

Unhere, notes from inside

Florin Flueraș, *Unhere* (2020). *Unhere* introduces deviations into the implicit social spaces, into the behaviors and conventions that form them. Performers activate states and affects corresponding to other realities than the situations in which they are (of visitors, clients, tourists, spectators...). Altering or cutting implicit adaptations, deviating from basic adjustments, from their implicit existence in the world, they seem out of touch with reality, out of place, unhere. Because at some level we emulate the bodies that we encounter *Unhere* can be contagious, affecting the social atmosphere, the space and its possibilities. In general we conform to environments, we want to be adjusted to here and now, to behave adequately, even in art, and usually that's fine. But sometimes it is good to undo the automated submissions, to open up or transcend situations, to go *Unhere*. Artworks are usually visual, sound or conceptual, *Unhere* is affect based. In some venues *Unhere* can appear uninvited – Unofficial Unworks.

250516 train Prague-Budapest. I behave erratically, change places, postures, my body doesn't know where to be, how to be and why. My confusion seems to spread also to my keen observer here on the corridor. It's comforting that the train knows where to go. I hope life too, despite my confusion, knows where to take me. This feels like an awkward cliché, and I realize that despite being *Unhere* in my body, in my mind I'm too coherent and predictable. Immediately after writing that, my eyes, and my entire body unfocused. For quite a while I was suspended in mental and affective fog. I couldn't write, the screen was blurry, I was looking through and around it. Something extra, strange, entered my body through my left hand that was resting on the empty seat next to me. But now I'm here.

250430 Devin Prague. Practicing for the presentation in Budapest, in this superb meadow full of dandelion, I realized that *Unhere* is not just a deviation from here, from the normal insertion in reality, but it can be an opening, an ecstatic interaction with reality. With the plants, trees, birds and a few people passing here, but maybe also with something more general, more abstract, more meta, more transcending. I'm absorbed into all this and my body is rotating with extended arms, floating, lost in this feiric atmosphere. My body feels charged, lifted a little, moving, affectively pulled by the different natural elements here. I imagined that this might also look quite ridiculous, and

immediately I collapsed into here. Here. While writing this a pheasant emerged from the forest, you can see it as a ridiculous bird. I found it beautiful.

250206 Barranco del Burro. Doing Unhere here is a little too adequate. The space is like a strange zone, full of boulders mostly bigger than myself, in chaotic configurations on a very inclined slope. Moving and orienting feels foreign for the body, it's already not really here. My unhere state on top of this only makes the space stranger. And somehow miraculous. My body's subdued movements are helping my eyes catch the objects of their gaze, or to be caught by them – boulders, cacti, some other plants, other boulders, the sunsetting. Everything becomes stranger and stranger. The body pauses in some of the movements necessary for advancing in this zone. Feeling the resulting postures affects perception, everything becomes more peculiar. Being in one of these strange postures, I see someone else descending the zone, doing a strange dance, going through all kinds of postures like a “nude descending a staircase” painting. We are in a duo, or trio. Because of my pauses, and because my body deviates often from the practical movements of advancing in this zone, I probably look the weirder of the bunch. Sometimes I feel strange compositions with the rocks, stone-flesh statues. Each of these big stone beings has a different power, activating another way of moving across it. It's physically challenging, but it's very important to not be caught in the physicality of it, because it brings me here. To stay Unhere I have to let my body suspend and deviate from the efficiency of navigating this zone. While climbing a boulder, my body stopped in an embrace of it. It's an affective situation too. I'm strangely suspended on the side of a boulder, like an excrescence. It's difficult. My bare feet are slowly slipping on its surface. My left hand compensates, hugging stronger while the right tries to write this. In all this drama, a part of me is also feeling this special and ridiculous posture. I have to put the phone down now and use my right hand more because the situation is deteriorating. I finally arrived under the boulder where we camp tonight. In a new world – abstract, beautiful, complex, exploded, strange. It feels miraculous that all these things, including myself, exist exactly in these forms, places, times and relations. It's very peculiar, strange here in this unhere.

241105 street in Bucharest. My body feels strangely implanted here on the street. It just feels weird how I am inserted in the body and how the body is inserted in the world. The world is different. It appears unusual from this strange posture. Something is off. Trees, plants, cars, people seem peculiar. My body doesn't know what to do in this new unworld. It walks randomly, mostly in this little sunny part of the street, it likes warmth.

