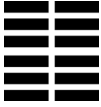


**1.
(creative)**

In the Local Group, Magellanic Clouds approach each other at an almost imperceptible pace. Two mice circle each other on a wooden tabletop. The rotations gain momentum. A feeling of unstoppable forward motion pervades.



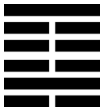
**2.
(receptive)**

July 2018 in Finland had the highest-ever temperatures recorded by the Finnish Meteorological Institute (FMI), itself founded in 1838. Hoarfrost rises, but it will soon pass. Remaining open, a willingness to aim for a common goal, with perseverance, leads to success.



**3.
(difficulty at the beginning)**

Do not be afraid to ask for help [call +358 (0) 449789086].



**4.
(youthful folly, not knowing)**

The greatest challenge is to learn to live with the uncertainty. The feelings of inadequacy are normal. Everyone has them, and many others perpetuate working and social environments where such feelings are used to control others or keep people in their place. It is up to you to be responsible for yourself – to feel good about you, and perhaps, to then help others to feel good about themselves. Cast your mind back to your childhood. What would your younger self have done differently? Were you more driven? Clearer in your ambitions somehow? Or just self-centered and embarrassingly blasé when it came to acknowledging the experiences of others? You see that you have grown.



**5.
(waiting, nourishment)**

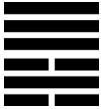
Oven loaf recipe:

- 7 dl flour
- 1 tsp salt



½ tsp dry yeast
3 ½ dl lukewarm water

Mix the dry ingredients. Slowly pour in the water and mix. Cover the dough and allow to rise for 12 to 18 hours. Set oven to 225°C and place a greased, lidded pot in the oven to heat up. Place the dough in the heated pot, cover with lid and bake in oven for 30 minutes. Take off the lid and bake for a further 15 minutes.

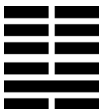


6. (conflict)

Conflict can be brutal and harsh and painful, and conflict can be strife, and conflict can be ugly and violent and belittling, and conflict can surge through one's veins like venom and cripple confidence, which in turn can whittle away further at an already fragile and/or rotting sense of self, perhaps the ego – the good parts of the ego, that is.

Or conflict can be growth, progress, development, the fire that forges and all of those clichés, driving towards something bigger and stronger and more magical and synergistic than an individual vision can sustain on its own, where the same vein-surgings could be also a fuel, internally combusting in the brain and body with a reaction that can't have happened on its own. Without conflict one is left with only harmony, and while harmony may be a beautiful thing, a world with only harmony is incomplete.

Perhaps the true excitement of collaboration, in art writing music sculpture culturcetera, is the knife edge between these two forms of conflict; to dance along it is to exist in the realm of potential, and to infuse potential into a form is to be a god.



7. (the army)

She shifts her weight from left foot to right, counterbalancing as she presses her mobile tightly between her shoulder and ear, allowing her to pick up the mixing bowl in one unbroken, languid gesture.

– Hi, my name is Linsey and I'm calling to followup on the appointment you booked with Integral Paths.

The flicker of the TV set dimly reflects off the side of the bowl. She shakes the mixture of grains and salt with one hand, sets it back down, and takes the phone back into her hand. She glances over at it; a random late-season episode of *M*A*S*H*, truly one of daytime TV's most enduring features. Probably one of the weird ones Alan Alda directed.

– I'm fine, how are you? ... Mmm-hmmm, well as you're a first-time, hmm, participant, this is a courtesy call to just thank you for your booking and to ask a few more questions about your expectations, to help improve our service.

The response, a simple affirmation, falls immediately from her memory like rain striking a windowpane.

– Well your form indicated that you were interested in our No Strings Attached 1-on-1 meeting, mm-hmm, yes... but you've also indicated that you're looking to develop a Vision Plan, and to identify your Emotional Pitfalls.



A longer response, one that begs for interruption but is resisted. A housefly lands on the side of the bowl; she eyes it suspiciously, but takes no further action.

- Ma'am, our No Strings Attached meetings are only fifteen minutes long and are intended as a precursor to a longer, intensive plans. We'd like to suggest that you bring only one topic at this opening, and if you find a rapport with our coach, we can discuss a Personal Development Plan, ma'am, which would of course not preclude a Vision Plan or anything on the Emotional Territories Matrix.

The fly takes the hint and lifts off.

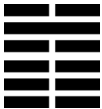
- That should be fine, ma'am... if you might be able to select the topic you'd like now, then we can choose a coach who we believe might be better focused, strategically so to speak, for your own...

Hawkeye shuffles out of the tent, the silence of the screen causing her to look at his body language, to perceive Alda's comedic gifts beyond the verbal; his gait, his shoulder shrugs. What was that fact, that the tv show lasted three times longer than the actual war.

- Ma'am given what you've indicated and your scheduling needs, we're going to pair you with Richard, one of our most experienced coaches.... mm-hmm, yes, he is featured on our website this month, yes ... That's no problem ma'am, please remind our receptionist to validate your parking when you leave. Ok? ... Great, thanks, we look forward to seeing you find the Integral Path! ... Thanks, you too, good-bye.

The static clicks and turned to hard metal and glass silence. *M*A*S*H* has gone to commercial, making the flickering peripheral glow much more colourful and kinetic, bouncing with the rampant edit style which swaddles commerce.

Outside the window, the skies darken as the troops assemble for battle. The woman is duplicated in rows and columns until the horizon can no longer be seen.



8. (holding together, union)

Jay was dog-sitting for Kaye, who was going on some weekend retreat with her coworkers which wasn't technically required, but sorta was; 'mandatory fun' she called it, the performance of camaraderie being one of the many unspoken pressures of her job. Jay was selfishly grateful that her friend's employer was exploiting her this way, forcing her to sacrifice leisure time in the service of whatever 'team' rhetoric was being bandied about by the managerial class. To Jay, it meant she got a weekend in Kaye's flat, which wasn't anything special, but provided the requisite escape from her own everyday surroundings, and particularly from her flatmate Aitch's need for constant emotional support.

And the dog, Harold, was great! Spending three days with someone else's dog was just enough to convey the benefits of pet ownership without the deeper responsibilities. Or was it actually a cat? Or a very small and furry person who walks on all fours and seems to not comprehend much of what is said to him? Harold, Aitch, dogs, cats, people; it all started to run together.

