

This issue of FIENDS is brought to you with the themes of NATIONHOOD and NAUGHTINESS.

FIENDS is a semi-regular journal of the thoughts and artistic investigations of members of RCA CAP PS yr 2020. At least at the moment that is what it is. A non-hierarchical, non-authored mix of loose theory and art practice.

A poem of diminishing complexity, a series of thoughts constrained by the alphabet:

A) A very important question to ask yourself upon waking up each morning is 'does a MAP define my personality? And if so, who drew the map?' Of course even if you do this you will never know if this very question itself is the result of the power over you ordained by that line on a piece of paper. Join my gang, join my gang, join my gang. Don't you dare.

B) Many people read theoretical texts and philosophical writings, and love the sensuous nature of esoteric language as it slides down their brain tubes, enlightening and exciting the neuron nodes of nymphatic networks. Filling their heads with culture. Down on the disco floor.

C) When we do something out of the ordinary – when we attack expectations – we question the necessity of the already present. When we act up and push against this normality, we distort the illusion of reality. Opening up a new reality latent in the present.

D) There is a swamping of desperate attempts to grab hold of meaning. In case we die of just living.

E) When I cycle I feel free. I feel alive. Like I can travel anywhere.

You don't need to read the following but it may help you to understand what is written there:

1. It seems obvious to me that my nation is nothing but the lines drawn on a piece of paper by those, historically, with power.

2. For reasons of historical necessity we have created ways for ourselves to share value and enclosed that within nations.

3. The language, the currency, the pride, grow out of survival and greed, fear and hunger.

4. On top we build myth and legend.

5. And we tell ourselves and our children that we belong, and this is what we are made of.

If you wish to compose a poem about naughtiness you may wish to include the following and place them in a numerical list of four, like I did:

1. Being naughty is sometimes the only option left.

2. When we act out we show the boundaries our constraintment.

3. When we show alternative actions to the allowed, we create a new possibility latent in the current reality.

4. But it is not being naughty unless we are children. In fact, it is being alive.

We are in a plurality of possibilities so I urge you to think carefully and act majestically for the good of those around you and those further afield.

Futures and Fictions

Ideologies

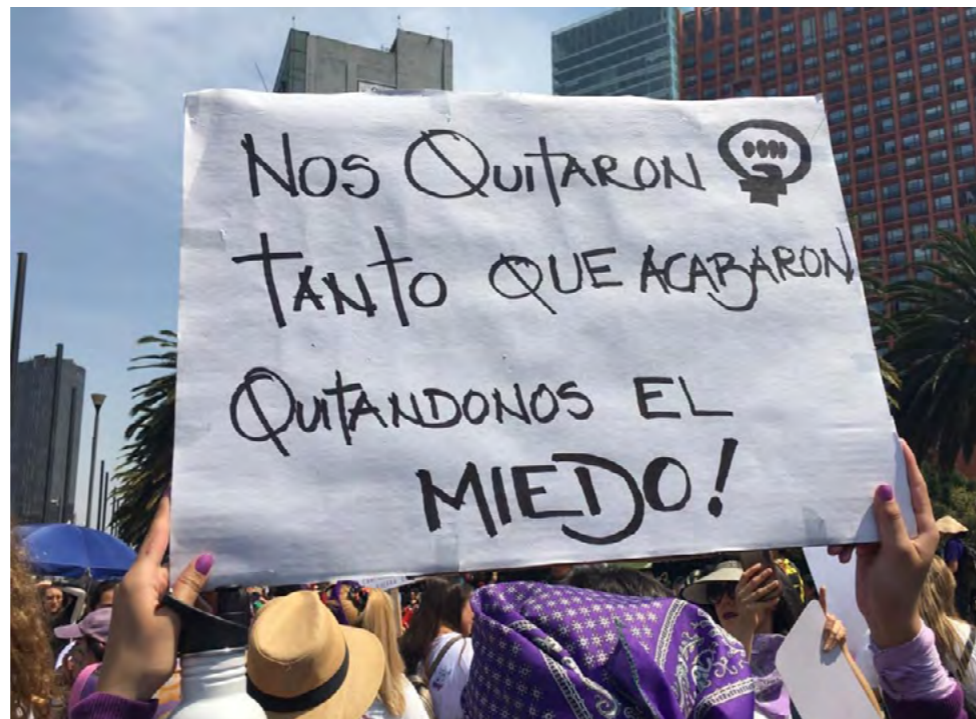
Economies

Nationhood and Naughtiness



FIENDS

the radical artist journal



"They took away so much that they ended taking away our fear."