People try to figure out what I am doing, I also wonder. My body keeps going through changes in posture and position. My behaviors feel unreal. My existence too. Antonija's request for some form of text that might help in moving forward, came into my mind. I wonder if it's ok to send this. It might be read as a plea for moving aimlessly, and enjoying being lost. Yet, my body is not that aimless, whatever is doing, it somehow maintains this unhere situation – a sort of vague existence and a pleasure in feeling weird and lost, out of the world. Out of the world and inside different small affective parallel ones, dilated zones of affect-space-time, mysteriously activated by a body sensibility in relation with elements like colorful leaves on the pavement, people, trees, cats, neglected plants in the courtyards around...

240420 flight Venice-Bucharest. Being here in the fog, just above the clouds, it really feels nowhere, unhere. My hands are prolonging the clouds, extending the fog towards me, around me, inside me. The hands' strange movements create an unhere fog in front of me and in me, a cloud of unknowing. The sensation is of untiming and unspacing – unknowing time, space and myself – experiential fog. Despite the focus on strangers and alienation, I didn't really experience much strangeness or unknowing at the biennale. Yet I managed to feel alienated, in the sense that I felt that my practice and work didn't fit in these kinds of slick, expensive displays. I also felt that spending days in those environments I started to think how I could adapt my work and myself to fit into those implicit frames, conventions and expectations. But, although I don't really know where I am, I can say that the Biennale is left behind, under these clouds. I return to my cloud of unknowing that is somehow activated by auto-hypnotic movements of my hands. It's a bit more difficult to maintain it while writing. I will stop and immerse more into the vague fog.

240305 train from Bucharest airport. I don't know when, where, why, not only as position in the world, but also as the relationship between body parts – they don't know where to be, what to do, and why. My left hand doesn't know what the right one is doing. A woman checks on me intrigued. It's dark and everything is blurry, outside and inside. The woman looks at me again, my body frozen in thick vagueness, her gaze froze on me. The movements of the train in the night, on the uneven track, amplify the strange moment. Now I see when, 02:56 is written in the corner of the screen. I see where, we arrived at the station. I don't know why. On the way out of the train, from time to time my body freezes and everything appears even stranger for some time, very abstract and equal, my

body weirdly inserted in reality. I got outside the station after a while. The birds already started their morning singing. They sound crystal clear, and this gives me clarity.

250126 Playa Rajita. I'm on a very inclined warm wall of sand. The small caves and holes everywhere around compose a pleasant alien image. When I wrote "alien" my body started to feel and behave alien, in continuation to the landscape. The strange slow movements change my perception. I feel everything alien, strange and confusing. My body doesn't know how to be, move and behave in this new environment, its habits are inadequate. When it moves, the sand slides hypnotic around it. It's like I'm here for the first time. When I wrote "here", I became unhere to everything. My body stays in a void, suspended on this sand, with the world reduced to the sand that hypnotically slides around my body. After a while the world became bigger again but emptied. Nothing means anything. I look around with an empty gaze that doesn't touch and isn't touched by anything. Nothing everywhere.

230203 Strata Gallery Bucharest. My hand is feeling from a distance this work that depicts a wall of tires mixed with soil, and the wall behind it. Now that I said this, it's feeling things further away from the gallery wall. For the other people I might look like a statue with its hand charged with something. I walk with this strange hand in front of other artworks, and my hand keeps feeling them. It feels alien. Now it pulls me towards a tree outside the window, towards Eliza. Now towards the ceiling. A feeling of floating extends from hand into my body, even in the hand that is writing this and in the phone. I hope the phone will not start to float out of my hand. I walk very light on my feet. Now I'm very close to this depiction of a strange Mars-like landscape. I feel it on my back. I might look very strange to the people around, but it's a very nice way to explore the work. Now I'm turning around and letting other parts of my body be touched. My body moves further away from the work, turning around itself and still feeling it. It stopped. It feels the other works and people around, more and more intense. Body and space are very charged, it feels that something is imminent, that reality could alter, open. Intensity deems down. I feel alien, off inserted in this place in the gallery, in my own distorted body. The weirdness retreated and now it's just a sensation of blank, emptiness. I can stay here forever, not registering anything, or is rather that I register the world only as feeling.