Jay pulled on a pair of woolen socks, made a cup of lemongrass tea, and curled up on Kaye's sofa with her hardback copy of Piketty and a notebook in which she hoped to scrawl deep insights into the capitalist condition. Harold lay at the other end of the sofa, and she nuzzled her feet into his belly. The gentle rise and fall of the dog - or was it a cat? - breathing was comforting to her, companionship that was beneficial through its absence of verbal language.



9.

(the taming power of the small)

GUIDELINES FOR CREATING TOURS FOR CHILDREN

Congratulations! You have been blessed with the great honour of being asked to prepare and execute a guided tour for a child (or a group of children). This is a great responsibility, and one that should not be taken lightly. The following guidelines have been assembled by the Committee to ensure that you are able to proceed with the proper direction, in term of content and morals. Please do not discard this pamphlet until your tour has been successfully conducted and all of its children have been accounted for.

Have you ever met a child before?

Children are naturally reclusive creatures and difficult to encounter in informal settings. They tend to group into packs, and they often communicate in their own language. They are easily scared, and may lash out or attack if threatened, or even if an environment is unfamiliar. It can often be difficult to design a tour for a child if you have never met one. If it is not feasible to meet a child before you commence your design, consider asking a friend or colleague to pretend to be a child. With a combination of clothing, makeup, and appropriate atmospheric lights and/or smells, one can emulate a child's behaviour and create an immersive experience that will assist you in your preparation and research.

Don't be afraid to create a challenge!

Children, if you can believe this, start out without any language skills, or even the ability to perambulate. Yet these remarkable creatures find a way to walk, talk and eventually consume via a series of self-challenges that must be met and overcome. If you are worried that your tour may introduce an intellectual concept that is beyond the processing power of a child, we suggest you go ahead and do it anyway. In a group tour, children will be at different levels of development, and much of their development comes through peer learning. If one or two in the group understands your concept, the rest will be pressured and helped along to understand by the others - it's like a free-to-use child development-based sharing economy!

Is your tour appropriate for a child's physiology?

Children are strange creatures, and much is still being discovered about them. On a biological level, they resemble adult people, except many of their internal organs are still developing. Please be sensitive to the vulnerable, unstable nature of their bodies. If your tour is passing through areas of potential physical hazard (sites that may contain harmful vapours, great heights from which one might fall, or confusing atmospheric lights and/or smells), please consider that these nascent humans may react negatively to overwhelming stimuli. Even the most carefully prepared tour, in terms of language, content and presentation, may overlook the dangers of exposure to harmful elements.

If you aren't sure if your tour is physically appropriate for a child, obtain a large domestic dog through purchase or rental. The dog can be a surrogate for the child, especially if you find a breed such as a Great Dane, Newfoundland, Irish Wolfhound, or Saint Bernard. Run a practice tour for the dog, several times if possible. Observe the dog carefully during this process, in particular looking for any signs of stress, exhaustion or internal bleeding that may occur.

Listen, and learn.

While you may have difficulty in communicating with the children using verbal language, there are many ways to 'speak' a child's language non-verbally. Be on the lookout for clues that may indicate approval or disapproval of your tour's content, such as sleeping during the tour, falling over, drooling/spitting, violent attacks towards you or the other children, or screaming. These children



are trying to tell you something, and if you can try to understand you will benefit not just yourself as a tour guide/designer, but your institution as a whole.

Remember - it's supposed to be fun!

Whatever the nature and content of your tour, you should never view this as a chore. If you don't want to be there, chances are the children won't want to be there either. Construct a tour that is open, interactive, and nurturing.

That's it! With these guidelines in tow, you may quickly find yourself an expert on giving tours for children! Please remember that to comply with all legal obligations, you must sign, initial, and date this form to indicate that you have read these guidelines and will attempt to the best of your ability to integrate them into your tour design.

Good luck!



10. (stepping. treading)

Rules of the game:

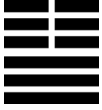
The game can be played by 2, 3 or 7 players. If there are any other number of people wishing to play, form teams. If there is an uneven number of players after this, and the teams are not balanced, the youngest player will be on no team, but will take the role of the tiger. If the teams are still not balanced, the next youngest player will take the role of the lake.

The object of the game is to step on the tail of the tiger while accumulating the least amount of tiger bites. If there is a human playing the tiger, the tiger must tie a rope around his/her waist, which will dangle behind at least 1.8 metres. If there is no tiger, then place the rope in the centre of the players, on the ground.

Players/team form a circle around the tiger. Play proceeds clockwise. Each player must jump towards the centre and step on the tail/rope. They get one jump, and if they land on the rope, it is successful. If they do not, they must then jump back and let the next player try.

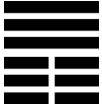
Bites accumulate over time. While playing this game, small red welts will form on the upper arm of each player. If after ten or fifteen minutes there are no bites forming on anyone's arm, keep playing. It may take two or three hours for bites to emerge for first-time players. The winner is the person with the least bites on their arms when all of the players are collectively too hungry to keep playing.

If there is a player representing the lake, he/she must lie still to the side of the active, jumping players. Gusts of wind caused by the jumps may cause ripples on the surface of the lake, represented by the player's jacket, jumper, or other form of outerwear. The lake always wins, because he or she is the most still.



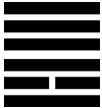
11.
(peace)

Someone is standing at the top of the stairs. Someone is standing at the bottom of the stairs. Both are hesitating. Both are waiting. They cannot pass before a move is made. Outside it is cold but flowers are beginning to make their way to the surface while still being firmly attached to the soil by their roots. This will go well.



12.
(standstill / stagnation)

The stairs are empty. Someone is in the back bedroom. Someone is in the kitchen, preparing to leave. No goodbyes. The sun is shining. No good work will get done.



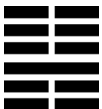
13.
(fellowship with men)

Someone is sitting on a park bench. It is good to go to meet them, even if it isn't easy. If there are tears, laughter will follow. It is good to discern one from the other. Do not regret.



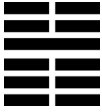
14.
(possession in great measure)

You have a large wagon filled with riches, but no ox to pull it. It is just a matter of turning your eyes toward it. You will instinctively draw away from that which is harmful, as a dog doesn't snap at a bee. This will go well.



15.
(modesty)

A preacher surrounded by women. An old building with a collapsed roof. Accusations. Jumping from a height, landing on two feet. Fireworks, or lightning. A faded mirror, or a window. A secret compartment with a knife in it. Cobwebs. A street with puddles in it. A statue of a bird with its wings outstretched.



16. (enthusiasm)

A tiger and a lake will help you write a song.

