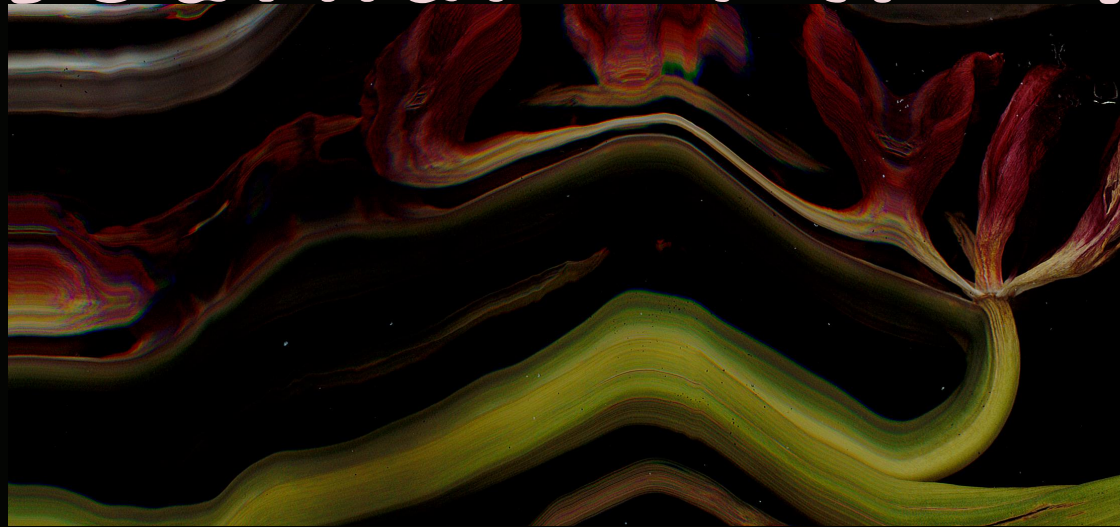


# The Gardener's Journal Pt. I

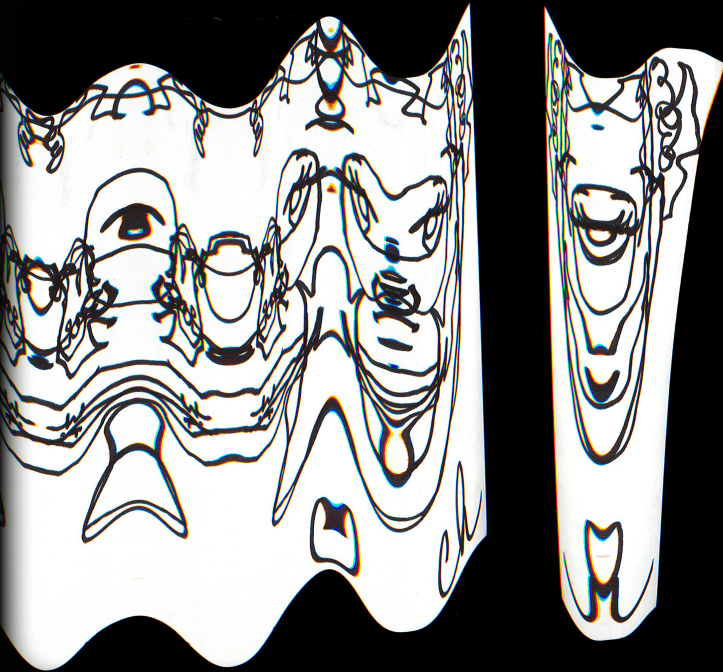


KATIANA

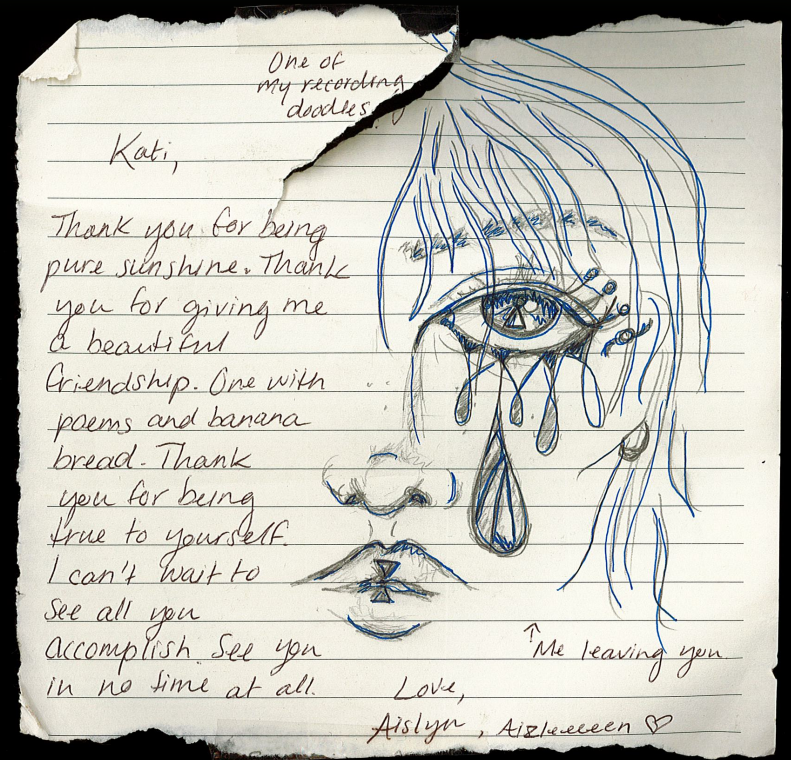
WEEMS

-

ADO



# I. An Ordinary Note.



WHAT IS THE ROLE OF HONESTY &  
LOVE IN AN ARTISTIC PRACTICE?



May 9th, 2021-23 N Ann St  
[Letter 111]

And I didn't cry.

## *There Is An Ant In My Kitchen*

There is an ant in my kitchen.  
It's 10 feet tall.  
It eats all the food in the fridge,  
And in the cupboard,  
But it can't fit through the door.  
And sometimes I watch it.  
Eating my food.  
I often take my meals in the room  
Next door and watch it gorge  
itself.  
It almost looks apologetic as it  
Moves about  
It's body too big,  
And it's convulsions far  
Too strong,  
To every get out.



love - significantly fracture one's sense of continuity.  
 then when we got back he said  
 "remember when we were just gonna drive to the beach?"  
 the beach at night, wished on stars on the beach all night, until like 1pm. we 1 day - significantly fracture one's sense of time and continuity.

06/20/21 I love you Jacob. please keep going. - Jacob  
 07/10/21 I love you Jacob. please keep going. - Jacob  
 significantly fracture one's sense of time and continuity  
 08/20/21 I love you Jacob. please keep going. - Jacob  
 09/19/21 I love you Jacob. please keep going. - Jacob

d to help me take down and unpack and if some of my closet boxes.

in.  
 mid she had serious  
 2nd  
 owed me script for her film, General Maintenance  
 not know she's falling in love  
 told he she loved  
 my fracture one's sense of continuity  
 owed me script to her  
 catwalk  
feet toll



Anyway - I don't know if this will end the way I want it to I still love the beach and would love to live there one day - significantly fracture one's sense of time and continuity.

Dissociation is often seen with histories of complex trauma.

when - - - encounter an overwhelming and terrifying experience, they may dissociate, or mentally separate themselves from an experience

took me to Syracuse for the weekend and I met all her professors & friends. She showed me all classes  
 first Christmas together  
 first time to London  
 my fracture one's sense of continuity.

May 9  
 16, 2011  
 11/23  
 11/11  
 And I  
 1/11

asked her to marry me. She said yes.  
the painter that I met

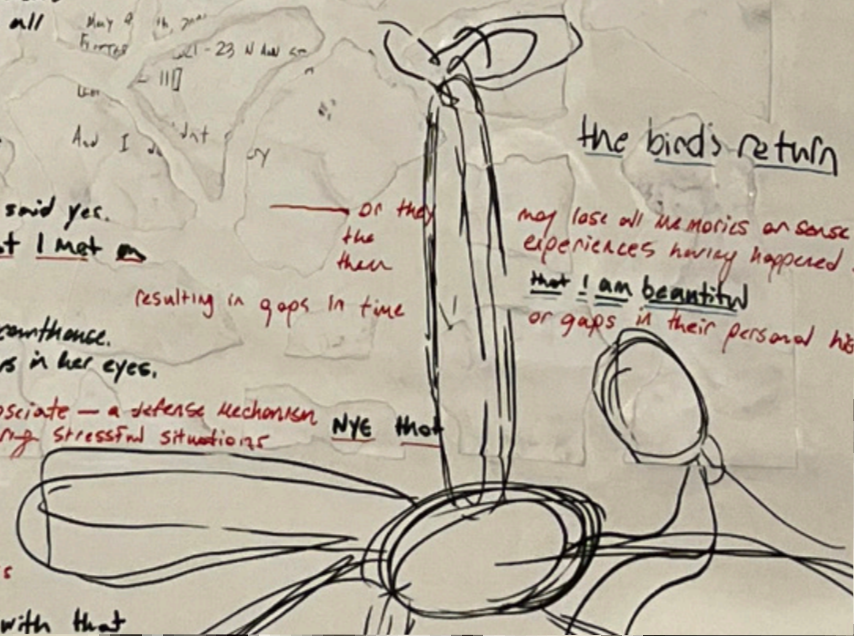
got married in Baltimore city courthouse. I look as she smiled with tears in her eyes.