(ET)230203 Strata Gallery Bucharest. I am suspended in the middle of the gallery, absorbed in between all these objects. I start to see everything equal, everything in my

range arising from the same dullness, we are all just presences, unhere. Now my body relaxes and melts away from the straight posture, like entering a dream, moving through the thickness of a concrete, palpable nothing. My body is permeated by this charged, affective nothing. I feel more directly connected to all the works and things I watched before. Paradoxically I am brought to life by seemingly inanimate objects. Now my movements seem to become abstract, like they have no apparent relation to anything. My upper body lowered towards a chair but I'm stopped in the middle of my action. Body and chair don't form an image together but my posture in itself forms a whole, stopped, right before any meaning. Now my feet entered my sight, the floor too, I feel slightly amazed at them, I don't know why. It's like the posture in relation to the grey of the floor and the particular silence of this spot access some kind of wonder, stupid and sensible. It feels natural but misplaced somehow, I'm held in it. I scan my body from toe to chest in this amazed idiocy, mouth open and gaze stupefied, and the gaze and feeling gradually extend to the whole exhibition. I turn slowly and sometimes my gaze aligns with an object for its wonder, sometimes the wonder slips off of objects, doesn't belong to anything here, like it's the state itself that belongs to my body alone, not having any connection whatsoever with anything here. It feels a little funny, I could probably laugh at it if my state wouldn't be so emptied. Perhaps I would have to change my posture in order to be able to laugh. But now there's nothing. Just body as its own crib, its own place of retreat, its own here.

240127 Bucharest. From an email exchange on relationship with liminality: "It is very possible that the places photographed by you do not appear as liminal to those who live in or transit them, because they are perfectly oriented there. In this sense, liminality might be in your eyes, because of your anthropological or artistic perspective. I see liminality not as something objective, a quality of those spaces, but as an open, unstable way of bodies interacting with spaces that produces particular embodied perspectives. In this sense it can be activated everywhere and this is what I want, instead of representing it, to activate it there, live, in the gallery. In Unhere I am interested in an idea of non-image based spaces. The visitors have certain behaviors, states, perceptions that maintain a certain reality of an exhibition. I am interested in introducing deep, but mostly subtle, deviations into the affective atmosphere, affecting the implicit social space, and possibly opening it to liminality, potentiality."

221215 art studio, Berlin. I'm implanted here in the middle of the studio. In the middle of the world, it feels. In the middle of a sea of confusion, everything feels abstract and

diffuse. The things, the walls, the hand are weirdly imposed on me, equally present in my awareness, the phone a little more. I look at my body with its slow movements, like I'm trying to figure it out. The confusion extends out of the body. My gaze changed, like it's trying to cling onto something. It rests on different objects with an equal intensity, art objects, furniture, cleaning objects, everything is charged with strangeness. Strangeness that radiates around from my body. It knows how to move to maintain this strange world around. Some elements, especially the shadows, are transmitting something back, a sort of diffuse horror that passes through my body as light shivers. My body feeds the weirdness, which is felt back in as fear. A pleasant fear, the fear of an expanded possible hidden in reality. My body expands the weirdness, confusion and unknowing beyond the walls here. There is no world anymore, just an unhere that scares my body, in a good way. The world disappeared. I'm planted on this white floor. My awareness is half a meter around myself, self that is no more, just a diffuse flat eternal feeling. It feels like the world stopped and I can stay here forever. After a while I arrived again in the middle of the studio, of the world. My body feels disorganized, alien, like it's implanted in a strange virtual reality.

