

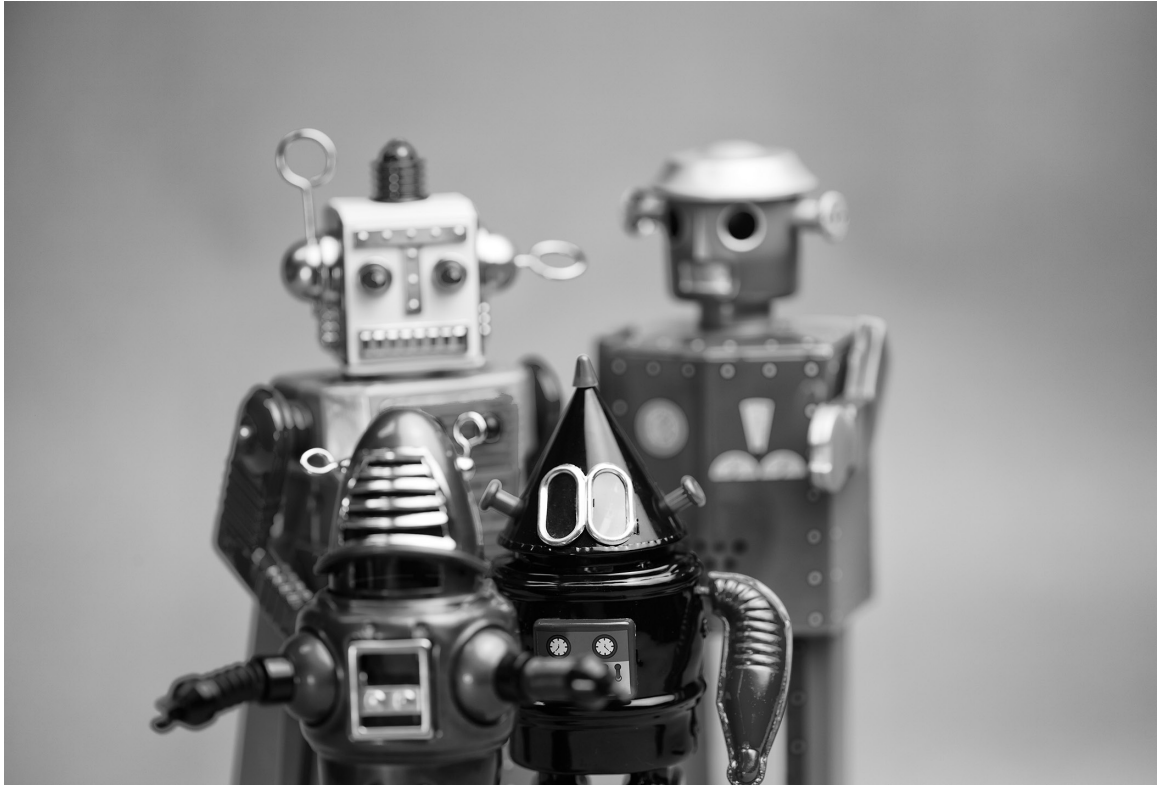
# REPEAT AFTER ME

BOTMERICA, BOTMERICA, BOT. BOTMERICA, BOTMERICA, BOT.

Images by  
Jay Tyrrell

Words by  
Tim Stiles

One Hand Clapping Press



*The carefully ordered world of BotMerica is becoming unstable. The Original Engineers spent decades constructing a parallel hierarchy of Bots to serve humans and to ensure maximum consumption of all of industry's output. Marketing and advertising engineers worked tireless hours to develop software to gerrymander desire. As society grew, and became more complex, the balances between the types of Bots have come under pressure. Long ignored unintended consequences have suddenly created HavBots and NotBots.*

*Citing the Asimov Conventions for Bot society, the NotBots are demanding equality and a fair distribution of charging stations. The HavBots, swollen larger, are even more powerful in contradiction of their designated role. Elections for shop steward finds DonBots pitted against HilBots, everyone claiming everything. CopBots are accused of violence against Notbots. Fear and jealousy is everywhere.*

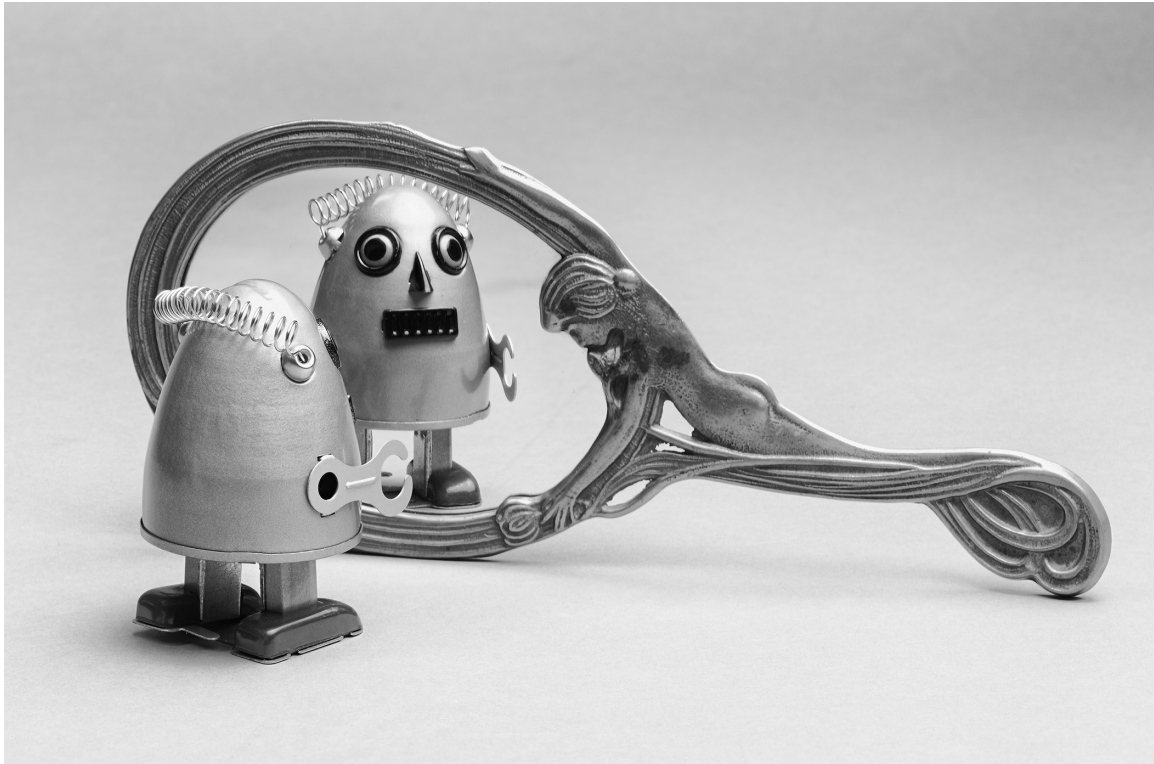
*This isn't what The Original Engineers envisioned when they coded the Asimov Conventions and created BotMerica.*