to be able to purposefully dissociate - a defense mechanism by automatically dissociate during stressful situations need with trauma reminders

Or they the their resulting in gaps in time

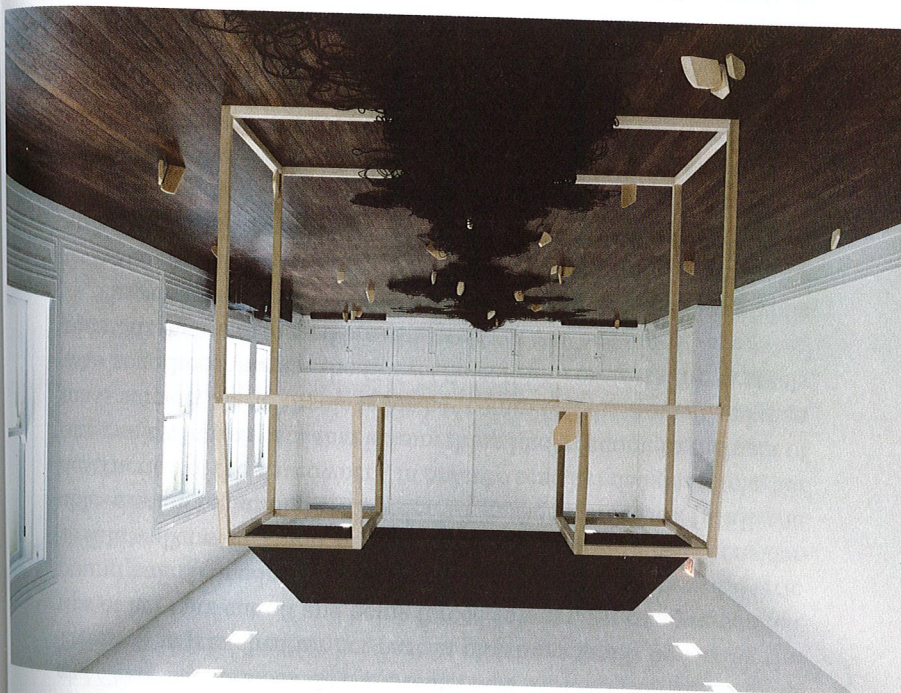
the birds return

may lose all memories or sense experiences having happened  
that I am beautiful  
 or gaps in their personal his



trauma  
 - significantly fracture one's time and continuity.  
 I went on a date with that





one ever  
es on the  
can't even  
struggling  
l.  
eeps across  
th the odor

on of the same  
ation in the gas  
r the other.  
ntiation?

The women in Johnson's *Wicked Flesh* and Brand's *At the Full*  
*and Change of the Moon* lived in a whole range of practices of freedom.  
They embodied the knowledge that in every moment not everything  
could be claimed by them, but neither could everything be claimed  
from them.

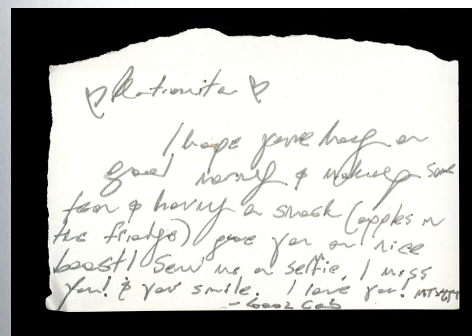
NOTE 48

Antidote

On my first day at the memorial, I saw a Black couple and their almost two-year-old baby girl. I greeted them and then I watched them as I and they made a way through the space. The little girl sang and laughed. She was so filled with joy that it felt, at first, incongruous. But my encounter with her full-of-lifeness, her exuberant, so-far-uncrushed being was an antidote to the hanging monoliths' crushing weight.

joy as the  
counterweight  
to grief

↓  
existing in  
the in-  
between \*

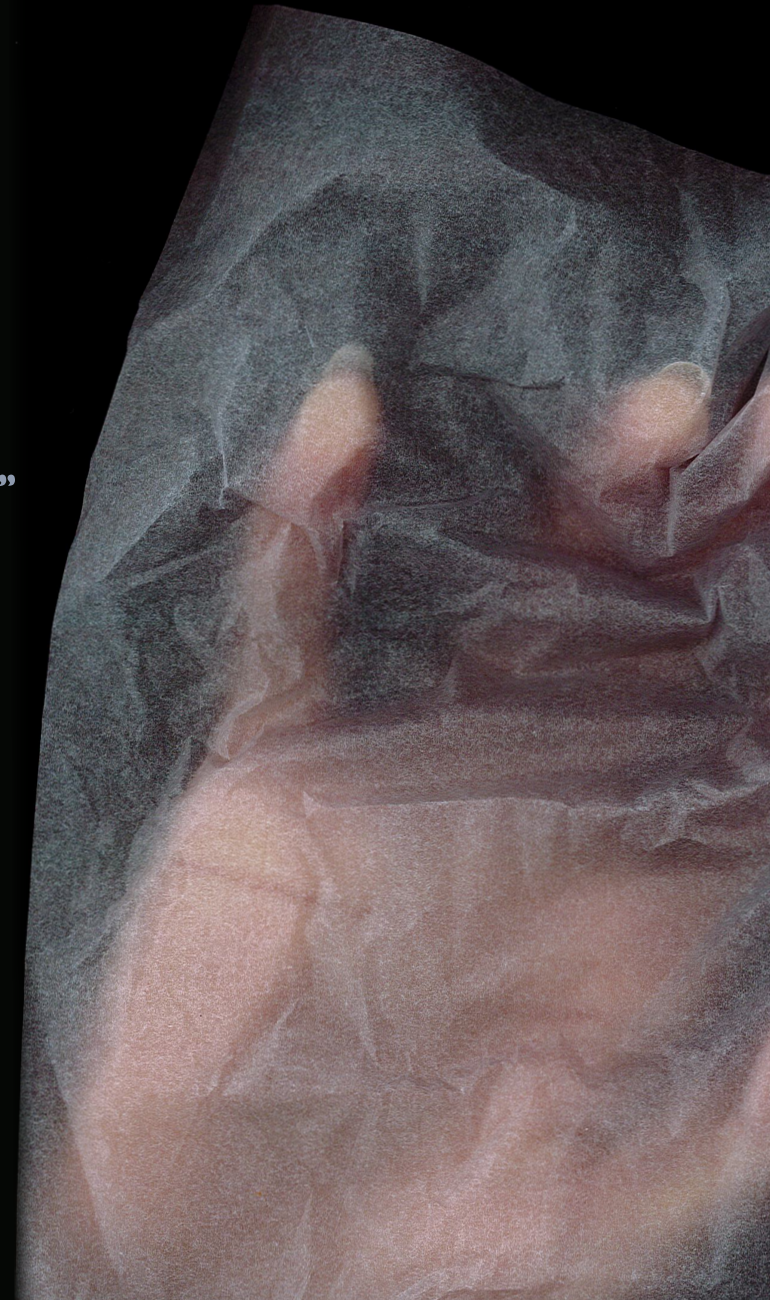


Antidote ♡  
I hope you had a  
great night & enjoyed  
your snack (apples in  
the fridge) gave you a nice  
boost! Saw me on selfie, I miss  
you! & your smile. I love you!  
-Gina G.



Some  
Copples m  
nice  
miss  
you. 10/10/10

“PERSPECTIVE // PROXIMITY // SURVIVAL”



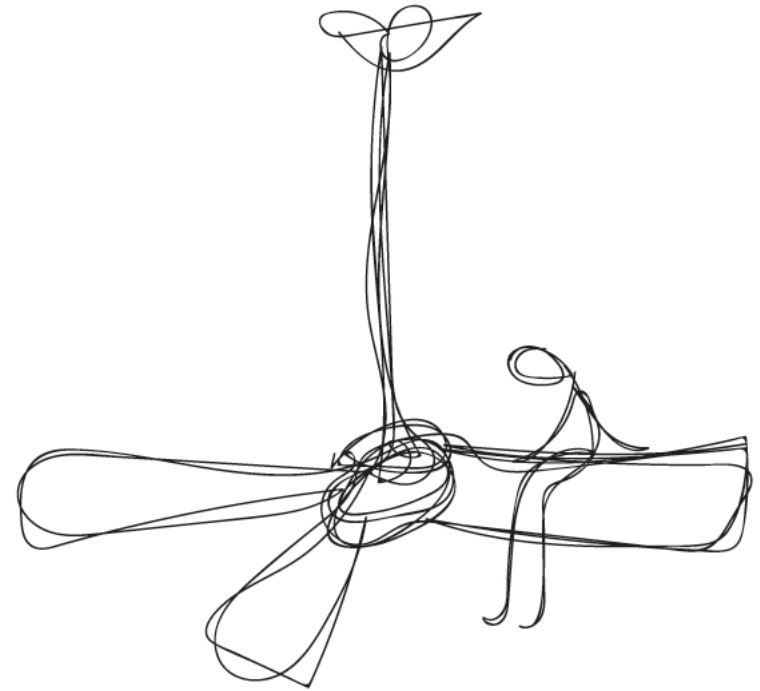


# *The Fan*

*Two people stand inches apart. The sound of a fan is the only thing we hear. P2 is crying. Suddenly, a loud THUMP- the fan's blades shudder and grind.*

P1 : What was that?

