

EMERALD EYES

emerald.hunt.tc

EMERALD EYES was designed with layered redundancy: historical framing, lyrical geography, and a direct musical "Solfa" cipher all pointed to the same physical location on the edge of a gully in line with North 59th Street at Seattle's historic Woodland Park. The hunt could be solved either through lyrical-historical interpretation or by decoding the cipher.

Key Components

Seekers were given a box containing an old reel-to-reel tape of six master tracks – ostensibly from Miranda Sheridan's April 1971 Ruby Recordings studio sessions for the unreleased song "Gasoline" (along with an "Untitled Instrumental"). The inside corner of the box was marked with the rainbow-and-lightning-bolt symbol of the Weather Underground Organization – and the Seattle Weather Collective.

Lyrical & Historical Path

The 1971 date and Weathermen symbol anchored the artifact in protest-era Seattle; the lyrics honed it further. References to the 1962 *Century 21* Exposition confirmed Seattle explicitly, while imagery evoking green gems and conifers reinforced the Emerald City – and Evergreen State. The lyrics "used to feel groovy" (a reference to Simon & Garfunkel's *Fifty-Ninth Street Bridge Song [Feelin' Groovy]*), "standing at the edge of a precipice," and "the rolling stone stops rolling so the gathering can begin" described the emerald MacGuffin and its hiding spot – nestled in the mossy root of a giant maple at the edge of a verdant gully, roughly in line with an old stone bridge abutment at North 59th Street – in Woodland Park, on the shores of Green Lake.

Musical Cipher

The opening tones of the "Untitled Instrumental" were encoded using a shifted "Solfa" cipher, with octave markers functioning as positional modifiers. When decoded, the sequence resolved to: **SEATTLEWOODLANDFIFTYNINTHGULLYGIANMAPLE** – which eliminated ambiguity; it named the city, the park, the boundary street, the terrain feature, and the landmark.

Grandpa's got a photo of a city gone to rust
Used to smell like roses now it's wilted bloom to bust
He keeps it in his Bible with a twenty dollar bill
Says it's good to be prepared in a world where whatever can happen will

Believes what he hears through his rabbit ears going crazy as a fox
Glued to his screen they ran him a wire direct to his idiot box
Flipping through the dial he tunes to Channel 88
Who needs peace and love no more when you can have war and hate

Manufactured outrage flashing on the screen
The world is going up in flames and the news is gasoline
We wait in line for a turn at the pump just to fuel the big machine
There's always smoke before the fire so blink twice if you know what I mean

Daddy's at the race track with quarters in his coat
Singing songs from '62 and dreaming of a boat
Says he'd set a course for freedom if the tides were up to him
When the water's rising anyway, you know it's either sink or swim

Now he cries through emerald eyes on visitation day
Forgot to fill the van up on a stint driving getaway
Now he's making license plates at the state penitentiary
And there he'll stay 'til his final day or the twenty first century