221125 supermarket, Bucharest. I paused here, looking at my shopping basket and the shelves, my gaze got wider, time dilated. The employees were watching me intently and I had to go. Now I'm next to the prepared foods section, frozen again in this confuzed state, looking at products, floor and my body with equal interest, everything is abstract. There are small movements in my body, like being drunk and trying to keep the balance, my gaze is locked on random elements, lights in the ceiling, trees outside the windows, and especially the shoes of the clients that are passing next to me. Some of them feel awkward, they sense that something unusual is going on. I bent to grab the shopping basket from the floor and, when almost catching it, my body entered a long break. I suddenly felt my situation, posture and the basket itself very strange. I'm slowly walking backwards, looking around, trying to make sense of what I see and feel. It's like an alien spectacle, strong colors and beings moving strangely, carrying colorful things. I'm turning around like trying to figure out what all this is and means. My body and my empty gaze are locked on this product here, organic chickpeas, in a strange meditation. I can stay in this position in this shop forever. Now my body is completely out of here, it feels like I'm exiting, transcending the shop. My chest is warm, like sometimes in some prayers or meditations. My focus moved on a hemp seeds bag. After a while my head moved towards the ceiling. A client touched me and an employee started to arrange products

next to me. Maybe they want to stop me. I must look weird to them. I went back to shopping.

(ET)202306 home Bucharest. I created a gap, a fraction of a second, which allows me to abstain from coordinating myself back to myself, to abstain from coordinating my nature body to my rational body and instead, to not move, to let the body off, trusting that it is better where it is now, for a while at least. I feed and relax from the off. I am sitting diagonally and slightly tilted on this chair for maybe 10 minutes now. Facing no point of interest really. Just a blurred general. I realize that my body is perfectly aligned to catch the sun. I will let it act upon my body.

201113 Radar Sofia. My body is out of my control, it's uncoordinated and has difficulties with balance. The world becomes the same, less stiff, less stable, except the people that I see through the window. My body emanates instability and a bit of chaos. It contaminates reality. I feel like I'm being drunk, but more complex and nicer. Everything is a fog, not in the sense of unclear but in the sense of very abstract and equally important or unimportant. My gaze cannot grasp anything in particular, except for this keyboard, partially. It's just slipping over things. 'Things' is too much said, there are no things anymore.

(ET)201028 Sofia. I stopped with a hand on a pot and the other on a water filter. I also hold my phone. And my breath. I don't know why but I breathe differently. Slowly, denser, I forget to do it. I don't know. My awareness is completely dissociated from this type of body. It's strange I can still balance on it. I grab. Grabbing is strange. One hand is grabbing a door, the other the phone. I clench in between these two points and feel like the whole rest of the world moves chaotic.

201028 Radar Sofia. I should pay attention to my writing, the words I choose. But I start to see through the phone, unfocused, my body is charging with a strange affect and everything around seems new, quite alien actually. Like I see things for the first time. I'm looking at the world and at myself with the eyes of an alien. My body is weird, there is something alien in my arm, in my entire posture now. I feel myself with alien feelings. Except for the face and the eyes, I try to appear like nothing is happening in my body. It somehow accentuates this alien possession. I don't know if this is transmissible to you

there, I hope you can still read, or maybe you also feel that it's a bit weird to have this text in front of you, and who knows how things are in you and around you. Great, now my body has lost any coordination and coherence. I forgot what I wanted to write. I cannot focus on words. It's not easy to write when things and meanings are disappearing. I will correct or delete this later I suppose.

(ET)201018 Aether Sofia. I'm reduced to a pixel in a corner. I feel unhere, I feel present but invisible to everyone else. My world is small. And you're in this world too. I look around the room from this little place, observing how everything changes size. I start to see unobservable details bigger, every little point my eyes fall on gains some importance. I immediately feel this in my body. This shift of perception keeps on growing, perpetuates itself, my heart beats harder. I feel that I'm physically growing with this sensation. All my body is expanding. I grow so much I can feel Sofia from within and above. I stand here, huge body in the center of Sofia, facing nothing but myself from inside out, all stoned and sensitive, more and more. This feeling is growing so much that I don't know how to deal with it. It can be a bit scary. It feels scary. I'm happy I can write about it, maybe it helps. Good, it's coming down, I'm decreasing in size, I left the center of Sofia and I'm back in the room. I look at my tiny feet, I walk them, my body feels soft and a bit exhausted. It's tricky to gather thoughts after this, to have a conclusion. It probably took me 30 minutes to go through this. I am wearing a pink jumper. It's still morning. Today is.. tuesday. I don't know what to say but I need to talk, write. I am from Romania. I like warm weather. I put my phone down. I am bent above it. The letters I type affect me back. The more words appear, the more surprised I get. It feels strange. Like I make my experience happen in two simultaneous places and times.

