

INSTRUCTIONS FOR AN ESCAPE

1. Ignition

(to E.S.)

IT ONLY TAKES A SPARK - SANDIEGO SAYS  
↳ BE QUICK, TAKE OFF BEFORE YOUR HANDS  
TURN INTO ASHES

YOUR THUMB MUST BE A PIETA WHEN IT  
KINDLES THE FLAME

THE LABORATORY'S LIGHT WILL GO OFF ALL TOGETHER,  
SKY-LIKE IN 1934 (A CATHEDRAL OF LIGHT,  
THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666,

AND FOR THAT IT DOES ONLY TAKE A SPARK -  
AND

A FLYING EYE!

EYELASHES LIKE AIRPLANE WINGS,  
THE EYE DOESN'T LOOK DOWN

IT GLIDES OVER THE LABORATORY'S CONTRACTIONS  
UNFOLD THE LINE WHERE YOUR EYELIDS

TOUCH - SEE THE WHITE EYE IN YOUR SKULL

AS THE GUARD CAN'T SEE IT HE NOW DREAMS THE EYE'S GONE...

TRULY, TRULY, I SAY TO YOU:  
IT ONLY TAKES A SPARK!

## 2. RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT

THE FLYING WHITE EYE MEETS WITH THE FLAT NOSTRILS  
IN MID-AIR: THEY STOP BREATHING AND GO SCENT THE LAB  
(every eye needs a nose! and every nose loves the bomb)  
- GOD KNOWS WHY!

First thing they touch: the white cube: It's the freezer  
room in the laboratory's hall: old portrayals of very great men  
- indeed - who have large eyes, love, boots and a whip  
FOLKS, THERE ARE WHIPS AND LOVE FOR EVERYONE  
THE MINISTER WILL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU ASKED FOR  
OR YOU'LL LOVE WHAT YOU GET OR. IF YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE ME (THIS MAY BE HILARIOUS)  
HE WILL STICK YOU INTO HIS STINKY BOOTS  
You / poor devils!

Second thing they see: Her Majesty, invisible and blaize.  
\*\*\*She's the Greatest of the Greatest of the Smallest\*\*\* ---

----- She has launched Her glossy spiders in outer space  
and now wraps the crystal palace in their web of letters

YOU HAVE TO SEE IT FOR YOURSELF:

THE LAST SPHERE IS A GREENHOUSE FILLED WITH HOLES,  
FROM WHERE IRON LUNGS EXHALE THE OXYGEN THAT WE  
(-SO H.M. SAYS-) NO LONGER HAVE.

Third step: hand in hand, the flat eye and the flying  
nostrils look through the diamond - and  
now see all  
the irises in the room (like in DEEP DREAM©)  
- they find out what they  
thought they knew all along..... :  
the laboratory is a haunting cell...

So, I say to you, truly, truly, go ahead.... 60 HUNT  
!!!!!!!

# 60 HUNT + THE HUNTERS



### 3. INTO THE MIST

SO NOW, YOU ARE THE HUNTER the employee cries out

LET HIM CRY OUT!

YOU, FOG — MACHINE

FOG — MACHINE

Everything is fog here, everything looks and no one knows what to look for as they look at S. -  
(while they drop soap-bombs on the desert waste),  
but you,...

SEEK LESS!

HERE IS YOUR HAND MADE LOW RESOLUTION FOG MACHINE  
A HEADREST AND AN INCENSE STICK  
PAINT IT GREY, THE INCENSE GOES INTO THE HEADREST

LAY DOWN, SPOON THE MIST — SLEEP

NO DREAM NO NIGHTMARES

ONLY SMOKE AND SEAS OF BLISS

... OFF SCREEN

Alcatraz's silhouette lights up a green glow:

Half skull is sleeping (the one that still has a face) the other half is dreaming, out of bed,

it half-caresses the eyelashes of the forest.

SO NOW....WHAT GETS INTO THE RIGHT EAR GETS OUT FROM THE LEFT ONE? THE GUARD ASKS

(YOU'LL SINK INTO THE PILLOW AND CLING UP THE CELL'S WHIRPOOL, DOWN ON THE RAFT THAT SINGS IN THE ICE)

AND—I'LL ASK YOU—HAS THIS EVER TRULY HAPPENED?

## 4. THE BOMB

MORNING OF 1666. THE DREAM-DEVOURING MOUTH PICKS UP THE  
NOSTRIL AND THE EYE, FLYING AND FLAT IN THE MURKY SANDS.  
THEY WEAR DIGITAL MAKEUP — A RUBIK'S CUBE — AND A JUMPER  
WITH GREEN WORDS ON IT:

LIQUIDATED - ERADICATED - FILTERED  
PROCESSED - ANNIHILATED  
SPAT OUT LIKE BEESWAX FROM THE LABORATORY'S ANUS  
CIVILIZED - NAILED

RE-DE-FACED  
ANTI-BUNKER  
HAT

SMILEY FACES IN THE FOREST SCREEN PULSING BIT ON THE  
ICY BAY

IT'S TRUE, DREAMS BURN WHEN THEY COME TRUE

BUT THERE IS SO LITTLE LOVE IN FLATLAND:  
THE MOSQUITO'S LEG BREAK EVERY NIGHT  
EVERY DAWN

WINGED SANDALS OF PAPER FACE COME, LIKE ONE LETTER OF HOPES

A BACK-DOOR  
A HOLE IN THE FACE (EYE + NOSTRIL + MOUTH)  
DIGS INTO  
YOUR LATE MORNINGS



## 5. Fuga

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

TRULY

EDWARD





