

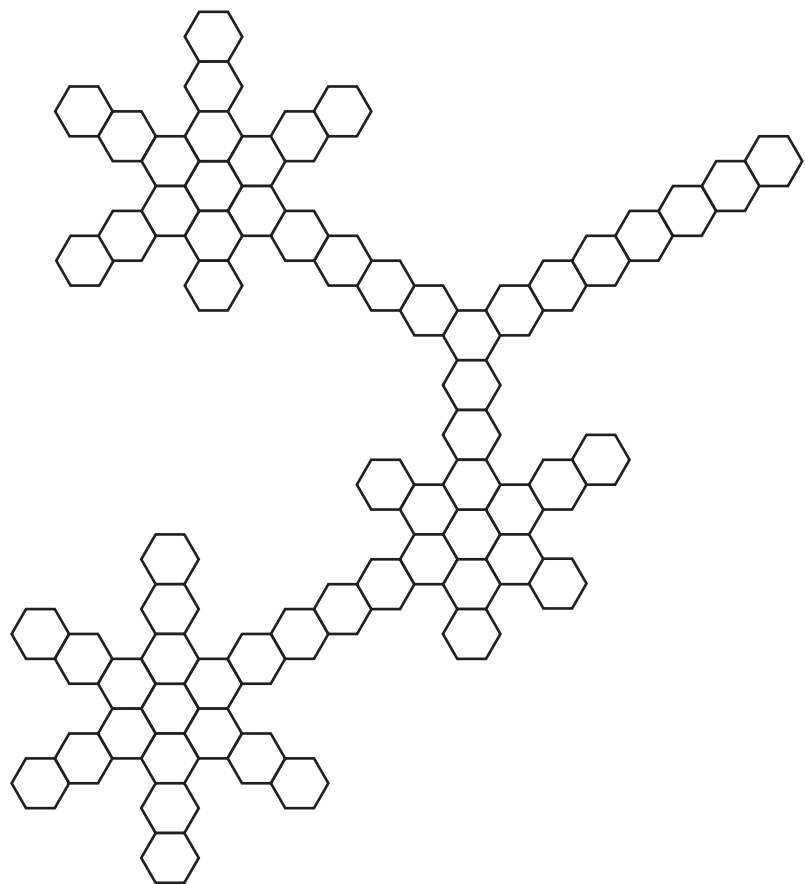


BEES RIDDLES

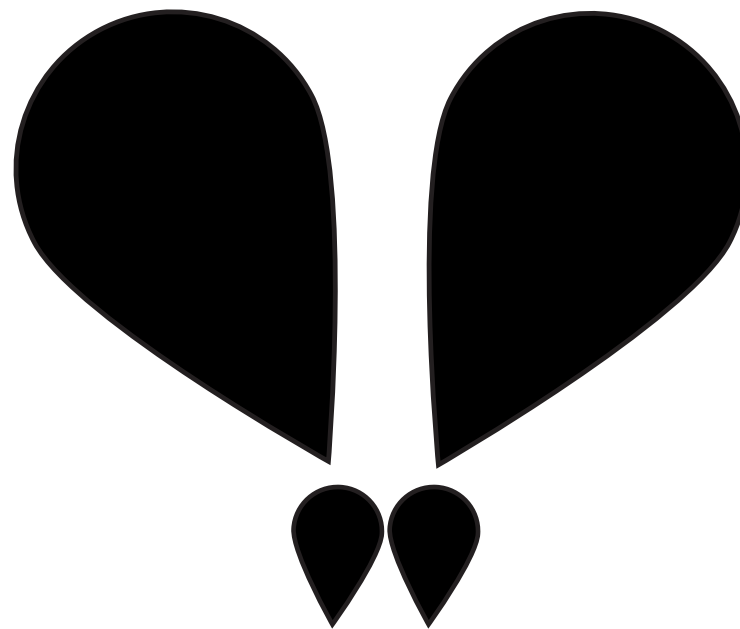
by Agata Szymanek

DOWNLOAD AND PRINT

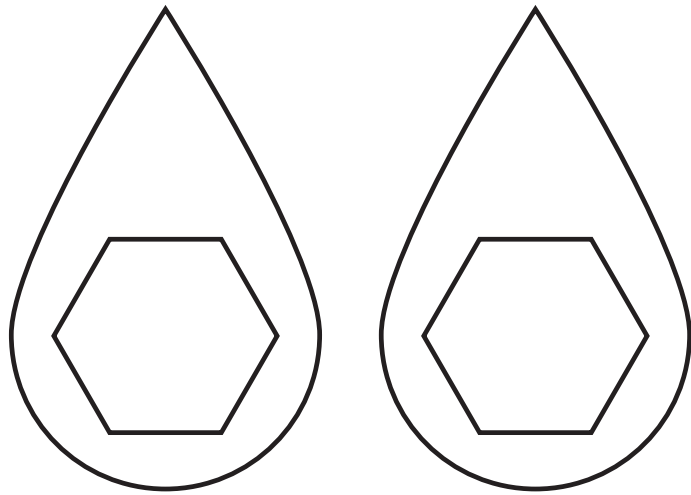