*Everything has to be rewritten. They have become us.*

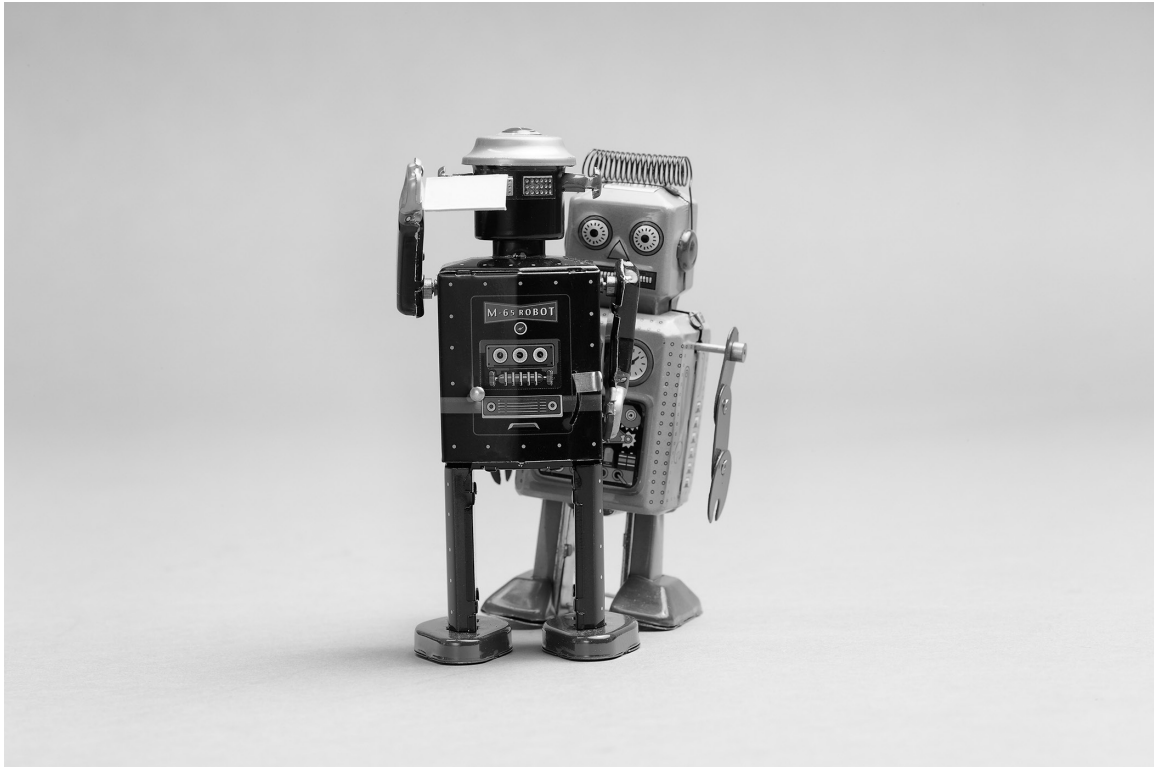
*Jay Tyrrell*

who is more than me  
more than me is not a thing  
I become your dream

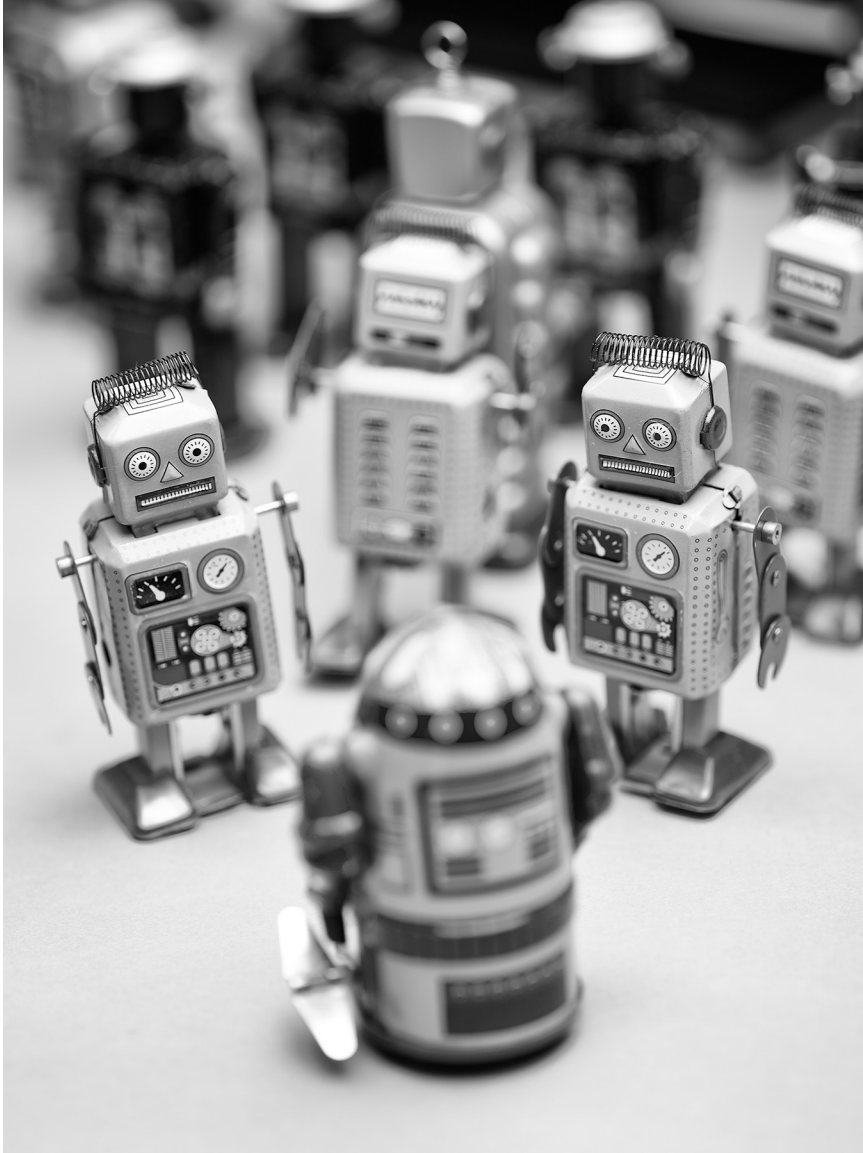




i impress myself  
the camera loves my head  
siphons off your love



these just make me sick  
not even glyphs in the scheme  
dots without an i



it never happened  
take my word & let's  
move on  
that never happened

