SO YOU MUST KNOW

IN THE SUMMER OF 2009

I WENT FOR THREE MONTHS TO LOS ANGELES
I STAYED AT RAID PROJECTS, WHICH IS AN
ARTIST RESIDENCY

I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE IN L.A. AND DIDN'T REALLY KNOW WHERE TO START MAKING ART

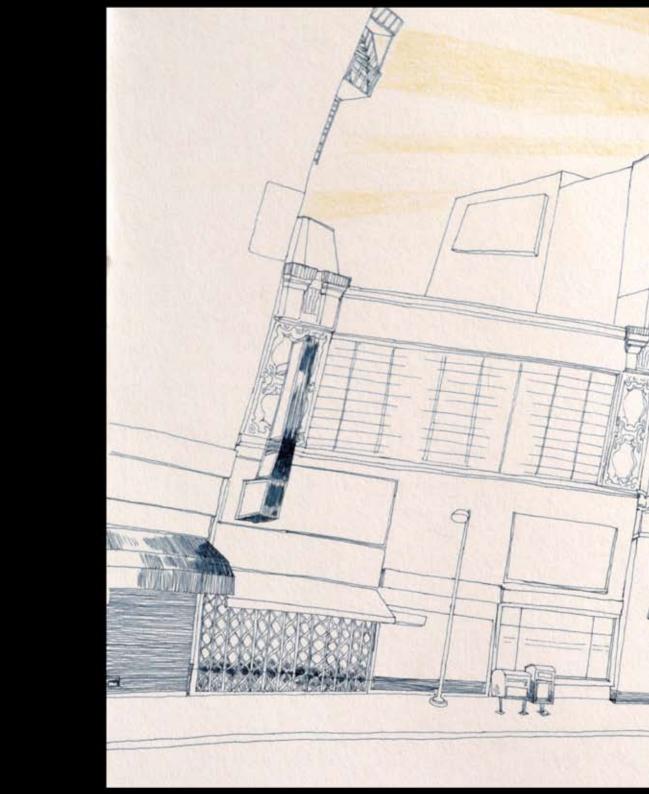
SO I DECIDED TO DRAW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME LIKE A DIARY IN WHICH I'M REPRESENTED BY, WELL, ME WITH A CROW-HEAD SINCE MY LAST NAME IS MORE OR LESS PRONOUNCES AS CROW-ERS IN ENGLISH AND I LIKE SHINEY STUFF

