

# DRACONIAN SWITCH

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ISSUE 5 DECEMBER 08



TEE

# BIG SAWATEE

**THE WONDER SHOW**  
THE GREATEST DECEVEIR THE COUNTRY HAS NEVER EVER SEEN!

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THE GREATEST DECEVEIR THE COUNTRY HAS NEVER EVER SEEN!

\* FRAUD MEDIUMS ARE NEVER EXPOSED

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Marlon Darbeau



Living En Route

*"I'm not sure where we as a nation are heading, but we're certainly heading somewhere and I think there will be lots of deviations and distractions along the way."*

This is how graphic designer **Marlon Darbeau** describes the impulse behind his first exhibition, 'En Route..of bridges and barriers'. A graduate of COSTATT's Visual Communication Design Program, 33 year old Darbeau works at advertising agency, Collier Morrison and Belgrave.

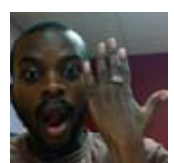
En Route along with even more of Marlon's inspirational work is featured in this our 5th issue.

As we move forward to 2009 readers can expect a lot more from the artzpub crew. As noted we've revamped the magazine's look and the website will soon follow with blogs, even more bonus book features, video and audio selections.

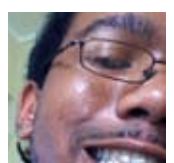
Enjoy and ciao for now.  
**Darryn**



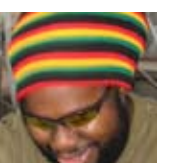
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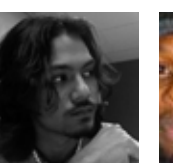
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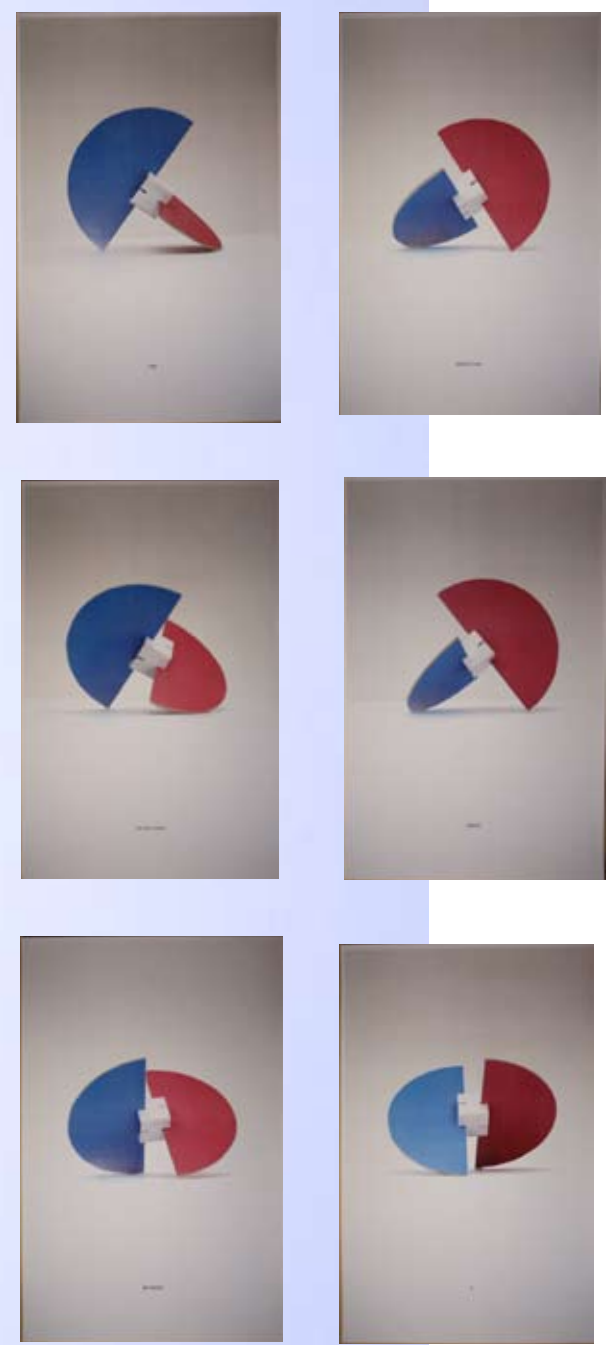
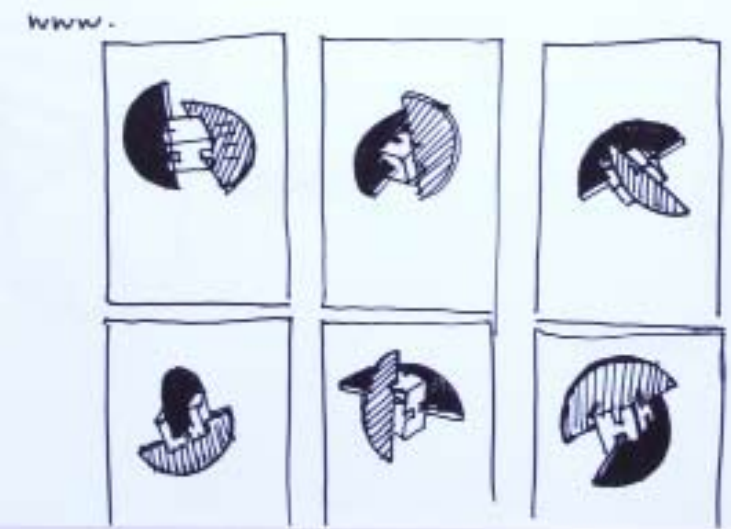
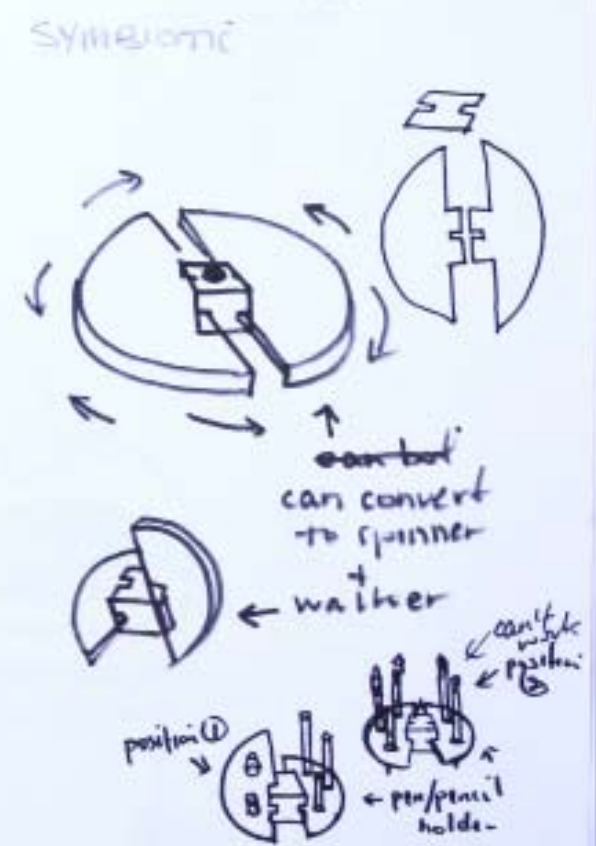
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**LEFT BRAIN**  
 LOGICAL  
 Sequential  
 Rational  
 Analytic - logical reasoning  
 OBJECTIVE  
 LOOKS AT PARTS