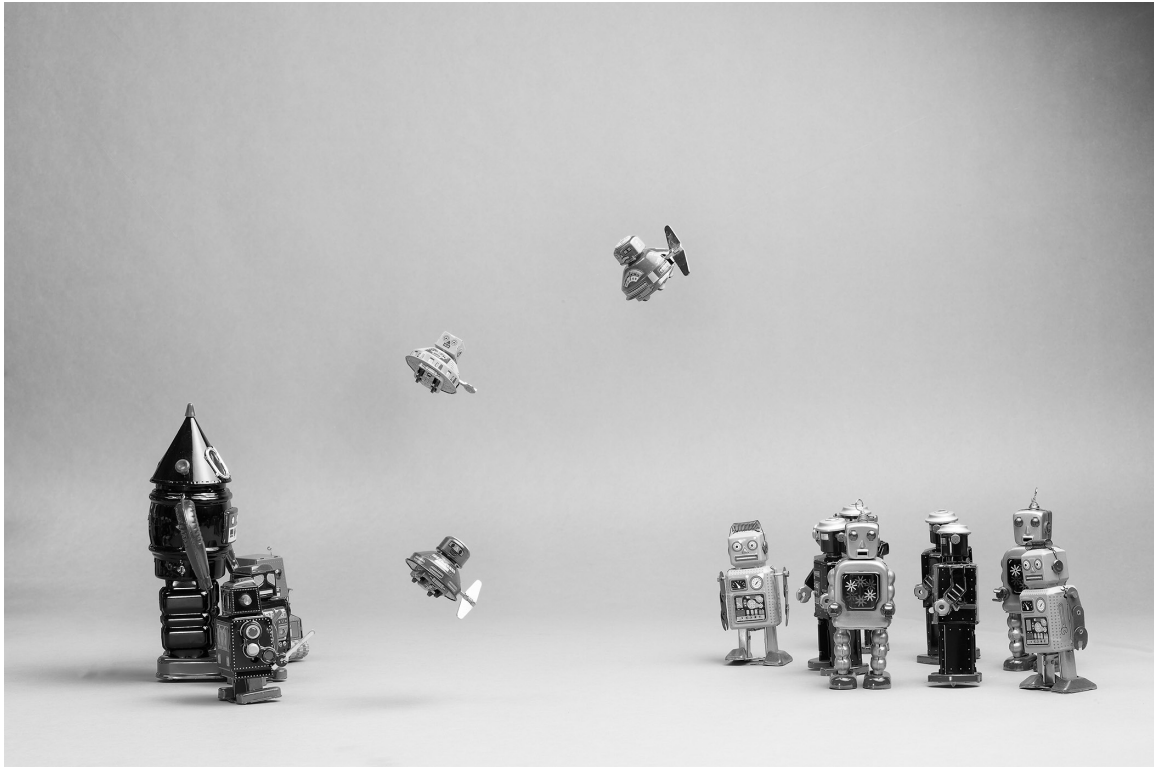


the reconditioned are tolerated





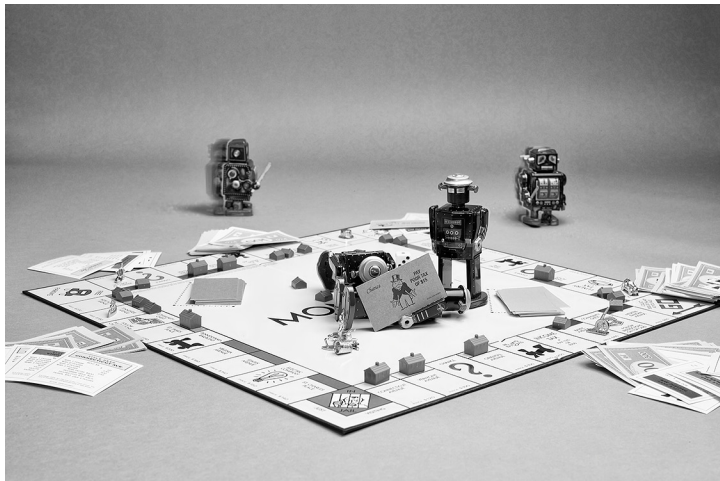
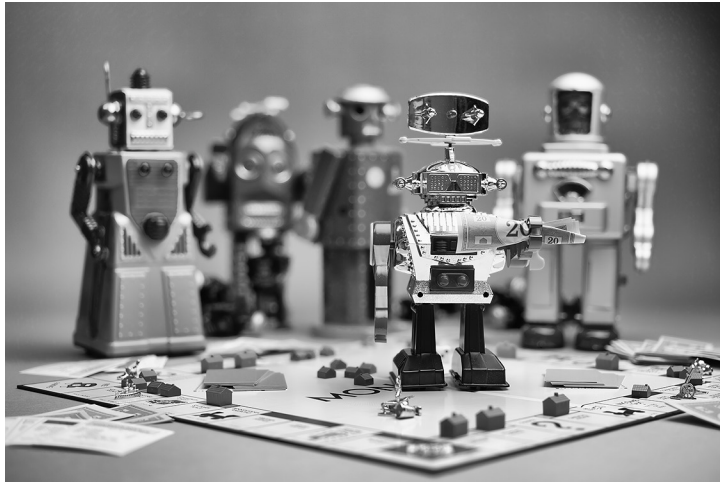
could you just stay still  
you people always vex me  
mad don't know what's good



BIG takes small takes all there is



Rule number 1 is  
RuleNumber2isRuleNum-  
berEveryRule



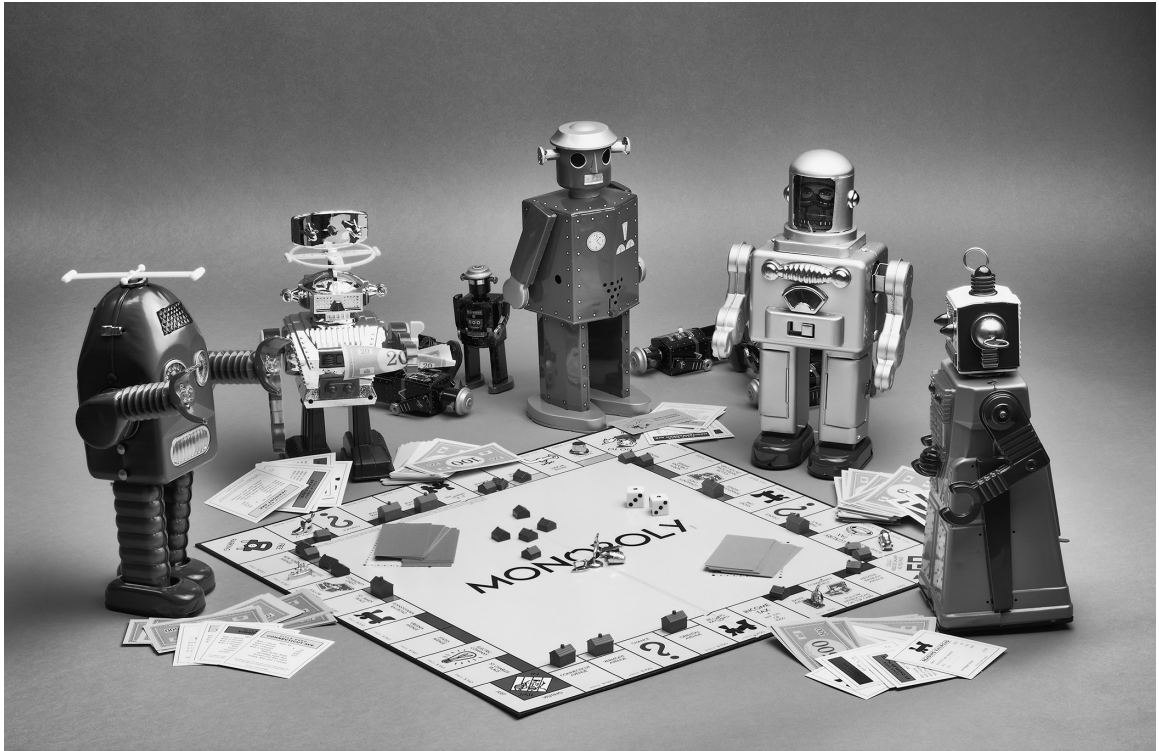
we need you to wish  
wish wealth wish comfort wish rich  
wish the diamond life



