

AT THE GOLDEN SHEAF BAKERY IN BERKELEY

FILMS

DANCE CONCERT

FILMS

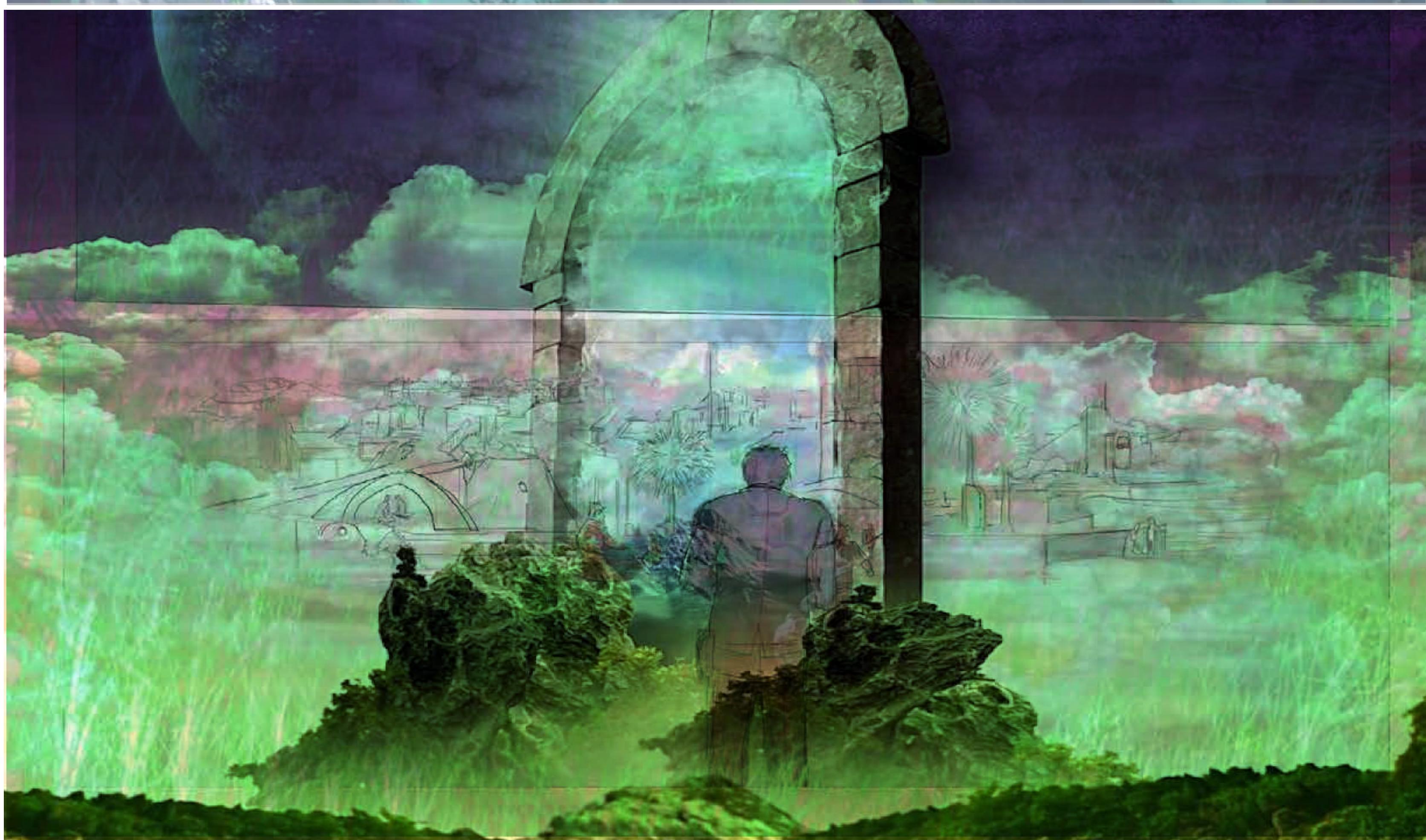
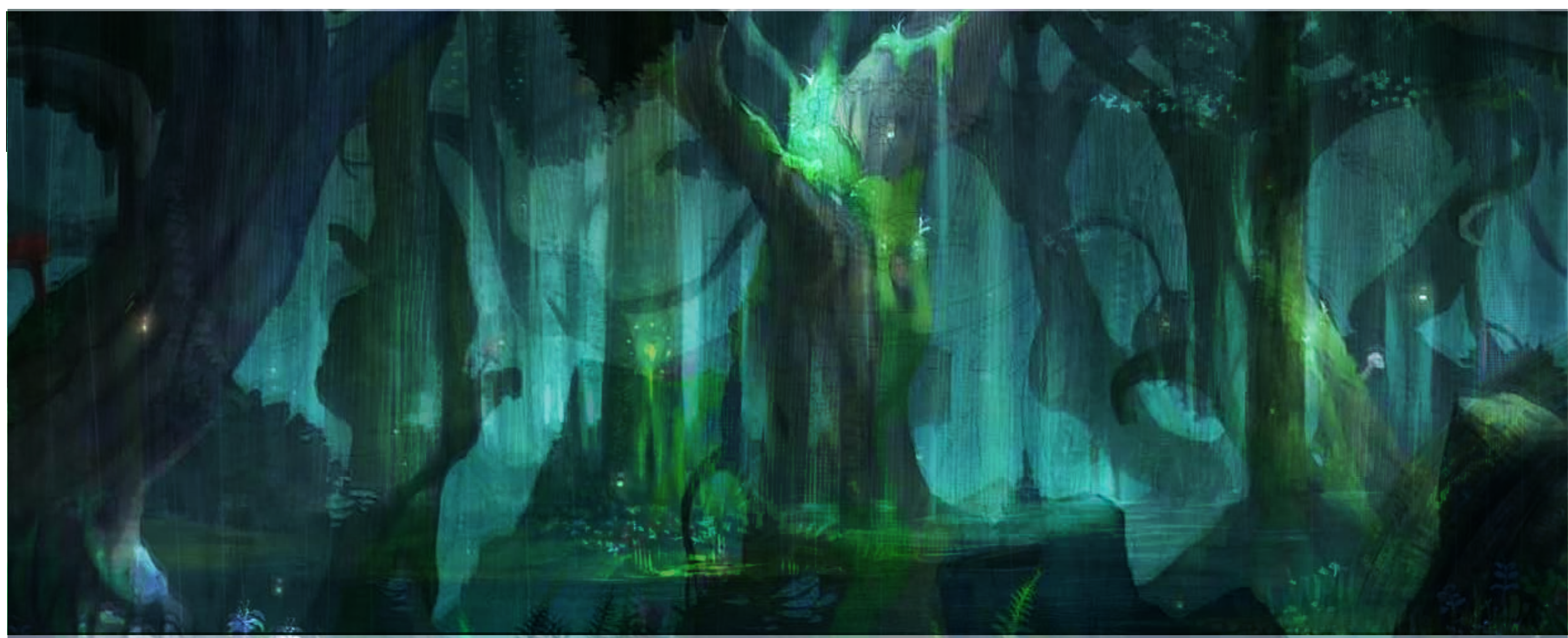


# EterniFest

WORDS: ONZIK

ART: MONGEAU







# VERDANT FOREST

(SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF ETERNIFEST.)

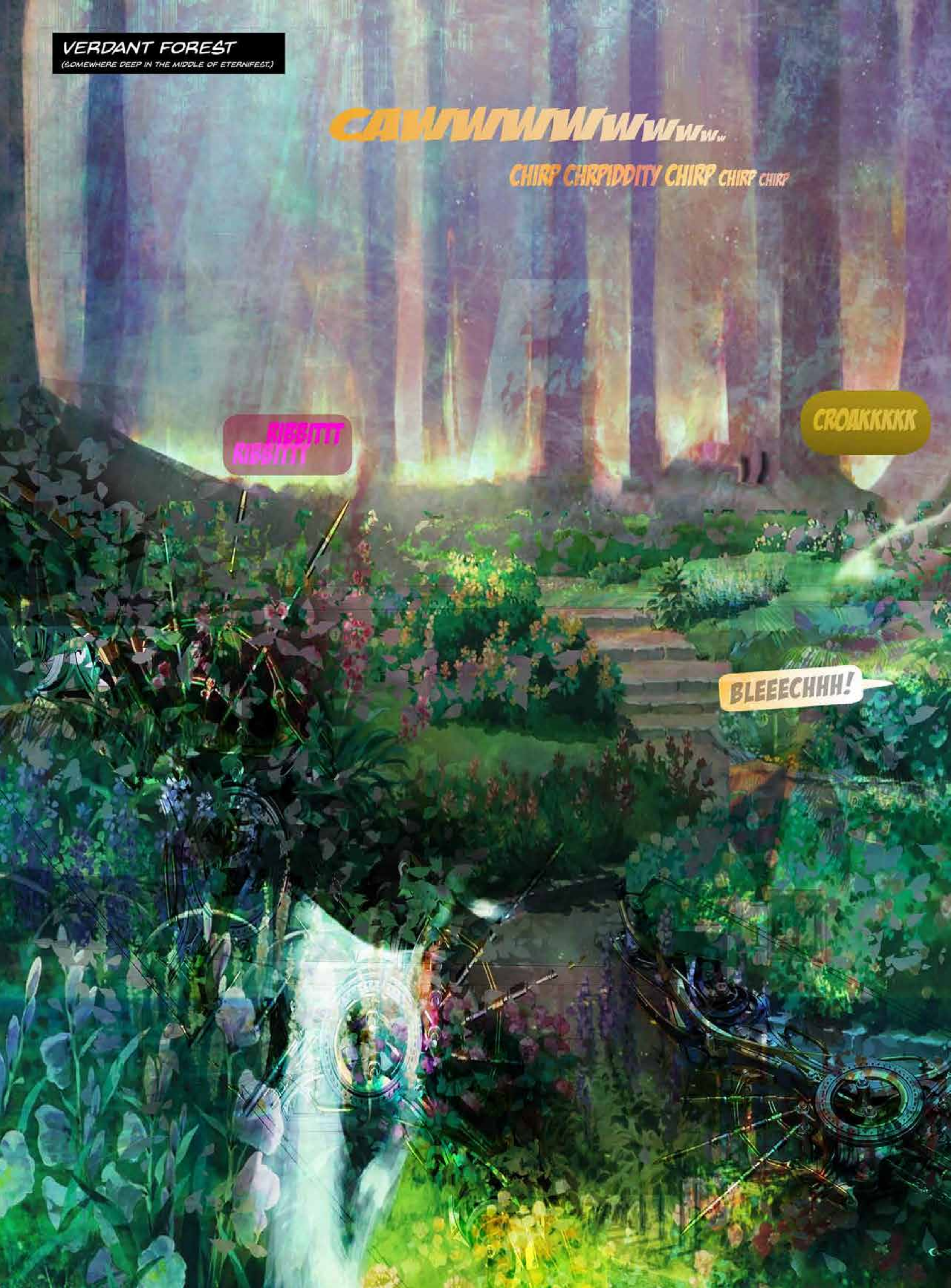
CAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW

CHIRP CHRPIDDITY CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP

RIBBITT  
RIBBITT

CROAKKKKK

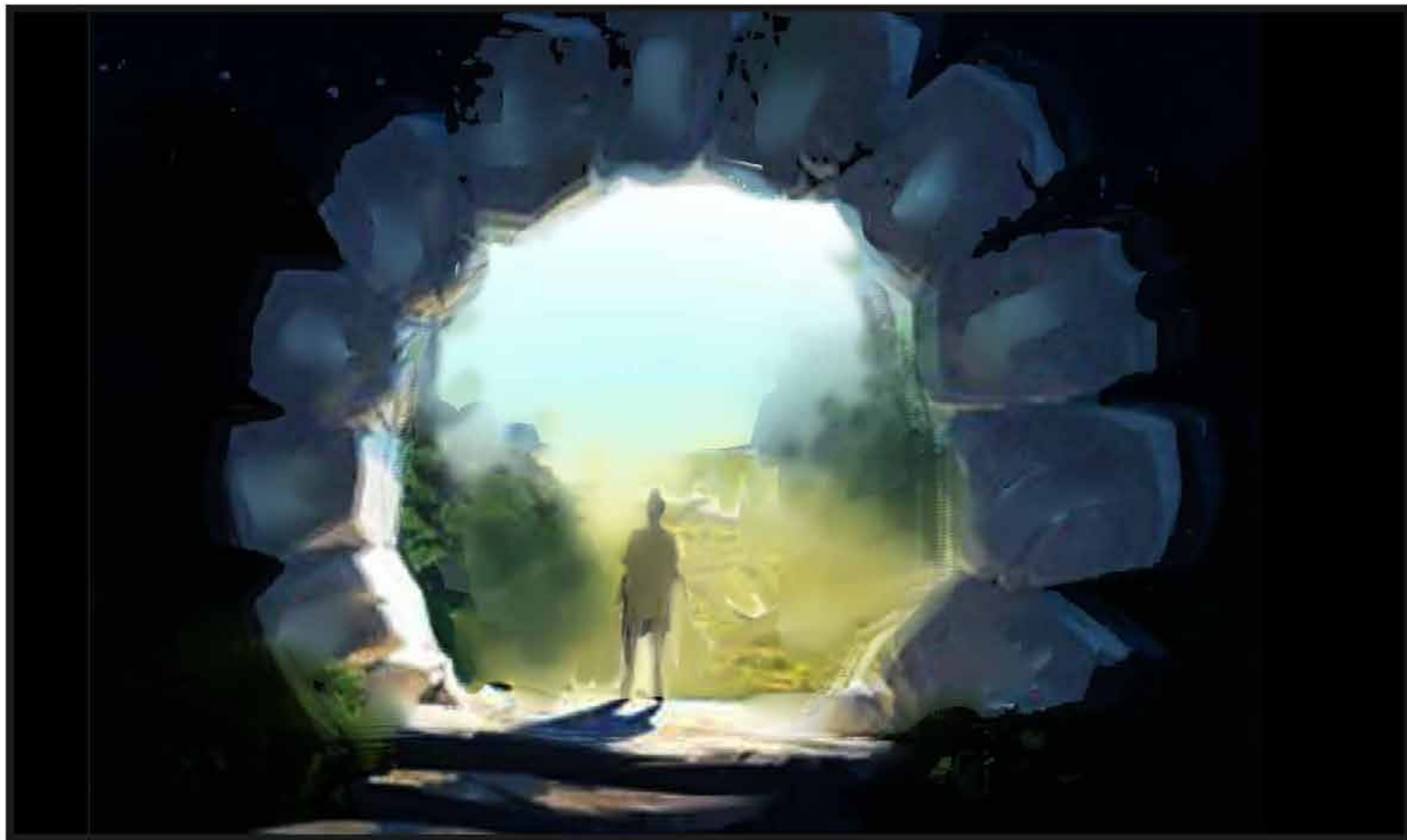
BLEEECHHH!















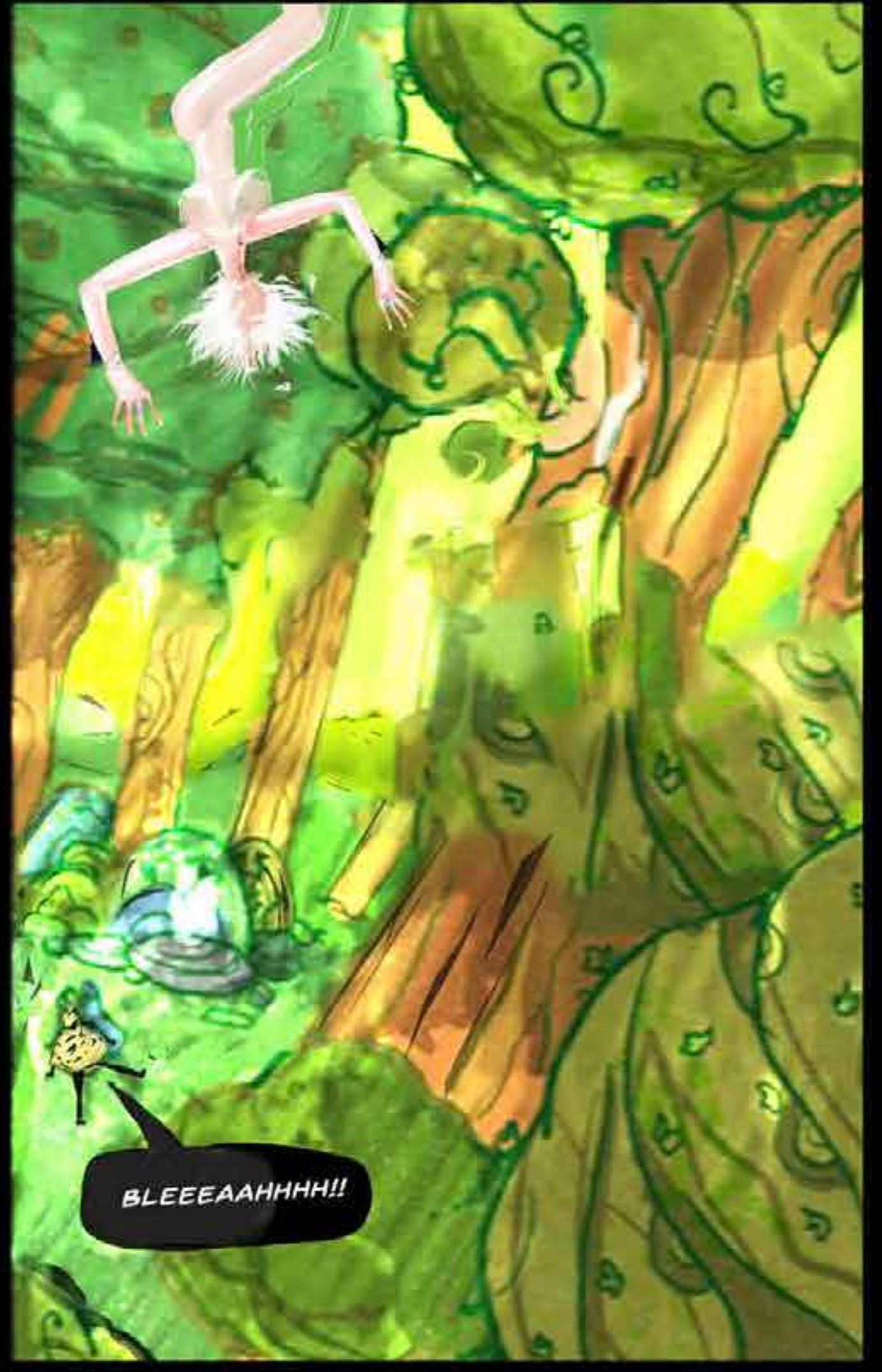




FLAP  
FLAP  
FLAP



SWISH



BLEEEAAHHHH!!









JOSH MONGEAU



WE'RE GREETED WITH SOME EXOTIC BIRD CALLS IN THE MISTS OF A HOT FOREST.

UNIDENTIFIABLE SPECIES OF FLORA AND FUNGI GROW EVERYWHERE IN DIFFERENT SHAPES AND PLACES THAT ONE WOULDN'T THINK IT COULD.

HE AWAKENS THERE IN HIS LATE 20'S AND MAYBE EVEN EARLY 30'S BUT HE COULD BE MISTAKEN. HE REGARDS HIS SURROUNDINGS WHILE PICKING MOSS OFF HIS BODY.

MMMM...  
BREAKFAST

ACID

AWW  
SHIT.

NOTICING SOME CLOTHES, OH YES, CLOTHES, VERY NICE. SEARCHES THE PANTS WHICH HE SEEMS TO RECOGNIZE.

AH, THERE'S A PRE-ROLLED JOINT IN THERE WITH SOME GOOD SHIT, SMELLS GOOD. WAIT, WHAT'S THIS? A SHEET OF LSD? YES. HE RIPS TWO PIECES OFF OF IT AND EATS HEARTILY. MY BREAKFAST.

DEAL NOW APPEARS TO BE FAIRLY CLOTHED IN THE BARE MINIMUM OF FESTIVAL CLOTHING AND LYING ON THE GROUND TRIPPING. HIS STOMACH GROWLS AND SUDDENLY THE GROUND AROUND HIM BEGINS TO CRAWL AND COME ALIVE.

SNAP!

45 MINS LATER:

MY NUTS!

AND THEN HE VOMITS. UPON RECOVERY HE MUTTERS A BIT ABOUT HIS STRANGE SITUATION, NARRATING HIS OWN ACTIONS.

MAY I ASK  
WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
YOUR LEG?

I WAS  
BORN  
WITH IT.

OH  
HI.

YOU'RE  
NEW  
AROUND  
HERE.

WELL I'VE  
BEEN  
AROUND THE  
BEND IF YA  
KNOW WHAT  
I MEAN.

I'M TRIPPING.

OH.  
THAT MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
VERY PAINFUL

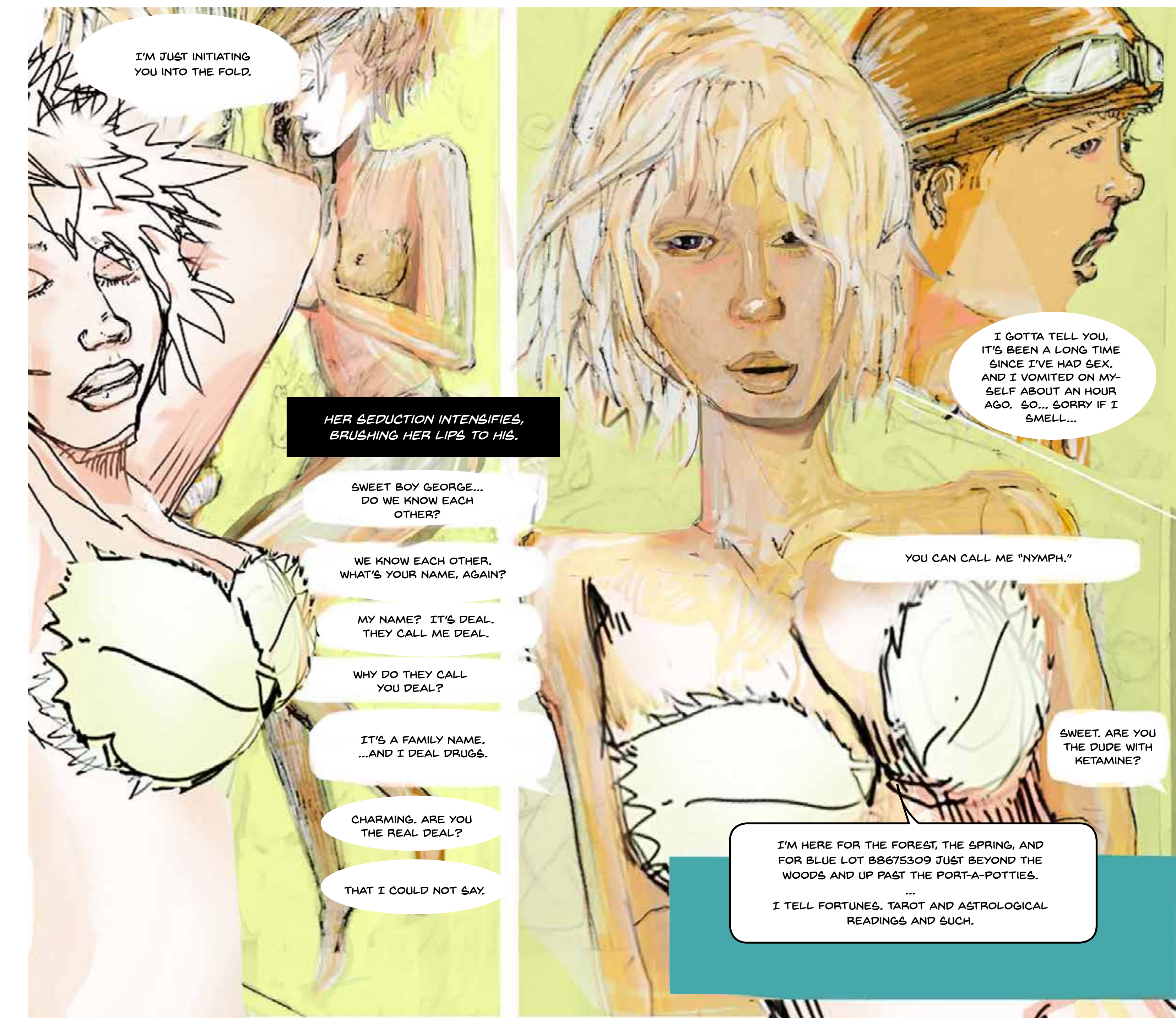
...  
SO JUST GONNA  
RELIGHT THIS  
HERE JOINT.

ARE YOU REAL?

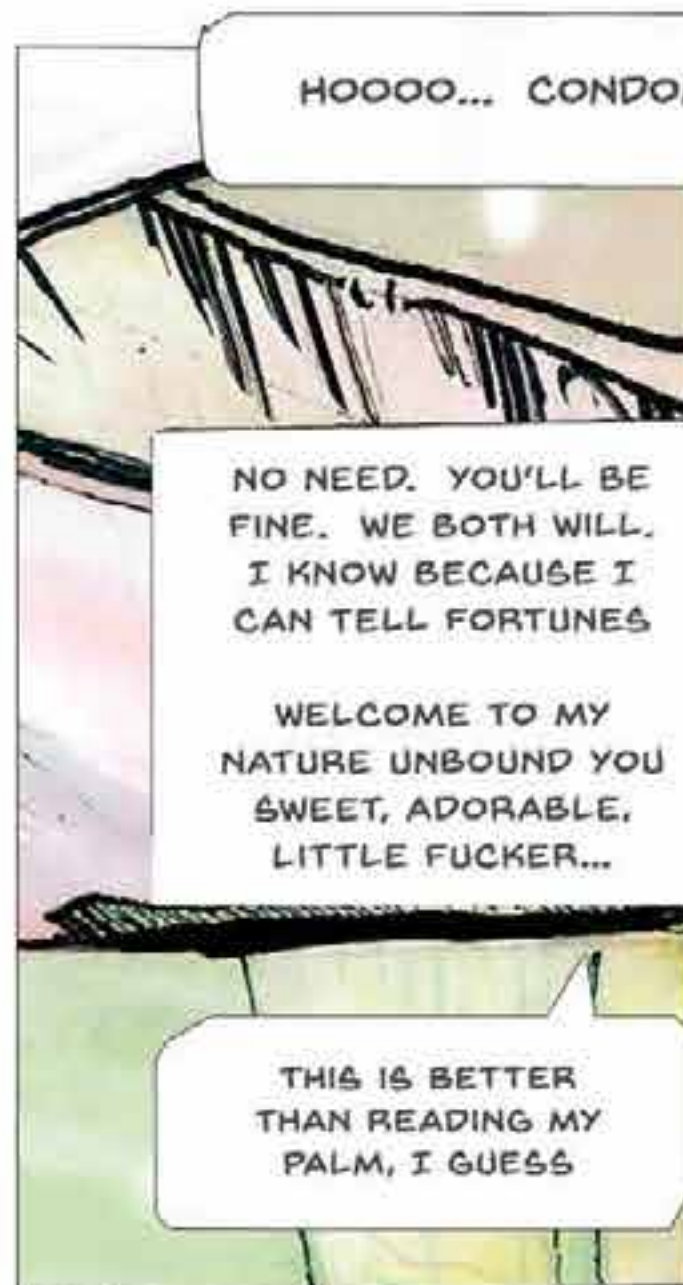
IS THE ACID  
GOOD? ARE YOU  
HALLUCINATING?

HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING  
YET, I GOT MY EYES  
PEELED THOUGH.







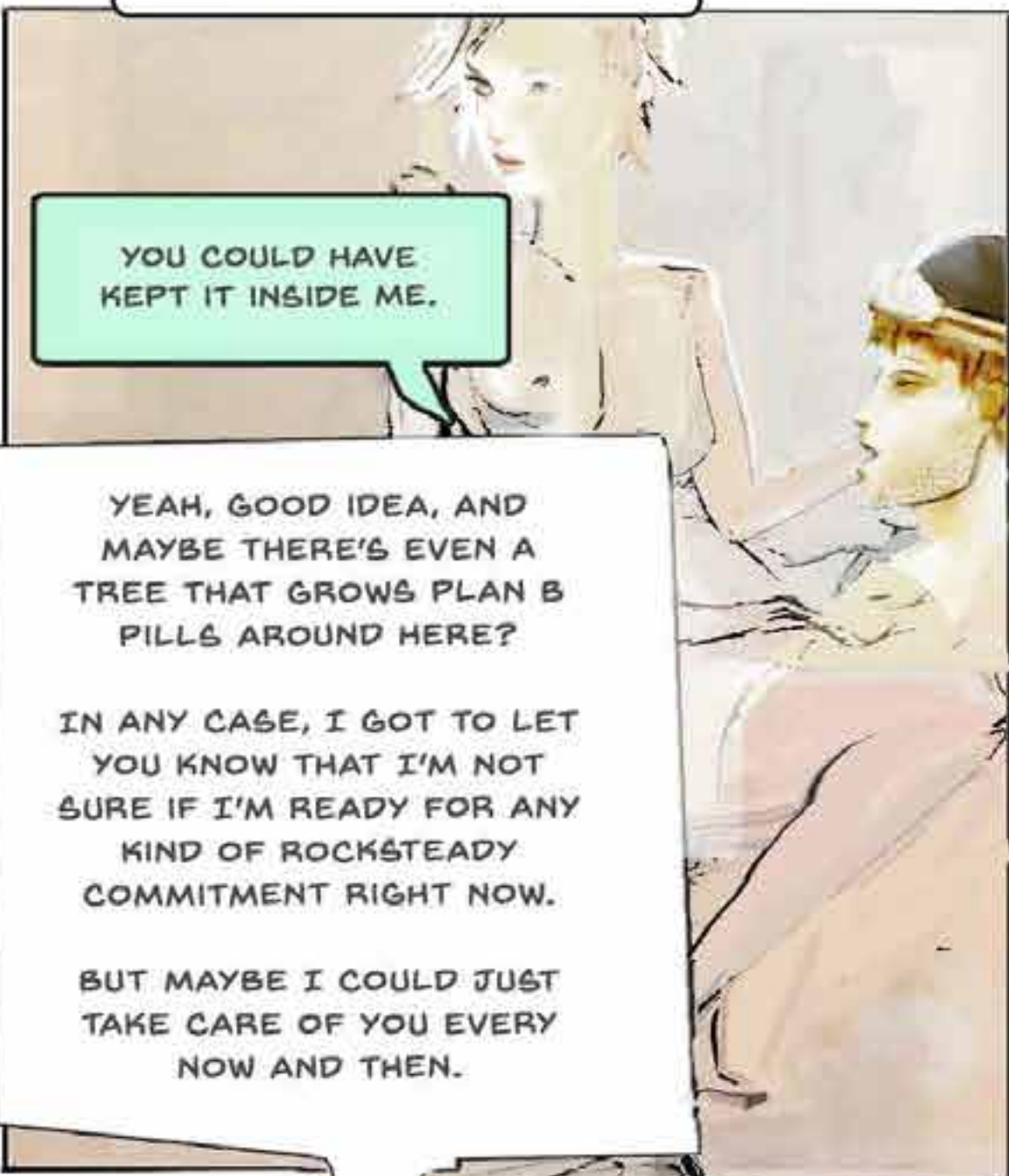






I CAME ALL OVER  
SOMEBODY'S  
T-SHIRT...  
SOMEBODY'S? WAIT...  
**MY T-SHIRT.**  
I CAME ALL OVER IT.

WHAT?

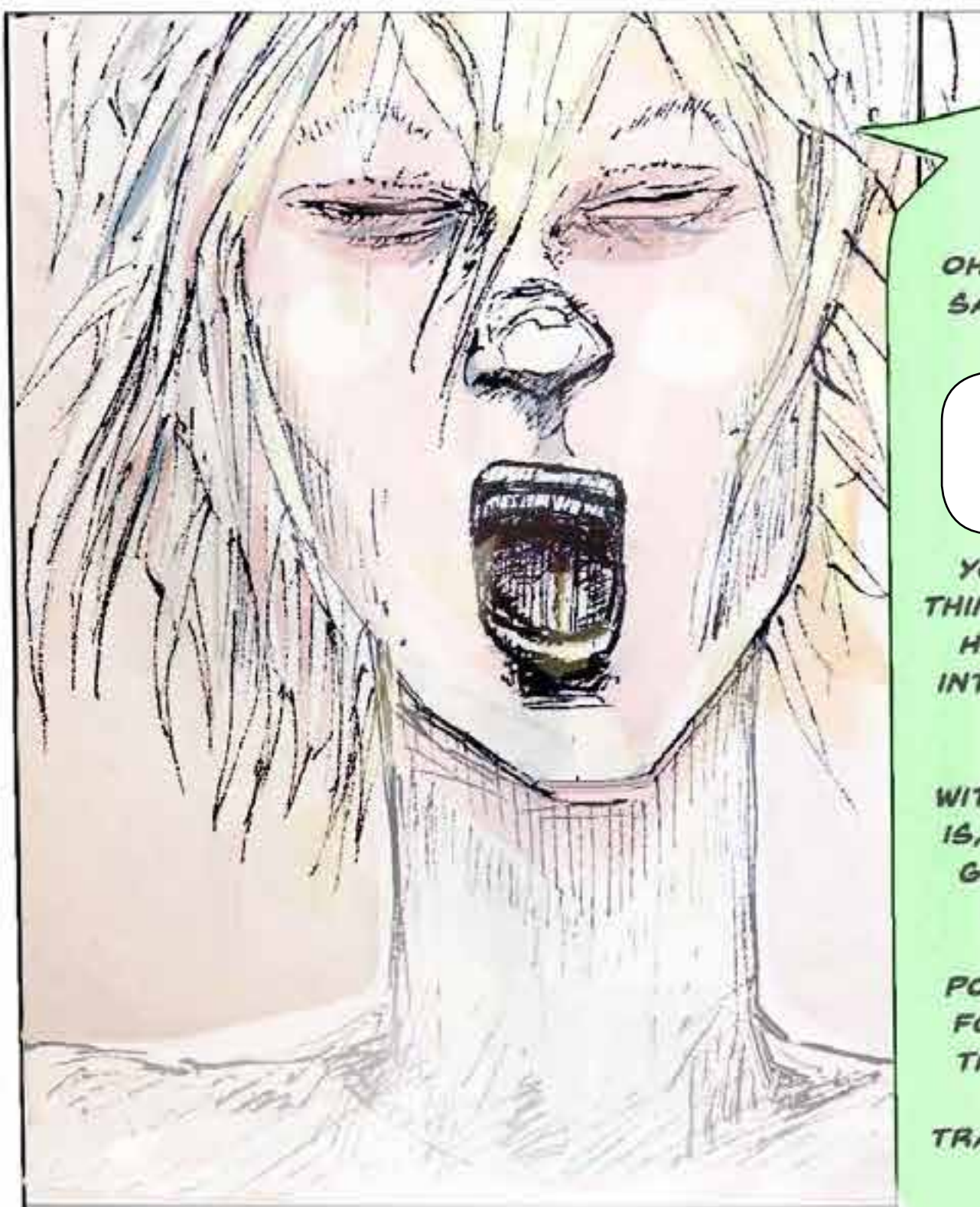


YOU COULD HAVE  
KEPT IT INSIDE ME.

YEAH, GOOD IDEA, AND  
MAYBE THERE'S EVEN A  
TREE THAT GROWS PLAN B  
PILLS AROUND HERE?

IN ANY CASE, I GOT TO LET  
YOU KNOW THAT I'M NOT  
SURE IF I'M READY FOR ANY  
KIND OF ROCKSTEADY  
COMMITMENT RIGHT NOW.

BUT MAYBE I COULD JUST  
TAKE CARE OF YOU EVERY  
NOW AND THEN.



OH DEAL... THAT'S QUITE THE  
SACRIFICE. BUT COULD YOU  
TAKE CARE OF ME?

WELL, SURE. I THINK SO? I JUST  
REMEMBERED I KINDA HAVE AN  
AMBIGUOUS GIRL/PARTNER  
SITUATION TO ATTEND TO.

YOU'RE KINDA DUMB, AND I  
THINK IT'S CUTE. BUT WHAT WE  
HAD HERE AND NOW IS THE  
INTRINSIC, THE ORGANIC, AND  
ABOVE ALL, THE ODD.

WITH YOUR WORLD THE WAY IT  
IS, DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER  
GET SO LUCKY AGAIN. YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHO I AM.

POOR DEAL. IT'S ALWAYS TIT  
FOR TAT WITH YOU. ALWAYS  
THE EXCHANGE. THE WAY I  
SEE IT, YOU'LL HAVE A  
TRAUMATIC COUPLE OF WEEKS  
AHEAD OF YOU.

WELL... NOBODY CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE. BESIDES I SHIT  
TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCES AFTER A SOLID WEEKEND. WHAT  
WOULD I BE DOING THAT COULD BE SO ROUGH?



TRYING TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE  
OF YOUR LIFE. A FEAT THAT  
WON'T EXHAUST YOU SO MUCH  
PHYSICALLY AS IT WILL  
MENTALLY. BUT THAT DEPENDS  
ON IF YOU THINK TOO HARD OR  
NOT. PROBABLY THE LATER...

GOOD LUCK. I'LL SEE YOU  
WHEN I SEE YOU.

THE NYMPH DISAPPEARS, LEAVING NOTHING, NOT  
EVEN A RUSTLE OF LEAVES. AS DEAL OBSERVES  
THIS, HE FAINTS IN A TRANCELIKE STATE.





HEY, WHAT THE?  
SHE DONT KNOW IF  
SHE'S COMING OR GOIN'.



THERE WAS A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING STRANGE ABOUT IT. A PRESENCE  
LIKE THE NORTHERN LIGHTS WASHED OVER AND THEN WAFTED AWAY TO  
SOME REMOTE PLACE BACK UP BEHIND THE BLUE OF THE SKY.

AWAKENED BY THE DISTANT SOUND OF BEATING DRUMS.  
HE IS DRAWN TOWARDS IT.



AS HE DEPARTS, HE DOESN'T NOTICE  
THE LIFELESS BODY LYING IN THE  
BUSHES NEARBY...









A CORNUCOPIA OF CARAVANS, CARS, FOOD  
STANDS, MUSIC STAGES, DRUM CIRCLES,  
SHAKEDOWN STREETS AND PARTIAL NUDITY.  
THE BIGGEST PARTY ON EARTH...





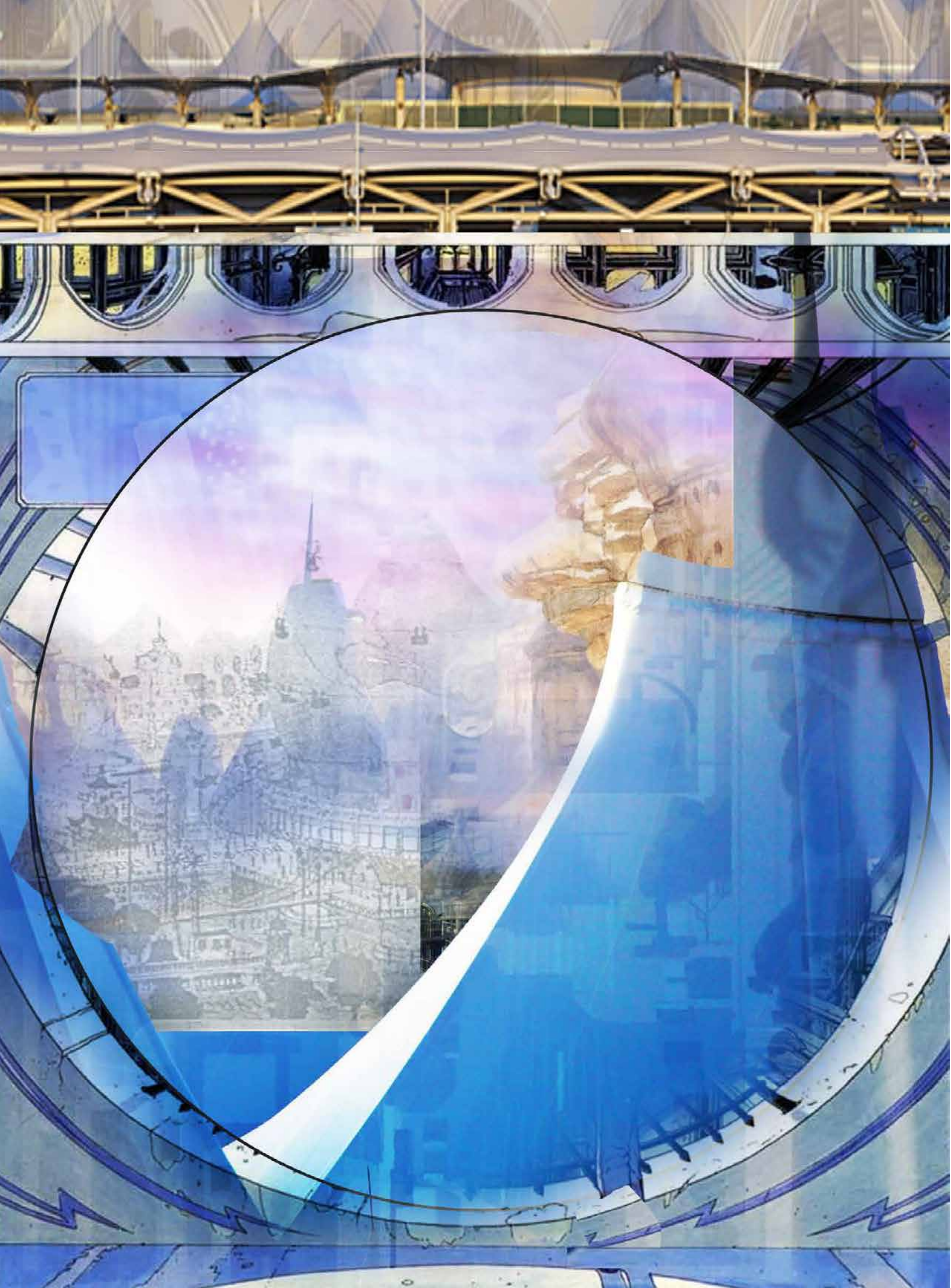
WITNESS... ETERNIFEST.













THAT CONCLUDES OUR RE-ENACTED TAROT  
READING DESCRIBING SOMEBODY WHO MAY OR  
MAY NOT HAVE BANGED A TREE WHILE ON ACID.





WE ALL LIKE A LITTLE BUSH  
SOMETIMES. I KNOW I DO. AND  
NOW THE WEATHER FORECAST...

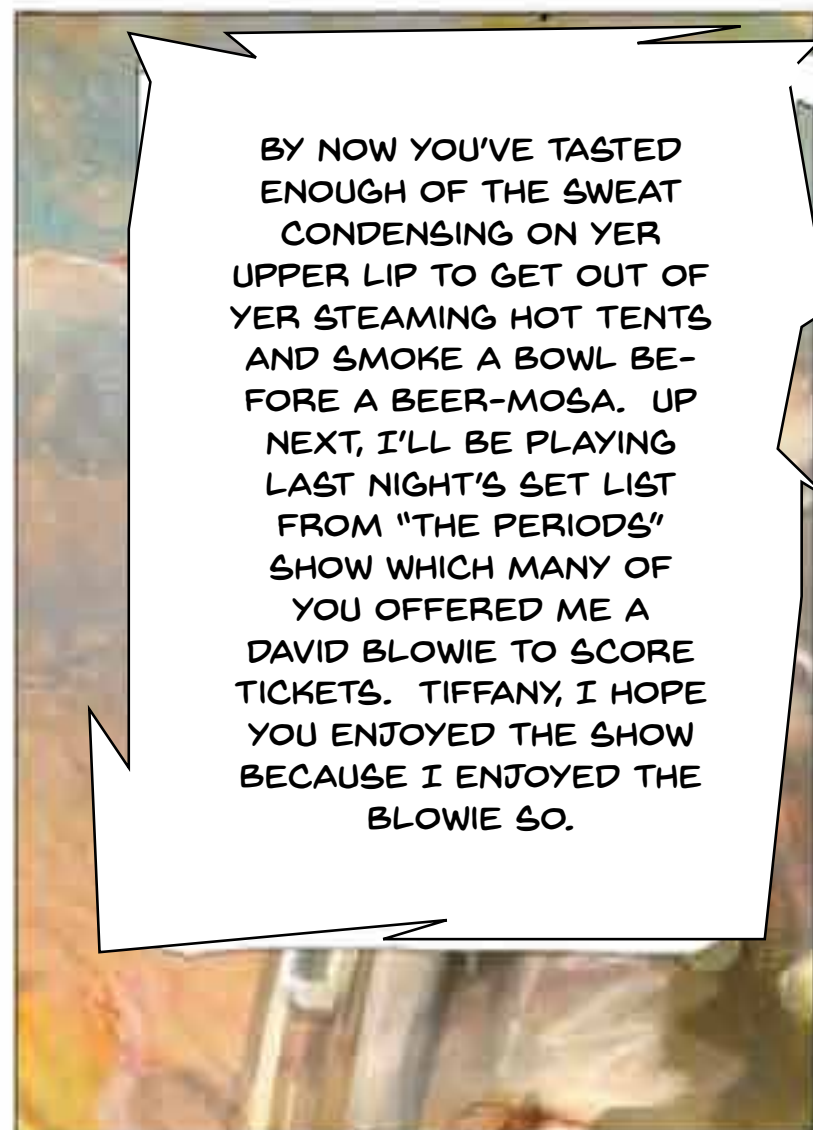




IT'S A SUMMER DAY OF SUMMER  
DAYS OF SUMMER DAYS. DON'T  
GET UP ON MY ACCOUNT BUT...



BY NOW YOU'VE TASTED  
ENOUGH OF THE SWEAT  
CONDENSING ON YER  
UPPER LIP TO GET OUT OF  
YER STEAMING HOT TENTS  
AND SMOKE A BOWL BE-  
FORE A BEER-MOSA. UP  
NEXT, I'LL BE PLAYING  
LAST NIGHT'S SET LIST  
FROM "THE PERIODS"  
SHOW WHICH MANY OF  
YOU OFFERED ME A  
DAVID BLOWIE TO SCORE  
TICKETS. TIFFANY, I HOPE  
YOU ENJOYED THE SHOW  
BECAUSE I ENJOYED THE  
BLOWIE SO.



WE SHOULD TOTALLY THROW A PARTY FOR THOSE  
UNFORTUNATE SOULS WHOSE DAVID BLOWIE  
DIDN'T GET TO GO! AFTER THE FIRST SET I'LL  
HAVE A SPECIAL SEGMENT IN WHICH ME AND A  
FEW BUDDIES COMPARE DMT TRIPS...  
WHILE SMOKING DMT.



BY THE WAY, I'M BLIND. AND SO WE ARE ACCEPTING DONATIONS  
FOR THE "DON'T JERK OFF TILL YOU'RE BLIND FOUNDATION" A  
NON-PROFIT SPONSORED BY NAIR FOR PALMS. TO DONATE JUST  
CONTACT BIGTITSONACID RADIO PRODUCER MARK -  
  
WHO I ASSUME IS STILL IN THE SOUND BOOTH... RIGHT MARK?

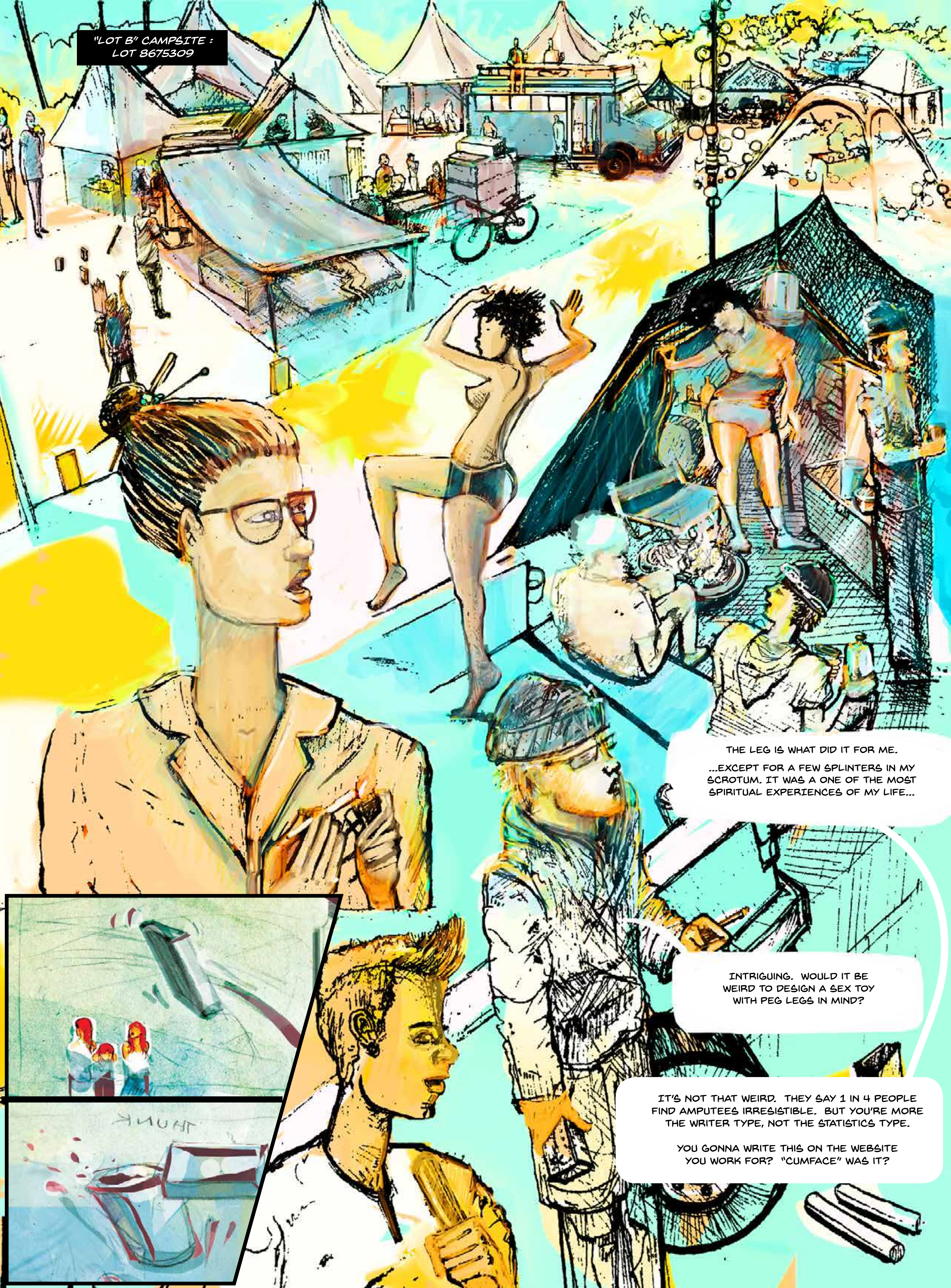


OK. DO YOUR PART TO STOP  
MASTURBATORY BLINDNESS BY GIVING YOUR  
DAVID BLOWIES TO A BLIND JOEY TODAY!





"LOT B" CAMPSITE :  
LOT 8675309



THE LEG IS WHAT DID IT FOR ME.  
...EXCEPT FOR A FEW SPLINTERS IN MY  
SCROTUM. IT WAS A ONE OF THE MOST  
SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF MY LIFE...

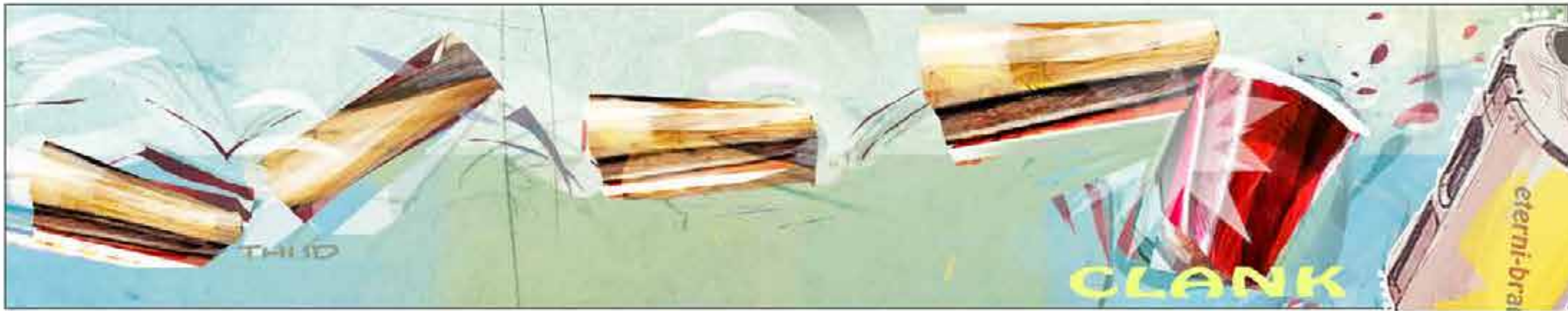
INTRIGUING. WOULD IT BE  
WEIRD TO DESIGN A SEX TOY  
WITH PEG LEGS IN MIND?

IT'S NOT THAT WEIRD. THEY SAY 1 IN 4 PEOPLE  
FIND AMPUTEES IRRESISTIBLE. BUT YOU'RE MORE  
THE WRITER TYPE, NOT THE STATISTICS TYPE.

YOU GONNA WRITE THIS ON THE WEBSITE  
YOU WORK FOR? "CUMFACE" WAS IT?











IT'S "JAMFACE."  
IF THEY RUN WITH IT, IT'LL BE TO  
CATER TO THE FESTIVAL'S INFLUX OF  
PERVERSION. JUST AS YOU HAVE.

GOT ANY STD'S  
WORTH THINKING  
ABOUT?



YEAH I MEAN...  
UH...  
WHOA...  
JUST HAD A...  
AH... THOUGHT.

I THINK YOU  
SHOULD PONDER  
WHAT MAY OR MAY  
NOT BE PROPER  
USAGE OF YOUR  
TIME. WE THOUGHT  
YOUR LIFELESS  
CORPSE WAS  
BEING USED BY A  
NECROPHILE AND  
THEIR ETHER RAG



I'LL INSPECT  
YOUR BALLS DEAL.

I PRACTICE REIKI, I CAN  
REPOSITION THE ENERGY IN  
YOUR GENITALS IF YOU WANT.

THANKS OZONE -- BUT THWACKING MY NUTS AGAINST A WOODEN LEG FOR 6 MINUTES  
REPOSITIONED THE ENERGY IN MY BALLS JUST THE GOLDBLOCKS AMOUNT.



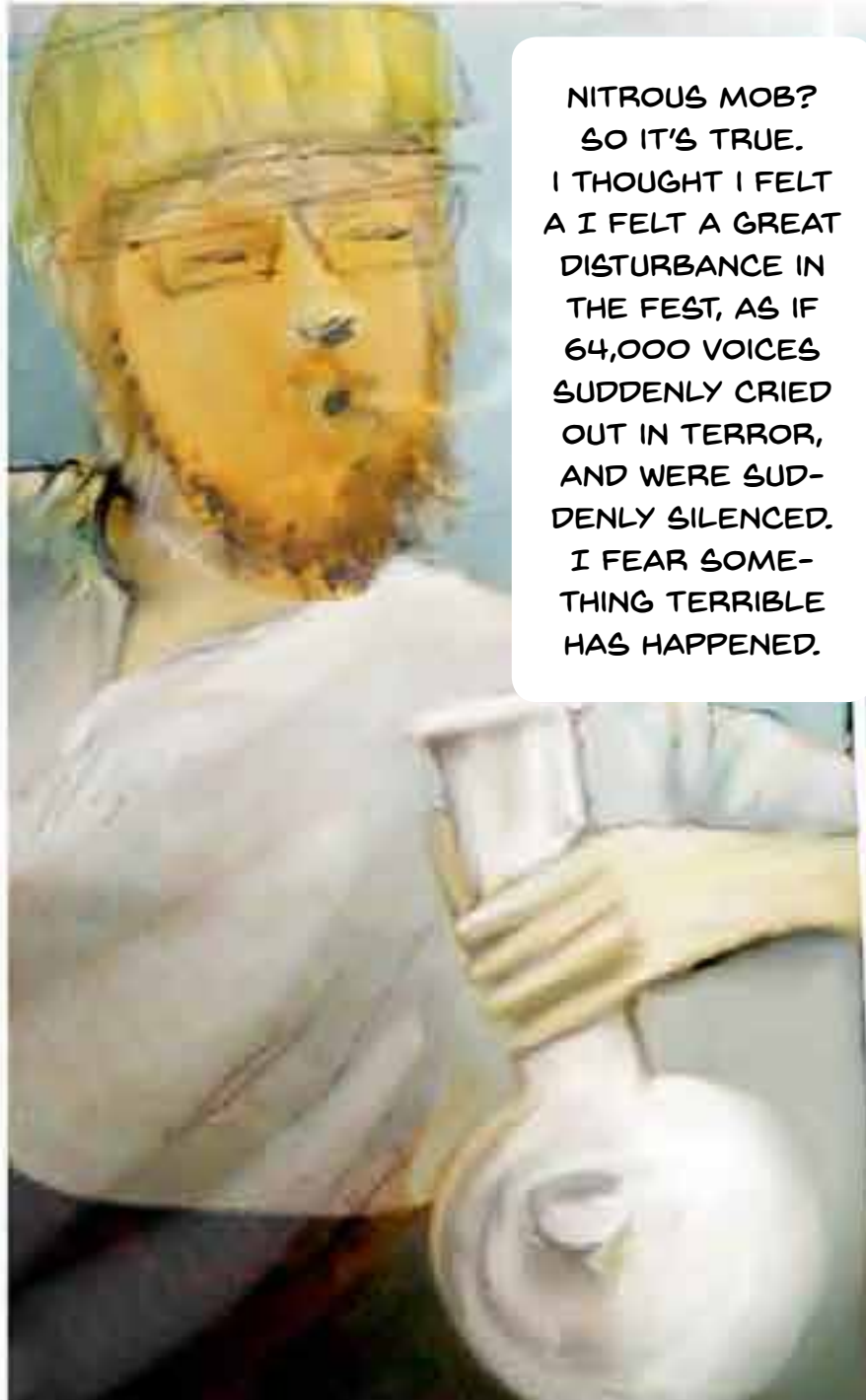
YEAH, A FRESH  
ONE. SECURITY  
STAFFERS WERE  
INVESTIGATING BUT  
THEN THE NITROUS  
MAFIA TOOK OVER  
FOR WHATEVER  
REASON AND UH...  
THE INVESTIGATION  
FIZZLED.



SOUNDS LIKE  
LIKE SECURITY  
STAFF'S BLOWN  
TOO MUCH OF  
THAT CONFIS-  
CATED COCAINE.  
THAT OR THE  
NITROUS MOB IS  
REALLY...TAKING  
CONTROL.



DUDE, JUST THE  
OTHER DAY THE  
NITROUS MOB  
BEAT AN ENTIRE  
CAMPSITE OF  
DAVE MATTHEWS  
FANS TO DEATH  
WITH THEIR OWN  
SANDALS.



NITROUS MOB?  
SO IT'S TRUE.  
I THOUGHT I FELT  
A I FELT A GREAT  
DISTURBANCE IN  
THE FEST, AS IF  
64,000 VOICES  
SUDDENLY CRIED  
OUT IN TERROR,  
AND WERE SUD-  
DENLY SILENCED.  
I FEAR SOME-  
THING TERRIBLE  
HAS HAPPENED.



AN ENTIRE  
CAMPSITE  
YOU SAY?



THEY WERE  
OBLITERATED,  
AND NOT IN A  
GOOD WAY.

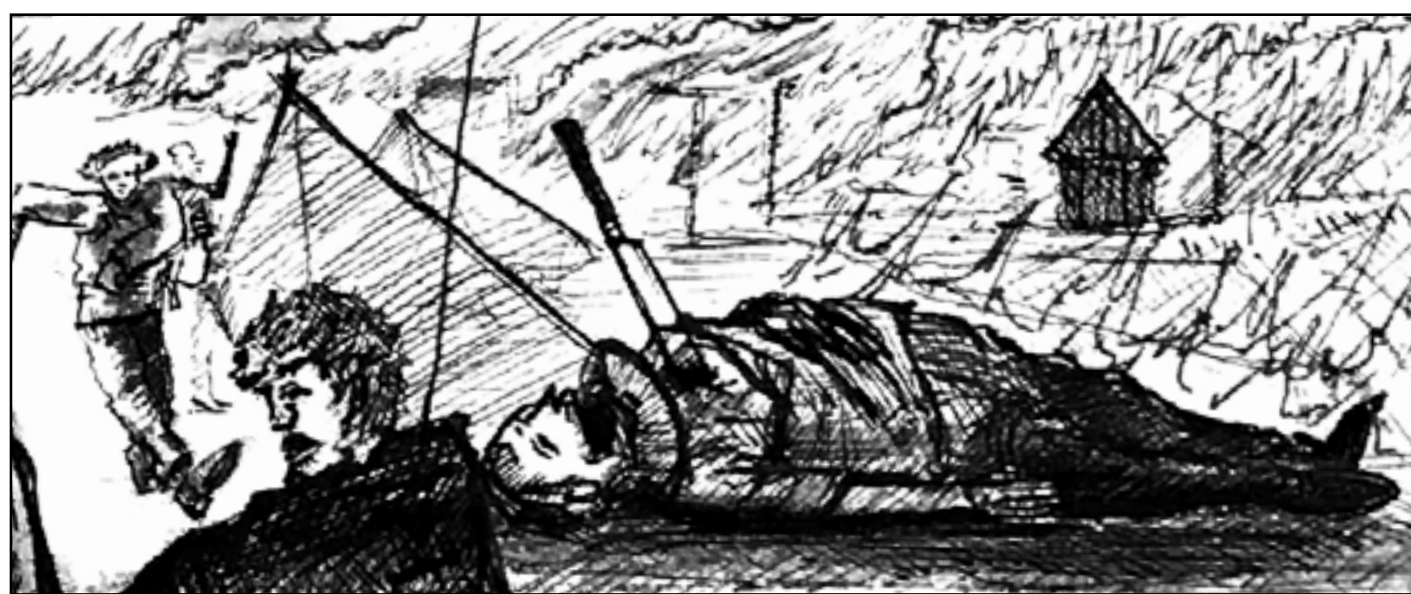
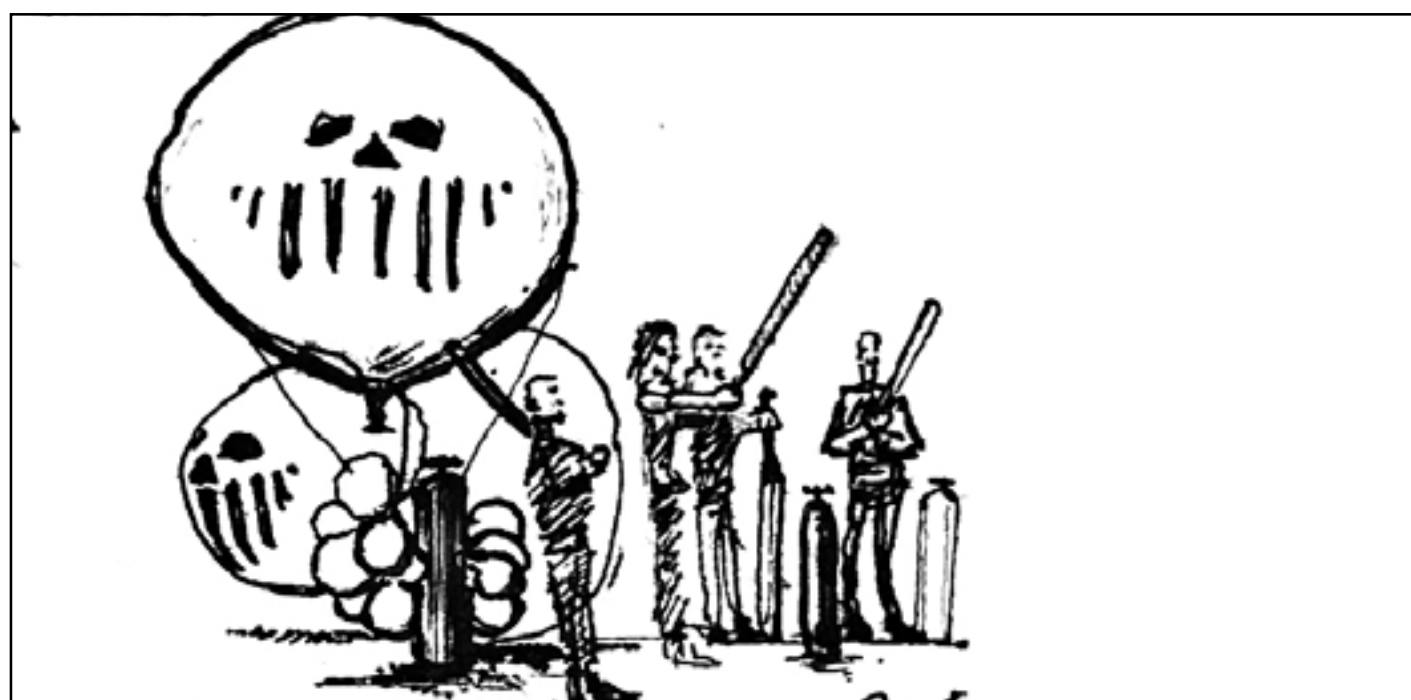
FOR REAL DUDE! METING  
OUT THEIR BARBARIC  
JUSTICE LIKE A HAZING  
FRATERNITY THAT'S TAKEN  
THINGS MUCH TOO FAR, THIS  
TIME, AND FOR THE  
FORESEEABLE FUTURE.  
REMEMBER RED LOT B  
SECTION 439-SOMETHING-X.



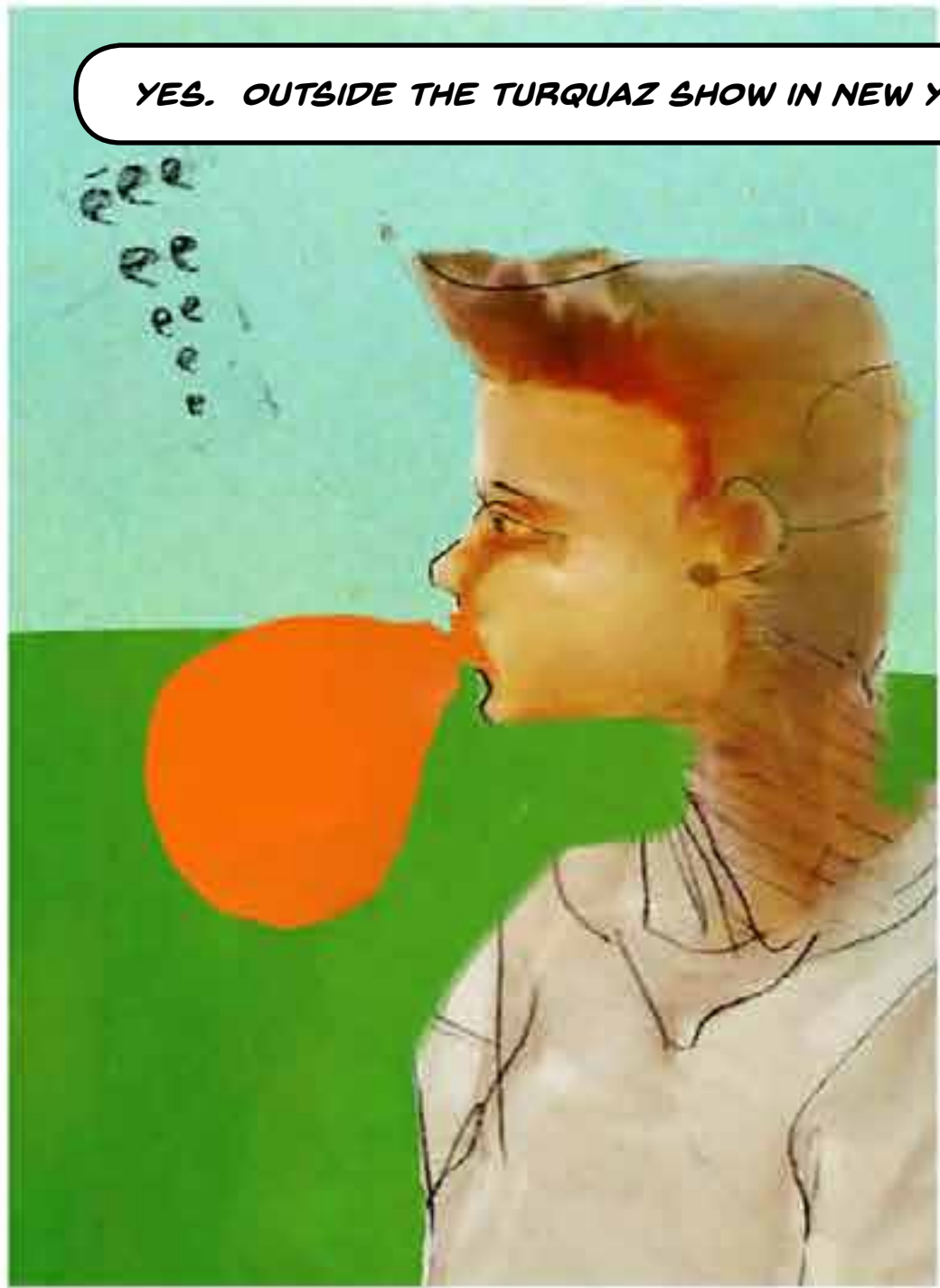
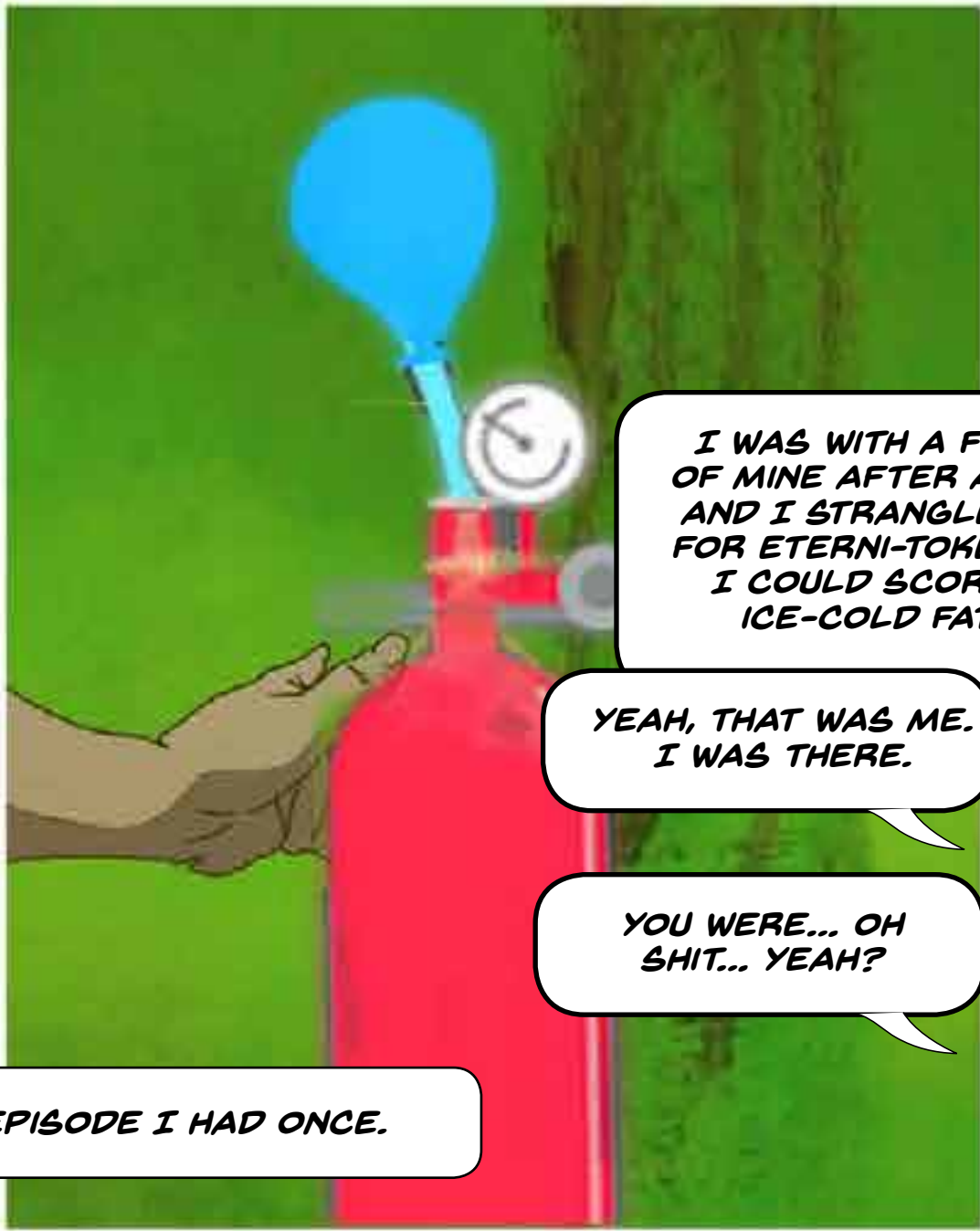
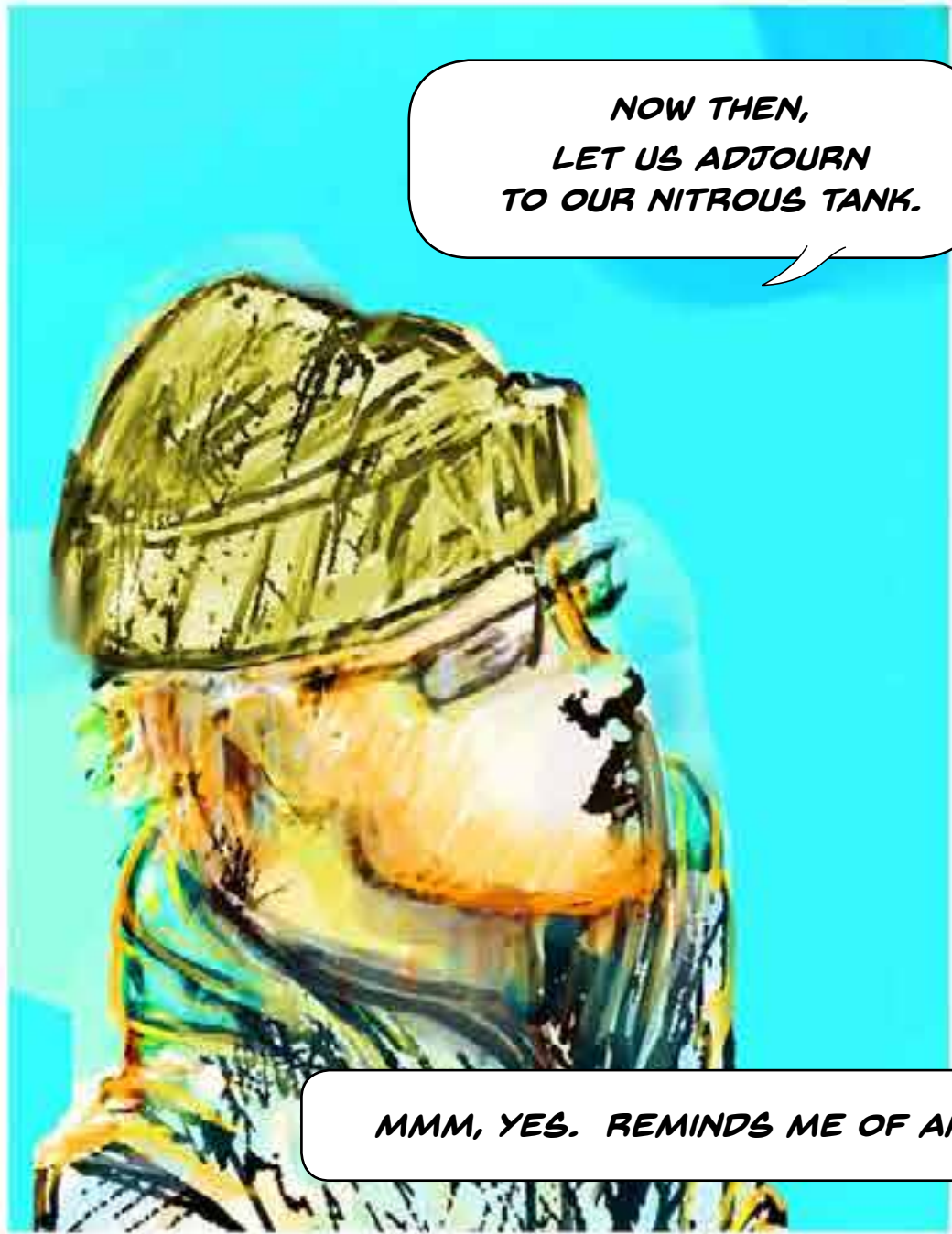
EAH UH... WHATEVER.  
THEY WOULDN'T GIVE UP  
THEIR NITROUS TO THE MOB.  
NOW THEY'RE DEAD.

GOOD PEOPLE.











THE CHILD BEFORE HIM, FETUS, IS THE FIRST RECORDED CHILD BORN WITHIN ETERNIFEST. A DEMONIC LITTLE 7-YEAR-OLD, HIGH ON ENERGY AND WHATEVER PEOPLE DOSE HIM WITH, INTENTIONALLY OR NOT.



DEAL'S CONSCIOUSNESS COMES FORWARD. IT SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE IS LAUGHING AT HIM WITH DERANGED FACES.



NO ONE'S LAUGHING AT YOU, BUDDY.

WHAT'RE YOU GUYS LAUGHING AT?

FETUS BOUNDS FORWARD, POPPING HIS BALLOON.



YYYYOOOO.

NO! FETUS! YOU LITTLE AFTERBIRTH!



DEAL DIVES FOR FETUS BUT FAILS TO SNAG THE BRAT, AND SO CRIES PETULANTLY ON THE GROUND AS FETUS MERRILY FLEES.



YA CRACK BABY! YOUR MOTHER SHOULD'VE CHOKED SUFFOCATED YOU! I'LL FUCKING ABORT YOU!



SAY, IS ANYBODY GOING TO SADIE'S SHOW TONIGHT?

I... WHEN I... BAHAAHAHAH-WWW.

BEN LIGHTS UP MANIACALLY.



MY FRIEND LOST AN EYE TRYING TO SEE "DINGLE DAN AND THE SPOTTED-DUB-BATTALION."

OH, I SAW THEM ONCE WHEN THEY OPENED FOR "STEVE RABINOWITZ AND THE PROSTITUTES." HOW WAS THE SHOW YOU SAW?

FUCKING DEPRESSING! EVERYBODY CRIED! AND THERE WERE NO CHICKS.

FUNNY. I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTO THAT TRANS-REAL TYPE OF MUSIC.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I NEVER MADE OUT WITH A TRANS GIRL IN MY LIFE.

WAIT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE FUCK WE'RE TALKING ABOUT

SO I GUESS I'M NOT INTO IT. I JUST WANNA CHECK OUT THE PUSSY. I JUST... I JUST DIDN'T KNOW... I JUST WANTED TO ROCK OUT, ROCK-SHITTY, WITH A BIDDY! YA KNOW?



I'M GOIN'.

WELL, I GOT A PRESS PASS FROM JAMFACE.

YEAH, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY PRESS PASSES. AND THOSE V.I.P. TENTS CAN BE BRUTAL TO SNEAK INTO.



ARRIGHT, ARRRIGHT. IN ANY CASE, WE SHOULD SHOW UP TO THIS CONCERT SOMEHOW. BUT NOT LIKE A BUNCH OF COCK-A-ROACHES. IT'LL BE A PUZZLE GETTING IN THOUGH...

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

WAIT! THAT'S IT! SUDOKU'S GOT 'EM. SUDOKU'S GOT THE EXTRA WRISTBANDS.

SUDOKU AND SADIE ARE, LIKE, FRIENDS. SHE'LL PROBABLY HAVE THE WRISTBANDS AND SHE COULD GET US IN!

IT'S GOTTA WORK. WE UH... DON'T REALLY KNOW THAT MANY GIRLS.

AH WELL, YA SEE, SUDOKU AND I... THAT'S ANOTHER AWKWARD SUBJECT...

YOUR WHOLE LIFE BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER PUBERTY IS AN AWKWARD SUBJECT.

LET'S GO SAY HI TO OUR FRIEND SUDOKU. DEAL STOP TRYING TO FUCK PEOPLE.

YEAH, STOP FUCKING PEOPLE DEAL. WE... MISS YOU.

THERE FOLLOWS AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE WHERE OZONE STARES INTENSELY AT DEAL.

OK! LET'S GO.





**SUDOKU !?!**



**HELLLOO?  
SUDOKU !?**



**HELLLLLOO?**



**?!**



**HELLLOO?**



**DAMN IT.**







*SUDOKU? DAMN IT. SUDOKU! NOW DON'T BE A HEARTLESS... BITCH... NOT BITCH. I GOTTA TALK TO YA. I WAS LOST FOR THREE DAYS IN THE MIDDLE OF A CORN FIELD!*



*SHIT, MY WIFE WOULDN'T TRY TO FIND ME AN' THEY HAD TO SEND OUT A COUPLE OF INFRARED CAMERAS TO TRY AN' FIND MY ASS.*



*AIN'T NOTHIN' TO ME BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD BORROW SOME UH... TOOLS OR WHATEVER YA GOT.*

*I JUST NEED A LITTLE HELP 'CUZ MY KID IS STUCK IN THE CAR BACK AT MY TENT. AT LEAST I THINK I HAD A WIFE AND KID BACK THERE... AND A BAR... SOME STOCK SHARES IN [GEORGEMICHAEBAY.COM](http://GEORGEMICHAEBAY.COM)...*

*IT ALL LOOKS GOOD ON PAPER.*

*AW, COME ON, SUDOKU! THIS WHOLE FESTIVAL IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT SHARING. DON'T BE AN ASSHOLE BY POLLUTING THE VIBE WITH YOUR PETTY IDEALS OF 'PROPPITY!' LET'S WORK OUT A DEAL...*







BART, ARE YOU... ALRIGHT?



OH MERCY! IT'S YOU FELLAS.  
ANYBODY GOT A SMOKE?

SURE.



NO! DON'T  
LIGHT THE  
FILTER SIDE...  
OH... NO...  
NO,NO,NO.



I'LL DO MORE THAN  
WATCH! HAHA.

NO, OZONE. HE'S  
SERIOUS.

OH... RIGHT,  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW THAT.

SO, BART,  
WHAT'S THE  
JONES DU  
JOUR?

I DON'T SPEAK JAPANESE.  
BUT IF YER ASKIN ME WHAT  
I WANT, IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER  
OF STICKING A SHORT STACK  
OF PILLS UP MY ASS.  
YOU WANNA WATCH?



ANY OF YOU GUYS GOT  
SOME DOPE I COULD  
BUY OFF YA AND THEN  
PAY YA BACK LATER?  
OR YA GOT ANY TO  
JUST GIVE ME?  
(TO DEAL)  
DEAL? CAN YA DOSE  
ME, BRO? REMEM-  
BER, WE'RE SUPPOSED  
TO SHARE; THAT'S  
THE SCENE HERE. SO,  
SHARE, GODDAMMIT!



BART, WE JUST  
GOTTA TALK TO  
SUDOKU.

MY NAME IS LINDSAY.



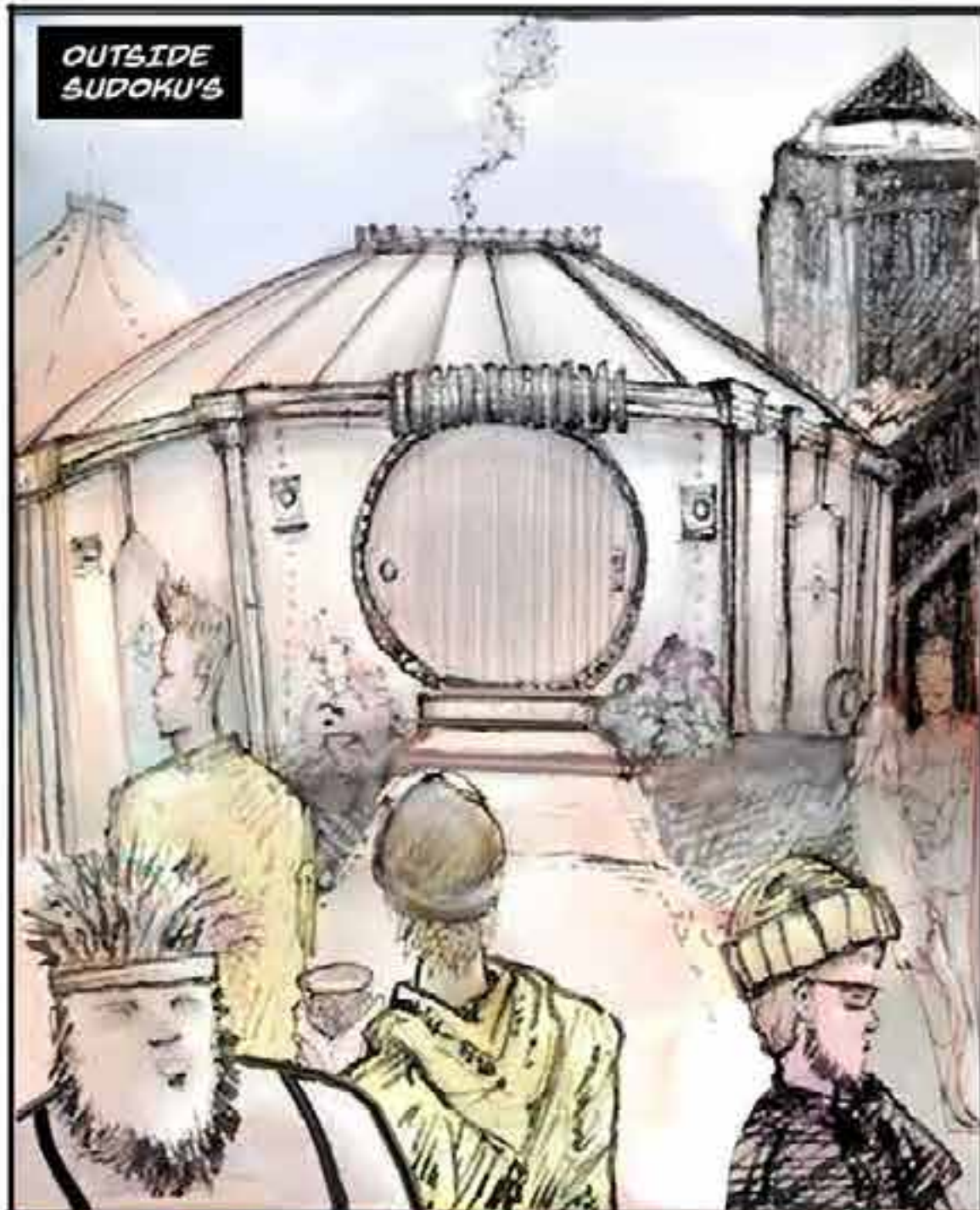




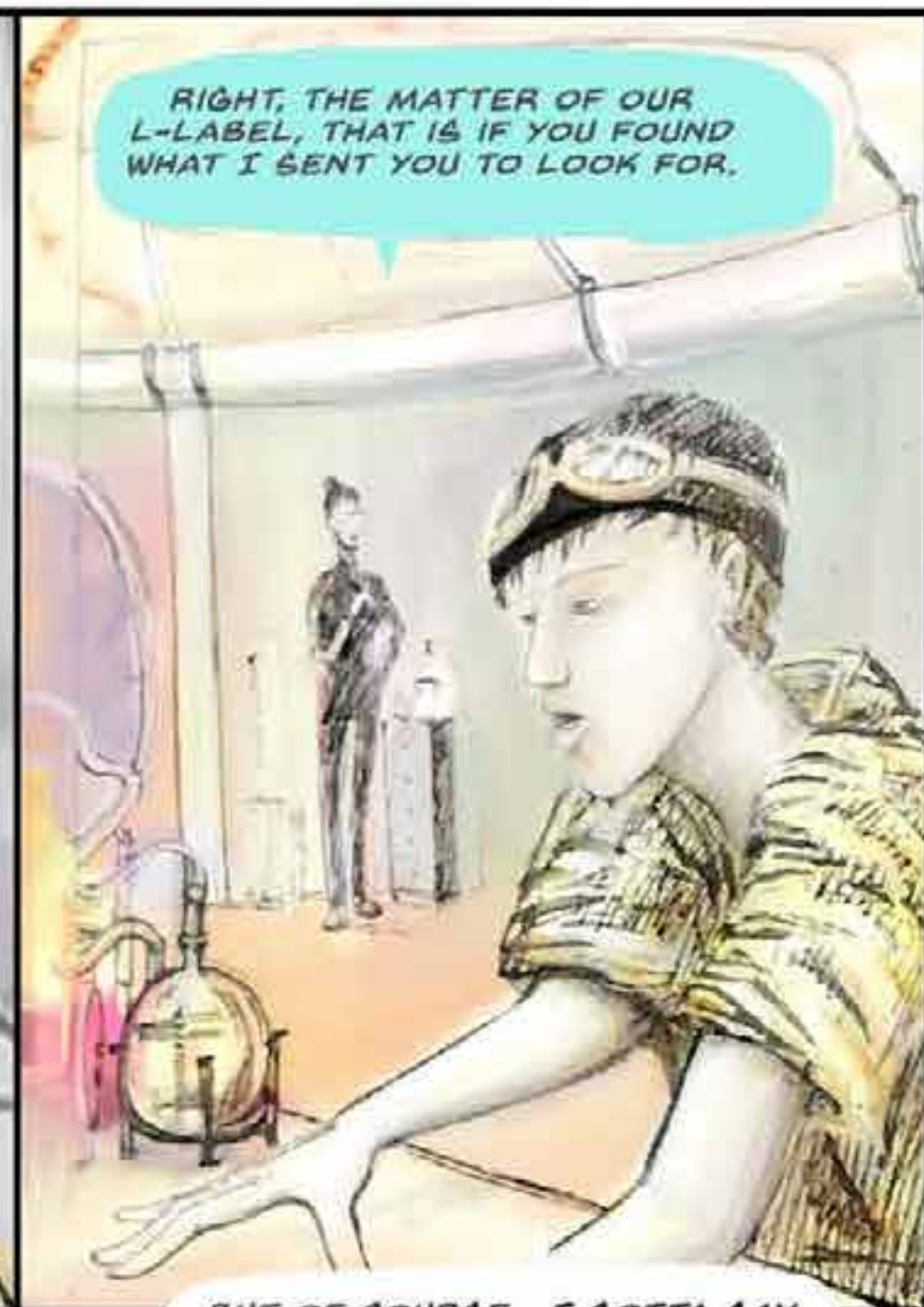




OUTSIDE  
SUDOKU'S



SHEESH..



RIGHT, THE MATTER OF OUR  
L-LABEL, THAT IS IF YOU FOUND  
WHAT I SENT YOU TO LOOK FOR.



BUT OF COURSE. I GOTTA SAY  
THOUGH, I HAD TO TRAVEL  
PRETTY FAR TO GET THESE  
ONES. I WAS LOST IN THE  
WOODS FOR A SPELL.

BUT UH... DID YA GET THE GOODS?

YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL ME  
DEAL, SUDOKU?

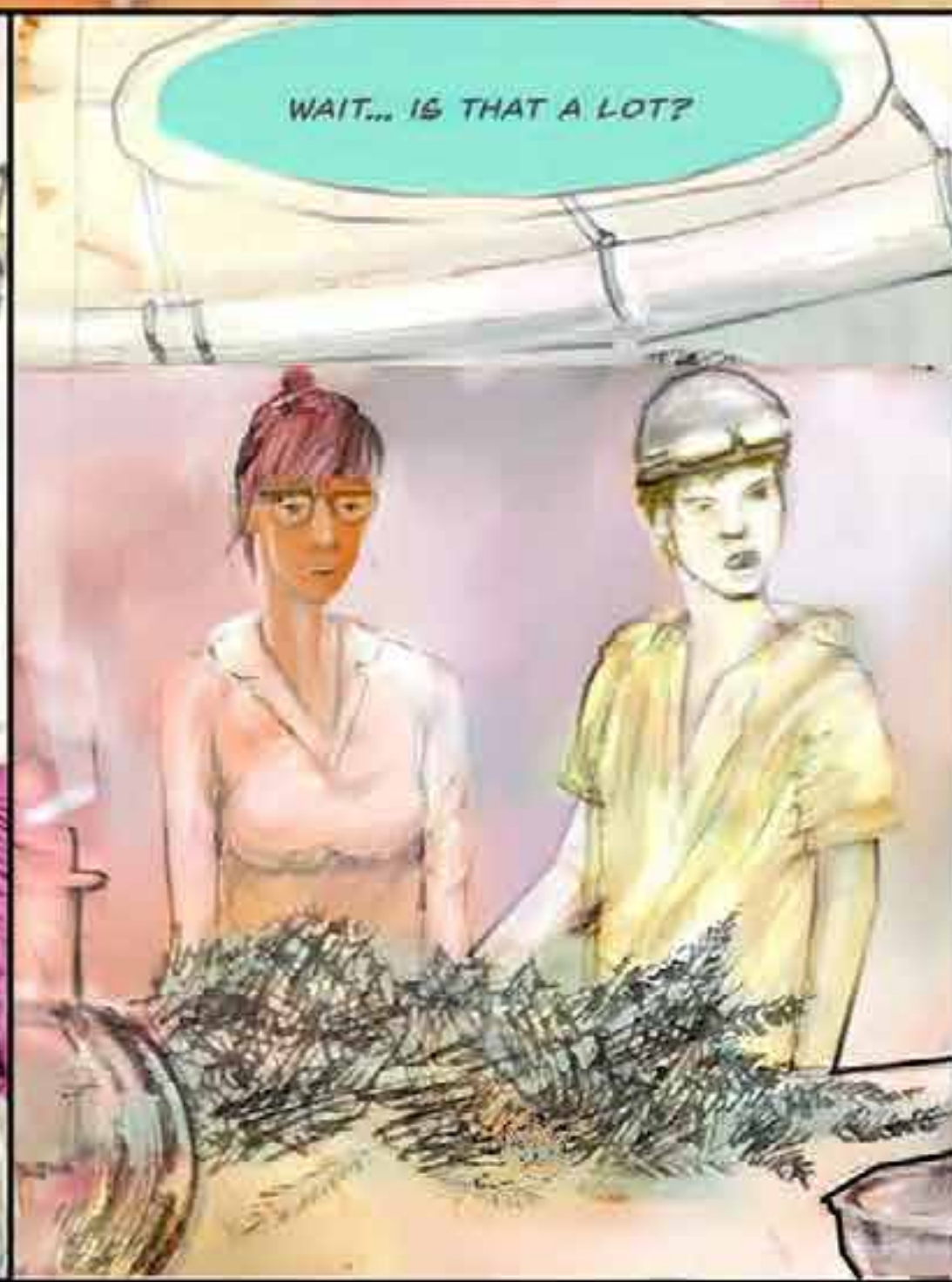
NO, WHY?

BECAUSE THAT'S MY  
NAME...



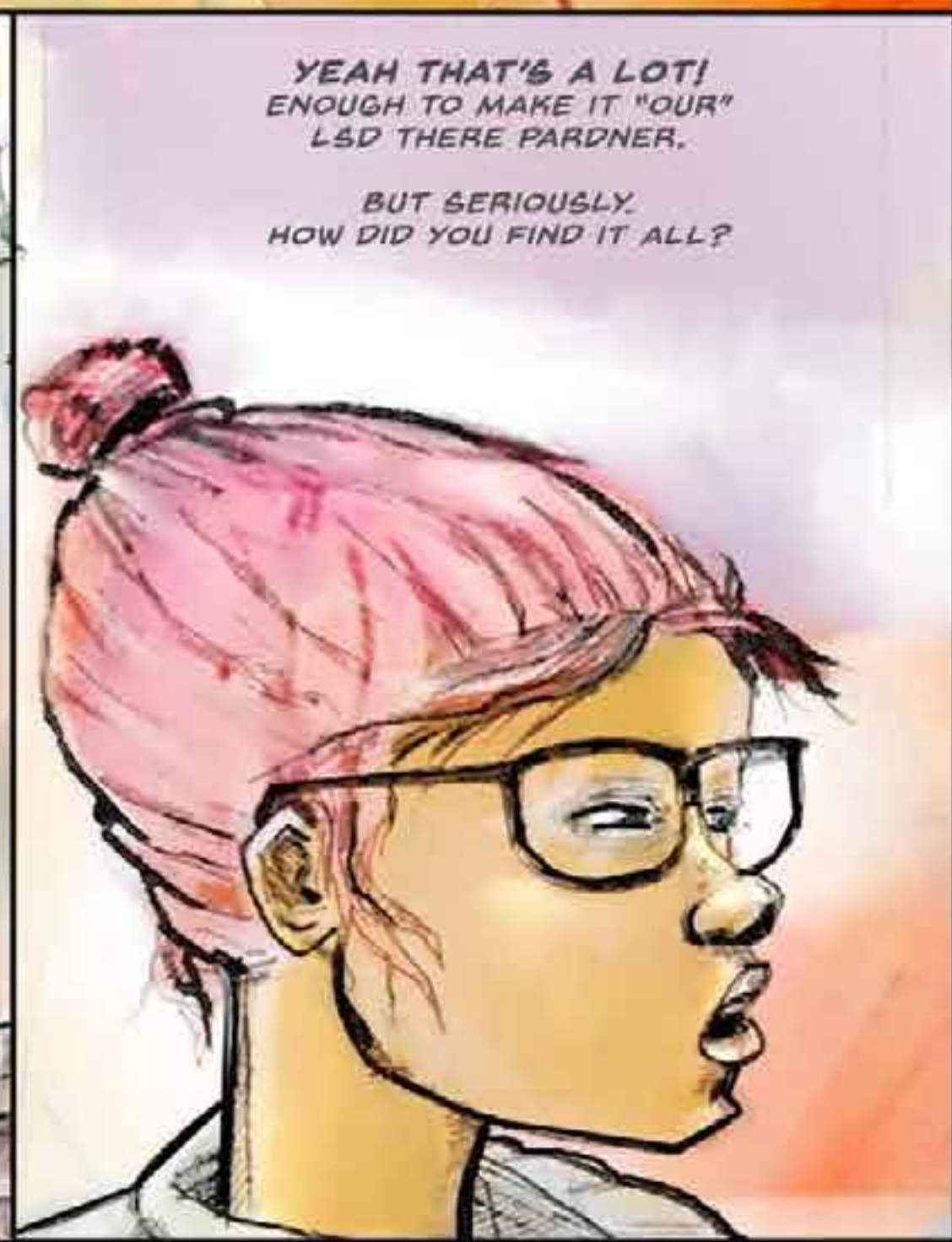
WHERE DID YOU FIND SO  
MUCH OF IT?

WAIT... IS THAT A LOT?

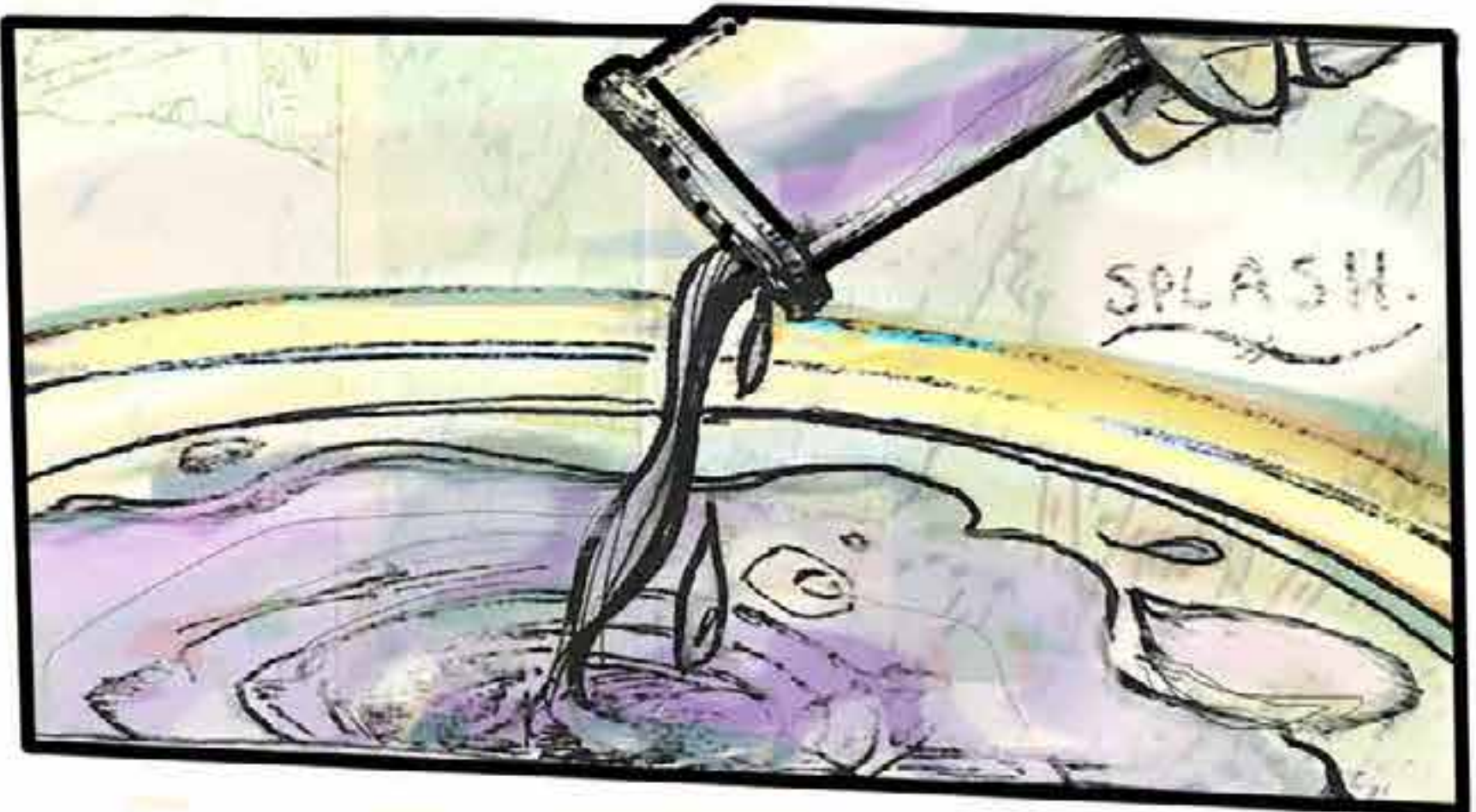
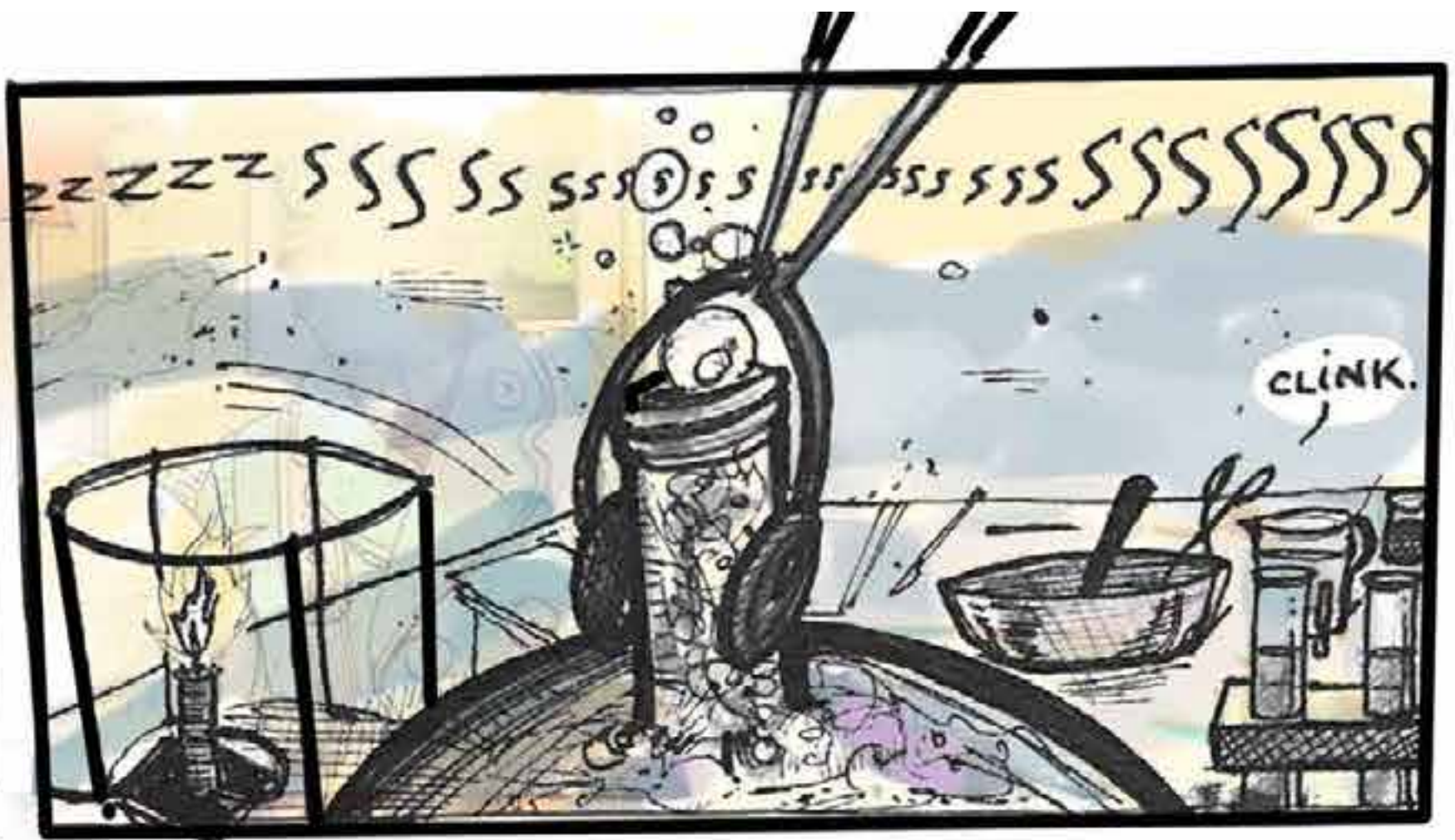
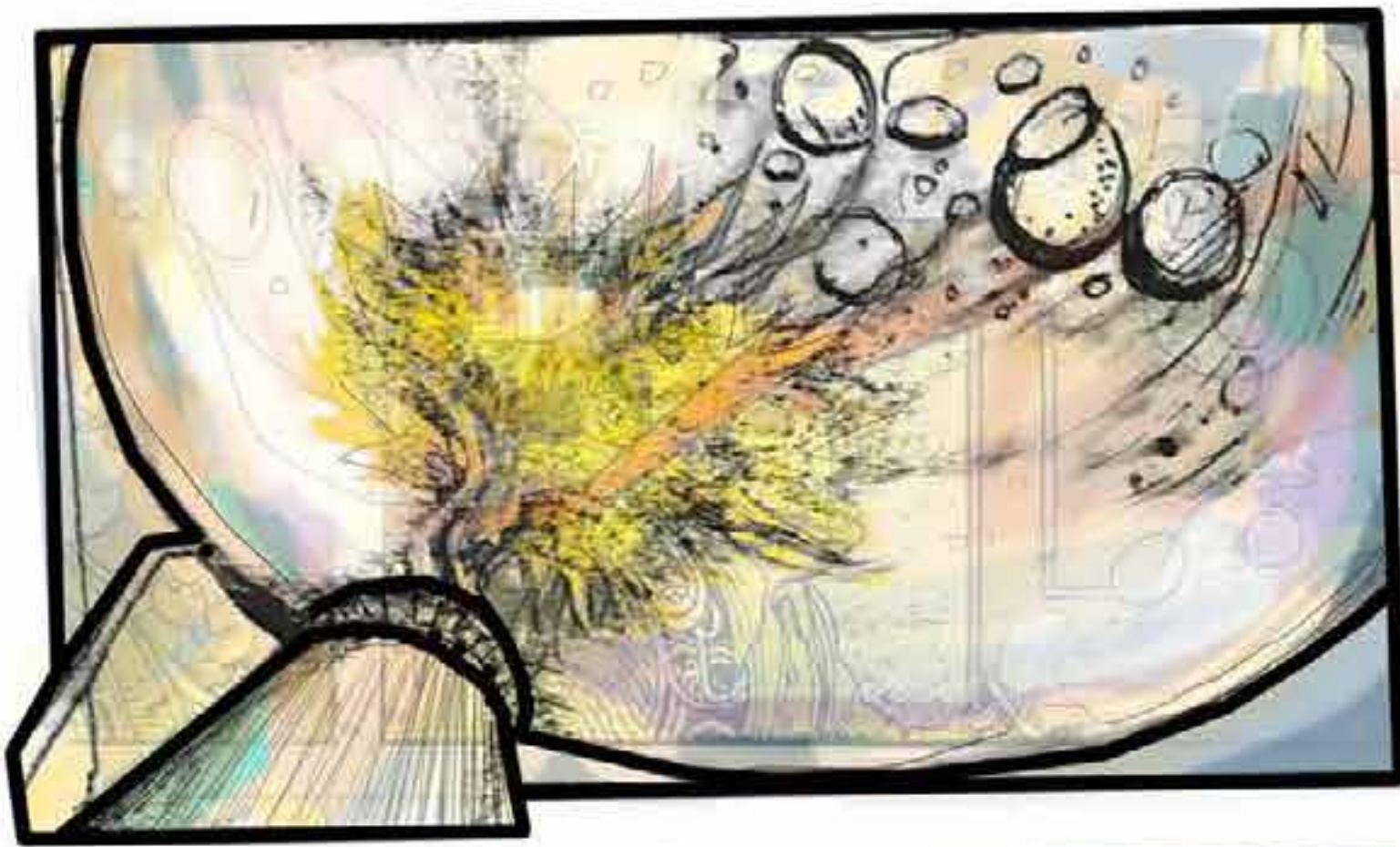


YEAH THAT'S A LOT!  
ENOUGH TO MAKE IT "OUR"  
LSD THERE PARDNER.

BUT SERIOUSLY.  
HOW DID YOU FIND IT ALL?



