

Love, notes from inside

Florin Flueraș, [Love \(2018\)](#). "Love" explores practices for embodying love – hypersensibility, ecstatic affects, subtle affective connections with things around – love in its expanded sense, as the affective base of reality, which, in a mysterious way, sensible bodies can sometimes sense and affect. In Love, the charged sensible bodies are inserted in "inappropriate" contexts where something else is already happening – from art spaces to supermarkets and anything in between. Their sensibility brings a contrast that can performatively interfere with the normality of those contexts, temporary zones of possibility might open. Since affects are contagious, the entire atmosphere and situation can be affected. Artworks are usually visual, sound or conceptual. Love is love based.

Spiritual traditions talk about a fear/control vs love dynamic – we always have the choice between the two sides and everything is decided by that. It might be a simplistic view, but it is surprisingly actual now, when our lives and politics are so much fear and control based. Although "fear" is somehow twisted to mean "love". The twist is possible because "love" is exhausted and perverted, it can mean anything, from sex to empty corporate "care" slogans. What is disappearing from "love" is the actual body experience of it. From everyday actions to art practices, the default perspective is of a body as instrument, as tool. We control and put our bodies to do things, to work, to create images, to express ideas, we discipline and choreograph them, and this pattern of control extends to nature, society and entire reality, with horrible consequences.

Love can dissolve control and instrumentalization, changing bodies and worlds in the process. It can start as a practice of adding an affective sensibility to everyday behaviors, a second attention that might make one drift out of the anatomic body towards a sensible body – from "image body" to body as a portal towards the unknown, to "love body". We don't know what a love body can do.

Love explores alternatives to the capitalist body, to the body as machine, which Silvia Federici traces as being the first mechanism (not the clock or the steam engine) that the industrial revolution needed to produce in order for capitalism to take over. Alternatives are needed not only because the control / image body is destroying the world (ecocide, extinction, wars, multiple crises) but because it's also collapsing the possible, greatly

diminishing the range of what can be perceived, thought, imagined and experienced. Love is also a process of recuperating the foundations of the possible, the powers of bodies to affect and to be affected. And an inserting and asserting of those bodies into the (art)world, hopefully with some contagious affects and effects.

251027 Fiscal Administration, Timisoara. My body is blessing everything and everyone around. It's mildly put to say that doing this here feels unsolicited. Yet, some people are intrigued, some are smiling and some seem to have an art seeing type of focus. After a while all the anxiety of dealing with administrative and fiscal offices flooded my body. As I wrote this, it entered some self-soothing movements, like blessing itself. And now the other people again. The office workers are watching me from time to time, interrupting their working flow a little. They probably don't have much time for art, so it's fitting that I brought Love here. The place feels quite serene now, and it feels that somehow my body did it, together with the pleasant sun entering through the big windows. My body got very warm from all this. Now I'm sitting on a waiting chair like the others, and my body is melted by this serene atmosphere. The disintegration of the body just added to the warmth, to the charge in my body, and to the perplexity of people. It feels like a strange monument of Love in the wrong place. A wrong place that feels perfect now.

251021 Operei Square, Timisoara. My body explores the square randomly, apparently, guided by a subtle affective charge. It's an important square, the '89 revolution (although more and more people prefer to call it otherwise) started here. In any case an important event was taking place here and it feels like somehow some of its waves are reaching my body. Now I have the sensation that some part of me is reaching back in time as well. I started to remember those days and how the news from here affected me. It was something unimaginable, incomprehensible. My body now reaches the bodies that were here back then. Now it reaches my past body of those times, where it was, in Targu Mures. For all this to happen, some small affective adjustments are taking place in my body. Because of these space-time dislocations, the present faded and became strange, the people passing through the square appear as ghosts, the entire atmosphere seems eerie.

The hundreds of pigeons hanging out here brought me back to some sort of reality. I'm back, more than before, with something extra in my body.

251019 Piața Unirii, Timișoara. Six years ago I was doing Pillar Artist here, in this square. I was providing a lift above the square for people, myself included, one by one, to stay suspended for at least 30 min. on the improvised pillar (scissors lift reminiscent of Brâncuși's Infinity Column) – an alternative, contemplative way of being in a parallel world amongst people. Now I'm doing kind of the same, creating a parallel possible, but based on this affective charge in my body. It works even better than the pillar, at least for me. I just wonder if it has a similar effect on other people as well. They are definitely noticing. My body enters these altered postures modeled by affect – shapeshifting monuments of love, capturing and diffusing grace for the entire square.

250906 Bucharest. "Love" appears in its expanded sense in my work, as the affective base of reality, which, in a mysterious way, sensible bodies can sometimes sense and affect. I explore how love can affect everyday behaviors and situations (Unexperiences, Unimages, Unhere, Love), nature and ecology (Love Nature), spirituality (Love-expanse), art (Love Art, Unofficial Unworks) and politics (Political Sorcery). Until now I didn't really engage with romantic love, but obviously, expanded love is central in romantic love too.

Love-affect, the base for romantic love, always seems to appear as a surprise, it cannot be provoked or produced, it's metapersonal. It's not under our will, there is something mysterious about when, why it appears. It's always an event, you're hit by it and everything changes. And it always seems to be challenging, it makes you overcome social norms and conventions, our own opinions and preferences too. It's like it challenges us to put love above our own plans, certitudes, social expectations and pressures, and anything else. This is basically almost always the story in novels, films, and when it rarely happens in people's lives too.

The love-affect is not enough though. On its basis romantic love can appear, but it's not a given, the situation is very fragile. You can stifle and kill it easily just by focusing on flaws, impossibilities, problems, obstacles, fears... If one does this, a discrepancy, a gap is created and amplified: the one who allows oneself to fall in love might appear more and more lost,

desperate and hopelessly in love, while the other becomes increasingly skeptical and distant, out of it. The potential for love is spoiled.

In this sense it's also an implicit or explicit choice. You can neglect or suppress love. This will probably harden your heart and take away from your sensibility, from the ability to feel love again, yet the dull soulless insensibility appears as the reasonable, safest choice for the majority of people. Probably because when you choose to follow your heart you might lose your grounding and fall in love, out of control, towards the unknown, risking your self and your world in the process. It can be beautiful but also overwhelming and scary. The required courage, faith and mindsets are difficult, if not impossible, in our society based on rationalism, materialism, scientism, control and safetyism.

