

draconian
SWITCH *



WHEN THE ALIENS
COME IN 2020 I
WANT THEM 2 KNOW
THAT TRINIDAD AND
TOBAGO HAD ART-
ISTS AND IT WAS
NOT JUST A COUN-
TRY POLLUTED WITH
STRAY DOGS ON
THE BEACHES, LONG
LEGGED BLACK
WOMEN BY WATER-
FALLS WITH FLOW-
ERS IN THEIR HAIR
AND PARTY FLYERS
FOR SOCIALITES

DECIDE



POP litical ICCO INTE RY

THESPIAN. TRADE UNION-
IST. POLITICAL LEADER.
PRIME MINISTER. OPPO-
SITION LEADER. FUNNY
MAN. GIVE THIS MAN A TEE



AVAILABLE
IN ONE SIZE:
Maximum Leader

LA REVOLUCION COMIENZA AHORA!

2 DRACONIAN SWITCH • MAY 08



Neemmal aramen noodles*

And oh what dreams come to those who don the red beret! Like those before me -The red beret has shifted me off this mortal coil into a world where I sketch, ink and write the plot.-Complete with heroes villains and damsels in distress-to be the master storyteller in our revolution- the epic bed-time story.

ANOTHER FINAL TRAGEDY

" To run or not to run- that is the question -whether 'tis nobler in the mind of the party to suffer the slings and arrows of one high ranking member's outrageous fortune or to take arms against another-albeit expendable one and her band of back bench revellers

-Either way the aim is to sleep -yes sleep!-perchance to dream for in dreams we can escape the nightmare which is reality;

And my brothers and sisters. I have a dream!

That one day I can sleep once more knowing I am the one whose head matters the most



And -with my Shining beret as a beacon of democracy-bright red of course - we shall vanquish all our foes -and restore our land to law and order-that undiscovered country! Let us bear our ills, for the while And not fly away to another party

Or let your conscience turn you into a coward against the party-for the true believer asks

"not what that party can do for me but rather how best I can let my party do to me what it pleases"

So loud, loudly we go - to the blaring sounds under an orange sky , and a setting sun... The fair red beret - upon my crown -May our sins be never remembered.

DARRYN BOODAN • Daryn.Boodan@gmail.com

LIFETIME IS REALLY GREAT TELEVISION FOR BAD MEN.



my story is on Lifetime.