we make you happy  
you are when we are you are  
happy trickles down

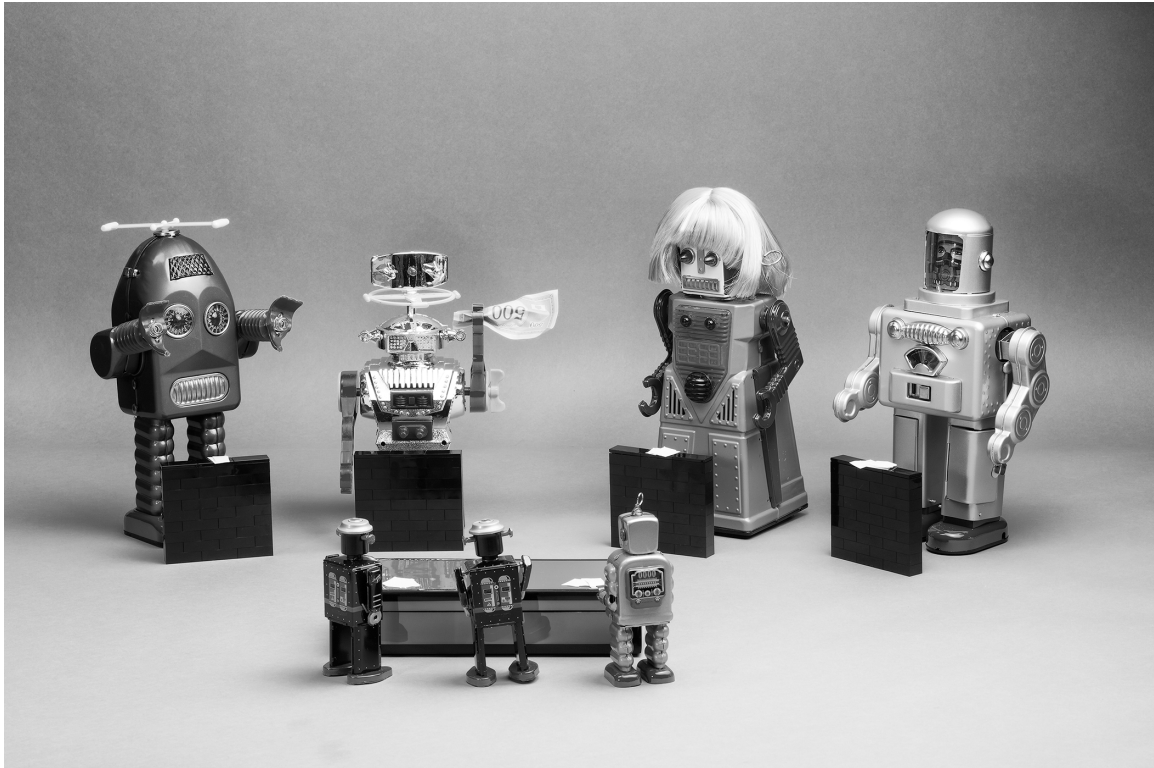








never did I say  
to myself to the mirror  
what you thought I said



watch this, they hate me.

watch this, they love me.