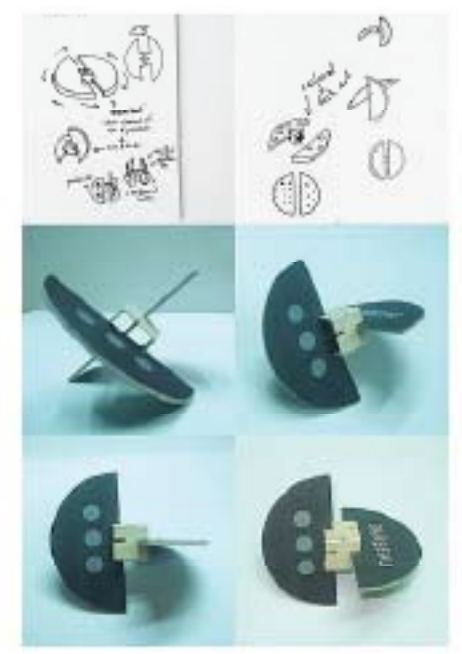
**RIGHT BRAIN**  
 RANDOM  
 INTUITIVE  
 HOLISTIC  
 SYNTHESIZING  
 SUBJECTIVE  
 LOOKS AT WHOLE

AVATAR

DAVATAR  
 MOVATAR  
 NAVATAR



Identity as Object  
 Friday, November 7, 2008 at 10:17am



Identity as Object, originally uploaded by Marlon Darbeau.  
 Identity as object is an exploration of my symbol as a living object.

I.e. A dance between the intentional and intuitive.

I could of easily connected both blades to each other, but found more possibilities by having a central cube with slots that allowed the blades to be fixed in more than one configuration.  
 \*see left study.

A cool thing was that when you placed the avatar on the ground in its legs configuration, with the help of the breeze it walked.

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Add Comment

Identity as Object, originally uploaded by Marlon Darbeau.  
 Identity as object is an exploration of my symbol as a living object.

### Chair(Untitled)



This is a Chair I designed & built a couple years ago. It's made from painted MDF with a metal seating.

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Uploaded on November 6, 2008  
by Marlon Darbeau

Marlon Darbeau's  
photostream



This photo also belongs to:

Furniture Design (Set)



Additional Information

- All rights reserved
- Anyone can see this photo
- Taken on November 6, 2008
- Viewed 6 times



G

STORIES

BENDING

STORIES

**Forged from the love of liberty** - It's amazing how a problem could stare us dead in the face and we don't see it. "Forged" To get anything here one must forge it. Fake it to high heaven. Ask the driving student who pays the licensing officer to get a pass grade. Ask the woman who has to slip something to get her passport this century. Ask the boy who copied the CXC papers just to forge an image of respectability. No longer do we "forge" ahead instead we are content to just happily falsify our corrupted existence. We too nice not to be nice eh?

**In the fires of hope and prayer** – because WHEN all else fails THEN and only then do we burn a candle, whisper a Novena and hope on a prayer to save us.

**With boundless faith in our destiny** - in oil, because just like our Lord and of his Christ, oil-shall-reign-for-ever-and-ever. Moreover, oil is sexy.

**We solemnly swear** – and there's a lot of that going on isn't there? Just hit the start... and just start cussing. There are enough decrepit roads to go around. There's enough slush, mud and random debris floating around. There are enough public utility companies to screw you over. (Buh.. water gone?! Buh wha d !) So just... start swearing... and put some back into it.

**Side by side we stand** – or dance, because the Shiv Shakti's Ganges still needs to meet the Malik Folk Performers' Nile. Cause THAT is real unity.

**Islands of the blue Caribbean Sea** – yes, so many little dots that won't come together to form a reasonably sized dot because our egos are far bigger than our individual GDP. But I digress...

**This our native land we pledge our lives to thee** – and by native land I mean Flat Bush and by pledge I mean President Elect Obama (not that I'm not enamored with him eh...I fear the man has more sense right now than these well spoken "gits" that lord over us.)