Our world produces disembodied insensible people with no connection to love-affect. A few people still might be sensible enough, but are scared by it. They try to build romantic love on the more "safe" bases of rational driven match-ups, material interests, sexual desire, compatibility and common interests, good looks, needs, fears (of loneliness for instance). Without the affect-love, you can still have experiences that people associate with love (dependency, attachments, jealousy, drama, losing your head...), but romantic love just doesn't work like that, the mysterious love-affect is fundamental, that's why love is so rare.

To create something based on love-affect, you need to listen to it, to follow it. Romantic love needs a certain idealisation of the situation and of the other person. It needs hyperstitions – fictions that become real through doings. It needs dreaming, to affect reality in the direction of love, to co-create a shared love-reality. Love-dreaming differs from fantasy because it is centered on the embodied affect-love. Fantasy inevitably breaks when facing reality, love-dreaming on the other hand has the power to shape, to dream reality.

With art, it's kind of the same, you need to have or develop the base, the aesthetic sensibility, but you also need to start dreaming, risking your reality and maybe your position, status, self on top of it. Love cannot be produced but it can be easily killed. The same in art, you cannot just produce a good artistic idea, and if, when it appears, it is very easy to not see it or destroy it. What kills love and art is the mastery, the control, the management, our opinions about how things should be, our knowing. It's important to allow a real process to happen, to see where things lead. To be gentle, to listen to things,

to admit that you don't actually know what is better in a situation. To resist the urge to arrange things according to your will and knowledge. To try to live with the discomfort of being led far away from how you and things “were supposed to be”. Love and doing art might push you out of your stable grounds, of yourself. It's important to accept the initial discomfort and even to eventually learn to enjoy being in the mist of unknowing because there is where the true, good and beautiful happen.

250405 Presidential Palace, Bucharest. Probably against the military fanfare and exhibition here, my body entered this love state – a peace in my body that extends to the presidential palace here. There is a lot of militarism that comes from this building, and from the most Romanian politicians. My hands entered a kind of blessing activity, not only towards the presidential institution but also towards the many visitors here. A drill with weapons is happening next to me now. Their bodies are harshly controlled, automatic, robotic, with rigid violent moves. My body walks next to them, having a soft, vague, light, affect-like presence. For the spontaneous audience here I'm probably in the wrong. It started to rain and my body is heading home, defeated.

250328 Somn Bucharest. If Illich is right, all this AI advancement is paired with an even bigger human decline – more than technology advancing to catch up with us, it's us becoming machinic in order to accommodate it. We increasingly see ourselves as information processing beings. Like thinking in terms of acquiring “information” from a book instead of having the experience of reading it, and so on with other cybernetic terms that we came to see as normal, but are reductive and disembodied alternatives to the words (and associated experiences) they replaced. The human - AI meeting happens also because we're in an extraordinary process of disembodiment, having image bodies or “medical bodies”(bodies as information, as techno-data coming from experts and devices, instead of felt experience) that think and behave more and more like AIs. In this situation Love and a love body are radical counterculture – against Alfication of everything and the slop world.

241109 Bucharest. Perspective inversion. I was implicitly considering body sensibility as a tool for art. Now I see the body sensibility as the main thing and art might appear as a desire and as a result of this love body. The foundation is love. Art comes from love. Otherwise you're automatically inscribed, controlled, submitted to some implicit mental orientations. Art, my implicit orientation, was giving me anxiety because it's a sphere that requires some recognition (never enough), exterior confirmation, if not "success". Having love as the background, then intentions, topics can emerge as a desire of the body, new configurations, paradigms can be initiated, as opposed to being inscribed in a religion that you practice, even if the religion is art. As in performance, if you go with body sensibility (love), things start to arrange themselves and work. In Unsorcery terms, this is a switch from the "first body" to the "second body". It's a timely switch, the first body was starting to fail to keep up with this world and the result was a bit too much worry and anxiety.

240302 La Caleta de Adeje. Love presentations follow 3 stages of a very long process: activation of love-sensibility, mainly through plants; establishing a second body based on this sensibility; and affecting reality. The first powerful Love experience happened in 2004 in a Transylvanian forest. The trees were somehow subtly moving and reorganizing my body in a way that made me see-feel them, like I was for the first time able to meet them. Things were overwhelmingly charged and meaningful, my gaze and my body were organized by them. I was completely awed. I had to leave my friends and the mountains and go home to stay with my experience for some days. The next stage, second body, started one day in 2007, when, while mopping the floor, I felt that through a shift in attention and intention, an affective sensibility was added, changing the nature of what I was doing. With time, this second attention to what you're already doing might create another way of being in the body, what since 2012 I call "second body" or "love body". In the third stage, later, I realized that this love-sensibility has the power to affect reality, to create potentiality zones and affective openings – Love-expanse and Political Sorcery.

230723 Premantura peninsula. Doing some practices here I had an insight that the problem in some of my performances is just an extension of my problem during practices - I often train this attitude of pretending, of formally doing the practice - in practice for

myself, in performance for myself and others. I fool myself. The solution is to always return to the love body, to the feeling, affect in the body. The sensation is of another way of being, it's like there are two incompatible ways of being in my own body, of being me. Just one is being in my body, the other is being in projected feelings and sensations on my body, and this is the default functioning, our bodies are replaced by image bodies.

230703 in front of Buda Kortrijk. My charged hand goes towards pigeons, and they are coming towards me, probably because they think that I might feed them. My body entered this monument of love poses, two girls are looking at me laughing on the other side of the river. My body went completely open towards people here. A woman was looking in my direction and after a moment of being puzzled she looked at my phone in my hand. The water is very present, finally after two weeks here I feel that I meet the river. It's flowing into me. It enters mostly through my eyes, affectively. A woman watches our communication intently. Now the affective channel from my chest connected with the flowers on the bridge. My entire body constantly changes its posture, to maintain this connection.