Throw a dice two times, and write a song about sneaking into museums for free:

Dice faces decide the chords / notes used in the song. The two dice throws make up a previously undecided combination of the notes listed:

1: F# C A#

2: G B C# F

3: A#

4: G# A# E D#

5: A E B

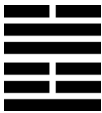
6: F D

These notes will be used to construct a simple song.

Think about ways in which you could get into a museum for free. Write some lyrics.

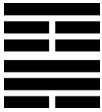
Put the lyrics and music together to finish your song.

The song should be completed in five minutes or less. The duration of the song is free.



17. (following)

Try to remember a dream that someone close to you told you about long ago. When we are without love we are dangerous. We have no way of learning humility. No way of learning that other people suffer. When you came into the world you were not alone – instead, all of human history followed with you.



18. (decay)

Offer a pumpkin to a stranger.



19. (approach)

A video: in a reality television programme about people searching for big foot, two separate TV



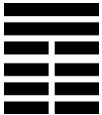
crews are in the woods, making “quatch calls”. They hear each other from opposite sides of the forest – and thinking they are getting an authentic response – they begin to approach each other. The two television crews eventually meet in a clearing. The episode ends with expressions of surprise from the two TV crews in the forest clearing, and a final ‘talking head’ moment with Matt Moneymaker, one of the founders of the show ‘Finding Bigfoot’, saying:

“I don’t know what I expected to find in those woods tonight, but I sure as hell wasn’t expecting *friendship*.”

Instead of end credits, the following text scrolls up the screen, accompanied by emotionally affective, slow classical music:

“In your search for answers
you find yourself
or love
or a reflection
a new perspective
into that which troubles you.”

– James “Bobo” Fay



20. (contemplation, view)

Look at a painting, or a printed photograph or an image on your phone. The picture might be of someone you know. It might be an expansive view. It could be anything, really. Describe the image out loud in as much detail as you can.



21. (biting through)

You have been given meat
You have not asked for it
But it is here now

It might not be meat at all
It could be mock bacon or mock beef,
a vegetarian thing made with soy, which might not taste as nice

You don’t know if the animal that died to feed you had a happy life
and you become aware that you haven’t had to think about that stuff very much
and you haven’t had to come close to killing to eat
except that time you went fishing
and the pike you hooked was slippery and cold and alive



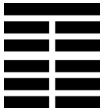
22. (grace)

The plots repeated towards the horizon, in linear patterns that when seared with the sun's white crack, blurred into a mathematical form of the pastoral. Infinity growled, suggested through this repetition; even the irregularities of the headstones and other markers blended towards a mean, an asymptotic visual that dampened the pleasure of details, finding grace in its potential vastness. Turning away, towards a sea which was rising higher than she had previously ever seen, she strode out of the cemetery, feeling that towards the edge of the world, or at least the continental shelf, was the right, correct direction.

Each footstep landed a little differently. Clumps of stone and dirt prevented a smooth traversal, and the light breeze was silent. The path leading out followed a few long, gentle arcs, and the sea's volume oscillated with the topography of the hillside. After she was about one-third of the way there, she noticed how quickly she was walking, and consciously slowed, a challenge to her inertia that recalled the idea of sleepwalking. Which may have been a better title, Sleepwalking, for this piece - rather than the abstract codes and numbers she had concocted.

Out of earshot. A term which also came to her mind, as neither the town nor the liminal graveyard were visible anymore, nor sensorily near; she could no longer feel the hypnotic hillside's presence though only a few minutes had passed. She spoke just to hear her voice, a nonsense word, saying 'butterscotch', which rather than being carried by the breeze to an oceanic fate, simply died off her tongue.

Where the sea was close and roaring, she stopped. Eyes closed, a deep inhalation. The air, briny, but not harsh. Colour is absent, all blanched by the droplets suspended in the air from periphery to centre, refracting towards a similar homogeneity as the repeating lines of graves had been. Gentle. Fragrant. Abiding.



23. (splitting apart)

ELLE:

It's not the loss of physical intimacy, surprisingly, that I miss so much.

NARRATOR:

Elle pauses as the waitress approaches their table. Her eyes betray a slight sense of embarrassment at her own words, personal as they are, possibly being overheard by the waitress.

STACEY:

Hi, my name is Stacey and I'll be taking care of you today. Do you need a little more time?

NARRATOR:

The menus are printed in a bizarre dark grey ink on a black paper, requiring them to be tilted to a precise angle in order to be read. Additionally, the restaurant is poorly lit, fitting its aesthetic that can generously be described as 'fascist-medieval', with only candles on each table and some actual bundles of burning sticks hung on the walls to provide illumination. To further complicate matters, the typeface chosen for the menu is a Zapf-esque cursive with thick spines, strangely-angled ascenders, and illogical ligatures.



AITCH:

Yeah can you give us a few more minutes?

NARRATOR:

Aitch, a regular, smiles deviously at Stacey as he says this. Stacey assents, non-verbally, and retreats. They wait in silence until she is definitely out of earshot.

ELLE:

Right, so I was saying...

AITCH:

It's been like two years now.

ELLE:

I know, I know, it's not like she haunts me every day, like an active sadness or anything.

NARRATOR:

Another pause.

AITCH:

Melancholia.

ELLE:

It's not even that. I mean I've seen others, remember Paula...

AITCH:

Yeah.

ELLE:

But what kills me, what hits me after two years, is this loss of, I guess, some other kind of intimacy, which is more like a strong friendship.

AITCH:

Sure.

ELLE:

You know what I mean?

AITCH:

You were companions.

ELLE:

Right.

AITCH:

That's the stuff you take for granted when it's happening.

ELLE:

I know.

NARRATOR:

Elle reaches for a handful of the dried caper-garlic snacks that come complimentary in a basket on each table. She fiddles through several until she finds one that is a bit moist still, in the process annoying Aitch who has mild OCD, or at least doesn't enjoy people gratuitously handling food he



might eat.

ELLE:

I mean, it's all the little inside jokes we have, these memories of time spent together, which is so magnified, somehow so much more than, like, if you and me, um, hang out like this right now.

NARRATOR:

Aitch nods and takes a sip of his beer. He leaves space for Elle to continue, but is prepared to step in. He doesn't have to.

ELLE:

The most embarrassing thing is that I put her out of my mind, even when I see her like with you or Kaye, and I can treat her like a normal person, but then in the most crazy times it will just swell up and hit me, you know?

AITCH:

Like you just suddenly want her again.

ELLE:

Not even her, or even the idea ...

ELLE & AITCH [in unison]:

Idea of her.