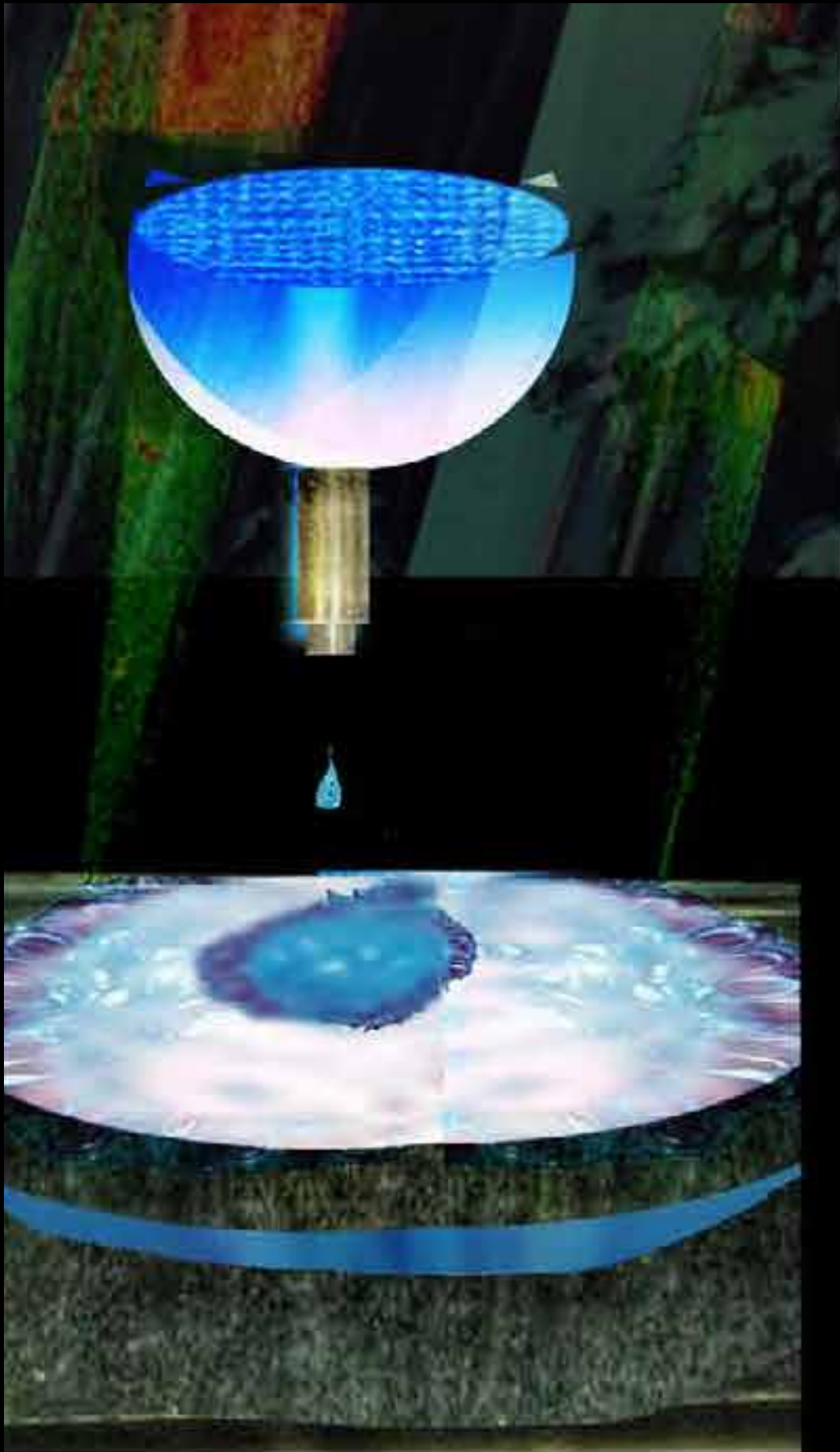








*SUDOKU'S DARK AND HIGH MYSTICAL CHEM LAB. SUDOKU AND DEAL STAND TOO CLOSE TO SOME STRANGE FUNGUS SYNTHESIZING INTO A LIQUID AT A CHEMISTRY SET. NOTHING BUT A FEW BLUE LAMPS ILLUMINATE THEM AS SUDOKU GINGERLY INSPECTS THE HEATED BEAKER.*



*HOW SOON BEFORE  
YOU CAN ISOMERIZE IT,  
CAPTAIN?!*



*SOON, MATEY. THEN I'LL COOL IT, MIX IT WITH AN ACID AND A BASE, AND  
EVAPORATE IT. WHAT'S LEFT OVER IS ISO-LYSERGIC DIETHYLAMIDE.  
I'LL ISOMERIZE IT AGAIN TO PRODUCE MY OWN BRAND OF LSD.*

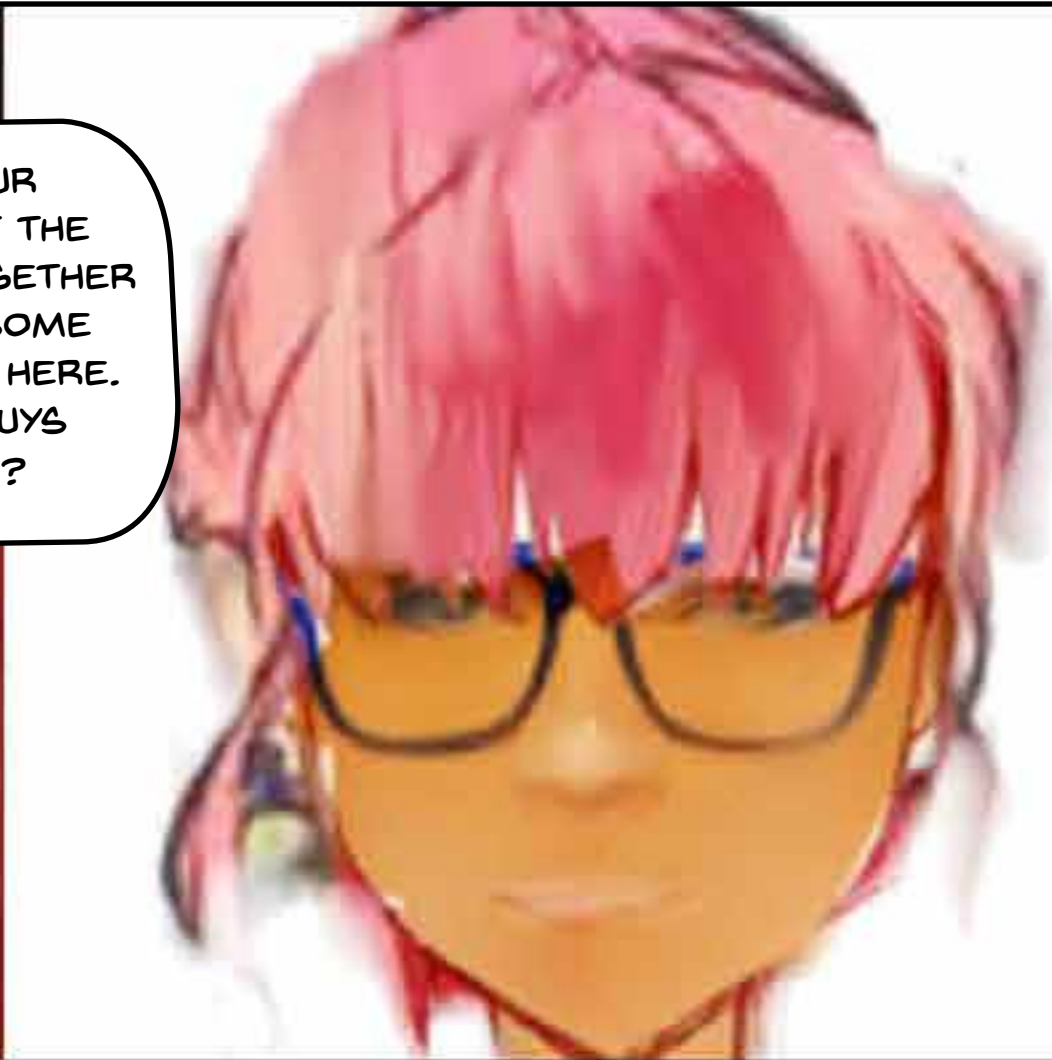


*ISN'T IT OUR  
BRAND?*





I KNOW WE ENJOY OUR CONVERSATIONS ABOUT THE CHEMISTRY WE SHARE TOGETHER BUT I SENSE THERE'S SOME OTHER ULTERIOR MOTIVE HERE. WHAT SHOW DID YOU GUYS WANT TO SEE TODAY?



SADIE AND THE PERIODS. THEIR FIRST VIP SHOW IN A WHILE. FIGURED IT WOULD BE FUN AND BEN IS PSYCHOTICALLY OBSESSED WITH HER. I MEAN ANTI-PSYCHOTICALLY OBSESSED WITH HER.

OK, WELL. I ONLY HAVE THREE WRISTBANDS LEFT.

THESE OUGHTA HELP US BLEND IN. ONE FOR YOU, ONE FOR ME, AND ONE FOR BEN, I GUESS.

SUDOKU HANDS HIM SOME VIP WRISTBANDS WITH A HORSE DECAL PRINTED UPON THEM.



BEN'S MY BEST FRIEND, NEXT TO YOU...



IS THAT YOUR HAND ON MY BOOB?

COULD BE. IS THAT YOUR HAND GRASPING MY BALLS?



YEAH. IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN WEIRD PEOPLE OUT. SEEMS WE ARE AT AN IMPASSE.



WELL I COULD DO THIS ALL DAY. I PICKED UP A FEW NEW-ROSES IN THE WOODS.

NEW-ROSES OR NEUROSIS?

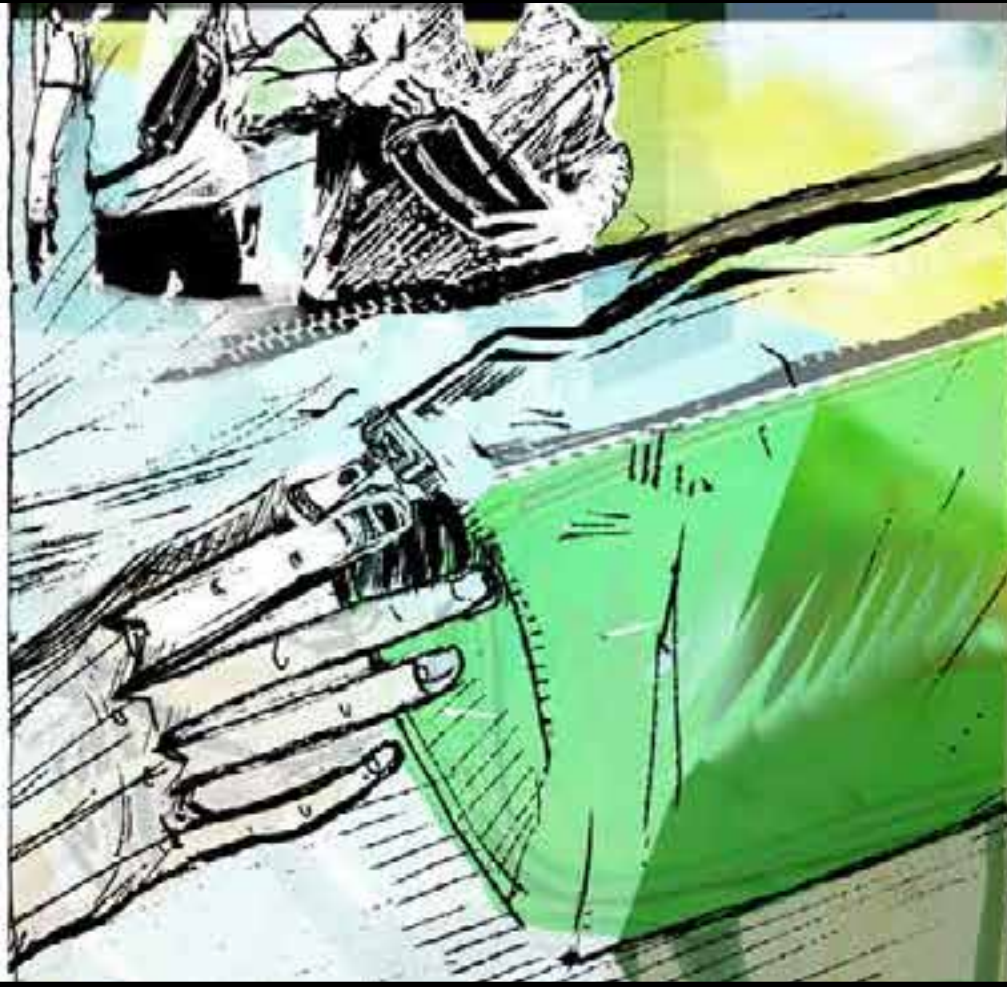
NEW ONES.







YES INDEED, DEAL AND SUDOKU HAD A WEIRD BOND THAT NOBODY QUITE COMPREHENDED. FOR THEY DID NOT ENTIRELY ACT LIKE LOVERS, ONLY SNUGLERS. TWO DIFFERENT SPECIES OF CRITTER THAT FOUND EACH OTHER IN A SNOWSTORM AND SHARED WARMTH.



WEREN'T SO MUCH OF A MOM AND POP SHOP AS THEY WERE A SIBLING RIVALRY THAT WOULD MAKE FOLKS PAUSE, STARE, AND THINK, "OH SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS IN THEIR FAMILY." BUT, YA KNOW... THEY WEREN'T RELATED.

AS FOR THEIR CULTURAL DESIGNATIONS, WE CAN ONLY MAKE BASE ASSUMPTIONS. WE BELIEVE SUDOKU TO BE BENGALI AND RAISED AROUND THE OCCULT OF A WEED FARM, THOUGH NO ONE IS IRREFUTABLY CERTAIN ABOUT EITHER CLAIM. SMART ENOUGH TO SCARE THE PANTS OFF VALEDICTORIANS BUT CHILL ENOUGH TO IMPRESS THE WORLD WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT. HER BRAINS FALL IN DIRECT CONTRAST WITH OUR MAN DEAL.

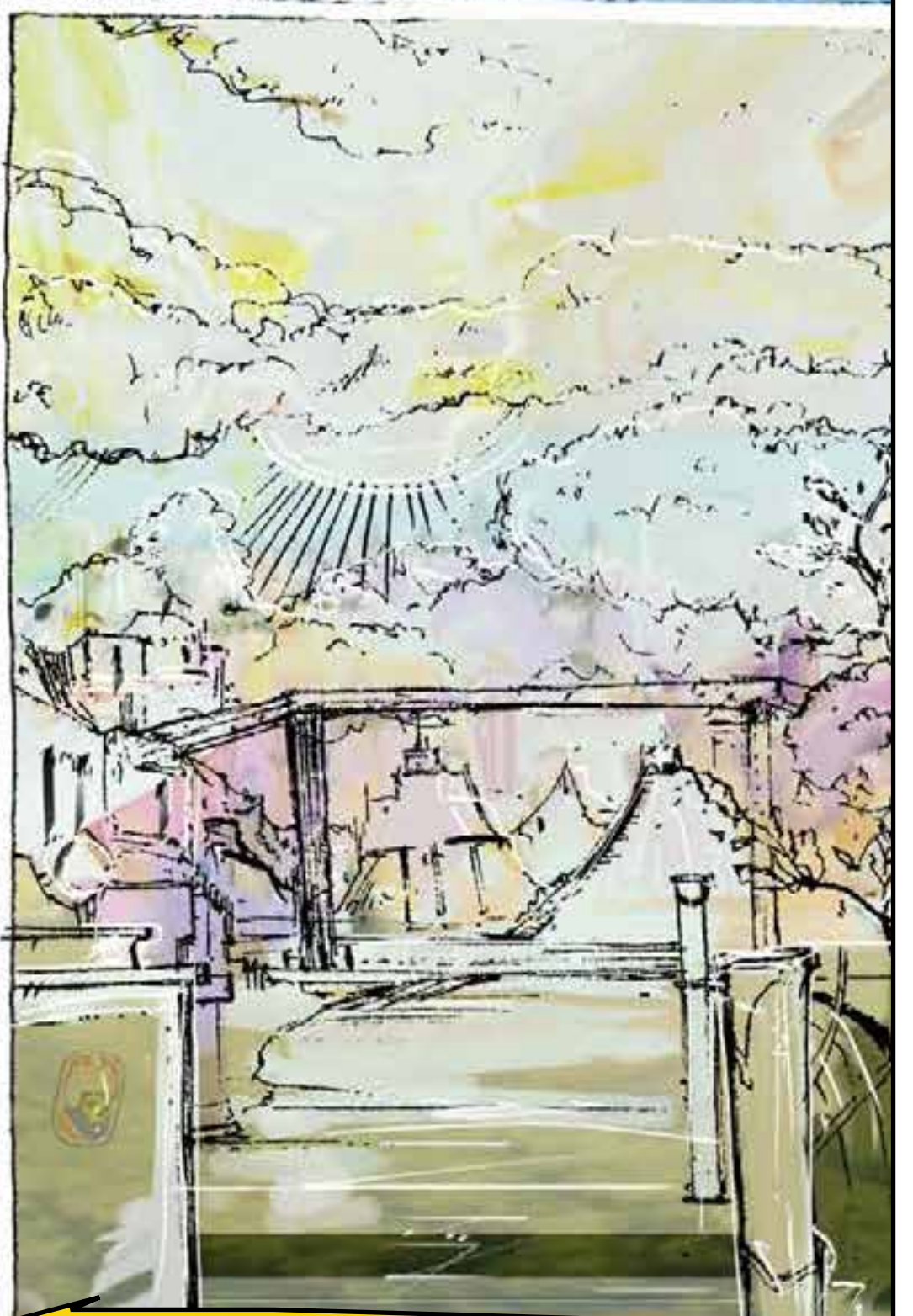


NEVER DID THE TWO EVER TRULY GLEAN THEIR DIFFERENCES NOR THEIR SIMILARITIES. FOR WHY WOULD THEY BE THINKING, WHEN MOST OF THEIR NEURAL TISSUE CONCERNING EACH OTHER WAS IN ANOTHER PLACE?

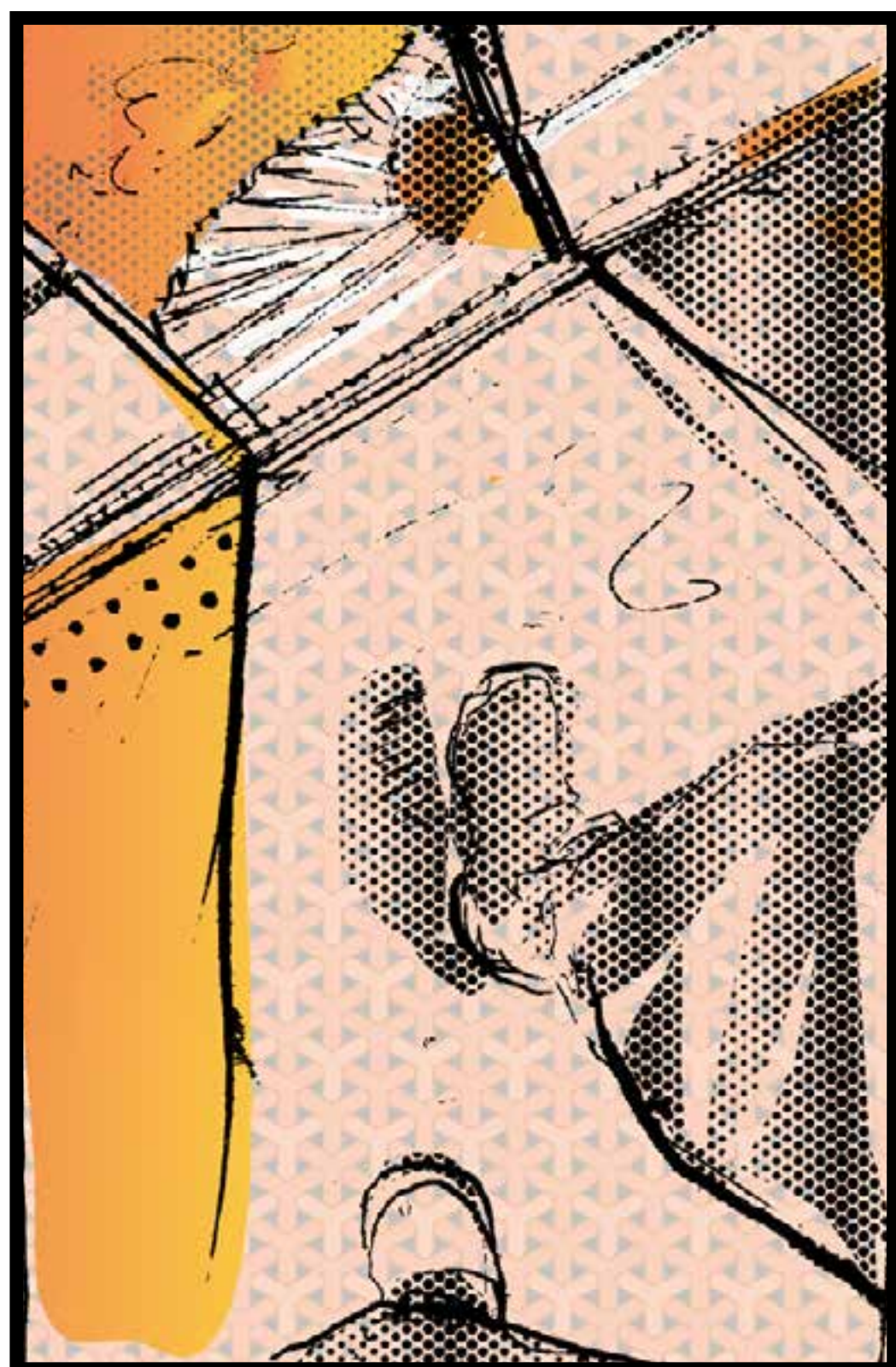
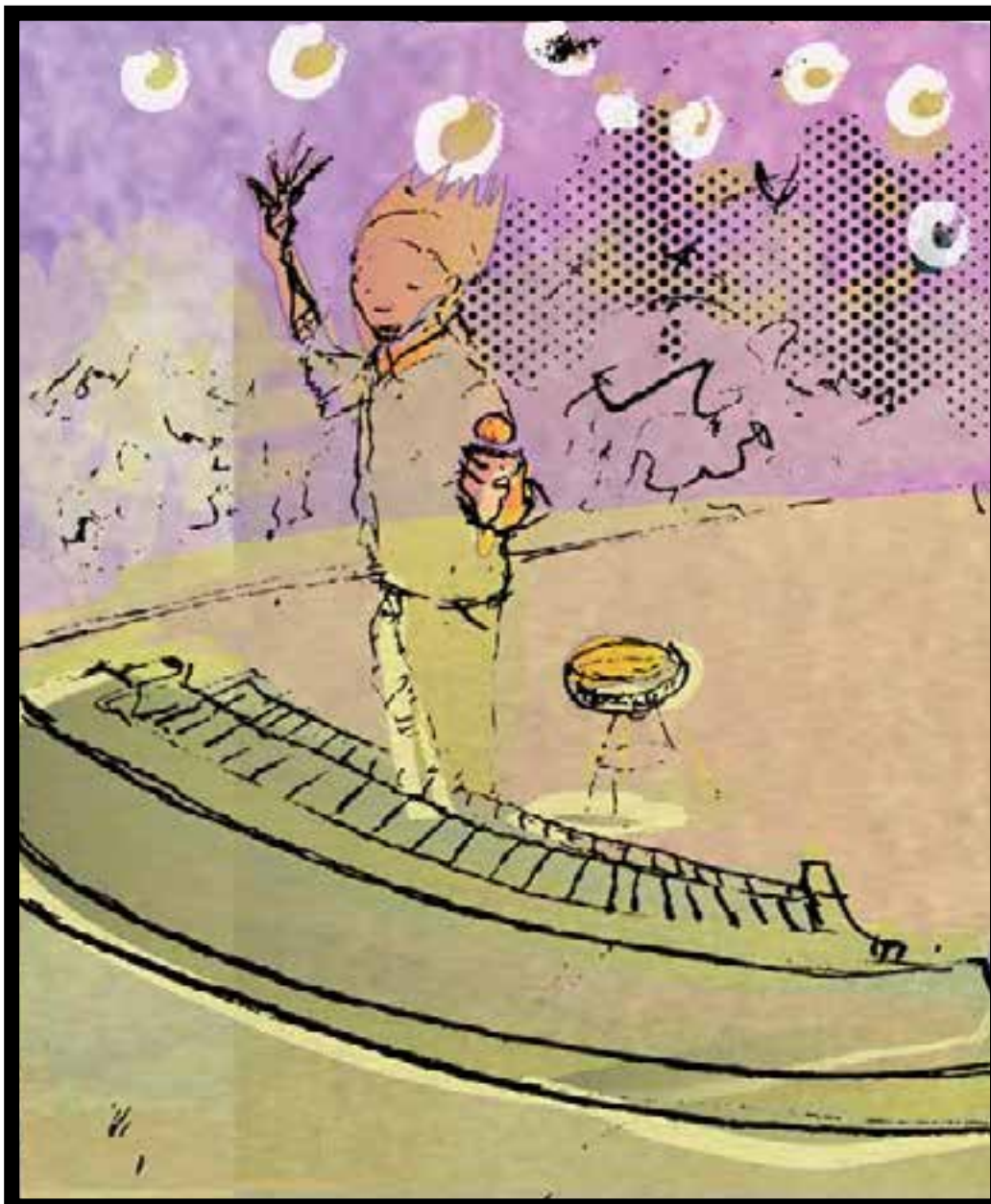
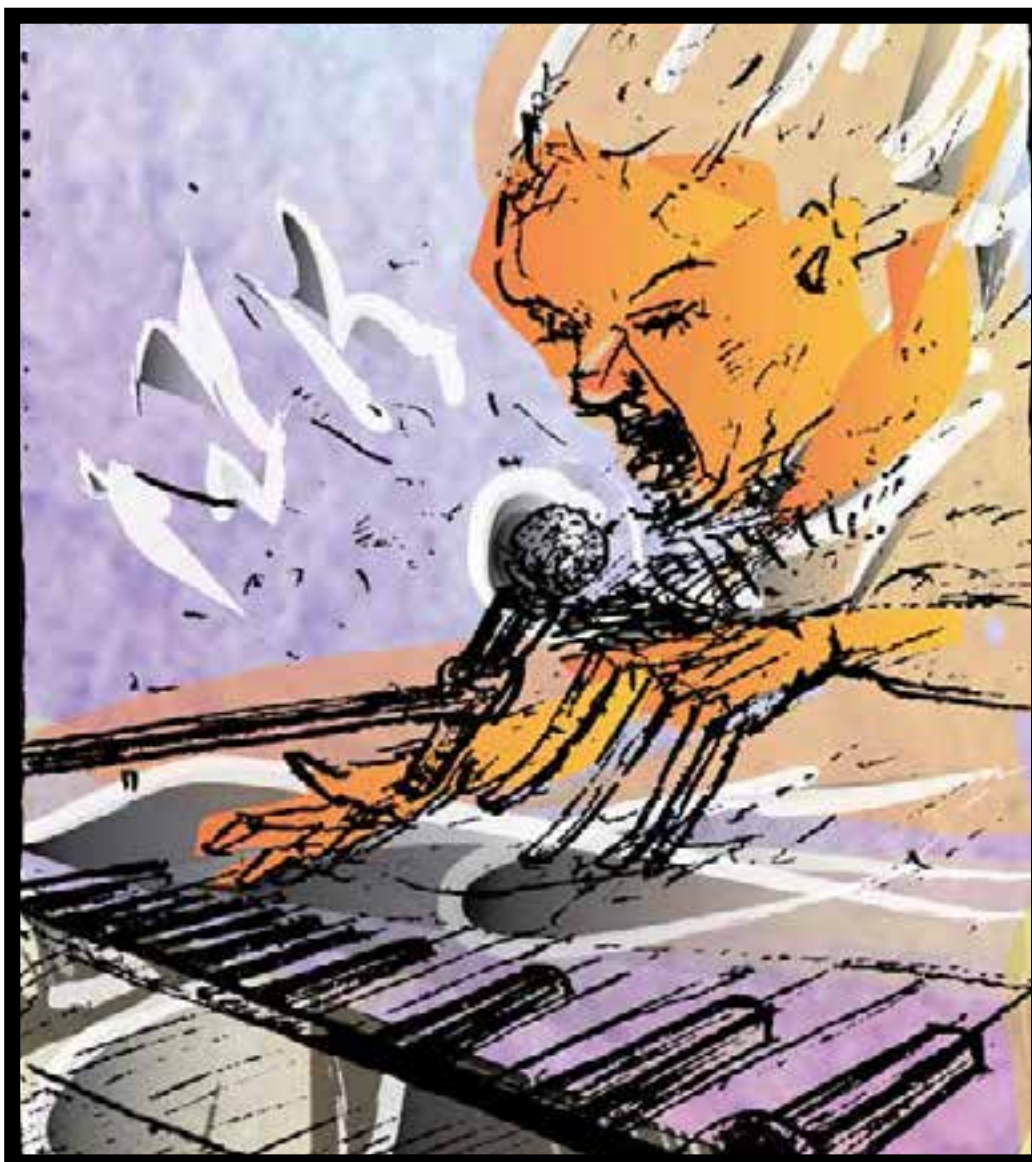
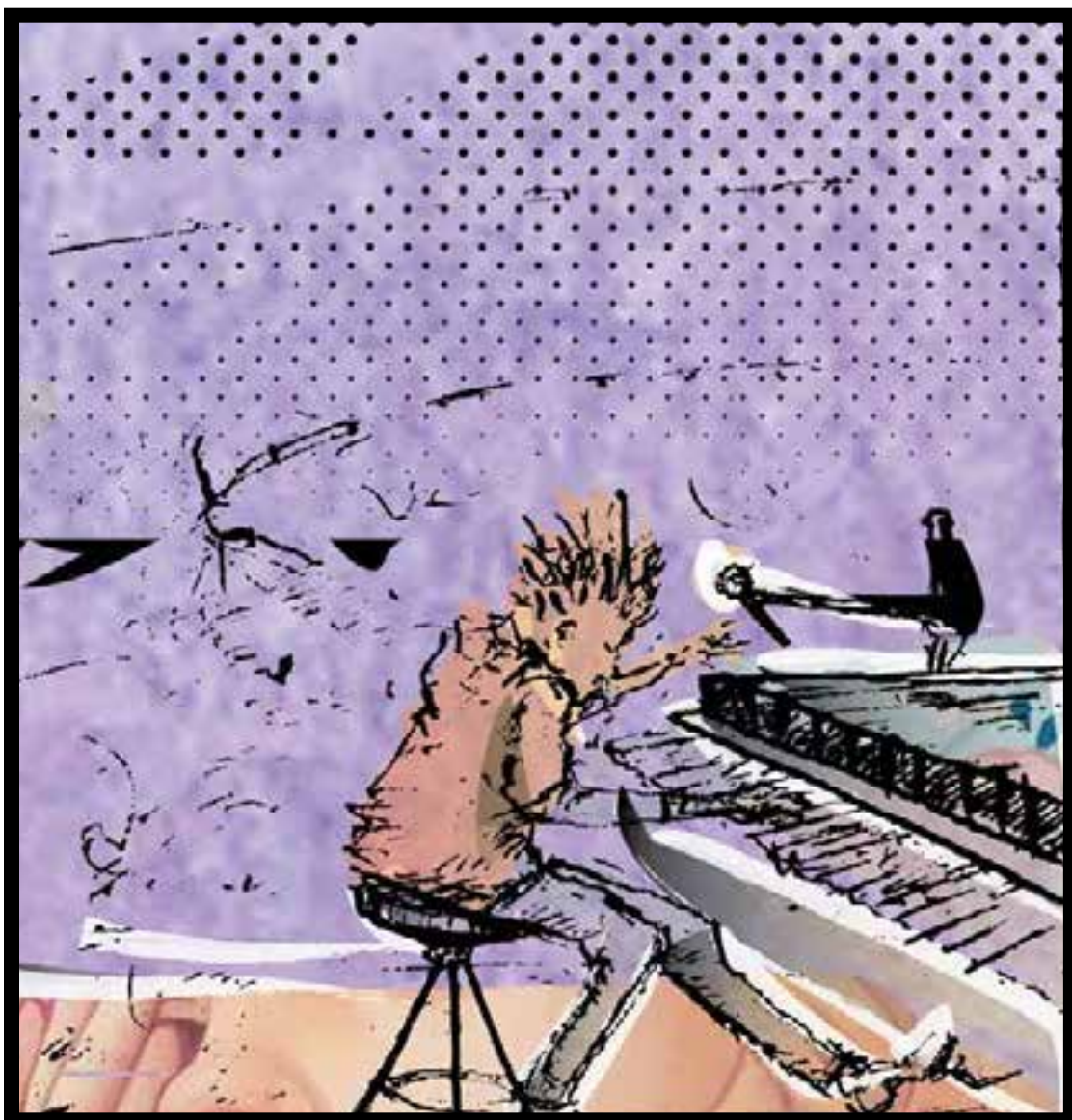
IT IS SAFE TO ASSUME THAT NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT DEAL, REALLY. EXCEPT THAT HE USED TO LIVE IN NEW YORK. THOUGH HE CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER... DEAL WAS PAINFULLY, UH... UNCERTAIN IN HIS MANNERISMS AND DEMEANOR DESPITE GLIMMERS OF BRILLIANCE. MOST PEOPLE JUST PICTURED HIM GROWING LIKE A FORGOTTEN POTATO BATTERY DEEP IN THE HEART OF AMERICA'S UNDERFUNDED EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

THEY WERE DIFFERENT IN MANY WAYS BUT A FETISH IS A FETISH, IS A FETISH AND THEY BOTH HAD THEM UP THE WA-ZOO AND ALWAYS OUT OF THE ORDINARY. JUST THE WAY THEY LIKED IT.

WHILE THEY'LL NEVER ADMIT TO FUCKING, THERE WERE ALWAYS MOMENTS THAT MADE EVERYONE ELSE UNCOMFORTABLE. MOMENTS OF BICKERING AND ACCIDENTAL NUDITY THAT WENT DISREGARDED DURING CONVERSATIONS THAT LASTED BETWEEN THEM LONG UNTIL THE WEE HOURS BECAME BIG AGAIN.













AND IF YOU'LL EXCUSE MY AGE AND WISDOM, THEY WERE VERY MUCH LIKE TWO SHIPS  
IN THE NIGHT THAT WOULD NOT PASS, ONLY EVER HARBORING... EVER HARBORING...



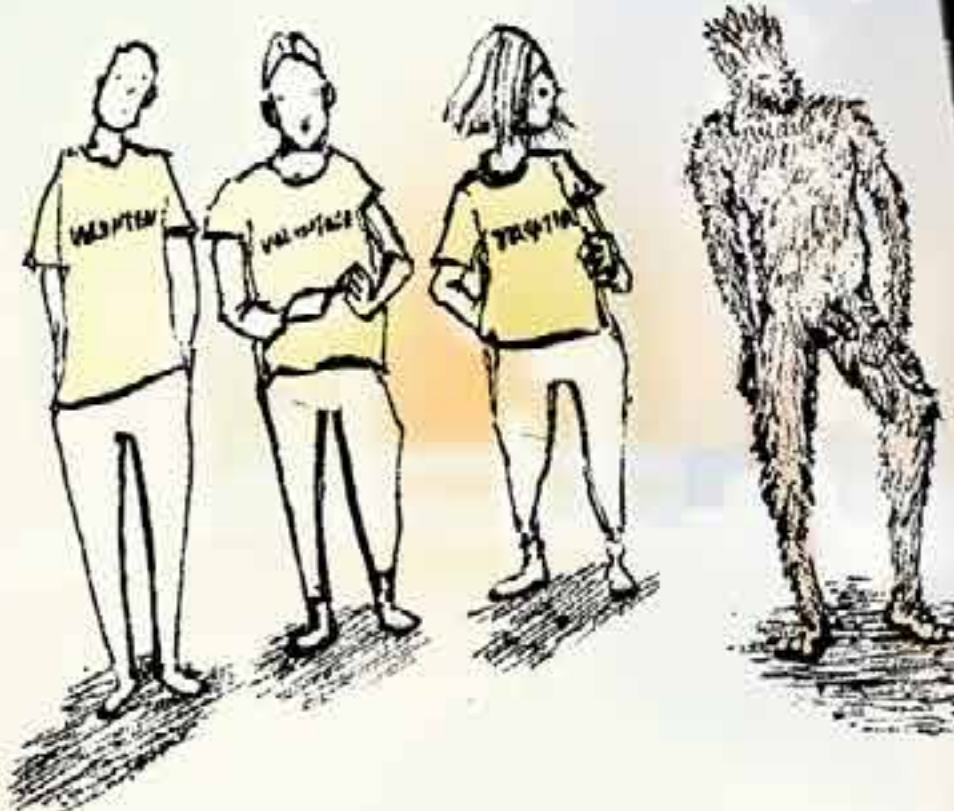
DEAL AND SUDOKU STAND ON A SMALL STAGE BEFORE  
A GROUP OF YOUNG-LOOKING VOLUNTEERS WEAR  
MATCHING T-SHIRTS THAT SIMPLY SAY "VOLUNTEER."

INSIDE THE VOLUNTEER TENT





OK, VOLUNTEERS.

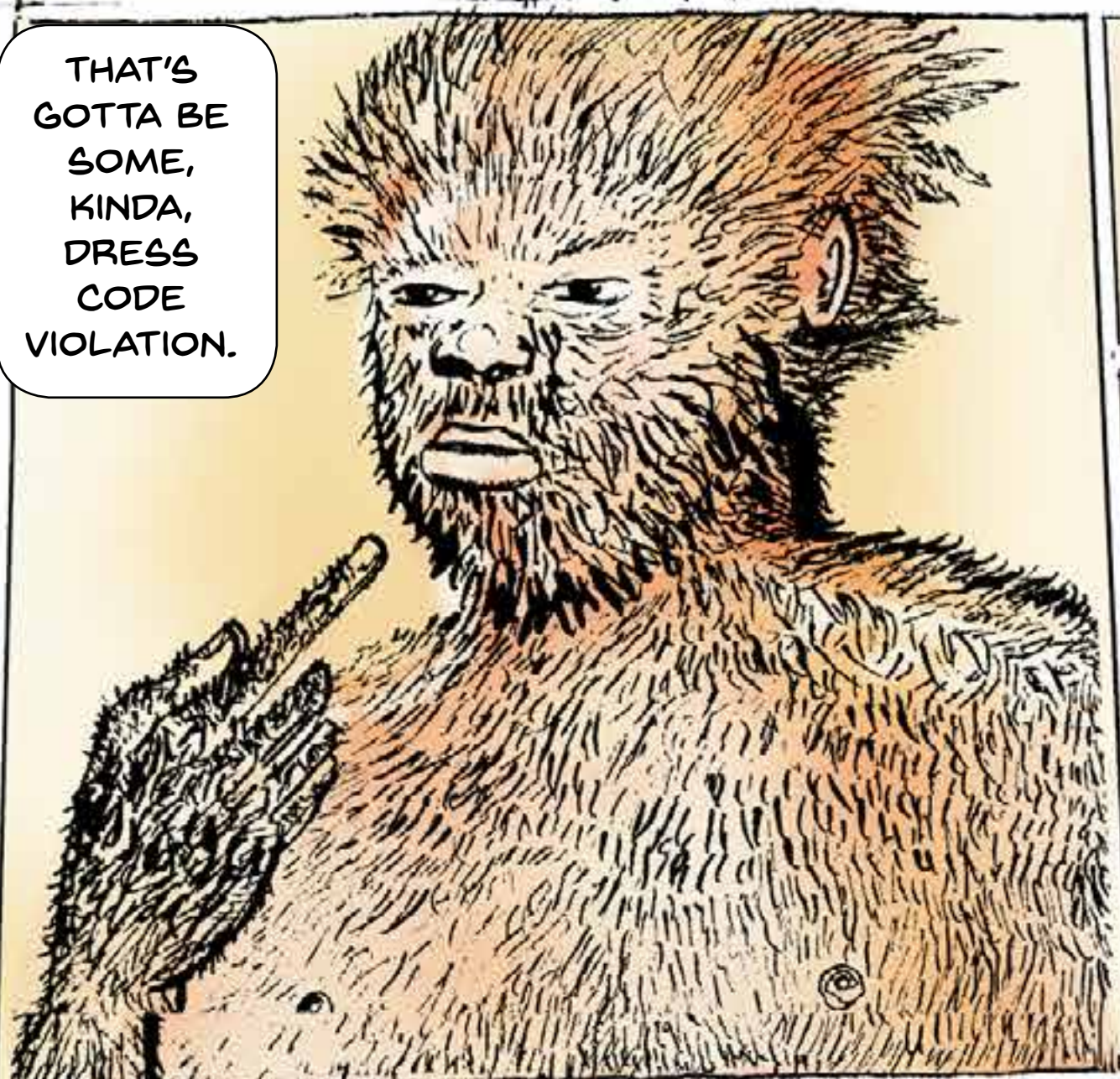


WHOA... JASON...



SUDOKU REFERS TO JASON, ONE OF THE VOLUNTEERS WHO'S SO HAIRY YOU CAN BARELY SEE HIS EYES BUT YOU CAN SEE HIS GENITALS, ALRIGHT.

THAT'S GOTTA BE SOME, KINDA, DRESS CODE VIOLATION.



I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE NAKED YOGA TENT. I'M SORRY.



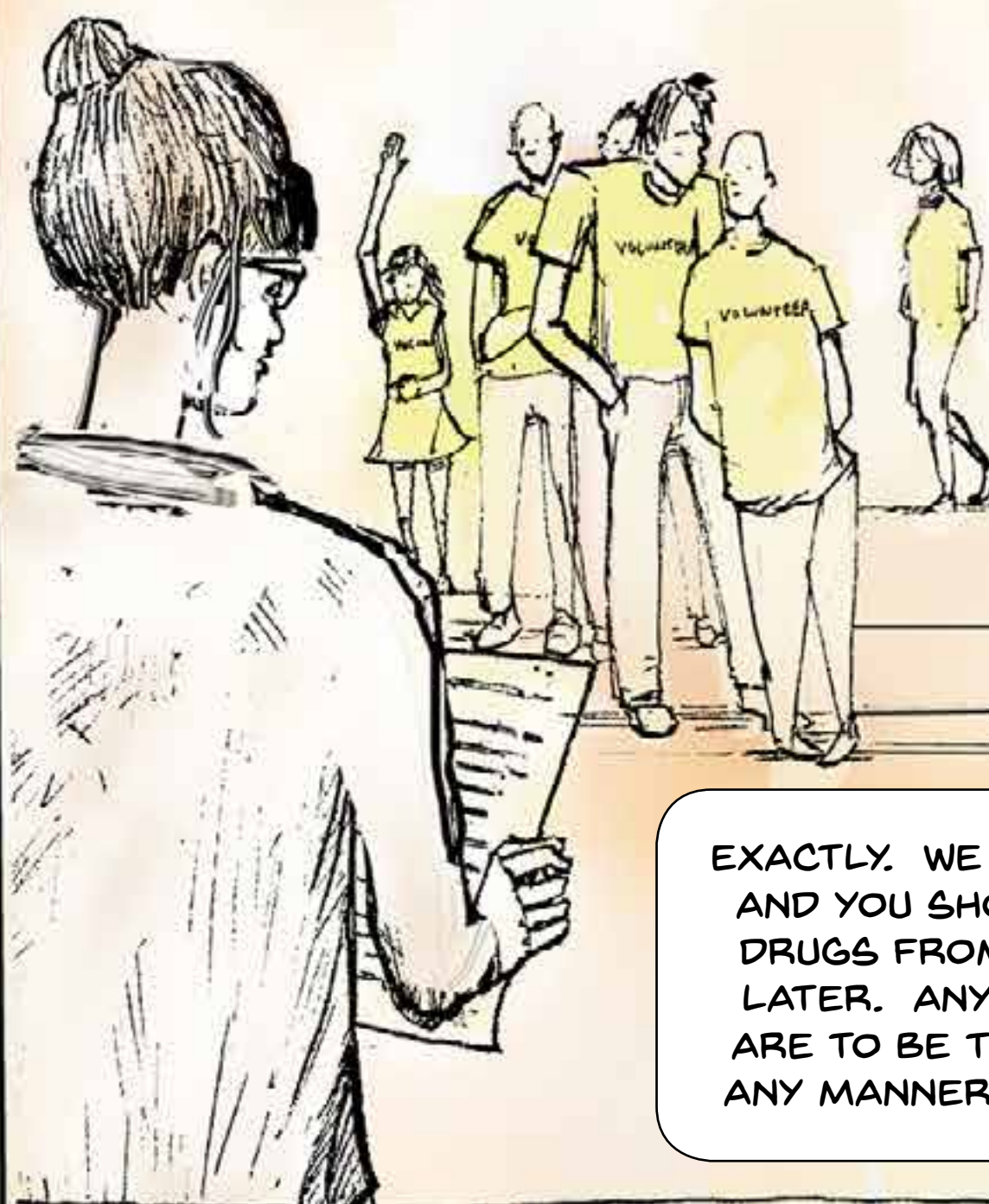
THIS ISN'T YOGA AND PUT A VOLUNTEER SHIRT ON OR SOMETHING.



FIRST RULE TODAY IS DON'T RUIN MY VIBE, AND YOU ALREADY DID THAT.



WHICH BRINGS ME TO RULE #2. BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM US.



EXACTLY. WE ARE A RELIABLE SOURCE AND YOU SHOULD FEEL FREE TO BUY DRUGS FROM US NOW, RATHER THAN LATER. ANY OTHER OUTSIDE DRUGS ARE TO BE TESTED BY DEAL HERE, IN ANY MANNER HE FEELS SECURE WITH.





FOR YOUR AVERAGE, GREASY-DICKED DEALER TO SELL BATH SALTS AND LAXATIVES THAN IT IS FOR THEM TO PUT IN THE TIME AND MONEY TO MANUFACTURE THE GOOD SHIT AND OFFER A QUALITY PRODUCT.

I HATE WATCHING YOU FUCKERS GET SO LOST IN THE MOMENT, PRETENDING TO FEEL SENSATIONAL IN FRONT OF YOUR FRIENDS WHILE YOU TRY TO IGNORE YOUR OWN RANCID FARTS; THAT COULD VERY WELL BE THE PRECURSOR OF YOUR DOOM.

SHITTING YOURSELF DURING AN OVERDOSE ON A SWEATY DANCE FLOOR, WHILE YOU TRY TO GRIND UP ON SOME PROMISCUOUS BEING, WILL NOT GET YOU LAID ANY FASTER. SOME OF YOU KIDS SEEM SO EAGER TO CUT CORNERS IN THE PROCESS OF SEDUCTION THAT IT MAKES ME QUESTION THE LOGIC OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.

CASE IN POINT, DO NOT PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO THIS GUY... SORT OF AH, DO WHAT HE SAYS, NOT WHAT HE DOES, SORTA DEAL.

RIGHT, DEAL?

DEAL  
UH, YEAH...



NOW. EVERY YEAR THE QUESTION OF STARTING FIRES KEEPS COMING UP FOR SOME REASON. WE DO NOT ALLOW FIRES INSIDE THE VIP TENT.



UNLESS IT'S IN YOUR CAR.



NOOOOO... HOHO... NO, DISREGARD THAT.



WE'VE BEEN VOLUNTEERING FOR 6 MONTHS, MISS SUDOKU.

ARE WE GUARANTEED JOBS AFTER THIS?

WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

MY NAME IS LINDSAY BUT... OK, WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

JOBS? HAHA! FUCK A JOB! THE ONLY JOB YOU NEED THESE DAYS IS TO BE WEIRD. AND IF YOU'RE WEIRD ENOUGH, THEN YOU'LL GET A JOB.

HA! JOB... YOU BELIEVE THAT?





FRANKLY, I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTOOD THE QUESTION.

BUT I WANT TO LEAVE YOU ALL WITH A CAUTIONARY TALE...

SSSSSSOOO. YOU KIDS EVER SEEN OR HEARD OF... THE LESH?

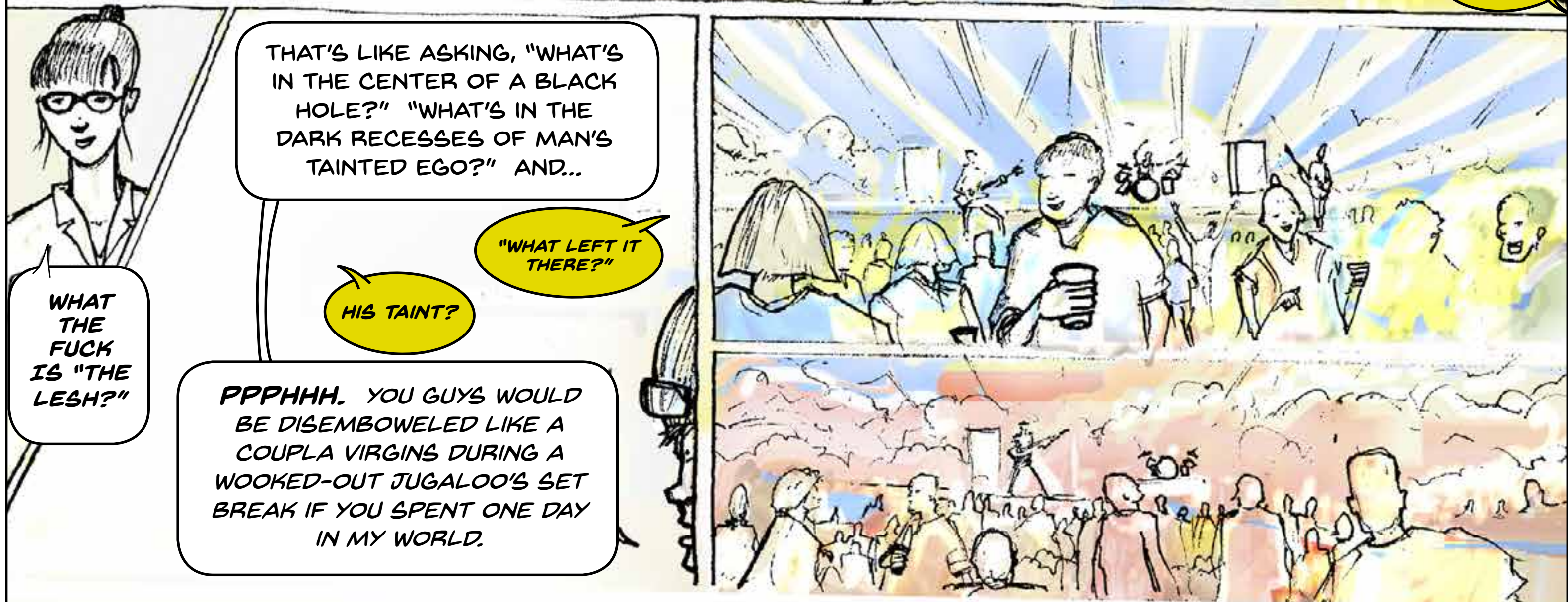
YOU MEAN PHIL LESH?

FROM THAT OLD DEAD BAND?

YEAH. I THINK.

NO. FUCK MAN, I MEAN "THE LESH."

WHAT'S "THE LESH."?



THAT'S LIKE ASKING, "WHAT'S IN THE CENTER OF A BLACK HOLE?" "WHAT'S IN THE DARK RECESSES OF MAN'S TAINTED EGO?" AND...

"WHAT LEFT IT THERE?"

HIS TAINT?

WHAT THE FUCK IS "THE LESH?"

PPPHHH. YOU GUYS WOULD BE DISEMBOWELED LIKE A COUPLA VIRGINS DURING A WOOKED-OUT JUGALOO'S SET BREAK IF YOU SPENT ONE DAY IN MY WORLD.



THE LESH APPEARS AT SHOWS, WHETHER IN THE CROWD OR ON STAGE. I SAW IT ONCE ON STAGE; ONE THAT'S FOG MACHINE HAD BLOTTED OUT THE FIRST FEW ROWS WITH A CLOUD THAT MADE PEOPLE WAIL AND LOW LIKE CATTLE.

HIGH SHOULDERS, SHAGGY HAIR, CROOKED TEETH ARE THE FIRST IMAGES TO APPEAR THROUGH THE SMOKE. THEN THE BULGING EYES EMERGE, SIZZLING LIKE A COUPLA EGGS. THE LESH'S COUNTEenance GAZED UPON US AS HE STEPPED ONTO THE STAGE.

THE LESH'S LANKY AND BONE-THIN, LIKE A STARVING VULTURE. EVEN WITHOUT MUSCLE, IT EMANATED POWER. THE SIGHT OF IT SENT SOME PREGNANT LADY NEXT TO ME INTO LABOR.





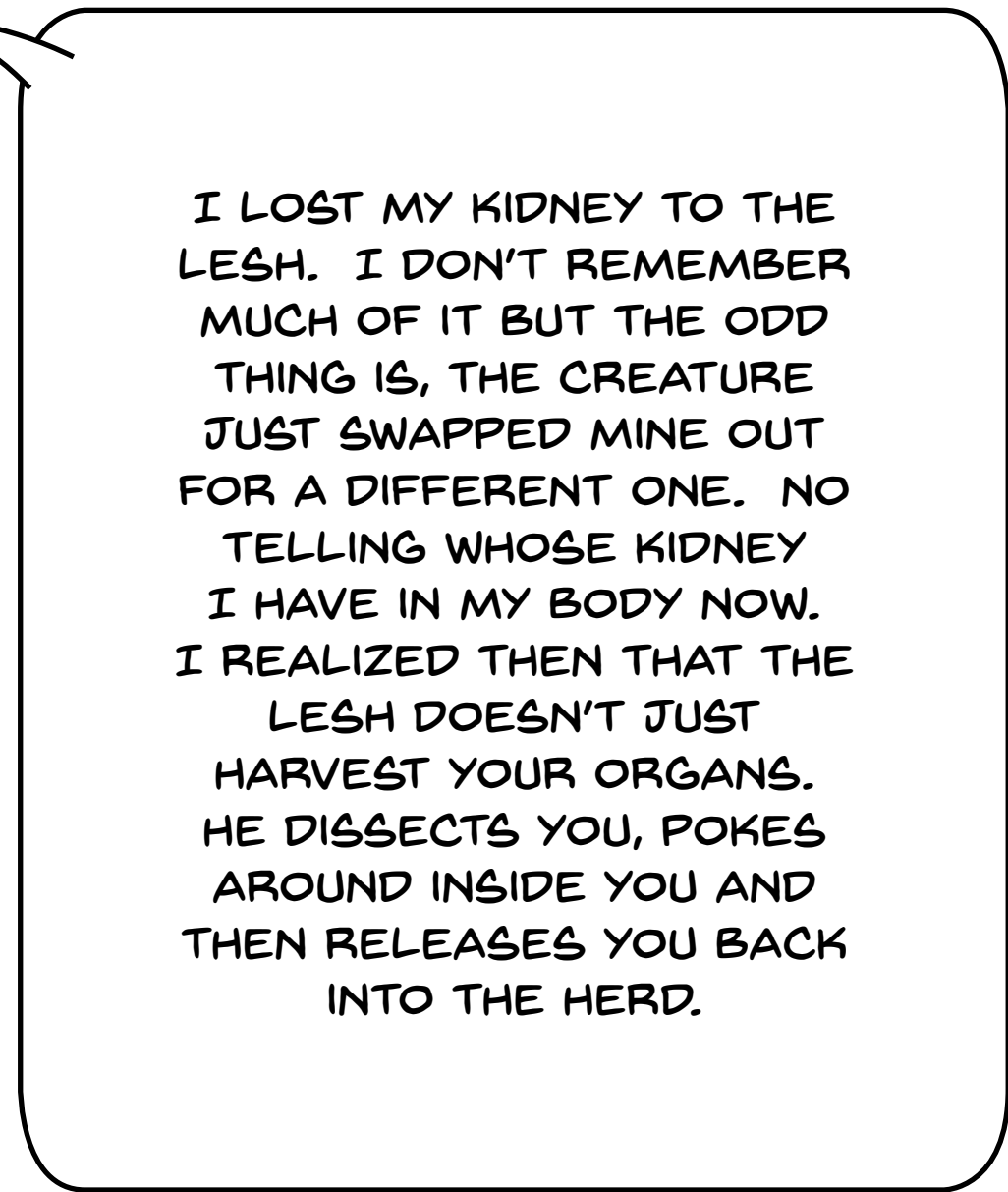




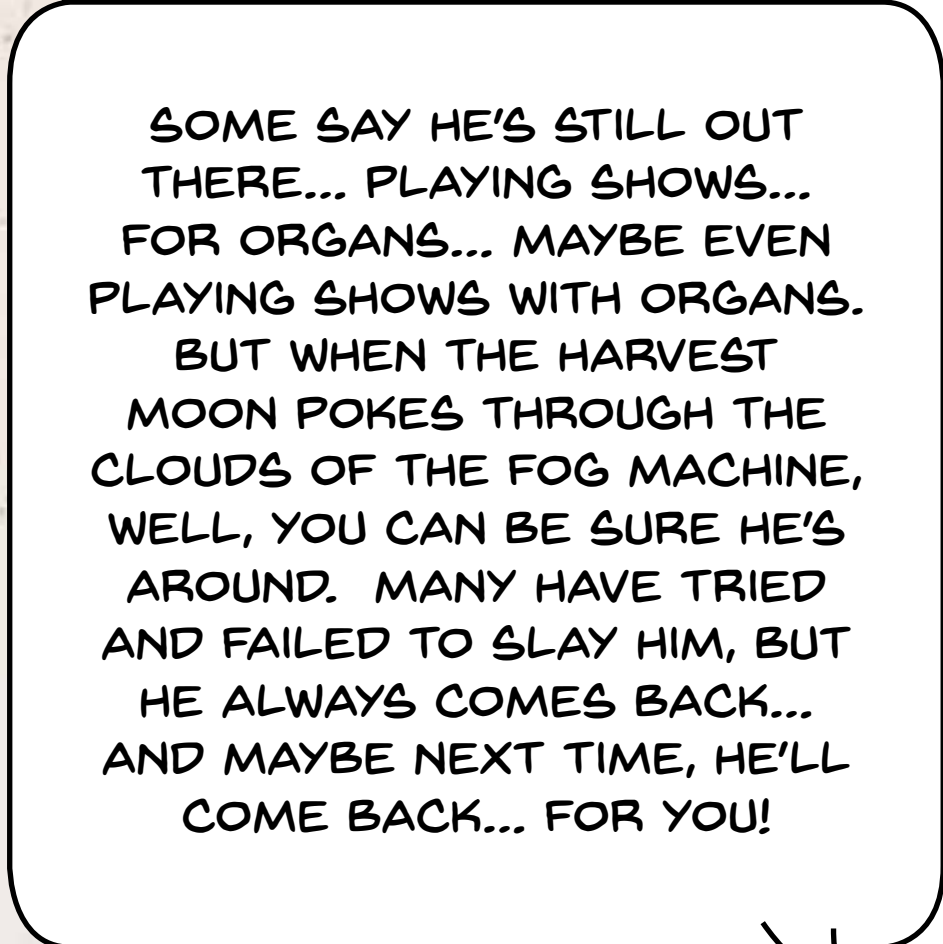
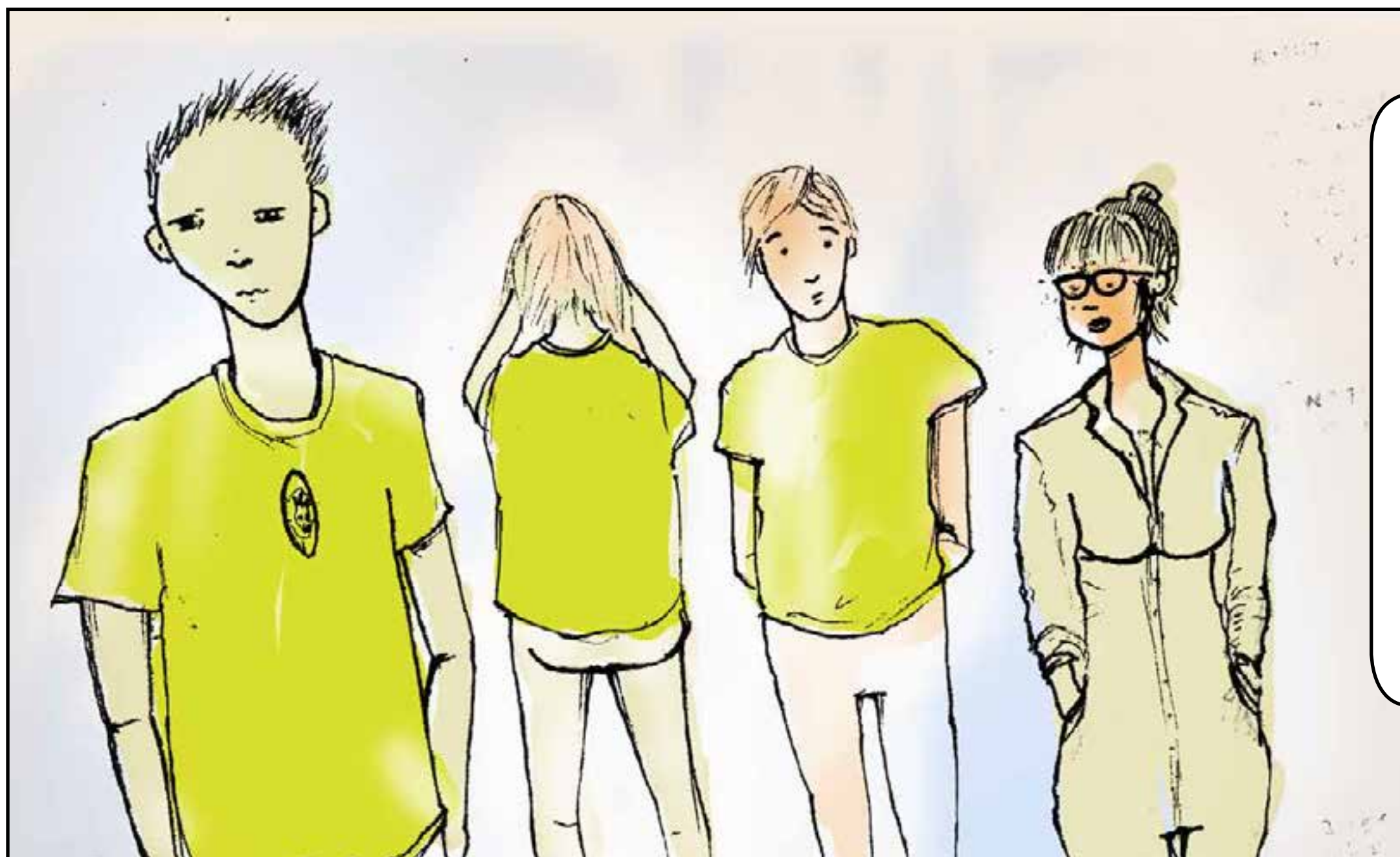
NAH... NAH... THE  
LESH IS JUST A  
MYTH. IT'S NOT  
REAL. THERE'S NO  
SUCH THING.

OH NO?

STRANGE SCAR ON  
HIS BACK WHERE HIS  
KIDNEY WOULD BE.



I LOST MY KIDNEY TO THE  
LESH. I DON'T REMEMBER  
MUCH OF IT BUT THE ODD  
THING IS, THE CREATURE  
JUST SWAPPED MINE OUT  
FOR A DIFFERENT ONE. NO  
TELLING WHOSE KIDNEY  
I HAVE IN MY BODY NOW.  
I REALIZED THEN THAT THE  
LESH DOESN'T JUST  
HARVEST YOUR ORGANS.  
HE DISSECTS YOU, POKES  
AROUND INSIDE YOU AND  
THEN RELEASES YOU BACK  
INTO THE HERD.



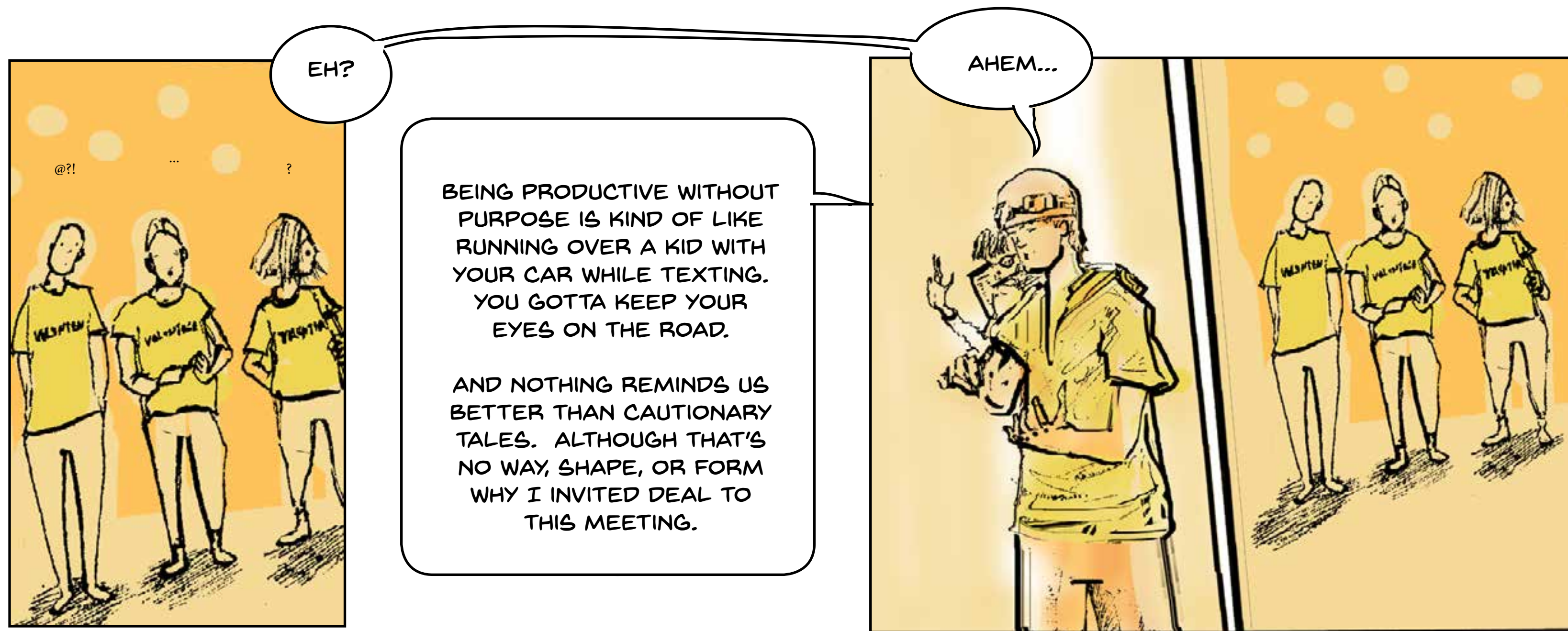
SOME SAY HE'S STILL OUT  
THERE... PLAYING SHOWS...  
FOR ORGANS... MAYBE EVEN  
PLAYING SHOWS WITH ORGANS.  
BUT WHEN THE HARVEST  
MOON POKES THROUGH THE  
CLOUDS OF THE FOG MACHINE,  
WELL, YOU CAN BE SURE HE'S  
AROUND. MANY HAVE TRIED  
AND FAILED TO SLAY HIM, BUT  
HE ALWAYS COMES BACK...  
AND MAYBE NEXT TIME, HE'LL  
COME BACK... FOR YOU!





THE LESH SAW THIS AND MOANED, "ORGANS... LEND ME YOUR ORGAAAAAAAANS..." AND THEN... PEOPLE DID. THEY GAVE UP THEIR ORGANS LIKE THEY WERE ALL DAISY-CHAINED IN A BLOOD ORGY OF HUMAN VISCERA. ALL CUZ THE LESH TOLD THEM TO.





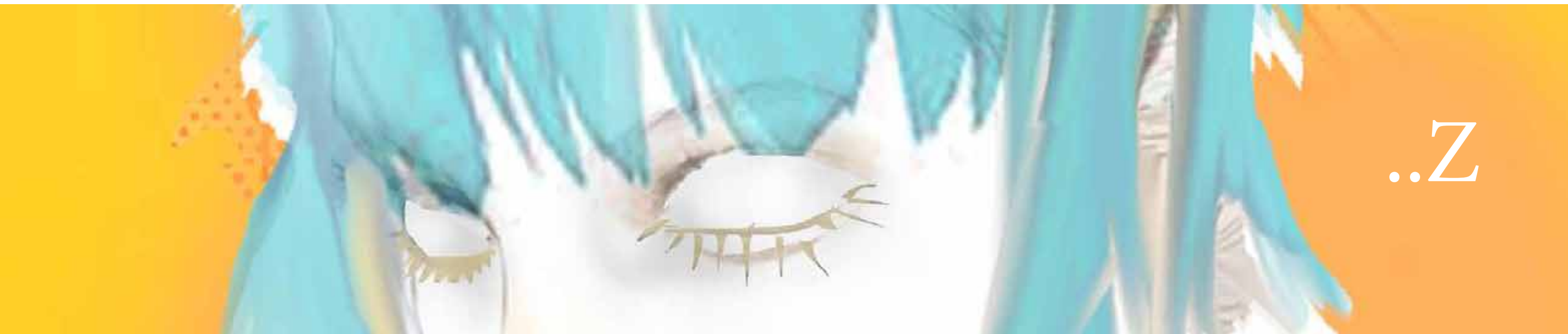




...



*ZZZ...*



*..Z*



oh,  
( Snort )



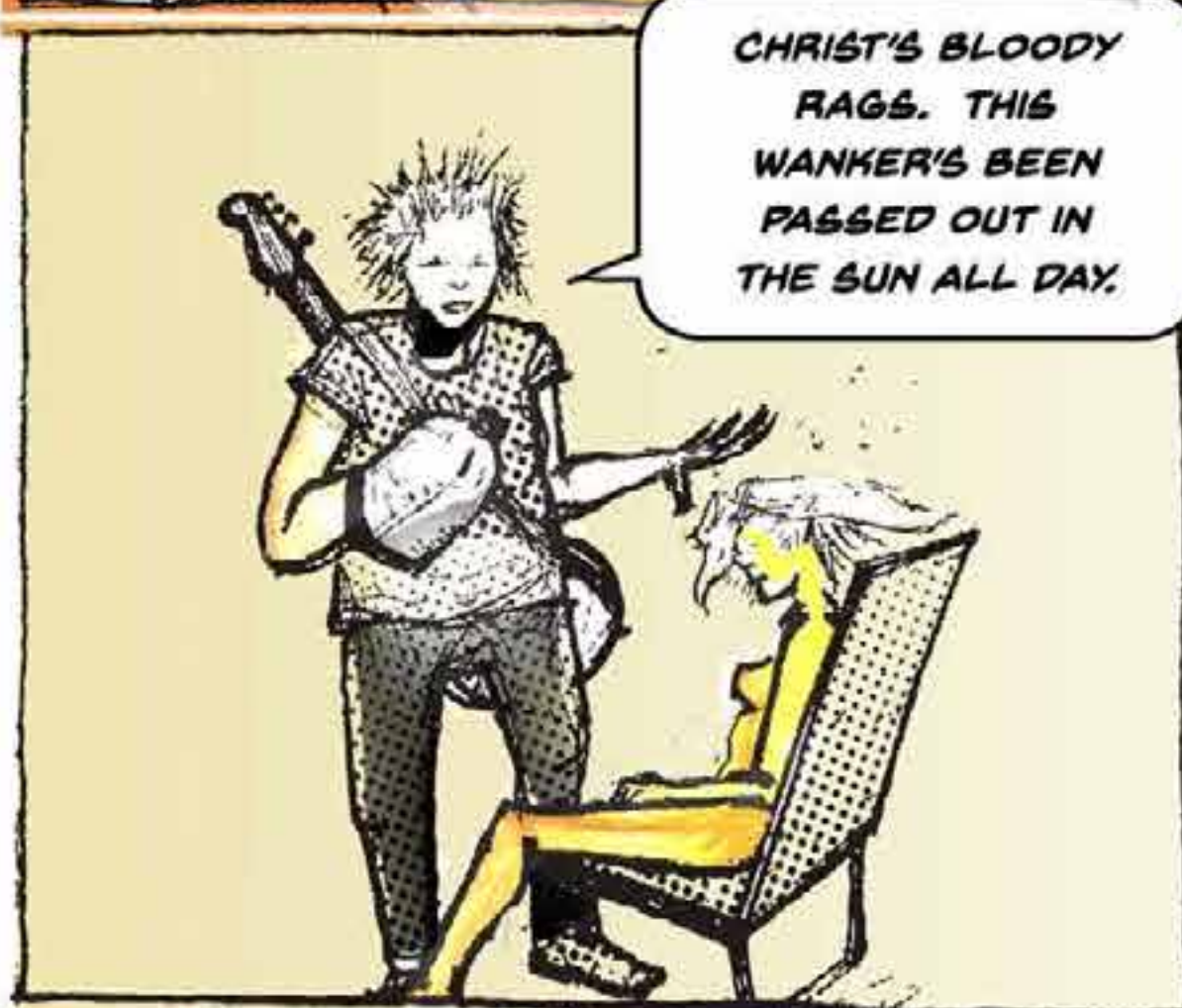
Ahhhh.  
*ZZZZ..*



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE VIP CAMP

A YOUNG WOMAN ASLEEP IN A LAWN CHAIR AMIDST LINGERING FIREFLIES. HER HEAD TILTS BACK, DRAWING HER EYELIDS OPEN SLIGHTLY, JAW OPEN AND DROOLING, ALL SIGNS REPRESENTATIVE OF DEEP REM SLEEP.

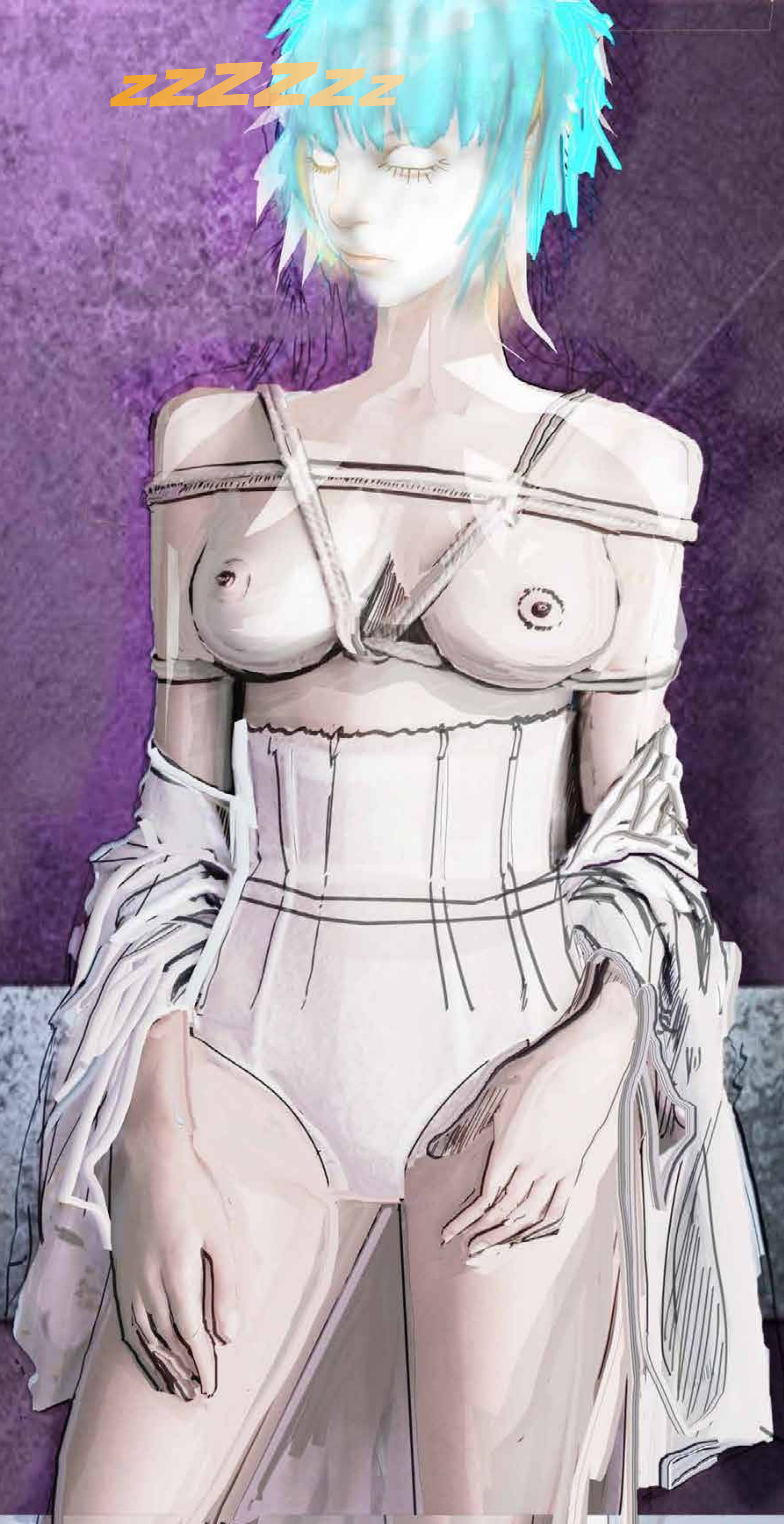
THIS IS SADIE, EARLY 30'S, AUSTRALIAN, AND LATE FOR HER SHOW.



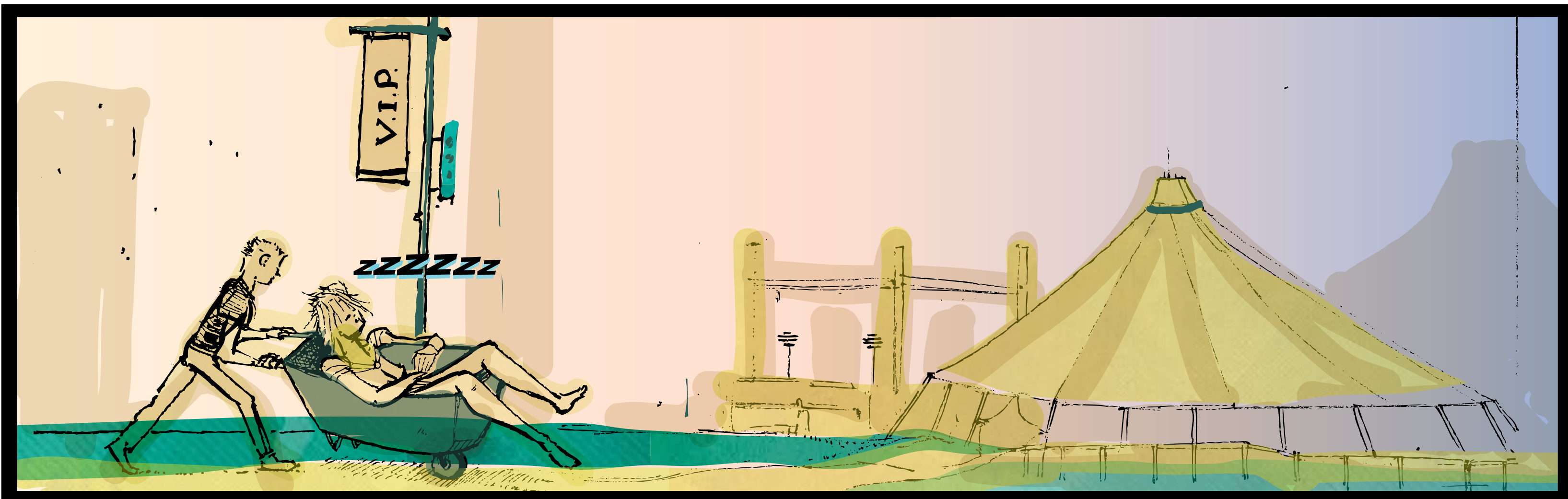
GET HER OFFA ME!



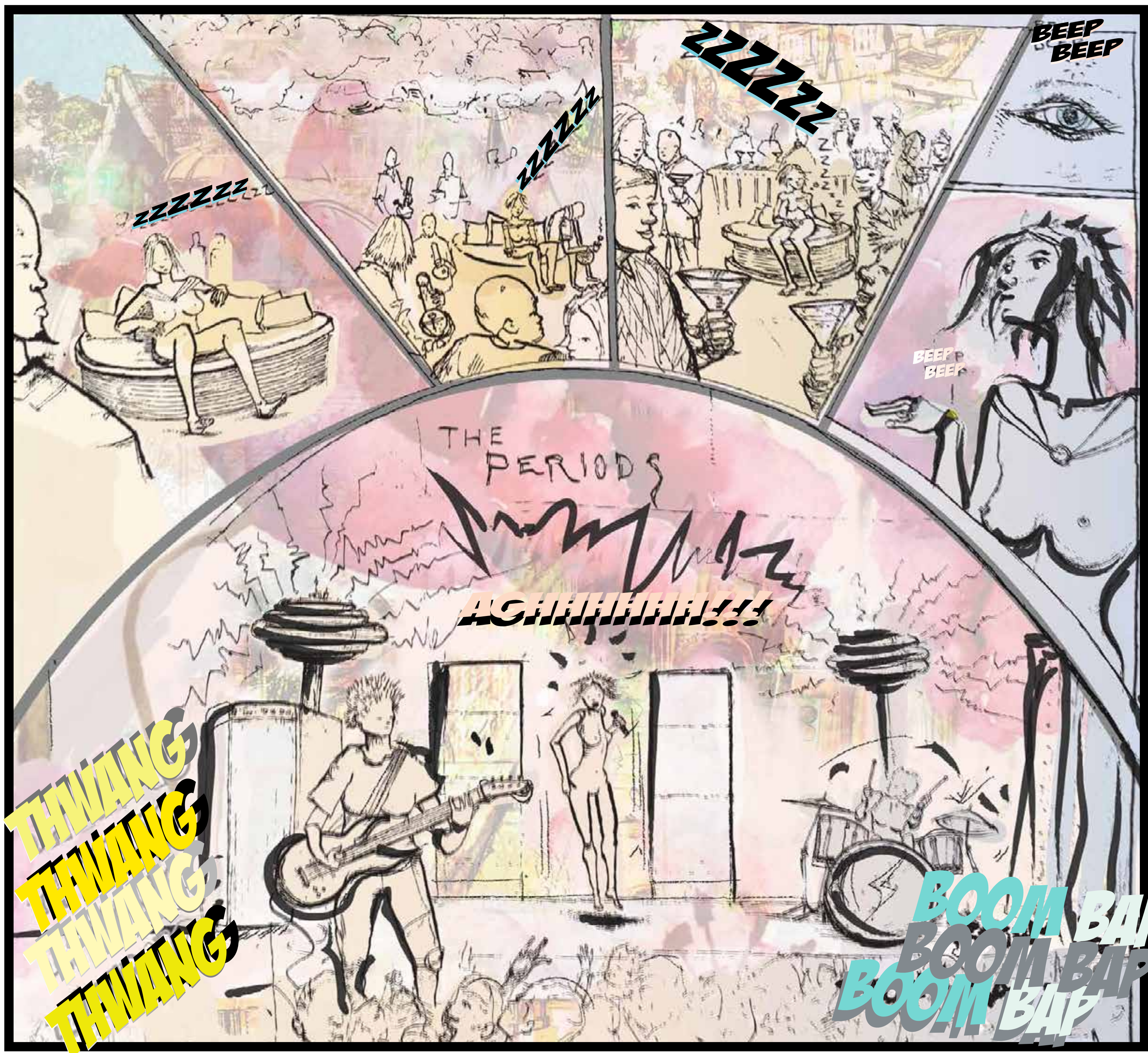
zzzzzz



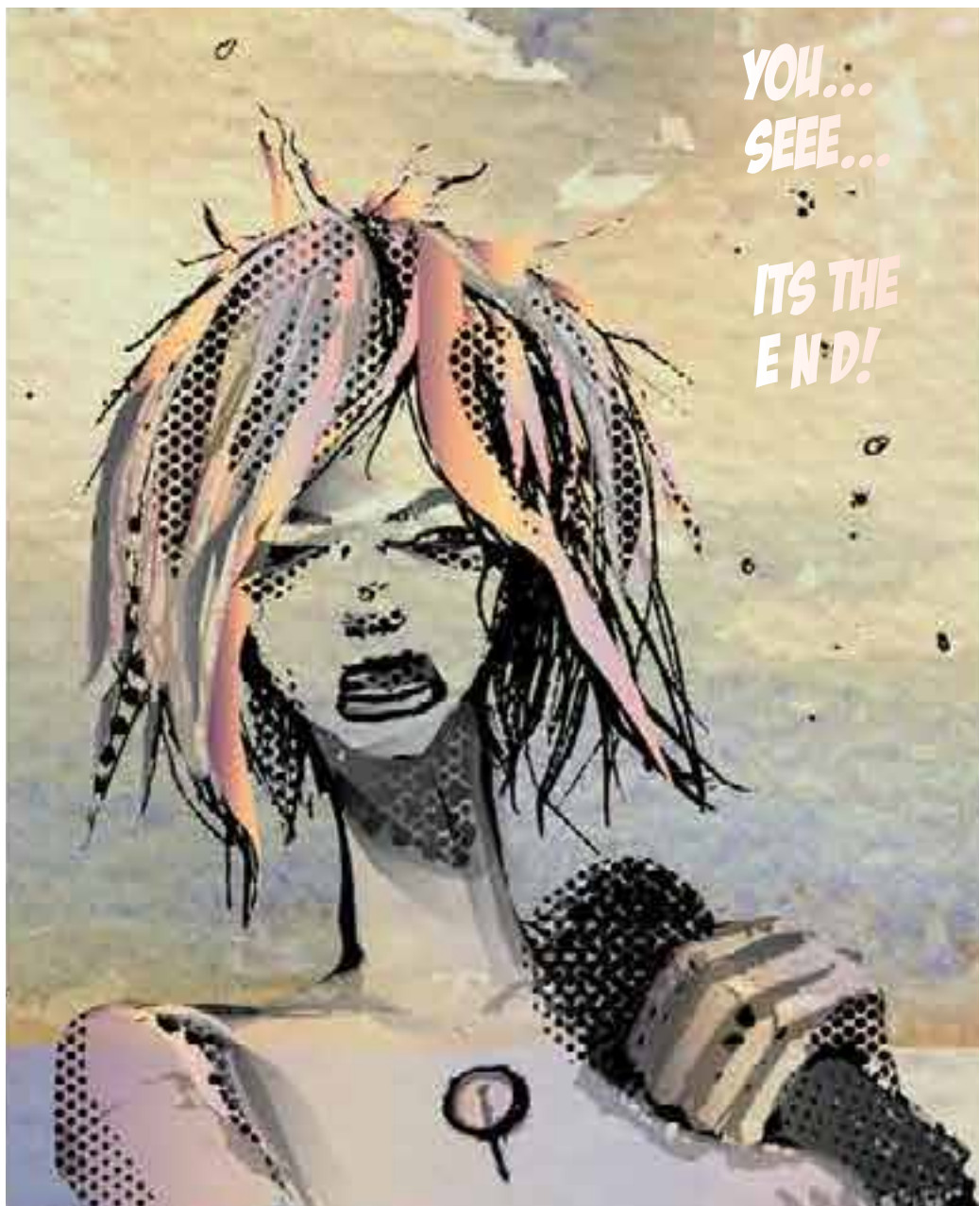
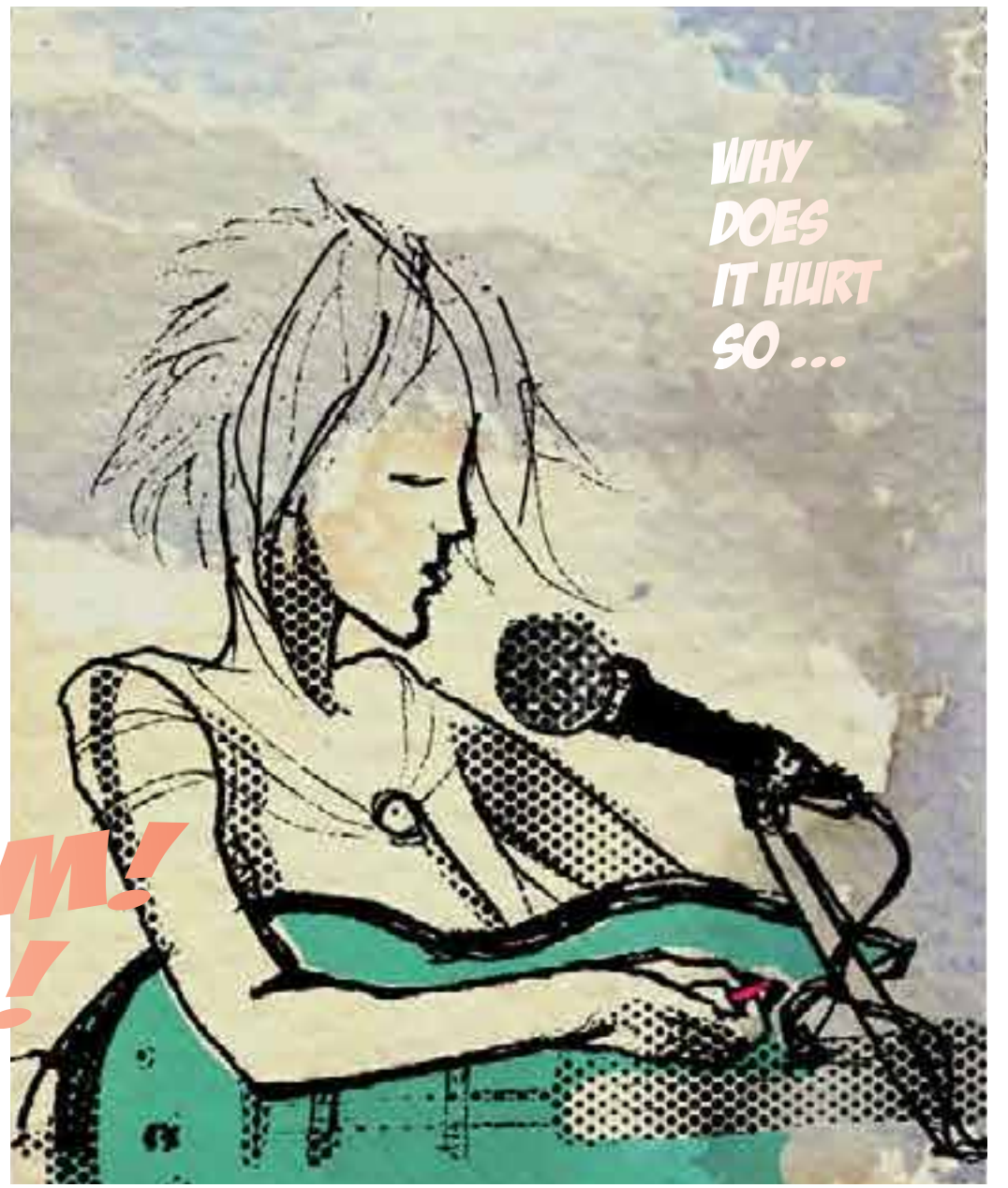
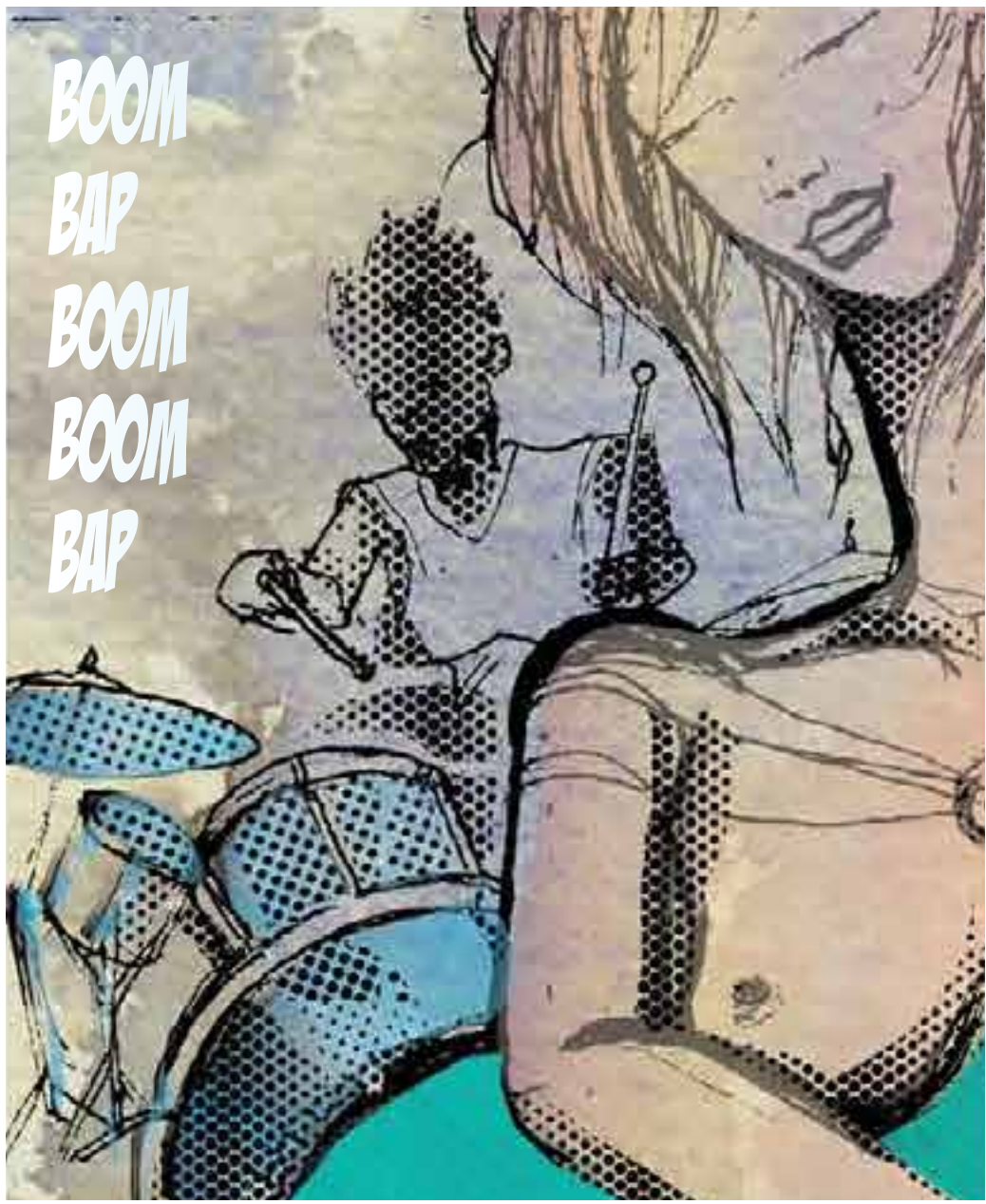




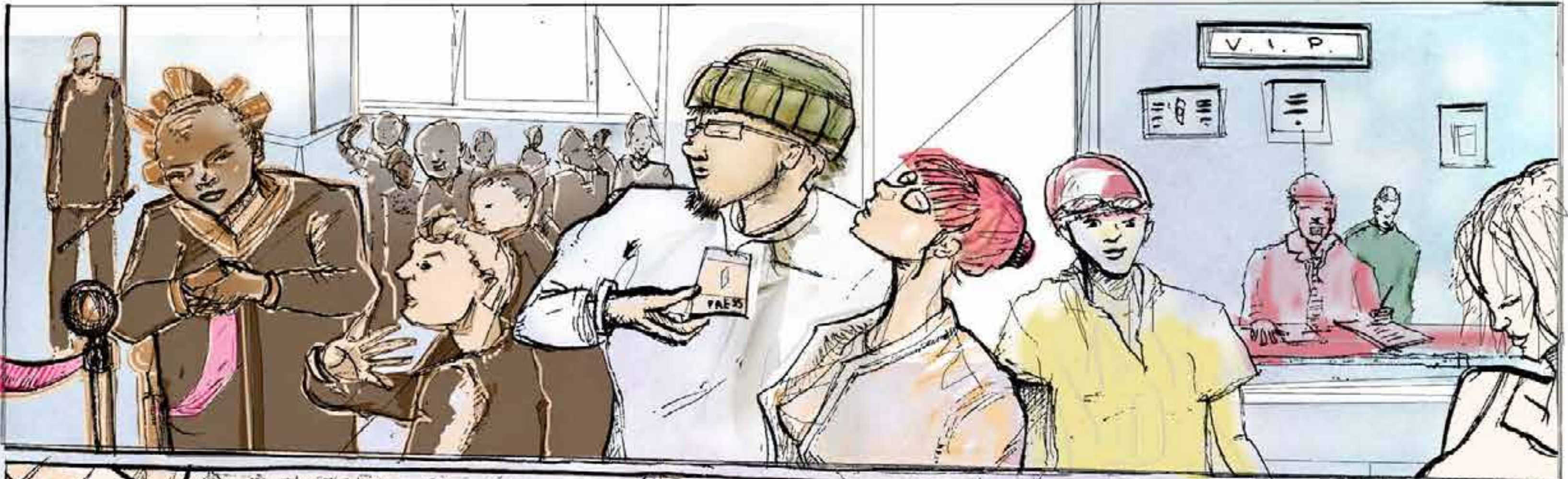
UNDER AN ORANGE GLOW EXPLODES THE BOISTEROUS HULLABALOO WITHIN THE VIP TENT. GIRLS WALK AROUND IN SKIMPY OUTFITS SELLING DRUG PARAPHERNALIA, FREE HITS OF CONCENTRATED THC BILLOWING OUT FROM A LONG ASSEMBLY LINE OF BONGS.











THANKS! YOU'RE ALL  
VERY IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE, YOU ARE.

OH, HIII. WHO LET  
YOU POOR PLEBEIANS  
INTO THE VIP TENT?

WHO?  
ME?

ESPECIALLY  
YOU, MATE.

SHE MIGHT  
WANT IN  
ON IT.

I'M NOT HIS GIRLFRIEND, AND I'M  
VERY DISAPPOINTED IN BOTH OF YOU.

SADIE, YOU  
LOOKED HOT UP  
THERE. I WAS  
WONDERING IF  
MAYBE LATER  
YOU WANTED TO  
DO SOME BLOW  
WITH ME?

PERHAPS WE  
SHOULD GET  
DOWN TO SOME  
OTHER TYPE OF  
BUSINESS, LIKE  
THIS ARTICLE  
I'M WRITING FOR  
JAMFACE.

BUT DEAL, HOW  
COULD I  
ACCEPT SUCH  
AN IMPLICIT  
INVITATION FOR  
SEX IN FRONT  
OF YOUR  
GIRLFRIEND?

BEN! LOVELY  
SEGUE, BY THE  
BY. YOU KNOW  
I'VE READ ALL  
YOUR ARTICLES  
ON JAMFACE?  
I'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED YOU  
TO WRITE ONE  
ABOUT ME.

I...  
JUST...  
CAME.

YES, AND I'M GLAD YOU CAME. I'M GLAD THAT YOU ALL CAME,  
BUT YOU ESPECIALLY BEN. OTHERWISE I'D HAVE TO HANDLE DEAL  
HITTING ON ME LIKE A DRUNKEN WANKER AND SUDOKU GENERALLY  
JUST STANDING ABOUT AND STARING AWKWARDLY.



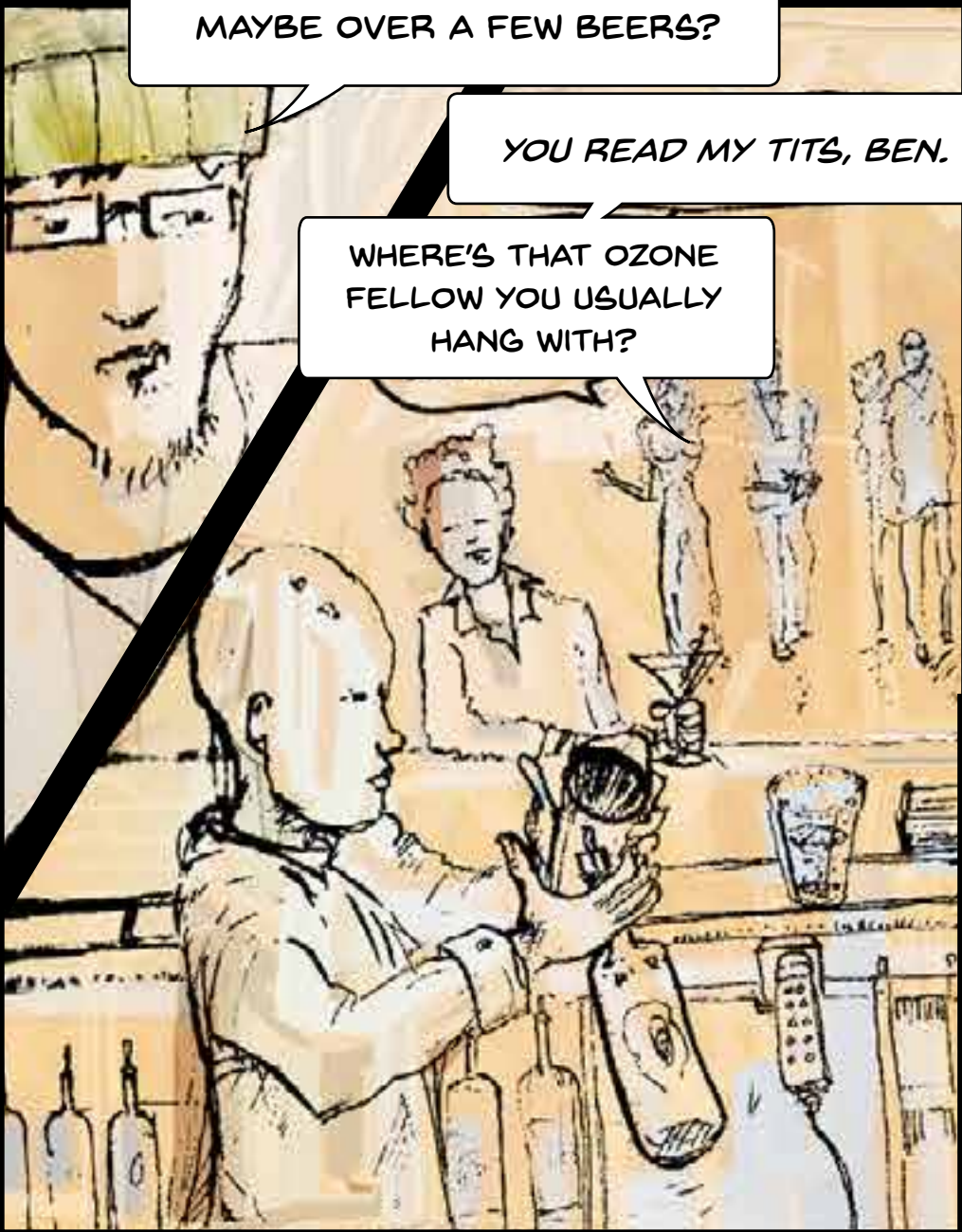


HAHA. WELL IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I SEE, YOU'D BE STARING TOO.



YOU RECKON I COULD GET A DOSE OF WHATEVER IT IS SHE'S HAVING?

THAT COULD BE ARRANGED.



MAYBE OVER A FEW BEERS?

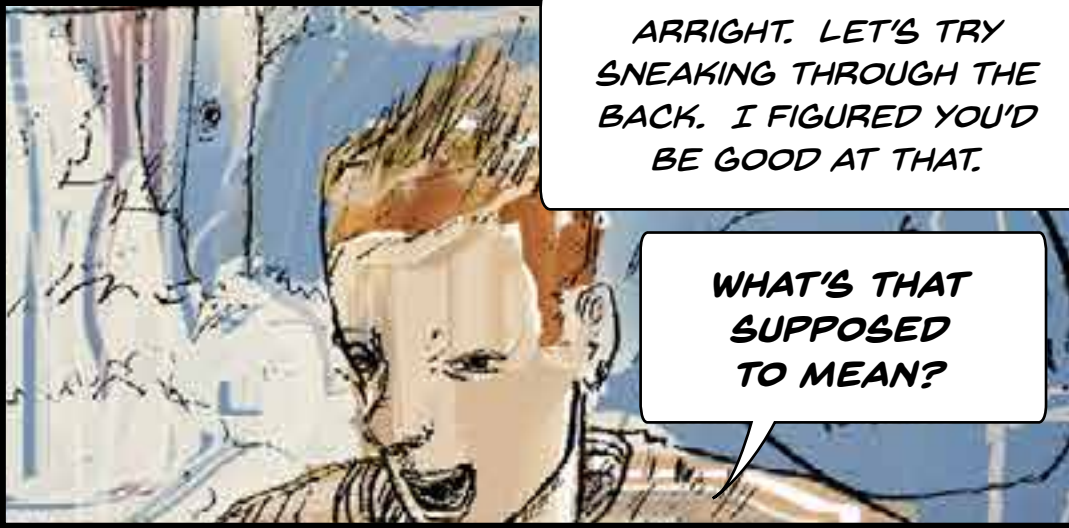
YOU READ MY TITS, BEN.

WHERE'S THAT OZONE FELLOW YOU USUALLY HANG WITH?



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE

THROUGH HERE.



ARRRIGHT. LET'S TRY SNEAKING THROUGH THE BACK. I FIGURED YOU'D BE GOOD AT THAT.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

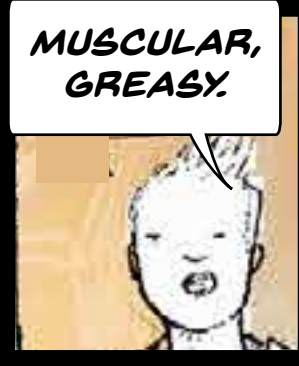


I MEAN YOU SNEAK INTO THE BACK OF THINGS SOMETIMES.

OH... WELL, RIGHT.



WE GO IN RAMBO STYLE.



MUSCULAR, GREASY.



YEAH, GREASY. FOLLOW ME.



OK, WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH.



WHAT THE FUCK IS THE PLAN, DUDE?

DON'T BE A FAG, COMPADRE.

STOP USING THAT WORD.

SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU MEANT THAT IN A PROPRIETARY SENSE.

POLITE COMPANY JUST DOESN'T SAY IT. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT THE FUCK IS THE PLAN?

ALL WE GOTTA DO IS RUN IN ONE AT A TIME. MAKE FER THAT OPENING AND JUST PRETEND LIKE YOU KNOW WHAT YER DOING. PRETEND YER TALKING TO SOMEONE IMPORTANT ON YOUR PHONE.

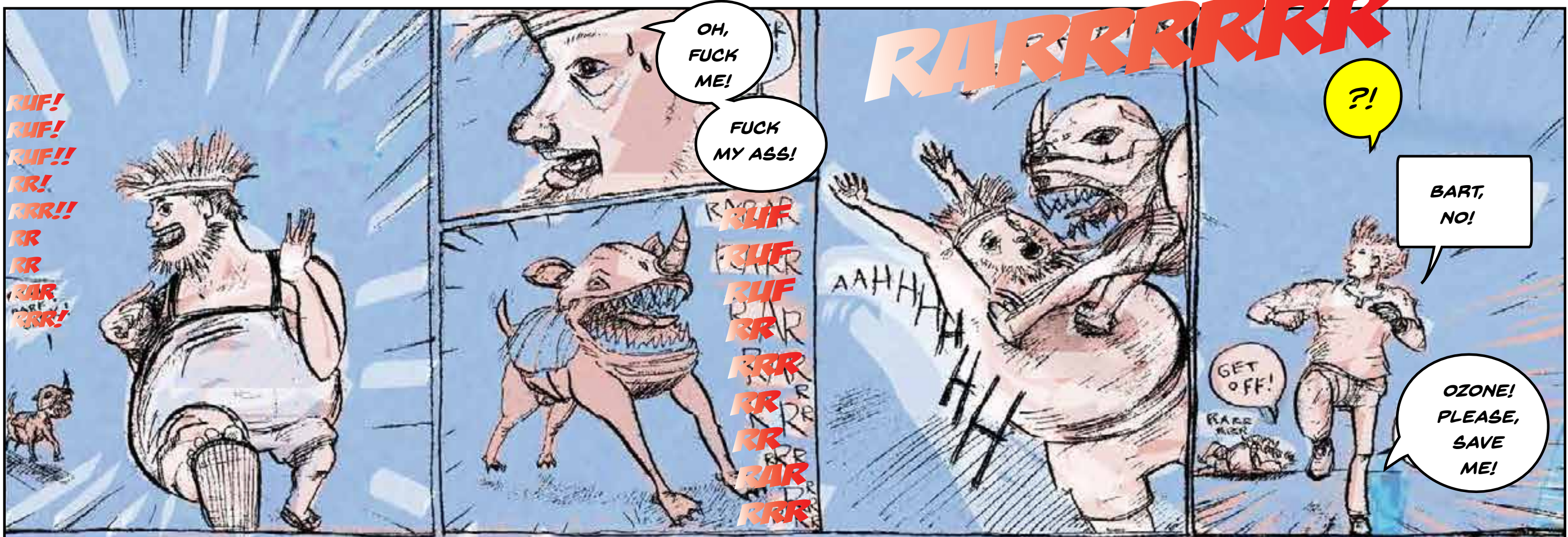
I DON'T HAVE A PHONE. I SHUT IT OFF YEARS AGO. AND I SURE AS SHIT KNOW YOU DON'T OWN ONE.



NO, NO I DO NOT.  
I'LL GO FIRST.









VIP TENT

SO, IN A NUTSHELL  
WHERE DO YOU  
THINK THE BAND'S  
DIRECTION IS  
HEADING?

WELL... NO... IT'S IN A NUTSHELL.  
IT'S A NUTTY PLACE TO START.

THAT'S NOT A  
FLUFFY PLACE TO  
START.

YOU KNOW WE'VE  
BEEN PLAYING THE  
FESTIVAL FOR A  
LONG TIME NOW.  
EVERY THURSDAY  
FOR... 6 YEARS, I  
THINK?

IS IT  
THURSDAY?

QUIET,  
DEAL! YOU  
FUCKING  
ASSHOLE!

THAT'S SORT OF WHAT  
I'M TALKING ABOUT  
THOUGH. DEAL'S LOST  
HIS CONCEPT OF THE  
SHOW. HE DOESN'T SAVE  
THE DATES AS WELL  
ANYMORE.

EVERY  
LIFE-CHANGING  
PHENOMENON  
PASSES BY  
UNNOTICED.

