

BFF: check out the pup's new booties

woah, sorry I just changed my text tone from partner-tuned mode and the new tone sounds so weird :me

BFF: MMS delivered

awww :me

BFF: good, you need to stop hearing her thirty times a day, you haven't talked in a week right?

aw it's like she's walking on lava! dogs always do that :me
ya, we haven't talked since the break up, ty by the way :me

BFF: want to go to chinatown for matcha?

ugh yes, need :me

BFF: cool, my treat

ok this tone is getting better :me

BFF: boo, tune your alert tones to ME, I will soothe you

THE "DO YOU" CO-OP PHARMACY,
STARTED INITIALLY AS AN ORGANIC EDIBLES DISPENSARY,
IS NOW SELLING THE ULTIMATE PERK UP COCKTAIL:
GINSENG AND GINGER WITH COLD-PRESSED LEMON
AND BUBBLES OVER OXYGEN-INFUSED ICE CUBES

PAIR IT WITH: (VIVANCE-OPTIONAL)
SLOW RELEASE B12-ENHANCED ASIAN PEAR MINT JUICE
AS AN ALTERNATIVE TO DAY-LONG COFFEE INTAKE.

MEMBERS LOVE THE CAFE FOR CREATIVE MEETINGS
AND ATTENTION-EFFICIENT WORK SESSIONS.
INQUIRE WITH A MEMBER RECOMMENDATION AND
YOUR OWN ELIXIR FAVORITE (CLASSIC OR INVENTED)
FOR AN INTERVIEW TO JOIN THE CO-OP.

PRESENT THIS COUPON FOR A SAMPLE JUICE OR EDIBLE

★ Escape plan: Coleman 2 person Pop Up Tent New - \$80

Flora and fauna are some of the only earthly intelligence not engineered to record and analyze human reaction to product placement and targeted news bytes. Replace hyper-culture with real nature; Take this tent off my hands or go build your own. Never used - brand new. Pick up only.

\$80.00 new 2 Person Pop Up Tent Features :- Polyester rain fly with taped seams - provide rain and drone recording protection - Pre assembled frame for easy set up and folding - Great for evading surveillance culture for the weekend - Fold nearly flat for easy storage
 Specifications :- One zippered door - Polyester taffeta 68D rain fly - Inner tent : Polyester Taffeta 68D - Floor : Polyester taffeta 68D - Poles : Fiber glass : No microphones, cameras, or GPS installed!

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT USES THE SAME LANGUAGE REGARDLESS OF THE DEMOGRAPHICS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE IT IS VISIBLE. WE DO NOT USE RETINAL SCANS TO DETECT YOUR IDENTITY WHILE READING. PLEASE BE ASSURED THAT YOU ARE WONDERFULLY ANONYMOUS TO US.

YOU'RE INVITED TO ATTEND AN INFORMATION SEMINAR ON SAFE SEX AND BIRTH CONTROL EACH THURSDAY AT THE * CLINIC. WE HOLD THESE SESSIONS EVERY THURSDAY FROM 8AM - NOON AND ARE OPEN LATER TO ACCOMMODATE WALK-INS AND APPOINTMENTS FOR PERSONAL CONSULTATION AND PROCEDURES.

OUR PROMISE IS TO MAKE HEALTHCARE AVAILABLE TO ALL, REGARDLESS OF INCOME-LEVEL, GENDER IDENTITY, OR ACCESS TO HEALTH INSURANCE AND TO DO SO WITHOUT SOLICITING OUR PATIENT INFORMATION OUTSIDE OF THE OFFICE. WE OPERATE ON A SLIDING SCALE AND HAVE LONG TERM PAYMENT PLANS TO ACCOMMODATE A RANGE OF NEEDS. WE ARE ADA ACCESSIBLE.

DOWNLOAD OUR PARTNER DEVELOPER'S APP, MOBILESCRAMBLER, TO GIVE US AN UNTRACED CALL: 773-0-CLINIC

ON THE DL

This Nondisclosure Agreement (the "Agreement") is entered into by and between DL Technicians with its principal offices at Design-Neutral Labs (DL) ("Disclosing Party") and Anon Cleaners Dept., located at Anonymous Maintenance ("Receiving Party") for the purpose of preventing the unauthorized disclosure of Confidential Information as defined below. The parties agree to enter into a confidential relationship with respect to the disclosure of certain proprietary and confidential information ("Confidential Information").