P2 : Don't worry, that's just the sound of shit hitting the fan.





## II. Mud- larking



II. [Love  
Letters]



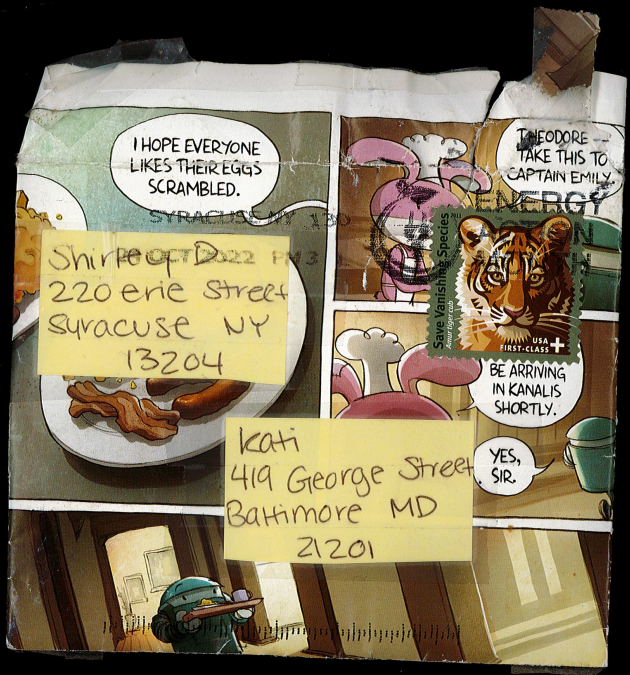


“WE SHARE THE SAME SADNESS.

IT FEELS THREATENING.

PROLIFICALLY IT BINDS US  
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT  
A SPELL, A PROPHECY, A PROGNOSIS”

- A.GRETCHKO



bookmarks found in  
"SPAWN".

a drop off tag from my  
beloved 'Lucy'. she often  
BROKE DOWN. i've had many  
tags like these throughout  
the years.

a market flier from my  
many months living in the  
Czech Republic. I was sure I  
was going to married to my  
abuser during this time. i  
loved him.

STOCK#	Weems
YEAR	
MAKE	Seep
MODEL	Liberty
COLOR	Blue
SERIAL	
CODE	
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MINT MARKET  
BRNO

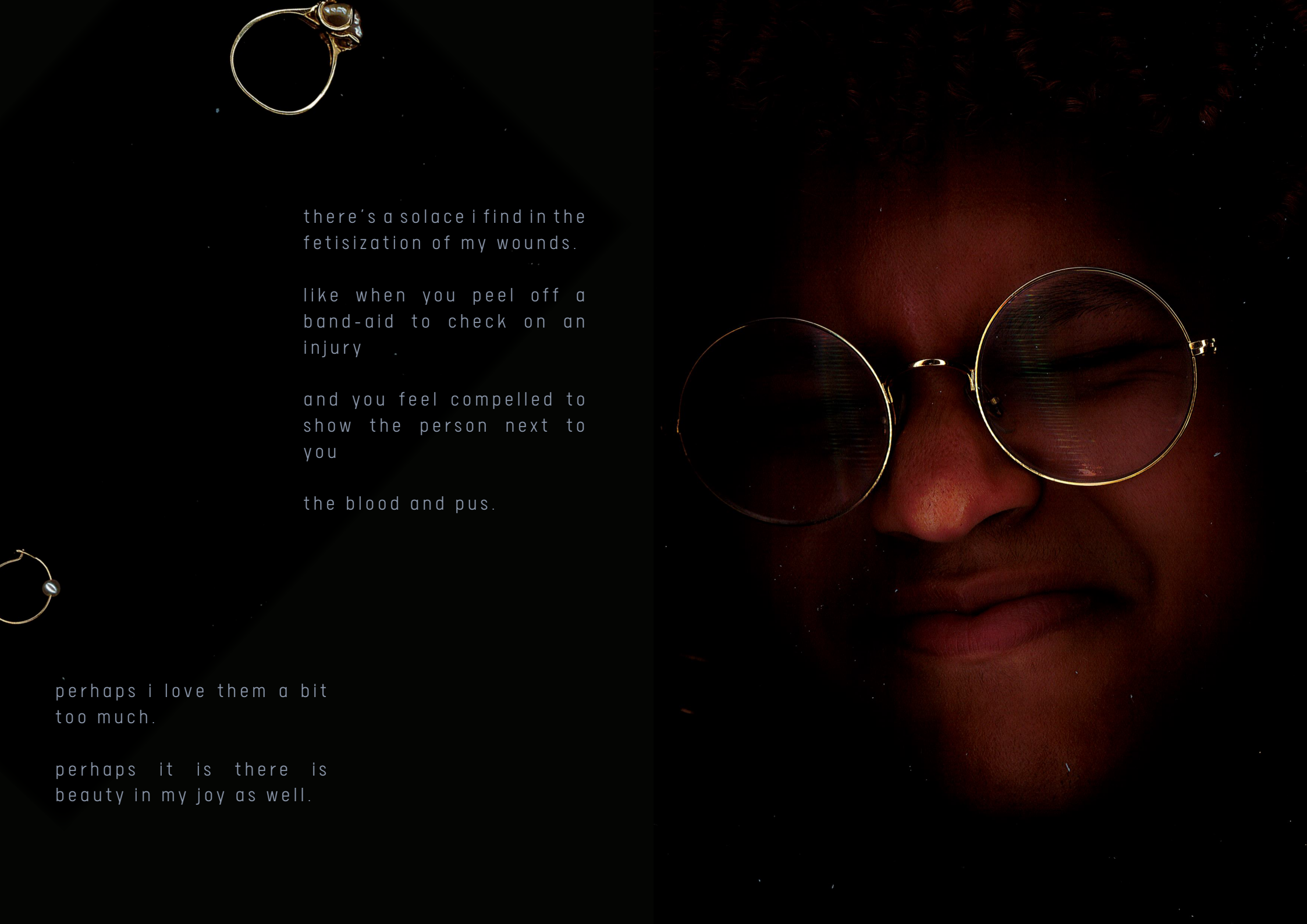
No. 36



Sobota 11.00-18.00  
**18/5/2019**  
Tržnice Brno

Trh se svěží módou, šperky,  
designem a delikatesami.

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there's a solace i find in the  
fetisization of my wounds.

like when you peel off a  
band-aid to check on an  
injury

and you feel compelled to  
show the person next to  
you

the blood and pus.

perhaps i love them a bit  
too much.

perhaps it is there is  
beauty in my joy as well.



# SPAWN



POEMS

*"Spawn is unforgettable  
poetry of the highest  
order."* —Kaveh Akbar

MARIE-ANDRÉE GILL  
*Translated by Kristen Renee Miller*

We the unlikely  
the aftermath  
the remains of heart muscle  
and black earth

We the territory  
in a word

How do you swallow the lake's beauty with all these  
ghosts chewing through its plastic-filled lung. I'm in the  
underwater level of a video game just as the air runs out,  
just as that little tune begins to play.

endlessly seek  
what to make of your skin

through skid roads and byways  
and cemetery shortcuts  
seek

seek

IV

*The Morning Is Full*

The morning is full of storm  
in the heart of summer.

The clouds travel like white handkerchiefs of goodbye,  
the wind, travelling, waving them in its hands.

The numberless heart of the wind  
beating above our loving silence.

Orchestral and divine, resounding among the trees  
like a language full of wars and songs.

