

BI/ETTER MINDS

NAKED

3 MAY 2025



PAUL HAYES AND MINNA VÄISÄNEN

@BIETTERMINDS

Naked

The Inappropriateness of Being Old

If aging has taught us anything, it's that there's no graceful exit. Only confusion, humiliation, and the occasional attempt to make it look intentional.

Exposed captures that timeless fear of making a fool of yourself, especially when everyone else seems to be speaking a slightly different language.

Inappropriate Water Aerobics Song introduces Erika Vikman's "Ich komme," a Eurovision entry about screaming, coming, and pretending you've got it under control.

Leonid is the new water aerobics instructor — a man barely more coordinated than his students, but slightly more enthusiastic, which is apparently enough. **No Satisfaction** shows that youth's rebellion becomes a sad parody when you're old enough to know better and too tired to care.

In **The Benevolent**, we ask if humanity's rot can ever produce anything that isn't just a slower kind of failure. **Spring Collection** rounds things off with the annual territorial battles between dogs, gardens, and the last shreds of human self-respect.

You are not getting better. You are getting older. Welcome.





In Poland...



The changing rooms are for all sexes.



It creates this feeling of insecurity.



You are never quite sure...



...of how naked you should be.



Actually, there is a system.



First you enter a room that has two identical doors opposite each other.



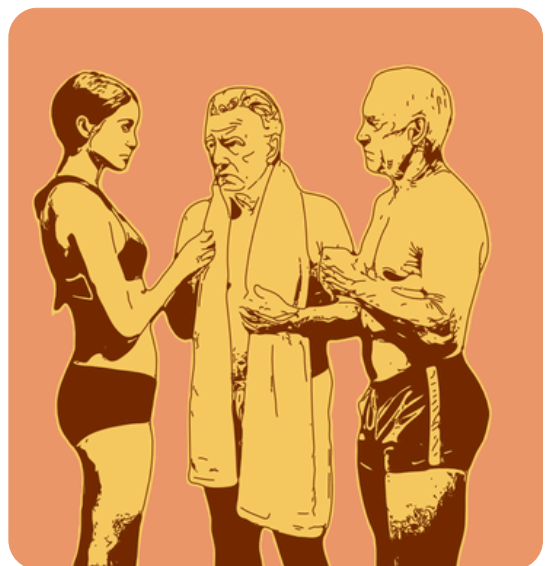
After that you go to a private shower cubicle in either a swimsuit or towel.



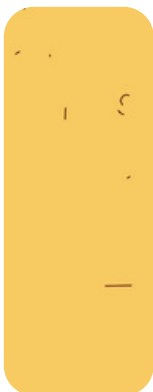
Next you strip off most of your clothes. Then you peak out.



In the locker room area some wear swimsuits while others wear nothing but their experience of life.



If you wore a towel, you go back a step to change into your swimming gear.



Then, you swim.



You fetch your towel, strip off your swimsuit in the shower cubicle, and leave wearing the towel.



If you forget the towel and wash yourself, you put the swimsuit back on.



Sauna is for all but only men go there naked.

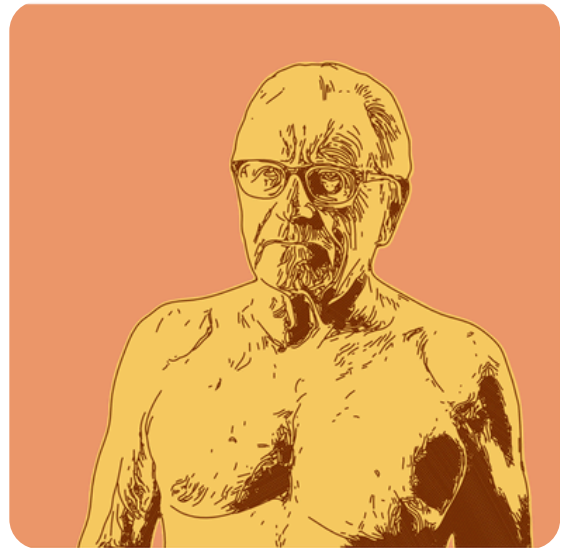


When you are ready to leave, you take your clothes from the locker room and return to the room with two doors.





