

# DRACONIAN SWITCH

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ISSUE NO. 6





Educate, Agitate  
but do not  
Violate!





*featured Artist*

# JAMES HACKETT

**ISSUE NO.**

Hi,  
 Our latest issue of Draconian Switch features the work of James Hackett. Fueled by the images of his favourite comic books he collected as a child, James became hooked on art and design. With a history of work for over eleven years, James has refocused his efforts on a creative career. Known for his manga inspired style of drawing and bright colours the artist now aspires to be a leading Illustrator.

James is currently pursuing his Fashion design degree and developing some animation for a documentary on the first peoples of our island. Check out his excellent blog at [www.shizzies.com](http://www.shizzies.com)



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Enjoy...

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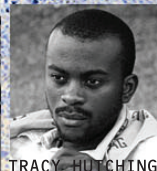
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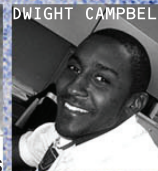
INDRA RAMCHARAN



Q D ROSS



TRACY HUTCHINGS



DWIGHT CAMPBELL



# ANYWHERE

Running away insane and soaked from the drought of utter emptiness  
Broken and scorched by acrid rain, my wiry umbrella like a feeble web, feigns shelter.  
The shadow of twisted spokes keep me hidden and going.

Ask me why I run.

Dry droplets of visionary nothings rip through a stony soul chiseled into replicated conformity made easy by remote controls. Fingers wearing only the oil scraped from the nape of my neck rip time from my own bowels pre-lubed in fear and bile.

Ask me why I run.

Nothing comes this way but more of the same dark nothing.

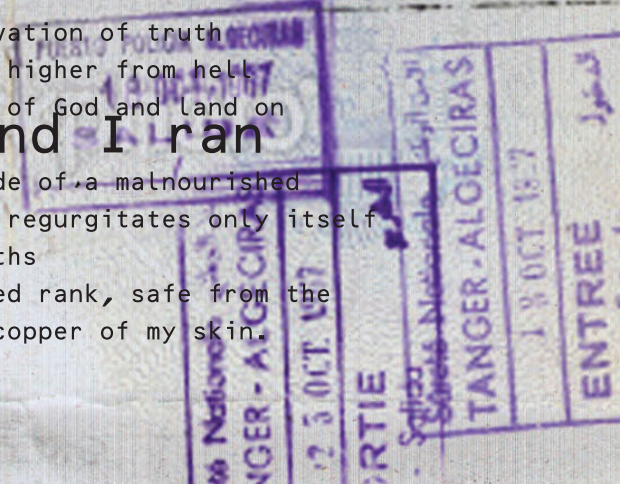
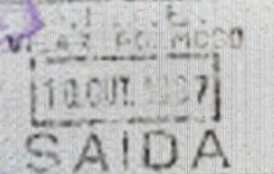
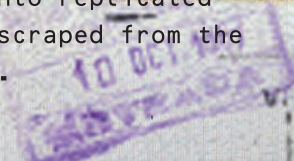
Frozen rhetoric hurled in crossed breaths of heated phlegm

Barbed words riveted onto dry-rotted belts made loose by the starvation of truth

Spiked promises of something else scavenged from buzzards soaring higher from hell than we. Bundled mis-representations drop unabashedly in the face of God and land on all fours with claws ripping into the poisoned soil of terror. **And I ran**

The flimsy forgotten embrace of friendships chase me in a landslide of a malnourished apocalypse of cannibalism that eats and regurgitates and eats and regurgitates only itself. My feet burn from the bites of lost teeth, missing from empty mouths

Pain hidden safely deeply in shame under the thin flesh of borrowed rank, safe from the gnawing of the insane; ignoring rain and everything else but the copper of my skin.









# three

She's Mack truck powerful:  
More so than meets the eyes;  
More so than the tone of her  
thighs, revealed with every stride.  
So much so that she moves me.

You'd think her beauty was  
trying to hide  
The way it comes from so  
deep inside.  
But its cover is blown.

Pouring itself out  
through every pore;  
Holding onto the  
motion of every joint;  
Wrapping itself around  
every curve.  
How lucky am I that  
I can do the same?

Every man turns his head,  
Taking full advantage of his  
permission to dream of  
what she might be  
What it might be  
Like to be me -  
Her man, her lover

But they don't understand.  
For fantasies never account

for there being much more to a  
book than its cover.  
Tonight hers will be my sheets.