230701, Buda studio, Kortrijk. My body is in an affective spiraling. From myself, the affect extends to the walls of the studio, then to the trees outside, buildings, horizon, while I'm slowly spinning around and writing this. Now I understand why I felt like I had to open the doors of the studio. It's nice to see the city and the horizon on both sides, to see where my body is extending. I kind of felt that this practice cannot be contained in a dance studio, the same as it cannot be contained on a stage. My chest is warm, my hands, including the one with the phone are at the horizon. My body needs this expansion. If it stays in the studio it gets into dance and choreography mindsets. My body is the world, and affects the edges of reality. Or maybe not, I have just a vague feeling that this is the case. The sensation disappeared. Now it is like the outside things are coming and touching me, my body gets warm. I'm compressed by love. There is an affective blanket around my body. I'm in a warm affective sphere – calm, peaceful and self-sufficient. The thoughts cannot physically exit or enter the sphere. This made me bring the phone closer to myself in the cocoon. The

warmth moved inside my chest again, my body opened. I'm with everything, affectively. I feel reality on my body and my body sends love back to it.

230627 in front of Buda Kortrijk. My body moves in a way that soothes me, creating the affective atmosphere of the reality around, a dreamy reality. Suddenly this floating island full of plants started to accompany me, moving with me as if pulled by my body, especially by my hands. My hands started to exercise this power with things around, people, ducks on the river, buildings, floating islands. Now they're charging the space around. This can be helpful because in a couple of days we will perform here. For a moment my body felt like accessing its future performance. We already have people watching us here, and now my body entered some moves to affect them, and the future spectators.

230624 train station Kortrijk. My body moves slowly and apparently randomly, yet the movements are for maintaining my charged, hypersensible state. I'm an affect body now. Everything around feels abstract and charged – colors, lines, shadows that are touching me. People and trains are doing an abstract and at the same time somehow meaningful choreography, they are exactly in the right activity at the right time in the right place. Time and space are dilated. It's very pleasant. My body communicates affectively. I hope that people who look at me from the platforms and from the train that just arrived feel this. Now that I wrote this, my hands, including the one that is writing this, are blessing the people that are stepping out of the train. Some are looking at me confused, some are smiling. One woman looked in my eyes, in a way that felt like I'm her lover or someone very dear waiting for her after a long journey. Probably my behavior can be read as an affective welcome. My body slowly enters the waiting room of the station, like entering a holy place. It walks supercharged in a miraculous place, seeing amazing details, people. Some of them are checking me out, puzzled.

(Martina Piazzì) 230624 train station Kortrijk. I feel a weight pressing my body from all directions, it holds me tight, limiting my movements. An invisible fluid slowly starts to pour from my chest, running down my hips, knees, feet, till the ground, emptying the container that is my body inside out. While melting I notice a ray of sunlight shining on the roof of the

train's wagon, I'm completely mesmerized by it. I begin to embrace the feeling of loneliness and melancholy that the empty station carries with it. A shiver runs under the skin, it leaves me with tremors that continue while I interact with what's around me. I touch a time table sign with my shoulder and we fuse, becoming one thing, together we represent the strongest symbol of love. As a newly established sculpture of the station, we start to bless the trains wishing for safe travel. I'm taken by a warm and pleasant feeling, it's uplifting, and makes me to almost levitate through the platform, someone is watching me from the train.

(ET)230621 Pompidou, Paris. There are certain fortunate cases where a place, event, or artwork in my case now, might pierce within me a feeling like it suddenly opens the experience of reality more. I looked at these black and white photography works, some showing empty rooms arranged in subtly odd ways, others showing empty gallery rooms. There is a light humor and cleverness behind them, but most of all I feel that they create meta-connections between reflecting at them and feeling yourself as part of them – feeling them here. While I write, my body automatically follows the direction of some visitors, and the chest opens. There is a room in my chest. The rooms in the photographs appear to continue the exhibition room, to create little exits or extensions out of here, to push the limits. My torso and arms rose, something from my presence lifted up too. When it couldn't rise higher, my body started to turn around with half bent arms, as if affectively touching the works, the space, the visitors, with the back of my hands and arms. It's a strange feeling to explain, but it's a bit as if the distance between my hands and the other things ceased, I can have a feeling of them on my body. More visitors pass, it gets harder to maintain this. I reduce its visibility but this seems to increase the power of the practice through its very secrecy, through the fine negotiation between appearing and disappearing. And, in a way, the photographs are about that appearing and disappearing too. My body walks backwards, absorbed in an overwhelming walk, charged, almost not able to contain the feeling. A guy with headphones came and followed me with a comforting presence, between contented and interested, dreaming his reality, trying to read mine. I came back to normal, a text on a wall reads something with 'revealing the invisible'.

230506 Tanzfabrik studio, Berlin. I have this warm feeling in my chest, it spreads a sort of affective energy around while I'm turning, at least that's how I feel. We're in this big studio, perfect for big productions, and all we do is to engage with these subtle body affectivity. Yet, it makes sense to explore Love here, as it makes sense to show it in big venues, precisely because of this contrast with the context. You expect images, objects or bodies doing some sort of "performance", and you're encountering love, or maybe nothing, because nowadays the affective receptivity is mostly gone. This is a place for choreographing bodies, for training and controlling them in order to be able to provide dance, representations, performance. Returning after a long time in dance studios, I somehow registered their energy, and I automatically entered a control, contemporary dance mode of being. Not anymore, now my body, especially my left hand, entered a kind of blessing of the space and of the world beyond the 4 walls. It's not an image, it's not making fun of, it's really blessing. There is an energy that is pouring out of my hand, and now of my chest too, even of my right hand with the phone, while I'm writing this. Now this love goes towards the sky, I feel like in the religious icons. This is a bit too much. Because I thought this, my state completely switched to something neutral, discharged, the posture remains but it's abstract, casual, not religious anymore. As soon as I wrote this it became religious again. It went back and forth like that for a while, between religious and abstract blessing.

