

The Gardender's Journal Pt. III:

"Time is a Boomerang"



KATIANA

WEEMS

-

ADO

A botanical specimen of a plant, possibly a species of Verbena, is shown against a dark background. The specimen consists of several stems with green, lanceolate leaves. One stem features a cluster of small, purple flowers. Another stem has a large, dried, brownish-yellow flower head. A third stem shows a cluster of small, purple flowers. The text "I. INTRODUCTION" is overlaid on the image in white, bold, sans-serif font.

I. INTRODUCTION

Christina Sharpe writes that
"time collapses in on itself; it is not
linear; it is a boomerang".

If time collapses, what can you grab
before it's gone?

Before I sat down to begin writing this
introduction, I washed out Bernie's food
bowl.

At the time I am writing this it has been
over one month since he passed.
We haven't put any of this things away.
His bowls have been steadily collecting
dust and food particles that have fallen
from the kitchen counter.

I dried it off and set it back in its spot
after.

II. THE
IMPOSSIBLE SHAPE;
R E P R I S E

♡ Katianna

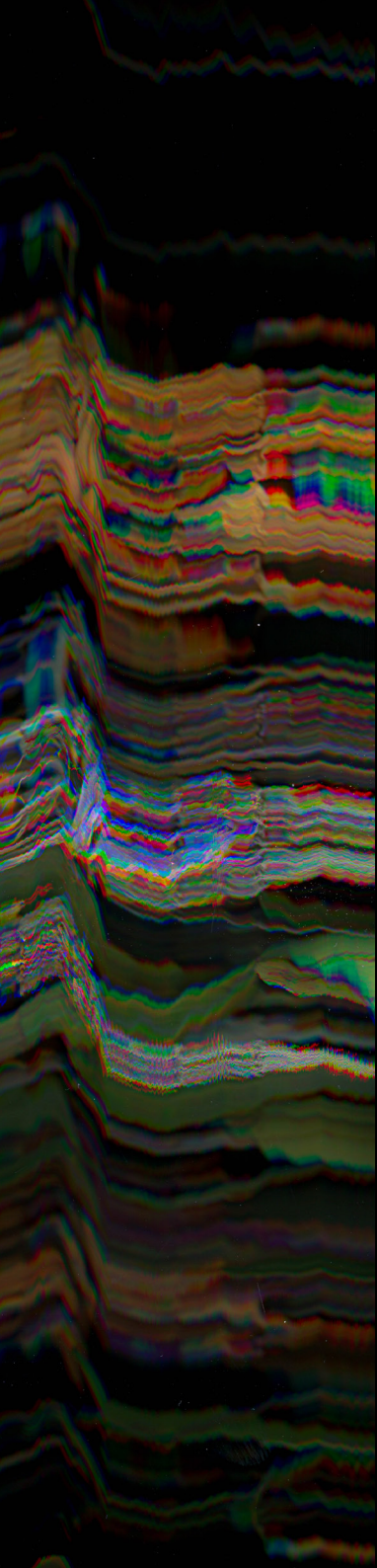
in computer ♡

I know you were busy on my name
before on my day after on
my week last week. Here is some extra
fuel & love to help get you jump!
I love you! MTYLTT

♡ Booz Co to ♡

♡ please
♡ love





dear jacob,

"sorrow makes a shape that is familiar"

it wraps around you, circles you.

it has no beginning or end.

since i met you, it has been a pleasure
to share in your sorrows.

our sorrows shall likely have no
beginning or end.


this, i hope, is a blessing.

♡ KATIANITA ♡
MY EMPANADA
♡

HELLO BEAUTIFUL! I HOPE THIS SURPRISE
GIVES YOU A BIT AND MAKES YOU SMILE
SKETCH OF MY FAVORITE PEOPLE IN
THE WHOLE WORLD ... YOU & BUBBLE
I LOVE YOU! MTY CTT
LOVE BOB



UNIVERSITY!
helena



our parents got us these flowers for our anniversary? i am uncertain, as they could also be bereavement flowers.

the time between now and bernard's death is already starting to go fuzzy.



A close-up, low-key photograph of a person's mouth and teeth, partially illuminated against a dark background. The lighting highlights the texture of the skin and the individual teeth.

