

DRAGONIAN SWITCH

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This 10th issue of Draconian Switch features Artist Wendell McShine

indigroovetv.com



This

This 10th Issue of the Draconian Switch features writers Dave Williams, Tracy Hutchings, Sophie Wight, Darryn Boodan, Tracy Hutchings and myself creatively commenting on the work of Wendell McShine.

A very cool dude, that I met at the after party for the launch of the Trinidad and Tobago Film Festival, McShine's work is truly inspiring. I know you will enjoy this somewhat upgraded version of the Switch that includes videos for the first time!

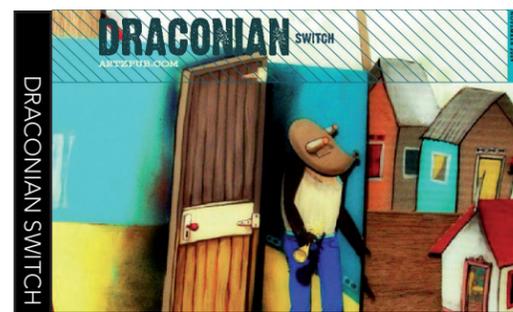
So go on now... Take it eeenn!
-Indra

editor's thingee

indra



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SHINE on SHINE

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Q-Where do you do your work?

A-In Mexico but wherever I happen to be traveling at the moment.

Q-Do you work from life, or from photographs or from imagination?

A-From my imagination and dream state. Real life experiences and observations always find their way into my work.

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

A-Traveling through different spaces and observing how time has decayed surfaces; I love textures, colors and rusted materials. This plays on my emotions a lot and you can see it expressed in my work.

Q-What technique do you use?

A-Techniques have never defined my work but there are a few materials that are constant, wood, acrylic paint, spray paint, cardboard and the rest is up to how the work shapes itself and its' needs.

Q-Where do you feel art is going?

A- I see art as a wheel of life so it's in constant revolution and evolution. For me art is going as far as the concept of infinity rotates. In these times that we are living I see the organic facets of life really being blended with technology. In my work you see animations along side organic paintings. Technology and art are forming a symbiotic union.

Q-What is the role of the artist in society?

A- As far as I can see we are mediums that channel information from the imaginary world to this physical plane. It's just as important as the role of a

shaman in the north of Mexico, an obeah in the foothills of Arima, or a visionary scientist worthy of a "Noble Piece Prize".

Q-What's next for you?

I'm currently working on the chapter, "3rd World" within my series "La Puerta Abierta" that will be part of a grand group show in San Jose California called Fresh Produce. Simultaneously I'm getting ready to launch my e-store where I will make my vision a reality of making art accessible to the people. I will disclose in the near future

Q-What is the place of your work in society?

A- To break the stereotype that art is unreachable to the common man. I'm about making the contrary true, making it accessible to the everyone because it belongs in the circle of life. Artists that don't share their knowledge and visions and see their art as something that is so unique that it only belongs to them and a few elite become like stagnant water in the flow of natural energy and time.

Q-Why is your work so raw?

A-Because as I bring these images from other worlds they guide me to stay true to their essence and original presentation. We may call these worlds chaos but I see the order and beauty within this very chaos, I respect it and let it flow through my hands. The ideas closely attach themselves to the organic materials on this plane.

a collaboration I initiated with a group of international contemporary urban artists who I really truly respect. This one is really exciting to see how it will be unfolding. See it here on VIMEO...



Dip di dee do dah day!
Do dah daaaaayyy!
DUM DUM
DUUUUMMMM!!
Hark who goes there?
What hangs here?
gasp
Tis you?
Is this where you have
gone?

Prose here she goes. Oh dear comrade why do your eyes sag so? Giving the impression of injury just thus caused. Is that why the last time we convened you paused? I look at you with desperation in my own eyes as I think of the fun we had in the tube that one time. When we were young and had not yet blossomed into our own. You look so small and not quite drawn but at least your face is one of a nationalistic pot? Is that what it is? Are you drained? From some nationalistic plot? Where corruption runs rampant? Is that why the words below look almost demonic in their flow? Please tell me! These things I must know! All the happy things I feel on the canvas of my life to you I feel I must show. Knowing we started off together and down the wrong road you continue to go. Let me rescue you from that exhibition of yourself that allows you not to glow. How I wish you had chosen the same road as me so you could grow. Don't worry today the movement in this gallery is slow. My canvas yesterday was sold. The smaller ones like you get stacked in an attic I'm told. Oh my dear dear friend I feel such woe. Looking at you there because to myself I know... Had I held your hand as I got pushed out into the world you could be here with me on show. And you wouldn't be feeling so low. I hope the right person passes near your row. My buyer is here now... off the wall I go.