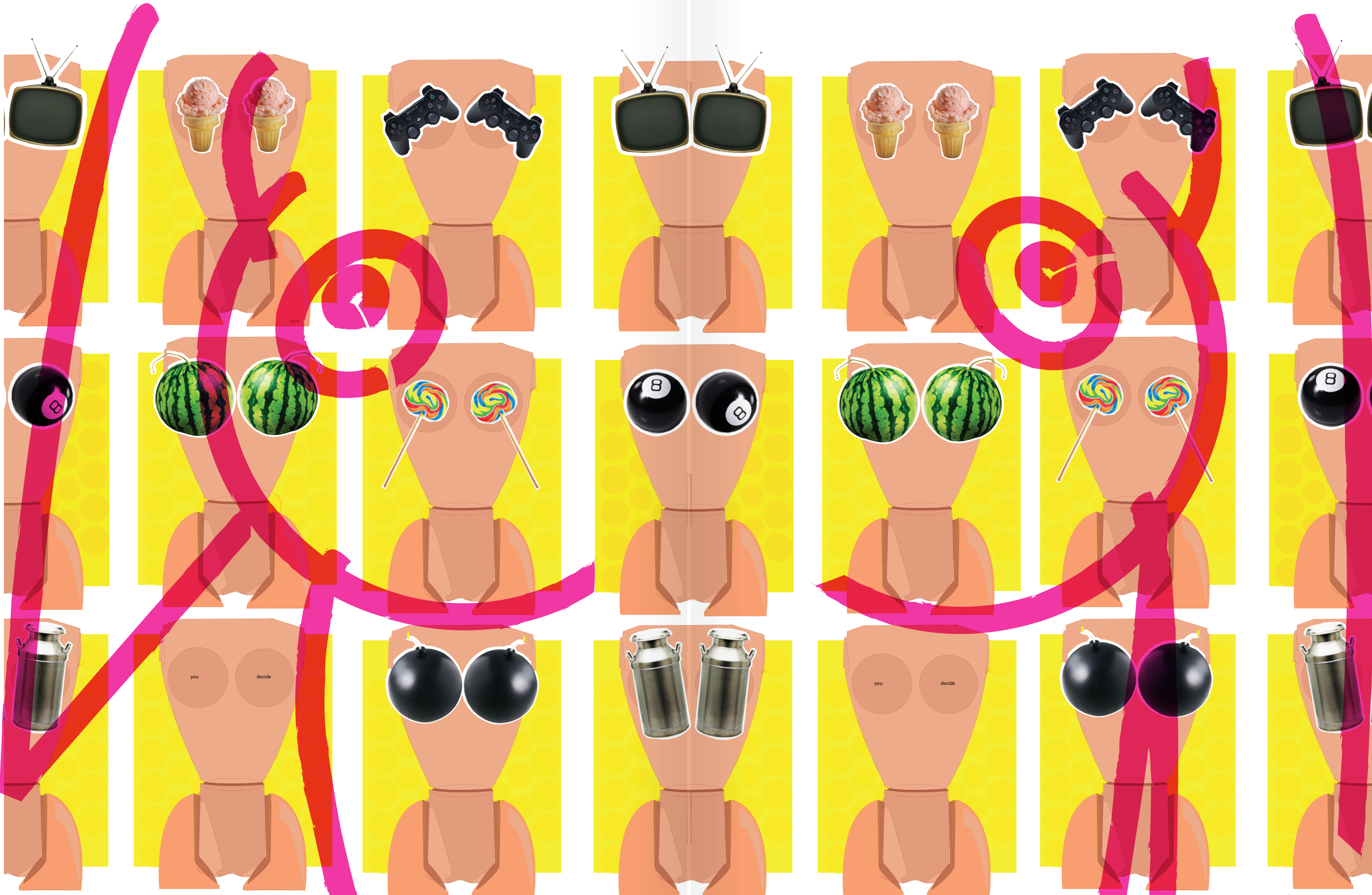
Cola

ADDICT



Since I have known myself Coke was my favourite thing to drink. I think it could be because Daddy drank it all the time. It was I think the buffer for the rum and Coke joke. Daddy would be talking with friends and my siblings and I would try to steal a sip and get a big shocker after it hit the throat... oh the burn of rum. Of course we would be laughed at.. but then it taught us to ask first before drinking things from glasses... and now at 26 I can hold my liquor better than the 4/5 year old who would run around the dining room table after one sip of wine during Sunday lunch singing Farmer in the Dell. This was all of course part of my Daddy memories. I think my Mummy memories would consist of fruit punch, lime juice mauby Game show network, Food network and Lifetime.. television for idiots. Who could really enjoy movies where women are battered their children are starved and their husbands run off with their over packed bank accounts with the maid, babysitter, neighbour or his wife's best friend... or in some cases the 18 year old male gardener or how about his 16 year old stepdaughter that has some jealousy issues? What woman do you know really allows this to get that bad and admits it? How ridiculous. Or is it the ones that give the post menopause women a hope for a sexy as hell 20 something year old falling hopelessly in love with them. Oh please woman! What he is looking for a is a mother and hey you have a vagina that isn't being used why not shove my penis in there not call it slightly incestuous and live life as per normal. *gunshot to the head* I should sell the rights to my story Obsession to Addiction: The Indra Ramcharan Story. It would start with one the first times I stole a sip from Daddy's rum and Coke and that would be the foreshadowing for me becoming alcoholic at some point. It would feature me getting ulcers in the middle of a pregnancy and have to give up Coke and go into withdrawal. It would also include the first time I cried because of it. I was very young and I remember it was a Saturday afternoon and we were all at the lunch table eating lunch... Pulau. In those days we ate dinner every weeknight and on Sunday and Saturday. Lunch, together as a family. I had my glass of water and Daddy whipped out a Jaliter of Coke. I was strong enough at that time to pick up the bottle on my own open it and pour. From the second I touched the bottle to open it there was a loud and repeated 'Indra Indra Indra' coming from my siblings and parents but I was not stopping I was drinking Coke with my ketchup drenched Pulau rice come hell or high water. As the black gold got into the glass it was more brown than black and it was already filling the glass! BUT WHY?! I had not taken the time to see that I still had water in my glass... the glass almost full of water. In utter shock and too appalled to talk I put the Jaliter down and burst into tears... I had just wasted some coke! Now if that was a Lifetime movie it would have been beaten to a pulp by my father who would have then told my mother it was her fault I was such a troubled child who was crying over some Coke, he would then buss a slap in her ass and leave with my babysitter. But this is real life so none of that happened instead I had a happy Coke abusing and addicted life. It really was part of my life I remember when I was in high school I remember going into the pantry and realizing ... wait.. no Coke?! WTF! The following Sunday in the usually after church family trip to the grocery I had to let my father know that it was unacceptable that there was no Coke in the Cupboard... what was I supposed to drink if there was no Coke?... WATER?? Oh please. We started to stock up on Coke from that week on and would buy Coke if we need or not. Beside toilet paper, dishwashing liquid and soap Coke was something that we knew would never go to waste. That is how it got called 'Stock' in the house. So now we are either 'in stock' or 'out of stock'. I suppose I probably wouldn't be a one off disease of the week Lifetime movie though coming to think of it, I would be a chronic life threatening illness. Like a cancer. I'd be a series. And one whole season would be based on my little experiments as to what goes best with Coke. Since Coke became the drink of choice I know how it tastes chasing anything including an ice cold Stag on a Carnival Tuesday. To be honest if I know no alcohol is there that I like with Coke I would just drink the Coke by itself... why spoil it? That is how I found out flat Coke is NOT A GOOD CHASER! You might as well use PEPSI. A cheap knock off of excellence as a matter of fact I can tell the difference between any other cola and Coke. I can also tell the difference between Coke and Coke Light. Of course this season would make ratings drop yet the demographic would change to some 12 year old teeny boppers looking for some ridiculous icon they can relate to in the tv so they can be cool. So I would be new Lauren Conrad/ Heidi Montag of the ready to dope tweens. Oh joy. I suppose the flip side is that I would be open for a million and one endorsements. Well actually no. I would be open for