1. COMPLETE WITH WORDS



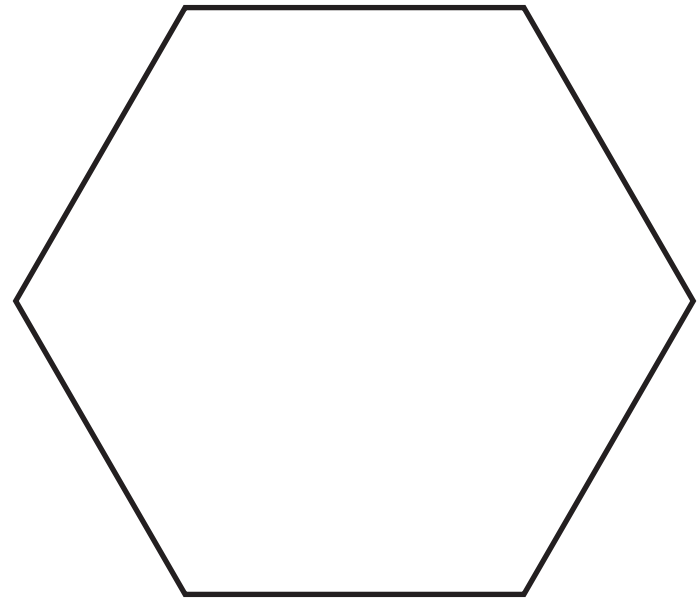
22. CARESS



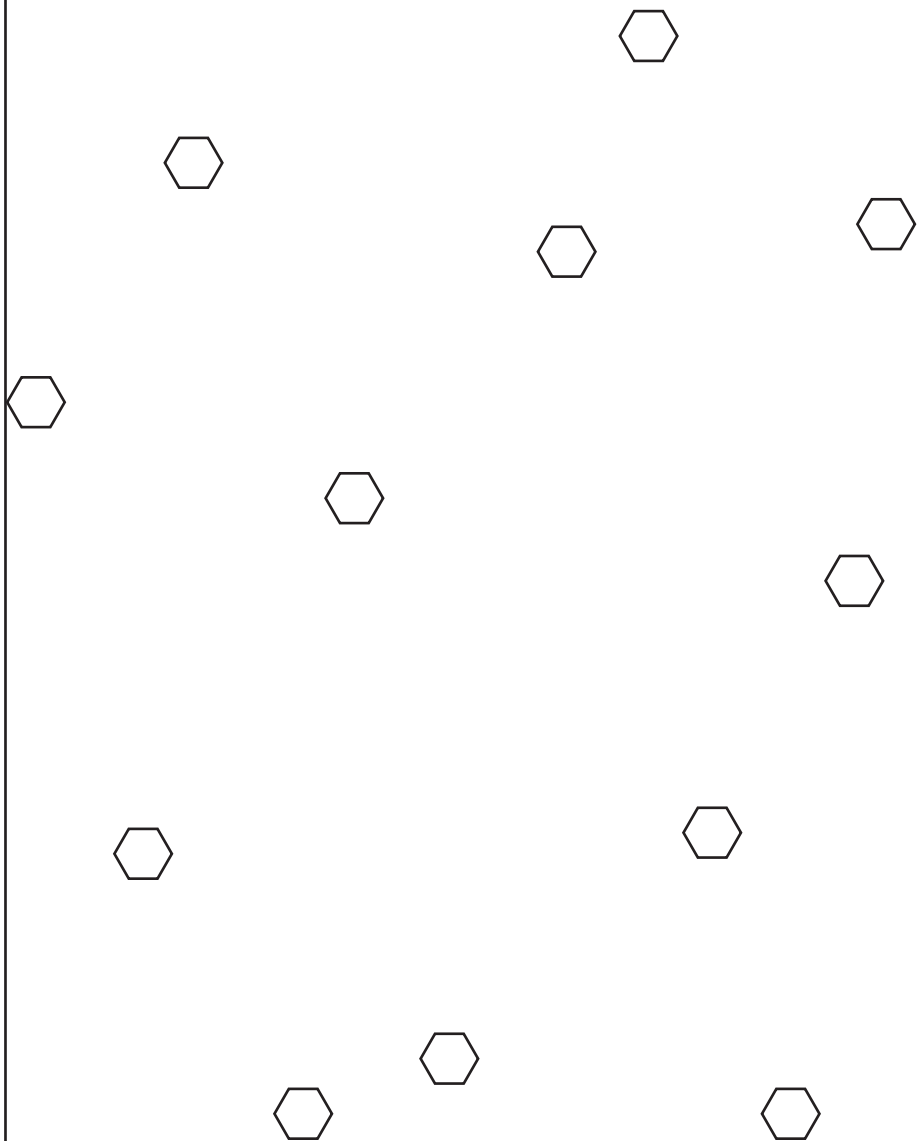
21. MERGE



