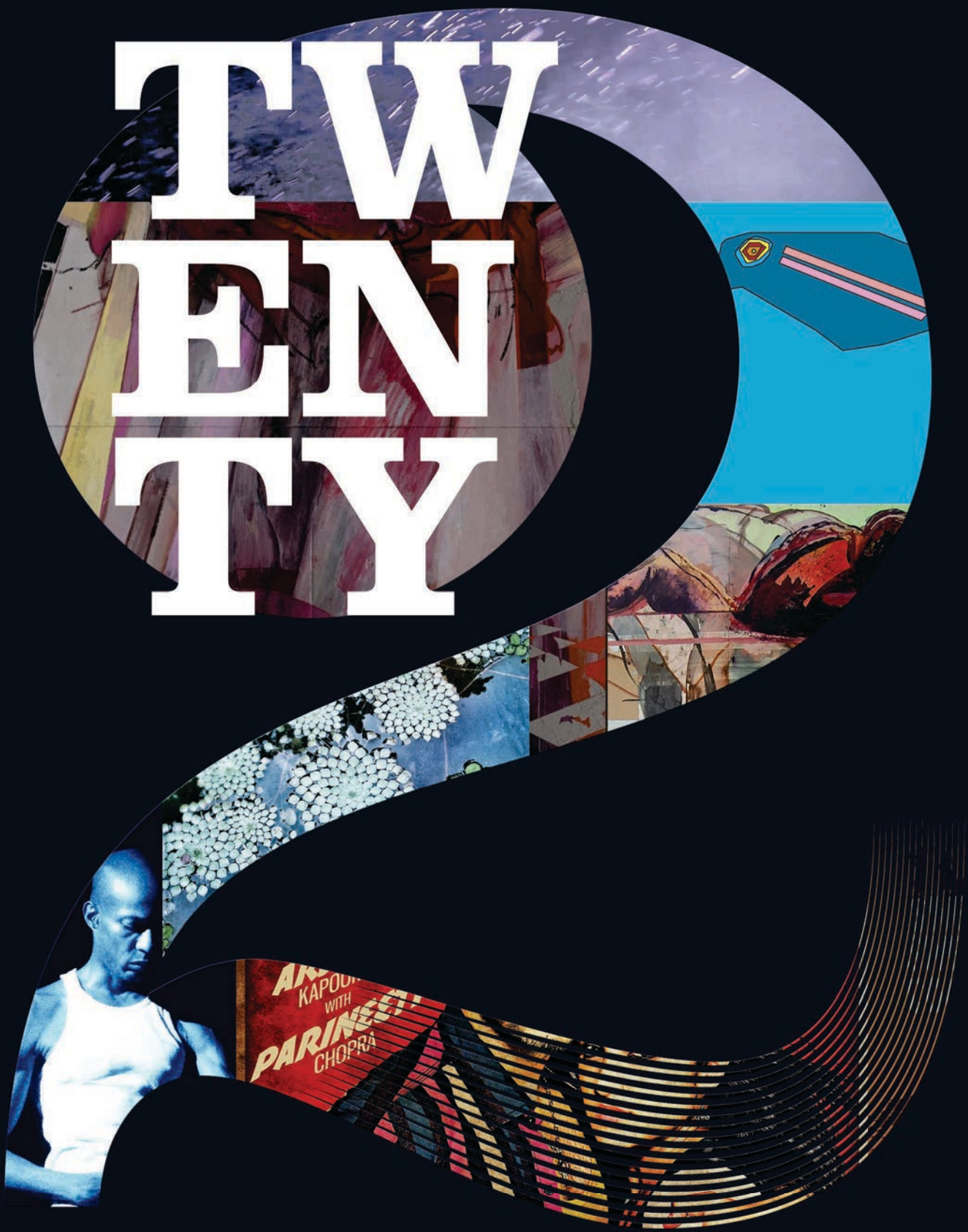


Artzpub / DRACONIAN  
HOLIMS

# TWENTY



20

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HOLIMS

ISSUE 22

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# EDITOR'S NOTE

Can you believe it's mid-September already? Good grief! Where has the year gone? September means fantastic things here in Trinidad and Tobago, as it's film festival month! So, for the first time, this year we've collaborated with the folks at the Trinidad & Tobago Film Festival on a piece about the art of the film poster. We also have a wonderful series of Che Lovelace's paintings, and Marsha Pearce reflects on movement in Che's work. Photographer Holly Bynoe shares some of her recent musings on nature, and we're really happy to feature the work of two Jamaican artists who are featured in the New Roots exhibition at the National Gallery of Jamaica: Olivia Mc Gilchrist and Astro Saulter. Switch regular, Dave Williams, shares his performance, "The Finger", and we're super-excited to be able to share an extract of writer Amanda Smyth's new novel, A Kind of Eden. And continuing our quest to work with as many guest designers as possible, Damian Libert has put his design stamp on Issue 22 and we couldn't be happier with the results!

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Additional photography provided by the Trinidad & Tobago Film Festival and The National Gallery of Jamaica



# Che Lovelace de- con- struct- ed M

by  
Marsha  
Pearce

In his rendering of motion in silky pigments, Che Lovelace does not capture kinetic energy. Instead he releases it, setting it free so that his still canvases vibrate with splendid dynamism.

It is in this freedom that new forms and shapes can be born, spiraling out of familiar configurations of the human figure to find new life and identity in his compositions. His themes may change but the glue that binds his works is a sustained engagement with movement. Lovelace deconstructs a bend or a twist into its constituent parts so that the image becomes a long exposure that expands our vision and heightens our awareness of the series of steps in a single action.

# VES



His is a visual language often uttered in continuous tenses so that the figure “is leaping” “is falling,” “is crouching”—perpetually shivering and pulsating in simultaneous moments of then and now. States of “before,” “during” and “after” movement collide in the spaces of his paintings. His forms never stand still and neither does time in his art. Twitching muscles and the tick of the clock are palpable in the work. In fact, we are made to see the march of seconds and minutes as blurred broken lines give way—over, with and through time—to more solid contours.

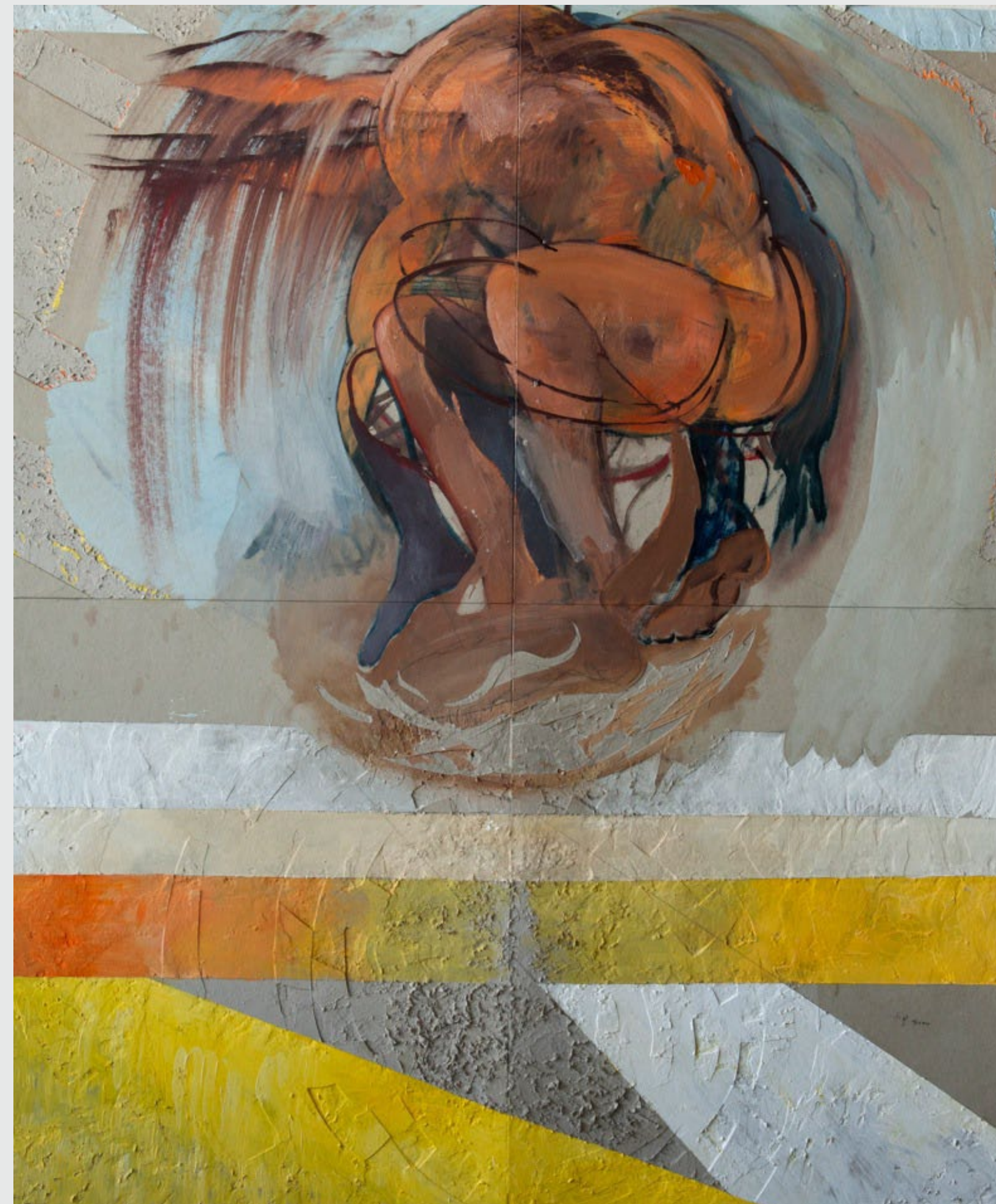
**RIGHT**  
**“Boy With Monster’s Head”**  
**2011**  
Oil on canvas.







