



**sand + dust from west africa**

**slamming into the caribbean,**

**an eagle view from outer space**



a

snapshot of a season of growing swirls,  
slashing + dissipating in the blink of an eye.

**what matters**

=  
the violence it unleashes  
in  
areas historically devastated  
by  
mind bending greed

| that has worked day + night during centuries |  
to maintain exploitation + dependence



of

that permanent hurricane

a

b i e n n i a



abundant philosophical paradoxes  
within the noisy perimeter we set in,  
*we come with plenty of questions*  
expecting questions in return



**reality-is-right-here**



w i t h i n t h e m u s e u m



its surroundings



**a fact**

**:**

we are working from the surface,  
**to create a surface.**  
**our imprint is set in sand**

**.**



identity + belonging are a burden

.

idealized structures should be questioned instead.  
a fundamental feature of post-independence movements

=

a

long-term-double-edged-sword

we share with africa



l'heure rouge

césaire's call to action was a call

for

e v e r y o n e

[ not only artists + poets, but presidents + ministers + secretaries + functionaries ]

||

all citizens alike





# where are

the answers + results



the buzz you hear  
is that of beessssss.

african-belizeanized bees  
that wear in their furry skin  
the colours of the garifuna flag.

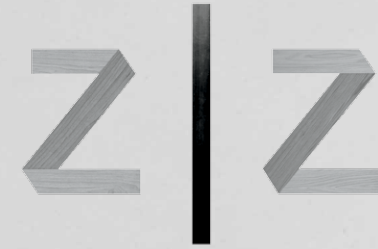
they may abandon their beehives any given day.  
as you find yourself bewildered,

**perhaps**

another migrating colony  
might be heading your way



such is the game**e**



is a place of collective possibility + process

[ flooded with bees that came in ready to sting but chose to leave carrying raw pollen ]



we've taken your call. for now