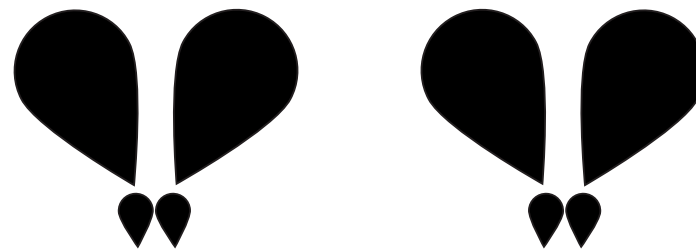
2. DIVIDE



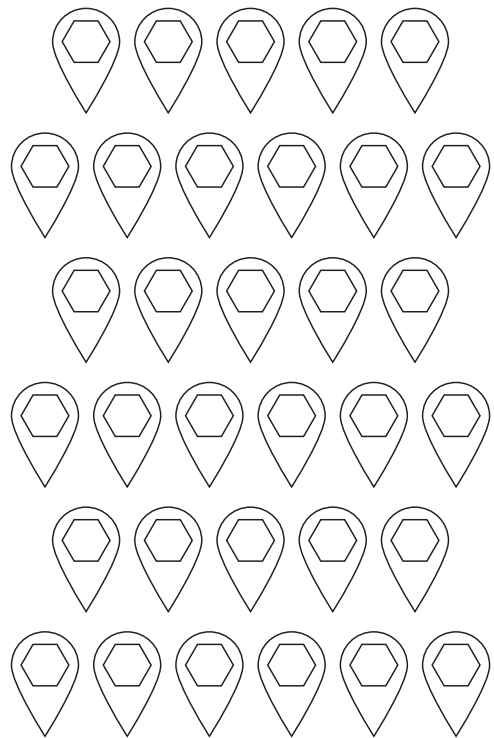
3. COMPLETE WITH WORDS



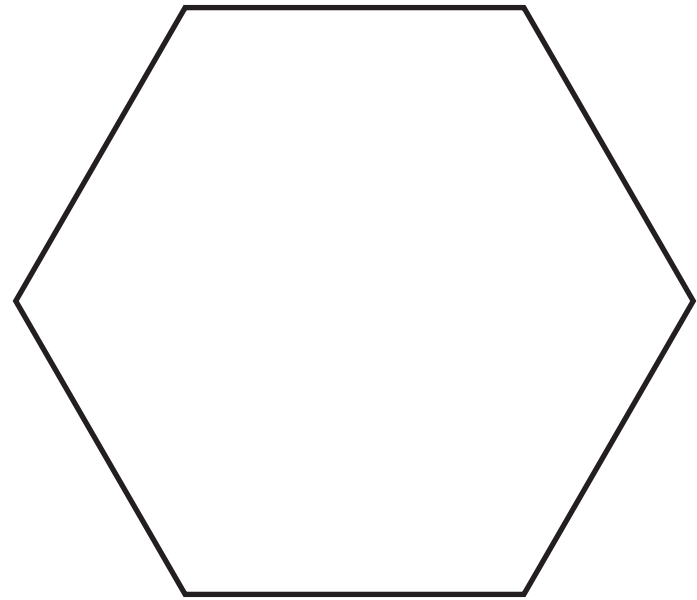
