

In the pale, lime-green light you can tour a series of warm and poisonous rooms. You will hear some of the cautionary tales, about how you shouldn't brush your teeth with fizzing paint and how to poke holes in the architecture if you notice that it's digesting you. But basically it'll become clear that you just gotta de-trust the boss. All the while, loud, clashing noise focuses into the mechanical clicking of cicada wings that over time, further restructures into a beeping countdown—pushing the edge of our nerves and indicative of the terrible egos of men with hyper-cursed tantrums driving their heads and hands. On the tour you get to quickly observe the zones in between, where the temperature drops as clouds of DeepDream dogs appear as a thin, teal vapor (you have to walk directly through all of that). Then, what a strong visual radiating out of nothing! It's a model of the sun confidently announcing its complexity. *No...*it's a group of scaled creatures passing around wine to celebrate the new infernal lamp they made to light the land and sea. Proud of the new air, they bear witness to the storm of changes it directs: gardens covered in harsh light start to develop grinch grins; the void blows a bubble and promises a pop; a crowd of elbows turn heavy, bringing once whole bodies to the ground as they blister into a massive crag.

*How to agitate a mountain?* Give the mountain a flattop and fill it with pressurized shrieks. Then, call it there and finally leave this place alone as per its request.