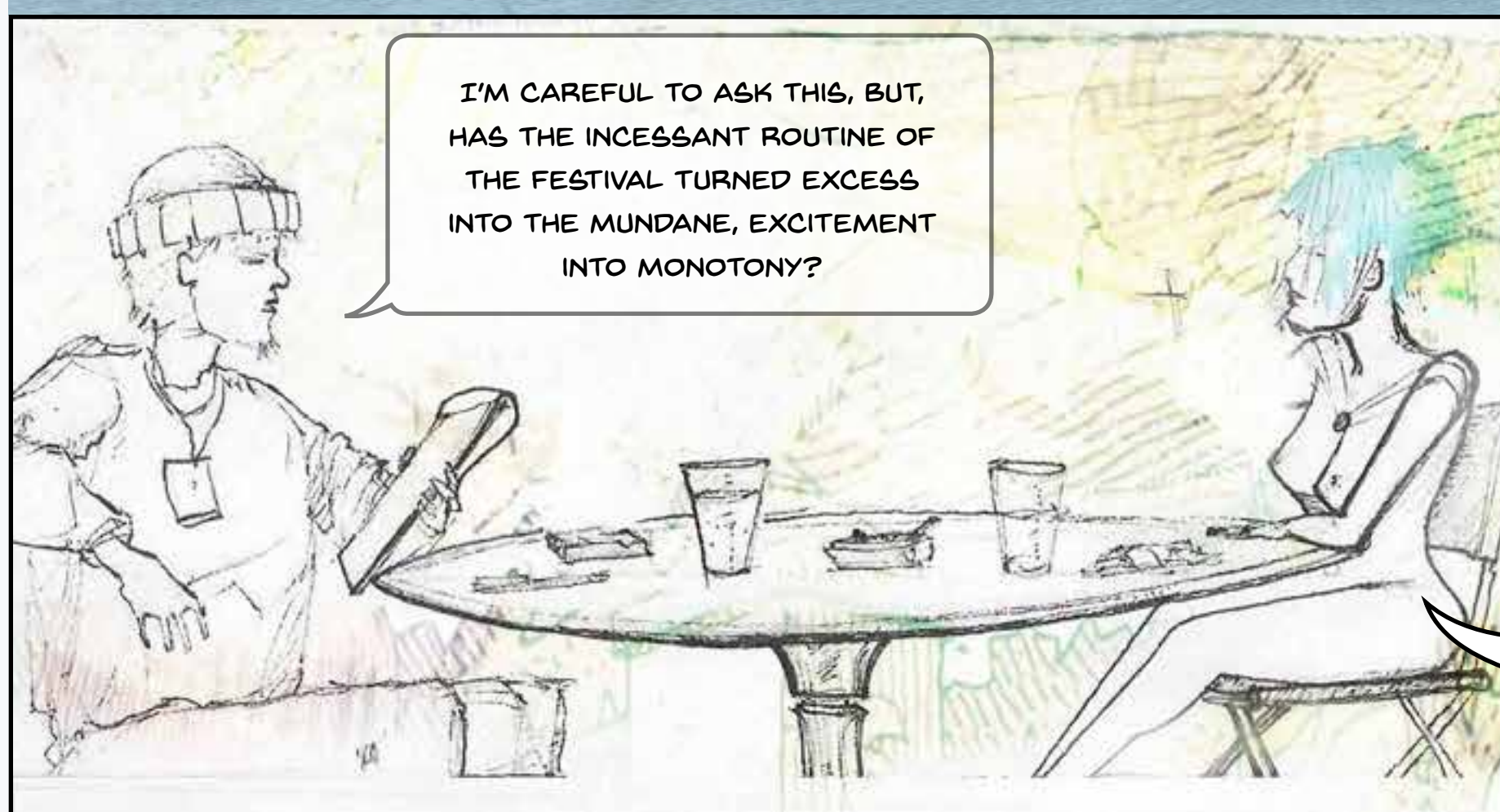
IS THIS AFFECTING  
YOUR BAND?

THAT MAGIC, IT ALL BLENDS IN AFTER  
A WHILE. AND I'M NOT JUST TALKING  
ABOUT MUSIC BUT I'M TALKING ABOUT  
A MASSIVE CULTURAL SIMULACRUM OF  
CONSCIOUSNESS.

OF COURSE, IT AF-  
FECTS THE BAND. IT  
AFFECTS EVERYTHING.  
WE'RE ALL BECOM-  
ING SO OVERSATU-  
RATED THAT MUSIC  
BECOMES PLACEBO  
AND ART, IN GENERAL,  
MAY EVEN SUFFER  
FROM THE APATHY OF  
OUR PEERS COUPLED  
WITH THE COVETING  
OF THEIR OWN INDI-  
VIDUALITY.

PEOPLE ALL WANT  
TO SCREAM SOME-  
THING. THE ISSUE  
IS EXACERBATED  
BY AN ENVIRON-  
MENT WHERE EV-  
ERYONE'S WAILING  
AT EACH OTHER LIKE  
A BLOODY PACK  
OF RAGING ATTEN-  
TION WHORES. PER-  
HAPS IT'S BEEN LIKE  
THAT FOR EONS AND  
WE'VE JUST MADE  
IT EASIER TO PAR-  
TICIPATE AND FOUND  
WAYS TO COPE.



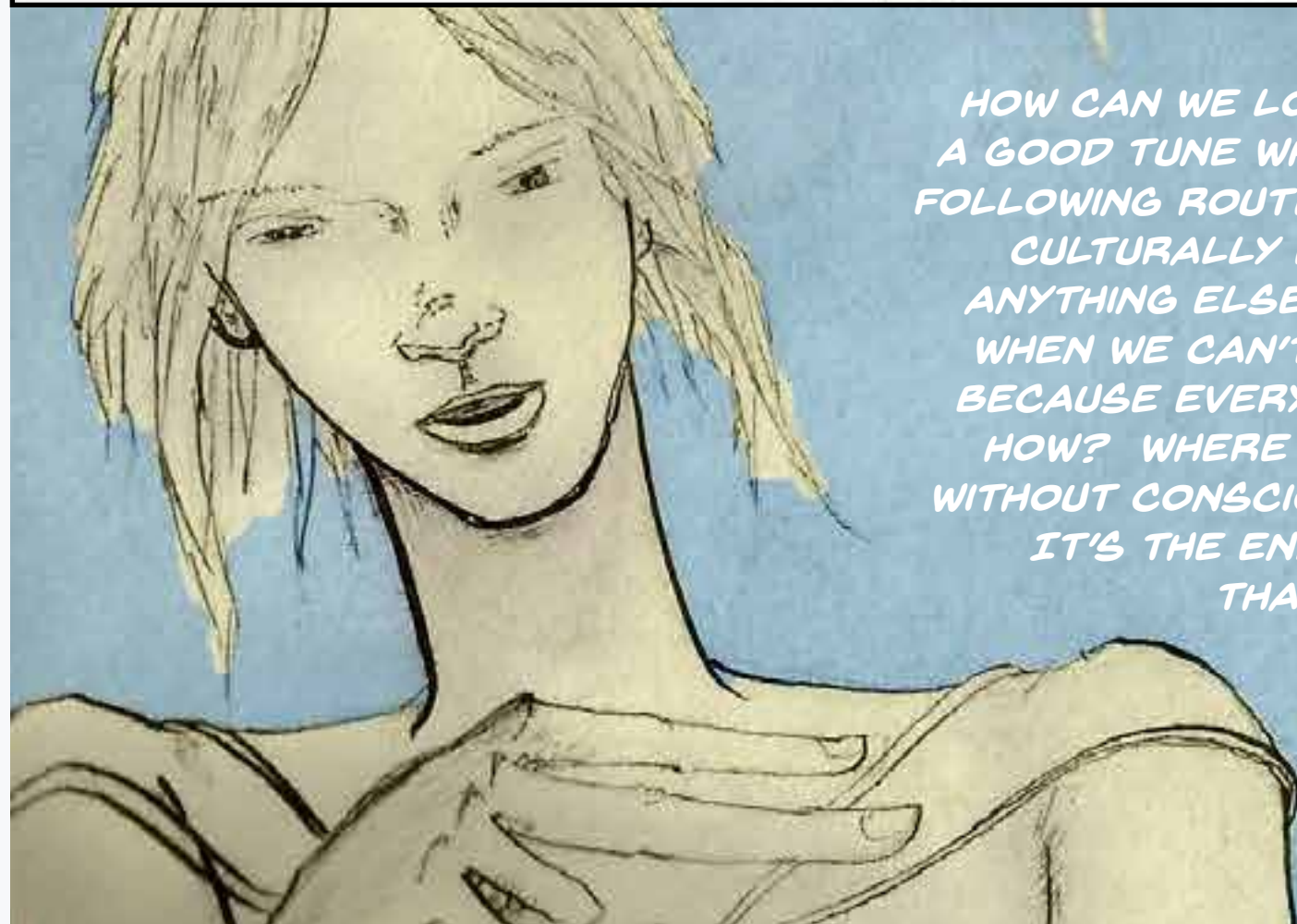


I'M CAREFUL TO ASK THIS, BUT, HAS THE INCESSANT ROUTINE OF THE FESTIVAL TURNED EXCESS INTO THE MUNDANE, EXCITEMENT INTO MONOTONY?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. EXCEPT IT'S TRANSLATED THE LACK OF CHANGE INTO A DEARTH OF INSPIRATION AND SELF-AWARENESS. THERE'S STILL MORE TO IT THOUGH...

IT'S LIKE, NOBODY HAS THE LOVE ANYMORE. LIKE WE'RE JUST PERPETUATING THE SAME PATTERN OF JEALOUSY BORN FROM LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER THAT EVERYTHING WE DO CREATIVELY IS JUST PLAYING TO AN OLD ROLE, REIMAGINED. A TOXIC RELATIONSHIP.

WE'RE SO NARCISSISTIC THAT WE CAN'T APPRECIATE OTHERS, BUT RATHER WE IMITATE THEM UNTIL WE'RE A REINVENTED VERSION. A DUPLICATE OF THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE. I JUST CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE BECOME SO AWARE, TO THE POINT WHERE THERE'S NO MORE DISCOVERY? WHEN OUR PATTERNS BECOME UBIQUITOUS, HOW DOES IT AFFECT THE MUSIC? HOW DOES IT AFFECT OUR INSTINCTS?



HOW CAN WE LOVE SOMETHING LIKE A GOOD TUNE WHEN WE'VE JUST BEEN FOLLOWING ROUTINE? WHEN WE'RE TOO CULTURALLY EXHAUSTED TO DO ANYTHING ELSE...? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE CAN'T DRAW INSPIRATION BECAUSE EVERYBODY'S FORGOTTEN HOW? WHERE WOULD MATTER BE WITHOUT CONSCIOUSNESS? NOWHERE! IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD. THAT'S THAT.

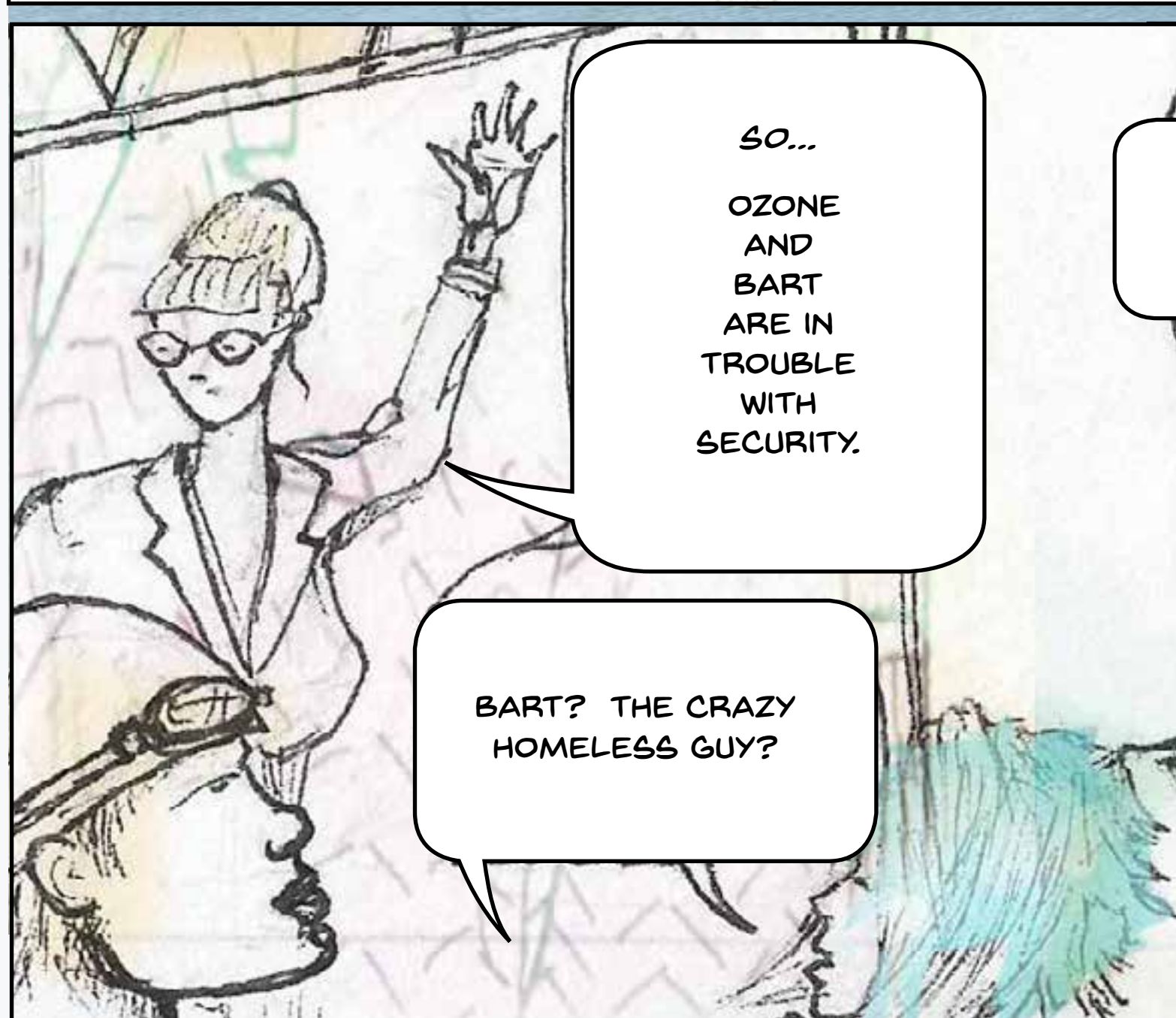


I SUPPOSE ALL WE CAN DO IS JUST HOPE FOR SPONTANEOUS GENERATION. OR NOT. HELL, COVER BANDS AREN'T SO BAD.

LITTLE THINGS DO CHANGE. AND THEY CAN ONLY GET BETTER. RIGHT? OR MAYBE YOU MEAN THAT "BETTER" IS WORSE?



WISE MAN SAY, "WHEN THINGS ARE BAD, ART GETS GOOD." LET'S HOPE THINGS GET A LITTLE WORSE.



SO... OZONE AND BART ARE IN TROUBLE WITH SECURITY.

BART? THE CRAZY HOMELESS GUY?



HE'S CRAZY, NOT HOMELESS... I THINK.



HE'S A BUM, BUT HE'S MY BUM!







WELL THEN MAYBE YOU COULD MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND GIVE YOURSELF A KICK IN IT. AS IT IS, BART AND OZONE ARE PISSING OFF THE NITROUS MAFIA.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID SECURITY GOT THEM.

RIGHT, HOW ABOUT YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MATE. THOSE BLOODY MAFIOSOS JUST KEEP ON SUCKING ETERNI-PROFITS FROM OUR CONCERTS, THE BASTARDS.

NOT MUCH I CAN DO, I'M AFRAID. THEY'RE THE ONES RUNNING THE SHOW THESE DAYS. AND IT WAS NEVER ABOUT THE PROFITS FOR ME. NOW GO AID OUR FRIENDS BEFORE I'M NO LONGER ALLOWED TO INVITE PEOPLE TO MY EVENTS.

I'VE MISS YOU GUYS. GOOD LUCK NOW. I HAVE TO GET BACK ON STAGE.

WELL, ONE SUSPECTS THAT STAFF SECURITY AND THE NITROUS MAFIA ARE USING THE SAME HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT THESE DAYS.

THAT STATEMENT THERE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DON'T THINK ANYBODY HERE UNDERSTANDS WHAT A HUMAN RESOURCE IS.

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO TALK TO THEM.

WELL. MAYBE I CAN REASON WITH THEM. WORK SOMETHING OUT.

AFTER ALL, I LOVE TALKING WITH PEOPLE.

CHOP  
CHOP  
CHOP

SNORT

SNIF.

Ahhh.

INSIDE THE SECURITY HOLDING AREA

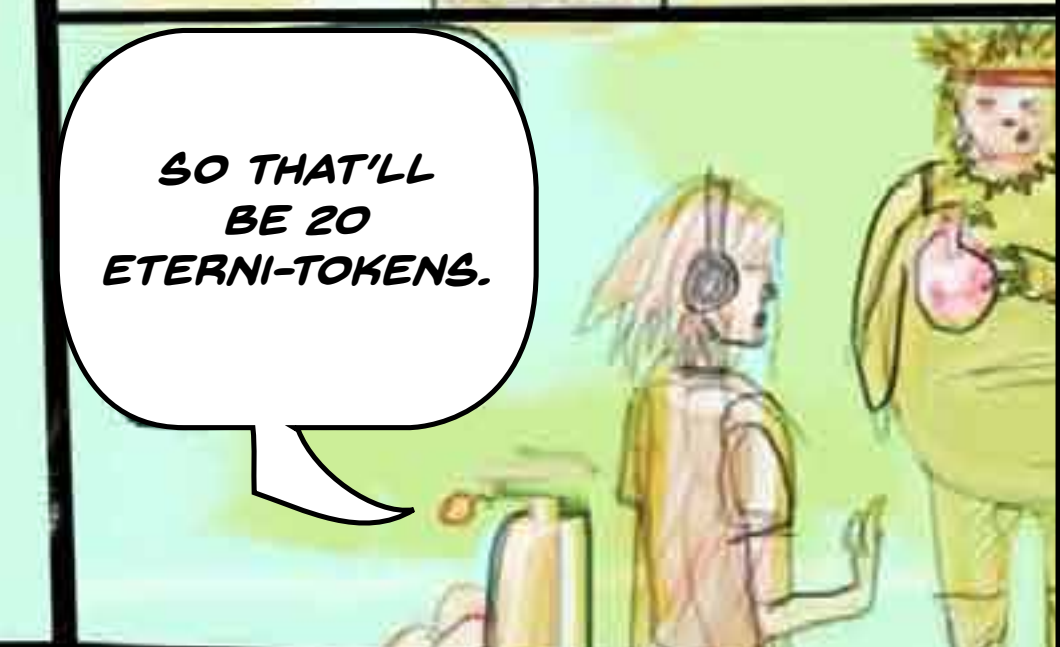
SSHHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEE  
SSW  
SSW  
SSW

BEHIND THE TENT AND ITS HEAVILY GUARDED BORDERS, LIES THE HOLDING CAMP FOR MALCONTENTS TO WASTE THEMSELVES INTO OBLIVION HUFFING GAS. THE HISSING SOUNDS OF STREAMING NITROUS OXIDE TANKS FILL THE AIR AROUND A ROARING CAMPFIRE. PEOPLE PASS AROUND BALLOONS FILLED WITH THE LAUGHING GAS OR INHALE DEEP BREATHS FROM PAPER BAGS FILLED WITH DUBIOUS CONTENTS.













I DON'T WANT TO SAVE FACE. I WANT TO BREAK IT. WHY WOULDN'T I HIT HIM?

BACK UP, BITCH, BEFORE YOU BECOME THE PROBLEM.

YOU WON'T HIT HIM IN THE FACE. YOU CAN'T IF YOU WANT TO SAVE FACE AROUND HERE.

BECAUSE... HE'S INBRED AND HIS MOM DRANK WHILE HE WAS IN THE WOMB. NOT HIS FAULT.



UH...HI  
DEAL



MY BROTHER'S  
AN INBRED.

THE FACT THAT YOU COMPARE THAT ASSHOLE TO INBREDS IS AN INSULT TO INBREDS EVERYWHERE. AND SO IS YOUR WORD CHOICE. THEY PREFER "CONGENITALLY ABLED."

I THINK I MIGHT HAVE TO HIT YOU, TOO.

HOW ABOUT THIS. WE ALL TAKE A DEEP BREATH. TRY SOME OF MY WINE. IT'S THE FINEST IN THE LAND AND THIS WINE IS LACED WITH LSD. FIRST ONE'S A FREEBIE. THEN YOU CAN HIT BART WITHOUT ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM MY FRIENDS AND ME.

I ACCEPT THIS, WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR BARGAIN.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, ASSHOLE?

MY NAME? WELL, IT'S NOT DEAL. I MEAN... WHY IT'S UH... NO-DEAL.

MMM. FAMILIAR TASTE. SEEM TO RECALL THE REGION WHERE- WAIT, THIS ISN'T AH...

HA! INDEED, IT IS. YOU'LL BE THE LAST ONE I PUNCH IN THE FACE.







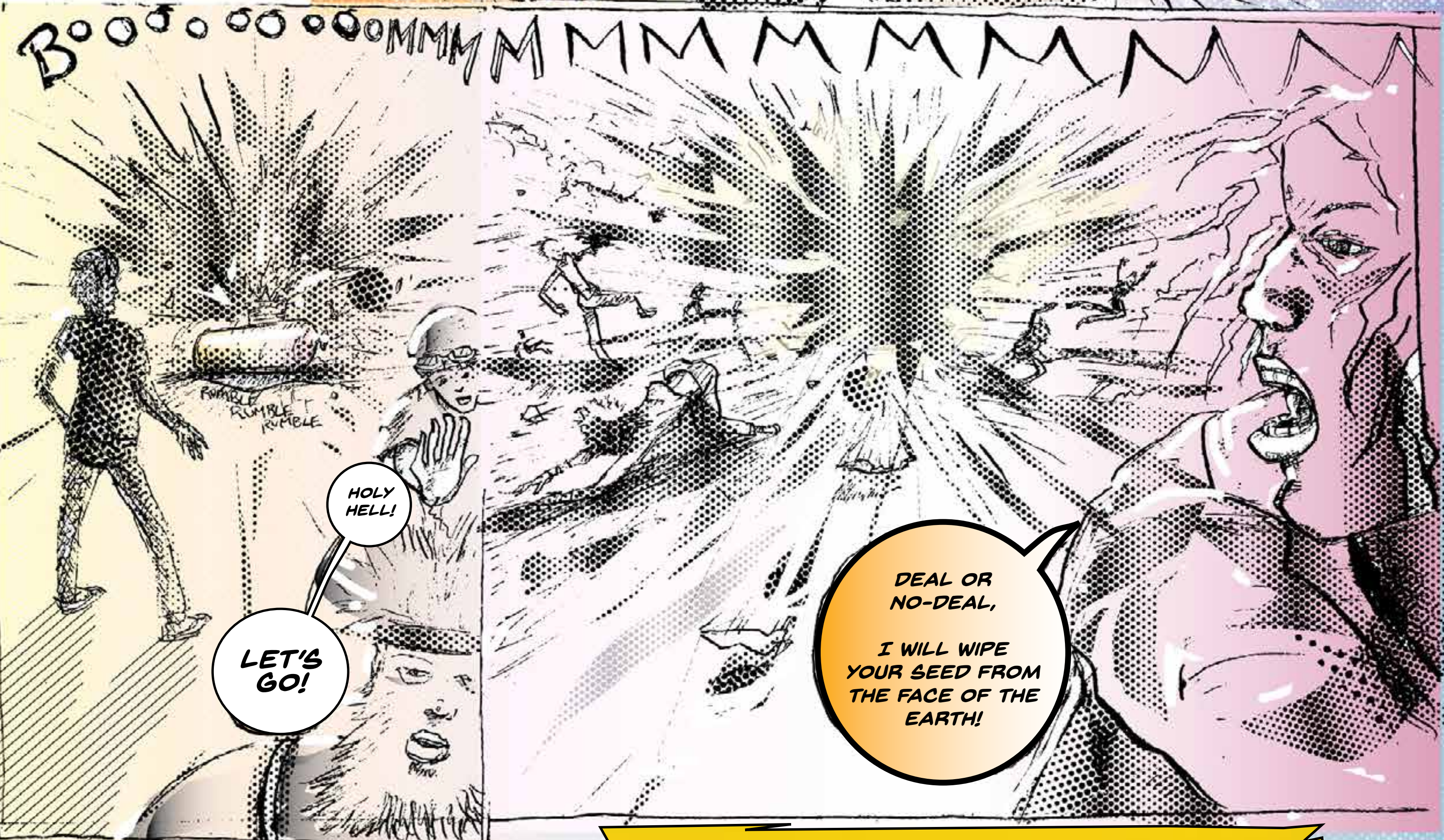
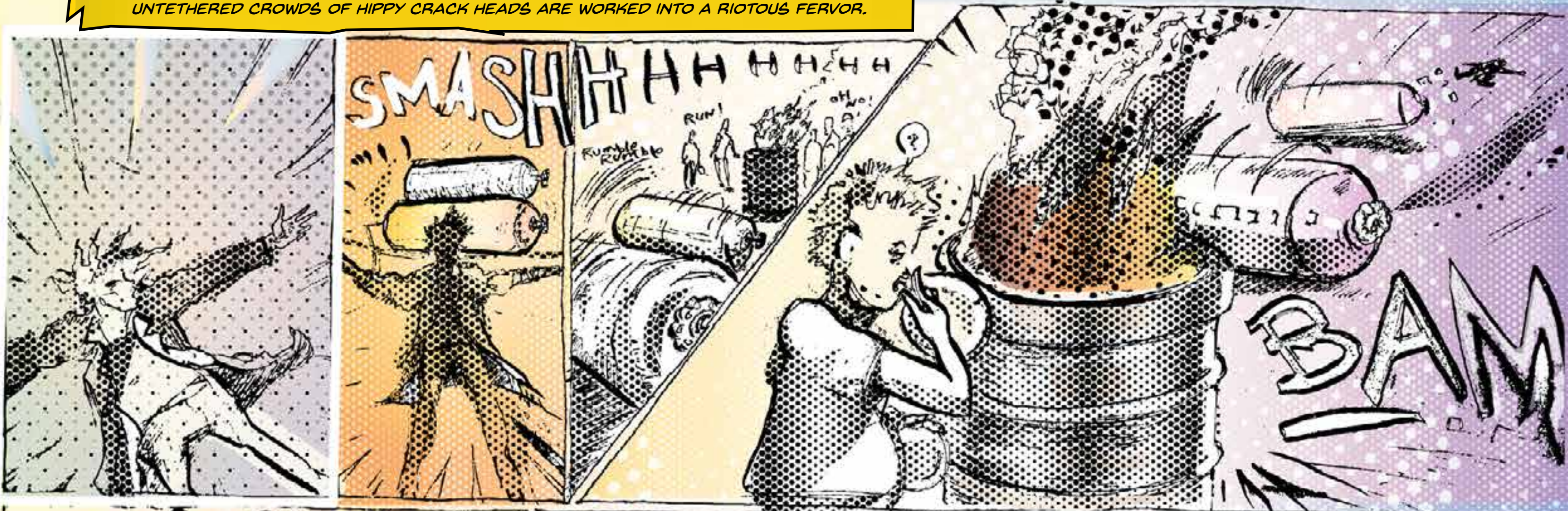


POLYP BEGINS TO BLACK OUT, STUMBLES AND FALLS TO CRACK HIS EYE ONTO A CART HOLDING SEVERAL ENORMOUS TANKS OF NITROUS OXIDE.

HAHAHA!  
I LACED IT WITH  
A SHITLOAD  
OF KETAMINE  
INSTEAD. GOOD  
LUCK STANDING.

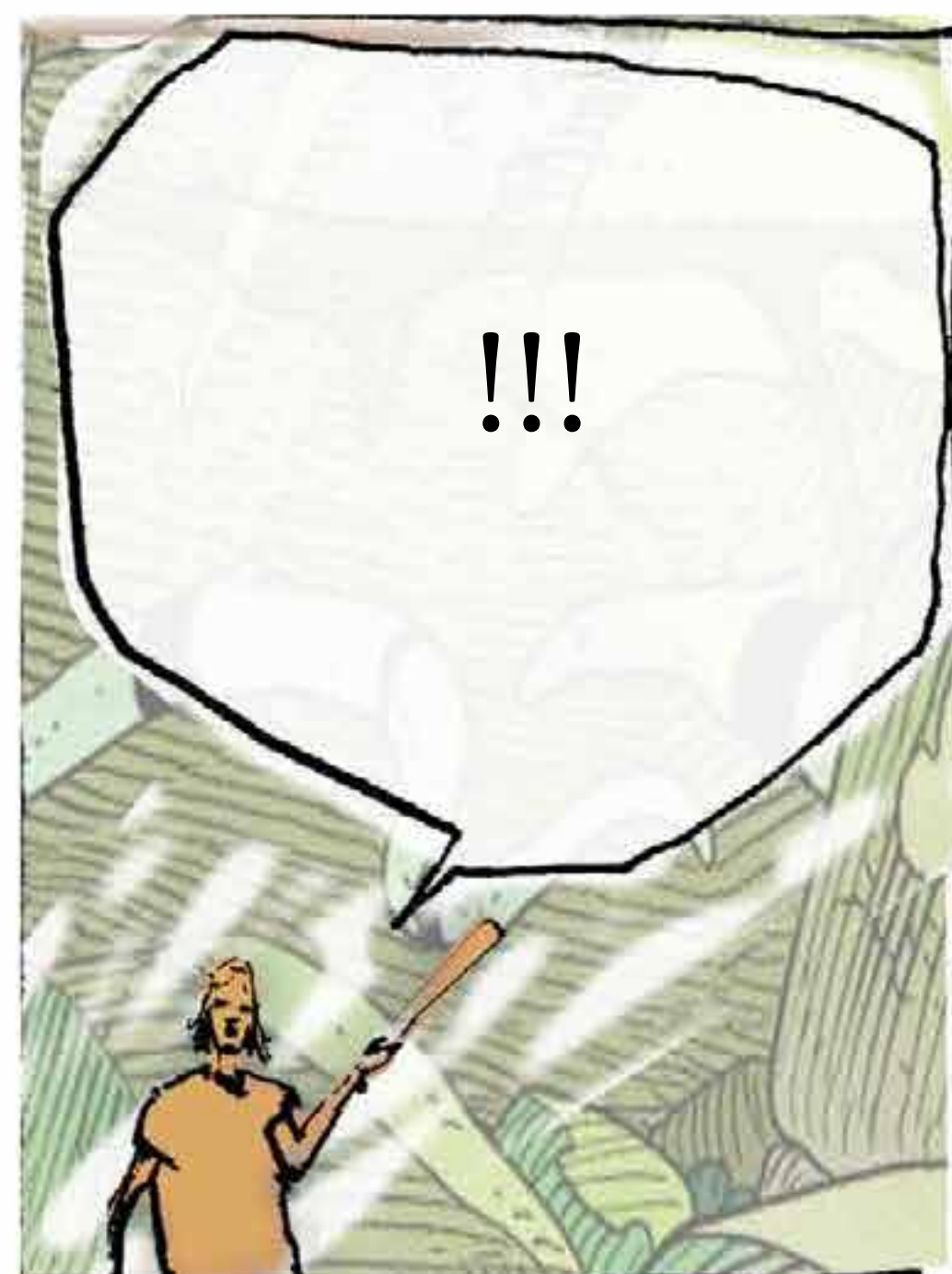
AND MY NAME'S NOT  
"NO-DEAL" IT'S  
ACTUALLY "DEAL,"  
AND UH... YOU'VE  
JUST BEEN DEALT WITH.

THE CART IS PUSHED WITH SUCH FORCE, IT ROLLS THE CARGO WITH GREAT SPEED INTO  
THE BONFIRE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL. TANKS EXPLODE AND SHRAPNEL FLIES AS  
UNTETHERED CROWDS OF HIPPY CRACK HEADS ARE WORKED INTO A RIOTOUS FERVOR.

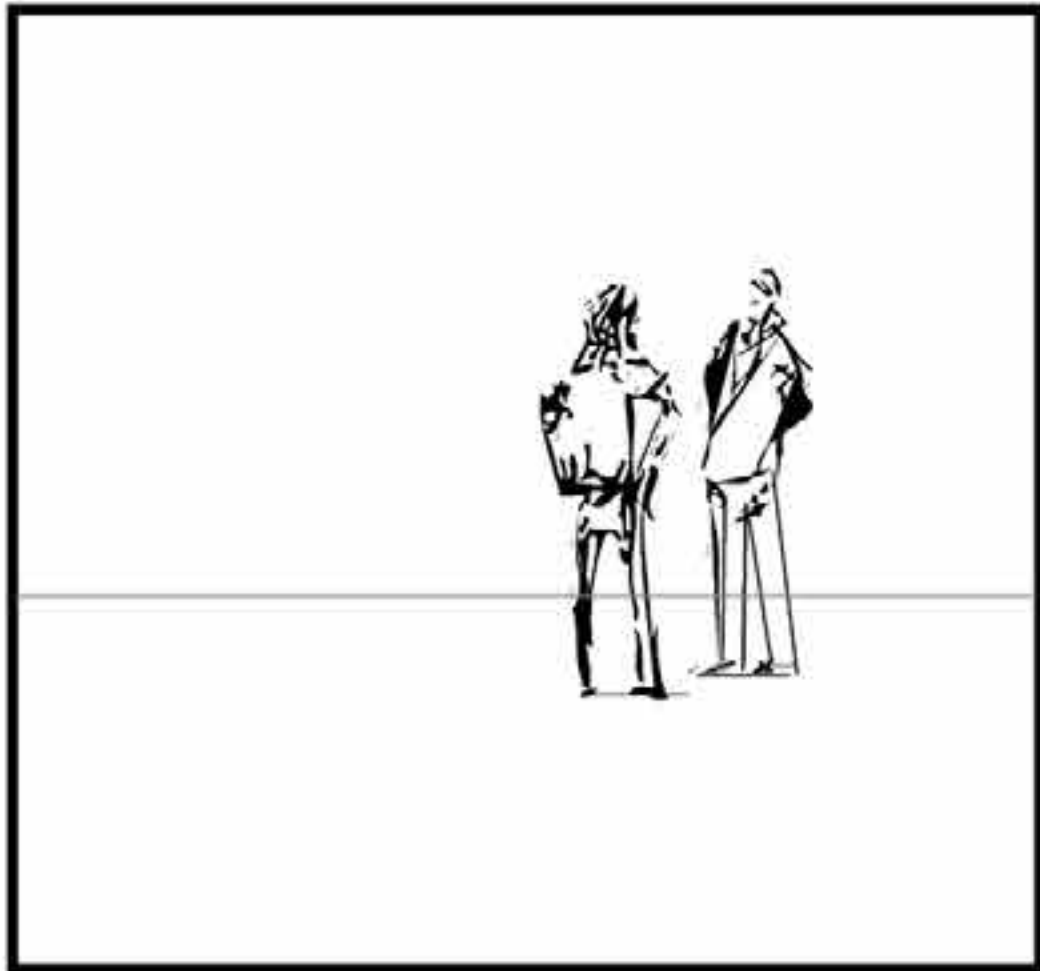


DEAL, OZONE, BEN AND BART TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY, AMIDST THE  
RAPIDLY EXPLOSIVE CONFUSION, TO MAKE THEIR EXITS. WITH THE  
HELP OF HIS BROTHER, HPV, POLYP AWAKENS AND GROGGILY CRIES...

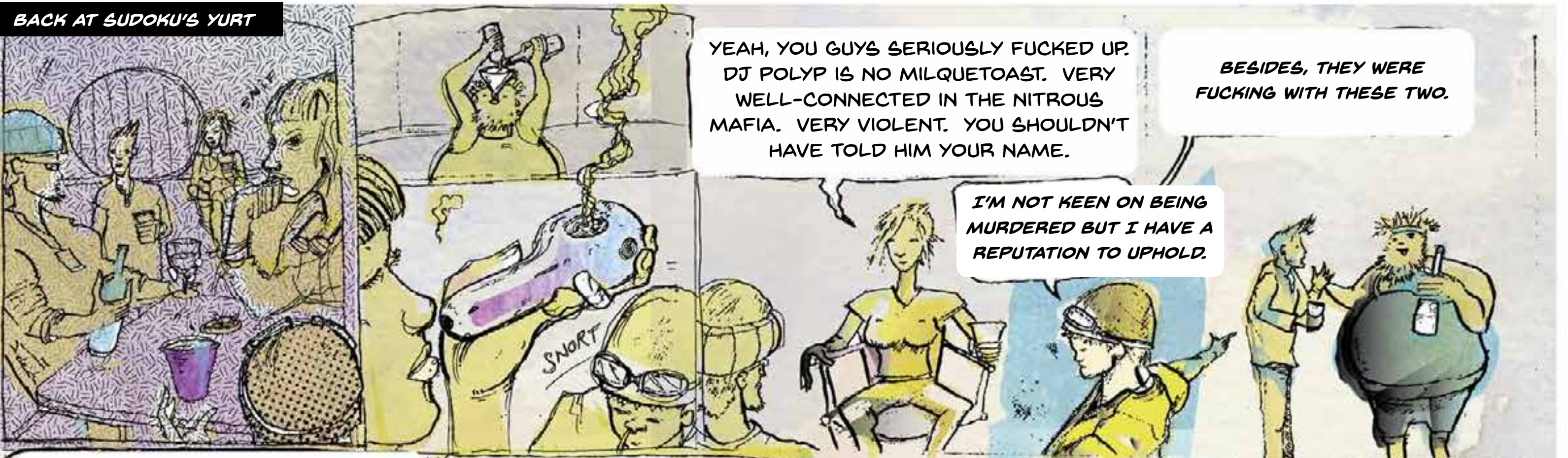












YEAH, YOU GUYS SERIOUSLY FUCKED UP. DJ POLYP IS NO MILQUETOAST. VERY WELL-CONNECTED IN THE NITROUS MAFIA. VERY VIOLENT. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HIM YOUR NAME.

BESIDES, THEY WERE FUCKING WITH THESE TWO.

I'M NOT KEEN ON BEING MURDERED BUT I HAVE A REPUTATION TO UPHOLD.

WHY'D YA DO IT BART? WHY'D YOU HAVE TO SUCK ON THE WRONG TEAT?

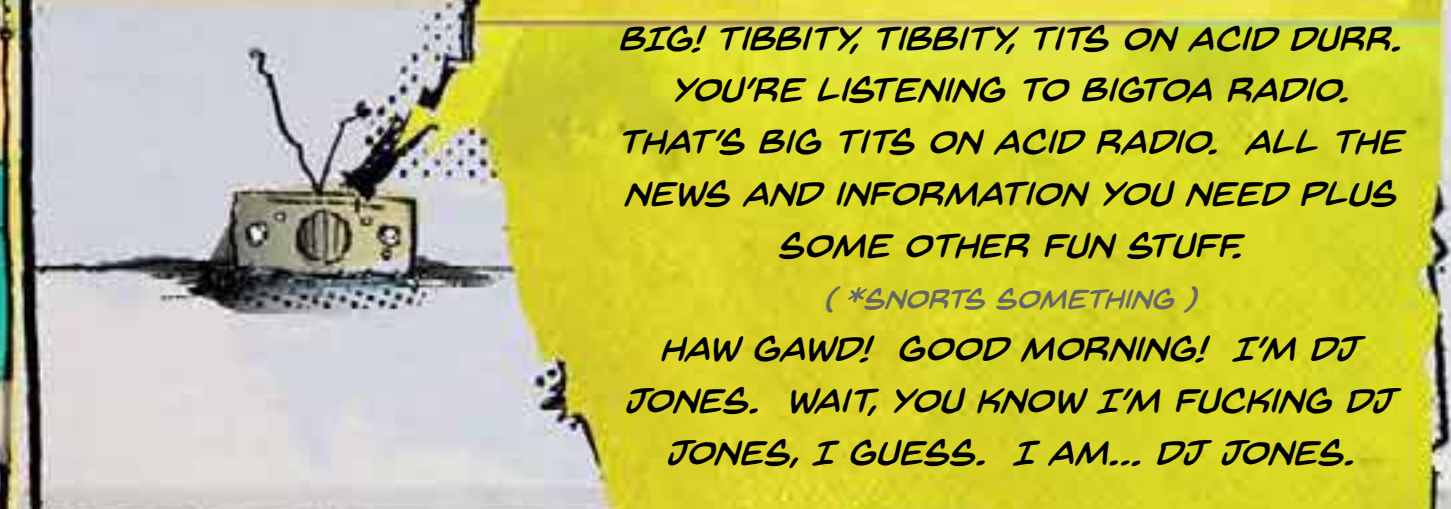
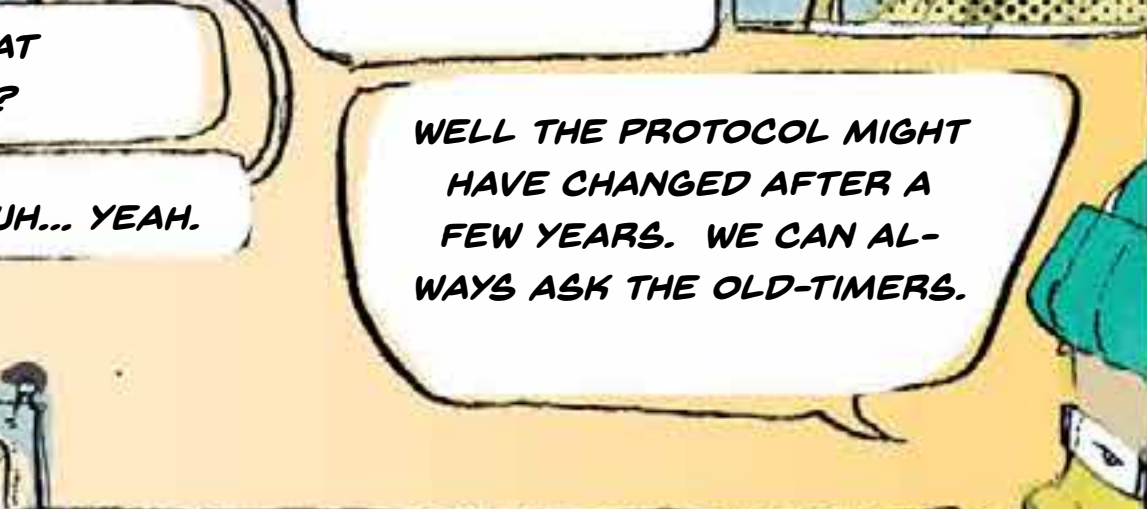
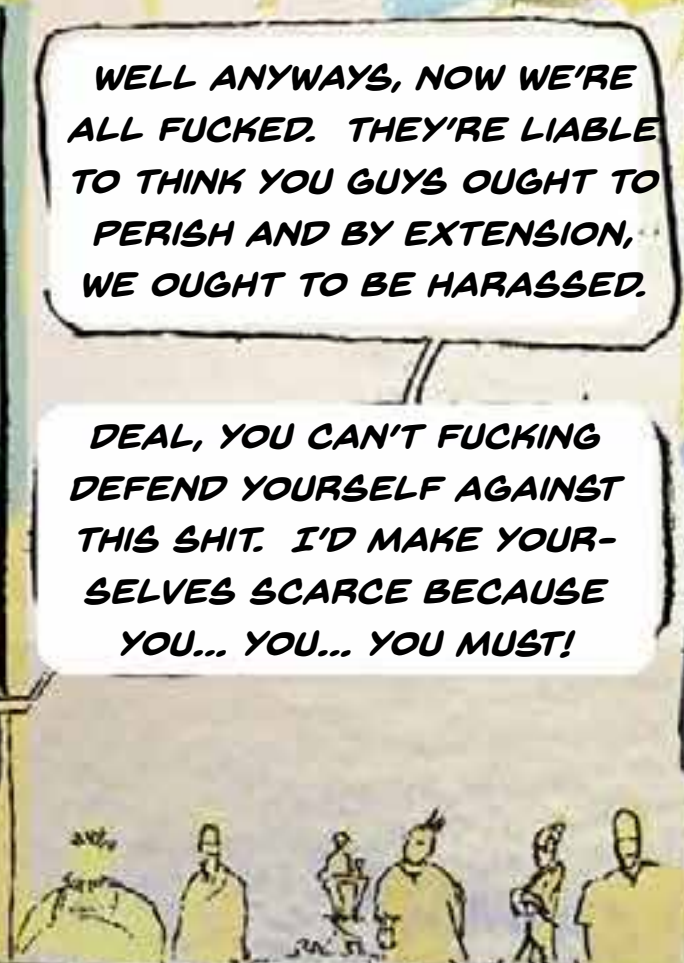
I THOUGHT THEY SAID, "FREE FOR 20!"

WELL ANYWAYS, NOW WE'RE ALL FUCKED. THEY'RE LIABLE TO THINK YOU GUYS OUGHT TO PERISH AND BY EXTENSION, WE OUGHT TO BE HARASSED.

NITROUS MAFIA CAN FIND YOU ANYWHERE IF THEY WANT TO. EVEN OUTSIDE LOT 8675309. THERE'S NOWHERE THAT'S SAFE. UNLESS YOU CAN THINK OF A WAY TO GET OUT OF ETERNIFEST.

DEAL, YOU CAN'T FUCKING DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST THIS SHIT. I'D MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE BECAUSE YOU... YOU... YOU MUST!

WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?



HE MIGHT KNOW WHAT TO DO.

IN THE MEANTIME, YOU THREE GUYS OUGHT TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE.

WELL, I'D HELP BUT I'VE GOT BAND PRACTICE, AND THE MOB WILL BE WATCHING ME CLOSELY NOW THAT THEY'VE INFILTRATED FESTIVAL SECURITY.

HUH?

OK VERY GOOD. WE'LL MEET UP BACK HERE. AND MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE. GATHER YOUR PERSONAL POSSESSIONS IF YOU GUYS HAVE THOSE SORTS OF THINGS. BE READY TO MOVE AT ANY TIME.

I THINK I... GOT A WIFE OR A SON OR SOMETHIN...

WHAT?

UH... NEVER MIND, PLEASE GO ON.

YEAH... WE'LL GO TO JONES. THE FILE ON THAT GUY IS HUGE. I MEAN UHM... HE'S OLD AND I HEAR TELL THAT HE EVEN HELPED START ETERNIFEST.

HMMM? WHA? US?

DEAL AND I WILL GO WITH YOU, BEN.

YOU NEED ADULT SUPERVISION.

I GOTTA TAKE A DUMP.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WE'RE FINISHED HERE...

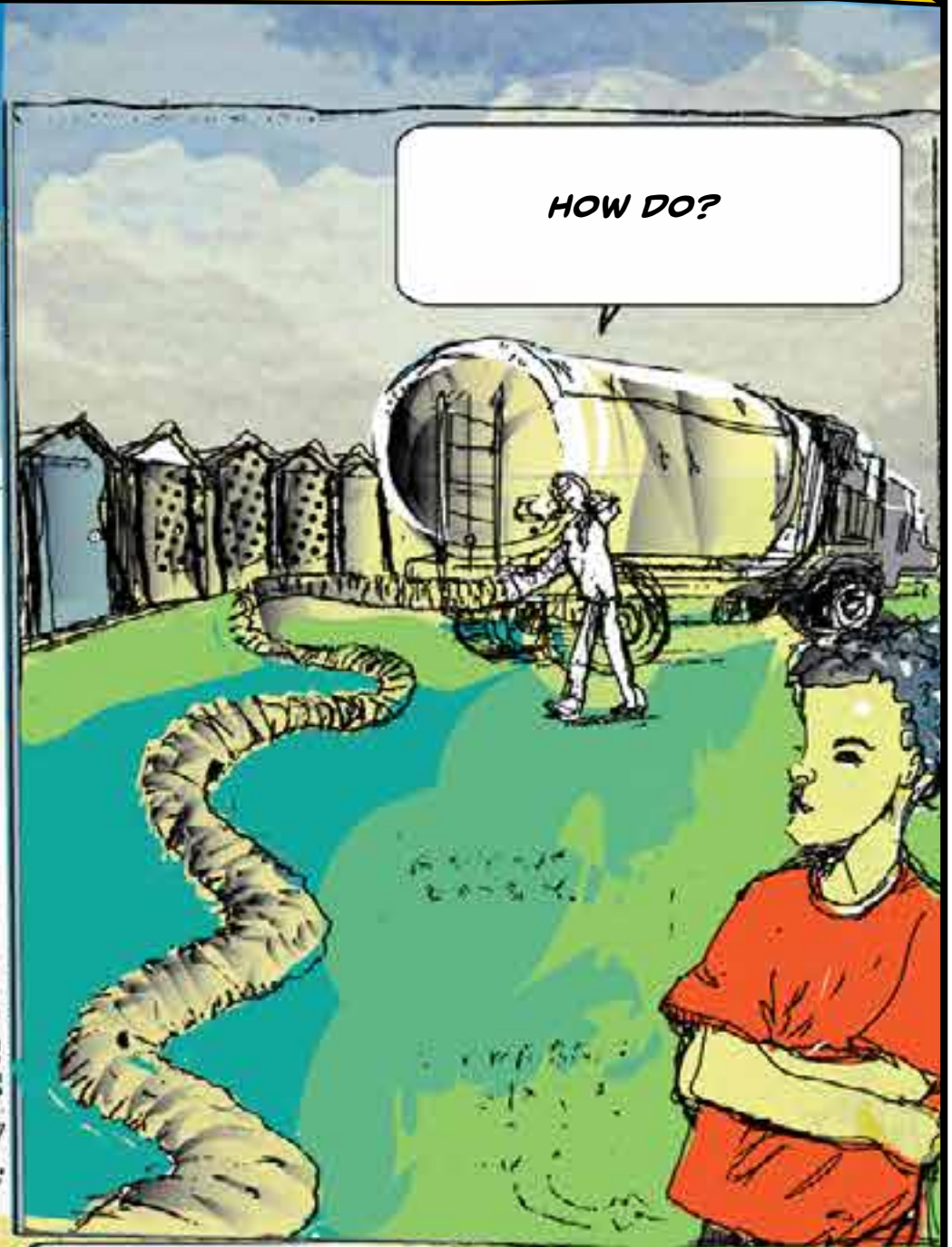
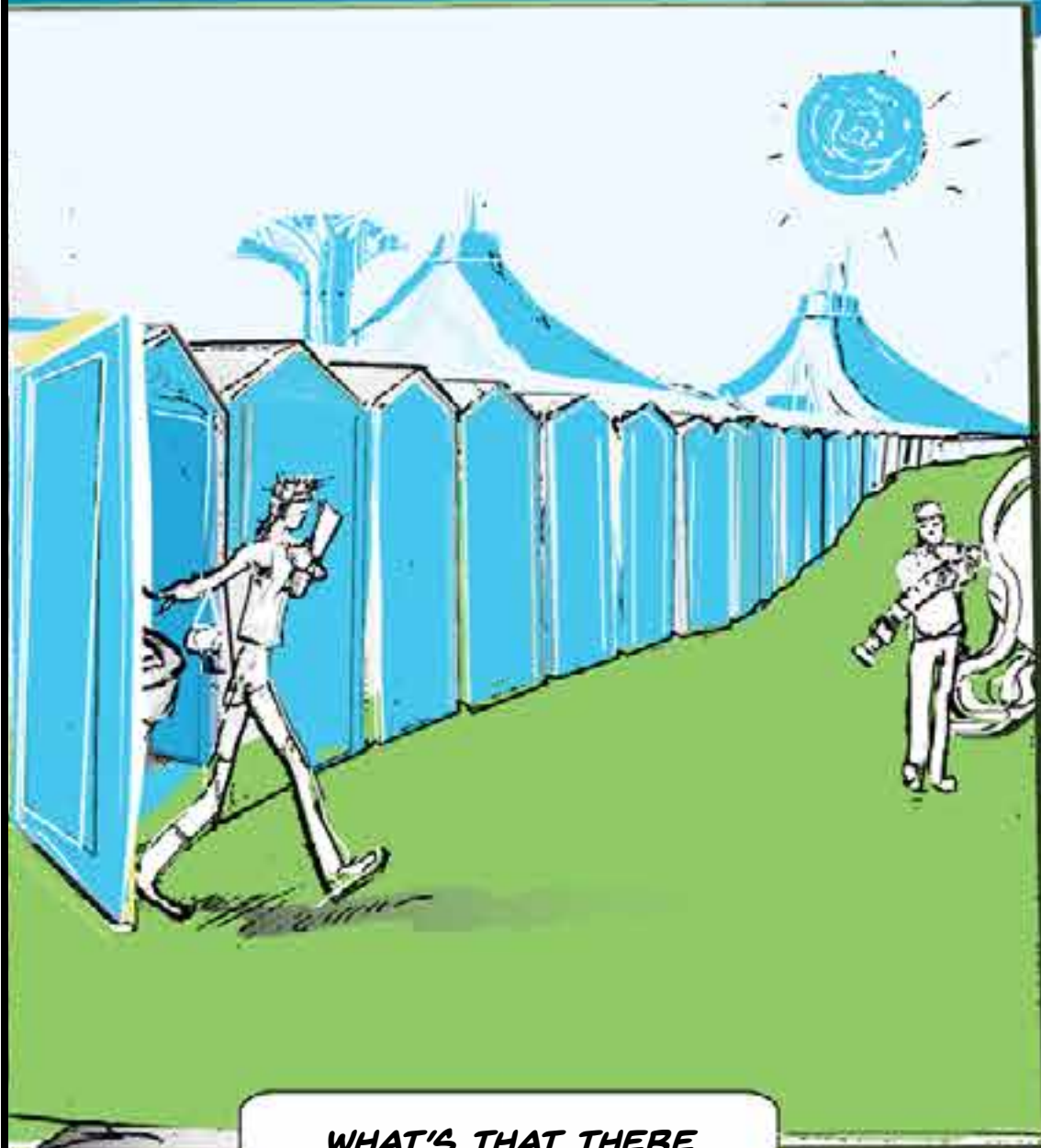
ME TOO.

OH.

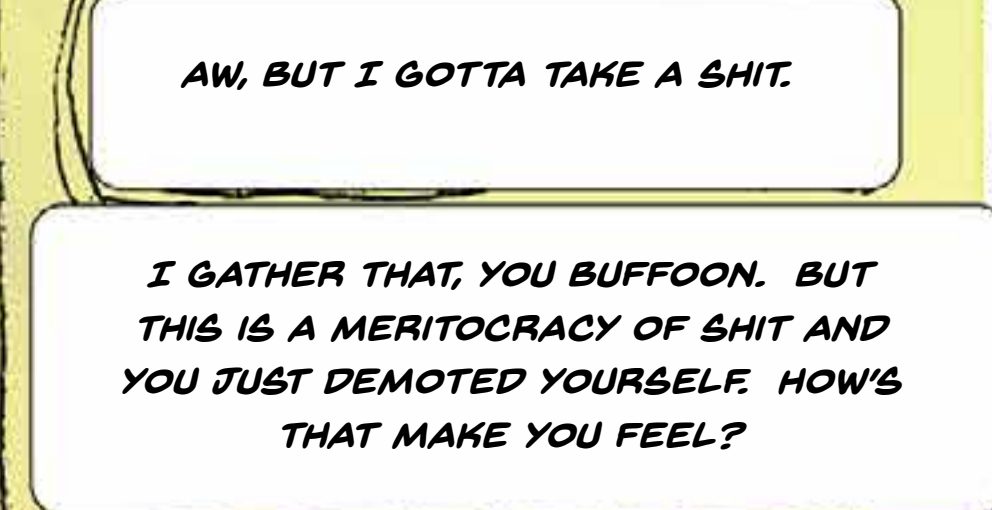
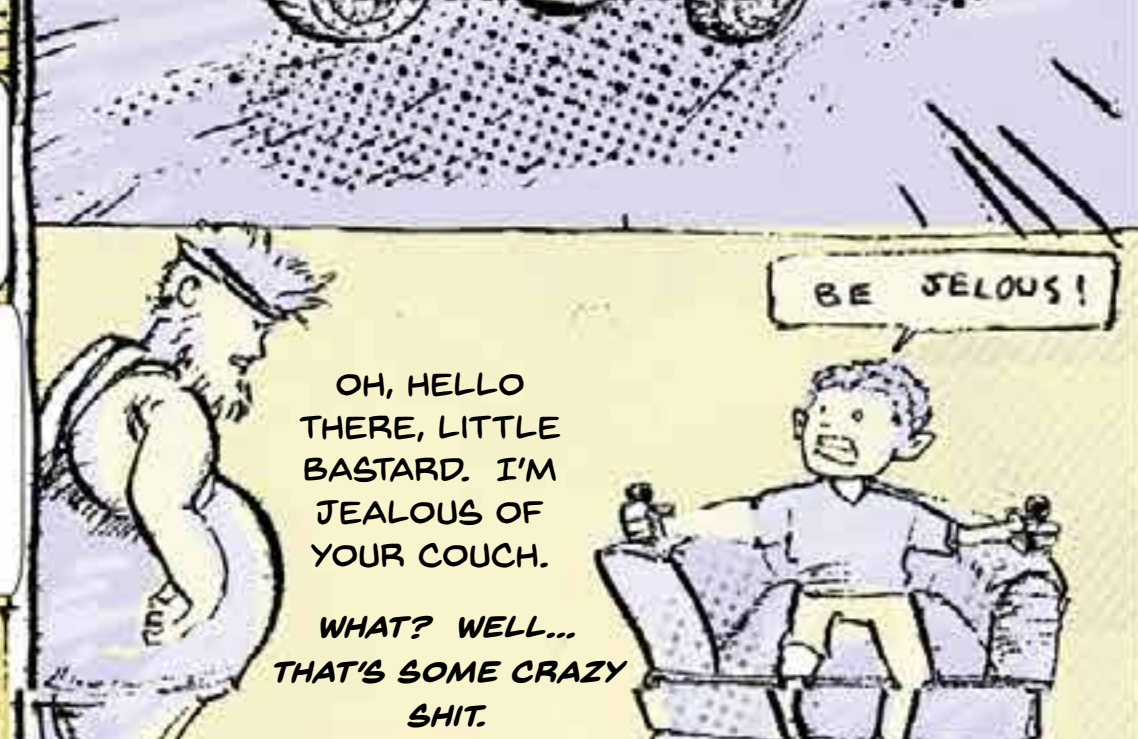
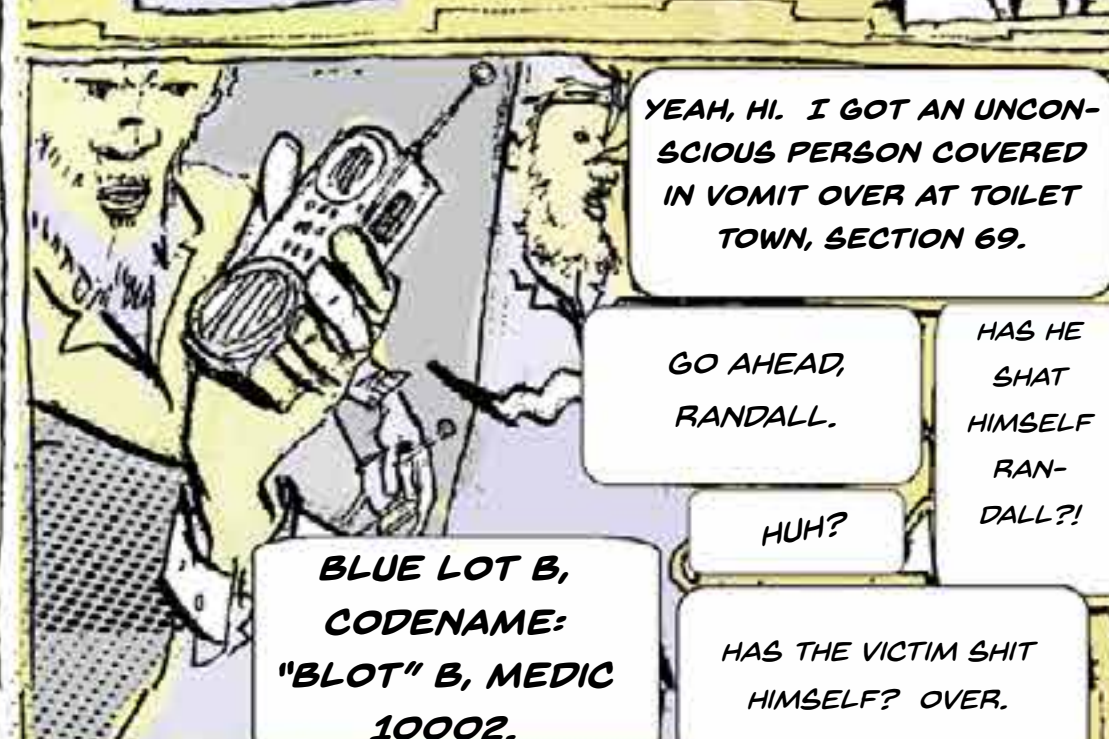


THE LINE FOR THE PORTABLE TOILETS SEEMS NEVER-ENDING. IT IS HERE THAT WE SEE A VERY EAGER YOUNG MAN WHOSE BOWELS ARE READY TO EXPLODE. WE'LL CALL HIM JOHN. THE LATRINE IN FRONT OF HIM IS CURRENTLY BEING VACUUMED OUT BY RANDALL, LATE 50'S, WITH A NICE DEMEANOR GARNISHED WITH THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

PORT O'JOHN CENTRAL - DAYTIME



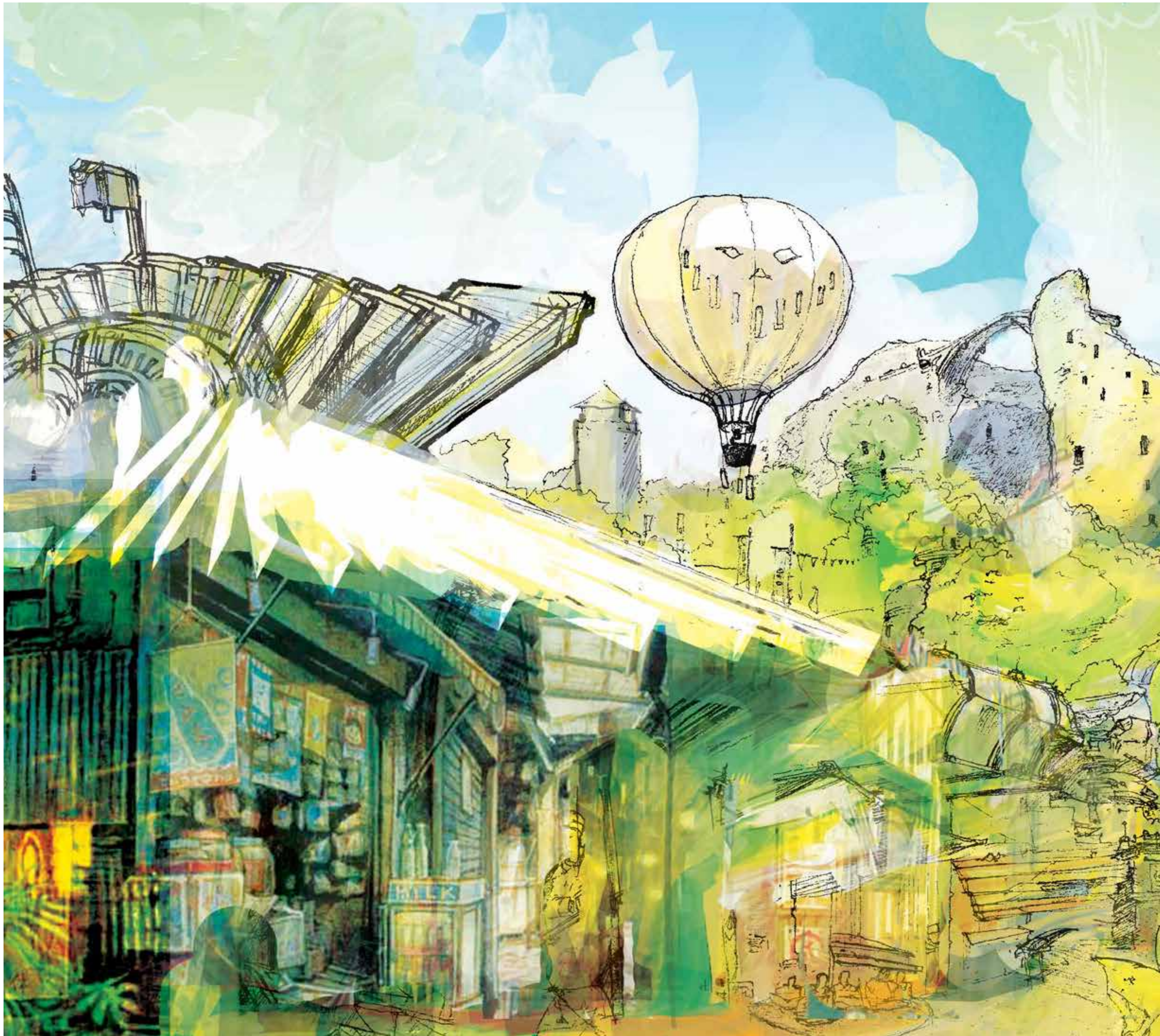




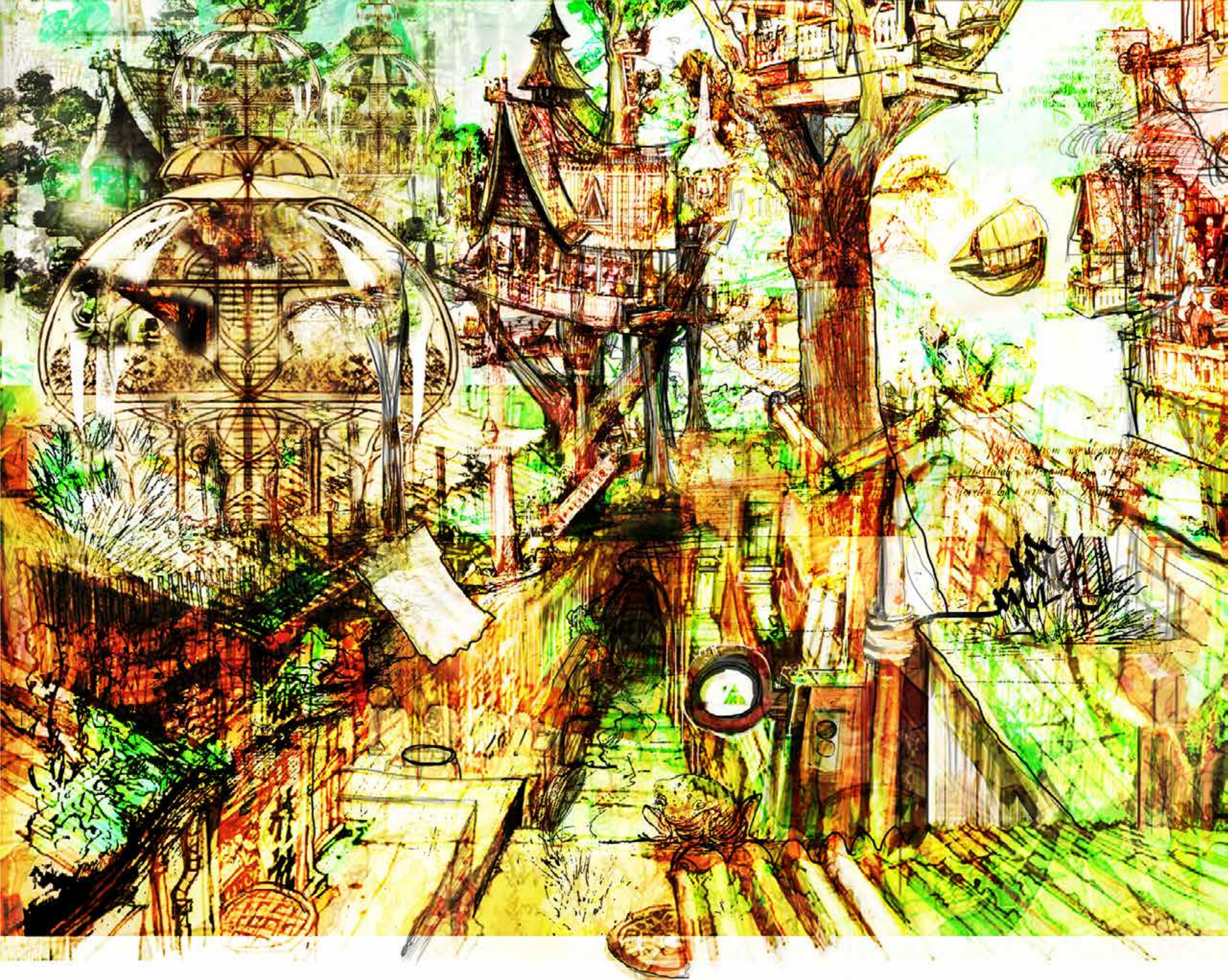




















BACK IN THE OLD DAYS, IT WAS ALL ABOUT ESCAPING THE WORKDAY. PEOPLE STARTED LEAVING THE CITIES AND JOINING SMALL COMMUNITIES ON THE OUTSKIRTS, CHASING THE UPSHIRTS, YOU KNOW THE DEAL.

IT'S JUST AN EXPRESSION.



CITY STREETS LINED WITH PROTESTERS WEARING DECREPIT OFFICE GARB AND HOLDING SIGNS FOR L.I.F.E.

OH, I'M A REAL PERSON, NOT AN EXPRESSION.

I SEE WHAT YA DID THERE. TWISTED MY WORDS. YEAH, MAYBE?

ANYWAY, THERE WAS A TALKATIVE GROUP OF PEACEFUL PROTESTERS CALLED THE "LESS INTERESTED FERAL EMPLOYEES" OR "L.I.F.E." AS THE ACRONYM GOES. THEY PROTESTED THE TRAGIC CORRUPTION OF MEN WITH GREAT POWER AND PROPERTY, MEN WHO NORMALLY DID THEIR BEST TO KEEP PEOPLE FROM HAVING A GOOD TIME. MAYBE 'CUZ... THEY JUST COULDN'T, OR 'CUZ THEIR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME WAS VASTLY DIFFERENT.



AS FAR AS PEACE MOVEMENTS GO, MUSIC FESTIVALS SEEMED LIKE AN AWESOME PLACE TO START. THEY STARTED BANDING TOGETHER TO CREATE "MEGA-FESTIVALS" THE SIZE OF NATION-STATES. WHERE IT WAS THE GROSS NATIONAL HAPPINESS THAT BEAT OUT THE GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT. KINDA LIKE BHUTAN.

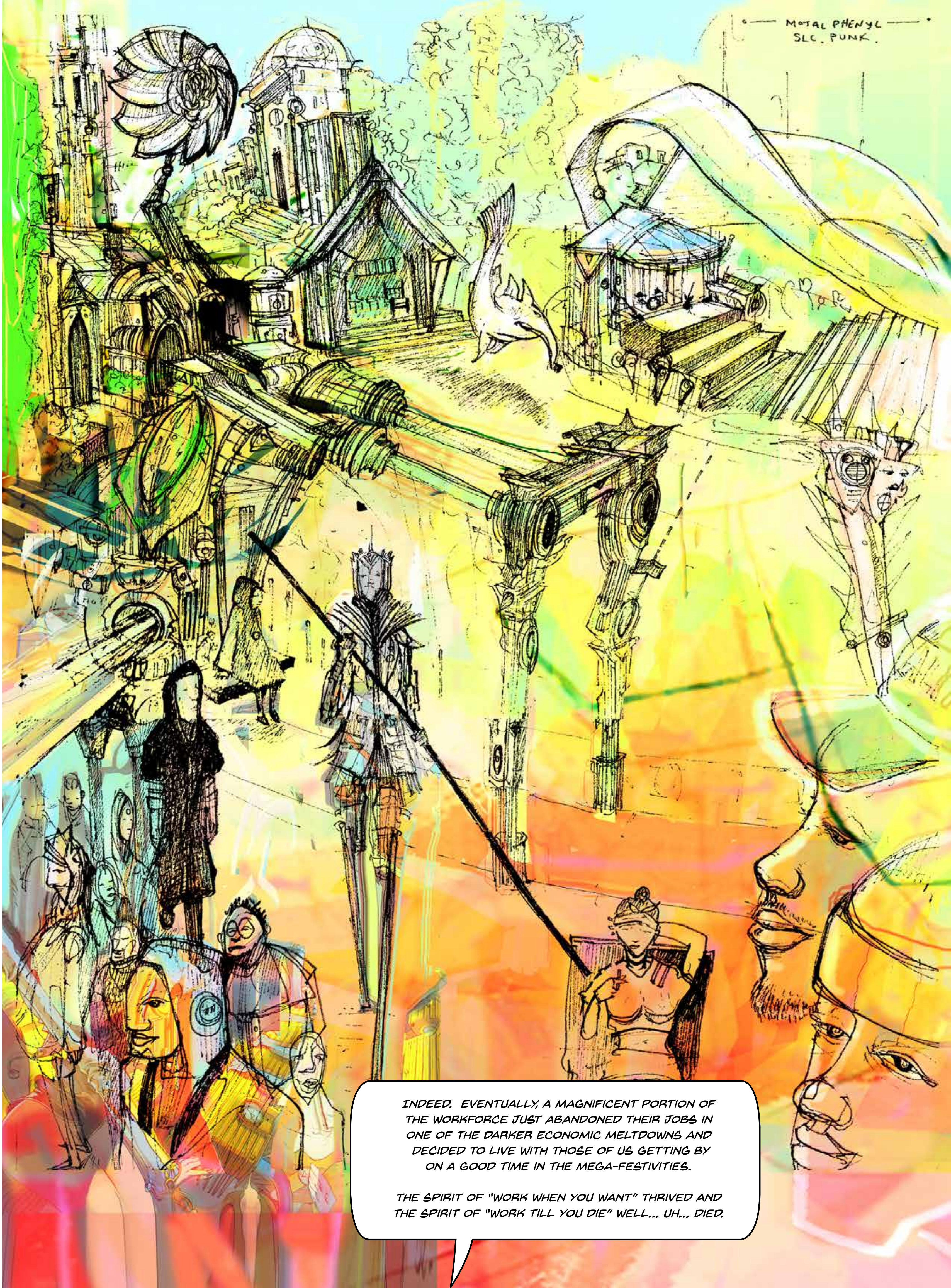
FIRST BONNAROO TEAMED UP WITH LOLLAPALOOZA AND LANGERADO TO MAKE "BONERADOPALOOZA." COACHELLA TEAMED UP WITH NATEVA TO MAKE "COACHIEVA." PITCHFORK, ODDLY ENOUGH, TEAMED WITH BURNING MAN TO MAKE "FERNING BJORK'S," ALL BJORK, ALL THE TIME. ALL THE FUCKING TIME...

BUMBERSHOOT JOINED CAMP BISCO TO BECOME "SHIT BOOFCO."



GATHERING OF THE VIBES JOINED GATHERING OF THE JUGGALOS TO MAKE... "JIGGLING OF THE VUBAJEWS." "GAY PRIDE WEEKEND" BECAME "GAY PRIDE WEEK" BECAME "GAY PRIDE MONTH" BECAME "GAY PRIDE YEAR" BECAME "GAY PRIDE DECADE."





INDEED. EVENTUALLY, A MAGNIFICENT PORTION OF THE WORKFORCE JUST ABANDONED THEIR JOBS IN ONE OF THE DARKER ECONOMIC MELTDOWNS AND DECIDED TO LIVE WITH THOSE OF US GETTING BY ON A GOOD TIME IN THE MEGA-FESTIVITIES.

THE SPIRIT OF "WORK WHEN YOU WANT" THRIVED AND THE SPIRIT OF "WORK TILL YOU DIE" WELL... UH... DIED.



SO THEN, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE WORLD OUTSIDE THE ETERNIFEST GROUNDS NOW?

I UH... WELL I UH... I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. THERE WERE A FEW VIOLENT SKIRMISHES THAT KEPT US AND THEM SEPARATED. I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT THERE IN YEARS. CAN'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT WHAT IT WAS WHEN I LEFT IT. MY MEMORY IS A CASCADE OF IMAGES, MOST OF WHICH I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND SINCE I LOST MOST OF MY VISION.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW? WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO LEAVE ETERNIFEST? NOBODY WANDERS FAR FROM A PARTY THEY WANT TO COME BACK TO.

SAY IF YOU REALLY NEEDED TO LEAVE? LIKE, FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY? FROM THE NITROUS MAFIA, MAYBE.

OH, UNFORTUNATELY THEN, YOU'RE AS FUCKED AS PORN. SOME OF THE OLD TIMERS AND I TRIED TO KICK THEM OUT A LONG TIME AGO. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY ARE... AN INEVITABLE BUNCH OF MEANIES. WHO EXACTLY NEEDS TO FLEE?

THAT WOULD BE ME, SIR.

WHAT THE FUCK? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN STANDING THERE?

A WHILE. I UH... EVEN SAID A FEW THINGS TO YOU.

YOU MUST BE A SNEAKY FUCK 'CUZ USUALLY I'D HAVE SENSED YOU BY NOW. YOU GOT THIS SPIRIT ABOUT YOU, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS...

THREE.

YOU TWO...

THREE, I GUESS. YOU THREE IN TROUBLE WITH THE NITROUS MOB OR ARE YOU TRYING TO BUST 'EM? ARE YOU COPS?

YOU MEAN SECURITY STAFF?

WELL SHIT. UNLESS YOU'RE REALLY THAT DENSE. I MEAN... DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT YEAR IT IS?

DO YOU?

I RECKON THIS INTERVIEW IS FINISHED AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELVES OUT.

GOD DAMMIT, WE CAN'T SEE OURSELVES OUT BECAUSE WE DON'T KNOW OUR WAY OUT. THAT'S WHY WE'RE ASKING YOU... THE BLIND GUY...

JONES! I-I THINK SOMEBODY DRUGGED ME.

WELL, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL AND HE SHALL APPEAR.

SATAN? REGARDING ME?! NO... I GOTTA... I GOTTA MAKE IT STOP!

WHAT'S THE FUCKING CURE FOR LSD?

I KEEP THINKING I'M SEEING SHIT THAT ISN'T THERE.

WELL, RANDALL, I CAN TELL YOU THERE'S NO CURE FOR WHAT YOU'VE GOT. ANYWAY, THAT'S THE GUY YOU WANT. MY MOST TRUSTED AIDE-DE-CAMP.

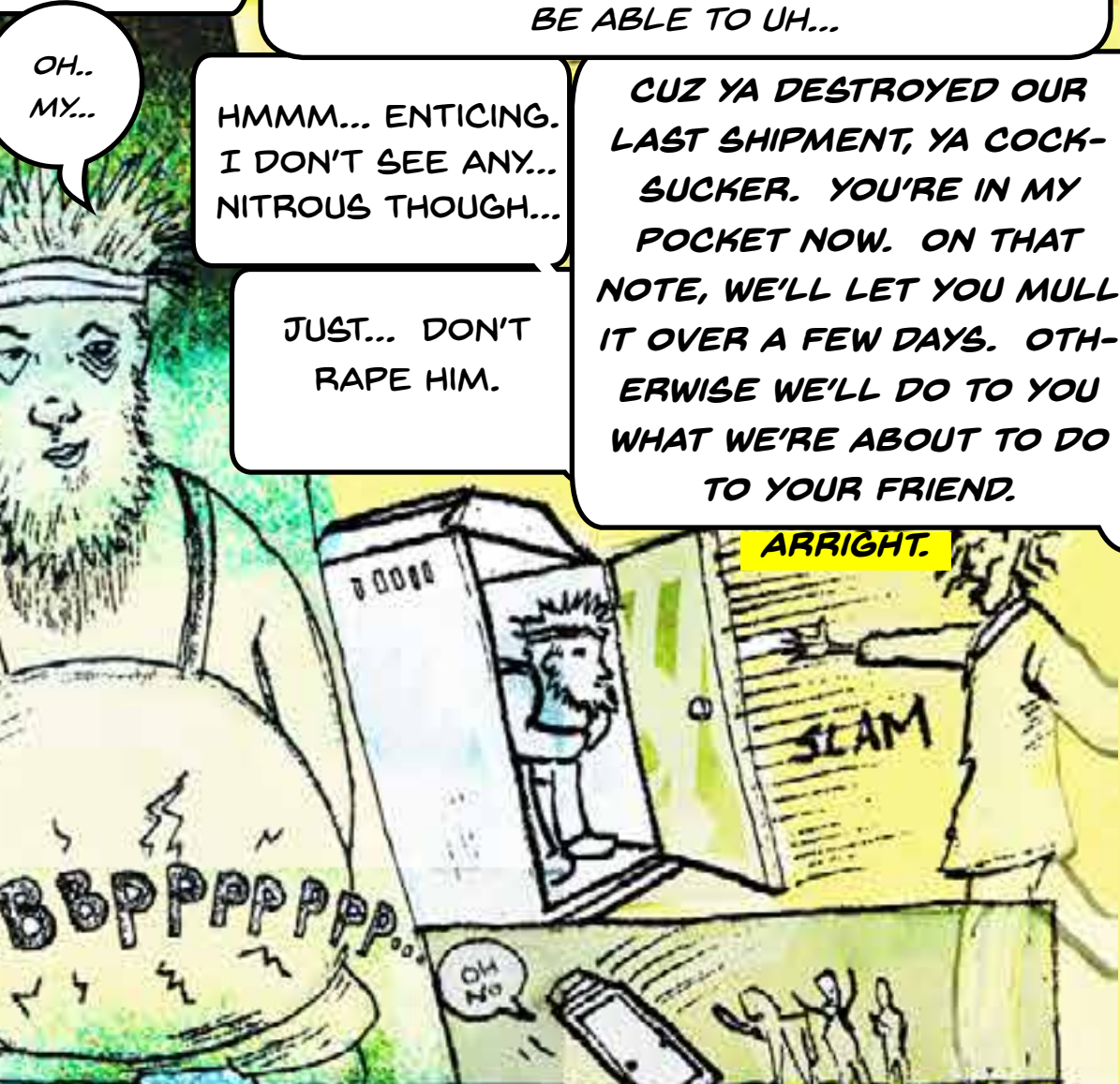
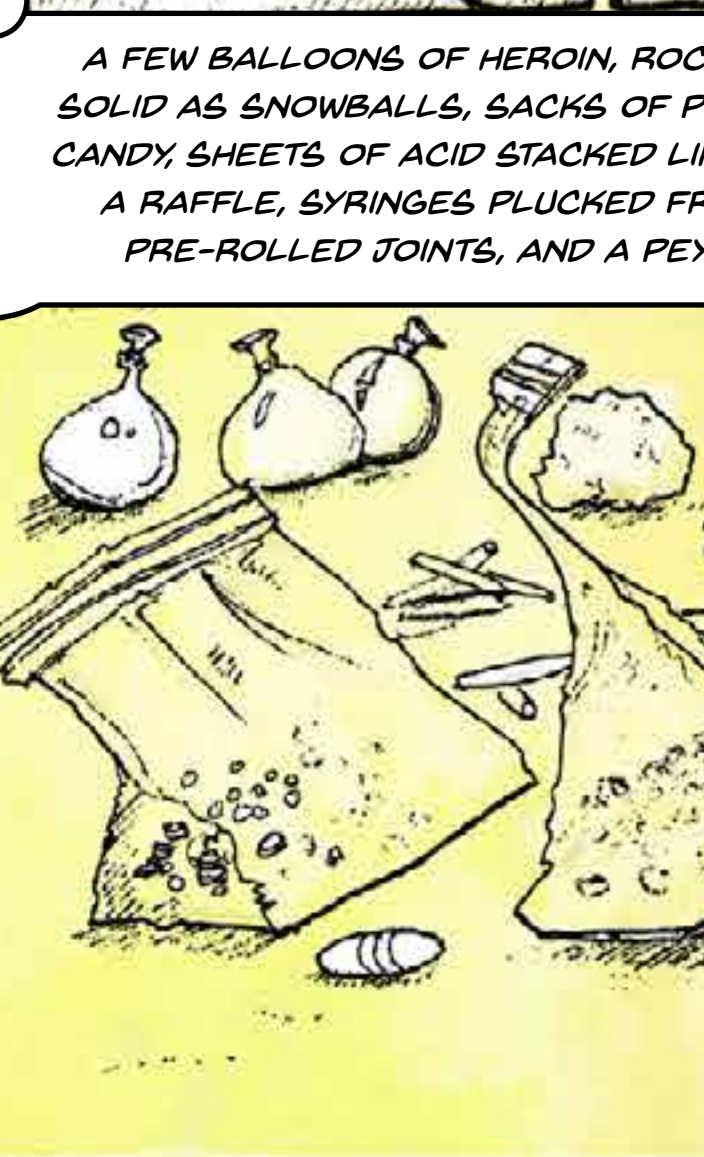
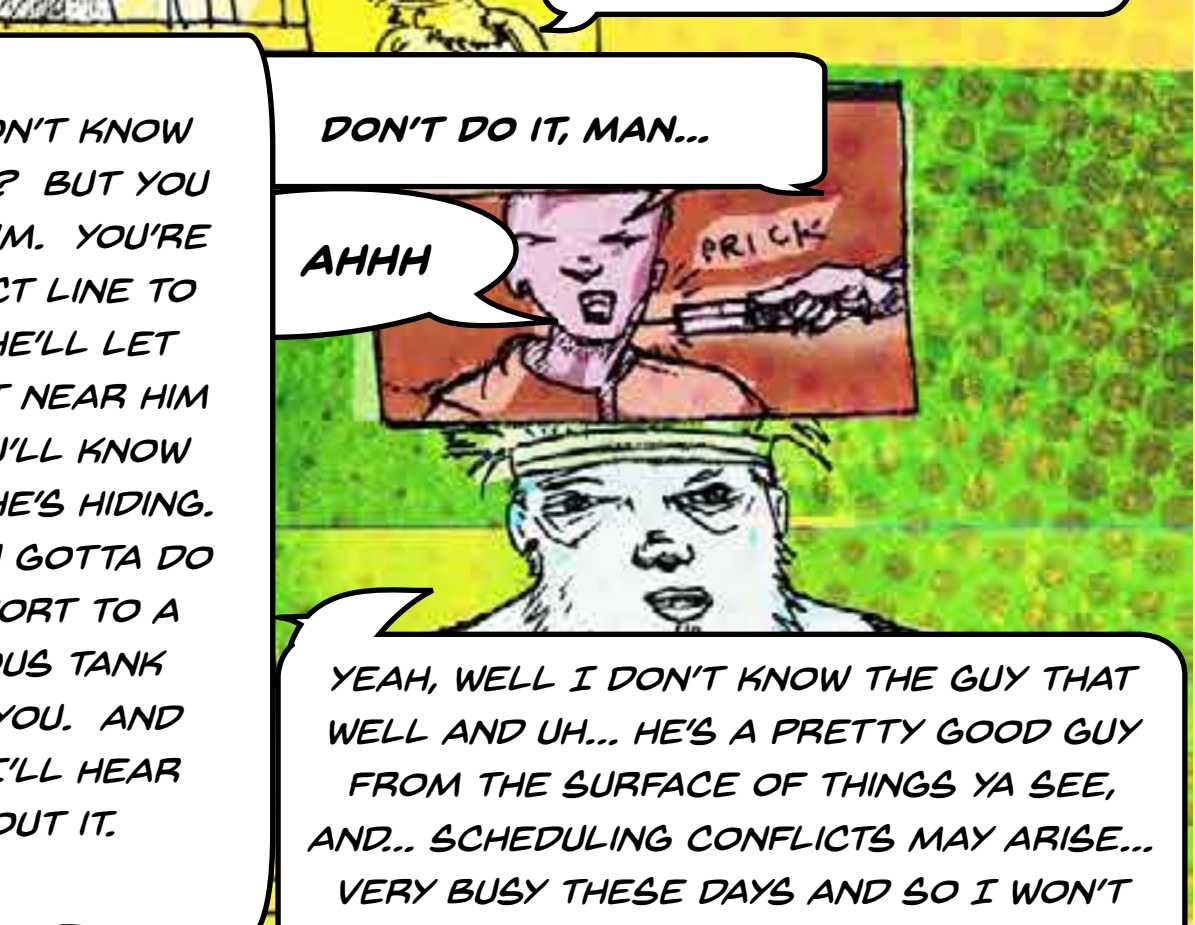
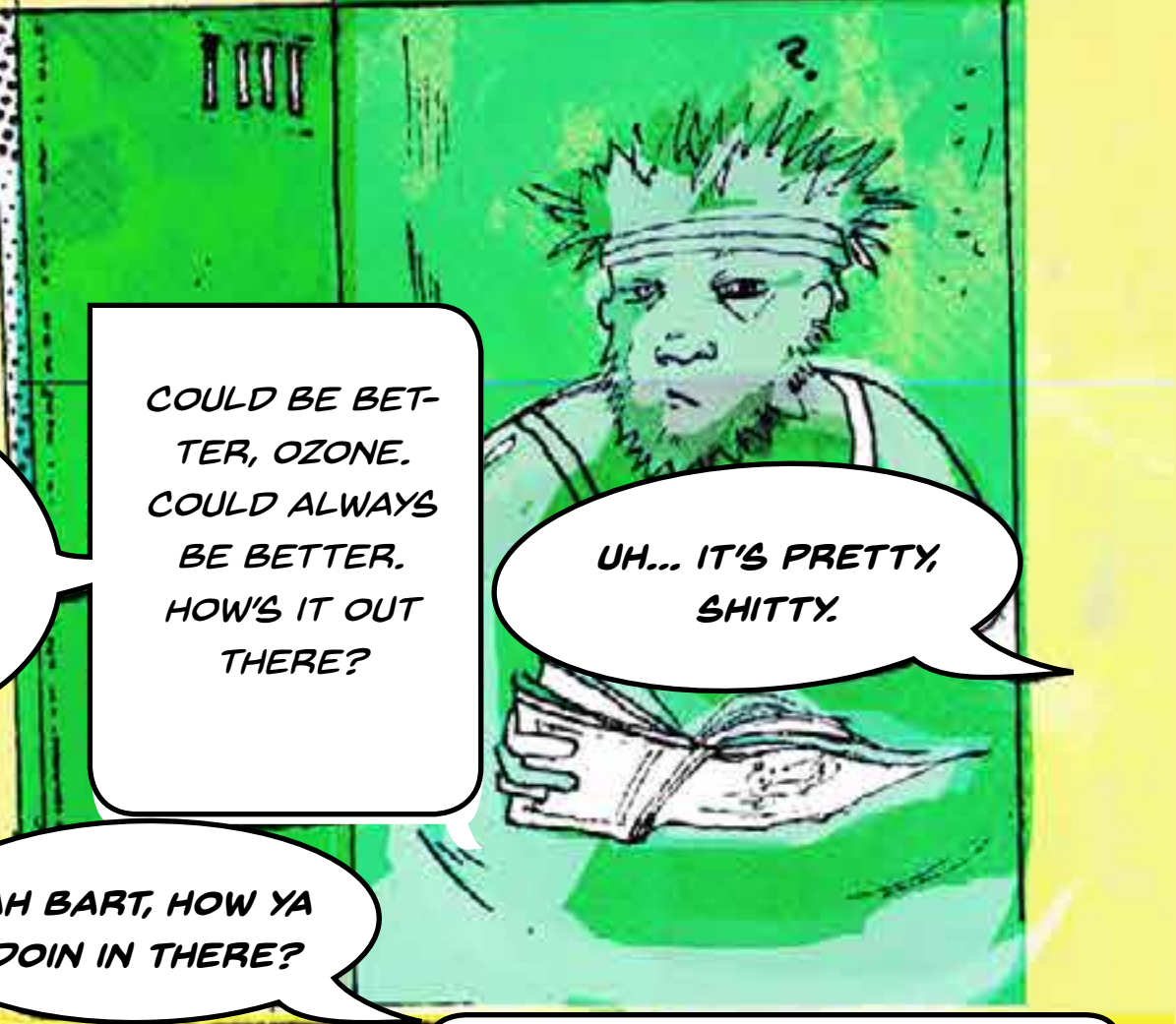
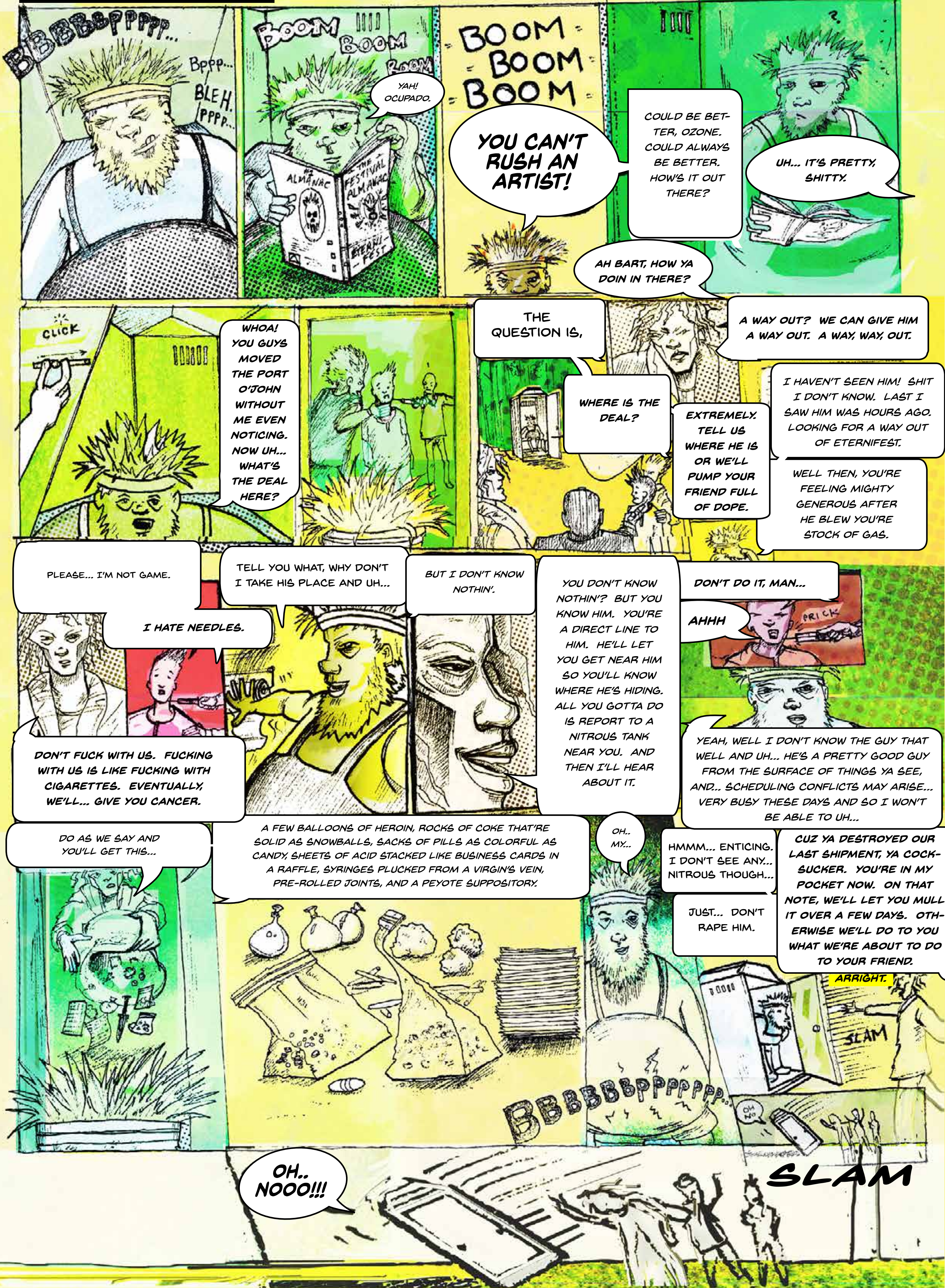
I'M TO DO WHAT NOW?

WAIT... IS THIS ANOTHER HALLUCINATION?

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU BOYS ARE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS THEN I ONLY KNOW ONE GUY YOU COULD TALK TO.

HE'LL HELP YOU FIND THE WAY OUT.





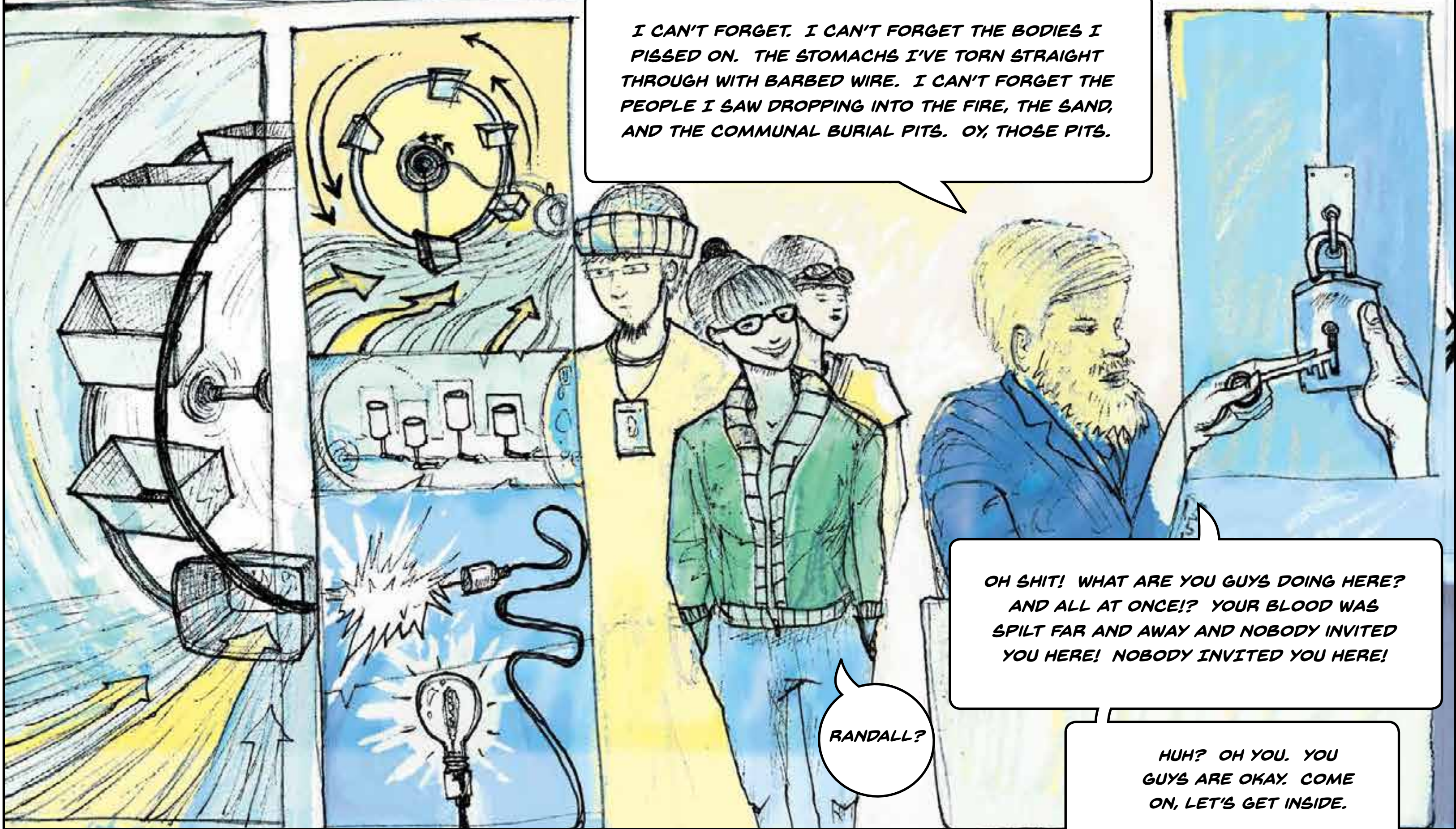
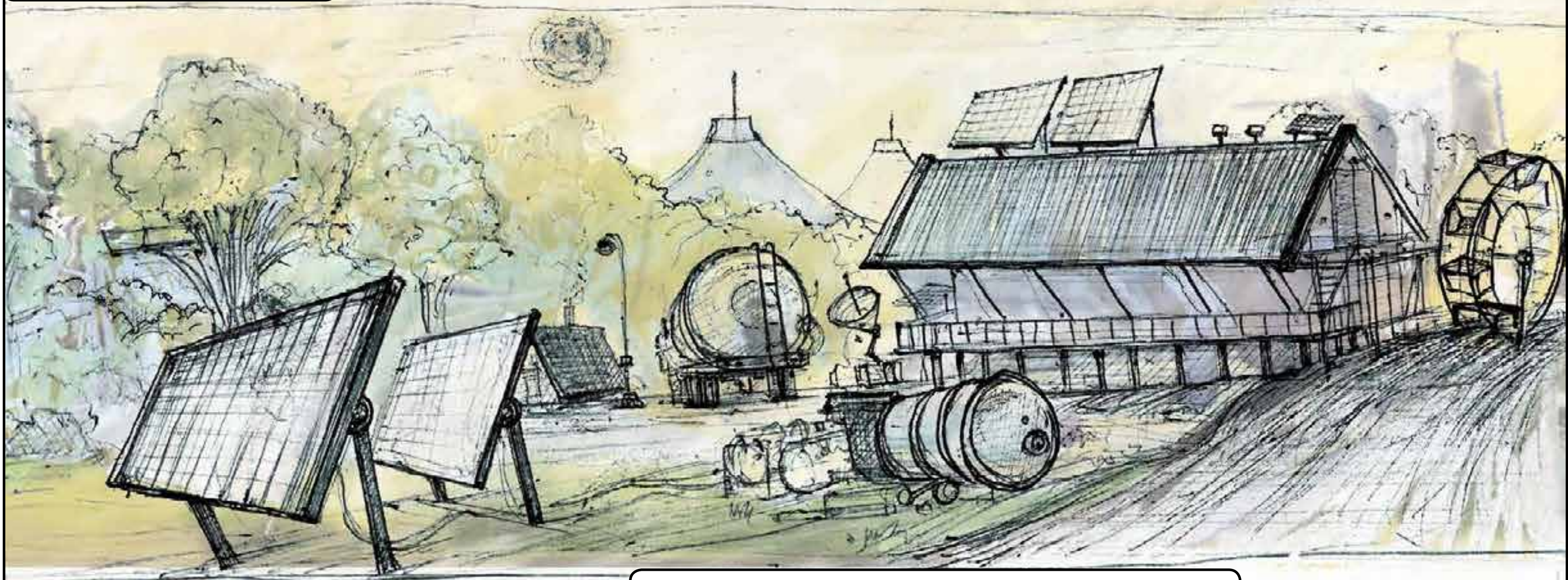


RANDALL'S SHACK AT DUSK

Y'KNOW, BEFORE IT WAS ALL  
SUNSHINE AND LOVE, THERE  
WERE BORDER DISPUTES.  
AND OLD VETS LIKE ME HAD  
TO STEP UP AND KILL AGAIN  
FOR A PIECE OF THE  
HIPPIE PIE.

WAR'S A BITCH BUT ETER-  
NIFEST WOULDN'T BE HERE  
AND I WOULDN'T HAVE A  
LIFE IF WE DIDN'T FIGHT FOR  
OUR RIGHT TO PARTY WHEN  
WE DID. WAR, MAN. THERE  
WAS A TIME WHEN IT WAS  
ALL THAT KEPT ME SANE.  
MY MOST PAINFUL ACTS OF  
THERAPY.

FOLLOWING RANDALL'S STUMBLING GAIT, SUDOKU, DEAL AND BEN DISCOVER HIS SHACK, STANDING AT  
TWO STORIES IF YOU DON'T INCLUDE SOME OF THE STORAGE AREAS YARDWORK EQUIPMENT, SEPTIC  
TRUCK AND THE SOLAR PANELS THAT REACH ABOVE AND ABOUT. GOOD ENOUGH FOR SLEEP.




I CAN'T FORGET. I CAN'T FORGET THE BODIES I  
PISSED ON. THE STOMACHS I'VE TORN STRAIGHT  
THROUGH WITH BARBED WIRE. I CAN'T FORGET THE  
PEOPLE I SAW DROPPING INTO THE FIRE, THE SAND,  
AND THE COMMUNAL BURIAL PITS. OY, THOSE PITS.

OH SHIT! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING HERE?  
AND ALL AT ONCE!? YOUR BLOOD WAS  
SPILT FAR AND AWAY AND NOBODY INVITED  
YOU HERE! NOBODY INVITED YOU HERE!

RANDALL?

HUH? OH YOU. YOU  
GUYS ARE OKAY. COME  
ON, LET'S GET INSIDE.





I HAD A WIFE TO COME BACK  
TO AFTER THE WAR. I LOVED  
HER VERY MUCH. SO MUCH  
THAT I NEVER STOPPED. WE  
TRAVELED THE FESTIVAL TO-  
GETHER. EVEN WENT PARA-  
CHUTING ONCE.

BUT WHILE I WAS THERE WITH  
HER I ALWAYS THOUGHT I  
WAS STILL LONGING FOR HER.  
LIKE I WAS IN CONSTANT  
TRANSIT BETWEEN THE PEO-  
PLE THAT I COULDN'T FOR-  
GET AND THE ONE PERSON  
WHO WANTED NEW MEMORIES.  
THOUGHT I COULD REMAIN IN  
BETWEEN FOR A WHILE. THE  
WATERS OF TIME RUN REAL  
FAST AND WHEN THERE'S RAP-  
IDS, THERE'S ROCKS UNDER-  
NEATH. USUALLY.

AND HERE I THOUGHT I WAS  
LOVABLE DESPITE MYSELF.  
HANG OUT WITH THE DEAD  
LONG ENOUGH AND YOU BE-  
COME ONE OF THEM. I WAS  
HER POLTERGEIST.

POOR ELIZA.









SHE KILLED HERSELF.  
SHE LEFT WHEN IT  
SHOULD'VE BEEN ME.  
I DON'T MISS HER EN-  
TIRELY 'CUZ I TALK TO  
HER ALL THE TIME.



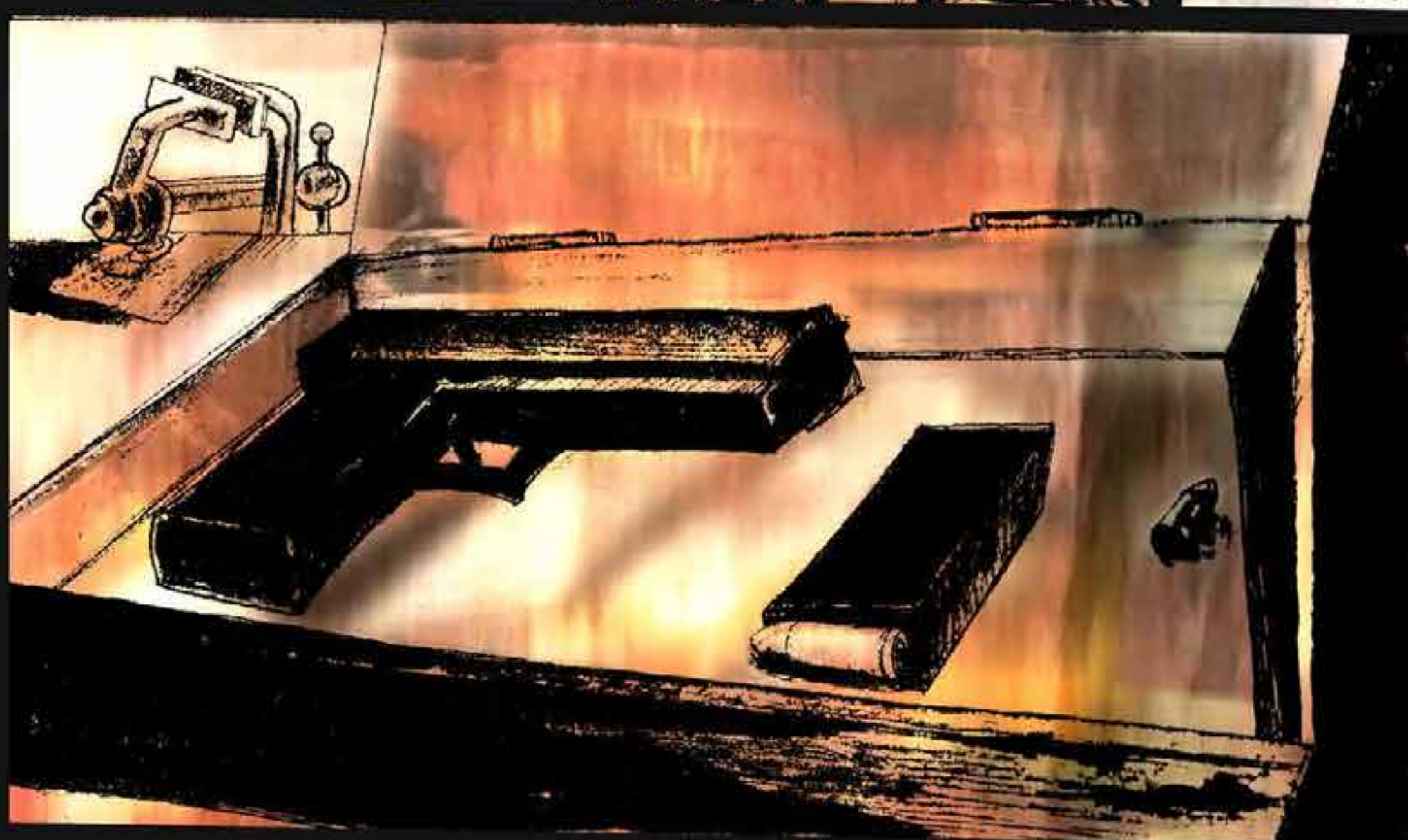
AND, THOUGH SHE DOESN'T BECKON ME OUTRIGHT, I KNOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO... TO COAX HER. THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN HOLDING ONTO THIS.



RANDALL OPENS THE LOCKBOX ON HIS WORKBENCH FOR ALL TO SEE. INSIDE IS A .45 SEMI-AUTOMATIC, GLOCK PISTOL.



NOW I RECKON I'LL GIVE IT TO ONE OF YOU STUPID BASTARDS. WHOEVER PISSED OFF THE NITROUS GODS. YOU'LL BRING WAR, EVEN HERE, TO A PLACE THAT'S FORGOTTEN THE WORLD.



THE SPIRITS. THEY SAY TO TAKE THE RIVER. THE RIVER, OUT BACK, FOLLOW IT AS FAR AS YOU CAN AND YOU'LL SEE WHERE YOU CAN GET AWAY FROM THE FESTIVITIES. FIND THE END OF ETERNITY.