ELLE:

Like I was watching a movie, it wasn't even a real romcom but this parody with, you know the one with Amy Poehler and Paul Rudd?

AITCH:

Yeah, that was terrible

ELLE:

It was but it was on TV. And they did this montage which was supposed to show them falling in love, which of course was ridiculous and in no way, like, anything I could relate to.

AITCH:

Uh-hmmm.

ELLE:

But even though it was just like this Annie Hall parody, and not even funny, I just lost it... I broke down crying, really.

NARRATOR:

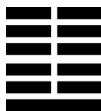
Aitch sets down his pint glass.

AITCH:

I get it, I really do, it's the things we do together that are what really builds it...

NARRATOR:

He breaks off at the sight of Stacey re-approaching.



24.
(return, the turning point)

The water reflects everything. When positioned above it, it is a mirror. When positioned below it, it makes a tomb.

Passing through one, returning through the other. Or is it just one?

Passing through is the state of returning. Or is returning futile?

The plane of water, the surface, can never truly be broken.



25.
(the unexpected, not false)

(pacing back and forth - three rooms, the intermediary one is painted blue but the two on either side of it continually change colours.)

Hello

This is not a note. This is not an instruction. These words are a solvent.

Tap it down, or tape it.

Let nothing emerge.

(stopping in the centre room, looking over at the left room, where a brother sits, waiting.)

Systems. Keeping them aligned.

Always believed in the models.

Never believed in the models.

Don't call this crisis.

Defining ages. Just another way to fit the models.

(right room, now, empty apart from a chair. don't sit on it.)

My brother, hello. Over there.

Scrambles meaning

scrambles connections.

Looking for a way to justify.

The model to fit the event.

(towards the left room)

Hello

This is still a solvent

Eat away at the question/s.

(left room, looking at the brother)



You build the event,
I'll focus on the infrastructure.
Elastic joints. The only way.
Got to leave it agile.
Prepared.

(back to centre room, seated)

It's mandatory.
Prepared. Prepare-ed.

(silence)



26. (the taming power of the great)

Aitch had a favourite restaurant; it was called the Vulgarity, and it was really just a bar that served tapas. But wow, was the food phenomenal! He was always trying to get Kaye to go there with him, as he harboured some pretty wild fantasies that if only Kaye could see him engaging in the delicate act of public eating, and what a refined palate he possessed, then she would instantly drop all of her prejudices against Aitch and instantly fall in love with him.

One time, Aitch and Elle were at the Vulgarity together, engaged in their usual discourse, a somewhat performative and circumscribing analysis of the complicated dynamic between Aitch, Jay, Kaye and Elle. They were both having pints of Emblem brewery's seasonal craft beer, a triple IPA made with Challenger hops and juniper berries, served from the tap. Aitch had ordered his favourite dish, 'The Axle-tusk', which consisted of three raw eggs served on a bed of mache and watercress, three roasted red pepper strips, and a sprinkling of what was essentially crumbled potato crisps (though referred to on the menu as "corrugated tuber filings"), all covered in a piquant pear-infused vinegar reduction (drizzled on top in dazzling diagonal stripes). Elle had ordered 'The Effervescent Calibration', a wild boar and pineapple sandwich on marbled bread, accented with Nutella and some fruity-sour bespoke compote that, to Elle at least, occasionally carried the distinct aftertaste of Colgate toothpaste.

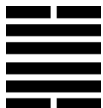
The conversation was circular, as always. Elle kept telling Aitch that he was a fool, as always, and that Kaye wasn't thinking about him 'that way', and that she never would, and that no amount of erudite posturing would ever convince her otherwise. Aitch ignored this advice, though he pretended to give credence to it, as always. He suspected, as always, that Elle had her own designs on Kaye, and what she passed on as friendly advice was merely a mask to occlude her more sinister motives.

Despite this impasse, by their third round of Emblems, a warm glow was felt by both. One or both parties decided that their shared feelings for Kaye made a forging bond, and that were she ever to fall in love with one of them, the other would be completely supportive of their sure-to-be-passionate relationship, without even a shard of jealousy to corrupt it. Elle felt such a peace, perhaps tickled by the juniper traces, that she even finished eating her mostly unpleasant, yet definitively effervescent Calibration, which she almost felt was a duty to Aitch, given her friend's passion for this eatery.



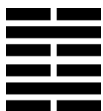
27.
(corners of the mouth, providing nourishment)

Two horses and a cart behind them, unattached. Four coffins lying side by side, with a fifth one lowered on a rope. A wooden door with a frosted glass window on the top half. A room filled with birdcages with budgerigars. The birds must be fed.



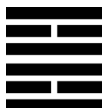
28.
(preponderance of the great)

A bearded man throws a holy book off a bridge into the dark water of the river without stopping. The book splashes into the water in slow motion. A modest fireworks display. Men walking in formation down a cobble street. A crowd of people with signs and torches. A man kicking another man on the butt with a third man watching, smiling.



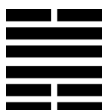
29.
(the abysmal, water)

Listen with ears turned inward, not backward. Stay true. That which is the most sincere part of yourself will talk to you. Don't lie down in the fire. You will pull through.



30.
(the clinging, fire)

A squat structure with low turrets and doorways that lead nowhere. The doorways house statues of seated men with their eyes closed. The structure is formed of ever smaller levels stacked on each other. The sides of the levels have low walls on their outer sides, forming corridors. The walls of the corridors show imagery with the aim to teach the viewer. The topmost level of the structure has stone bell jars with diamond shaped holes in their sides. Inside the bell jars are statues of seated men with their eyes closed. In the middle is a stone bell jar that surpasses all the others in its size. It is empty.

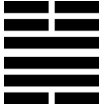


31.
(influence, wooing)

Your mother stands before you. She is looking over your shoulder at something. She is smiling. Your grandmother stands behind your mother. She is looking over your shoulder at something. She is smiling. Your great-grandmother stands behind your grandmother. She is looking over your shoulder at



something. She is smiling.
You turn around. You see someone you love. You look at their face. You smile.



32. (duration)

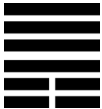
This is a famous piece by a 20th century American composer from the California scene called Anthony Frank Hawk. We're going to perform it together. It's called *Skateboard ramp music*.

Skateboard ramp music:

Imagine a giant curved semicircle, like a skateboard ramp, made out of concrete, only a bright, glowing blue. So blue that when you close your eyes you can still see it.