201018 Sofia. I can just stay in this corner forever, because if you don't have thoughts you don't have problems. My gaze is closing in, like the world is very small. I don't know how to call this gaze, zombie gaze? It's like my gaze is caught into a spider net, blurry and nothing in focus, except when I write. I'm completely caught in my own repetitive small moves. I try to be normal, to not move, but it doesn't work, there is this weird thing in me. The body communicates that there is something off. The more I insist on the attitude that nothing's going on, the more weirdness comes out of my body. I wonder what it is, because apparently nothing happens, but there is definitely something strange in me now.

(ET)201017 Aether Sofia. The circle is a small world but the world is not a small circle. I step in the world, outside the circle. I can finally just be. No need to walk anymore. And I can be suspicious about whatever 'being' means. I can bend 'being' into whatever I perceive 'being'. I look around and embody everything I see. I collect objects with my gaze, I put them inside my body. I lose perception of how I look. I look down on my legs and I don't register them. I realize they cannot move now that I believe I am something else. It gets harder and harder to keep on writing as well. The more I interiorize my environment, the more I get alienated from my own body, and the greater it grows. I let this feeling and perception expand. I don't do it on purpose anymore. It carries on by itself, my body is now a fantasy territory, ever changing, open and crossed by these affects. I am suddenly not alone, because I am no one anymore. I remember a text in which Bifo said that the hyper-stimulated body is simultaneously alone and hyper-connected: the more it is connected, the more it is alone. In Unhere, the more you are 'alone', the more you become connected. The more you undo the way you participate, the more you re-emerge in a present, alive, embodied, qualitatively different here. Body (and therefore your reality) gets infused with something which is simultaneously other-than and your very-self.

(ET)201015 Aether Sofia. The environment is hypervertical, way too straight for my confusion. My axis pushes against an angle. Angle or angel. I suddenly see the room full of unhere angels. A waiting room to heaven. But here is no time and nothing to wait for as well. We all just tilt and look at each other, or around each other. Next to each other. Off each other. I am at a party of the lost and we lost the party as well. My heart is pumping fast, I don't know what this means. I am confused over my own body. I don't react to it. I am the only angel with a phone. My hands are starting to shake. My text is starting to shake. I get so charged from writing about this. It's like half of my brain and the typing arm still have some detached power to recognize this experience. The other half brain, the other arm, rest of the body and the angels are floating. We're nervous, sensitive, physically weak but so charged. We just look at each other and then at my typing arm as if it's the one responsible for this experience to end. As if the text perpetuates this power, doubles it. As if the text is being dictated by something that has already experienced this and tells me to go more.

200907 Sălard. Going unhere opens thousands of possible ins. It's not just that "you're out", you can be connected to otherwise inaccessible levels. Unhere is not just an escape from reality. It may also be the opening of another one. It may be running from problems, but it may be also a search for solutions, and problems, on other levels. Unhere doesn't

mean disappearing, it means getting out of here. And this always means arriving somewhere else. Any unhere is a here somewhere else. Disconnection from nature, in a paradoxical way, can mean a superior, normally inaccessible connection. Sometimes you need to disappear to be deeply present. To cut the ordinary connections with reality to really see. According to Simondon, to arrive at transindividual, at "collective", the community should be stripped away – the entire network of human "commerce", "the words of the tribe" that fix us in our social functions and roles. You need to do a paradoxical move, to go through "the ordeal of solitude", individuation, to escape and undo the embodied superficial sociality that blocks the collective.

200826 Băla. There is a mutilated tree outside the window, its shape is connected to mine somehow. Maybe if I change my shape's affect I can change something in the tree. I see abstract, images disintegrate. Words, characters are abstract lines, shapes that integrate into the landscape. The tree was somewhere behind my phone, now it's here, the depth disappeared, it's all a 2D abstract image. I start to lose the ability to write. I wonder if you can read. I stopped for a couple of minutes unfocused, blank. I feel you, the reader from the future. I feel warmth in my chest. Maybe I should move, I like this strange place in the room, it's not ok to stay here and write. It's strange, it's not exactly a wrong place, it is a passing through space, it feels like a no man's land. I'm sitting nowhere and I'm a bit unsafe, like the ground is unstable. I implant my feet more, I stick to the ground. But this gives me instability. I start to focus more on feeling my phone in my hand, not so much on what I write. I see the words appearing on screen but I'm also looking around the screen, the phone is just an object in the room. I'm connected with what's around me. I have the feeling that I exit through that window now... I'm back to write this. We live in contexts, in worlds. The things around implicitly guide us, and that's fine, most of the time. We usually want to be centered in our world, we aim for safety, for the middle of the herd. But there you have to completely conform, to move like the others, otherwise you're mauled. I have to stop and think about how to go on, I look up at the ceiling, on my left, I touch the ceiling with my gaze. I come back and look inside me, I see nothing but I feel my existence. It's not a strong feeling. Not easy to write, the keyboard's AI helps with suggestions, but it's not that smart.