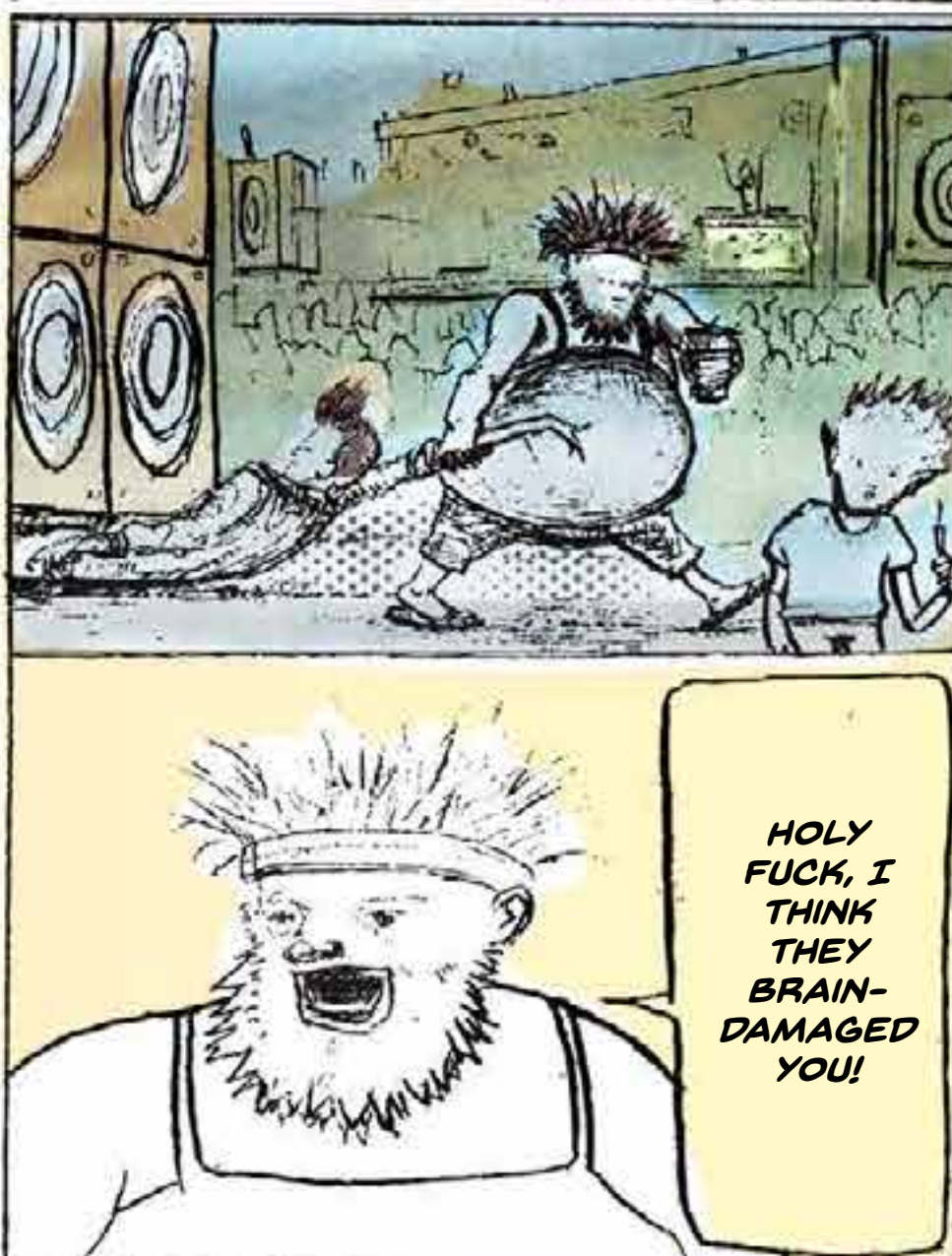
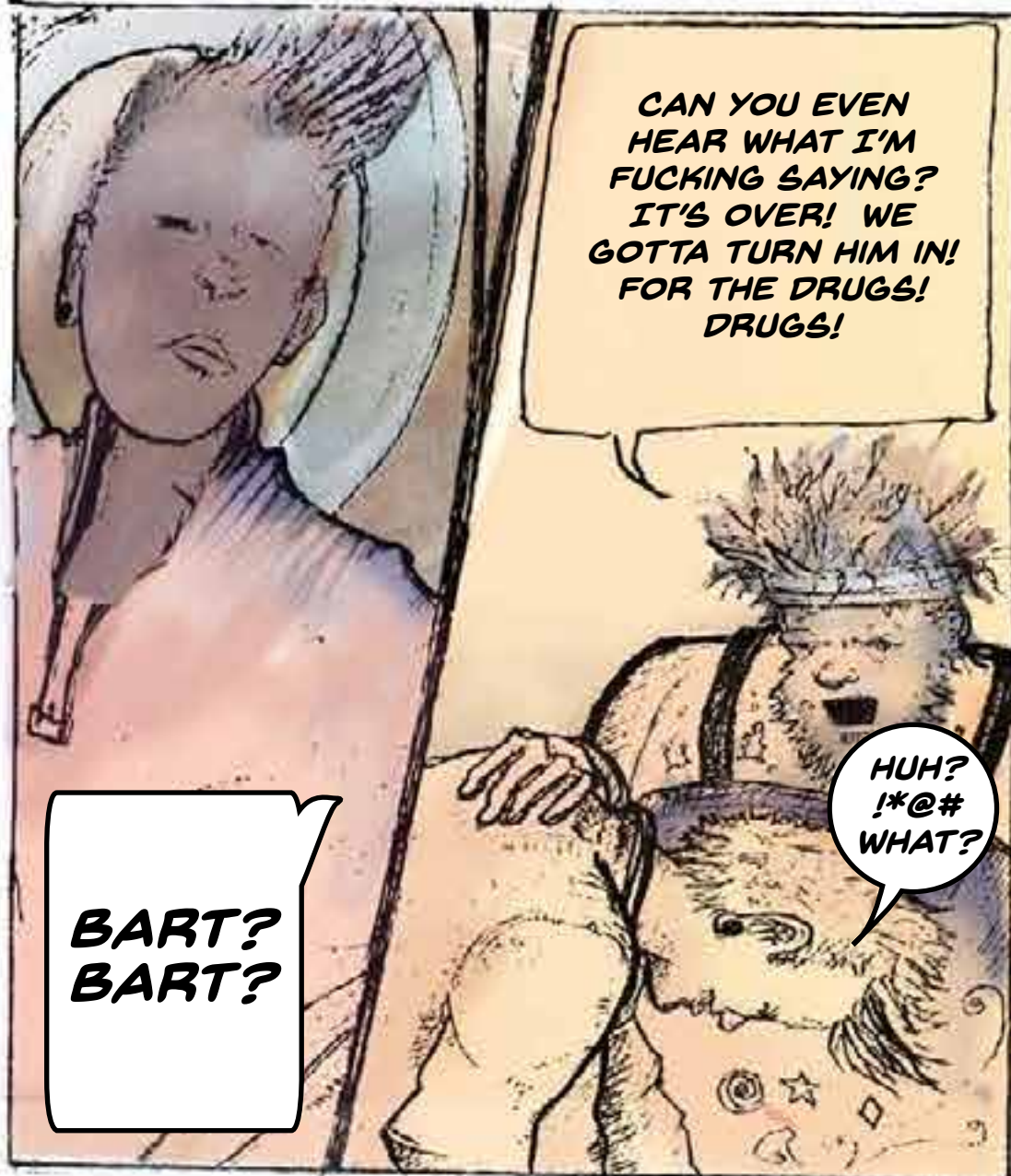
ELIZA AND I DECIDED IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING THAT THIS THING GET OUT OF MY REACH... AND RIGHT ABOUT NOW I'M FEELING SOME INCLINATIONS... ALSO... CAN'T SEEM TO SPEAK MUCH MORE... TOO GOOD...

JUST DO WHAT THE BOLDER SPIRITS ADVISE. FOLLOW THE RIVER AND IF NOT THAT, THEN THE WIND.



BART, COATED WITH PORT-O-JOHN WASTE, PUSHES WILDLY THROUGH A CROWD, OFFENDING PEOPLE WITH HIS SMELL AND TRYING TO SHRUG OFF FETUS, WHO'S BEEN FOLLOWING HIM EVERYWHERE.

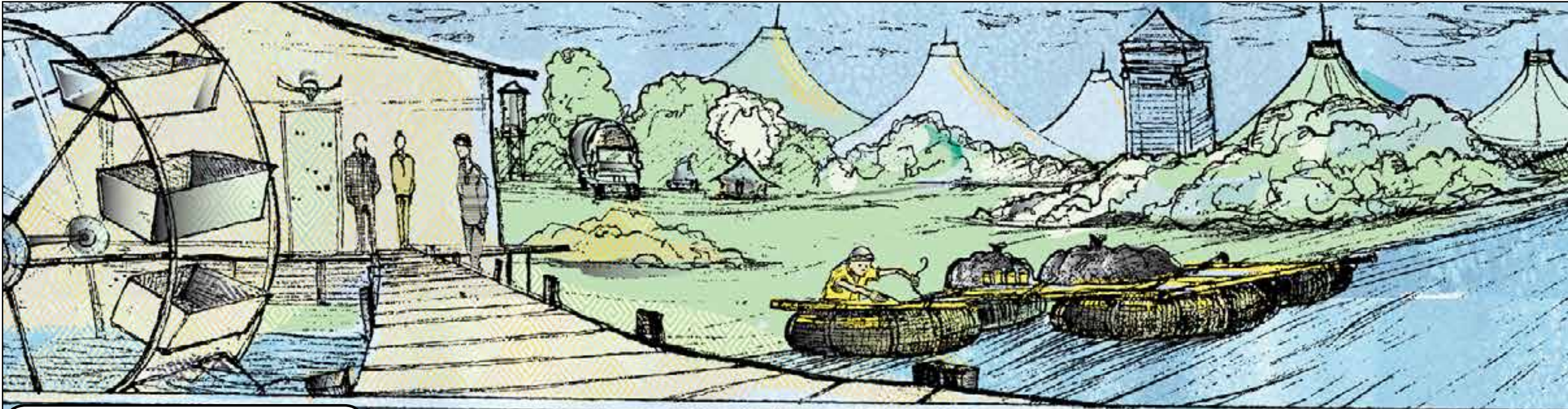
EDM STAGE - DUSK





GATHERING A BUNDLE OF ESSENTIALS, INCLUDING A SIX-PACK OF BEER AND HIS BACKPACK, DEAL LOADS HIS MAKESHIFT RAFT WHICH IS STRUNG TOGETHER WITH INNER TUBES, POOL TOYS AND WOOD. SUDOKU, BEN AND RANDALL STAND CLOSE-BY.

RANDALL'S SHACK - DUSK



I WANT YOU GUYS TO KNOW THAT IT'S ALRIGHT TO MISS ME.

BUT WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.

YOU'LL BE BACK?

I'D LIKE THAT. YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST CAMPSITE I EVER HAD. I'LL TRY NOT TO GET LOST...

LOVE YOU TOO, BRO.

BEN, LOVE YOU BRO. KEEP THE SCENE ALIVE.

...

AND YOU! MY LITTLE PUZZLE.

FUCK YOU, DEAL. YOU GET OUT THERE AND FIND SAFE HAVEN. SOMETHING WE COULD ALL ENJOY. OR IF YOU COME BACK, BRING SOME SEEDS SO WE CAN MAKE MORE ACID.

WE'RE PARTNERS, REMEMBER?

EHHHYYYYYEAHHH. BOY... THERE'S AH... SOMETHING... I WAS... OH... YA KNOW. I SAW YOU I THINK, OR YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY I KNOW.

TOMORROW I'M SENDING A CORPSE DOWN THE RIVER. IF UH, YOU SEE IT, WELL... OH MAN... HURRY UP. UH... WHAT? GOTTA TELL HIM WHAT?

OK, THEN.

UM... COURAGE, GIVE ME THE THINGS I SHOULD SAY...

DON'T. I... CAN'T HEAR IT RIGHT NOW.

THEN LET ME HOLD YOU IN MY SILENCE UNTIL YOU ARE RELEASED AS MY BREATH.

... AND RANDALL. I GUESS I OWE YOU SOME THANKS. MAYBE SOMEDAY WE'LL SMOKE SOME POT TOGETHER OR SOMETHING.

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO COME WITH?

WAIT!

THEY FOUND US SOMEHOW!

GET BACK HERE, YOU RANCID FUCKTARD!

IM COMING!!

AAHHHHH

SPLASH

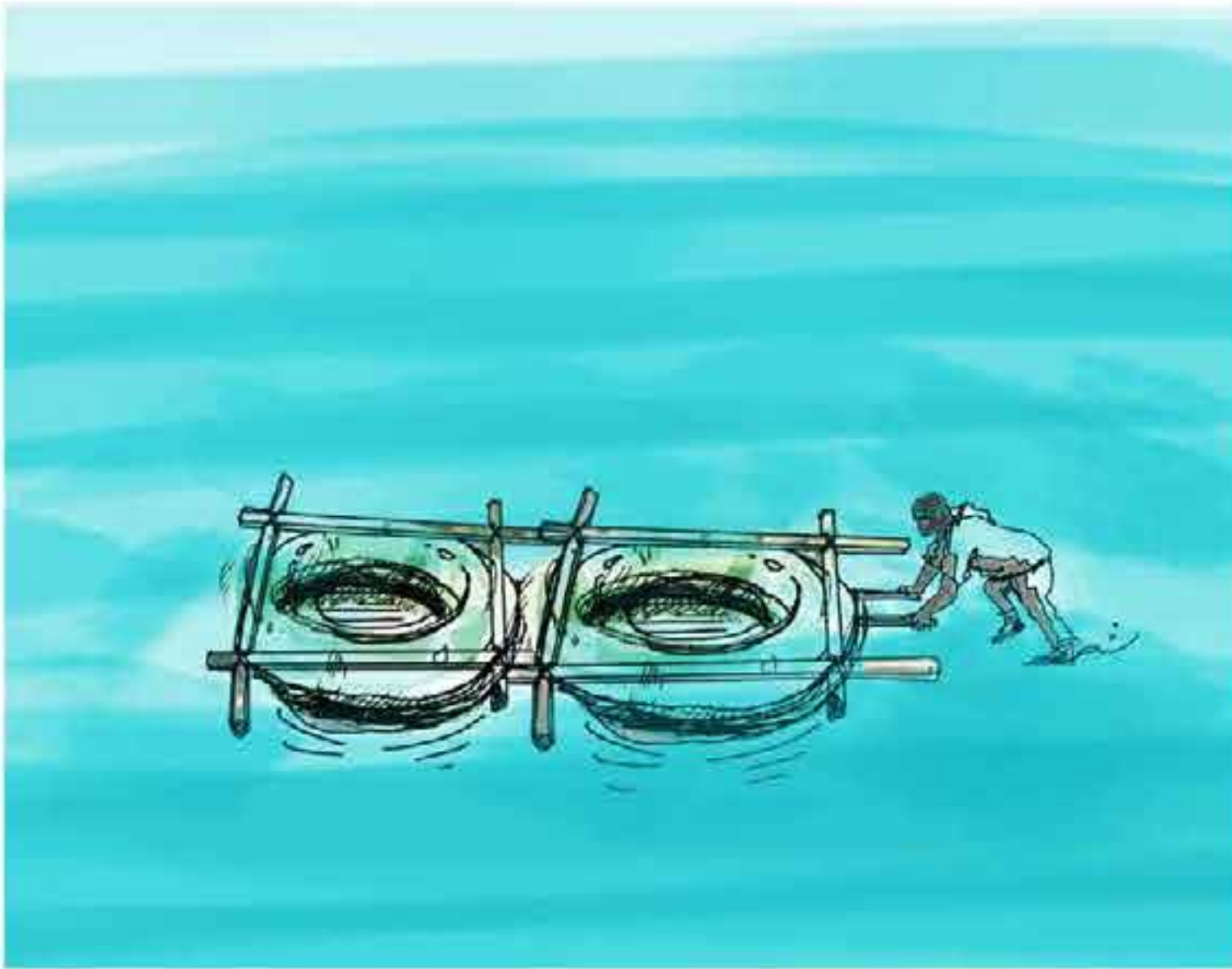
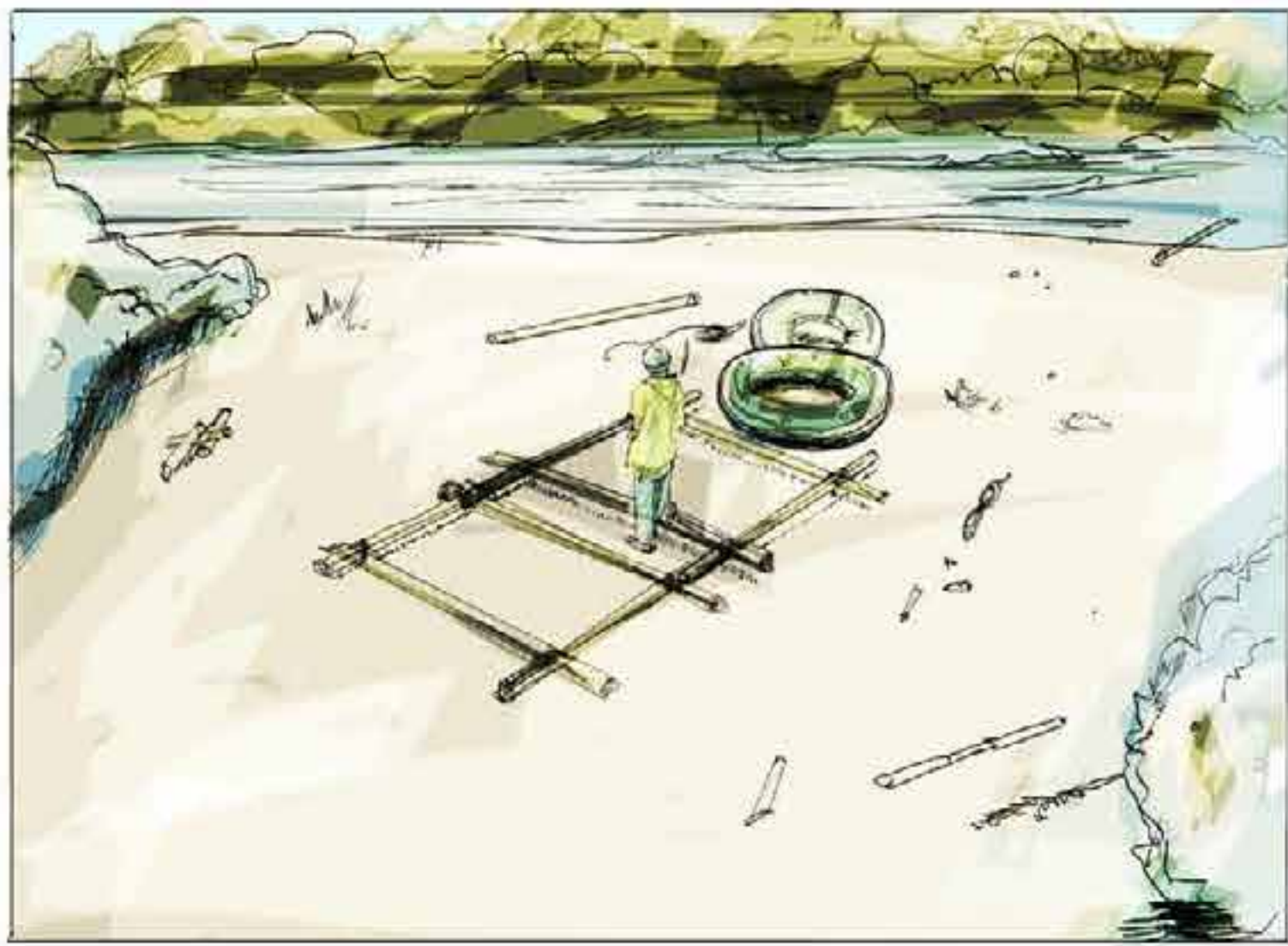
AW! WHAT'S THAT SMELL?!

DEAL!

REMEMBER DEAL, WE'RE PARTNERS! PAAHHTNAAHHS!

??!!!







BEN AND SUDOKU MAKE IT BACK TO HER CAMP. LYING THERE DELIRIOUSLY, AND UNDER A BRIGHT LAMP WITHIN AN EASY-UP TENT, IS OZONE, LOLLING HIS HEAD AROUND LIKE SOMEONE WHO'S MENTALLY ILL.

**SUDOKU'S YURT - DUSK**

WHO THEY FUCK ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE TRASHING MY YARD?

NITROUS. DUCHE BAGS. LITTER. WHAT THE FUCK...

JESUS, MAN. THEY DID THIS TO YOU, DIDN'T THEY?

WHO DO YOU MEAN, "THEY?"

BY "THEY," I MEAN YOU.

WE CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY INVOCATIONS OF WRATH. I'M POLYP, BY THE WAY. YES, POLYP, THE FAMOUS DJ.

AND RENOWNED ASSHOLE. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

COURSE YOU DO. AND I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING, THAT YOU'RE IN CAHOOTS WITH A BANDIT NAMED DEAL? SOMETHING ABOUT HOW YOU ALL ARE PARTNERS?

WE'VE DONE SOME WORK TOGETHER. I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT A PARTNERSHIP.

I'M NOT INTERESTED. BESIDES HE'D HAVE TO REPAY THAT DEBT TO ME. AND WHO KNOWS WHEN HE'LL COME BACK... OR IF.

THERE'S A BIG PARTY COMING UP. AND WE WANT YOU TO BE ONE OF THE MAJOR SUPPLIERS. OF WHAT, WE'RE NOT SURE YET BUT WHEN WE KNOW, YOU'LL KNOW. LOTS OF ETERNI-COIN IN IT FOR YA.

ALONG WITH THE PARTS OF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS' PHYSICAL SAFETY THAT WE WOULDN'T LIKE TO MENTION RIGHT NOW. YOU FEEL ME? 'CUZ I THINK I FEEL YOU?

OK. WHATEVER. BUT I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO GET THE FUCK OFF MY CAMPSITE.

WELL, WE WERE THINKING SINCE WE WERE GONNA BE WORKING SO CLOSELY WITH ONE ANOTHER, THAT WE OUGHT TO SET AROUND YOUR SITE. TO ENSURE A PRODUCTIVE WORK ENVIRONMENT AND MAKE SURE NEGOTIATIONS DON'T BREAK DOWN.

WELL THEN, I RECKON YOU AND I CAN FORM A PARTNERSHIP TO COVER HIS DEBT.

THEN YOU'VE DEAD-ASS GOT TO BE INTERESTED IN WHAT I OFFER.

I CAN HELP YOU FILL THAT HOLE IN YOUR DISTRIBUTION LINE...

I DON'T WORK WELL WITH ASSHOLES, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE GETTING SHIT DONE.

SLEEP ON IT GIRL. WHEN YOU WAKE UP WE'LL CONTINUE OUR CONVERSATION.

THANK YOU, SIR.

LET'S SET UP CAMP!

I'M A PROJECT MANAGER. YOU MAY NOT LIKE ME BUT I'M SURE AS SHIT GONNA MAKE SURE SHIT GETS DONE.

AND YOU. I'M NOT SURE WHY BUT YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WITH A NICE FACE TO BREAK. JUST FYI.







LIKE A RECOVERING CASTAWAY, DEAL AWAKENS TO THE JOVIAL SOUNDS OF A RIVER TIE-UP PARTY. SIX-PACKS COOL AS THEY FLOAT ALONG THE WATER IN INNER TUBES OCCUPIED BY BIKINI CLAD HIPPIES.

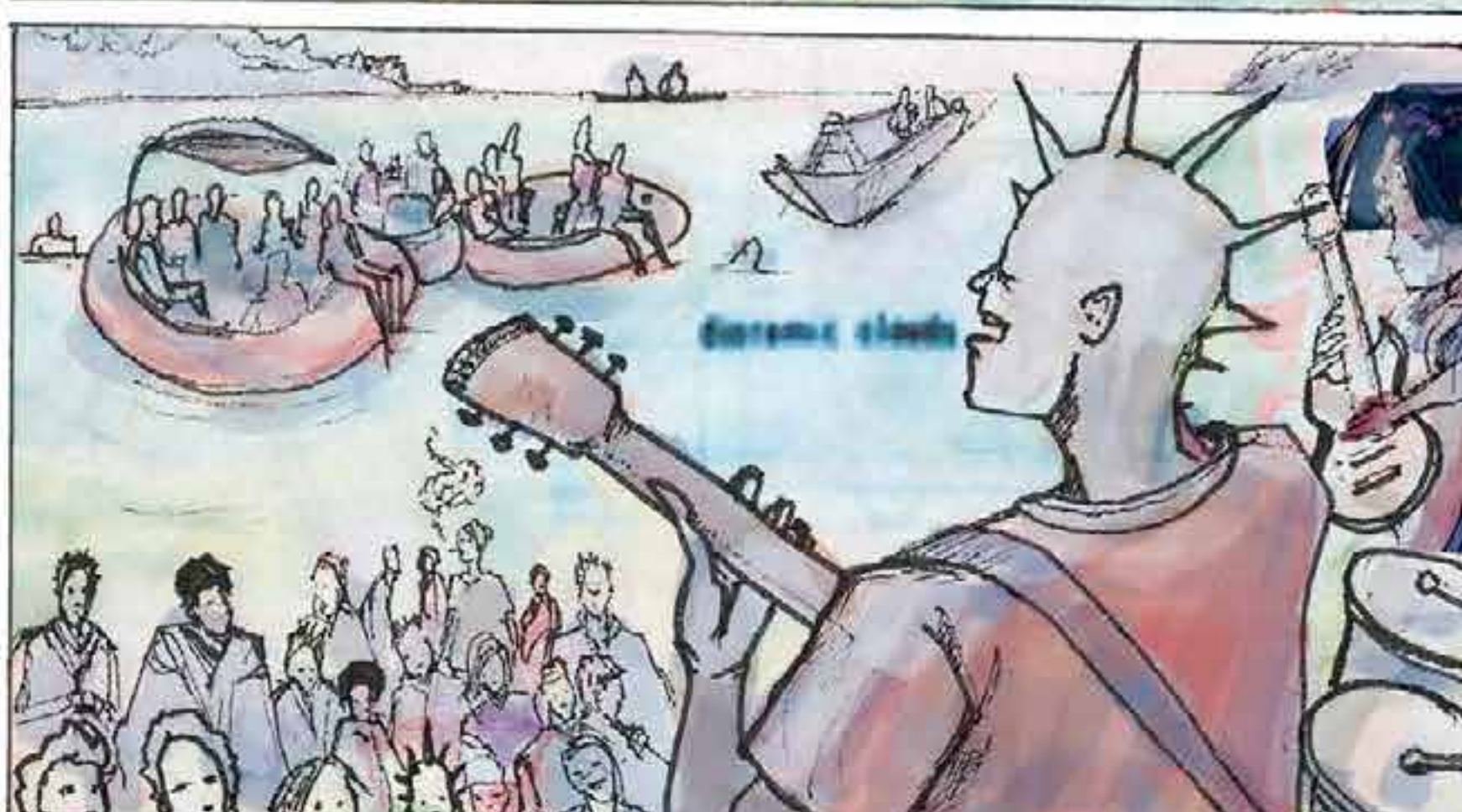


MMM... YOU BREATHING THAT AIR, DEAL?

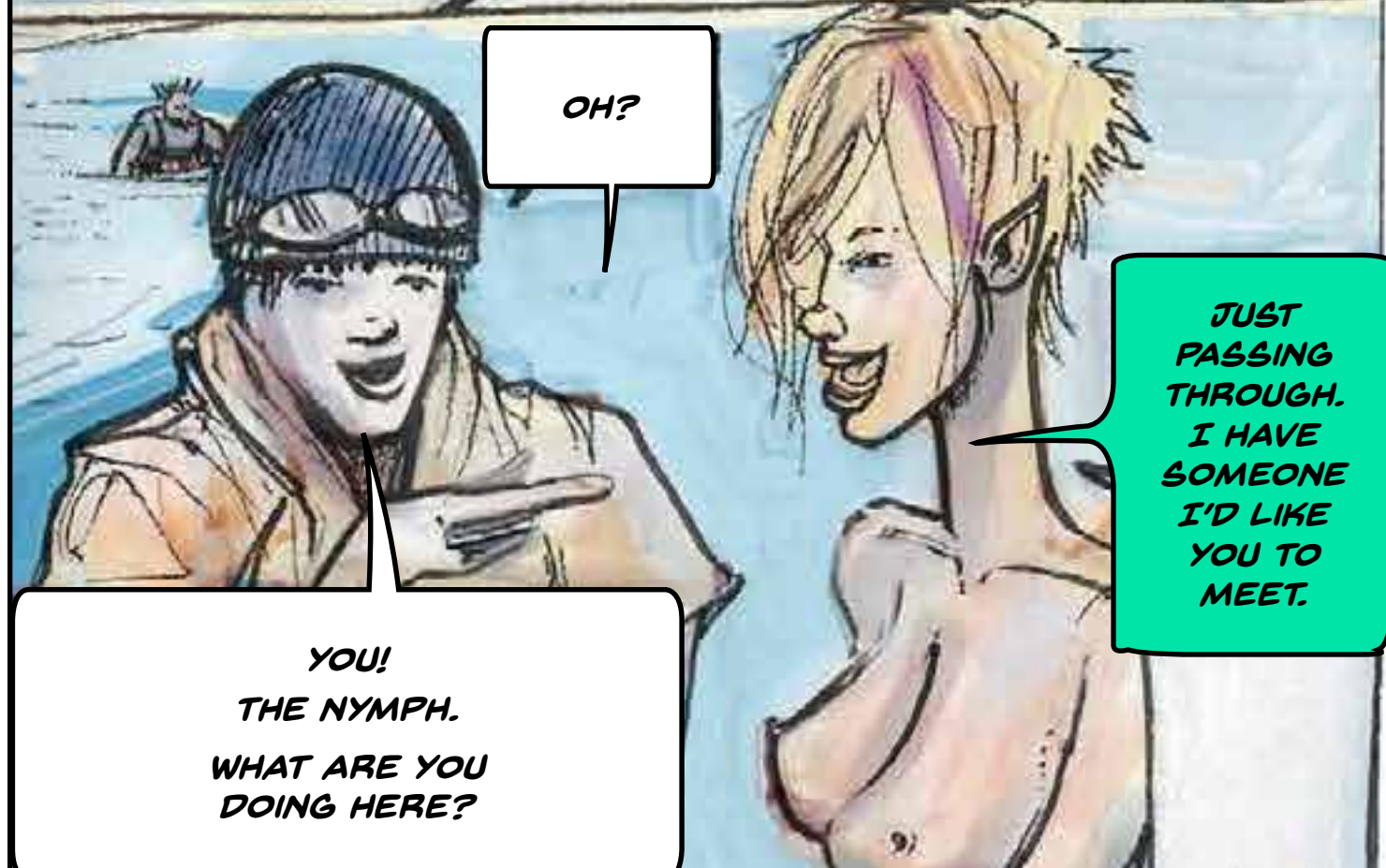
UH. YAH. IT'S GOOD. I RECKON WE SHOULD GO ASHORE AND SEE IF WE CAN ASK FOR DIRECTIONS.



DIRECTIONS WHERE?



THE-THE FUCKIN' EDGE OF ETERNIFEST, BLAHBBITY BLAH. LET'S GO ASHORE.



OH?

JUST PASSING THROUGH. I HAVE SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET.

YOU! THE NYMPH. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



AHEM. DOLPHIN. THIS IS DEAL. DEAL, DOLPHIN.

HOW DO YOU DO? NICE TO MEET YOU.

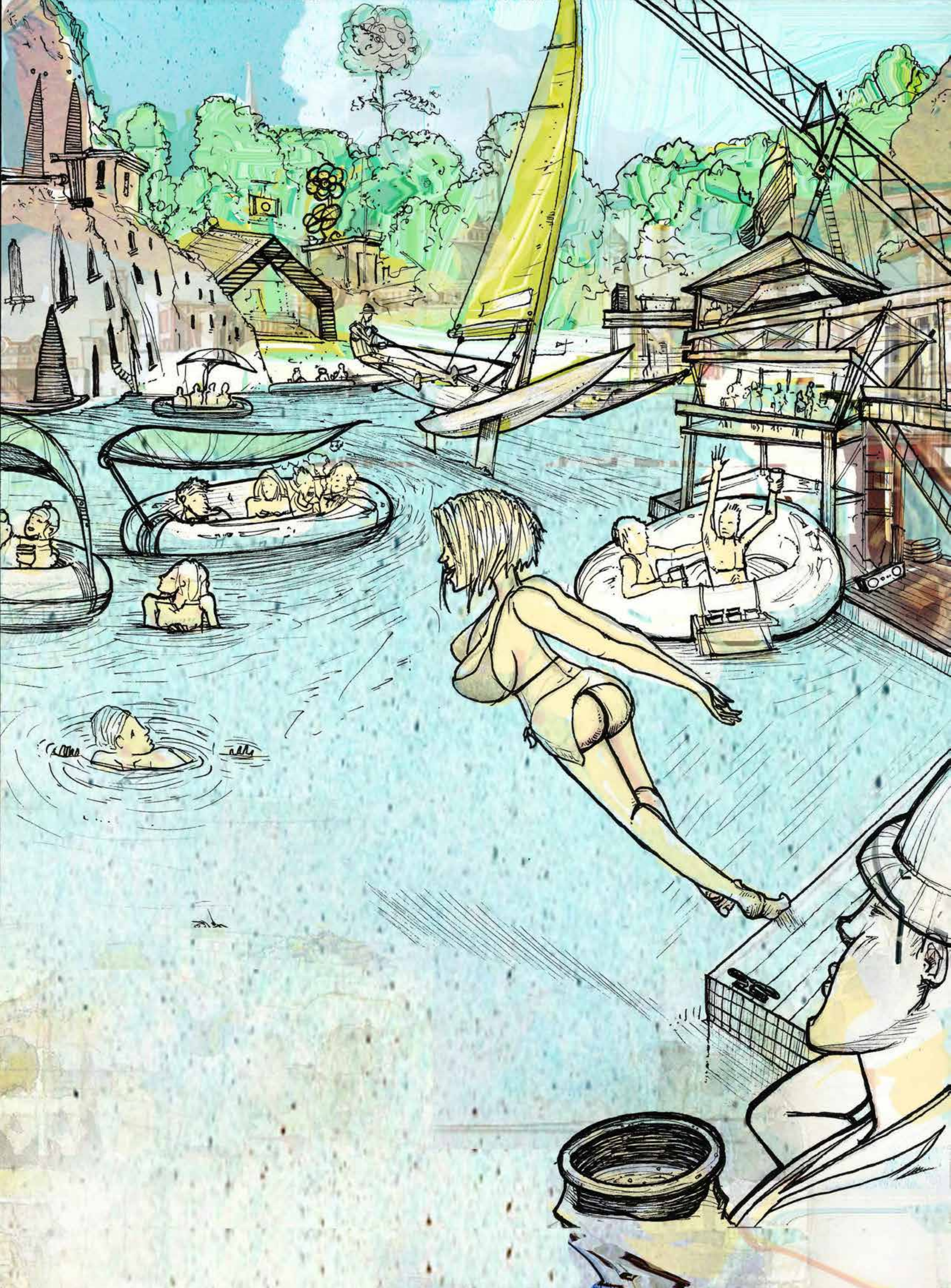
UH... WE MET BEFORE?

OH... I MUST'VE BEEN FUCKED UP WHEN WE MET. WHO ARE YOU AGAIN?

ALWAYS GOOD, ALWAYS NICE MEETING YOU, ALWAYS.

FOR NOW.









THAT  
MUST BE  
STRANGE,  
MEETING  
PEOPLE  
AGAIN AND  
AGAIN.

DOLPHIN IS THE LAST REMNANT OF A  
BRAZILIAN TRIBE OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES  
WHO HELD ABSOLUTELY NO CONCEPT OF  
TIME. HE VIEWS THE WORLD AND  
COMMENTS UPON IT THUSLY WITHOUT A  
SENSE OF WHEN, EXCEPT FOR THE NOW.  
  
HE'LL BE YOUR BODYGUARD IN  
"TIME IRRELEVANT"

WE ALWAYS  
SMOKE A JOINT.

AND YOU  
ARE ALWAYS  
HIGH?



YES.

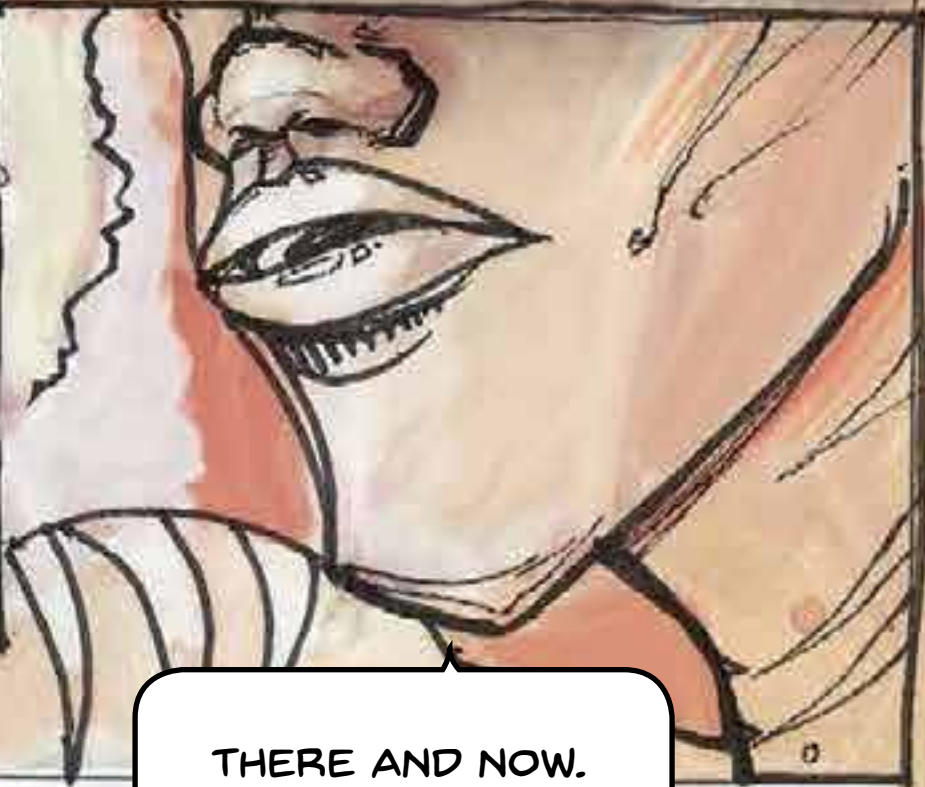
NOT BAD. SO, NYMPH, I ALMOST THOUGHT  
I WOULD NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN. AND NOW  
YOU'RE GIVING ME A BODYGUARD?



CAUSE? OH RIGHT, YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT  
IT GETTING BAD IN THE WOODS. AND SHIT, WELL...  
THINGS COULD BE BETTER. MY ASSOCIATE AND I...

WHERE'S BART?

WELL, I  
FAVOR YOUR  
CAUSE.



THERE AND NOW.

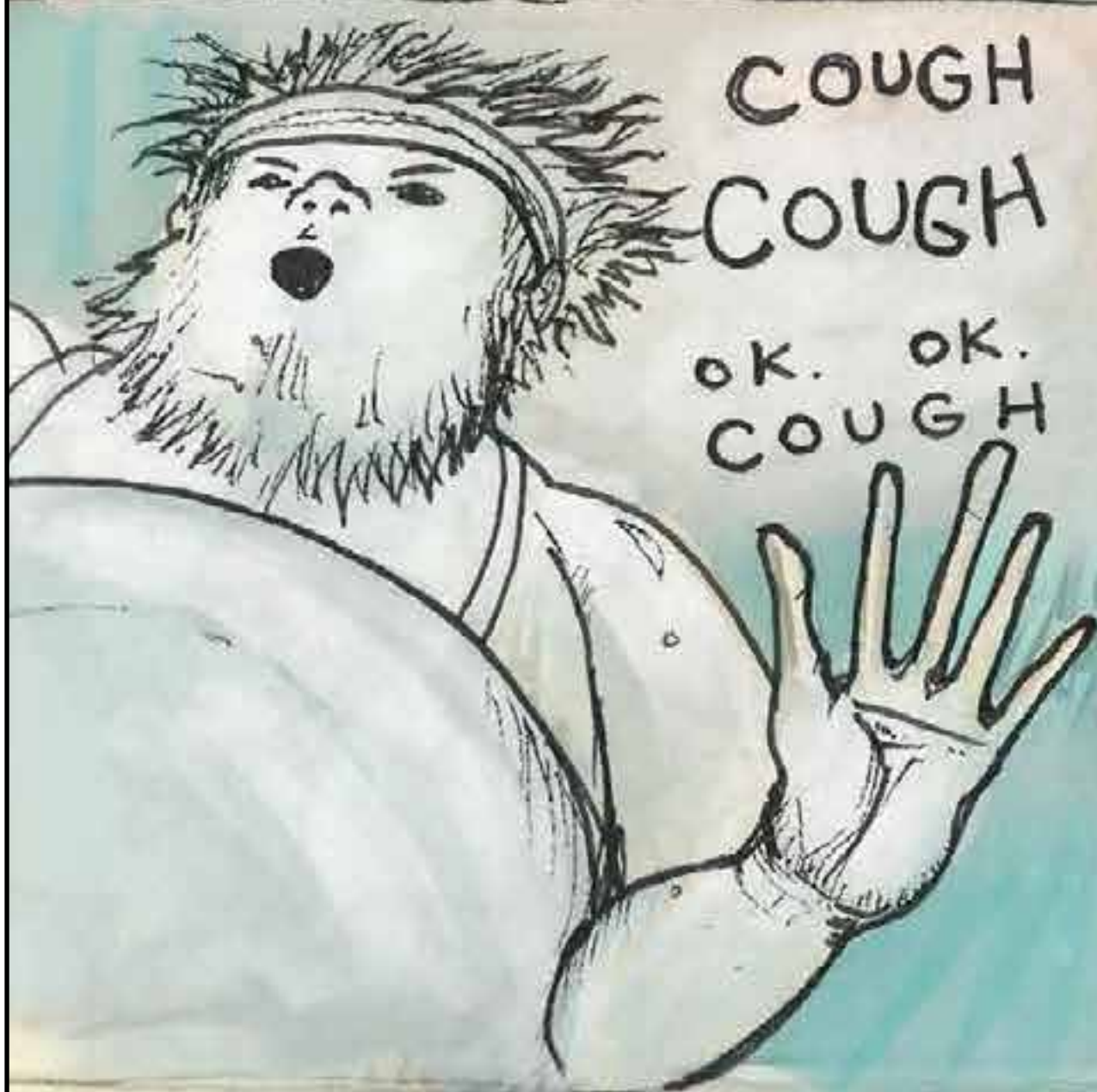


OH, SHIT!





DEAL SPLASHES OVER TO BART, HAULS HIM OUT OF THE WATER AND TRIES TO RESUSCITATE HIM. AFTER A FEW WATERY ERUCTIONS, BART IS REVIVED.



BART... WHAT THE- DO YOU  
KNOW HOW TO SWIM?

AWWW, FUCK! DID YOU  
SEE THAT WHIRLPOOL?

TOTALLY CAUGHT ME  
BY SURPRISE.

NO, FUCK  
NO.  
I'VE  
NEVER  
SWAM  
IN MY  
ENTIRE  
LIFE.

I SEE.



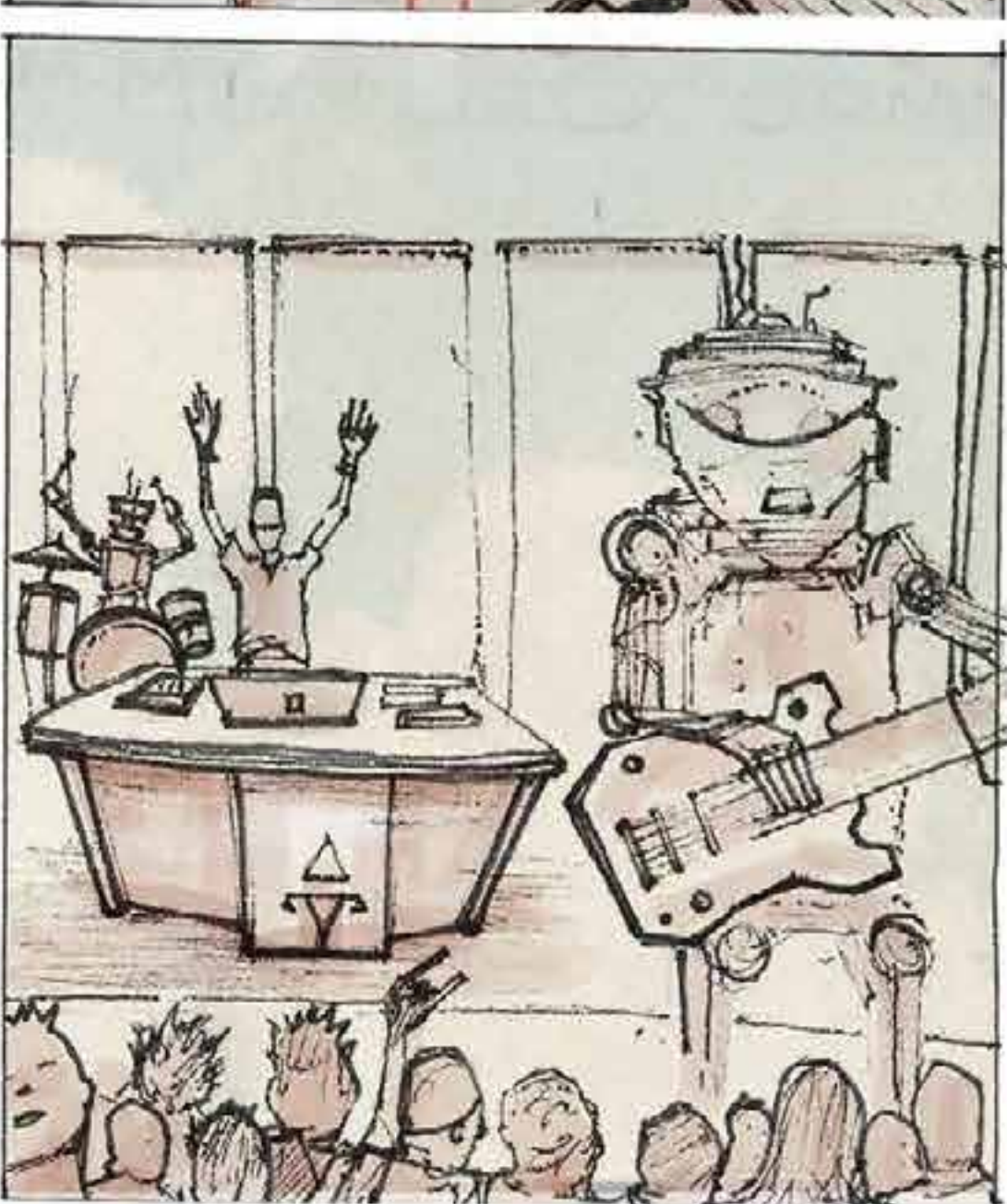
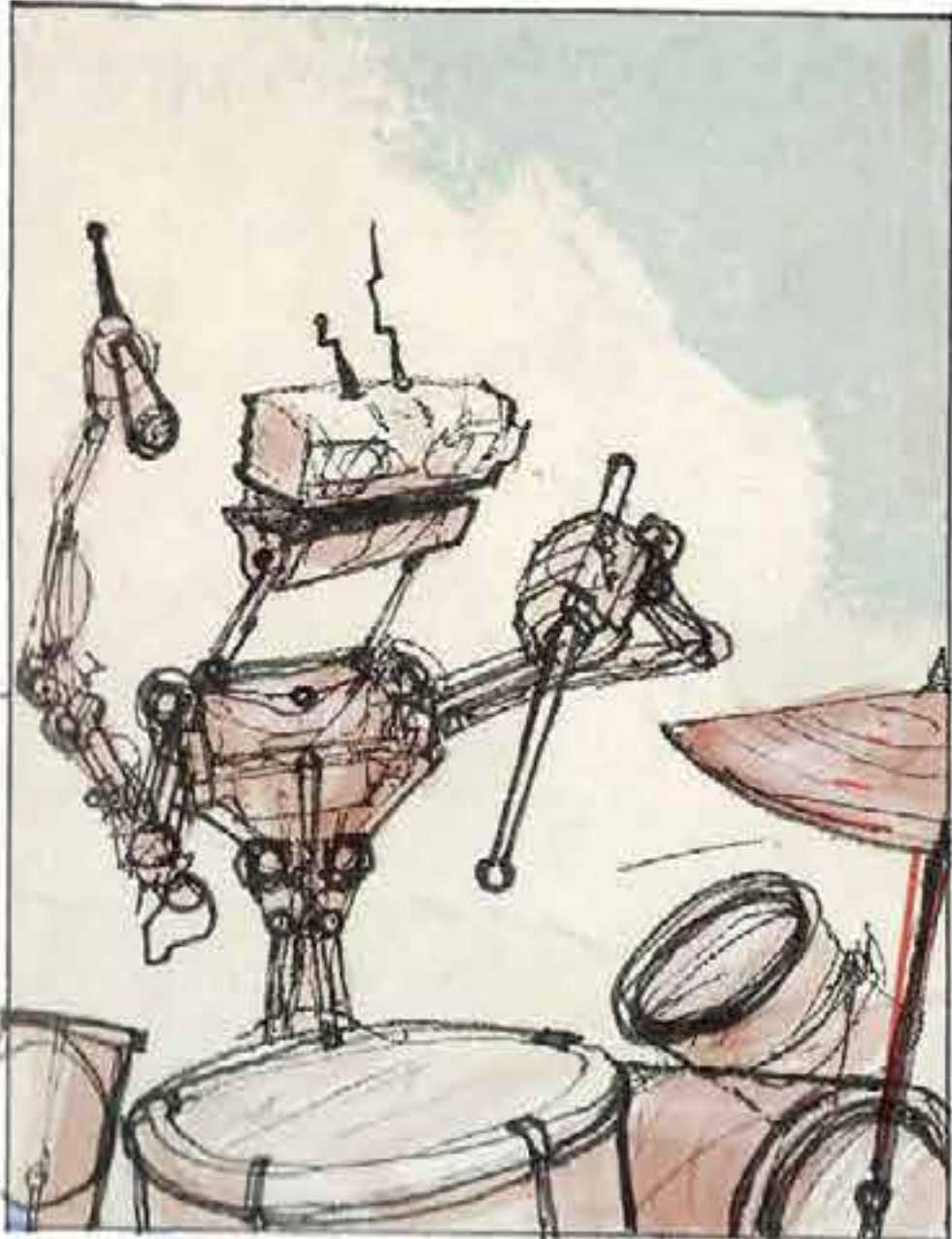
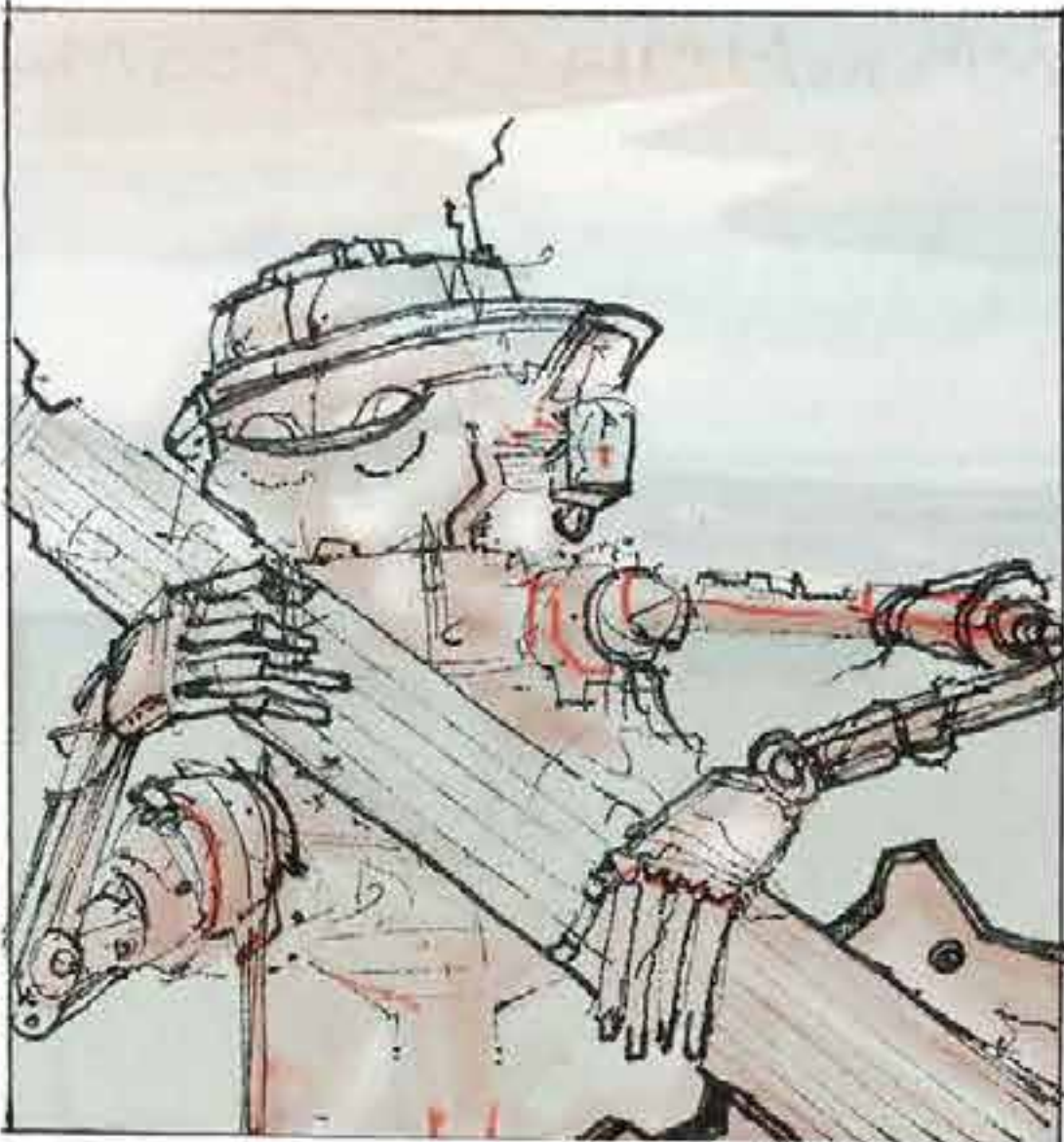
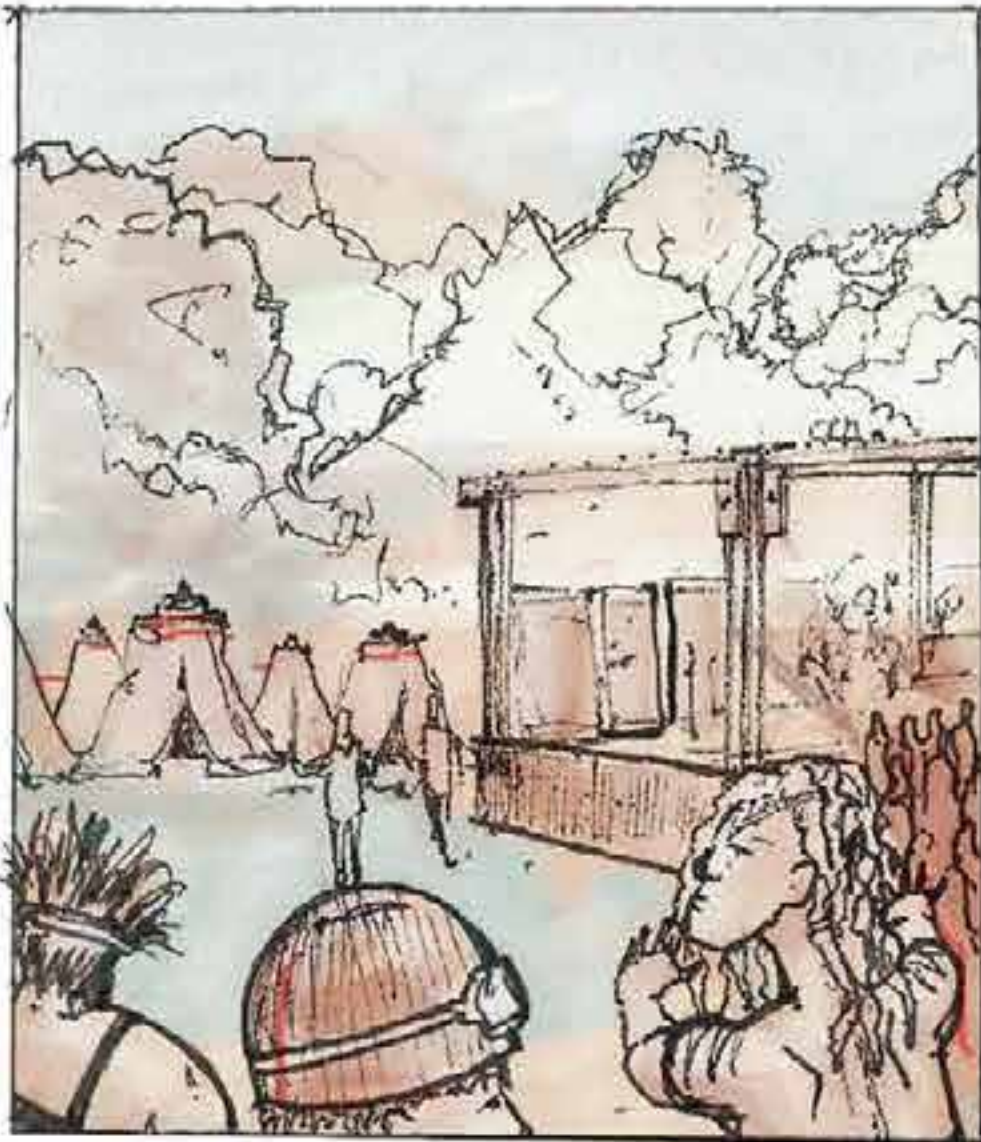
SHOWERS,  
I TAKE  
SHOWERS.

I THINK...  
THERE IS A LIE.



LOTUS CAMP - DAY

BART AND DEAL ARE LEAD INTO THE NEXUS OF A NEW AND SLIGHTLY UNUSUAL CAMP. THIS IS NOT LOT B. INDEED, THERE IS MUSIC, BUT IT'S ALL REPETITIVE. A ROBOT PLAYING THE SAME ROLL ON A BANJO. ONE DJ WHO STANDS THERE WATCHING HIS COMPUTER SCREEN. HERE, OUR CHARACTERS STOP AND MINGLE WITH THE CROWD.



THIS IS A PERPETUAL SONG THAT I MEMORIZE.



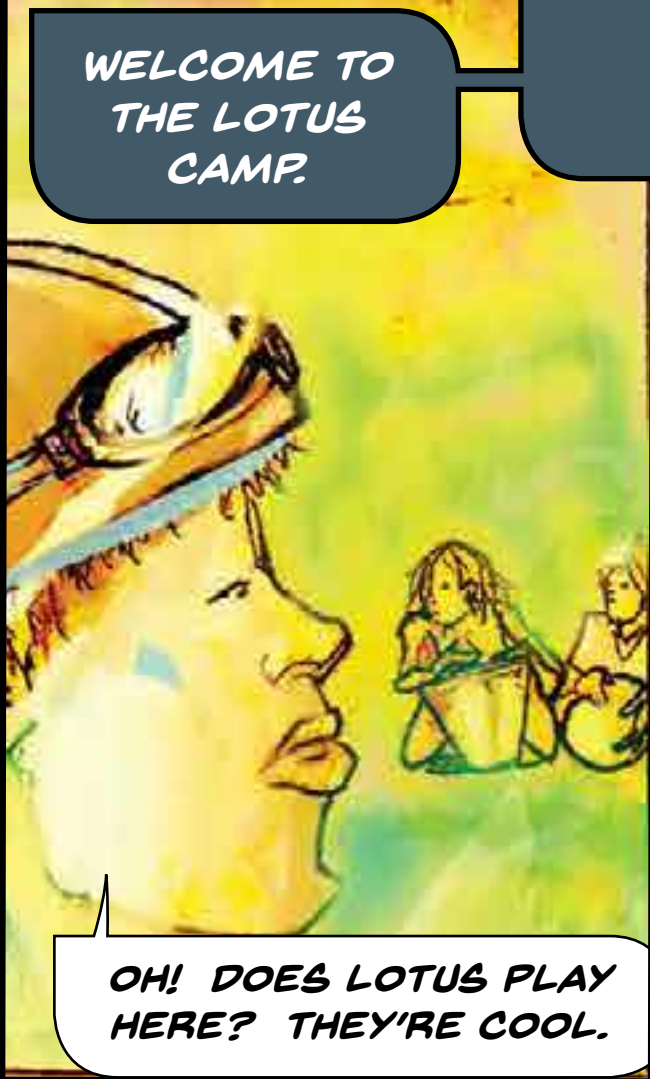
MEMORIZE? IT SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME BEAT AND CHORUS OVER AND OVER. A SLOW RISE AND THEN A DROP...

INVARIABLE REFRESH.



HAHA. COOL. YEAH, PEOPLE SEEM TO ENJOY IT.





WELCOME TO THE LOTUS CAMP.

OH! DOES LOTUS PLAY HERE? THEY'RE COOL.

EVERY NOW AND AGAIN. BUT WHEN A GOOD SHOW'S NOT AROUND THIS IS MOSTLY WHAT GOES ON HERE.




DEAL AND BART TAKE A GOOD, LONG LOOK AROUND THEIR PLACATED SURROUNDINGS.

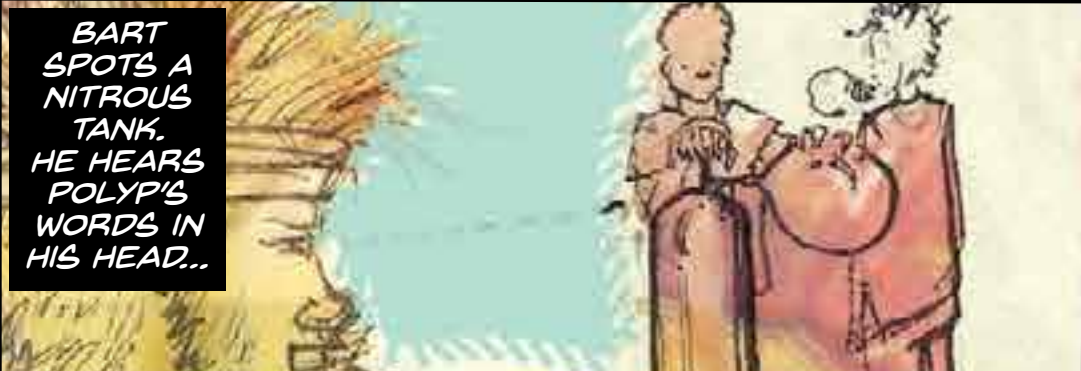
@?

HUH

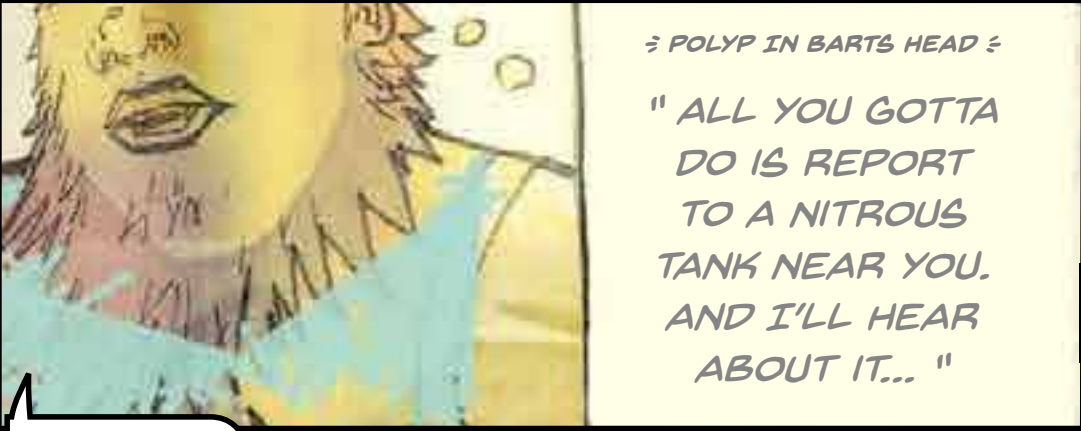



MOST PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CONDITIONED TO THIS BUT DOLPHIN SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHO PREFERS THIS TYPE OF THING.

CANNOT STOP.



BART SPOTS A NITROUS TANK. HE HEARS POLYP'S WORDS IN HIS HEAD...



≈ POLYP IN BARTS HEAD ≈

"ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS REPORT TO A NITROUS TANK NEAR YOU. AND I'LL HEAR ABOUT IT..."



RIGHT.

OH UH... NITROUS. I'M GONNA GO SCORE A BALLOON OR TWO.

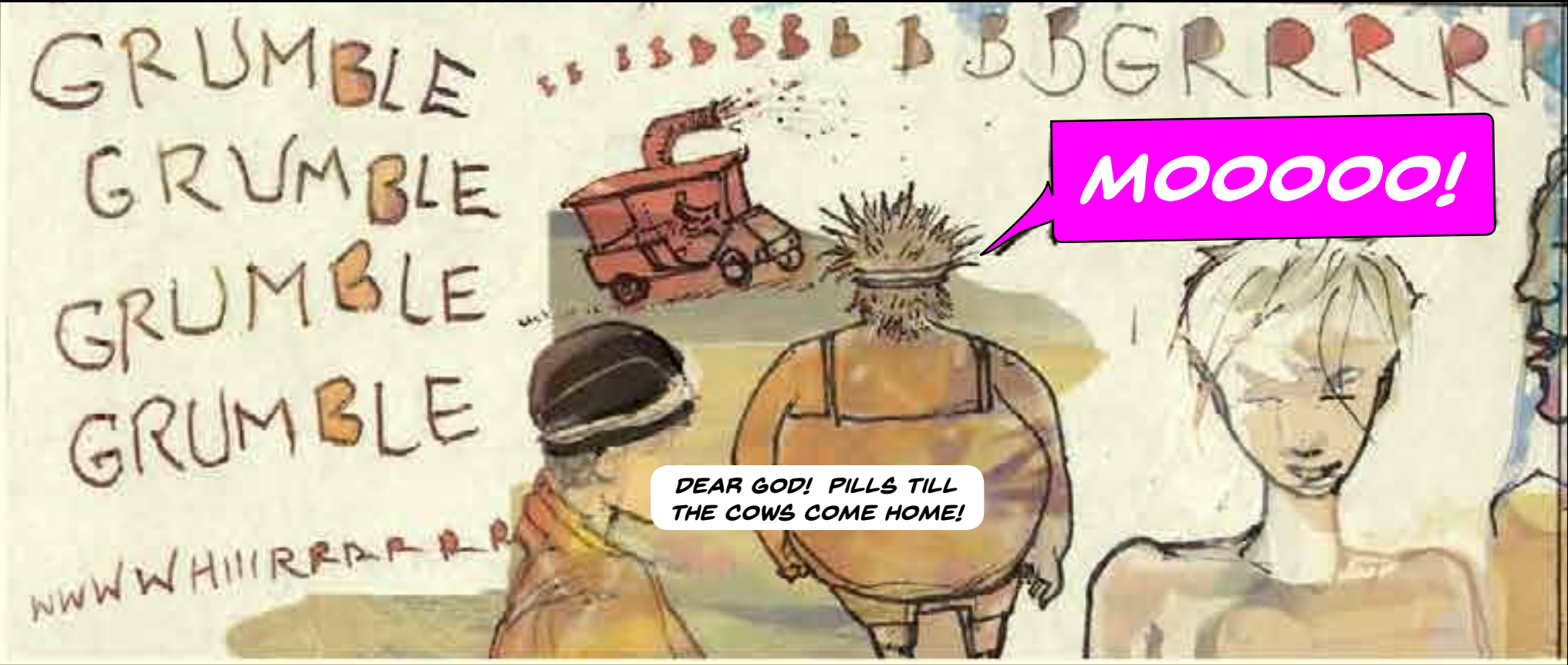


HEY AAA...

HUH?

ALL SORTS OF BAD IDEAS IN YOUR HEAD. COME, COME. YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THIS.

BECKONED BY A LOUD ALARM, A LARGE GOLF CART SLOWLY ROLLS THROUGH THE CROWD, DISPENSING OPIOIDS AND ECSTASY PILLS VIA A LEAF BLOWER.



GRUMBLE GRUMBLE GRUMBLE GRUMBLE

WWW HIIIRRRRR

MOOOOO!

DEAR GOD! PILLS TILL THE COWS COME HOME!

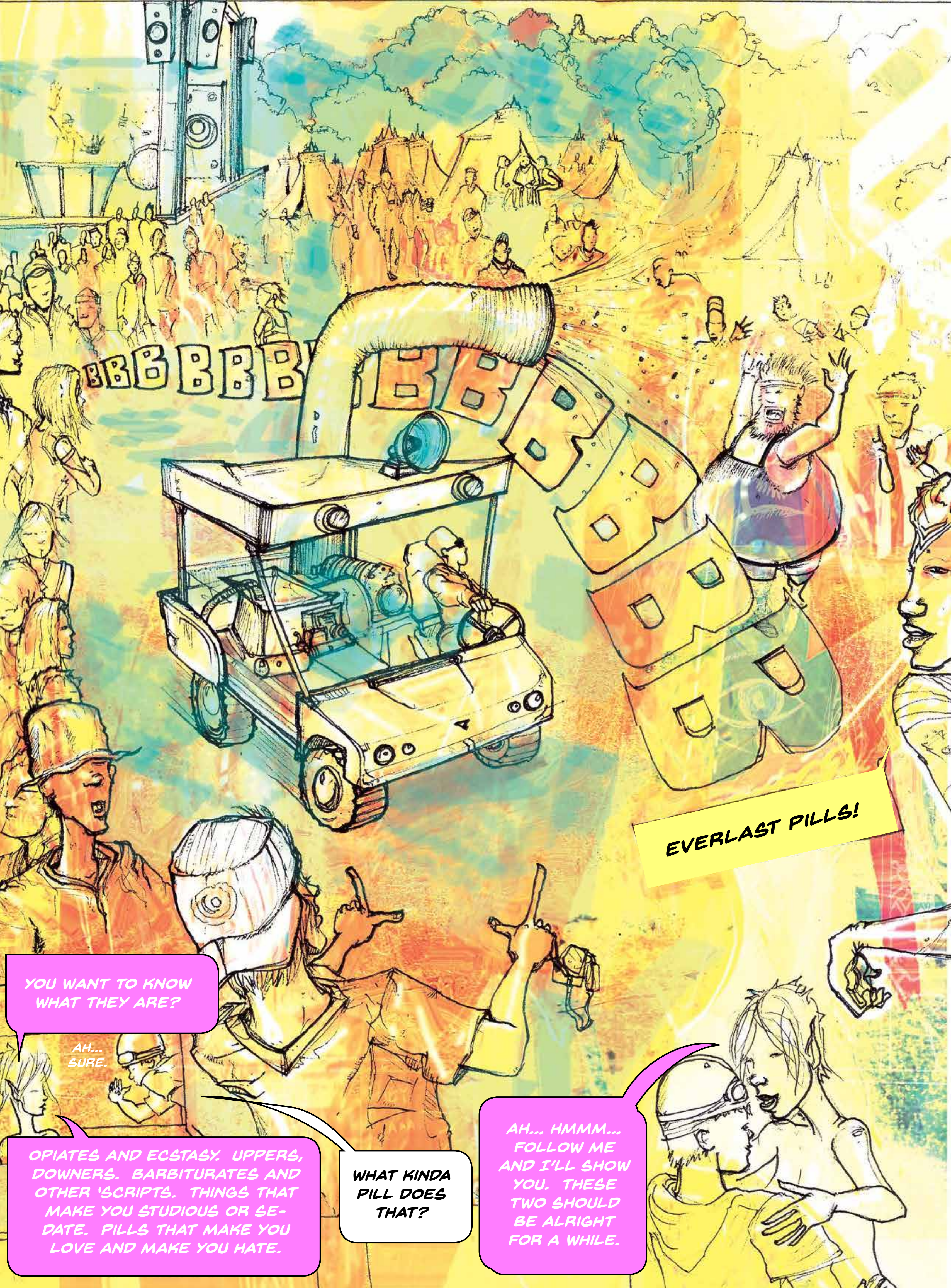




!!!!?

MmmHmM  
YEAH...  
GOOD BATCH.





EVERLAST PILLS!

YOU WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT THEY ARE?

AH...  
SURE.

OPIATES AND ECSTASY. UPPERS,  
DOWNERS. BARBITURATES AND  
OTHER 'SCRIPTS. THINGS THAT  
MAKE YOU STUDIOUS OR SE-  
DATE. PILLS THAT MAKE YOU  
LOVE AND MAKE YOU HATE.

WHAT KINDA  
PILL DOES  
THAT?

AH... HMMM...  
FOLLOW ME  
AND I'LL SHOW  
YOU. THESE  
TWO SHOULD  
BE ALRIGHT  
FOR A WHILE.



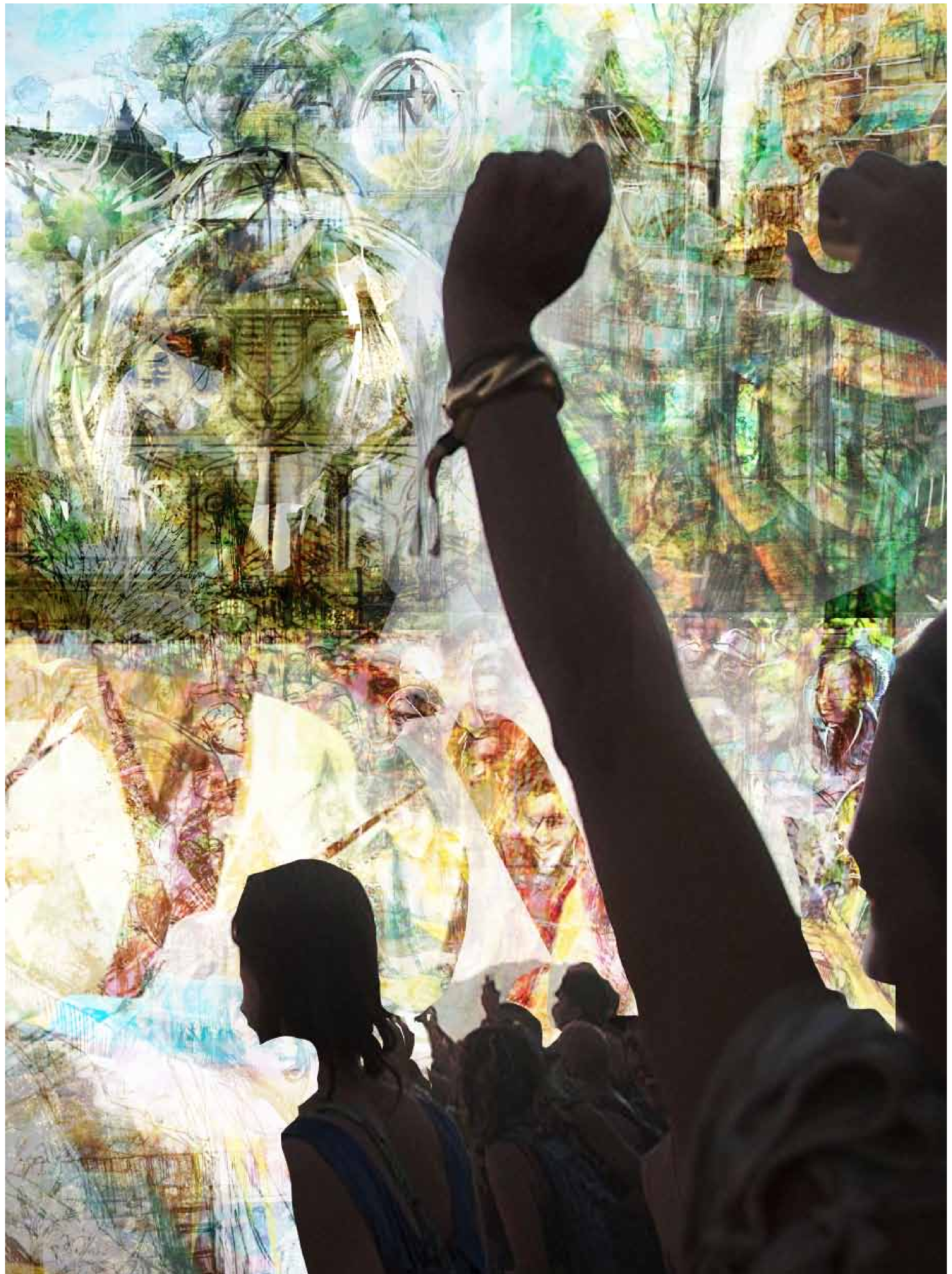


You of Freetown  
the lumber all came from  
leveled by a windstorm 300 years ago

You of Freetown from my sleeping  
the lumber all came from a forest  
leveled by a windstorm 300 years ago







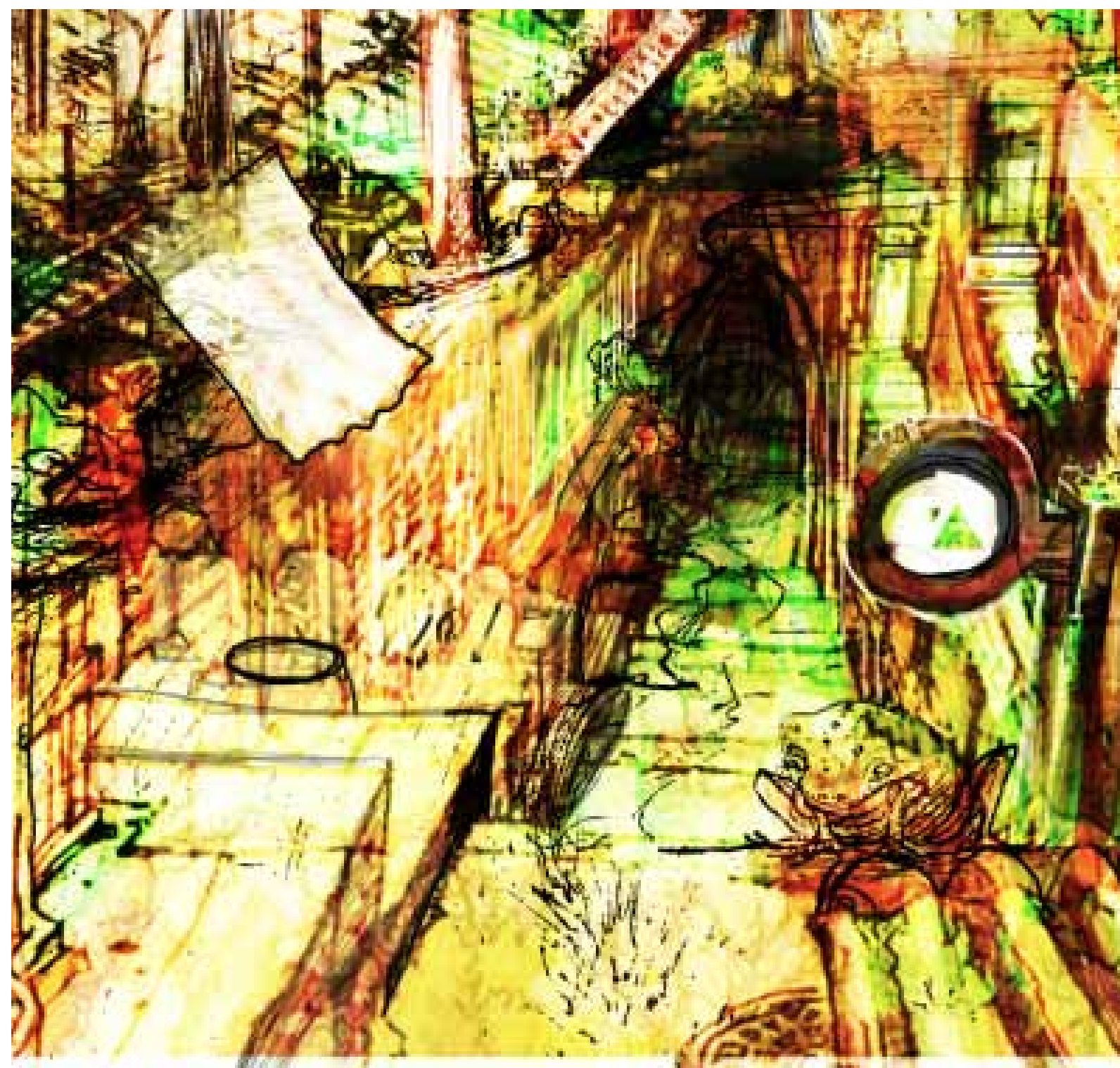
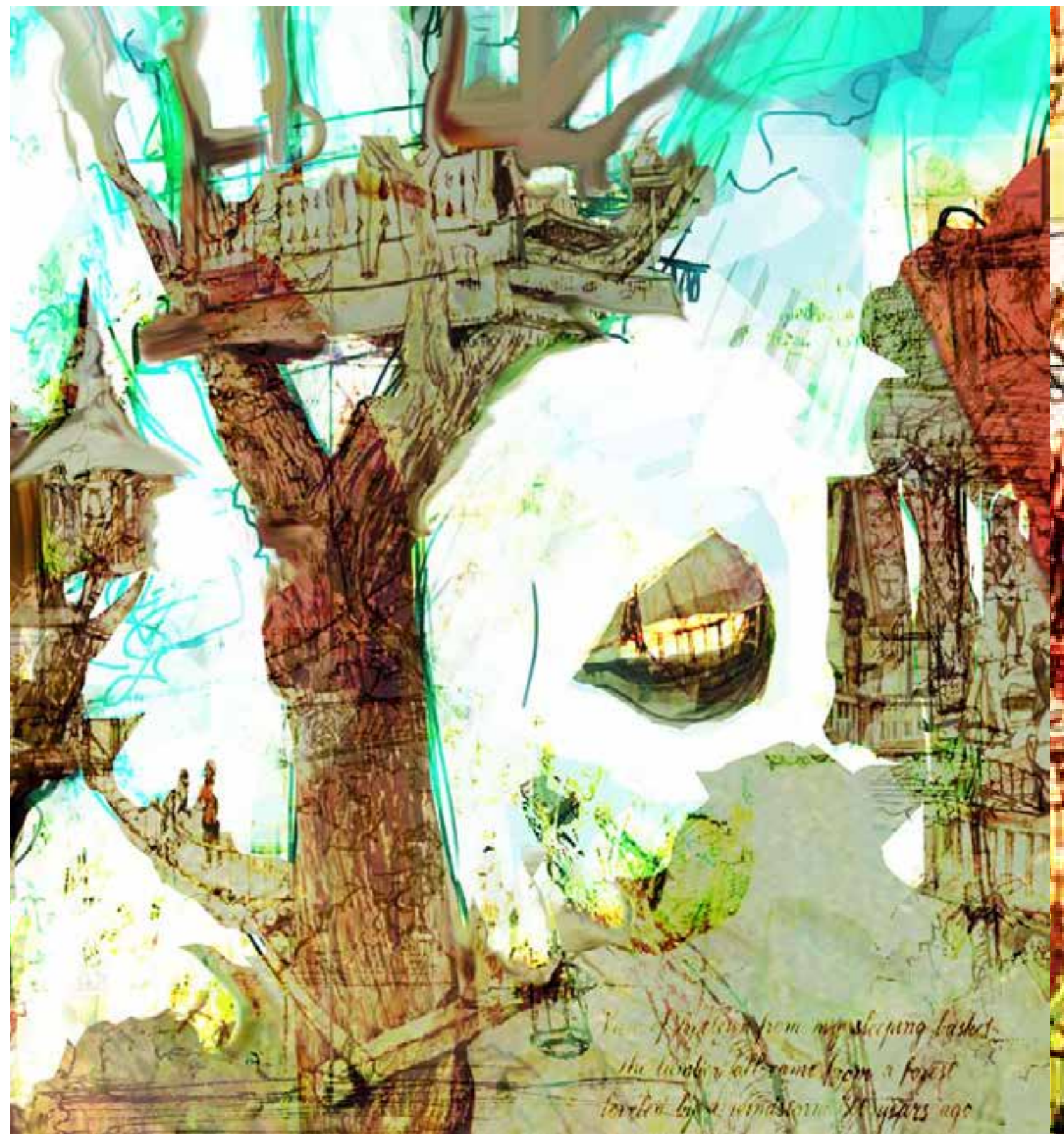
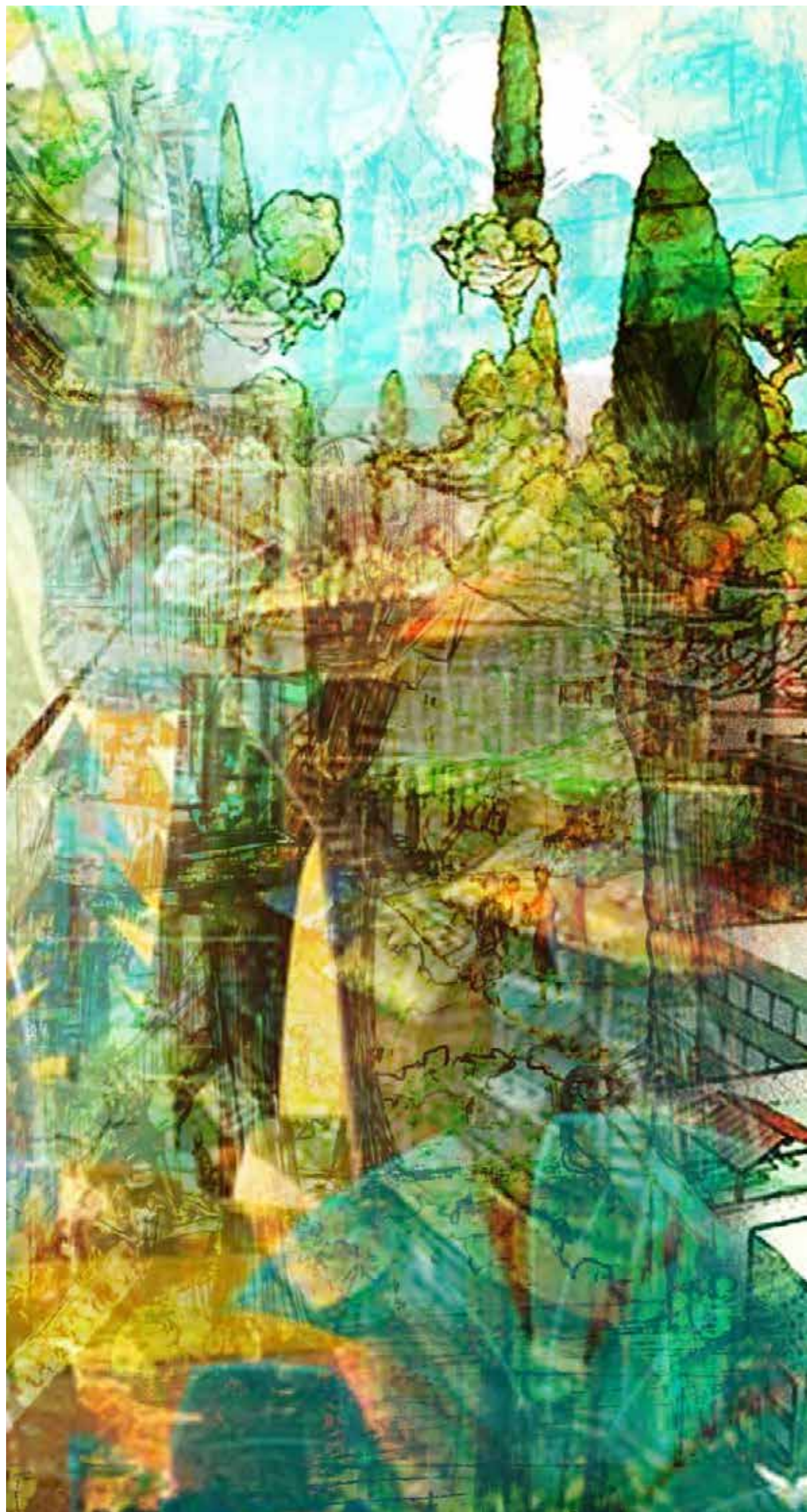




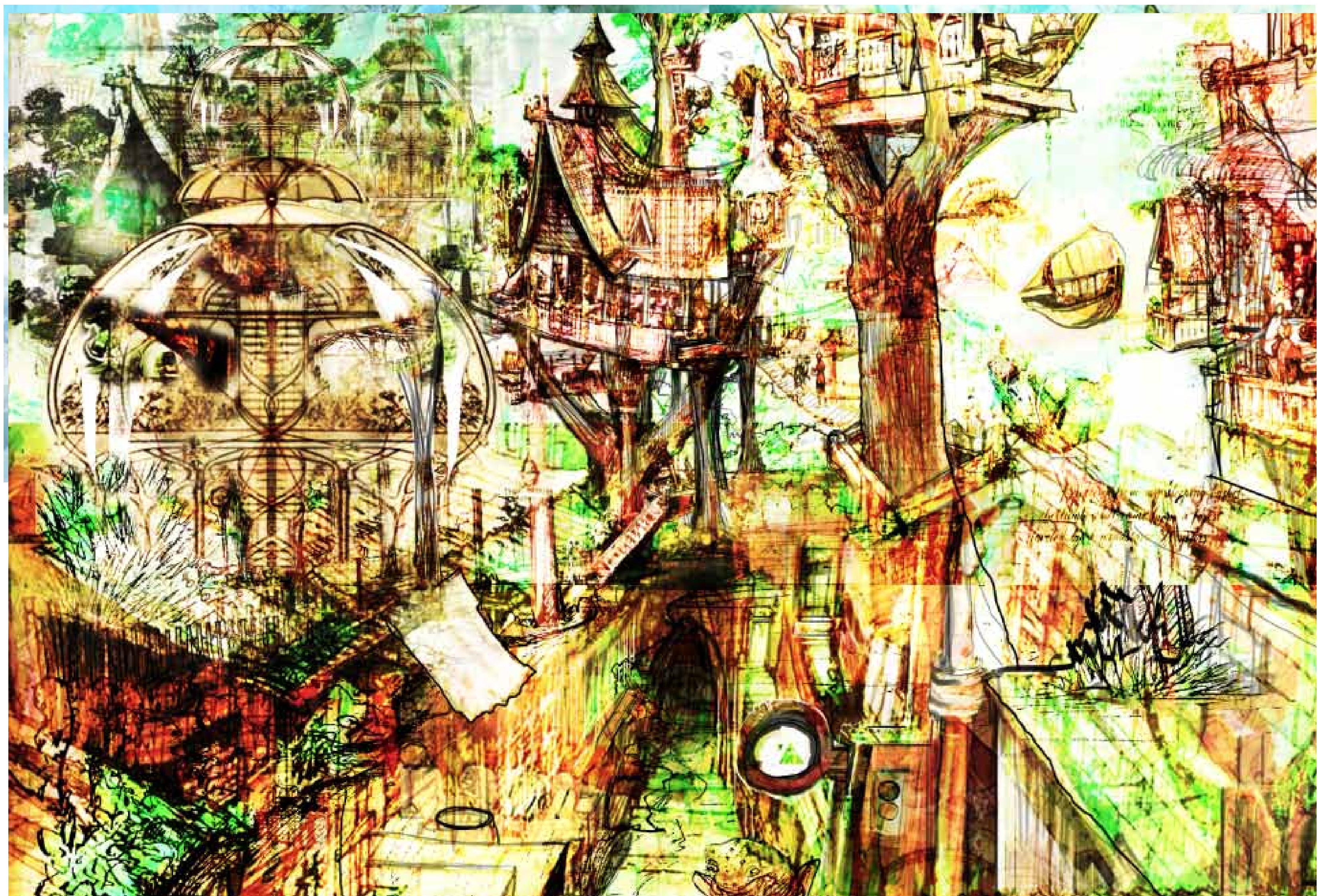












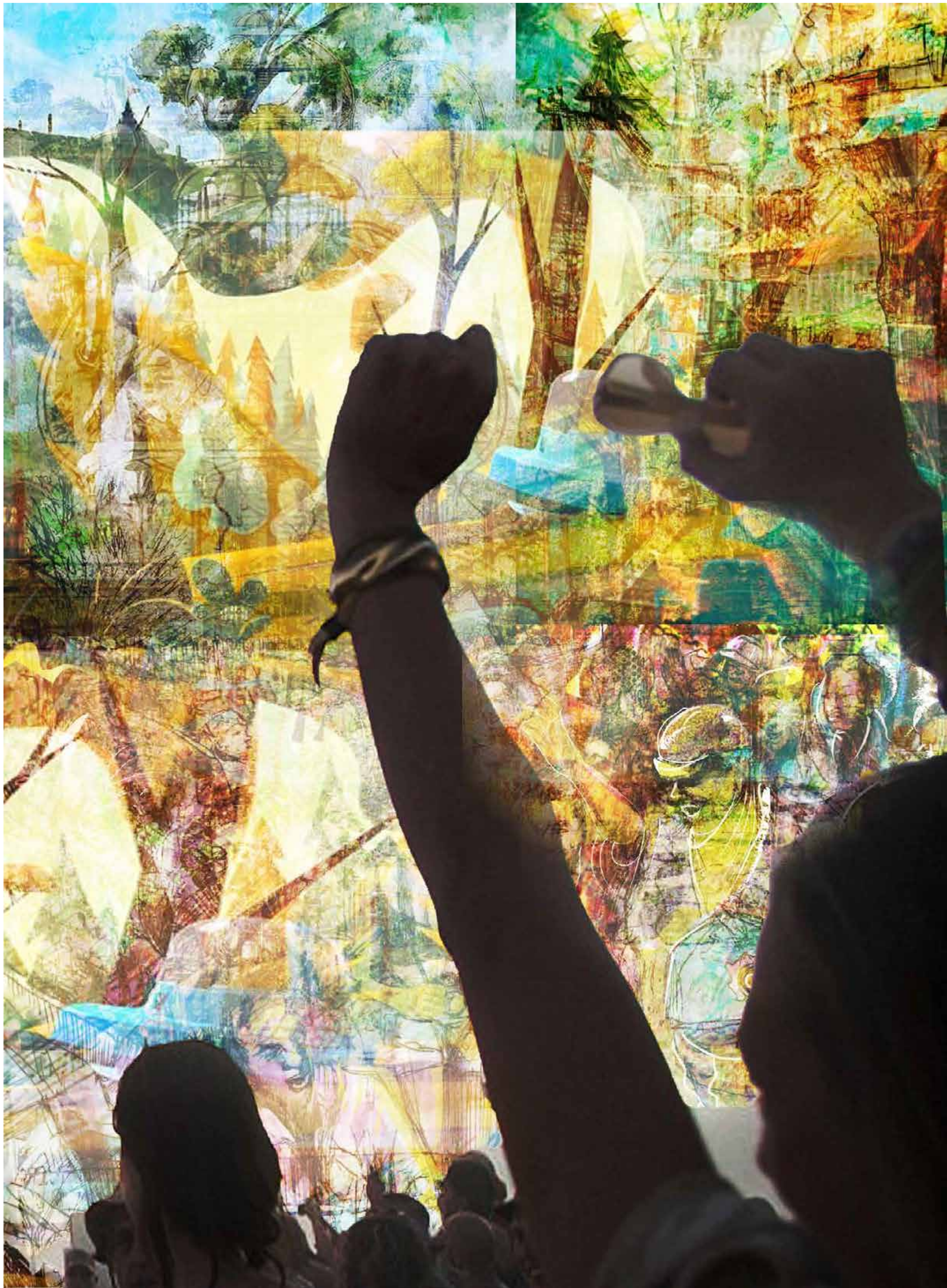
















of Great  
Lovers  
by a

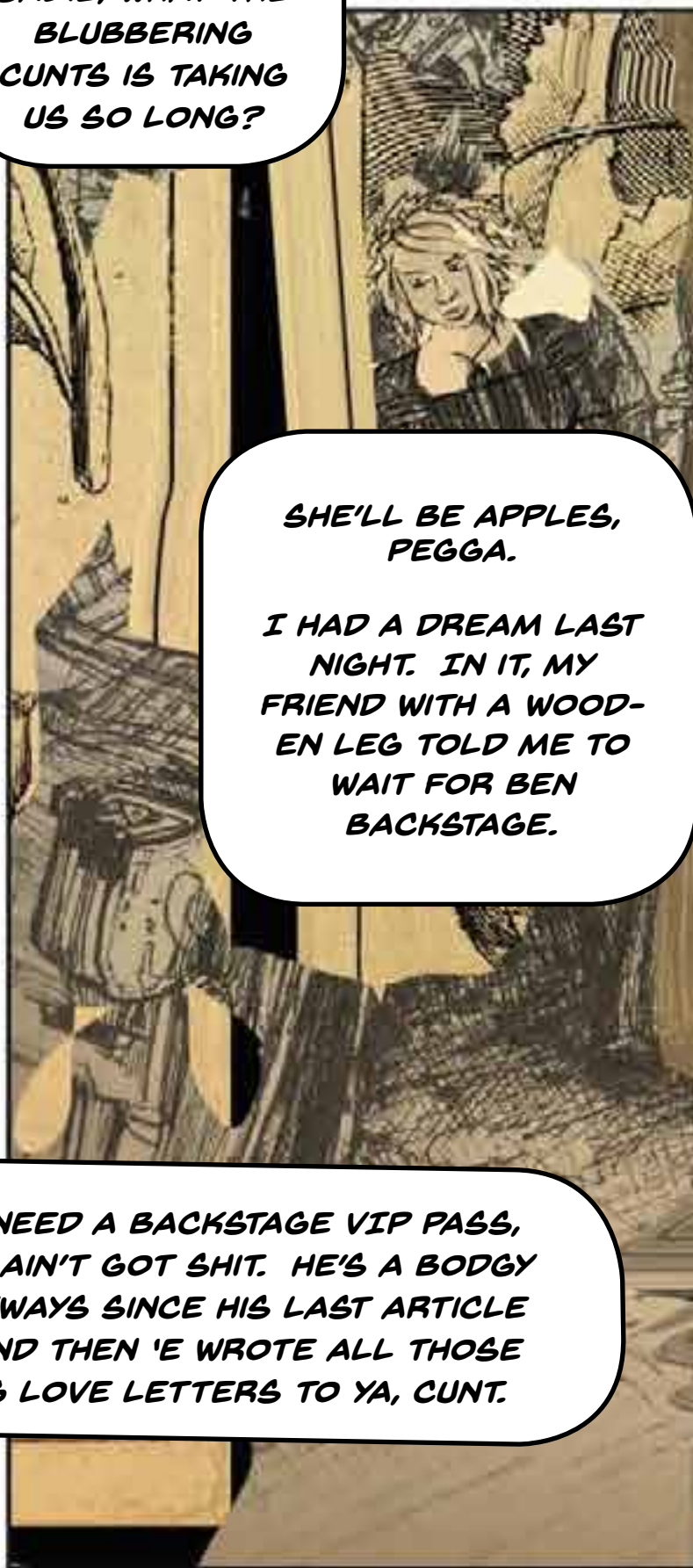


**SADIES SHOW OFFSTAGE  
THAT EVENING**

SADIE STANDS BEHIND THE LONG  
AND LUXURIOUS STAGE CURTAINS  
AT HER DAYTIME VENUE. A HUGE  
STAGE IS NESTLED AMONGST  
TREEHOUSES. HER BANDMATE,  
PEGGA, GROWS IMPATIENT ALONG  
WITH THE REST OF THE BAND.



COME ON, THEN  
SADIE, WHAT THE  
BLUBBERING  
CUNTS IS TAKING  
US SO LONG?



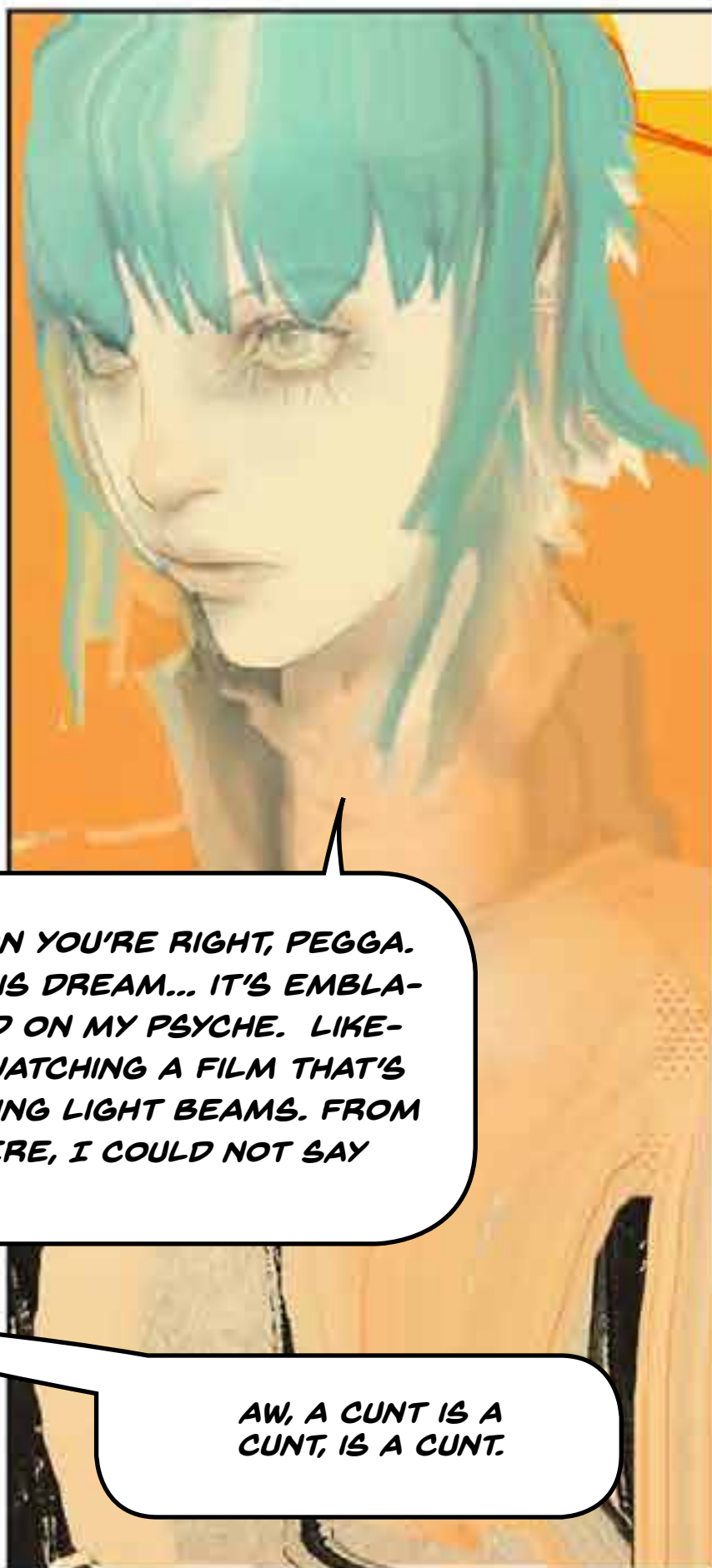
SHE'LL BE APPLES,  
PEGGA.

I HAD A DREAM LAST  
NIGHT. IN IT, MY  
FRIEND WITH A WOOD-  
EN LEG TOLD ME TO  
WAIT FOR BEN  
BACKSTAGE.

WELL HE'D NEED A BACKSTAGE VIP PASS,  
LUV, AND HE AIN'T GOT SHIT. HE'S A BODGY  
WRITER ANYWAYS SINCE HIS LAST ARTICLE  
FLOPPED AND THEN 'E WROTE ALL THOSE  
DISTURBING LOVE LETTERS TO YA, CUNT.



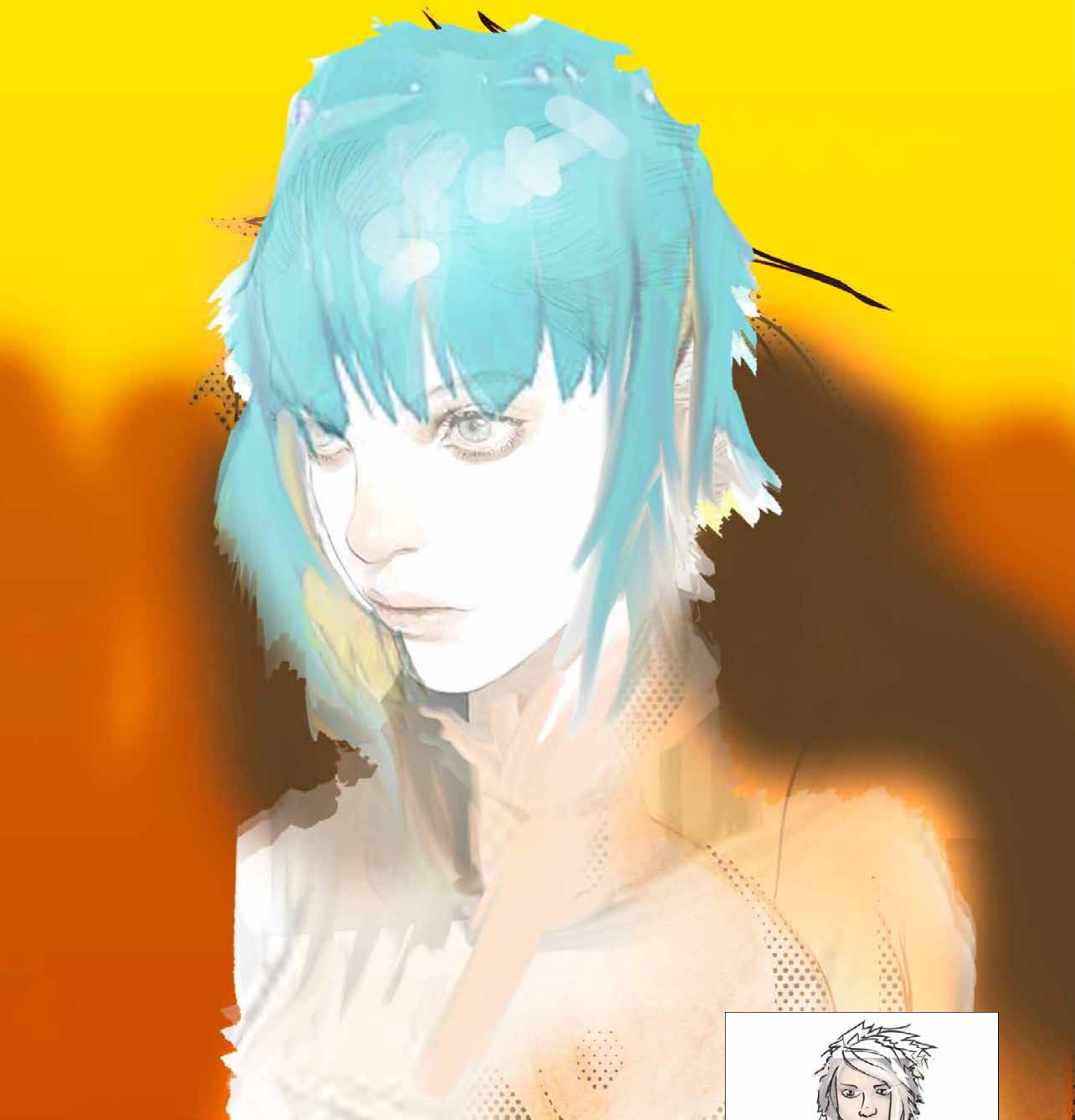
RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, PEGGA.  
BUT THIS DREAM... IT'S EMBLA-  
ZONED ON MY PSYCHE. LIKE-  
LIKE WATCHING A FILM THAT'S  
EXPOSING LIGHT BEAMS. FROM  
WHERE, I COULD NOT SAY



AW, A CUNT IS A  
CUNT, IS A CUNT.











BEN?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



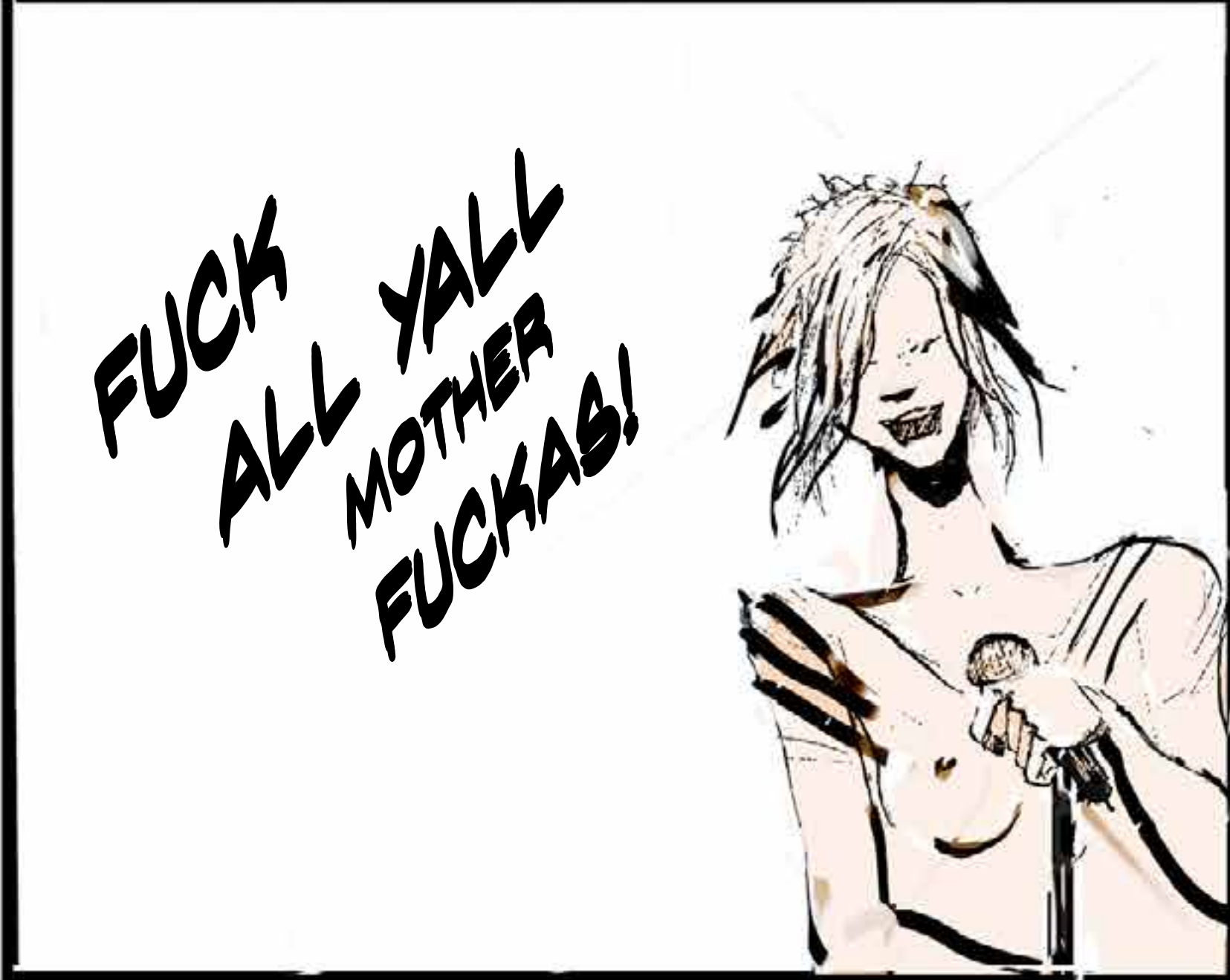
MMMM... UGH! AHH! SADIE! SHIT! UH...

DOESNT LOOK LIKE NOTHING FROM PHERE.