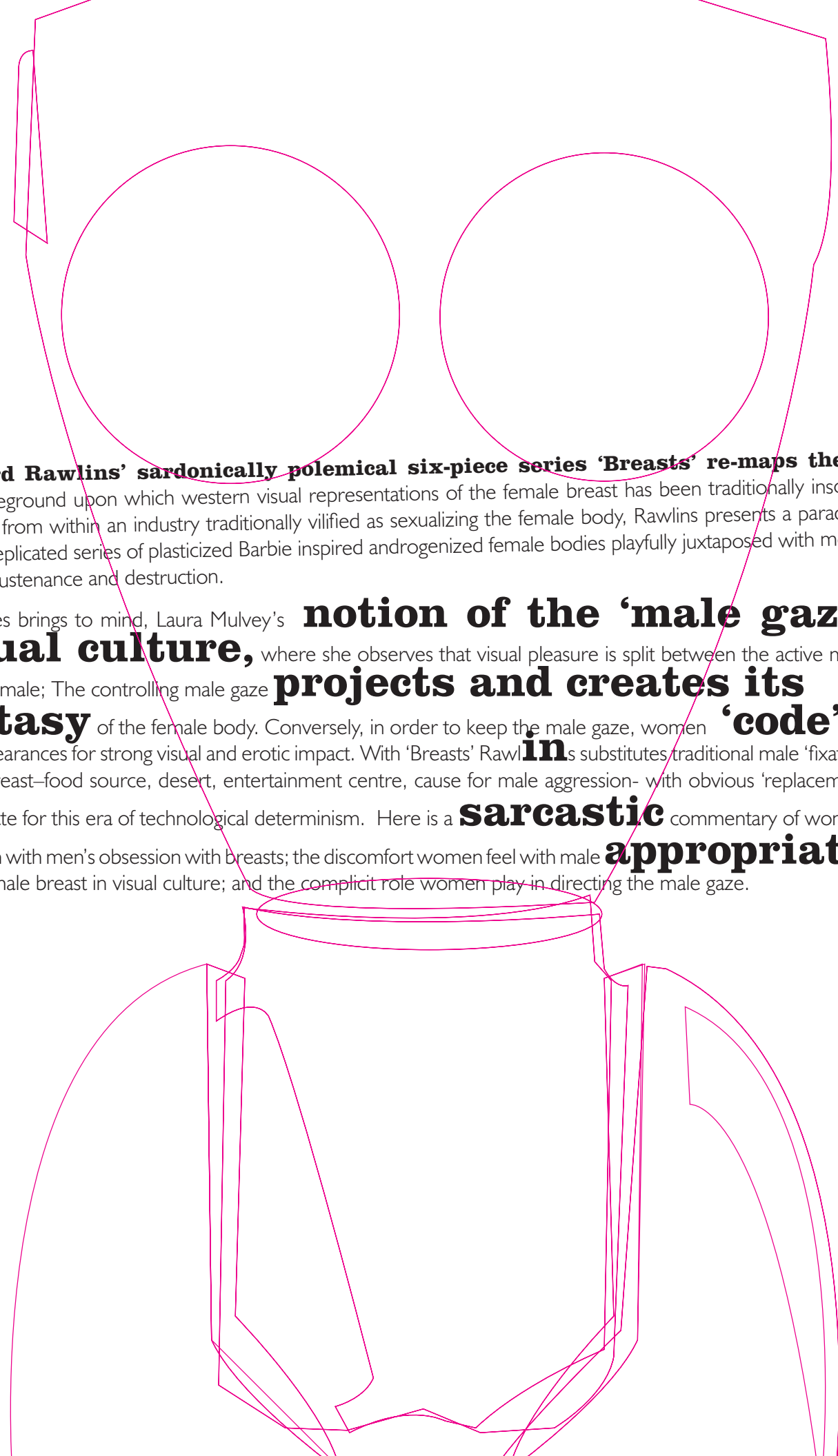
one big endorsement Coca Cola. I would be the face name and being that would define the brand. I would be a brand defining a brand if that makes sense... and I would be the face name and being that would define the brand. I would be the face name and being that would define the brand within another brand. Ok I probably lost you with that one. But I know I could be the perfect spokesperson for Coke. I am addicted to it to a point that people in my office think I'm really odd. I work in a Studio filled with designers and artists and writers and people who don't even know what sane looks like. After a week of realizing I had some half full bottles on my desk that I had not yet thrown away I just left them there... one month later I had 11 such bottles on the right hand side of my desk. 10 months later 11 bottles turned into 73. Everyday I would get told move those bottles... clean your desk... then there was the day the prank was pulled. I went to a two day seminar and got a phone call in the middle of the second day to tell me that my bottles were moved. Who would have thought I would get upset? 'Lack of respect for personal space and individuals!' I raved. I was livid. So I came into the office no shock the bottles were not where they were supposed to be. I found them put them back and gave the culprits responsible the cold shoulder for weeks. Of course one of the culprits didn't care so I started talking to him normally by the second day the other one I think because he was supposed to be the protector of the bottles got it for a while. However if this was one of those ridiculous episodes of my show on the retarded network for ridiculous women I would have gone into a depression and plotted to do all sorts of things since I would have then turned into the jilted woman. I would have ruined the lives of those who looked at the bottles at any point in their lives and then ended it all with a shooting in the office and me walking away from CMB, the building in flames in the background with Space Dementia by The Muse playing in the background and 48 seconds into the track as I slipped on my shades... BOOM! As far as I'm concerned all Lifetime does is breed some false sense of security and strength in weak women who have the time in the first place to be looking at the crap. GET A LIFE WOMAN! Before you turn into one of those sad pathetic beings you view on Lifetime. The only story of a battered woman that I can look at and not steups every five minutes is Mommy Dearest since it wasn't some woman who sold her story to some fledgling screenplay writer looking for his break. It was a woman who wanted the world to know that hey... Joan Crawford is a fraud. She cut my ass off some shit ass wire hangers that I had nothing to do with and me and my brother not going to go down in history as the adopted children of this great woman. If the men she married and screwed didn't have the balls to expose her.... I will. The almost ironic thing is that Joan Crawford was married to the head honcho of Pepsi Co! No wonder she was so effed up! She should have been married to the head of COKE! Silly woman. Lifetime woman! I know I grew out of the Coke collection phase that happened for the 12 months that I was 25 after realizing I was really running out of space on my office desk and after Marlon and Richard claimed to have spotted a few roaches. I got rid of the 73 bottles and now I just have one from Robert a sexy little bottle of Coke Zero a 12oz glass bottle and a 20oz bottle that I got from an admirer. That story of how I met him could be put as a disease of the week movie. I walk through an Architect's office parking lot to get Coke everyday. He came into my office one day and referred to me as 'the trespasser' and asked why I passed on his property everyday. The next day I got a Coke with a note stuck on. I never drank it since since I am a woman the typical Lifetime scenario ran through my head even though it would be utterly ridiculous but it was sweet and I kept the bottle of Coke with his phone number attached. No I never called him but I did thank him for the Coke and I still walk through his property everyday. I suppose I should thank my father for giving me my first addiction. He had absolutely nothing to do with at least two of my other addiction and well the other one I'll blame my sister BUT Daddy gave me the one addiction I don't think I'll ever be able to shake. So I have a response to that question now 'What is addiction?' just as I have the answer to 'Who are you?' I am a red nigger who love the sea I have a sound colonial education I have Indian nigger and Scottish in me either I am nobody or I am a nation. 'If music or writing wasn't invented yet what would you be doing?' I'd be inventing it. 'What is addiction' Coca Cola is it.





