

National grid versus international grid

There is the Eastern Grid, the Western Grid and the Texas (ERCOT) Grid, with the Eastern Grid being the largest of the three. While all three of these grids are connected, they also operated independently. The smart grid would be an enhancement of the 20th century electrical grid, using two-way communications and distributed so-called intelligent devices. Two-way flows of electricity and information could improve the delivery network.

Impersonal switches to personal.

It all started by starting back at the 3 holes stuck in-between an old lady's legs on the tube.

From Edison and Tesla's rivalry we are now left with 14 types of electrical insertions. What might they bring to light?

CUsed in: Europe, with the exception of the UK, Ireland, Cyprus and Malta. Although the American and Japanese plugs appear identical, Japanese plugs can be used in the US but often not the other way around.

BThe earth pin is longer than the other two so that the device is grounded before the power is connected.

LUsed in: Italy. Italy has a kind of "universal" socket that comprises a "schuko" socket for C, E, F and L plugs and a "dipasso"

socket for L and C plugs.

EUsed in: France, Belgium, Slovakia and Tunisia among others. The CEE 7/7 plug was developed to work with Type E and Type F sockets with a female contact.

JUsed in: India, Sri Lanka, Nepal, Namibia.

IThe Australian plug also works with sockets in China.

NBrazil is one of the few countries that uses two types of voltage.

FUsed in: Germany, Austria, the Netherlands and Spain among others, rated 16 amps.

HThe Type H plug is unique to Israel. It is however currently being phased out in favour of a round-pinned version.

MUsed in: South Africa, Swaziland, Lesotho. The Type M plug has three round pins in a triangular pattern and looks similar to the Indian Type D plug, but its pins are much larger.

GUsed in: UK, Ireland, Cyprus, Malta, Malaysia, Singapore, Hong Kong. British sockets have shutters on the live and neutral contacts so that foreign objects can't be introduced into them.

"C-A-B-L-E-D-J-I-L-N-K-F-H-M-G"

She just blew a fuse! You know, that tiny ceramic canister?

Now this is how it should be done: transformer neutral tied to ground here -> phases-> panels-> gizmo -> ground.

To keep people safe from these high voltage wires, pylons are used to support transmission lines above the ground. As an electric current flow through the thick cables held up by the pylons, they will get hotter and dissipate energy to the surroundings.

The live wire "the hot lead" is red for obvious reasons but no interrupting device should EVER be placed over a neutral conductor, doing such a thing would equate criminal behaviour.

In a US house you should not connect the white and black wires directly together, because one is live and the other is neutral. Doing so would cause fireworks. Without that kind of colour coding it is too easy to cause shorts, or conversely, connect something to two wires of the same potential and have it fail to work at all.

Where in reality they truly have no definition, every colour is just a standard copper wire sending a signal from one end to the other as a slave.

Re: Forgort adaptor

This topic has been closed to new posts due to inactivity. We hope you'll join the conversation by posting to an open topic or starting a new one.

Just wanted to say thanks to you all. You replied so quickly and it was a great relief to have some options to shoot for in the morning. I did go to Aurora, which is an excellent electronic shop, but not until I passed by the fine folks at Foto Professional, BV on Nieuwendijk Street right in the city center. They were very reasonable and sold me an adaptor, which was all I did indeed need since my charger already accepted 120-240V 50/60Hz currents. Another small mercy of modern times there. For those who often charge their phones via their laptops, it can happen that you remember to pack your cable, but forget the plug in the socket. It could also happen, that you pack your charger but forget to bring a travel adapter. In these cases staying in a hotel can come in handy. Check out the TV in your room. Most flatscreens nowadays carry USB ports. A Thank you so much for your help! Managed to get one in the Relay shop at the station. Cost an extortionate €9 but at least I am not worried about charging my phone later! Thank you

Have Charge & Be Kind

FIENDS

the radical artist journal

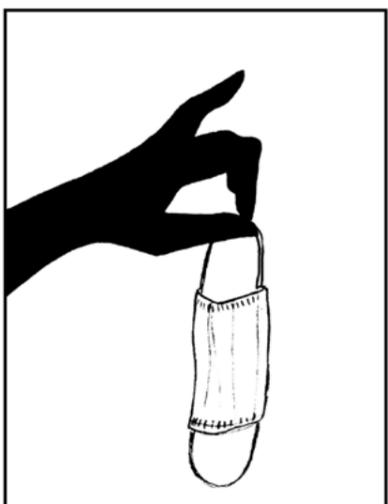
Futures and Fictions

Ideologies

Economies

Nationhood and Naughtiness

Democracy



FEEL SAFER



AT WORK

PLEASE RESPOND TO BELOW

Democracy is the rule of majority.

