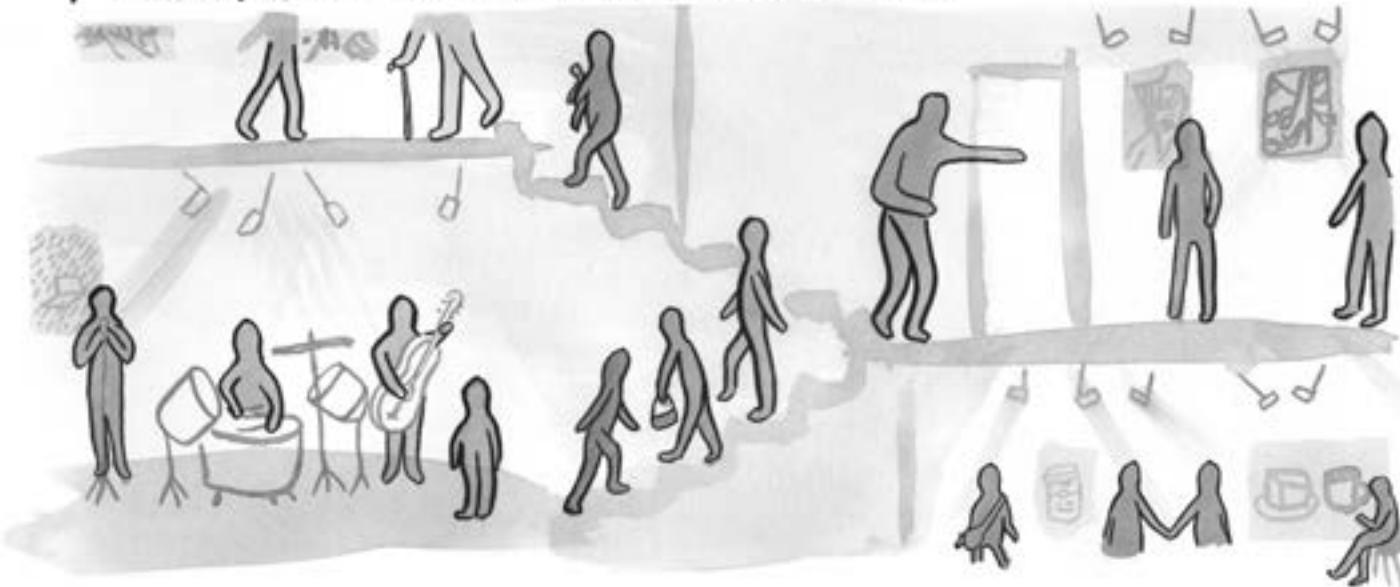


I was working as an illustrator.