Richard Rawlins' sardonically polemical six-piece series 'Breasts' re-maps the gender battleground upon which western visual representations of the female breast has been traditionally inscribed. Working from within an industry traditionally vilified as sexualizing the female body, Rawlins presents a paradoxical joke: a replicated series of plasticized Barbie inspired androgenized female bodies playfully juxtaposed with motifs of power, sustenance and destruction.

This series brings to mind, Laura Mulvey's **notion of the 'male gaze' in visual culture,** where she observes that visual pleasure is split between the active male and the passive female; The controlling male gaze **projects and creates its 'code'** of the female body. Conversely, in order to keep the male gaze, women **in** substitute their appearances for strong visual and erotic impact. With 'Breasts' Rawlins substitutes traditional male 'fixations' on the female breast—food source, desert, entertainment centre, cause for male aggression- with obvious 'replacement' objects appropriate for this era of technological determinism. Here is a **sarcastic commentary** of women's obsession with men's obsession with breasts; the discomfort women feel with male **appropriations** of the female breast in visual culture; and the complicit role women play in directing the male gaze.



I WIPE
my ass
at least
once a
day. I seldom
wipe my eyes. I see no
reason to.

I roll with the best.
Two ply of course.
Not because of
hemorrhoids or anything
like that...

BUTT
be good
to your

ASS and it
will be good to you.