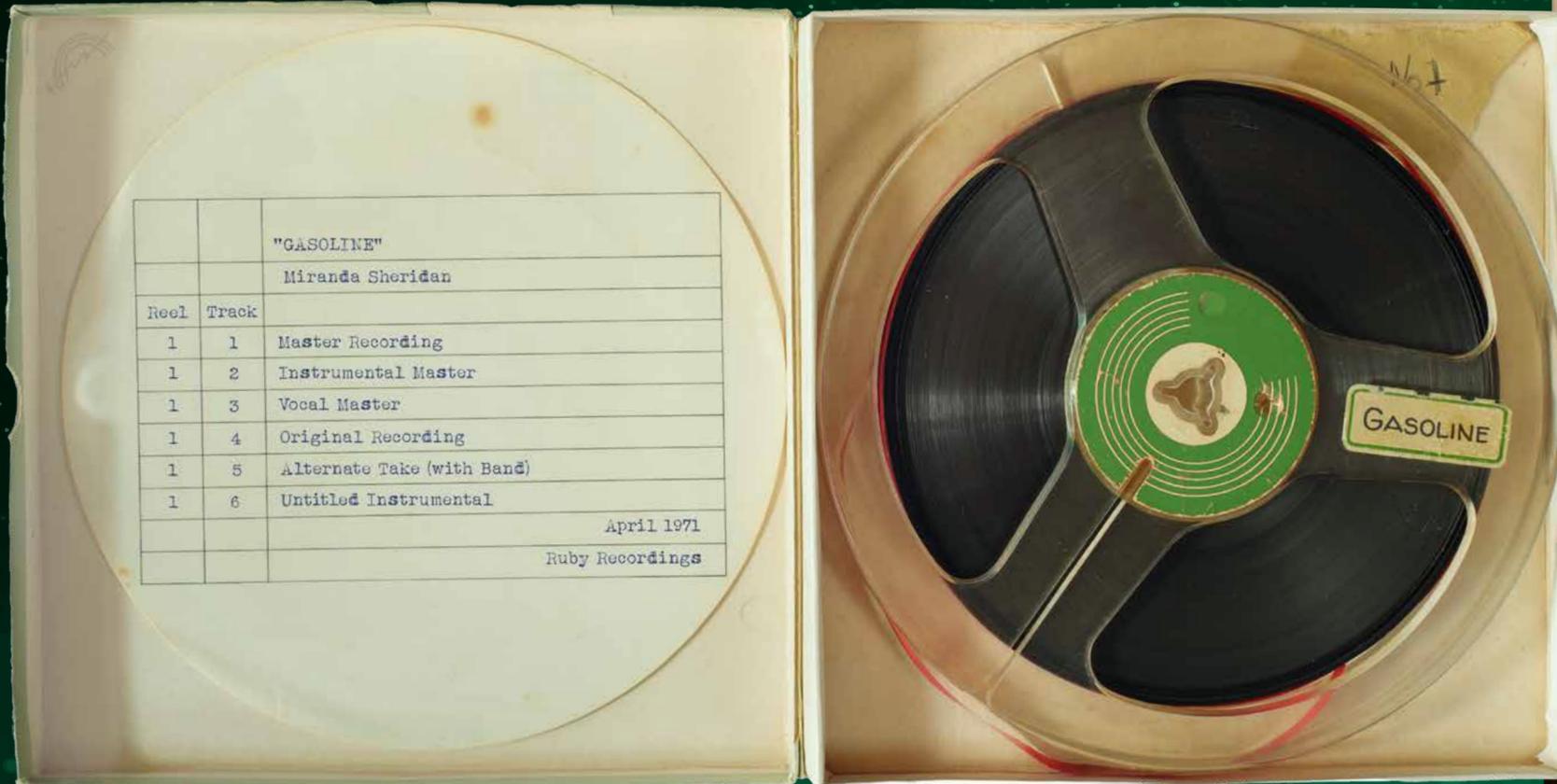
Manufactured outrage flashing on the screen
The world is going up in flames and the news is gasoline
The seasons don't arrive on time and the evergreens are never green
It's a made for TV movie and everybody's making a scene

Brother's marching downtown with a sign and a hollow grin
Says he ain't tryin' to change the world he's just tired of giving in
Used to feel groovy now he's fighting the fight and therein lies the rub
Eye for an eye the cops introduced him to the business end of a club

Now I ain't got a platform just a beat up Gibson case
A couple words of wisdom and a song for saving grace
I'm standing at the edge of a precipice and trying not to fall in
The rolling stone stops rolling so the gathering can begin

The preacher shouts the end is near and the banker prays for rain
But the weatherman just shakes his head and says here comes the same old pain
The whole damn thing's a circus and we're all dancing in the fire
So strike a match and pass the bottle and sing 'til we expire

Manufactured outrage flashing on the screen
The world is going up in flames and the news is gasoline
We wait in line for a turn at the pump just to fuel the big machine
There's always smoke before the fire so blink twice if you know what I mean



"GASOLINE"		
Miranda Sheridan		
Reel	Track	
1	1	Master Recording
1	2	Instrumental Master
1	3	Vocal Master
1	4	Original Recording
1	5	Alternate Take (with Band)
1	6	Untitled Instrumental
April 1971		
Ruby Recordings		

