

George Bularca Negru

A day out of life

March 19 - May 15, 2026

The inside turns out. The outside turns in. I walk the line between two worlds where I disappear from one into the other. Most of the time I am easily half-in, half-out. It is a casual thing dipping here and there, the tides sweeping me without commitment or resistance. This casualness has seen me getting closer to being fully in lately. Fully downside up or upside down. That's where I must have seen you, too. Where we must have met? Walking that same line at the rhythm of one's lungs filling and emptying of air. The flat world offers those moments rarely and usually through cracks that are promptly sealed up. It is expected for one to only see oneself, again and again as long as the eye can see. Everywhere I look all I see is me. I am the projection and the projected image. I am the movie and the projector. The line demarcates the bound of the self like that of an animated cartoon. There is no free movement of people and goods between these lines. At least not anymore. Within those bounds I have a few options to shift and rearrange and maximise the space given to me. Through optimisations and benchmarks I track the passing of time. It's about agency and changing what is at hand. That is your domain, all the space you can reach with your arm. Extending it as far as you can. However the veneer can be picked at in the hope of finding out where the whirr is coming from. Though it comes from the veneer itself too. From a machine of vast complexity. Crafted from our wishes and desires to temper the void. Made for us to live enveloped in its quiet hum that spells

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