

DRACONIAN SWITCH

ARTZPUB.COM

AUGUST 2009

Laura

laura ferreira
ferreira

Introduction

Darryn Boodan

Erotic Art week 2009 may be over, but we here at Draconian Switch are back at it, though we think we do deserve a little nap.

Our previous issue showcasing the best of Erotic Art Week, certainly left an impression, it had an incredible 4000 plus downloads, with readership in over 30 countries and from as far away as Russia, France, UK, and Morocco!

We all needed a cigarette after we saw the stats.

This issue showcases an artist who would have been at Erotic Art week if it were not for her dodgy hard drive. EAW's loss is our gain.

Just 24 years old Laura Ferreira has made quite an impact on the photographic world.

Check out more of her work at;
<http://www.lauraferreira.com>
Enjoy.

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Draconian Switch Issue
9

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Darryn Boodan - What you playing at?



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Tracy

Dave



interview with laura ferreira

Where do you work?

Anywhere really....I love location shoots and I can pretty much pick up my lights and set up in any random location. I used to work a lot out of my home, my bedroom to be precise. So right now I'm a travelling photographer, doing the 'I come to you' thing for now.

"I just like capturing people and concepts pretty much."

Describe a bit of your process – does your work come from 'life' or 'imagination'?

Music mostly fuels my work, a melody line, a word, a voice, any part of a song can trigger an idea. Then I have dreams now and then where I'm looking at a scene, and in the dream I say "I need to shoot this when I wake up". Or it could be in conversation, I'd describe a basic scenario and concept that I want and a friend of mine would suggest something, then I would take it to the next level and just go on and on for a long time and forget where we are (usually happens when I'm out liming)

I've always had a vivid imagination, I try to sketch out my ideas as soon as I think of them, really bad stick drawings. Then I take it from there.

What moves you most in life either to inspire you or upset you?

My son inspires me, if it wasn't for him I don't think I would be doing what I'm doing. I know every parent says this but he's the best kid ever. I miss him every time he's not around. It's funny, but I get so many ideas from his toys. What upsets me is plagiarism, littering and Maxi Taxis. I do anything I can to upset them, we're at war.

Actually I can go on and on about road rage....when someone gives me a bad drive I lock onto their car like a T800 and do all I can to get in front of them and drive at the speed of a snail.

Where do you feel photography is going not just in Trinidad and Tobago but in the Caribbean as a whole?

Well, it's definitely a growing industry. Where it's going though, I don't know... anything's possible. For me, I just go with the flow and see what happens. I can definitely say, there are a lot of people with cameras now. I get on average about 5 emails a week from starters (and those



*“I need to shoot this
when I wake up”*

laura ferreira.

interview continued

already in the business) asking me what camera they should they buy, what lens, lighting, how to post-edit, etc , so it's going to get a bit swamped pretty soon.

On the spectrum of photography ranging from commercial photographer, to designer to artist, where would you place yourself?

Somewhere between photographer and artist. Never in my life did I think "I want to be a photographer" but I was always an artist. The most designing I would do is my little doodles on the back of Hilo bills so I won't forget an idea. The needle is furthest away from Designer.

What do you think is the role of the photographer/artist in West Indian society?

I can't be general about this. There are a lot of photogs and artists who base their work

on local landscapes and events, and this shows the outside world what we have here. Me on the other hand, I just like capturing people, concepts and making interesting, pretty pictures, pretty much. Now and then I'd do something with a local theme if I feel strongly about it. There are so many artists in Trinidad who represent their culture and history, maybe one day I'll focus more this, but for now I'm soaking up ideas and feelings from within and beyond Trinidad.

Where would you place your own work in society?

I think it's a bit different from the usual style of photographers here, it's opened up a new genre with experimentation and it feels good to inspire people to branch out their minds and imagination....and art can only help society (IMO).

Your subjects seem to be predominantly white women and the settings seem to be also "Eurocentrifed".



Is this partly due to your own heritage or part of a deeper revolt of sorts against a 'Caribbean Aesthetic'?