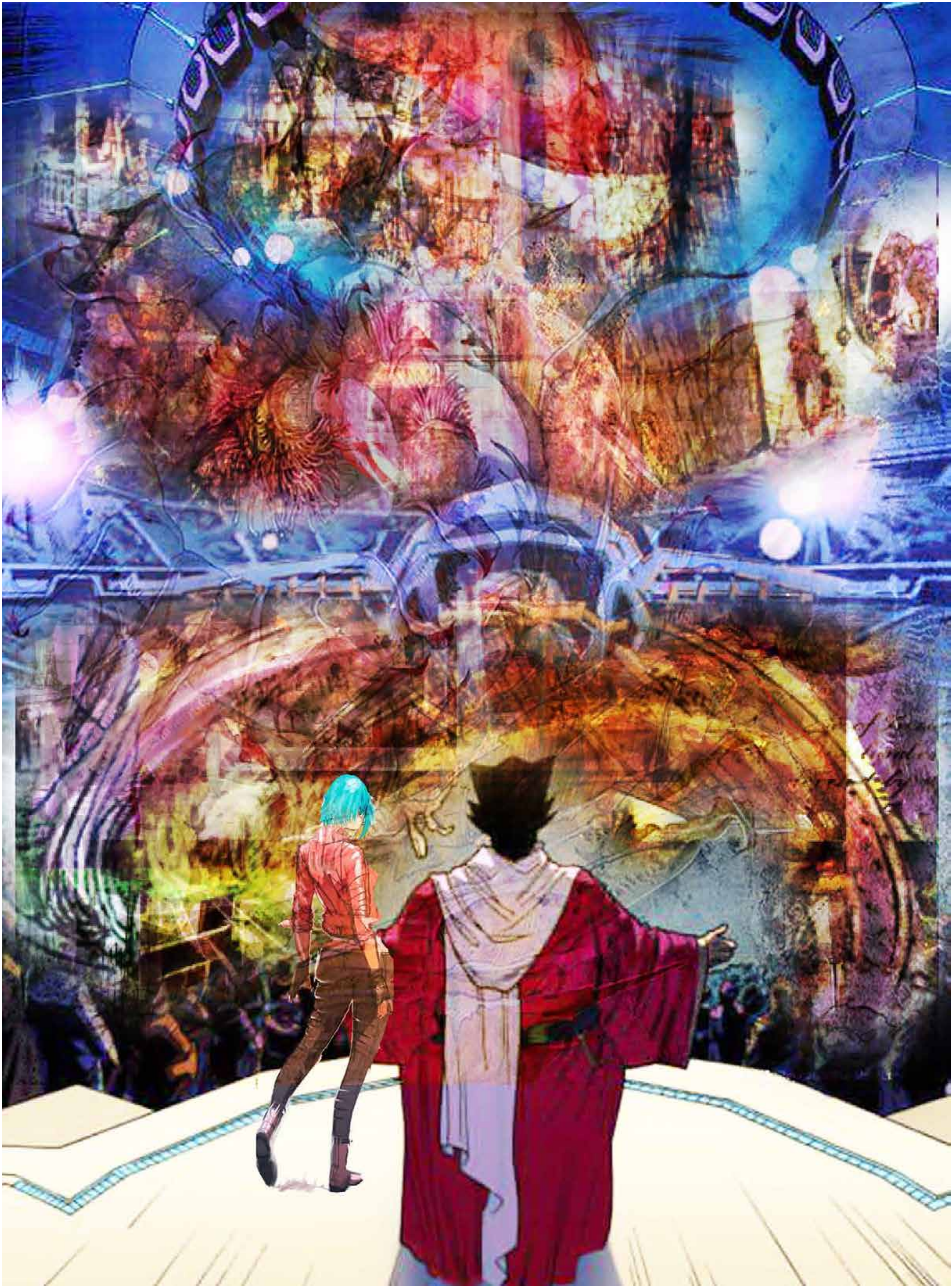


WATCH THIS.

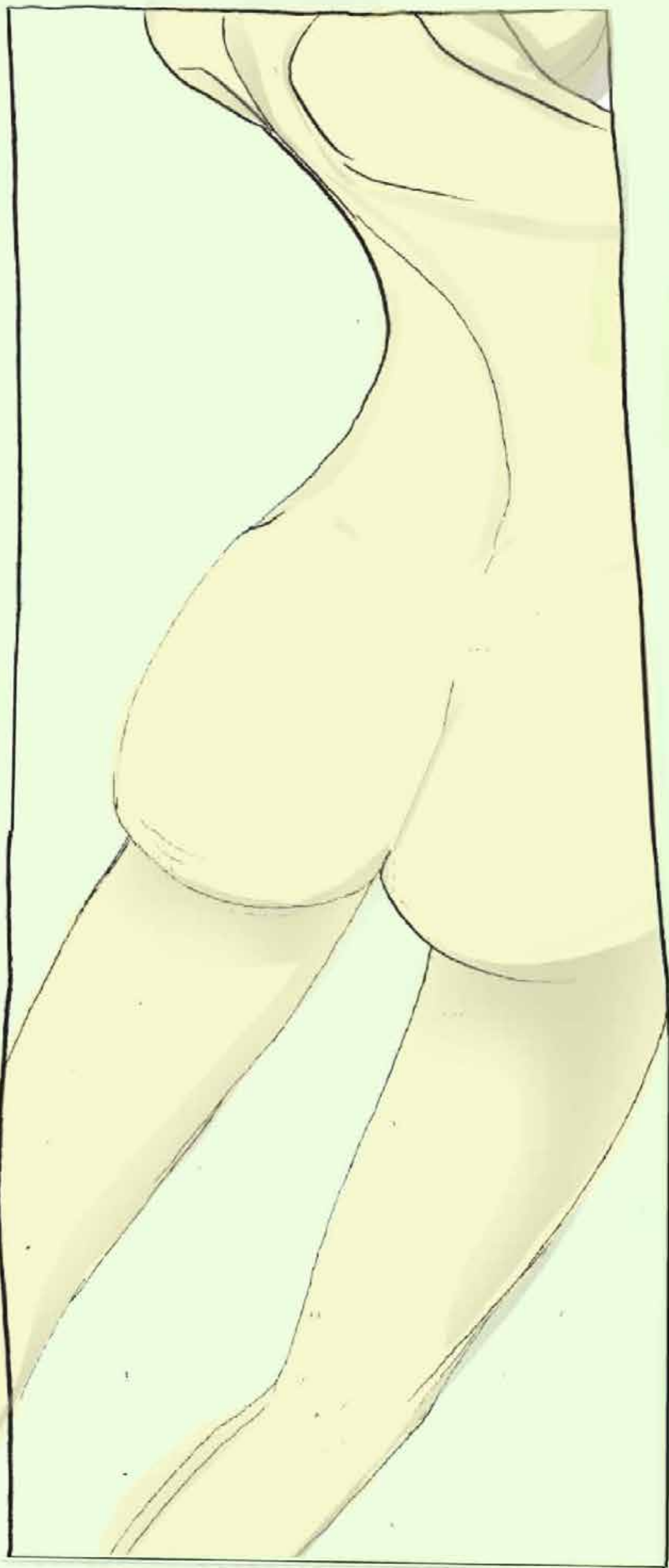
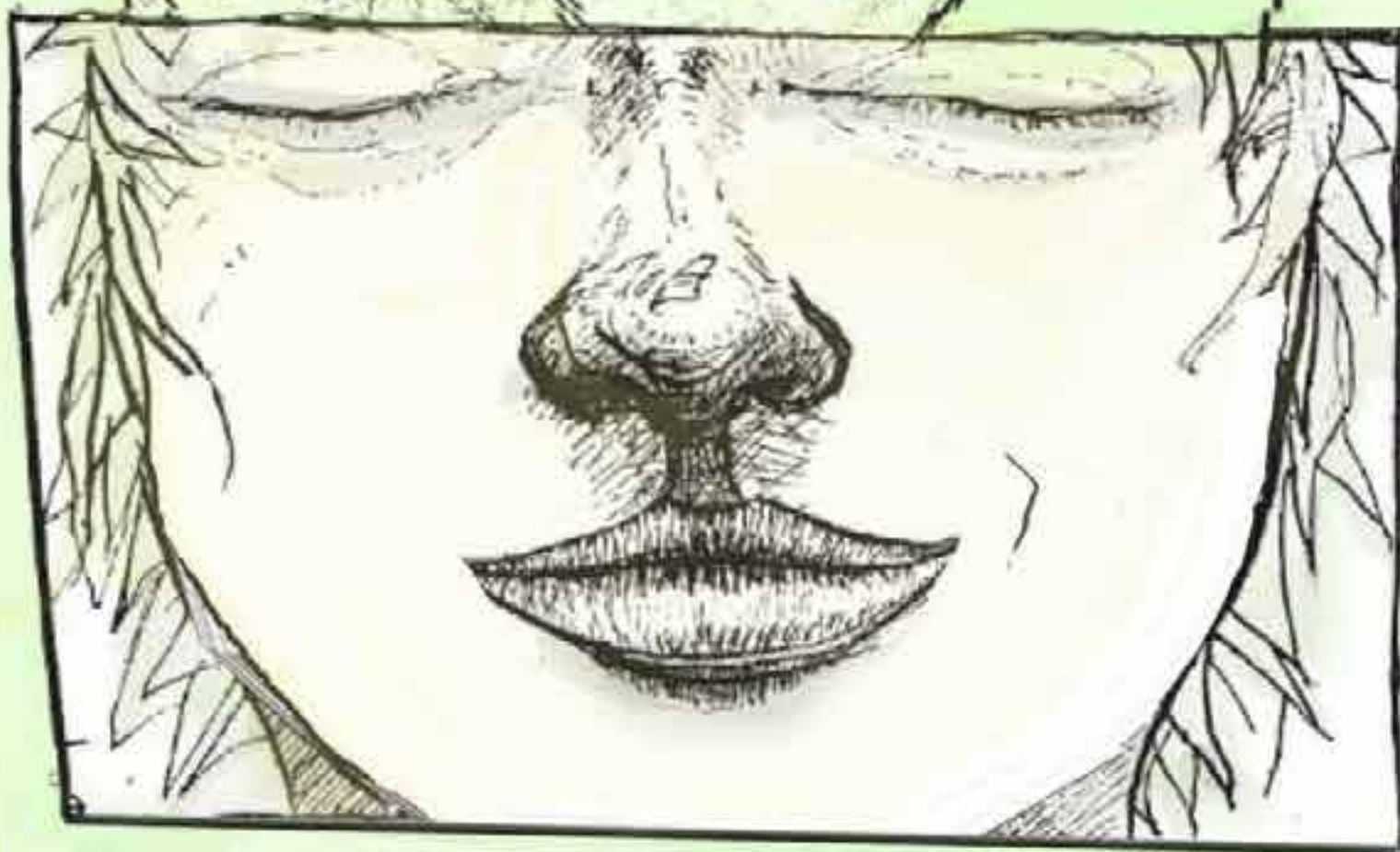
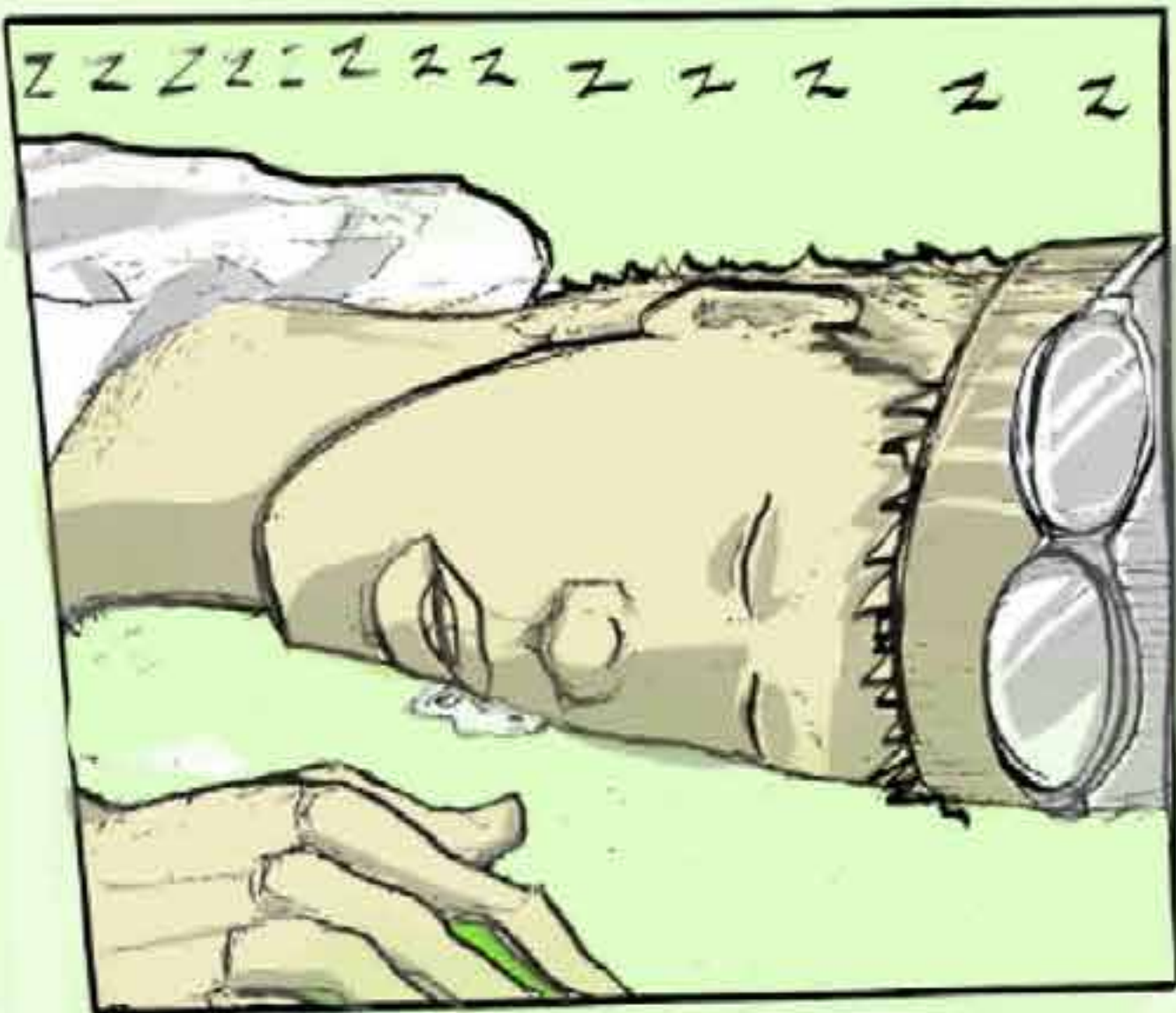
UHHH. NOTHING...











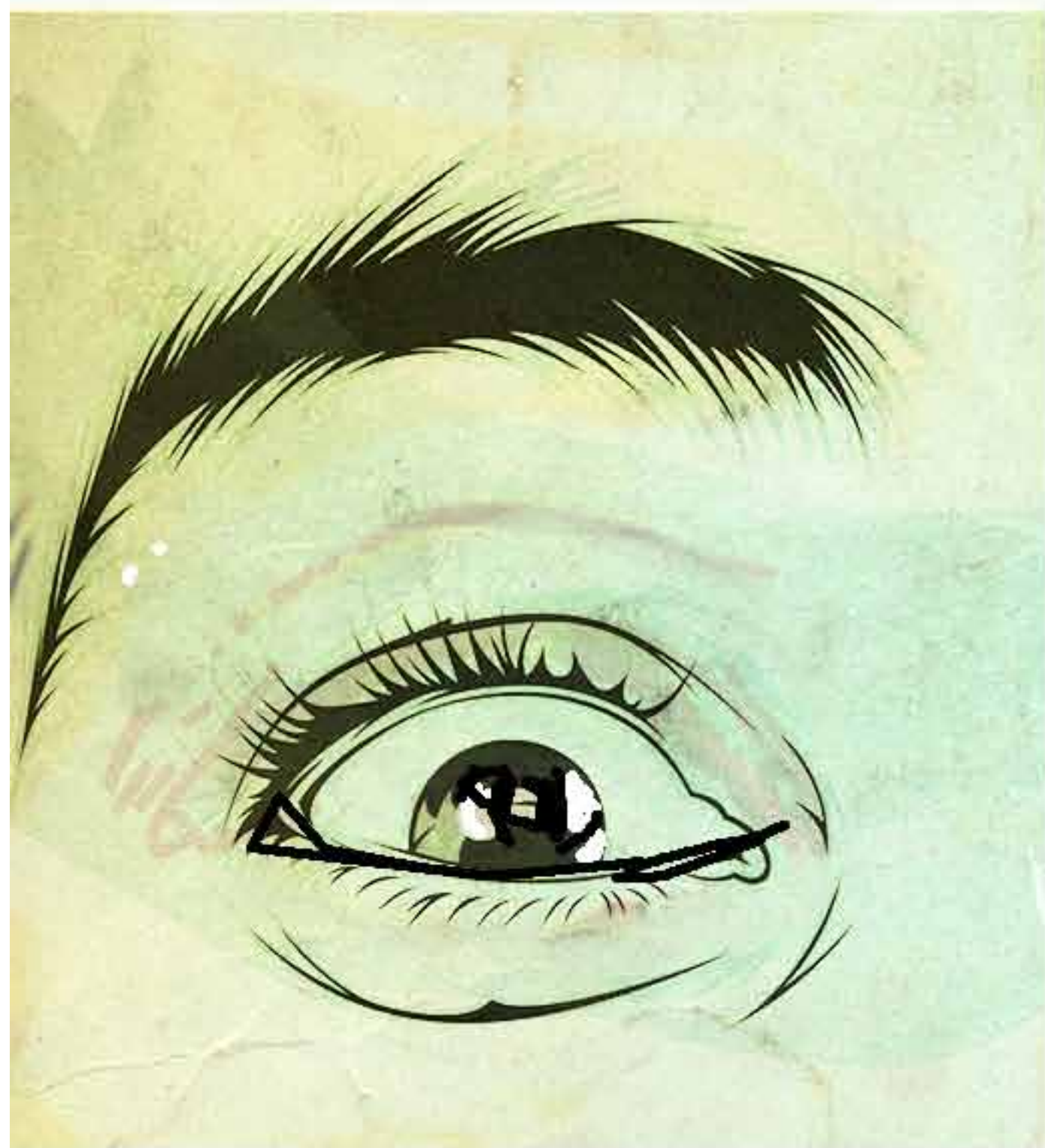
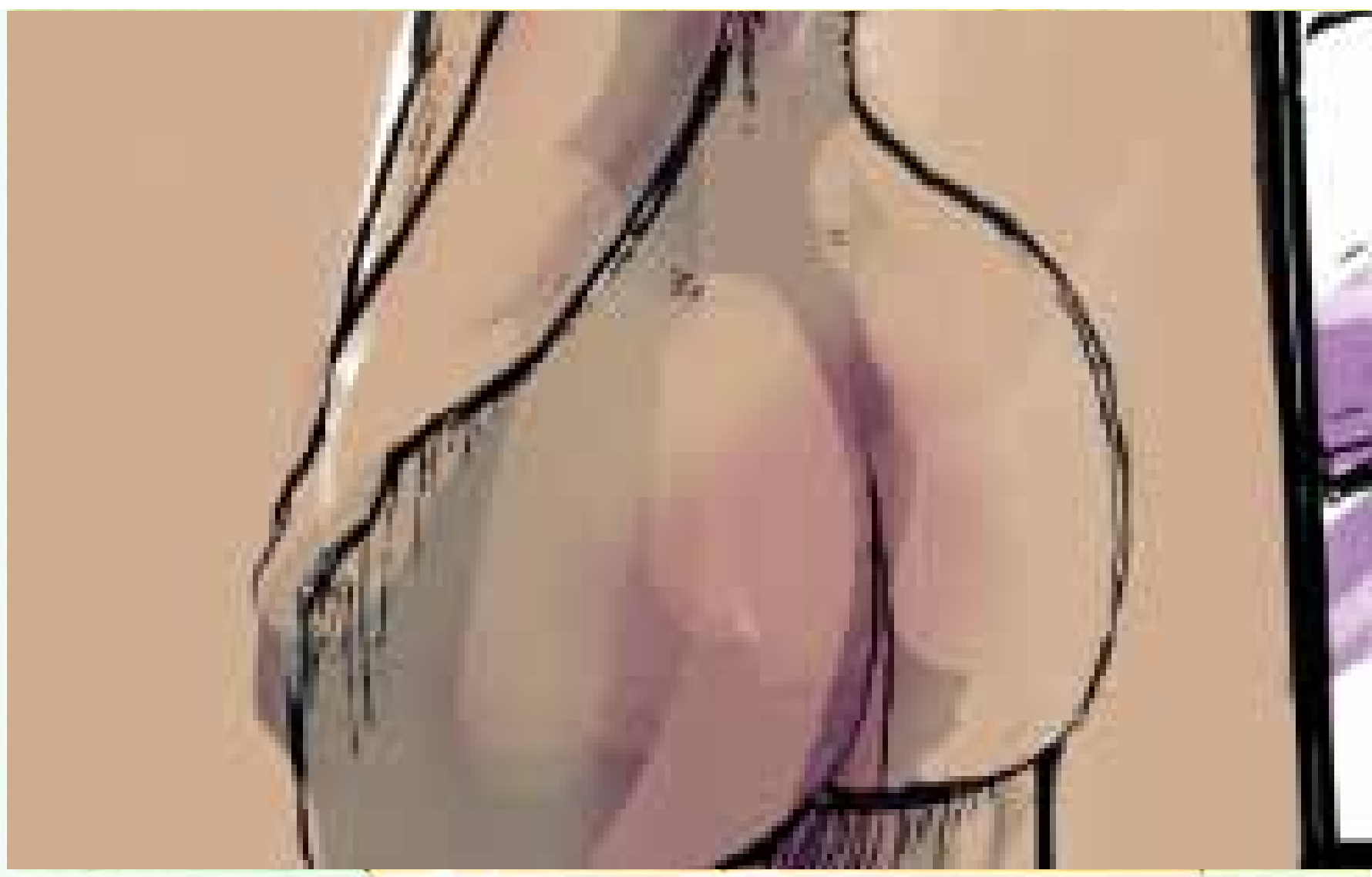




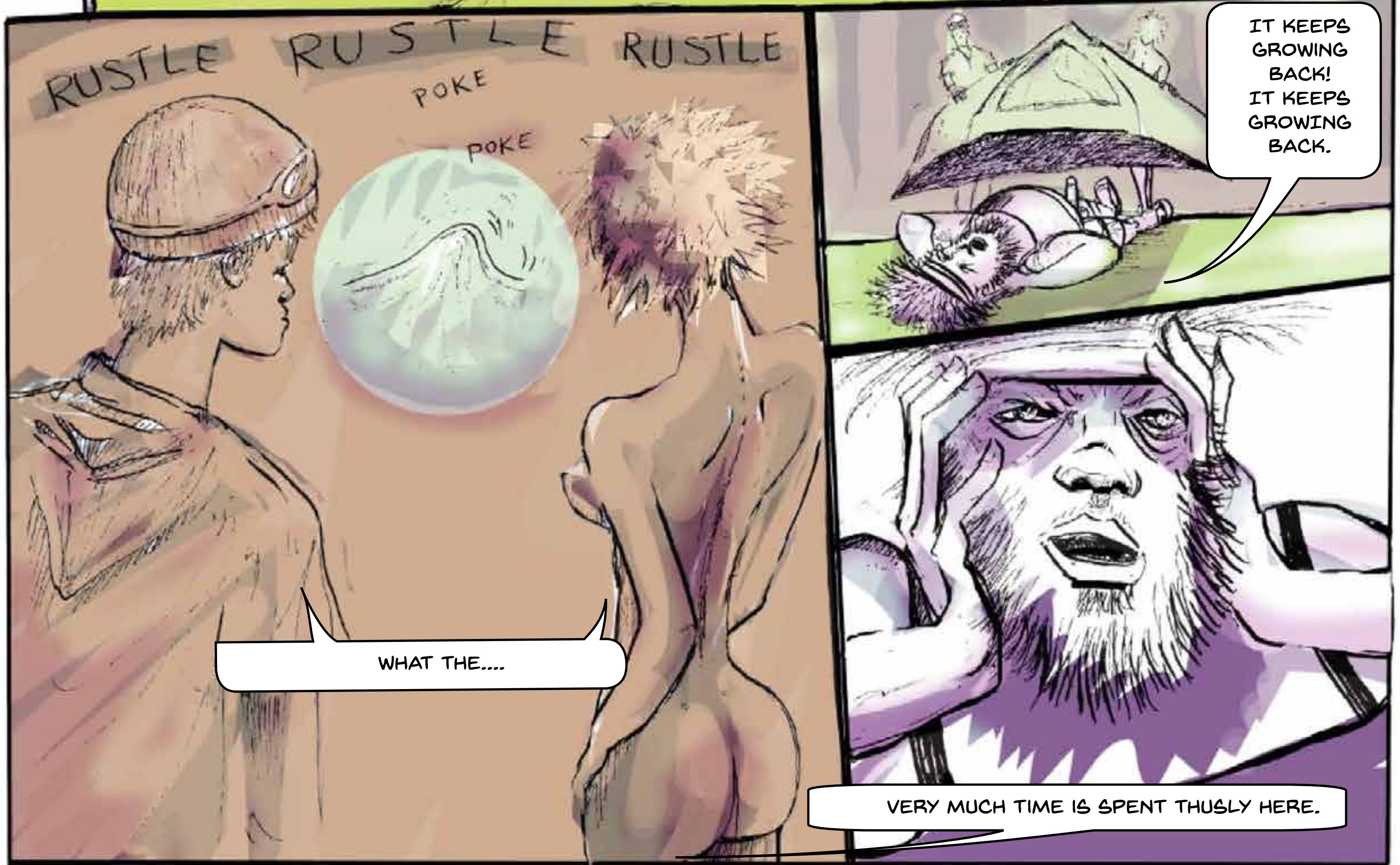
SWEET.













YEAH SURE. WHAT IS IT NOW?

OBSERVE.

SEX SHOW - DUSK

THE NYMPH LEADS DEAL THROUGH A COMPLEX WEAVE OF PEOPLE, A TUNNEL OR LABYRINTH, IF YOU WILL, OF CONTORTED PEOPLE, TOWARDS A PROMINENT VIEW OF ONE CAPTIVATING SHOW ON A STAGE NEARBY.

OBSERVE. WE ALL WANT EACH OTHER IN SUCH A WAY BUT WE NEVER KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS IT TO ANYBODY. HENCE THE HEADLESSNESS.

HOW DO I GET IN?

HOLY FUCK. THAT'S A LOT OF LOVE. I THINK. IN SOME WAY.

YOU ALREADY DID. SOME PEOPLE ALREADY KNOW WE FUCKED. THE EVENT IS PUBLISHED IN THE PORNOGRAPHIC BLOGOSPHERE AND IT'LL BE MENTIONED IN CASUAL CONVERSATION. THIS IS THE NEW MUSIC TO SOME.





HEY, WHICH PORN-  
STARS ARE YOU?

IT'S  
OK.  
GO  
TALK  
TO  
BART.

OH YEAH, HE LOOKS ESPECIALLY  
FUCKED UP.

SORRY ABOUT THAT I...

CAN'T RE-  
MEMBER. I  
WAS WITH MY  
FRIEND. ER...

AS THOUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE SEES THE DROOLING  
INDIVIDUALS AROUND HIM. EVERYONE IS WATCHING A  
FREAKISH ORGY OF HEADLESS BODIES FUCKING.

BLEHHHH....

FUCKING DEAL! AH!  
WELL... I'VE BEEN WATCH-  
ING THIS FOR THE LAST  
23 HOURS...

YOU LOOK A BIT SICKLY.  
HAVE YOU EATEN?

FELLAS. WHAT'S GOING?

WELL, LONG ENOUGH  
FOR MY STOMACH TO  
START CONSUMING  
ITSELF. THE BASTARD...  
STUPID STOMACH!

FUCK!

CAN'T EAT DUDE.  
MED-TENT SAID  
I GOT  
SALMONELLA...  
ON ACID...  
AND PILLS.

WHEN  
DID THAT  
HAPPEN?  
WAIT,  
HOW  
LONG  
HAVE WE  
BEEN  
HERE?

ANYWAY.  
WE'VE  
BEEN  
HERE  
FOR  
WEEKS.  
AWE-  
SOME  
WEEKS.

DON'T TALK  
SHIT. I'M  
GONNA GO  
CHECK SOME  
SHIT OUT.

LET'S HERE NOW WORSHIP  
THE CONSTANTS.

FINE. FINE.

CAN'T REMEMBER. I WAS WITH MY FRIEND. ER...



WHAT'S ALL  
THIS THEN,  
DOLPHIN?

THIS IS  
WHERE WE  
MOTIVATE.  
I'M TO FISH  
TO PLEASE  
THIS WOMAN.

YEAH, I'D PROBABLY BANG  
THE SHIT OUT OF HER.

AH, BUT SHE LOOKS A LITTLE  
ARTIFICIAL, BART. A LITTLE  
AH... INTERCHANGEABLE?

THEY ALWAYS ARE  
UNTIL THEY MEET  
SOMEONE OUTSIDE  
THEIR SITUATION.  
TRUST ME, I'M ABOUT  
TO SHOW HER WHAT THE  
REAL WORLD IS.

AH... WELL...

WHAT'S UP, BROTHER?  
WHAT DO YOU NEED?  
I GOT SOME SHIT.

SHOW ME  
OUT OF THIS  
DEAL.

YOU HAVE  
GOT TO GET  
ME OUT OF  
HERE! I'M  
ADDICTED.

DEAL?...  
HELP  
ME.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
DOLPH? YOU GOT  
EVERYTHING YOU NEED.  
AND SAY, AIN'T YOU  
SUPPOSED TO BE MY  
BODYGUARD? YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO HELP ME.

IT IS MY  
SPIRIT. WHY  
DO CAGED  
ANIMALS  
STAY?

THEY ONLY FEED ME PILLS.  
NIGHT COME NOW, THEY  
LOSE THEIR JAM. I AM  
JUST ANIMAL HERE, DEAL.

THEY FEED THEM OPIATES?

TOLERANCE.



ONE SHOULD EMPHASIZE THE  
HIDDEN TRUTH IN HIS WORDS.

TIME MOVES FASTER THE  
FARTHER YOU GET AWAY  
FROM LOT B. JUST AS  
WELL, THE MORE YOU DO  
A THING, THE LESS YOU  
NOTICE IT.

NOTICE HOW EVERYONE  
SEEMS A BIT OLDER.

I MEAN, LOOK AT BART.



THAT'S MOSTLY  
DUE TO HORREN-  
DOUS AMOUNTS  
OF OXY CON-  
SUMPTION AND  
PROBABLY RAW  
CHICKEN. BUT  
STILL, IT'S BEEN  
ABOUT A YEAR  
OR TWO HERE,  
WHILE ONLY A  
DAY HAS PASSED  
IN LOT B.

HAAR  
RRRRR  
...  
DEEA  
AAA  
LLLL.



HOW? HOW CAN THIS BE?

BECAUSE ETERNIFEST LIVES IN A REVERSE-VORTEX OF HYPER RELATIVITY, OR "IRRELATIVITY." THE FARTHER YOU GET FROM THE CENTER OF LOT B'S GRAVITY, THE FASTER TIME PASSES FOR YOU, WITHOUT YOU, OR FOR THAT MATTER, LOT B, NOTICING.



WELL, HOW DO YOU  
KNOW THEN?

BECAUSE  
TIME IS A  
SENSATION.  
LISTEN  
TO YOUR  
SENSES.



SHIT WE'VE BEEN  
HERE FOR YEARS,  
HAVEN'T WE...?  
AND WE'VE JUST  
BEEN GETTING HIGH!

AH, BUT WHY NOT?  
NO BIG DEAL, DEAL?

IT IS IF YOU GOT SHIT TO DO. DAMN IT, HALF THE PEOPLE HERE  
ARE SO DOPED UP THEY DON'T WANT TO MOVE. THEY JUST  
WATCH SEX AND SEXDOLL DEITIES ALL DAY UNTIL THEY STARVE.



OK.  
SIGH.

HEY MAN, CAN YOU MASSAGE THESE PILLS DOWN MY THROAT? I CAN'T  
SEEM TO CONTRACT MY SWALLOWING MUSCLES THE WAY I USED TO.



BART, COME ON, LET'S GET THE  
FUCK OUT OF HERE.



DEAL. LONG  
TIME NO SEE.



YES, YOU  
FOOL! YOU  
DON'T REAL-  
IZE HOW RIGHT  
YOU ARE BUT  
WE'VE BEEN  
HERE FOR  
YEARS. FEEL  
HOW WE'RE  
SLIGHTLY  
OLDER?

COME TO  
THINK OF IT,  
I'M NOT SURE  
I CAN. I  
GUESS THIS  
PLACE JUST  
AGES YOU...  
SPIRITUAL-  
LY? I DON'T  
FEEL WISER  
THOUGH, LESS  
SO. BUT YOU,  
MY FRIEND...

YOU LOOK LIKE  
A PLASTIC BAG  
THAT'S BEEN  
RUN THROUGH  
A BEAR'S  
RECTUM. NOW  
I'M NOT ONE  
TO STAND IN  
JUDGMENT, BUT  
I CANNOT LET  
OUR SOULS  
DIE IN SUCH A  
MANNER.

HAW HAW. YER FUNNY DEAL, BUT I GOT A  
NEW BUDDY NOW, HIS NAME IS DOLPHIN AND  
I'M JUST GONNA STAY HERE AND FEEL  
AWESOME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH HIM.

I'M A PRISONER  
HERE WITH HIM. HE  
SMELLS. PLEASE  
HELP ME.

LISTEN MAN, YOU GOTTA HELP  
YOURSELF OUT OF THIS MESS,  
I CAN'T MAKE YOU CHANGE.



IF IT'S NOT WORTH A  
TRY, NOW FUCK US.



AH... NO...



NOT MANY THINGS BETTER THAN GETTING DOPED UP AND FUCKING AROUND  
FOR YEARS AT A TIME. WHAT COULD BE BETTER? WHAT... COULD BE...  
BETTER THAN GETTING HIGH AND BANGING?

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE



CLACKCLACKITY  
CLACK CLACK  
CLACK CLACK



AN  
ENORMOUS  
BACKFIRE  
FROM THE  
PILL-POP-  
PING MACHINE  
CREATES A  
SPECTACULAR  
EXPLOSION  
AND SENDS



A COLOR-  
FUL PLUME  
OF OPIATE  
PARTICLES  
WAFING  
OUTWARDS  
LIKE FAIRY  
DUST.

BOOBIES!

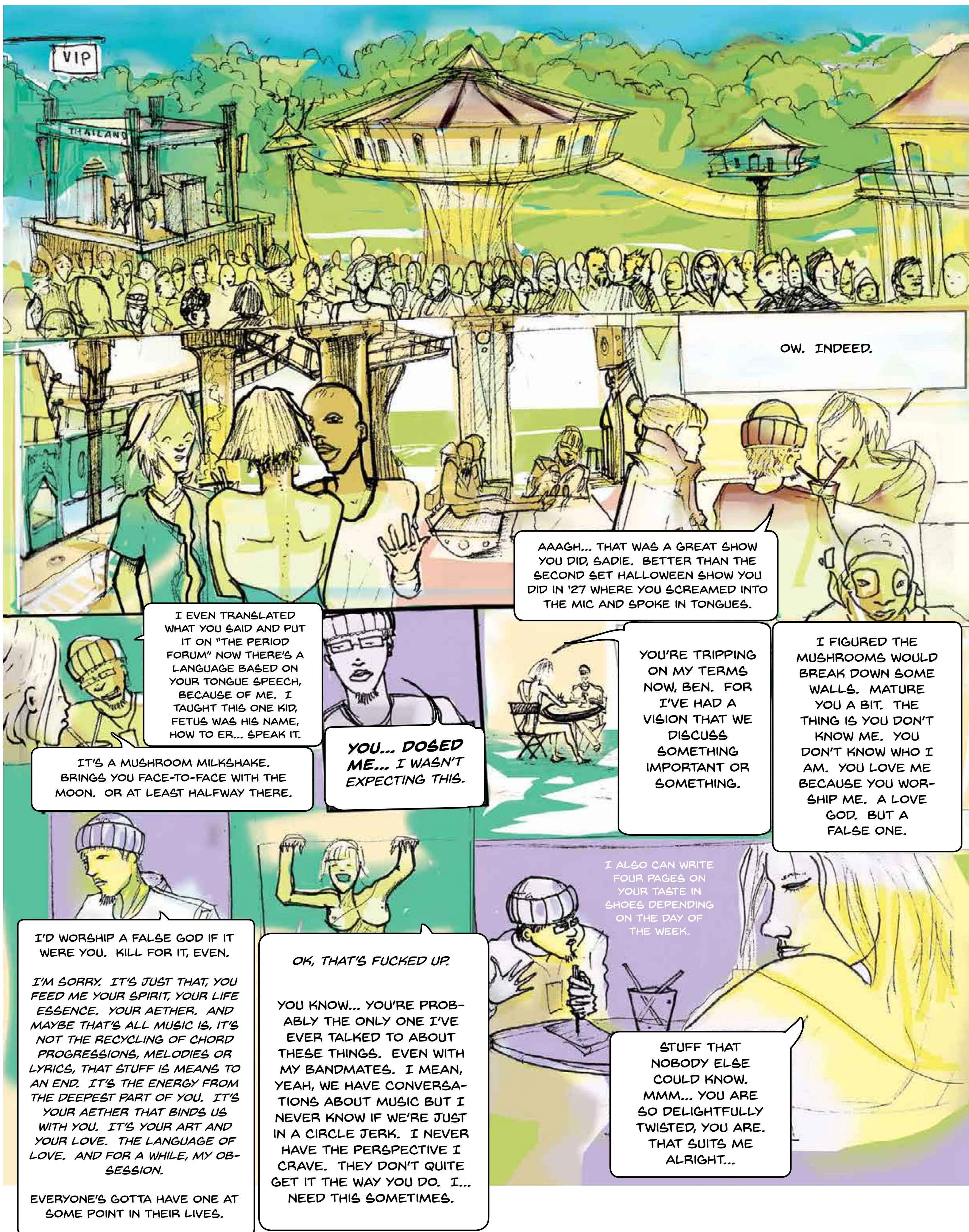
NO!



DESPITE THE  
MACHINE  
TEMPORARILY  
BREAKING,  
THERE'S AN  
ULULATION OF  
APPROVAL IN THE  
CROWD, WHICH  
NOTICEABLY  
PIQUES DEAL'S  
INTEREST.

A BIG BANG.  
HELL! A BIGGER BANG!  
WE'RE GONNA SHOW 'EM  
SOMETHING IRRESISTIBLE.





OW. INDEED.

AAAGH... THAT WAS A GREAT SHOW YOU DID, SADIE. BETTER THAN THE SECOND SET HALLOWEEN SHOW YOU DID IN '27 WHERE YOU SCREAMED INTO THE MIC AND SPOKE IN TONGUES.

I EVEN TRANSLATED WHAT YOU SAID AND PUT IT ON "THE PERIOD FORUM" NOW THERE'S A LANGUAGE BASED ON YOUR TONGUE SPEECH, BECAUSE OF ME. I TAUGHT THIS ONE KID, FETUS WAS HIS NAME, HOW TO ER... SPEAK IT.

IT'S A MUSHROOM MILKSHAKE. BRINGS YOU FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE MOON. OR AT LEAST HALFWAY THERE.

**YOU... DOSED ME... I WASN'T EXPECTING THIS.**

YOU'RE TRIPPING ON MY TERMS NOW, BEN. FOR I'VE HAD A VISION THAT WE DISCUSS SOMETHING IMPORTANT OR SOMETHING.

I FIGURED THE MUSHROOMS WOULD BREAK DOWN SOME WALLS. MATURE YOU A BIT. THE THING IS YOU DON'T KNOW ME. YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM. YOU LOVE ME BECAUSE YOU WORSHIP ME. A LOVE GOD. BUT A FALSE ONE.

I'D WORSHIP A FALSE GOD IF IT WERE YOU. KILL FOR IT, EVEN.

I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST THAT, YOU FEED ME YOUR SPIRIT, YOUR LIFE ESSENCE. YOUR AETHER. AND MAYBE THAT'S ALL MUSIC IS, IT'S NOT THE RECYCLING OF CHORD PROGRESSIONS, MELODIES OR LYRICS, THAT STUFF IS MEANS TO AN END. IT'S THE ENERGY FROM THE DEEPEST PART OF YOU. IT'S YOUR AETHER THAT BINDS US WITH YOU. IT'S YOUR ART AND YOUR LOVE. THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE. AND FOR A WHILE, MY OBSESSION.

EVERYONE'S GOTTA HAVE ONE AT SOME POINT IN THEIR LIVES.

OK, THAT'S FUCKED UP.

YOU KNOW... YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE I'VE EVER TALKED TO ABOUT THESE THINGS. EVEN WITH MY BANDMATES. I MEAN, YEAH, WE HAVE CONVERSATIONS ABOUT MUSIC BUT I NEVER KNOW IF WE'RE JUST IN A CIRCLE JERK. I NEVER HAVE THE PERSPECTIVE I CRAVE. THEY DON'T QUITE GET IT THE WAY YOU DO. I... NEED THIS SOMETIMES.

I ALSO CAN WRITE FOUR PAGES ON YOUR TASTE IN SHOES DEPENDING ON THE DAY OF THE WEEK.

STUFF THAT NOBODY ELSE COULD KNOW. MMM... YOU ARE SO DELIGHTFULLY TWISTED, YOU ARE. THAT SUITS ME ALRIGHT...









WHAT'S ON TODAY'S SCHEDULE FOR HUMILIATION?

I'M BUILDING A HAPPY BOMB.

YOU'VE BEEN WORKING HARD. WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A PILL?

WELL, I SUPPOSE I'VE EARNED A LITTLE BIT OF...

WAIT! NO! THIS IS THE WHOLE REASON I'M DOING THIS. I GOTTA SNAP OUTTA IT SOMEHOW. MAYBE SNAP DOLPHIN AND BART TOO. OUT OF... "IRRELEVANT TIME."



HMMM.

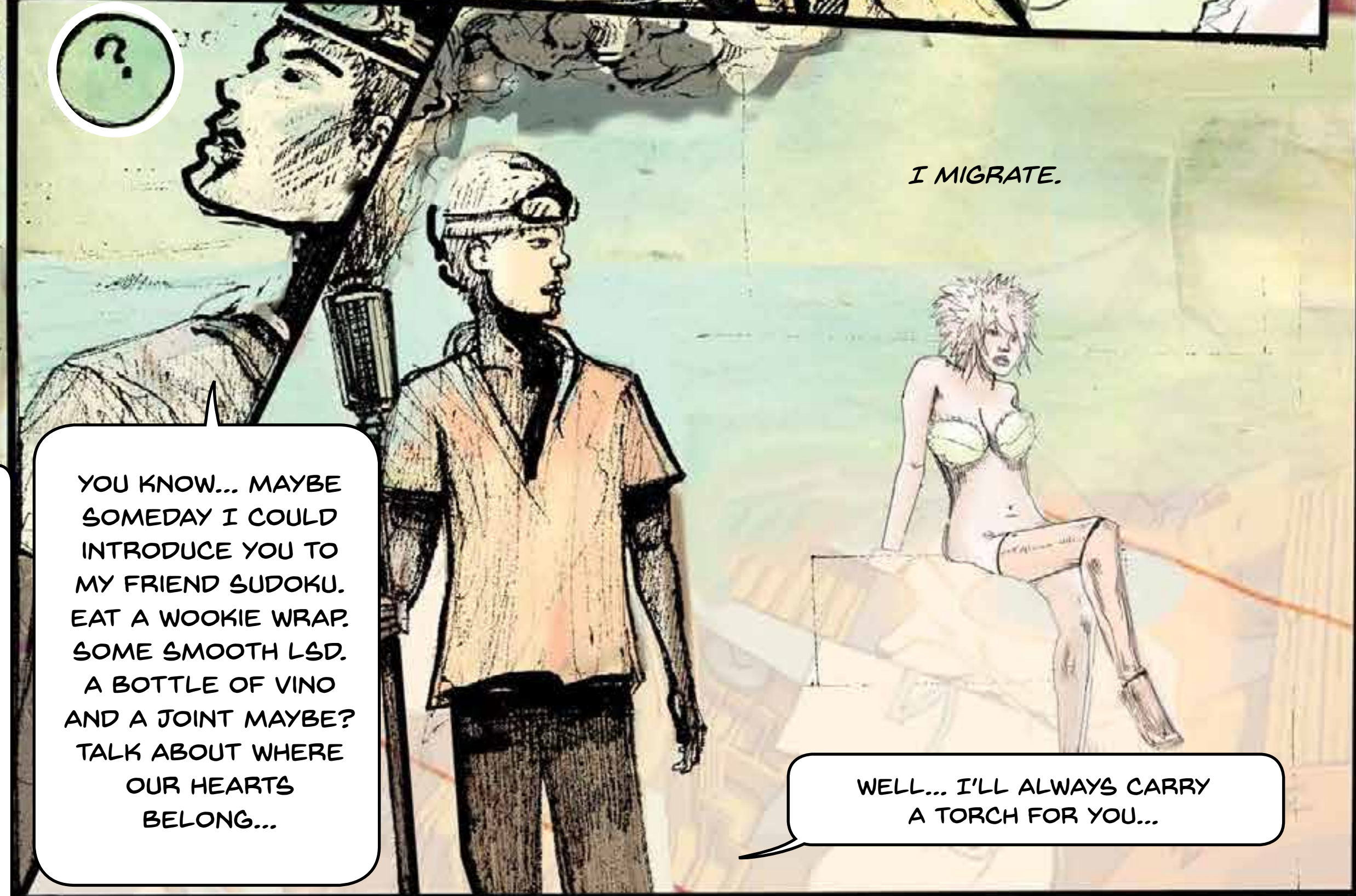


AND THEN MAYBE I CAN FIND A WAY TO SNAP YOU OUT OF IT TOO. SHIT, YOU'D THINK AS THE NYMPH OF LOT B, YOU WOULD HAVE STAYED IN LOT B.



YOU KNOW... MAYBE SOMEDAY I COULD INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FRIEND SUDOKU. EAT A WOOKIE WRAP. SOME SMOOTH LSD. A BOTTLE OF VINO AND A JOINT MAYBE? TALK ABOUT WHERE OUR HEARTS BELONG...

I MIGRATE.

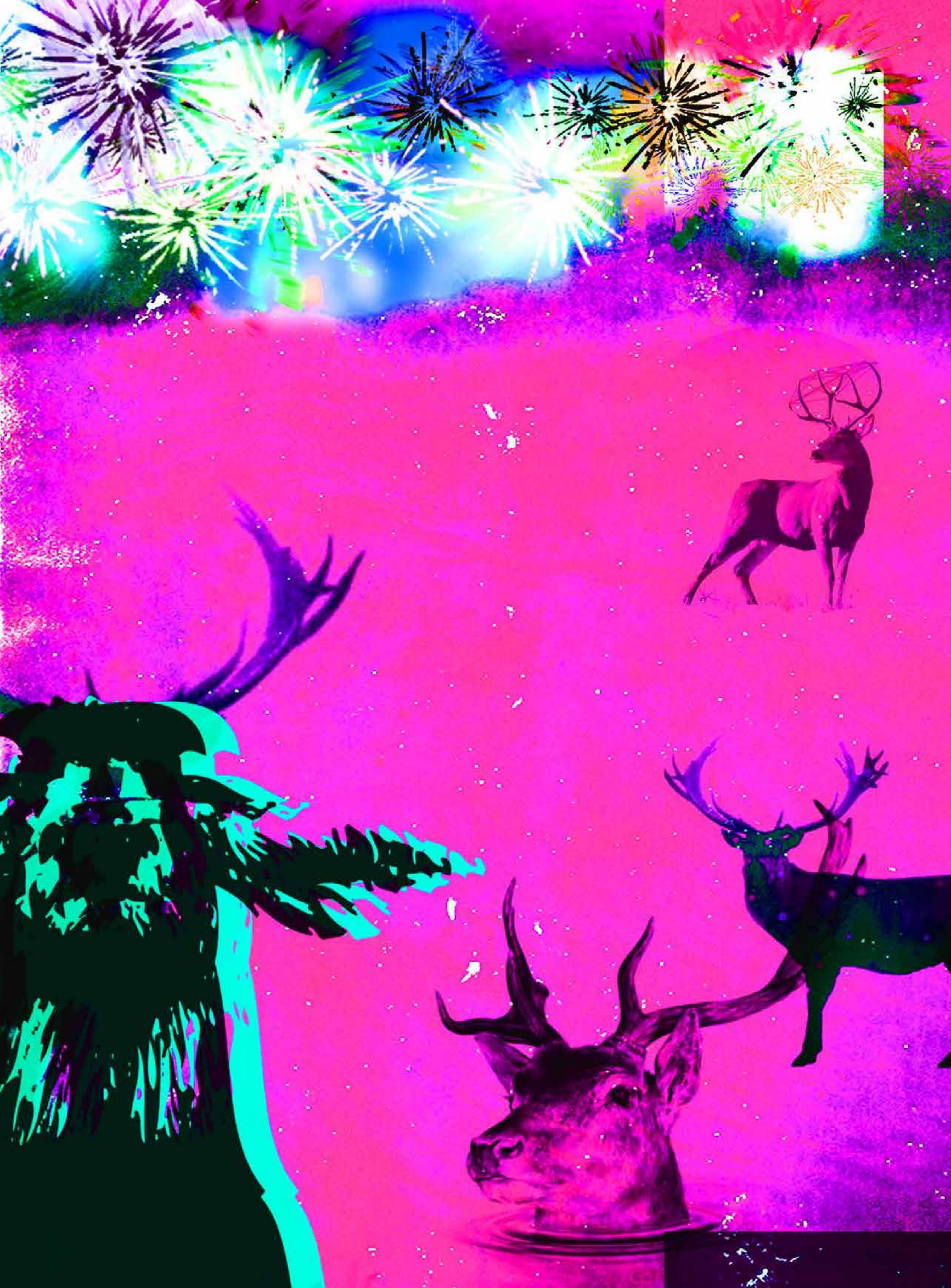


WELL... I'LL ALWAYS CARRY A TORCH FOR YOU...





















OH, LOOK AT THAT.  
SOME, KIND OF,  
FLASHING LIGHT  
OUT THERE.  
MAYBE IT'S A UFO?



MUST BE FIREWORKS  
SOMEWHERE... I  
WONDER HOW MUCH  
TIME IT TAKES THEIR  
LIGHT TO REACH US.  
PROBABLY  
IRRELEVANT. FAR  
AND AWAY FROM US...

SADIE... DEAL'S IN  
DEEP WITH THE NI-  
TROUS MAFIA. HE  
CRUSHED AN ENTIRE  
SHIPMENT OF GAS BY  
ACCIDENT.

I'M WELL AWARE. GOOD  
FOR THE BANDS, BAD FOR  
HIM. IS HE DEAD YET?



NOT THAT I  
KNOW OF. HE  
FLED TO THE  
EDGE OF  
ETERNIFEST.  
I'M NOT SURE  
HOW TO HELP  
HIM. MAYBE  
WE SHOULDA  
MADE A STAND.

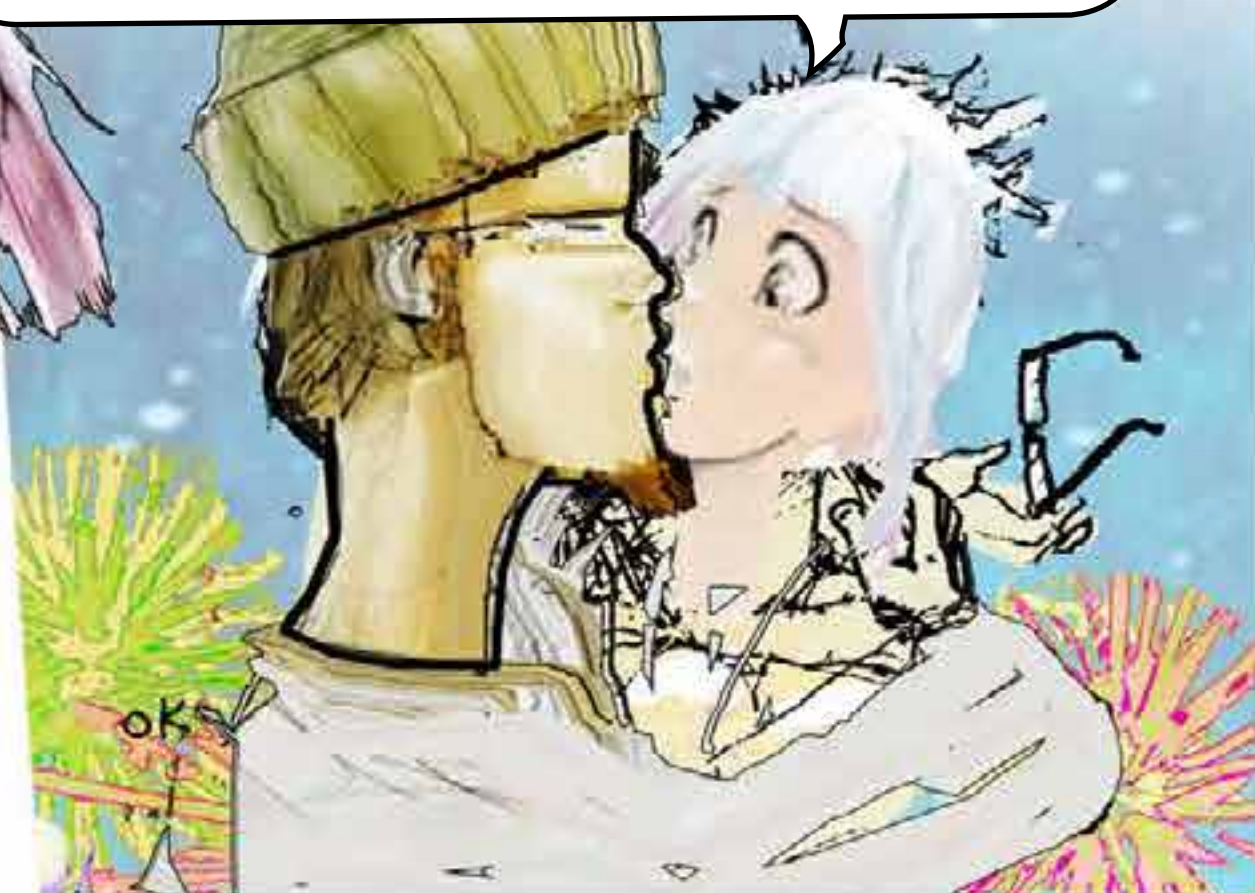
INSPIRING, BUT HE HAD  
TO DO WHAT WAS RIGHT  
FOR HIS CAMPSITE. HELL  
SOMETIMES YOU JUST  
GOTTA DO WHAT'S FOR THE  
GREATER GOOD. HARD TO  
FIGURE THAT OUT THOUGH,  
ISN'T IT? SHIT I'VE GOT  
THIS FAR OFF GIG MY  
BAND WANTS TO GO TO  
BUT I'M JUST NOT UP  
FOR IT. WAS THINKING OF  
BREAKING UP THE BAND.



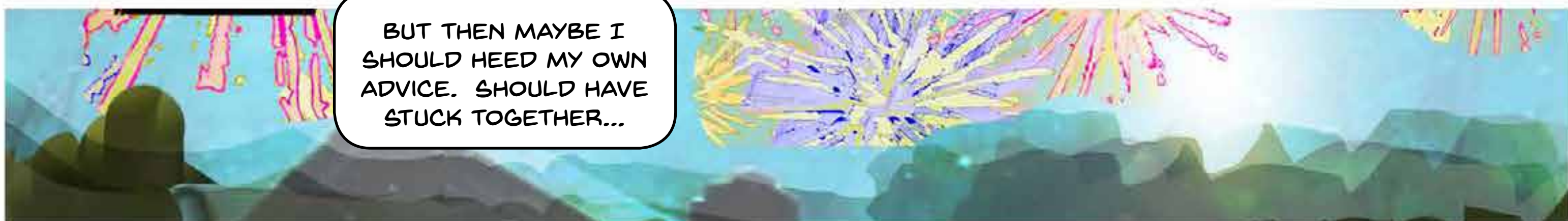
WE'LL DON'T DO THAT. A  
BAND'S GOTTA STICK TO-  
GETHER FOR EACH OTH-  
ER, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE  
IN AGONY OR APART. IF  
MUSIC IS THE LANGUAGE  
OF LOVE AND LOVE IS  
PAIN THEN YOU'VE GOT TO  
SHARE IT WITH US SO WE  
KNOW WE'RE NOT ALONE.  
THEN IT'S NOT PAIN AT ALL,  
ANYMORE. STICK WITH  
THE BAND, GO PLAY THE  
FAR AWAY GIG, EVEN IF IT  
SUCKS. DO WHATEVER  
YOU CAN SO THAT YOU CAN  
SAVE US FROM MAKING  
THE SAME MISTAKES.



JUST THINK OF US IN A DREAM, BEN. ALL  
OF US TOGETHER IN A GLORIOUS, SHARED  
DREAMSCAPE. ETERNIFEST MAY BE BIG BUT  
HE WON'T HAVE TO RUN FOREVER.



BUT THEN MAYBE I  
SHOULD HEED MY OWN  
ADVICE. SHOULD HAVE  
STUCK TOGETHER...





DEAL AND DOLPHIN ARE RUNNING THROUGH THE PANICKED CROWD OF DOPERS, BATTLING IT OUT WITH ENRAGED ELK. DOLPHIN PROTECTS DEAL.



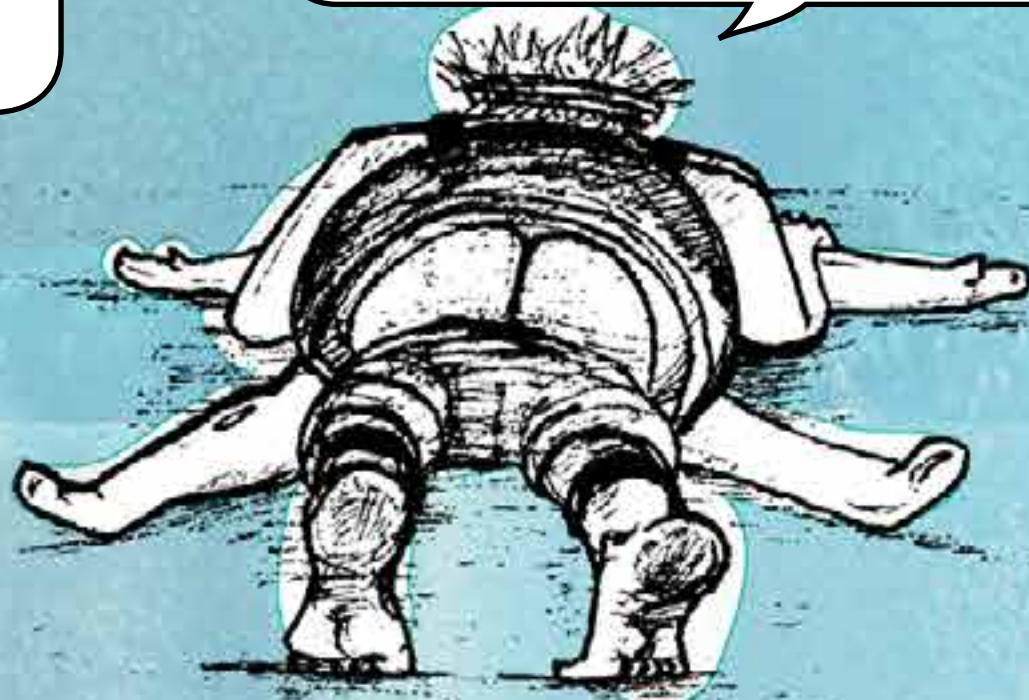




MMM  
MM.

YEAH, YEAH... TIME TO  
UNWIND AFTER YOUR BIG  
SHOW. AW, YEAH. YEAH.

AW, YEAH. YEAH.  
NO! NO! YEAH.



YEAH...

HE'S FUCKING OUR  
SACRED DJ!

UH. NO, HE'S  
NOT.

NOW PEOPLE ARE UPSET.

HEY! BART...  
STOP THAT NOW!



COME ON, BART. WE'VE GOT TO  
GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

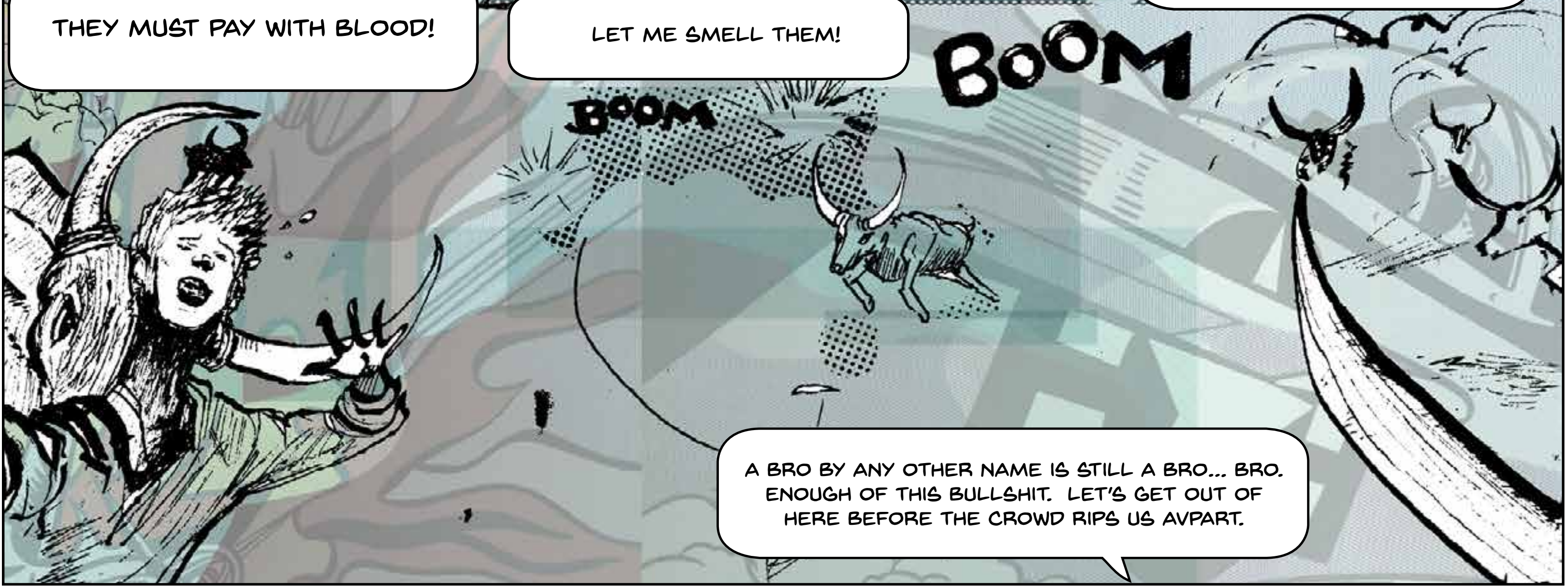


OH NO. THE  
SACRED DJ.

THEY MUST PAY WITH BLOOD!

LET ME SMELL THEM!

SURE THING, BRO. OR SHOULD  
I SAY... ESKIMO BRO?



A BRO BY ANY OTHER NAME IS STILL A BRO... BRO.  
ENOUGH OF THIS BULLSHIT. LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE BEFORE THE CROWD RIPS US AVPART.











DJ JONES' TOWER

WATCHING THE GLOW OF THE FIRES SPARKED FAR AND AWAY, DJ JONES ENTERS A TRANCELIKE STATE, STANDING AS THOUGH CONDUCTING THE BOREALIS IN THE NIGHT SKY. RANDALL, PERHAPS STILL RECOVERING FROM HIS ACID TRIP, WATCHES FROM THE STAIRCASE.



WHY'D WE SEND THEM OUT THERE, JONES? WHY'D WE FEED 'EM TO THE DEVILS WE DON'T KNOW?

WHEN THE DEVIL IS FIENDING SOMETIMES IT'S BEST TO GIVE HIM A HOT DOSE.

IS THAT WHAT WE DID? WE BANISHED HIM JUST TO FEED HIM OUR KIDS?



I ONLY KNOW BART THROUGH YOU, AND I BARELY KNEW THAT DEAL BOY... THEY'RE NOT OUR KIDS, RANDALL.

NUH-YEARR, WELL, THEY SEEMED TO FIT IN AROUND HERE.

NUH-YEARR, WELL AGAIN, I GUESS I'VE JUST NEVER SEEN THINGS LIKE THIS.



YOU REALLY BELIEVE I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK I'M DOIN UP HERE, MAN?

I'VE LITERALLY NOT SEEN THEM. APPEARANCES AREN'T EVERYTHING, IN FACT THEY'RE JUST THE TWISTS AND TURNS OF TINY LITTLE THINGS. AND SOMETIMES A RAY OR TWO MAKES A WRONG TURN.

TO ILLUMINATE WHAT SORT OF DAY? THAT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND.

BUT THE GRAND OLD SPARK MUST CARRY ON SOMEHOW. RIGHT?



WE NEVER COULD, RANDALL. WHAT'S COMING, IS COMING.

YEP. TOMORROW MORNING.

WE CAN'T HELP IT, I GUESS.

TOMORROW MORNING. THE TOADS ARRIVE.



MERCHANTS SETUP OUTSIDE OF JONES' TOWER





AT THE BASE OF JONES' TOWER, JONES AND RANDALL GREET A FEW TOAD TRADERS, AS WELL AS DJ POLYP. THE TRADERS TALK WITH JONES BEFORE A WALL OF TOADS IN AQUARIUMS.



TOAD FEASTING ON THE BORRACHERO FLOWER.



NICE TOADS.

THANK YOU. IT'S A PLEASURE SEEING YOU AGAIN, JONES. THE LAST TIME YOU WANTED A COLORADO RIVER TOAD YOU AND I WERE PLAYING CAT'S CRADLE IN THE ORGY VAN RIDING DOWN THE HIGHWAY OF THE GREAT DIVIDE.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS.

HA HA! YES. THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHY YOU'D WANT SO MANY. AND WHY FEED THEM THE BORRACHERO FLOWER THUSLY?

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT STUFF IS POISONOUS? PLUCKED STRAIGHT FROM THE "DRUNKEN BINGE TREE." WHO KNOWS WHAT IT'LL DO TO THEM.

WELL, YES. BUT Y'SEE...



HOW I DIDDLE MY TOADS IS MY BUSINESS. THE PEOPLE I WORK FOR DON'T NEED TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS.

OH? PEOPLE WORK IN ETERNIFEST NOW?

ONLY FOR A "HIGHER" PURPOSE, MAN. NO EXCUSE FOR NOT KNOWING. DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ETERNIFEST?

I KNOW I DON'T LIKE CATCHING TOADS AND PICKING FLOWERS FOR PEOPLE OTHER THAN JONES.

AND JONES DOES IT FOR ME. DJ POLYP. YOU MAY KNOW MY MUSIC.

I KNOW THAT IT'S EXCREMENT.

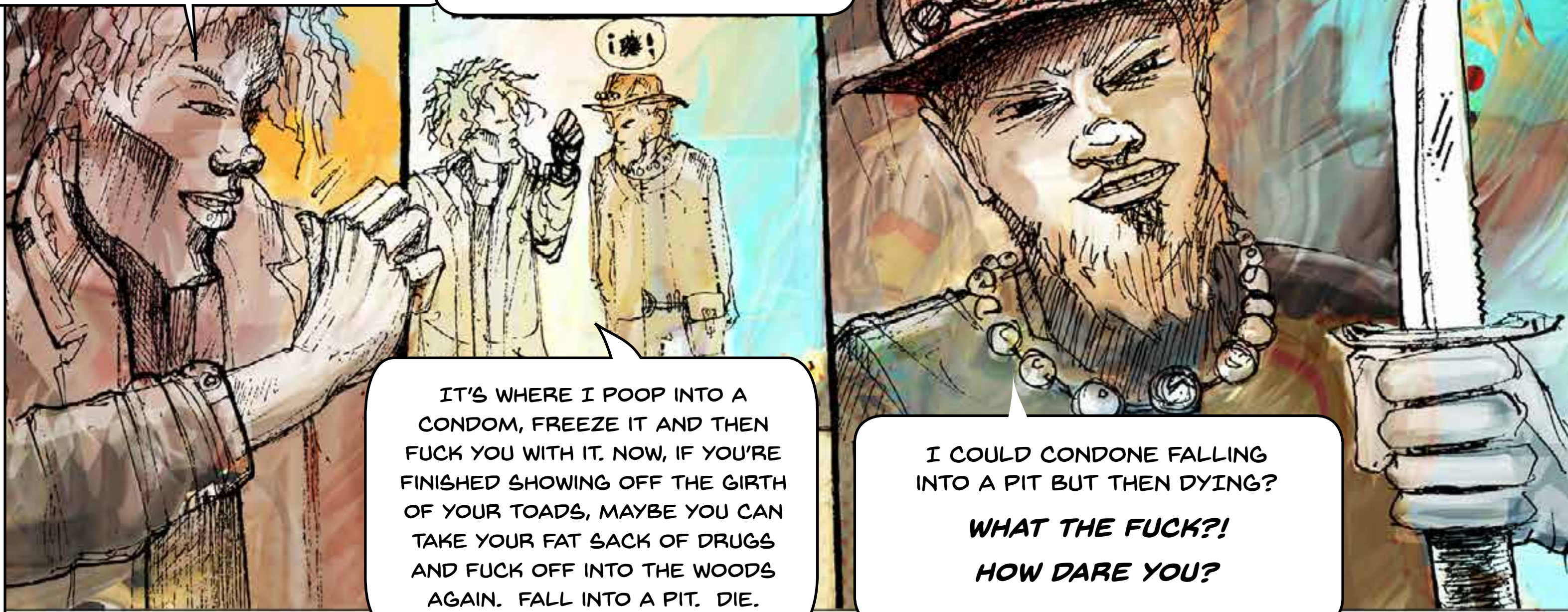
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN EXCREMENT UNTIL I SHOW YOU THE "ALASKAN PIPELINE."

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

IT'S WHERE I POOP INTO A CONDOM, FREEZE IT AND THEN FUCK YOU WITH IT. NOW, IF YOU'RE FINISHED SHOWING OFF THE GIRTH OF YOUR TOADS, MAYBE YOU CAN TAKE YOUR FAT SACK OF DRUGS AND FUCK OFF INTO THE WOODS AGAIN. FALL INTO A PIT. DIE.

I COULD CONDONE FALLING INTO A PIT BUT THEN DYING?

**WHAT THE FUCK?!  
HOW DARE YOU?**







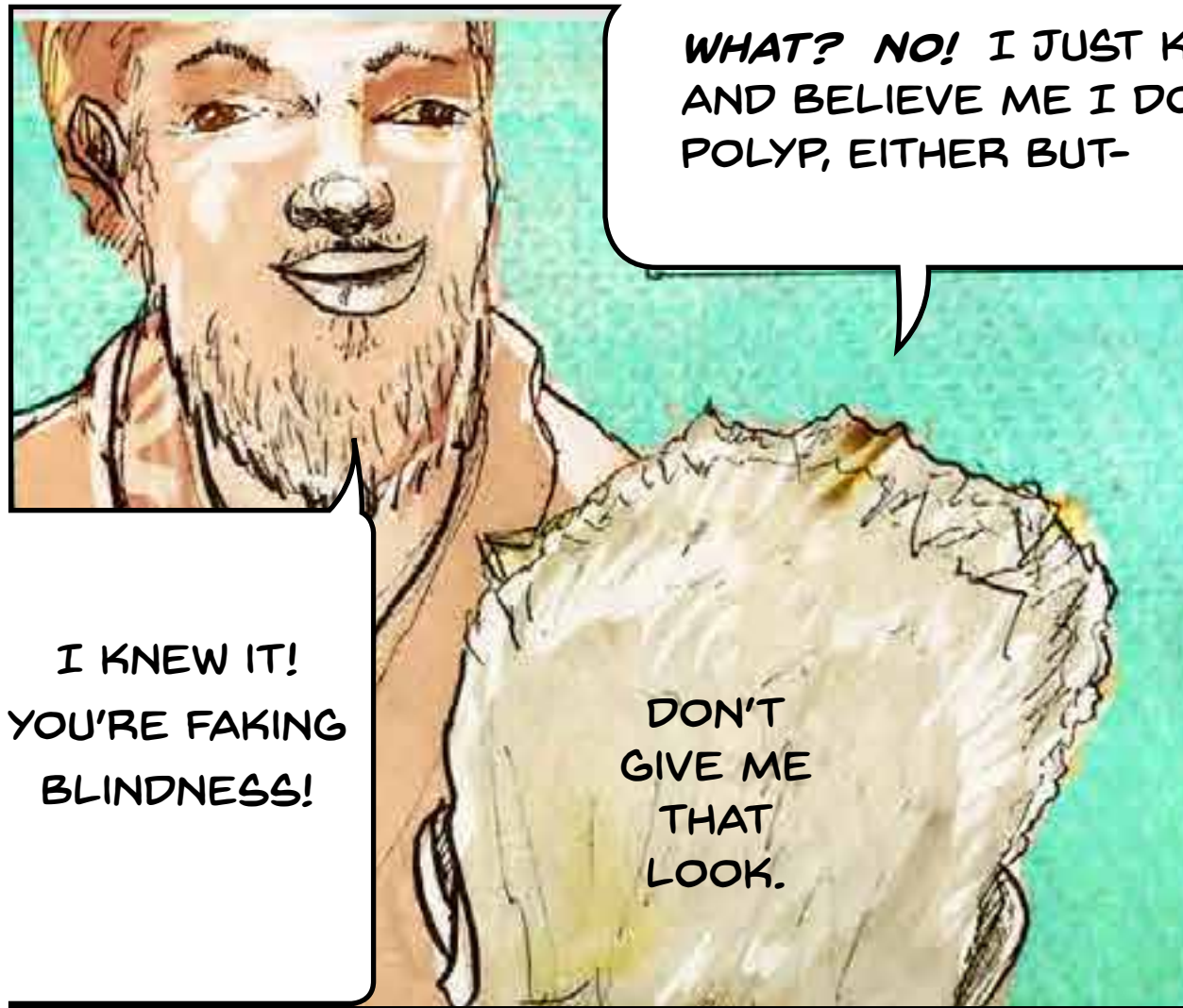
BECAUSE I'M DARING.



WELL, ALL PLEASANTRIES  
ASIDE, I'M SURE WE'RE  
ALL VERY BUSY.



THAT WE ARE.  
GOOD LUCK  
JONES. I HOPE  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING.



I KNEW IT!  
YOU'RE FAKING  
BLINDNESS!

DON'T  
GIVE ME  
THAT  
LOOK.

WHAT? NO! I JUST KNOW YOU TOO WELL.  
AND BELIEVE ME I DON'T TRUST THIS GUY,  
POLYP, EITHER BUT-



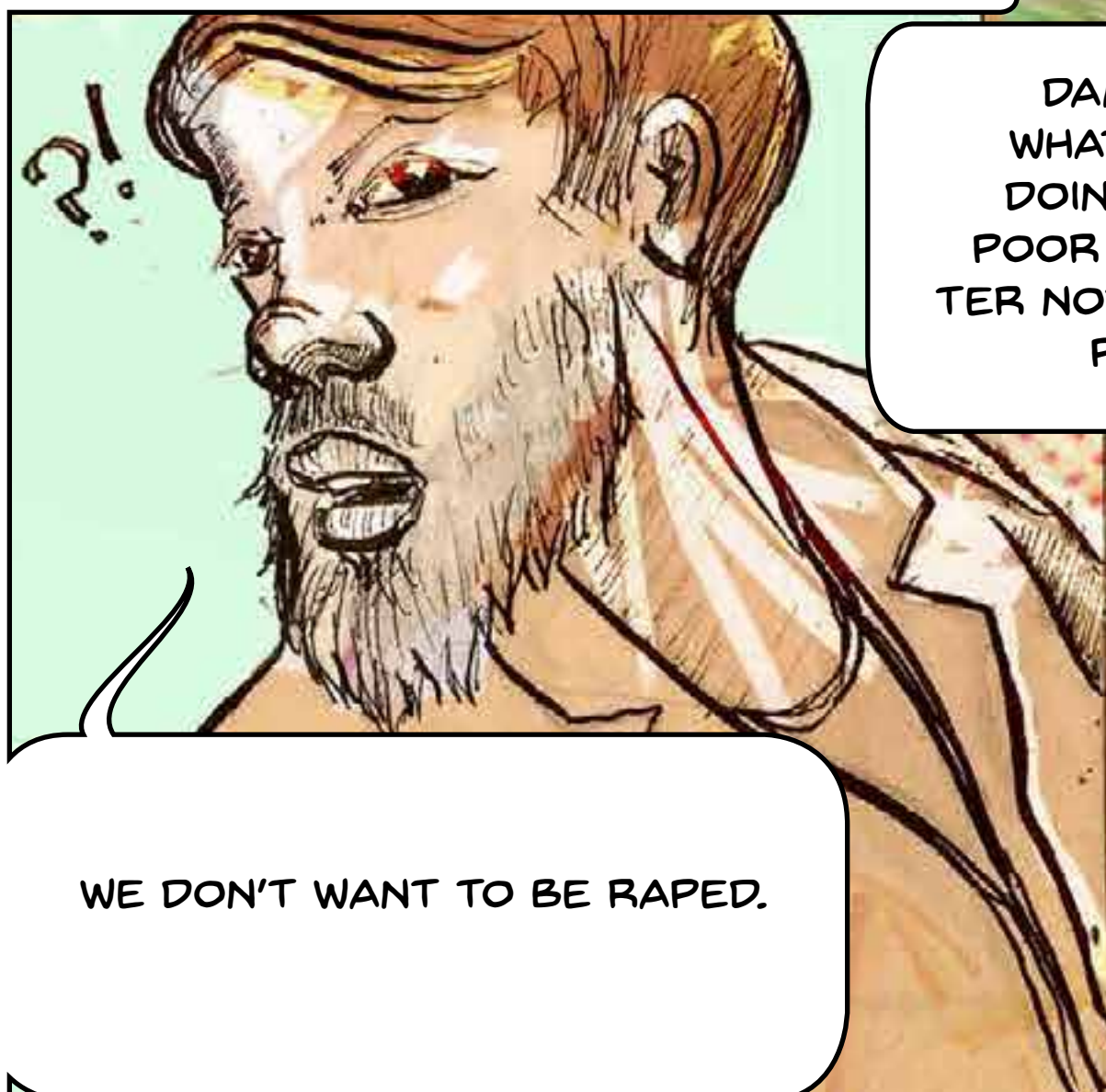
I'M RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.  
WHAT WERE YOU GOING  
TO SAY?



EEK! SHIT!



AH, WHAT-  
EVER... YOU  
SENILE, OLD  
BASTARDS. IF  
I CATCH YOU  
GUYS FUCKING  
AROUND BE-  
HIND MY BACK,  
WELL, I'LL  
FUCK AROUND  
BEHIND YOURS.



WE DON'T WANT TO BE RAPED.

DAMN YOU, SIR.  
WHATEVER YOU'RE  
DOING WITH THESE  
POOR CRITTERS BET-  
TER NOT BE CRUEL OR...  
PERVERSE.



ARRRIGHT. BUT YOU WILL  
HAVE TO FACE SOME SORT  
OF INDIGNITY.



I FACE  
INDIGNITY.  
EVERY.  
FUCKING.  
DAY...

I BELIEVE YOU.





UH OH. I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THINGS THAT ARE WET AND SQUISHY.

WHOA. THERE ARE A LOT OF TOADS HERE.



THERE ARE NOW. AND THEY'RE GOING TO BE YOUR SECRET INGREDIENT.



HOW?

YOU FIGURE IT OUT. HERE'S SOME INTEL.



THIS IS INSANE. YOU WANT ME TO MAKE AN INHALANT COMPOUND BASED ON SCOPOLAMINE, 5-MEO-DMT AND BUFOTENIN?



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

DEVIL'S BREATH AND TOAD JUICE. THIS WHOLE RECIPE IS NONSENSICAL.



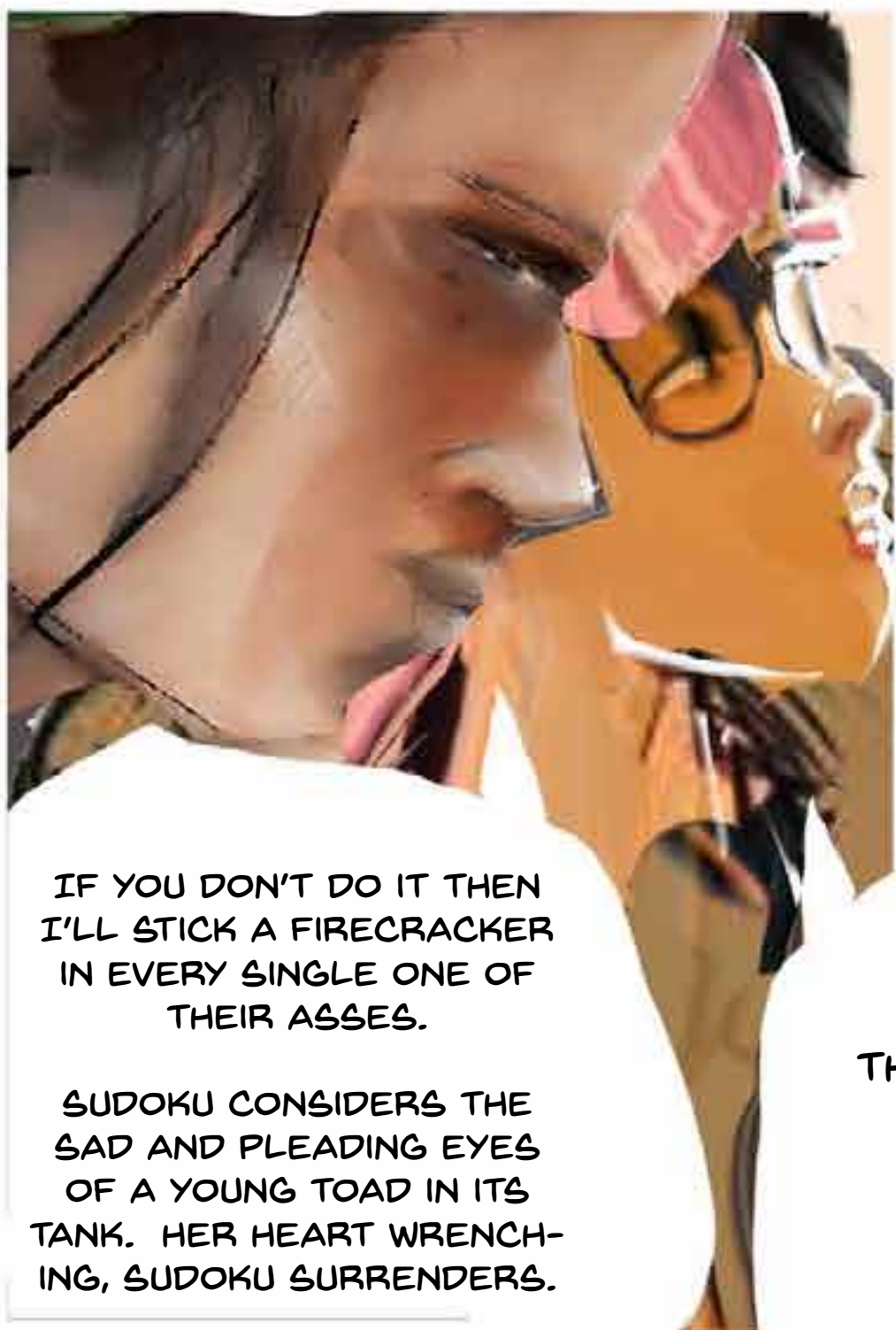
I WON'T DO IT.

YOU DO KNOW THAT DEVIL'S BREATH IS LIKE A DATE RAPE DRUG FOR ZOMBIES.



AND THEN SOME. MY DAD'S IDEA. THAT LITTLE CONCOCTION IS GONNA BE HUGE ON SHAKEDOWN STREET.

THERE'S A BONUS!



IF YOU DON'T DO IT THEN I'LL STICK A FIRECRACKER IN EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEIR ASSES.  
  
SUDOKU CONSIDERS THE SAD AND PLEADING EYES OF A YOUNG TOAD IN ITS TANK. HER HEART WRENCHING, SUDOKU SURRENDERS.



MAKE SURE THAT YOU DO.

DON'T SLAUGHTER THEM! I CAN EXTRACT THE TOXIN WITHOUT KILLING THEM.



AND THEN WE'RE GONNA MIX IT UP, LIKE I WANT TO.

YOUR BUDDY BLEW A BIG, IMPORTANT SHIPMENT FOR ME. I DO DECLARE THAT THIS WOULD MAKE THINGS "EVEN STEVEN."

I SEE POSSIBILITIES HERE. AND THE GREAT "POWERS THAT BE" SAW FIT TO SHARE THAT POWER WITH US. YOU'VE JUST GOT TO USE IT.





ASSHOLE!

WHOA. YOU MIGHT BE GETTING  
A LITTLE TOO DEEP FOR  
YOURSELF THERE, HOMBRE.

YOUR  
GENERATION'S  
GREED HAS  
BEEN PASSED  
ON TOO LONG  
THROUGH THIS  
COSMIC  
WATERWHEEL.



I HAD A COUSIN  
LIKE YOU ONCE.  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM?

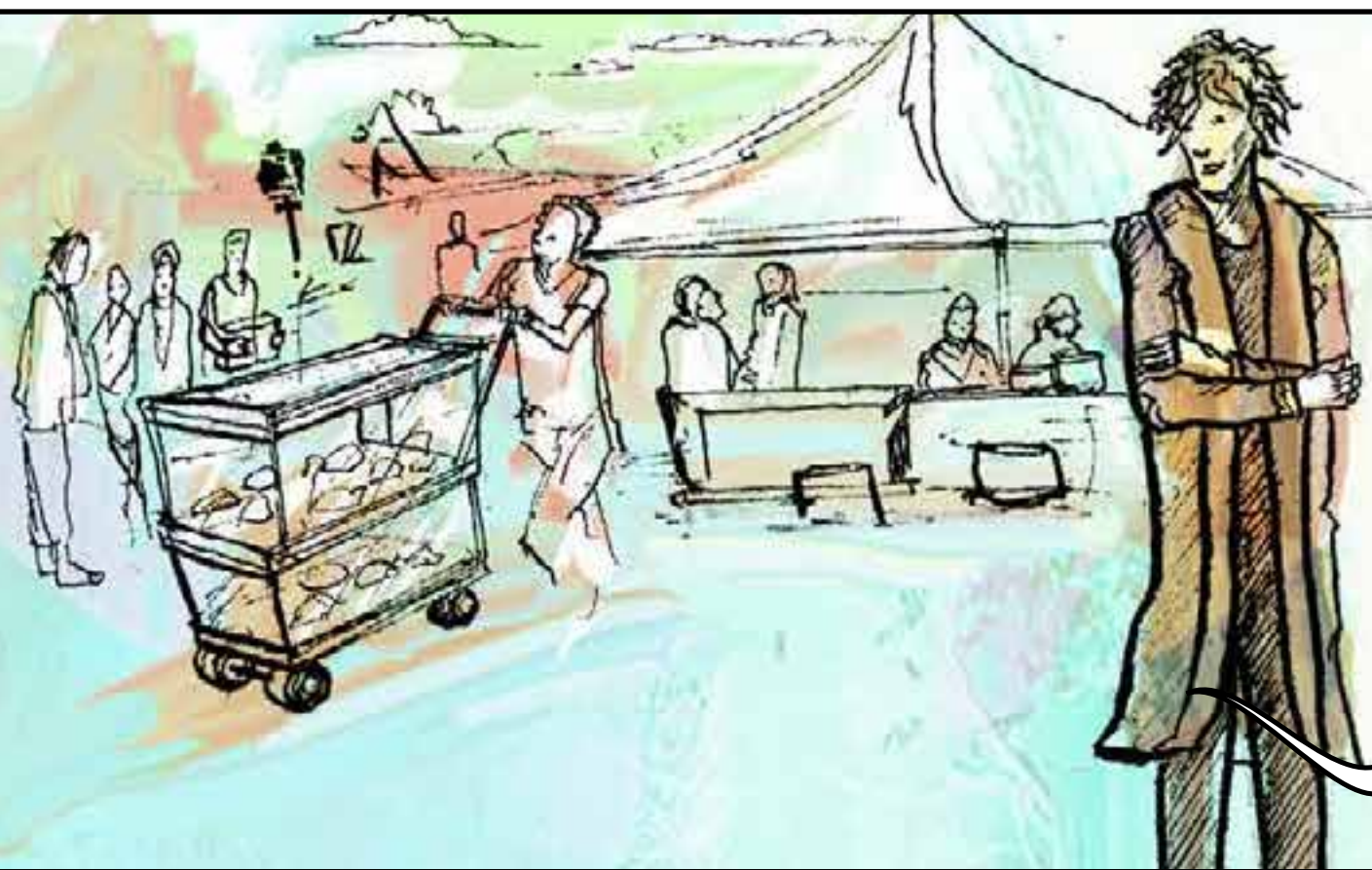
WHAT?



HE GOT SO DRUNK ONE DAY THAT  
HE PUKED. HE THREW UP SO MUCH  
ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR THAT HE  
SLIPPED ON THE TILE, CRACKED HIS  
SKULL OPEN ON THE TOILET, AND  
BROKE HIS ASS SO BAD THAT HE  
SHAT HIS PANTS AND THEN DIED!



SAVE IT OLD MAN.



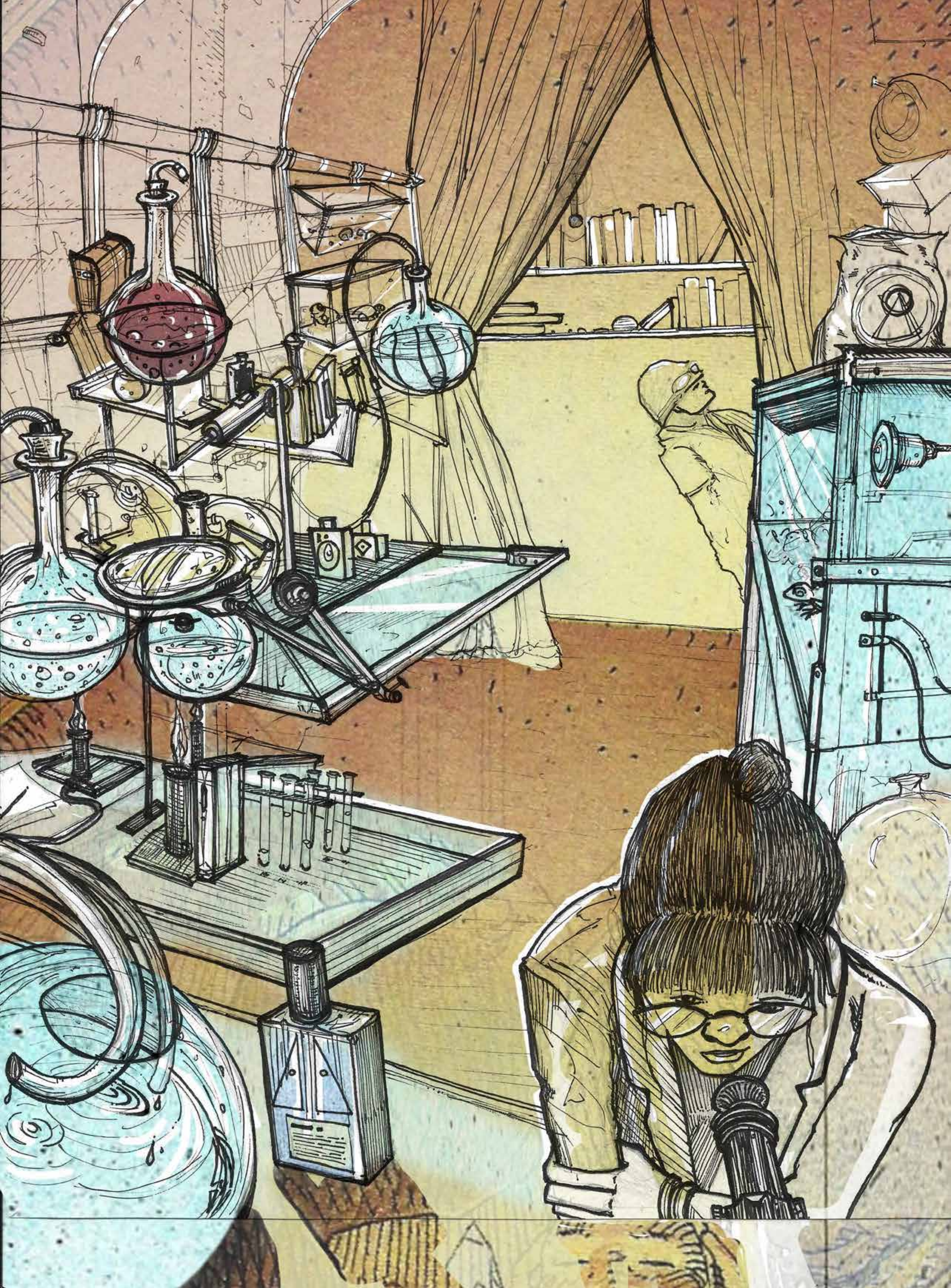
COME  
ALONG  
SUDOKU,  
WE'VE  
GOT WORK  
TO DO.  
ANOTHER  
FIESTA TO  
"MANI-  
FIESTA!"









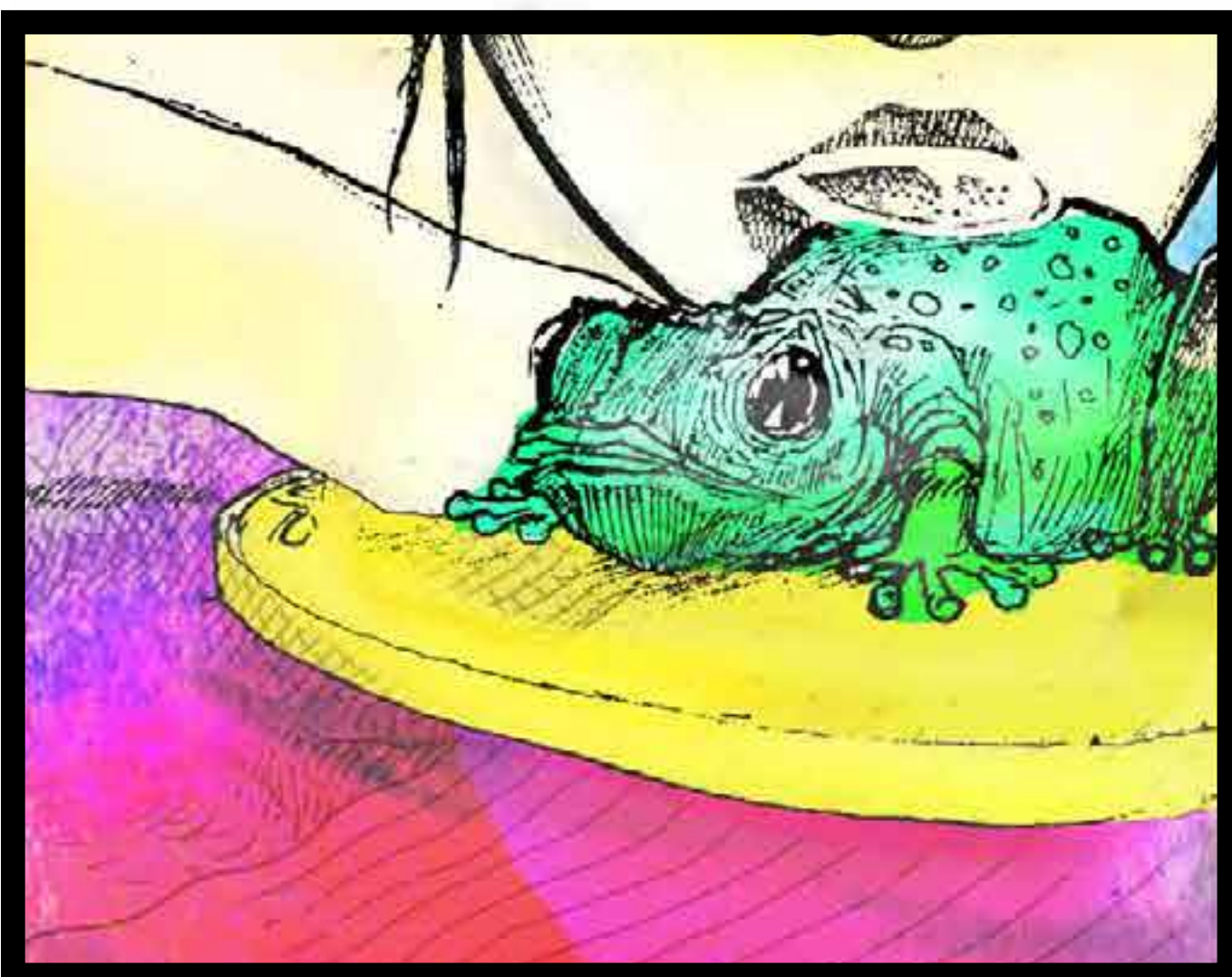






WHAT AM I GONNA DO, LOU REEDS? I WISH I WAS A HALLUCINOGENIC TOAD LIKE YOU, THEN I'D LICK MYSELF AND TRIP OUT WITH ALL THE HIP TOADS, ACROSS TIME IN THE GRIME. AND MAYBE I'D HAVE FEATHERS TOO SO I'D BE LIKE... MORE COLORFUL THAN YOU.

A TOAD AND A BIRD; THEN PEOPLE COULD CALL ME AH... "TIRD?" OR A "BOAD." SO, PEOPLE COULD SAY, "THIS BOAD'S WELL."





DON'T BE SCARED, LITTLE CREATURE! I'M NOT GONNA HURT YOU!

SORRY, LITTLE FRIEND.

YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL IT?

NO... BUT I CAN FUCK IT...

I CAN EXPRESS ITS SACS WITHOUT KILLING IT. THUSLY, WE CAN GET A DECENT AMOUNT OF THE TOXIN BLENDED WITH A DIET OF SCOPOLAMINE.

THEN I GUESS THEY WANT ME TO SYNTHESIZE IT WITH NO<sub>2</sub> AND 2CE. "NO<sub>2</sub>NICE." THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO CALL IT.

BUT WHY WOULD THEY WANT ME TO USE TOADS? I MEAN, I GET THE COMBO WITH SCO-POLAMINE... KIND OF, BUT THERE'S NO SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE THAT THIS WOULD WORK.

SNAP

JUST GOTTA EXPRESS THE PAROTOID GLANDS HERE.

THE TOAD MOANS THE WAY TOADS DO AND EXCRETES AN IMPRESSIVE AMOUNT OF THICK AND FAINTLY GREEN TOXIN INTO A JAR.

\* OZONE TRYING TO READ THE LIPS.

?

SLURP

I'M AN ALCOHOLIC?  
WELL, YEAH...



I'M NOT  
GONNA  
HURT  
YOU.

JUST  
GOTTA  
EXPRESS  
THE  
PAROTOID  
GLANDS  
HERE.



SUDOKU PRESSES INTO THE SACS ON THE TOAD'S BODY.



I FEEL  
A SHARP  
PAIN IN  
MY BALLS  
JUST  
WATCHING  
THIS.



WHOA!

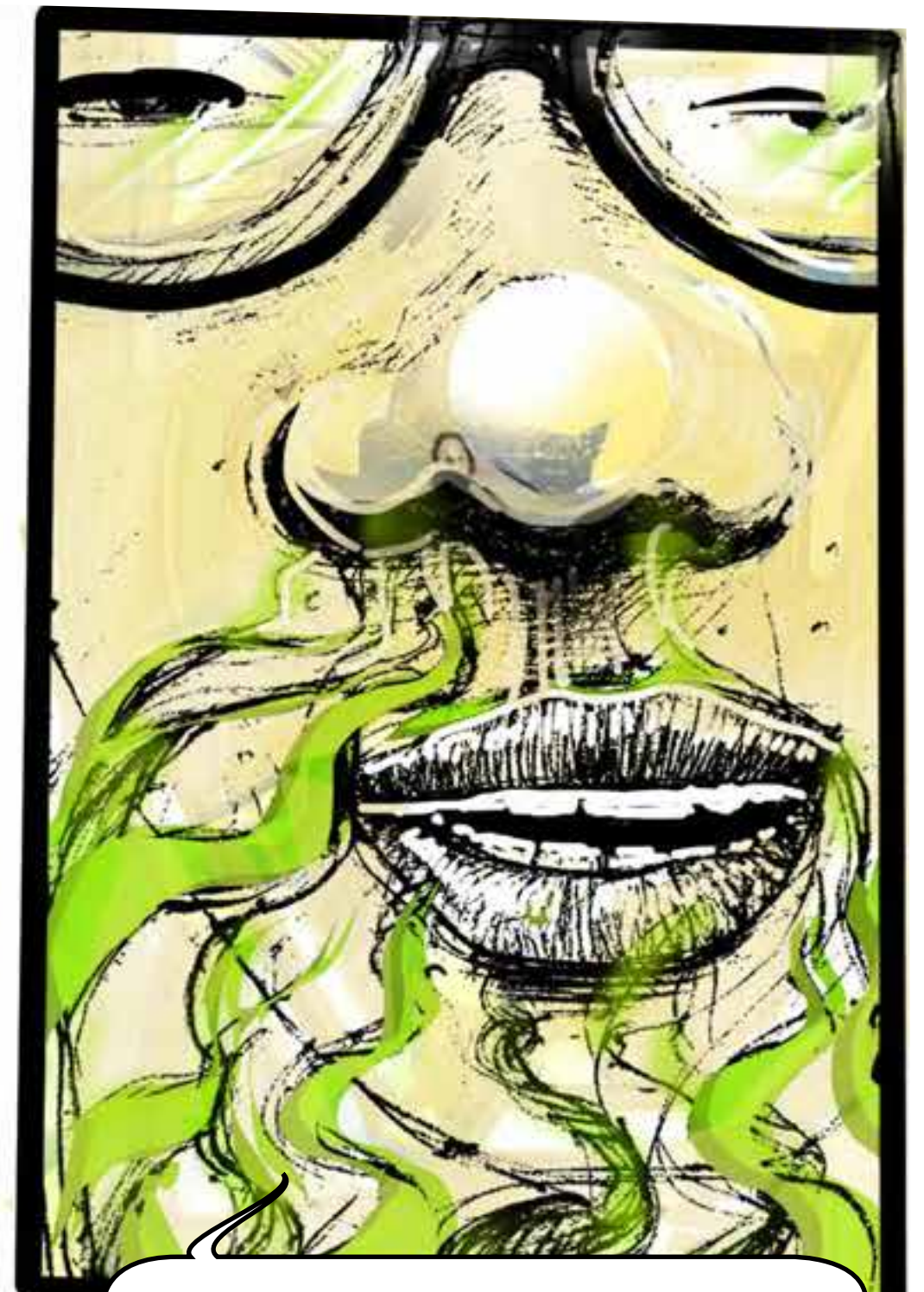
THAT  
WAS A  
GOOD  
ONE.

THE TOAD MOANS THE WAY  
TOADS DO AND EXCRETES  
AN IMPRESSIVE AMOUNT  
OF THICK AND FAINTLY  
GREEN TOXIN INTO A JAR.

IT SMELLS OF  
BODY ODOR. YET,  
NOT UNPLEASANT.  
RATHER ENTICING.



ALL SET, LOU!



SNIFFFFFFF...  
AHHHH...

THE NYMPH SEEMS TO MATERIALIZE OUT OF THE ROOF-CANVAS OF SUDOKU'S YURT.



THAT'S PRECISELY WHY  
THEY WANT YOU TO USE  
IT. FOR ITS PHEROMONE  
PROPERTIES.

SUDOKU SPINS TO REGARD THE NYMPH, OZONE IS STILL OBLIVIOUSLY EXAMINING THE TOADS WITH DISTASTE.



WEIRD. UH, HELLO.  
YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

TAKE A CLOSER  
LOOK AT ITS BELLY.

I SAW THE PEOPLE  
WHO RELEASED  
THESE TOADS INTO  
ETERNIFEST. THEY  
NOW ACCOUNT FOR  
95% OF THE TOADS  
ON THE FESTIVAL  
GROUNDS.

PEOPLE WHO  
RELEASED THEM?

MY WORD!  
ARE THESE TOADS'  
TRANSGENDER?

GOD DAMN.  
IT READS,  
"TRANS-TOAD CO."

SOME OF THEM,  
YES. BUT THE  
'TRANS' MEANS  
SOMETHING  
ELSE AS WELL,  
"TRANSGENIC."

I'VE READ ABOUT THIS.

THEY MUST FERTILIZE THE TOAD'S EMBRYO WITH HUMAN GENES. THESE TOADS  
ARE PART HUMAN! BUT WHY THE LABEL? NEVERMIND THAT, WHY THE SCENT?

IT'LL MAKE THEIR HIGH  
MORE IRRESISTIBLE,  
INCIDENTALLY. DESIRE  
THAT OVERRIDES ALL  
HUMAN FUNCTION.

WHY... UNLESS... THE GAS.  
THEY WANT ME TO MAKE  
A "NOZNICE" GAS THAT'LL  
ATTRACT MORE PEOPLE  
TO IT WITH ITS RAW  
SEXUAL ALLURE.



YOU'D MAKE THIS  
POTION FOR THE  
MOB AT YOUR  
DOOR? EVEN IF  
THEY SPREAD IT  
FOR ILL WILL?

JESUS. SYNTHESIZING THE GAS... PEOPLE  
ARE GOING TO BE MENTAL ON THIS. SO,  
MENTAL... -LY ILL. MIGHT BE COOL.

IF I DON'T,  
SOMEBODY  
WILL. WAIT, I'M  
JUSTIFYING  
MYSELF TO...  
DO I KNOW  
YOU?

WE'VE MET BEFORE WHILE  
WE WERE BOTH FUCKED UP.  
I'M NYMPH.

OH HH YEAH...

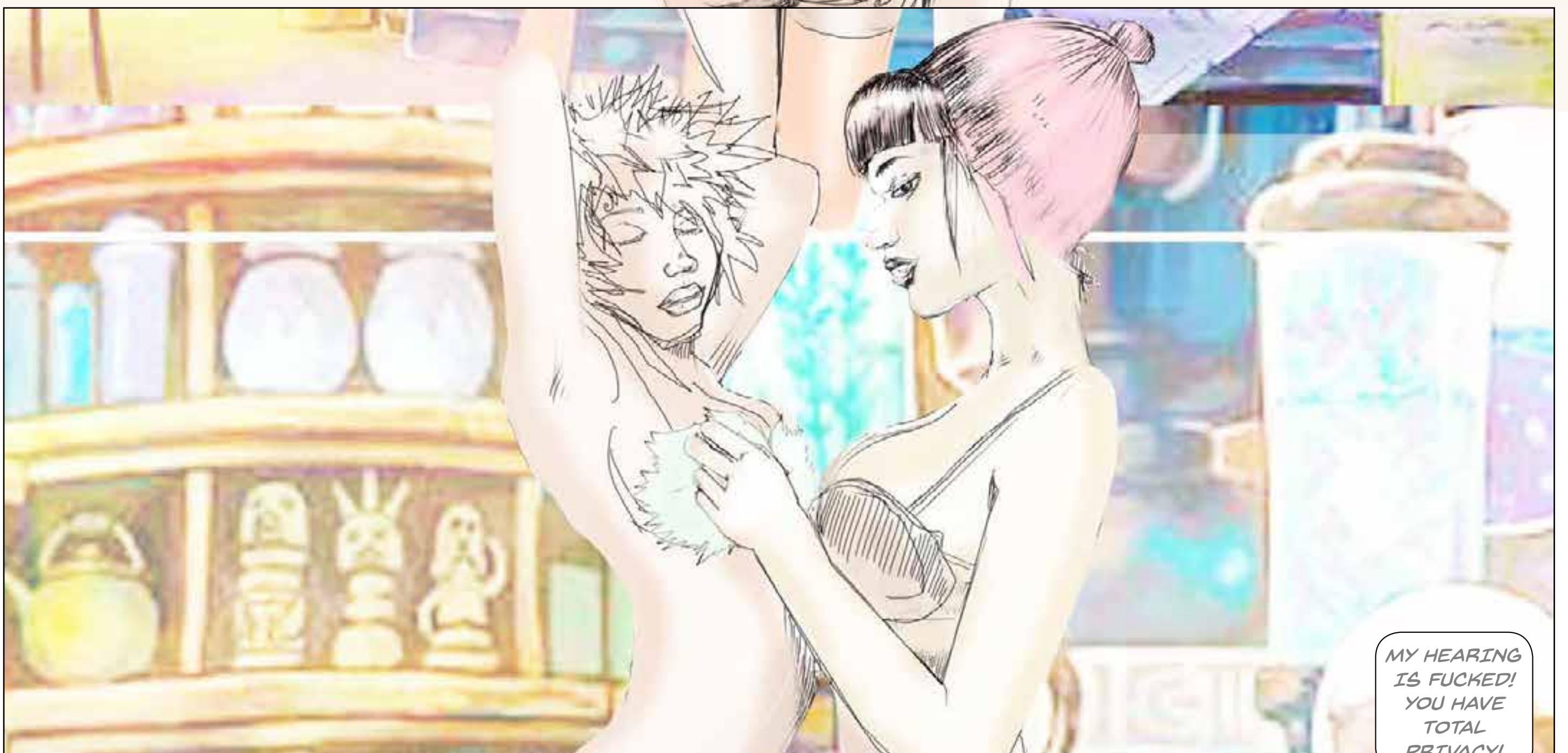
SORRY, I FORGOT. ANYWAY,  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO  
ABOUT THESE ASSHOLES.  
IF BOTTLING THE "NOZN-  
ICE" GAS GETS THEM OFF  
MY BACK THEN AT LEAST I  
CAN SAVE THESE AND MAY-  
BE OTHER POOR CREATURES  
FROM ANY HARM.

THEY ARE CUTE AND  
INDUSTRIOUS. WORTHY  
CREATURES TO SAVE.

YES. MANY OF THEM  
ARE. WE HAD TOADS  
NEAR MY PARENT'S POT  
FARM IN CALI. I MISS  
THEM. MISSING A LOT  
OF THINGS THESE DAYS.  
I MISS MY FRIENDS. I  
DON'T EVEN KNOW IF  
THEY'RE ALIVE OR DEAD.

OR BOTH?

BOTH?



\* DAMMIT THAT WAS GETTING GOOD!

MY HEARING  
IS FUCKED!  
YOU HAVE  
TOTAL  
PRIVACY!