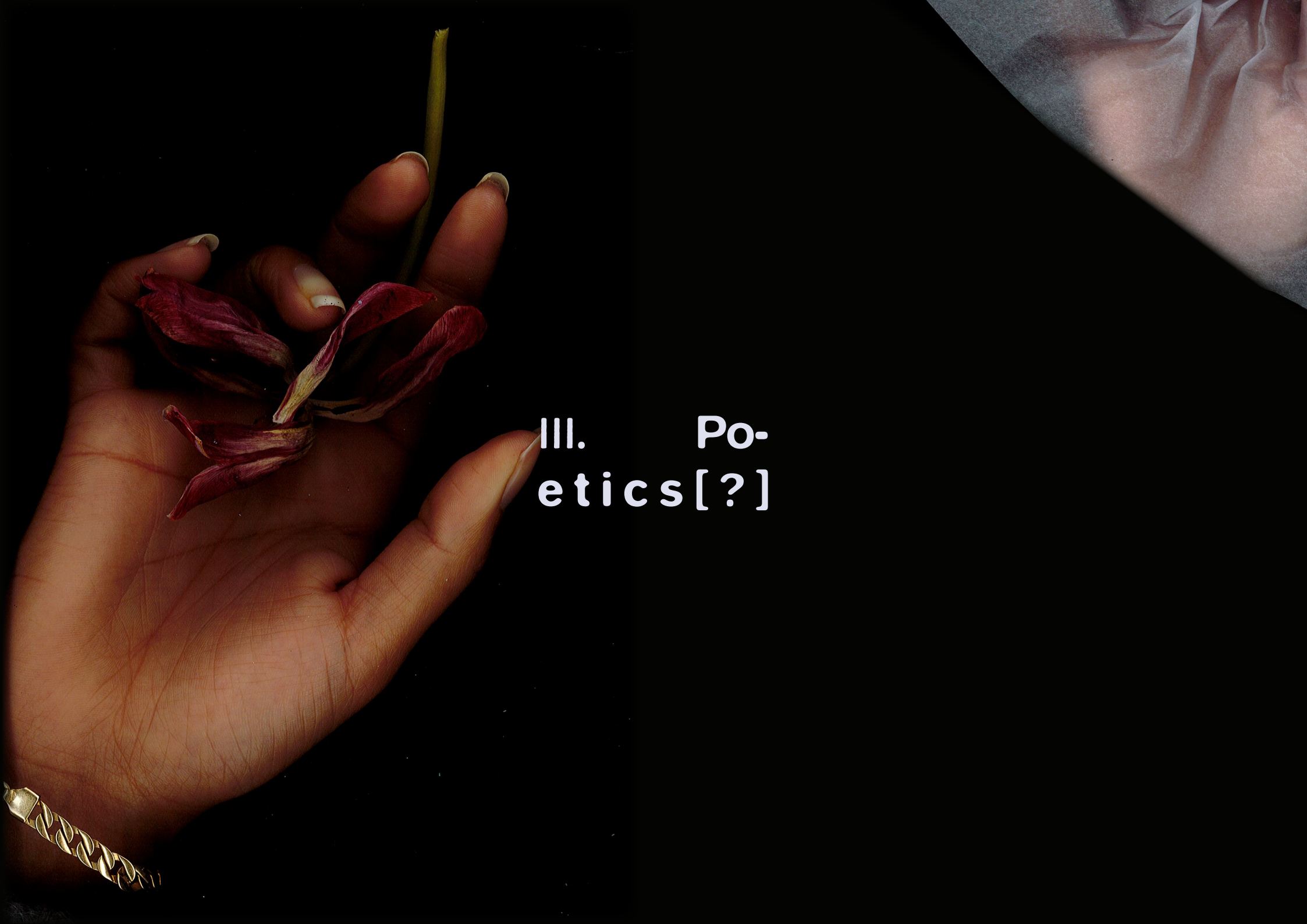
Wind that bears off the dead leaves with a quick raid  
and deflects the pulsing arrows of the birds.

Wind that topples her in a wave without spray  
and substance without weight, and leaning fires.


Her mass of kisses breaks and sinks,  
assailed in the door of the summer's wind.

I'm leaving you fall.  
I realized it riding home on the  
overground staring at the ~~big~~ box stores  
I tried to remember the  
stations between the current and  
my stop and I realized I couldn't  
remember ~~the~~ fall.  
I'll stop leaving these messages.  
I promise I'll stop calling.  
hm...  
I went by the old house yesterday.

when did  
I write this?



III. Po-  
etics[?]



THE SOLACE IN PULLING BACK,  
FINDING THE POWER IN,  
*FINDING ONES VOICE IN,*  
THE OPAQUE.

FROM "These Poems"

These poems  
they are things that I do  
in the dark  
reaching for you  
whoever you are  
and  
are you ready?

**JUNE JORDAN**



[Cure is no longer burden some?  
What is the first thing you do?

1. attach a saddle to a pig
2. mount the pig
3. fly away.

\* → cure is a burden

To cure is to put another's needs before or at the same level as one's own. To hold space for; to witness.  
Caring should be a burden; being a burden is not necessarily a bad thing. It means that something is there.  
A burden is a load, a duty.  
It should be difficult, uncomfortable. If it's ~~comfortable~~, you're still in your area of comfort.  
easy

"What do we owe each other?"

"were her dreams blue"

on november 2nd as Dr.  
Alice Butler shared her po-  
etic research with us we  
ruminated on a photo of a  
'spitum bottle'.

it was blue.

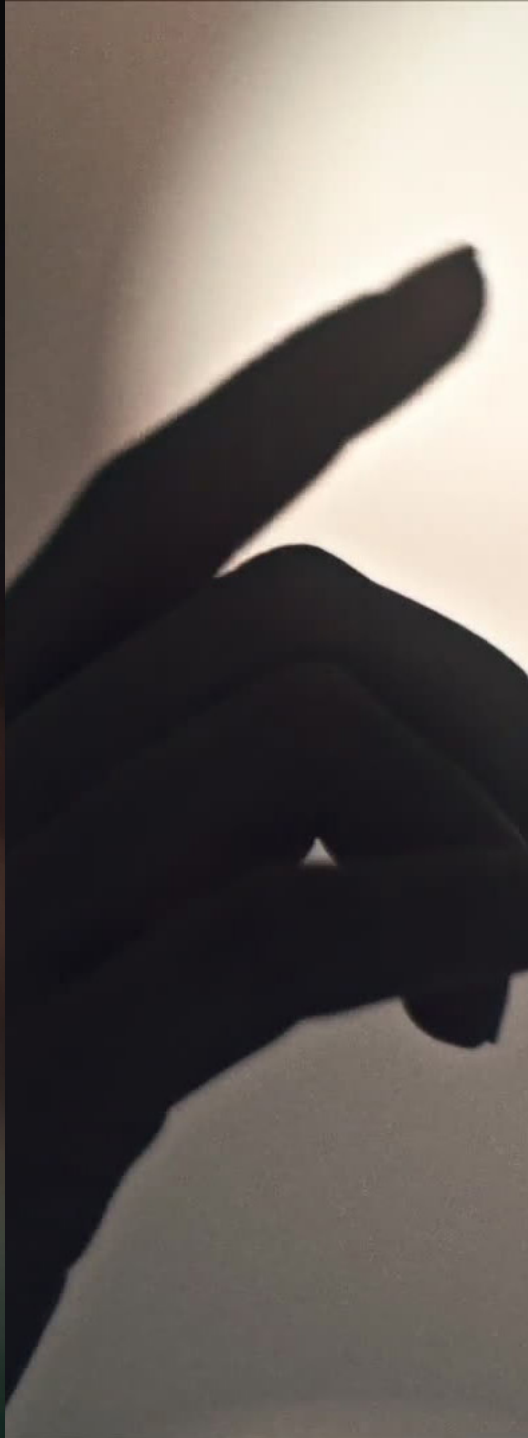
'red has such an urgency  
to it'

'blue has length'



"General Maintenance" (2024) - a color study





VI. I've  
Gone Bird-  
watching,



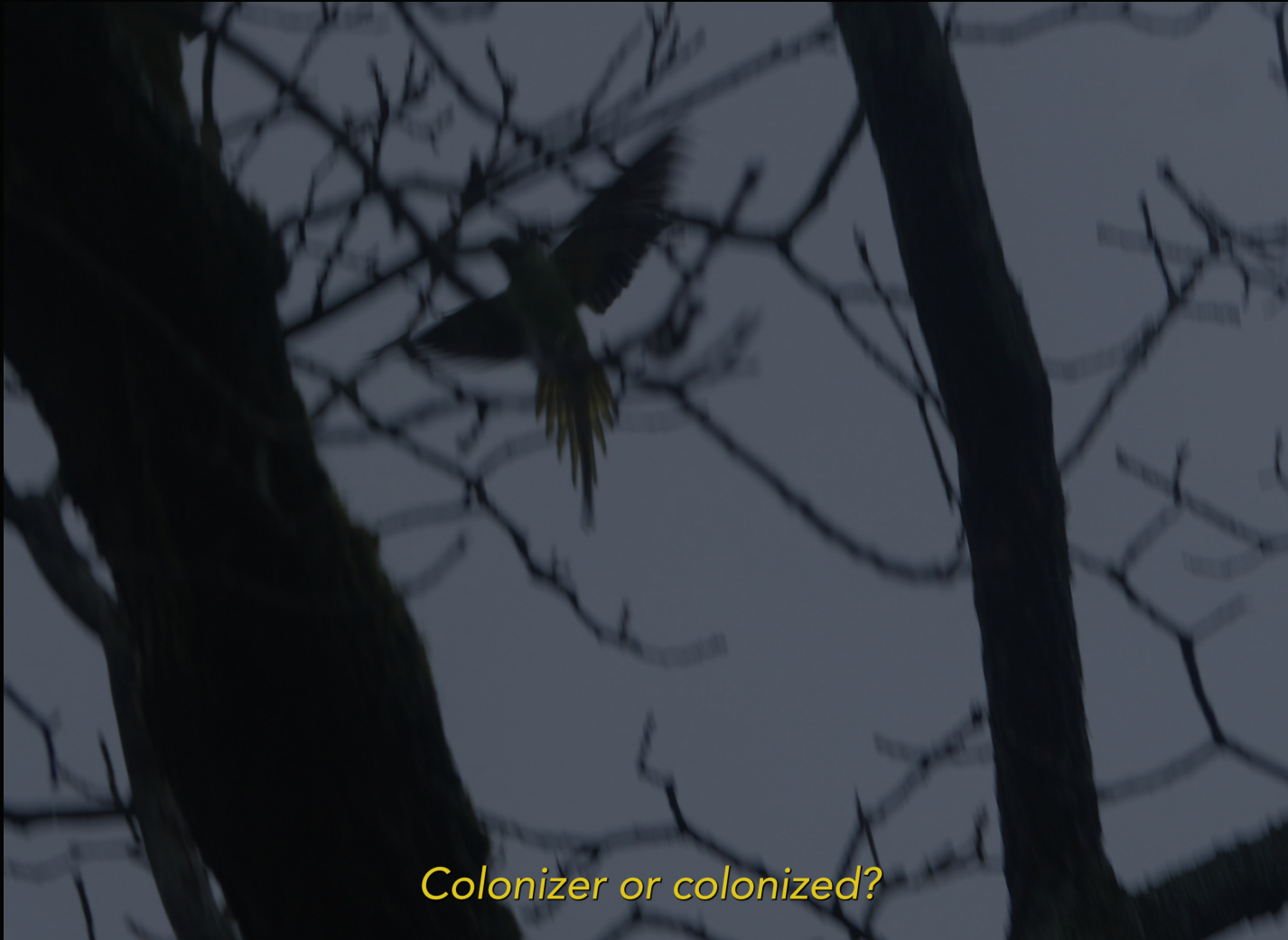
I went out looking for you.