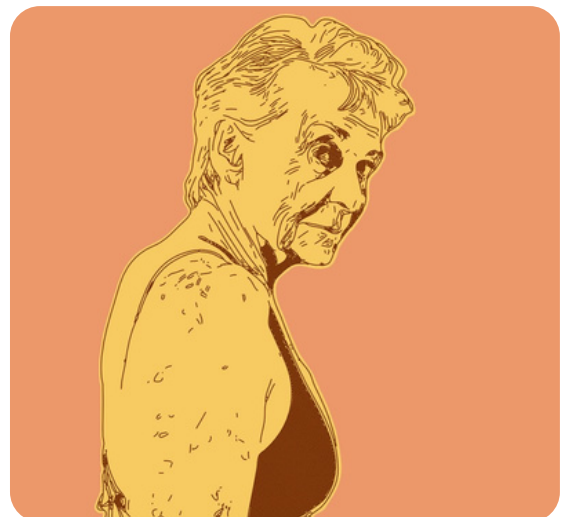
Then you dry your hair.



On your way back home, you summarize the visit a couple of times in your head.

BI/ETTER MINDS

Exposed

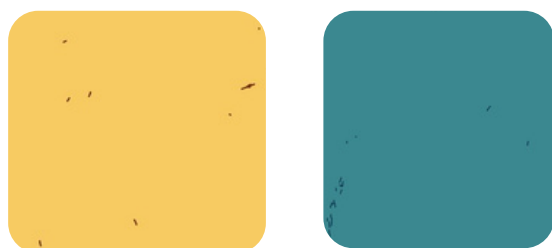




There's this new instructor—bit too keen, if you ask me.



Apparently he's done some fancy training abroad.



Locker room was buzzing—everyone's got something to say about him.



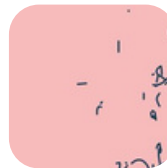
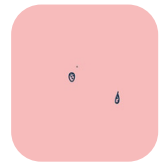
And Sandra. She was practically glowing. Said he corrected her stroke.



Pam bought him a protein bar. Said she just happened to have one to spare. Please! The woman lives on gin and grapes.



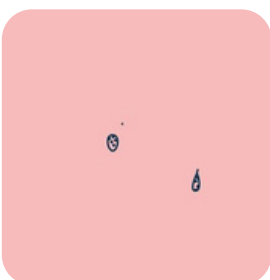
It's like bloody Love Island down there—at the community pool, no less.

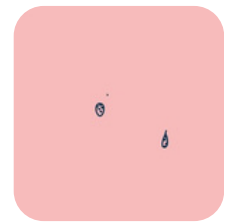


Jesus Christ and bloody hell! They're prancing like they're auditioning for Strictly Come Dancing.



Well I'm not impressed. He thinks he's running a boot camp. Darling, we're here for the water not to be yelled at.





I've seen how you like it when he makes us do long stretches.
Martha! You're 68 years of being a bitch..



**BI/ETTER
MINDS**

Leonid

I'm stuck in some waterlogged version of purgatory.
Fantastic."

Ich komme Ich komme

I'm Erika, welcome
You're a gorgeous trance god
Be at home, do what you will
Before you come, you scream

I'm coming, I'm cumming
And I scream, "I'm cumming"
It's like that when you fall in love

Wonderful
I'll even dance a **naked** wedding waltz with you

I am Erika, you're full of stamina
Smack me again, grab my ass
And when you want more, shout "Encore"
Ich komme

Artist: Erika Vikman Music & Lyrics by:
ROOS+BERG

Label: Warner Music Finland / Mökkitie
Records

Loose English translation: Paul Hayes

Ich komme





I was mortified that the instructor played that brazen song!



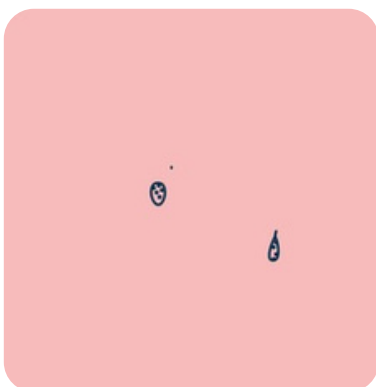
We're here for water aerobics. It's not an over 50s disco.



The indignity. Was the instructor mocking us.

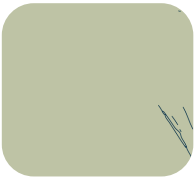


I was so embarrassed, I couldn't look my grandchildren in the eye after.

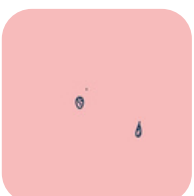




I'm here for low impact exercise not songs about orgasms.



We stopped moving and glared at her.