III. I AM OUT OF TIME.

"bernie!!!!"

i call his name the same way i always
have as i enter the flat.

he is laying on the ground with his head
under the couch. i ask him why his head
is under the couch as i go to make him a
snack (he didn't eat that morning).

i grabbed some of his chicken? from the
fridge and held it out in my hand. he did
not want it. i said that it was okay.

i am already starting to forget what
happened next.

he was in distress; he had an accident
- he pooped laying down. we are petting
him, saying it is okay.

jacob washes up, i notice his breathing
has changed.

"...hey jacob? i think you should maybe
come over here"

i think back to the night jacob told me
about the lump. i know he is going to die.
i think that this is it.

his breathing is labored.
i am petting him .
jacob is petting him.

i watch him slip away through his eyes.

the hand i have on his heart informs me
that he has passed.

rather, he has died - "*passed* skirt[s] the
hard work of dying".

his eyes remain open.

jacob is howling, clutching bernie's life-
less body against his as the its legs flop
open and the tongue drops out of its
mouth.

i've looked away. i do not want to see
that detestable cancer-ridden body that
couldn't keep him here with us.

i do not exist. i am out of time.

jacob is calling the vet, i am staring at
the wall & sitting on the couch.

~~bernie~~ bernie's body is wrapped in a
sheet?

i am not sure when that happened.

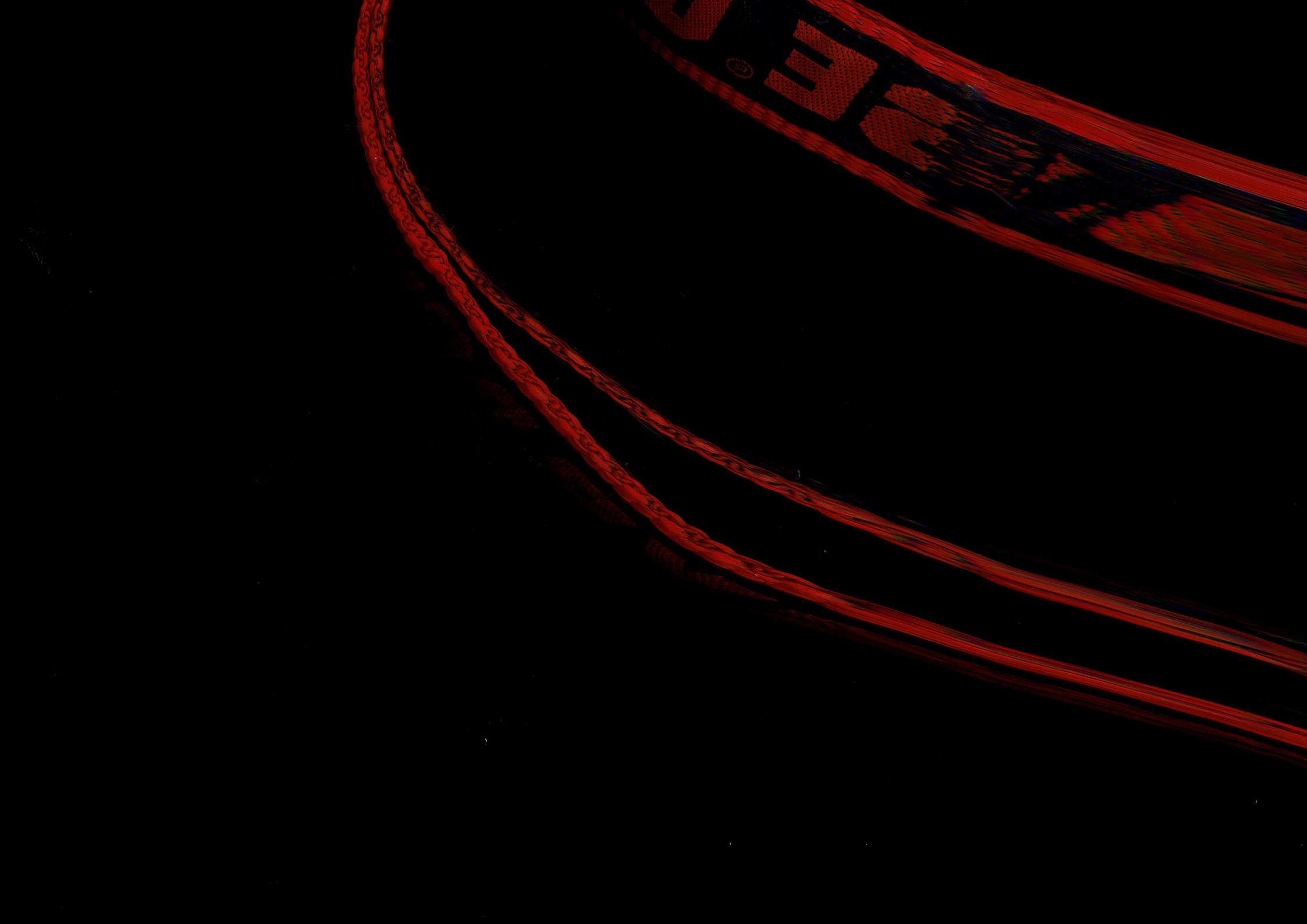
it is dripping liquids. the carpet where
he died is wet.