230419 supermarket, Berlin. I'm always affectively connected with something. Sometimes with customers, some of them watching me with suspicion from the corners of their eyes. Sometimes with products, like my left hand with this musli pack here. Sometimes with the words that I write on this phone and the eyes that are reading them. Now that I wrote this, I feel in my chest this connection with you. I slowly spin around and the love from my chest spreads in space and time. Some part is now exactly where and when you read this. Writing this, my here became for a moment your here in my future, your present, double presence. A client just changed direction when she saw me, maybe she saw that I'm not exactly here. Or maybe that I'm more here than normal. I feel here, I'm connected with everything from products to clients and employees. My perception is very sharp. I hear

more, I see more and I especially feel more. My left part of the body is affectively touched by the client to my left. Now I walk very slowly, my charged hand triggers attention. It has the power to capture people's gaze. The quality in my hand changed from magnetizing the attention to sending love. I'm walking slowly with my hands in front, blessing people and products. I hope I don't scare them, although I might look like the saints in icons and this can be scary. My right hand writes and blesses at the same time... Love retreats in my chest. I'm back to normal, although I still feel more than normal. I'm back to shopping.

(ET)230418 TFB Berlin. Love, something which we have a bit of an idea about, at least mere associations with a positive, uplifting, sensible and unifying state, becomes deeply abstract and infinitely open when embodied. As if sensibility throws us back into deeply questioning the nature of life. It opens the door to abstract affect. In the process of embodying love, as one becomes more love – loses the normal body. I don't perceive my body anymore as I usually do, able somehow to interpret it – it rather becomes pure affect, a power that does things in the world. Love cannot be controlled, understood, predicted, interpreted through familiar philosophies, it always looks for dismantling rules, to radically open that which stopped expanding.

230403 Bucharest. My mind is often searching for possible distractions in an agitated run from reality. This is followed by the panic that I'm wasting time, energy, "my life", and I force myself into practices, into what "I should do". But this control is equally unsatisfying, things are not flowing, it drags or even injures my work. It's also exhausting and then, again, my mind is desperate for distraction and so on, a bad loop. All the problems come from insensibility. In both situations I'm not acting based on what the situation requires, as felt in a sensible body. It's a question of having faith in love, that this affective sensibility can organize our time and experience, it can run our lives better than an anxiously controlling mind.

230325 Bucharest. My practice is based on love and faith. It sounds quite mystical :). It's about reversing the mind to body control path, and developing an affective sensibility – a love body. And about having faith in this love – having the intention and the courage to

abandon myself to these affective powers instead of relying on the default habits of controlling the body and the world.

230324 Military Academy, Bucharest. There are tens of sculpted historical people on these walls, they look stiff and heroic. There is one that looks somehow gracious. My body's posture slightly changed, in relation to his. My body acts like trying to soften the stiff heroes but they are stone, literally. My hands are charged, they send some love to the massive military building. I hope the people inside become more like the gracious hero than like the stiff ones. I might look unpredictable, suspect, it might look like a sort of witchcraft towards the military personnel in the building, I hope I will not have problems. Now, all sorts of things, especially trees, but also the gracious hero are pulling my body affectively, mostly by the chest, in all directions. Upwards now. Maybe this can go towards levitation. The guard is out of the building watching me intently. My body turns around itself and basks in his gaze, doing all sorts of small moves, to increase the sensation of his eyes on my body. He's caught by this behavior. I keep turning around and my left hand, more and more charged, is blessing things and beings. A girl starts smiling when she sees me. I bless her and keep turning. My hand stopped and it pulls me towards the market, but the thought of entering the busy market with my hand blessing like Jesus stopped me. My hand blessed a couple that was passing close to me. My hand again pulls me towards the market. I enter it, moving slowly and affecting people and products with my hand and with my entire body, to an extent. Too many intrigued and suspicious gazes pulled me out of it. People don't seem ready to receive blessings anymore, which is not surprising.

230222 book shop, Bucharest. My body entered a soft trembling hypersensitivity, here in the philosophy books section. I feel vulnerable. In a weird synchronicity, someone at the book launch that's going on here just said "vulnerable". It's the only word that I heard, I cannot follow the discussion in this state. Some of the people attending the launch are watching me puzzled. My trembling sensibility transformed into some kind of piety towards the books on the shelves. In this state my extra-sensitized hand went by itself towards a book, very slowly and ceremoniously. It touches it and slowly picks it up at a weird angle. The hand and the book feel completely detached, like they're autonomous.

The book has a painting on the cover and it is called "Musics and Phases". I put it down with a very charged trembling hand. I'm slowly walking backwards, my hand keeping a sensible distant connection with the book. A girl in the audience is laughing at me. The guard keeps an eye on me. I stay before this stand like in front of an altar. My chest is very open and warm. Maybe because there might be something very smart or very sensible in one of the books. Yet, now I'm with my back to the books and the state continues. A book on spectacle triggered my attention and I started to read from it, slowly becoming a reader.

230205 Bucharest. I might add this to my artist statement: From everyday actions to contemporary dance and performance, the default perspective is of a body as instrument, as tool. We control and put our bodies to do things, to work, to create images, to express ideas, we discipline and choreograph them, and this pattern extends to nature and entire reality. Most dance is focused on movement and entertainment, visual arts on objects, images and discourse. I'm interested not so much in the body's capacity to produce content, but in the body as affect, body as medium, body as a portal towards the unknown. My practice is not centered on images but on a special body sensibility that can affect what is possible to see, think and do – is love based. It's a way of sensing, affecting or even creating the world. More than visual or conceptual, I see my recent practice as love art.

221223 train Vienna-Bucharest. Truth, beauty, justice, faith are all powered by love, affective sensibility is their foundation. On this long trip I noticed what I noticed many times in the past, that while hypersensible, the dark ugly landscape becomes beautiful. Love is truly the secret.