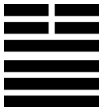
Resting atop one side of the ramp is a large boulder, perfectly spherical like it was cut by a machine, though you believe beyond a shadow of a doubt that it is naturally occurring in this shape. It is approximately 1.8 metres in diameter.

You push the boulder down the ramp and take in the spectacle of it rolling down the curve, across the bottom, back up the other side, back down in a reverse direction, across the nadir of the curve, back up towards where it started, and so on. The back and forth rolls become shorter and shorter until it inevitably comes to a halt.



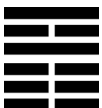
33. (retreat)

You will do well to keep your distance for now. Print an image of the person causing you discomfort or unhappiness on a dishcloth and wipe the surfaces in your home clean. This will go well.



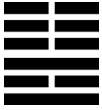
34. (the power of the great)

You are standing in a field facing a bull. Inhale deeply. Close your eyes and take the bull by the horns. Exhale.



35. (progress)

Tomorrow, your question is answered a total of three times. A horse crosses your path. Remain confident, remain calm. This will go well.



36. (darkening of the light)

Questionnaire.

Think of a plain field of colour. What colour are you thinking of?

- Red Blue Green Yellow Black Orange
 Violet Pink White Brown Purple Grey
 Other: _____

What is the surface of the colour like?

- Coarse like a shark's skin
 Leathery
 Slippery to the touch
 Other: _____

Allow the rhythm of your breathing to begin to shape the colour field. Is the surface beginning to change?

- Yes No

Imagine digital 3D-rendering, and begin to give the colour field a shape. Is the surface

- beginning to crack, or is it malleable?

Think about the colour field and it's shape in relation to a good memory. Use your breathing to shape the colour field into an object. What is the object starting to look like?

The object is:

- Functional
 Recognisable
 Abstract
 Other: _____

What does it resemble more?

- A meteor
 A cup
 A plaster cast of a familiar face
 Other: _____



37. (family, clan)

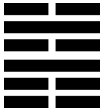
The answer to this question is already known by a family member. All you need to do is ask them.



38. (opposition)

Ask yourself three questions, one of which you definitely know the answer to, one of which you definitely don't know the answer to, and one of which you might know the answer to but aren't sure. On a small index card, draw a traditional horseshoe magnet on both sides of the card. On one side, write each question on the appropriate places of the magnet, in the smallest print you can - the poles of the magnet representing the certain knowing and certain unknowing; the bend where the uncertain maybe-knowing exists. Leave the other side's magnet unlabelled.

Holding down the centre of the card, exactly in the middle of the labelled magnet, with your finger or a pin, begin to turn the card with your other hand, the whole time staring at it without blinking. Do this for as long as you can stand, at least a minute, and then close your eyes hard. With your eyes still closed, turn the index card over, and then stare at the unlabelled magnet. Do the questions re-appear in afterimage form? Do they appear in the same place? Has your certainty about any of them shifted?



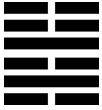
39. (obstruction)

The contents of this Hexagram have been removed due to a pending regulatory issue after a series of claims were filed by aggrieved parties. The matter is under review by a tribunal, convened specifically to assess the validity of these claims, and a report is forthcoming.

If you would like to receive the correct Hexagram 39 text - the original, if the tribunal rejects the claims of the aggrieved parties, or altered, if the tribunal rules that the original text does, in fact, contain pernicious material - then please make a formal request, in writing. Enclose your request with a self-addressed stamped envelope containing Finnish postage, adequate to cover delivery of one sheet of A4 paper to your address.

Send requests to:

Radio of Changes
Attn: Hexagram 39 Tribunal
c/o Ateneum Art Museum
Kaivokatu 2
00100 Helsinki
Finland



40. (deliverance, release, untied)



You have the following options:

You can choose to either answer questions or ask questions.

You have chosen to ask questions.

You, and another questioner stand behind the subject. The subject either does or does not put on a blindfold. This is for no particular reason except that blindfolds are fun.

The subject is asked the following questions by the questioner and can choose to answer truthfully or fictionally. The other person questioning must decide whether the answers are truthful or not, and will place a sticker on the subject after each answer. A fox sticker indicates that the answer was deemed to be false, and the yellow arrow sticker indicates that the answer was deemed to be true.

Questioning continues until all of the questions have been asked. The subject is asked to continue to wear the stickers until midnight, or until their outer layer of clothing is removed for any reason, including but not exclusively that of laundry, duty, swimming, lovemaking, or to trade clothing with a stranger.

Begin asking questions.

You have chosen to answer questions.

The subject stands with his or her back to the questioners.

Do you want to wear a blindfold? If no, skip the following paragraph.

S/he ties a black blindfold around his/her eyes. This is for no particular reason except that blindfolds are fun.

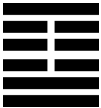
The subject is asked the following questions by the questioner and can choose to answer truthfully or fictionally. The other questioner must decide whether the answers are truthful or not, and will place a sticker on the subject after each answer. A fox sticker indicates that the answer was deemed to be false, and the yellow arrow sticker indicates that the answer was deemed to be true.

Questioning continues until all of the questions have been asked. The subject is asked to continue to wear the stickers until midnight, or until their outer layer of clothing is removed for any reason, including but not exclusively that of laundry, duty, swimming, lovemaking, or to trade clothing with a stranger.

- What city were you born in?
- What is the most interesting thing about the city you were born in?
- How old do you feel inside?
- If you could be any age, what age would you be?
- What age are you really?
- What is the bird you have the closest relationship to, and why?
- If you could effortlessly acquire a skill that you don't currently have, what would it be?



- When did you first experience a feeling of belonging?
- Do you aspire to be a person who is able to stop thinking at will, or would you rather be a person who can never stop thinking?
- Where are you happiest and why?
- If money were no issue, what would you purchase next for yourself that you absolutely do not under any rational circumstances 'need'?
- What was the last unnecessary thing that you bought?
- Is there an authority or convention that you respect against your own better judgement?
- Are you always aware of the hum from the electrical grid?
- Have you been truthful in all of these questions so far?
- Do you actually want the society that you claim to want in your ideals and / or political beliefs?
- What was the worst pizza you ever had?



41. (the sun, decrease)

It can't even be called 'dizzy' at this stage, but full-fledged delirium, thanks to the heat. It's been several hours now, and no matter how carefully spaced her sips of water are, everything feels so arid that it's almost unendurable. Her lips crack if she smiles. How many hours has it been, exactly - three, four, maybe even five? Her mega-sport ultra wi-fi smart watch conked out at least halfway through this trek, and it then felt like the dead weight it was, suddenly dragging her left arm down as if she was carrying a bag of bricks. Relegated to her backpack, the watch's ghost echo is there, a visible tan line which is shockingly present, already, after just a short time out here.