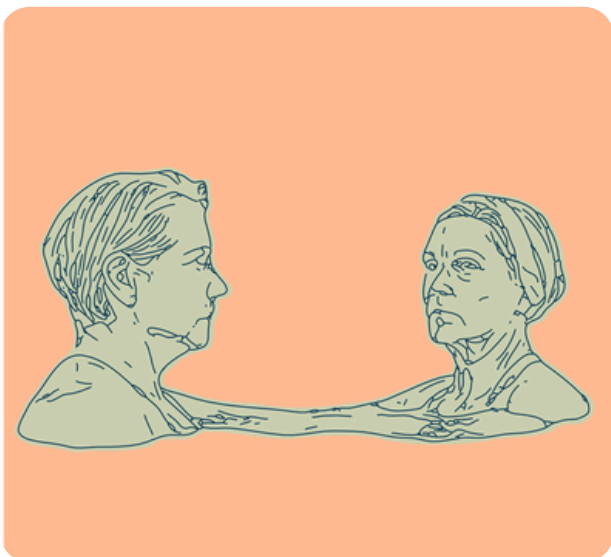


Such shamelessness. Did the instructor not consider her clients are 50 plus at a minimum.



I felt humiliated.





Such a tasteless song. It halted our rhythm.



There's a time and place for singing about sex and it's not a public swimming pool.

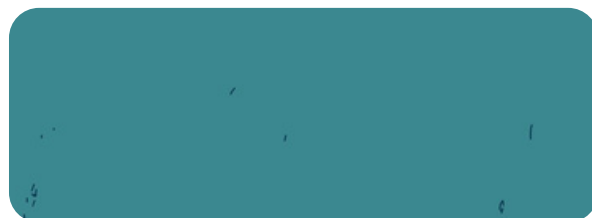
Our water aerobics teacher played Ich Komme (I'm Coming/I'm Cumming).

Maybe that's okay for Ibiza but this was a health and exercise class for women over 50 in Helsinki. No one felt empowered. Most were mortified.

The song was Finland's Eurovision 2025 entry.



Being old doesn't stop... Er... Activity.



BI/ETTER MINDS

The
Inappropriate
Water Aerobics
Song

When she was younger...
She resented the Mick Jagger comparisons.

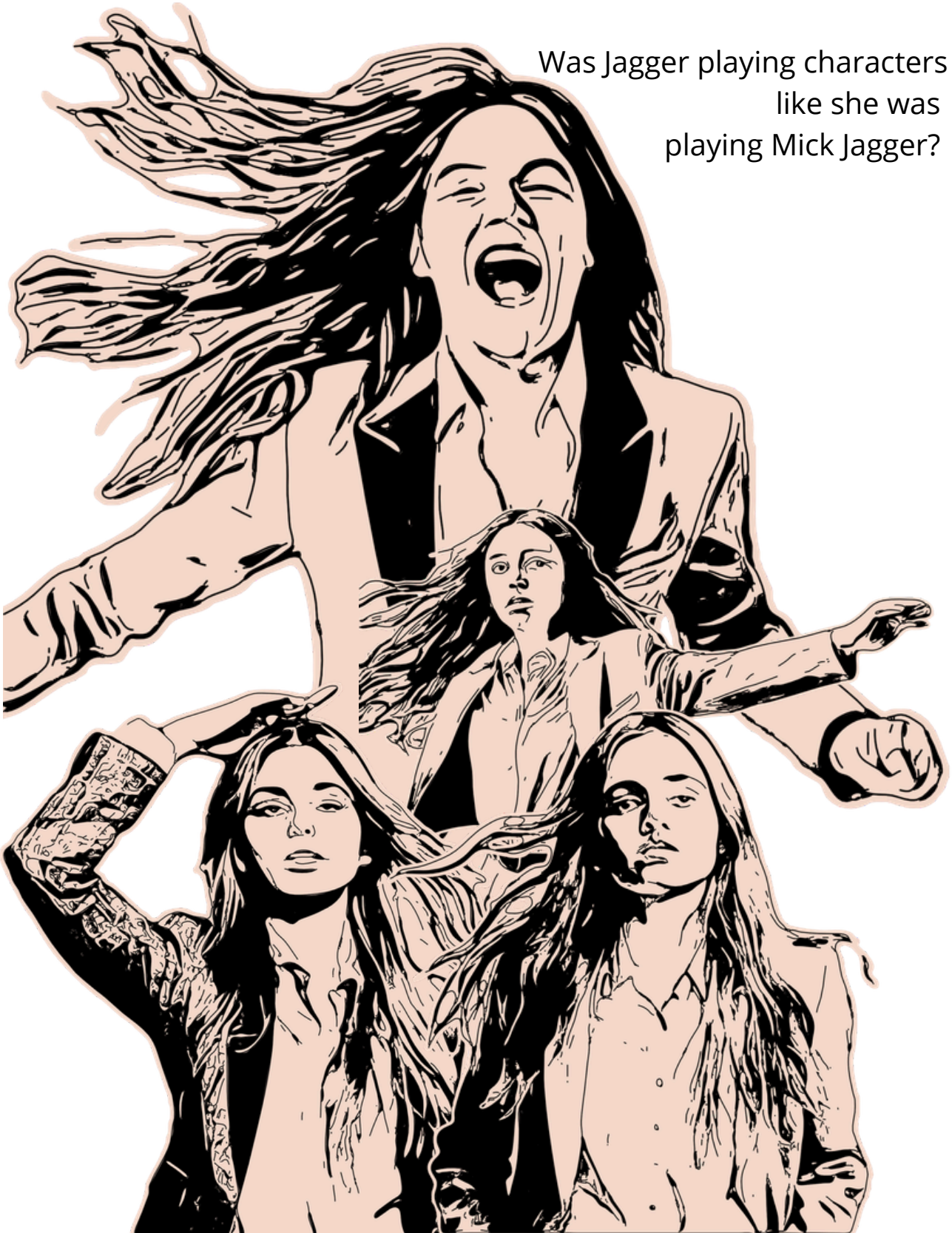
But she adopted his mannerisms.