221222 train Berlin - Vienna. I travel forward, but also outside. I somehow touch the horizon, the trees at the limit of the forest. Especially with my right hand, the hand that is also writing this. The train is a bit too fast. I understand why Jung said that when you travel fast your soul is left behind and needs time to catch up with your body when you arrive. I'm touched by the landscape, mostly in my chest. The gray sky in the evening, the black trees on white snow appear more beautiful now. My affective focus moved inside the train. My body moves slowly, my right hand affectively charged comes close to the book in front of

me on the table, almost touching it. The gesture transformed into a blessing of the other passengers. Some try to figure out my behavior, my state, but as soon as they meet my gaze they quickly look elsewhere. There is some affective power in my eyes. My body keeps moving slowly to amplify its receptivity, the world touches me. Through my eyes and right hand, the affect passes through the train. It's like the train is not allowed to go through an indifferent world anymore.

221206 Berlin. I'm wondering why it is so difficult, so hard, so demanding to do what you know is better for you and people around, what you know would give you true joy, instead of falling for bad addictive things (foods, online stuff...). Definitely we're in a culture of hedonism and narcissism, distractions are cool. Healthy foods and activities can seem boring and to insist on them you might appear no fun. Christian monks were seeing distractions as the demons' arsenal in "the battle for our souls". It might be wise to not enter a losing battle against demons. The trick would be to allow divinity (love) to fight them. Love creates space for forces that can deal with the demons, unlike ourselves. On the other hand, distractions might be necessary. At least for the "crazy saints" type of christians who disliked to appear so well-meaning, self-righteous, superior and boringly always good. They preferred to be unpredictable, even to themselves.

221130 Bucharest. I'm trying to reduce the time on the phone. To eat less processed foods... I forgot again that this doesn't really work, it's taking a lot of energy and it produces resistance, frustration. The best is to, like in my performance practice, to accept that I don't know better what's needed and to take what comes as wiser than what I think - a reverse of the choreographic approach over the body and reality – from control to sensibility. This means faith in love, that the affective sensibility is enough. Like they say somewhere in the Bible, love and don't worry about anything else. Or I don't know, this can become a recipe, a trap. And, paradoxically, in this radical openness the possibility of control is included too. I don't know.

220614 Faro. The environment, the context matters for my kind of practice. Things are different in different contexts, for sure, but at a certain level it actually doesn't matter. The

last months were very different in terms of contexts, from living in a cave, to an art residency in Berlin, and other things in between, but it mattered very little. I just incidentally, indirectly work with the context, my work is actually on the sensible. I just have to have my meetings with love wherever I am. And these meetings happened in the last months at home, in supermarkets, on beaches, on cliffs, in parks, in countryside hills, hotel rooms, art galleries, dance studios, on the streets... Things change a lot, some contexts are social, others are solitary, but at some level doesn't matter too much.

220310 Bucharest. From a text for Anthropausing project at TFB Berlin: Love, in the sense of a hypersensibility of the body, of a power to affect and be affected, requires a kind of pause from ourselves. Sensitivity manifests when we stop doing, when we stop automatically putting things into the world and start listening. When we stop ourselves, we might stop the world as we know it, and we make space for affect / love. The control path, from mind to body, might be reversed. There's a little paradox here that probably doesn't have to be solved: working at Love means in a way to stop working.

211119 Bucharest. Sometimes I just feel bad for losing time and I start doing uninspired "productive" things. The same in my performances, I feel that it's not enough what happens and start controlling, forcing, and that's the end of anything interesting. My body, my actions are governed, based on what I should do, not on the reality in my body and out of it, of what I feel. This is bad alienation from nature, body, and love. When you act outside inspiration you act redundant, in the known, in what already is. Empty effort for nothing. It's actually for less than nothing. Because it goes against ourselves, it empties our vital energy, producing crap that suffocates, bad moods and misery. Love depletion makes us more like programmable machines. Nothing special can happen anymore. We can think, feel and act only inside programmed perimeters. It is also a lack of faith, of trust in the body, in the unknown, in love. Only love moves you positively, fear moves you down, it makes you smaller, it cuts your wings. Nothing should happen without love. Love gives the sense of flow, that you're riding the situation. I should learn to recognize if I'm doing things out of fear or out of a desire, out of love. First step is to allow that nothing to happen.

210709 Bala. The suppression of love is the main schooling activity. The main lesson is that knowledge comes from experts, not from your own experience. You learn to trust and listen to authority, not to your body's feelings and intuitions. Illich pointed out how the same type of disembodiment powers medicine in its expropriation of healing and dying. You unlearn and distrust your healing capacities and put your body in the hands of experts. This attitude towards the body, grasped from the outside through the experts' mediation, is similar to the exploitive way of relating with reality in general, like planning ways to instrumentalize and engineer nature more, in order to save it. This is anti-love.

(ET)210626 Bucharest, supermarket. I don't see product by product as I usually do, but I integrate this place and everything in it as a whole. It looks different. It makes sense. It feels so good to be in a shop without having to be busy with the products, with all the reading of prices and ingredients, not anymore walking in a way as to purposely avoid people and make space for them to pass, oblivious to everyone. I don't create this space anymore. I am standing at an intersection between four corridors, where usually many people walk by at all times. Now they pass very close to me, we have a one-second body meeting. I cannot change my spot, I feel a perfect harmony somehow standing in this very place at this very moment in the shop. I don't even want to buy what I wanted to buy anymore, I just like being here. I wonder what will move me. I like more and more that people have to pass so close to me, breaking the normal rigid distance between us. Maybe it can feel a little awkward and uncomfortable to them, but for me it became very normal. I feel drawn to observe how people are in their bodies, their ways of carrying themselves. It's so pleasant, I wonder if I am ever perceived with a similar attention. I am still feeling the perfect harmony. A very innocent and casual love affect expands around me. Now I am starting to feel a little weird because the employees passed by me a lot of times, they might be noticing something is going on with me, but I am still not moved from here. I feel an aura of affect extending further in the shop. I feel that I am entering people's bodies through this affect, and people's bodies affect me back. The amplification of love moves me away. I don't know where I am taken. Suddenly the shop and the products gained something almost divine. What a landscape. I look at products and shelves as if I see art. And I somehow do. My new day-to-day exhibition. I am a visitor, I don't feel like a customer anymore. Products are all equal and they lost meaning, they are just wonder objects,

artworks to be looked at, felt, experienced. My basket is still empty after 20 minutes. I don't know if I will finally buy what I came here to buy, feels like I don't really need things anymore.