Good God man!
You look so over run!
Eyes blood shot
Like your painter got his
brush
Addicted to the red ink
pot.
My typist's fingers just
froze...
She should be writing
prose...



Uncomfortable, as in... a lot. Feel good, feel good, feel good. You look good... uncomfortable with all these people around. They're all thinking thoughts, at least one or two of them could be about you. You know, you dress to be seen and then quickly... at entrance, before entrance, crossing the street even, you want to hide.

sophie wight

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You're not uncomfortable, you're scared. You look good, and they've seen that. Now you're realizing that up until just now you were actually doing the damn thing. But soon you HAVE to move. This is a club, you come here to dance, that's how this works. And the music's playing. It's really playing. Too loud to talk. You're supposed to dance. Dance. Shit. No. You can't dance as good as you look. That means that as soon as you move you'll be taking a step down. You'll be less. All these people, looking. They're lookers. Even the ones not facing you know you exist in their periphery, they'll check in a second. There. Yes, you were right.

And you don't know these people, they don't know all the other things about you that makeup for your lame moves. You can't wine and cook eggs or discuss politics simultaneously. Well, it's possible but that particular situation has never come up yet and doesn't seem likely in this setting, mmm hmmm, that music is LOUD.

And you know these people. Cuz you know people. You know how they talk behind people back. First it's the looking, then it's the thinking, then it's the whispering, then it's the laughing. They stand taller, and smile wider post secretive insult. That means that girl over there just did it. Look at her, she has no calves, who is she to talk? You smile.

Yes, a drink, thanks.

You think about the snicker cycle again, looking at the girl's friend, and realize that in a club part of the cycle is skewed. The whispering, none of that in this loudness, all shouting. The snide comments are actually shouted into the air. That the music is louder is only mildly comforting. If you believe in energy and manifestation then you know how significant it is to say something out loud, now to elevate the voice and actually project it further into the world, into existence, why it makes the things said about you in this setting potentially vastly more impactful than a teacher's approving comment or a lover's whispered affections.

You are handed a vodka cranberry. THE girl drink of the decade. And you're okay with the drink itself but not with the idea that you drink what everyone drinks. Maybe if you could drink Scotch you could get away with everything else. It would be your license to lean up and savour. You'd just swirl the liquid over the three block a ice in the highball glass and smile now and then. Ahhhhhh. The bitter Cranberry juice serves not to be enjoyed but as an effective cheap vodka disguise. Vodka cranberry is not a drink to take up time, it is a compliment to... er, getting drunk. Possibly while nursing a yeast infection.

In the next five minutes you are approached by three different guys for a kiss on the cheek hello. They are all old friends, and unattractive. The alone time between them is torturous. But while actually engaged in speaking with any one of them there is a panic that comes over you. A "what-if" theory, what if a really cute fella you would actually kiss, fall in love with, marry and live happily ever after has just seen you, and he'd stop to introduce his dashing tall intelligent self except there's this large mammal blocking him. So you react to their approach but don't do anything particularly encouraging for them to linger nearby.

The third guy did notice your by then empty glass, so he offered you another drink, which you accepted. Now, the time waiting on the drink is also torture. You find yourself subconsciously swaying a bit at the soca session now vibrating through the crowd and stop yourself immediately. He hands you your drink. You know full well that by putting out actual cash he now has theoretical turf. He'll linger, y'all will converse sporadically and then... yup, he will tie a wine. You do the only thing you can, hold firm and laugh in that flirty embarrassed way. The wine lasts exactly 12 seconds, forever in wine time.

Have another drink honey, have another drink.
You reach a point where you know this will be last thing you remember.
There's a girl in the corner grinding her meaty lower half on a dry up guy
who's breath is laboured due to holding the stooping position that puts his
waist in line with hers. And for a moment you wish you could be like her, and
conduct it live...
You wake up and wrinkle your nose at the smoke smell coming from your hair.