I think it seems that way because my favourite model to work with is Chris Steel (and she's white) , her images make up a huge percentage of my work (according to Flickr I have 120 images of her). I work with all sorts of people though, just look at my website portfolio section. I do tend to stay away from the stereotypical Caribbean look just because it's been done so many times. I always swore that I'd never shoot a model and a coconut tree and I had to once for a magazine. I'm still recovering.

What's your next project?

I'm always working on a million projects and only about 3% of them actually get completed. Right now it's my Metamorphosis series and expanding on my surrealism set. Other than that I've been working a lot more with musicians and bands, and I have to say that I've always loved this because they're so open-minded.

*“Music
mostly fuels my work..”*

laura ferreira.





music

Tracy J Hutchings

Douglas Adams:

“The effect of drinking a Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster is like having your brains smashed out with a slice of lemon wrapped round a large gold brick.”

No Douglas... you're talking about music

I was pulled from the sleepy hollows of my mind to write an article “on music”. I thought... “editors” and returned to my laze with the help of my friend Silvers. This is Silvers. She is an ipod. Play Silvers play. Can you hear what Silvers is playing? She is playing BJORK. BJORK SILVERS BJORK! Tear from me the pain of yesterday, make me oblivious to the frustrations of tomorrow. This is Silvers. She is a teacher. Teach Silvers Teach. Can you see what Silvers teaches? She teaches me to dance. Dance naked under palm trees. Free from the chains I wrapped around my waist... This is Silvers. She is a magician. Conjure Silvers Conjure Can you see what she conjures? She taps into the high magic, she makes herself a vessel, a channel that unites The high ones with lowly me.



*“I’m soaking up ideas and feelings from
within and beyond Trinidad.”*

laura ferreira.

my wedding dress

sophie wight

Susie

The antiquated message that is broadcast by a white wedding dress, was never so apparent until the day of Susie's wedding.

She wore red.

And the moment she emerged, bursting onto the garden scene like some sudden new bloom I remember my brain thrown into processing mode. At once, I was seeing the dress itself and critiquing it as any 16 year old would but also was just being AWARE that it was not white.

I was blushing.

Thoughts are not easily recounted in a linear fashion, nor are they formatted in a way that allows printed translation, but my stream was a series of questions, something like,
*"Is she saying she is not a virgin?
In front of EVERYONE???"*

Oh my god. It means love. Awwwwww.

Why would anyone give up the white princess dress?

*Susie doesn't want her princess day?
Laura Ingalls married in black. This can't be good luck. It is really red boy. Are those hearts worked into the appliqué?"*

Fashion

The symbolism of a white wedding dress is just about as accepted as the fact that no bride wears the colour honestly anymore.

I'd like to sincerely doubt that the majority of women ever did. No one discusses this, as she walks down the aisle friends don't snicker, old aunts don't sniff disapprovingly. It is more than tradition, it is fashion.

In fact, it would be worse if she wore some other colour because it might cause discussion.

God forbid.



Charlotte

Charlotte, "oh she looks lovely"
Fiona, "Oh Charlotte you're blind... she looks like a large cream puff"
Richard Curtis, writer.
"Four Weddings and a Funeral"

Context

These ball gowns, self inflicted?
Where no one but the bride will be dressed for a ball.

Where often even the groom's manner of dress does not match hers. There was a time of large poufy dresses, idiotic, but there in history books all the same. How did this aspect of culture survive? Furthermore, spread to parts of the globe where it does not exist in their own history books?

Even for the most progressive, sensible girls this "nursery rhyme" desire seems to come out clawing once ring meets finger. Charlotte had short, violently red hair in that movie but there she was swooning over a gliding dessert.

Tracy

Setting, Hilton hallway bathroom, the big one with the full-length mirrors:
Annya: Laurs she coulda cinch the waist a lil bit man...

Laura: Yup

Annya: She coulda had them in peach with a brown sash instead or the other way around

Laura: Uh huh

Annya: We're wearing sacks
Laura: (sighs)

Explanation:

The theory of nuptial relativity. Bride Tracy obsessively requires that she be the prettiest woman at her wedding.

