



BLACK CROWN

**kidlobotomy
MILLIGAN
FOWLER
LOUGHRIDGE
BIDIKAR**

KID ~~LOBOTOMY~~

**A Lad
INSANE**



TESS 2017
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KID LOBOTOMY

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Volume 1: A LAD INSANE

Part One: Do Not Disturb

Part Two: Vile Bodies

Part Three: Lost in Franz

Part Four: The Chambermaid's Tale

Part Five: The Boy with Two Hearts

Part Six: Uncommon Lobotomies



PRE-OP DIAGNOSIS:
LYRICAL OBSESSION.

PROCEDURE:
NEW LOBOTOMY.

THE SURGEON
USES THE
"BURROUGHS
METHOD."

SIDE NOTE: THIS SAME
DR. BURROUGHS ALSO
PERFECTED THE "CUT-UP"
TECHNIQUE, USEFUL IN
THE TREATMENT OF
HEROIN ADDICTION.

THE SURGEON SOON
FINDS THE REQUIRED
AREAS OF THE
PATIENT'S BRAIN.

THOUGHTS. MEMORIES.
CONNECTIONS. SONG
LYRICS. ENTIRE WORLDS.

AND NOW,
THE CRITICAL
PART OF THE
PROCEDURE.

THE SKILLED SURGEON
CAREFULLY SUCKS OUT
OBSCURE SEGMENTS
OF THE BRAIN--

--AND CONSUMES THESE
NEURO-PIECES, FIRST
SPREADING THEM ON
BLINI (RADISH GARNISH
OPTIONAL).

KID?



I HAVE A PROPOSITION. LET ME TAKE OVER THE SUITES. THIS HOTEL SHOULD RIGHTFULLY BE MINE ANYWAY, AND--

NO!! I'M NOT INTERESTED.

I'LL LET YOU WORK IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM. YOU ALWAYS HAD A THING FOR SOILED LINEN, DIDN'T YOU?

I'M HALFWAY THROUGH A TRICKY OPERATION HERE, ROSEBUD.

REMEMBER HOW YOU'D SLEEP WITH MY DIRTY PANTIES UNDER YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT?

INSECTS. DON'T LOOK AT THE INSECTS.

I'LL MAKE THE SUITES THE FLAGSHIP OF MY CHAIN. CORPORATE FUNCTIONS, DELUXE DETOX WEEKENDS.

Y-YOU KNOW WITH MY... ISSUES I NEED THIS PLACE...

THEY'RE A PRODUCT OF MY MIND. EXTENSIONS. CREATIONS.

A LITTLE SISTERLY LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED, KIDSTER.

TSK! LOOK AT THIS. WE CAN NEVER MEET WITHOUT THE SUBJECT OF INSECTS REARING ITS UGLY HEAD!

THE SURGEON
MUST OF COURSE
BE CAREFUL OF
INFECTION.

WHICH IS WHY A CLEAN
MIND SHOULD BE KEPT
AT ALL TIMES.

AAIEEE!!

AAIEEE!!

...QUIT
HOLLERING,
KID, AND GO
BACK TO
SLEEP.

WAIT. LET'S
NOT GO ANY
FURTHER,
NOT YET.

TO UNDERSTAND ANY
OF THIS, THE STUDENT
OF KID LOBOTOMY
MUST GO BACK...

BACK TO FIVE
YEARS AGO...

A CLUB IN WILLIAMSBURG, BACK WHEN
THEY WERE CALLING THE AREA LITTLE
BERLIN. STAGE OF FOOLS' FIRST
ALBUM IS ABOUT TO HIT THE STREETS.
BUT SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED.

I'M LATE
ON STAGE.

FUCK SAKE, KID. WHAT'S
GOING ON?

I...HAD AN
EPIPHANY.
I WANT TO
PLAY THE
HARP.

NO WAY!
THIS IS A
ROCK
BAND!

THE HARP HAS A
SURPRISINGLY WIDE
REPERTOIRE.

THE QUESTION
IS, WHY AM I
ACTING LIKE
THIS?

WHAT HAPPENED IN
THOSE MOMENTS
BEFORE I CAME ON
STAGE?

PING!

WHAT HAS MADE
ME SO INSANE?

AAAGH!

THIS IS THE SUITES, OFF CANON STREET, ONE OF MY FAMILY'S HOTELS. I GREW UP HERE AMID ITS GHOSTS AND SECRETS.

BIG DADDY WAS A DISTANT FIGURE, SOME DISTINCTLY AMERICAN COMBINATION OF FRIENDLY CLOWN AND VIOLENT, JEALOUS THUNDER GOD.

OF COURSE, WE ALL WORSHIPPED HIM.

MOTHER HAD HER FIRST BREAKDOWN IN THESE CHILL CORRIDORS, JUST HOURS AFTER SHE FOUND MY SISTER AND ME NAKED, PLAYING NEUROSURGEONS AND NURSES.



SIS ALWAYS INSISTED THAT I WAS THE NURSE...