210625 street in Bucharest. I'm on this grass between the sidewalk and the street. There are some tree stumps and weird mushrooms on the ground. It's not the place where you will normally walk, but in this affected state it makes sense. Now I'm walking between the cars parked on the street, it also makes sense, because I'm not really deciding. It's this affect that guides my body. It's a big difference in walking on grass and on this cubicles now. They're quite hypnotic. The patterns correspond with my affect and somehow determine my walking direction. I'm lucky that there are not many cars passing. Love is not necessarily the best guide in this car oriented city. A car had to slow down to wait for me to free the road. It's a strange continuity between the cubicle patterns and the tree shapes. I'm just spinning slowly around, and I feel open to affect and be affected. I just had to let another car pass. I hope nobody calls the police. I didn't know why this affect took me out of the sidewalk to the grass and then here on the street, but it all makes sense, in the end is love against machinic. My body feels to affect all this artificial intelligence around, the algorithmic bodies on the sidewalk, in cars, offices and homes.

210619 home, Bucharest. I started to drink water, but I closed my mouth. I just keep the bottle on my lips and feel the water. It transfers some fluidity to my body. It's like I'm in contact with the water element in general. I removed the bottle from my mouth. I'm looking at the water fascinated. The water element enters my body through the eyes now. There is something between my palm and the water, a light energetic communication. Suddenly I can see how the ideas of holy / energized water, that I used to make fun of, can make sense. I literally feel that my very activated hand, close to the bottle, transfers something to the water. My chest connects with all the water now. Somehow I feel that everything is unsolid, because everything can affect and be affected. I took a sip of the holy water now, and tried to feel how it acts inside me. I hope it becomes my body. I can feel its energy in my belly. I leave the bottle and start walking. There is still a connection with the water, my body registers it. Waves are passing through my body, spreading fluidity.

210618 Bucharest. A love attention is activated by adding an affective layer to everyday activities. It develops as a second attention that turns everything into abstract love. It cannot be provoked, it's not in our control. The best thing is to get out of my way, body to be possessed by the intention (proposal, concept). If I let the body be, and don't force some sort of control, it will slowly be moved by intention. It's like an exploration, you're more of a spectator, the attitude is of curiosity about what the love intention will bring up this time. More interesting and often amazing stuff emerges than what you can bring up by yourself. As Alina was saying, "square of will in square of love." In time, this love attention can create a love body. Love body is not so much about the affect that comes from the body, but it is more about the body that comes from affect. The affect is producing and moving the body. The body is love – the affective layer is primordial.

210608 parking lot, Bucharest. I wonder if people see that I'm changed. Maybe from outside, it just looks like I'm walking slowly, and I'm in a strange state. But I'm carried away by this affect. I'm walking without aim in this small parking lot. I'm quite close to that sensation in my dreams when I'm lifted by a strange and very familiar force and start to float. I see differently. There is beauty around, except for the big bushes here, they are very dark, I feel their darkness. It acts on my skin. I'm turning around to let my body catch more. Darkness is everywhere now. Beautiful darkness. The shadows of things are more present than usual. The trees around this parking lot are shaped mainly by their shadows. My shadows send shivers on my spine and the entire body. My body moves slowly to capture these dark affects. I see why Don Juan said to Castaneda that shadows are much more than what they seem. In many indigenous cultures bodies are more like shadows, "dreamed" or made of affects and capacities, immaterial. I can resonate with these alien perspectives. I'm connected with my shadow for the first time in my life. Sometimes, depending on my distance from the lighting poles, it disappears and I pick another one.

210606 Bucharest. If you don't have the affective base to carve you an individualized, singularized path, your next best step is to do what "you have to". When the inner love connection is not there, the perspective and behaviors come from authorities. The

orientation becomes external, mimetic, conventional, conformist. This produces more alienation from one's own affects and capacities, from our bodies. Belonging to a certain group, identity becomes central. Identity etymologically comes from a "state of being the same". To be identified is to be pinpointed, to be stabilized in non becoming. Congregating mimetic people around identities is very convenient for the power. They just need to be oversensitized to their supposed identities and oriented against each other. Divide et impera - identity politics. Is difficult to escape our identities because thoughts and decisions are part of them, they come from what we are. Identity is a trap. The solution is not a fluid identity, this is just to play identity games harder. The way out is to follow, listen to some sort of outside, like some special dreams or feelings. Guided by love, listening to your heart, following your intuition, means exactly this, to have the courage to open yourself to extra-ordinary influences. To exit the prison of yourself, of your identity, of what you know. It's the courage of letting the unknown move you. It's what love always does, to get you out of yourself. Love ignores the identity games. Faith is trust in love – to allow yourself to be guided by love. Love means having the courage to experience, to feel the other, the difference, the alien. It's radically open and in contact with bodies, experiences and environments. In a way, love is a meta-perspective. And we need this, to be able to transcend divisions of identity politics. Different experiences, perspectives, won't feel threatening anymore. There is something universally human in all of us, and the differences are superficial, we're all alike. In many indigenous cultures, "human" is extended to plants, animals and other parts of reality.

210525 home, Bucharest. I stopped with the broom in my hand while swiping the floor. I started to move the broom differently, more like caressing the floor. It spreads the dirt. It doesn't matter. What matters is my new connection with the floor. My chest is warming up. My body got extra sensitized, and I feel the broom like a safety grounding. It's quite helpful now, I feel that I melt down. Now I try to be more reasonable, to clean the floor more efficiently, at least to not spread the dirt. I'm down on the floor. I'm fascinated by the pile of dirt, there is a lot of cat hair in it. The broom is lying down next to the pile, it seems like all three, the pile, the broom and myself we're at peace now, close to each other. A quiet moment. We stayed like that for a while. My eyes started to swipe the floor. It's like different parts of the floor catch my gaze. My palm touches the floor, and my eyes are

stopping the swipe to be able to write this. The same affective connection with the floor is now also through my soles of the feet. I'm affectively connected to the ground through my hand, eyes and feet. The rest of the body is slowly moving to adjust to this affect. A slight guilt passes my mind now, because Eliza is continuing the cleaning. My body is slowly moving towards utility again. But something stays, I feel my activity now, the perception is different.