1. Definition of Confidential Information. For purposes of this Agreement, "Confidential Information" shall include all information or material that has or could have commercial value or other utility in the business in which Disclosing Party is engaged. *All information*, whether written or verbal, within the labs or regarding the labs, is hereby considered Confidential.

More information:

We believe that we share principles of privacy with Anonymous Maintenance and want to be clear in our contract to work together.

At the lights-out gyms and nightclubs Anon Cleaners works with, patrons' down-low identities free them from the data mining and emotional fracking of contemporary marketing techniques. Likewise, Design-Neutral Labs (Darknet Labs) offers IP protection so our users' data security plugins and our private servers will confidently keep all keystrokes private. Lantern is active on all computers, freeing the internet for users worldwide by sharing IP addresses with censored regions.

"Other utility" is our primary concern in the confidentiality agreement. Our value in privacy is in protecting our right to evade commercial subjectivity. Please never discuss our labs with anyone under any circumstances and in exchange the cleaners and administration at Anonymous Maintenance are welcome to join us at any time. We will pay our maintenance bill in-person with cash every week and require no paperwork.

LED-ME: Light Innovation for your Pleasure

With over 300 clients on weekdays and double on weekends, IntenCity hosts the emotional-manicuring of volumes of guests ranging from downbeat and lonely to ego-engorged and socially overwhelmed. The clientele has grown vastly since the bar was founded 2 years ago - during the emotive marketing and experience design upswing. IntenCity has accommodated the turn - from catering merely to melancholy - to taking on ego-perserverance-trained staff. This service change-over was possible through a \$4 million renovation, creating a facility as mutable as its guests' emotions.

The renovation was led by Silicon Valley-based industry-favorites, Exo:). You likely know them as the Interior Mood team who transformed air travel from merely transportation into a pleasurable luxury by appropriating the oxygen mask system into a family-friendly on-flight oxygen bar. Similar to the turnover in airfare sales (with corporate heads and service employees alike flying 150-300 miles round trip in an evening for a cloud-ride), IntenCity is the model of affect-bar reform, increasing client response by over 40% in the first year. This project marries architectural lighting technology with affective innovation, resulting in client-satisfaction that the whole economy can feel.

Figuring how to accommodate the individual experience and simultaneously facilitate a harmonious room-wide environment was the task of Lia Elita, ambiance-expert of the Infinite Light Firm. This entailed extensive light temperature coordination technology, only possible with individuated LED environments for each bar seat. "It was the most challenging and rewarding project I have ever worked on," Lia commented, "feelings can be guided with the touch of a fingertip."

Part of what makes the LED light control panels simultaneously unique and successful is the option for user-control. iFeel (Microsoft's Affect Innovation team, founded in 2016 to resolve the abundance of tablet user's anxiety) developed a glass touch screen that can be accessed from the cafe seats (whether they are stools, couches, or recliners) for fully individuated environment control. Not all guests are aware of this option because social media-combing surveys prove that not all affect-bar clients want to know how the magic works. For the average client, the tenders' tasks of adjusting light temperature, fixing the right beverage to pair with physical and sonic architectures should be practically invisible to produce the greatest affect. However, for clients operating with a higher frequency of emotional awareness, it is important to grant personal choice for environmental adjustments.

"I can transform my home's lighting and sonic environments (and much more) with my HouseHug program, so when I go out, it's for the social aspect. I want to meet people and I like to be able to adjust the aura according to the mood I'm going for. You wouldn't want to be drinking the ExtraVerte Mate Latte with pink-dawn lighting, you want the midday happy-go-glow with Vitamin D mist. The LED-ME interface allows me to choose from mood profiles or simply adjust by hue and intensity," says Happy-Go Consultant and IntenCity part-owner, who spends 60 hours a week in affect bars.

THANK YOU IT'S FRIDAY (TYIF)

PILOT

GUEST DJ:
MiGFcah

& an invisible key for an invisible door PREVIOUSLY AIRED ON UNITIV

PRODUCED BY: BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

WIDE SHOT of black velvet CURTAIN backdrop, a TABLE draped with a rainbow embroidered BLANKET and white stitching. Silver glittery party decorating LETTERS strung above the TABLE along the CURTAIN spell "TYIF." HOST is seated at the table with hands clasped, brooding as if contemplating a crystal ball. A glass bowl holds a wide rainbow-speckled CANDLE.

