

**EXPRESS**

**THE CONTAINER COLLECTION**

FIRST DEBARK

**001**

five-o-one art projects + image factory art foundation

**ANNOUNCE**

the presentation of the book



**ON FRIDAY 6 SEPT at 10 am at** saint john's college gymnasium

+

**ON SATURDAY 7 at 10 am at** image factory art foundation



[an open public encounter]

**BELIZE CITY 2013**



name **landings new art + ideas from the caribbean and central america 2000 / 2010**

place published **belize**

publishers five-o-one art projects / benque viejo del carmen  
+  
image factory art foundation / belize city

editors tristan donald + yasser musa + marisol rodríguez

coordinator joan duran

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description 464 pages / hardcover / boxed / english, spanish, mandarin et al / 501 colour images / 2.6kg / 1500 copies

comments this is an art/object book saturated with words + images transmitting graphic sparks - works from over 100 young visual artists, writers and cultural thinkers.

it was developed and produced over the past four years as a XXI century scan of the *hurricane zone [HZ]* via many actions, thoughts, writings, provocations and encounters.

it is the aftermath of two key projects: *ZERO + landings*.

it embodies a spirit of freedom in its coherent challenge to the mass-mental enslavement of a post-colonial art zoo.

**THECONTAINERCOLLECTION** has its origins in the *Hurricane Zone [HZ]* - the aftermath of two decades of a tenacious artistic action that started in 1992 [-8] as the spring board to contribute to a global contemporary cultural development.

**HZ.**

*dah what????*

**1**

the *Hurricane Zone [HZ]* is a philosophical and political concept that reflects the passing of a destructive force through a geographical area, one that consumes, digests and vomits in its path, leaving behind crumbled infrastructures, destroyed natural resources and the displacement of people. quick recovery is futile, for as soon as one leaves, another passes through.

**2**

the historical complexities of the *HZ*, which includes the Yucatán area, Central America and the Caribbean, began with the first vicious hurricane over 500 years ago with the sudden arrival of Spanish colonialism. since then a series of hurricanes have swept through the region, including British, French and Dutch colonialism and most recently, US imposition and domination. and yet, from the eye of the *Zone*, Belize connects the Isthmus with the islands of the Caribbean and has gradually generates its own energy and counter force through artistic tactics and attitudes.

**3**

the only way to live and work at the *HZ* with respect and humanity in the perennial instability is to respond with coherent strength. we acknowledge our history and its contemporary coloniality. commitment is key, cowardice - unacceptable.

**4**

we continue to expose the complexities of the *HZ* encouraging reflection on the universal spirit of our region's ordeals. through connecting and collaborating with the world, we strive for perspective through the spirit of shared investigation and critical thought.

**5**

these *storms* will not end in our lifetime - perhaps never. our art is our lifeline.

**THECONTAINERTEAM**

at 10 this morning this book becomes an artefact.

**THECONTAINERCOLLECTION** is a phrase we came up with last june when faced with the crisis, what do we do after *landings*? this kind of problem is the DNA of the contemporary artist. the problem of what to do next is one we own.

> this big book is a calculation.

**21 years ago** > ivan and i realized that the existing art path could not sustain the temperature of our voices. so we took intellectual responsibility for our actions.

> everything has to start from **ZERO**.

> so this is where we are. it is important to live in the present. you will have to find your own explanation.

> the problem with memory is that unlike genes it can't be passed on. i want to join the chorus of artists who resist and speak out, who see their social role as the tangible work of today.

> surely one day you will recall that this dissemination started in a gymnasium.

> how do we acknowledge the special space in which we gather? it might appear to be just a gymnasium, but i'd like you to think about it as a laboratory of energy.

> the mangroves that surround this space are special to me. as a student **25 years ago** our ecology teacher **Father Leonard Dieckman**, SJ took our class into the swamp. this single action etched a lifelong concept in my mind that art and science are inseparable.

> the best idea of how things are revealed is when we take them into our hands and make actions that suit our endless plans.

> so these few minutes we are spending together is just an acknowledgement that art and the **art life lives in belize** within the space of motivation mixed with anxiety. the work in front of us is immense.

> on the evening news we hear names like noh mul and dugu? the post-modern pirates want even the remains. history is a menace. we fear to touch it because of its contamination with words whittled under the trees of strange fruit.

> last month the garifuna collective launched **AYÓ**. their recent canadian and u.s. tour and the shameful state support reminds us that our cultural consciousness is still infected with the most wretched characteristics of our past.