The absolute quiet is what really gets her; just the clop clop of her footsteps, each one echoed by the short rise and fall of her backpack bouncing with her step. There aren't even any birds here, as they were smart enough to clear out when the lake fully evaporated. The cracked, dried bed, which she's been combing for these uncountable hours, is laced with deposits of salt throughout the rivulets of mud.

It's got to cool off, technically; the azimuthal reality of the sun's daily path indicates the worst has already passed, and unless the earth has started to reverse direction, dusk is in the near future. But she still has several more hours to pass (probably) until her ride arrives. Her search, this absurd quest, hasn't gone according to plan, even though there was no plan. Though it was all placed in the hands of chance and randomness. Though the isolation, stillness, and extreme conditions itself were supposed to define the performance, not her.

She thinks back to the video games she enjoyed while a pre-teen. Primitive by today's standards, they were infused with the simplicity of the closed world, as side-scrolling quests looping infinitely until the right route was taken. Today, she avoids a clear path, moving not linear or circularly but in a combination built around slow arcs, inverting on themselves without rhyme or reason. These paths are supposed to be organic, assuming chance and her momentary moods will decide the next direction of each footstep and not some inner logic she can't even grasp.

The watch was supposed to track them for some later visual representation, though she carefully avoided putting too many expectations on that visual outcome. She can fake it anyway, or approximate it. It's all going to be a guess, as even the parched earth beneath her is too hardened to leave any visible footprints. No fecundity is to be found, but nor is it the domain of death. It's



just stuck, an erratic loop, slowing down, converging towards lack.



42. (increase)

Tips for INCREASE:

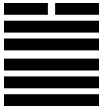
You may believe that INCREASE and decrease should be in balance, and that one should not aspire to INCREASE too much. This is false; it is best to always attempt INCREASE. There is never too much INCREASE.

To help remember this, you can write or tattoo: INCREASE = GOOD on your right (or correct) hand; decrease = BAD on your left (incorrect). When attempting INCREASE, it is good to clear out everything else on your schedule. If you use Google calendar or some other online scheduling system, block out 3 to 5 days at a time with one long event called, simply, INCREASE. Delete any other appointment during this time.

Always, always write the word in uppercase letters: INCREASE. The only exception is if quoting the work of the poet e.e. cummings.

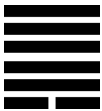
Periods of intensive INCREASE are often followed by a harsh emotional comedown. If you are experiencing symptoms of post-INCREASE traumatic syndrome, stay hydrated and INCREASE your intake of water-soluble vitamins such as riboflavin, C, and B-12.

Your INCREASE is yours and yours alone. Do not feel the need to share your INCREASE with others. Would they do the same for you?



43. (break-through, resoluteness)

A triangle of gazes. This brings tension which translates into energy. Somewhere, an empty room with a tiled floor. You walk across the room. With your first step you cover a pink tile completely with your foot. With your second step you cover a lavender tile completely with your foot. With your third step you cover a light blue tile with your foot, but only partially.



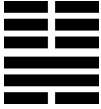
44. (coming to meet)

You are asking for forgiveness though the action was right. You must turn on your heel and wait. The question will resolve or dissolve.



45.
(gathering together, massing)

Let go of everything you're holding on to. Let the decisions make themselves. Let your feet walk you where they may.



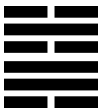
46.
(pushing upward)

"Only when he no longer knows what he is doing does the painter do good things". - Edgar Degas



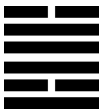
47.
(oppression, exhaustion)

It may feel like there isn't enough time, but worrying about it is taking up more time. Move forward and try not to think about it. You will make it there in the end.



48.
(well)

Canonical smiles



49.
(revolution, moulting)

Buildings are built to house things that don't fit. Further, new things are made to fit inside the buildings. Things still don't fit. But they're a little different. And we are able to see how they are beginning to change the buildings.

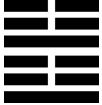


50.
(the cauldron)

You are a vital part of an immensely complicated structure. Your position within this structure is defined by a variety of factors. Your social background, your education, and gender, for example.



It is important to realise that we cannot fully live the experience of another person. That we cannot completely understand. It is, however, important to recognise your personal position in this structure, and to remember to question that position and the 'normality' or 'abnormality' of it. Once you have an idea of what is normal, think about re-centralising that notion to a different position. Think about the structures that you recognise in your life, and shake them. Once the structures start shaking, the castle walls begin to collapse, and at the top of the building, at the top level of the hierarchy we built, there's a middle-aged man, who was once a prince, crying.



51. (the arousing, mud)

Summoning the "Candy man". Summoning the "Candy man" must be done alone, and not before the death of [redacted].

During the day, go to the shop and buy some (organic) honey. Then, go to a graveyard and collect some "grave dirt". You may also be able to find this on the internet – the witchcraft groups on Facebook are a good place to start. Spend the rest of the day imagining what you will say when you finally meet.



At midnight, turn out all the lights in your home. Shower or bathe in the dark, while listening to your favourite music, or sing a song you like (the sound acts to cleanse the space of unwanted energies). You may also use incense.

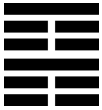
Very carefully remove the bathroom mirror from the wall and place it on the bathroom floor, facing upward. If your bathroom doesn't have a mirror, find one elsewhere in your home. Light a candle and place it near the upward-facing mirror for light, but be careful not to hurt yourself. Sprinkle the "grave dirt" you found around the edges of the mirror, creating a border. Squat naked above the mirror and smear a handful of honey all the way from your crotch up to your chin in a rough line, passing over the belly and chest (honey is antiseptic and will not cause skin irritation



unless you have an allergy). Look down into the mirror and say “Candy man” three times.

When the image of the “Candy man” appears in the mirror, speak politely and with respect. Any questions directed at the “Candy man” should be thought out well in advance of asking, as you may find out things you would rather not know.

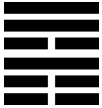
When you are ready to end the conversation, ask the “Candy man” to leave, then scatter the dirt on the mirror. Move the candle further to the side for fire safety and cover the mirror with fabric (a pillowcase or even your t-shirt will do). Blow out the candle and turn on the lights before picking up the mirror and placing it back on the wall, as this can be tricky to do in the dark. Wash away the honey on your body. Make sure the mirror remains covered for at least 12 hours after the completion of the rite, and ignore any unusual sounds coming from the bathroom.



52.