200825 Băla. My palm has these subtle movements, and all the lines are changing, forming different shapes, landscapes. I'm afraid that I will see the future. I look through my palm. The hand is just an element of the image, still very important because it can easily change the image. I overlap my hand on the landscape, and by changing its

position and shape it changes the image and the composition. Now my hand becomes more important than my eyes, the focus moves from the image to the affect in my hand. The core of my being is in my hand now. I feel reality from there. I exist and live from there. Unhere affects and states are from the edges or even from outside what is apparently available "here and now". It is a practice and habit of exiting, of seeing and making exits where there aren't.

200824 Băla. There is something strange in the way my hand touches the wall. It's like my hand belongs more to the wall than to myself. Now my entire body belongs more to the wall than to myself. Maybe not, but for sure there is something weird between me and the wall. It's like I have a kind of energetic grounding through this hand-wall thing. No, I don't like "energetic", it is rather affective what's going on here. The wall is also like a kind of safety because the other hand is so charged that it is unsafe. Anyway this is not exactly a wall, everything is very abstract. There is a new entity that is formed. My body-wall has a different type of feeling. But sometimes the connection is gone, and my body is just like an abstract form disconnected from everything, the wall doesn't exist more than the other things around. The phenomenon extends to the ground. Me and the earth, we're strangely attracted. I'm attached to it right now.

200823 Băla. My awareness is very dimmed, I just look at my legs, how they're walking, and just a little bit in front. It's relaxing to have such a small world. In this small world everything seems fine. I see the legs and the phone now because I'm writing this. I extend my awareness beyond the one meter in front of me. I get out of my relationship with the phone and you, I expand until I'm everything. I extend everywhere, that's why I reach you where you're reading this now. My awareness encompasses the world now, it's like I can sense until the end of reality. Because I'm affect... I come back to my phone and my body and I start to walk again, it's so much more relaxing than the extended awareness, fewer things can go wrong in a very small world. Now my body is contracting, smaller and smaller, a point, just a point. Nothing. I'm just exteriority, I'm the world around me. When it moves, "I" moves.

200822 Băla. My chest is warming up, it's filled with warm feelings, I don't understand anything anymore, I'm out of this world, I just feel so much, I'm melting. I don't need anything else, I'm out, self sufficient, "self" is too much said, because I'm not a self anymore, I'm just this feeling. I feel so much love that I had the sensation that I

disintegrate or that a sort of transcendence is imminent. The phone is disappearing from my hand. The reality is less solid, just potential, its walls are becoming very very thin. I feel that there is a way to open it, like you open a dream in lucid dreaming and could start to float, change the setting, the space, the time. My body is so charged that I feel that if I find the right /wrong gesture I can exit this world or change this reality. I don't know if this intensity is ok, I feel that I can disintegrate. Thoughts brought my body back. Now the body behaves like nothing happens. Super grounded, super stable. Reversed transcendence.

200822 Băla. I stay between these plants, I just stay, I don't think more than them, maybe just when I write on the phone. Like when cats sit together, they really sit together, it's like they have a feeling of their configuration together. There is nothing to do, nothing to see, nothing to hear, nothing to feel, or there is everything. You can only indirectly be unhere. Anything voluntary and in our control is a here, it's part of our possible, of our world. The trick is to accept that it's not in our power to be unhere, and allow ourselves to get extrasensitive in the hope that our bodies catch something that is not us, something unhere. So the only thing we can do is to have the intention to go Unhere, to abandon the control, and to follow our bodies where they're taking us. I have a completely blank gaze for the world. Nothing is passing my mind, except these words that I write here, not even that. It is more like I have a second small mind allocated just for maintaining this writing activity, but I can definitely say that my mind is empty.