the ER vet is annoying and unhelpful, i
can hear her through the phone.

it's fucking sunday evening and the
nearest open vet is far.

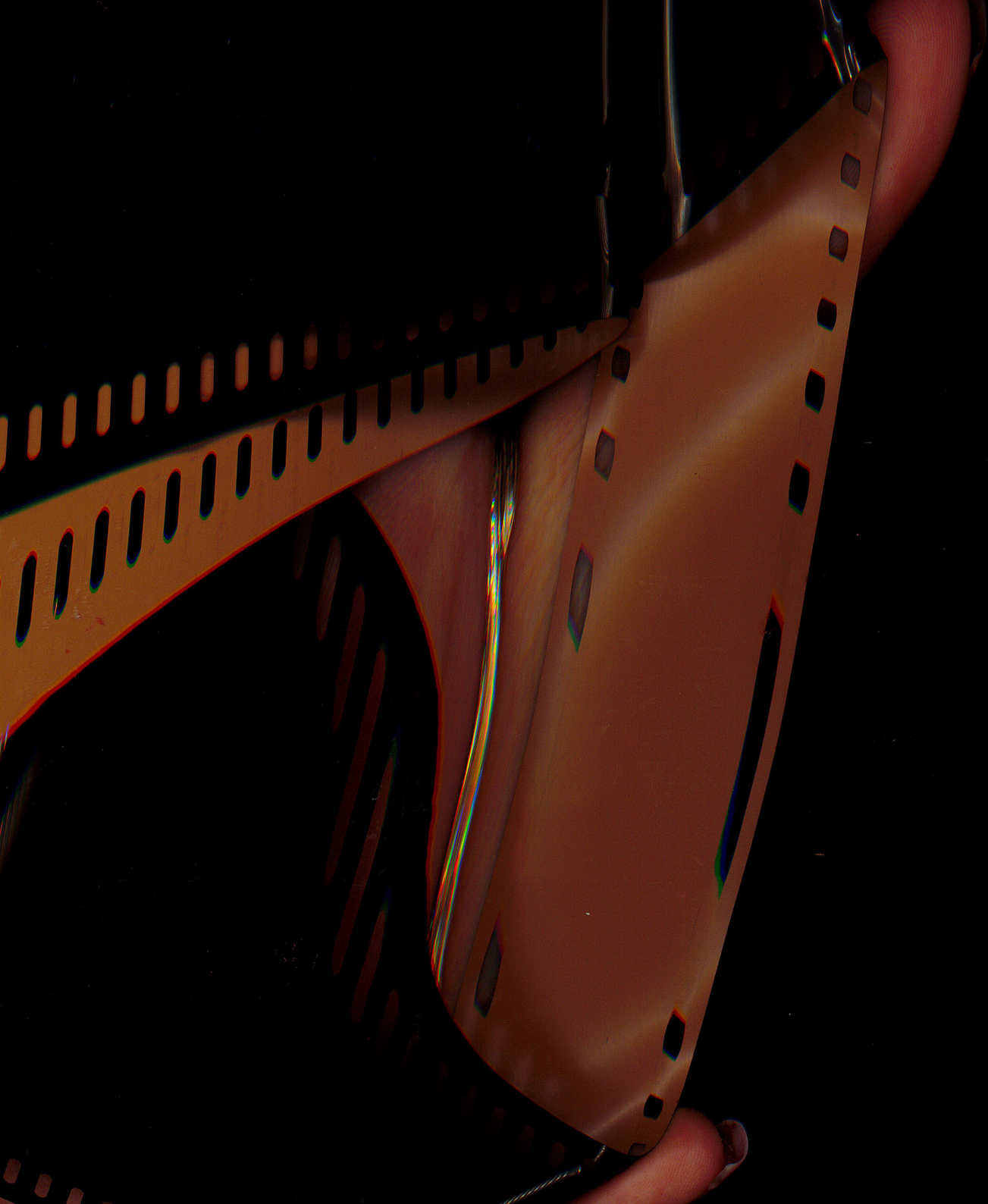
in the end, we wrap ~~him~~ his body in one
of the vacuum seal bags we used to
bring his toys over, put it in a suitcase,
and uber there.