It's not
like unani-
mous, but no matter
how much **you**

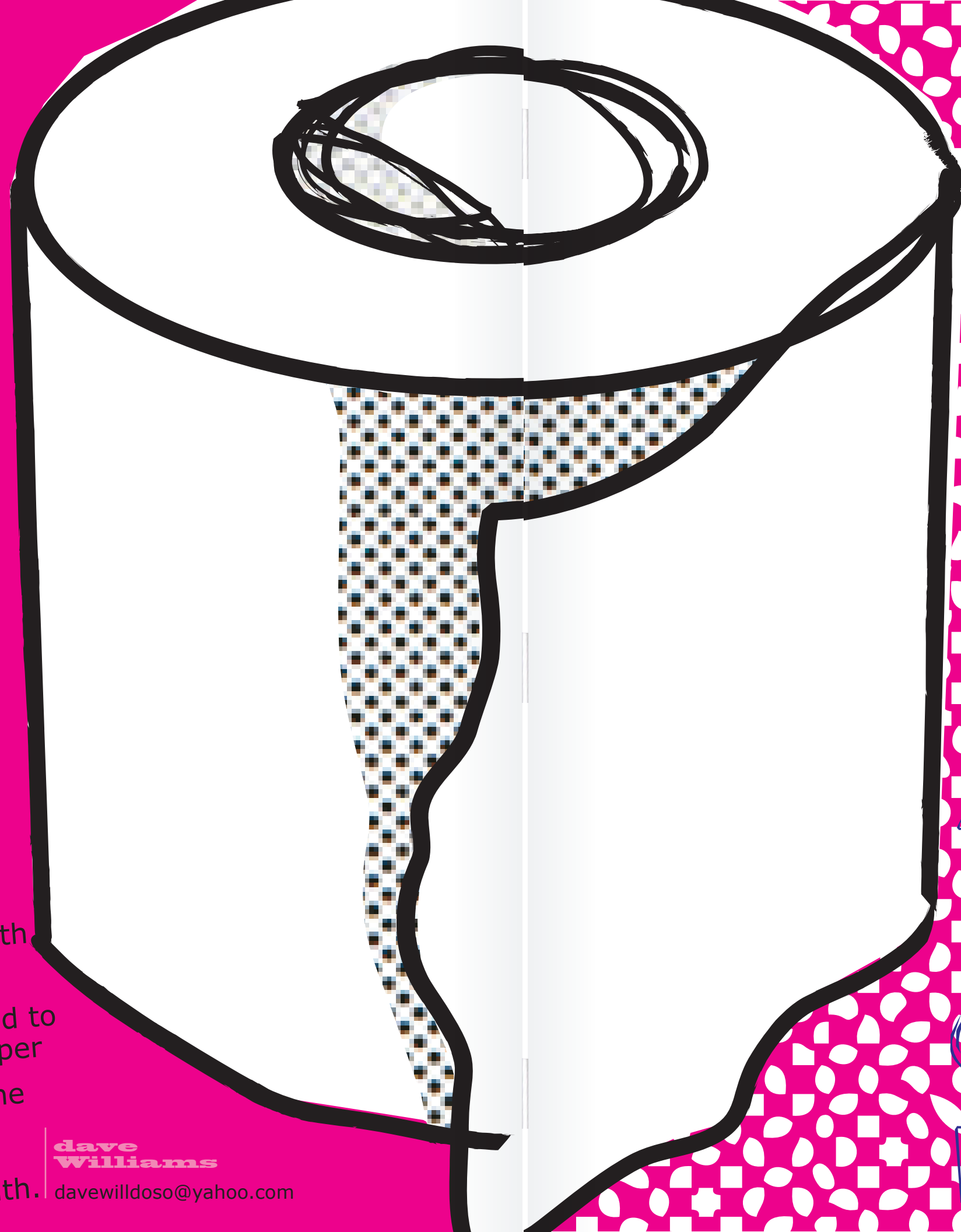
wipe, your
bamcee must wash
everyday. Who come with
it roll it.

I remember
when they used to
have coloured toilet paper

Now **white** is the

ONLY

thing I wipe my ass with.



WIPE
UP
YOUR
FEAR
LOAD
HING
AND
INSE
CURIT
IES.

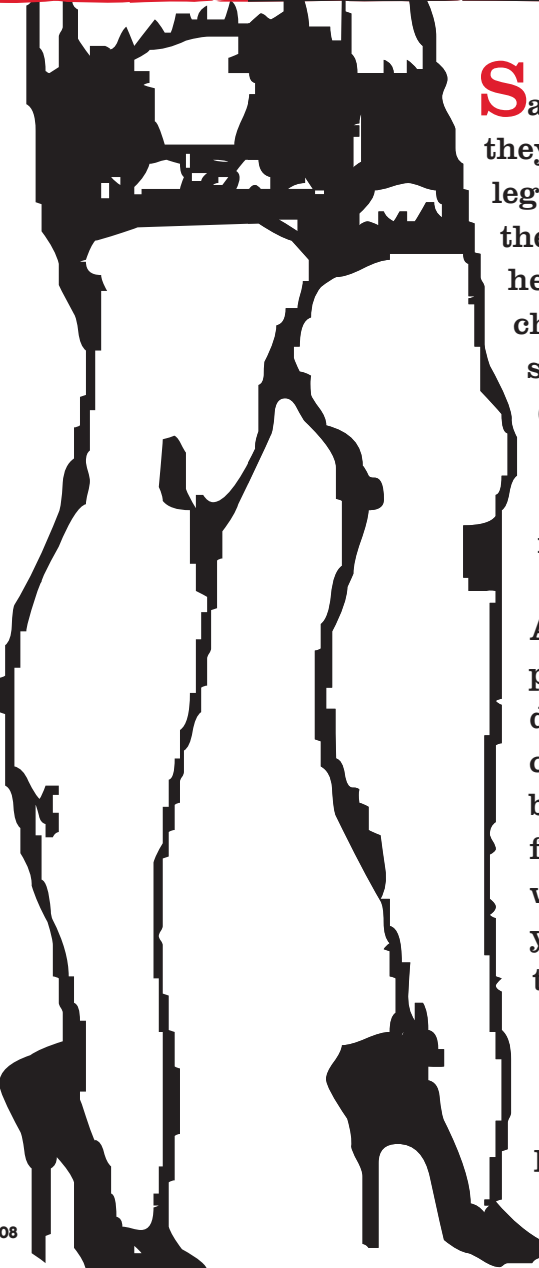
dave
Williams

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SPACE FOR RENT


SPACE FOR RENT

SPACE FOR RENT



Sati (not her real name) is the one they all want. She has long sexy legs, still has a beautiful face despite the dew and hardships of working her piece of real estate. No spring chicken in the meat market game of sexual living, she is large chested, (a plus in this market) and has that little something that her customers need, when they look for a space to rent... a su-pap.

