

July 1

Dark and humid in Boston.

At 9:20am I had an exchange with an MBTA worker who loaded my 'Charlie Card' for me because I was having trouble. I was sweaty and frustrated.

"It sure is humid out there, isn't it?" he asked while waiting with me for the machine to accept my moist dollars.

"You're telling me!" I replied, "I just walked here from Allston!" But it wasn't even true. I just said it so that he would know I was a local even though I was having trouble using the machine.

Later, around noon...

It's raining some, but not tons. For a while, on the bus, it seemed as though little puffs of rain were streaming by us at window height. Like clouds when you look out of an airplane window, but looser and more transparent. It turned out to be blowing off of a truck ahead of us. This happened multiple times. Really it wasn't raining so much as condensing around us, and more densely somehow on top of truck...

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 17:38 - 18:38. It was fairly damp underneath me, but nothing was coming down. Not sunny. Temperature felt comfortable.

Settling in at Flux Factory. Adjusting to having unknown people all around, and a general grubbiness and roughness of living compared to home. But in good shape for it having just come off of a rock and roll tour.

It was ever so vaguely awkward for about one second to parade out to the roof through the kitchen in my bathing suit while people that I hadn't met yet were cooking, but everyone is wide-open-minded here about what activity counts as art. No one discounted tanning as art, and I had a fairly comfortable conversation in my bikini with [REDACTED], the guy who is transitioning into another room, as I transitioned into this one, which was his. He's been very nice and very helpful.

Time on the roof and photographing afterwards feels best. Lying out there is meditative. Even when people talk to me.

At weekly house-meeting-dinner, I introduced myself and explained

what I am doing and afterwards, in what I think was an effort to make conversation with me as we cleaned up, a guest of [REDACTED]'s named [REDACTED] said that he felt self conscious talking about the weather in front of me because he feels like I'm studying him now. I told him not to be at all - that I would only be looking closely at actual interview content.

Note to self: If the opportunity arises, interview [REDACTED].

Didn't hang out with people after dinner. Unpacked. Felt like I needed some personal space after bus ride etc.

July 2

Note to self: HYDRATE!!!

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 10:41 - 11:41. Drier underneath me, than yesterday. Overcast. A little bit of spittle-drizzle here and there, but with long breaks in between. Slightly breezier than yesterday. Temperature felt comfortable.

Still not feeling terribly social.

Later. It was hot and sunny by the time I got out into the world for real. On the edge of oppressively hot in the subway, then c-o-o-l relief in the air conditioned subway car. I thought "Ok, now it begins" and felt myself rolling up my metaphorical sleeves, ready to get into the muck of it with everyone else in this city, though it really never got to feeling like full on July. But standing on the 'edge of oppressively hot', I can imagine that after a few days of 90+ weather, it might be pretty hard to breathe in the subway station.

And I got a taste of what sweet relief the train might feel like then....

Moving the contents of [REDACTED]' Brooklyn studio out of a van at his new studio space in East Harlem. I was trying to stay neat and fresh for my Poet's Security Service interview later in the day - I had just been planning to practice by 'guarding' the van - but then it got complicated with the ancient elevator and ancient landlord, so I just jumped in and helped load/unload. There had been a breeze that was keeping me from sweating, but then with the climbing up and down 5 flights of stairs to meet the elevator, and carrying boxes, I began

sweating in that watery way where drops fly off of your forehead and land on the stuff that you're carrying. Somehow, I didn't really smell though.

At the interview, weather came up ("It's hot in here, right?") and I decided that from now on, I will talk as little as possible about my personal experience of the weather (I'll put that in here.) Mostly, I'll be listening about the weather.

On the way home it rained. Not too hard, but hard enough for an umbrella. When I got back I was in my studio and heard someone in the shower. After a while, I noticed that the light was not on, and that the door was open, and started wondering if someone had left it running. Finally I realized it was the rain in the courtyard.