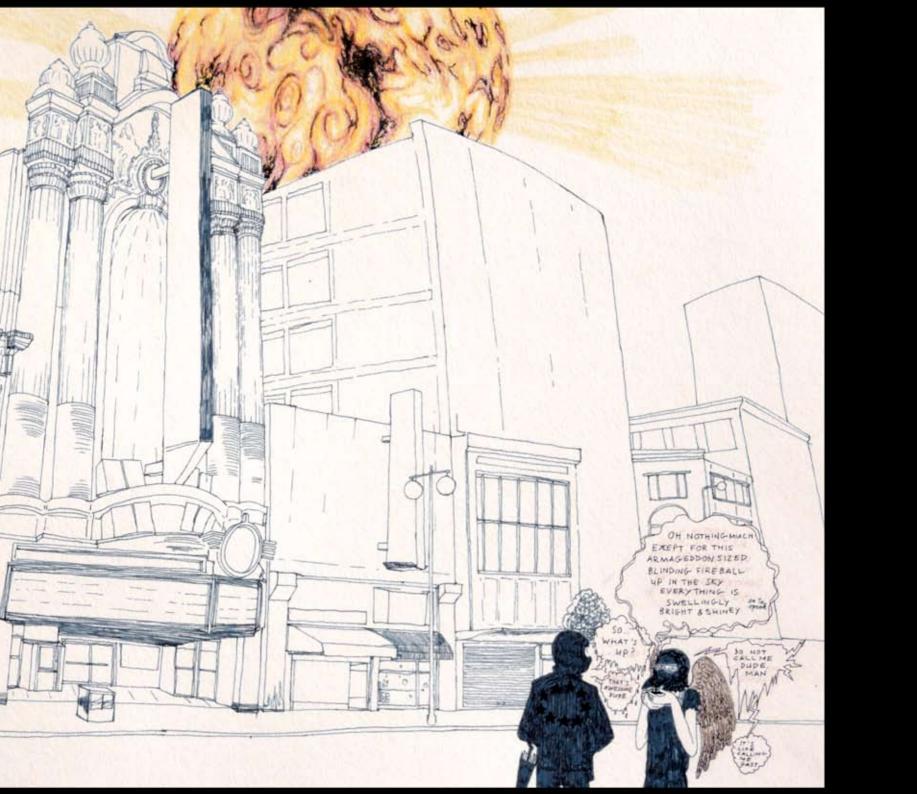
AND YOU MUST KNOW
I BOUGHT A CAR FOR 400 DOLLARS

AND EVERYTHING DESCRIBED HERE ACTUALLY HAPPENED

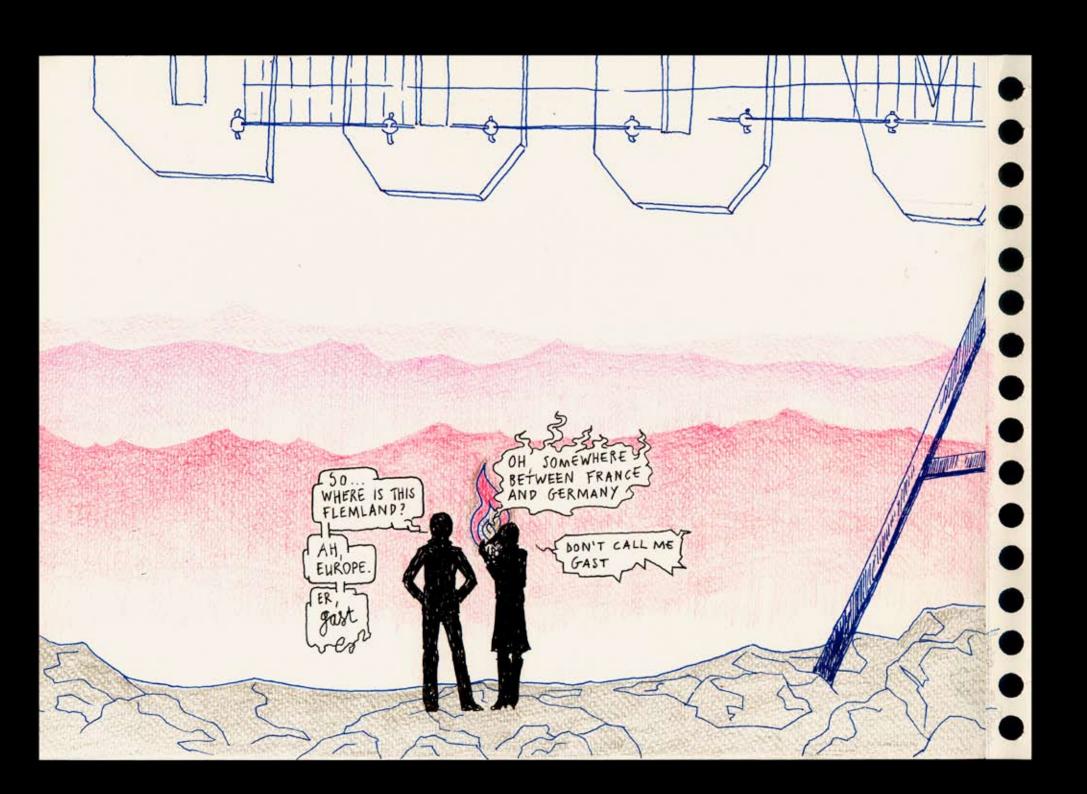


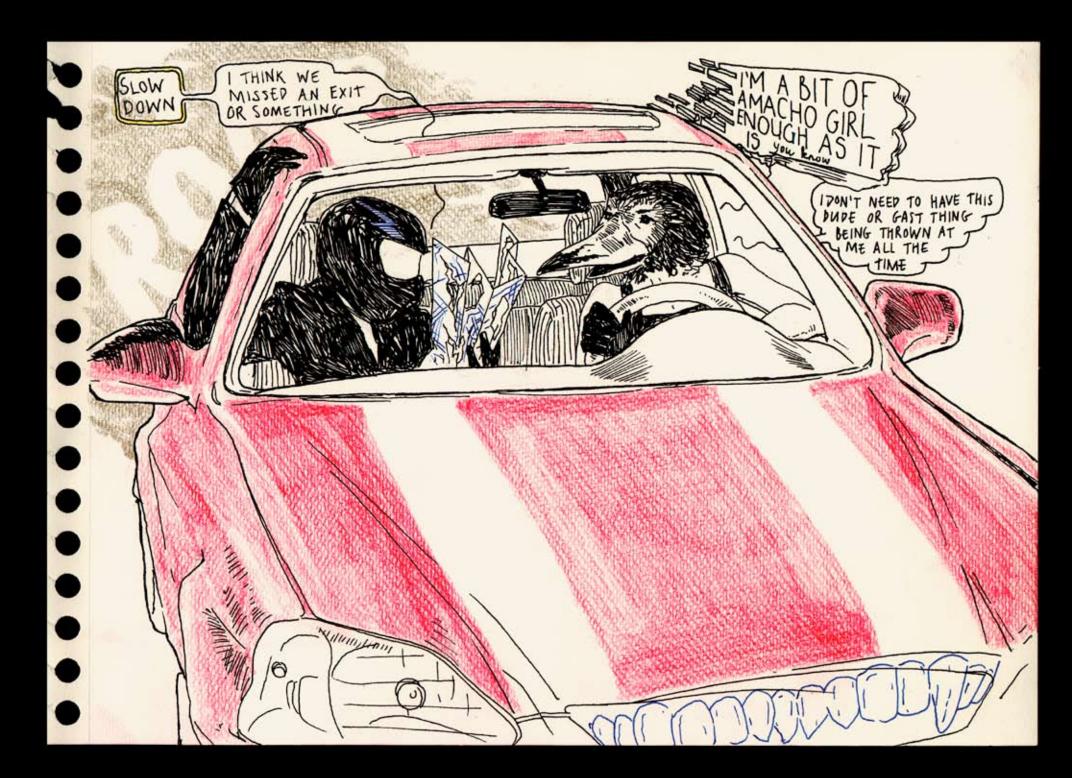