installation photo from ALL FISH ARE DEAD FISH | 2023 - group exhibition in The Hangar Gallery  
curated by Casper Dillen & Neo'dasein  
photo by Wanrong Zhu





*Colonizer or colonized?*



*[Another pretty stolen thing,]*

Colonizer or colonized?

The work asks viewers to consider and question the Ring Necked Parakeet's history and mythology in relation to Black & Brown pain & resilience. 'Taken' and 'migratory' states of being are investigated in relation to exoticism and (eco) xenophobia. It explores, primarily, what I have images for but lack the words to articulate.

LOCAL MYTHOLOGY:

It is often speculated that the birds first appeared after escaping from the set of "The African Queen" (1952).

An additional myth states a pair of the birds were released in the 1960s by Jimi Hendrix in Carnaby Street.

Perhaps the most widely believed is that the birds were kept as pets and through a series of escapes and releases gradually ended up populating the city.

Originally only spotted in South London, these birds can now be seen all over greater London, and several other European cities.

"Like Air, Like Dust : i've gone birdwatching," is an open question, an answer, a note to self.



preliminary planning notes  
from "Like Air, Like Dust :  
I've Gone Birdwatching."

## "unfished Parakeet"

↳ maybe it is neither question nor  
answer "essay as an attempt"

↳ "Essayism"

↳ 'The note'

- stray thoughts -

- parks as another closed space -  
the park art or cage

↳ "A Black Gaze" + "Listening to Images"

- Jenna = "The unfinished conversation"

- Aaron Manning

◦ images as directions, lying<sup>2</sup> there as a survival  
pattern → human sculpture

- "Listening to Images" - attempt

\* identity is not as essence of being, but instead  
part of an 'ever-unfished conversation' \*

<< BEAUTY AS A METHOD >>

**ferris**<sup>®</sup>  
**FILE-A-WAX**<sup>®</sup>

**Style T-875  
Round Tube**

7/8" outside diameter with  
5/8" centered hole  
(22.2 OD/15.9 mm hole)

The original and most  
diverse carvable wax line  
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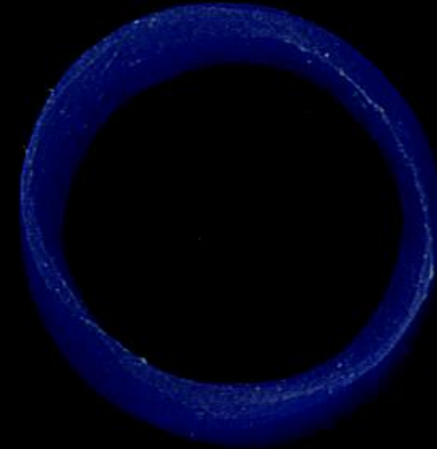
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SIX\* colors with four  
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characteristics fit for any  
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\*See reverse for details.

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V. The Im-  
p o s s i -  
ble Shape



Style T-875  
FILE-A-WAX

The image features two surgical instruments, possibly scalpels or probes, with black handles and yellow accents. One instrument is positioned diagonally from the upper left towards the center, while the other is positioned diagonally from the lower left towards the center. The background is a solid, dark black. The text "UNORIENTABILITY" is centered horizontally in the middle of the frame.

“ U N O R I E N T A B I L I T Y ”

Dear Jacob,

I've been thinking a lot about shapes. About orientation. The last few months I've felt like we've been falling. For a minute, we were fighting and falling.

I've been thinking a lot about shapes.

The Mobius strip is a shape that is found nowhere in the natural world.

It does not end; there is a kind of controlled chaos in the unorientability.

There is a kind of surrender that happens when attempting to understand the shape.





I begun carving a wedding band for you  
in the fall.

We were engaged in the spring.

Married after the summer solstice.

Moving our family across an ocean by  
the autumnal equinox.

Then we were fighting.

And in therapy by the fall.

Sometimes I forget, that you 're always  
sad too.

I begun carving a wedding band for you  
in the fall.

In the toil of carving the impossible  
shape, I saw us.

In the end is the beginning, in the  
beginning is the end.



*Silver cast no.1*

The beach in the small hours.

Oscuro pero tranquilo.

We always talk about how we'd  
like to leave by the sea one day.

The mobius has always reminded  
me of the sea.

En su misterio y longevidad, nos  
veo.









everything will be okay.


love, Kati



**VI. The Sudden Walk**



“[BOTH ROOTS & LIGHTNING] CLING TO  
THE DARKNESS TO ILLUMINATE THE WORLD.”



there's a care i find in the  
fetisization of my wounds.

because even when they are  
covered, they burn.

and they burn not until they  
are felt but until they are seen,

the blood and the puss.

perhaps i love them a bit  
too much.

so perhaps, for now, they  
must exist beside my joy.

CINEMATIC CLOSE LOOKING:  
THE FEATURE LENGTH SMALL STORY



"The Sudden Walk" - Kafka

"When it looks as if you had made up your mind finally to stay at home for the evening, when you have put on your house jacket and sat down after supper with a light on the table to the piece of work or the game that usually precedes your going to bed, when the weather outside is unpleasant so that staying indoors seems natural, and when you have already been sitting quietly at the table for so long that your departure must occasion surprise to everyone, when, besides, the stairs are in darkness and the front door locked, and in spite of all that you have started up in a sudden fit of restlessness, changed your jacket, abruptly dressed yourself for the street, explained that you must go out and with a few curt words of leave-taking actually gone out, banging the flat door more or less hastily according to the degree of displeasure you think you have left behind you, and when you find yourself once more in the street with limbs swinging extra freely in answer to the unexpected liberty you have procured for them, when as a result of this decisive action you feel concentrated within yourself all the potentialities of decisive action, when you recognize with more than usual significance that your strength is greater than your need to accomplish effortlessly the swiftest of changes and to cope with it, when in this frame of mind you go striding down the long streets - then for that evening you have completely got away from your family, which fades into insubstantiality, while you yourself, a firm, boldly drawn black figure, slapping yourself on the thigh, grow to your true stature.

All this is still heightened if at such a late hour in the evening you look up a friend to see how he is getting on."

Encapsulating the restlessness of an evening as a woman wrestles with the death of an old self.


The film could take place over the course of four hours in a London neighborhood as she ping-pongs from her home with her partner, to social encounters with a series of strangers, and inevitably arriving back at her home again.

I'm interested in playing with cycles of tension and release, exploring grief and identity,

A close-up photograph of two hands clasped together against a dark background. The hands are illuminated from the side, highlighting the skin texture and jewelry. The hand on the right wears a gold ring with a large diamond on the ring finger and a gold link bracelet on the wrist. The hand on the left wears a simple gold band on the ring finger. The text is overlaid in the center of the image.

**VII. To Re-  
cover: Selec-  
tions From  
“Windfall”**







In January of 2021, I began writing a feature lengthed screenplay, entitled "Windfall".

On "Windfall":

When memory investigator Will Baker is asked to look into the disappearance of his childhood friend Adrian, he begins to fall for the person in the memories he collects.

"Windfall" is a story of reconsiling past with present, about passions and expectations, about comfort and grief.



## Poetics: Readings 29.11

> "How to Fall without Sundown": Celestial City"

- "good writing can be characterized in terms of the recklessness of the transaction."
- "How to talk out of the part of yourself that can be loved instead of the part that wants to be loved"

\* 'mid air'

↳ as a space to write fiction

↳ constant state of FALLING!

↳ "windfall"

> "mourning & method"

- The 'nostalgic observer' + 'reaching across time to touch'

INT. CAFE - DAY

The pair sit in a roadside cafe, at a table by a window. Two small plates with a few crumbs sit in front of them. Will traces the lines of the map while Adrian finishes his coffee.

A waiter walks by, drops the check on the table, clears the empty dishes and walks off.

WILL  
Thanks.

ADRIAN  
Thank you.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Will and Adrian exit the cafe. Will looks out in the distance and pauses, surprised.

WILL  
Look,

He points out at fields of bright yellow lining the narrow road, stretching away until the brilliant yellow meets the azure sky.

ADRIAN  
They're just canola fields.

WILL  
Look at those colors,

ADRIAN  
Don't tell me you've never seen a canola field? They're everywhere.