AND SO, WE GUIDE ANOTHER NAMELESS STATISTIC INTO THE HUNGRY MOUTH OF DEATH. AND THE LORD SAID, "THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES."

DAMN IT! YOU RUINED MY THING I HAD GOING THERE FOR THIS POOR BASTARD! THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS PRESERVE THE NOBILITY OF HUMAN LIFE. MUST I TEACH YOU WITH SOME SORT OF WEAPON?

HEY! HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON US, YOU OLD FUCK! POLYP'S GONNA WET HIS PANTS WHEN HE SEES THIS UNTAPPED GAS!

LISTEN, YOU TWISTED FOOL! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE FUCKED UP ON, BUT THAT'S NOT A NITROUS TANK!

TO HELL WITH YOU. I'M GONNA TAP THIS SHIT!

BL...

SQUEEK...

AHHHHHH

GURGLE







MY GOD. WE GOTTA  
WARN PEOPLE.

WE GOTTA WARN THEM ALL!



WARN THEM ALL! WARN  
THEM ALL! WARN THEM ALL!



YEAH.



WARN  
THEM  
ALL!  
WARN  
THEM  
ALL!  
WARN  
THEM  
ALL!

WARN  
THEM  
ALL!  
WARN  
THEM  
ALL!  
WARN  
THEM  
ALL!



AHHHHHH

OK... CALM  
DOWN NOW.



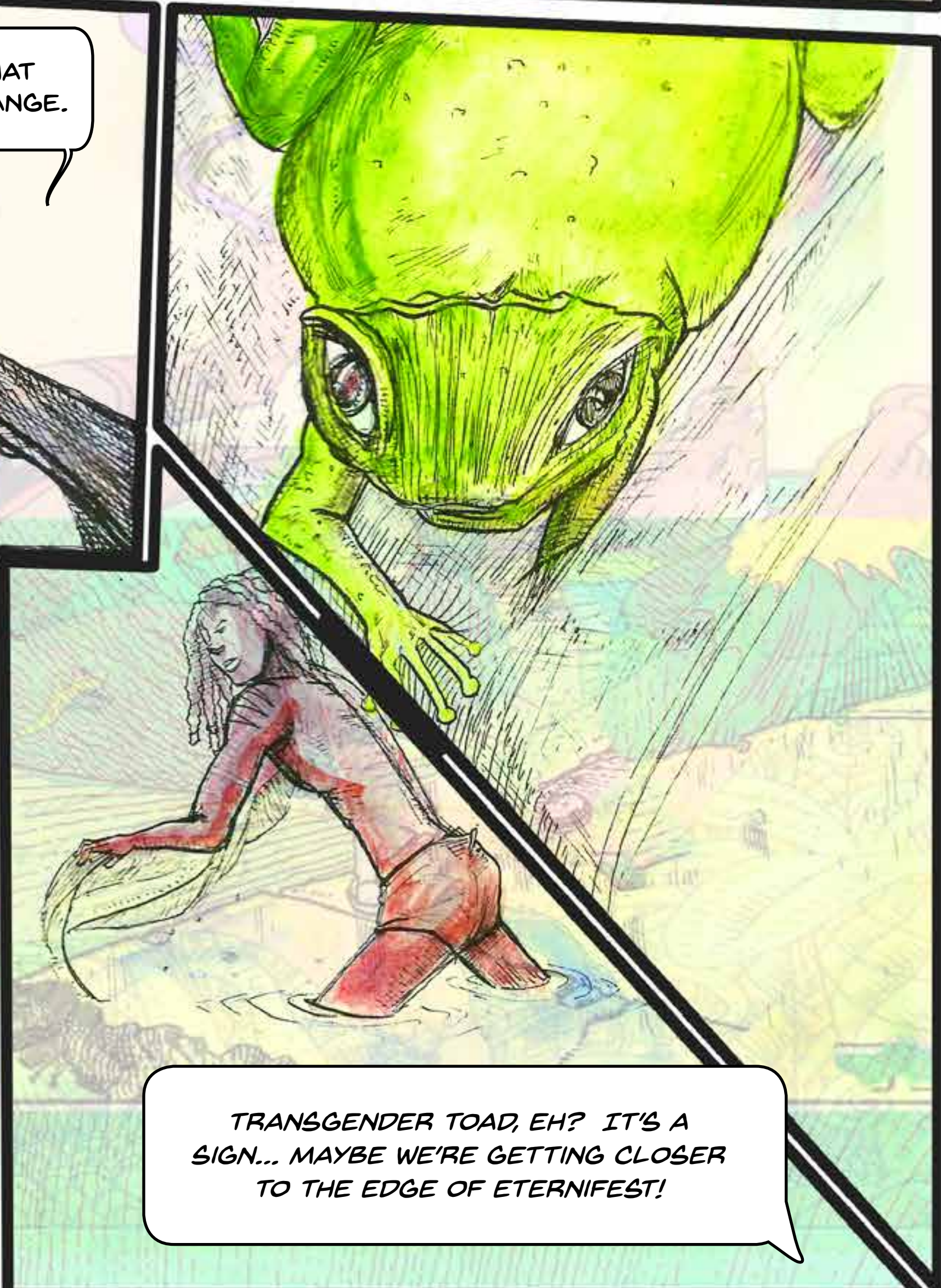
HOLY SHIT. THAT LITTLE FUCKER CAN RUN.

THIS DOES NOT LOOK GOOD...

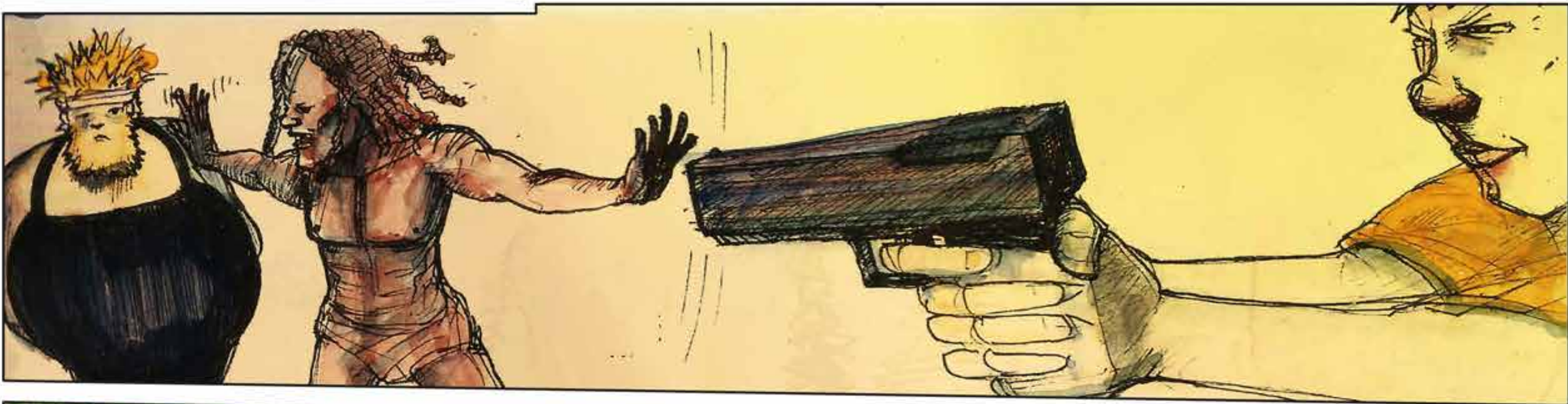


WELL, SOMEBODY'S  
GOT TO CLEAN UP SHIT'S  
CREEK FOR THOSE  
WITHOUT A PADDLE.









ALONG THEIR JOURNEY, THE CHUMS LAUGH AND JEER AMONGST EACH OTHER AS DEAL STRUMS HIS BANTO, DOLPHIN ON DJEMBE, AND BART BLOWING A HARMONICA.

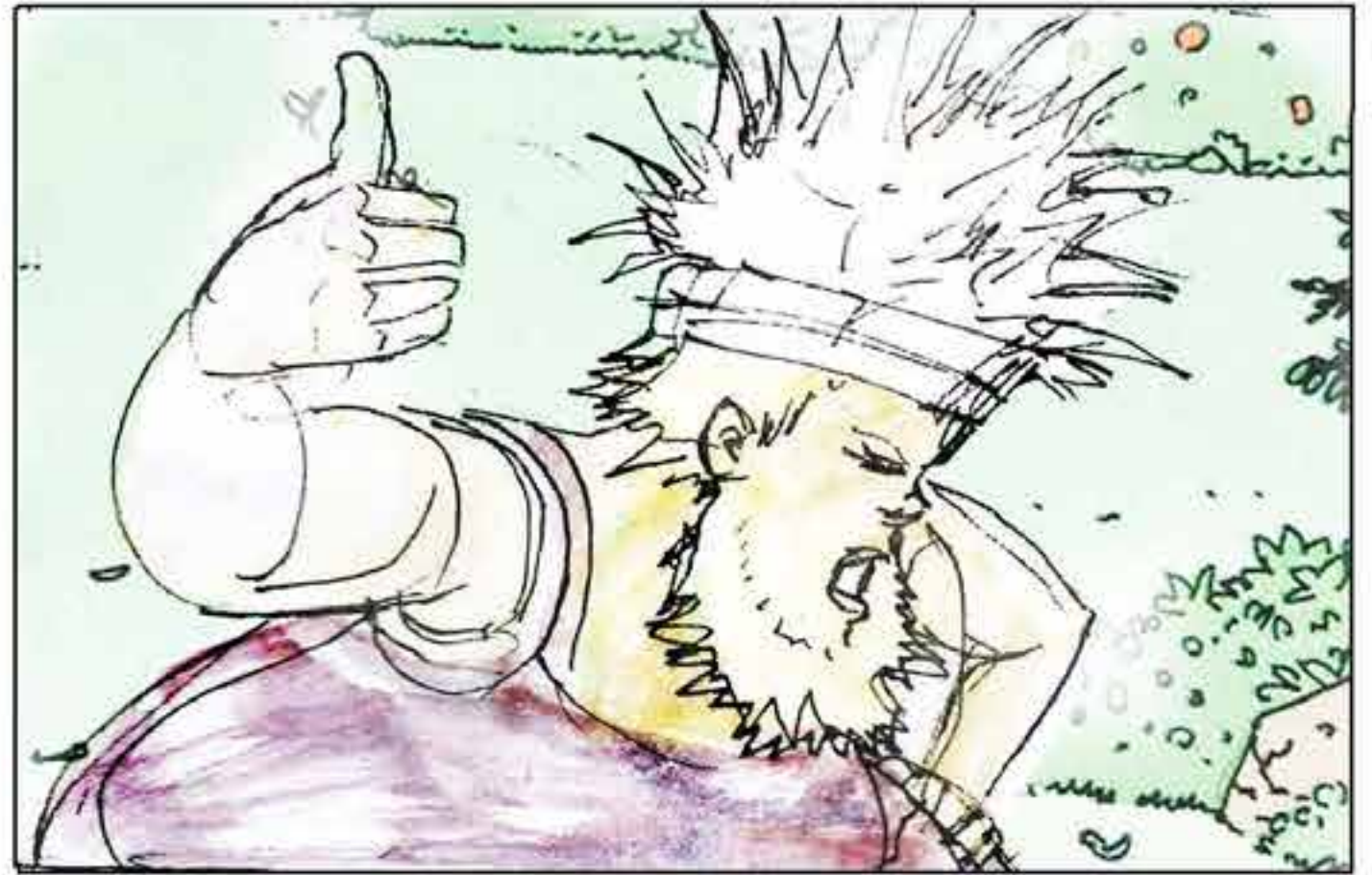
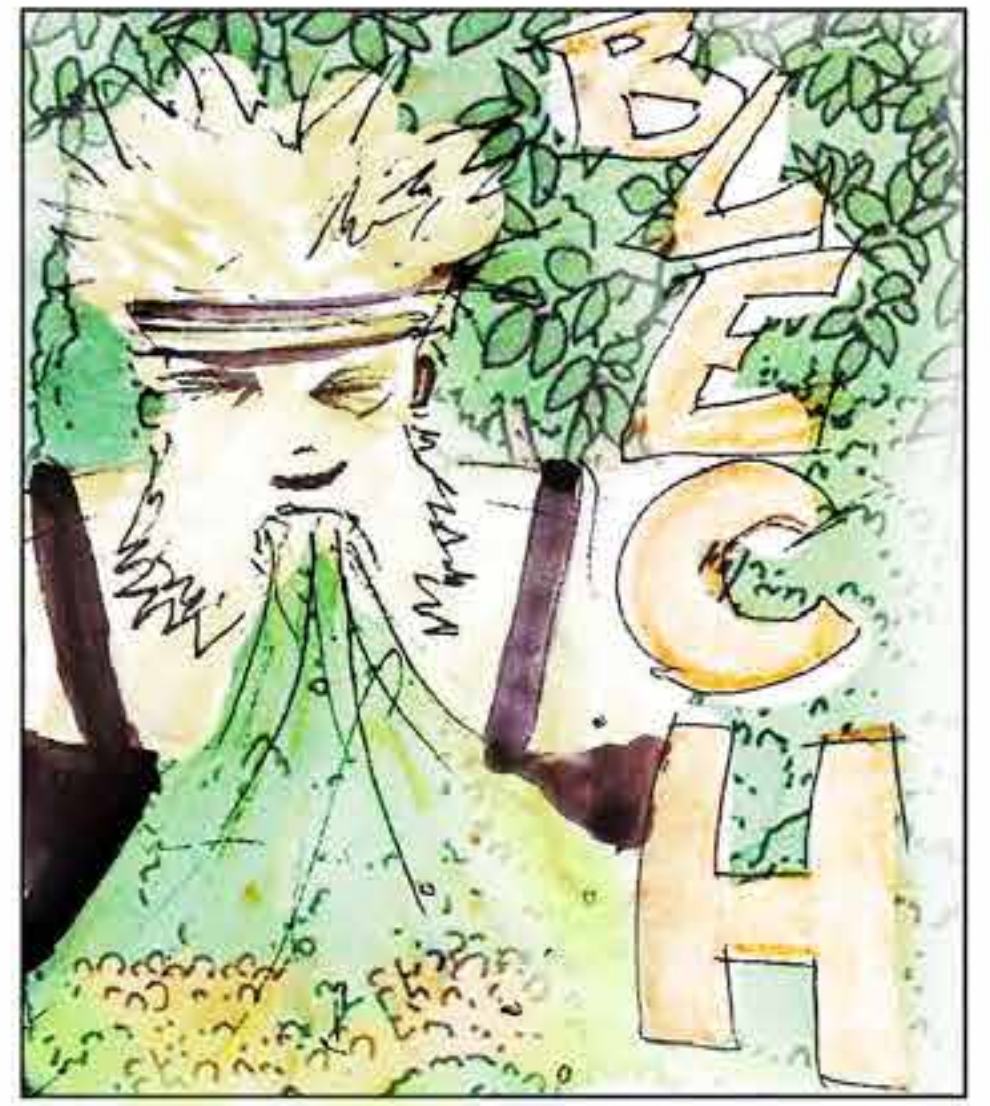
BART CHUGS AND THROWS A HALF-FULL BEER AT DEAL'S HEAD, PROMPTING DEAL TO BRANDISH THE HANDGUN RANDALL GAVE HIM AND THREATEN BART WITH IT. DOLPHIN TRIES HIS BEST TO AMELIORATE THE SITUATION, SOMEHOW ACCOMPLISHING THIS. LAUGHTER ENSUES.





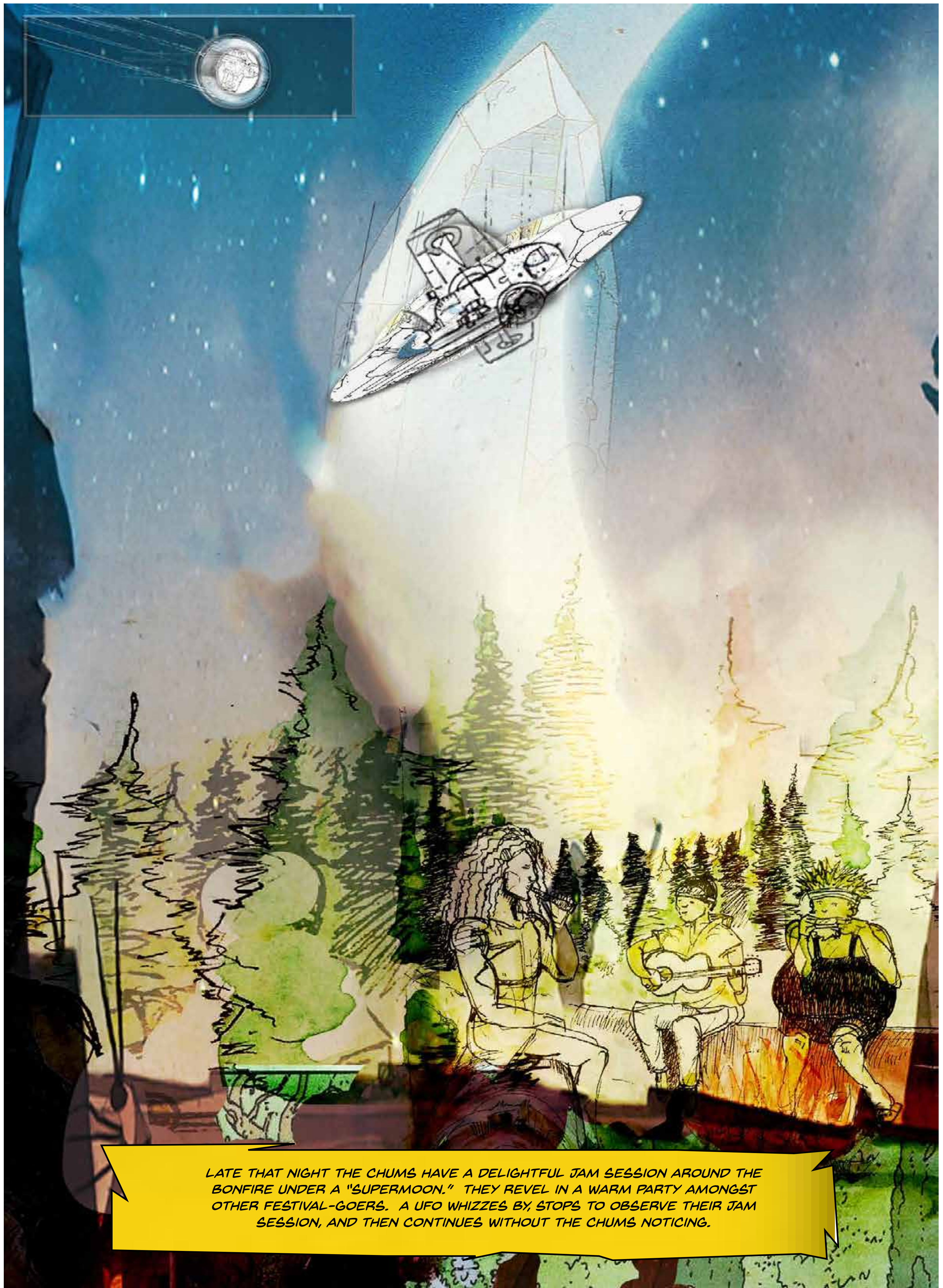
SUDOKU, TOILING AWAY. SHE HANDS A NEWLY-INFLATED BALLOON WITH THE NOZNICE GAS TO A NITROUS MAFIOSO. HE INHALES AND THEN BEGINS SMASHING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE TABLE UNTIL HE'S BLOODY AND BEATEN UNCONSCIOUS. POLYP GIVES SUDOKU THUMBS UP.





WALKING ALONG GAILY, THE CHUMS SUDDENLY STOP AT BART'S BEHEST. BART THEN POLITELY EXCUSES HIMSELF ONLY TO VOMIT BLOOD ON THE SIDE OF THE TRAIL. DEAL AND DOLPHIN ARE AGHAST WITH FRIGHT BUT FOR BART THIS IS RUN OF THE MILL, AND SO HE GIVES THE "OK" SIGN.





LATE THAT NIGHT THE CHUMS HAVE A DELIGHTFUL JAM SESSION AROUND THE BONFIRE UNDER A "SUPERMOON." THEY REVEL IN A WARM PARTY AMONGST OTHER FESTIVAL-GOERS. A UFO WHIZZES BY, STOPS TO OBSERVE THEIR JAM SESSION, AND THEN CONTINUES WITHOUT THE CHUMS NOTICING.

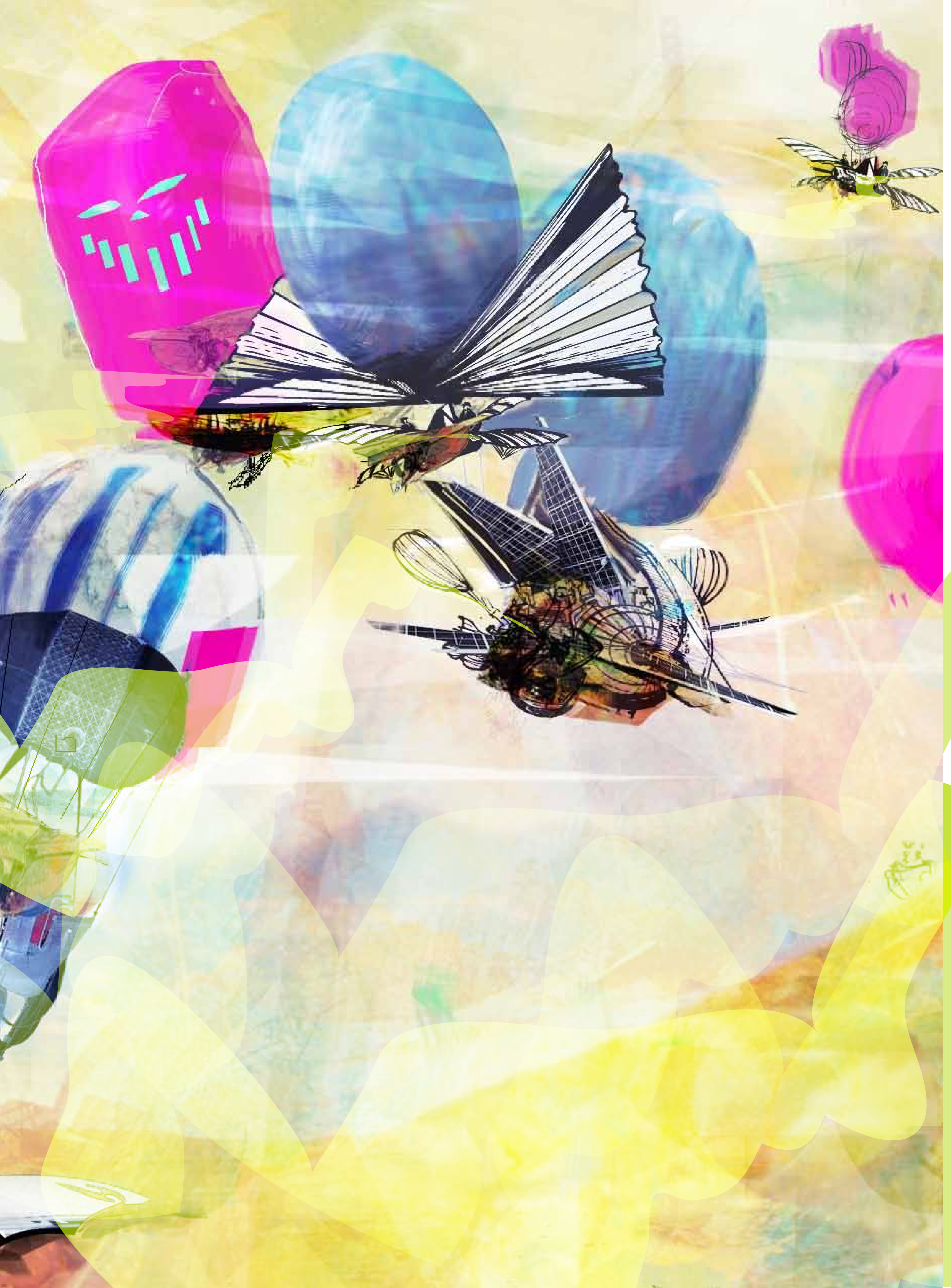




























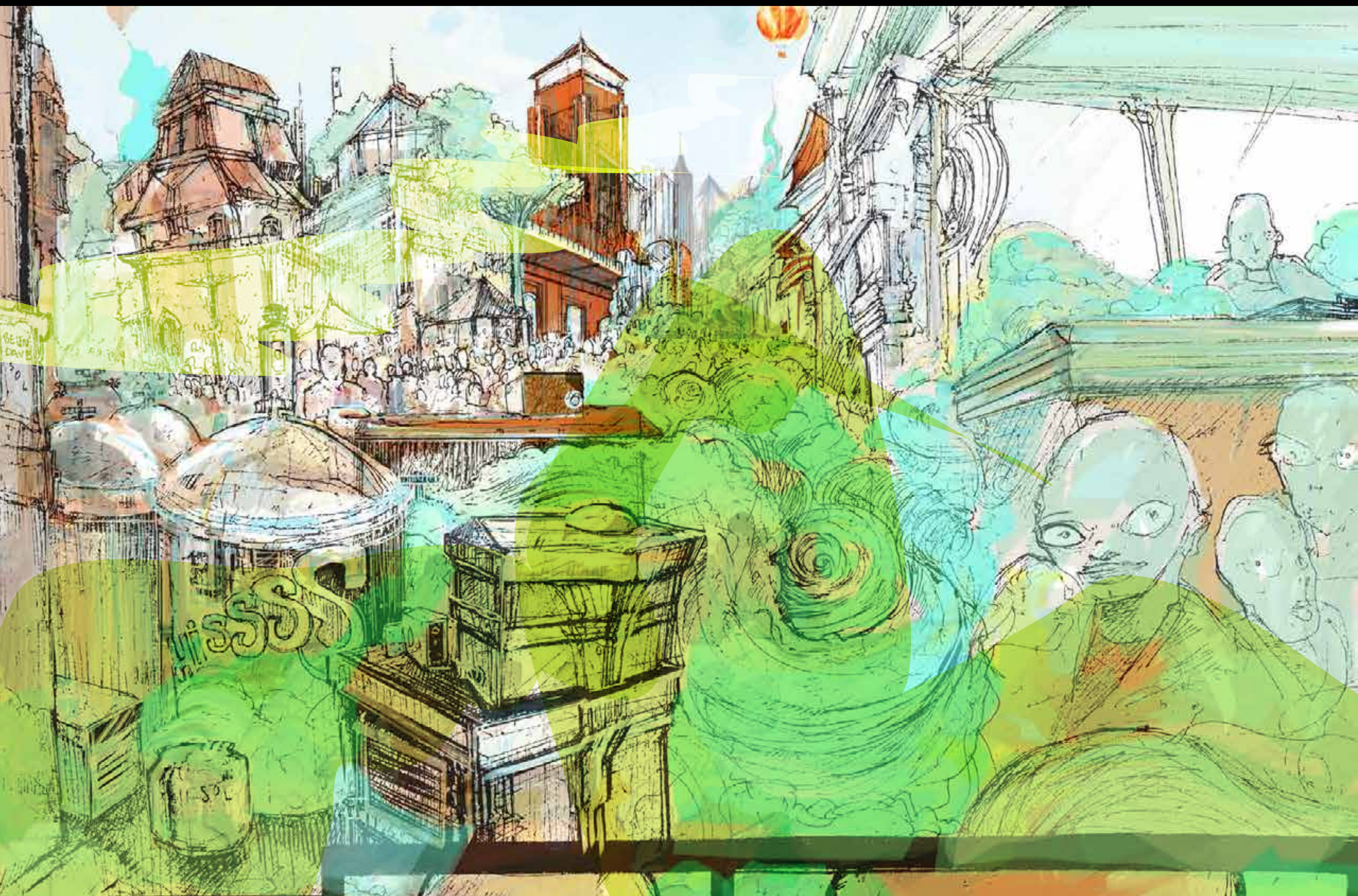












MAYBE WE SHOULD GET  
OUT OF HERE? SHAKEDOWN  
STREET IS GETTIN... GRODY.

MY GOODNESS.  
THEY'RE REALLY  
CHOMPING AT THE BIT.

YES WELL, HIPPY CRACK  
WILL DO THAT TO YA.





SSSSSSWWWW  
WWEEEEEEEEEE....

AUGAAAAAIAIAIA  
GGGGGHHHHHHA!



BBBLECH



OKAY THEN.  
THAT COULD  
BE SOMETHING  
ELSE BESIDES  
NITROUS.



HEY, SADIE! DO I HAVE  
A GOOD VOICE?



AAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAIIIIII  
IIIIIIIIIIIIII  
IIIGGGGGGGG



WHOA!

THE FAN'S EYES  
EXPLODE IN HER  
HEAD AND HER  
BODY TURNS INTO  
ROTTING CORPSE.



SNIF  
SNIF



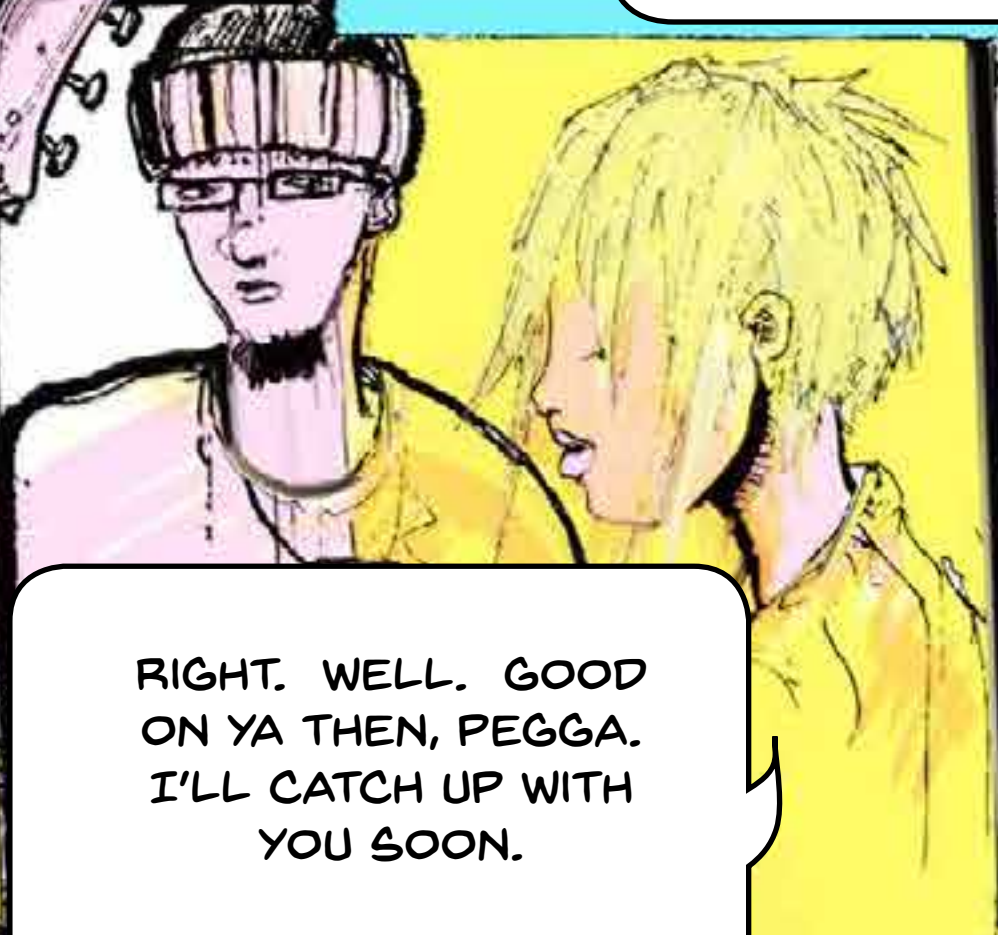
OY! SADIE!



IT'S TIME FER  
YOUR PERIOD!



I MEAN ER... IT'S  
TIME TO PLAY MU-  
SIC WITH YOUR BAND...  
"THE PERIODS." I'LL  
BE BUGGERED IF WE  
MISS IT BECAUSE  
WE WUZ STANDING  
AROUND 'ERE  
INHALING THE SHIITE  
OXYGEN ABOUTS.




RIGHT. WELL. GOOD  
ON YA THEN, PEGGA.  
I'LL CATCH UP WITH  
YOU SOON.



AAAHH! TAKE THE PISS  
WITH ME, WILL YOU?





FUCK NO! YOU'VE GOT TO MOVE THAT ARSE OF YOURS OR I'M GETTING ADDICTED TO HEROIN AGAIN. THAT WAS THE DEAL. IF YOU'RE LATE, I GET TO DO HEROIN.

FUCKIN' 'ELL.

ROIGHT! YOU AN' ME, LET'S GO.



SORRY BEN, BUT THIS IS GOODBYE. PLAYING THAT FAR AWAY GIG AT A BOATHOUSE OR SOMETHING AND WE HAD TO HIRE A CHOPPER TO TAKE US THERE.



WILL I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN?



OF COURSE, YOU WILL.



DON'T KISS MY ASS, BEN. NOT YET.



I MEAN AS MORE THAN A FAN.



BOUT BLOODY TIME.



AH DON'T GO OFF LIKE A FROG IN A SOCK!









BART, WHERE DID YOU  
GET THIS MAP?



FRIEND OF MINE HAD A TATTOO OF A NEW  
YORK CITY MAP ON HIS BACK. I THOUGHT  
IT WAS COOL SO I GAVE HIM A BUNCH OF  
ETHER AND THEN HE PEELED HIS SKIN OFF.

WHAT  
THE  
HELL  
IS THIS  
"NEW  
YORK  
CITY"  
PEOPLE  
KEEP  
MEN-  
TIONING?

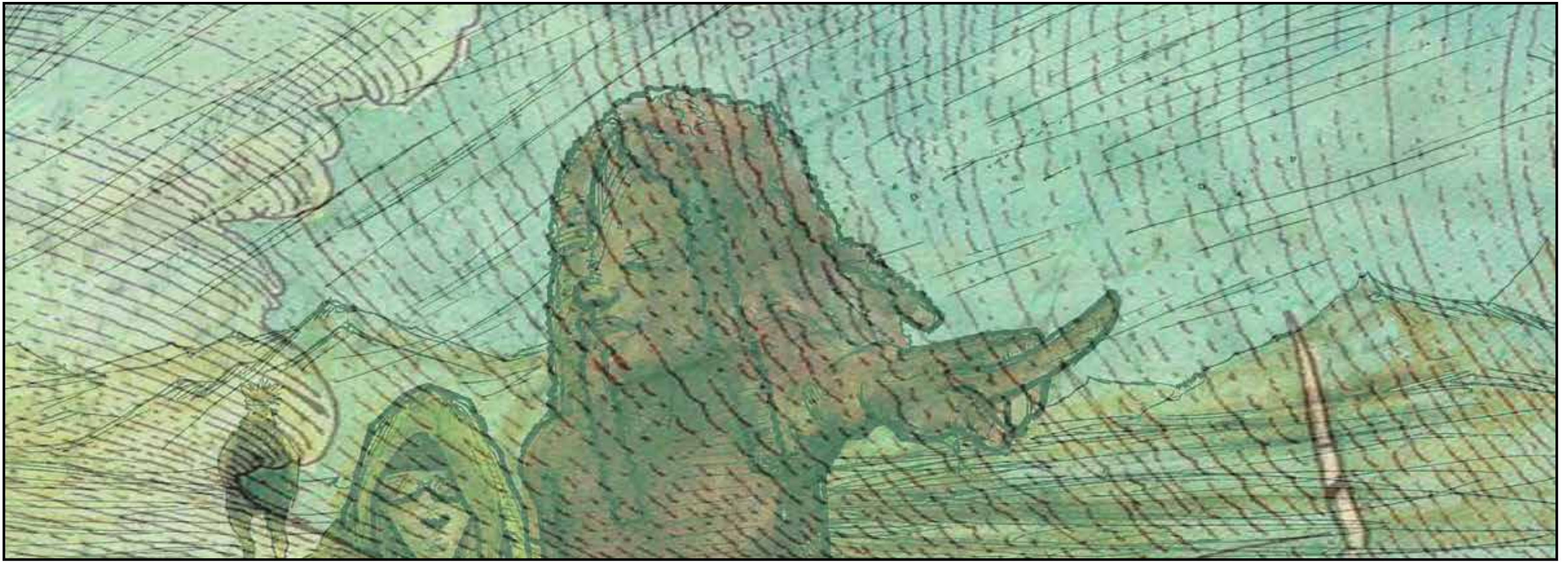
THERE'S A MOLE  
THERE.



YES, I SEE.  
THAT MUST BE  
WHAT'S  
CONFUSING ME.

I PROPOSE WE  
GO OVER THERE  
WHERE THOSE  
NOMADS ARE  
AND ASK FOR  
DIRECTIONS.

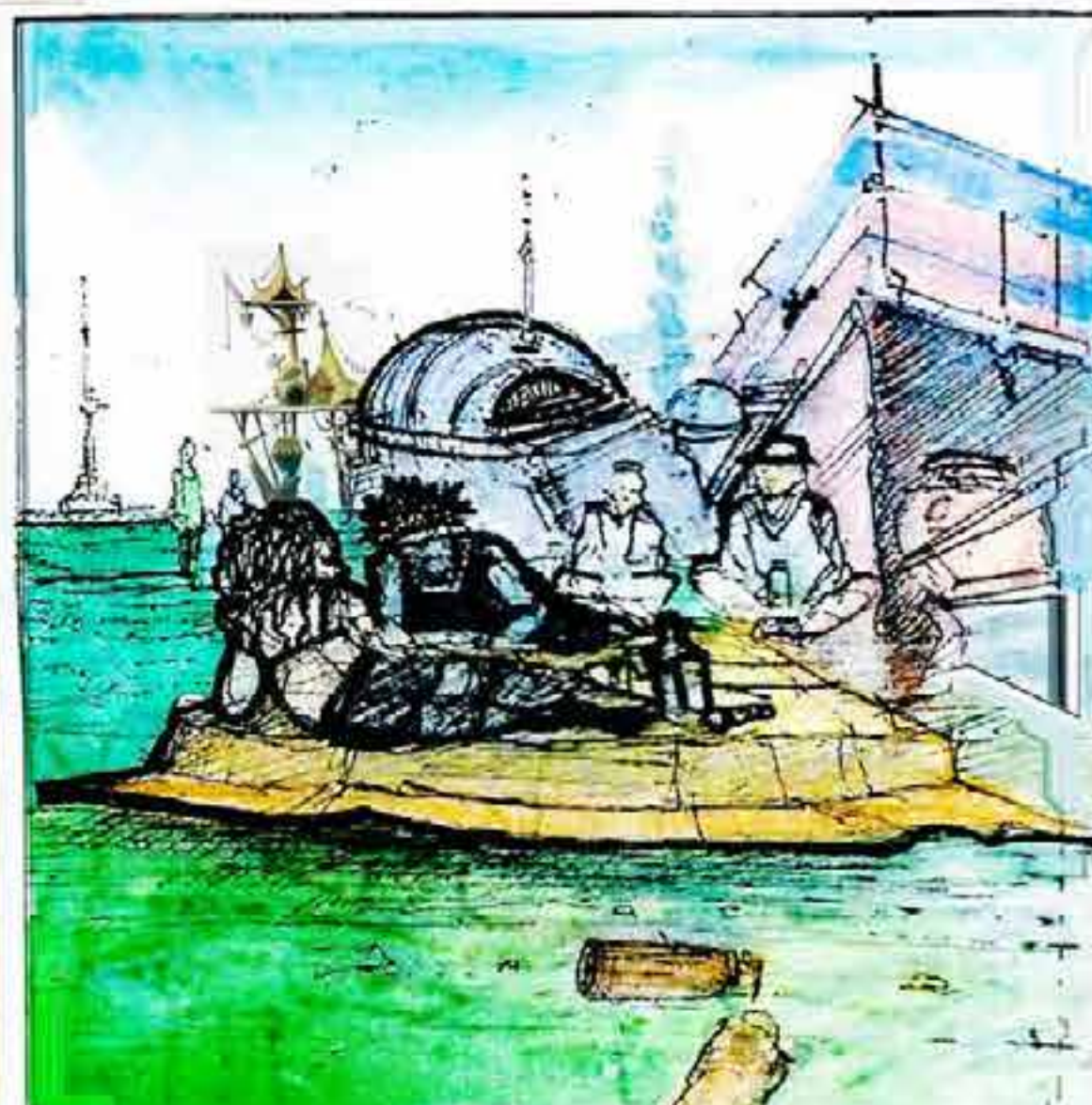






NOMAD CAMP

THE CHUMS WALKS THROUGH THE CAMP. THEIR OBSERVATIONS ARE STARK AND TERRIFYING BUT EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN THE DUSTY PARTY. A BIZARRE BAZAR FILLED WITH SERIOUS TRIPPERS.







AGATHA LANE  
IS MY NAME  
AND CRACK  
COCAINE IS MY  
GAME.

BAD ASS.

AND I'M BART. SO,  
I SPENT THE LAST  
YEARS ON THE OUT-  
SIDE TRYING TO EARN  
A NAME AS AN  
ARSONIST. OWNED  
A BAR, BURNED IT  
DOWN SUCCESSFULLY  
SO I THOUGHT I'D  
BE GOOD AT IT. I'M  
GOOD AT BURNING.  
THEY CALLED IT  
INSURANCE FRAUD.



YOU GOT A BOYFRIEND?

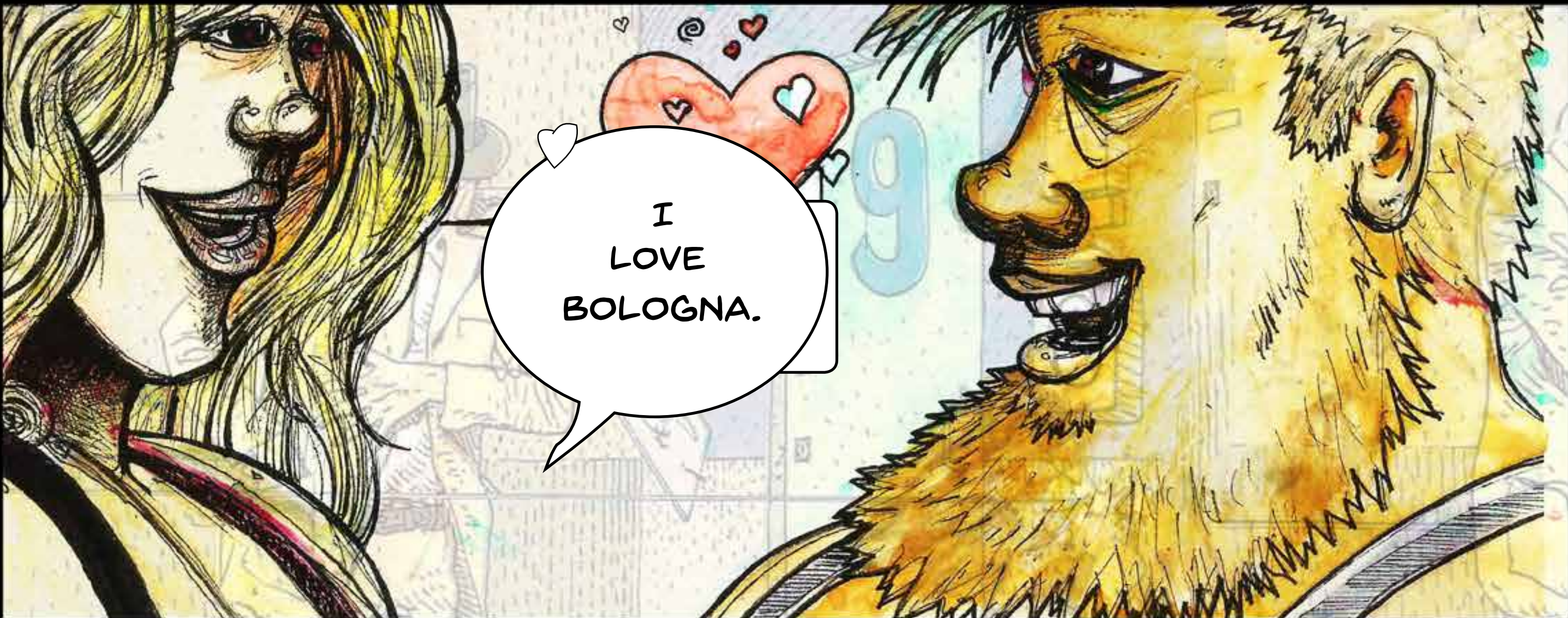
NAH.

THAT'S  
SURPRISING.



NOPE. GOT A BUDDY NAMED OZONE WHO  
MIGHT BE INTERESTED BUT, I'LL JUST END  
UP DISAPPOINTING HIM. HAD A GIRLFRIEND  
ONCE THOUGH. WAS ABOUT 10 YEARS AGO.  
SHE AND I HAD A LOT IN COMMON.

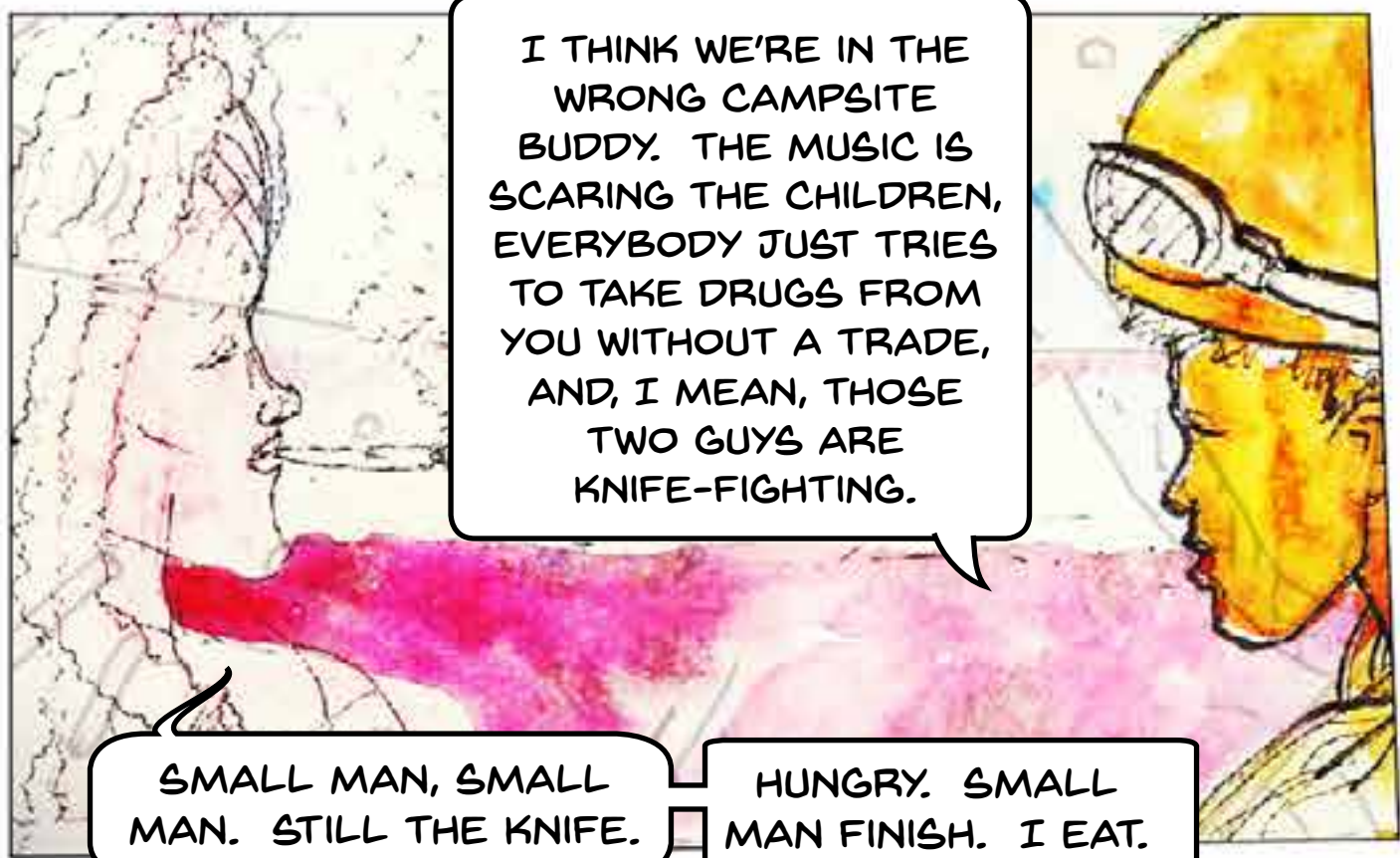
LIKED BEING MARRIED TO EACH OTHER.  
WE'D DRINK ALL THE TIME. TO THE POINT  
ONE DAY WE WENT TO A TOOL CONCERT  
AND THEN NEVER SAW EACH OTHER AGAIN.  
GUESS IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE. I'LL MISS  
HER BLOODY MARY'S. SHE'D MAKE THEM  
WITH SLABS OF BOLOGNA AND CHUNKS OF  
CREAM CHEESE.



I  
LOVE  
BOLOGNA.

SUDDENLY THEIR EYES LOCK IN A LOVING GAZE.

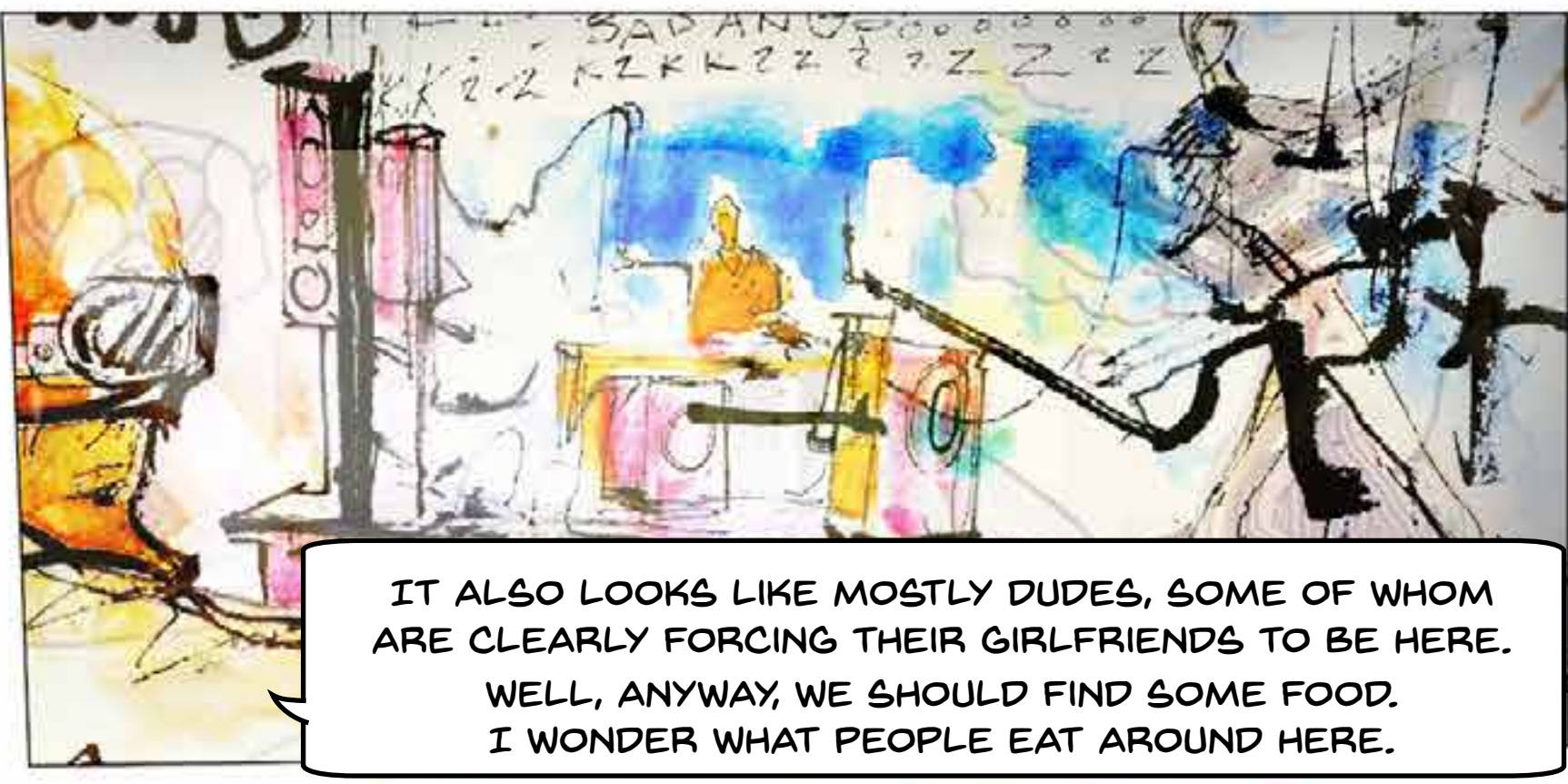




I THINK WE'RE IN THE  
WRONG CAMPSITE  
BUDDY. THE MUSIC IS  
SCARING THE CHILDREN,  
EVERYBODY JUST TRIES  
TO TAKE DRUGS FROM  
YOU WITHOUT A TRADE,  
AND, I MEAN, THOSE  
TWO GUYS ARE  
KNIFE-FIGHTING.

SMALL MAN, SMALL  
MAN. STILL THE KNIFE.

HUNGRY. SMALL  
MAN FINISH. I EAT.



IT ALSO LOOKS LIKE MOSTLY DUDES, SOME OF WHOM  
ARE CLEARLY FORCING THEIR GIRLFRIENDS TO BE HERE.  
WELL, ANYWAY, WE SHOULD FIND SOME FOOD.  
I WONDER WHAT PEOPLE EAT AROUND HERE.

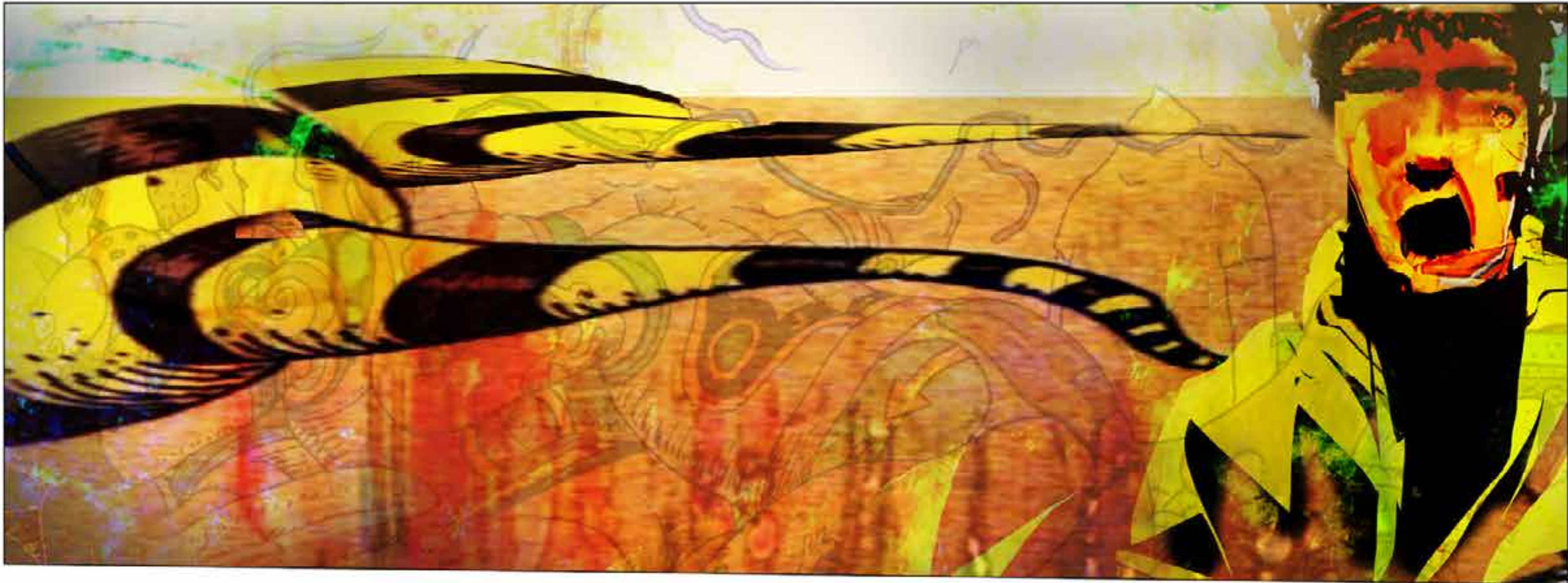


DEAL ADDRESSES A HOBO WHO'S  
EATING A DEAD CROW TO HIS LEFT.



BESIDES  
CARRION!

I LOVE COUNTING  
CROWS MAN!  
HAHAHAHAHA!





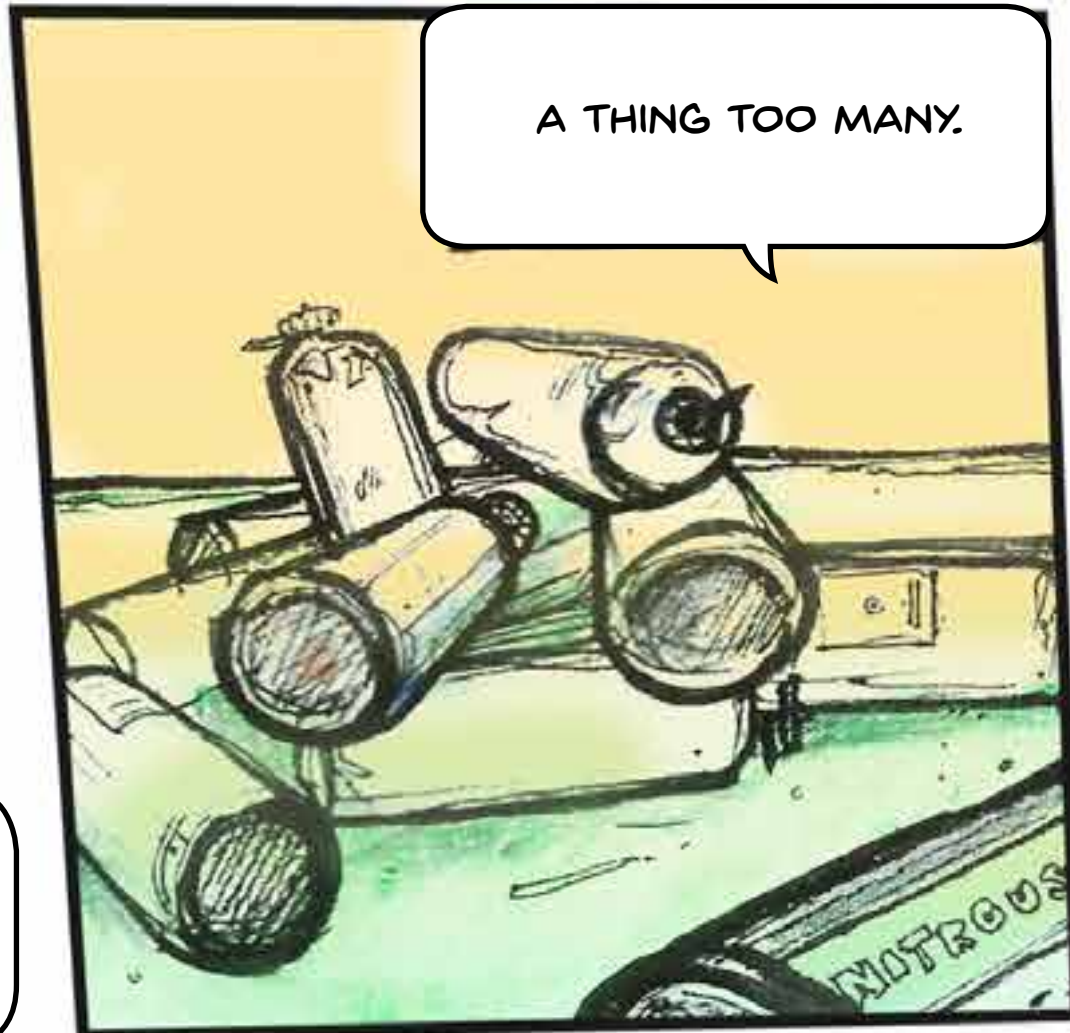




BART AND AGATHA MAKING OUT IN THE DIRT. IT'S MESSY AND THEN GETS DOWNRIGHT PIGGISH WHEN AGATHA POURS SUNBLOCK FIRST IN HER MOUTH, FOLLOWED BY BART'S.



CHARMING. WHERE DID HE GET THE TANK?

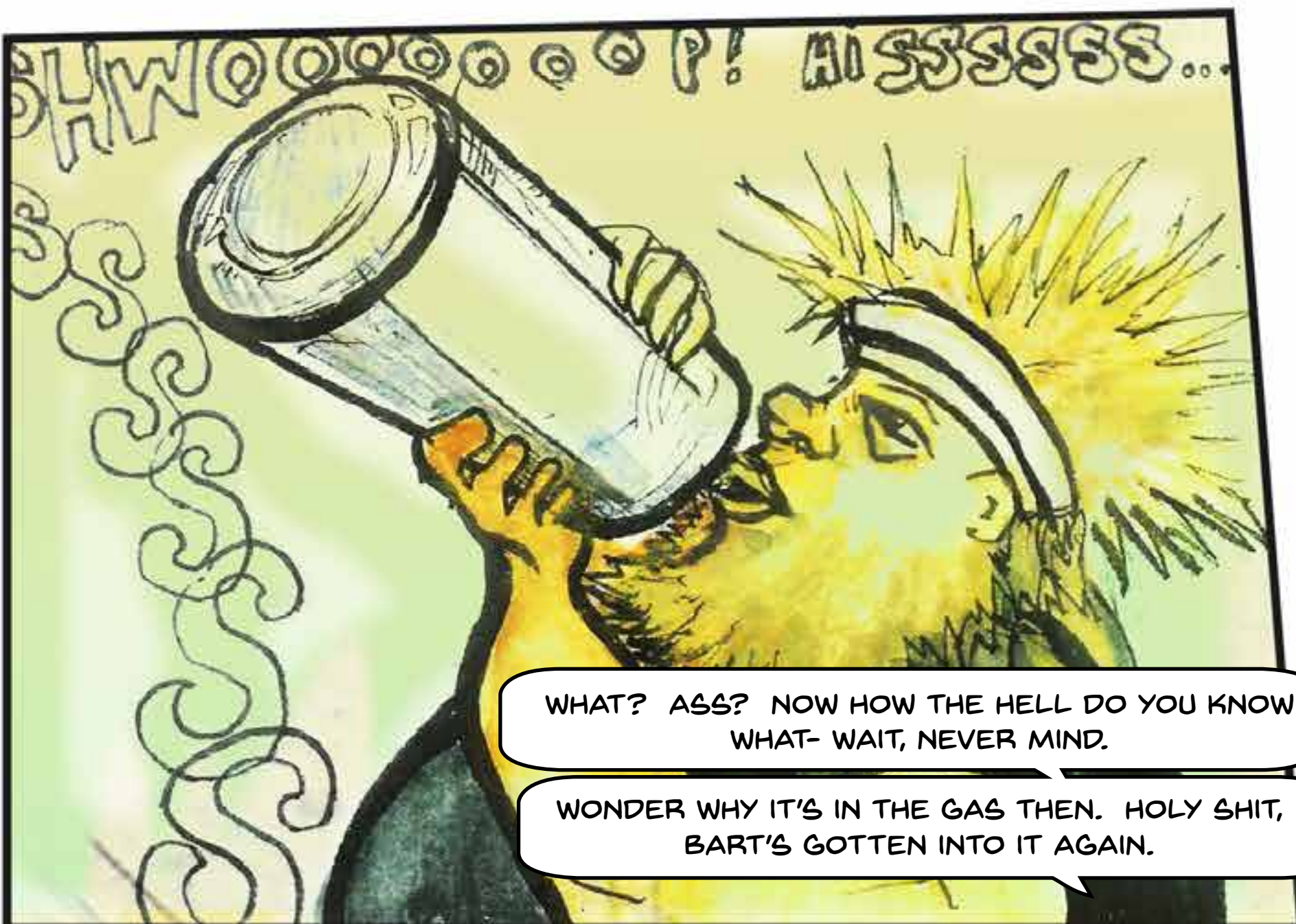


A THING TOO MANY.



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT THE GAS THOUGH. NEVER UH... SMELLED IT BEFORE?

IS FROG'S ASS.

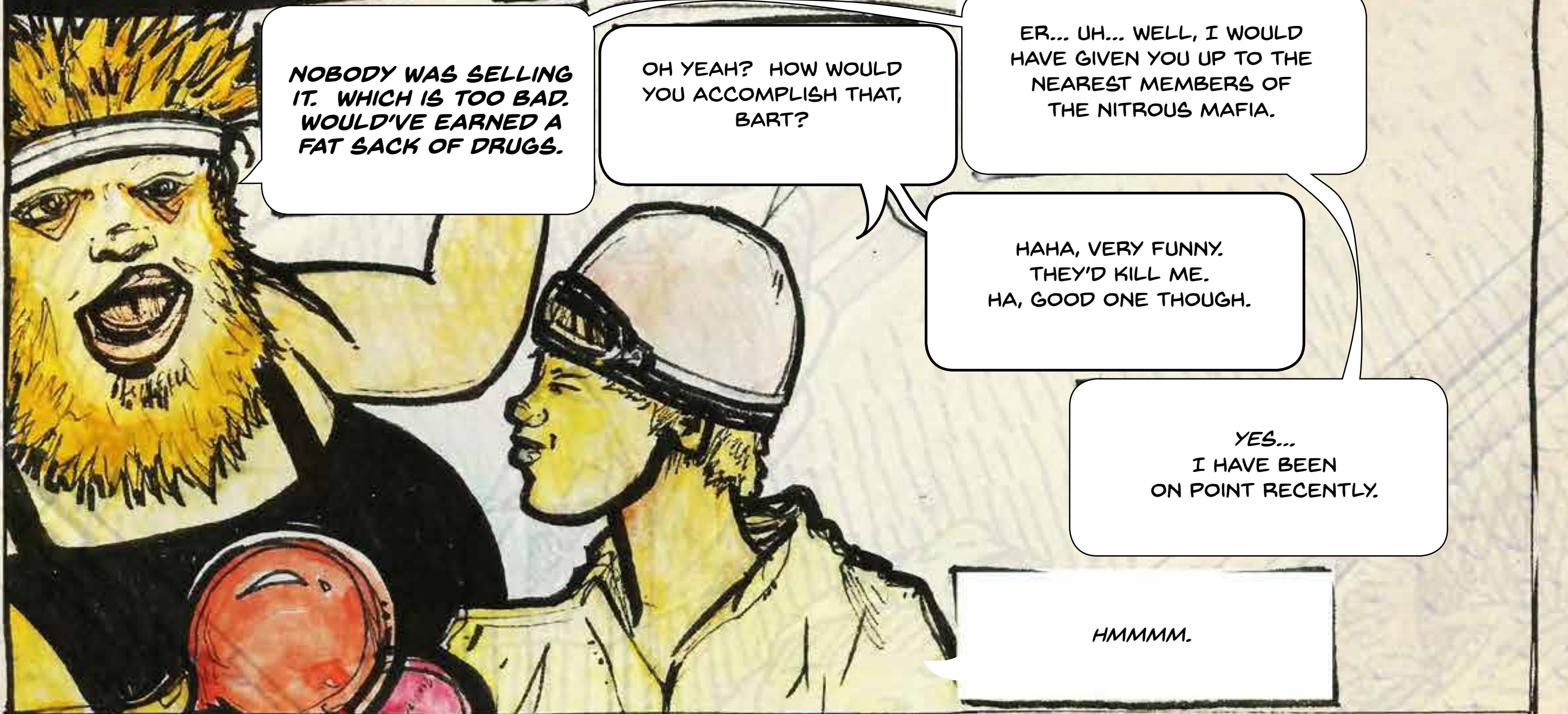
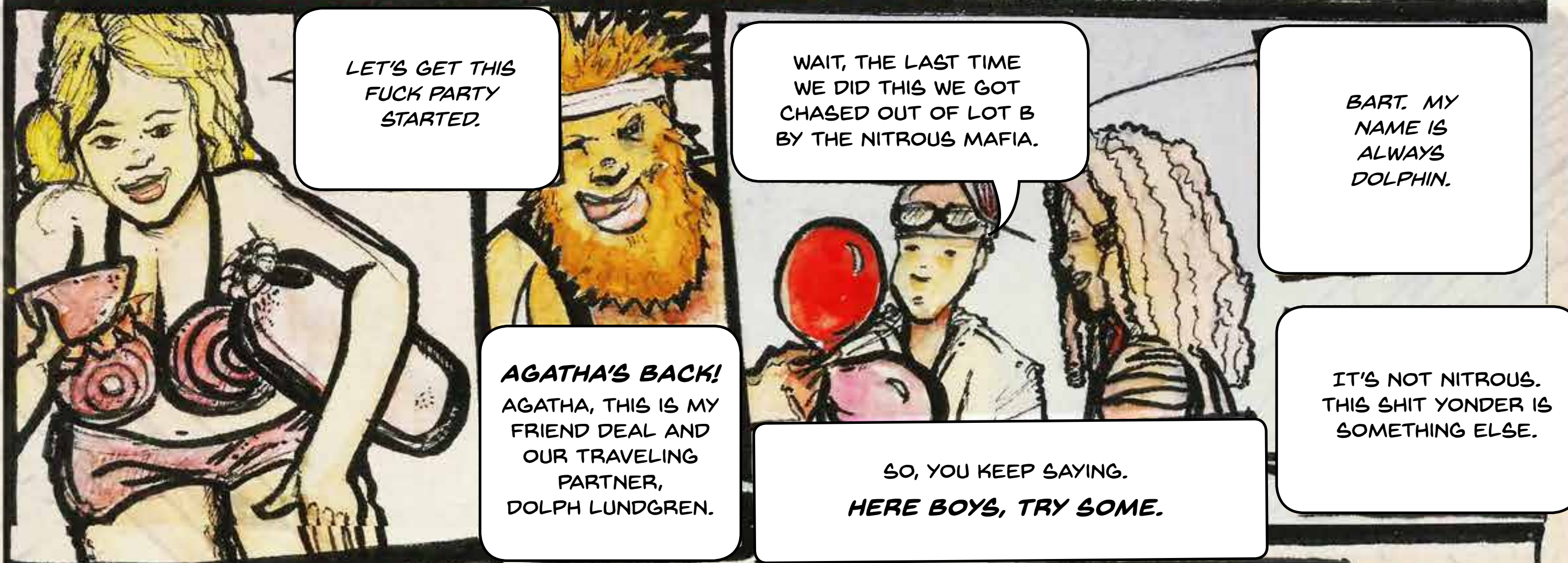


WHAT? ASS? NOW HOW THE HELL DO YOU KNOW WHAT- WAIT, NEVER MIND.

WONDER WHY IT'S IN THE GAS THEN. HOLY SHIT, BART'S GOTTEN INTO IT AGAIN.











AHHOOOO...

TWIN BROTHERS AMPUTATE LIMBS, STITCHING THEM  
ONTO THE OTHER IN PLACES OUT OF ORDER.



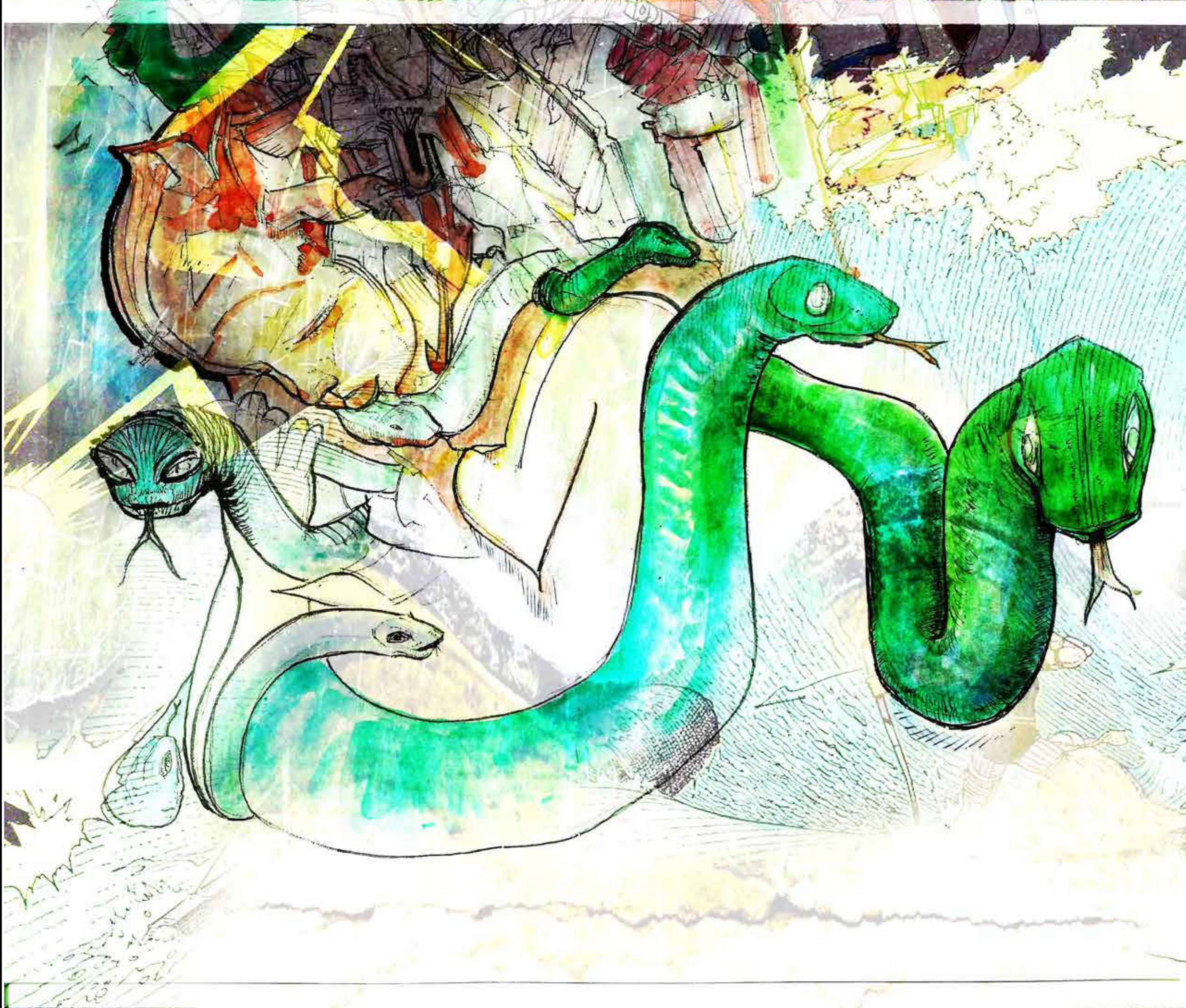




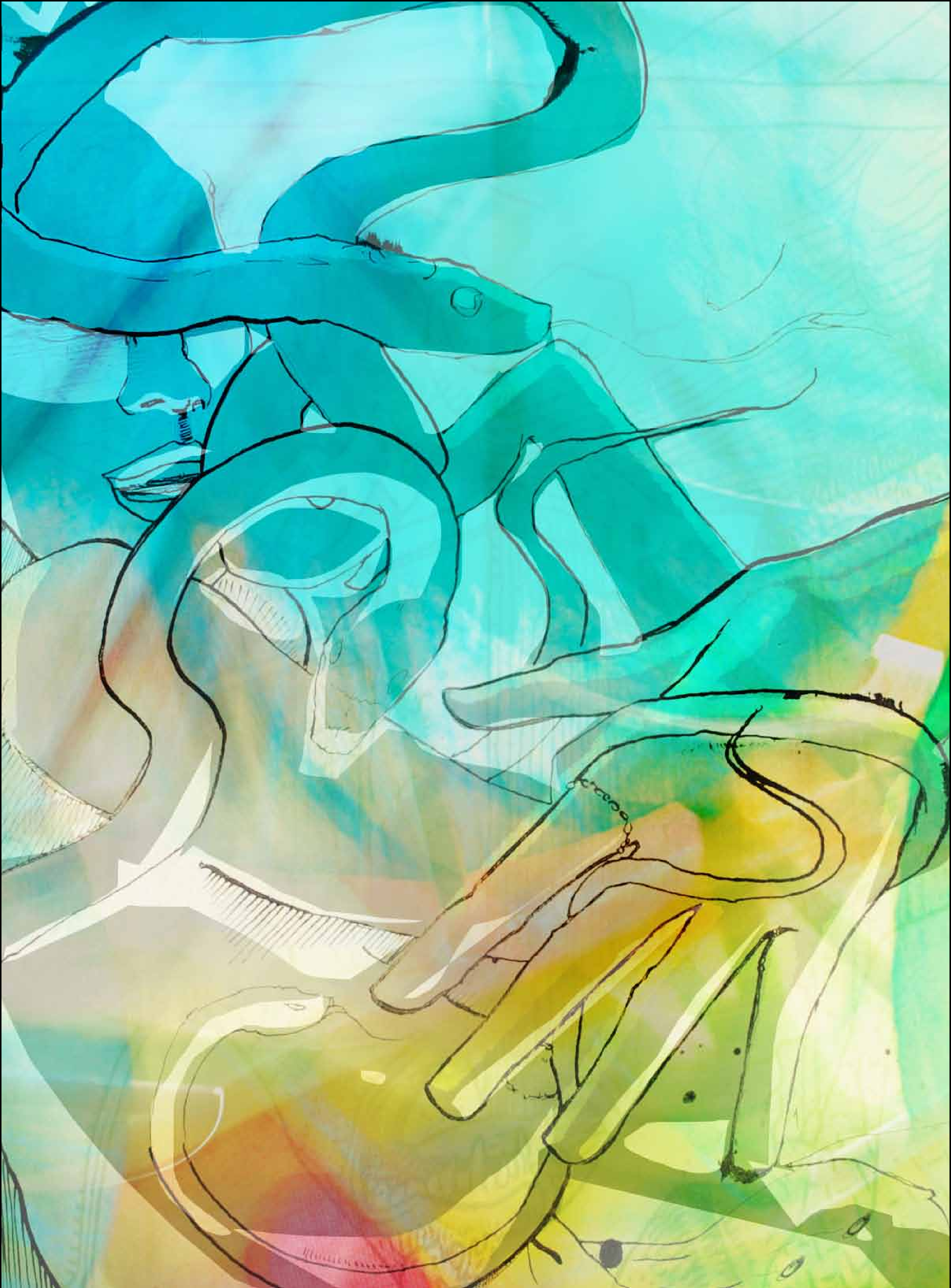
THROUGH A BLUR, WE SEE DEAL AND DOLPHIN SITTING BEHIND AN OLD MAN WATCHING A YOUNG WOMAN PERFORM AN EROTIC "EEL SHOW" ON A STAGE ABOVE A SEETHING INFESTATION OF COCKROACHES AND MEN.













MEANWHILE ON SHAKE DOWN STREET WITH BEN

AS BEN ENTERS THE CENTER OF THE CROWD, GHOULS THAT WERE ONCE HIPPIES SEEM TO EMERGE WITH FETID SKIN AND BLOOD ON THEIR CLOTHES, ARMS AND LEGS IN THE WRONG PLACES, EYES FALLING OUT AND YET HOPELESSLY EUPHORIC IN THEIR WASTE AS THE MYSTERIOUS GAS TAKES HOLD OF THEM.

THAT'S NO ORDINARY NITROUS... IT'S MAKING A BARBARIC HORDE OF CYRUSES AND EFFRONS!

BEN COMES TO THE TANK AND MAKES A TERRIFYING OBSERVATION. THE MAFIOSO TENDING THE TANK IS ACCEPTING PAYMENT IN DRUGS, MONEY, SEX, AND HUMAN TEETH.

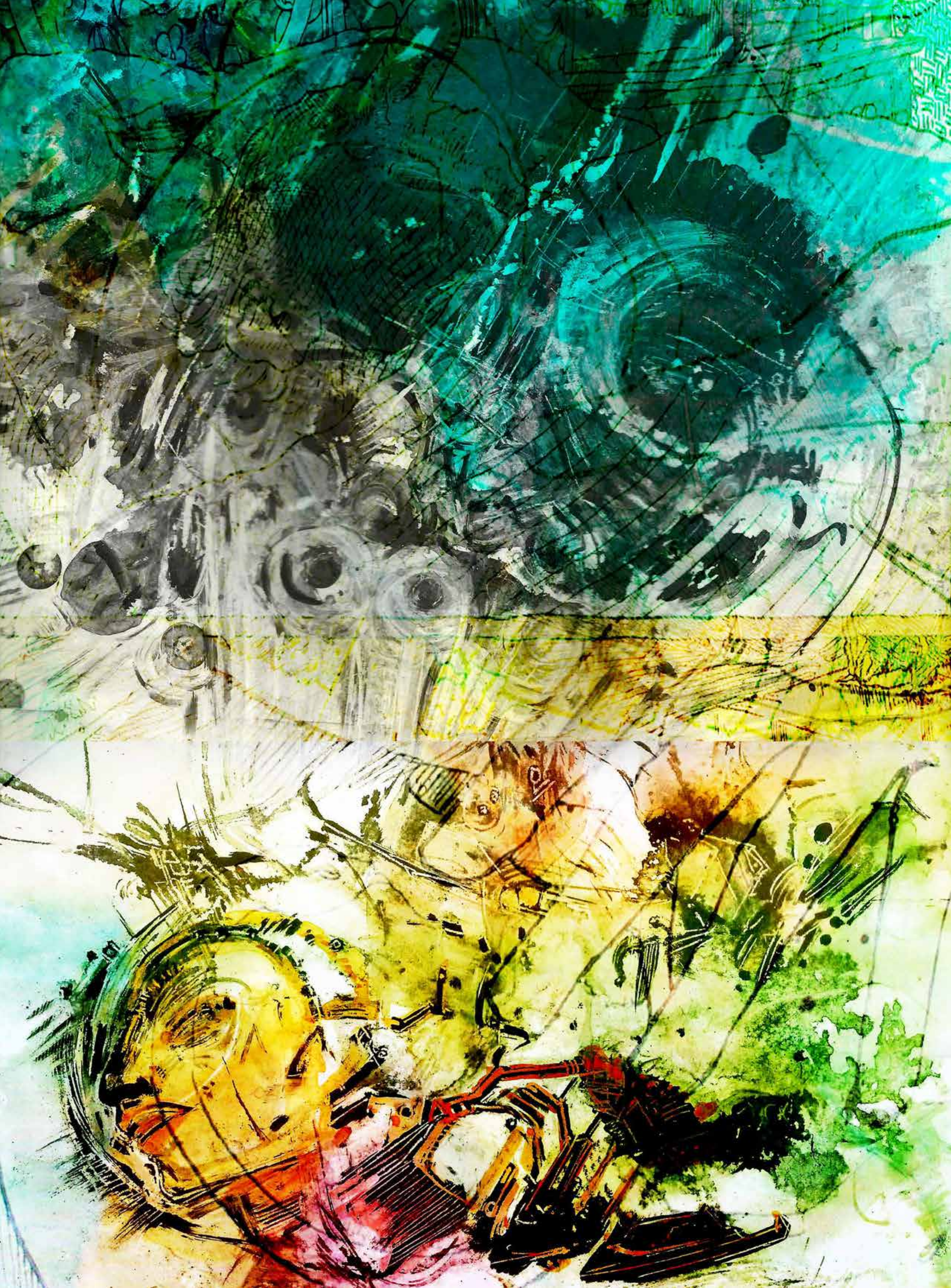
BEN EVADES THE MENACING CROWD, SHOVING HOPELESS VICTIMS ASIDE AS HE MOVES THROUGH THEM, ACCELERATING INTO A RUN DODGING VOMIT IN A HELLISH CUBIST NIGHTMARE THAT TWISTS BODY AND SOUL.

**EEEEEEEEAAAAAGGGHH!**





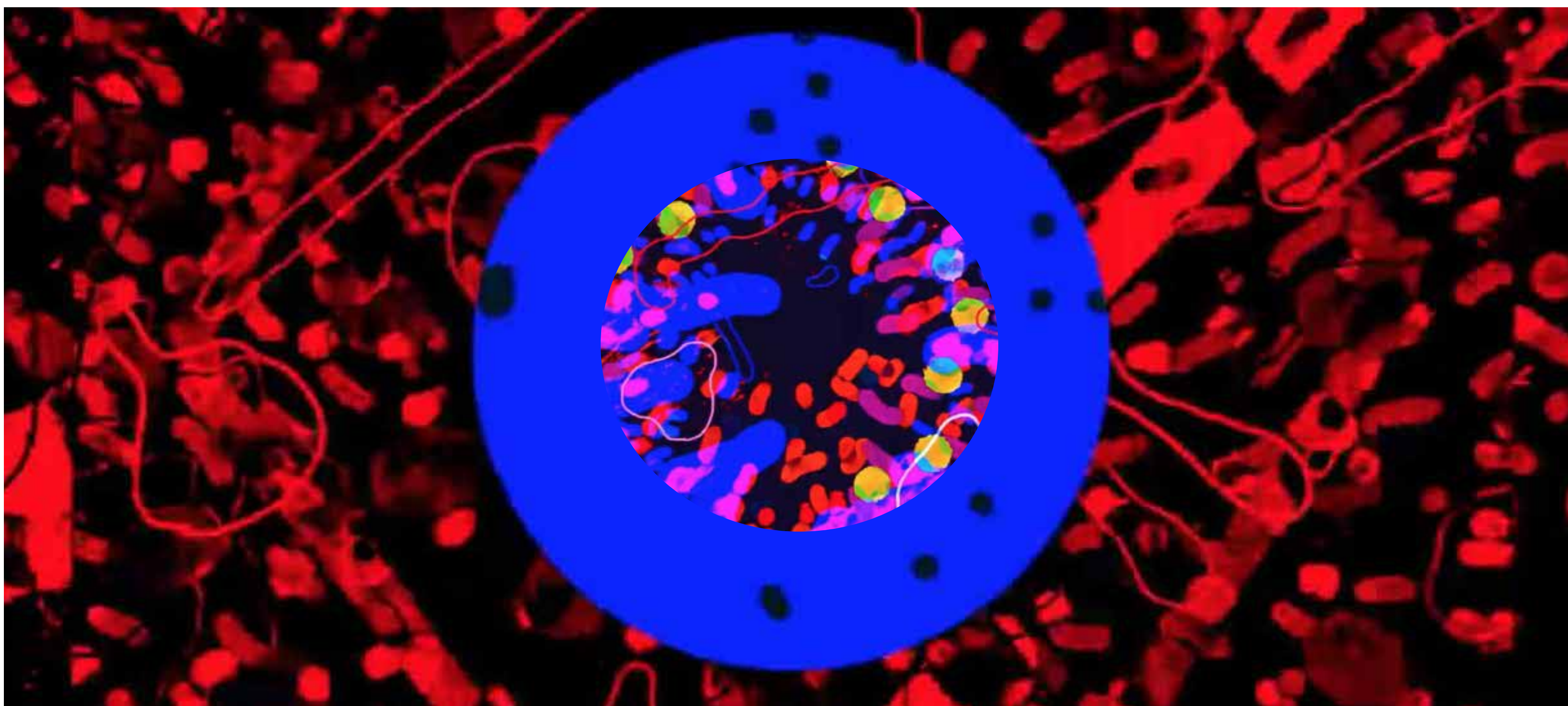
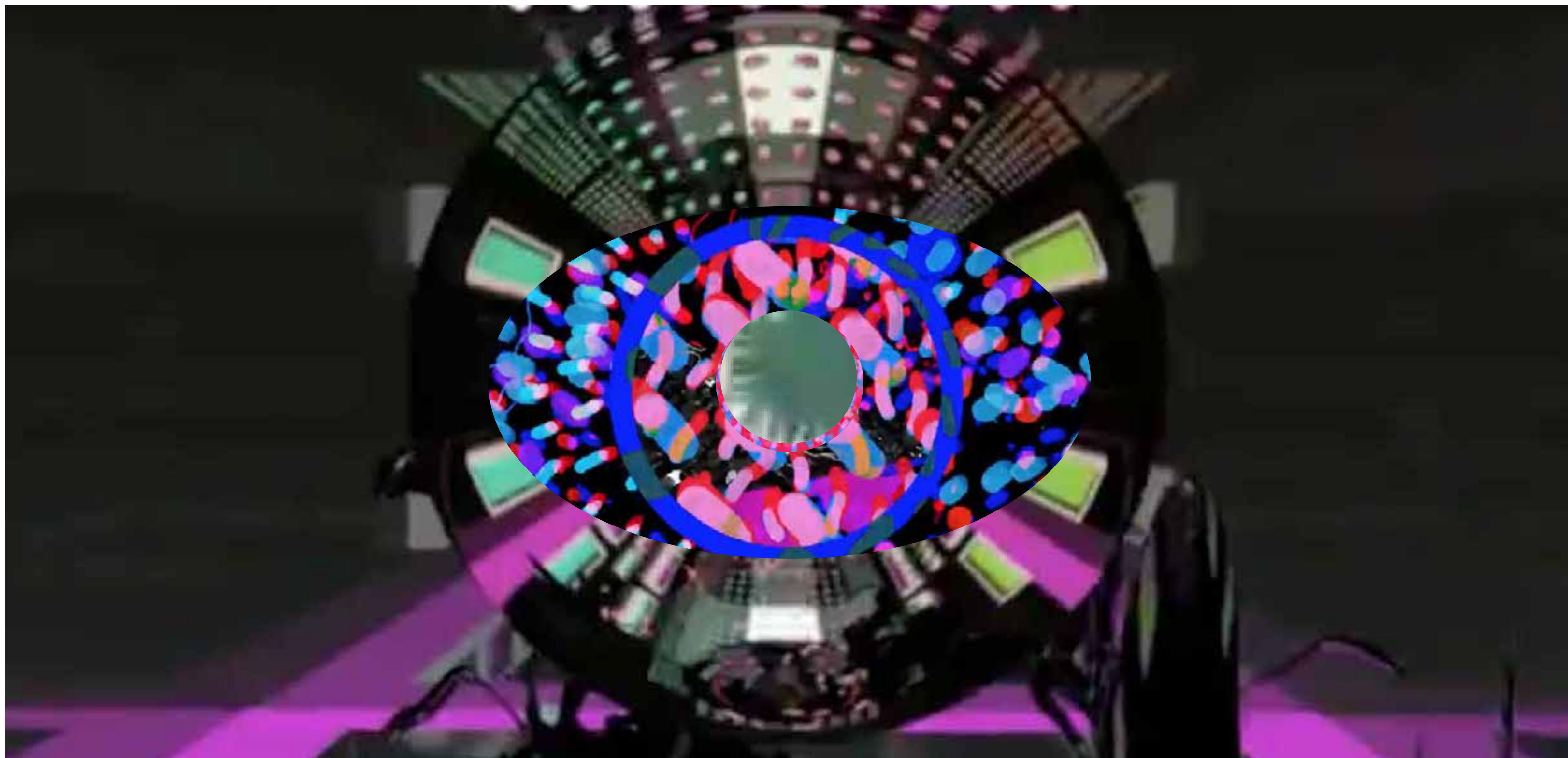
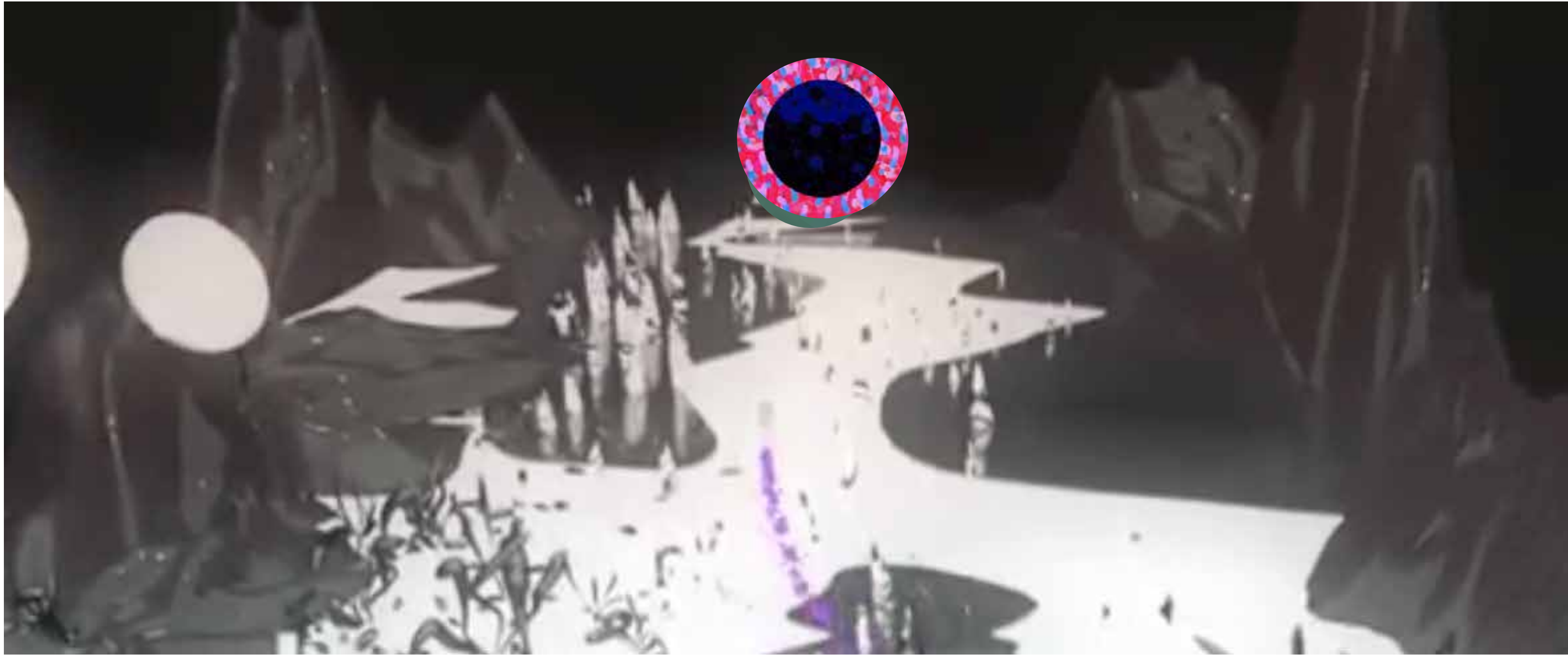
















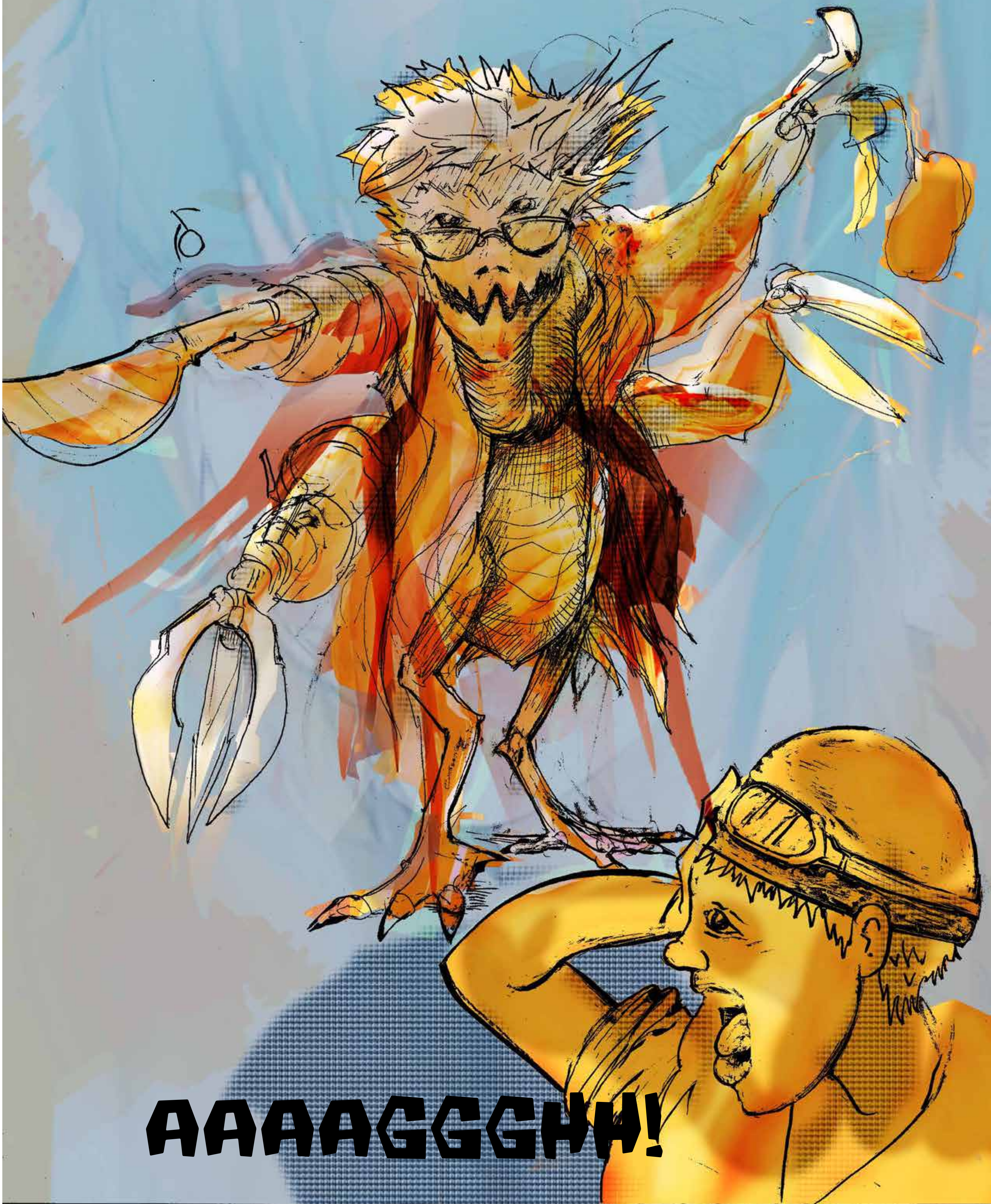














NIGHT AND DAY IN CONSTANT FLUCTUATION. DEAL AND DOLPHIN ARE SUDDENLY COMBATANTS ON ONE SIDE OF A WOOD FENCED BOXING RING. WEAPONS ARE TOSSED AT THEIR FEET, A SWORD AND A SPEAR, AND OF COURSE DOLPHIN HAS HIS SPEARGUN.

A SUBLIME COVER BAND PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND.

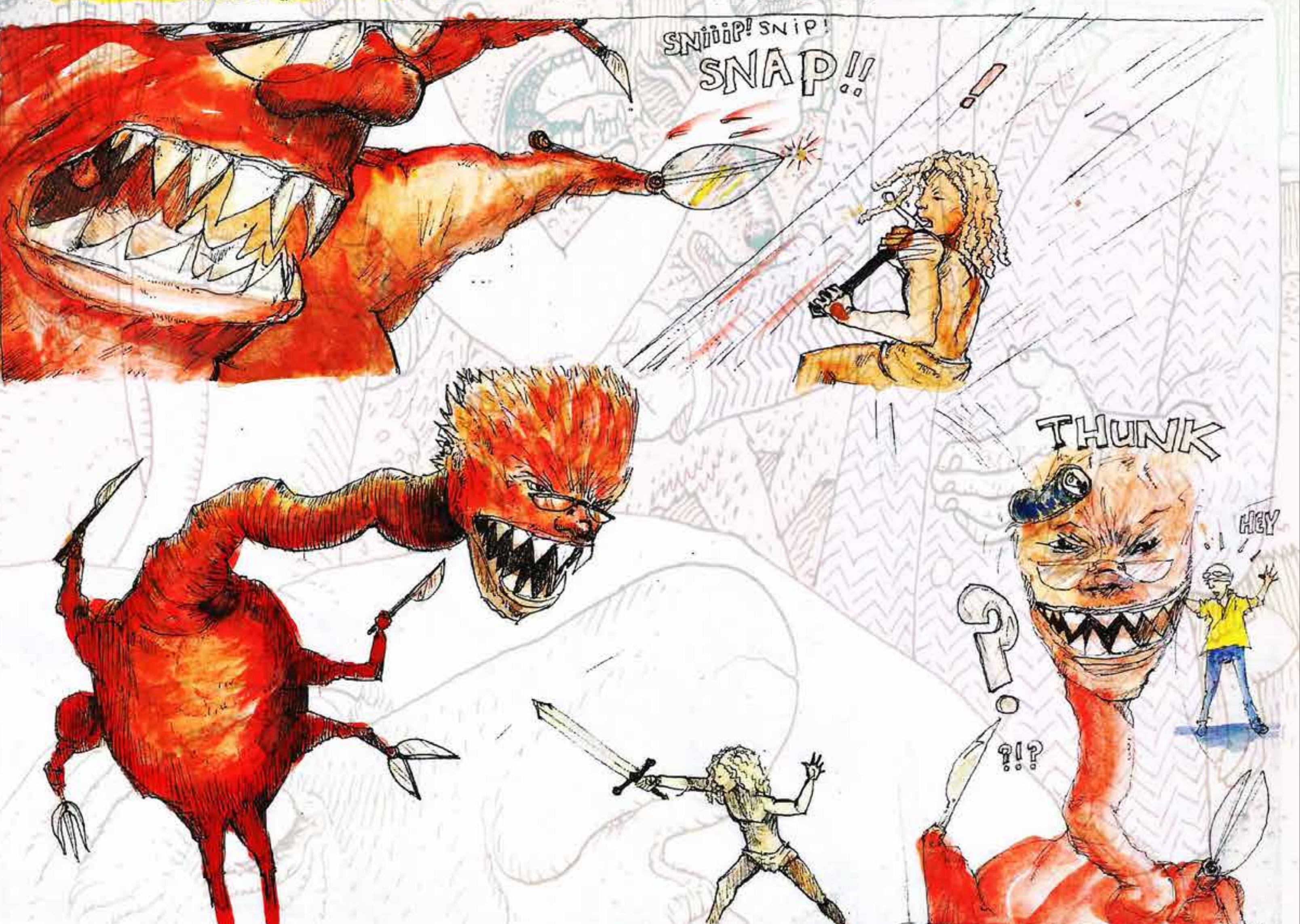
OH GOD, THERE'S A SUBLIME COVER BAND PLAYING!



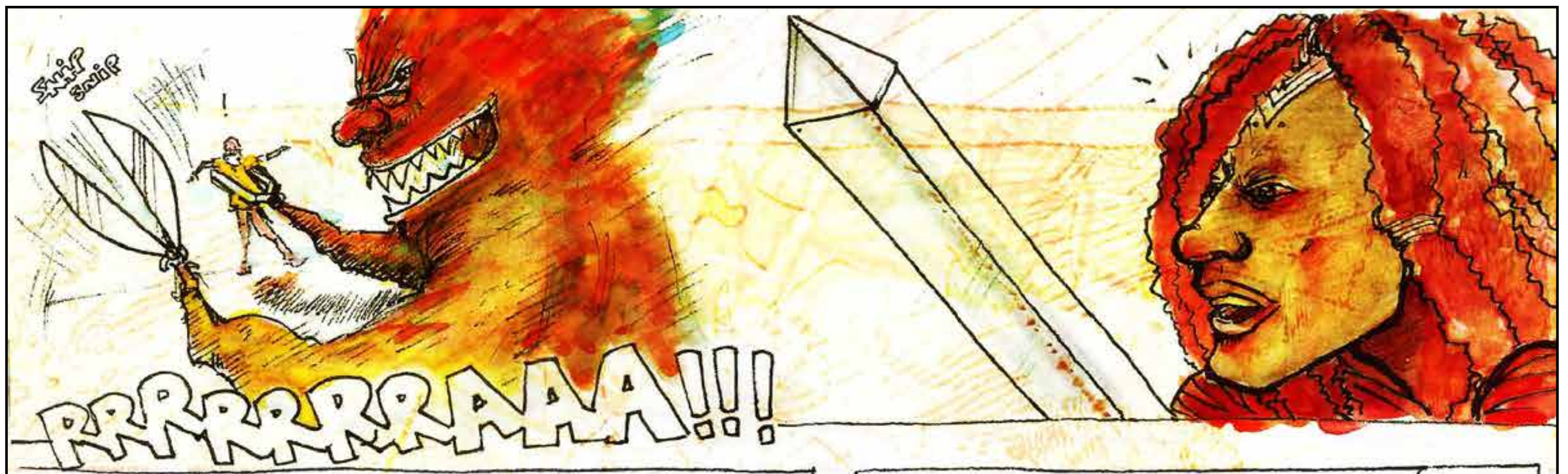




ORGANS  
FOR A GOOD  
CAAAUUSSSE!







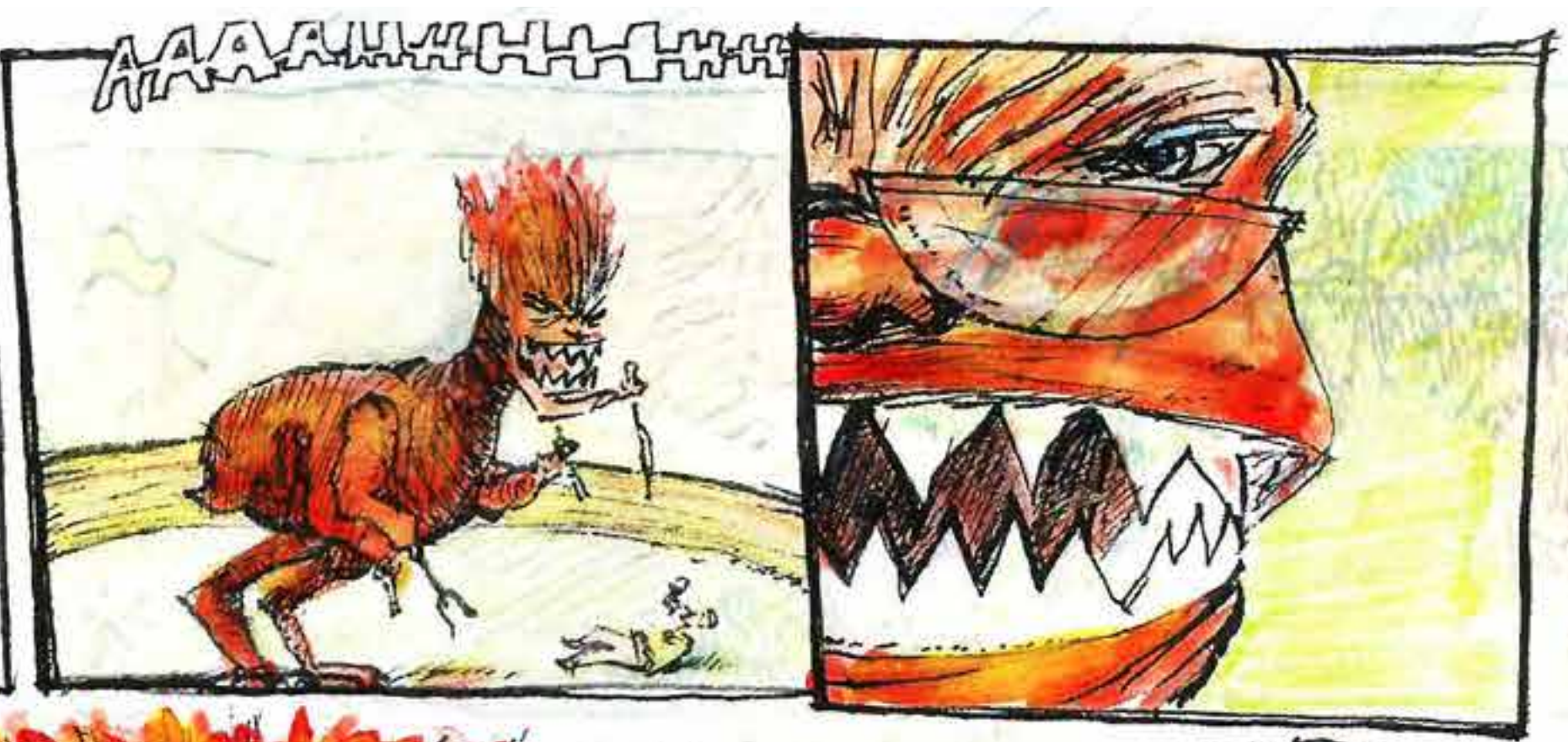








OK NOW.  
THE CHOKING  
AND THE  
HITTING WAS  
ALL IN FUN  
BUT LET'S  
CALL IT A DAY.



WOULDN'T YOU RATHER  
GIVE ME YOUR  
ORRRRRRGANS?!



GOOD JOB  
BUDDY. YOU  
KILLED IT.

ALWAYS DEAD.



ALWAYS ALIVE!

DOLPHIN AND DEAL BEGIN TO RUN INTO...



HOW ABOUT  
THAT. I  
REMEMBER  
THIS CAVE. OR  
A CAVE JUST  
LIKE IT. SEEMS  
LIKE YEARS  
AGO THOUGH...  
I'LL HIDE  
THERE. CHILL  
OUT, ETCETERA.

ODD.

DEAL, RETARDEDLY FOLLOWED  
BY DOLPHIN, KNEELS BEFORE  
THE CAVE, LISTENING TO ITS  
OMINOUS ECHOES AND WATCH-  
ING THE MYSTERIOUS SHADOWS  
DEEP IN ITS BODY.

WITH A FRIGHT, HE REALIZES THAT HE CAN'T  
SEE HIS LEFT HAND WHILE IT'S INSIDE THE  
CAVE. IT APPEARS ANYTIME HE PLACES  
A BODY PART IN THE CAVE IT DISAPPEARS;  
CUT OFF LIKE LIGHT THROUGH A BLIND.

YOU  
SEE  
THAT?

THE MOUTH OF THE  
CAVE IS HUNGRY.

RIGHT.  
LET'S NOT FEED IT.