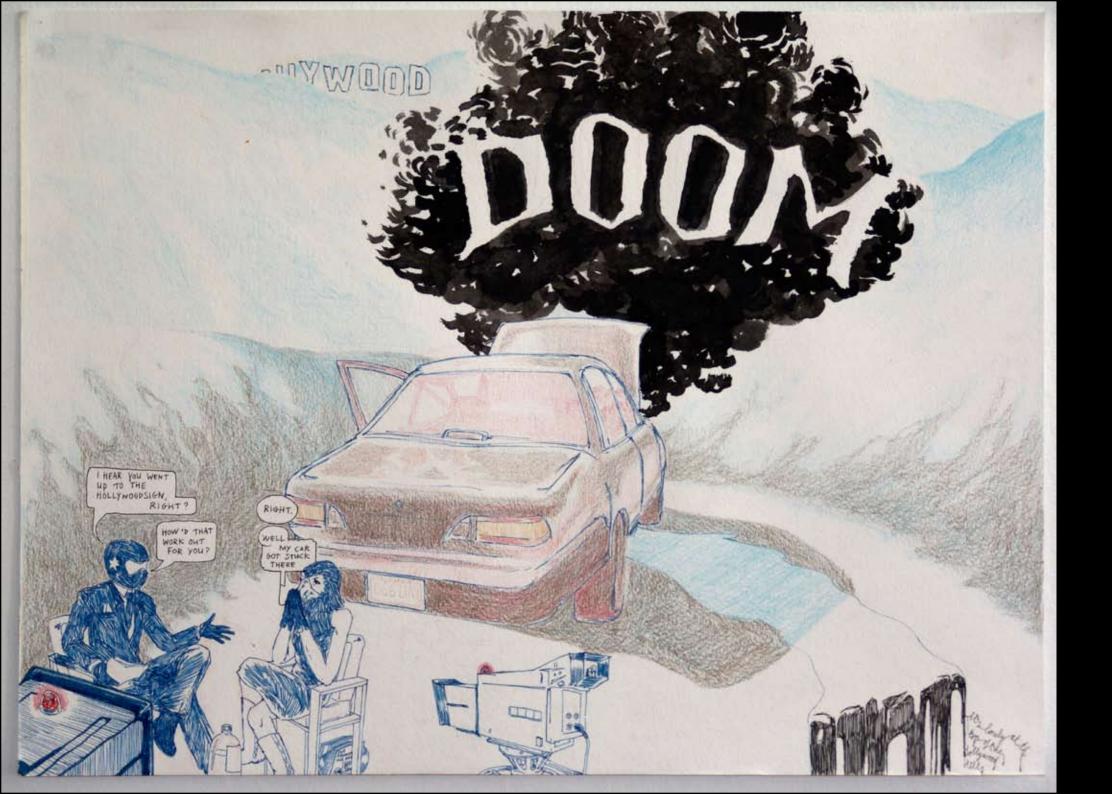






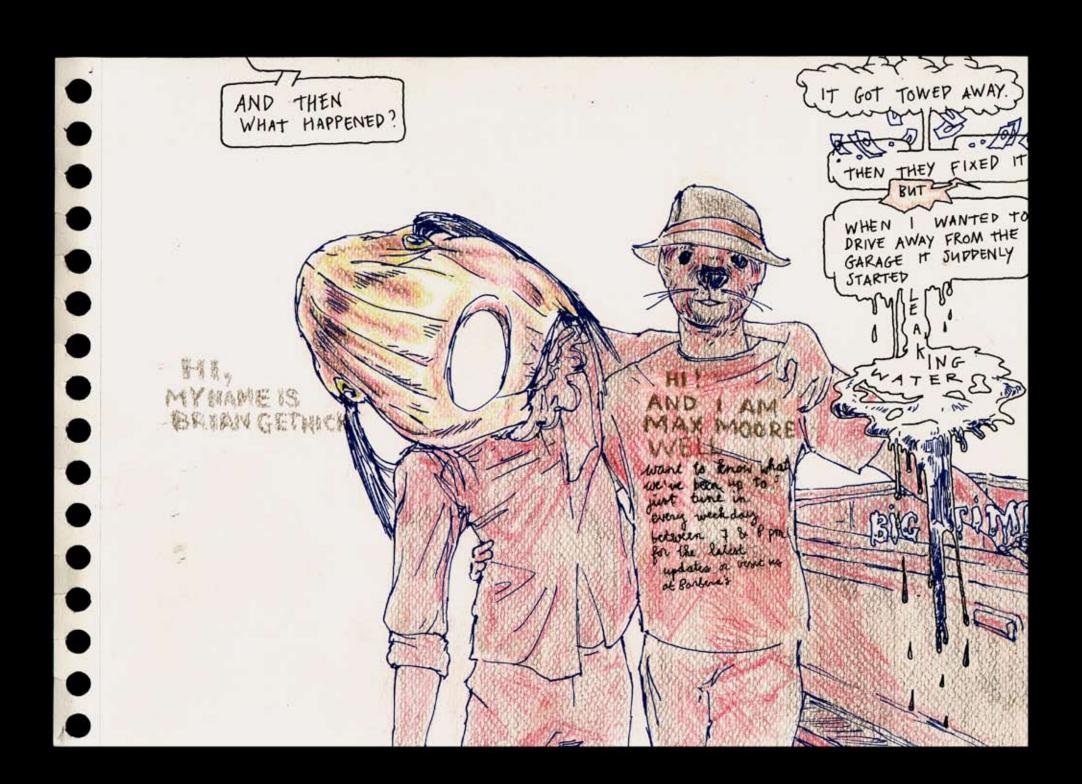


















AT THIS TIME
BACK HOME I ALREADY HAD TWO OTHER CARS
BOTH OF THEM NOT WORKING





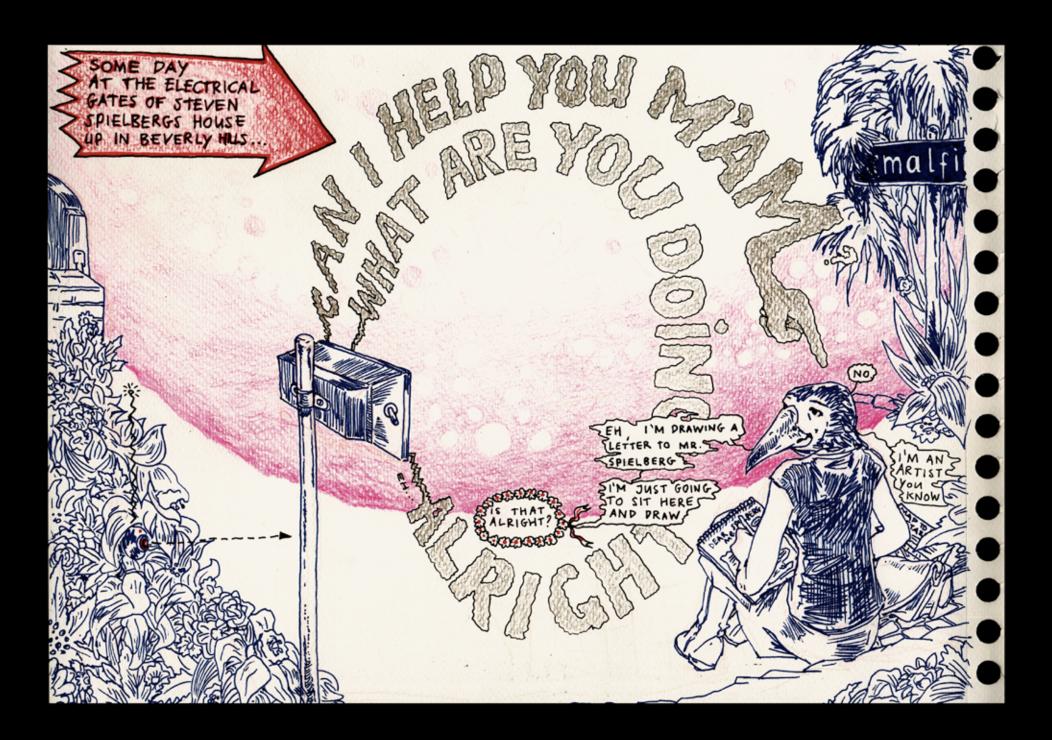
THEN ONE DAY I WENT FOR A DRIVE ACROSS SUNSET BOULEVARD

WHEN I ENTERED BEVERLY HILLS
I BOUGHT A 'MAP TO THE STARS HOUSES'
FOR 5 DOLLARS

I DECIDED TO DRIVE OVER TO STEVEN SPIELBERGS HOME

BECAUSE HONESTLY, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT ELSE TO DO