WILL  
They look amazing.

Adrian continues walking back to the car, but Will just stands, staring at the fields. When he notices Will isn't following, he stops, looking back.

ADRIAN  
Wait, you've actually never seen a canola field?

WILL  
No. You know my mum and I didn't travel much. The only times I ever went anywhere was with you,

Will tears his eyes away and walks over to where Adrian is standing. The two slowly make their way back to the car.

Adrian nods toward the fields.

ADRIAN  
This is an early yield. We should come back in August, when most of the spring-sown crops will be harvested.

They reach the car then. When Will makes no move to get in, Adrian leans against the car looking out at the fields as well.

ADRIAN (cont'd)  
When I first moved from Northampton, I knew summer was coming to an end when the canola fields turned from yellow to brown.

He smiles, looking up at the sky.

ADRIAN (cont'd)  
And the hay meadows would be overrun with wildflowers.

Will looks at him, at the sun illuminating his outline, the angle of his jaw, the tilt of his chin, the way the sunlight casts ever-so-faint shadows of his eyelashes over his cheekbones.

WILL  
Did you like the summer? In Wiltshire?

Adrian glances at him, still smiling faintly.

ADRIAN  
Of course. I missed you though.

A beat.

WILL  
When I first started looking for you, you mum sent a car for me. To the station.

Will forces a smile. Adrian wrinkles his nose and sighs.

They stare at each other a moment; Adrian looks away first, walking around the car and getting into the driver's seat.

After one last look at the fields, Will follows suit.

INT. ADRIAN'S CAR; CANOLA FIELD - AFTERNOON

Will wakes up in the passenger seat, forehead resting against the cool glass. The car is parked off to the side of a country road.

Adrian is knocking on the window, peering in.

Will blinks and looks around, fumbling with his seat belt and unbuckling it before reaching for the handle of the car door.

(CONT.)EXT. CANOLA FIELD - AFTERNOON

He steps out of the car. Adrian is standing a little distance away, staring out across the golden fields.

He turns and looks at Will.

For a long moment, Will can't look away from Adrian's eyes.

WILL  
Why'd we stop?

ADRIAN  
We're here.

WILL  
Where?

ADRIAN  
Wiltshire.

He points out at the fields.  
This is where I used to play.

WILL  
Right here?

He nods.

ADRIAN  
These exact fields.

Will steps closer to the field, his shoes crunching over gravel before he steps onto soft grass. He reaches out, brushing a hand over the tall canola flowers. Still green and young, they haven't yet reached the brightness of Cornwall's canola fields.

Will stares intensely across the field, his eyes narrowed with focus.

WILL  
You never took me here.

ADRIAN  
No.

Will doesn't react.

After a moment, Will starts walking into the field, glancing back once.

ADRIAN (cont'd)  
Where are you going?

WILL  
Away from you.

Adrian starts walking after him. Will takes notice, speeding up. Adrian does as well. They take off, the afternoon sun setting the field alight. After a moment Adrian's voice cuts across the field followed by footsteps.

ADRIAN  
You're insane, Baker! Are you seriously playing games-

WILL  
You're the one chasing me!

ADRIAN  
I'm not chasing you! Come back!

WILL  
Make me!

Adrian laughs and runs faster.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANOLA FIELD - AFTERNOON

*The world is hazy, images come to us in fragments rather than full forms.*

- Two young boys run across the fiery fields, the plants skimming their bare legs.

- Adrian (20) and Will (20) run across the fields, the plants skimming their bare legs.

*The images come mixed, in random sequences and order. The sounds of the ocean and of the motorway permeate the the sounds of their running, panting, and shouts.*

LOUIS ABIMBOLA (V.O.)  
Boys! Boys! Come inside!

In a flash, Louis Abimbola (56) runs with them across the field. Just as such, he is gone and the pair run alone.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S CAR; VARIOUS - DUSK

Ade wakes up with a start, the road atlas open on his lap. Fields and trees flash past, rivers bathed in golden light. He turns to look over at Will driving.

Will glances at him, and seems to notice something in Adrian's face. He tilts his head to the side.

Adrian shakes his head,

                  ADRIAN  
I just dreamed of my dad,

Will glances at him again, taking his hand over the center console.

# The Gardener's Journal Pt. II:

*"From The Mountain, You See The Mountain"*



KATIANA

WEEMS

-

ADO

I. *“our  
bodies  
are there  
before  
we are”*



*Bernie's old bandana from a trip to  
Uruguay in 2017*



I am in inconsolable.  
I cannot breathe.  
Jacob is saying he has a lump  
in his back leg.  
I'm feeling it; it is large.  
He is saying it's likely nothing,  
just fat.  
I'm agreeing, but i'm crying.  
I am running my hands over  
his soft head, it's lovely heavy  
weight in my lap.  
I know that he is going to die.

It's been weeks.  
I've nearly forgotten about the  
lump.  
We are on a walk.  
He is shitting blood  
He is shitting blood  
He is shitting blood  
It been three days and he is still  
shitting blood. He is not eating.





Jacob is home early.  
Why is he home early?  
He says the vet called.  
"It's aggressive,"  
"He has cancer".



*Affectionately dubbed Bernie's  
"necklace".*

It's been a week.  
We've spoken to so many vets.  
Gone to 3 appointments.  
They all say the same thing.  
I cannot breathe.  
He is going to die.

He was meant to lay on my  
swollen belly.  
We were supposed to have more  
time.

His body is pressing against mine,  
same as it does every night.  
He is so much bonier than before.

He's having an accident on the  
rug.  
I'm telling him it's okay.

We were just supposed to be in this  
flat for a year or two.  
We were thinking ahead.  
We were meant to get him a farm.  
He was supposed to die on the farm .



"Our bodies are there before we are" and I hate it.

I am shooting a sequence from "General Maintenance" and I am fogging up the viewfinder. I have embodied this moment and I am watching as it is being performed for me. It is beautiful; I forget myself and I allow it to tear open my grief. I do not mean to cry. My body is there before I am.



II. *“fucking leaves  
everything as it is”*

I understand it is terminal.  
But he was fine three weeks ago.  
It's happening too fast.  
(I quietly think he will beat it.)  
I know that he will die.

On the night that I decide to  
start my grieving we rut against  
each other in the dark, holding  
on tight as we seek to let go.  
This time, we do not giggle at his  
body sprawled out by our feet.  
This time, I do not think it is so  
strange that he is close by.



### III. Playing God.

Private and Confidential

Return Address  
Customer Service Centre  
BX8 0HB

Please do not use this address for any correspondence

→ We want him to eat  
→ if he doesn't eat 24+  
on poop:  
→ 1500-2000 for board  
What does he have?

biopsy  
1500

→ they do not know what stage?  
biopsy - 1500  
→ CT scan - 2000

chemo is not as bad as it is  
for people

be a bit tired  
doesn't cause any problems

- 50% chance of remission  
IF benign

- IF malignant best case/average  
is 6 months

→ Vet thinks it is malignant  
→ She would focus on tummy  
then consider letting him go.

Biopsy + Imaging : £4,000

Chemo : £9,000

Vet appointment : £70

Steroids : £60/mo

Rent : £2,175/mo

Joint bank account : £2,272.77

Personal bank account : £6.46

Expectancy with 6 months of chemo  
twice a week : 1 year

Expectancy with steroids : 3 months  
at best.





A close-up photograph of a human hand with fingers spread, resting on a crinkled, reflective surface that resembles aluminum foil. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the skin and the metallic sheen of the surface. The text 'IV. To Touch' is overlaid in the center of the image.

**IV. To Touch**

I am hurling my guts out in the second  
floor restroom.  
It has been two hours.  
The floor is concrete, cool.  
The pain has never lasted this long  
before.  
I scrape myself off the floor - I want to  
learn to knit.

My grandmother tried to teach me once.  
I was not great.  
I remember her taking my project from  
me and finishing it in an evening.  
She is getting older.  
She lives so far away.

I would like to learn to knit.

The pain has never lasted this long  
before.  
Bernie's body is pressed against me,  
the same as it is every time I am sick.  
I am falling asleep with my hands in his  
fur.

I want to learn to knit.  
I do not care that I taught myself to  
crochet.

I have been scanning my  
dying flowers for months.