Liberalism, the current default understanding of democracy, applies concepts of individual freedom and civil rights to counteract and challenge the popular will.

Is there a limit to this formula? If the challenge to the majority's view wants to go beyond guaranteeing basic human rights, it needs to be able to recognise individualistic needs outside of their bodily experience - for instance those of a minority group.

To have a voice in the current democratic set-up, a minority is expected to galvanise with a greater conviction and produce stronger action than the majority (who only need to vote and often don't). This means that individuals need to so intensely identify with each other in this minority, as to overcome their natural diversity within it.

In the highly fragmented modern society, where countless individual experiences can all claim their validity, how does one find a group to identify with, especially to the extent of political action?

Perhaps such aggregation most readily happens at the point where an identifiable group is outwardly marginalised, and infringement on its freedoms means the same for every individual within it. But while there are ways for some minorities to realise and articulate their marginalisation, is there a feasible way to bring about change? Liberal democracy's set-up seems to kick in at the level of an individual - someone's basic right to live has to be taken away for any action with an actual outcome to take place.

Left to individual choice when life is not threatened, liberal formula encourages assimilation, and forging a group with political agency becomes impossible.

The Styrofoam Cup

From the light of virtue and the depths of trauma, what is it exactly that we worship?

Let's not pretend like we worship nothing. Maybe it's God, or some god's proxy. Maybe it's love, or maybe it's power. Maybe it's happiness, success, or eternal abundance. We worship with a thirst that can never be quenched. We ignite our altars, casting flickering shadows onto fever dreams and nightmares.

I was born into death, over 39 degrees Celsius and incubated for weeks in my hospital crib. My earliest drawings were those of souls departing into otherworldly realms. I mistook someone else's father for my own dead one at our neighborhood playground in Tokyo. Where was my father? I worshipped the portal through which he watched over me.

In many ways I was blessed. I was four years old when my mother and I moved to Virginia. We were following the man who would become my new dad; who welcomed us into his American family. I was pampered and loved - birthday parties in sprawling backyards, decadent arrangements of tree ornaments and Christmas presents, trips to New York with tickets to Broadway. My drawings transformed to the smiling faces of my new family, princesses, animals, and little orphan Annie.

My first trip to New York, that time I saw Annie on Broadway, I walked by a beggar on the sidewalk holding out a Styrofoam cup. What made him so thirsty, was he asking for water?

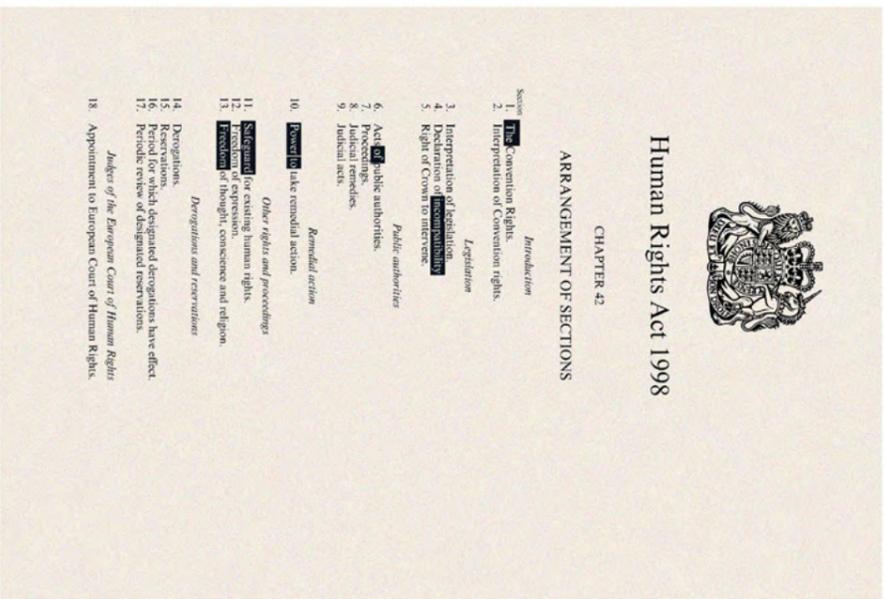
What do they worship in America? The Americans that I knew believed in one Nation, under God. Jesus I only knew as an abstraction, the way I pictured leprechauns as scaly green monsters on my first, terrifying Saint Patrick's Day in primary school. America too, was impossible to grasp. I mumbled my way through the Pledge of Allegiance each morning when I couldn't remember the words.