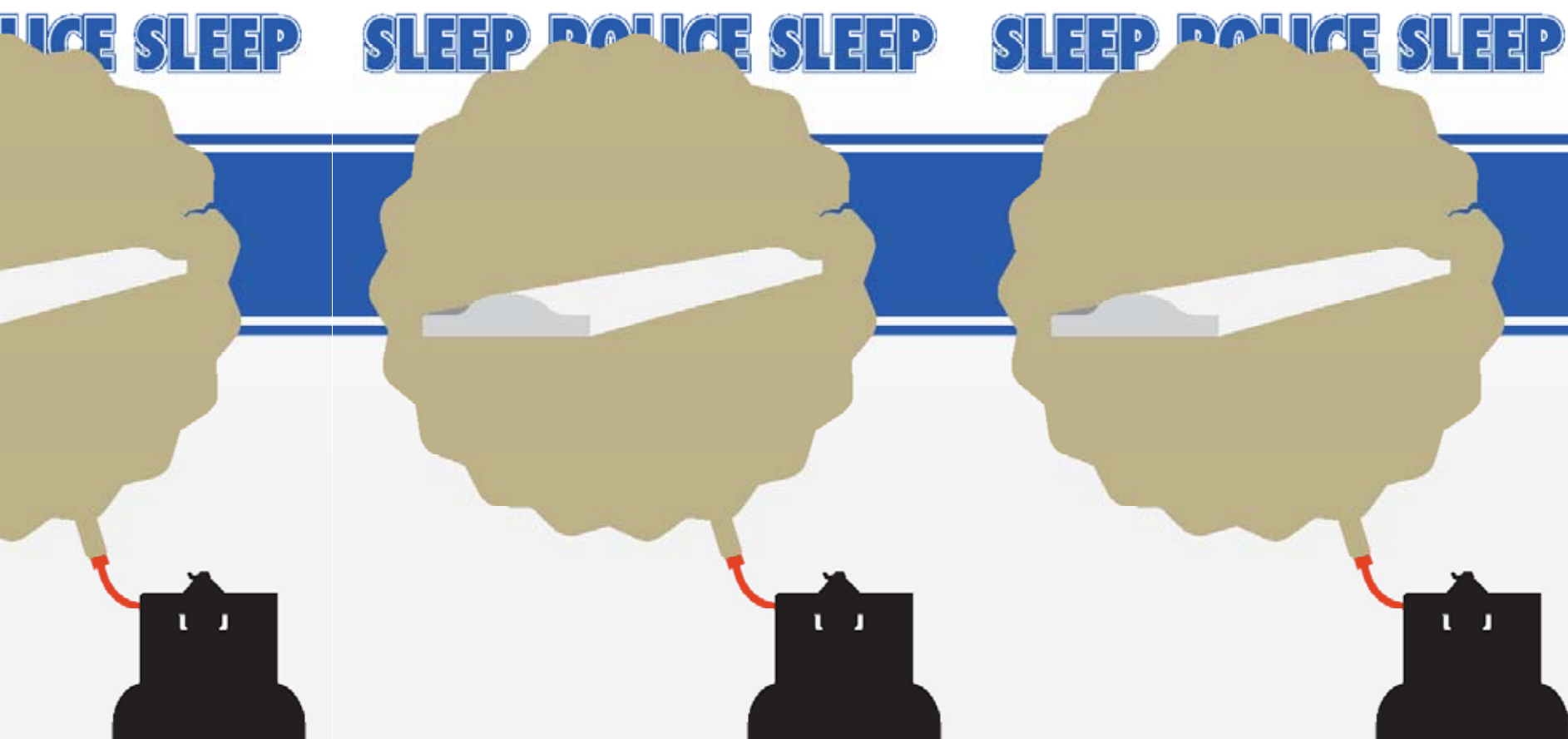
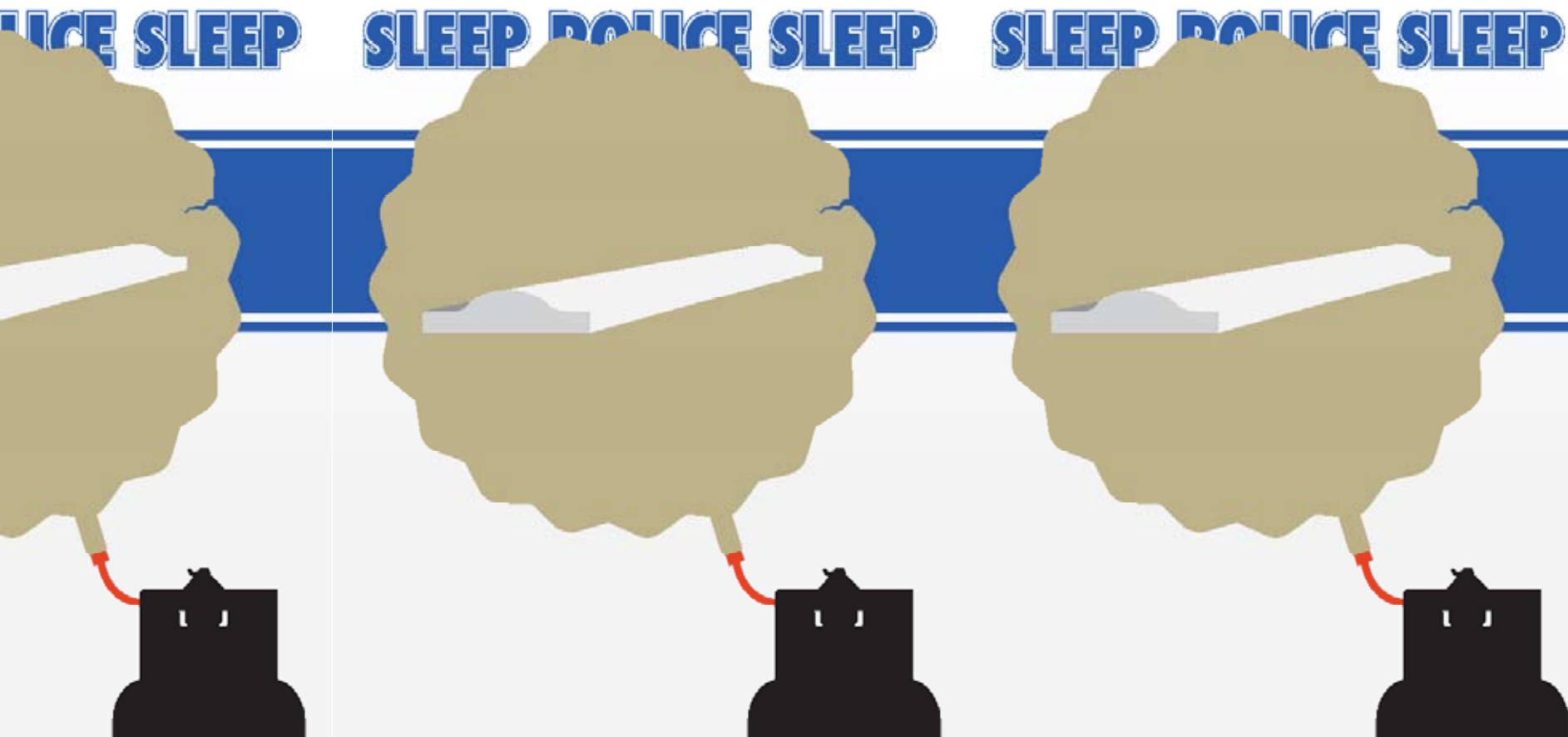
**Here every creed and race finds an equal place** – because we don't HAVE a race problem. Coolies don't look at my mother as a neemakharam for having a black child and Niggers don't hate on me (with their superior intellect) because I know the words to Bole Chudiyen. And what about those drug lord Syrians and those darn cheap Chinese coming here to take all ah we jobs. How quickly we judge Reverend Wright when right here Pastors and Pundits and Politicians spew their toxins on a readily available population of drones.

**And may God bless our nation** – because He is bound (bong) and obliged ('bliged) to do so.

**Here every creed and race finds an equal place** – I told you already! We don't have a race problem. Just make sure that your intended have "good hair"!

**And may God bless our nation** – on all of us. Especially those who can take action on people as "the spirit move" them. Yay!

All the while the stories continue to rise. The whole lot of them! Mortar suffocates the obvious. Glass softens the glare of truth and the gas brain gnome watches off in the distance and chuckles. \$1153.85



I approached this piece as I would any other.

I saw an image and attempted to write something that was either inspired by, based on, or analogous to it.

After several minutes of blank staring, I realised that my conventional method was fruitless...

Like the speed-bump featured in the image, there sat an unassuming but lethal problem that shattered the smooth propagation of my vehicle of thought.

I realised that I was dealing with design.

DUN DUN DUN.

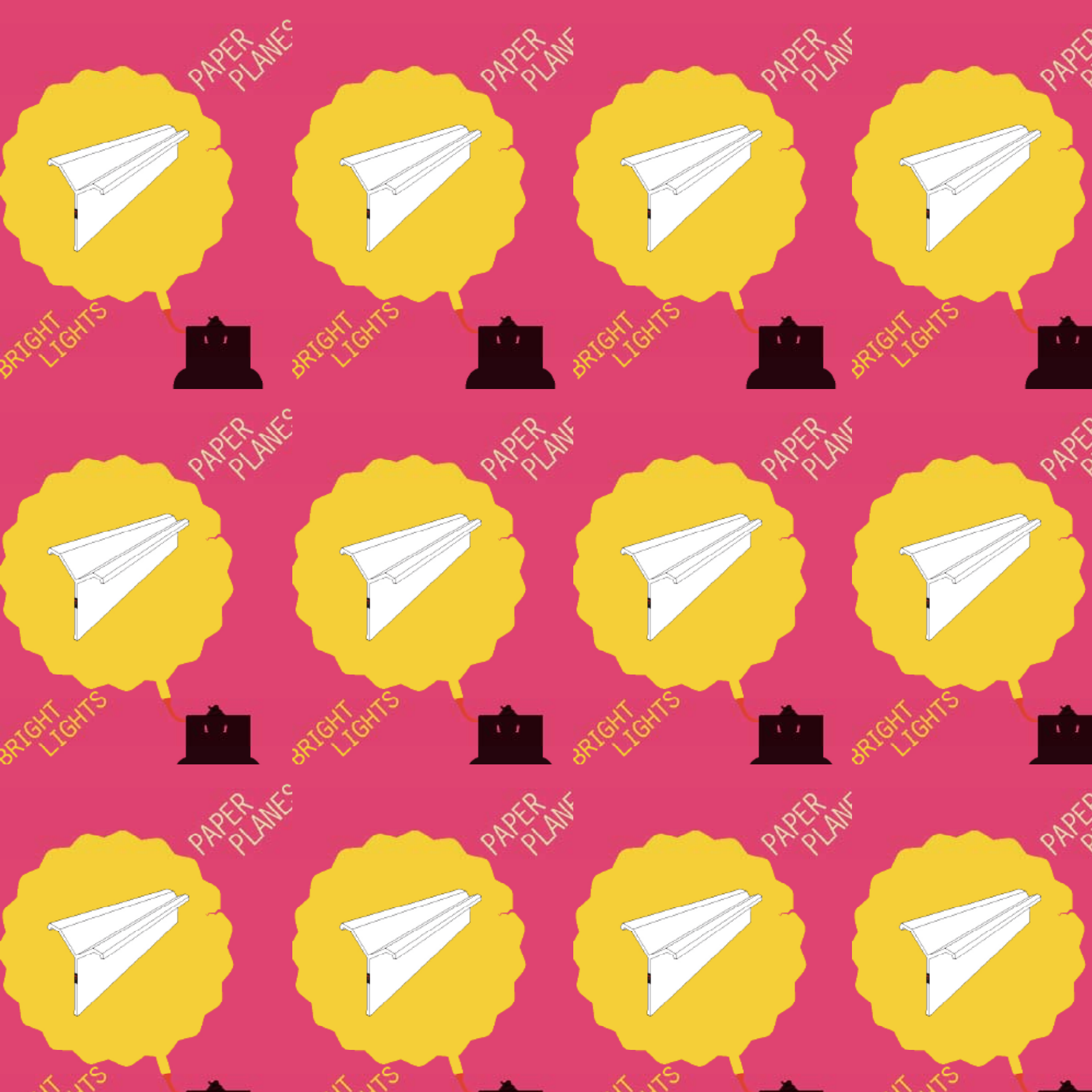
This piece was not art. There was no warm and personable visual noise, populated with the potential for exploitation or explanation.