I desperately want to feel  
closer to that which I image;

## #3 C - Embodiment

15 Feb

> 2d often

↳ Aspect of "speaking back"

- surrender / acceptance

- critique of individualism

↳ problems // solutions are  
individual rather than  
social / structural

- "ill Feelings" (Hartnick)

- horizontality // verticality

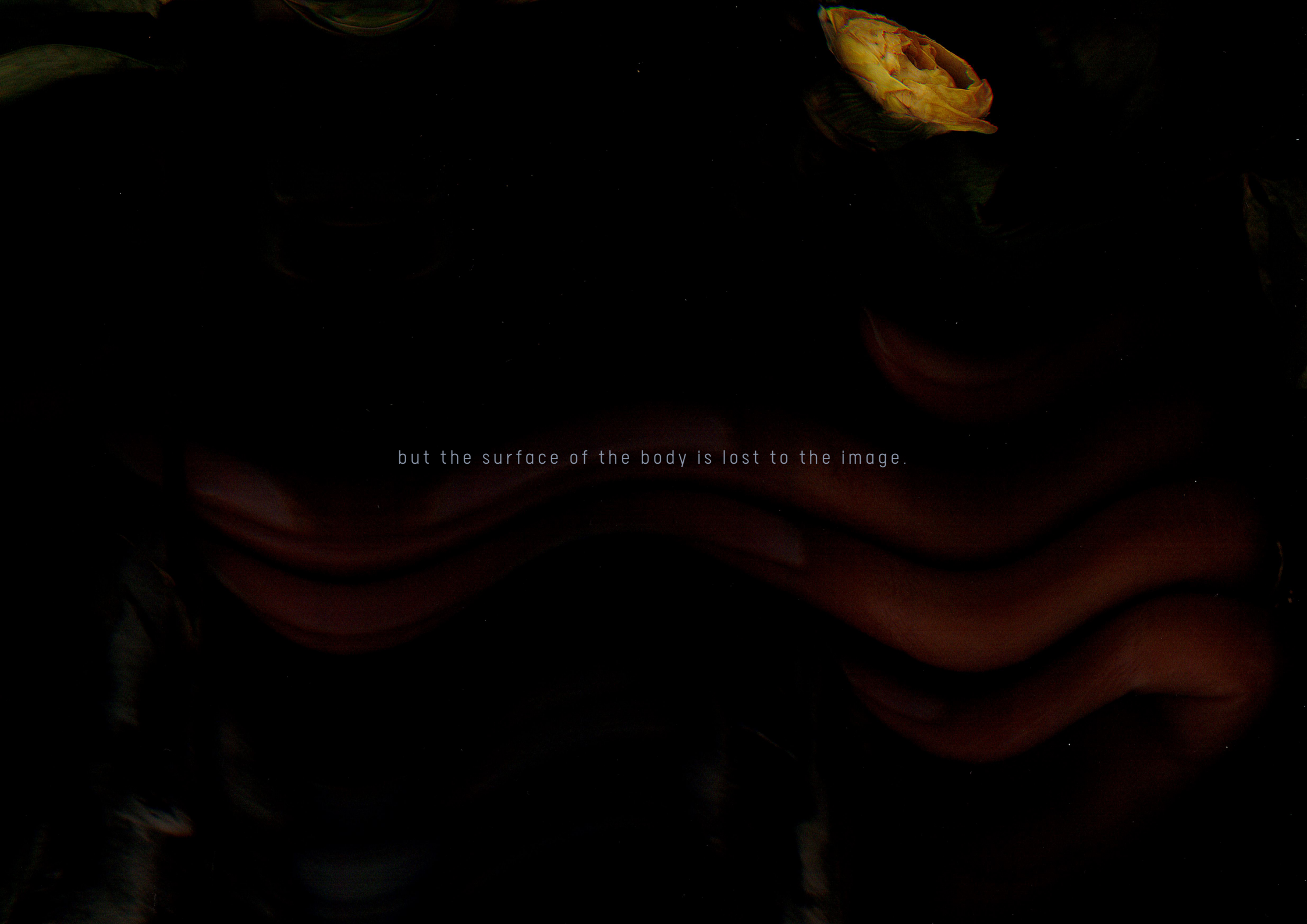
↳ how does this communicate  
w/ the 2d. spacial plane?

- the surface / physicality of the body in  
less to the image

- layers back

- immerse in a. Balance tool of control

↳ lack of awareness / controlled info.



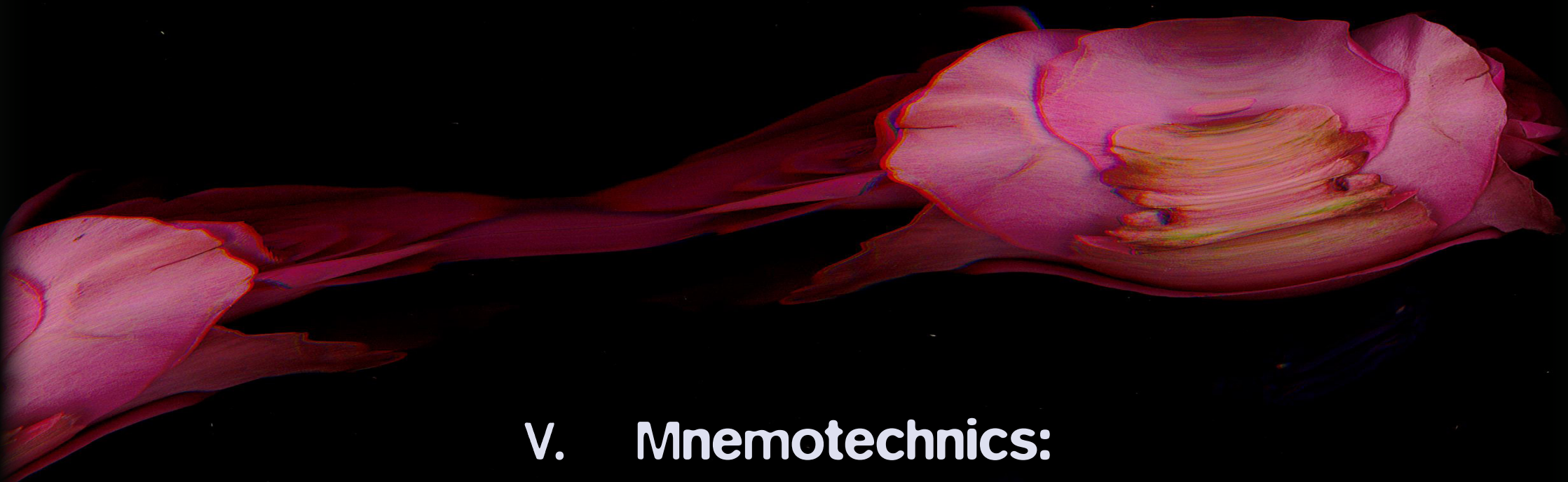
but the surface of the body is lost to the image.

Simon Ward scanned his dead cat.  
The print is brilliant,  
her dead body is suspended in a void on an  
enormous roll of paper - I had always found it  
a comforting memento mori. Everything ends  
and all that.

Now the image just makes me anxious.

When Bernie is dead, I would like to scan his  
body.  
I have already spoken to Simon about this.  
Everyday since I have wanted to take back  
the conversion.  
The surface of the body is lost to the image.





V. Mnemotechnics:  
M e m o r i a



## Embodiments

22 Feb

> w/ Sharon Gounon

↳ "The Hysterical Episodes"

↳ "indexical relations to the real" on photography

= Rosalie Schweiker

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## TFTS: Memory

29 Feb

> "No one has ever worked through an injury who repeating it... there is no possibility of not repeating... How will that repetition occur, at what rate... and with what pain & promise?"

- Judith Butler

> "Repair requires repositioning the body not only discursively, but also spatially + interpersonally"

> repetition // immediately

> "The poet as a bearer of cultural memory"



Feb 2, 2021

Hi [REDACTED]

I'm pretty sure you didn't write to me. I just heard [REDACTED] got her letter in CT from me & I'm still waiting for [REDACTED] letter to come before I make the call. But I'm pretty sure. It's okay. I know you feel... like it would be an intrusion? That you'll 'run things'? I thought... I dunno, my head can be a bit... spirally at times. Or perhaps I can be a bit too logical and forget that my heart knew yours for a time. I've ~~not~~ put my heart down so much to save power (I mean or huff, you know?) that I often forget I knew how to use it.

Buddy I miss you. I hope you've been feeling better. I know you're sad. (And I know you miss me too). I have faith we'll be together again, in some respect, eventually. But not now. I wish I could stop being so angry. But it's getting hard to not let people see my soft bits any other way. Any way, we still have things to discuss - there are too many staples left open. The bank knew you'll be back I think. Good I miss you &.

C

I wanted to tell you about my day -  
he felt quite at peace throughout most  
days - the longing is always a hum  
beneath it all. But at peace nevertheless.

I want to talk apart about the  
hell instead though. Our hell. The one  
we dug while we were trying so hard  
to build the opposite way. And I had weights  
and you had boulders I thought were  
rocks. We just got too heavy you know.  
(I don't even think you realized your rocks  
were boulders). And tried to carry you  
and help you but it was far too much.  
And you strained to help me carry the weights  
I was trained to carry. But that extra bit of  
weight was what pushed you over.  
So you let me go. You untied me and you  
you fell. And caught yourself. Were both  
climbing back up alone. I'll try not to  
forget that. I promise I won't forget that.

I'll see you at the top buddy.

I'll sit there & wait until you get there.

I might talk to other people as they pass by,  
make walk around.

~~But I'm waiting until you~~

But I'll be waiting until you get there.

(And if you pass me, ok lets be real, I'm faster



v. “Spectatorship  
is an Act”

"Spectatorship is an act, it is not a passive situation."

To actively give your attention to - to be intimate with - asks of one to commit to the act of bearing witness.

To bear is to hold (especially relating to something heavy).

All of the familial deaths I have experienced felt far more sudden or far away. I've never experienced this level of proximity to a dying body.

I'm holding this grief differently.