It stopped raining after awhile, and at one point on the tour that [REDACTED] was giving myself and the other 2 new Fluxers, she walked us out through the service entrance to show us how to make sure it was locked and said "Oh, I was hoping it would be cooler outside than inside, but it's EXACTLY the same temperature." We all stood there for a moment anyway, and then someone said, "No, it's a little different. There's a small breeze."

Later, [REDACTED] tells me about the weather in Boston and asks me about the weather here. It's cool there...

July 3

1:39am. Note to self: Forgot to mention discussion during interview with [REDACTED] today about security and comfort being on opposite ends of a spectrum for her. Come back to this....

Got up and out relatively early. Chatted with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in the kitchen while making coffee.

It was warm but breezy out. Overcast, but then as time wore on, warmer and sunnier.

Did yoga by a window. Sweated fairly profusely, but again, not a strong smelling sweat - just the expelling of liquid. A fair amount of it. I felt uncomfortable for a short moment because everyone else in the yoga class had a certain esthetic (fancy for the ladies, tee shirty for the men) that I did not have, but it passed. I feel more comfortable in my body than in my clothes. But I am not a nudist I don't think.

Walked. Had to take sweatshirt off because I was too hot. In Boston I would have felt uncomfortable walking around in what I was wearing here today. Though this is not always the case, in general, I find that I almost always feel more comfortable in my body and whatever I'm wearing while walking around in NYC than I do in Boston.

I had two short, friendly conversations about arts practice on my way to "tan" – one with [REDACTED] outside of my studio and one with [REDACTED] in the kitchen.

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 14:06 - 15:06. At first I thought it was going to be a very uneventful time. It was overcast and warm but breezy. I could feel that it had been much hotter earlier because the black rubber matting underneath me was still hot, but the air temperature was cooler. Then some little sharp, stinging drizzle started coming down – it felt like with a lot of velocity. I was grateful for the warmth underneath me and closed my eyes and enjoyed the funny rain massage and the coolness it brought with it.

This passed, and the warm air dried up the canvas again, but I heard a few rumbles of thunder from time to time.

Then, after a while, big, fat heavy drops started coming down. At first just a few. Then heavier and heavier. Soon it was a downpour.

I've never laid face up in a downpour before. At first I tried to stay perfectly still to see if I could create a light-colored, dry shape on the canvas with my body. But eventually I had to take my glasses off and felt I should move my cellphone (my timer) under a table to protect it.

I closed my eyes and let the raindrops pummel them, coming straight down. It's a strange feeling. I've never had it before, and you probably haven't either. It's not unpleasant.

Sometimes the rain was so hard I jumped a little. My hair got soaked and I had to wring it out repeatedly. (It's still wet three hours later.) Sunscreen from my face washed into one of my eyes and tears came out.

I just let them flow.

If you ever want to cry but don't want anyone to know that you are crying, rain is a good place to do it.

It rained hard for a long time. Doors had to be closed. Windows pulled up. The courtyard became a shallow swimming pool.

I sat with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in the kitchen, waiting while my extremely large yam baked, listening to the rain and stories of their travels and operas. Afterwards, there was a rainbow. And then a whole generation of mosquitos who kept me up until 4am (so far.) My alarm is set for 7.

July 4

Getting up early. Going to the beach with [REDACTED]. It's grey out now, but the clouds are moving fast. Internet says it's a great beach day.

Note to self: HYDRATE!! Remember to eat!

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 22:48 - 23:48. Roof surface was cool. My back is extremely sunburned, so it felt like I was heating the rubber roof tiles rather than the usual arrangement between myself and them which is vice versa. Canvas was rough and painful against my skin as well.

There was a nice warm breeze and the sound of homemade fireworks all around. Couldn't see any though. Could hear and see people in the kitchen laughing, cooking, talking. At one point there was a group rendition of The Star Spangled Banner including the evidence of [REDACTED]'s opera training. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were out on the roof and having a discussion about a party in a fancy building on the Hudson that [REDACTED] had been at earlier. [REDACTED] mentioned deciding not to go to a party in Brooklyn that friends invited her to and how she rarely sees here friends here. She said "they're not really my friends anyway. Well, not close friends."