Always the businesswoman her price ranges from \$250 to \$750 depending on her customers. It cost \$100 extra if they want the breast. Kept on reserve except for special customers, the breasts were on lockdown for almost two years of breastfeeding. The price though goes up depending on the time of year and season, reflects the price of a barrel of oil, inflation, and of course rising food prices. Carnival is extra special.



A Carnival fete date will cost you the all night price of \$1800, a sexy dress, and the fete ticket.

Sati works almost 365 days a year and rakes in at least \$1500 on a slow night. "Everybody want the Indian," she says. "They never bother me here. Dem police and even the residents... They always polite. Dem other gyuls and dem does jealous though."

A veteran of three years on the streets she is a mother and ex-lover at thirty plus. The child, the love of her life, not by some trick mind you, (or as Sati puts it "by one of the people looking to do a little business") but rather by her ex-boyfriend, a notorious bad man, who still looks out for her and is always looking for "another piece of that pie that tasted so well", that he went for "one last chooks" and ended up with a child. *continued next page*

RENT

Sati has no compunction about what she is doing, No reservations at all. It's a space for rent. "You pay I play. I doing everything you want once you paying me for it... Well except that. I not on that. Check them bargain basement gyuls and dem up by the park for that". Sati sees herself as a businesswoman first. "Put that money on the seat, let me see it and let we go". Described as a brave one by another veteran of the lower-rises, Sati is said to go with anybody. Sati contends this is not true and that the other real estate agents are just jealous. She comports herself in a proper manner, stays toward the shadows until later in the night and never bothers anybody walking by. Never answers back, as she feels she is just visiting, and has no real right to be there anyway. She knows what she is. But don't disrespect her. If she, or real estate on the whole is not your vice, find another one. But don't disrespect her; just like you she has a mother.

According to the real estate speculators, Sati's space for rent is the best out there. The property is prime, even if a bit old in this market of seventeen and nineteen year olds. Sati is so popular that speculators slow down to look at her. They often buy her dinner, (not KFC mind you, but rather food from Ruby's and the like...fancy thing) and hurriedly drop it off. The punters of this arena, often pass by on their way, or rather out of their way as the case maybe to the Friday night limes at Christmas time and push a little something in her hand, "just because she looking good". Described as the lot you want to rent versus the classless properties that ajoin the area one can see why she is in demand.

By comparison the other properties are shabby, un-cultured and downright nasty. That's why they are so cheap. Outlandish behaviours including disrespect of residents, fights among the landlords and masturbation on boring nightshifts have led to these properties closing early, or being run off by the police. Some properties smell like bad babash, puncheon rum, stale cigarettes and coke (not the cola kind). Negotiations are a hassle as prices fluctuate from as low as \$60 to the outlandish \$800 dollars. While the properties are an amusing mix and match of wannabe MTV, South Beach meets Duke Street, their appearance leaves nothing to the imagination. There is no initial desire here unless your price, your mind and the like are in the gutter. Gates are wide open; solicitation for rent goes on in the most vulgar of ways. Landlords aplenty reside on this side of town. Often interfering in the bargaining process, much to the dismay of the property and potential punter alike. This is a bad part of town. There are countless diseases here and in the absence of any regulated sanitary inspections, it rivals that of a Medieval European City and the Plague. It is a cesspool for the daily paid and borderline punter looking for a free hustle or to be caught with an underage charge.

Re-gentrification of the city has taken place in some quarters. In one particular quarter, two fifty-something year olds maintain court. They are the old properties that have swept up a bit and "come back out to hustle". They blame the poor quality of infrastructure and lack of sanitation as the reason they can rent out a space at all. Being mature properties is both a bane and a boon to them. Punters run the range of the lowly paid and under-experienced looking for a sexual edification, to the rich slumlords, who like dabbling in what they did not marry. The kick for them is to feel as though they are supporting an economy. They like to see the natural balance in everything. It helps appease guilt. Strangely enough they become a lot of the time quasi-pretend relationships and companionship. Of course, through all of this rent is paid. Back out on the streets because of rising food prices and the realisation that they aren't prime property anymore, opening time is limited. The occasional one or two rentals a night are the norm here. Safety plays a big factor. Unlike with the brazen other properties, security is a huge concern. It's nerve-racking dealing with some of the punters. The idea is to present a clean property, play a role, "get dem dollars", and "lock up until the next night".

With Tourism growing in our region, Caribbean transients and country properties have become listed. The rentals here are steep, managed by a shrewd real estate agency. All transactions are booked in advance. That's right, rent is paid on trust for the delivery of young country properties that are barely legal. Most of these properties weren't in real estate but ended up here after the bar and restaurant circuit fell through. Well presented by their agency most of these rental opportunities are just young naive entrants to a system too big for them to understand. What they trust is the agency.

The agency sees it as a moral obligation to negotiate the vagaries of the real estate industry for these young properties and for the best part it seems to work. Naivety is neutered and rental applications fall under serious scrutiny. The space is rented on a really high turnover rate, due to the newness of the property. In the on-season these properties even rival Sati.