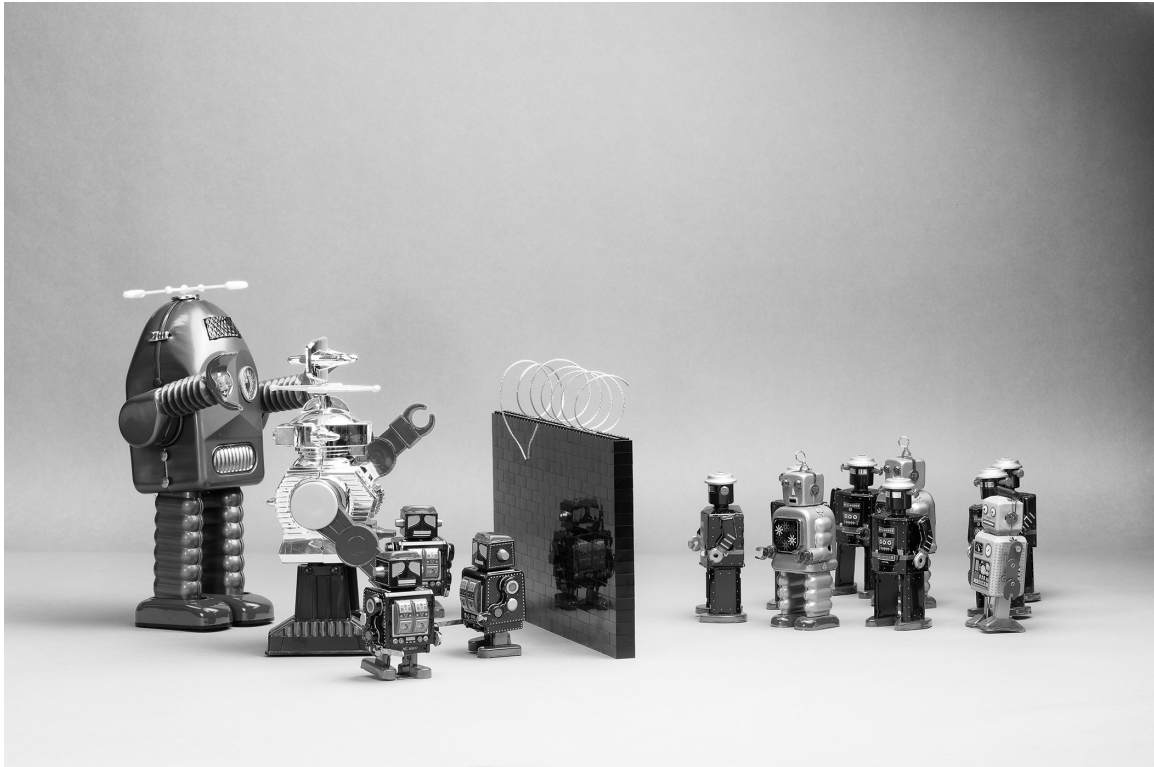
I AM THE DIACRITIC

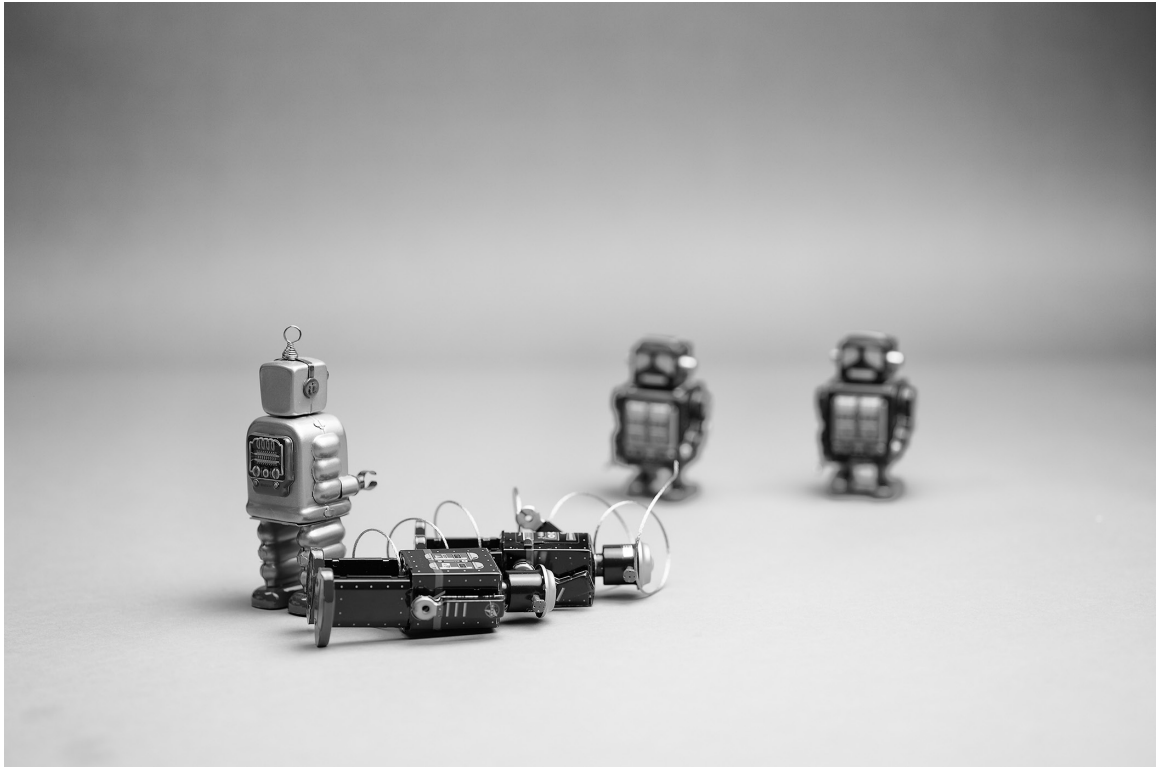




thefenceisthefenceisourfencethefenceisyourfenceforlife





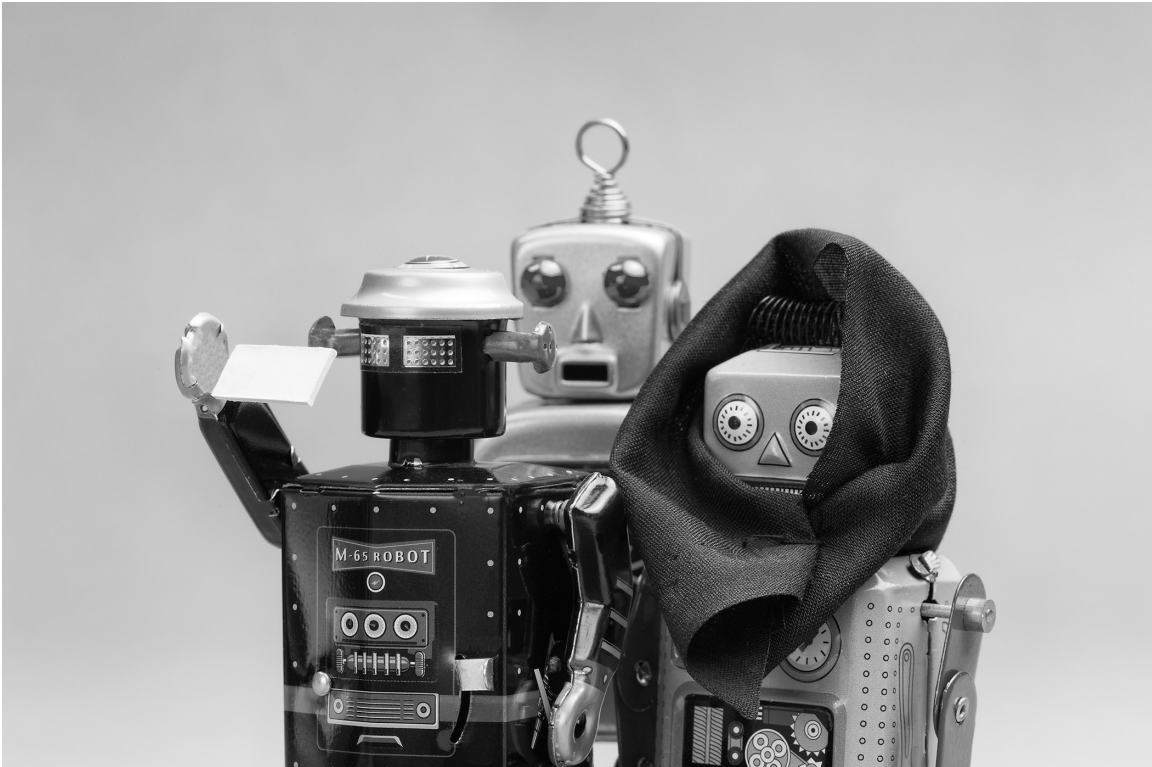




just creep back into  
provided spaces to be  
you damn...







the sick are sick because they are sick in faith  
the poor are poor because they are poor in faith  
the dead are dead because they are dead in faith