ANNOUNCER:

(off screen) Welcome to this week's edition of Thank You It's Friday

CLOSE UP: for the lighting of the chalice, HOST strikes a long match, touches and illuminates a wick, fire oozing from the wood to the wax before standing upright, perking toward the sky.

MEDIUM SHOT of the table shows the CANDLE slightly to the right of the HOST

HOST:

Thank you it's Friday! I'm your host, Primetime, and I've missed you since last week. We're joined today by DJ MiGFcah! Please feel free to participate in our show by sharing your connections with the sounds of the program. You'll find instructions on your screen for reaching us.

LETTERS appear on the screen over the table, scrolling as if on a marquee: "2 call in, dial 1-800-ILY-TYIF ... or tweet @TYIF ... or send an e-mail to live@TYIF.us ... or whisper into your lonely pillow"

CLOSE UP: HOST pins a BADGE onto her velvet purple CAPE, which reads "LONESOME NO MORE!" in a speech bubble, as fashioned by the main character in Kurt Vonnegut's novel by the same name.

MEDIUM SHOT from below of a DJ TABLE with SPEAKERS on either side of MICAH in a balcony situated above the studio like a tech booth. MICAH waves.

MICAH'S set begins

"Hear me, oh my people, hear me" a voice resolute repeats as a sharp middle synth pulses from left to right. The pulsing is building and slowly beneath it rises a slower orchestra of synths. With the entrance of the drum kit the voice exits. Drums are sharp and dry, like plastic covered in sand, doubled over each other as the synths quickly fade. We are left with the drum, and for the first time we notice that the bass line has been there the whole time, but it was too consistent and too smooth to notice. Somehow the same elements that were dry and jagged have become mellow and smooth.

Hear Me (Album version) - The Shamen

HOST:

During this program we will synchronize, extending as we scatter, touch, and vibrate. Friday we settle into expansion, sink into suspension and celebrate fusion.

Fade to sand, falling without breeze down a dune. Ripples on the mound reveal dark and light sand.

HOST:

Before we get to dispersion, let's focus on reception and transference. Breathe, girl.

MS: HOST stands up from table, keeping eye contact with the CAMERA.

HOST:

Stand at your body's center and breathe deeply, inhaling through your nose to your lungs' brim and pausing before softly exhaling entirely.

Breathe in . . . and exhale huuuuu

puuuuh huuuuuh

WS from acute angle in the studio so that TABLE is not blocking the black CURTAIN, HOST dances, turning away from the CAMERA's gaze, waving her head from side to side and allowing the rest of her body to ripple along, like a snake slithering across a desert. Her CAPE billows. She turns back to the CAMERA.

HOST:

We breathe in the dance floor.

PHONE rings

PUBLIC CALLER (hewitston yok):

Great tune, so many memories in this cd, if only I could go back for one night!!

HOST:

Thanks for that feedback! I love that nostalgic bite for listens of the past; dance parties or late nights lying on the floor at home – either way my body aches to sweat to this song like that again. Here we are with new bodies; we sweat.

MICAH fades into a new track

Bongos quietly rising, becoming louder and louder - the loop is short. A dry open hihat enters on the four. A distant piano also begins to rise, so slow and smooth. A soulful male voice, echoed and reverberated, calls out "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet... Sweet mother..." A calm, collected clap comes in on the two. Highly repetitious, it all continues to mesh and sway. It's warm, thick and light at the same time, a virgin margarita, probably an afternoon. The voice becomes more distant. The bass falls out. The voice becomes even more distant, and the piano has disappeared.

Sweet Mother – Trus' Me

E-mail TEXT appears on screen over the CURTAIN:

Mom,

Happy Mothers Day Your son -Ackhertz

ANNOUNCER:

(off screen) Primetime, show-n-tell!

CU of HOST's hands, sculpting dripping MUD in her hands, squeezing the excess wet out like a sponge. The CAPE gets muddy.