Once upon a time, in a far-off land, there happily lived two ordinary mortals, with their very lovely daughter. This little girl had a curl on her forehead. When she was good, she was very, very good. When she was bad, she was...well, she was hardly ever bad. Then one fine day in June, a most peculiar thing happened. Another little girl arrived to adorn this household. Only this time, there was no curl on her forehead. So, when she was bad, she was very, very bad and when she was good...well, she was hardly ever good. Instead of a curl, Providence had blessed her with a beguiling echo in both ears. "Why can't you just be good?!" Sometimes "Why can't you be like everyone else?!" Most of all, "Why can't you be normal?!" This incessant ringing drove her mad. Her dear parents tried everything in their power, her teachers did what they thought best. The doctors were called in but alas there was no cure.

Many a moon later, on the darkest evening of the year, she wandered along the beaten track where the river had turned to ice. The chorus was rising as the evening drew to a close. Here, she watched the woman being cremated. Here, between the snow filled wood and the icy river, she happened upon her broken heart. It was torn into millions of pieces which she collected one by one but didn't know she'd left one behind. When she arrived home, she buried it as deep as she could. The next spring, it grew into a weeping willow tree.

No matter how hard she tried she couldn't ease the willow's tears and, finding herself at the end of her tether, she left for a place too far and too beyond - a place where the map runs out. A place where the savages roam, a place for her to belong. There in the middle of the desert she came upon a blessed oasis. In the middle of this oasis grew a rose bush sprinkled with roses of a million hues. She picked a rose with utmost care. On returning home, she gave her treasure to the weeping willow, who took the rose and rose above its sorrow.



"When you are not part of the noise you are part of the silence."

Cost to reopen baths soars by £300,000

CONCERNS RAISED ON POOL'S FUTURE

Edwardian swimming baths in Bradford has been earmarked for closure following council spending cuts

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Concern over cost of using new pool
Tax deal is blamed for higher charges

FURY AT THE CLOSURE OF ANDERSONSTOWN SWIMMING POOL

In the swim again...
Plans nearing completion for development of derelict pool

Leamington commercial property consultants ehB Commercial have been instrumental in the building of a new swimming centre in the town

£475,000 gas works project for Boston Spa

Grade II-listed pool, which looked set to be converted into flats, saved as part of £25m project

The Shell Centre closure means losing a pearl of a swimming pool

Making a splash: newly restored Kentish Town baths reopen

Northgate Arena swimming pool in Chester closed until 2020 after maintenance work continues

Woodford Leisure Centre swimming pools will be closed ‘until further notice’

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Stalker

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way --in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

— A Tale of Two Cities, Charles Dickens, 1859

I quote Dickens’ opening words in The Tale of Two Cities to summarize my views on the present situation, because what I want to express today is not so much related to what is happening now. The reason I deliberately bypass the topic of the virus is not only because everyday life is now filled with this information, but I don’t want to add another spoonful of salt to this bowl of thick soup. Also, I hope for the more simple and the real in art.

Just after watching Kore-eda Hirokazu’s film Non-stop in the evening, I was deeply moved by the delicate portrayal of family life and a reality feedback in the film. In the growing up, I gradually began to like these plain but truly powerful works. Compared to the anti-epidemic heroes spreading on the Internet, I found that I was more easily moved by a restrained rhythm, because most of our life is like this.it is more difficult to live well every day in these extraordinary times.

Because truth is the most beautiful thing in the world.