We lived in a suburb near Washington D.C., and I remember my first outings to the Nation's capital. I remember a mummy at the National Museum of Natural History, the cadaver in the vitrine sending shivers down my spine. I remember Vincent van Gogh's vivid, thick strokes at the National Gallery of Art, where my mother told me artists invent their own ways of seeing. I remember escaping through the bushes of the National Zoo, amid stamped and panicked screams of gunshots fired.

But to me, the epicenter of the American way was the home of my adopted grandparents. The space was aspirational, untouchable, and so too was the beautiful collection of objects it housed: Turkish rugs and Egyptian marble busts, a velvet chaise longue and an heirloom bureau, an exotic hammered dulcimer and the Steinway grand piano. Pristine mirrors expanded from ceiling to floor, toward sliding glass doors and a balcony overlooking a lush green forest. My grandparents worked tirelessly and entertained often, for friends, for colleagues, for members of the choir.

My grandmother often returned from the mall with fancy new purchases for me. I cringed as I tried on a pastel pink dress, the cool hues clashing with my warm Asian skin. I was pampered and loved, but somehow these dresses were not made for people like me. I grew up believing that if I could be extraordinary, one day I would finally belong.

What do they worship in America? Perhaps not water, not God, not the American way, but unquenchable thirst in a Styrofoam cup.





**Hollywood is the manufacturer of dreams
Is the place for dreaming
That is why they are gorgeous**

**Break! Break! Break!
Wake up!**

Utetheisa ornatrix (or 'bella moth', 'ornate moth', 'rattlebox moth') females engage in polyandry; receiving spermatophores -- capsules containing sperm, nutrients and alkaloid compounds -- from numerous males as nuptial gifts. These are the cumulation of a two hour process, and use up to 11% of the male's body mass to produce. After copulating with several males, the females undertake a selection process, choosing the most desirable sperm based on pheromone intensity. The left-over spermatophores discuss amongst themselves, and waste their weary lives idly paddling crude jokes. Grassroot spermatophore organisation is likely to take some lifetimes. Courtship begins at dusk.

How do women experience autonomy over their bodies? Do they, and can they? But this is a journey through personal and political realms exploring the body of a woman. Autotheory is a way to make the personal become political. An autotheory is a piece of writing using autobiographical material to challenge theoretical frameworks. The term hasn't as yet been defined, however it is often used in feminist practices, deriving from Maggie Nelson's book 'The Argonauts'. The subjective experience challenges the perception of the objective realities a woman can be confronted with. Feminist practices are engaged to flourish empowerment, while addressing the realities of structural oppression still operating above women. Such structural understanding allows me to dig into power relationships and their harmful, discriminatory, and biased violences. My moving-image work addresses the gendered construction of internalized docile behaviors, as well as the medical and political domination of women's physical bodies. It becomes a resilient journey from physical harm and abuse to the practice of care.