ONE MIGHT CALL THE NEXT STORY SPIELBERG-GATE





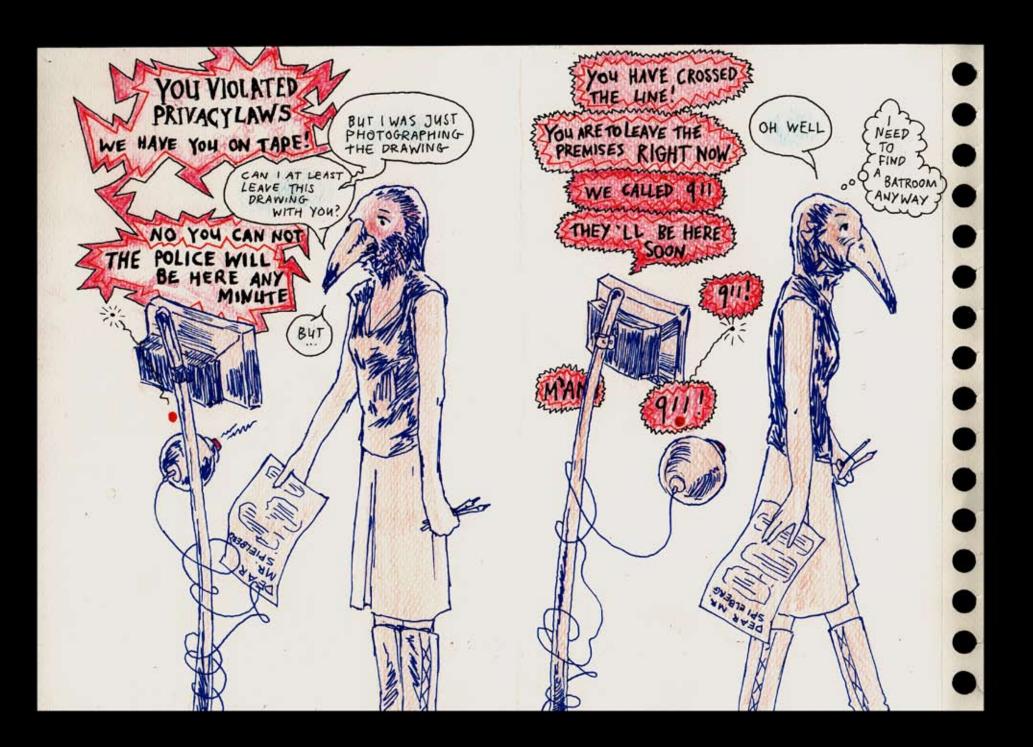




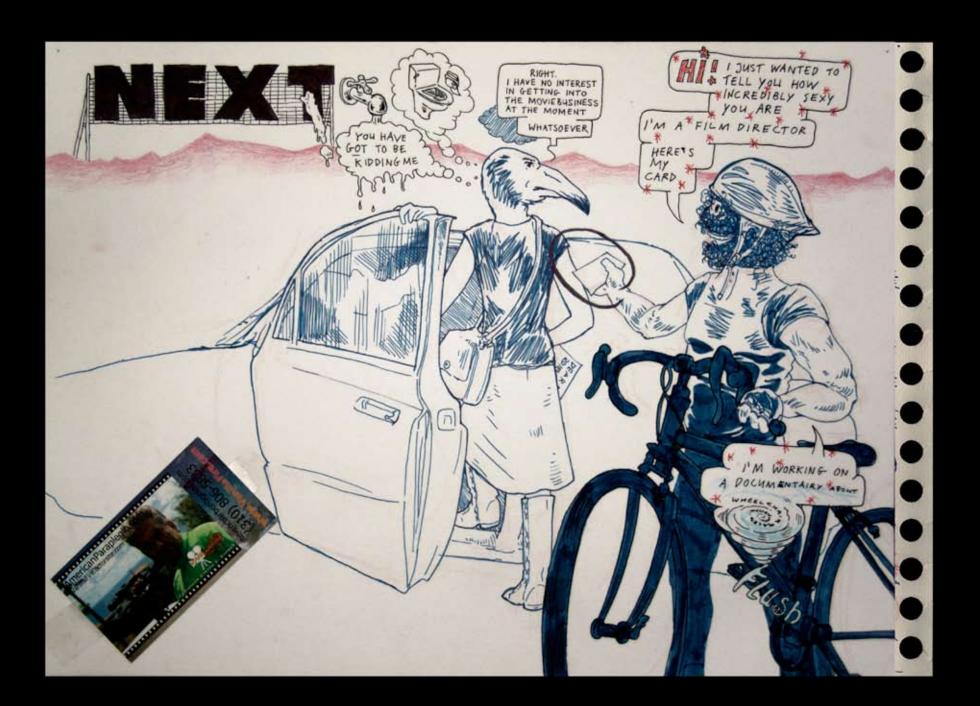