It summed up my post-beach foray out to see [REDACTED]'s band at Lincoln Center tonight. They were good but it was not a scene I could connect with in any way and she was not as enthusiastic to hang out afterwards as she was when she asked me to come out to the show a few weeks before. I slipped out and walked through Midtown to Times Sq. It wasn't as crowded as I expected. I could hear, but only a few times see the fireworks. And THEN there were tremendous crowds and the train stations were packed and hot.

Earlier, on the beach, weather was wonderful in the sun and water, with a stiff breeze. It felt like the 1970's out there: everyone around was sexy and friendly and diverse and feeling good about it all. Strangely costumed characters and loud singers were applauded

for being themselves in public; everybody – gay, straight and god-knows-what-else was kissing each other; lifeguards were talking smack about people's tattoos; kids were comparing how many pairs of naked titties they'd each seen; people were playing cobbled together, multilingual volleyball; moms were being buried in sand by their babies; kites were being flown very successfully; and I got incredibly sunburned – especially in a few spots.

Fluxers helped me out with witchhazel and other advice for sunburn at the end of the night. But I basically forgot to eat all day except for a bit of kale salad and a homemade, Taang-flavored italian ice that I bought at the beach.



JULY 5

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 11:03 - 12:03. Hot. Really hot, but I'm sure it will get hotter. Slathered myself in sunscreen repeatedly, but sweated right through it. Painful to lie all the way down on the canvas, with the extremely hot rubber roof tiles right

beneath, but I managed. Sat up sometimes to catch a nice breeze that was blowing through and really felt like a life saver. It was hard, and kind of emotionally intense work to stay put there, but I know it will get harder and hotter as the month wears on. My heart was beating very hard and by the end I was panting a little bit even though I drank water throughout. I was a little stumbly as well, and unable to really talk to people immediately afterwards. Nervous going down the stairs.

A lot of people work in this kind of heat and sun all day, every day.

July 6

Met [REDACTED] for the first time yesterday. She's super nice.

Yesterday after lying in the sun mid-day, I felt really funny all day. Kind of sick. I went to a coffee shop and got iced tea to cool down, and then walked around and to yoga, where I was finding it really hard to keep my balance and my heartbeat was still feeling funny - alternately pounding and racing. I drank 2 bottles of cocoanut water, about 8 glasses of regular water, and then a hard cider (which was maybe a mistake) with dinner. (On the bright side, I remembered to eat dinner for the first time since arriving here!) But I still felt funky all night. Too hot in my studio (no windows...) so at 3am I finally went and sat on the steps to the courtyard for a while. Stopped feeling funny and was able to fall asleep around 4am, but woke up with a really sore throat at 9.

Anyway, I've decided that I'm not going to lie in the direct sun in the middle of the day again on days when the temperature is higher than about 80. Will do my "tanning" in the morning or evening on those days. At least for now. I wanted to sweat as much as possible, because I think the canvas will be more interesting if I do, but it's not worth risking heatstroke. The rules are that I lie as close to the weather station as is safe and possible, on the canvas, for an hour once per 24 hour period. I think I can stick to that without damaging any of my internal organs permanently.

July 7

Yesterday, I laid on roof of Flux Factory from 19:29 - 20:29. It was shady and cool and uneventful. [REDACTED] came out to smoke a joint and talked with me for about half of that time. He works in the heat all day as a shipwright. But he chooses when to work, and sets up a tarp

for shade. Still, I can't complain in comparison.

Actually, as much of my work is about work, I should catalog what I know about what people here do for work. So far I've met a shipwright (), a radical bike tour leader (), an associate contemporary arts curator at a museum (), a painting teacher (), a tech support person (), and I'm not sure what anyone else does yet. Some folks are not working on anything but art — they are here with funding from their home countries or local organizations to do their art-work.