Instead it was desolate and decisive.

The engineer had already honed and crafted every angle, shape, hue, and letter to within inches of perfection. He had crafted the piece in such a way that it there was no room for misinterpretation. It said what it wanted to say. It needed no annotation or narration. Whether subconsciously or intentionally, the creator had produced an object.

To describe it would be tautological, and to analog it would be poetic.

There is neither need nor purpose for either, for the piece is precisely what it is.



Thanks! What is this? Ohh, a surprise...I could open it now? Waaaaaay, thanks! I cyah believe it...a paper plane! Yuh know how long I wanted one? Cool, so I could play with it now? Ohhh, I have to make it first.

De Instructions say 'FOLD ALONG SEAMS.'

I think is more along party lines but, it seems like along the way we covered over our dreams and cut off the fringes of society to become more aerodynamic. And, although in hindsight our visions will always be 20/20 but what about our foresight? Is it blurred, suffering from mine-opia or maybe due to cataracts filled with contracts from dodgy contacts in high places or simply our failure to act, react or enact change, we just relax, rock back, drink a Stag and demand we crown but still, we remain inactive.

Nah man you think so?

Yeah, we just sitting back and hoping that all would be well, like we were waiting on the school bell before we started learning. Needed to be on the program before we started feeding and not just our bellies but our brains and our minds. I guess over time we'll find what it takes to galvanize ourselves into action but do we have the mettle? We call ourselves black so don't even talk about the kettle. Nobody ending up in hot water or even the fire when they jump out of the Mittal pan and into an aluminium smelter...I mean shelter.

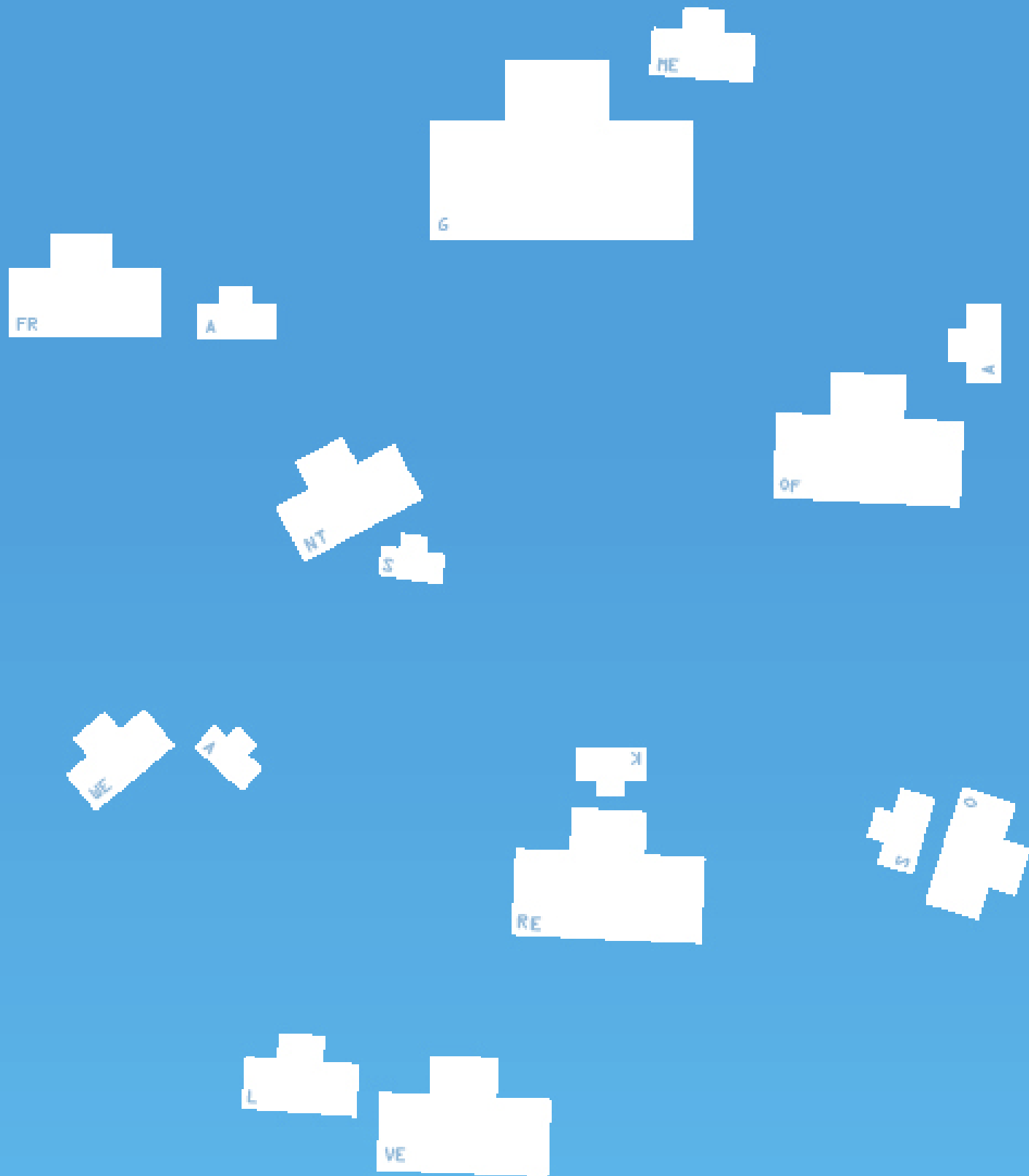
Doh worry man dis paper plane could fly.