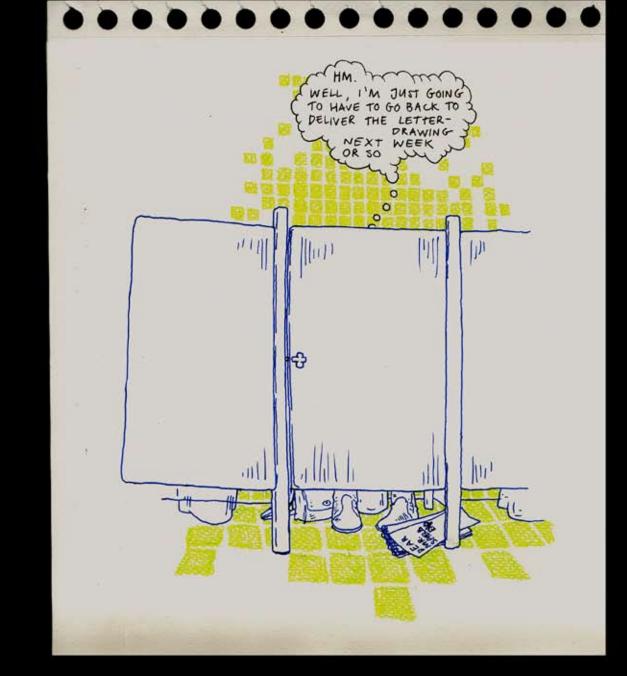








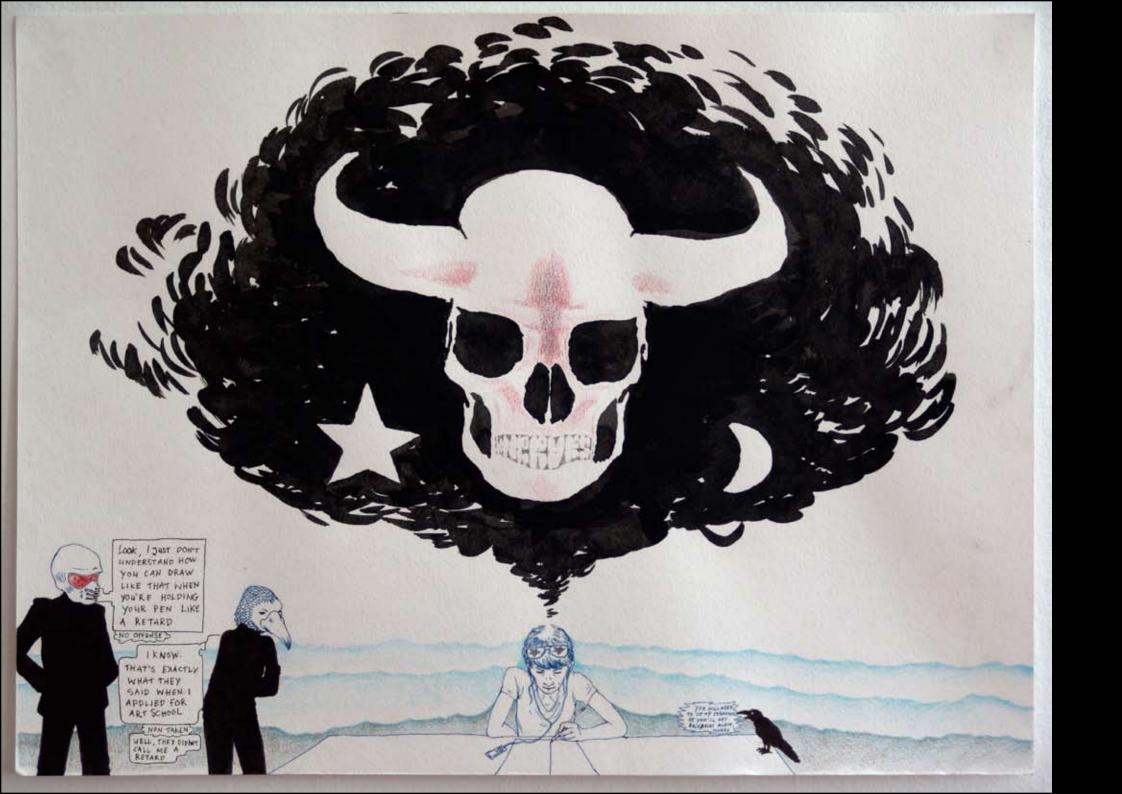








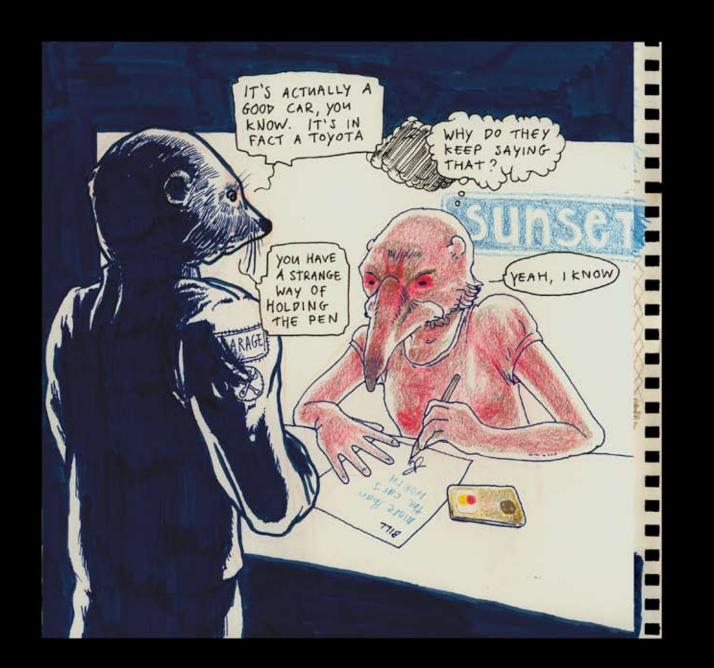






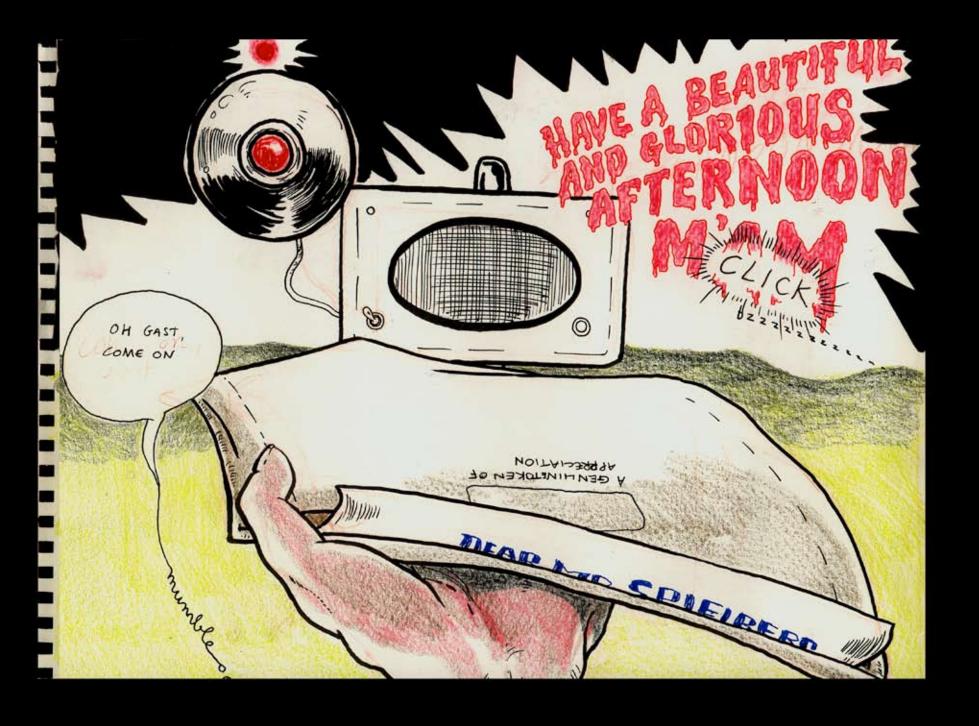