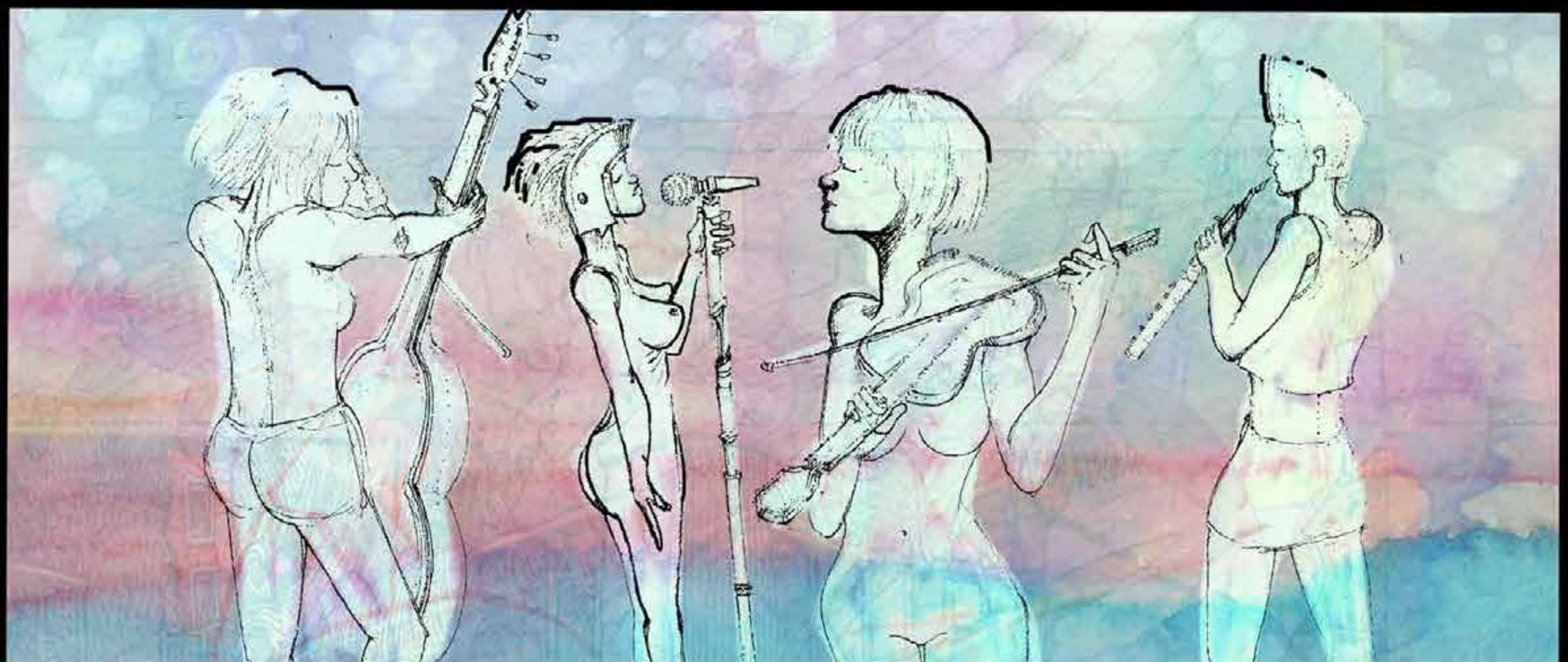




DUSK FALLS, RATHER TOO ABRUPTLY AS  
DEAL AND DOLPHIN MAKE THEIR WAY  
BACK TO THE MAIN CROWD THROUGH  
FIERCE-LOOKING CHARACTERS BENT  
INTO ABNORMALITIES.











DOLPHIN,  
YOU  
COMING?















SCRIBBLE... SCRATCH... SCRIBBLE

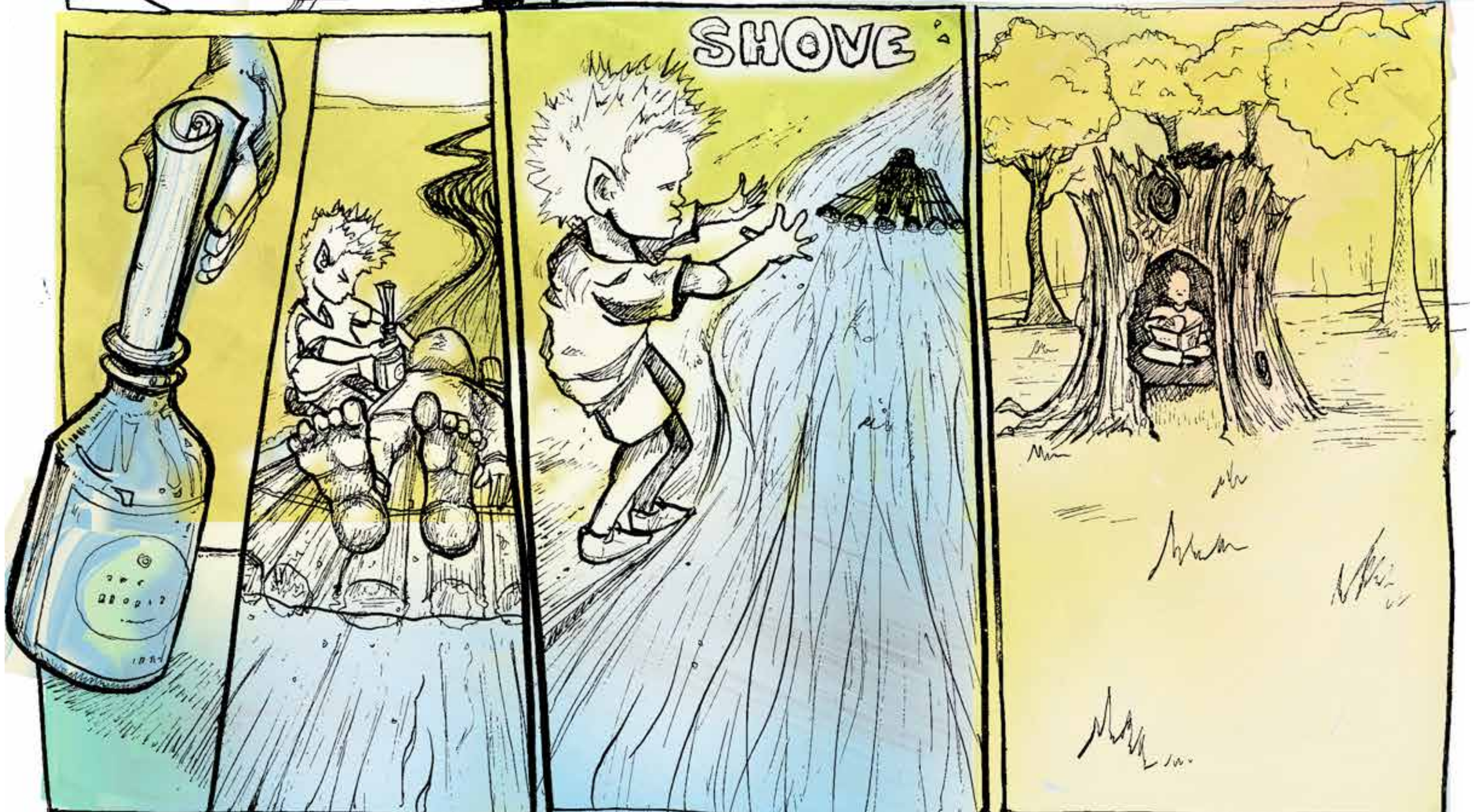
DEAR  
BARTLEDAD.



I TEMPLED TO TAKE THIS OTTER PURITY TO  
SCRIBBLE YOU AN IMPOTENT LETTER. IT HOBBLER  
TO MY INTENTION THAT YOUR "FRED" AND MY "FRED"  
DEAL IS NOT A COCAINE BUT "COCAINE LITE."

I RESPECT FOUL PLAY. BE WEIRD, AND BI-CURIOUS.

YOUR FETUS.







BART? BART! BART! SHUT UP!

DEAL, WE'RE TIED TO A TREE AND  
I WASN'T SAYING ANYTHING.

I KNOW... I KNOW GOD DAMN IT.  
WHERE'S DOLPHIN?



HE'S OVER THERE.

OH FUCK!  
LOOK WHAT  
THEY'VE  
DONE TO HIM!

NO, YOU FOOL.  
THEY ATE HIM!  
DON'T YOU SEE  
THEY PICKED HIM  
AWAY CLEAN AS A  
CHICKEN WING.

YEAH, THAT  
EVENTUALLY  
HAPPENS WHEN  
SOMEBODY  
EATS YOU.

WAS HE JUST A BLACK  
DUDE TO YOU, BART?  
YOU'LL BE LUCKY TO  
FIND ANYONE HOLDING  
YOUR LIFE AS SACRED  
AFTER YOU'VE BIT IT.



I KNOW, DUDE.  
THEY COLORED  
HIM RED AND  
SHIT-BROWN.

AND THEN  
THEY COVERED  
HIM IN SHIT?

DOLPHIN WAS THE  
COOLEST BLACK  
GUY I EVER KNEW.

YOU MEAN YOU BET WITH  
YOUR OWN BLOWJOBS?

SOMEBODY WOULD CARE.



I WOULDN'T  
BET ANY  
BLOWJOBS  
ON THAT ONE,  
BUDDY.

NO... I MEANT  
IF YOU WERE TO  
BET, YOU WOULD  
BE BETTING  
BLOWJOBS.

HOW DID  
YOU FIND  
US?

AND FUCK YOU.  
YOU'RE BOTH  
GONNA DIE THE  
SAME WAY YOUR  
FRIEND DID.

WHICH, AS  
PER OUR  
AGREE-  
MENT, I  
BELIEVE -

HE SOLD YOU  
OUT FOR A FAT  
SACK OF DRUGS.

HIS GIRLFRIEND  
LED ME TO YOU.

OUR DEAL HAS EXPIRED.







AND YOUR DEAL  
WILL EXPIRE.  
HA! WASTED  
CANNIBALS ARE  
EVERYWHERE  
IN THIS TO-  
TALLY WASTED  
WASTELAND.  
JUST LISTEN...

LET  
US  
SMELL  
THEM



FUCKIN'.



YOU'RE MAKING A BIG  
MISTAKE, MY LITTLE  
WOOKIE WRAP.



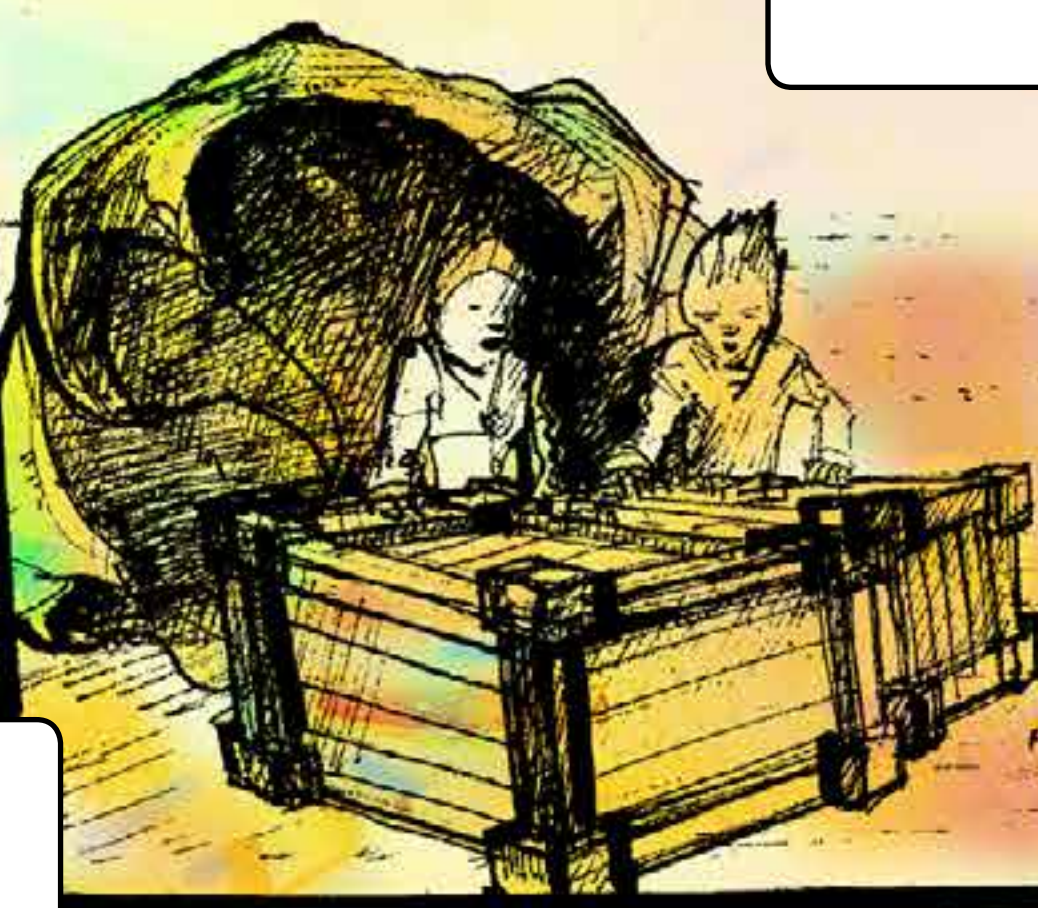
WHY  
ARE YOU  
HERE?

WELL, I WAS  
GONNA SPLIT THE  
DRUGS WITH YA.

AGATHA! YOU  
TRAITOR! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
WITH DJ POLYP?



WELL I WAS JUST PASSING THROUGH, OVERSEEING  
THE TRANSPORT OF VICTUALS FROM THE OUTSIDE.



YOU TWO ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO LOOK  
LIKE A WOOKIE WRAP RIGHT ABOUT NOW.



A PARACHUTE CARRYING A SUPPLY BOX DROPS  
FROM THE SKY AND LANDS IN THE SAND.



HAD TO ENLIST SOME HELP FROM MY DAD. HE BLAMES YOU FOR A LOT.  
ALL BECAUSE YOU FUCKED MY SHIT UP IN A FREAK ACCIDENT.



MY OLD MAN WORKS ON 'EM AT HIS COMPANY.  
WE RELEASE THEM FOR THE APPEARANCE OF  
NATURAL BREEDING.

WHAT'RE THE TOADS FOR?

NOW WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU  
BREED WITH A TOAD?

CROSS-BREEDING WILL BE THE CORNERSTONE OF MY OPERATION. SHOULD IT BE SUCH A HARD CONCEPT FOR YOU TO GRASP? DO YOU NOT LOOK AT YOURSELVES AND THE WAY YOU PEOPLE ACT AND THINK THAT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT BE, POSSIBLY, JUST MAYBE, LIVING IN A ZOO? A ZOO SO GOOD IT EVEN LOOKS LIKE NATURE INTENDED IT. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I EXTRAPOLATE FROM THIS WHOLE FUCKED-UP SITUATION. THE FESTIVAL. THE WHOLE REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT AGAINST THE WORLD OUTSIDE. IT'S SERVED ONLY TO KEEP YOU ASSHOLES ENTERTAINED WHILE THE ADULTS RUN THE REAL WORLD. MY LADY FRIEND AND I ARE GONNA SHOW YOU HIPPIES WHO YOU REALLY ARE.

AGATHA?

SUDOKU.

NO, THE ASIAN CHICK.

THAT'S THE ONE.

SHE WOULDN'T  
DO SHIT FOR  
YOU UNLESS  
YOU FORCED  
HER.

YEAH BUT YOU KNOW WHAT  
GETS MY DICK HARD?  
FORCING PEOPLE TO DO  
THINGS.



I SAY GOOD DAY.

A man with long, light-colored dreadlocks and a beard, wearing a white t-shirt under a brown jacket, is leaning into a bumper car. He is holding onto the side of the car. Inside the car, a woman with blonde, curly hair is sitting, wearing a black top and a black harness. She is looking down at the steering wheel. The bumper car is light-colored with two large, round headlights on the front. The background is a plain, light color.

LET'S BOUNCE BABY.



SOMETHIN' NOT RIGHT WITH THAT GUY. SAME GOES FOR YOU BART, YOU FUCKED US.

YOU FUCKED US, MAN. YOU WERE THE ONE THEY WERE ALWAYS AFTER. YOU'RE THE ONE THAT MADE 'EM SO MAD. THE ONE WHO DECIDED TO RUN ALL THE FUCKIN' WAY OUT HERE TO FIND THE EDGE OF THE FUCKIN' FESTIVAL. TO SAVE YOUR ASS! DOES IT LOOK FUCKIN' SAFE OUT HERE?

WHAT'S MORE IS THAT BECAUSE OF YOU HE TOOK AGATHA. YOU KNOW AGATHA AND HER PEOPLE ARE THE ONLY ONES EVER SHOWED ME ANY RESPECT?

STILL, THERE'S SOME DIGNITY IN THAT.

THEY WANT TO KILL YOU AND EAT YOU!

DOLPHIN, I THINK THAT THERE WAS SOME DIGNITY IN-

**TELL  
THAT  
TO  
DOLPHIN.**

SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

***SHUT!  
THE!  
FUCK!  
UP!***

SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

***SHUT!  
THE!  
FUCK!  
UP!***





FOR A MOMENT THEY CRY, CEASING ONLY WHEN THEY BOTH NOTICE A DISPLACED MOUND OF DIRT, REPRESENTING, IT SEEMS, A SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL MOVING RATHER CARTOONISHLY TOWARDS THEM.



FUCK.  
THEY'RE  
COMING!



FUCK MY ASS! IS IT  
TREMORS? WHAT IF  
IT'S TREMORS?!

AAAH  
HHHH  
AAHH  
HHHH  
HHHH  
HHHH  
HHHH!



OH, THANK THE GODS  
I CAN'T WORK A COAT  
HANGER WORTH A SHIT!

THE  
BASTARD!?



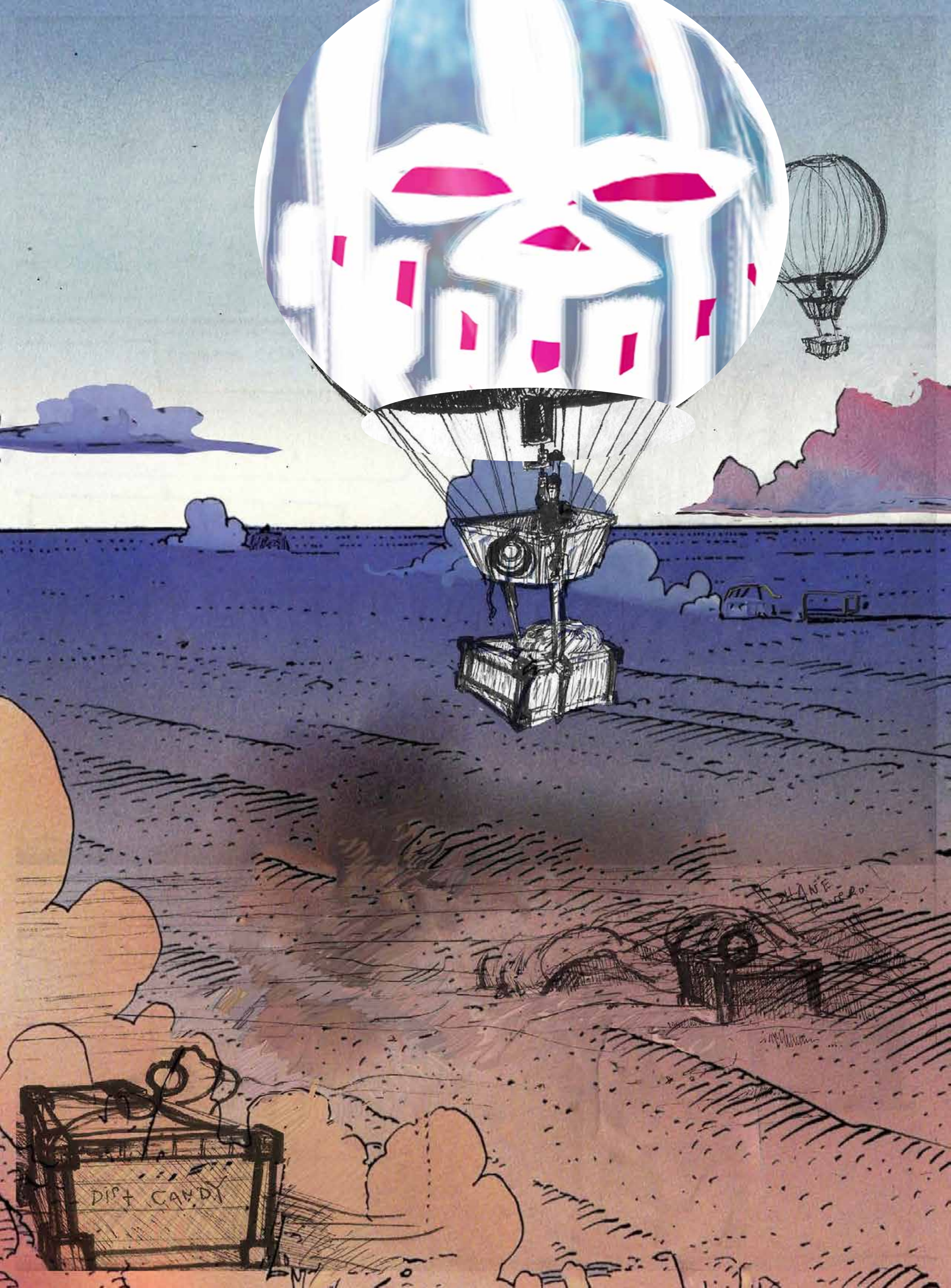
OH, THANK THE GODS  
I CAN'T WORK A COAT  
HANGER WORTH A SHIT!



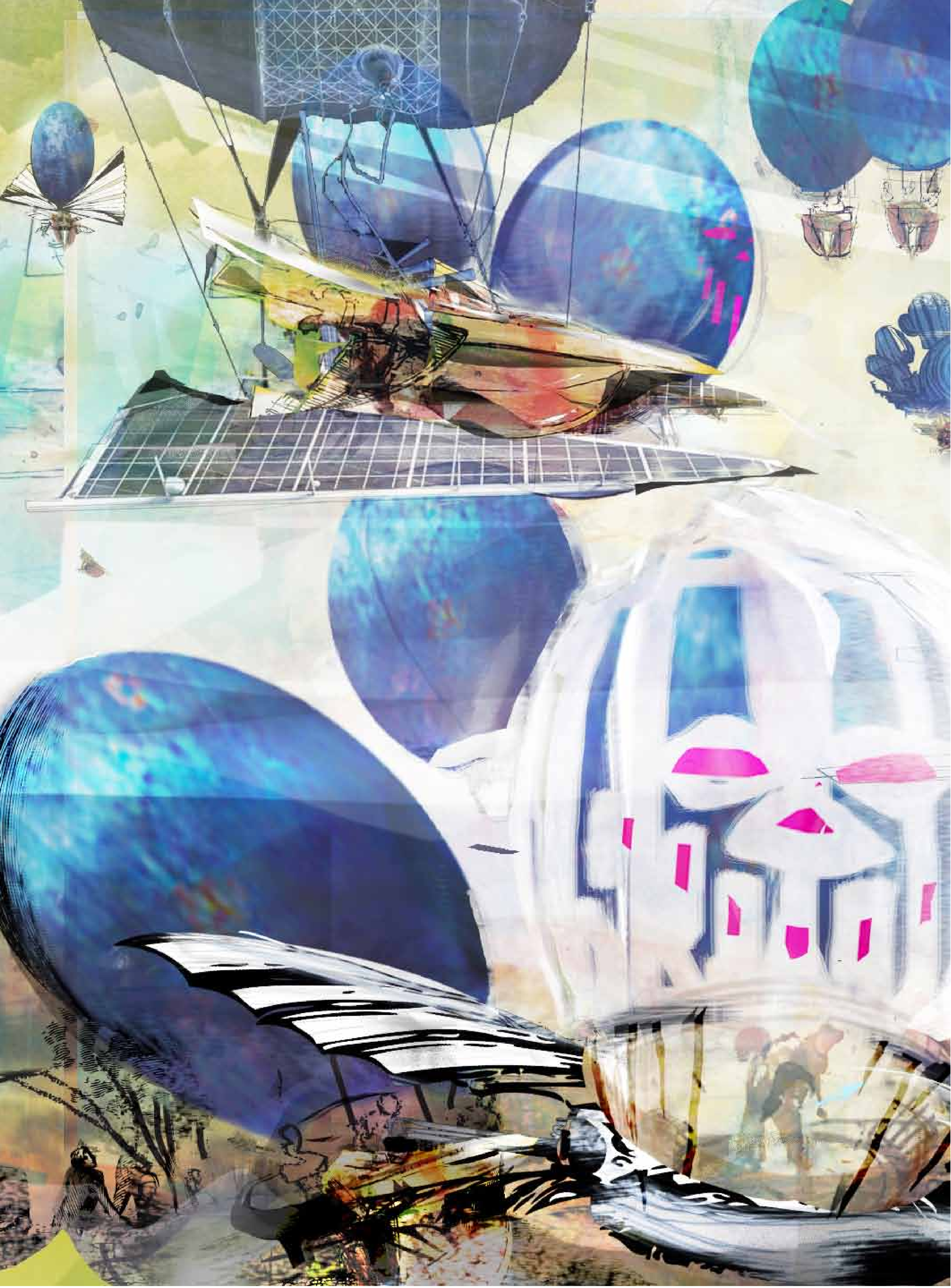
WHAT?

NEVER MIND WHAT  
HE SAID KID.  
  
JUST CUT US  
LOOSE.

























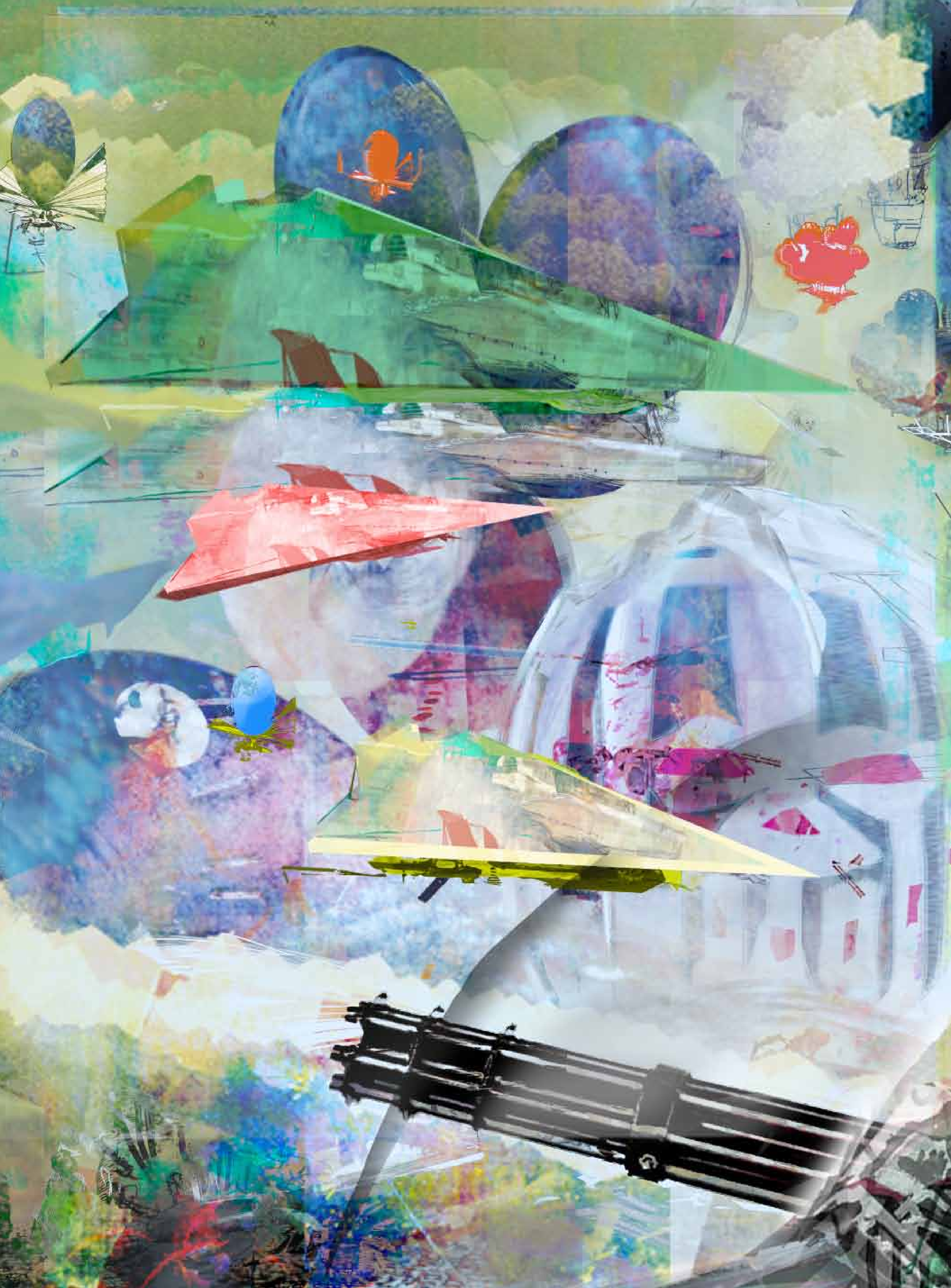








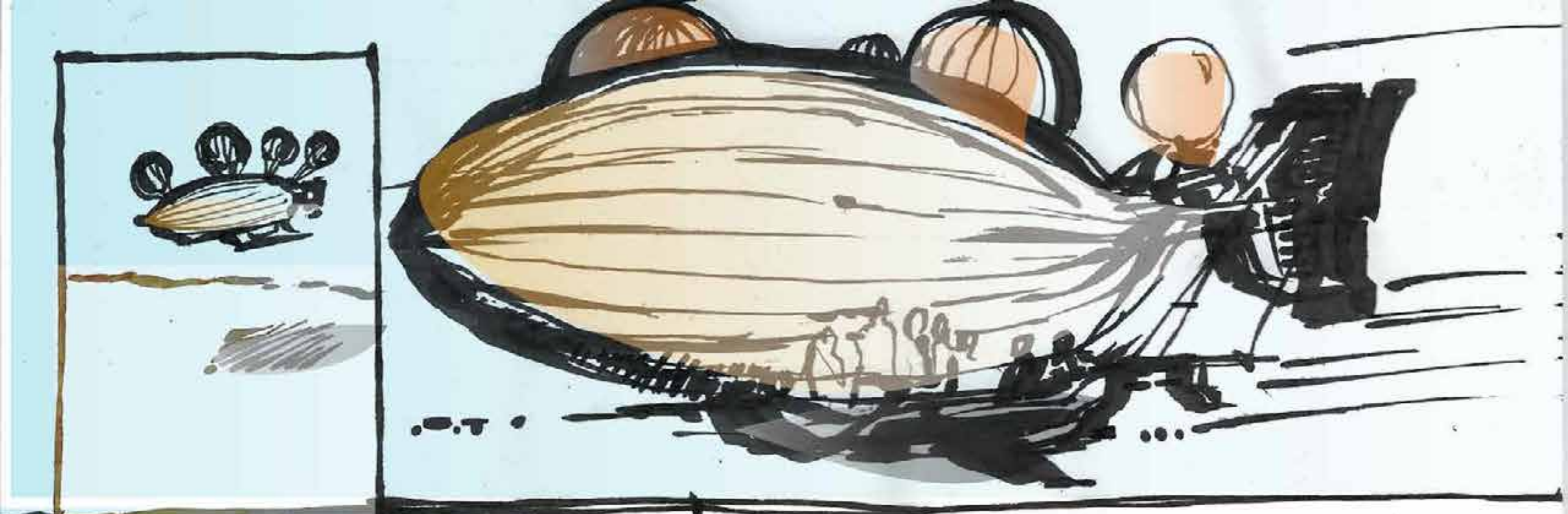




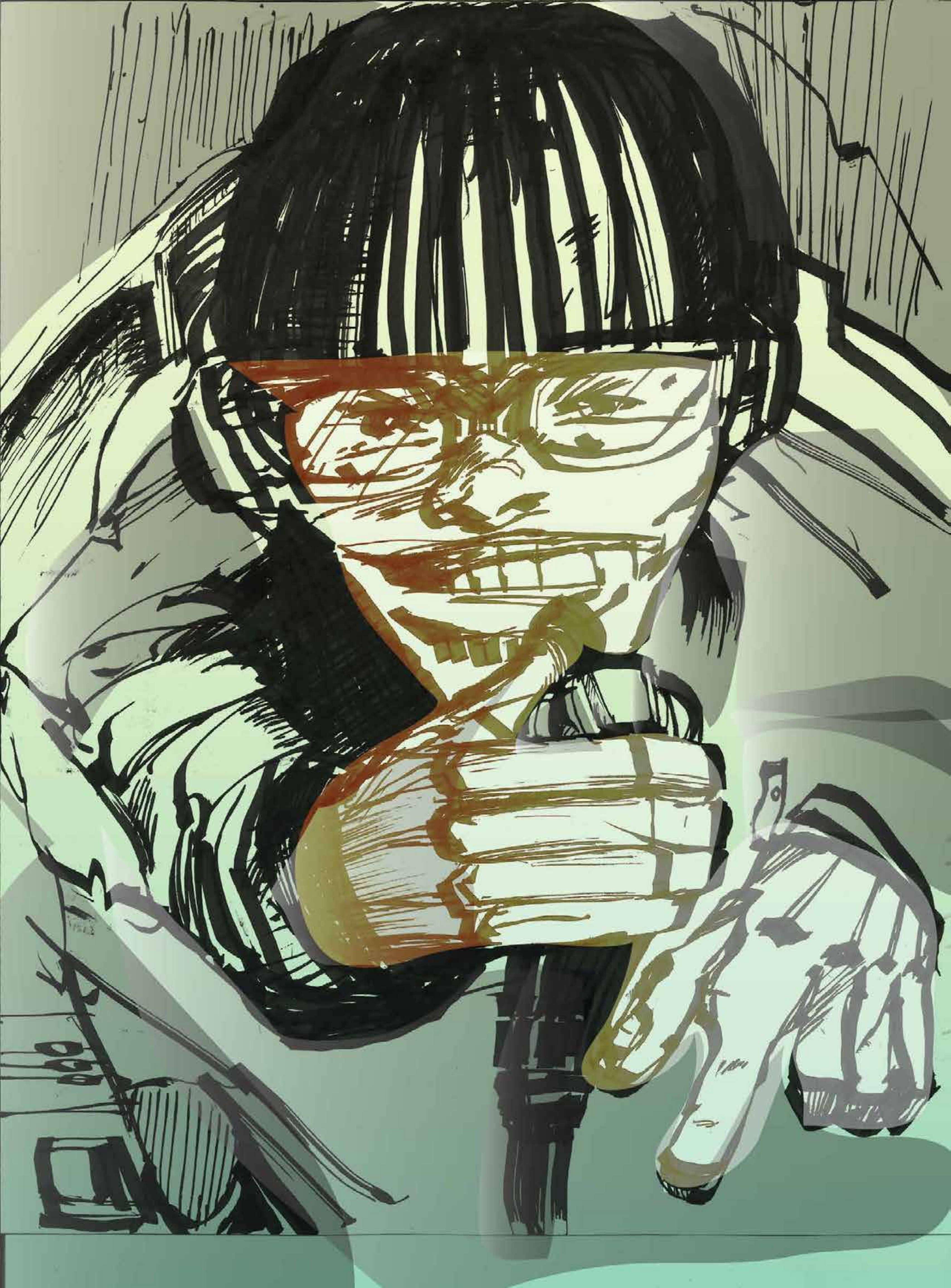




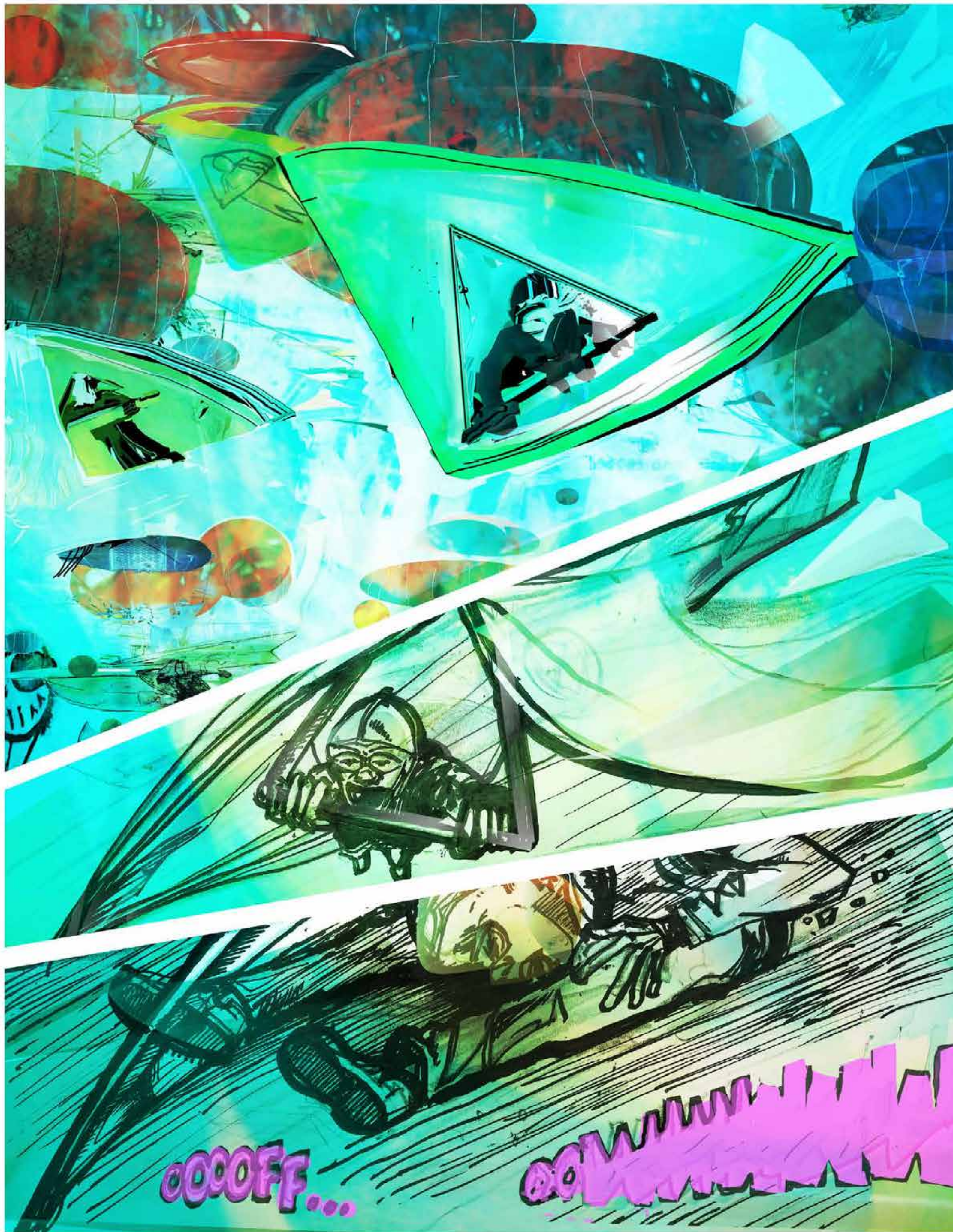












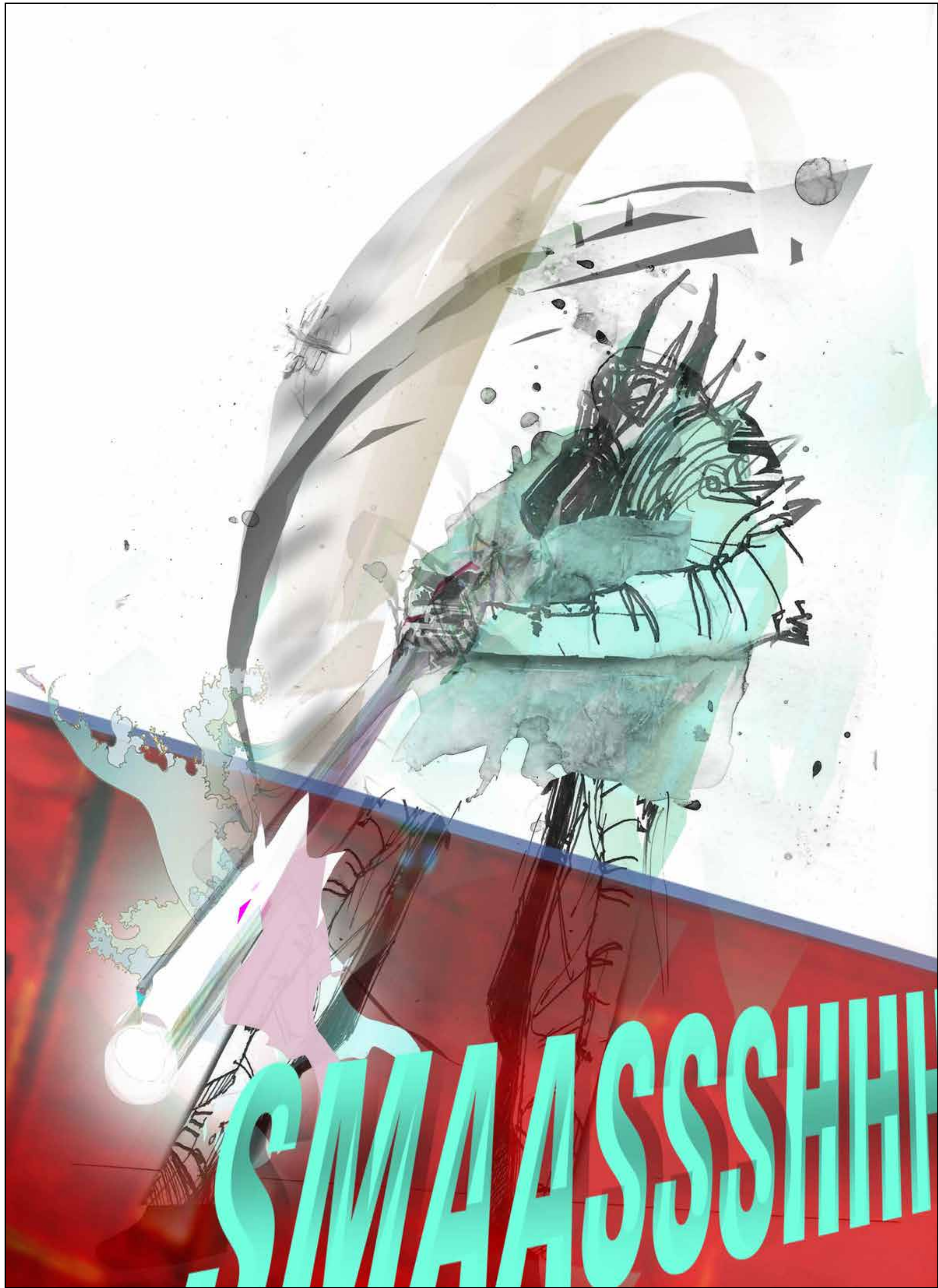
















SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING EXACTLY IS THAT THE NITROUS MAFIA HAS BEEN PLANNING TO DISPERSE THIS EXPERIMENTAL BATCH OF TOAD GAS ALL OVER THE FESTIVAL?

RIGHT. IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE CALLING IT? TOAD GAS?



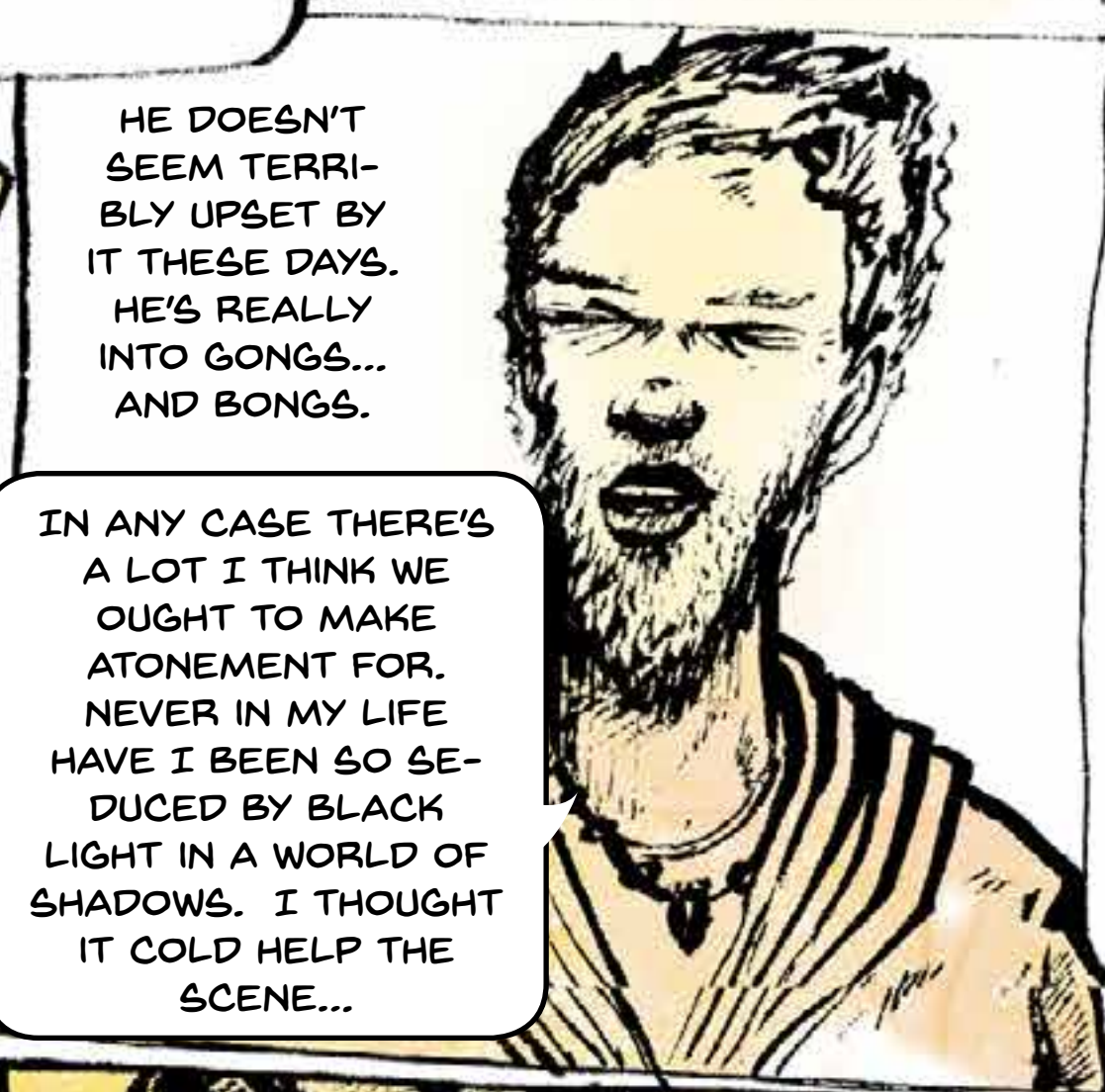
THEY CALL IT TOAD GAS, ZOMBIE QUEEF, TOADSTOOL, NOZNICE, REVERSE BOOFING, THEY ALSO CALL IT OZONE.

BUT HE MIGHT NOT CATCH ON RIGHT AWAY



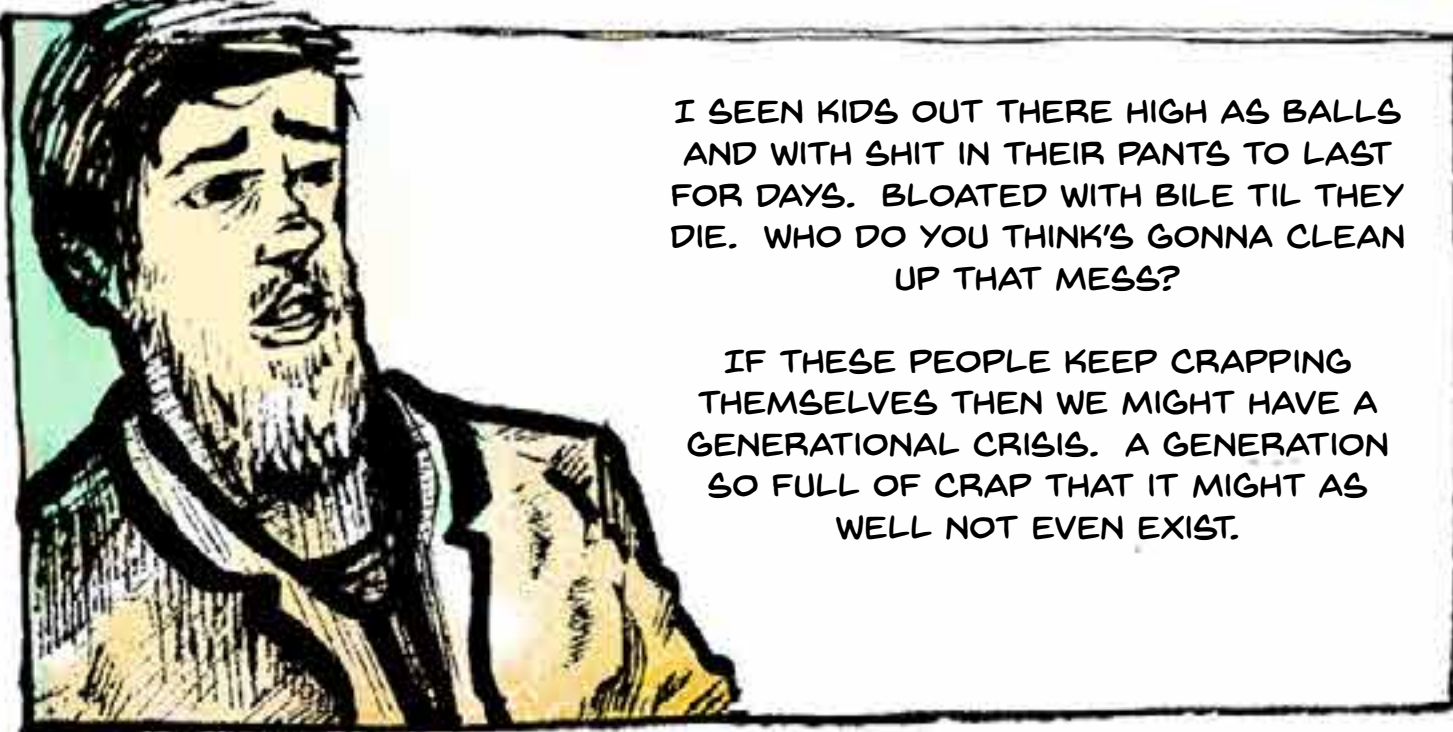
BECAUSE HE'S PRETTY MUCH DEAF.

OH YEAH... HOW IS THAT GOIN'?



HE DOESN'T SEEM TERRIBLY UPSET BY IT THESE DAYS. HE'S REALLY INTO GONGS... AND BONGS.

IN ANY CASE THERE'S A LOT I THINK WE OUGHT TO MAKE ATONEMENT FOR. NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I BEEN SO SEDUCED BY BLACK LIGHT IN A WORLD OF SHADOWS. I THOUGHT IT COULD HELP THE SCENE...



I SEEN KIDS OUT THERE HIGH AS BALLS AND WITH SHIT IN THEIR PANTS TO LAST FOR DAYS. BLOATED WITH BILE TIL THEY DIE. WHO DO YOU THINK'S GONNA CLEAN UP THAT MESS?

IF THESE PEOPLE KEEP CRAPPING THEMSELVES THEN WE MIGHT HAVE A GENERATIONAL CRISIS. A GENERATION SO FULL OF CRAP THAT IT MIGHT AS WELL NOT EVEN EXIST.



WELL MAYBE THERE'S A WAY TO GET THE WORD OUT TO PEOPLE. YA KNOW, EDUCATE THEM. HELL, I TEACH VOLUNTEER GROUPS ALL THE TIME. I COULD BUILD A CURRICULUM FOR DRUG SAFETY.

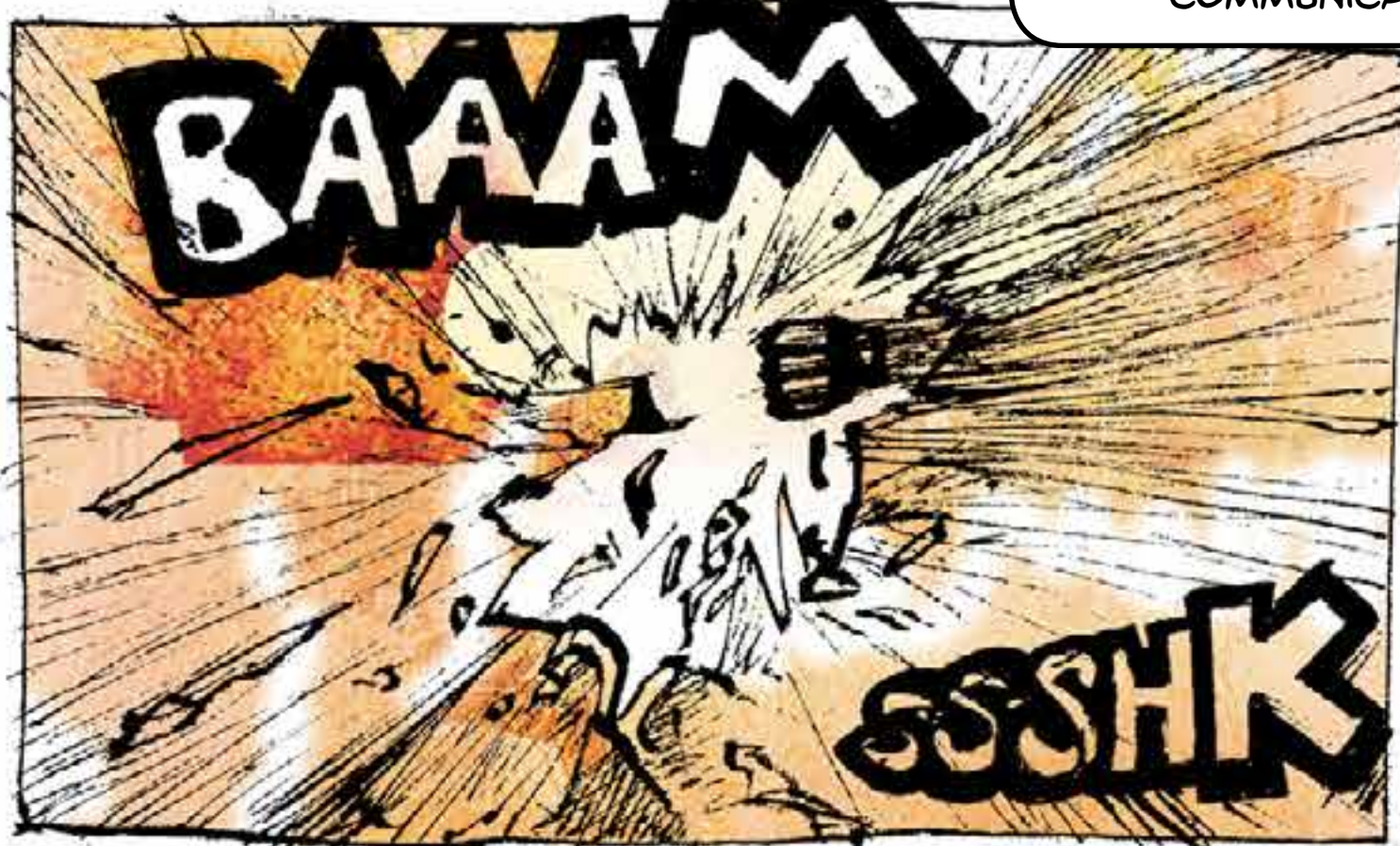


SAY... THAT SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD. AND NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, I'M A JOURNALIST OF SORTS. WITH MY CONNECTIONS AT THE BLOG I COULD TOTALLY SPREAD THE WORD TO ALL THE FESTIES ABOUT THE CORRUPTION AND CRONYISM BEHIND THE NITROUS MAFIA.



I'D READ THAT... IN BRAILLE.

HELL MAYBE I COULD EVEN SEND A MESSAGE OUT TO DEAL THROUGH THE BLOG. THERE MIGHT BE COMMUNICATIONS OUT THERE AT THE EDGE.



NOT IF THE EDGE DOESN'T EXIST.



IS THAT DJ POLYP I HEAR?  
RENOWNED ASSHOLE?



THE VERY SAME.  
COME TO FETCH  
MY "GAS QUEEN."

I GOTTA TELL  
YA. I'M NOT  
CRAZY ABOUT  
THE MONIKER.

I'D LIKE TO  
HAND IN MY  
RESIGNATION.  
I'M GOING TO  
TEACH YOUNG  
VOLUNTEERS  
DRUG SAFETY.



YEAH SURE,  
THAT'LL GET YA  
PLACES. BABYSIT-  
TING A BUNCH OF  
TWISTED BRATS  
FOR THEIR TWISTED  
PARENTS WON'T BE  
MUCH FUN WHEN  
THEIR BOWELS ARE  
LOOSE ENOUGH TO  
PISS THEIR PANTS  
WELL INTO THEIR  
30'S AND 40'S, OR  
DIE TRYING. AND  
THAT'S IF THEY  
HAVE ENOUGH  
BRAIN CELLS TO  
REMEMBER TO  
BREATHE.



I'LL WRITE THE TRUTH  
ABOUT YOUR ANTICS.

YOU TELL YOUR TRUTH AND I'LL  
TELL MINE. I SUGGEST YOU RE-  
MAIN OBSEQUIOUS, COLLEGE  
BOY. BETTER TO TELL PEOPLE  
WHAT THEY WANT TO HEAR. THE  
TRUTH IS JUST TOO EXISTEN-  
TIALY DEPRESSING.

THE TRUTH THAT PEOPLE  
WOULD RATHER BE COMPLA-  
CENT IN THE MOMENT THAN  
WORRY ABOUT WHAT'S REALLY  
GOING ON. YOU PEOPLE AREN'T  
EVEN LISTENING TO THE MU-  
SIC ANYMORE. WHAT AVERAGE  
HIPPIE WOULD WANT TO KNOW  
MORE THAN THE NEXT PLACE TO  
SCORE DRUGS?



DEAL WOULD.



THAT'S RIGHT. LOTS OF  
PEOPLE WILL HEAR FROM  
HIM, FROM THE EDGE!



AHEM. HE WAS EATEN BY CANNIBALS  
THIS MORNING OR TOMORROW  
MORNING. I FORGET.  
IT'S IRRELEVANT.

WHAT?



HIM DYING. IT'S IRRELEVANT...  
IRRELEVANT? LIKE, IT'S  
HAPPENING NOW BUT REALLY,  
IT'S TOMORROW THERE... OR  
YEARS FROM NOW. ANYWAY,  
HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD.



NO.  
IT'S A LIE.



EITHER WAY, YOU JUST  
MADE HIM A FUCKING  
MARTYR. DEAL WAS  
LIKE FAMILY TO ME, YOU  
SON OF A WHORE.

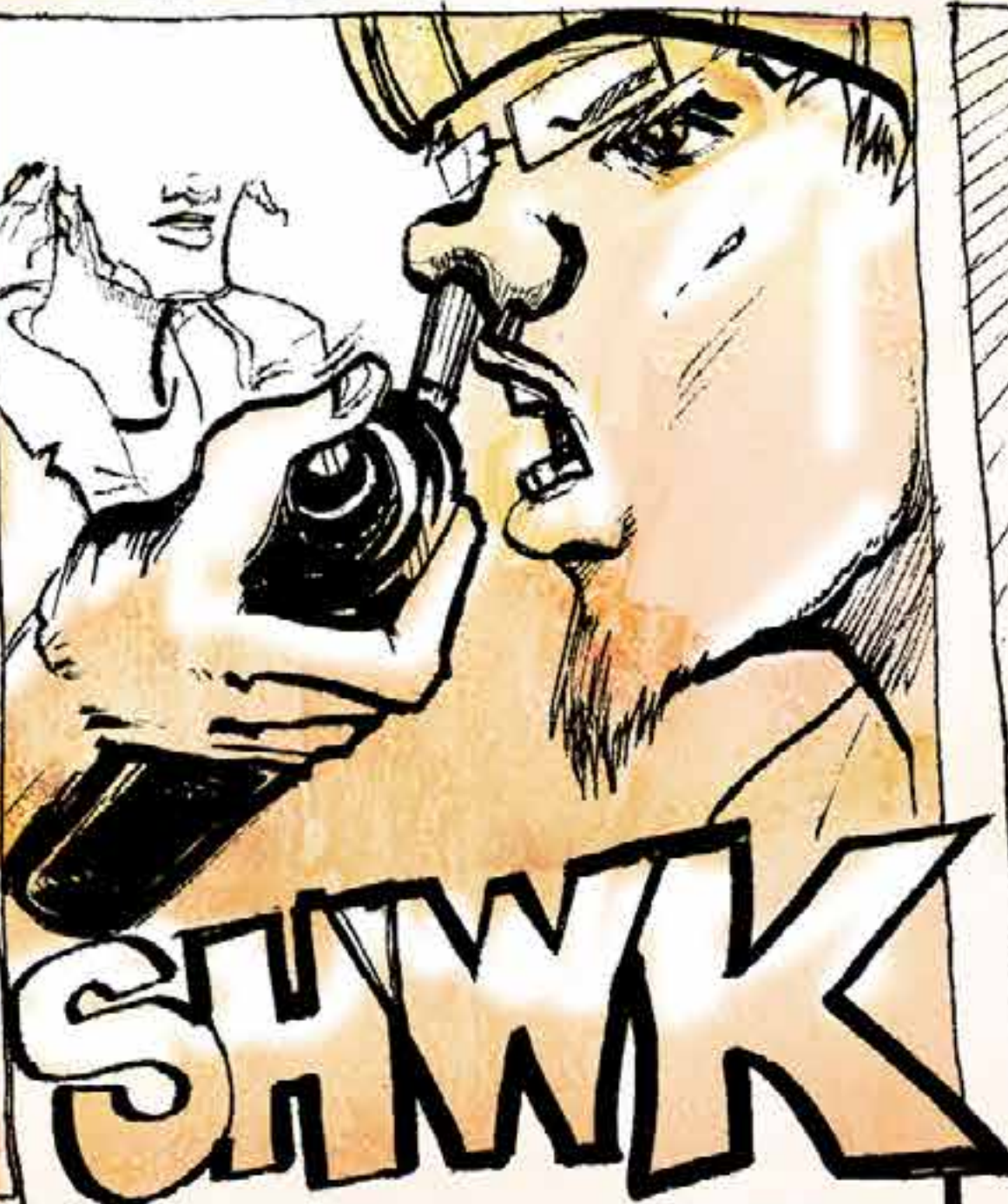


A GOOD EXCUSE  
FOR A MAN, I'LL  
GIVE HIM THAT. BUT  
STILL, JUST AN  
EXCUSE.

SO, YOU WRITE  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
THIS SITUATION IN  
YOUR BLOG IF IT  
MAKES YOU FEEL  
BETTER. HOWEVER,  
I FORESEE A GRAVE  
DECLINE IN READING  
COMPREHENSION  
OVER THE NEXT FEW  
YEARS.



WATCH THE BIRDY!



WHAT  
THE  
FUCK?!

MORE MAFIOSOS MOVE IN TO STAMP ON HIM AND,  
WHILE THEY'RE AT IT, THEY SURPRISE OZONE BY  
BANGING HIS HEAD INTO THE GONGS.





THAT'S NOT... EXACTLY  
WHAT HAPPENED.

AND YOU! BECAUSE OF YOU, MY POOR  
BROTHER HPV IS DEAD. SUFFOCATED  
BY A PILE OF HUMAN WASTE FROM  
YOUR FAULTY EQUIPMENT.



HEY NOW!



AHHHHH...



I'LL FUCKING  
JUMP. WHO'LL  
MAKE YOUR  
GAS THEN?



DON'T TEST  
ME, SUDOKU.

ONLY ONE WAY FOR YOU TO FIND OUT. COME  
ON, THINK OF THE TOADS. YOUR WILLFUL  
ACTIONS WILL COST THEM DEARLY. THE  
NEXT PARTY IS MANDATORY. ONE FOR  
THE AGES, AND THE END OF 'EM.

!!!?!

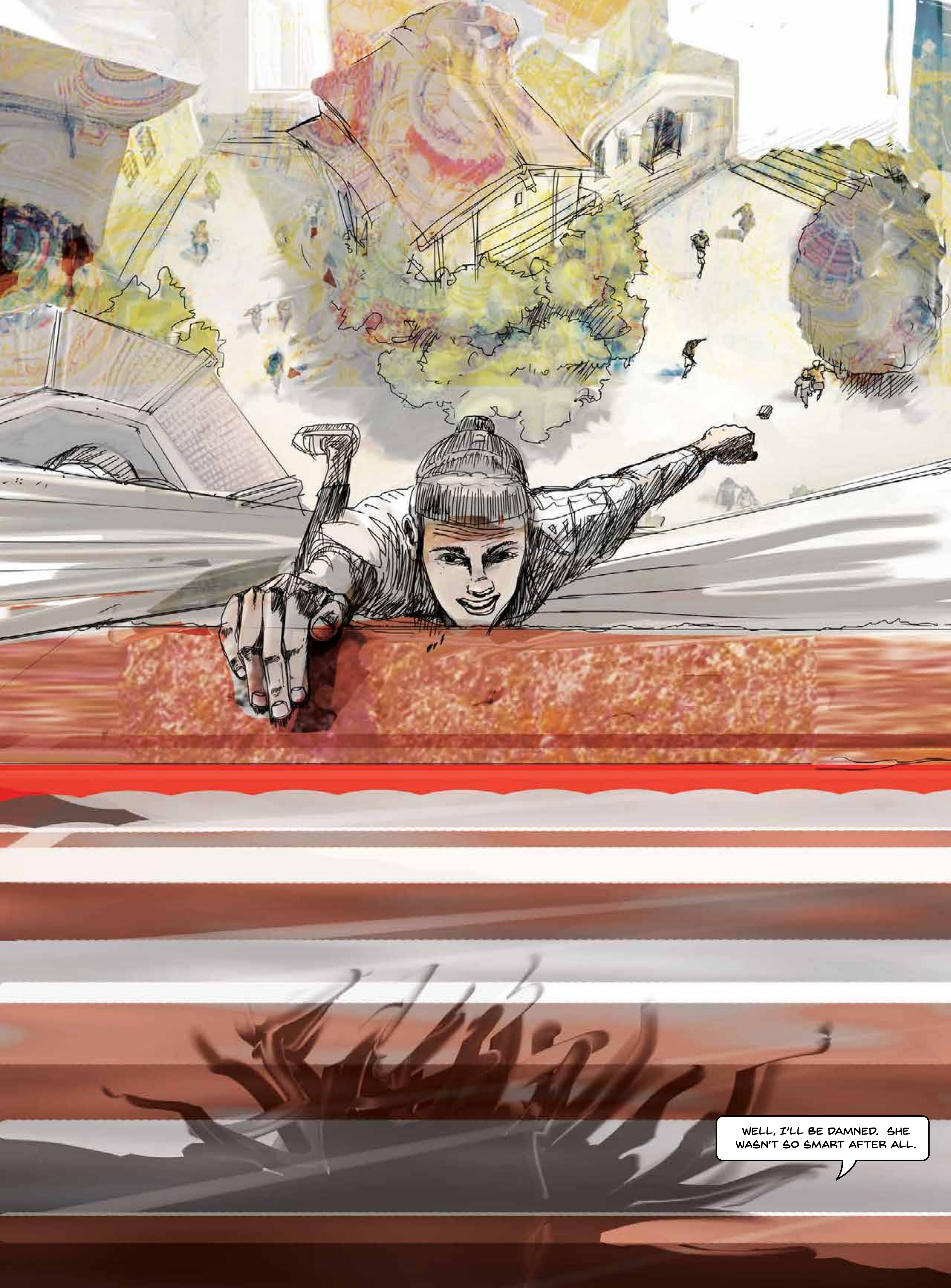
THE PARTY'S OVER FOR ME.



SUDOKU PRECARIOUSLY DANGLES  
IN THE RAFTERS BELOW THE RADIO  
TOWER'S BALCONY. WE'RE LOOKING  
OVER POLYP'S SHOULDER.

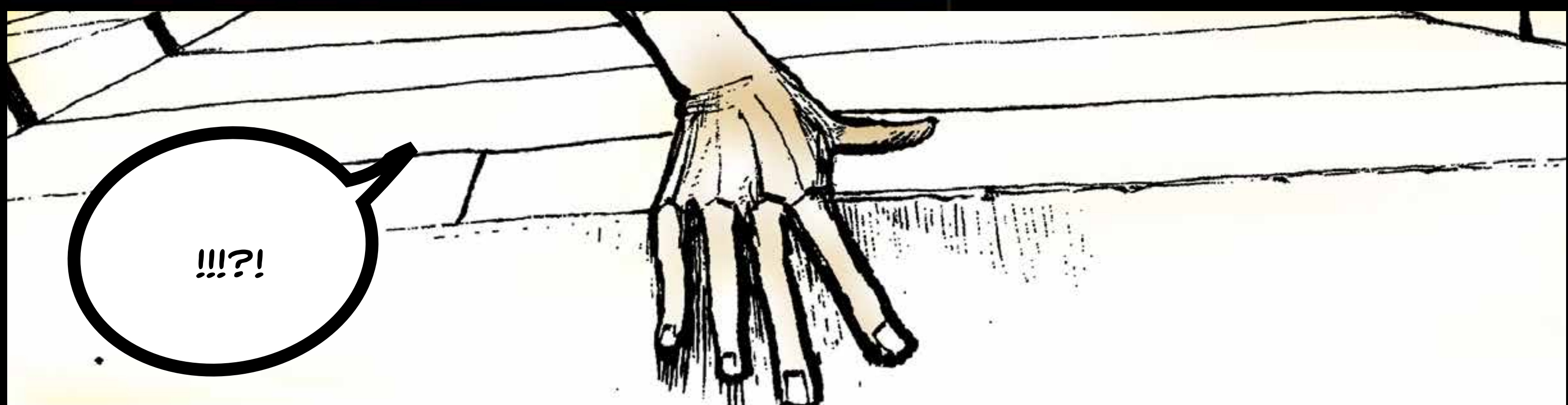




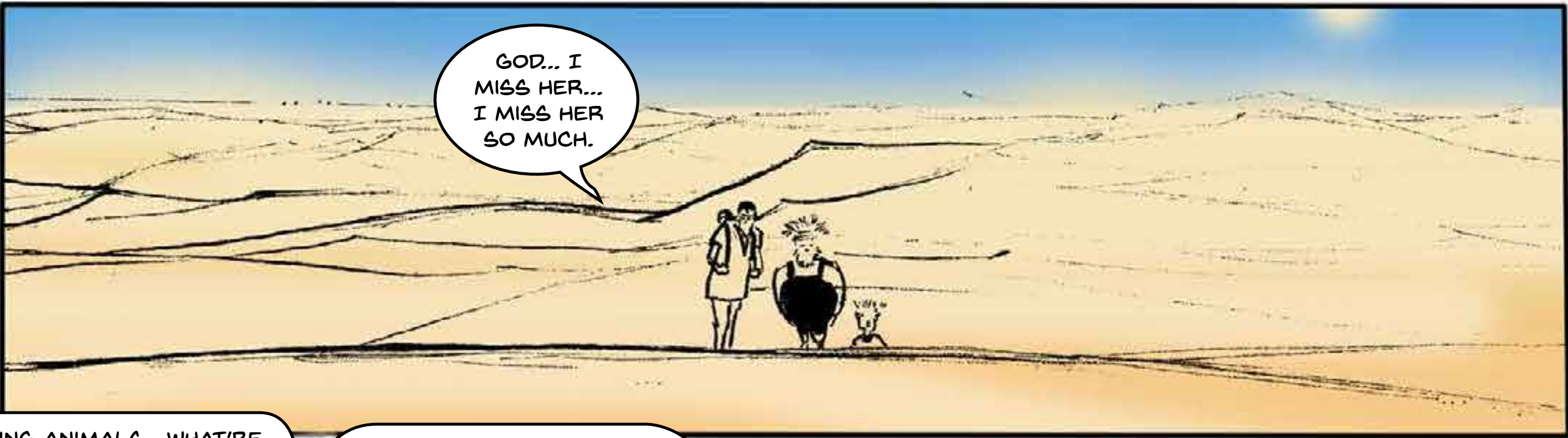


WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED. SHE  
WASN'T SO SMART AFTER ALL.









FUCKING ANIMALS. WHAT'RE THEY DOING TO LOT B? AND BART! TRIED TO SELL ME FER DRUGS, DOLPHIN. BUT YOU WOULDN'T BE SO SHALLOW WOULD YA. SO CHEAP.

(MAKES DOLPHIN TALK)  
ME DON'T KNOW CHEAP BECAUSE MY TRIBE NO USE NUMBERS TO QUANTIFY THINGS.

AGATHA, YOU FILTHY WHORE. BELCH\*



(AS HIMSELF AGAIN)  
RIGHT, RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, DOLPHIN. YOU CAN'T COUNT.



ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?!



AH! YOU HIT DOLPHIN, YOU SON OF A BITCH!



SPLOOGE! SPLOOGE



TRAITOR!

JERK OFF!



BANG

WIZZZZ

SPLOOGE



OH... FUCK!

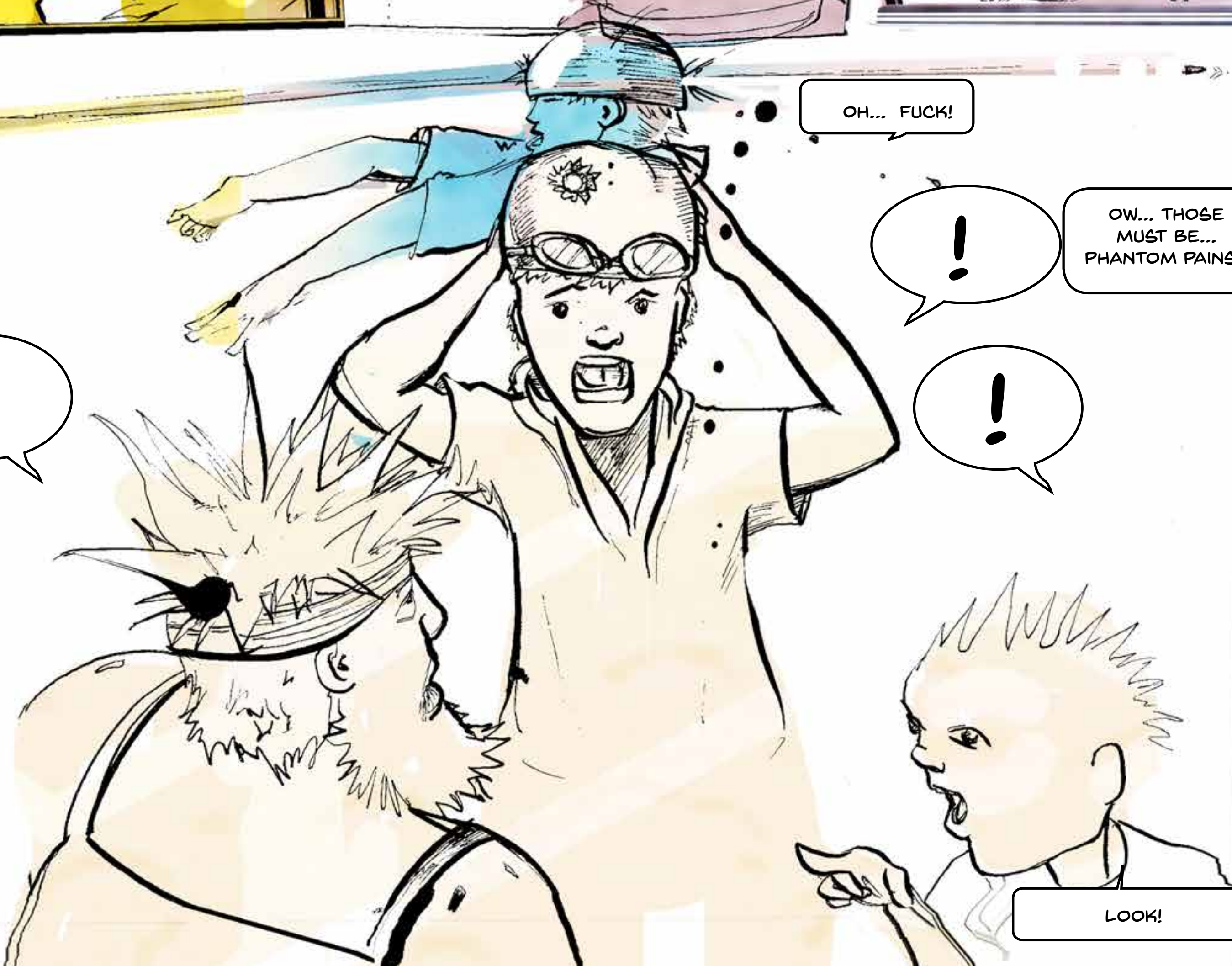
OW... THOSE  
MUST BE...  
PHANTOM PAINS?

!

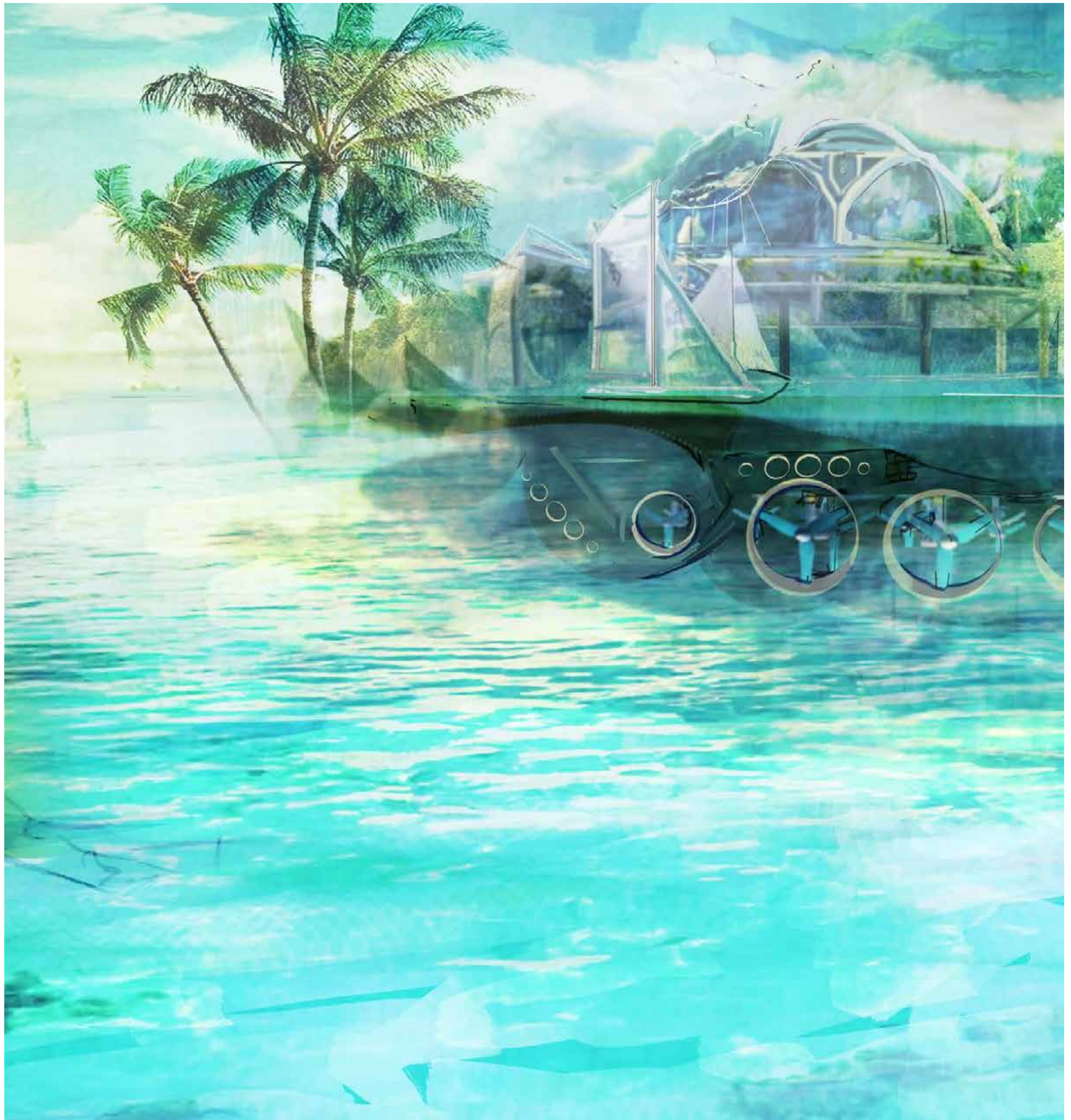
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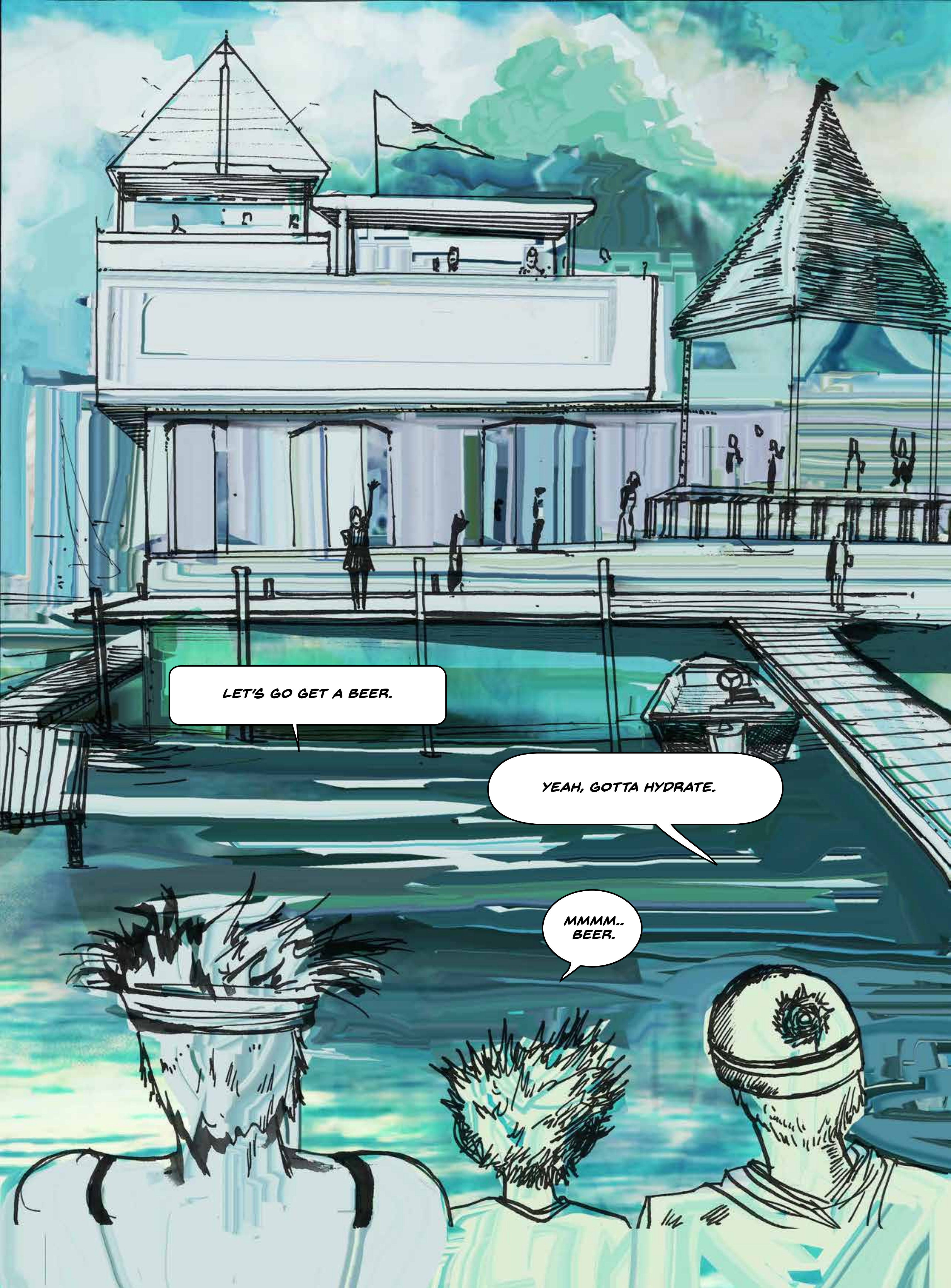
LOOK!









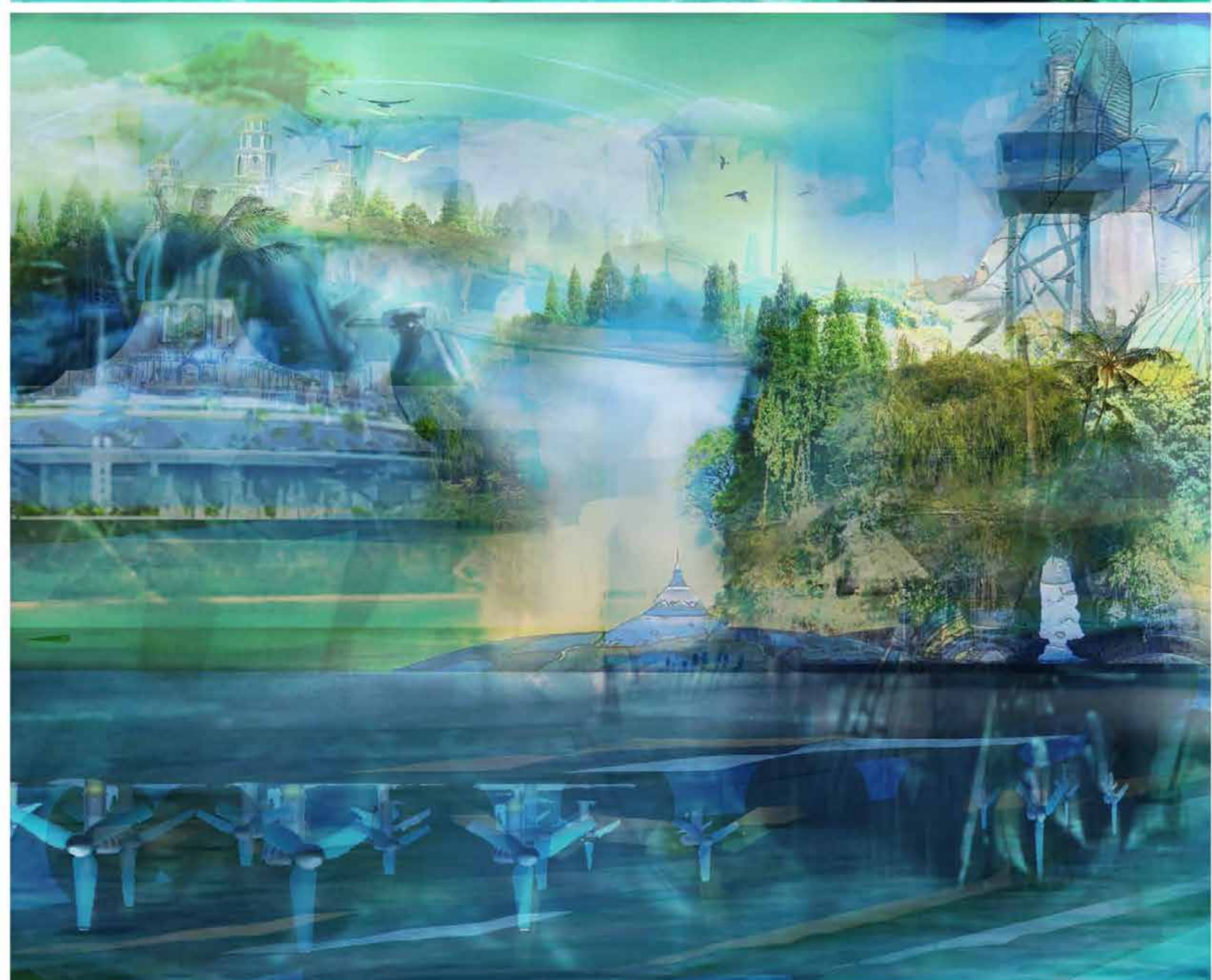


LET'S GO GET A BEER.

YEAH, GOTTA HYDRATE.

MMMM..  
BEER.



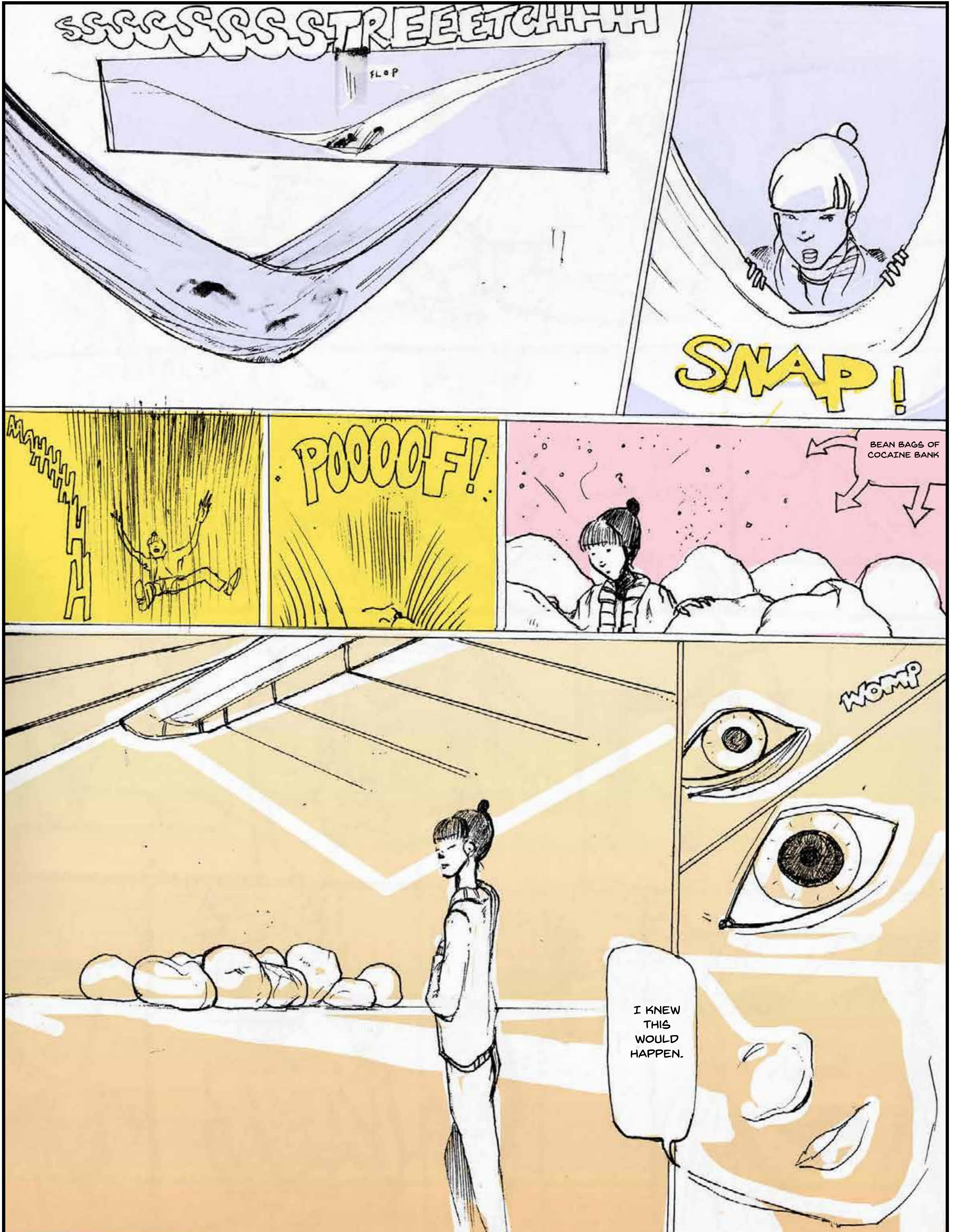




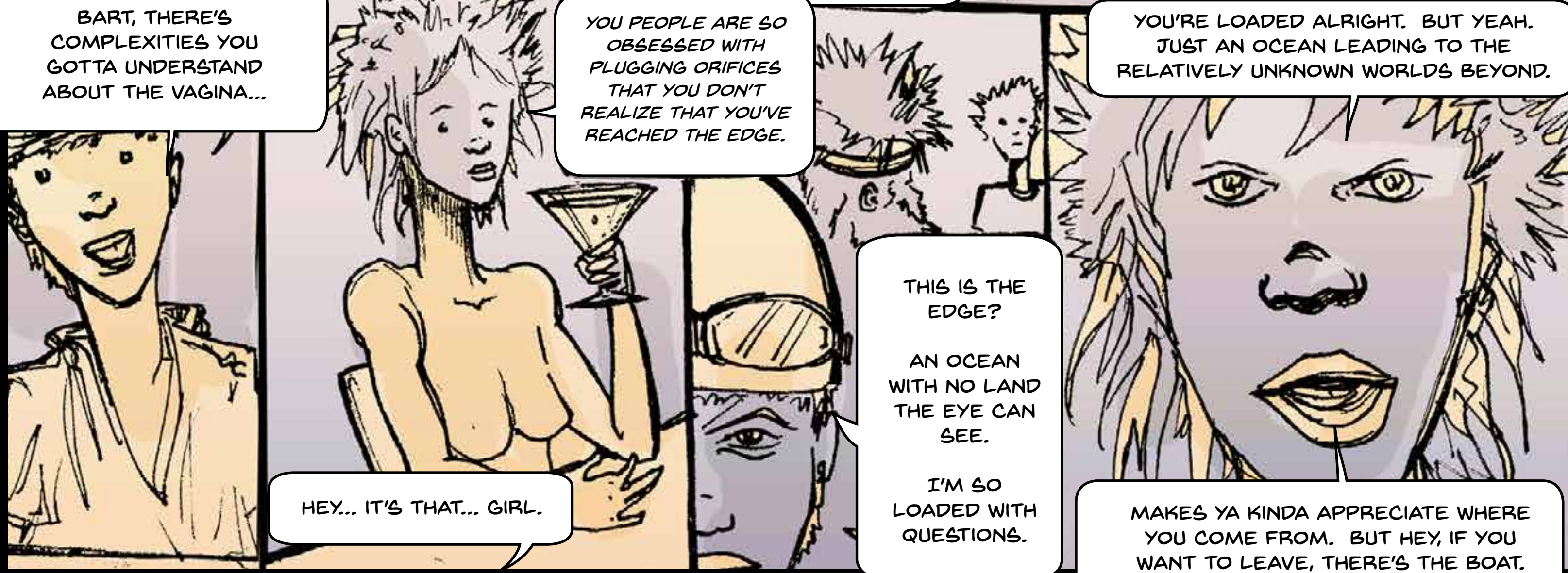




WE SEE AN EXPANSIVE PIECE OF LYCRA FABRIC STRETCHED AS A TENT. SUDDENLY SUDOKU'S FORM DROPS INTO THE LYCRA, STRETCHES IT TO ITS EXTENT, AND SNAPS THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE. A CLOUD OF WHITE POWDER ERUPTS FROM HER LANDING.







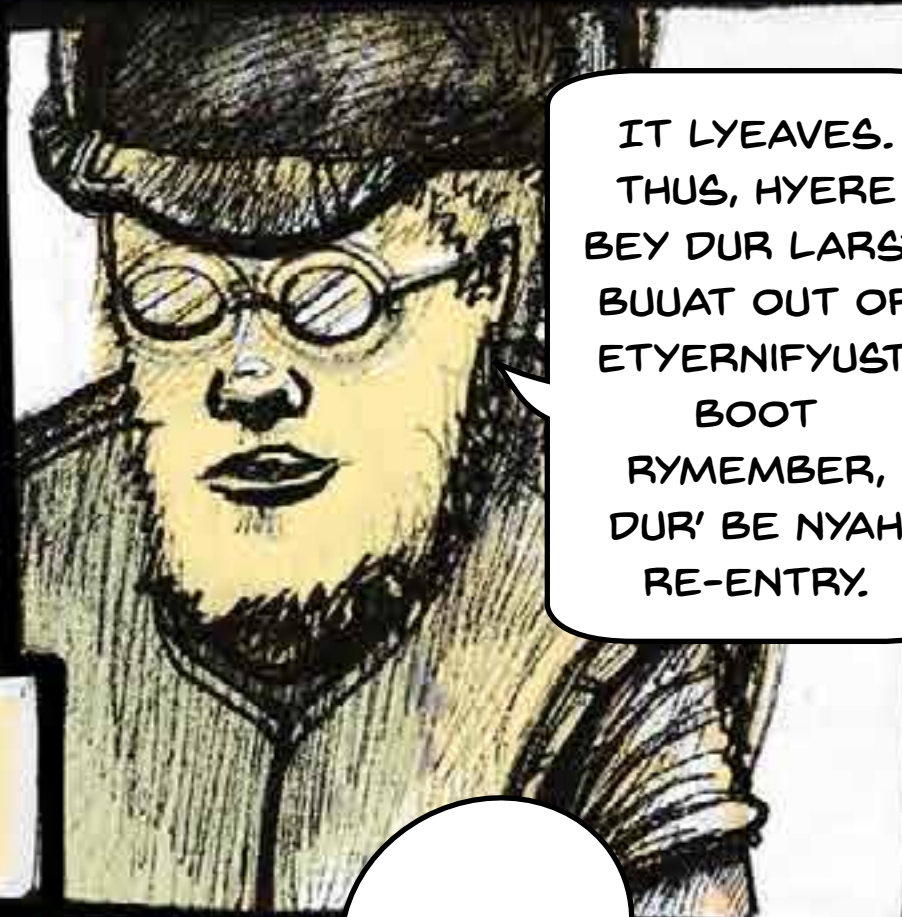




DEAL TAKES A MOMENT TO WITNESS THE STRANGELY NORMAL LOOKING PEOPLE ON THE BOAT. FAMILIES OF TOURISTS SURELY GOING BACK TO THEIR LIVES IN NORMAL CIVILIZATION.



'SCUSE ME.  
WHERE DOES THIS  
BOAT GO TO?



IT LYEAVES.  
THUS, HYERE  
BEY DUR LARST  
BUUAT OUT OF  
ETYERNIFYUST.  
BOOT  
RYMEMBER,  
DUR' BE NYAH  
RE-ENTRY.



DUR PYEOPLE  
HYERE, DEY VANT  
TO RETYRN TU  
DER  
RYGHTFYUL  
PLECE IN  
CYVURLYSATION.



CIVIL-CIVILIZATION?

WYLL YE BE  
BURDING THE  
BUUAT DER BOI?

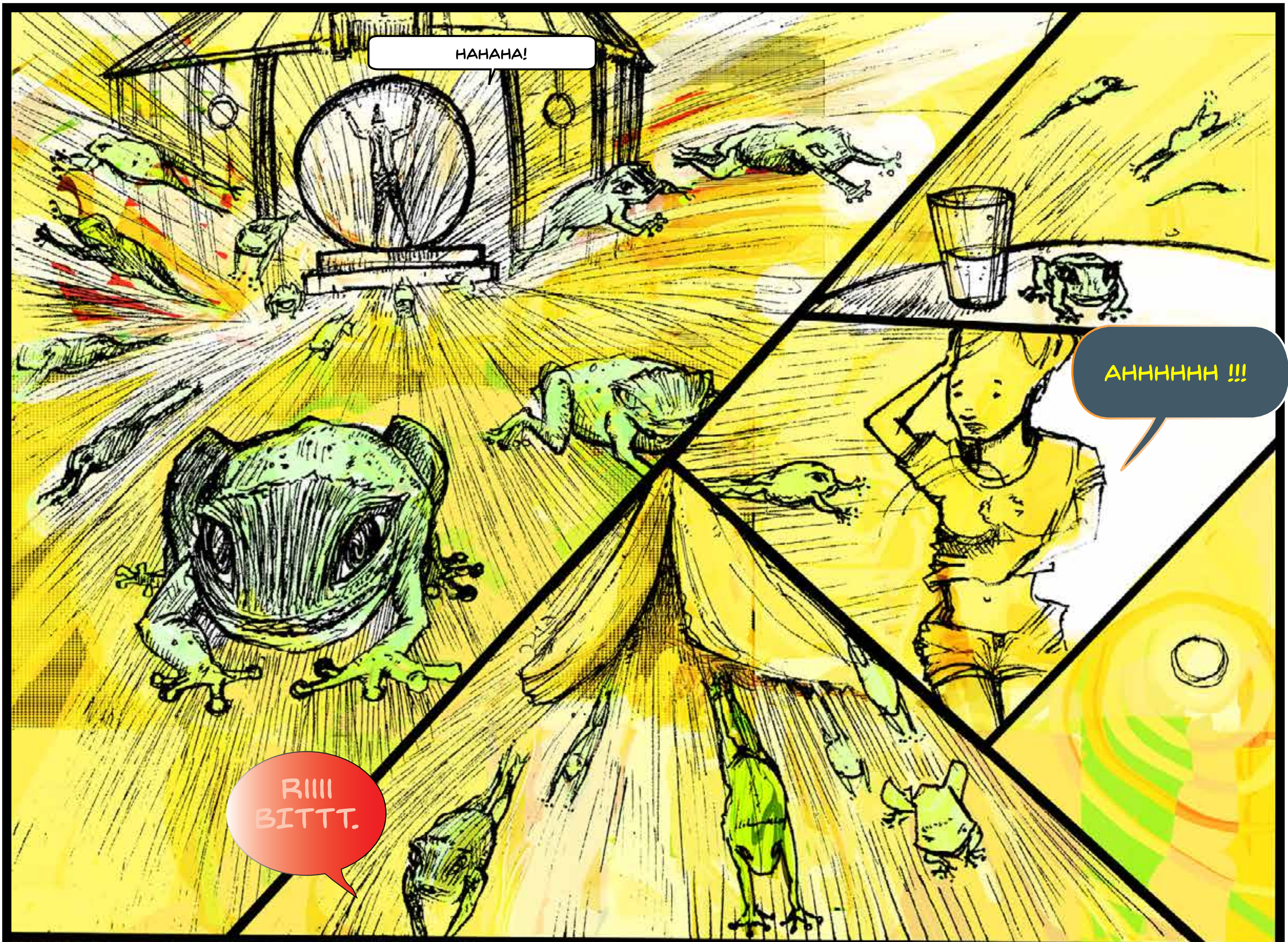


... ?









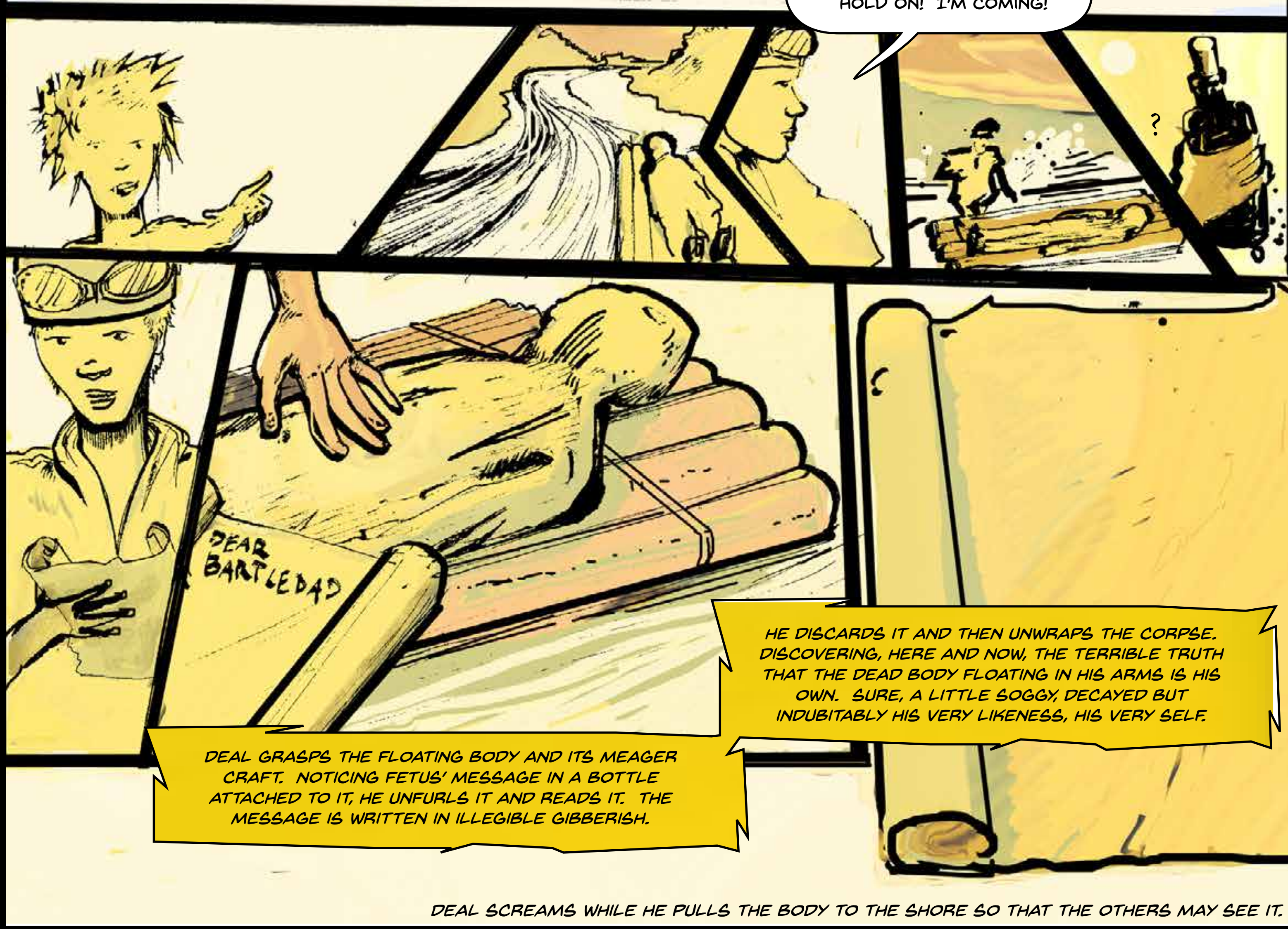
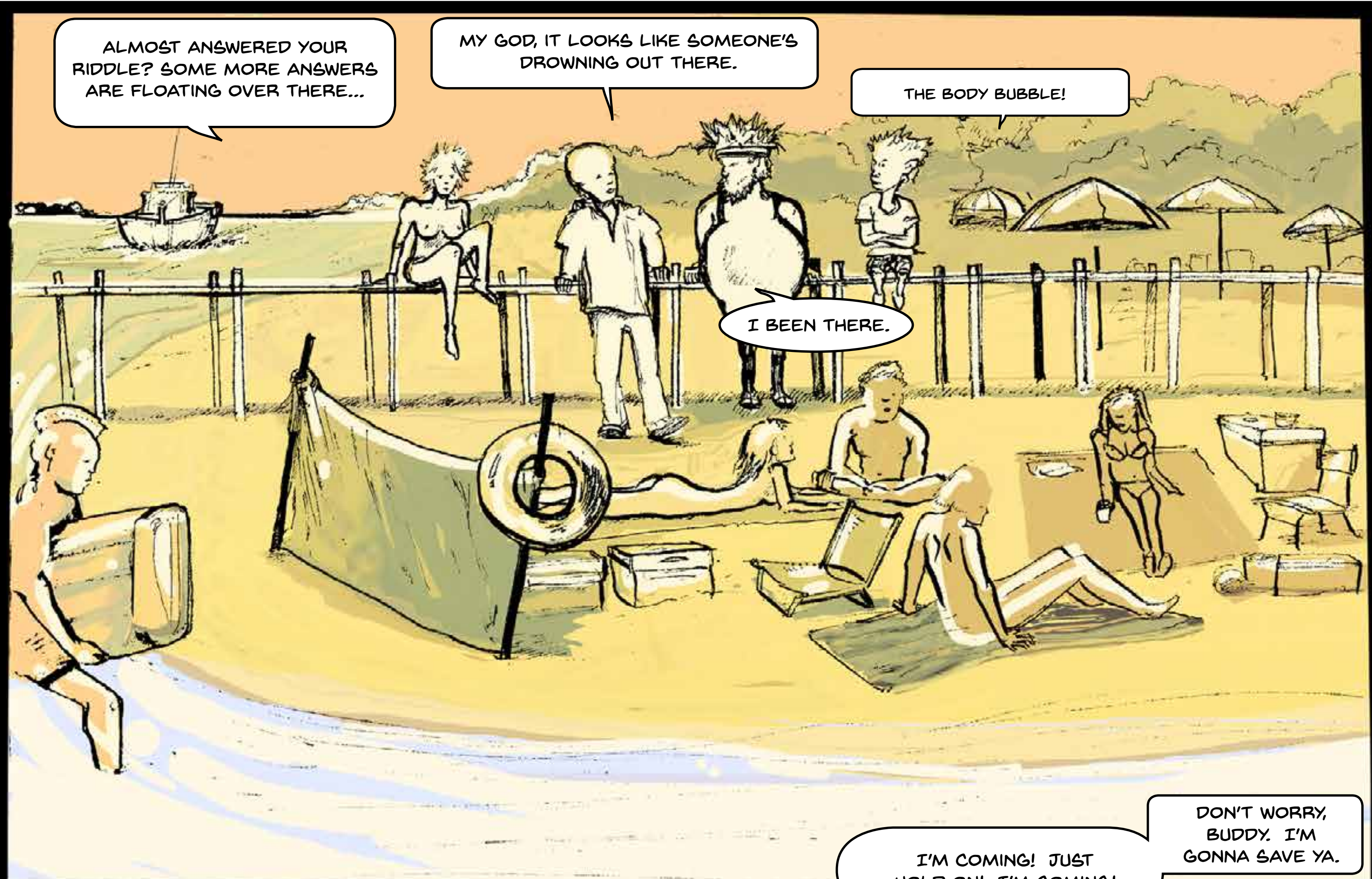
FLY MY PRETTIES!  
THIS BOAD'S WELL!  
**HAHAHA!**



**AUEHEHE... WEEEEE HHHH**



THE FERRY LEAVES ITS PORT AND PUTS FORTH INTO THE HORIZON.  
DEAL AND CREW STAND TO WATCH IT CONTEMPLATIVELY FROM THE BEACH.

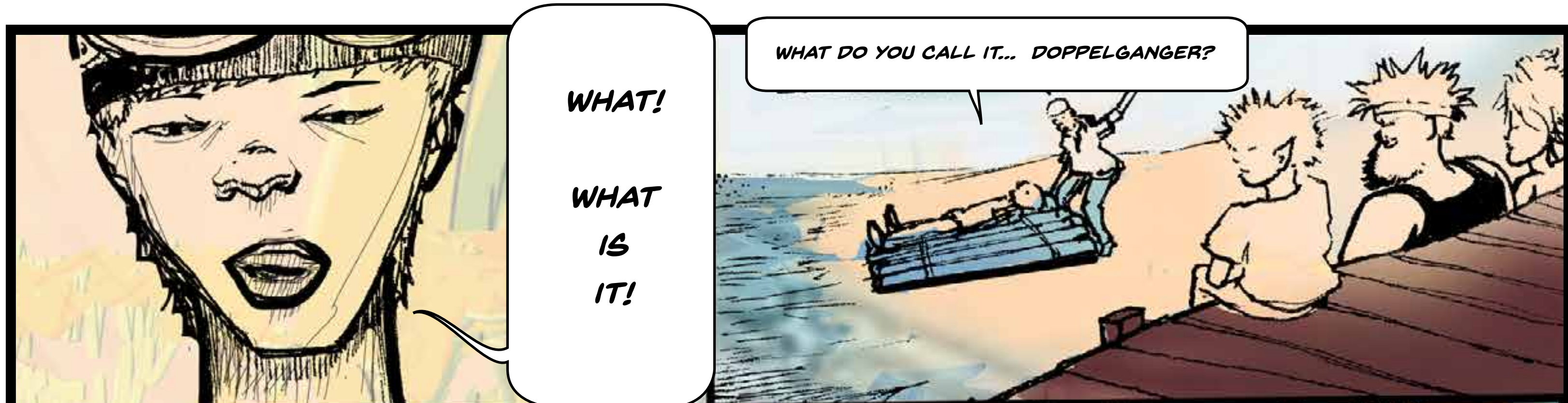


DEAL GRASPS THE FLOATING BODY AND ITS MEAGER CRAFT. NOTICING FETUS' MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE ATTACHED TO IT, HE UNFURLS IT AND READS IT. THE MESSAGE IS WRITTEN IN ILLEGIBLE GIBBERISH.