> just two weeks ago we launched for the first time the formal teaching of african and maya history at saint john's college high school.

> and what does this have to do with **THECONTAINERCOLLECTION**??????

> artists are warriors and if we are to fight we must be on the inside and the outside, in a simultaneous engagement. the confrontation of concepts and ideas is an on going enterprise.

> we would be liars if we came here today to declare that all is well in the area of our art and cultural negotiation. it is not.

- > we struggle with a policy of imperfection, always working with epoxy methods.
- > we are caught up in the net of fiction that praises the notion that we are a people of potential and talent. this is a fundamental mistake - a lazy, patronizing, self-serving way of thinking.
- > this book is a ballast. it will take time to read and absorb.
- > we artists and cultural fighters must realize that the fight is just beginning. we must be a counter weight to the indifference of the state. the state of power, the state of ignorance, the state of mind...
- > today we see such clear evidence that the sterile bureaucratic systems inherited and perpetuated are not yet ready for the 2<sup>nd</sup> decade of the 21<sup>st</sup> [XXI] century.
- > we must radically shift our attitudes toward cultural work.
- > if you ask me what am i doing???
- > i tell you = the silence is over.

yasser musa

...so here we are. my mental panoramic view from this window-less small white cube at yasser's house, is yet, 360. i am talking about the **BB**. bb – for ages, that's how we have been calling the **001 landings** book. bb = *big book*? well, not exactly. sure, it's one among many of its *readings* and meanings, but i tell you, depending on the depth of our scuba conversations, at whatever continent is our operational base that day or people's –we talk to– age bracket, we are diving into the infinitum deepest blue. that is, we re-route and re-orient our conversations among us through any of the 360 spokes of a speeding XL bicycle's wheel. using this simple bb code-name, unintentionally, it provoked unexpected topics in our non-stop discussions and at the end, it paved the way to define its content. its purpose. objectives.

our major drive was philosophically simple. to scan where we are. where we live. and for us in BZ –*who as a team* have been on the *art planet* for over 2 decades– '*where we are*' covers a bit more than our almost 23,000 –in round figures– square kilometres.

most of what i think or say, depends on that precise moment's mood, the info or experience recently acquired which can instantly be transformed by the person i am talking to or simply by listening and processing. my thoughts are not necessarily die-casted by a foundry and the drastic climatological changes surely provoke me mental lightning's with polytonal thunders. perhaps, i never thought about it until now as i type, just simply to accept 100% that one's life is in a permanent evolution. our major conceptions better evolve. in this planet, we don't control zillions of things and certainly, and if i am talking about my own way of life, i don't try to photoshop my irregularities, imperfections and shortcomings when sharing that reflective screen that polaroids me in that very second of thanking you for making it on time and being ready to learn 1 or 2 or 100 tips about what we plan to do with our lives as makers of constructed printed paper blocks that even us still call it books.

email me [[joan.containercollection@gmail.com](mailto:joan.containercollection@gmail.com)] a better name.

zoom back, rewind or check the first 2 lines and that explains it all. the widest vision possible. and i am not talking about what your eyes might see but what your brain visualizes within your own orbit, with your aesthetics, photographic and sensorial references. yet, ironically, there is an unintentional kind of *dogma* that overflows the 001. that alien concept in my life, any dogma i am talking about, is that its usefulness will mirror how calmly you *get* your head –and soul– together to deal with this 2.6 kilogram object [not included its white slipcase] in the metric set.

on its almost 464 pages we teach *nada de nada*. we manipulate even less as the ultimate kind of final judge during the 4 year assorting process among dozens of terabytes of images, emails, notes and endless skype and casual or summit conversation's transcriptions done with an eager-to-learn-team of mostly young minds from all continents. i, me, who in fact have not held the 001 book more than a few seconds, only to snap a few pages for a coming article in the issue 11 of the *revista RARA* from guatemala and to scan its cover, *I am not ready yet* to ceremoniously find those quality minutes or hours to see how –no matter how soaked i am with its contents– it expands my nutritive folders that help us to better know who we are or why we are so messed up. why with so much –mostly untapped– talent we leave to *others* the essential purpose in life: to be creative, to be innovative, to understand that no-one pops out from her/his mother body already smart and knowledgeable other than i suppose with the basic instincts of survival, learning and to love and be loved. amen.