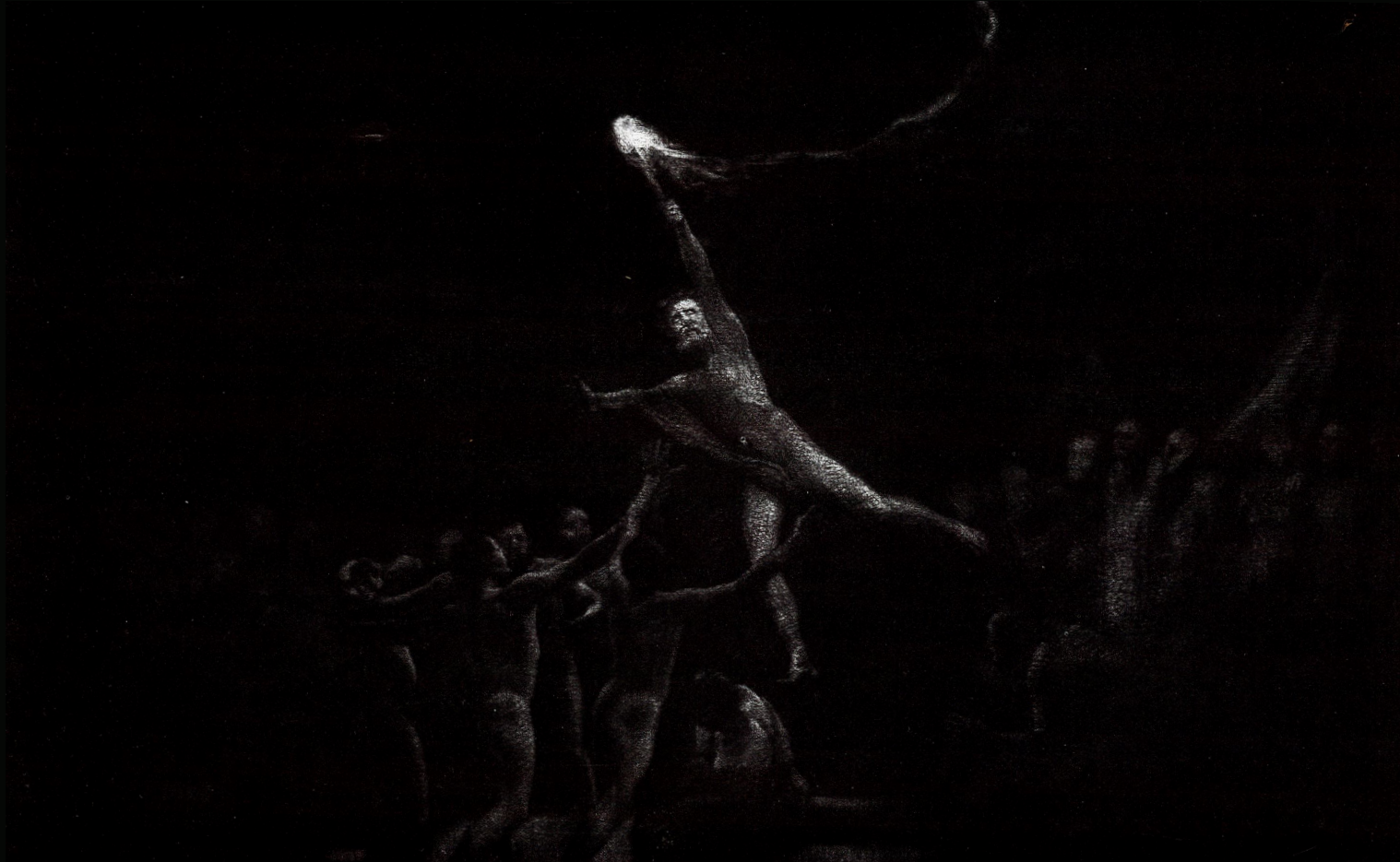
My delusions are different: instead of creating ghosts to talk to and begging for time to move backwards, I am begging for time to slow, for the cancer to magically disappear from his body.

But when I wake up in the morning, I do get to enjoy the same few minutes where I've forgotten everything other than the fact that I have woken up to another day.



A collection of various flowers, including purple and yellow roses, scattered on a black background. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The colors are vibrant against the dark background.

v. "The Lightbearer"



Max Klinger - "The Theft of Light"

Darkness. Breath.

Suddenly, a figure holding a torch descends down, a single source of light in the darkness. The dim light begins to illuminate hundreds of bodies encased in the dark.

THE WOMAN is the only one to look up, as the emotionless faces around her do not change.

They begin voraciously climbing over each other as the figure descends, torch in hand.

The mound grows. The WOMAN viciously fights her way to the top, clawing and scraping.

Most of the faces around her are emotionless, mindlessly fighting their way to the light.

One BODY makes it to the figure with the light first, another with an emotionless face. They kick another out of the way and off the mound and grab the arm of the figure.

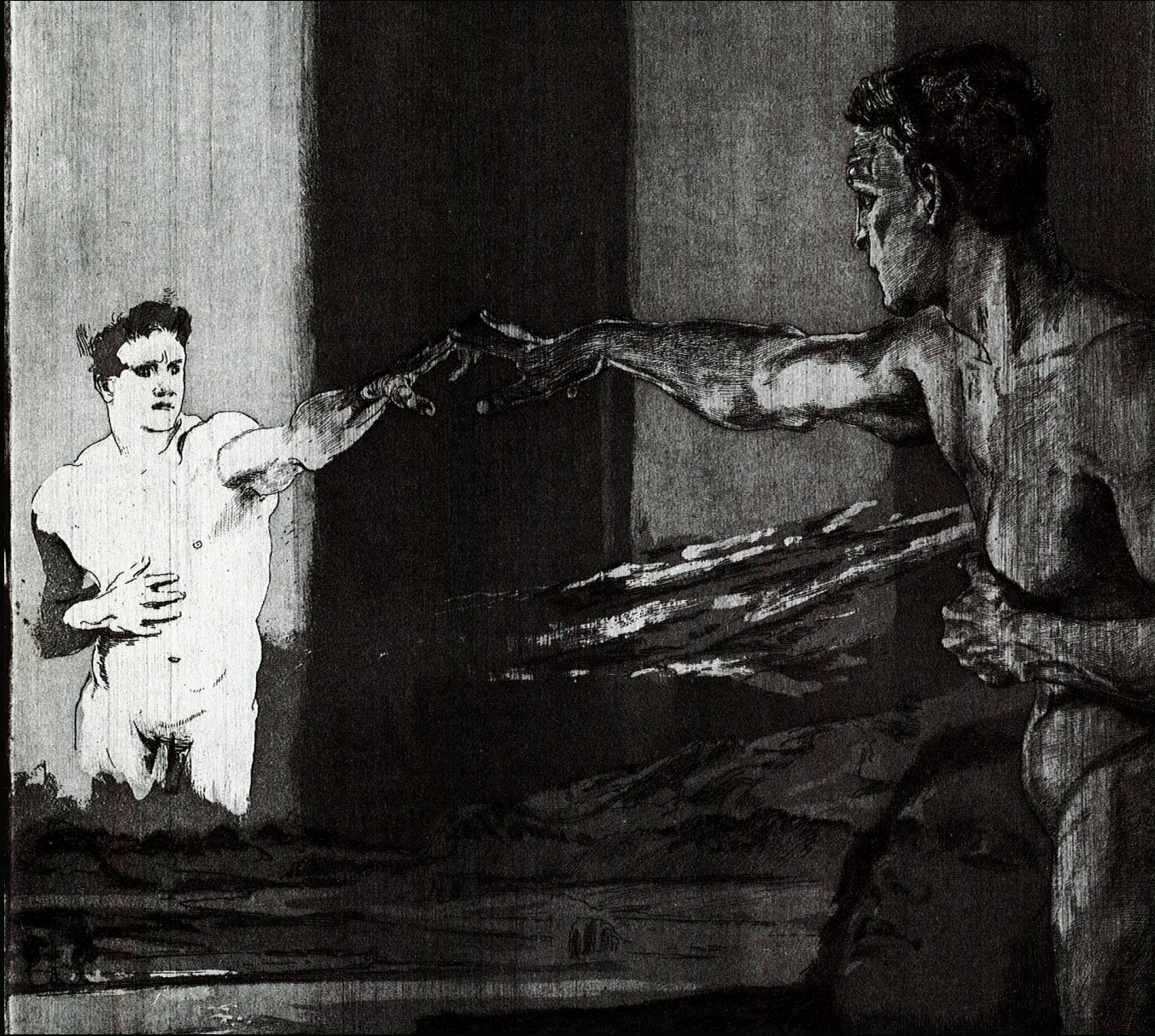
The woman fights harder.

The light bearer and the body begin to float away, the light sapping away, darkness overtaking the mass of bodies. The woman screams.

It's a guttural thing, nasty and laden with a barely contained sob.

The screams start, all overlapping, begging to be taken away.

the light bearer ascends, and the world is once again encased in darkness.





"The Lightbearer" is a piece loosely based off of a letter [letter #31] from an old diary of mine.

The film follows a character that has fallen and exists on the edge of an abyss, exiled in darkness. After fighting her way to ascension, she embarks on a quest to find The Lightbearer, who has the power to take away her grief.





A subversion of the monomyth, the film navigates longing, the weight of moving on in the face of post-trauma grief, and the comfortable sense of order that stories and memoria bring when standing in the aftershocks.