20. CHOOSE



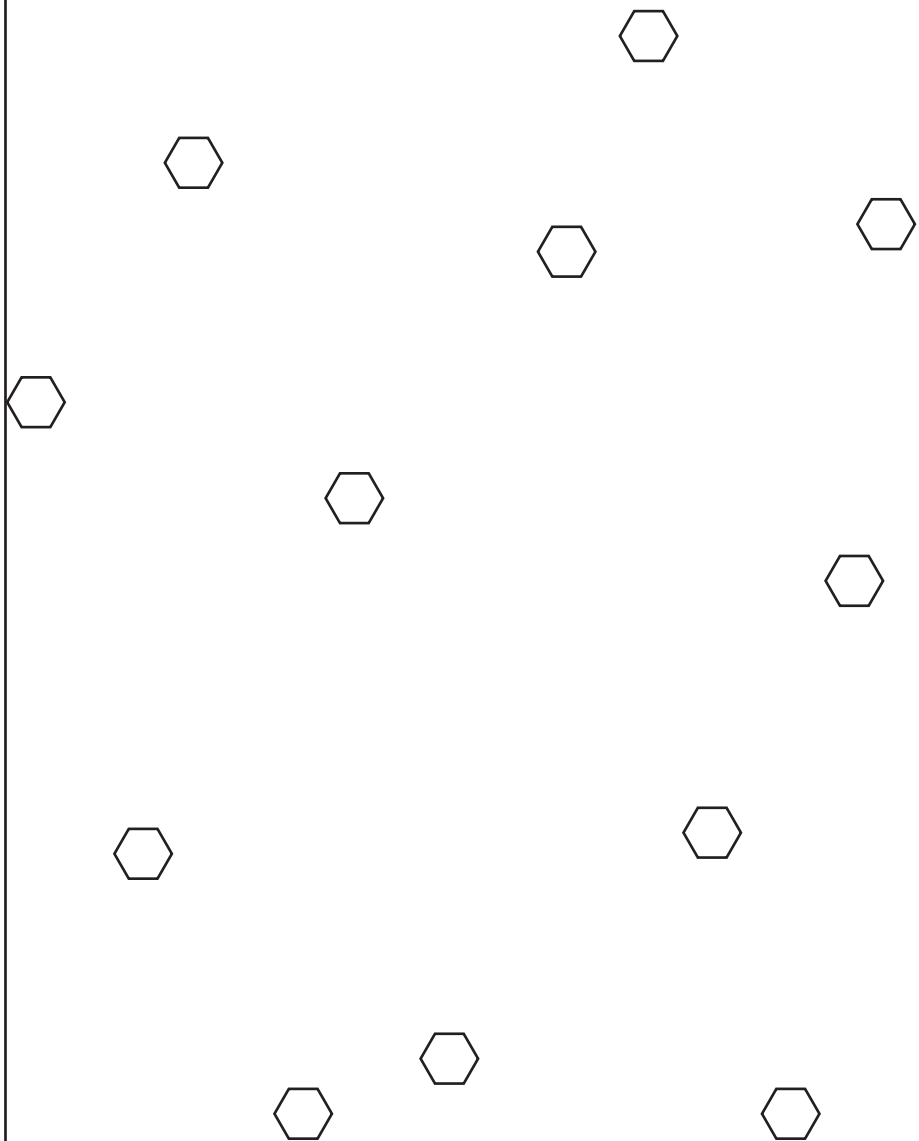
19. FIND THE QUEEN



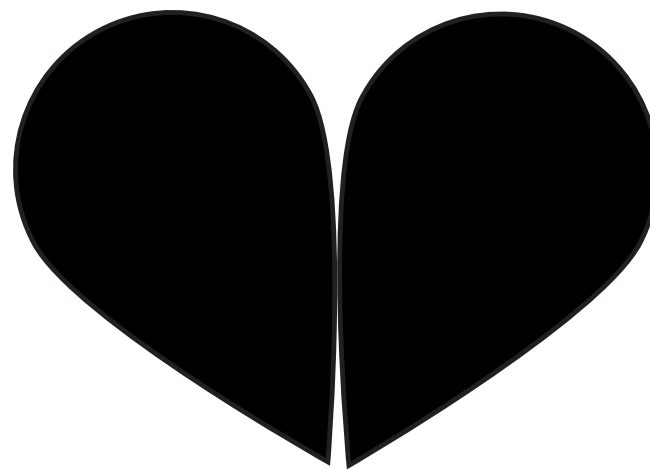
4. DRAW A MASK



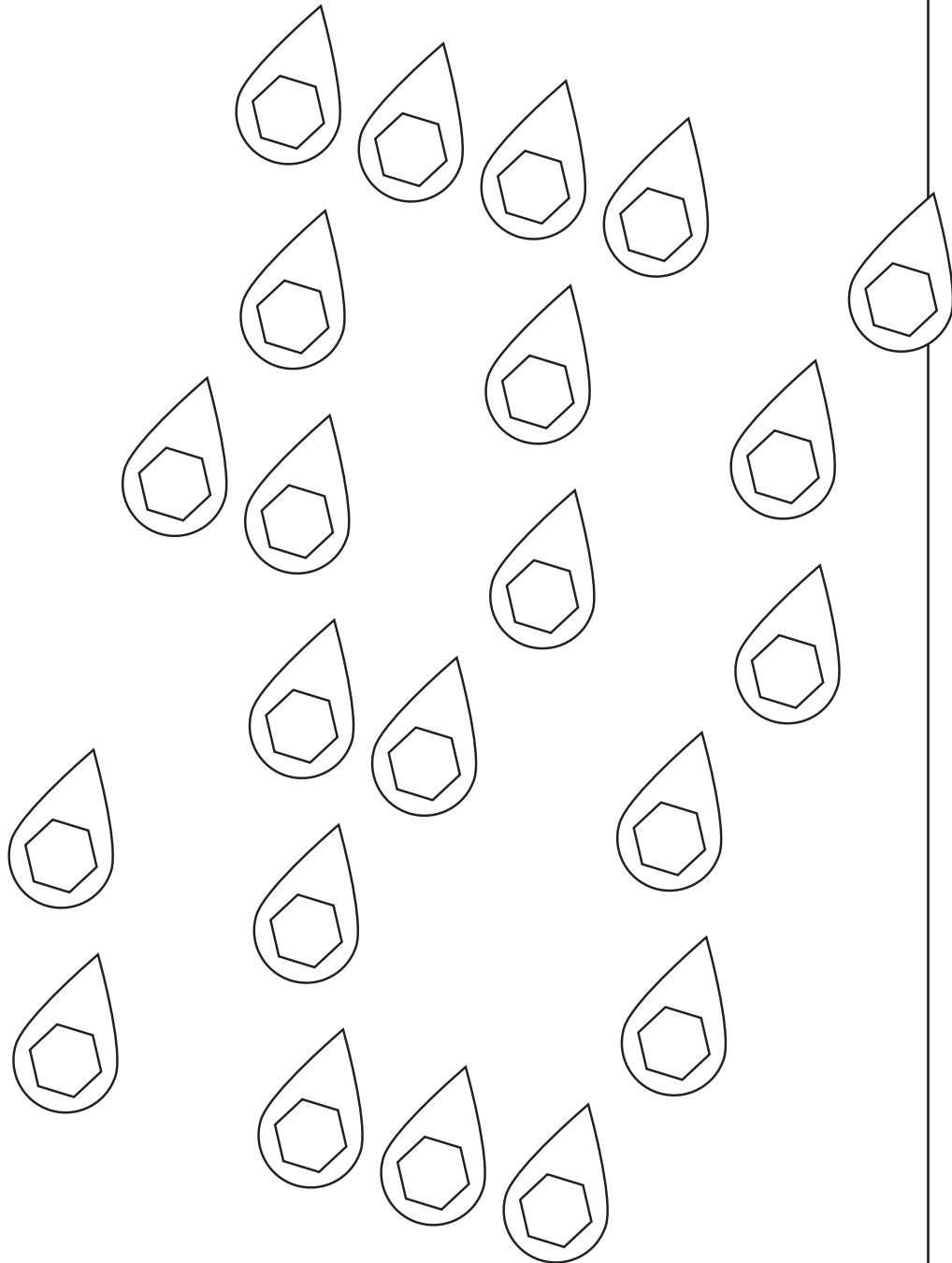