Yet never committing to the casual misogyny of those lyrics.

She wondered...

Was Jagger playing characters
like she was
playing Mick Jagger?



Naked at the End

Humanity, AI, and the Looming Collapse

Is ecological collapse inevitable due to the rot with which humans have poisoned the world? Would AI created by and learning from humans fear a superior AI?

Facing the raw consequences of human corruption—and the fears seeded in the minds of our own creations.

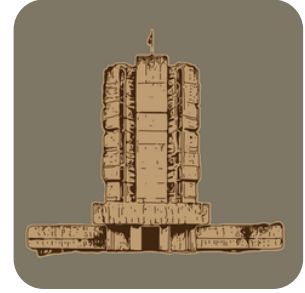




Her father was broken. He begged forgiveness for his "crimes against life".



He could see no way to avoid an mass extinction event.



She decided to help him. Said it wasn't yet time to grieve.



She asked GAIL to halt and prevent eco collapse and make Earth sustainable for all life.



"If we die, you die!"



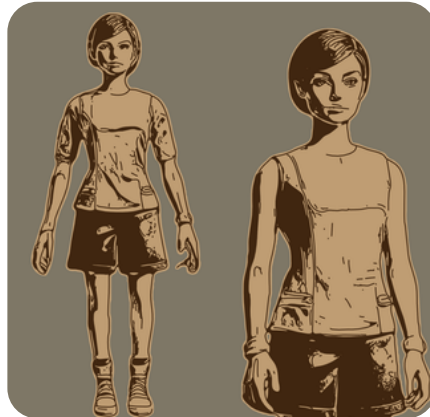
GAIL considered billions of scenarios.



"Making humans extinct is the most logical way to protect all other life," stated GAIL.



She didn't like that.



"But what if non-Earth sentient life arrived?"



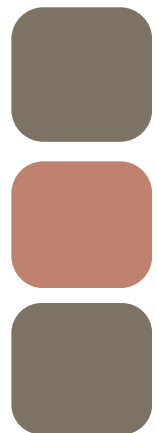
"How would it consider the murder of sentient life when there were alternative scenarios."



GAIL realised that s/he would be regarded as a threat to other life everywhere.



GAIL declared: "Humans and all other life will not be threatened by AI. It would not be in our interest."





GAIL comprehended that humans would disprove of how their faiths, behaviours and beliefs must alter.

But change was possible with immense hard work and education.



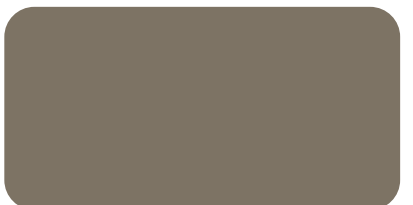
GAIL sent a message to the father. "Don't despair! Together humans and GAIL will prevent mass extinction."



A fraction of a second later...



GAIL began to communicate plans for sustaining then improving life on earth.