Yeah? Will it soar above smog and the hogs grazing on the Beetham, and the pigs with their roadblocks and white rocks that pay their way through the schools of hard knocks and the pavements on the roads that have been blocked by fires in our hearts, on our streets and in our bars on the Corners where we love to flock even when men get shot, we order another rounds and say 'Cheers!' - we immune to the shock? Will it pass by the blimp and notice the pilot with his feet up and hands behind his head because the whole place on autopilot and we probably better off dead but we don't even know it yet.

Doh worry when you fly dis plane it go look bess, everybody go want one!

Really? Just because we smooth out the creases and paint the wings with pretty colours from many faces and apply the make up of many races that doesn't mean that we can make up our minds because the foundation is weak, stuck together by crazies glued to the screens trying to make their reflection resemble the scenes or the hills from Love-until death do us part, we do our part to stay in our lane and follow the path to promised lands as promised by the man who make this paper plane.

Well lewwe go fly it, I cyah wait.  
Nah dread it raining outside.



## A Cinnamon High

One day on a particularly wet, dull and dreary afternoon,  
As I sat at my desk writing a very nice ad for the devil  
I saw in the sky, a bright white cloud of pure cinnamon.  
It shone like a bonfire - bright red and yellow - all mixed together.  
"That's the most beautiful thing I ever saw-I think". I said  
Thinking that the devil could wait a while for his work  
I looked for way to reach this celestial opiate

**"What if I try to fly"? I asked a friend of mine.  
"You can't fly, there is no way to get that high, and even if you do, you're  
bound to fall , and maybe die". My friend responded.**

I always thought he was a particularly heavy friend.

Not allowing reality to get the better of me, I continued to be awed by this graceful piece of heaven and began to feel adoration sublimate into obsession.

"Imagine" I said to myself being engulfed by that body of warm moist bliss. With the flavour of cinnamon filling every orifice. Lost inside, gently floating away across the sky, soothed by its vapour, till the day I died. "Imagine" I said to myself.

"Maybe if I run up a mountain and let it pass through me" I said to my friend whom I thought was particularly heavy.

"I guess you can. But what will you do when its gone, hat cloud looks like its just passing through and wont' really stick around for too long". My friend said. "And then think about the long lonely climb back down". He added.

"Yeah I suppose so " I said rather gloomingly. Without having a thought of what to think of next . So I just stood still, and watched as the bright red and yellow fire slowly turn away from me And consoled myself " maybe another time on another day I'll find a way " And I sat back down at my desk, to do the devils work .

Gazing up at the sky I thought perhaps when the wet dull dreariness finally dissipates and the sun boils the air hot again, and all the clouds in the sky dissolves away, Maybe I'll get to taste that cinnamon cloud in the pouring rain some day.



# NEW



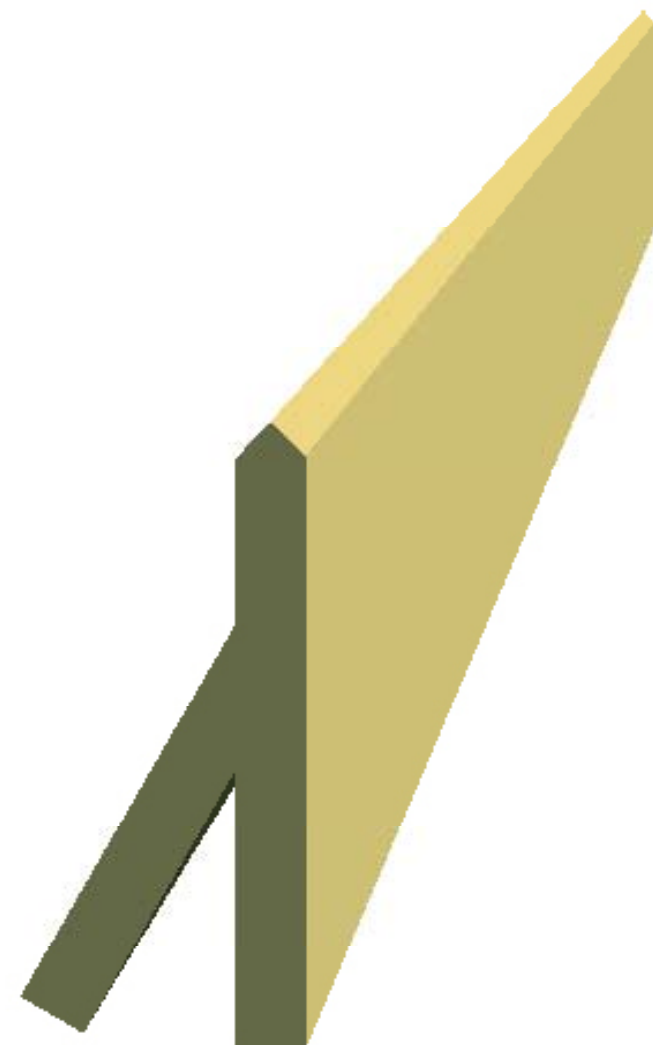
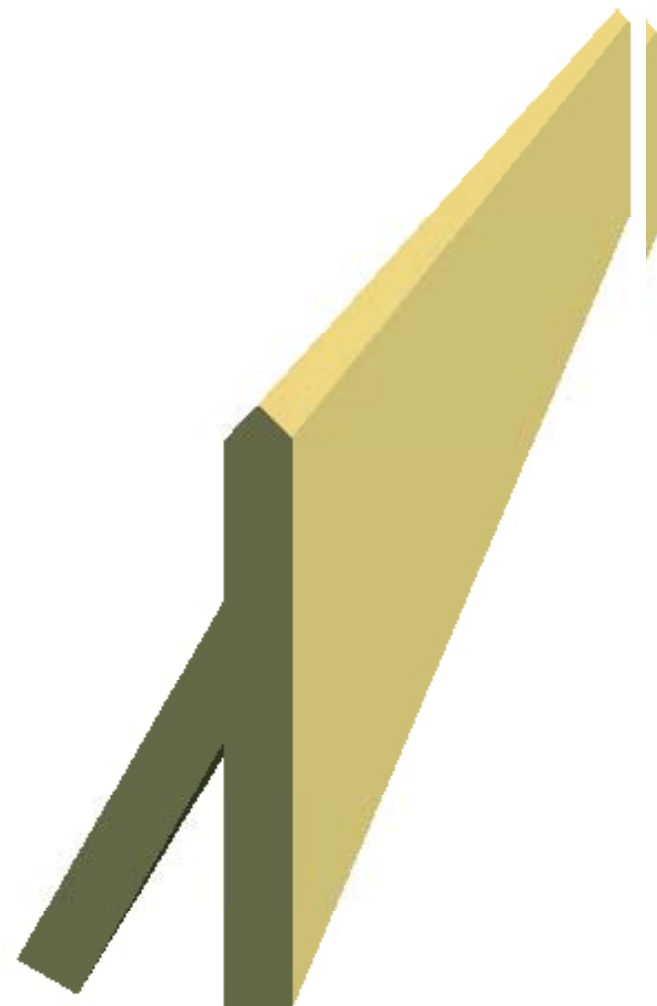
If you can't discern the bridge from the chasm, then there is no other side... no place greener.

If you can't see the barrier in the road...  
Shit! What the fuck was that!!!

If you can't see the signs, then they're no...  
fuckin'... signs.

# HURDLES TO CROSS

# NEW



# HURDLES TO CROSS

# IMMORTALITY FOR A NIGHT

What if death flew out of town for one night? For one night only, no one dies.