(keeping still, mountain)

Focus on the moment, on this moment. Concentrate on how you feel in your feet, your midriff, your back, your neck, your jaw, your forehead. Where are the tensions? You are in possession of the greatest potential in this moment – the potential to produce both the first and the last gesture in existence, just through a movement in yourself. What will it be?



53.

(development, gradual progress)

No exerted influence will last. Someone you know is on a beach. The weather is cold, rainy, winds are exceptionally high. The person is wearing a fake Canada Goose jacket. The counterfeit is pure white, stuffed with feather mulch, unhygienic and mildewed inside. There are numerous steps to observe, and processes to allow, before a wedding can happen. No blame.



54.

(the marrying maiden)

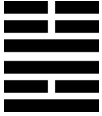
“So Burt Reynolds died, did you hear? Of course I’m sad about it, Burt was one of the best there ever was. Name another man who’s ever been so sexy with a moustache? OK, Alex Trebek, I guess, but he’s more like a slightly hot uncle. Burt, Burt was gold. But it’s Loni Anderson who I always wanted to be. I literally cried when they broke up, I mean, they were the celebrity couple for the ages. The gold standard you know what I mean? I remember when I heard, my mum called me up to tell me cause there wasn’t no phones then, cause that would have been amber alert. Think she saw it on Entertainment Tonight or maybe a magazine like, like Us Weekly, People. Something like that. They were the main story for awhile, Burt and Loni. Loni and Burt. Ah, Loni. She should have had a better career, you know. They say Burt overshadowed her. Both of them sort of disappeared in the 80s after they tied the knot, can’t really remember them in any movies for awhile. There was that one kids one, Cop and a Half. Loni, don’t remember at all. She didn’t seem like the housewife type. Supposed those two had enough money to do what they wanted by then. You know, I always wanted to be her. Even her name, Loni, pronounced like that, not



like Low-knee, like it looks, like Rice-A-Roni. She's on her fourth husband now. I'm on my third. That's the way it goes. You make bad choices, but I have no regrets. I mean each marriage, it has a different flavour. My first marriage, it was smooth and flowing, like a thick milkshake. Til I woke up one morning and realised it had dried out. Nothing there. He just wasn't doing it for me. Amicable, our breakup, they say. He went to Arizona and met someone new, I wish him the best. No it was the second one, that was the chunky one. Never a dull moment, like a raft in river rapids. The highs and lows swooping back and forth, the highs keep getting higher but maybe they just seem that way, you know, cause of the lows getting worse and worse? He threw shit at me, but I was no angel either. One day I would be seriously thinking about killing him, you know, not like I mean when you said 'I'm gonna kill you' but when you actually genuinely start to think you were going to do it. I had all kinds of ideas about poison, trying to find something household that could look like an accident or be untraceable. Thank god I didn't have the internet then, I might have actually done it. Can you imagine that, imagine me, a killer? I wonder if Burt and Loni ever got that bad when they split. Love is toxic. But Steve, my second husband, I mean he threw a statue at me once. We weren't even fighting, I just came into the doorway and I kinda put my arms up against the doorframe and suddenly, pow, this little trophy thing he had goes flying at me out of nowhere. It was like zero to 60 in one second. Just all of the sudden violence. And Steve, he was barely your image of a conventional big violent guy. Come to think of it, he also had a moustache, though it was only for a little bit and I never liked it. Maybe I should have been more open to his facial hair. He wasn't trying to go for a Burt Reynolds, I think he just thought it made people take him more seriously when he became a middle manager at that shitty job he had, whatever the hell he actually did. I can't even remember. Maybe he was screwing around on me. I don't know. He could be so quiet, I think that's what I loved, or what I believed I loved. Some sort of essence, like a mystery. I dunno. I thought there was something wrong with him, like I read this article about personality disorders and he seemed to check all of the boxes for this thing called Borderline Personality Disorder. I was totally convinced he was Borderline and you better believe I told him so, when that little statuette whizzed past my ear. Christ, it would have killed me had my reaction time been slower. Or if he had better aim maybe. Anyway, he didn't take so kindly to the Borderline thing, the accusation, you know? A bit like psychological warfare to him. But I wasn't hearing it and you know I had the moral high ground anyway since he just threw a fucking statue, statuette maybe, right at my head. I can't even remember how that one resolved, I mean I was seeing red for sure, who wouldn't be? The funny thing is, and I never told him this because the hell if I'm gonna give him anything resembling an apology, not that he deserves one, I mean even if in this particular case with the Borderline thing he might, the whole scheme of things, I mean like the marriage in general, well his well of apologies is dried up, is that the saying? Anyway, once I had calmed down a little, stopped seeing red you know, and I was talking to Kev about it, you know Kev was just a rock for me during that whole breakup with Steve, just a darling, I'll always love him for that. I told Kev about my whole discovery about the Borderline thing, and he said, you know he had this way of talking me off the ledge always, Kev, and he suggested that maybe I shouldn't be trusting a psychological assessment from Cosmo, you know? It wasn't actually Cosmo, I don't read that stuff, but it was something on the level, one of those magazines to make you want to be like some powerful dominant executive with what they call now mindfulness and all that. Anyway, point taken, part 1, but then as I explained the traits of so-called Borderline Personality Disorder, like extreme swings in how he treated me, temper flare-ups, paranoid, unstable self image, you know. So as I explain these, Kev has some way of making me realise that as much as I was 100 percent certain, like deeply deeply sure, that Steve had all of these symptoms, or traits rather, Kev made me realise that the same exact things could be said about me. At least at the time. Which is not something I would have wanted to hear during the fire and brimstone parts of it, but now time has passed I find the whole situation kinda funny. And I've decided to be much more careful in the future about determining anyone's psychological state or so-called personality disorders, cause I know my place, I'm not a licensed shrink or even close to it. Anyway. Now I'm on my third marriage and as much as we joke that I'm on my way towards my fourth, which technically is true if you think about it, we're happy, or at least whatever happy means to us at this point. I mean the three different marriages to me are more like three flavours of my life, at the different times, and I



already put all my eggs in the baskets, unsuccessfully I might add, in seeking true love, head over heels magic, passion, etc. I mean glimpses of that with Ray, but it's more now, at this point, about tolerance. I mean I love Ray, he loves me, but let's face it, we mostly just stay out of each other's way. It's great. I suspect Burt and Loni, they were more like, well, I guess you've have to say they were the head over heels fire and brimstone types, right? I mean who wouldn't be, if you were one or the other..."



55. (abundance)

Tote bags!