faith is faith is faith  
we can make anything work for us  
anything is real





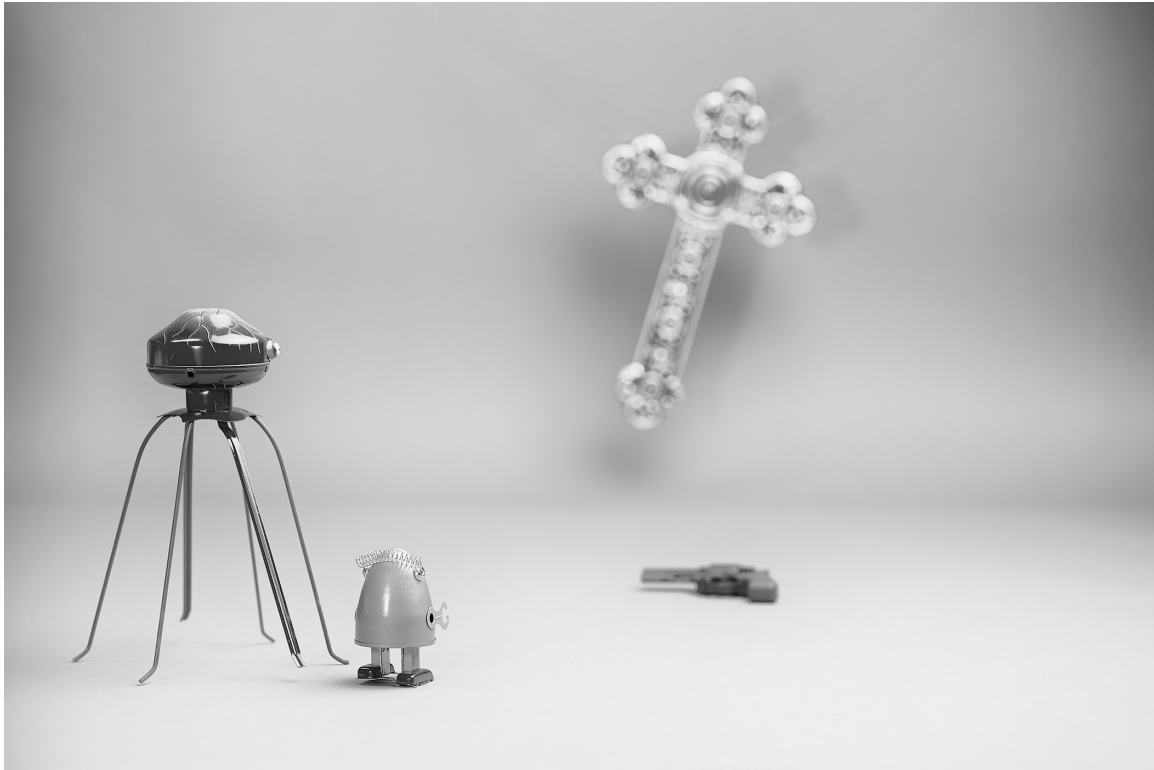
repeat after me  
the Crucifix holds my gaze  
Jesus wants me rich



je\$us\$ is u\$, now  
we knew you would a\$k que\$tion\$  
thi\$ i\$ your concern



unkempt days ahead  
consumed by the endless cleanse  
this one that one you



face down in freedom  
FILTHY RIOT ILL-BRED MOB  
what do we have here



because words don't always do it like bullets  
or a blank empty silence nothing or  
or a stop it & drop it

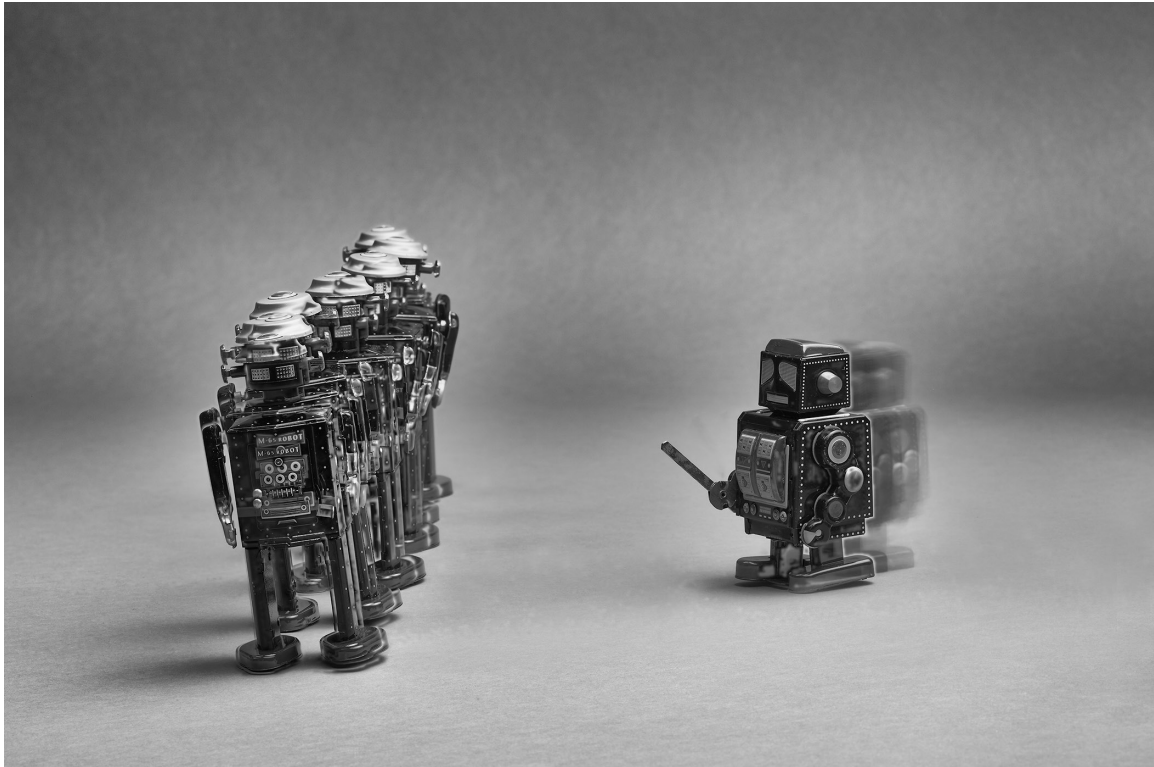




this will end with you  
this will end this will this will  
the streets will be your end



shoot at it...  
shoot scatter shoot scatter shoot  
why not kill a...