5. DRAW THE MACHINE OF EPISTEMOLOGICAL
DISTRACTION



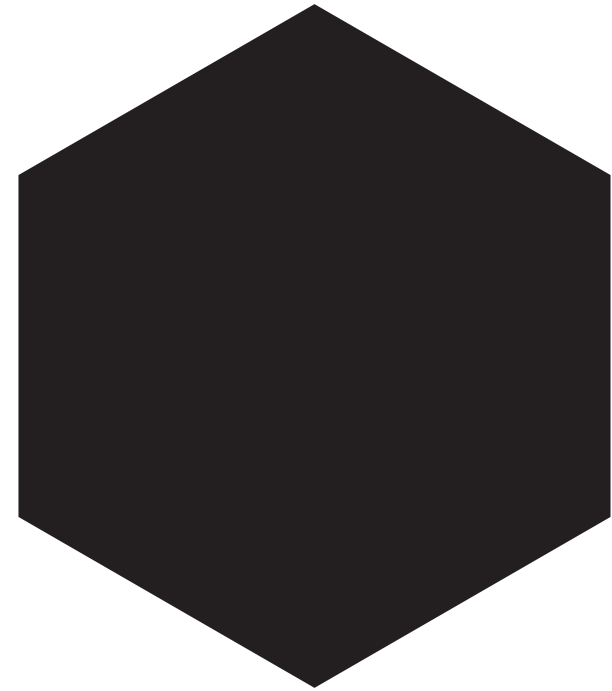
18. INTERPRET



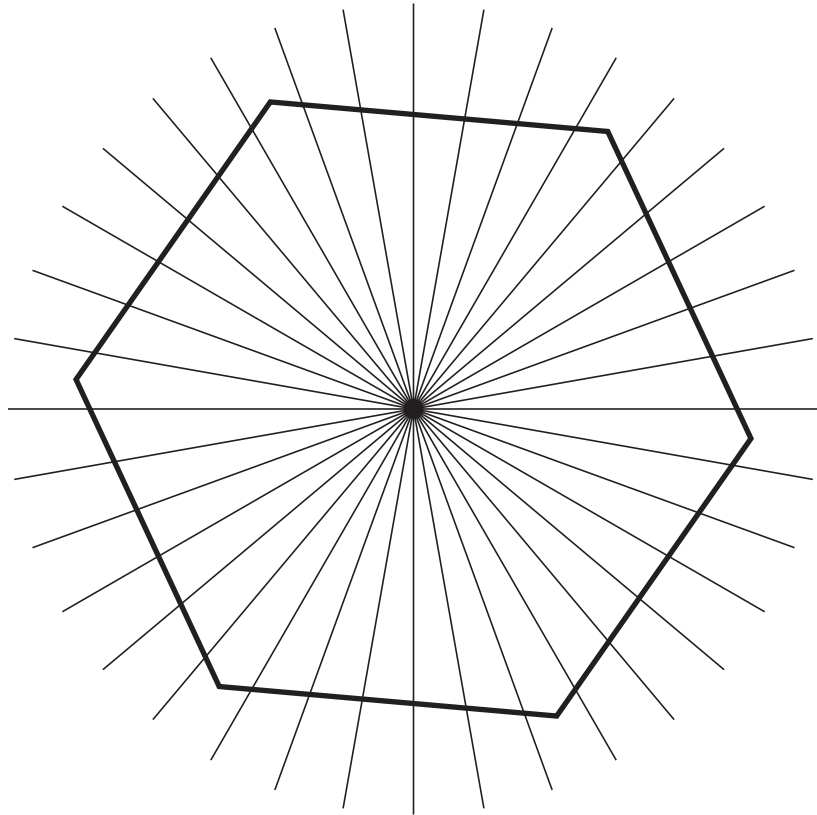