it is a little funny; the thought of the
wheels on the cobblestones makes me
want to laugh and vomit.



A close-up photograph of a hand holding a black film strip against a black background. The hand is positioned in the lower right, with fingers spread, holding the film strip. The film strip is partially unspooled, showing its perforated edges. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the skin and the metallic sheen of the film strip. The overall mood is contemplative and artistic.

IV. "CAPACITY TO REMEMBER"



"the capacity to remember is linked also
to the capacity to shape narrative, or
even forget it"

i started shooting this roll of film when
bernie got his diagnosis.

when i finally developed it 7 days before
he died, the whole roll was blank.

an old roll i shot in 2019. I found these underexposed, light fogged images while looking through our archive for the card the vet's office sent after he passed.

WALGREENS PHOTO CENTER
802 NOTTINGHAM ROAD
SYRACUSE, NY 13224
(315) 445-1824

GWD
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these impressions,
suggestions of figures,
suggest narrative.

personal & provocative.

scooped from time,
prompting remembrance |
prompting a new story.





this one had a tear.

who tore it?

was it an accident?

when did it happen?

what is the image of?

where was it taken?

when?

the only person i could
ask, i havn't spoken to in
in four years.

rupture, too, suggests
narrative.



Dear Mrs Werns - Ado,
As a team at Stull Lane we
would like to convey our condolences
at this difficult time.

Fernie will be missed by us all.
We are sorry for the loss
of your dear friend
and companion

We hope that you will continue
to feel welcome at Stull Lane
in the future.

Best Wishes
Yets to





V. THE BENEFICIARY

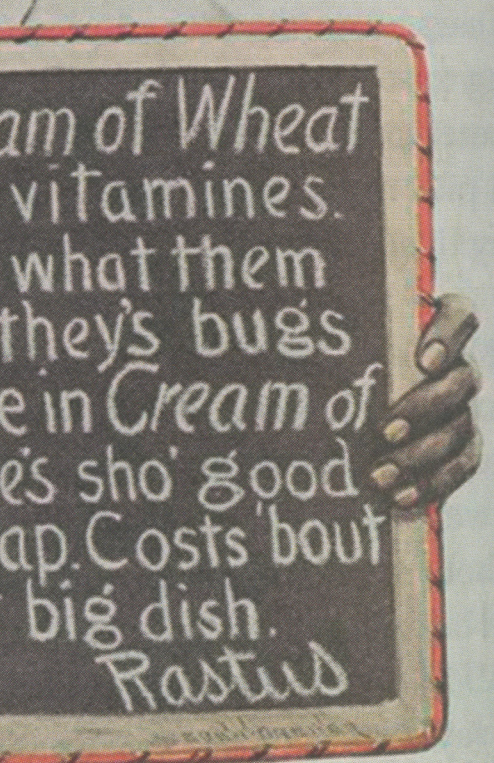


Mulberries foraged from the 170 year-old tree by the Thames in Chelsea.

There is a liberation in wild urban foraging. Equalizing almost?



HEAT

A hand holding a chalkboard with handwritten text. The text on the chalkboard reads: "Cream of Wheat vitamins. what them they's bugs e in Cream of es sho' good ap. Costs 'bout big dish. Rastus".

Cream of Wheat
vitamines.
what them
they's bugs
e in Cream of
es sho' good
ap. Costs 'bout
big dish.
Rastus

Copyright 1922 by Cream of Wheat Co.