Look
Look at me
The mockery that I
Have been dressed
To fully represent
White bloodless face
Nervous smile as
I feel my blood drained
Drained from the death line
A death line from the
Back of my head
Simply execution style
Long eyelashes to mask
My insecure eyes
Shrouded by the knowledge
Of sure death
Of my body
Of my soul
From my mind
As they use my own
Sacrificial blood to
Make beautiful patterns
Around me as a sure
Distraction with subliminal
References of their group
Doves about to take flight
And Christian swirls with
Promises of new life and hope
Knowing my struggles nearly
Killed me and their life support saved me
Only enough to drain
Me of my body
My soul
My mind
At a point where
I thought trust
Was what I could
Put in their hands
In place of a material currency
Of which I have none
So they smiled and turned
The life line into a
Camouflaged coral snake
With an everlasting grip
The perfect death line
Making that thin line
Of life that thin line
My life line
My death line
As I look pretty to the world
Pretty face facade
Combed hair long lashes
Mole to match
Dusted with my own
Sacrificial blood
Amen.

ARTIST

AND WHAT THIS ALL MEANS...

The black birds in the painting, number twelve. Break that down in terms of numerology and it becomes $1 + 2 = 3$. Incidentally, the banditos two, are coming out of a Trojan 3rd. Three of course is a divine number used in many religious references. Christianity. Hinduism. Egyptian lore. It is also the number for the triangle which is perfect in itself until you realize that it is also the basic tenet for all star shapes. Two that come to mind are the fearful pentacle (5 point star) and the Star of David (six point star). These symbols of course bear ancient pagan references. The word pagan itself is a five letter word - which ties back to the five point star - which has a triangle base - which holds the divine number (3) - which is exactly the number you get when you break down the flying black birds! And what this all means is... what this all means IS... nothing.

The main colors of the banditos are blue and red, two of the three colors (there goes those numbers again!) of the American flag. This is no coincidence! The artist is clearly (and subtly) speaking against the imperialist nature of said superpower who (thinking itself divine) seeks to rob the whole earth of its rights, freedoms and individual natural resources! All the while parading as a gift to the world... a Trojan gift. This hidden agenda is indicative of the ol red and blue. An agenda not seen by most until too late as shown in this vision painting. And what this means is... what this means IS... nothing.

This is not the only well crafted meaning that the artist hid in color. Remember those birds? They are black birds - creatures of carrion. Their presence symbolizes death. Incidentally, black is ONE of the TWO colors of the yin yang construct (remember, join 1 and 2 get 12. add one and two get 3!). Black represents the passive female principle (so says MacBook dictionary) but it also represent the darkness; the chaos element. The two colors - white and black - bring about balance but the painting shows no white birds! Thus it can only mean that chaos is in control and I ask you, who has more control than Rome? These black birds symbolize Rome who incidentally is flying high over the banditos of red and blue... America. Can anyone say collusion? But why Rome? Remember, the number 12 can be broken down to 3 ($1+2=3$) which is (said to be) a divine number so who else could it be? Also (if my coordinates are correct) these black birds are flying East (Israel, Palestine, Afghanistan etc)... where chaos and death is the order of the day these days. And what this all means is... what this all means IS... nothing.

THIS ALL MEANS

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There are other damning signs hidden in plain sight. Like the handkerchiefs around their necks. Now to some this is merely part of the aesthetic of a bandit but the red checkered rag means that when these banditos come they will be coming to feed! And the world won't think anything of it but because we have seen this red checkered loveliness before. Where? In the home of Strawberry Shortcake! This seemingly harmless child/mascot has numbed us to their true plot. I urge you on behalf of the artist/seer... Be aware! The large mask that reveals our banditos has something of a feminine quality. This symbolizes a very powerful woman (America?) who isn't what she seems. The actual banditos are also male and female (the female is in all blue which contrary to popular belief is not a masculine color. That's what they wanted you to think. Still, if you are unsure, look at the curves of the hands that holds the mother mask). This is clearly evident because the red/blue one has his hands on his nose which is obviously a phallic symbol since boys are said to play with their... phallus'. Note that the feet of the Trojan gift is animal. This harks back to local lore about a La diablese who had the curves of a woman but the feet of an animal as well. The artist is a prophet. He obviously warns his native land of having ties to this soon-to-be-discovered-treacherous-being. But how do we know it's a "powerful" woman? One of the legs of this creature has red with pin stripes, which means it is corporate animal. Like, Wall Street perhaps? The biggest corporate animal alive! A little weakened but alive! And what this all means is... What this all means IS... nothing.