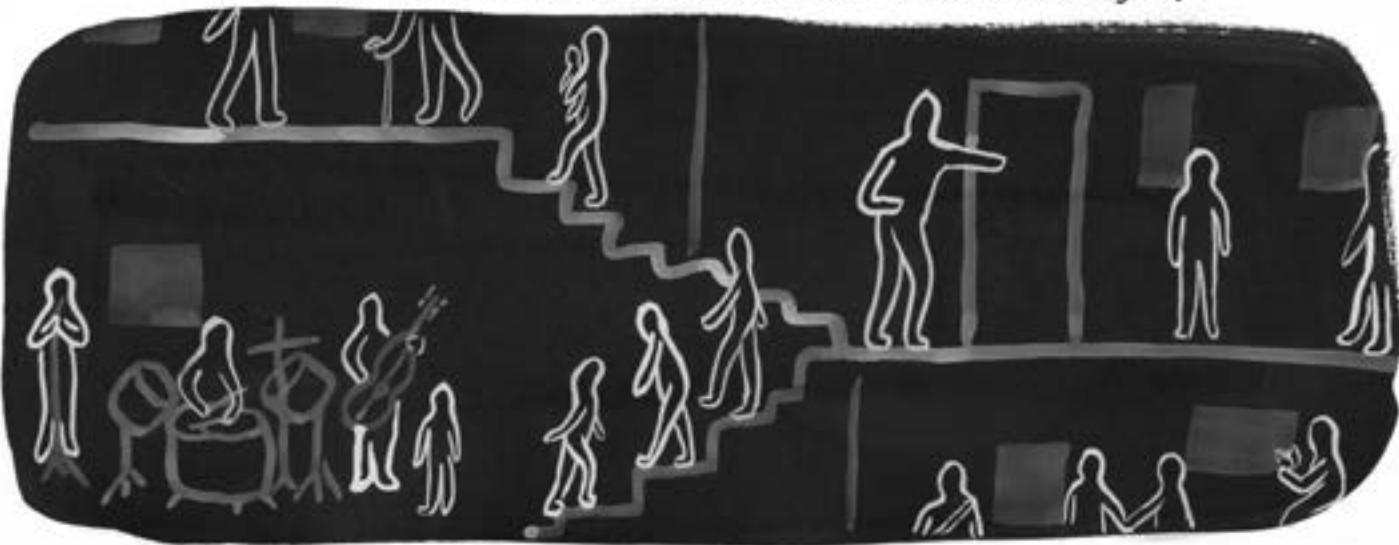


MY ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE SIX

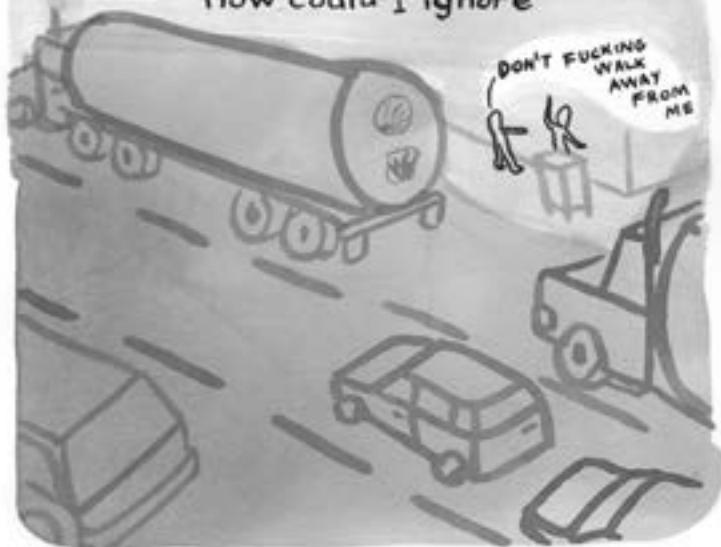
I had a studio crowds of people visited each month.



I wonder now, was there a moment when that all changed?



How could I ignore



that this same place



YOU SLEPT WITH
THAT BITCH!

I'M FUCKING
WALKING OUT
INTO THIS
TRAFFIC

was where so many dreams had come to die?



I HATE
YOU

YOU'RE
A LOSER

SATURDAY MORNING.



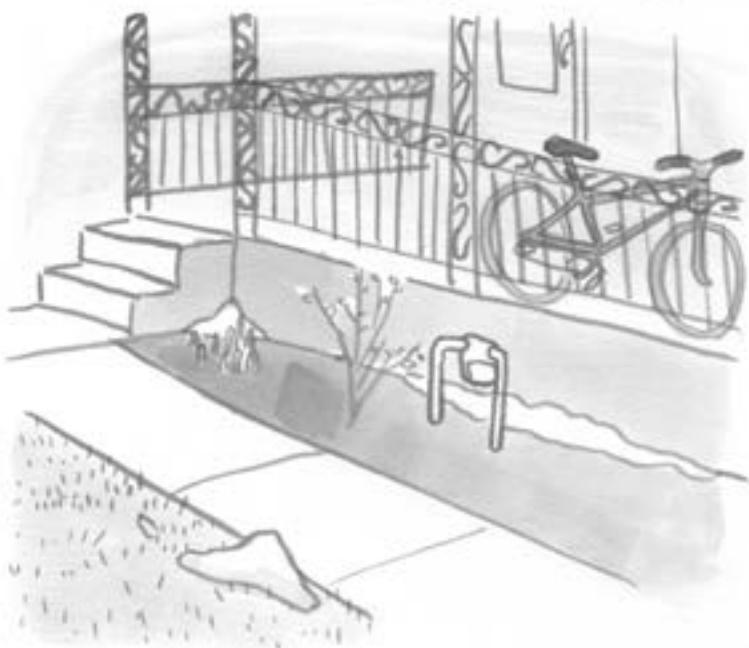
I'm taking Toby to swim class.



Ontario's in the dumps. Manufacturing's dead.







END



It's
a
Boy