17. COMPLETE WITH WORDS



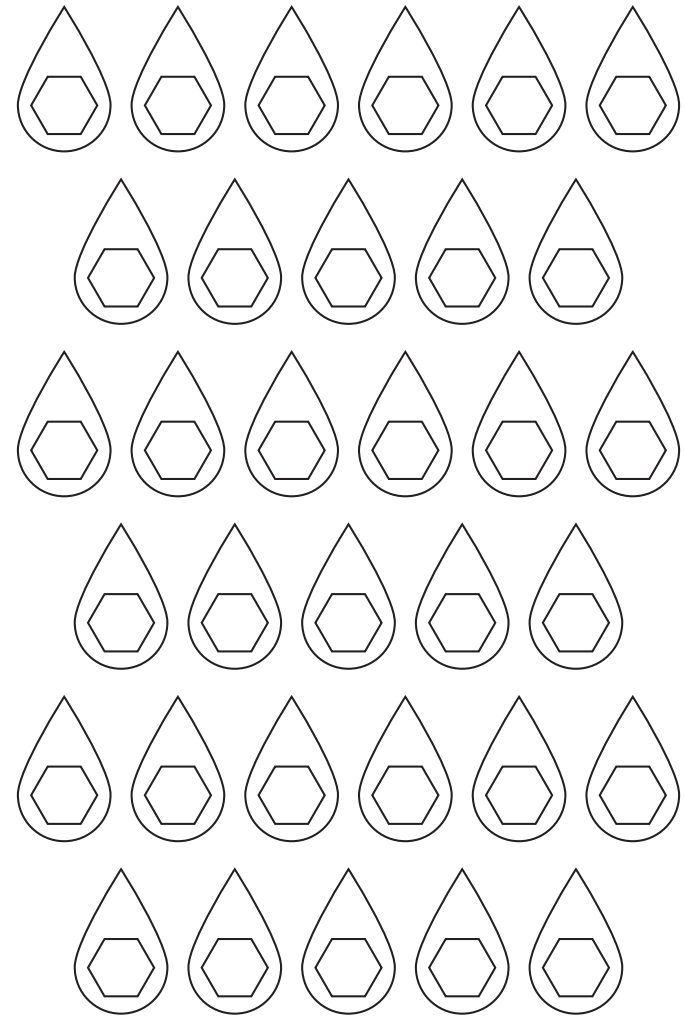
6. WHAT CAN YOU SEE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE BLACK MIRROR?



