

**Broken hexagons, deer skulls
and beer bottles scattered in
the swamp, as if someone
or something is leaving clues,
but it's all just dust**

**– as if a giant dirt bomb of
our cultural debris was blasted
in the face of nature, exploding
discarded artifacts across the
peripheral landscape. This is
the swamp thing. A voyage into
the incidental and magnetic
landscape roiling at the edges
of our civilization. Relics of the
not-too-distant past become
temples for the future.**

**Shrines for the imagination.
Take our eyes, let our visions
guide your subconscious through
the intoxicating rhythm of the
jungle. Walk with us on the
perimeter of our culture,
through the tunnel of time.**