**"Dash It Way (Version 1)"**  
**2010**  
 Oil on board.



**"Jumper"**  
**2012**  
 Oil and pigment one cut board.



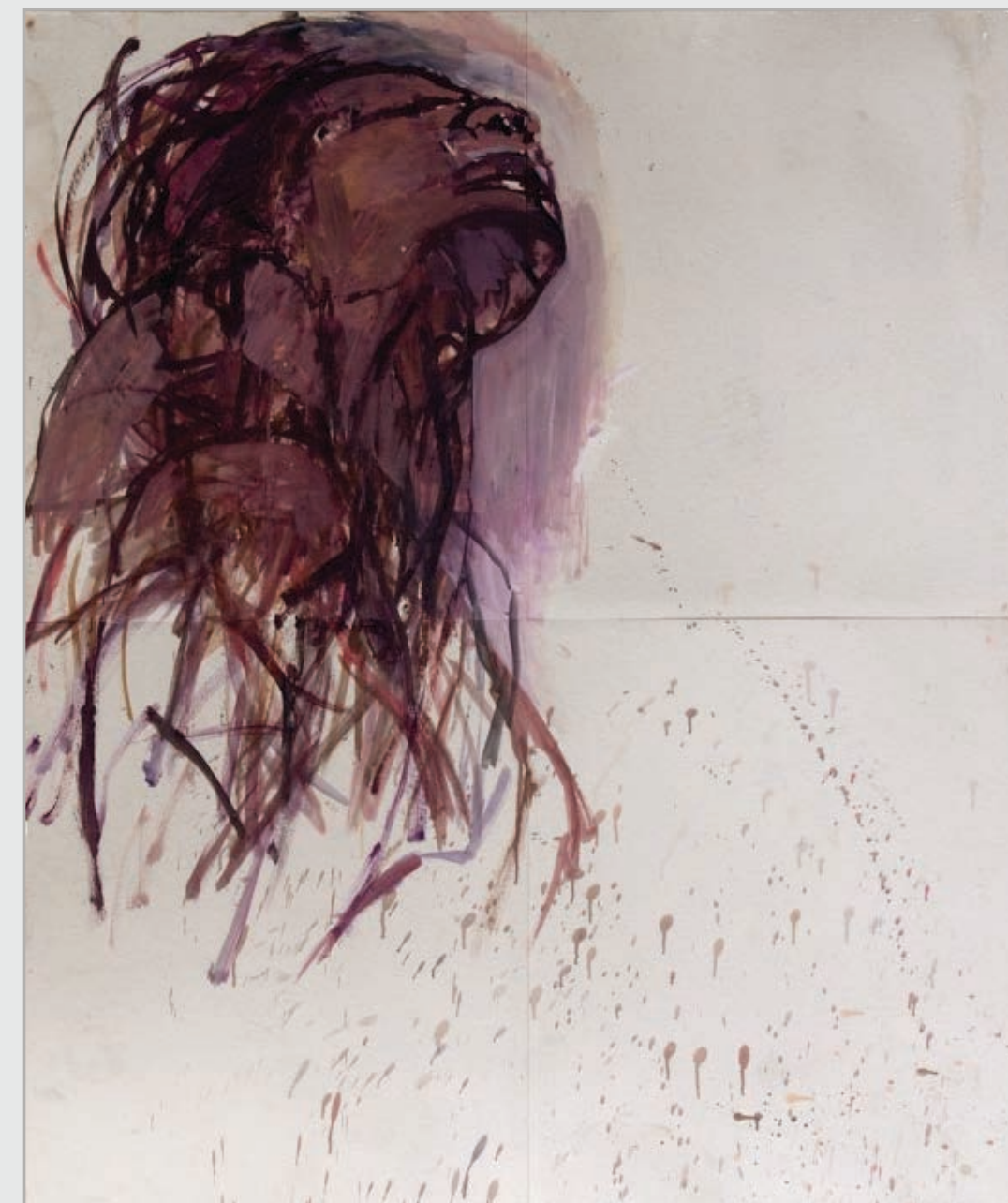


**"Garden, (Animal)"**  
**2011**  
 Oil on board.



**"Pau 3"**  
**2010**  
 Oil and charcoal on board.





Lovelace's deployment of the techniques of superimposition and overlap are key in his analyses and presentations of a spacio-temporal relationship with form in motion. Also significant are the interactions between loose, gestural marks and more restrained, geometric areas of colour. These counterpoint each other and demand that we make optical shifts back and forth between them. In this way, he infuses the work with another dimension of movement.

**FAR LEFT**  
**"Figure in Garden"**  
**2011**  
 Oil on board.

**LEFT**  
**"Head"**  
**2011**  
 Oil on board.





**"New Phase Climber"**  
2013  
Oil and pigment on board.



**"Performa"**  
2012





By breaking down moves for us, Che Lovelace undoubtedly builds up a tangible kinesis but he also exposes us to other forms of energy like the thermal force felt in his most recent exhibition entitled Lovers and a magnetic power that activates our hearts and minds and has us moving again and again in the direction of his art.

**LEFT**  
**"Yellow Band"**  
**2012**  
Oil on board.



# the art of the FILM POSTER

by JONATHAN ALI

Or at least, that's what the average film poster has now come to look like. The history of film posters is as old as cinema itself, and over the decades there have been many examples of the illustrated film poster not just as marketing tool, but as a work of art itself.

Many of these posters are based on an iconic image from the film in question.

This poster (1) for Sergei Eisenstein's classic Battleship Potemkin (1925), for example, incorporates a head-on image of the titular vessel's twin cannons into a constructivist design featuring the film's title as well as the year 1905, the year the events dramatised in the film took place.

Another great example of this approach can be seen in this striking poster (2) for Fritz

Lang's seminal dystopian sci-fi tale Metropolis (1927).

In it, an image of the robot Maria stares out from in front of the city's imposing skyscrapers. Only two bits of text adorn the poster: the film's title, in angular expressionist lettering above, and Ufa, the name of the German studio that made the film, affixed to the bottom corners.

At its simplest, a film poster is a poster that promotes a film. The title of the film in large lettering, images of the film's stars, their names, the director's and other credits—that's what the average poster for a film, known as a "one sheet" poster, looks like.

The illustrated poster was de rigueur in classic Hollywood, though most often the illustrations were simply of the stars the masses were paying their hard-earned money to see. In what was perhaps a sardonic dig at Tinsel Town, Vittorio de Sica, in his Italian neorealist tale Bicycle Thieves (1948), has his poverty-stricken protagonist putting up posters for a film featuring an illustration of a ravishing Rita Hayworth when his bicycle gets stolen.



Across in India, and directly influenced by neorealism, the filmmaker Satyajit Ray designed the posters for his own films. These beautiful posters (3) often mixed black-and-white photography with hand-drawn illustrations and delicate calligraphy, creating a single-image snapshot of the multi-faceted Bengali world so brilliantly brought to life in Ray's films.

Yet speak of designers of film posters and one name stands out above all others: the inimitable Saul Bass. Eschewing the standard Hollywood poster, Bass created a series of iconic works (4) for some of America's greatest filmmakers, from Stanley Kubrick to Steven Spielberg. Minimalist affairs, Bass's posters had few (but strikingly applied) colours, the simple, memorable (and often metaphorical) use of a single image, and a similar use of text.

Illustrated posters were also created for some of the Caribbean's classic films, too, such as *The Harder They Come* (1973) and *Bim* (1975). The poster for Harbance Kumar's *The Right and the Wrong* (1970), a slavery-era drama, pointedly features illustrations of scenes from the film inside of a series of dangling nooses (shown right).

Today, fewer and fewer designers and places remain dedicated to the art of the illustrated film poster. Cuba is one such place, and the annual Havana Film Festival even hosts a competition for the best-designed poster of a film playing at the festival. And the artist Peter Doig has over several years created a series of painted film posters for the screenings at his Studiofilmclub here in Port of Spain. Many of these posters ended up curated in an exhibition, admired for themselves: perhaps the ultimate validation of the film poster as a work of art.



1

## BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN

[www.talkingpix.co.uk/Article-WorldWar1.html](http://www.talkingpix.co.uk/Article-WorldWar1.html)

2

## METROPOLIS

[www.ingridthorpe.com/the-most-expensive-film-poster-in-the-world](http://www.ingridthorpe.com/the-most-expensive-film-poster-in-the-world)

3

## SATYAJIT RAY POSTER GALLERY

[www.theguardian.com/film/gallery/2013/aug/13/satyajit-ray-film-posters-in-pictures#/?picture=414861262&index=0](http://www.theguardian.com/film/gallery/2013/aug/13/satyajit-ray-film-posters-in-pictures#/?picture=414861262&index=0)

4

## SAUL BASS POSTER GALLERY

[www.film.com/photos/every-saul-bass-movie-poster-gallery](http://www.film.com/photos/every-saul-bass-movie-poster-gallery)