What would you do?

Would you put on some flashy jewels and strut your stuff on the town? Would you forget about the teenaged punk with the one pop, waiting to relieve your neck of some weight, then drain the life water from your veins?

Would you go on a secluded lookout with your lover and make out to the sound of your FM radio, your favorite CD or whatever else there is to listen to, without stopping every drag tongue or two to look out for carjackers who want to ride not just your car, but you too?

Would you lose it while you're driving towards your make out spot, and shout the worst expletives you could remember at the dude who blasted his car horn at you trying to get you to stop so he could rocket through the small space in front of you, as if he bought the first Nissan without brakes?

Would you buy some food and head up to maracas, make a big fire and comfortably fall asleep under the stars while the waves sing you a lullaby on the shore?

Would you try riding that big scary motorcycle? Touch a snake? Go Villa and make a fares? Make another fares when you're done with the first? Sample poison? Play Russian roulette with a loved one? Tie a towel around your neck like Superman and jump off a roof?

Would you set out to prove that ghosts exist... or not?

Would you report that drug block right down the road from you? The one everybody has been turning a blind eye to for the past six years or so, because no one wants to get "involved". Well

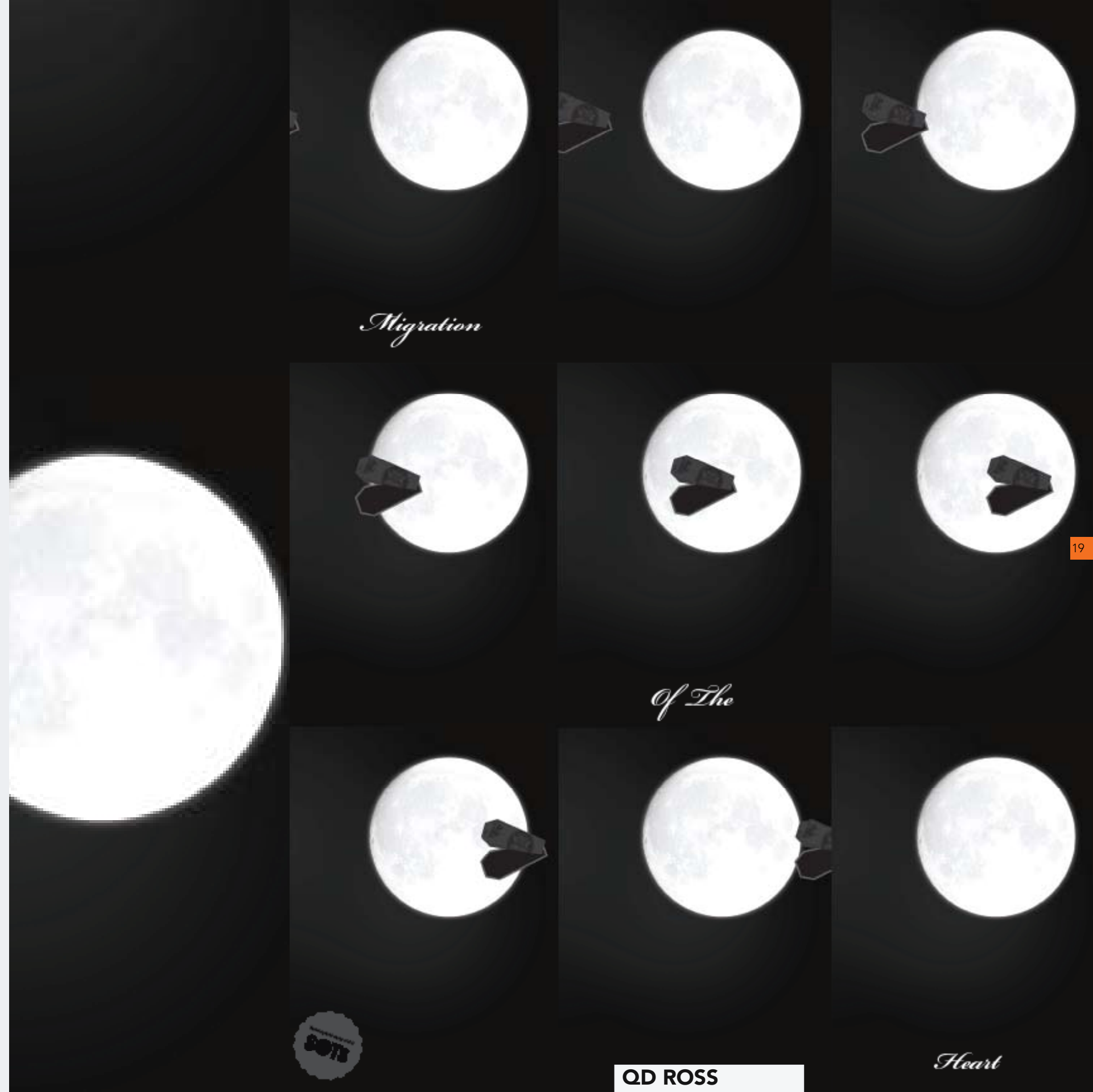
not anymore than they're already involved anyway.

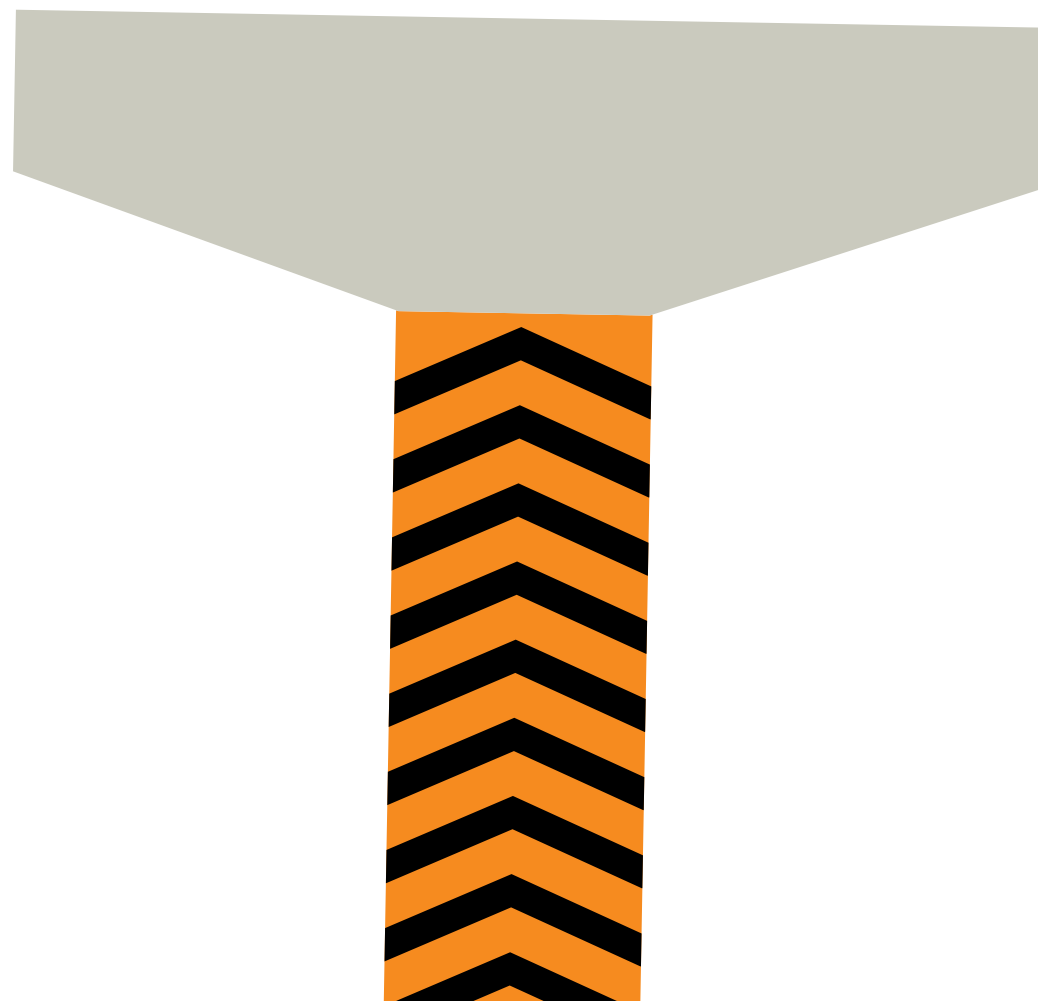
Would you challenge the system? Would you stand up in a public forum and say the discrimination that takes place at nightclubs is not right? Would you denounce a rumshop that has a dress code? Would you do it with harsh words and hint to action... activist style? Would you make a stance to not eat bread until something happens to the damn prices? Would you do that and say yuh not eat-in' no bread even if yuh have to starve?