In recent times though the mobile home unit has moved into all the neighbourhoods. If there is any really big tourism event in town, these properties open up for business. These "best props" are young properties that call enormous prices for the shortest time. With well-manicured pathways, gardens, hedges and the like, the attraction of the properties for the punter is immediate. These properties are so alluring that after a couple of hours of nightly rentals, they "lock up shop" for re-cooperation, never to be seen until at least they've had time to paint, fix and transform once more.

But in the meantime Casa Sati is always open, 24/7, 365 ready and willing once you're paying. Just put your money on the seat.

by Richard Rawlins
rmraffinity@yahoo.com

RENT

One: In the sight of God and man... **I** (insert soul) **take this** pill that this **woman** has given **to have and to hold** (give me strength **for** this pill is hard to swallow) as she becomes **richer** and I become **poorer. In** this **sickness**, where my **health** no longer is a major concern.

Forget **better**, I feel **more worse...till** the sweet embrace of **death** **do**es its duty and **we part**.

"I feel...."

I don't know what I feel. Marriage is supposed to be the anti-depressant right? I know a guy. This guy got married. Is still married. Has a daughter. She's doing well. His marriage? His marriage is a different story. And it's not for a lack of trying you know. I think they just - no, **HE just** - never really

WOKE UP THIS MORNING AND GOT



thought it through I guess. I mean you should see the love in this man's eyes and I've yet to figure out what exactly I see in hers. I mean it's not that she's inherently a bad person (though truth be told my family had quite the run in with her mother let me tell you...) it's just that, I don't know. And unless God comes into play and does a 180 on them I don't know how they'll make it. And here's the other nugget - he doesn't believe in divorce. So here he is, being the perfect god-man overlooking her countless faults because he loves her. And I must get married? I already know I is (yes, I IS) an ass I don't need someone else coming into view to make me feel like Mary Jackass. And they tell me it won't happen to you; that God himself will find you a right woman but I still look at this man and I not lying - I scared cause this man is a big church man (like me) and yet... this is his lot. Married to a woman - not a life partner"

Two: **Therefore shall a man leave** the security of **his mother and father** and **cleave** like a leech to its host. But who really sucking who is my real question.

"God grant me the serenity-to accept the things I cannot change;- courage to change the things I can and wisdom to know the difference."

Three: Brethren, **They stand here in the presence of these many witnesses** (all of whom wonder what I really doing), **to affirm their love** (of self) **forsaking all others** (forms of rational thought... jeez)

dapoetspeaks@yahoo.com

tracy  Hutchings 



"How come no body eh help meh? Ent yuh friends supposes to stop yuh if yuh tryin' to commit suicide? Or as my muddah does say "commit kill-mehself"? Is a flippin suicide attempt we. Assisted suicide. You ever hear the terms dey does use to talk 'bout dis love ting? "**He tied the knot.**" "**They took the plunge**" and my personal favorite, "Oh she just **BLOWS MY MIND**". Ass! She have a right to blow yuh mine! You give she de gun and tell she "Shoot! Shoot to hell doo-doo darling, love divine!" Is not dat I doh love, you know, love and marriage and ting you know. Is jus' if you live the life I live bruddah you would understand that marriage is a commitment I not putting myself under again! Not ah ass ah dat. Yuh see! Right dey... "commit". No wonder a set ah mad people does rush into dis ting - they needs to be **COMMITTED** oui. Nah man. When I was in it, I couldn't wait to get out. I mean I do the honorable ting an marry d people girl chile but for what?

MYSELF A GUN

I come home, no food, no lovin embrace - boy nothing! If I wanted a cold I woulda marry a fever. Is like huggin a dam cad - cad - look, dead body! dat real kill me dread. And you know what d hurtful part is, no body eh warn me dread. no body did sit meh dong an say "so-so-so is d case", dey just stand up dey in d presence ah God an man an let me slit meh wrist with a 16 carat ring ah STILL payin' for! Sometimes yuh does ask yuhself if it all worth it yes. Is suicide oui. Is suicide!" continued next page

RMB

Four:

Till debt (mine of course not yours...) **till death** (of everything that has ever made any sense to me)... **till death**, look let's just call this what this is - a performance piece. So **we** will just keep playing our **parts**.

"I've heard it said that a woman brings her looks to the marriage while the man brings everything else."

Of course, should the encounter be dissolved due to 'irreconcilable differences' (like she flies off to another continent with your child), this same woman leaves with not just her good looks (which she swears you stole from her) but half your money and your worldly possessions. So in essence, what took you thirty years to get could be wiped from you in three. She then uses this accumulated income to restart her life while you try to figure out what to do with yours because clearly (clearly) this was all your fault to begin with. Clearly."