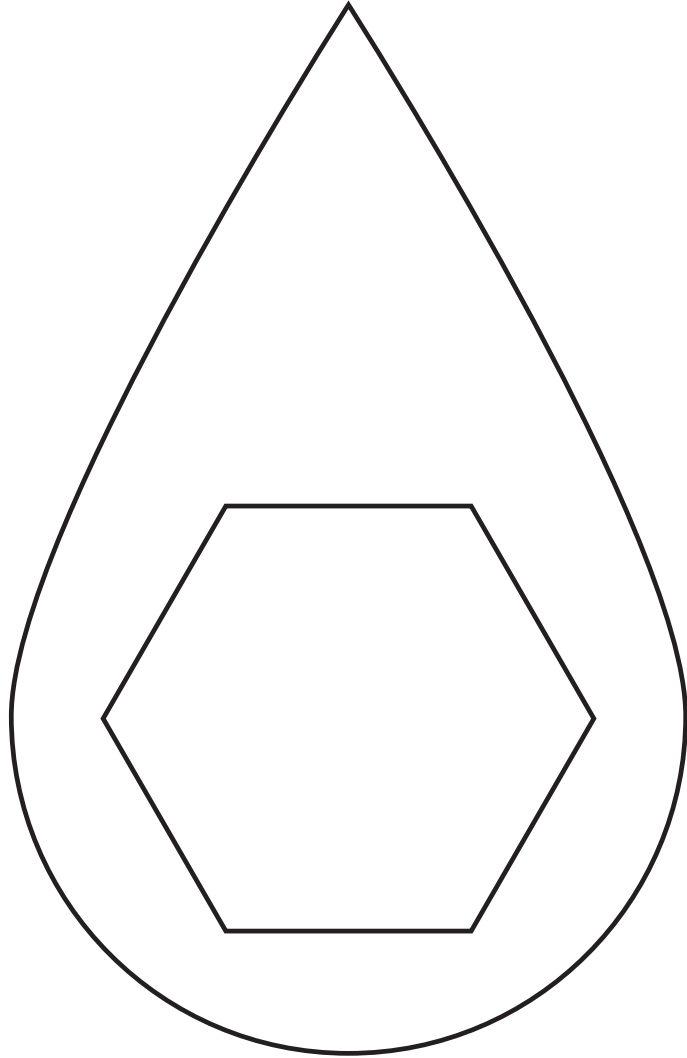
7. ROTATE THE SHAPE. USE YOUR MIND



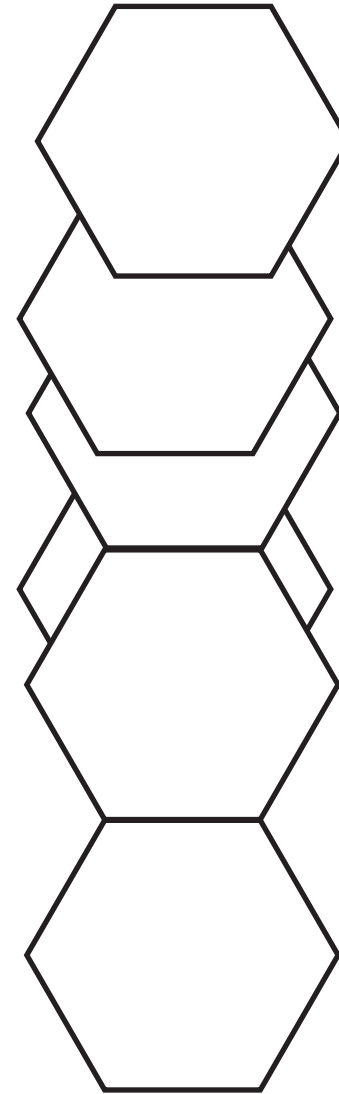
16. DRAW A PROCESSION OF FACES



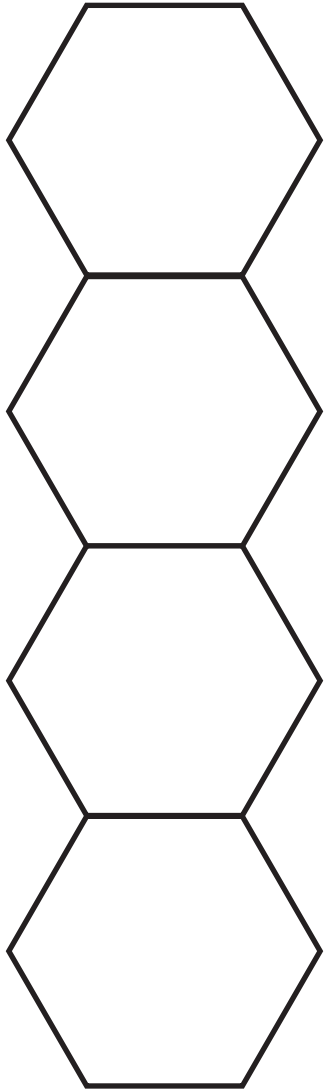
15. WRITE A POEM INSIDE A DROP



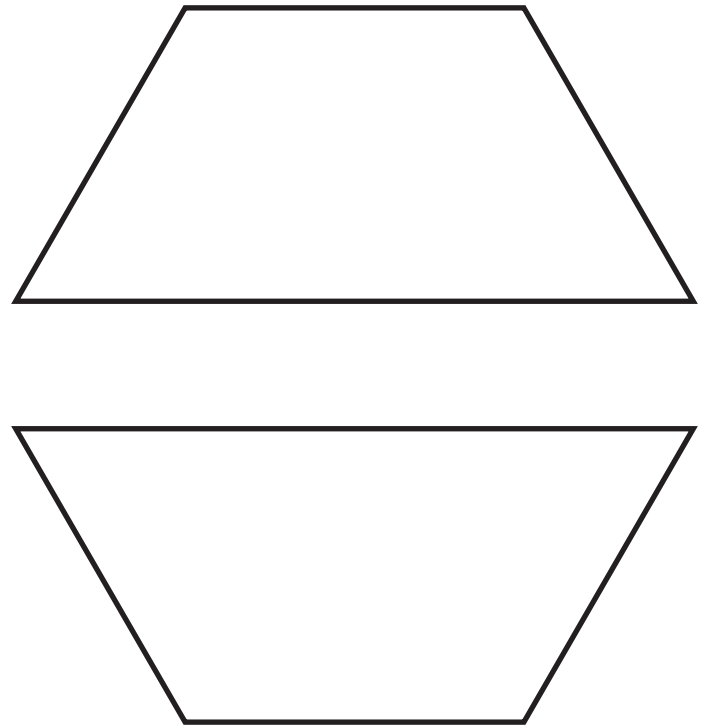
8. FORSEE