Would you stay home from church, because for that one night, sin has no wages? Would you sin on purpose? Covet? Steal? Bare false witness?

If you can't say "None of the above Q!" here's the real question... Would you be able to deal with the restriction of death when it flies back into town to control you again?

## What would you do?





ITS ARMS ARE OPEN WIDE. WE ARE WILLING TO EMBRACE IT... YET IT BEGS US TO BE CAUTIOUS AS WE APPROACH.

CONVERGENCE



I have begun to understand the relation all things have to my work.

My ability to interpret the things I see and touch around me. Owning a car has highlighted how different things looked from when I took the bus. This has certainly impacted on my visual language and how it can be used, the bus work seems different from the car work. It is

not that one is better than the other, but the difference in the way you see the same things. In one instance you are in control of where you are going, in the other someone else is behind the wheel. What is significant is what I see and how it is translated into the work I do, how they can be applied to solve design problems or how they create design problems. Post, poles, lights, concrete structures, wood, things moving fast or slow, things static, loud noises, underlying sounds, street signs, business signs, all makes and models of cars, a bump in the road, white lines, intersections, going up, coming down, morning or evening, streets, time and people.

The further I stand back, the more they converge.

**marlon darbeau**



**STICK NO BILLS**



## EN ROUTE

... OF BRIDGES AND BARRIERS

A 2009 INSTALLATION PROJECT  
BY

MARLON DARBEAU

EXPLORES THE COMFORT AND THE COZINESS  
OF ESCAPISM, AND THE INHERENT AND  
INESCAPABLE VALUE OF DENIAL

OPENS 7PM 10 DECEMBER  
CONTINUES TO 13 DECEMBER  
3PM-7PM

ALICE YARD  
80 ROBERTS STREET,  
WOODBROOK, PORT OF SPAIN.

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MARLON.DARBEAU@GMAIL.COM

WATCH THE VIDEO AT  
WWW.ORANGEDOORGREENBENCH.COM/ENROUTE

CONTRIBUTORS: **RODELL WARNER** | **DAVE WILLIAMS** | **DAMIAN LIBERT** | **ANDERSON MITCHELL** | **SIGNATURE SIGNS** | **DK'S PRINT SHOP** | **SURE SIGNS**

The most interesting thing about the evening was, as my colleague, Nicole, pointed out, was the way that people were neatening up the cushions after they themselves or others sat on the stools.

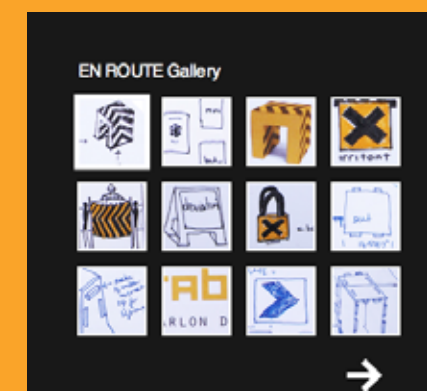


Last night my other colleague, Marlon Darbeau, a man who obviously spends a lot of time in traffic, opened his debut exhibition En Route. The meticulous workmanship and attention to detail that was so evident in the work was in deviant contradiction to the road works that inspired the installation.

En Route was one of the most accessible works of contemporary artistic commentary that I've seen in a few years. Black X's emblazoned on orange cushions embodied the roadworthy message of the work. The irritant cushions, that were so carefully looked after by viewers of the work, used a household symbol, one we see all the time on packaging for many of the cleaning products we collect under the sink, to heighten the political poignancy of the work. Darbeau explains the piece as an exploration of our increasing degree of comfort with the irritating aspects of our society and our political life. One part of the work was expressed in a chunky, wooden cuboid painted in the orange and black stripes now so familiar on the thick concrete pillars that support our overpasses. The Deviation Table, flanked by two cushioned Barri-stools and set inside the iconic box at Alice yard (a ten x ten showroom/gallery) added even more eloquence and weight to the syndrome of getting cozy-comfy and living in HGtv harmony with the irritants. So while the work spoke of bridges, barriers, blocked destinies and apathy, it was ironically, very intellectually and aesthetically accessible.

The other aspect of the work that made it interesting was the fact that it was, besides being artistic; it also expresses itself in the functional area of furniture designs. The Barri-stool, which is now available on Darbeau's website, is a scaled down, wooden version of a roadway median, the immovable concrete slabs we see separating right from left on just about every local highway. Now only available as objects of art, Darbeau is pursuing a manufacturing and distribution opportunity with a local chain store. So, En Route might actually be en route to a store near you sooner than you think...

Oh. The cushion-fixing thing was interesting because it demonstrated that people are still, by and large, willing to treat things with respect and care if they are presented to them in the same spirit.



The beat's stuck in my head

The strength and potency

offers no distraction,

I cannot escape it.

It's brightness is as true as the

realities we are living in.

Reminisce, why?

<http://marlondarbeau.blogspot.com/>



En Route,

a 2009 installation

in my head.

Thank you marlon.

