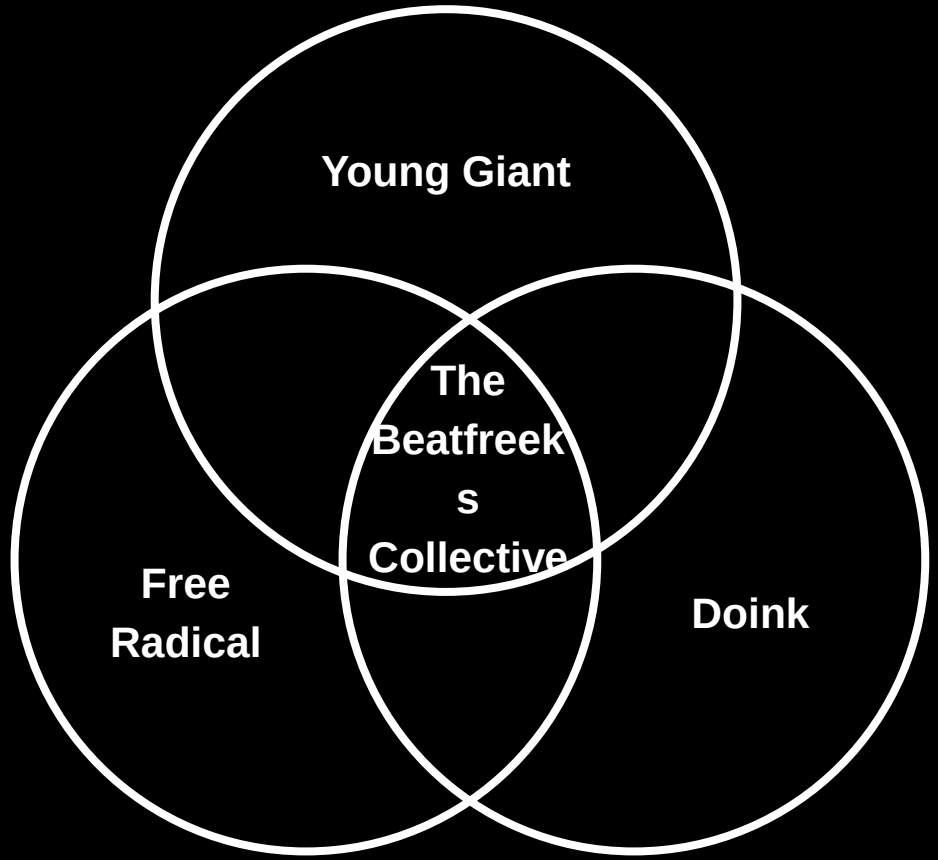
The Beatfreeks Collective

A collective using creativity for good.

FUELLING CONVERSATIONS & CONCEPTS

THAT DARE PEOPLE TO CHALLENGE

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

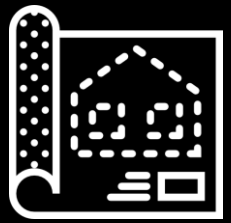


The Structure

We bring brands and people together to unlock solutions to create a roadmap for the future through:

Campaigns & Communications

Events & Activation



Brilliant Thinking & Strategy

1. Influencing ‘behaviour change’ at multiple levels
2. Collaborating and co-creating to get an unfiltered view from your stakeholders

‘At What Cost?’ explored the impact of Georgian landscape gardener, Lancelot ‘Capability’ Brown’s work on black, asian and minority ethnic communities from the past to modern day.

VIEWS

If it gets in your way knock it down.

I hear the cries of women who have been torn down from their rightful place
The wailing echoes through the willow trees and she doesn't like to be ignored
Her fury is still and silent
Creating pangs in my chest
Admire the beautiful views
Trees given more humanity than me and you
Mountains can be moved for the white man
Mustard seed faith and misogyny

Enwhitenment: discovering places that already exist
The 18th century gap year

Knock it down

Heads held down as we are sat at your feet
Isn't it an honour that her fury only asks for acknowledgement, equity and reparations?

Be grateful that we don't want revenge

Knock it down

This landscape is broken backs mounting into hills
This landscape is a place where dreams are born for those with enough
disposable income to be human beings
This landscape is the sofa you put over the damp patch on the living room wall
This landscape is an amalgamation of sapling seeds and colonial secrets
This landscape is the greener grass on the other side
This landscape is ego power and pride
I see wooden benches
I see the bark of trees
I see stories being hidden
I see serpentine rivers winding around displaced disporian plants
I see the "british": the ultimate borrowers who never seem to put things back
I see skylines of souls looking down on you and seeing your sins
I see people that are capable of anything – but valuing
black and brown lives
Grass grounds trees
Black brown leaves
CLARITY
I see gentreefication breaking news: "A Tree Stole My Home"

We made men out of you
We made daisy chains of our broken homes and flower crowns from the fragments of our faith
We made tea from our fallen tears and fought
We made molehills into mountains
We made madness our home
We made people rise who were told they could only ever fall

We are the best thing about you "quintessentially British view"

WRITTEN BY **JORDANNE RENEE**
ARTWORK BY **LETISHA STEWART-GREEN**

WARWICK TOWN

BY JOSE CIFUENTES

WITH 500,000 ACRES OF LAND, A
LANDSCAPE ONE GROUNDSMAN,
PLANTS BLOSSOM

PLANTED BY THE BLACK AND WHITE SEED OF A POSSUM,

NOW I'M SPEAKING FROM MY POINT OF VIEW,
LOOKING OVER THE GARDENS, FRUITS PASTELS, PROVIDE A SCENIC VIEW,
A DELIGHT FOR A SIGHT
MR BROWN MR WHITE.
HANDED ALL THE SEEDS IN TOWN...