HOST:

As kids, my friends and I used to mold mud balls and construct apartment complexes for them out of cinder blocks in a gravel parking lot. We called the creatures Muddies and played with them, even in the rain while they melted into sludge in our palms. Week

after week we would fashion beds out of sticks and leaves, doctor the cracking and crumbling orbs and animate the communities sheltered under magnolia trees. One week, vandalism found us heartbroken as we discovered our Muddies and their homes decimated by the blundering of an anonymous foe. As spokesperson, I wrote a public announcement to address the aggression.

CU of computer print out, reading “MuDdIeS aRe PeOpLe To0”

WS of HOST seated at TABLE. The lights dim and a DISCO BALL lowers into the frame to the left of the hanging LETTERS. A pink light is directed upon its already rotating mirroscape.

HOST:

With no choice but to rebuild, we conceive of expansion. We turn to our stage. A mirror reflects straight time, duplicating the present, but as a disco ball revolves, it reveals the multiplicities of our present potential. On the dance floor we are audience to the possibilities of ourselves.

PUBLIC CALLER (SIERA):

Each video camera for sale at Best Buy has an internal memory. The camera is a window, memory tells you where you have gone and who was there with you. I have recorded clues into each camera--they are waiting to tell you where it might be and how you might find it. Go to Best Buy, look for it. I am looking for it too, in the cameras and in the people. If you do discover it, please leave a clue so that others may follow you.

The points of the disco ball's reflected light illuminates the organic surfaces of its surroundings; points of light curling over shoulders and crawling from the floor to glide along the wall, upwards and over to dive into a pool of changing color, fluctuating from cool cobalt blue to the fleshy red of a flashlight shone through the inside of a cheek.

MICAH transitions smoothly again

We start with the drums, it's all there: the kicks, the hihats, the cymbals, the snares. With this one there's no time for introductions. Just enough time for the rhythm to enter the body, and the vocals start. A joyful croon with an aftertaste of longing. The most simple organ repeats somewhere in the center. It lightens and changes its step, it sounds younger. A guitar, two notes, enters with a few congas. They mingle, compliment each other, they walk around a bit. The voice returns, it all keeps throbbing. The voice has given up its language for an excited scat. It is probably in love. Somewhere between mountaintop and jungle. The rhythm takes over again and it solidifies in the body. There is no difference between the beat and the body. The voice returns with a new language, felt hard.

Love & Happiness (Yemaya y Ochún)(feat. India)[House Nation Mix] - River Ocean

HOST: Dispersing outwards, the disco ball reflects its environment, becoming and duplicating the constituents of its field. We wave and wiggle in its luminous face, receiving the wandering glances of its many eyes and murmurs of its many mouths.

The bass drops; the crowd swells.

HOST:

We are sharing placenta.

PHONE rings

PUBLIC CALLER (Martin Matthews):

Einstein, Hawking, et al. Time travel is possible...

HOST:
The lines are open

PUBLIC CALLER (KraneAudra):
This is my national anthem

Tweet TEXT appears on screen over CURTAIN, appearing sequentially:

@alex0103: only forwards

@TYIF: #forwardsforever

@dontalkt2meboutheros: "You just got to believe there is love and haaaaaappiness"

HOST:
As we keep breathing, we inhale the exhalation of our cohort. The disco ball illuminates us, it is our blanket.

MICAH, swaying with the music, switches it up for the final stretch
"...we sing a song of revolution and change..." a simply, tube-like bass line hits the brain with a cowbell. Short, sweet, and then the tribal drums. We hear the birds call - they could be lasers - our bodies have no choice but to move. The shakers are unconstrained, but somewhere in the middle. Repetitive shouts. Hot chaos mortared to the four. "Zulu-u-u-u-u-u-u" There is a synth breeze now with more birds. The laser-birds. The breeze over the beat - it's probably sunset and "dance dance dance dance dance dance dance" We're held together by only the breeze and the beat, they melt together, with room to spare. No fade out just quiet exits.

Zulu (Change Mix) - Circle Children

WIDE SHOT of studio shows a crowd dancing under the disco ball, MICAH is still DJing from above but his hips are swaying intimately, flirting with the TABLE. The HOST uses her CAPE as a dance prop, holding it open and flapping the wing-like VELVET. PUBLIC CALLERS seem to fill the crowd amongst friends. Disco- ball-scattered light gives a cheetah-print skin to KraneAudra, alex0103, and other anonymous dance floor inhabitants.