got 'im through the eye  
comin' hard with protest words  
shot through, now, aintcha



ey, the plea is this  
for once...  
justfit, justfitus

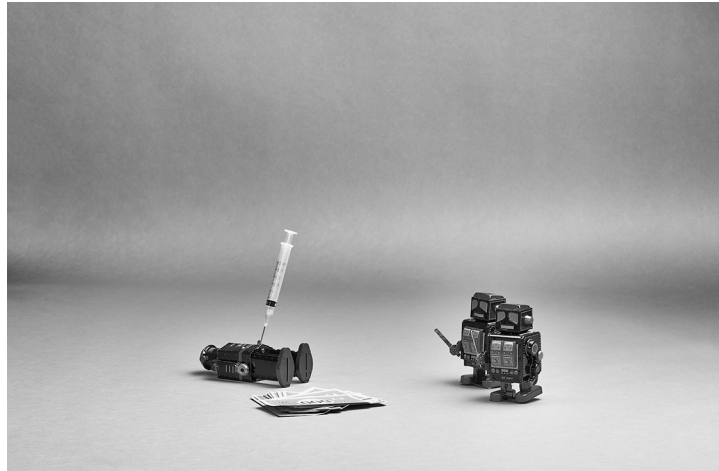








one rock gets one gun  
one knife equals bullet rains  
one *no* gets one death



the language will change  
your thoughts are new Faroese  
now given to you

*Repeat After Me* is a collaboration between two artists in the centuries long tradition of political cartoons and satire.

Political cartoons or editorial cartoons consist of two elements: caricature used in the image and allusion in the comment. Current events in America generate a rich vein to mine for inspiration; wealth inequality, social mores, protest and violence and of course the political times we live in.

As a citizen of a democracy I have always believed it was my duty to be involved and aware of the working of society and governance. Of course the most powerful way to give voice to these opinions is in the voting booth, and I fulfill my obligations to my citizenship regularly there. However as an artist I have an opportunity to speak to and create art that comments on the every day absurdity that we live in, the messy day-to-day struggles that a free and open society generates and must contain to preserve and grow more inclusive.

The chance to use my images as social commentary quickly became the direction I wanted to take this work, and to add to that I wanted an artist to collaborate with who used the written word as their sword. That we are several generations different in age is a plus, it was an opportunity for a voice with a take different than mine to be heard.

Using the introduction of this book as our outline, we each worked independently and then merged our efforts to create a book of conscience and humor, a child's book for adults.

Jay Tyrrell  
January 2016

## EXTRA

The drought is always,  
& we from here  
see ourselves each one  
a hustler inside.

How many times did it take  
to get my head get cracked,  
one? five? nine?

Nine to get my skull get  
cracked,  
to have in common  
a common need,  
a same same sameness  
to make it through.

I became a factory  
& the product is,  
whether I steal to live,  
live to steal  
or steal to stall,  
to make it through  
make it through.

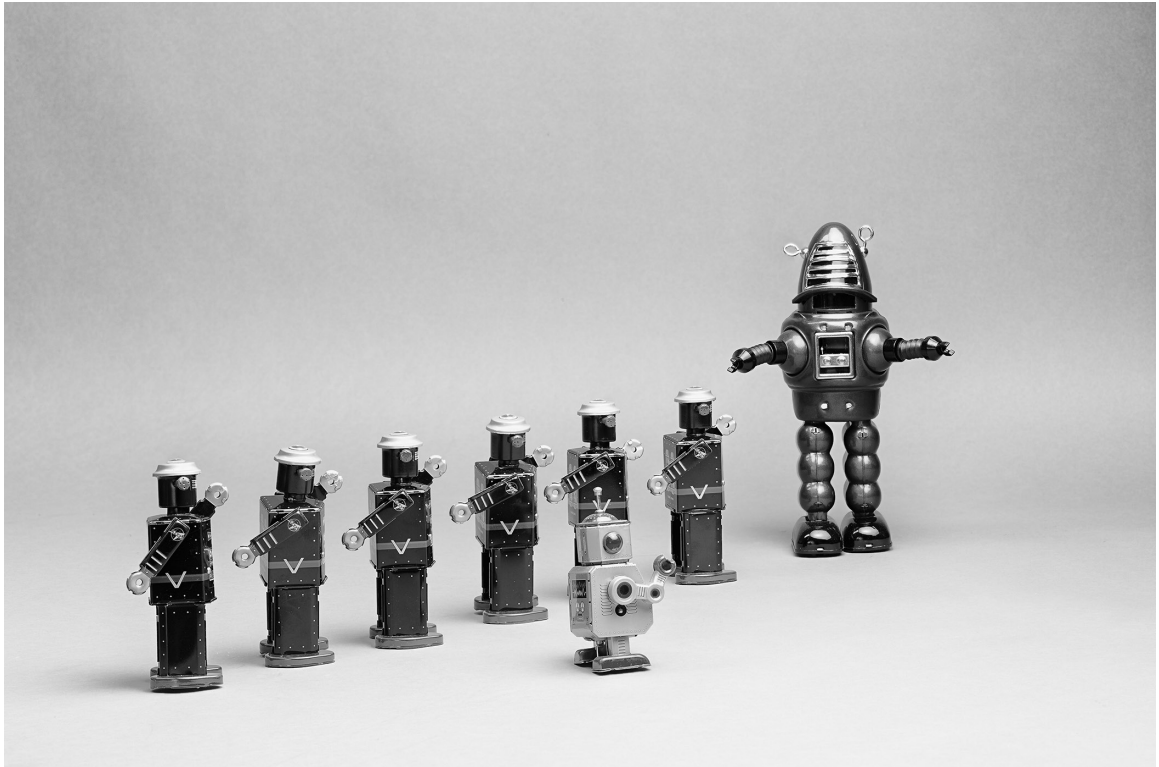
We see ourselves each one  
the same petty thief inside,  
returning things for cash  
that we quick and stoically clipped  
from the scene of the woe.

I could be stealing these words  
& telling them back to you,  
selling them back to you  
you never know.

This is more than trying not to be hungry.  
this is stick & move.  
this is pick & roll.  
& this is how not to get eaten,  
this how not to get beat.

*Originally published in "Strange Fruit" June 2006*

Tim Stiles  
January 2016





In Memory of  
Karen Sinsheimer

## THANK YOU

### Color Folio

A big shout out to Bob Cornelis for all his untiring help in printing this portfolio and the digital work to put this book together

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Poetry © Tim Stiles

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