Five:

I now (denounce?) **pronounce you has-been and wife.**

Six:

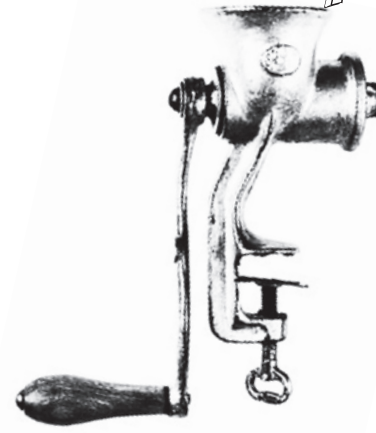
Enough of this shit! I need a



draconian
SWITCH

issue #1
MAY 08

WIFE...RU MAKING FUN OF ME?
ONE FEATURED ARTIST



cont...



give this man



LIFETIME COKE AND A SMILE

BREAST

ORAL FIXATIONS AND MOMMY ISSUES... \$

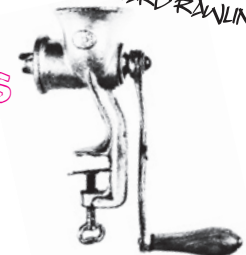
WIPE UP YOUR FEELINGS & INSECURITIES 10

WRITERS
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ME HAZARD darryn **BOODAN**

ART DIRECTOR, DESIGNER, EDITOR
FEATURED ARTIST

RICHARD RAWLINS



FOR RENT
12

BLOW MINE 16

COVER
LOSH
be my guest **CHEEWAH**

as visual communication professionals we have a much greater role in the change management of cultures than putting up stupid videos on

U BOOB

Want to hear a joke?
Not really... but you're gonna tell me anyway.
What?...
Ha. I get it NOTHING! LOL :)
Wait... WIF...RU MAKING FUN OF ME?



CREDITS



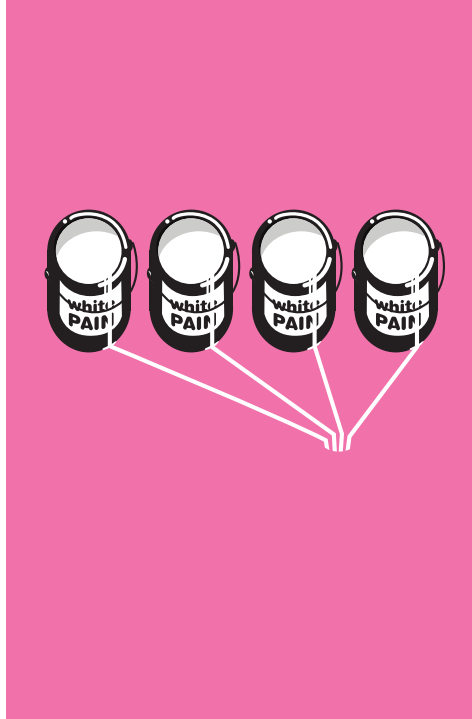
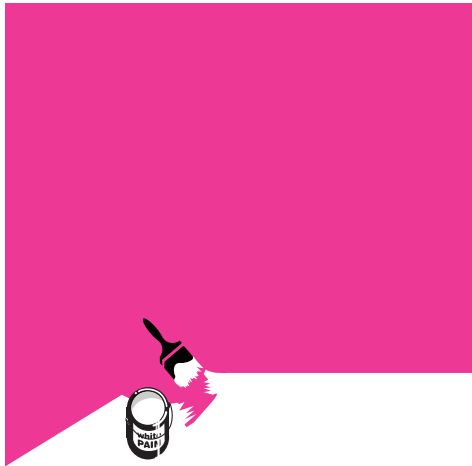
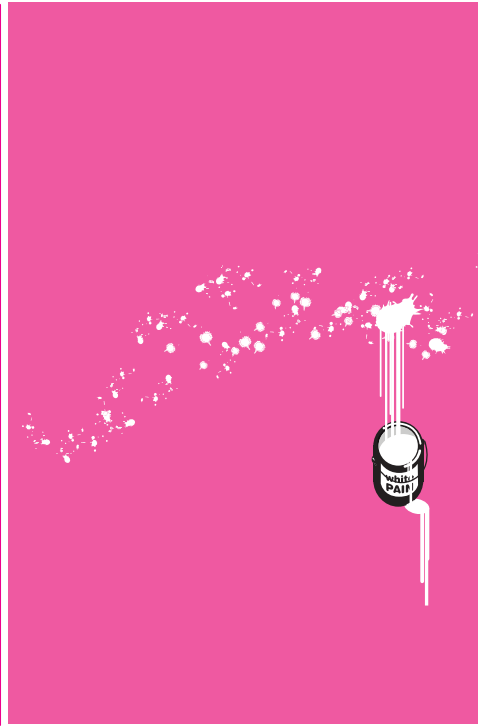
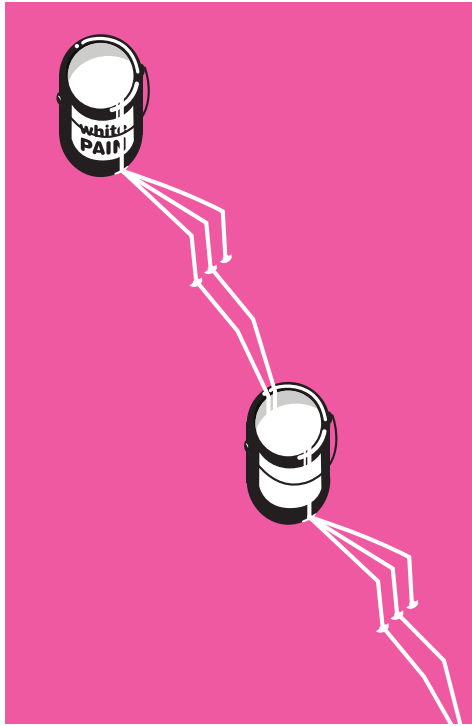
TILL NEXT TIME...



ADVISORY

ENTR

cover shot



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