Wanted to mention briefly that I'm getting pretty comfortable. So there isn't a lot of talk about discomfort. Though people are talking about the weather around me: they are hot, they want to go to the movies for the air conditioning, they are sweating. I need to pay better attention to when it comes up than I have been the last day or so...

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 17:30 - 18:30. It was hot but quite breezy. Sun no longer at its peak. The ground was warm, but not unbearable. I still felt like I needed sunscreen. It was pleasant being there. I grabbed some books from the Flux library of international, underground art books. Of course the first one I grabbed turned out to be Finnish. And about death.

It was nice "tanning" out there, with art happening all around me: practicing an aria somewhere invisible, working on his script in the kitchen, hustling away at some kind of project proposal all day, flipping through art books I'll never see elsewhere.

I was sweating profusely (in fact, I still am at 18:52 as I write this,) but saw no evidence of it when I photographed the canvas.

For the first time, while lying there, I thought about taking a break from doing projects about work — or vocation. I had been working on my website all day adding "Help Wanted" series content, and spent yesterday working on and submitting a proposal to do a project at MIX this year where I act as a gynecologist, reading this Finnish girl's diary (Heta Kuchka) about her project on death, and suddenly realized that maybe I've arrived at my vocation for the moment and should start focusing on what it is rather than exploring what it isn't with

its tools.

July 9

It looks like I forget to write up notes yesterday. But I remember that I was on the roof from about 15:30 - 16:30 and that the photos of the canvas and the weather itself were a both a bit boring. People came out and were chatty so the time went by fast and I was a little distracted. Probably why I forgot to write.

I've been experimenting with using coconut oil instead of sunscreen was okay yesterday and today, but neither day was overly bright. Skin feels better and less irritated. Still peeling from first sunburn...

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 16:36 - 17:36. As I was setting up my canvas-blanket, there was a little sunny storm. I got wet but not drenched. By the time I had my alarm set and was positioned on the canvas, the rain had passed.

But the ground was wet. Sun felt good, drying up the cold I have a little bit, but it was also pretty breezy and cloudy, so a lot to feel. I've been very tired (from being sick) despite having barely left the studio these last few days, so I almost-napped a bit out there.

Social discomfort isn't very high within me or outside of me. Hardly anyone is talking about the weather. Except [REDACTED] who sometimes says "I'm hot!" in a grimacing voice and walks around in her bra whenever possible. I really think though that she just means that she's hot.

JULY 10

About to head up to the roof in a few, but wanted to make a note about some weird weather earlier. I was walking from yoga to the tropical market to restock my coconut water supply and when I came out of the store, the sky was dark and the air was SUPER heavy. I thought it was about to rain, and looked up, but it wasn't raining. Then it suddenly was, but in no way did it feel like it was coming from above. It was like the air around me exploded little bits of moisture, but in a 360 degree way - not from above. It was just a short, light rain, and eventually did start to feel like it was coming from above, but I swear that for the first few minutes it was

coming from around me, not above me. This was probably around 13:15.

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 16:51 - 17:51. Warm, alternately sunny and cloudy. A bit windy. I was bored. Last 5 minutes went by v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y. A few people came out on the roof, but no one talked to me. It was fine though, I was nodding in and out.

JULY 11

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 13:05 - 14:05. Hot, but hazy. Almost no breeze. I was sweating a lot more than I have since the day of the overheating...

Made new friends at Flux Thursday. Good mojo day...

JULY 12

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 15:31 - 16:31. Downright cold. It was grey and really, really windy all morning and then by the time I got out on the roof it was raining. Not hard at all, but steady and I was cold.

JULY 13

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 13:11 - 14:11. Good and warm, and when the cloud cover burned off a bit, very sunny. Down side was that it was raining little bits of styrofoam from somewhere so I had to wear a mask. Called 311, but they were uninterested in this unusual weather. Now that I think of it, it rained styrofoam for a bit last week too - Friday or Saturday, I can't remember which.