Yes there are these gaps.
Between what we are,
noticeable when you realise,
Beyond one of you has eyes.
But you continue to
we don't need to worry about
that, if it's only a concept.
Right?
If that's the only way you will acknowledge it.
The significance of it, and not that
exactly, the connection. The
interplay, the
Let's think about that. Should
that need a face? Surely it's
too obvious.
No? Well ok then. Fine. You
are there,
What's next is I'm angry at
you. My eyes shift from it
Maybe it's my fault. I gave in
to you. I made you the centre
of it instead of making
That's you all over. Covered
in 'me', I'd like to cover you
up. That way I could
what we see when we look.
What we think we are looking
at. The difference is especially
face each other, or what would
it be if the face is missing? It
becomes abstract. Well that's
ok then,
Can we give it a face then?
dependency. The way our
bodies are moved by it, they
are all we see, all we touch.
too 'in your face' to need a face
for you to consider it.
I am there and in front of us,
we can see it. We are looking
into its eyes. What next?
to you. My eyebrows dig into
my eye lids. A Furrowed brow
they would call it.
it about it. I gave in. I let you
win. Me, me me.
focus on what's really important here. Instead
my eye is twitching at you.

Oceanic Occupied Drowning
Awe Wang (2020)
It is beyond logic and above reason
Beyond comprehension
Beyond inconceivable
Touching upon its salty bitterly icily things
Swinging floating melting subverting gently
Subvert!
It is not a matter of the present but eternity
It is Joan of Arc
It is the chance to prove that a cow is not I
It is not a matter of opportunity
It is not a matter of the wildly windy
directions
Antagonism
Antagonism
Antagonism
Laxen, loosen, gradually slower
Re
It is beyond logic and above reason
Beyond comprehension
Beyond inconceivable
Vitality, is it?
Chaos caused by vitality, is it?
Vitality an individual impulse, is it?
Vitality a passion without practicality, is it?
Different kinds of dizziness quickly gathering
and dispersing
The illness is so ill
Tomorrow is another day
Think of fully soaked put in
Think of can't change the I, the Avatar
Avatar
Is it individual will?
It is beyond logic and above reason
Beyond comprehension
Beyond inconceivable
Symbolism, emotional symbolism, cultural
symbolism
Burdened tiring Avatar
To be borne while the subject disappears
To be borne while the horizon drowns
No ground wired exist and no one else
Can we still see poetry in the world
Can we still see poetry in the ocean
The gap between the world and the ocean
The circus or else existence
In between poems
Tomorrow is another day
Completely bottom sit in
Idealism, heroism, communism
The great personality the moral courage
It is gone
It is beyond logic and above reason
Beyond comprehension
Beyond inconceivable
Does it really exist
Front, back, left, right
All around with no clues
Did it exist
Did it really exist
It is not fluently enough to exist in elsewhere
Suffering, misery, distress, tribulation, pain
does not affect appetite
How bizarre
Tomorrow is another day

displayed,
three in a row,
equidistant
vertical
wings, and legs splayed apart.
exact
precise
uniform
stuck for eternity,
fore wings, a deep effervescent green
mesmerising
flawless
perfect
beautiful and proud,
such a tragedy that you were.

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Hamsquat is having some trouble. He tried to fly from point A to B with a bag packed with digital goodies, but the load got seized. In the forum post quoted above, he is relating his experience to some fellow swashbucklers who conglomerate online – in the "Preparation is key. Don't get caught, don't lose your shit" section of this discussion board – in the hopes that they can give him some advice for a future trip.