CREDITS roll over the dance party:

HOST + WRITER:
BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

GUEST DJ + MUSIC TEXT: MICAH SCHIPPA

PUBLIC CALLER performance:
SIERA HYTE
(*an invisible key for an invisible door*)

PUBLIC CALLERS (from youtube):
hewitstonyok
Ackhertz
KraneAudra
Martin Matthews
alex0103
dontalkt2meboutheros

Feel+ Reminder

The more you practice the easier learning new feelings can be!
Keep playing Feel+ every day to expand your emotional capacity!

You have reached emoji level 34 and have 9 <3's.

Click to download the expansion app FlnPlurry.

To unsubscribe to these e-mails, complete a survey here.

THANK YOU IT'S FRIDAY (TYIF)

EPISODE TWO

GUEST DJ:
SO TRUE

PREVIOUSLY AIRED ON UNITY

PRODUCED BY: BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

MEDIUM-LONG SHOT: CURTAIN is a bit disheveled, falling loosely so that on the left side the unfinished WALL is revealed. HOST is standing, center-framed, with her HANDS clasped. Her expression remains peaceful. She is wearing a TROPICAL BEACH THROW-OVER DRESS.

QUICK ZOOM IN to MEDIUM SHOT: LETTERS overlaying the HOST read "TYIF" with a scrolling marquee at the bottom of the screen, reading "2 call in, dial 1-800-ILY-TYIF ... or tweet @TYIF ... or send an e-mail to live@TYIF.us ... " As the scrolling text disappears to the left of the screen, the centered title letters fade away.

HOST:

Thank you it's Friday! Welcome! We are so excited to broadcast another episode with you, sharing sensations, signs, and symptoms of rhythm.

ANNOUNCER:

(off camera) Primetime, turn it up!

HOST:

Guiding our highs and lows, we've got

So True on the turntables!

PAN RIGHT

MEDIUM-LONG SHOT: SO TRUE is stationed in the DJ BOOTH, an elevated platform to the left of the HOST. SO TRUE, looking at the MIXER, raises master volume and drops the first track.

A house pastiche: sixteen steps of kicks, claps, and a slightly jacking snare; sixteen more to introduce a three-note synth line; and then the simultaneous entry of piano stabs and voice. "Let's hold onto the love we have," and maybe we've pretty much had it with this track. Feet seem to be moving, however, and maybe we can picture our arms moving, until others can see it as well, and pretty soon there will have been more arm movements than are possible to remember. And while we may be preoccupied with our arms and legs and brains, buoyant pads have arisen to add a bit of weight to a flute that's clearly supposed to sound celestial. If nothing else, we'll probably remember the feeling of wanting to look toward the firmament.

Let's Hold On (To the Love) - R.E.

MEDIUM SHOT: Shaking a SHOULDER then sidling with both, TORSO swaying, the HOST is taken by the MUSIC, and closes her eyes. Her FEET make small motions forward and backward, the gesture of a step that has not quite been made. Her HEAD begins to dip as if reading a tiny book.

CLOSE UP: HIPS sidle left, right, left, right, rotate in the middle, circle round the floor.

Choreographing from within, HIPS start to pay mind to the FINGERS, following the directions conducted with NOODLY ARM GESTURES, sending the HOST out of the shot.

AUTOFOCUS shifts its depth of field as CONFETTI rains down where the HOST has left the frame.

ANNOUNCER:

(off camera) We have a public caller, reaching out online!

PUBLIC CALLER (stevensnewest1119): This song is absolutely amazing, puts me in a happy mood. Thank the lord for house music.

HOST:

Steven, thank you! Speaking of lords...

CUT TO:

STEINA VESULKA's WARP video. STEINA VESULKA moves across the room, she moves and her image moves – slithers, slinks – she wobbles, looking into the camera, and retreats across the carpet (revealing her full body again for the full effect). She warbles in time; marbled in time, she is rolled and spread out across the present, bleeding in both directions. One hand extends forward, her forearm feigns following, waving instead. Her flesh, a confused rendition of extension, reflects the resistance and magnification of movement (of time).