Part of
in the same conversations, at the same time, at the same place, in the same lives; the very lives which those forces seek to control, occupy, own, use, and ultimately destroy. As a major point of contestation—in the arenas of representation and imagination—art is not immune to those forces of white supremacy and antiblackness. Far from it. This is the regime we live in, and its effects are made to be felt through all kinds of systems: most visibly, in policing and mass criminalization; less observably, but no less potently, in education and art.

The argument over representation, circulation, violence, and consumption gets knotted up, bogged down, and derailed over the question of “censorship.” Polemic is not censorship and representation in art is an arena of confrontation and conflict for Black people. Art is argument.

Visuality is not simply looking. It is a regime of seeing and being, and any so-called neutral position is a position of power that refuses to recognize itself as such.

It is a useful fiction, but it is only a fiction, to insist that art lies beyond critique. And intention aside, among the things that art may do is produce and reproduce pain; art can be cruel interpretation or malevolent intervention.

What if we proceed as if all of the knowledge that Black people have produced about the representations of Black bodies and Black people in Euro-America’s imagination actually mattered? What if this work actually shifted how one talks about that work?

Not everyone meets and stands before those devastating photos of Emmett Till in innocence, in a before-knowledge of their existence, a before of the brutalities they reveal. When Mamie Till Bradley insists that those photographs be published it is because she wants to make clear what those white people did to her fourteen-year-old son.

Till Bradley said, “Let the people see what I’ve seen.” And her son said, “Look at the pictures of my mother.”

"Manifestos" Gilliscent + Cha moiteau

* work to become multilingual
↳ always return to your native tongue

* "to agree upon a project that unites us all is a foundational act"
↳ "what can we do together"

In the same vein of relinquishing national identities, we must relinquish our desire for hierarchical roles.

↳ "waller threaten everyone"

POETICS OF THE MANIFESTO" ?

↳ document of an ideology, created to convince + convert

↳ must be "striking" ? "stand up straight"

↳ marks a moment, leaves a trace

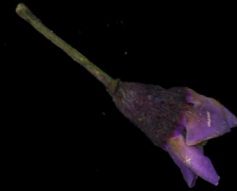
BIGNESS - it never mumbles

* its form creates its meaning *

I said what I said
↳ give yourself permission to be a lil provocative

↳ "no an alt. genre, its definition can always be ~~redefined~~ redefined"

WHAT IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY?



we kept the flowers for too long.
they molded over.



A close-up photograph of a hand holding a branch of a plant. The branch has several green, serrated leaves and clusters of small, reddish, bumpy fruits. The background is black. The text "VI. 'THE HOLE'" is overlaid in white in the center of the image.

VI. "THE HOLE"

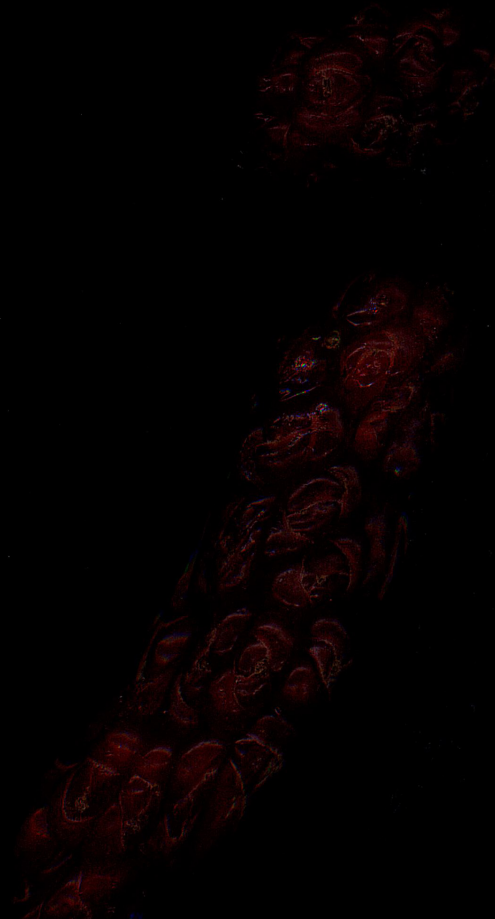
In the hole, you root around in darkness,
waiting for the chance to attempt to
fight your way out.