This heavy Trojan gift that the banditos are hiding in, is balancing... on A WHEEL! Please tell me you see this?! A wheel is a circle, the symbol of eternity and never ending cycles. Life is a cycle. Birth, death, re-birth. Thus the artist is advocating Hinduism! No. Buddhism! Definitely Buddhism. More importantly, the artist is telling us that we must free Buddhism from under the feet of the imperialist bandits. **THE ARTIST IS SHOWING US A VISION... FREE TIBET!** Notice that it balances on a stick between both sides of the wheel. Possibly referencing the scales of justice. Libra. Which is more than just some astrological sign BUT in ancient Rome (see?!) was a unit of weight, equivalent to 12 ounces (0.34 kg). It was the forerunner of the pound. The very pound used by modern day England, friends of America and the other aforementioned empire. The cherry on the top is this. England, America, Rome makes 3! And what this all means is... what this all means IS...nothing.

I am convinced that the artist is a clever one. Like the greats before him, he too tries to warn us of on-coming danger by disguising the most obvious conclusion behind an even obviouiser illustration. Sadly, many people will just look upon this and see two bandits coming out of the wood work. At best they may garner "hidden agenda" and say "oh" before moving on. But the truly astute knows that the artist carefully hid, no... sought to protect the TRUTH from naysayers and unbelievers. And what (I say, what) is more truthful than art? For even now, they are both sorely misunderstood by men who are still searching for a meaning. And what this all means is... what this all means IS... either everything or