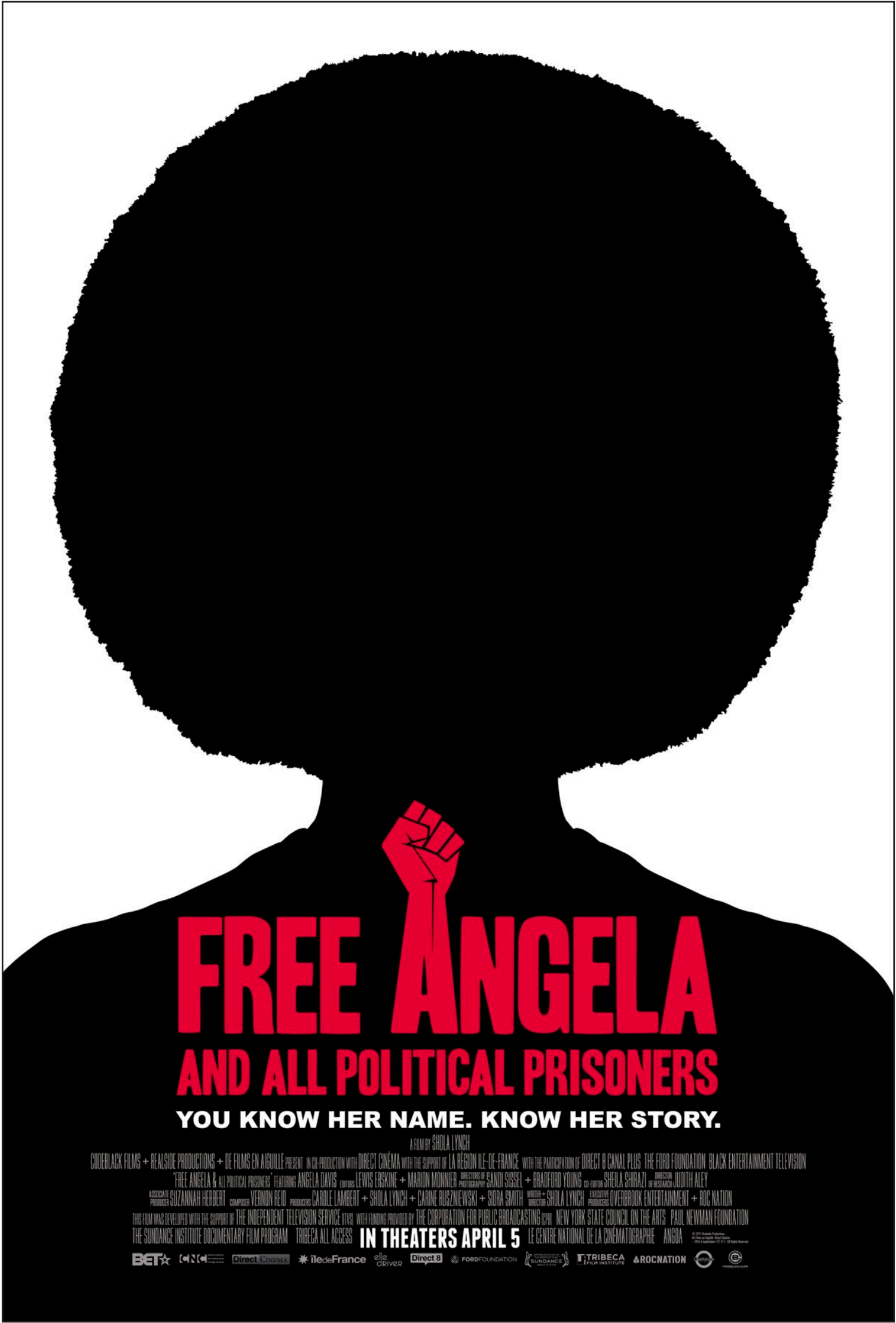
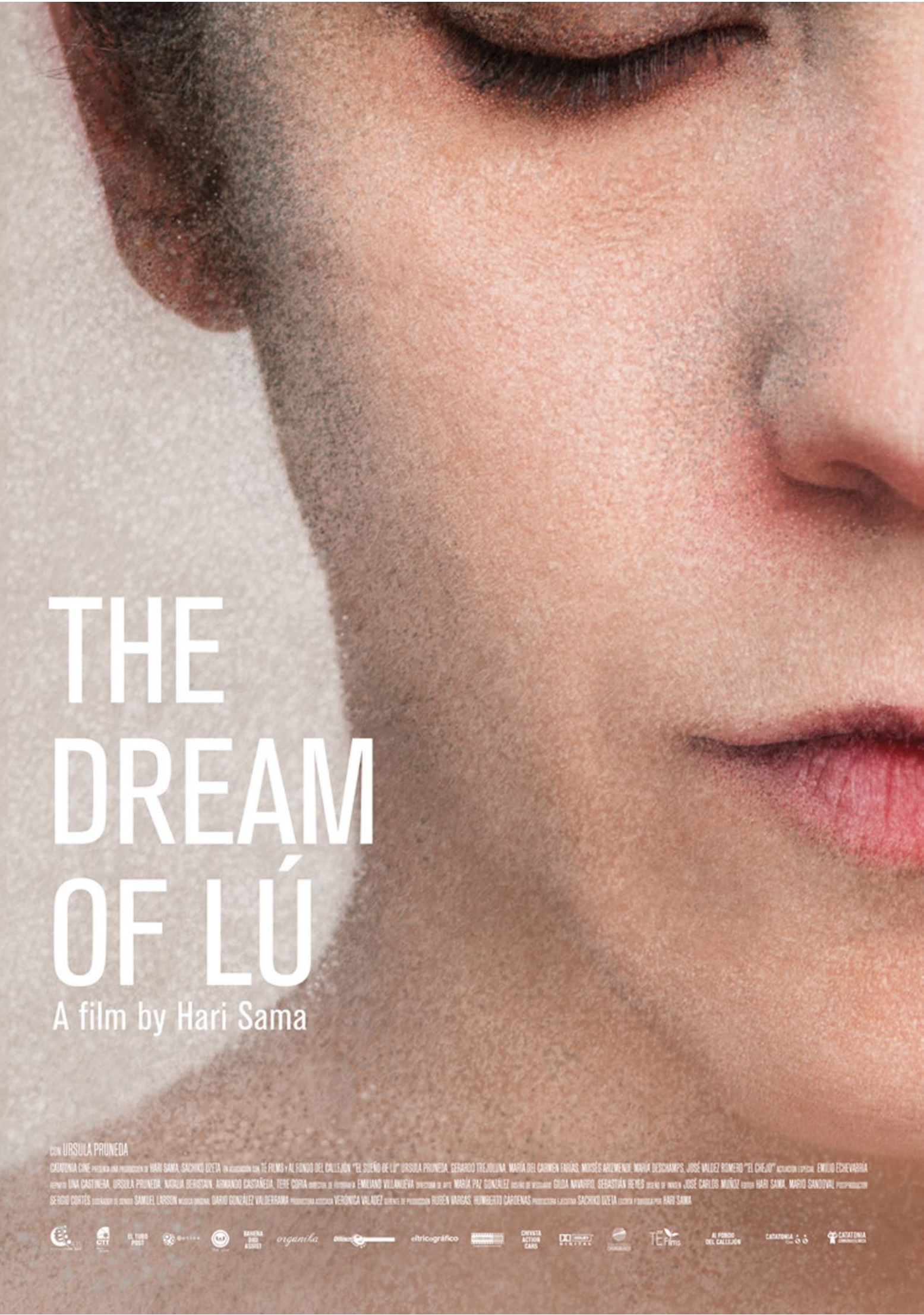


A collection of the  
best posters from the  
TRINIDAD  
& TOBAGO  
FILM FESTIVAL  
**2013**