Cursed with flat tummied, long necked, bouncing breasted friends she panics. Despite her \$100 US cutlet inserts and the exaggerated waist to hip ratio that her gown creates, she dresses them in brown cotton tubes. Smart bridesmaids make friends with the seamstress to request tactical tucks and barely noticeable alterations to design.

Tracy knows this, Tracy ensures her sacks have no design to alter, and for double protection, the seamstress is her mother.

Not to fret, Laura will exact revenge eleven months later when for her wedding she emblazens Tracy (as her maid of honour) with a repulsive purple flower across her right shoulder, always the quiet ones.

Cavewoman

A woman's reaction to a wedding dress seems... innate, universal, with an intensity similar to the "awwww"ness of looking at a puppy. At least a puppy associates with live young and maternity, an actual instinct. Which instinct exactly leads us to crinoline?



“We’re at war!”

laura ferreira.



poppy/love

lisa allen agostini

*Teach me how to forget
you
my bloodstained hands
hold memory too tightly*

*forget
forget
forget*

*love bled hard on my
hands
I cannot erase the stain
I walk towards my future
undone by the past
blood memory of you
singing in my veins
staining my soul*

*forget
forget
forget
you are a trip
gone bad
nightmare of love
I am trapped
my hands stained...*



“.. Any part of a song can trigger an idea!”

laura ferreira.



marionette

nicole mc

Ever so carefully she sowed blue seeds to
hide my tarnished skin behind
a fresh, new one.

Ever so gently she tended to it, hiding the
fingerprinted evidence of growing pains.

(new skin, new life: a snake-like
metamorphosis.)

Ever so slowly she plodded on, not realizing
how I cringed at her touch.

Sprouting barriers like blossoms, our
memories were concealed, discarded and
too soon forgotten.

Did she hear my cries mingling with her
melodies, humming as she hid all?

With equal emphasis she stroked away our
tears, our smiles, the echoes of our
laughter.

I knew I would soon be gone and sadly
surrendered.

When she was done she sat alone in her
emptiness and, as I peeped through the
cracks, ever so secretly
she shed blue tears...

After it all, when he finally saw me,
rejuvenated, reborn, remade, he wept.
Slowly turned. And walked away. His back
bent under the imagined pretence of my
burdens.

Rubber. Asphalt. Rubber. Asphalt.
A crippled snake, oozing back into a den
of misery and solitude. Unable to run after
him, unable to shout his name, unable even
to crack the mask I had created for him and
drown in my sorrow, I did the only thing
I could. Smiled. Posed. Prettied.

Beauty is NOT in the eye of the beholder,
stupid. That just what they told big,
ugly, friendless losers like us.
It's NOT only skin deep.
IT IS what counts.
And IT IS what I am. Beautiful. Now.

Because who really likes ugly?
Who would pass up the hot chick or the
buff guy for the Plain Jane or Average Joe?
No one.

(But then, where was he going? With his too big nose. Hair unruly. Scars from childhood tumbles and teenage acne. And glasses. Where was he going?)

Fool. Before he even fades from sight, or memory, his shadow is buried under layers and I move on with poise. I move on as if he was just a dream, or a passing thought. I move on like them – the way they used to move past me. But won't anymore. Because I deserve this. After a lifetime of being just me, I DESERVE THIS... I'm perfect! I'm perfect. Im perfect. Imperfect. And perfectly alone.

Once upon a time, there was a charming little girl. Friendly, polite and playful, she wept inside, through an innocent smile and childish giggle. Because she was different. She had a secret, which poisoned her. Aged her. Consumed her. And despite her best efforts to mask it in daisy chains and popcorn rings, it festered.

And no one would play with her, because they knew it was there. And she hated that. So as she grew (alone) she tried harder and harder to hide it. She hid it with generosity. And a quick smile. And willingness. And sorrow (hidden). And it was still there. And still she tried to hide it. But only ended up hiding herself. Far, far away. Till one day, she completely disappeared. The way little girls dream of disappearing. Sometimes.