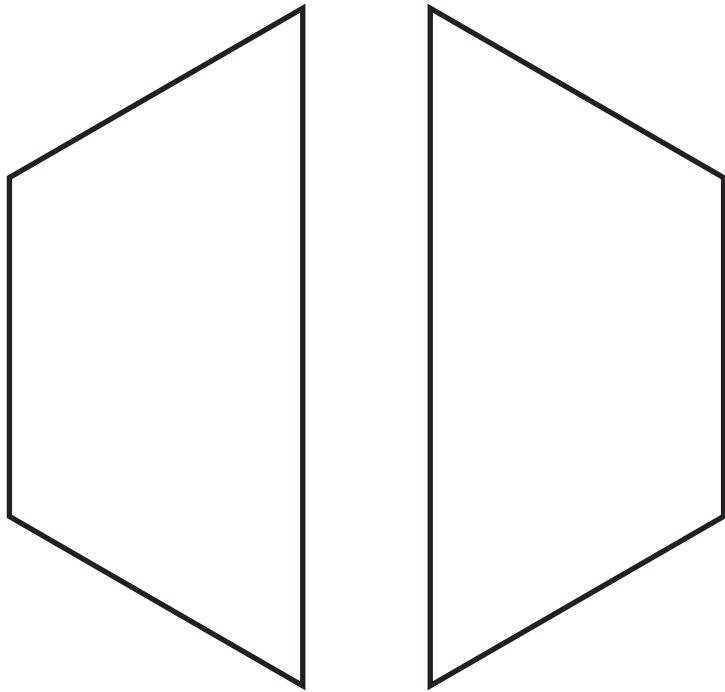
9. DECONSTRUCT



14. PRESS



13. COMPLETE



10. DRAW SOME BEES

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.*

A poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

11. CHOOSE



BEE

WASP

According to Maja Krysiak-Podsiadlik

12. DECONSTRUCT