(ET)210525 home, Bucharest. I am not waiting for anyone, though in the way I feel now, I can't deny that someone could appear next to me at any moment. I look over the window and feel that, whenever I'd turn, something could make itself present to me. I am doubting whether I am still in my kitchen, because I feel that something has altered in the environment. I see with different eyes. Everything seems still but alive, present, as if all the plants, trees, windows, buildings have also some kind of consciousness of their own. It's strange, I feel we are all watching or thinking or sensing the same thing at the same time, and we are all lateral elements to each other. I feel what I feel because we all feel this – a communal symbiotic body formed by all of us together at distance. The thoughts written here are their thoughts, too, our thoughts. There's a powerful connection between us, at the same time very calm. Fingers point to the ground to pour love through their tips, down to the roots of the trees.

210524 home, Bucharest. I was reading this book and my attention shifted to the way my hand is touching it, with affection I would say. It's a nice book, but in my current state it's difficult to read. It's very pleasant the way it is attached to my hand. My eyes are seeing the pages in their entirety, the text as abstract images. This situation extends to the other hand. The keyboard and the phone are becoming blurry too, the writing difficult. This might extend to you as well, affecting your relationship with this text. For a while it was impossible to write. Now I'm partially back. Some words in the book just catch my attention randomly, I read them individually, as stand alone meaningful. For, to, unknowing, shadow, by, overlooked, shape, incorporates, wave, else, and. I started to slowly walk with my two objects, trying to focus on writing this. Now that I said this, I feel that I present them, and some feeling extends from them to the world. They feel charged, my chest too,

and this feeling is going into the world, like in some icons in which the holy book is presented. I looked in the book again and this line jumped out to me, "the soul is actualized as a body in another world".

210523 home, Bucharest. I'm pulled by the chest diagonally up and far away. My body is pulled by the chest, my legs drag on the floor, behind. I'm at the edge of the balcony, still pulled beyond. My preservation instinct kicked in and I stopped. My warm chest over the edge, my hands in front, wavering slowly. I'm back on the phone to write this. I'm pulled in another direction. I'm stopped by a wall. The affect is passing through the wall, it's like just a part of my body is stopped by it. Something, like an affective body, is going on through it towards this attractor that pulls me out. The coldness of the wall and the warmth of this love are mixing in my chest. My face is touching the wall too, and I'm breathing it. It is too solid, too real, and it's somehow winning over this subtle feeling. My chest and my eyes are pulled from one tree to the other, and the rest of the body follows. My body is moved randomly, messy, with many sharp direction changes, chest in front and sometimes my hands too. I may look like a zombie. The attractor moved above, in the skies. I'm lifted, too heavy to levitate though. I'm falling back into my body and I like this casual, normal, nothing fancy state. Maybe my perception is a bit clearer, but that's all, no more weird stuff.

(ET)210522 Romniceanu park, Bucharest. I am not disturbed anymore by the noises around, by the kids running and screaming around me. I feel good, I forgot about feeling cold, I got engaged in this warm affectivity. The world loses its meaning the deeper I let myself to love. It sometimes acts like a soft sedative, a layer that disconnects or cuts some normative tension. It depends on the kind of gentleness each of us has in their nature, in their primal being. Not in the animal, but in the spirit. You can connect to this nature when you erase some of the urgency, the anxiety in the body, the rush of living life correctly, of loving correctly. The fear of not doing it (enough). I feel alright where I am now, like there is no time, or no better time to be. I got a feeling of safety and simplicity, with vague lucidity. The only thought I have is that I could be here forever. And maybe I've already been. I'm conscious, although it feels like something else is leading me.

210521 home, Bucharest. I stopped in the middle of dish-washing. Suddenly the water felt a bit strange, like something alien coming here. And my body started to affectively relate with it and a bit with the dishes too, and with the leaves in the vase here. My gestures deviate from dish-washing movements. My body adjusts its posture to better interact with the water. It came to my mind that it's from Argeş river, which springs in the Carpatian mountains. Reason kicks in, and I feel guilty about wasting water. I stop it. I became aware of the heavy rain outside. My body turns around and slowly goes towards the window. The rain brings back the watery affect, and something extra from the sky. It slowly moves my body. I feel fluid. "The water spirit", not long ago this would have sounded funny or silly, but here I am. I start to be a bit concerned about where this love practice takes me. In our globalized culture it's more and more difficult and ridiculous to communicate with plants, fungi, animals and other beings. Beings become more and more on the side of objects than subjects. We started to see ourselves as complex matter and chemistry organized according to the (Newtonian) physical laws, as objects. Physicalism requires our most direct and the only undeniable experience, our consciousness, to be seen as an illusion. The presence of consciousness, of subjective experience, is a "hard problem". The solution, if you want to keep with that kind of science, is to eliminate it. Materialism may be the main reason why we stopped feeling plants, animals, nature, and we stopped feeling ourselves too. Through this perspective everything is objectivized, to be analyzed, exploited and consumed. Anyway, all this thinking and writing diminished my watery experience. I go back to dish-washing.

210520 home, Bucharest. I stopped in the middle of my dressing up. While putting my sock on my left foot, I entered this love mode and my activity lost its purpose. The utilitarian movements of putting my socks on were replaced by small body adjustments in order to increase my sensitivity to this affect that warms my chest. I'm almost in a meditation posture. The foot with half of a sock on is a bit in front. My cat almost touches my leg. She seems to be in a similar state of self-sufficient auto affectivity. After a while, my chest lost its warmth. It's cold, I put my socks on.

210518 home, Bucharest. I'm in this dark hallway and I feel like kneeling, because of this spiritual affect that passes through my body. I'm here next to these colorful shoes. And I'm thinking that everything can become a sort of altar, and any space can be a temple. I feel like leaning on the wall. The skin of my hand is touching and being touched by the cold wall, and my face too. My phone is also touching the wall, it's the only way I can keep writing. But this is not just a wall now, it feels that my skin is in direct contact with the world. I transmit my warmth and receive its coolness. The wall is my limit, the edge of the outside. I needed this materialisation of the outside, I can relate better with it like this. I'm in contact with everything.