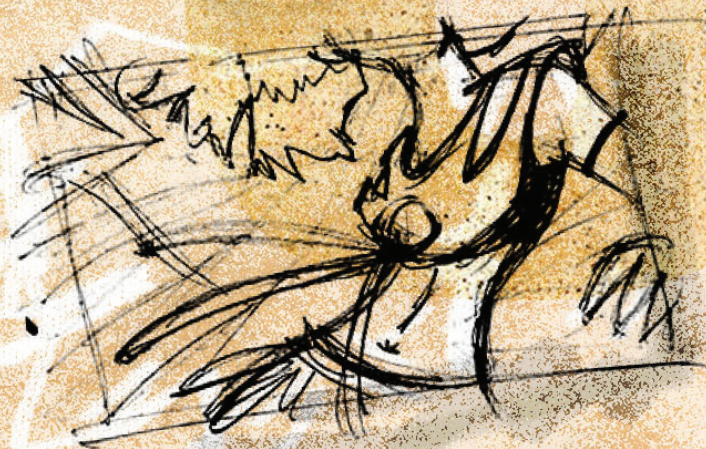
Whether or not, I tell you her name,  
our thoughts are one and the same.  
A woman like her is rare.

It doesn't matter where  
You search in the world.

Which makes it even more of a shame  
That this work of art calls my name  
When the night falls.

The good ones usually fall for assholes.

Which brings me to the point that over  
her shoulder is a page from the past  
My past.





An easily catchable firestick -  
Caught just last night  
And three nights before.  
She's probably still sore.  
For I know her heart aches,  
Often consumed by the memories.

And before you start throwing blame,  
Please understand my situation.  
How can I say no to such a jaw  
dropping creation?  
We all make mistakes.

And when that mistake is so fine,  
It never departs from the mind  
And there are chances that you could  
make it again  
And again

Cause the sensation of familiar  
bodily collisions are so hard  
to let go  
But you already know  
And I'm making excuses.

Still, the smell of her hair,  
The feeling of her breath when  
I touch behind her ear  
The sounds she makes when I.....

I think I'll stop there.

You catch my drift.  
I'm just showing that it isn't that  
outlandish that I'm swayed by hers  
Towards a life of infidelity.



Times two.

But the thirds just a friend  
From way back when -  
My real dawg til the end.  
And there are benefits to that,  
Besides those kinds, of course.

I guess you can say she's my down ass chick.  
Especially when I have hers in the air,  
Or on the kitchen counter,  
On lonely days.

And that's how the triangle goes.  
Only one of the three girls knows.  
Only one knows nothing.  
I'm sure I don't need to say which.

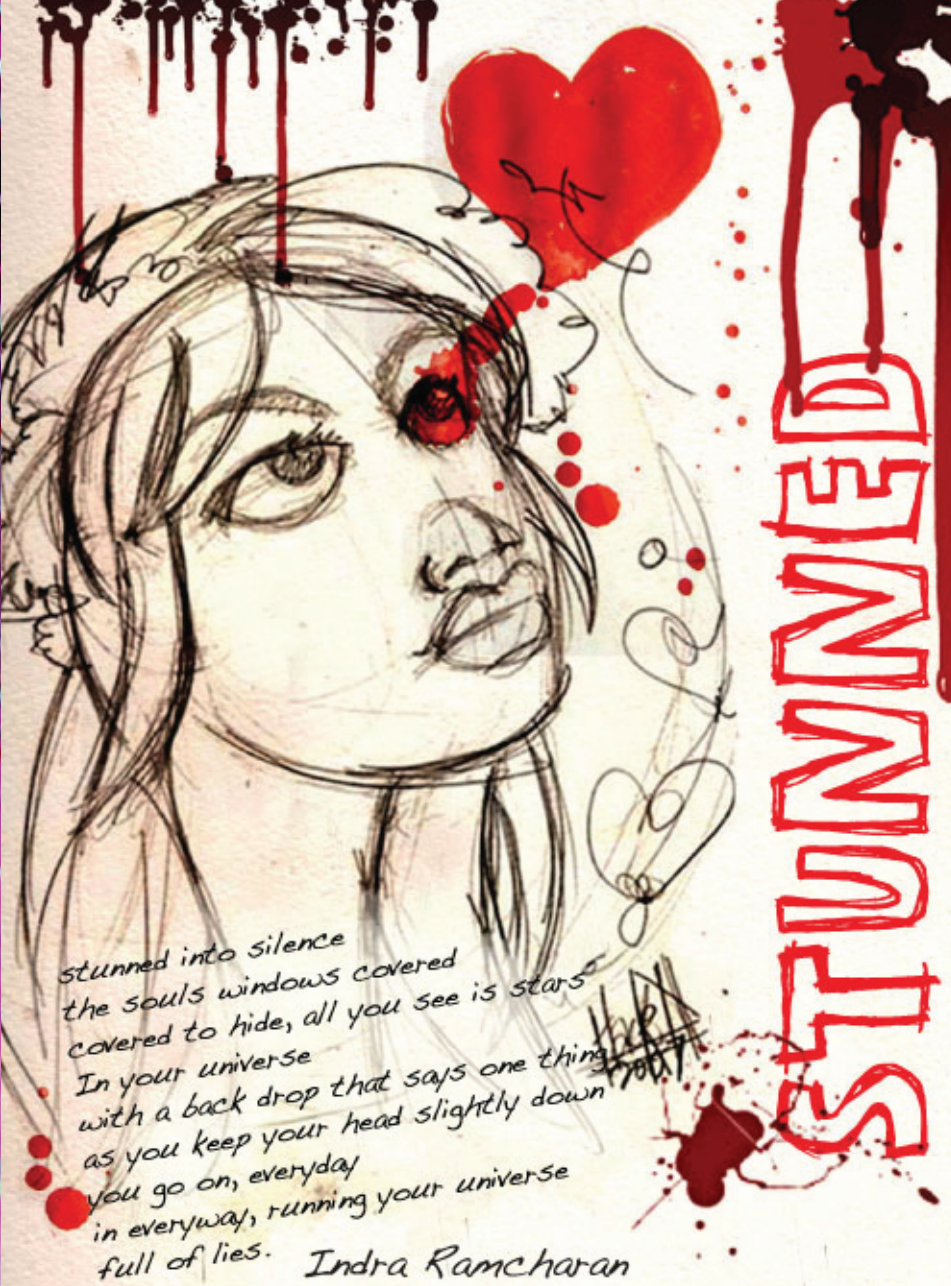
And as twisted as this is,  
I pray SHE never turns her back on me.