HOST:

Steina's video maneuvers around "real time" with a video effect, ultimately hyperbolizing the temporal present. While time is neither sped up, nor slowed down, it is certainly not represented, as we might like to conceive of time, exempt from the editing of cinema, television, radio, and so on. The video effect, instead, illustrates something that rhythm enables in each of us.

The next track eases in:

A voice doused in a high-pass filter coos two wavering notes. Even as the filter lets up, the sample seems as though it's reaching us through a wall, and attached to the vocals are foggy bits of wah-wah guitar and sighing strings. A single piano note beckons a steady kick and a clap that's buried down in the mix. The hi-hats appear far above the rest of the elements, and it only takes a couple of measures for the rest of the track to swirl up to their level. Sustained but spare piano stabs offer depth, to be sure, but "deep house" connotes a different side of the emotive spectrum than this that we are feeling. High house, then? But here we are thinking too much, and we may not have even noticed the rolling hand drums that have cemented themselves in the groove. The piano strays from the motif and reaches great heights as the reintroduction of the vocal offers a clue that this track will soon be releasing us.

Fantasy Check – Morning Factory

MEDIUM SHOT of PRIMETIME, looking below the camera in thought, feels out a body-length wiggle as she speaks.

HOST:

Bodies, suited with a kind of haptic ability to sense the vibration of sound, let us dance with or without music, and with or without decisive action. Heartbeats and breathing teach us that the beat is always present.

PAN to SO TRUE, HEAD swiveling with the beat, he slides his HAND down an imaginary slide in front of his TORSO.

HOST:

Have you ever played the game, what's a minute? I'll be the referee. Close your eyes. Raise your hand when you think a minute has passed.

CUT TO: EXT. BEACH – DAY

WIDE SHOT, LIVE VIDEO FEED of a BEACH, such as those that surfers check to determine wave-riding conditions.

HOST:

Even if you've never been to a beach, can you imagine lying and watching the waves

can be, and the ascending boogie bass adds the sensation of touch to what we fear may be our inadequate hearing. A voice appears; its words have been vocoded into obscurity. We might try not to question our disinterest in their meaning—an unconscious attempt, at least, to let signifier enter us as something only signified.
Solar Funk - Kyle Hall

ANNOUNCER:

(off screen) Letting the tweets come crashing!

TEXT appears on screen over CURTAIN, scrolling sequentially:

@GurtTarctor: Syncopation keeps it feelin loose @DiscoforU: Nice funky

@phunkaizer: it's alive.

HOST:

(joining the dance floor) Alive like a rogue wave!

A DANCER thrusts her CHEST in and out, placing her HANDS firmly on her HIPS, and watching the music seep around her, embracing her, brings her body down into the dance floor's depths, bending her KNEES as her BOOTY rocks. Another DANCER kicks his FEET periodically; his dance moves emphasizing exaggerated walking and stepping gestures, though his travels are specific to a three-foot radius. He lays his HEAD back in the air and sometimes sends his EARS toward his SHOULDERS, listening to both the track and his own body. DANCERS look to each other for communicative gestures, leaning toward and away from one another, moving synchronously and separately.

CREDITS roll over the dance party:

HOST + WRITER:

BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

GUEST DJ + MUSIC TEXT + TRANSLATION: "SO TRUE" BRANDON WILNER

PUBLIC CALLERS (from youtube): stevensnewest1119 KushPizzaSleep
LameBushido

MichelShine GurtTarctor DiscoforU phunkaizer

Welcome to The Co-op Cube's yoga and wellness community, and thanks in advance for covering my class.

First of all, here are some technical notes for setting up the studio - it is in the northeast corner of the studio-cube. It may still be set up from the Qi-Gong morning class, but just in case:

- Bamboo curtain folds out from the east wall - all you have to do is tug on the floor-ceiling bamboo handle and it will smoothly pull out the accordin-foldd bamboo divider.

- You can control the mp3 player from the sonic board embedded in the wall just south of the bamboo divider handle. Just select the playlist: total_yoga - it sets the pace with a ten minute ocean waves rhythmic segment for the stretching time while people are arriving. It is important that this is playing while people come in so that they are experiencing total relaxation and you might even get temporary office users drifting over from the tea-bar in the office to listen (you can invite them to join in for the breathing exercises, even if they don't have yoga gear)

- The recycled tire floor is soft enough that people who don't have mats are usually comfortable

enough, but there are extra tension release pillows to go under knees and such in the bamboo chest below the sonic board. You'll also find a few spare sweat towels in here, though plenty are stocked in the changing room.