JULY 15

Forgot to write yesterday, but I lay on roof of Flux Factory from 15:34 - 16:34. It was VERY hot. The ground was hot and I was hot, and there was not much breeze until near the end. I think I sweated more

than any other day so far. My plan is to lay out tonight well after dark 22:30 or so...

JULY 16

Last night I lay on roof of Flux Factory from 22:03 - 23:03. I don't know what the temperature was, but the air felt pretty much exactly the same as my skin temperature. The ground felt slightly, but only ever so slightly warmer. It was a strange time to lay out because it was post house meeting, so the bulk of the Flux Community was hanging out there in the dark smoking and drinking and laughing (or in one case, talking loudly on the phone in Italian) and I felt kind of strangely isolated in the crowd. Having missed the meeting and being down on the ground in my bathing suit (and sober) made me feel a little bit invisible... But it was okay - kind of relaxing to be there but not having to be "on" in any way. The only crappy part was that mosquitoes were going to town on me. I'll probably do a late-night tan again tonight and will slather myself in bug spray this time.

One more note before I buckle down and try to make today my most productive day of the week: got to meet [REDACTED] of SP Weather station last night. She's so different from [REDACTED], but they are a great team and both really interesting. She gave me a tip to get in touch with The Laundromat Project as a place to do interviews and I will. Also spent yesterday at PS1 and was left with a lot of questions about what qualifies as art around here and why.

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 22:04 - 23:04. Similar experience to last night in terms of temperature: everything was perfectly calm, felt almost exactly like my own body temperature outside. The ground maybe did not feel as warm. Slathered myself in bug spray but still got eaten alive. I stopped counting at about 18 bites. Still itching.

The sky was bright. I wasn't seeing the moon, but the clouds were very big and bright reflecting light from somewhere I just couldn't see where.

Need to make a list of my fears now for another project.

JULY 18

Forgot to write yesterday but yesterday I laid on roof of Flux Factory from 07:15 - 08:15. It was calm and quiet, temperature was similar to last night - felt close to body temperature, but no mosquitos! In some ways it was my most pleasant "tanning" session yet. The roof was mostly in the shade at that time of day...

This morning, I lay on roof of Flux Factory from 08:50 - 09:50 and it was a whole different story. I sweated like I have not sweated yet. I was in full sun, but it was somehow not as hot as later in the day. The ground beneath me was still cool. But I was sweating like an ice cube. I'm not sure if it was because I drank so much water yesterday or what, but I felt cleansed. My canvas was pretty soaked though....

July 20

Oh...so much. The moon is filling out and emotions are rising in and around me. I've taken to playing a broken 3 string ukelele in between sentences here for the last day or so.

Yesterday went by without an entry. Which seems appropriate, as it was a rough day interpersonally, extending into today.

Last night I lay on the roof from about 21:30 to about 22:30. It was windy and warm. There were a few flashes of heat lightening, but no clouds or thunder. [REDACTED] sat with me the whole time and we talked about mark making on canvas and the difference between the way that painters and performers do it. And the vastness of that difference.

[Aside: holy shit! I think the uke may be the thing to make me a better writer/maker. The pausing to pluck strings is just an unbelievable meditation tool. It never occurred to me that an instrument could be used for this purpose instead of to make music for sharing with others....]

I'm avoiding the main theme.

Tonight I lay on roof of Flux Factory from 22:17 - 23:17. It rained gently at first and then stopped. I was tired and thought I was going to fall asleep. But I didn't.

Earlier in the evening there was a double rainbow and some heavy rain that I missed because I was on the train.

I saw the rainbow – I just missed the rain.

When I lay out tonight I was overcome with emotion. Processing drama foisted upon me last night and then my own rupturing of someone's trust and generosity.

I am slowly absorbing the gravity of this communal living thing – the delicate ecosystem of feelings when everyone involved is an artist.