DWIGHT  
CAMPBELL











# I REALLY DOH WANT TO SAY

## I REALLY DOH WANT TO SAY NUTTN

I don't want to be the one to make a statement that goes against the crowd.

## I DOH LIKE TOO MUCH TALK

Discussing views and exchanging information is boring. Can't we just put on a Machel and wine?

## AH MIGHT SOUND SCHUPID

I don't know what you are talking about because I'm uninformed.

## AH GO JUS HUSH MUH MOUTH

I have no choice but to be quiet on this particular subject as well as a few others.

## MOUT MIGHT OPEN AN TORY MIGHT JUMP OUT

I don't know anything about the matter, but I'm going to pretend that I have way more information than I do.

## I DONE TALK YES

You've countered my point and I have no credible come back.

## I NOT ON NO SMALL TALK TING

Let me escape this conversation by trivializing the whole matter.

## I DOH BE BUMPIN MY GUM YUH KNOW

I'm going to pretend that this conversation is beneath me, but I really don't know my ass from my elbow in this one.

## AH HAVE NOTHIN TO SAY

I don't look at the news, newspapers or the internet.

## WUH AH GO REALLY TELL YUH?

I have a lot to say, but ah fraid to tell yuh fuh some reason or the other.





QD ROSS



**WELL WUH YUH WUH MIH SAY?**

Same as above/

**I NOT TALKIN TO YOU BREDS**

I'm afraid to confront you. You might kick my ass either verbally or physically.

**ME EH SAY NUTTN... NOT A WORD**

I did say something, but I don't want you to know what I said.

**MY MOUTH CLOSE UP TIGHT TIGHT TIGHT**

I'm frontin' like I have something to say.

**WELL YUH EH HEAR NUTTN FROM ME**

I just gave you a whole heap of information that I'm only 15% sure about.

**ME EH LOOKIN TO TALK DAT TALK NAH**

There are way too many people around for me to discuss this matter.

**I OVERS DAH TALK**

Could we talk about something else that I could win at?

**HOW I GO SAY DAT?**

Well I did say it, but I'm going to try to make you somehow feel I have more integrity than that.

**I LEAVIN DAH TALK RIGHT DEY**

I said something to send this conversation down the wrong path, so I no longer want to be affiliated with it.

**I EH REALLY SAYIN NUTTN YET**

That was my best piece of info. You're obviously not impressed, so I'm going to pretend that I still have a trump card to play.