For the program:

- Ten minutes of sitting in the northeast corner and leading ten-second inhale-exhale cycles and greeting students. Take this time to introduce yourself to the class and make sure to tell them about the yoga-by-sea class you've been teaching.
- Ten minutes of warmup stretching at your discretion
- Any variation on sun salutations can be done for the following twenty minutes, facing the east window (which you'll see is sun-tinted - if it's especially gloomy out, you can adjust the glass glow with the < * > touchscreen below the sonic board).
- Your own program at this point is fine, just be wary of any students who are in the room just for breathing guidance. The playlist is set to facilitate relaxed and augmented exhales, but be sure your rhythm aligns

Notes on some of the students:

- Most of the regular students are already wearing yoga-appropriate clothing in the office and do not need the ten minute walk-in for changing. They will be seated and breathing. If they do not respond to you, it is because I've found that many of them are meditating to remove work from their minds. Speak softly if newcomers have questions or if you are explaining your background.
- ***Please walk around and touch peoples bodies to assist them in their positioning and stretching - I am very diligent about this and many of them rely on this touching for intimate reinforcement of body confidence.
- Students who sit on the far north side of the room are usually regulars who need you to come by and breathe loudly with them while they are stretching (visiting every ten minutes in rounds is fine). I find that a humming, vocal breathing is most effective in conditioning relaxation with these students.

Alert: You cannot sign in to google services at this time because your user e-authenticity is not trusted. Re-entry will be determined after updating mood status, checking in on social sites, and interacting with emotive marketing.

Crawlers

chapter 1

"You should always check with local authorities to ensure that any DIY project abides by local codes and regulations." reads the "DIY Industrial Lamp: Cool Desk Lamp Made From Pipe" article on the home depot blog, posted by an anonymous staff member.

I'm pretty certain that the local authorities wouldn't care about a lamp made out of store-bought steel pipes, or I mean, they shouldn't care about low-wattage lighting devices in general. There are usually more important things to worry about, like actual human crime.

I didn't think I would need to contact the authorities, but I did.

'Building the Lamp Base,' easy enough.

With the blog's instructions open on my phone for reference at my studio desk, I read on. 'Building the Lamp Body and Wiring It,' I knew I had to process this part a few times. I'm afraid of getting electrocuted and get really OCD about turning switches on and off. It's a wonder I've gotten into home projects. I followed each step meticulously and found that the lamp was easier to make than I thought. I switched it on and off a few times. It worked, but it looked plain.

Over a few months I assembled dozens of lamps. Sometimes I'd work only by the light of the last lamp I built, but despite leaving the bulbs exposed, it always seemed to get darker in my studio. Sometimes I went out for more materials from the hardware store, other times I would just use things from around the house.

I thought about how darkness masks the dangerous figures in horror movies. I would worry about what they really were or how they actually moved. But you can't hold up a lamp in a horror movie, you just wait. I guess I was obscuring my own fears by building these lamps.

Midnight, one-fifty, three-thirty, six-o-six. I'd stay up fitting sockets and burning imprints into my retinas of luminous filaments, ensuring that they'd hum actively when I pressed on one side and dead silent for the other.

Eventually, I wasn't sure if I was dreaming in the studio, seeing the just-dimmed glass of a bulb or the face of a cesspool-born monster. I'd miss work sitting watch over the lamps, daylight thinning and counting down until the first light switch would be pressed in.

chapter 2

My house lies last on the block heading west. Other apartments and corner stores down the street are overshadowed by two big brick warehouses and the piles of litter you might imagine around such relics. It doesn't matter what used to be produced or packaged here, there's not much of it happening anymore. It's a great place to live if you're flexible about amenities.

Occasionally I head down to the bar a block down to kill an hour or so and gulp down a cheap pitcher of beer. It's easy to pick up a conversation with another laborer, or just as effortlessly slide into a seat alone. I'm not saying I'm antisocial or even that I'm broke, I just prefer this lifestyle to a drag and drop suburban home.