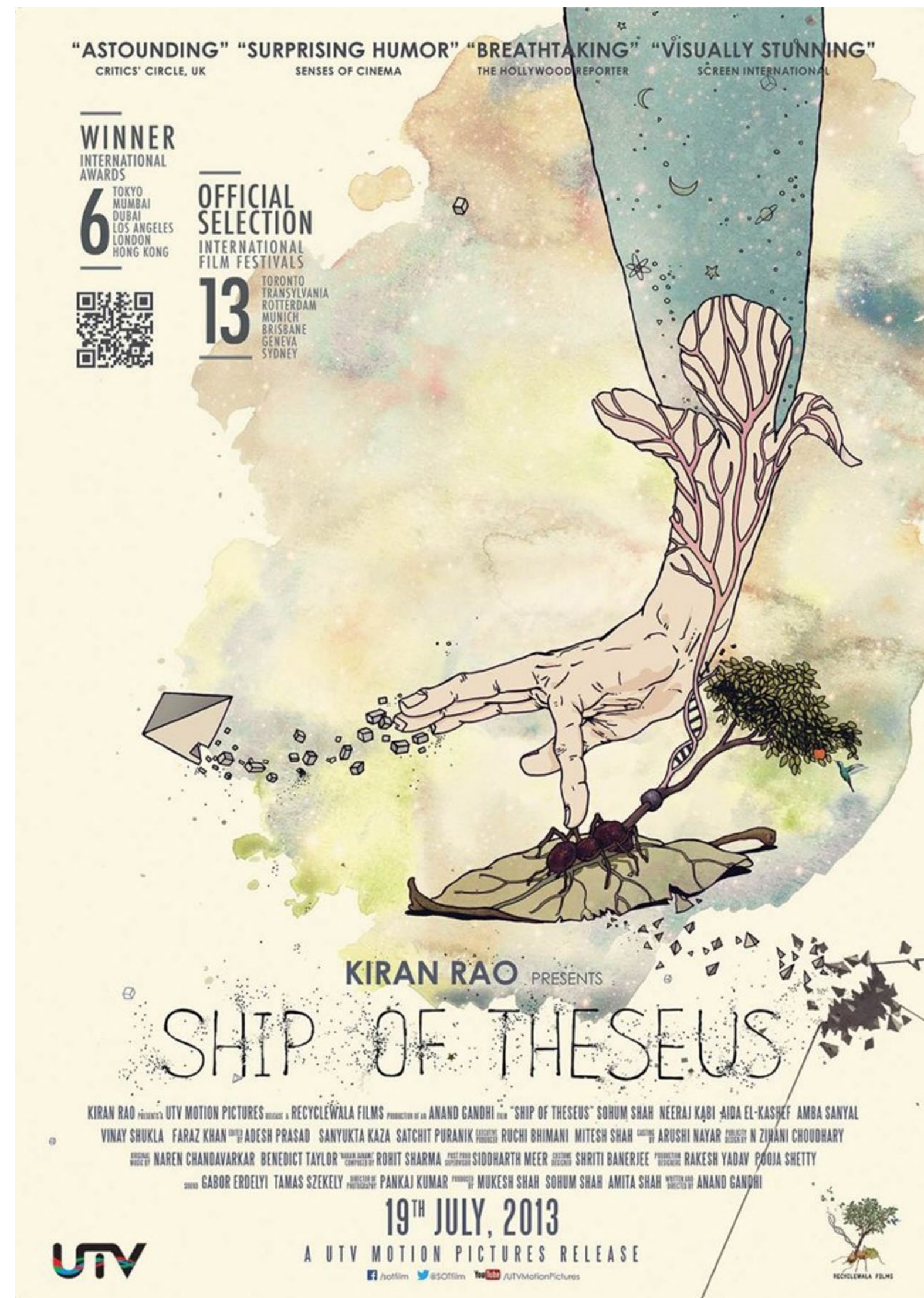




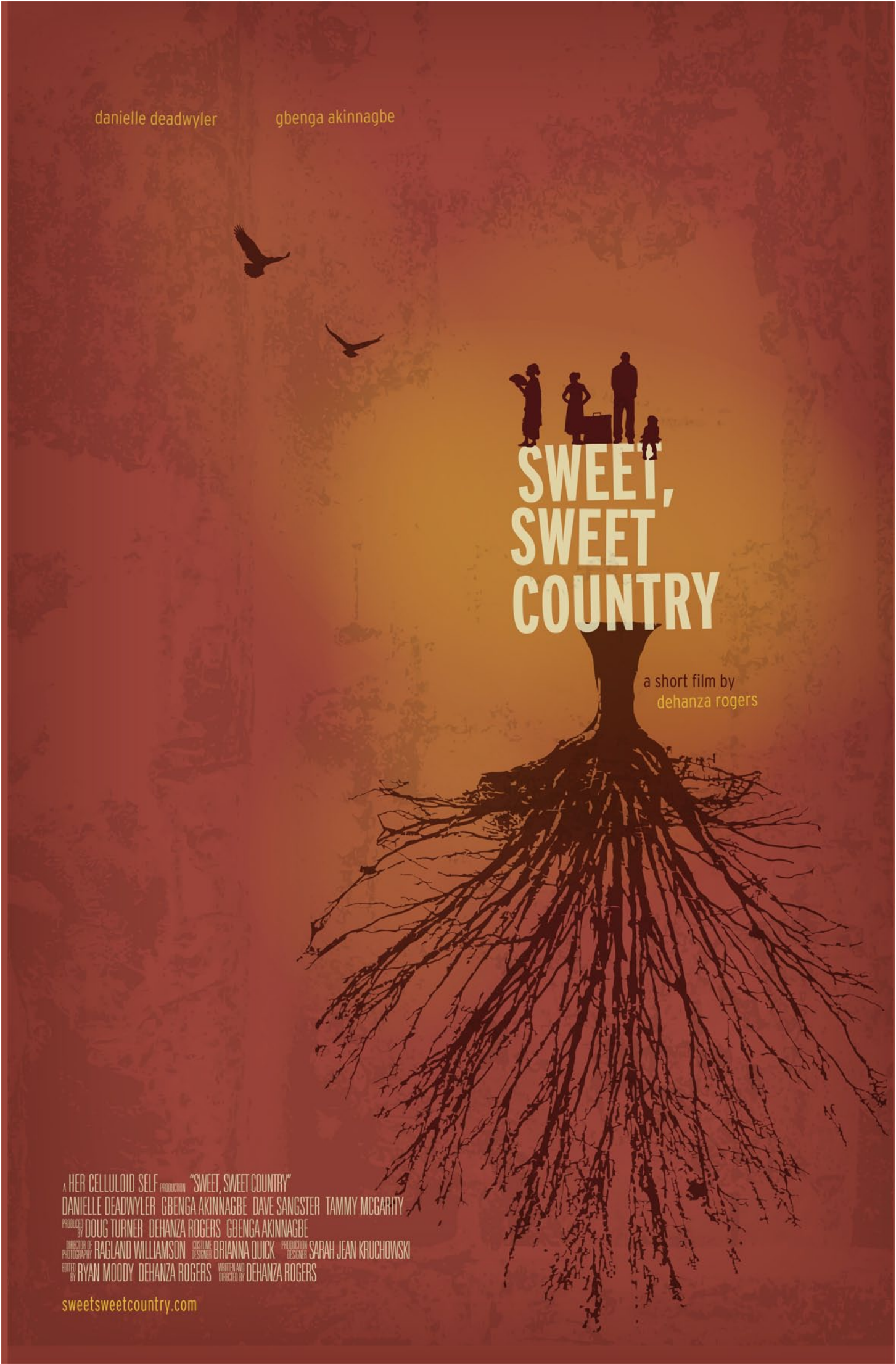




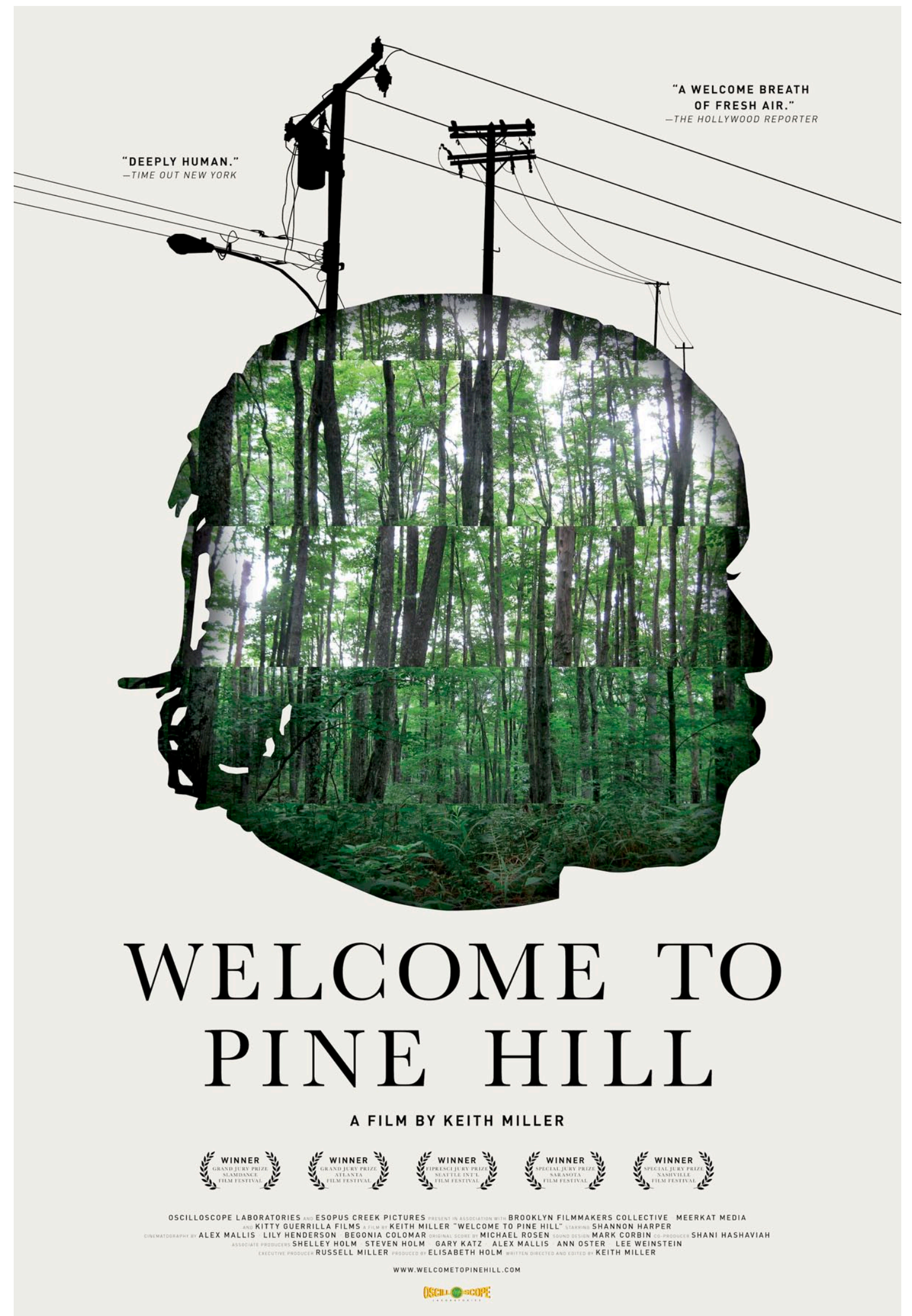














# Forest

Hipstamatic  
photographs  
by  
**HOLLY  
BYNOE**

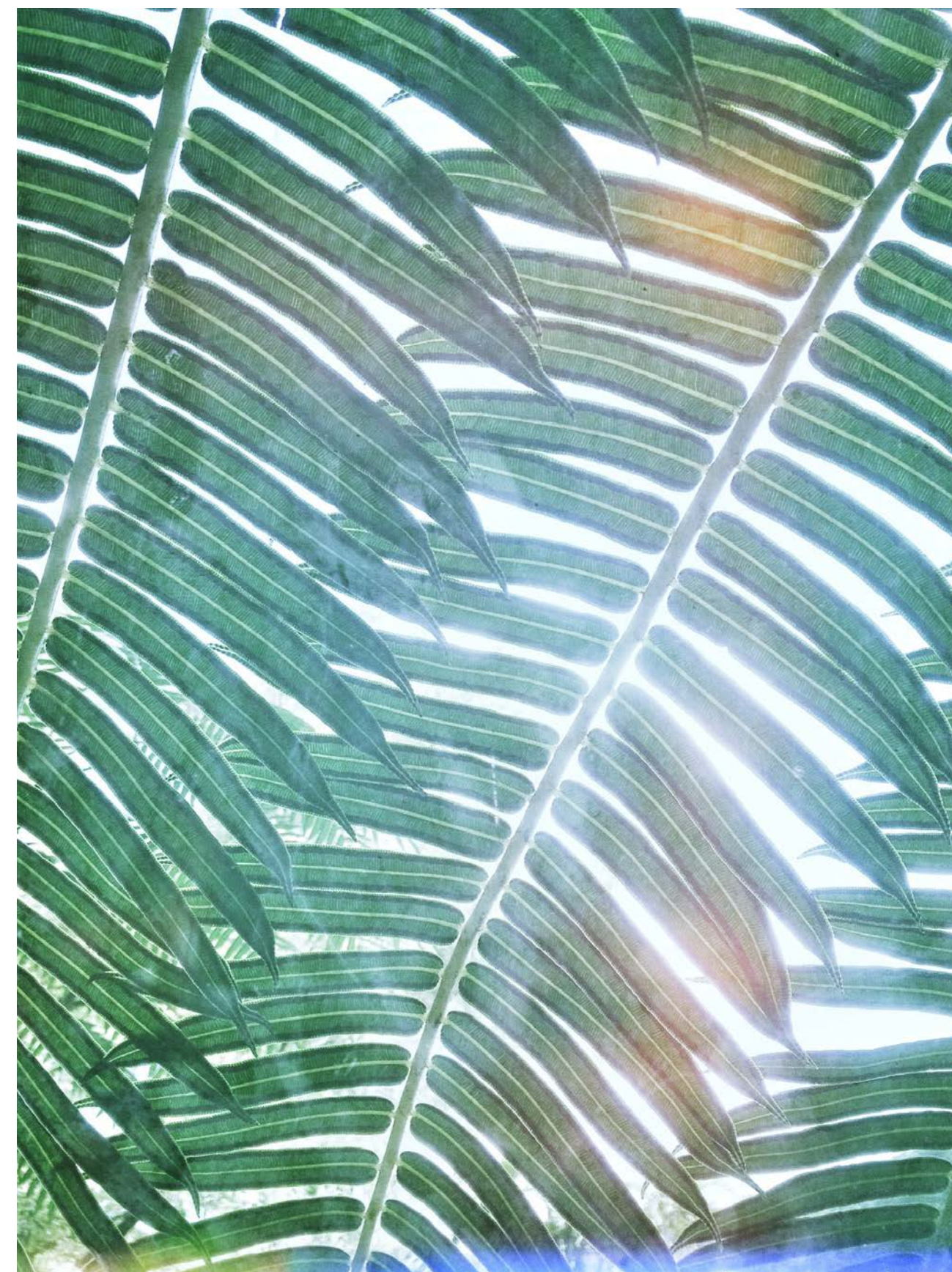
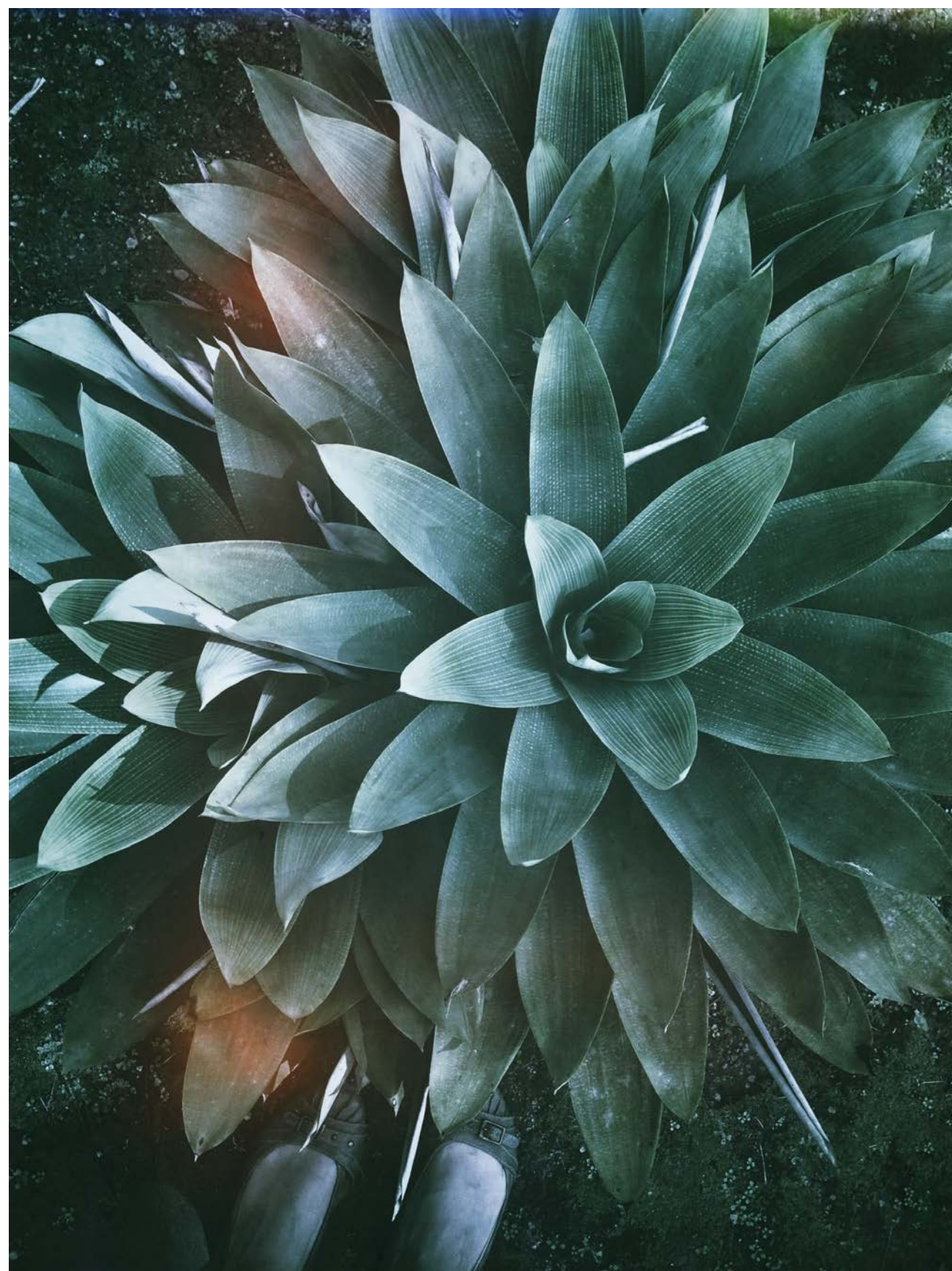
[hollybrynoe.com](http://hollybrynoe.com)



















