

HEALTH INNER CHILLNESS

The latest WELLNESS CRAZES
are made for lazybones
By Jon Roth

● By my doctor's standards, I'm a pretty healthy guy. My blood pressure's good, I can touch my toes, and I rarely order pizza more than once a week. But compared with acolytes of the wellness-industrial complex pushing crystals, cleanses, and whatever a "microbiome" is, I'm an unrealized husk. Women may lead this charge (looking at you, Gwyneth), but every day I meet more men who do hot yoga and evangelize about the art of breathing. If they've drunk the Kool-Aid, they at least seem at peace.

I wanted a piece of that peace, but I'm too sedentary for the physical demands and too cynical for the spiritual stuff. Then I learned about some increasingly popular treatments during which you just... lie there. Call it passive wellness. A recumbent recharge. So I book myself three consecutive sessions in Manhattan on a Saturday afternoon. I figure I'll be levitating by sundown.

At Modrn Sanctuary, I'm signed up for 30 minutes of halotherapy inside a Himalayan salt room. If you've got asthma, a sinus infection, a cold, or the flu, exposure to the concentrated saline aerosol in this space could help. The walls are lined with pink stone, and the drifts of salt grains on the floor are ankle-high. I spend most of my time making salt angels and angling for a good selfie. Cell phones are discouraged here, but it doesn't much matter—I could be leveling up on *Candy Crush* and the effects of this super-ionized air would be the same. Before I leave, I cough up a good spoonful of phlegm. If that's not a success metric, what is?

Tune.Studio, my next appointment, promises "infrasonic sound healing." "You're resetting your body's rhythm to relax and recover," founder Kyle Godfrey-Ryan tells me over the phone, during a break from tuning Google's hardware and design team. I'm shown to a low bed in a dark room and given headphones that pipe a deep drone. The mattress vibrates gently, as if I were lying on an Xbox controller with exceptional haptic feedback. I fall asleep (the good vibes will hit you, conscious or not), so when the attendant pulls me out, I can't tell if I'm blissed out from the frequencies or the nap. "You're in a parasympathetic state," she says. "It's the opposite of fight-or-flight, which is the default here in New York City." They are playing Snow Patrol's "Chasing Cars" in the lobby, though, and instantly I'm back in flight mode.

I finish up at HigherDOSE, an infrared sauna meant to improve circulation, detoxify the system, and enhance your mood. Inside my cedar-walled cube, the temperature quickly climbs to 158 degrees, at which



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HigherDOSE, you don't
just sweat—you glow.*

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Friendly reminder:
Getting a tan this
summer is not a
political endorsement.

point I lie down, hike up my towel, and imagine this will be the median temp in ten years. Because infrared light warms you internally instead of heating up the air, customers can last here longer. I'm told my hour-long session could burn up to 600 calories, and I realize this is a lot like exercise: In the moment, I think I'm dying, but afterward it seems worth it. If nothing else, I lose some water weight. You can't sweat like a lawn sprinkler without shedding a few pounds.

After the salt, the sounds, and the sweat, I gather my thoughts on more familiar ground: the bar. Am I glowing like a guru? No. Am I better off than when I started? Absolutely. Far from being intimidating, these therapies seem likely to attract all types of guys: halotherapy for health nuts, infrasonic for productivity nerds, infrared for jocks seeking new ways to sweat. Me? I'll take any of it—as long as I'm lying down. ■