## HOW TO WORSHIP GOD LIKE A HINDU - A CHRISTIAN'S

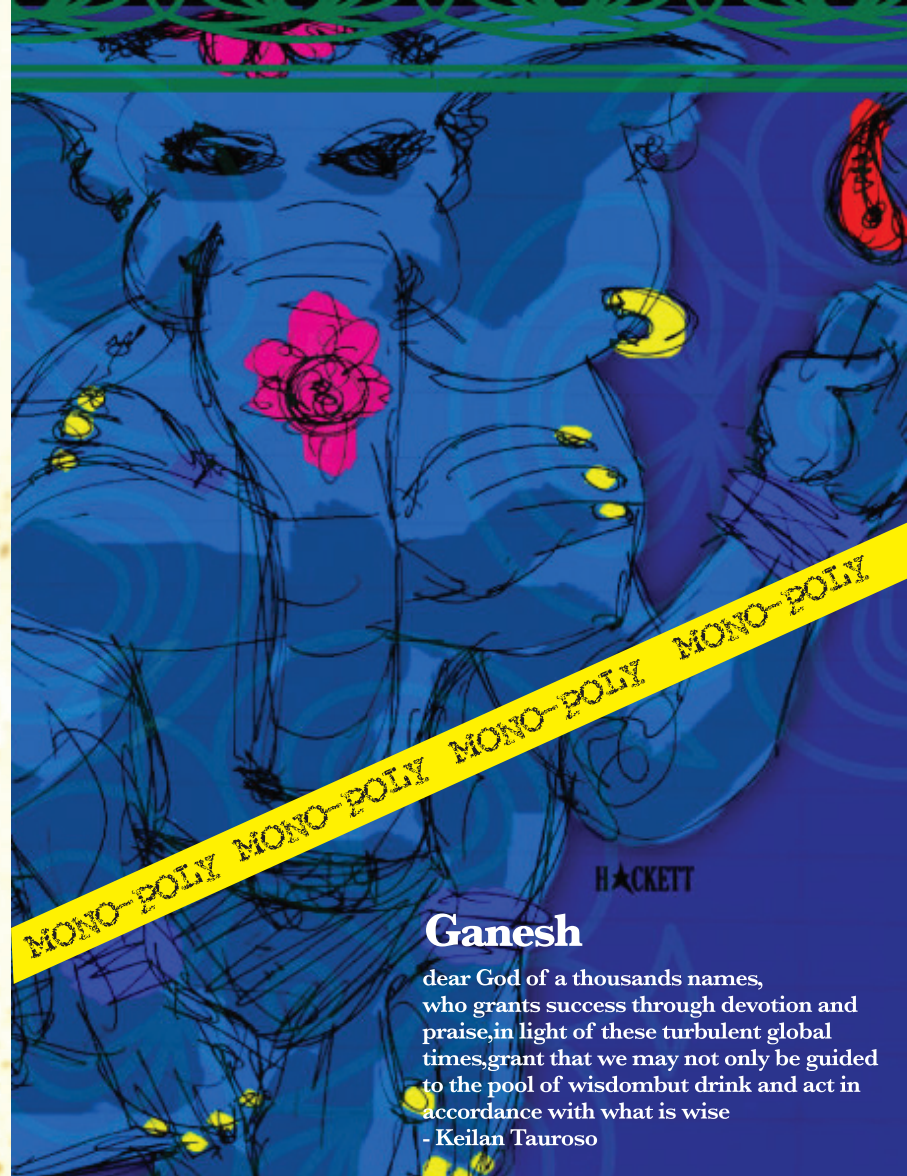
**GUIDE..** is the name of the book that [should I ever truly settle down] will pen... or type. i expect shinning reviews from eager open minded individuals who will see the message in the [possible] madness and extract the meat from the bones. © 2008 Tracy J Hutchings.

I can't remember where I was when the thought for this book hit me. Did I pass the Nagar site? Was I at home when it happened? When is no longer important - what remains is the WHY. As in, "Why am I doing this?" I'm not entirely sure but i pray that when and if it finally comes out people will look at Mono and Poly with a totally different logic.

Now you must understand, I myself am a Monotheist. I believe in the ONE GOD. Almighty. Supreme. Everlasting. ONE God who has THREE separate attributes - Father, Son and The Holy Ghost. Together as one mind, one thought, they become HE and are responsible for the creating and maintaining of the universe; the sustaining of life and all the other good stuff. They never move independent of each other. It is written that in the beginning, The Father spoke, The Spirit moved and all things were created through the Son. One... God. (When I was little, I was told of the egg concept - three parts but one egg. Bare in mind that each part of the egg - each attribute- can serve an individual purpose.)

But I realised if I broke that down to its barest... level, could I be a Polytheist? Now wait a minute, I know for a lot of people, GOD MULTITUDINOUS is heresy but hear me out. The Heavenly Father is called by many names, Jehovah being one of the big ones. The "It name" if you will. But just that name alone has many different attributes. If we were to take our farse human selves and pull them apart what would be the outcome?