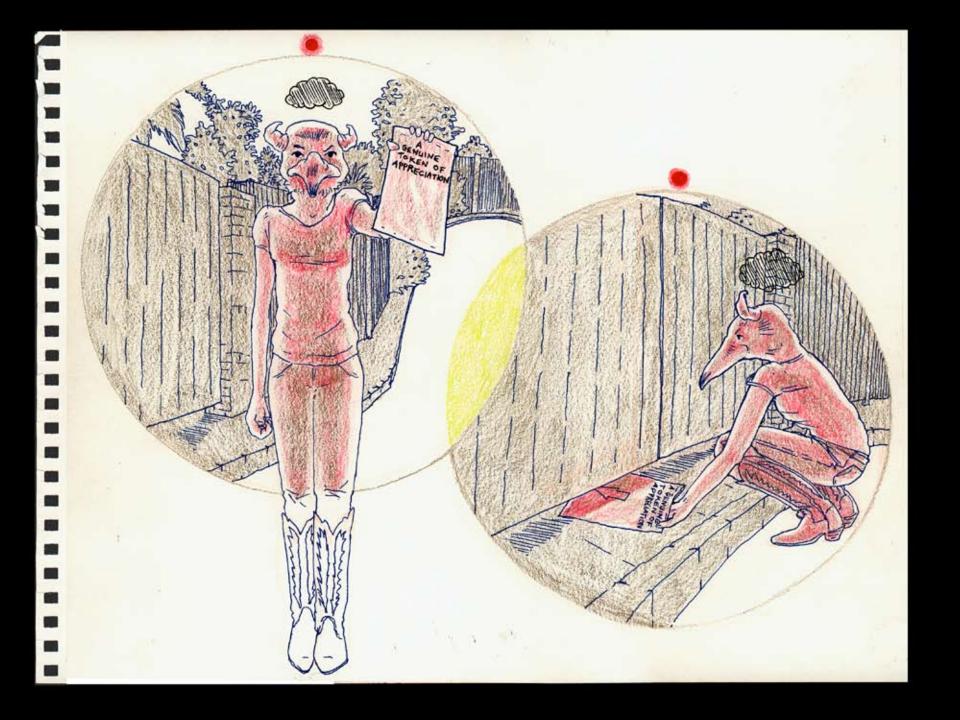


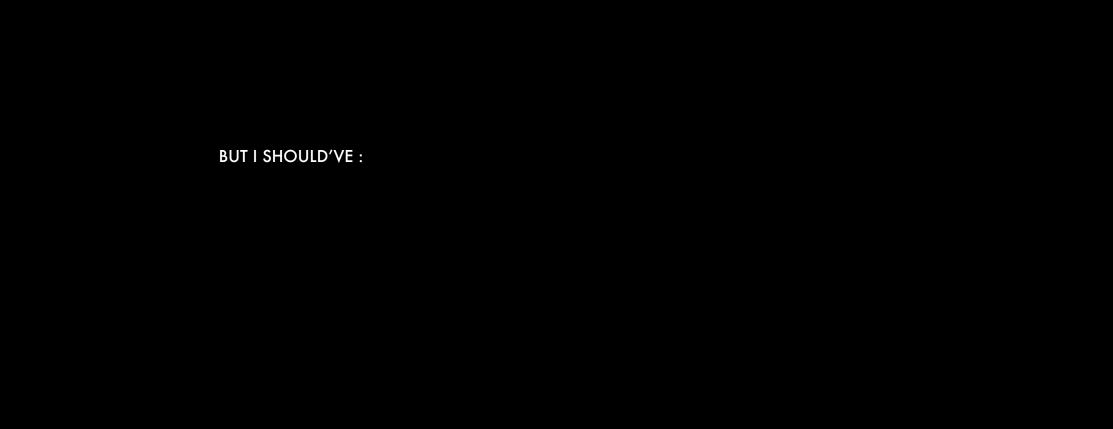
THEN...



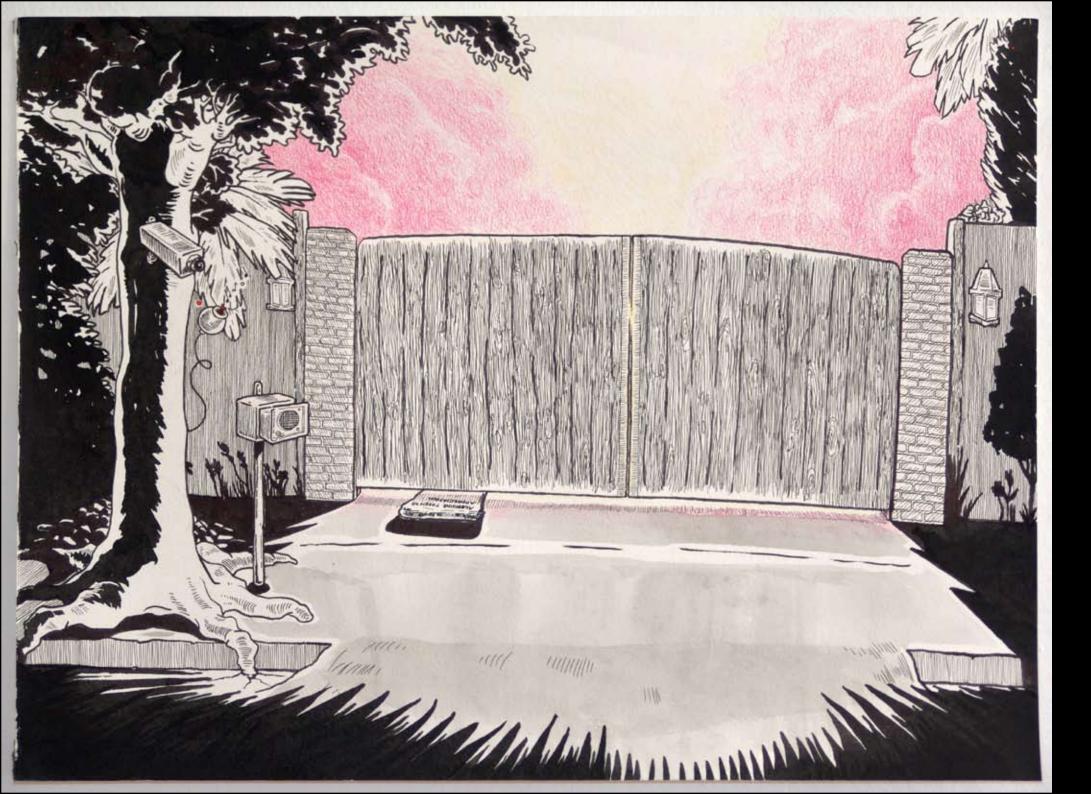














AND THAT WAS THAT

I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING FROM SPIELBERG NOR FROM HIS VOICEBOX SECURITY GUARD