Does anyone need a tote bag? We got tote bags, tons of tote bags.

So many tote bags. It feels like every time I go to any goddamned event, festival, or conference, I am given some commemorative tote bag. They're just piling up in my closet.

Do you know what a tote bag is? If you type "What is a tote bag" into Google, you get a big-font dictionary definition first, stating that a tote bag is 'a large bag used for carrying a number of items'. Large? HARDLY. Then there's a Wikipedia entry below it, of course, which, if clicked, describes the 'archetypal tote'. What a great phrase, 'archetypal tote'! Down below you get more interesting search results, like some discussions about what precisely is a tote bag, and then some product reviews.

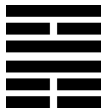
(By the way, if you type in "What is a tote bag?", with the question mark at the end, you get the same results, or at least the first page is the same - that's as far as I'm gonna go with this. [Oh, you also get that disclaimer that some search results were removed by Google because of EU data protection laws. Those of you Googling outside of the EU will discover a richer array of tote-bag related results.])

Anyway, we got more tote bags than we know what to do with. At least ten, but I stopped counting. I can't even use the damn things - my arms are too long, they just drag on the ground.

I never really got the design of them, I suppose they are made for differently-proportioned people than I. My shoulders aren't broad enough, so if I loop it over the shoulder it just slides right off. Not that I would - my chiropractor has warned me repeatedly about the dangers of unbalanced carrying. No tote bags for me, unless I had two, one for each shoulder, with proportional loads.

Nope, that's not gonna happen. I'd just get a backpack!

Anyway, does anyone want any of these tote bags?



56. (the wanderer)

The Wanderer: a choreography

In the performance space, pay unusual attention to yourself and to your relationship to the floor. Be aware of your position for a while.

Walk up to the microphone and say:

“I am the wanderer. I have wandered far and wide. I am here today to perform for you. I have prepared this piece in advance. I have spent hours upon hours in dance studios, residencies overseas and workshops.”

(music plays abruptly, the lights dim)

After the music ends, the lights go back up (flat, bright light – nothing dramatic). Center stage, in profile, slowly fold in on yourself. Sustain this action for as long as you can, and then release.

Dedicate a moment to circular movement.

Go up to the mic again and say: “Take this as you will.”

Force the effort of dance upon yourself. Avoid the idea of ‘constructing’ an arc to generate movement. Continue, but when you hear music, start to fake it, exaggeratedly.

(repeat the same music as before)

When the music ends, slowly begin to end the dance. Once you have completed the dance, face the audience and take a bow.



57. (the gentle)

Stand before an object, any object, that you already own. Providing that the object is wider than it is tall. If it's too close to call, find a different one.

Raise your arms straight above your head. Hold this pose for at least 2, but no more than 4 seconds.

As soon as you put your arms back down, say the name of the first person you think of. it does not matter if the person is a fictional character or someone you've never met.

Stop. Listen. Listen harder. Did anything respond to the name you said? A gust of wind, a creaking floorboard, any ambient sound that could be perceived as a response?

Put your arms back up again and this time hold the pose for at least 3, but no more than 5.5 seconds.

Again, say the name of the first person you think of. It's OK if it's the same name you used before,





but also OK if it's someone else. Say the name like you are spitting it as a projectile into space.

Now, listen again. Has anything responded this time?

Do you feel more warm inside, or cold? If you feel cold, rub your hands together, faster and faster, until the friction almost hurts. Now, at least you should feel warm on the outside.

Think again of someone's name, real or fictional, but instead of thinking about the first name that pops into your head, take your time. Go through your mental contact list and think of someone really special, who you want to dedicate this exercise to.

Say this name. Say it a second time, and then a third time.

Clap your hands together, because you deserve a round of applause! If anyone else is watching you, they can also feel free to clap or holler a 'woo-hoo!'



58.

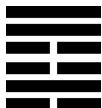
(joy)

Pekka and Anna arrived at their Airbnb. It was a modest Finnish countryside house, with wooden interior paneling and wide, triple-glazed windows looking out over the lake. A small pathway led past a dilapidated (for Finland) shed, and around a small grove of trees, to where a sauna was built just out of view from the road.

Anna stood on the small porch and ingested the cool, fresh air, with the usual city acidity missing. This felt momentous, even cinematic. She looked over at Pekka, who was busy tearing apart cardboard boxes of Karhu III and placing the cans into the refrigerator. She was struck once again by the very visible veins on the back of his neck, veins which on another person might indicate a sign of an unpleasant personality or physical ailment. Yet on Pekka, they seemed reassuring, a sign of generations of healthy living and careful breeding.

He didn't see her smile, so intent was he on maximising the amount of space for chilling the beers. She took another breath and tried to reach for the melancholy, the same melancholy that usually accompanied this situation, so familiar, so repetitive, having occurred with so many previous men and women, so many other weekend escapes, so many other plots and constructions. She reached for some doubt, some gnawing sensation of futility that she long convinced herself was a necessary component fo happiness - the negative yin that must counterbalance the yang, the full fleshing out of a feeling without which said feeling would be incomplete, cheap or easy.

It didn't come. The thud-thud-thud of the beer cans being placed on the shelf met a buzzing in the distance, perhaps the indistinct television or radio broadcast from a nearby house. No birds flew over the lake, no water rippled. Everything was still and the moment might as well have been frozen in amber.



59.

(dispersion, dissolution)

A horse carriage with one person holding the reins. The person is urging the horses to run faster and faster. The horses obey for now, but soon they will fail.





60.
(limitation)

There is a face. The eyes, the nose, and the mouth float in a sea of skin without end. It goes on for miles. You stare at the face for centuries.



61.
(inner truth)

Blessed if you do, blessed if you don't. It's the burning word in your mouth. If it gets out, it will change everything. But it's a gentle thing to keep inside. The choice is yours to make.



62.
(preponderance of the small)

Sometimes it is good to work backwards. Start with the finishing touches, and move inward to the essence of your goal.



63.
(after completion)

This is the path that leads to the clearing. In the clearing you will find something you have lost, forgotten, or something you didn't realise you needed. Unprepare your expectations.

(listen for the forest)

Keep walking further into the forest. The light dims as the canopy becomes thicker. The clearing is just past these trees. It is light.



64.
(nearing completion)

Think of an artwork that you have seen today, or an artwork that you like, and use the objects around you to recreate it in 3D space. If the artwork features people, and there are people with you, you may ask them to pose for you. When re-creating the artwork, you may also use light and sound sources in and around your vicinity to enhance select elements of the composition.