But there was also a little boy. With his own secret. Who dreamed of the little girl. And wished he could be friends with her. And that they could play together. But his secret hushed his lips so the friendship that blossomed in his brain was but a fantasy. A trick of the imagination. Until she was gone.

Then she returned. Without fanfare. Without welcome. And he alone knew. He alone noticed. He alone was there. And it was then that she finally knew what he knew. But when he saw her, he also knew that it was no longer her.

A shell had returned. His dreams shattered. He wept. Slowly turned. And walked away. His back bent under the imagined pretence of her burdens.

Rubber. Asphalt. Rubber. Asphalt. A crippled snake, oozing sadly back into his den of misery and solitude. Unable to run after him, unable to shout his name, unable even to crack the mask she had created for him and all the others so they would accept her and love her, she did the only thing she could. Smiled. Posed. Prettied.

Because, despite everything and after everything, she was beautiful. And nothing else mattered.



*“For me,
I just go with the flow
and
see what happens.”*

laura ferreira.

lapeyrouse

indra ramcharan.

*'The sun must set to rise again
Just as we fall so that we can rise again'*

The lyrics running through the head as an escape is sought from death's abode. Her abode. Her home. She steps outside with her stringed wand protected so that special magic can be saved. Yet she does not realise, she does not realise that magic can be saved. She does not realise, she does not realise that with just the raising of her hand she brings magic to the sky. She reflects it to a magic light. *She does not realise. She does not realise* that though she is dark in hair, apparel and abode on the outside she inspires light in the grass as they gain life from her being and strive to give her life as well. The walls of death's abode, of her abode are white. White gained from all the colours

coming together. She is trying to be on her way thinking that her path is as dark as she tries to reflect it but nature and stone light up hoping that at some point and maybe someday she will see the colour she brings. That it comes from her. It does not come from the wand *but she does not realise. She does not realise* that the wand gets its magic from her soul that, she does not realise, she does not realise, she is trying to drown in darkness. Wand protected by hard blackness existing in hard wood with cold strings that with her touch bring nothing but joy, peace and love in a universal language that she might think is dark but she does not realise, *she does not realise, it is the light.* It is the light that she bursts forth to the Earth. It comes from within. Irises seeing outward *she does not see what she has inside.* She does not



realise, she does not realise how bright that *white light formed from all her colours coming together is.* She does not realise, she does not realise that it is there. So hand in the air she attempts to seek an escape from death's abode, from her abode. But she does not realise, she does not realise the grass green stretching between her legs trying to give her life as *the lyrics in her head that are really her magic spell run through...*

*'The sun must set to
rise again
Just as we fall so
that we
can rise again'*



“Somewhere between photographer and artist.” laura ferreira.



• *saving face*

dave williams

Face it
I made up for all I've been made up to be
Not you
Pretty Me

I face it
Everything you made me up to be
Not more
Just me
Making up for what I see you want me to be
Being me isn't east or west of nothing left to be
Out of my face
A pretty waste

I see
What you see
Look back at me
Nothing more
Lest I be free
Who made it we

I begin
You end up
Made up like me

Nothing else
Nothing less
We make up
When you hate me
The me you want me to see me be
Angry
Vex
Pretty me

I win
My race
Fine aquiline
My saving grace
Pretty in every line
See me tomorrow
I'd be as is
Pictures never lie like me



*“What upsets me is
plagiarism
and
littering”*
laura ferreira.





*“...making interesting,
pretty pictures, pretty much.”*

laura ferreira.





What you playing at?

Dont' be put off

Its all just a put on

cause she's got more on than she takes off

She lives for the lights,

the make up

and close ups,

and the performance is never flawed

The role has been carefully scripted,

along the road, she knows line for line, word for word

and even the most spontaneous things have all been rehearsed

I suppose it doesn't make much sense to to say much else until the music stops.

darryn boodan