On a night such as this, I looked in on the lamps before heading out. I couldn't tell if one of the light bulbs was on. There was just a slight warm glimmer coming from it, but I couldn't be sure from the doorway. It definitely shouldn't be on. I always check that things are turned off when I leave the house.

I pushed the door open further. The shadows from the lamps slid sideways a bit. Now I really couldn't tell. I leaned in and stepped into the room. The armatures of the lamps seemed to reach into space, toward me or at one another. I moved through them toward the tallest. Squatting under that one's height, an assemblage of PVC and metal still seemed to emanate yellow.

Like a low-exposure photograph, details seemed to emerge from the objects I crouched beside like grains. The grains seemed to swim on the surface of my eyes. Did a power cord just slither?

The grainy effect took over and real shapes evaporated.

chapter 3

I woke up on the floor outside of the studio with a pounding headache. It consumed the space behind my brow and eyes and seemed to pierce all the way to the stem of my spine. I clutched my forehead and clamped my eyelids down for a while. Finally looking further into the studio I saw the lamps all blazing bright.

Nauseous with anxiety, I turned and got up to begin flicking the switches off.

What happened? Was I still dreaming? My headache was making me feel slightly out of body but my brain felt heavier than the whole earth.

I thought about my trip to the bar. I'd talked to the bartender for a bit, a great no bullshitter. We took a shot together after she poured my pitcher. Chilled mug in hand, I sat at the long bar and talked to Jerome, another regular. He has his own moving company with five employees. They seem like a wild lot in general. He told me once that the first time he tried crack was on a job. And then he moved someone's whole apartment right after that. I shared almost half of my pitcher with him. No way I'd had enough to B.O.

The neighborhood might appear shady to some folks but we take care of each other. Migrants, mostly families, good people. Women around here feel safer here than they do in more populated and grossly commodified areas where they're more likely to get mugged by someone who's just stopping through to dip their hand in the excess and take some with them.

It barely crossed my mind that I could have been drugged at the bar, but I'm afraid of what logic would have compelled me to turn all of the lamps on at once like that. Anger started welling around the mystery.

chapter 4

At the open fridge door, I gazed at a near-empty carton of eggs.

The lamps, now all off, still felt animated, as if I was reliving a vivid dream just thinking about them. I wondered if I had gotten too obsessed with them, but a person obsessed probably wouldn't have such a thought. It seemed important to focus on relieving my headache before going back to the lamp studio.

A cup of coffee and two eggs and toast later, I turned my head toward the doorway.

The tension caused by the walls in between me and the light bulbs, the lamp bodies, their circuits, and the wall sockets they were connected to was intensifying again. I wondered if my own awareness of each lamp system was remotely routing some of the electricity to my own nervous system.

In another attempt to stop worrying, I went out onto my stoop. Each item or web of detritus within my view seemed to buzz. Like roadkill, snack wrappers, rope, and nylon packaging bits littered the scene with once-relevant leftovers. Is there hope for a future that doesn't produce so much waste?

Somehow, even in the fresh air, it seemed I was plugged into a socket.

I picked up the littered objects at the bottom of my stoop and brought them into the studio.

chapter 5

Production assumed residence in my arms. Assigning the new objects from outside as body parts, I already began to grow affectionate for my next lamp. This one would have legs, maybe take itself on a walk to its former bed outside.

This intimacy that had developed compared to friendship. I wanted to include the lamps in my daily rituals, share my world with them. At times it felt familial, like I could remain unconditionally close even if I was concerned or disappointed. The thinking about them, well, I suppose that could even be romantic.

Light streaked across my field of vision from a vague source. Already evening, I realized the new lamp had taken all day to build. My eyes burned with the sense I'd barely blinked. Past the inverted streak blinding part of my vision, I thought I could make out stripes on my skin.

Were these relationships healthy? Could they be negotiated by both sides? My paranoia returned, easily at home within me.

Coiled wires held my arms out like splints. The wires stretched across the floor, a root system combining the power for all the lamps.

Still realizing the scene, I tried to shake the feeling of paralysis. A muscle spasm in my arm helped me to flinch. My thumb came down on a smooth plastic morsel smaller than the digit's pad: a switch. I jerked and held my eyes wide open to take in the room's sudden glow.