FIGHTS.

EXPOSED IN THE GARDENS OF HEAT
LIKE NATIVE SPICES BACK HOME
ELITES OF THE LAND LEACH OFF THE BOARDING COAST LINES, OF
- NEIGHBORING GLISTENING SANDS.
THE SURROUNDINGS PINCHED TO ENCLOSE THE MEDIEVAL FEEL OF THE
-CASTLE.
WORKERS WE NEED YOU TO FOLLOW IN UP HILL WORK, SIMILAR TO CATTLE.

MR BROWN'S CAPABLE,

HE WHO TOLD THE
TO PLANT THE MIGRANT SEEDS
SHADED BLACK AND WHITE,
PLANTATIONS GRIEVE

RED RED FLOWERS,
PAINTS THE RED BLOOD THIN
IN DEAD BED FLOWERS

ROSES ARE RED
LIKE MY SKIN TONE
CAPES OF STEEL
DO YOU FEEL
FOR THE UNKNOWN,

WARWICK TOWN

THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF WARWICK CASTLE

BY RUE THE KID

WE MADE KINGS AND QUEENS
THEY SPREAD MY RED AND FORMED ROYAL BLUES
CROSSING NATIONS ON WATER THAT WAS THICKER THAN BLOOD
WHO KNEW?
WHO KNEW, MY BLACK BODY WAS BREAD AND BUTTER FOR BROKEN NATIONS
REBUILT YOUR BARREN LANDS
AND USED MY BONES AS FOUNDATIONS
MY BLACK BODY WAS CURRENCY
AND THEY'RE STILL THIRSTY FOR MORE

I GAVE YOU KNOWLEDGE
BUT YOU GAVE ME RED AND BLUES
BRUISES
LASTING LIFE TIMES AND DEMONS THAT STILL HAUNT ME
OPPRESSION AND POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS EATS AWAY AT ME
SOMETIMES I WAKE UP IN COLD SWEATS AND YOU TURN TO ME AND LIE
- THAT I'M OKAY
WE'RE OKAY
I WONDER, HOW LONG CAN YOU KEEP BITING THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU
- WITHOUT CRACKING YOUR JAW
THEY CAME AND SAW
RICHES BEYOND BELIEF
MY BLACK BODY WAS BOISTEROUS - POWERFUL BEYOND BELIEF
MY BLACK BODY IS BOISTEROUS
AND POWERFUL BEYOND BELIEF

YOUR JEALOUSY MUST HAVE DRIVEN YOU INTO A FRENZY OF RAGE
SOMETIMES I CLOSE MY EYES AND I CAN STILL FEEL THE SUN BEATING
- AT MY NUDE SKIN.
THE BROWN, WARM SAND BENEATH MY FEET
LEAVES GRAINS BETWEEN MY TOES WITH EACH STRIDE
AND MY HAIR, MY HAIR WOVEN INTO SINGLES
ACCENTUATING THE NATURAL COIL WITH EACH STRAND
AND THEN I OPEN MY EYES TO THIS LAND

THIS LAND IS... BEAUTIFUL
IT HAS ITS POLITE CHARM
CAPABLE OF HIDING ITS UGLY TRUTHS WITH NATIVE SEEDS AND RAISED LANDS
SHOWING OFF THE BOLD CASTLE WALLS, MY PRISON
DON'T REFER TO ME AS NIGGER
I AM A QUEEN, IN MY OWN RIGHT
DECONSTRUCTING MY BEING
AND CONSTRUCTING THIS IDEA OF ME AS BARBARIC
I AM A KING
AND YOU KNOW IT

THE NEW LAND IS BEAUTIFUL
BUT I SEE ITS RIVERS OVERFLOWING WITH GUILT, OR IS IT CONQUEST?
FROM WARWICK TO TOBAGO, BASKING IN SUPERIORITY
WE CHURNED THESE FORESTS INTO PAVEMENTS OF GOLD
WE CREATED CASTLES AND ARMIES AND MEN
I WAS NOT BORN A SLAVE
I WAS ENSLAVED
WE MADE KINGS AND QUEENS

#ATWHATCOST

Key Points

Honesty and transparency from day one of project is essential - if this is for funding targets then let them know. Tell them the whole story, including your long term vision and plan for the city, area, group.

- Managing expectations- we are not going to achieve full equality (for example)- but what is in our immediate community that we can change and what are the steps etc.
- Who are the stakeholders/audience highlighting the people that can have a direct effect over what is highlighted by the group.
- Language - relevance what is the story of the project? How does it appeal to the participant group.
- Language when facilitating - let's start to make a conscious shift from saying “I want you to….” and replace with “What we are going to do is…”