having said that, whatever i keep writing will probably be like surplus, excess luggage, unnecessary GPS hints.

the beauty about books, i guess is, to hold them and look at or read them when *you* want... when you have *that* need or unique desire. books for me, are the utmost intimate and personal objects scaffolding my life from well over 60 years ago. i read through the web –i am sure– plenty more that those that say that books are over, and in my habitat's walls you will see plain wood, plain white walls or dozens of lineal meters of books as potential source of brain ignition.

so, one major nutritive concept was assumed from day one in this longer march than the public-domain one. the maximum expression of the over-miss-used freedom is accomplished when you operate with 99.9% autonomy, when through your long or shorter life, you have literally devoured or browsed –like in my case– thousands of books even in languages that you don't understand or books from centuries ago that they don't even let you touch its pages with your fingers. perfections in our societies is difficult to find. yet, producing the 001 we had a perfect non stop silent voice repeating = reduce, reduce, ~~remove~~ whatever is unnecessary, simple typography but yet enrich it with imagination, as an art object that the 001 is, we are not bounded to worldwide-clans and reykjavik's or wherever conventions. independent thinking i guess implies the automatic disappearance of the servility or dependence. by the way, if UNESCO's is supplying [www.worldometers.info/books](http://www.worldometers.info/books) the right info, around 1,700,000 books will have been published this 2013. beautiful web, never mind its unimaginative design, but if you keep your eyes focused on the screen a few seconds, you will see the constant increase of numbers every few seconds. our book is just one among the almost 2 millions new tablets of knowledge that people will have access to.

in societies like ours, mistakenly embarked in a ill-called national iconography of inexistent values or virtuositities and economically worshipping nature made scenes instead of valuing and fighting for what *us*, the people of the clan called BZ, are making, researching, creating, developing, inventing, implementing right here at our risk, supporting and feeling that these are our true clan's assets, well dear, mostly young students of Saint John's College and the invited guests from wherever they have been able to come from, we are in a steeply down hill race towards an overvaluation of the natural wonders we mainly seem to worship which should only equal 1% of belize today people's creations. our 001, plays at least like a 0.0000000001 counterforce –or whatever is called– that could reduce momentarily such record speed.

trying to permanently explain what was the concept of our 001, many times i had to summarize that it was like a thousand pieces puzzle where we don't provide the picture to match. not a portrait of our official father of the country or the wide-eye taken photo of the blue hole where there is no self-imagination to develop. it was not going to be like a colouring book. we were going to put on your table literally hundreds [500 or 501] of images and dozens of thousands of words in multiple languages by people that in one way or another have been working –almost 95% of the entire 001– in projects within what we call our **hurricane zone [HZ]** and that no doubt it will contribute how best we can confront or deal with our present extended family –for starters– with its own resources and shortcomings.

we have not yet scanned our own results [the 001] after scanning our *HZ*. in the 001 sublime hidden structures and trends requesting engrossing our ranks are inexistent. the 001 is factually full of condensed brain + soul nutrients by people who value today's eclipsing behaviour. to express what you think. 100%.

i always disliked my imposed philosophy classes. yes, sure, there is this massive cloud misting the whole planet that the more we learn the better... our brain capacity must be near limitless. sure-sure, but i always believed that the true supporting *zapote* or *manchiche* posts of your life, those which will never rot are not those principles that you learned from a book as part of your academic imposed tools but thanks to those you insert from the outside world into yourself. bet you that the 001 pages are a self-updating source to better understand your self-made MRI.

from day one i liked yasser's idea of choosing the gym to present the 001. whatever sound problems we might have, if it rains heavily or siting at the centre of that huge sport's makes us feel we are even less than the 0.0010 of our clan..., it doesn't reduce 1% the beauty of the thought that in life one's main reason to exist and breath earth's ingredients, is to keep working to reduce to zero whatever we consider our inherited *démodé* ways of life + ways of conduct + ways of whatever has been imposed making us too complacent and lazy to stick a pin for a second and think = *why?*

why are we just followers of established patterns, colonial or mtv protocols, archaic traditions or systems of living –and killing– that we know and are daily confirmed just by watching *cnn* or reading *el país* or *the guardian*? the art of learning while reading begins not necessarily reading the best published books we can grab to read and digest. nope. the art of learning begins even reading –as i do monday to friday– the overwhelming majority of transcriptions of the mostly insane reported news. those at home. it's how you read, process, research and develop your own view, your own criteria. learn the truth according to you.