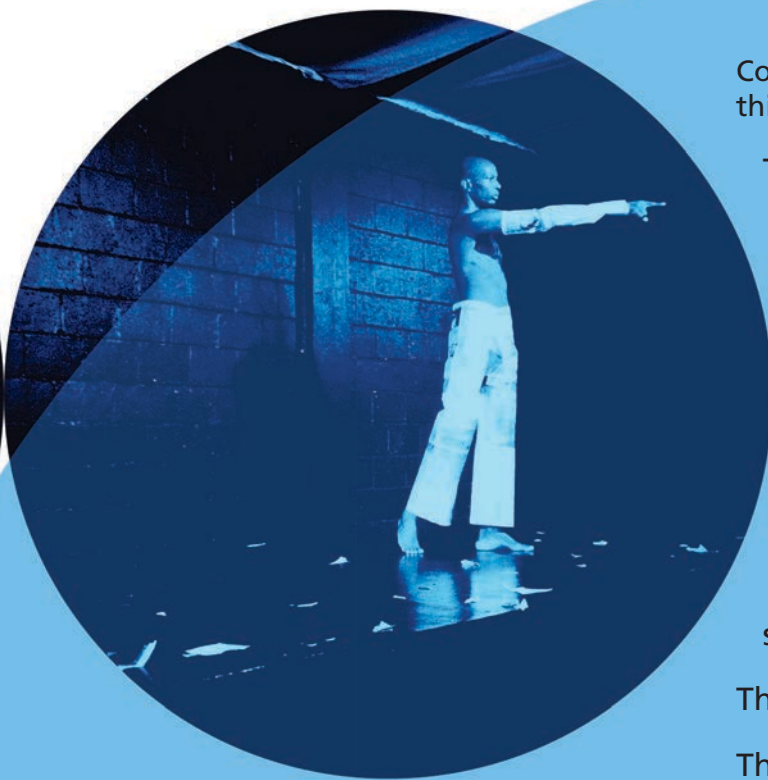




the

by  
DAVE  
WILLIAMS





Contrary to carnal knowledge,  
this is not the finger. This is.

This is the finger that will  
find you wherever you are,  
and may I point out to  
you, this is the finger that  
will point in public.

This is the finger that knows  
who you are and who I am.

This is the finger that will tell  
on you: "This is the betrayer!"

This is the finger of  
self-righteousness.

This is the finger of subservience.

This is the finger that paints  
the picture of democracy.

This is the finger with  
all the bright ideas.

Move to the head of the class;  
cross my heart and hope to die.

This is the finger that  
will never tell a lie.

But this is also the finger that  
will pull the trigger and blow  
your ass to kingdom come.

Ready. Aim. Fire.

This is the finger that  
can end the war at the  
touch of a button.

This is a piece of peace—  
this is the finger.

Like a douen, this is the  
friend that will carry you  
and never bring you back.

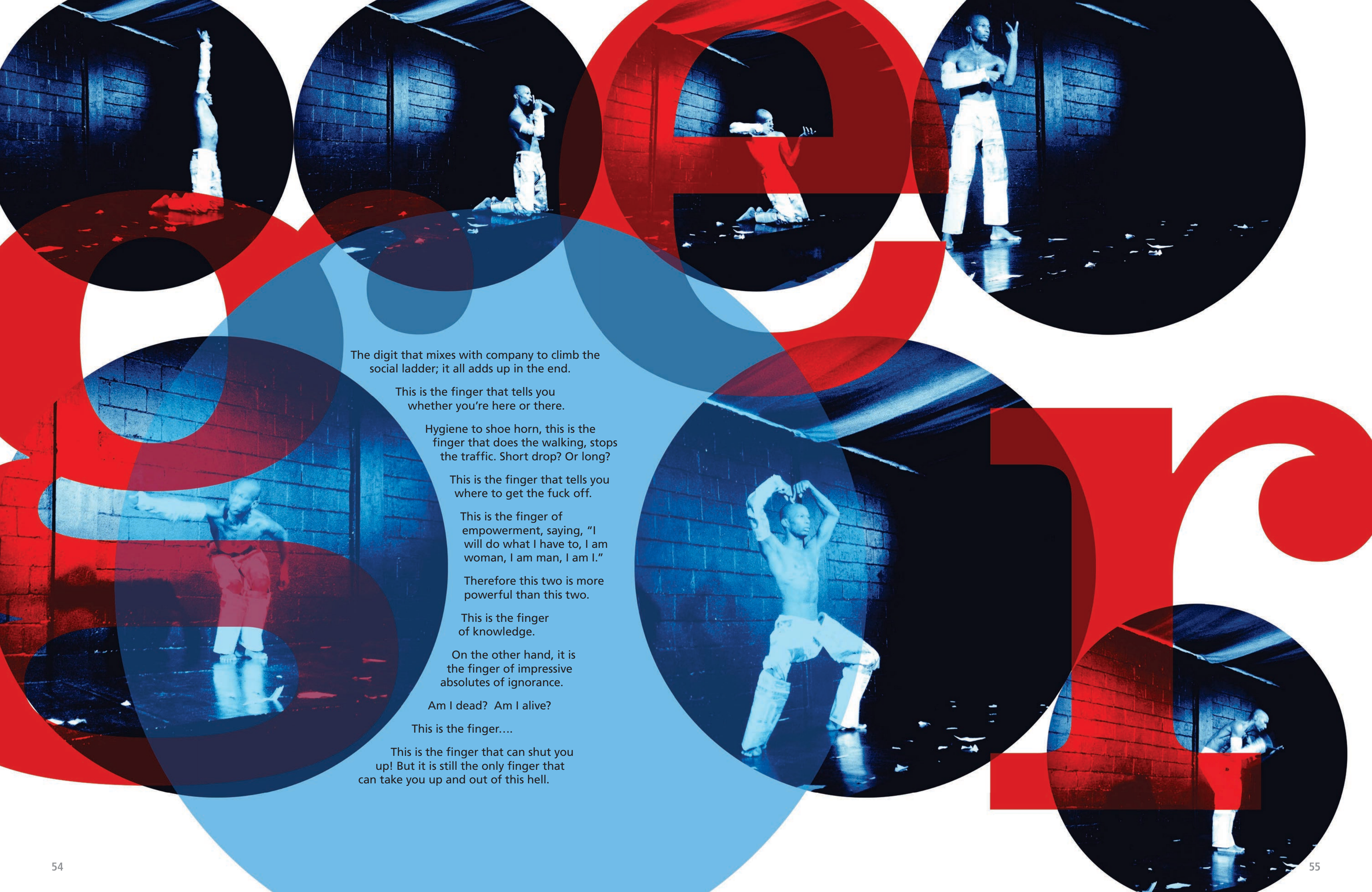
This is the finger at one end  
of how long it is, and this is  
the finger at the other end.

This is the finger: the second,  
or the fourth, you choose.

This is the finger that presses  
the speckled flesh-coloured butt  
against your blackened lips and  
says, "Kiss it. Kiss my spotty butt".







The digit that mixes with company to climb the social ladder; it all adds up in the end.

This is the finger that tells you whether you're here or there.

Hygiene to shoe horn, this is the finger that does the walking, stops the traffic. Short drop? Or long?

This is the finger that tells you where to get the fuck off.

This is the finger of empowerment, saying, "I will do what I have to, I am woman, I am man, I am I."

Therefore this two is more powerful than this two.

This is the finger of knowledge.

On the other hand, it is the finger of impressive absolutes of ignorance.

Am I dead? Am I alive?

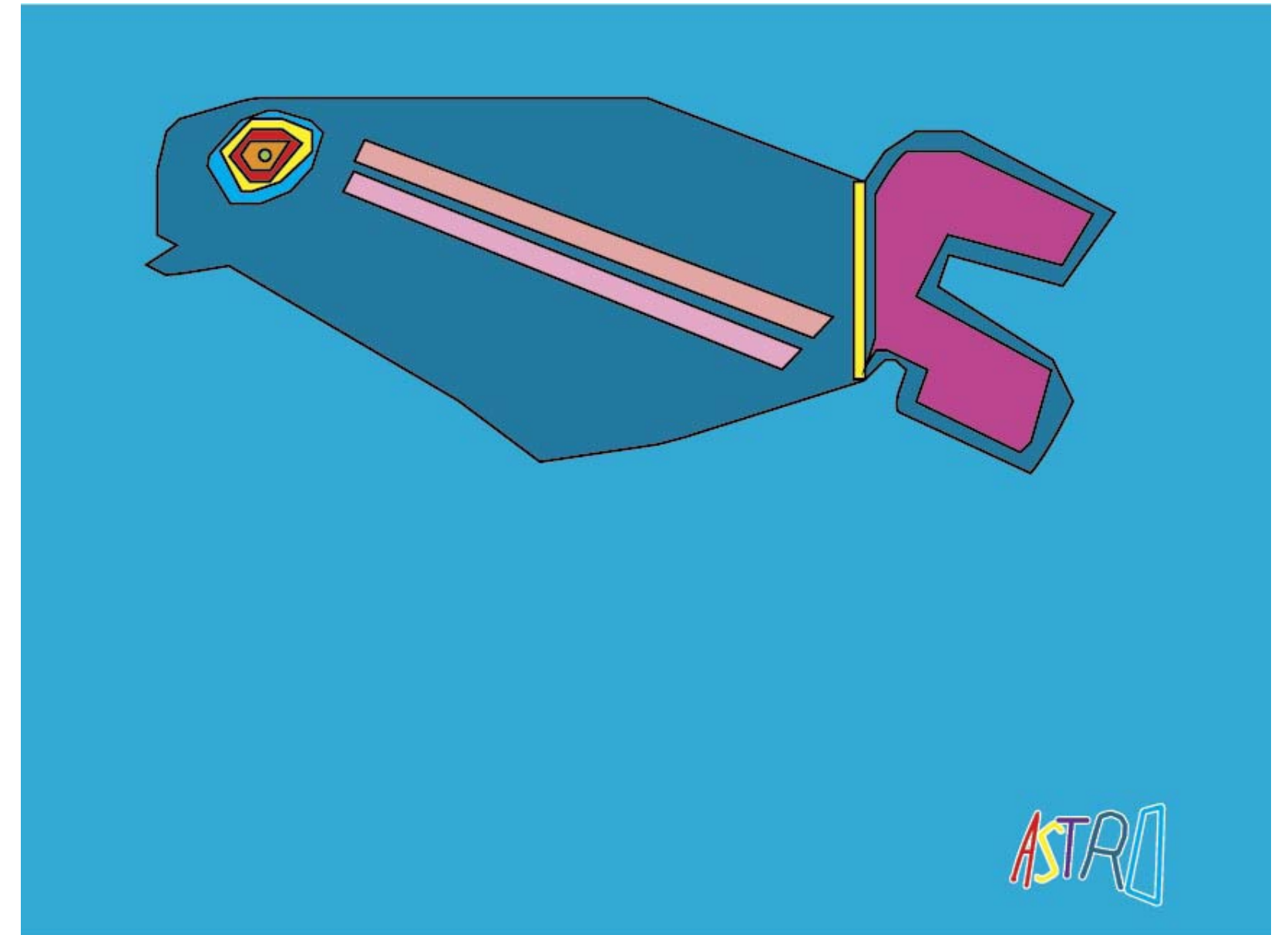
This is the finger....