HE DISCARDS IT AND THEN UNWRAPS THE CORPSE. DISCOVERING, HERE AND NOW, THE TERRIBLE TRUTH THAT THE DEAD BODY FLOATING IN HIS ARMS IS HIS OWN. SURE, A LITTLE SOGGY, DECAYED BUT INDUBITABLY HIS VERY LIKENESS, HIS VERY SELF.

DEAL SCREAMS WHILE HE PULLS THE BODY TO THE SHORE SO THAT THE OTHERS MAY SEE IT.





WHAT!  
  
WHAT  
IS  
IT!

WHAT DO YOU CALL IT... DOPPELGANGER?



YOU, DEAL. IT'S YOU  
THAT'S THE DOPPELGANGER.

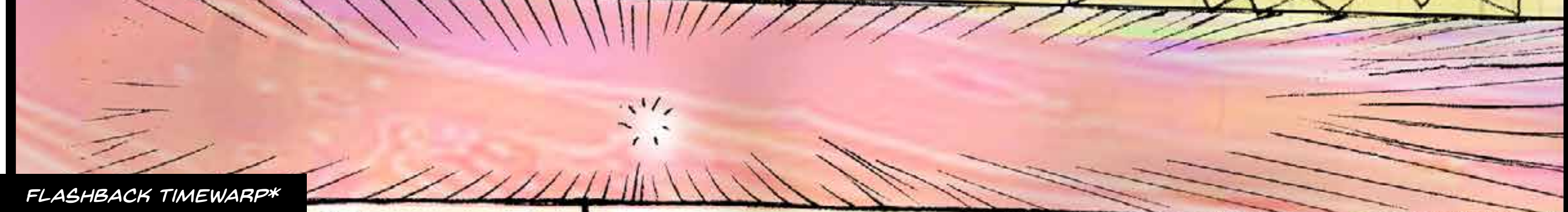
DOPPEL-DEAL?

EEE...EEEE...  
AM I STILL TRIPPING?

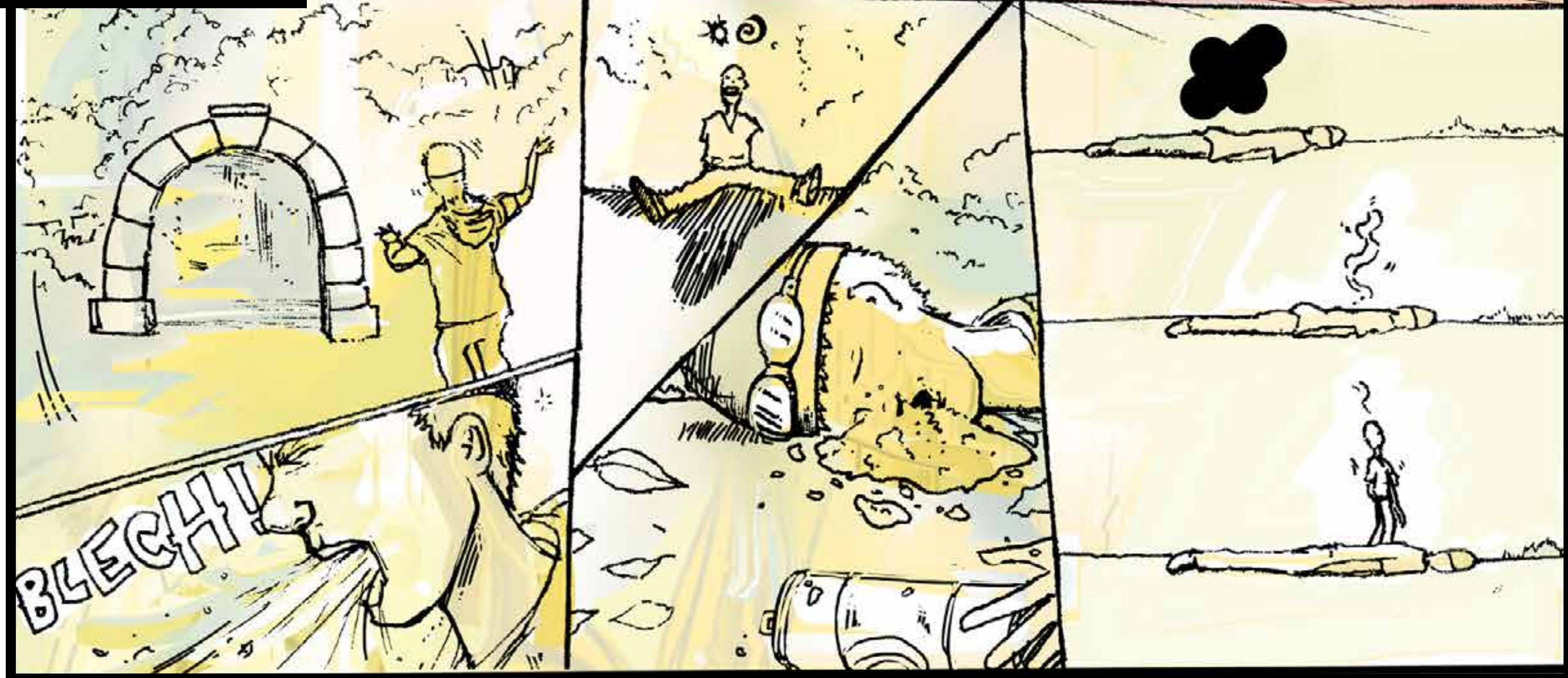
HOLO-DEAL. DEAL, YOU ARE A  
BEING OF LIGHT AND ENERGY.  
A PLASMIC HOLOGRAM.



INDUBITABLY. BUT  
THAT SHOULD HELP YOU  
SEE THROUGH THE VEIL...



FLASHBACK TIMEWARP\*



BLECH!

YOU ARE NOT EXACTLY THE PERSON YOU WERE WHEN YOU  
OVERDOSED THAT DAY. IT'S WHY YOU CAN'T REMEMBER  
ANYTHING BEFORE ETERNIFEST, IT'S WHY YOU DO NOT BLEED  
WHEN WOUNDED. FOR LIGHT ONLY BLEEDS IN SHADOW.

AS DEAL'S BODY DIES IN A FIT, A SPECTER FLICKERS  
FROM THE CAVE. IT'S DEAL'S LIVING HOLOGRAM  
OR "HOLO-DEAL," JUST AS FUCKED UP BUT STILL  
MOBILE, AND TUNING IN LIKE AN OLD T.V. STATION.

THE SPIRIT OF DEAL MOVES TO THE MOSSY  
PATCH TO PASS OUT IN WHILE THE CORPO-  
RAL BODY EXPIRES IN SOME SHRUBBERY.





HOW ABOUT THAT, DOLPHIN? HAHA. WE BEEN TALKING TO A DEAD GUY. HEY DEAL, YOU WANT TO BE THE NEW DOLPHIN?

BART, I FEEL LIKE I DON'T REALLY WANT TO EXIST RIGHT NOW.

OH, DEAR GOD!

WELL THAT'S BULLSHIT. HELL, TODAY IS LIKE YOUR BIRTHDAY OF SORTS.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

HAPPY! HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

DO YOU NOT KNOW THE WORDS TO THAT SONG?

GUYS, COME ON. I HAVEN'T BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY GUIDING YOU AROUND FOR NOTHING. WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE SOUL OF ETERNIFEST. SAVE SOUL WITH SOUL.

WITNESS. USING THIS KNOWLEDGE, YOU CAN EVEN CHANGE FORM.  
I CAN SHOW YOU.

THIS IS INSANE. YOU CAN'T JUST SEX CHANGE ME INTO ANOTHER MAN! I GOTTA BE REAL! I MEAN, HOW WOULD I BE ABLE TO WALK AROUND AT NIGHT

IT IS THE LIGHT OF STARS AND LOVE THAT BRINGS PEOPLE BACK INTO HOLOGRAPHIC FORM. PERHAPS YOU DON'T HAVE MANY FANS BUT YOU HAVE AT LEAST ONE WHO LOVED YOU ENOUGH, OR YOU THEM.



WOMP WOMP

"oy! V's deal and the other cunt!"



WHAT'S THIS? AND THE NYMPH!  
WELL, FUCK ME DEAD!

WE JUST GOT DONE PLAYIN' A GIG AT THE BOATHOUSE.

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU ALL DOIN' OUT HERE?

TO ESCAPE... WE... I... THIS... WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE EDGE OF ETERNIFEST. DAMMIT, IF I HAD KNOWN YOU GUYS HAD A CHOPPER...

WELL, FUCK ME DEAD UH... TOO... IT'S SADIE AND THE PERIODS! WHAT'RE YOU GUYS DOING OUT HERE?

BLOODY 'ELL, THE EDGE OF ETERNIFEST? IS THAT WHERE THIS IS?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER?

AW, THE NYMPH AND I GO WAY BACK. VISITS ME IN DREAMS AND SUCH. SHE'S PRACTICALLY AN ARTIFICIAL APPENDAGE.

WELL I DIDN'T THINK IT EXISTED SO I NEVER BOTHERED LOOKING. NOT MUCH TIME WHEN YOU'RE PLAYING THE ETERNAL GIG, AY NYMPH?

PUN INTENDED MATE! WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU ALL THEN?

I'VE SEEN THE EDGE AND A LOT OF STUFF IN BETWEEN, SADIE. I GOTTA DO WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE A LONG TIME AGO WHICH IS TO GO HOME. I'D RATHER DIE WITH THE FOLKS I LOVE THAN TO LET THE NITROUS MOB CHASE ME OUT.

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO RUN IT BY PEGGA.

THINK YOU CAN GIVE US A LIFT IN YOUR CHOPPER?

HIS IS DOLPHIN. HE'S OUR FRIEND. I HAVE SPEEDBALLS TO SHARE.

I DON'T KNOW, SADIE. WE AIN'T GOT MUCH SPACE FOR FUCKWITS AND NOT TO SEEM HIGH AND MIGHTY BUT THIS DERRO'S CARRYING A FUCKIN' CORPSE WITH A CHILD ABOUT.

RIGHT. WELL, COME TO THINK OF IT, IT MIGHT BE KINDA BADASS TO ROLL UP TO LOT B WITH A SKELETON.

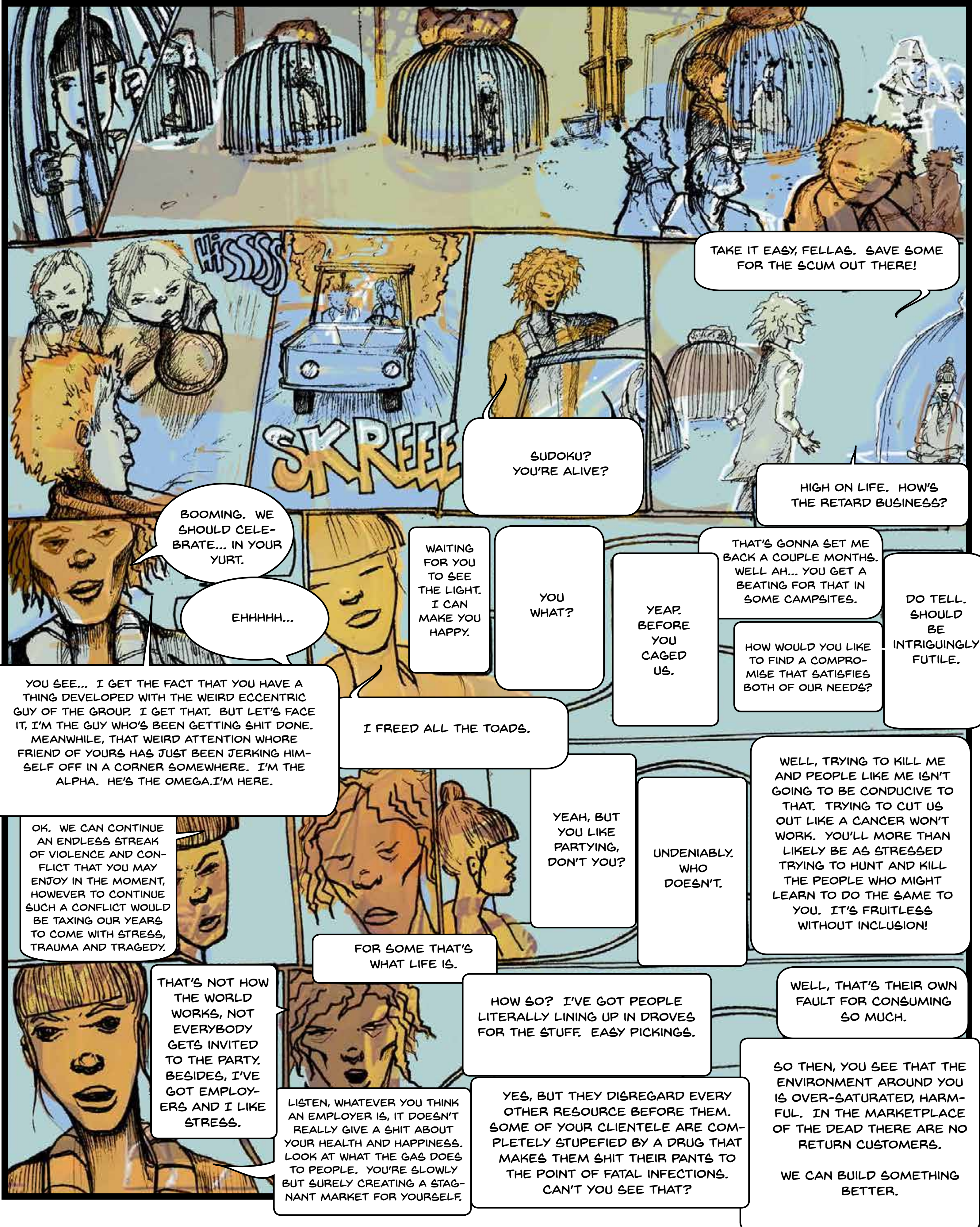
ALRIGHT! ALL YOU CUNTS, INTO THE CHOPPER!

HOOORAAAAAYY!

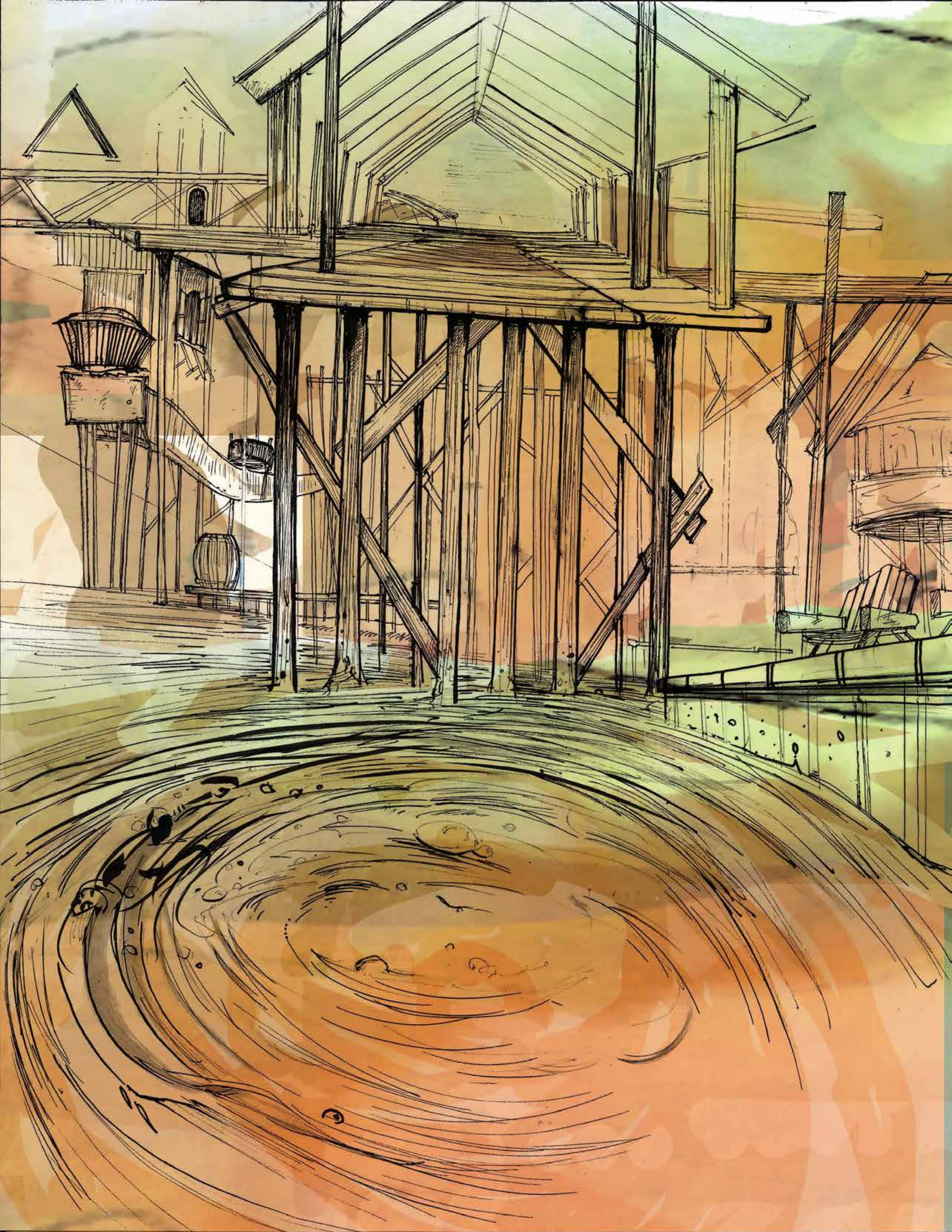
















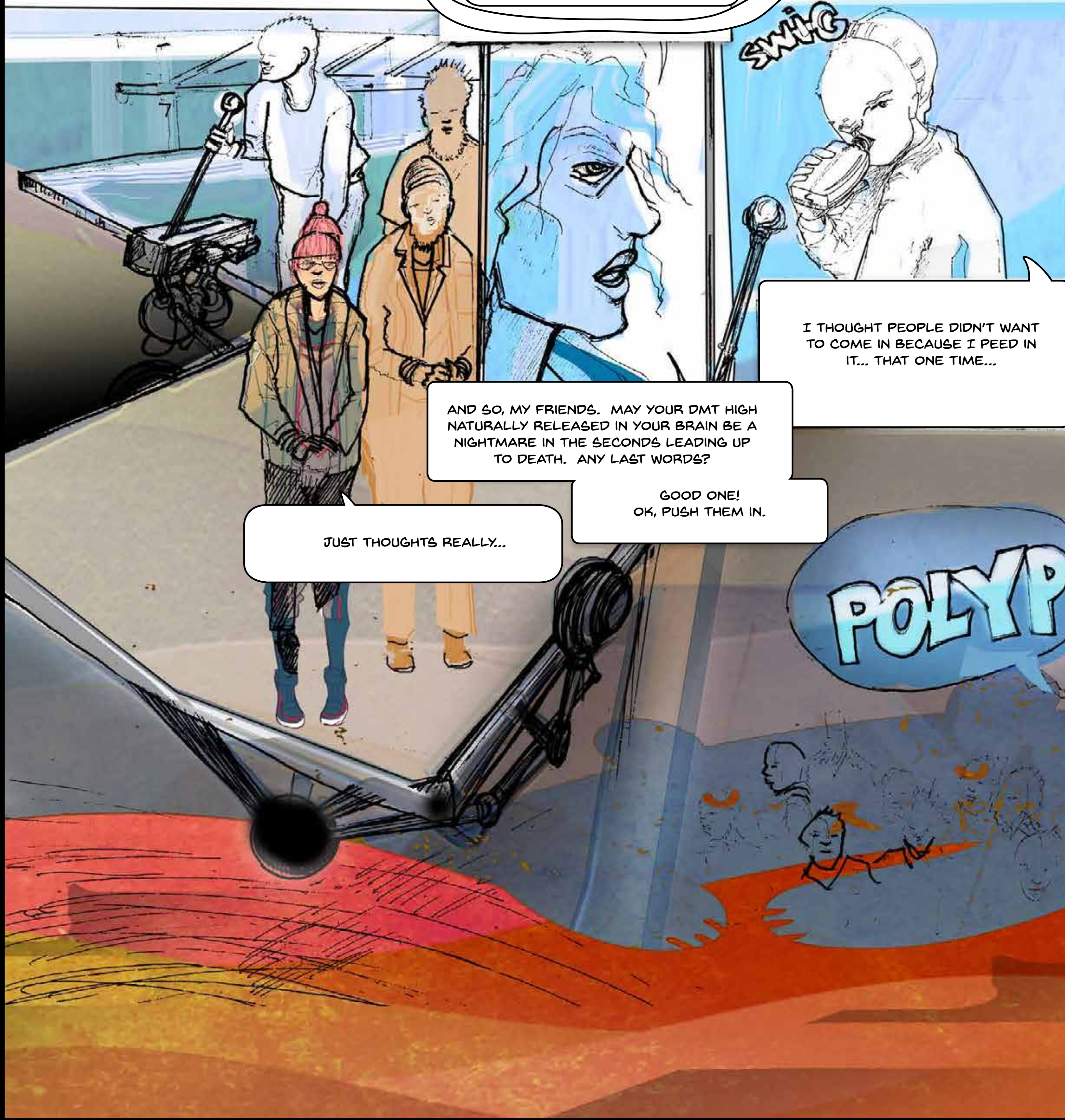




THIS IS SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE TOYED WITH A LONG TIME AGO. I THINK WE COULD'VE BEEN GREAT LOVERS, MAYBE EVEN FRIENDS. BUT TO TELL YOU THE HONEST, TRUTH, MOST EVERYBODY ON EARTH IS BETTER OFF DEAD ANYWAYS. I'M THINNING THE HERD WITH AN IRON FIST IN A VELVET GLOVE.

**YOU WANT TO USE  
YOUR FIST, THEN GO  
FIST YOURSELF.**

OH, I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK DIRTY. BUT THAT WAS YOUR LAST CHANCE. NOW LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT DIRTY REALLY IS.



I THOUGHT PEOPLE DIDN'T WANT TO COME IN BECAUSE I PEEED IN IT... THAT ONE TIME...

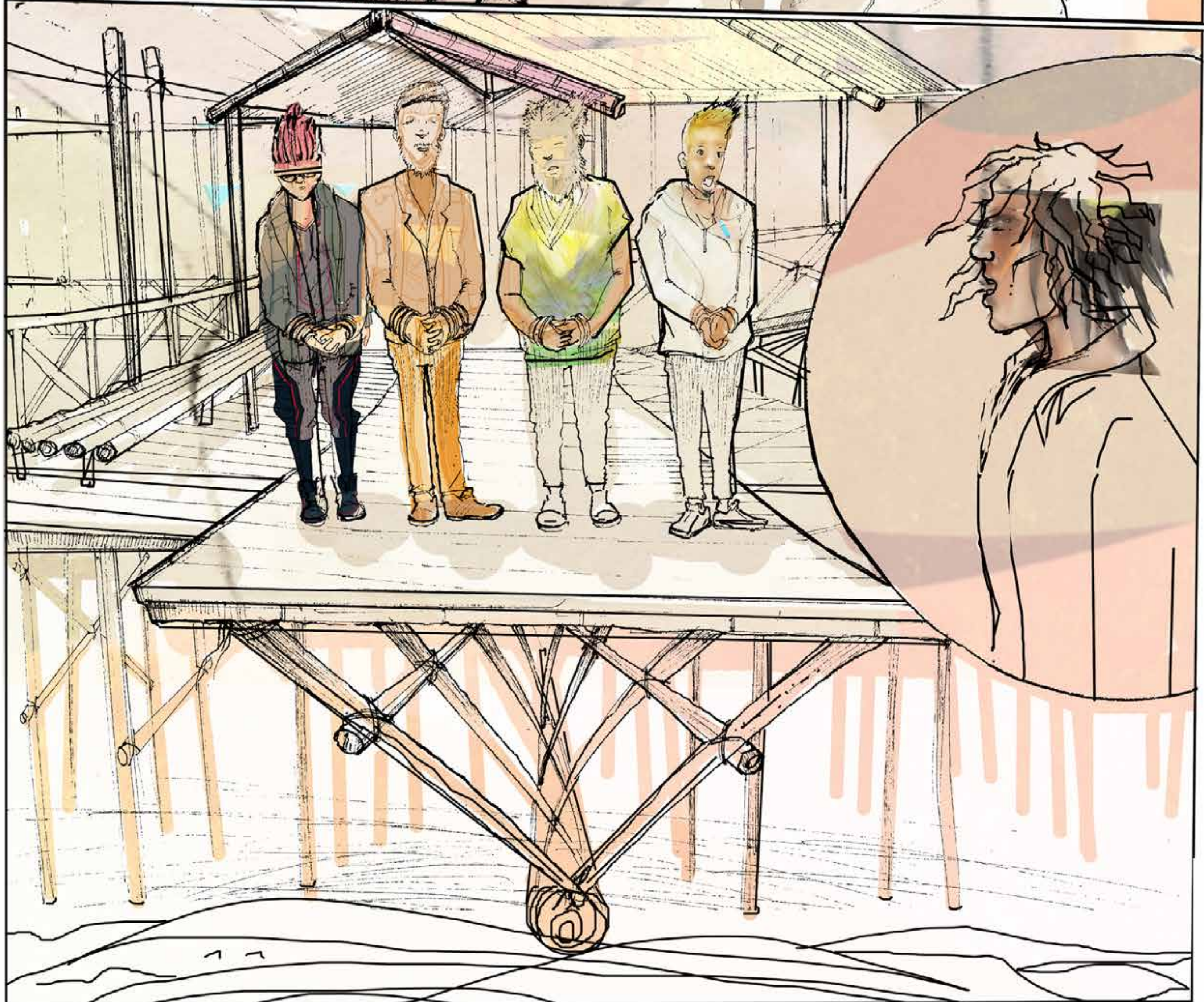
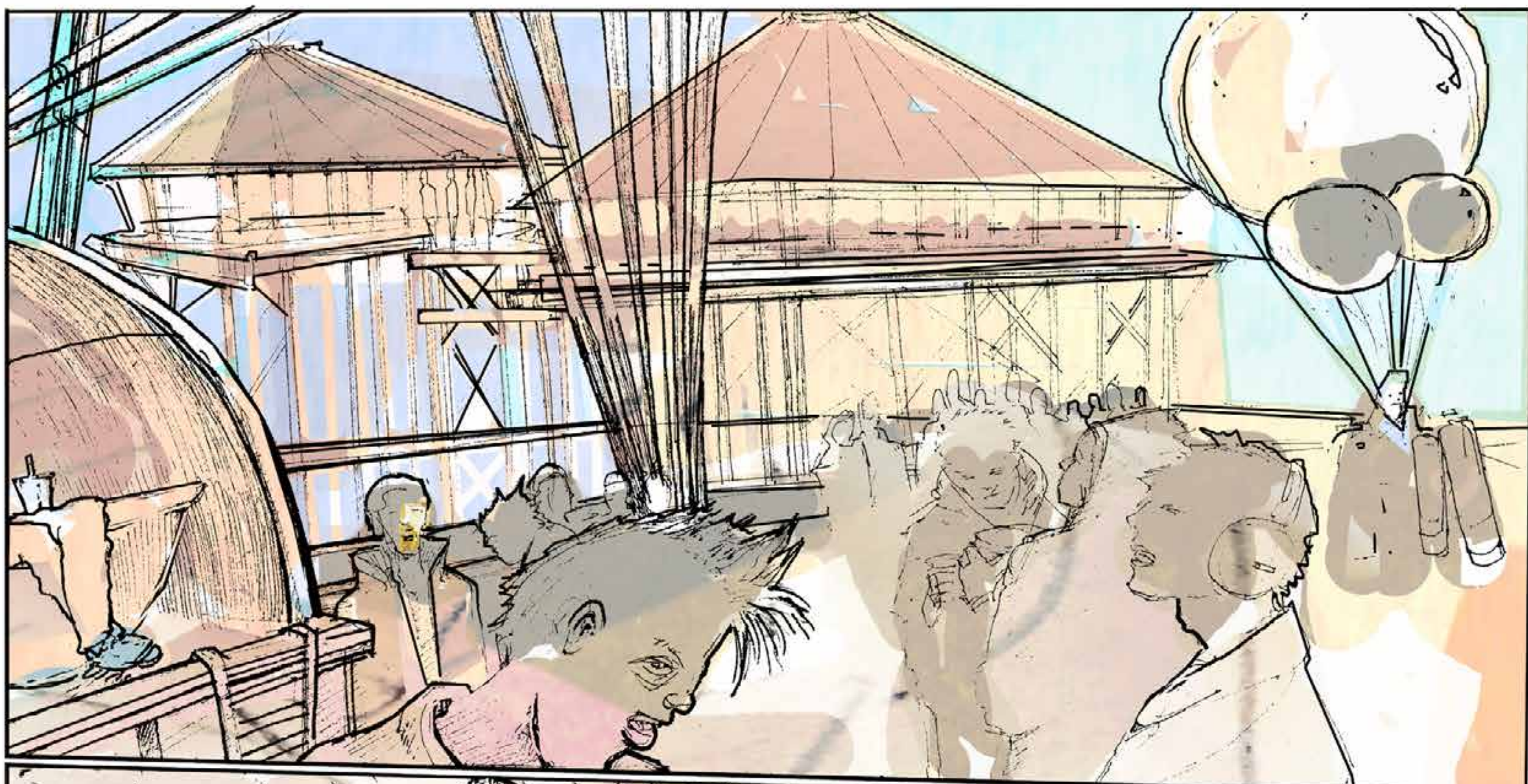
AND SO, MY FRIENDS. MAY YOUR DMT HIGH NATURALLY RELEASED IN YOUR BRAIN BE A NIGHTMARE IN THE SECONDS LEADING UP TO DEATH. ANY LAST WORDS?

GOOD ONE!  
OK, PUSH THEM IN.

JUST THOUGHTS REALLY...

**POLYP**







HPV! BROTHER, YOU'RE ALIVE!

I THOUGHT YOU DIED  
IN A PILE OF SHIT.

NOPE! LET'S HAVE A  
WHIPPET TO CELEBRATE.

YOU GOT IT, BROTHER.

SWEEET.

HEY, ARE WE  
GONNA GET  
THIS EXECUTION  
OVER WITH  
OR WHAT?

IN A MINUTE! YOU'RE JUST  
IN TIME. I'M GONNA KILL  
THAT GUY FOR KILLING YOU.

WELL IF ANYONE DESERVES  
IT, IT'D BE THAT GUY.

CAREFUL NOT TO FREEZE-  
BURN YOUR MOUTH WITH IT  
LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO.

I WOULD HAVE TO BE ONE  
STUPID, INBRED, SONUVA BITCH  
TO DO A THING LIKE THAT.

YEAH, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO  
LET A HUGE PILE OF SHIT  
KEEP YOU DOWN!

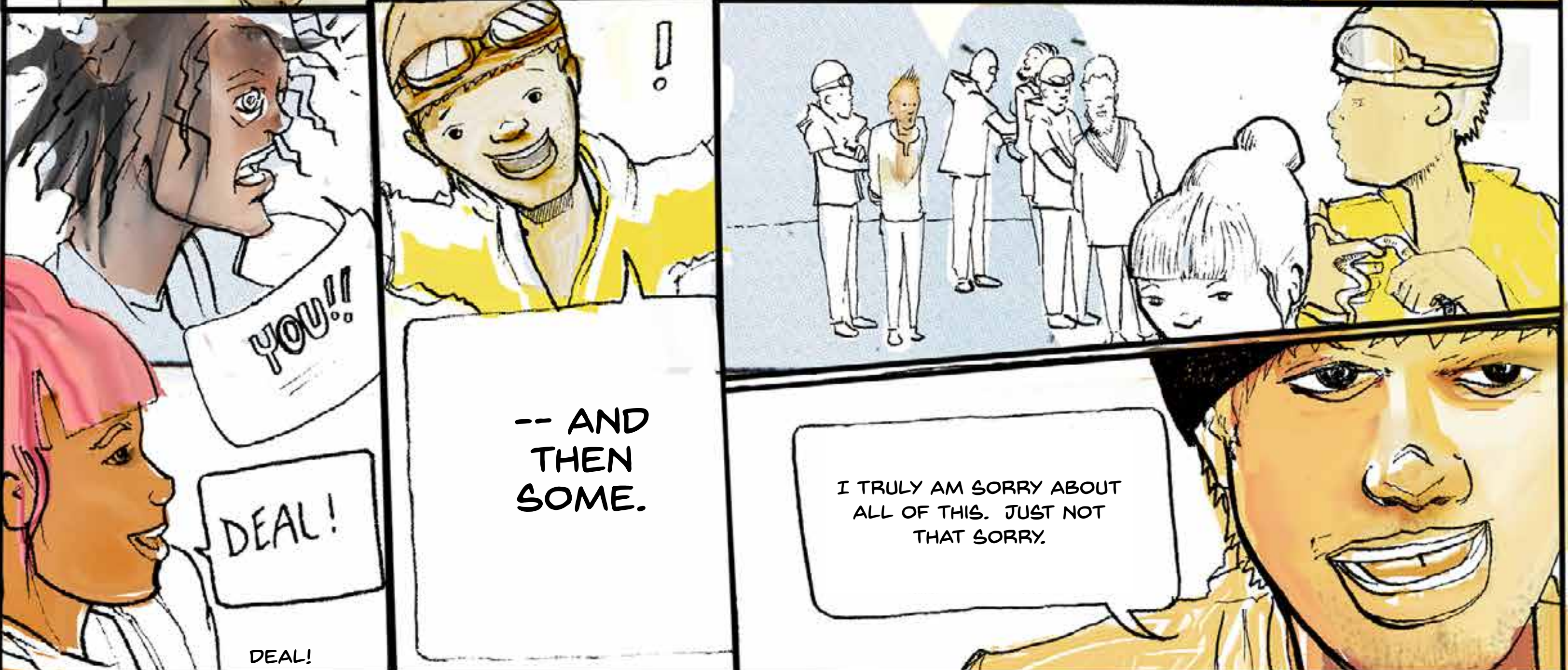
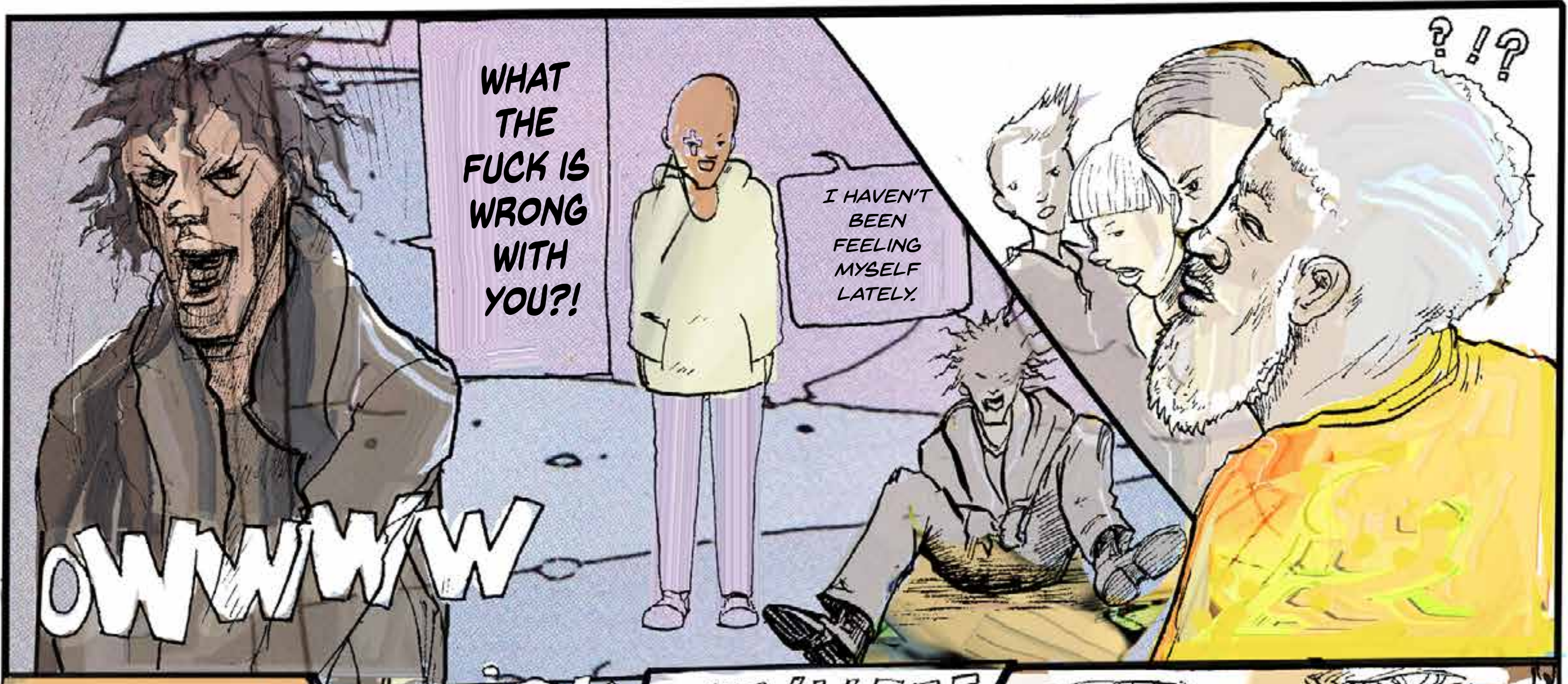
YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT THIS PILE OF  
SHIT AS IF YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY PILE OF  
SHIT I SEE AROUND HERE.

YEAH, BUT... WHAT?

LADY GAGAGAGAGAGAGA!



POLYP FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN SHOCK. THE NITROUS MOB AND THEIR PRISONERS LOOK ON, CONFUSED. POLYP LOOKS UP AT HIS BROTHER AS HE CLUTCHES HIS CROTCH IN TEARS.





A BARRAGE OF FIREWORKS BURSTS THROUGH THE CROWD OF NITROUS MAFIOSOS AND CAUSES AN EXPLOSION THAT CRACKS A RIFT IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE MUD PIT BALCONY. MAFIOSOS FALL INTO THE PIT. SUDOKU KICKS ONE IN.





I ALREADY HAVE. AND  
I'VE DISCOVERED THAT  
WE'RE SOMETHING  
MORE. WE'RE MIGHTY,  
SPIRITUAL BEINGS,  
POLYP. STARLIGHT IN  
PROJECTION. THERE'S  
MORE TO LIFE THAN  
YOU'LL EVER LIVE TO  
LEARN ABOUT.



OK, YOU LOST ME.





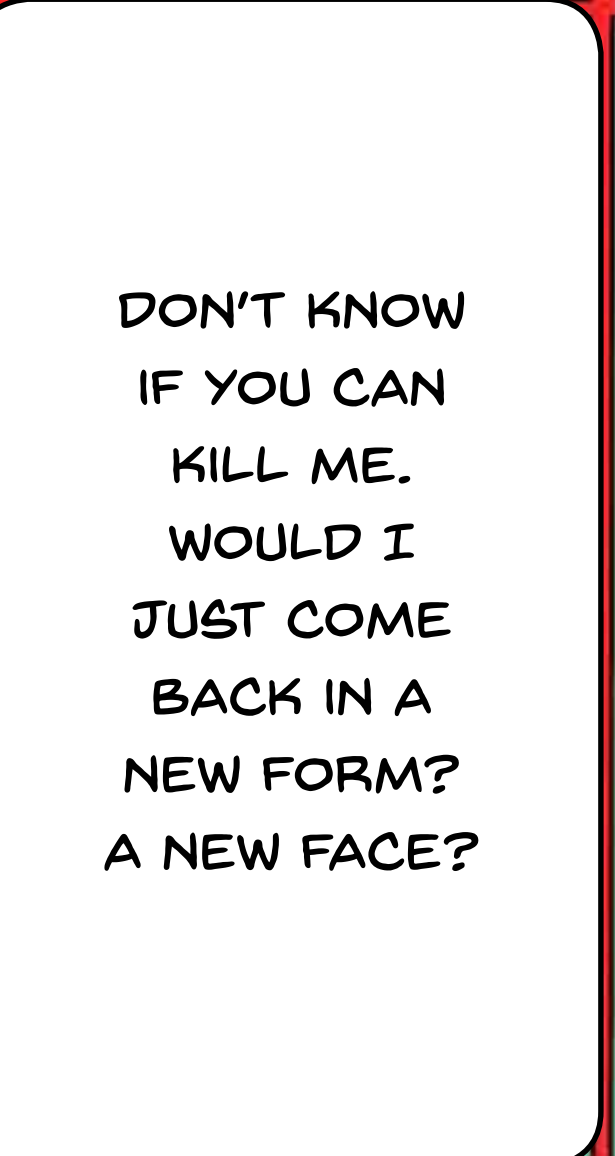
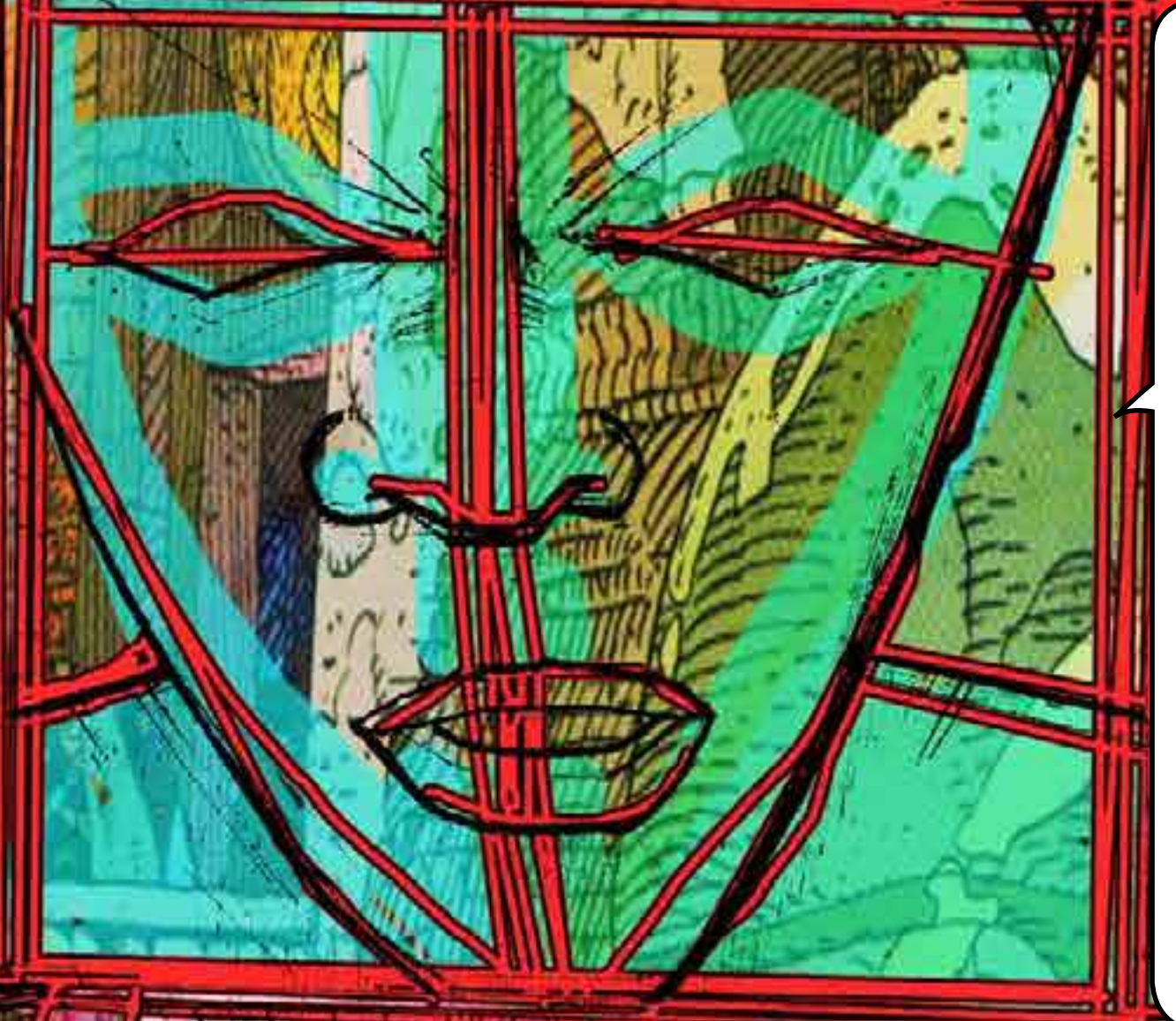




A RAGING BATTLE ENSUES. BACKED WITH THE PERIODS, THE FORMER PRISONERS ATTACK THEIR CAPTORS.







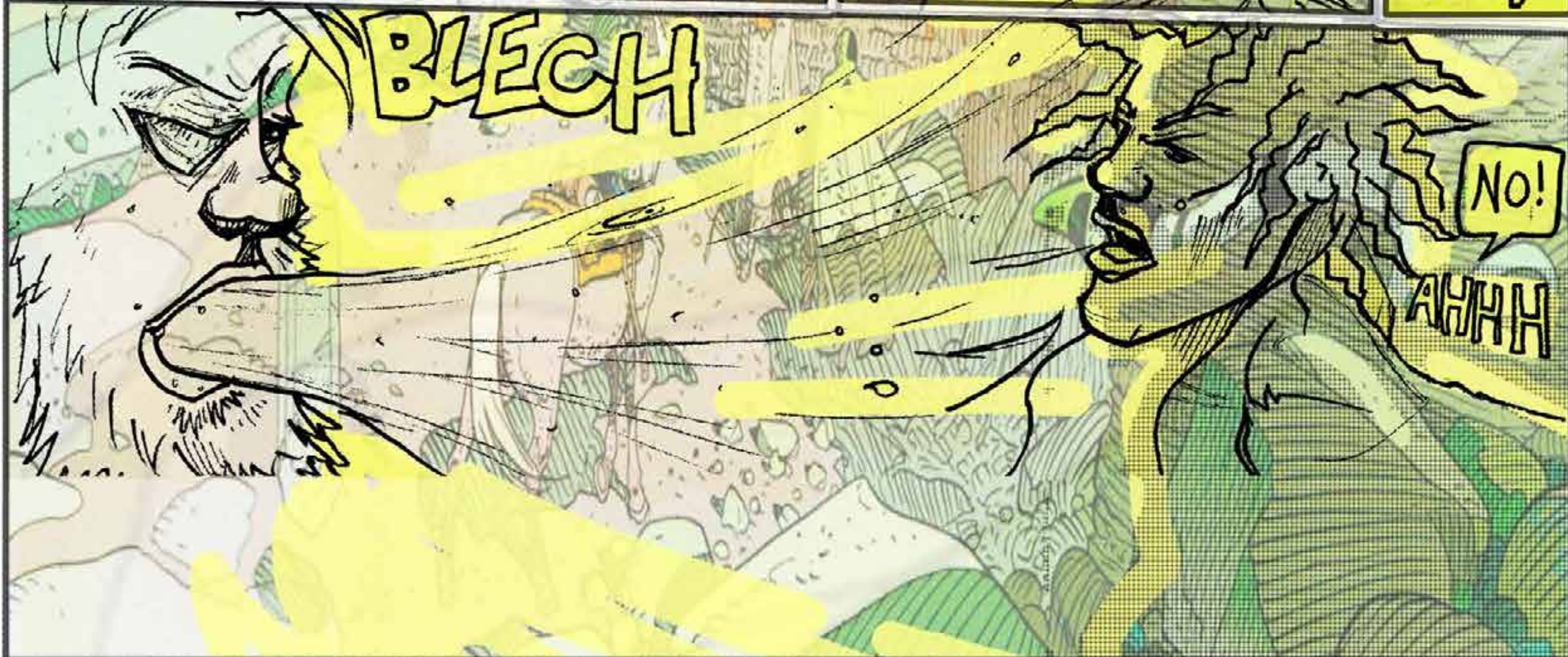
I MUST BE  
ON DRUGS TO  
THINK YOU WERE  
MY BROTHER.  
NOW YOU PAY  
FOR ALL THOSE  
BALLOONS YOU  
COST ME.

FREE  
FOR  
20?

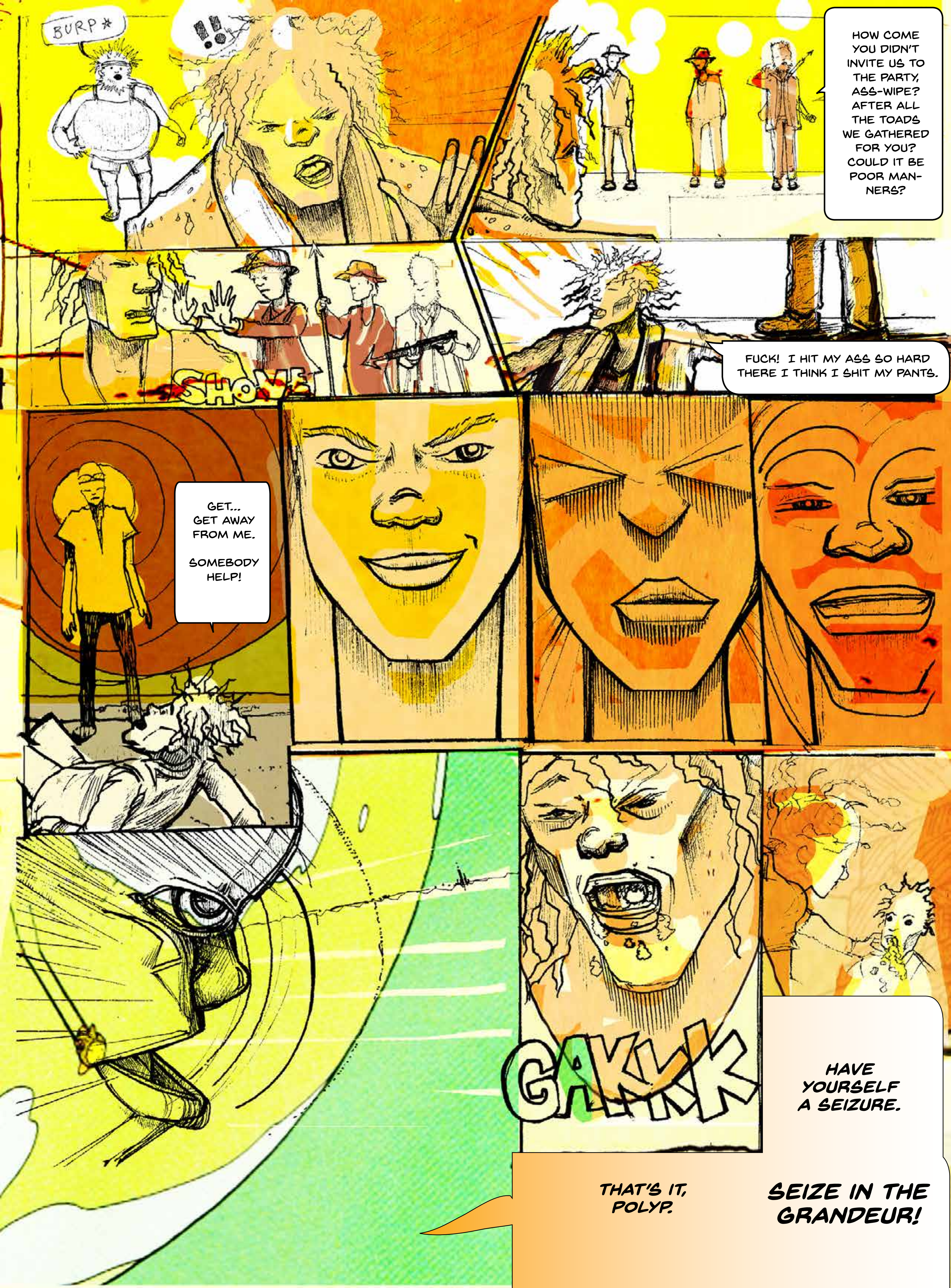
DON'T KNOW  
IF YOU CAN  
KILL ME.  
WOULD I  
JUST COME  
BACK IN A  
NEW FORM?  
A NEW FACE?

WHO COULD YOU EVER TRUST? YA KNOW, THINKING THAT  
THE NEXT PERSON CLOSEST TO YOU, COULD BE ME.









BURP \*

!!

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T INVITE US TO THE PARTY, ASS-WIPE? AFTER ALL THE TOADS WE GATHERED FOR YOU? COULD IT BE POOR MANNERS?

SHOVE

FUCK! I HIT MY ASS SO HARD THERE I THINK I SHIT MY PANTS.

GET...  
GET AWAY FROM ME.  
  
SOMEBODY HELP!

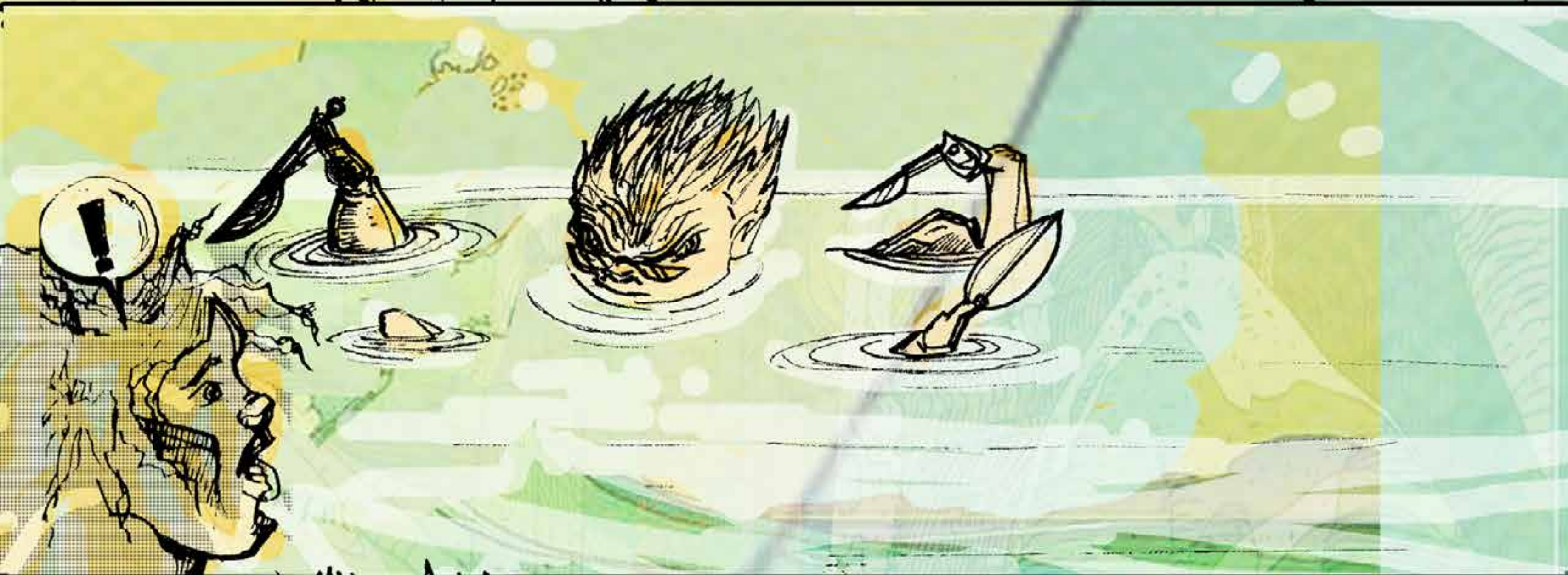
GAKKK

HAVE YOURSELF A SEIZURE.

THAT'S IT, POLYP.

SEIZE IN THE GRANDEUR!













SHIT! WAS WONDERIN' WHAT WAS DIGGIN'  
OUT MY ORGANS. HEHE. OH WELL!



WHAT A SHOW!



PARTNER.



PARTNER. OR  
THE GHOST  
OF MY DEAD  
PARTNER. OR  
RATHER... ARE  
YOU SOME KINDA,  
QUANTUM CON-  
SCIOUSNESS?



NOT THAT I'M AWARE  
OF. IN ANY CASE I'M  
HERE FOR YOU, AND  
BECAUSE OF YOU. I'M  
SORRY I DIDN'T BRING  
ANY SEEDS BACK THIS  
TIME. I DIDN'T  
EXACTLY BRING  
MYSELF BACK.

I'LL TAKE WHATEVER YOU GOT.







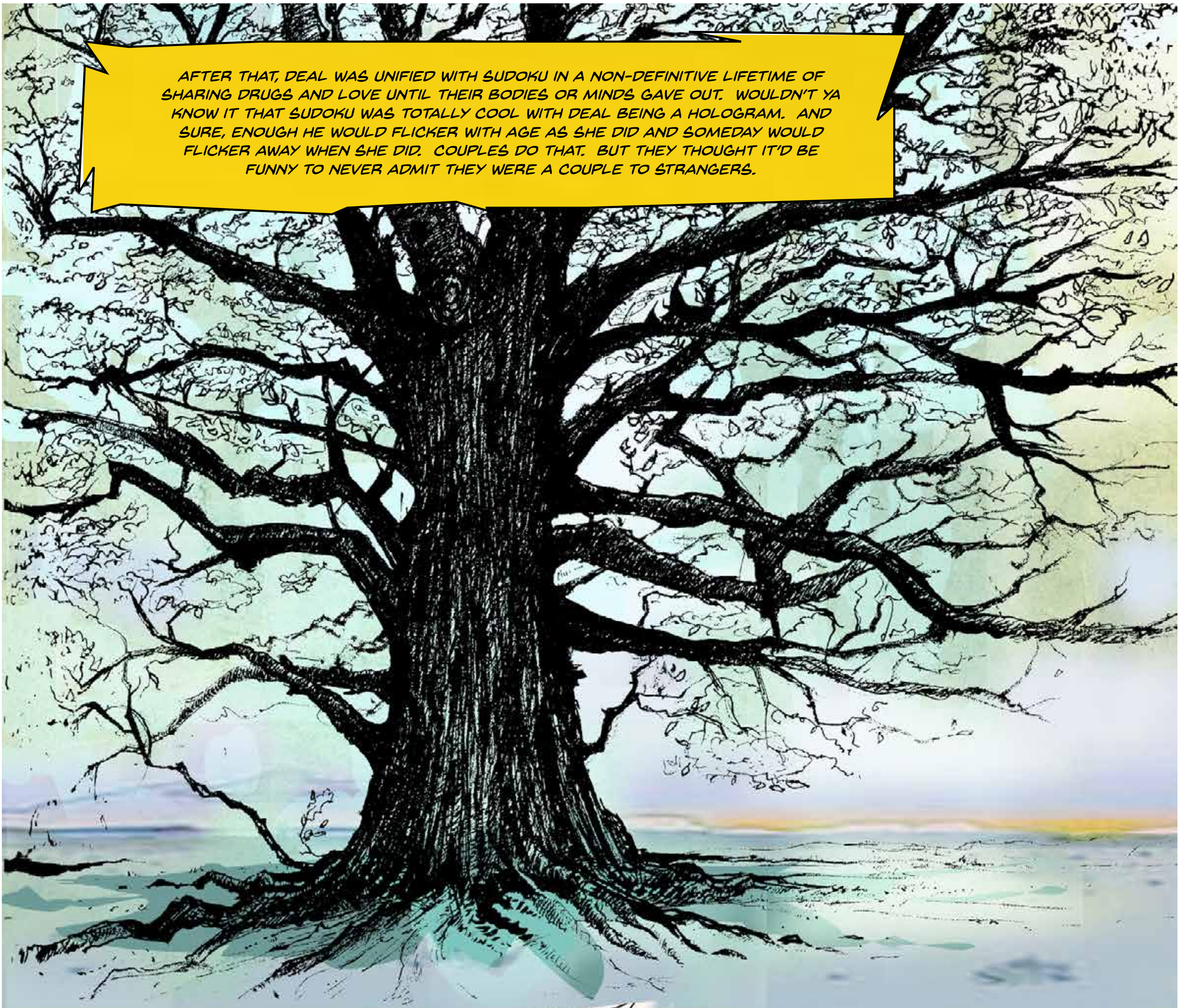




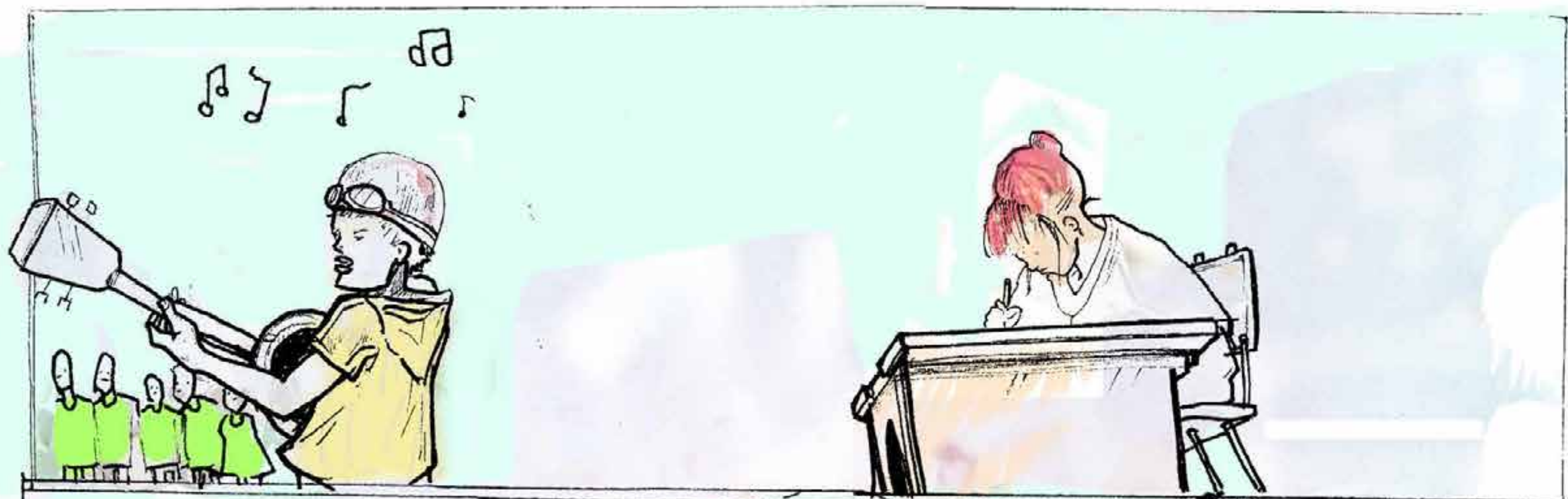
BART MADE UP WITH AGATHA AND ADDED PEGGA TO THE MIX EVERY NOW AND AGAIN. THEY HAD HAD THEIR OWN KINKY SHIT THAT ONLY A SELECT FEW WOULD WANT TO SEE.



AFTER THAT, DEAL WAS UNIFIED WITH SUDOKU IN A NON-DEFINITIVE LIFETIME OF SHARING DRUGS AND LOVE UNTIL THEIR BODIES OR MINDS GAVE OUT. WOULDN'T YA KNOW IT THAT SUDOKU WAS TOTALLY COOL WITH DEAL BEING A HOLOGRAM. AND SURE, ENOUGH HE WOULD FLICKER WITH AGE AS SHE DID AND SOMEDAY WOULD FLICKER AWAY WHEN SHE DID. COUPLES DO THAT. BUT THEY THOUGHT IT'D BE FUNNY TO NEVER ADMIT THEY WERE A COUPLE TO STRANGERS.







BOOM THWAP

GONE WERE THE DAYS OF STRIFE, ABUSE, AND TREACHERY  
FOR AS LONG AS ANYBODY CARED TO REMEMBER.



**BOOMBAP BOOMBAP BOOMBAP BOOMBAP**



THE MUSIC PLAYED ON AND HAPPINESS REPEATED ITSELF FOR A LONG TIME. JOY REIGNED SO ETERNALLY THAT PEOPLE STARTED TO QUESTION WHAT THE HELL WAS GOING ON.

*BUT NOBODY REALLY ARGUED WITH IT. SO, OUR PERSPECTIVE MOVES BACK, GARNERING LOT B AND THEIR PARTY, THE CITY OF TENTS BEHIND PARKED CARS, MUSIC, NATURE, NUDITY, IN PERPETUITY, ON THIS FINE DAY AT ETERNIFEST.*



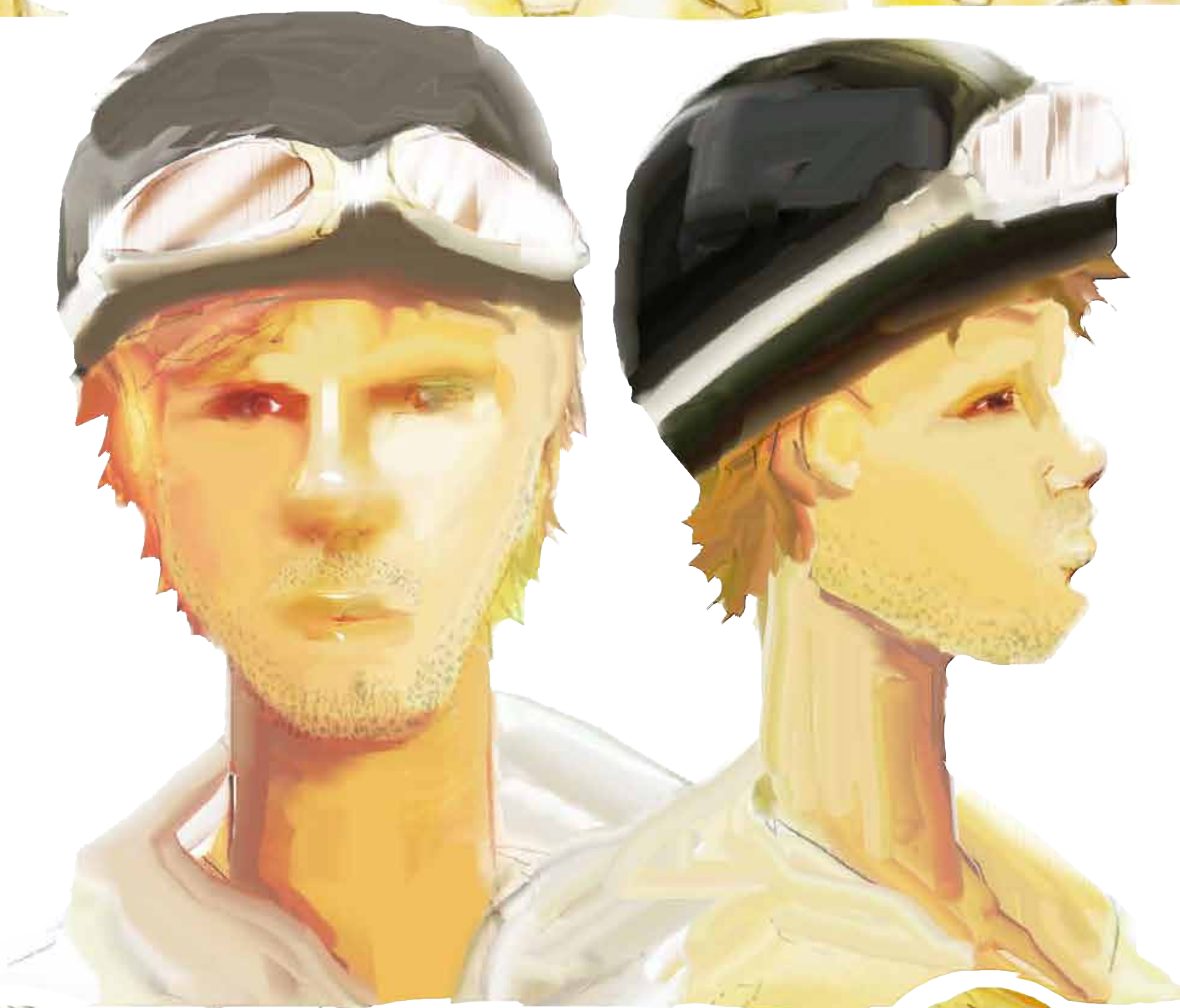


*THE END.*

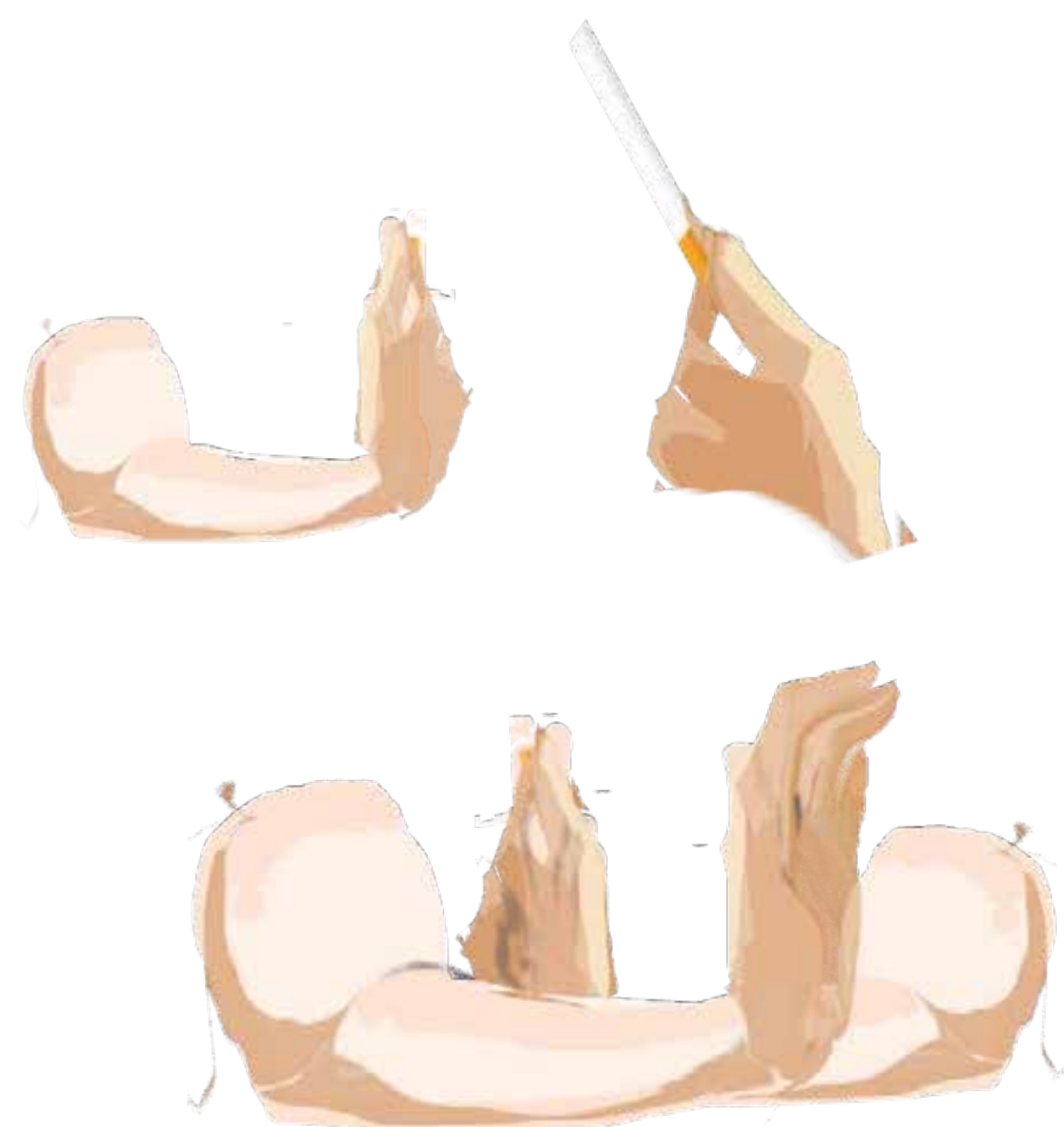




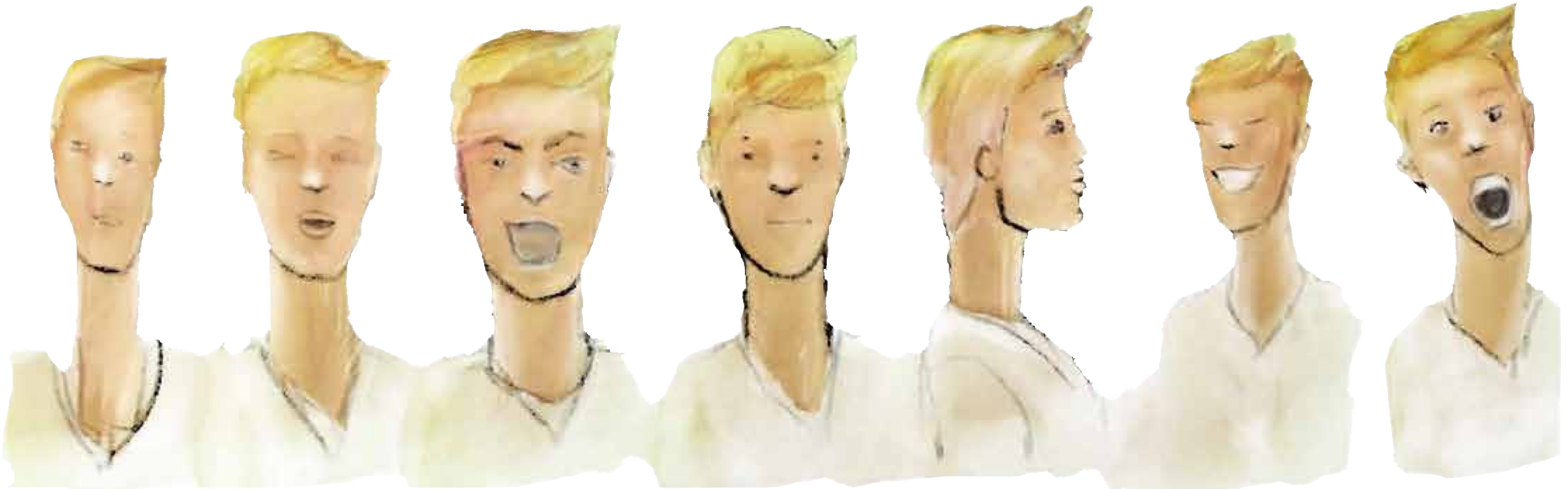














BEn.





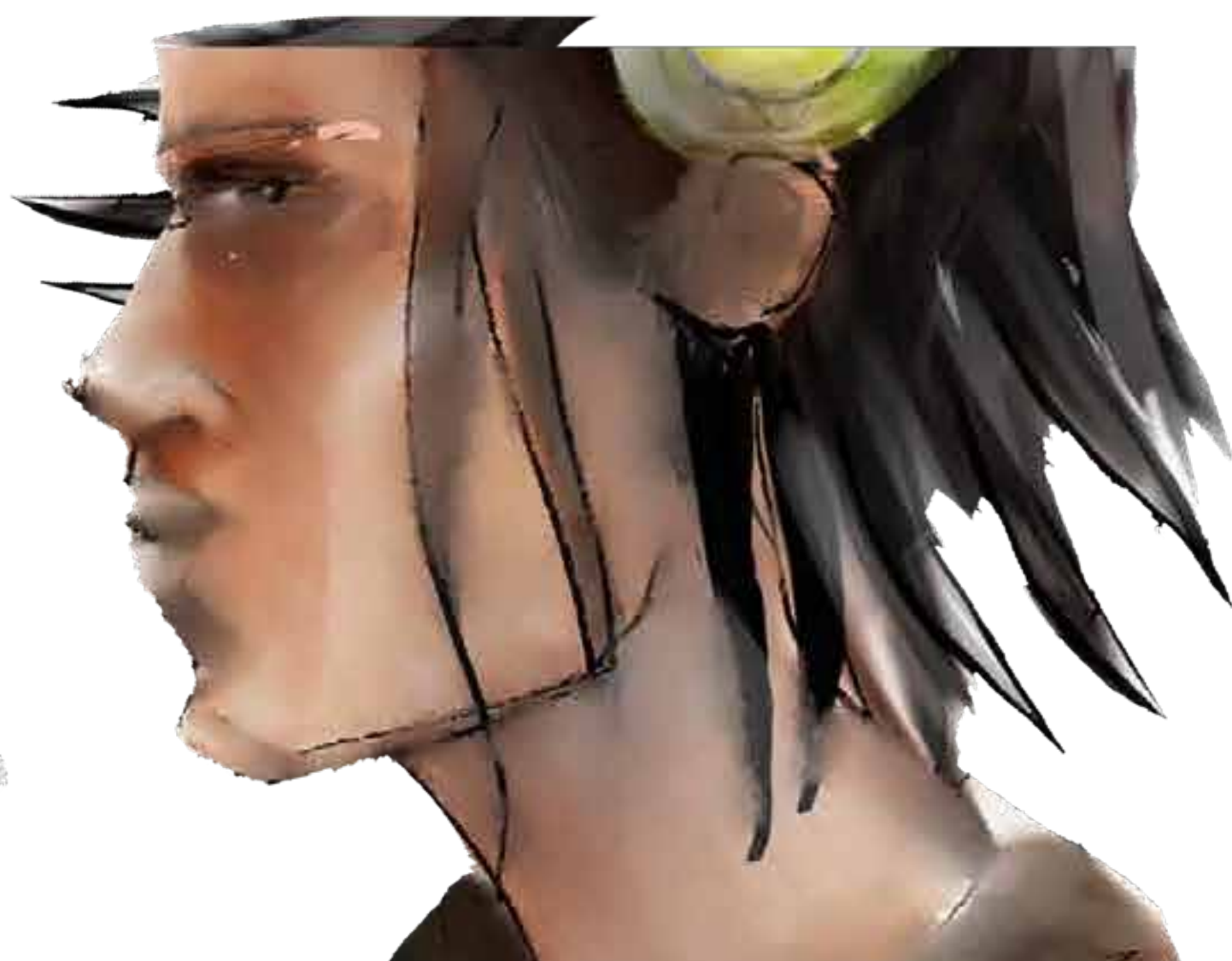








POLYP





NITROUS  
MAFIA













## No2Nice

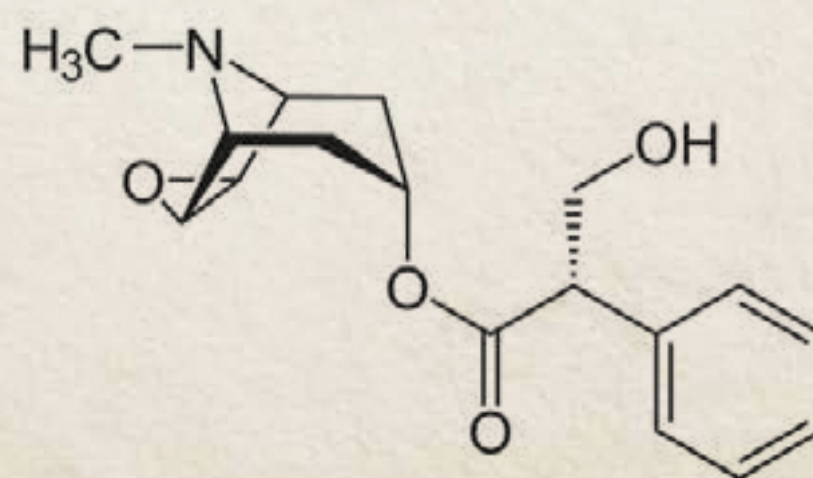
An inhalant that combines the molecules of Scopolamine (C<sub>17</sub>H<sub>21</sub>NO<sub>4</sub>), the hallucinogenic tryptamines in Bufotenin and 5-MeO-DMT, and Nitrous Oxide (N<sub>2</sub>O).

The Scopolamine (Devil's Breath) is a toxic alkaloid rendered from the Brugmansia flower's seeds and leaves which have violent hallucinatory properties that can cause temporary insanity or death.

In the No2Nice molecule there exists a forced ionic bond between Scopolamine and a complementary alkaloid in Bufotenin and 5-MeO-DMT (5-methoxy-N,N-dimethyltryptamine) found in Colorado Mountain Toads' paratoid glands, which can cause death in dogs or warm euphoria in humans. Transgenic toads used in Eternifest give off an attractive venom as opposed to an abrasive one.

Both Bufotenin and Scopolamine can be vaporized and mixed covalently with Nitrous Oxide (aka laughing gas) which creates the molecule No2Nice (C<sub>17</sub>H<sub>21</sub>NO<sub>6</sub> 5MeNO-DMT), a powerful inhalant that causes indelible hallucinations, loss of consciousness, loss of sensation, diarrhea, nausea, schizophrenia, autism, Anaphylactic shock, and mentally dissociative hazards amongst other adverse reactions.

-Sudoku

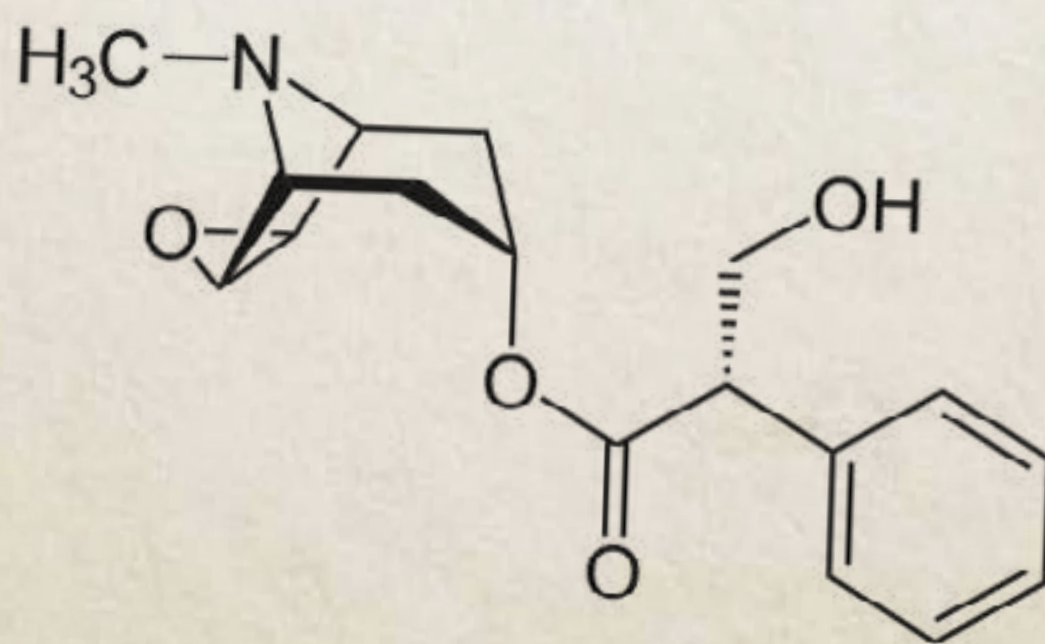
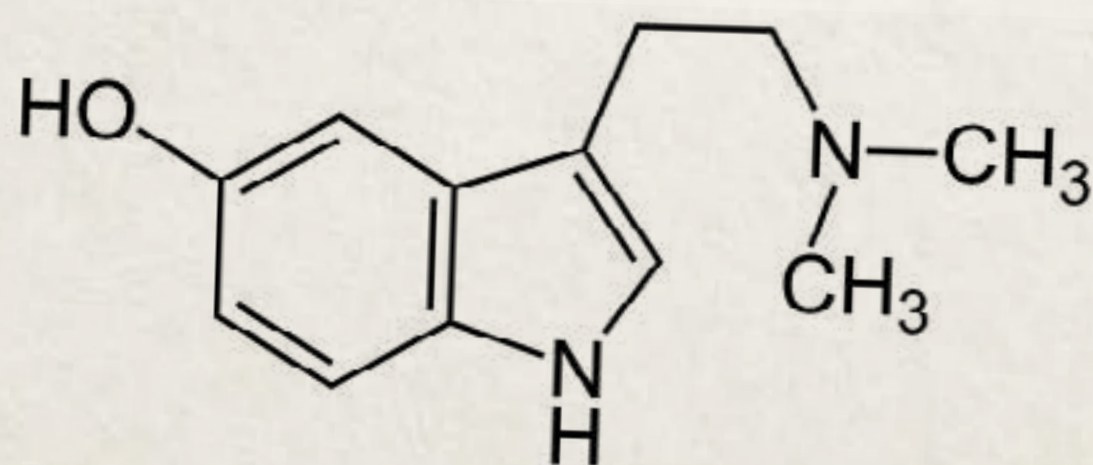




## MDMANO2

Below are the main chemical compounds mixed between toad juice and devils breath.

Bufotenin  
and Scopolamine.





## Nymphs Theory of Irrelativity

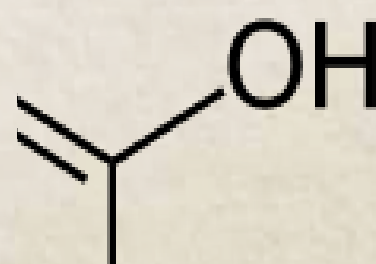
{. }{.}

Gravitational theory involving time dilation in the reverse and inverse of General Relativity. Whereas the farther an object is from its source of gravity the faster time seems to go in General Relativity, General Irrelativity involves the sensation of time moving slower when it's moving faster in relation to a source of gravity or a certain location in spacetime.

What's more is time is moving faster the closer we are to a certain location in spacetime, but it seems slower albeit many events occur within that time.

\*

The theory leaves many questions unanswered and some have declared it irrelevant.

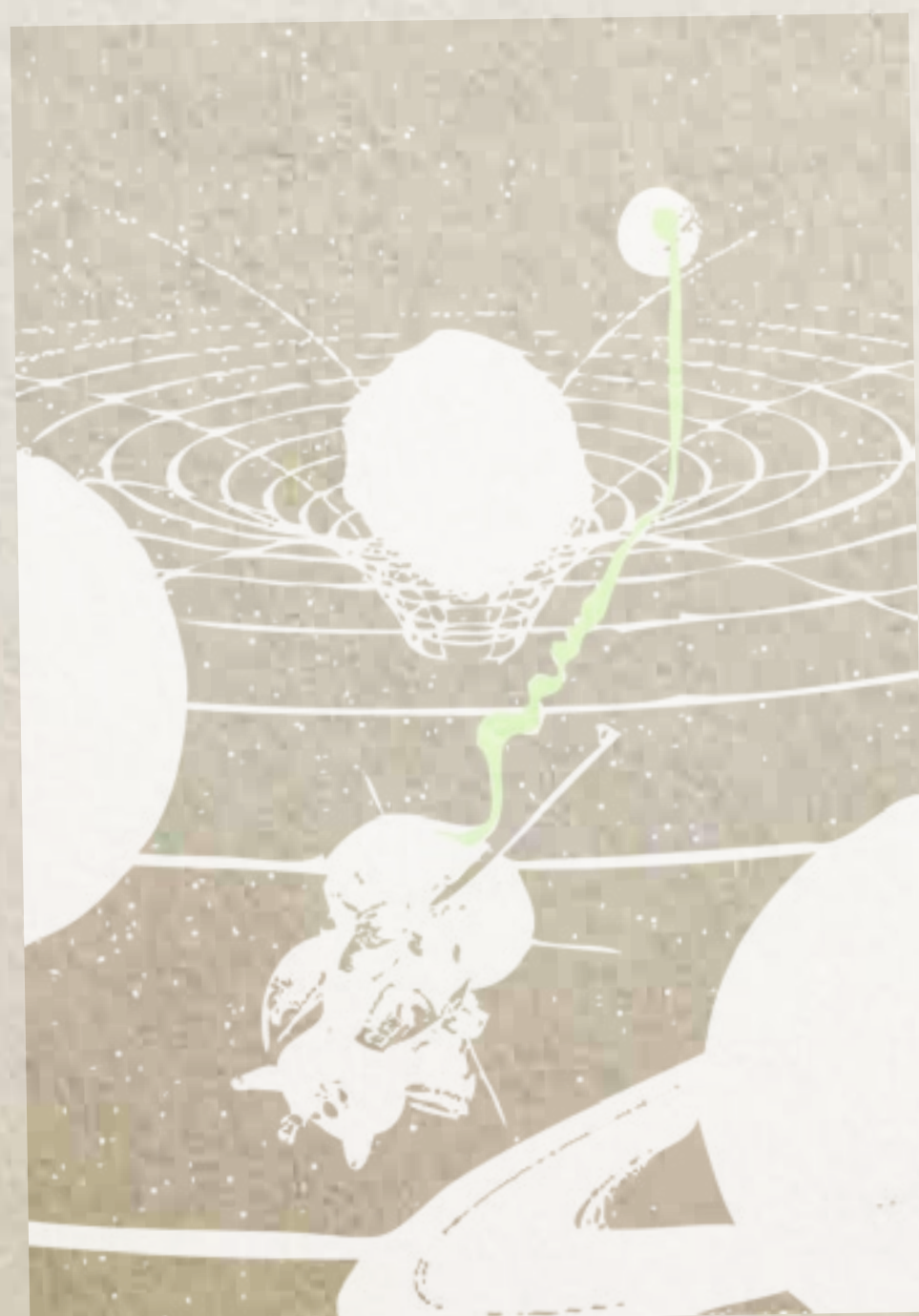




$$\underline{E = Dea^2}$$

So, I figure the way time moves is generally the same as in general relativity but instead of the green line being direct, from Deal to Lot B, it actually snakes back and forth between the two locations in spacetime.

Weird, and, irrelavant.





etERNiFeſT - <<

" It's a don't ask don't Tell Economy."



^^



# The Periods announce their new album: Finger the Psychic

1. Heavy Flow
2. Finger the Psychic (you'll get caught red handed)
3. They Call Him Mr. Feels Right (In the Pussy)
4. Strong Poo
5. Light of the Mind's Projector
6. She'll Be Apples
7. Cunt is a Cunt is a Cunt
8. Homo-Homuncular
9. Yes
10. No
11. Nymph Dreams
12. Same, Same, Everything Different



J@MFACE



# Finger the Psychic.

Album Review by Ben @Jamface

Rarely does a song belt you out of your high in the miasma of music around the Eternifest grounds. In the festival that never ends you've got to admit there's no shortage of tunes undulating into your cranium via the ear drum, so much so that at some point you're not sure if you're listening to a song or if you dreamed it up yourself in the soundtrack of your mind. Such is the ease of the times, such is the schizophrenic ease of The Periods and their new album, Finger the Psychic. The title track of which is hardcore enough to throw one into a fever. Very guitar driven, very heavy. The emotions dip and rise drastically (perhaps too drastically) in the following tracks.

Contradictory? Yes indeed. Music should be, it's a journey, a conversation, a plotline. The sounds coming off this album can rearrange from soothing one minute and then suddenly plummet to the brink of insanity. The good kind? Or you're not sure. The jokes in the lyrics sum up a deeper sense of the irreverence the band is going through. Maybe irreverence isn't the word, but there's a lurking entity within the album that seems to be self-aware and yet despairing. "Strong Poo" was especially provocative and poignant while "Cunt Is a Cunt is a Cunt" made me question what a Cunt really is. But the real heart and soul of this course and rackingly discordant album is "Light of the Mind's Projector."

I'm Sadie's biggest fan and I challenge anyone to a genital punching match who says otherwise. But sometimes it scares me how far my head dives into her siren song. Her lyrics in "Light of the Mind's Projector" seems to iterate a longing for something new and enticing in a dream that's lost it's narrative. Surreal, funny, snappy, but questioning. If the first couple of tracks raise morale for the seaward journey, then "Light of the Mind's Projector" is the compass leading the rest of the tracks afterwards.

Throughout there are the light riffs and harmony of West African psychedelia that gets contrasted with more guitar driven tracks. I think the embodiment of the contrast would be concentrically located in tracks 9 and 10 or songs "Yes" and "No." Oddly enough, it seems these two tracks are meant to be played together at the same time from different sound sources though the band hasn't confirmed this as true... yet. There are a lot of unanswered questions about the album that has stymied and infuriated many other critics.

Fuck em, finger yourself in the ear once and a while. Can a band damn itself and save its soul at the same time? That's what seems to be occurring with this album. No doubt, it's unique but it's lost too. An artifact on the verge of never being discovered. And if The Periods are lost, then, what does that say about us? We should be looking for these answers. Or we should be lost.



## DOLPHIN S TRIBE: THE PIRAH

AS ETERNIFEST EXPANDED IT BEGAN TO ASSIMILATE MANY DIFFERENT CULTURES OF PEOPLE EVEN AT THE PRIMITIVE EXTREMES. THE PIRAH , WHOSE LANGUAGE AND EVERYDAY LIFE CENTER ONLY ON THE VALIDITY OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AND WHOSE LANGUAGE DISREGARDS HISTORY AND QUANTITY. THEY ARE A SMALL AND CLOSE KNIT GROUP OF HUNTER GATHERERS AND SURVIVALISTS WHO KNOW THE JUNGLE AND LIFE ITSELF AS THEY DO THEIR OWN BODIES IN A CONSTANT STREAM. ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE NO NUMBER SYSTEM, AND YET FOR UNKNOWN REASONS THEY MANAGE TO MAINTAIN THEIR POPULATION AT 420.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, SOME SECTS OF THE INSULAR TRIBE HAVE WANDERED A SHORT STEP AWAY FROM THE NAKEDNESS OF THE JUNGLE INTO NEARBY ETERNIFEST CAMPSITE. THOSE WHO HAVE STRAYED TYPICALLY DO SO AFTER HEAVY USAGES OF HALLUCINOGENIC CHEMICALS, OPIOIDS, AND ELECTRONIC MUSIC. IT BECOMES A SHORT STEP FOR THOSE WAYWARD PIRAH TO FURTHER ENTRENCH THEIR SENSE OF REALITY WITH EVEN LESS ELEMENTAL RECURSION ON THE LIMITS OF INFINITY. THEY LIVE COMFORTABLY IN THE PSYCHEDELIC MILIEU OF ETERNIFEST AND EVEN THRIVE AT TIMES WHEN THEY KNOW THE PARTY IS NEVER ENDING, HAS NEVER ENDED, AND STILL IS.



# BIRTH OF THE NITROUS MOB:

IT'S NO MYSTERY THAT PEOPLE AT FESTIVALS LIKE TO CLOUD THEIR MINDS WITH LAUGHING GAS. KNOWING THIS, THERE WAS A NECESSARY ELEMENT OF MUSCLE AND FEROCITY NEEDED TO CONTROL THE THRONGS OF GASSING LAUGHERS. WHEN DJ POLYP'S ROAD CREW STARTED REALIZING THAT THEY COULDN'T BOOK AS MANY SHOWS AS THEY USED TO, THEY DECIDED TO WORK THEIR WAY UP THE NITROUS OXIDE RACKET IN SECTIONS B.N. NITROUS RAN IN THE FAMILY, HIS BROTHER HENRY WAS BORN WITH AN UMBILICAL CORD INFLATED WITH NITROUS.

THE NITROUS CZAR AT THE TIME HELD DJ POLYP AND HIS ROADIES IN HIGH ESTEEM, FOR HIS PENCHANT FOR MANIC AND DRUNKENLY VIOLENT BEHAVIOR. THE CZAR DESPISED DJ POLYP'S DISCORDANT AND REPETITIVE MUSIC, HOWEVER, AND SO INCURRED THE WRATH OF THE YOUNG UPSTART. BEFORE LONG, POLYP BEGAN STEALING MONEY AND DRUGS FROM THE CZAR UNTIL HE WAS CAST OUT AND LABELED A THREAT TO THE NITROUS EMPIRE. POLYP COUNTERED BY UNDERCUTTING THE CZAR'S PRICES WITH HIS OWN FORM OF DIRTY GAS THAT HE GETS SHIPPED IN FROM HIS ESTRANGED FATHER WHO SUPPOSEDLY OWNS ONE OF THE FEW CAR DEALERSHIPS LEFT IN ETERNIFEST. EVENTUALLY CONFLICT AROSE AND POLYP LEAD A SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION AGAINST THE NITROUS CZAR, THE TURNING POINT BEING WHEN POLYP SEDUCED AND BRAINWASHED THE CZAR'S DAUGHTER THEN RANSOMED HER BACK TO HIM, FOLLOWED BY A LIFETIME OF EXPULSION. OR EXPULSION FROM LIFE ITSELF, PEOPLE CAN'T BE SURE. IT SEEMS TO BE POLYP'S M.O.

AS POLYP OVERTHREW THE TYRANNY OF THE NITROUS CZAR HE REPLACED IT WITH HIS OWN. WITH HIS NEW RISE TO POWER HE AND HIS FORCE OF NITROUS MAFIA HAVE USURPED ONE CAMPSITE TO THE NEXT OF THEIR NITROUS HOLDINGS BY USING VIOLENCE OR COERCION IN THE MOST INSIDIOUS SHADES. HIS GAS IS DIRTY, BUT IT'S ALL THAT THEY'VE GOT, AND THEY DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER. WHO SAYS NO TO NITROUS ANYWAYS?



# Gallium Nitride Power Plant and Concert Venue. The Crystal Pyramid.

MANY LOTS OVERSAW THEIR OWN SOURCE OF ELECTRICITY AND SO HAD TO MANAGE RE  
SOURCES THAT COULD CONDUCT IT. MANY TURNED TO PYROELECTRICALLY USING CRYSTALS AS CONDUCTORS WHEN HEATED. THE MOST EXPRESSIVE BEING GALLIUM NITRIDE WHICH WHEN CONSTANTLY EXPOSED TO A HEAT SOURCE LIKE THE SUN, GEOTHERMAL STEAM VENTS, OR LIGHTNING PASSED THROUGH A SILVER CAP.

LOT 8679309 USES ALL THE ABOVE WITH THE CRYSTAL PYRAMID. A VAST STRUCTURE BUILT BY ANCIENT ETERNI MONKS WHO GREW GONAD WITH MOLECULAR BEAM EPITAXY IN A VACUUM. SO, THE MONKS USED SPACESUITS. THE STRUCTURE OFTEN ACCENTUATES THE WEATHER PATTERNS AROUND IT. HOT AIR BLOWING UP THE MASSIVE PYRAMID WILL CONDENSATE WITH COLDER AIR ABOVE, CAUSING RAINFALL AND OFTEN LIGHTNING STORMS. SILVER AT THE TOP OF A MAN MADE MOUNTAIN TENDS TO ATTRACT LIGHTNING GIVING AN AVID BOOST TO THE OVERALL VOLTAGE.

THERE ARE NO STONE CRACKS WITHIN THE ACTUAL STRUCTURE ITSELF. THIS MAKES IT A BULK PIECE WITH A UNIQUE INTERIOR, THAT HAS A HOW THE FUCK DID SOMEONE BUILD THIS SHIT? SORT OF VIBE. IT WILL SEND A STORABLE VOLTAGE FOR MILES FOR AS LONG AS THE CRYSTAL REMAINS.

MORE IMPORTANTLY IT HAS 3 SICK STAGES, ONE INDOOR, ONE OUTDOOR, AND ONE THAT IS HALF IN AND HALF OUT, JACUZZI AND INTENSE LIGHT SHOWS THAT MAKE YOU SEIZE IN THE GRANDEUR.



# JONES TOWER:

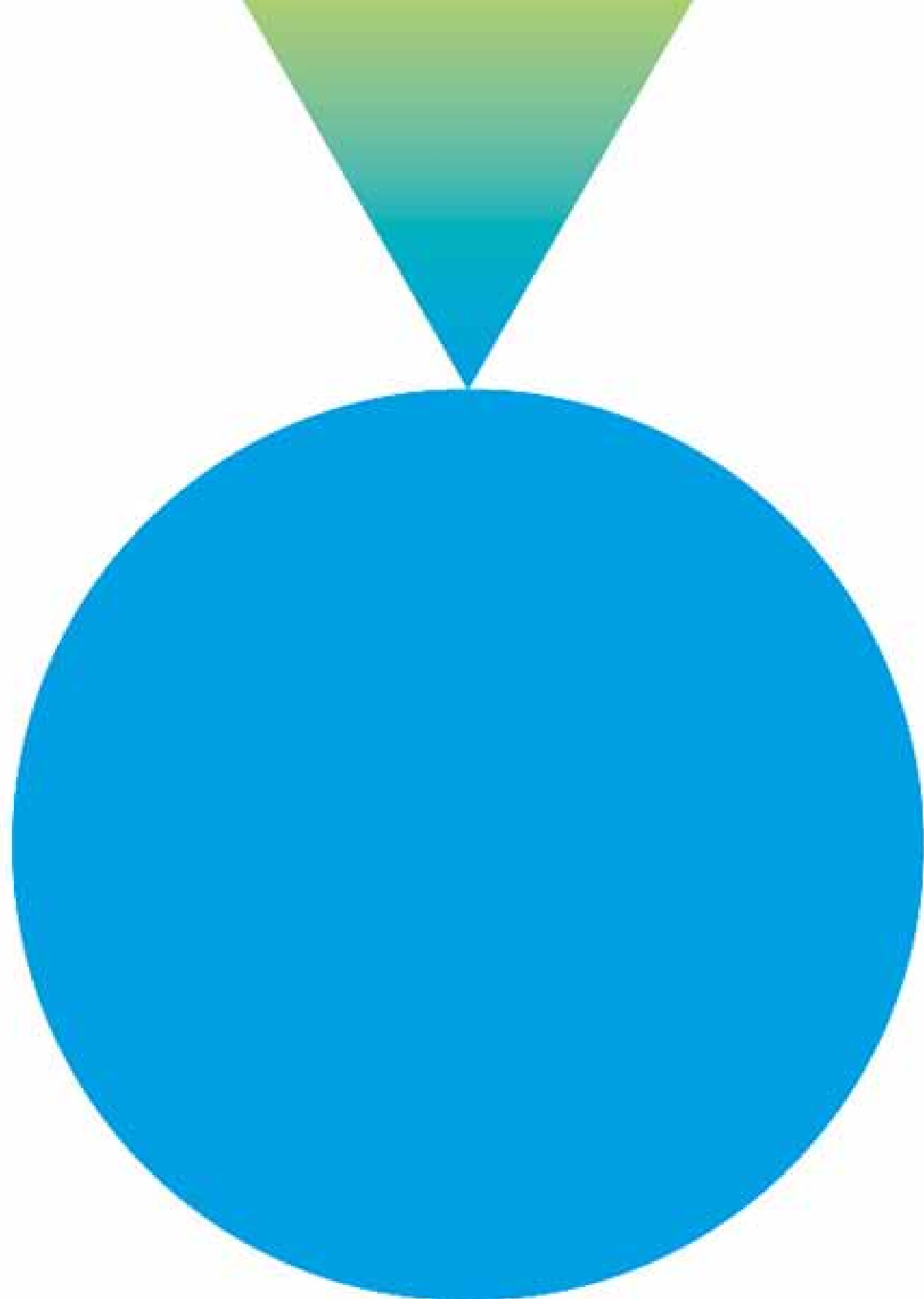
THE TOWER OF THE FABLED AND METAPHYSICAL VOICE OF ETERNIFEST OR DJ JONES TOWER, WAS BUILT FROM THE SCRAP PIECES AND ALTERED DESIGNS OF NIKOLA TESLA'S WARDENCLYFFE TOWER FROM THE PRE PREAKNESS FESTIVAL ERA. JONES DICTATED ITS CONSTRUCTION HIMSELF GUIDING A BLIND CREW OF CONSTRUCTION WORKERS UPON HIS LITERALLY BUT NOT FIGURATIVELY BLIND LEADERSHIP. RANDALL HELPED TOO, BUT IT WAS JONES WHO DECIDED ON THE TOWER'S EXACT LOCATION WHICH HE CHOSE BASED ON THEORIES OF PLATONIC GEOMETRY AND LEY LINES. JONES PLACED THE CONSTRUCTION SITE AT ONE OF 12 GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATIONS THAT HAVE UNEXPLAINED PROPERTIES INVOLVING THE EARTH'S ELECTROMAGNETIC ENERGY AND CHAKRA ENERGY.

THE TECHNICAL TERM FOR ONE OF THESE LOCATIONS IS A VILE VORTEX, BUT WHICH OVER TIME AND THE EVOLUTION OF LANGUAGES AT ETERNIFEST BECAME KNOWN AS THE KURT VILE VORTEX OR KURT VILE VORTICES. STRANGE WAVES OF ENERGY ARE KNOWN TO BROADCAST FROM JONES RADIO TOWER AND SOME PEOPLE, VEHICLES, AND AIRSHIPS HAVE GONE NEAR IT AND DISAPPEARED, ALBEIT FOR REASONS THAT SOME MIGHT FIND MUNDANE, I.E. GETTING TOO HIGH TO MOVE IN ANY DIRECTION. NEVERTHELESS, THE TOWER EXUDES A CERTAIN POWER LIKE THE BERMDA TRIANGLE, THE LOTUS CAMP IN LOT 3 LITTLE BIRDS, THE ETERNI SEA, AND THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZA FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZA. COMMUNICATIVELY IT IS FAR REACHING WITH NO KNOWN LIMIT. FESTIVAL GOERS QUESTION IF THE TOWER COULD BE EXPLOITED IN THE WRONG HANDS.

BY THIS  
TASTED  
THE  
CONDENSED  
UPPER  
OUT  
STEAMING  
AND SMOKE  
BEFORE A  
BEER. U  
BE PLANNING  
NIGHT'S  
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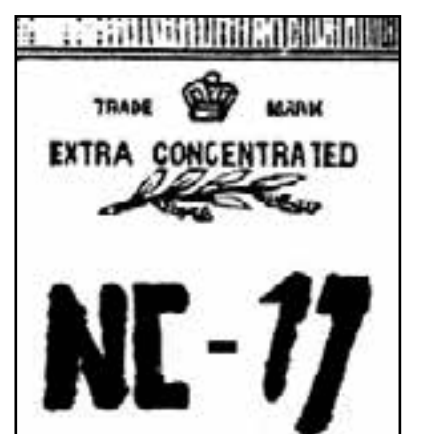






WORDS: ONZIK

ART: MONGEAU





AT THE GOLDEN SHEAF BAKERY IN BERKELEY

FILMS

DANCE CONCERT

FILMS



# EterniFest



**TICKETS:** MOE'S, SHAKESPEARE, DISCOUNT RECORDS, GRASS MENAGERIE,

SAN FRANCISCO POSTER COMPANY



# EterniFest

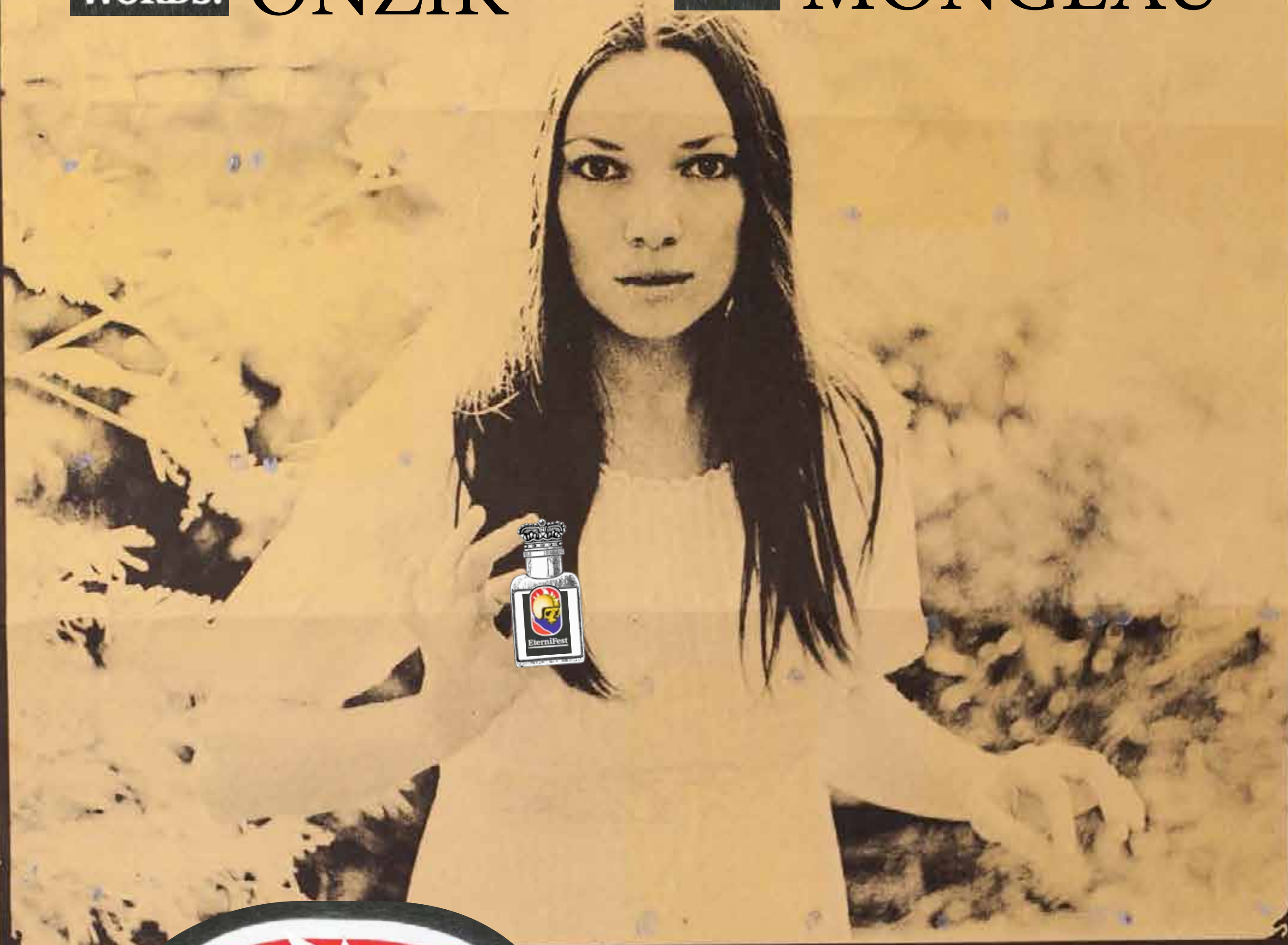
FILMS

DANCE CONCERT

FILMS

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## EterniFest