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

tracy hutchings



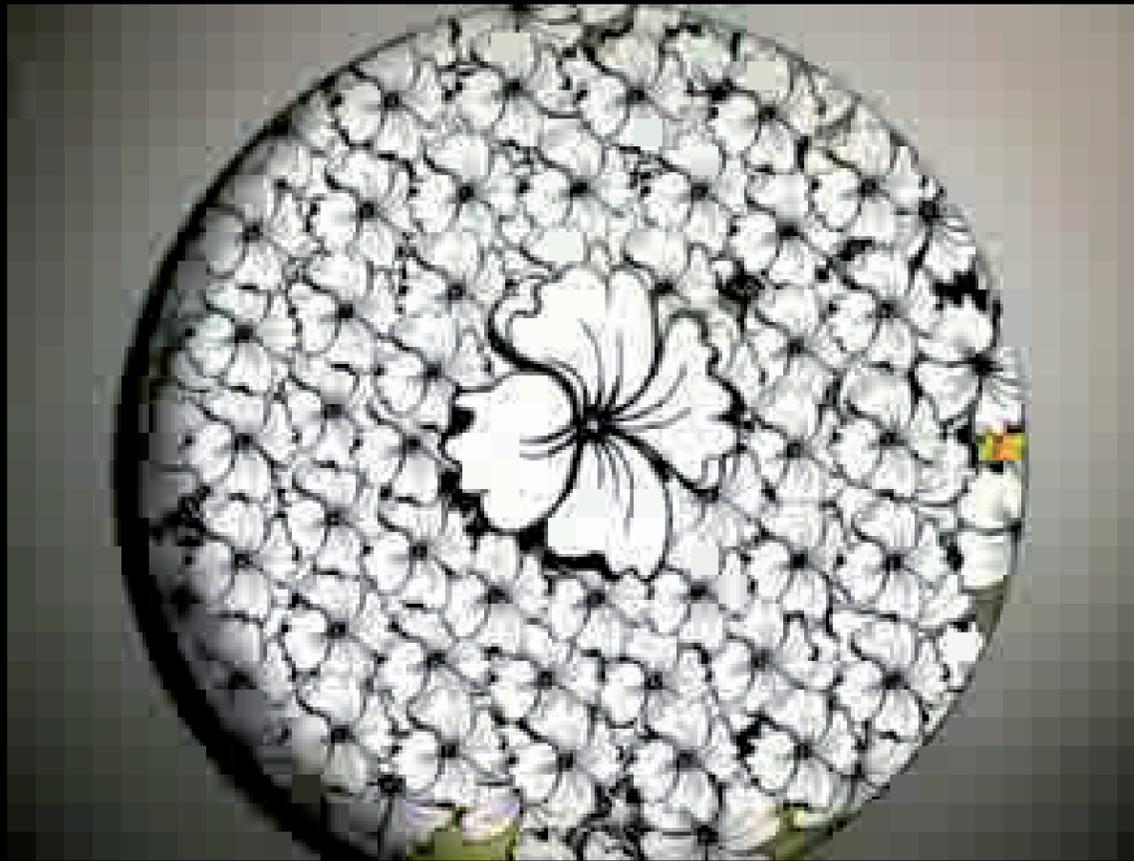


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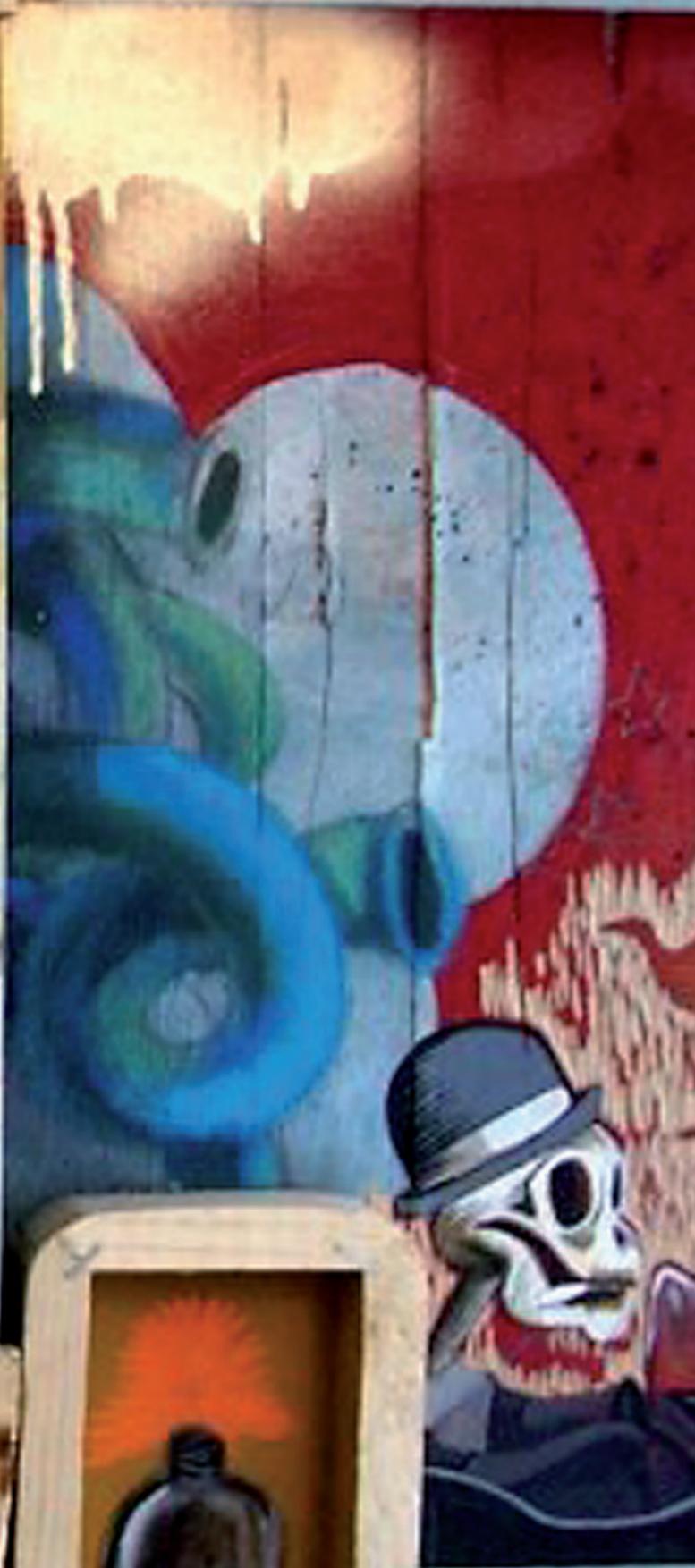
Music by 12theband
Animation and Direction by
Wendell McShine.
Direction by Yadira Albarran

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Fuh-get you

Today I was walking talking on my phone and vroom-scramble-scratch-zoom. A fucking black bird hold on to my head. I only knew it was a black bird when the fucker land back on the electric wires, silently mocking. My friend wanted to know what the fuck was goin' on, if I was being fuckin attacked. Fuck you bird... What the fuck I do you... Then I remembered that it happened two days before - around the corner. Can't even remember who the hell I was walking talkin to. Now I'm writing talkin' and wondering if the birds know something about me that I don't know about myself; hiding in myself from myself; something I'm trying to say in walkin', writing, talkin', wondering and cursing birds in the street. What do they see. But then a friend told me that it's some shit with birds and cell phone. Again, nothing to do with me being at the centre of the known universe.

dave williams