The effort to be open to other people (plural, not just one other person) all of the time, and to live with practiced politics and poeticized politics at the same time. It is a very weather-like phenomenon – constantly in flux. But more than that, living and responsive to influences coming from outside and within.

I'm feeling my own quiet failures within the system and the quiet reverberations of the pain my actions have created for someone else, and then I see this care and love and generosity that flows around here and through the strata of the art world that is not about earning money off of it and I am both so grateful and so impressed that such a thing so gently exists (and sort of almost always has I think) in the heart of this filthy, somewhat bitter city.

July 23

Several days have passed since the last time I wrote in here. I think I was feeling too much, over- and inaccurately reacting to my environment. PMS was part of it and that has subsided now. I want to edit out what I wrote last, but I won't. Yet. I'll leave it at least until I know what I'm doing with this document.

On the 21st, I lay on the roof of Flux Factory from 12:50 - 13:50. I remember that it was pretty hot – especially the ground beneath me – but the sky was hazy so it wasn't so sweaty or touch on the skin.

Yesterday, I lay on the roof of Flux Factory from 17:31 - 18:31. It rained, but only lightly. It was relatively cool but I was warmed a bit by the ground beneath me.

Trying to go out and do interviews today, but having a really hard time getting out there. I'm dreading standing alone, approaching

strangers... Don't know where to start or if the questions are any good....

Lay on roof of Flux Factory from 23:28 -

July 24

24:28. Clearest, crispest night of the month. Bright full moon, sky clear enough to see stars. One big, wispy cloud but otherwise no clouds. Air felt just below body temperature and then a little too cool.



July 25

Yesterday, I lay on the roof of Flux Factory from 15:56 - 16:56. It was hazy and warm, but not too, too hot. Still, needed protection

from the sun.

Then, a few hours later, it got windy and downright cold. I saw a film on the pier in Riverside Park (a children's musical by Dr. Seuss with a song about weather in it that is appropriate to this project actually...) and it was so cool and windy out on the water that it didn't feel like July at all. People were wearing blankets and sweaters.

Lay on the roof of Flux Factory from 18:07 - 19:07. I was cold. It was well below bikini wearing weather. People (■■■■,■■■■,■■■■) came out and talked to me and that helped the time pass faster.

July 27

Time is flying! The month is almost over. And what have I learned about weather and acclimation? Comfort and discomfort? Nothing. Or at least it feels that way. Supposedly there is some kind of rare astrological convergence happening on Monday afternoon, so maybe it will all come into focus then.

Laid on the roof of Flux Factory from 08:36 - 09:36 yesterday. It was a tiny bit coolish and the air was soft. Felt just slightly above and below body temperature, depending on breeziness. Bathyspheric.

Lay on the roof of Flux Factory today from 13:48 - 14:48. It was hot and windy. The ground was hot. I felt heavy and tired. Not quite dizzy when done, but a bit dehydrated. Definitely not as hot as at other times, but hotter than it has been in a few days.

July 28

Lay on the roof of Flux Factory from 18:33 - 19:33. It rained steadily (though not quite as hard as during the flash flood days of early July.) Sometimes there was a breeze that dropped the temperature about 10 degrees and made me shiver. It does not feel like July.

Got totally drenched. Canvas is dripping heavily onto floor. At first there was a guy playing the ukelele while I laid out there, but when it started raining hard, he went inside.

I feel out of synch with the house. There seem to be about 21-22 people here tonight: 14 residents, the usual array of romantic partners, and what seem like even more houseguests than usual. When I got home and went up to the kitchen to make tea, I didn't recognize anyone there and no one was speaking English. Also very tired from staying up all night. I could use a dry, warm movie or something.

July 29

Lay on the roof of Flux Factory from 13:23 - 14:23. It was fucking hot. Not as hot temperature wise as at other times, but sun was dead on and the ground was unbearable. Had to cheat a bit and put a yoga mat that I found on the roof between the canvas and the ground. And I could still feel the roof's heat through the yoga mat. Occasional breeze really helped a lot.