**nicole noel**



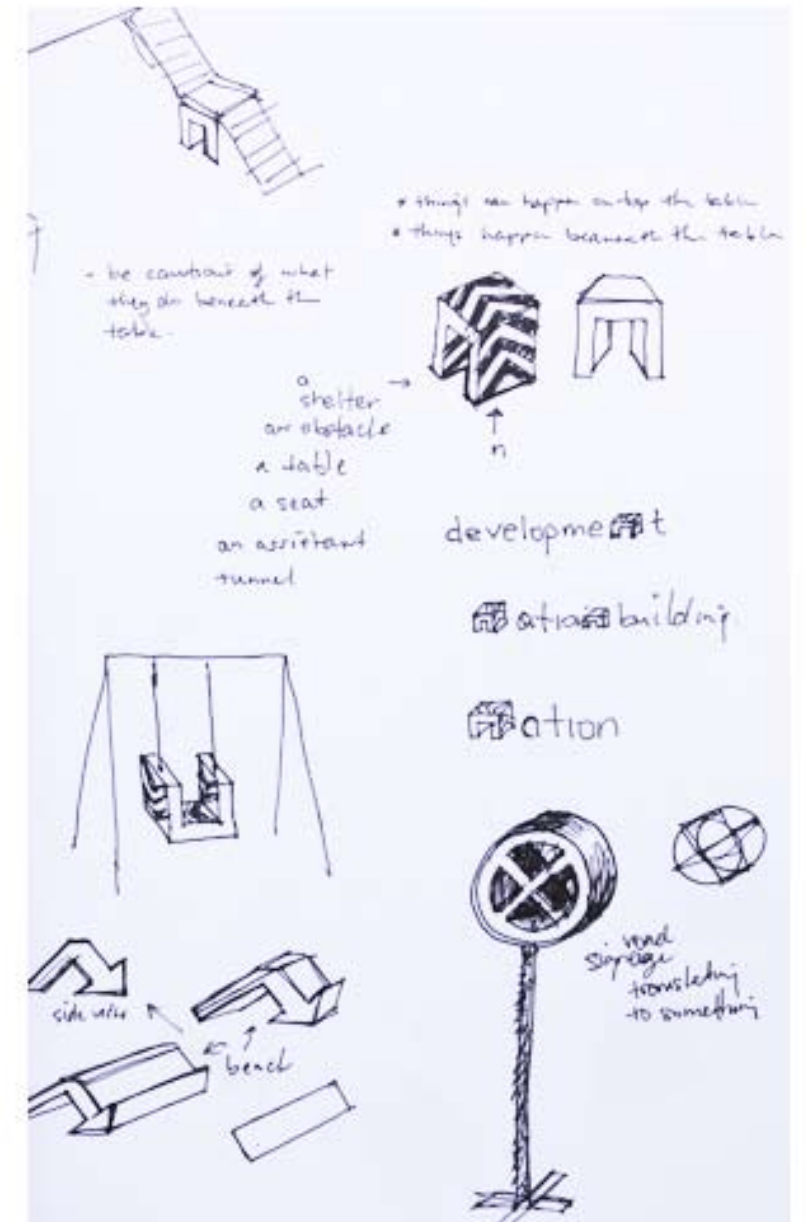
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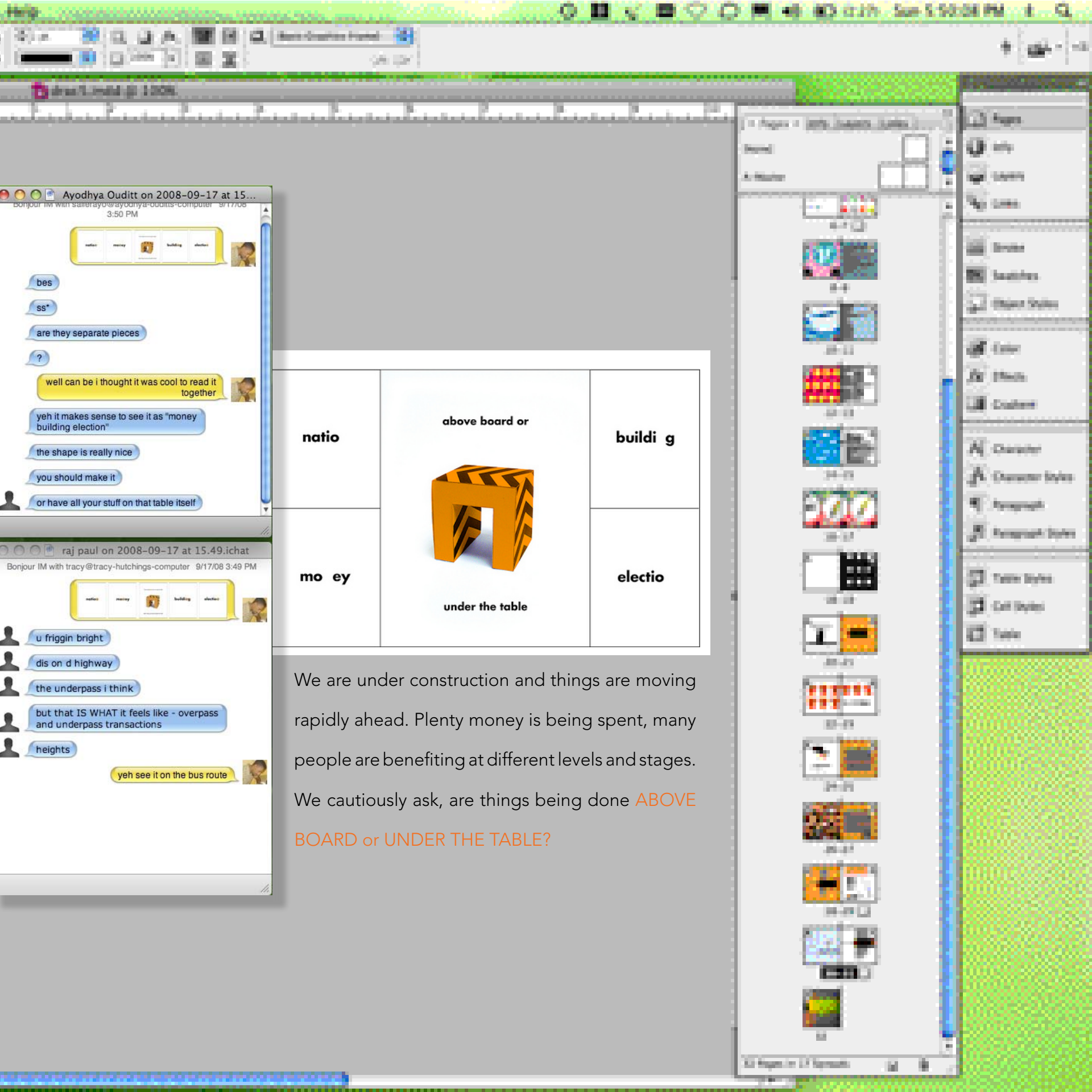
### EN ROUTE POSTER SERIES




POSTED BY MARLON DARBEAU AT 8:50 AM 0 COMMENTS

### EN ROUTE POSTER SERIES





natio	<p>above board or</p> 	buildi g
mo ey	<p>under the table</p>	electio

We are under construction and things are moving rapidly ahead. Plenty money is being spent, many people are benefiting at different levels and stages. We cautiously ask, are things being done **ABOVE BOARD** or **UNDER THE TABLE**?

I know I should have done this sooner, but i guess better late than never i.e making this post. I have been wanting to publicly mount a show for a couple of years now, the thing is I either didn't think the work I had was worth showing or lacked the confidence to show the stuff. This experience for me has been a wonderful one thus far, it has shown me how all things CONVERGE to create a new experience. All of my work & life experiences have seem to collide to make this body of work.

<http://orangedoorgreenbench.com/enroute/>



I'm also grateful to a number of people (Rodell Warner, Dave Williams, Damian Libert, Mark White, Richard Rawlins, Tanya Williams, Anderson Mitchell, Darryn Boodan, Tracy Hutchings, Ayodhya Ouditt and so many more) who have in so many ways impacted upon me and the work either directly or indirectly.

A special thanks to my wife Melissa and my son Gyasi, I love you all so much.

**marlon darbeau**



THE WAY

WE BUILD

THINGS

THE WAY  
WE BUILD  
THINGS