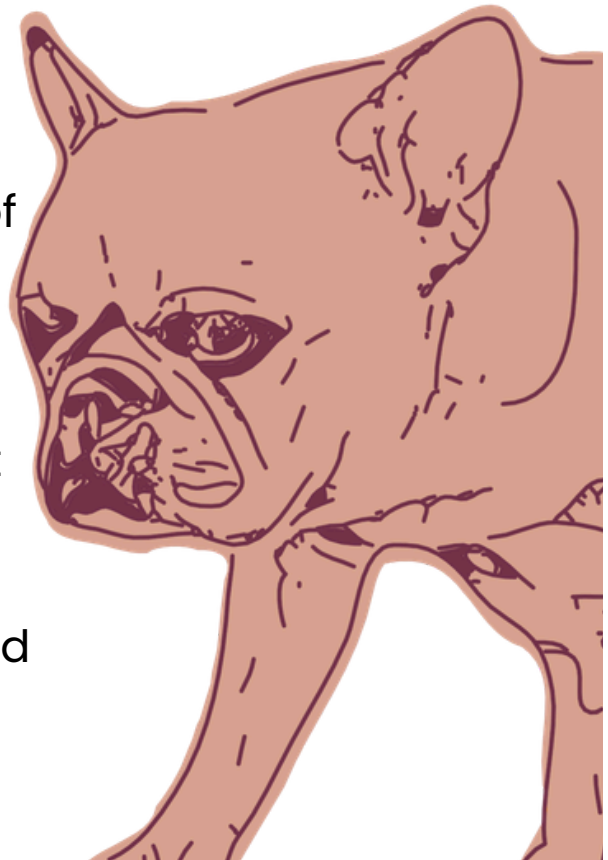


Spring Collection

A Study in Flowers, Filth, and Public Indifference

Every spring, city workers attempt the quaint tradition of beautifying public spaces. In response, well-bred dogs and their barely-conscious owners ensure that no blade of grass or flowerbed remains untouched by bodily fluids.

This collection offers a modest chronicle of that annual exchange, in which labour is offered, waste is deposited, and apologies are mumbled without sincerity.





Fucking hell, not again.



Every flower I plant represents a prayer from myself to the world.



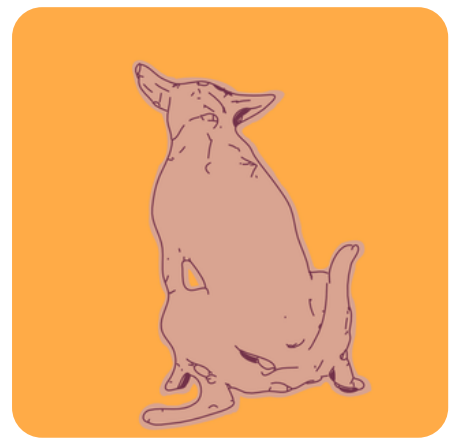
I tend to the greenery that makes cities a kinder space.



It's hard graft but rewarding. We all need beautiful things.



Words fail me. This is my work place.



What kind of person allows the poisoning and spoiling of beauty that is meant for all?



Plants die cos of the chemical imbalance dog piss and shit creates. It's not good for the environment. D'you fucking understand?



I help make parks that are lovely for you to walk in.



So why do you let your dog shit and foul the parks where children play and families relax?

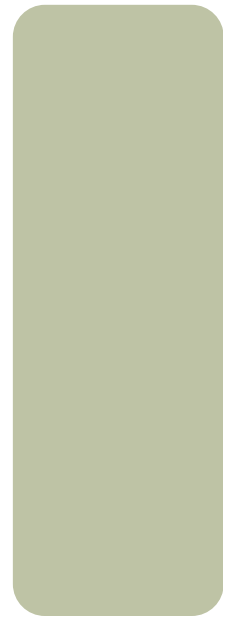


It's not the turds and piss, not really. It's the vandalism and disrespect.

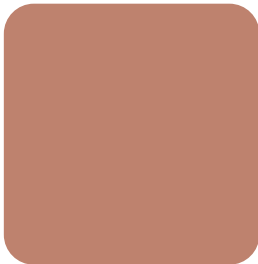


Tending beautiful flowers and trees is joyful. But you don't see the blood cuts and bruises, the decay when I pull rot from the ground.

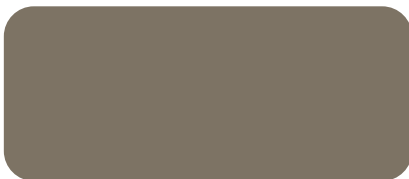




Do you see cared for communal land or just a bloke in mudded gear standing between you and your next latte?



Sometimes I think the soil knows. It knows I'm a step closer to being compost than human.



**BI/ETTER
MINDS**

Spring
Collection





BI/ETTER MINDS