This is the finger that can shut you up! But it is still the only finger that can take you up and out of this hell.



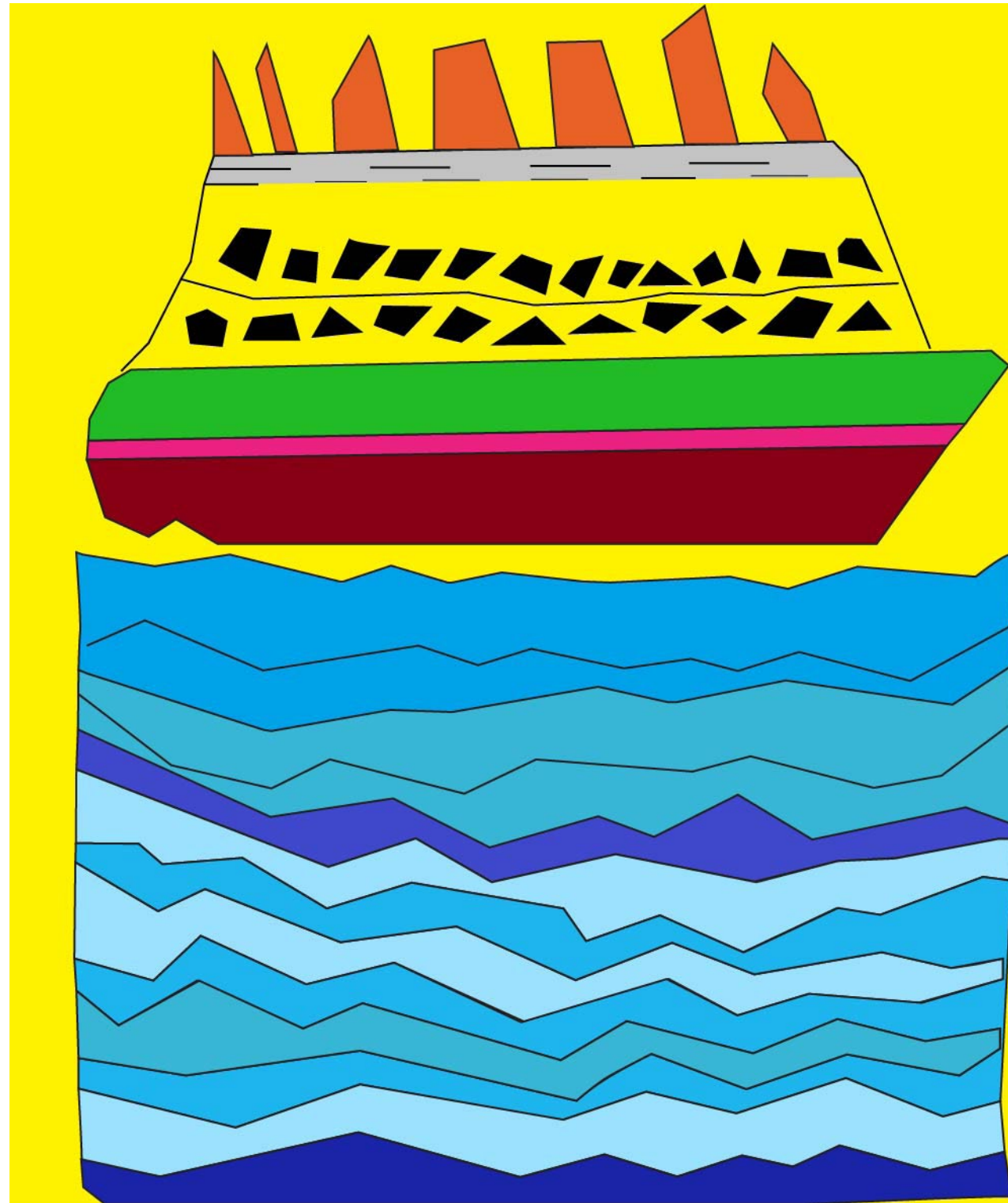
Digital  
Artwork  
by

# Astro Painter

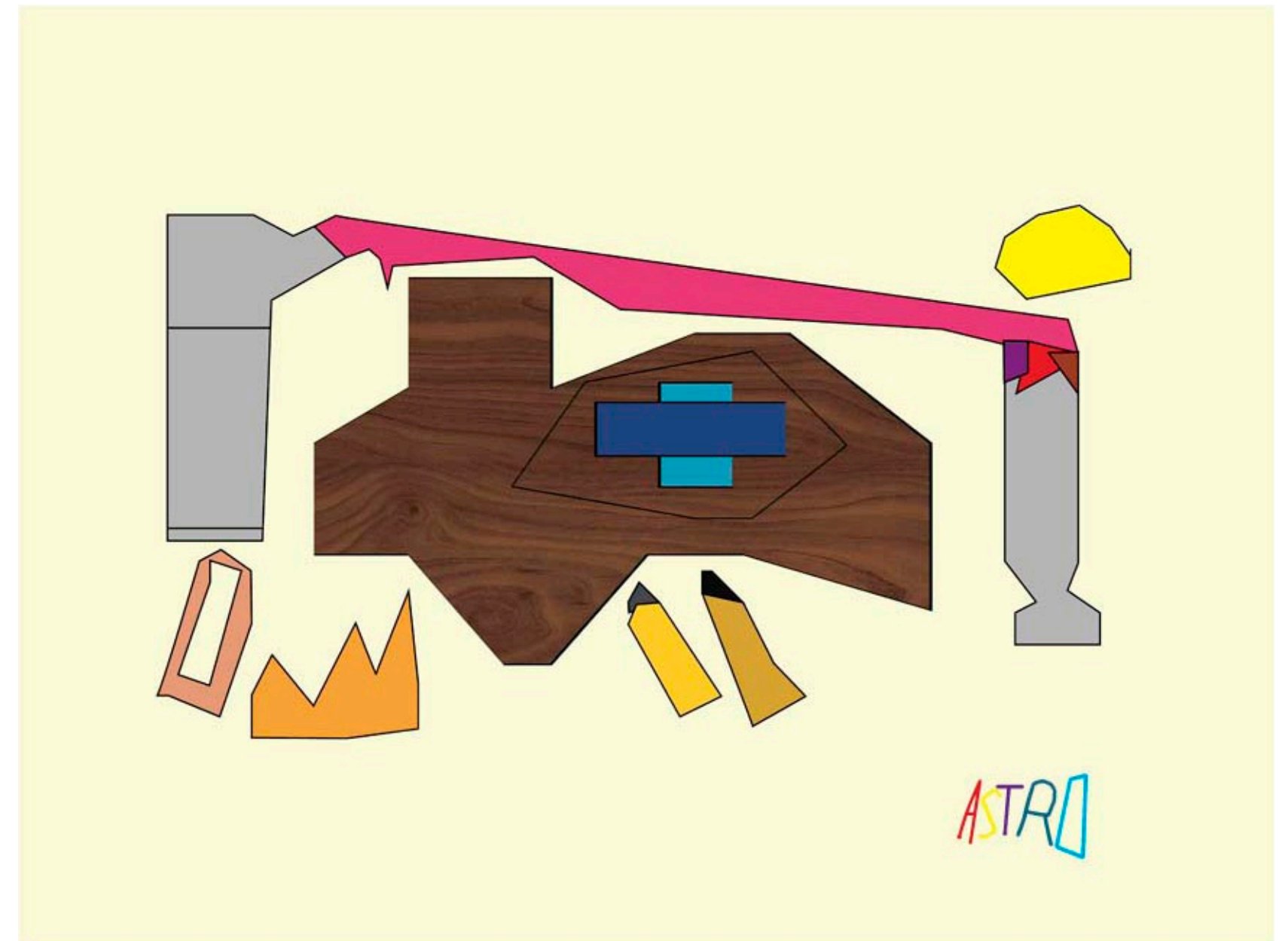


"Colourful Fish"