Jehovah Rophe is Our Lord who Heals ("If you will diligently listen to the voice of the LORD your God, and do that which is right in his eyes... I will put none of the diseases on you that I put on the Egyptians, for I am the LORD, your healer.") Exodus 15:26



## Ganesh

dear God of a thousands names,  
who grants success through devotion and  
praise, in light of these turbulent global  
times, grant that we may not only be guided  
to the pool of wisdom but drink and act in  
accordance with what is wise  
- Keilan Tauroso

\*\*\*this is possibly the bluffest Ganesh i have ever seen, it's like Super G - which is in itself hilarious since Ganesh is a god and by definition all gods are [supposed] to be... super\*\*\*  
Polytheism - noun - the belief in or worship of more than one god.  
Monotheism - noun - the doctrine or belief that there is only one God.



Jehovah Tsidkenu is The Lord our Righteousness (“For the time is coming,” says the LORD, “when I will place a righteous Branch on King David’s throne... And this is his name: ‘The LORD Is Our Righteousness.’...” ) Jeremiah 23:6

Jehovah Shalom is The Lord our Peace (“And Gideon built an altar to the LORD there and named it “The LORD Is Peace.”) Judges 6:24

Incidentally, Christ is called “The Prince of Peace”

Jehovah Nissi is The Lord our Banner (“Moses built an altar there and called it “The LORD Is My Banner.”) Exodus 17:15

Jehovah Shammah is The Lord is Present (“The distance around the entire city will be six miles. And from that day the name of the city will be ‘The LORD Is Present.’”) Ezekiel 48:35

Jehovah Sabaoth is The Lord of Armies (“This is what the LORD, Israel’s King and Redeemer, the LORD of Armies, says: I am the First and the Last; there is no other God.” ) Isaiah 44:6

I haven’t even touched, Jehovah Jireh (The Lord will Provide), Jehovah Rohi, (The Lord is my Shepherd), Jehovah Mekeddeshem, (The Lord Who Sanctifies); or His other attributes as Adonia (Master), El Shaddai (God Almighty) and Elohim which means God but I’m not entirely sure God-what.

A stricter approach would be to examine Islamic Monotheism that proclaims that Allah (God) has no Son and is therefore a ONE GOD in the “purest” sense of the word.

I once had a dream where my Christian friend Jennifer’s mind was powering a very beautiful Hindu temple turned hospital. Of course I had drugs coursing through my veins to numb the pain of aspinal surgery so perhaps one shouldn’t take it too seriously.

**“Tracy don’t be an ass. These are just names. God is still one!”**

But how is that different from my Hindu friend who believes in One God whose ATTRIBUTES take on an individual form. So Shiva (as Destroyer), Parvati, Ganesh (as Remover of Obstacles), Durga (Strength), Krishna (I see

him as Teacher), Brahma (as Creator), Vishnu (as Preserver), Sati (representative of sacrifice), Saraswati (as Music), Lakshmi (as Prosperity).... Hanuman, Rama (the last two are equated as saints to me really)... are all forms that emerged from ONE GOD. Each attribute takes a form for a purpose. I’ll repeat that - EACH ATTRIBUTE BECOMES A FORM FOR A PURPOSE.

He created all this, whatever is here. Having created it, into it, indeed, he entered. Having entered it, he became both the actual and the beyond, the defined and the undefined, both the founded and the unfounded, the intelligent and the unintelligent, the true and the untrue. (Taittiriya Upanishad 2.6.1)

One time a Hindu friend put it to me this way. I am Tracy J Hutchings. Son. Friend. Poet. I am Tracy The Comforting Ear. I am Tracy the Practical Joker. I am Tracy the Resentful One. I am Tracy who writes. And then there was XANG [ZANG] G. QUO - the hidden writer. Good, bad, indifferent these are all attributes or forms of the **One Tracy**.

What would I do or rather, would I be so smug in my Monotheistic ways if The Attribute El Elyon (God Most High) took on an actual form? My stable, simple “faith” shattered because GOD came to my rescue... in a form of Himself.

Maybe I’m not supposed to think about things this way. Maybe one day I’ll give up all my posturing and just be as close minded as everyone else (N.B: there’s a difference between being firm in your beliefs and just down right close minded. remember that). But I wish. I wish that people would stop this needless chatter about what is a god or whose god looks like a real god and just GO TO GOD, OPEN YOUR MOUTHS AND YOUR HEARTS and say “Look! Whoever you are, if you’re real - in whatever form - please reveal yourself or I’m out of here!”. Mono and Poly alike...

For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Acts 17:28

Tracy Hutchings