In the past, I was attracted by dramatic works - it always brought me to an unexpected ending. But over time, people seem to be immune to surprise, and it is difficult for the audience to reach the director’s expected resonance in the general plot. As for me, I slowly began to transfer this surprise to the works that I thought were boring. I began to read the simple and persistent dialogue, the long shots that were motionless, and the slow smile of the actress. I started to believe that when you do experience life, you will become sensitive.

You will gain more from the air temperature, the sound, touch, light, and the truth that is hidden in it, without a strong accompaniment. Maybe just the sound of the wind. All of this

requires you to calm down, put aside thoughts, and feel, with a calm heart.

In the train heading north of Norway, I sat by the window, looking at the storm outside the window whistling through the woods. I plugged in my headphones and played

the theme song of the movie Love Letter. I felt like I was in another world. Suddenly I realized what I realized. I immediately picked up my pen and book and wrote down the strong feelings in my heart. I seemed to catch something! It’s something I’ve been looking for, for a long time. But I can’t say. It’s almost an aura, and I can put it in a painting and let people look for it. I love this land. This is an isolated place. The coldness at high altitudes acts as a medicine to escape the real world.

I enjoy myself in extreme speed and extreme cold. I see more colors in white. I hear more in silence.

How silent Rovaniemi’s night was; the road was empty on both sides. I walked carefully on the snow-covered gravel road alone, looking at the orange sky in the distance, and the shadows of the trees swaying slightly in the background. Fortunately, the wind here was not as strong as London, otherwise I could die. It’s on the side of the road. I took out my phone to turn on the recording function, and started recording every footstep I heard while walking The sound of snow being compressed under my feet, the sound of vehicles passing by occasionally, and more silence. What a wonderful night. I am in the Arctic Circle of the world. I am feeling without the chaos of Piccadilly Street, without the news of virus, without the neon lights of all kinds of shops. The time seems to be stretched here.

I snuck into this town like a stalker, and left after staying one night. For this place, I think the memory gifted to me last night by time and space is enough. Strangely, every time I wear contact lenses, the picture of me walking on Rovaniemi Street that night will appear in my consciousness, and my heart will calm down, as if the road never ends.

In this highly developed interactive age, few people can still keep writing with a pen (the funny thing is that this article is also typed from the keyboard), and few people will walk to a place. When people’s lifestyles are extremely simple, our perceptions are also simplified. Are our thoughts still real? All the information we receive comes from this electronic screen that is a few millimeters thick. What reason do we have to believe that the news we learn is true? What reason do we have to say that what we are saying is true? We have no way of verifying whether the information we know is true. Whether information becomes the weapons of stalkers, used to cover up the facts, or paralyze us, penetrating our bloodstream, bit by bit, yielding like crazy viruses, and performing a precise guided assault until the end, with a fatal blow.

I would like to hear your voice but

I would like to talk with you more but

I would like to see you physically but

I would like to feel you close but

I would like to meet you more frequently but

I would like to touch you but

I would like to hear your voice but	There is always some noise in-between us
I would like to talk with you more but	We still had conversation only six times
I would like to see you physically but	You are too small to be visible
I would like to feel you close but	You are so far away from here
I would like to meet you more frequently but	We can meet just once or twice a year
I would like to touch you but	You are so fragile to touch
	
I would like to hear your voice but	There is always some noise in-between us
Because the sound of the universe exists between you and me	
	
I would like to talk with you more but	We still had conversation only six times
Like GW150914/ GW151226/ GW170104/ GW170608/GW170814/GW170817	
	
I would like to see you physically but	You are too small to be visible
Because your size on Earth is 1/1 trillionths of a hundred thousandth of a millimeter for 3 km	
	
I would like to feel you close but	You are so far away from here
Because I know you came from 400 billion times the distance between the earth and the sun	
	
I would like to meet you more frequently but	We can meet just once or twice a year
Because the chance to observe you as far as the Hercules cluster, 700 million light-years away, is several times a year.	
Also, the possibility of observing you as far as the Virgo Galaxy cluster, 10 million light-years away, is about once every 1000 years.	
	
I would like to touch you but	You are so fragile to touch
Because you appear as a stretch of only 10–21m between 1 m	
	

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