200821 Băla. I interrupted any activity with the exception of writing, and actually this writing is a bit annoying, it interrupts my experience of inactivity. I took my things and wanted to go inside and I just stopped, suspended. There is no time and space, there is no me. We usually stay, stop, relax at the end of activities. I like to do it in the middle of an action or even a movement. But this is more than stopping or relaxing, I stopped the world. It's in a way a meditation, but I'm not taking time and space for it, I'm not going in my meditation posture, I'm here, hanging, with the blanket in one hand, the phone in the other. I can stay like this for days, maybe not, the time doesn't matter. But yes, I've been here only since a few minutes ago, probably.

200820 Băla. I don't know for whom I keep maintaining my composure, my appearance. My face drops, my posture disintegrates. What a relief. I'm drooling on my phone. I look and feel like an idiot, what a sight. And this strange sound that comes out of my mouth. I

hope you don't reconstruct this in your mind. The neighbors came into my altered mind again. Sorry that I disconnect from you a little, there is something happening between me and this walnut tree here. I hope that my neighbors don't see me, it's not a problem that they think I'm crazy, but I'm afraid that they will go a little bit crazy as well. Hmm, that could be great actually. I'm very contagious because I'm not crazy in my mind, I'm "crazy" in my body. When the norm is sick the deviations are crucial. And the norm is always sick. The unhere people are annoying because they can ruin the harmony, the party, the official narratives, beliefs. They are out of tune with "normality", and attuned to something else. I should find the balance between content and experience, between performativity and discursivity. Let's think this further. I refuse to think my posture, to compose myself in the place where I am. I lose my human form.

200820 Băla. I don't want to stay here anymore, I feel like I can start to fly. Like my head is connected with something in the sky that pulls me up. I'm still too heavy. Maybe, if I can activate that force from my dreams, in which it seems that we have the flying capacity somewhere in the body. It's a sort of feeling in my belly and my chest. At least this extracts me completely from here, psychologically. Like I'm more connected with that thing above. I must look quite absent. It doesn't seem to be a god. It is more like an abstract "out of here". The strange community from A Visitor to the Museum film comes to my mind: "We only have one prayer: 'Let me out of here.' Let me out of where? Out of here... In general." When we don't know what to do, or when we don't want to do anything anymore, or when everything is hopeless or too sad, or too difficult, too boring, too wrong, we just want to get out of here and now. To be unhere.

200819 Băla. I hear this tractor, is it part of nature? It seems annoying, a product of reason which is separation from nature and violence against the environment. You can see almost everything as technology or everything as nature. Technology is just nature doing certain things. For certain Amazonians there are multiple natures. Or you can see a clear divide. Humans as the first technology that went against their nature and nature in general, sapiens vs sentients. My reason is a little compromised because I have this urge to reintegrate in nature. I connect with nature, starting from this apple tree. Or is it the other way around? I'm part of nature or nature is part of my experience, or we don't exist? For everything there is a theory. I'm near this tree, it is pulling me somehow. I don't know why it is covered in these leaves. They are green, a lot of them. There is some light energy between our branches. It's moved by the wind, I'm moved by the affect between us. We communicate, it's not "only in my mind", it's physical, subtle, but eventually the

neighbors can see that something is going on. Although I hope they're not seeing me for their sake. Maybe conceptually it would be more interesting for this to happen between me and the tractor, but it's not up to me, I don't do it. When I did Unhere in art spaces I felt connected with some art objects, so it must work with tractors too.

200818 Băla. Maybe they see me from somewhere, I try to look normal, but I know that it's weird how I stay, where I stay, there is something off in me, and pretending that everything is ok increases the strangeness. I try to maintain my focus but I don't know what I'm supposed to do. Why am I here? In this place, in this posture. And why are exactly these things around me? My body and the world seem to lose their meaning. I'm in this garden, but I don't know why I should go in a particular direction and not another. There is something off in the way I'm inserted in reality. Or "reality"? Whatever, I feel like in a virtual reality. Interesting, I'm glad that I took the phone with me to write all this while it's happening. Somehow I know to choose the words one after the other, AI helps but not that much, I still have to focus.