(ET)210513 home, Bucharest. I get a constant shiver everywhere in the body, goosebumps. I'm hypersensitive to my own self. Any movement is too much, any thought too violent. I feel at this moment there are a few of us in the world being aware of our common love 'body', holding the world together. I feel a strong attraction to the ground, I am falling, curling towards it. I arrive lying sideways on the floor with my right ear listening to the ground. I'm being switched between being aware of listening and being aware of my posture. There's something nurturing between me and the ground, there's a big innocent affection in the way I'm leaning with my head and palms into the floor, like a baby leaning against mother's chest. I feel so secure here on the floor. There's only me and the floor at this moment in the world. Nothing else exists now. Sometimes I open my eyes to write but when I close my eyes, not even me and the floor exist, the only thing left is the affect between us as a third, love body. There is no point in existing too much, as there is no point in not existing at all.

210513 home, Bucharest. I have to lean on this electric hob, this affect softened my body too much, I'm completely unstable. I love everything. It feels that I'm in the perfect place at the perfect moment. Everything makes sense. The noises that I hear, the shapes and colors that I see in this kitchen are perfect too, and this makes me extra happy. Even the sensations of softness and instability are making sense. I just hope that I will not collapse from so much happiness. I'm melting down, also emotionally, but in a good way, like some walls disintegrate. I'm ultrasensible. At least in my kitchen I'm allowed, I would feel more

vulnerable somewhere less private. I'm on the floor. I'm very grateful and connected to it. It feels like I relate with everything through it. It's a quiet sensation, like I can stay here forever. I don't even feel guilty that I lose time, maybe because I'm working, I'm producing this text right now. I'm curious how much of my calm state is preserved in the text.

210221 Agueda. According to Maslow's hierarchy of needs, you have to satisfy basic needs before finally taking care of the immaterial, spiritual ones like self actualization. I feel that we should go directly for the spirit, for following our hearts, our "idealisms". In many religions it's said that in this way, somehow even the basic needs and problems have a better chance of being taken care of. In Christianity, it's a sin to worry, or a trap. It means that you don't believe that God will take care of you. It's a sin also to try too hard to control, plan, to worry about the future, God will take care of tomorrow, you should deal with the present. Just love and don't worry about anything else. It's a huge problem in the world today that almost everything is done for security and profit, and out of some sort of calculation. In our world, it sounds crazy or naive to just do things out of love.

210218 Agueda. According to Illich, God's Incarnation brought a new possibility of a love based being, outside of norms and identities – “not under the law, but under grace.”(Paul). The “expanded horizon” for love introduces a new type of freedom as possibility into the world, and a new type of evil – to neglect or pervert this love. Against Christ's project of eliminating the rule based life, the church started a process of institutionalization and perversion of love, its transformation into rules. The good, the love, the faith were transformed into norms, services and commodities. By becoming imposed, love, charity, hospitality became radically perverted, destroyed. This process was continued and amplified by institutions like school, medicine... They dispossess humans of their capacities and practices of learning, healing, creating. The power of love, of the body to affect and to be affected, was constantly captured and diminished. Medicine made people to acquire medical, machine-like, bodies. People got disembodied, the sense of themselves lost and the connection between people's feelings and nature dismantled – "the poetic, performative quality of existence was erased and forgotten in field after field." Institutionalisation got to "deaden the heart and shackle the imagination", creating a world

"immune to grace". "The felt body was replaced by the external observation and manipulation of the anatomized body." The core of our being, the capacity to affect and to be affected, to love, is gradually petrified. Our world became "the negative actualization of the Christ", the culmination of a new evil that appeared as a corruption of love – the Antichrist.

210126 home, Bucharest. I'm mainly affect, I lose mass, consistency, I become ethereal, I'm seamlessly fluidly moved by love. How is this possible, to perceive my body, myself as affect, not as meat and bones? For some Amazonian tribes this is normality. My body is moved by these affects, except my hands that are typing this. My writing is related to thinking, which, some say, it's an attack on the environment. But this is so only for disembodied thinking. We learn that thinking should be objective, disembodied, unrelated with our experience. Without embodying, what is called thinking is just a rearranging of external, experts' clichés. And this disembodied "objective thinking" is everywhere now. Experience forces thinking. Without the primacy of embodied experience, thinking becomes computation. Body sensitivity opens the possibility of thinking. Thinking is not possible without love. I become more grounded but still there is a subtle affective current running through my body, and it's going into the phone, and maybe into the text and I hope that from the text to your eyes and through your body.

200828 Băla. Maybe the aim of all is to increase love and the belief in love. Maybe that's why so many times love has something to overcome, mostly some hostile values and beliefs. Love and art are both very sensitive to faith. You just have to believe in them. And the trust is contagious, helps the others feel that there is something there. Art is often about finding ways of overcoming control, the fall in ourselves, in what we know. About allowing the beyond of ourselves to inspire us, the beyond ourselves to shape our moments.

200810 Cuca. I'm not interested in the anatomic body. At the base of my work is what I call the "love body". This vision of the body is similar to what Viveiros de Castro calls the multi naturalism of some Amazonians – perspectives, realities, natures organize around

bodies, which are bundles of affects and capacities. We don't know what a body can do. Affect metamorphosis of the body can get one in another world.

200805 Cuca. Love can feel as an affect between sensibilized bodies (human or not), a subtle sensing of the other in your body. We can welcome it or deny it, enhance it or suppress it, but love is impersonal, transpersonal, it doesn't belong to us. It's like air. It's not our air, it's out there, around us, and we can breathe it. Like an atmosphere between us. It is something objective that exists, a special affect that we can feel in our bodies when we're sensitive and open. Like an immaterial substance that permeates us sometimes, and changes our bodies. And you can be a little high, floating on this diffuse feeling. Although it's all around us, it's also rare, it needs a special sensitization of the body to be experienced.

170623 Băla. The recently developed Love practice made me change a basic perspective. Until now I was trying to activate or feel the affect that comes from the body, now it is about the body that comes from affect (what we commonly perceive as body). The body is affect, the body is love - the affective layer is primordial.