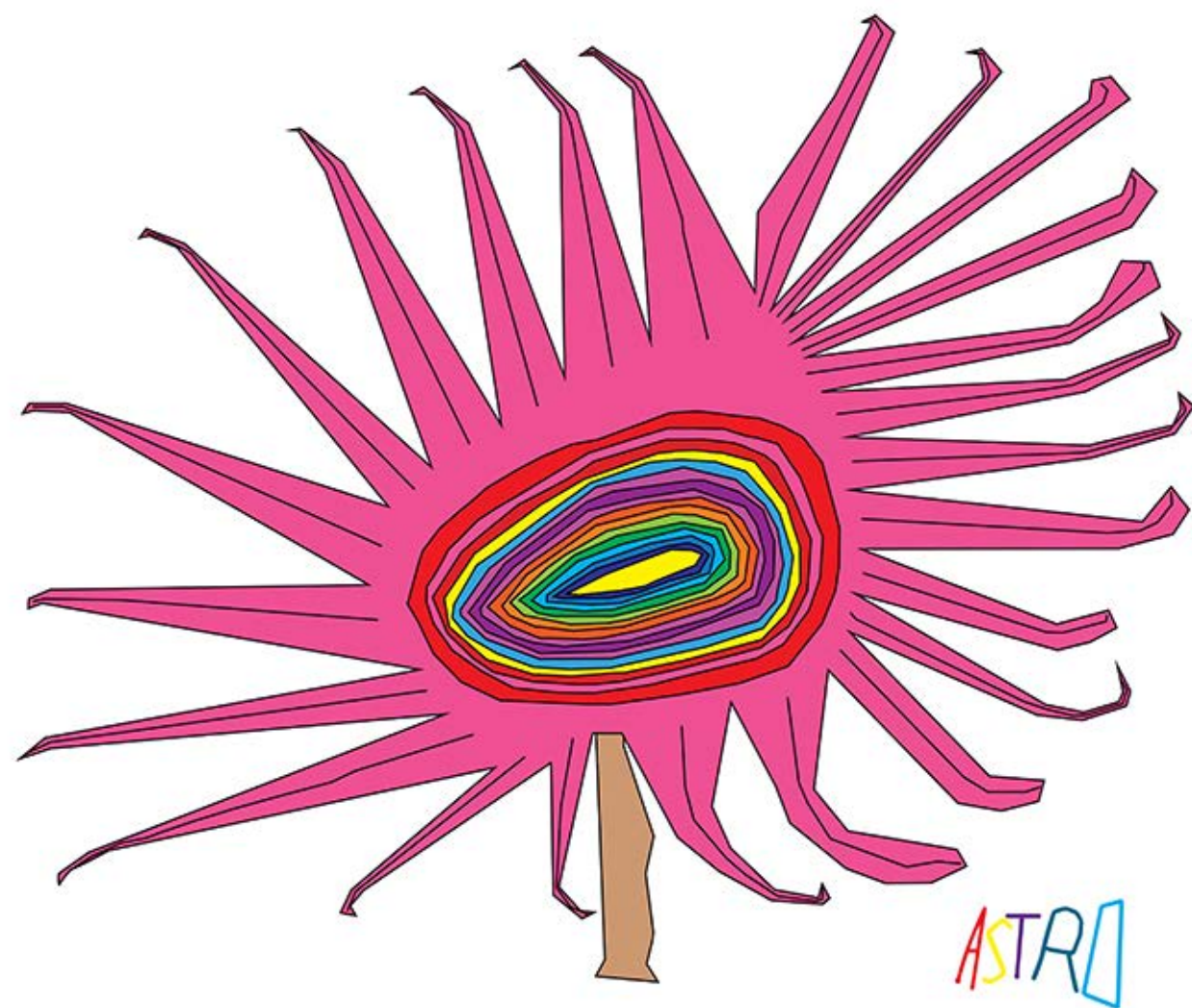


"Magical Ship"

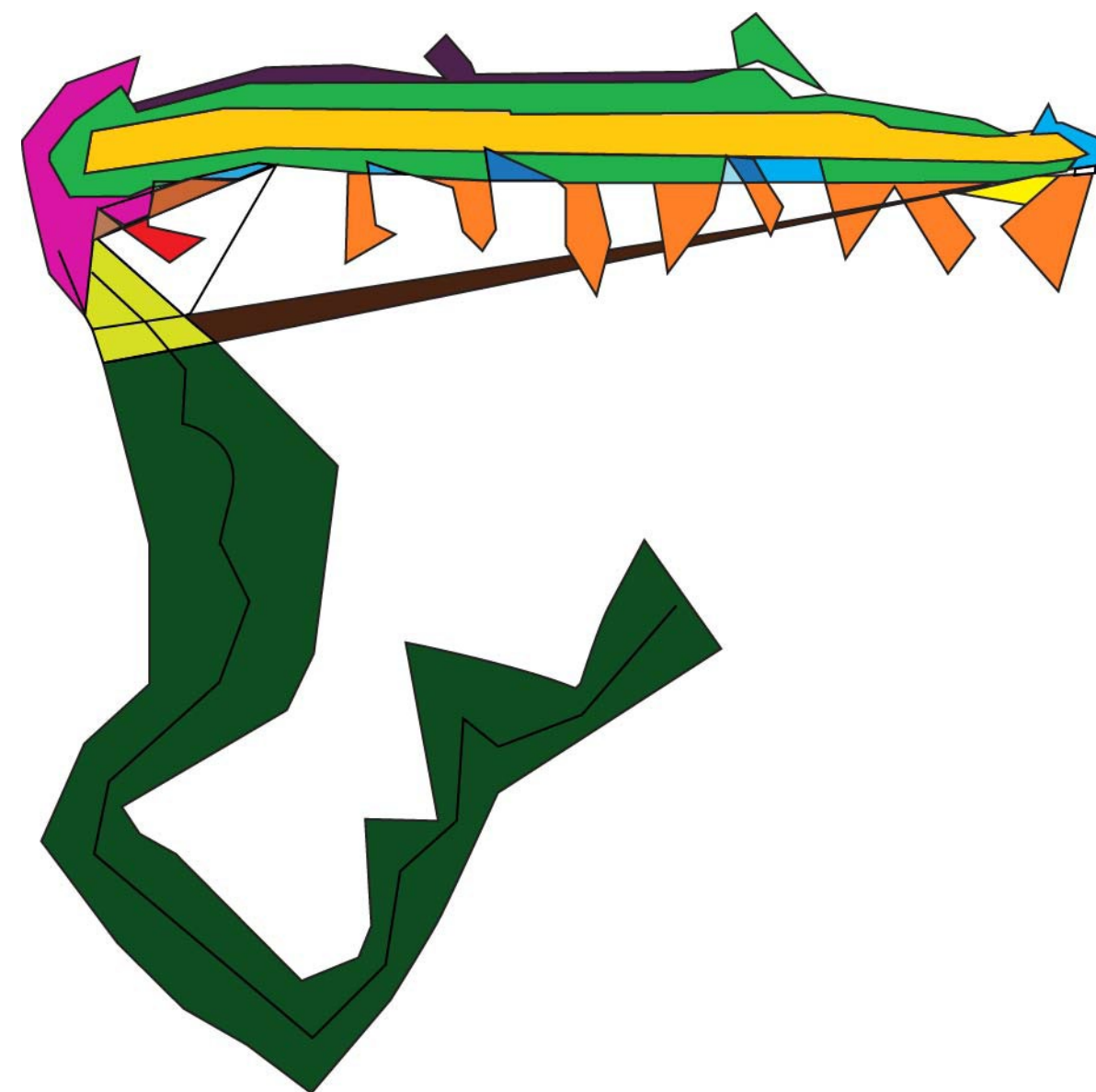


"Texas Drawing"





"Loleta"

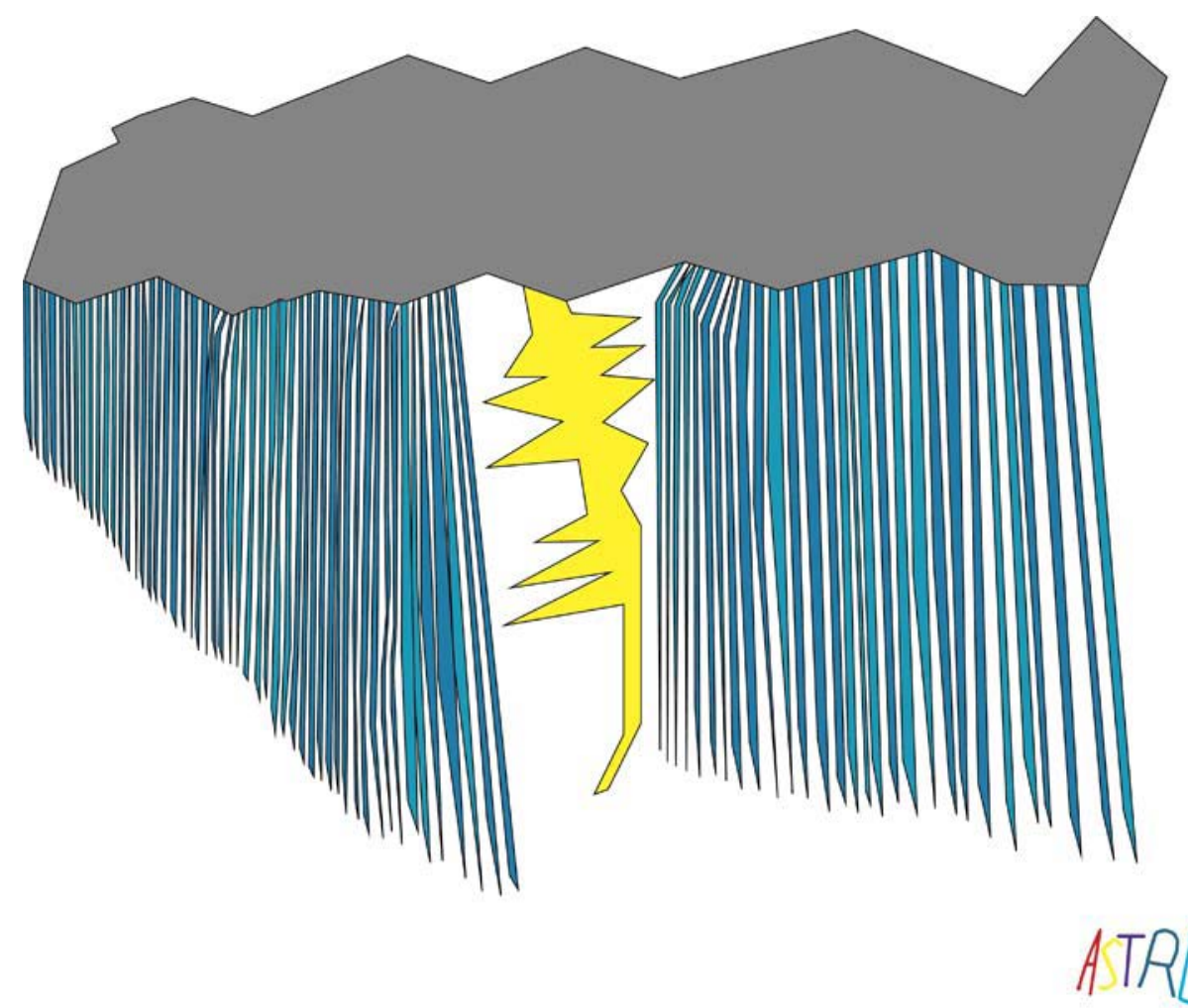


"Mystery Object"





"Summer Sun"



"Thunderstorm"



# Native Girl

## Chapter 1 Riva Mumma

A Video  
Installation by  
**OLIVIA  
MC GILCHRIST**  
[oliviamcgilchrist.com](http://oliviamcgilchrist.com)