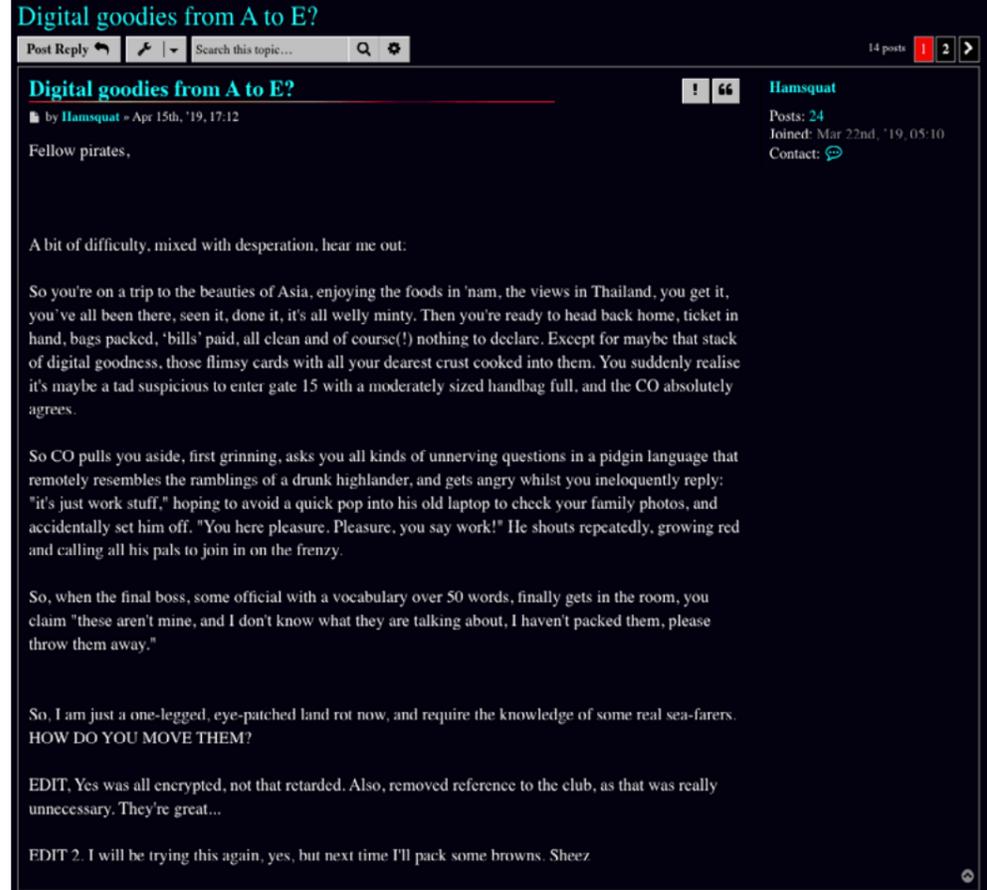
After shortly addressing his peers, he quickly moves to the topic at hand: his painful experience in Asia. Hamsquat had been enjoying his trip in the Oriental to the fullest, and was finally ready to head home when he realised he had packed his bags with goods that may raise many eyebrows. And they did; eyebrows were indeed raised.

Hamsquat speaks of CO, an abbreviation that could stand for just about anything; a current offer, contemporary ontology, customs officer, or perhaps an unexpectedly connotated object. Is there any option that would fit into the story? Using Malcom Goudall's Denotation Model (Goudall, 1988) we can eliminate most options. As a result, we are going with customs officer, for the reason that it is probably the right choice.

A customs officer pulled Hamsquat aside, intensely interrogating him regarding his strange packing in broken English. Our pirate wasn't having any of it, and tried to avoid a situation by improvidently responding that the goods he was about to transport from A to E – accident to emergency, anywhere to England, Asia to Europe – was "just work stuff." The language barrier hardened; the customs officer got awfully confused as mister Hamsquat was supposedly traveling for pleasure, but now he mentioned the word 'work'.

The customs officer's overseer – who's English proficiency is adequate enough to qualify for a compliment from Hamsquat – is called in to deal with the potential bust. Hamsquat feels threatened by this man's extensive knowledge of his native language, and is pressured into forfeiture. He decides to say the goods were never his in the first place, and he just wants to throw them away. It appears Hamsquat still walks, talks and posts on sketchy internet forums as a free man, so we can conclude: mission accomplished.

Or, perhaps not. Hamsquat wants to know how to avoid a murky situation next time around. He admits his defeat, his loss of dignity, and requests the knowledge, the know-how, of real pirates.



There's something sweetly ironic about folks getting so worked up about being called "human capital stock" that they respond by making a tweet go viral.

As analyzed by www.tweetbinder.com , #HumanCapitalStock is now worth a conservative GBP 1,753.45 on the market today (based on a sample of 500 tweets from 31 May - 04 June)

In 2014, Facebook purchased WhatsApp (a company of 55 employees) for \$19 billion. A crude measure of each employee's capital value works out to \$350 million per head. For its 500 million users, it works out to \$38 per employee person. Adjusted for inflation, that's \$40.59.

In response to the unjust police killing of George Floyd, YouTube blogger Zoe Amira posted an hour long video saturated with ads titled, how to financially help BLM with NO MONEY/leaving your house (Invest in the future for FREE).

As of June 04, it has generated 7,339,584 views and roughly \$21, 539.51 in ad revenue, all of which will be donated towards BLM charities and causes.