**RIVA MUMMA**  
VIDEO STILL  
(2013)

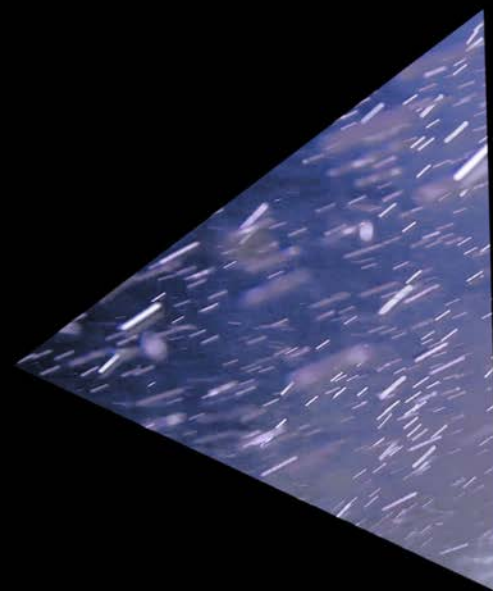


**RIVA MUMMA**  
VIDEO STILL  
(2013)





**RIVA MUMMA**  
VIDEO STILL  
(2013)



**RIVA MUMMA**  
VIDEO STILL  
(2013)

**RIVA MUMMA**  
VIDEO STILL  
(2013)



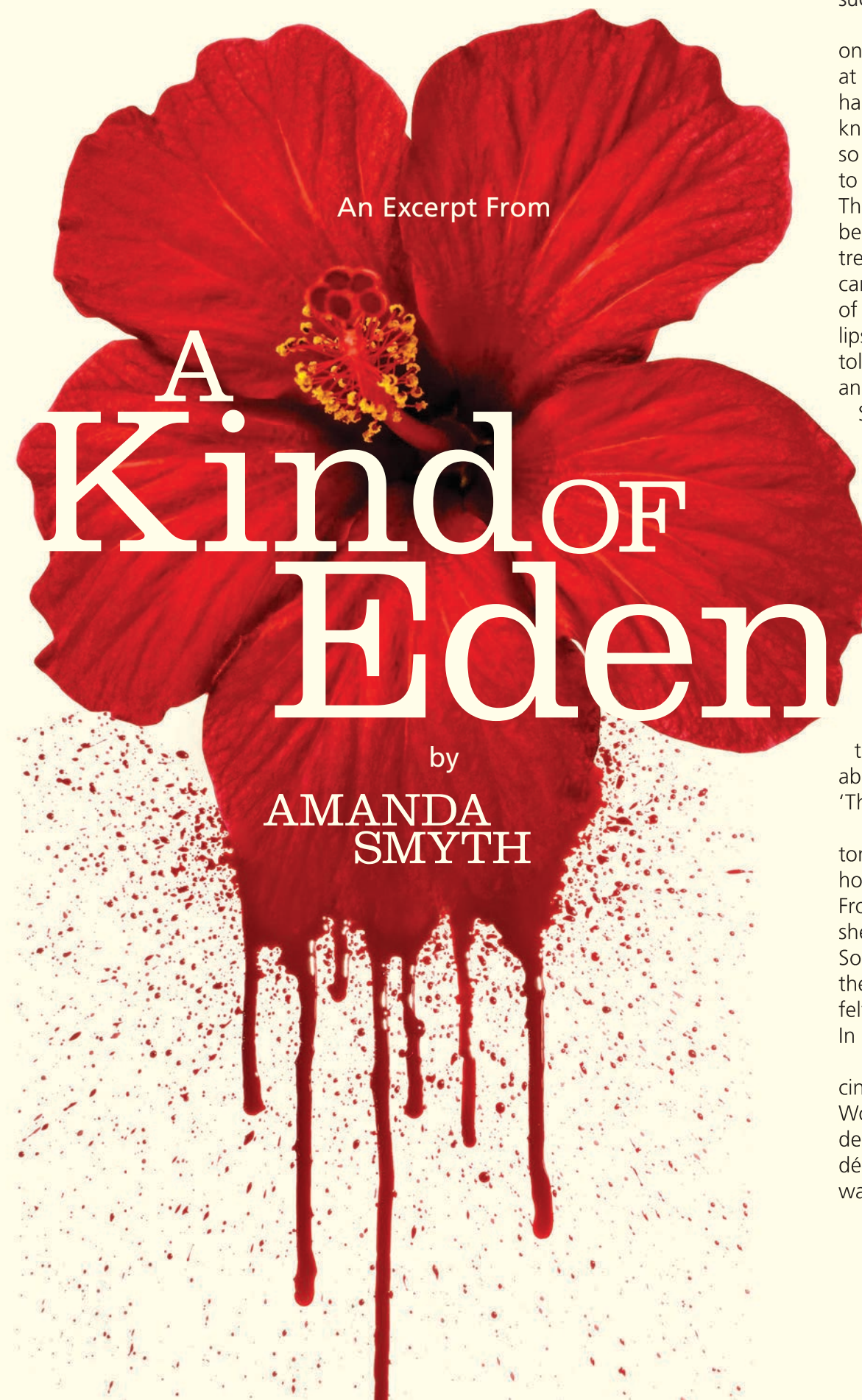
**RIVA MUMMA**  
VIDEO STILL  
(2013)





# 1 CHAPTER

They say it gets chilly here around December, almost like spring in England or in Canada. Although the days are hot, most evenings, right up until the end of February, it is cool enough to leave your butter out. Today he'd realised that wasn't true, and he told her as soon as she had arrived, presenting her with the oily glass butter dish which she always complained about. Look, his butter has melted. So what do you want, she said. A medal? At which point he didn't know whether to laugh or take offence. Then she tossed her handbag on the chair and kicked off her sandals—the flat tan girlish sandals she wore for work—and he knew she was okay; they would probably sleep together tonight.



Later, he looks up at the wooden rafters; there is just enough light from the passageway to see the shadows they make. Once, not long after they first met and they were lying naked, a cockroach fell and landed big and hard like a boiled egg. He shouted something, sprang from the bed and it scuttled over the sheet. Safiya laughed, and flipped up the sheet. Kill it, he said, kill it. But she lay there laughing, tears streaming down her cheeks. 'You're so English,' she said, when she found him sitting at the kitchen table. 'I had no idea I was going out with such a limey.'

He clicks on the small bedside lamp; she turns, and in one movement, tugs the sheet and rolls onto her side. He stares at the triangle of her brown back and the mess of her black hair on the pillow, the neck exposed. Her skin is shining and he knows she must be hot. She has never liked the air conditioner so when she stays he turns it off. But tonight he has forgotten to open the louvers, and the air is thick from their lovemaking. The last three weekends they had made sure to visit his favourite beach at Blanchisseuse. Although they kept in the shade of the trees and close to the rocks for most of the afternoon, they both came away burned. Now her skin is tanned to a delicious shade of tea. She pulls up her arm; her fingers curl against her full soft lips. When they first got together and he admired her lips, she told him, 'Yes, I have a rude mouth.' The gap between the nose and upper lip is short and it makes her look younger than she is. She looks quite different when her narrow, hooded eyes are shut.

A dog is barking now. It happens almost every night at this time. A gang of dogs gathers on the crossroads and when someone walks by they start and set one another off. He's been caught a few times, thinking the road is clear, walking down to Hi Lo grocery or Ali's pharmacy, and next thing they are rushing at him in a little pack. He is nervous of them: there is rabies here and a dog like that, the vicious little black one with slitty eyes like a pit bull, could rip your face right off. Some time ago, he saw a young man on the news lying in the street in a puddle of dark blood, his eye torn from its socket. 'How can they show these things on television?' he said to her. 'What about the man's privacy, his family?' 'Get used to it,' she said. 'This is Trinidad.'

It must be getting late. He wonders where they might eat tonight. Last week, he picked her up from outside her mother's house in Woodbrook and he didn't say where they were going. From her damp hair and sweet, soapy scent, he could tell that she was freshly bathed. On the radio, Supertramp's Logical Song made him think of his youth, and he cruised steadily along the west coast feeling, for no apparent reason, lighter than he'd felt in days; feeling as if he'd had good news, which he hadn't. In many ways things couldn't have been much worse.

They passed the shopping complex with its Showcase cinema—he had seen two films there, Shrek, and War of the Worlds—and her favourite Ruby Tuesdays restaurant, which, despite her protestations, he had never liked. Not just the décor—the American old-fashioned posters and traditional wallpaper, but the food: he was certain they used additives in

the strong sauces—barbeque, honey glaze, garlic cream, Thousand Island—and they made his head feel peculiar. 'It's all flavour-enhanced,' he'd said that last time, 'like fake food. No wonder it's tasty. It could only come from America.' When he told her this, she rolled her eyes and said he was getting old and miserable; you shouldn't have to worry about stuff like that at her age. 'There's nothing wrong with America,' she said. 'New York is a lot of fun. And nothing beats the shopping in Miami.' At one time, he might have mentioned a string of shops in London: Harvey Nichols, Harrods, the whole of the Kings Road, but he knew it wouldn't go down well.

After West Mall and the new Spanish-style condominiums, he slowed down. This was a wealthier part of town: you could look up at the soft dark hills and see the middle-class houses perched there, the glow of yellow lights. He had imagined everyone at home, taking a drink on the porch, getting ready for dinner, the evening news coming on; people with lives and aspirations. But then the road became narrow, dark, the houses more ramshackle and patched up. And as they drove through the shabby village before Chaguaramas, the village where only last week a man was shot twice in the back of his head while alone watching television in his living room, he wondered what Safiya was thinking about.

'Penny,' he said. She looked at him and he saw that she was sad. He pulled up at the far end of the car park. There weren't many people here, and he was glad. It was better that way; she wouldn't be in the mood to see anyone they knew. She was wearing a purple blouse, and dark tight jeans that he'd bought for her in Long Circular Mall. He liked that she dressed up like this when they went out. And he liked when she tied back her hair, wrapped it about her fingers and twisted it into a knot; it was like watching a magic trick. He took her hand, and she didn't resist as she sometimes did, and they walked slowly and without speaking down towards the seafood restaurant where little white lights hung along the wooden balcony of the upper level.

To the right, the water was black and silky. It was night, and yet patches of blue sky were still out there towards the horizon; stars punctured the dark world above them, and he wondered if the curved line he was looking at was actually the plough. And then there was a white curl of moon. 'The moon's like a scythe,' he said, pointing, and he felt pleased that he'd thought of this. And he recognised how romantic this moment was, and how unlike him, or at least the him that he was used to and had known for forty-nine years.

**A Kind of Eden** is available at [Amazon.co.uk](https://www.amazon.co.uk)



It's our favourite time of the year (after carnival, of course!) because it's film festival time! So doh forget that during the Trinidad and Tobago Film Festival there will be loads of great films showing at different venues around Port of Spain and UWI, and a really useful and interesting collection of panels and workshops to attend. Find out more by visiting their website here: <http://www.ttfilmfestival.com>

## trinidad +tobago film/13 festival

If you're in Trinidad, visit the Y Art Gallery on Taylor Street in Woodbrook to see recent work by Ashraph in his exhibition, The Mask.

# doh FORGET

If you are in Kingston, Jamaica, then check out the exciting exhibition, New Roots: 10 Emerging Artists, which is on at the National Gallery of Jamaica. "The exhibition is designed to identify and encourage new directions in the Jamaican art world. It features art in both conventional and new media – painting in various media and on various surfaces, digital photography, video and animation, and jewellery – and a variety of genres and styles, from the documentary to the fantastic."