It's dark, it's warm.
Comfortable.
But you are a husk.

You fight your way out.

When you emerge, where are you?

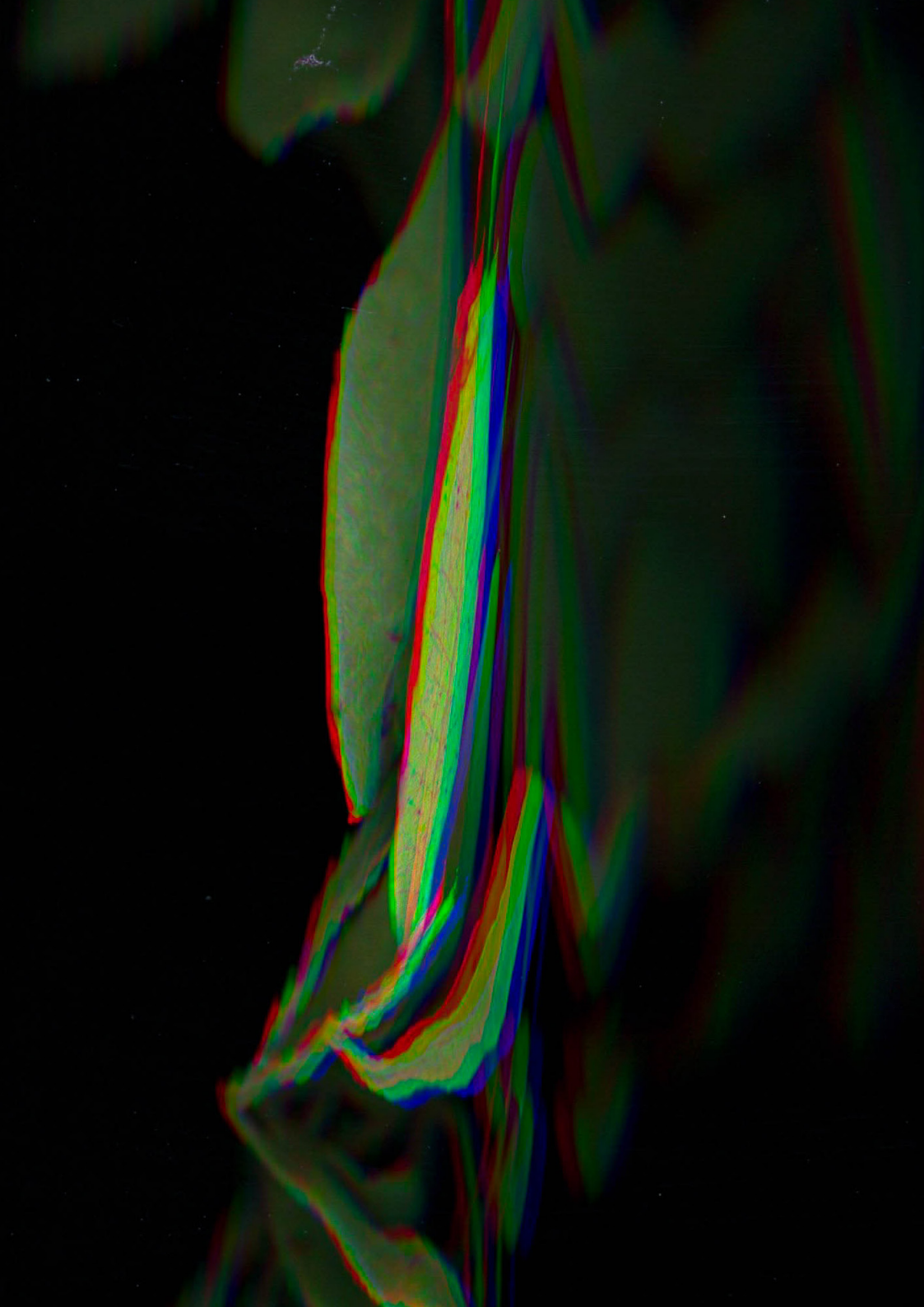
"grief fractures time" (c. sharpe) -
it ripples, slows, speeds, degrades,
distorts, contorts.



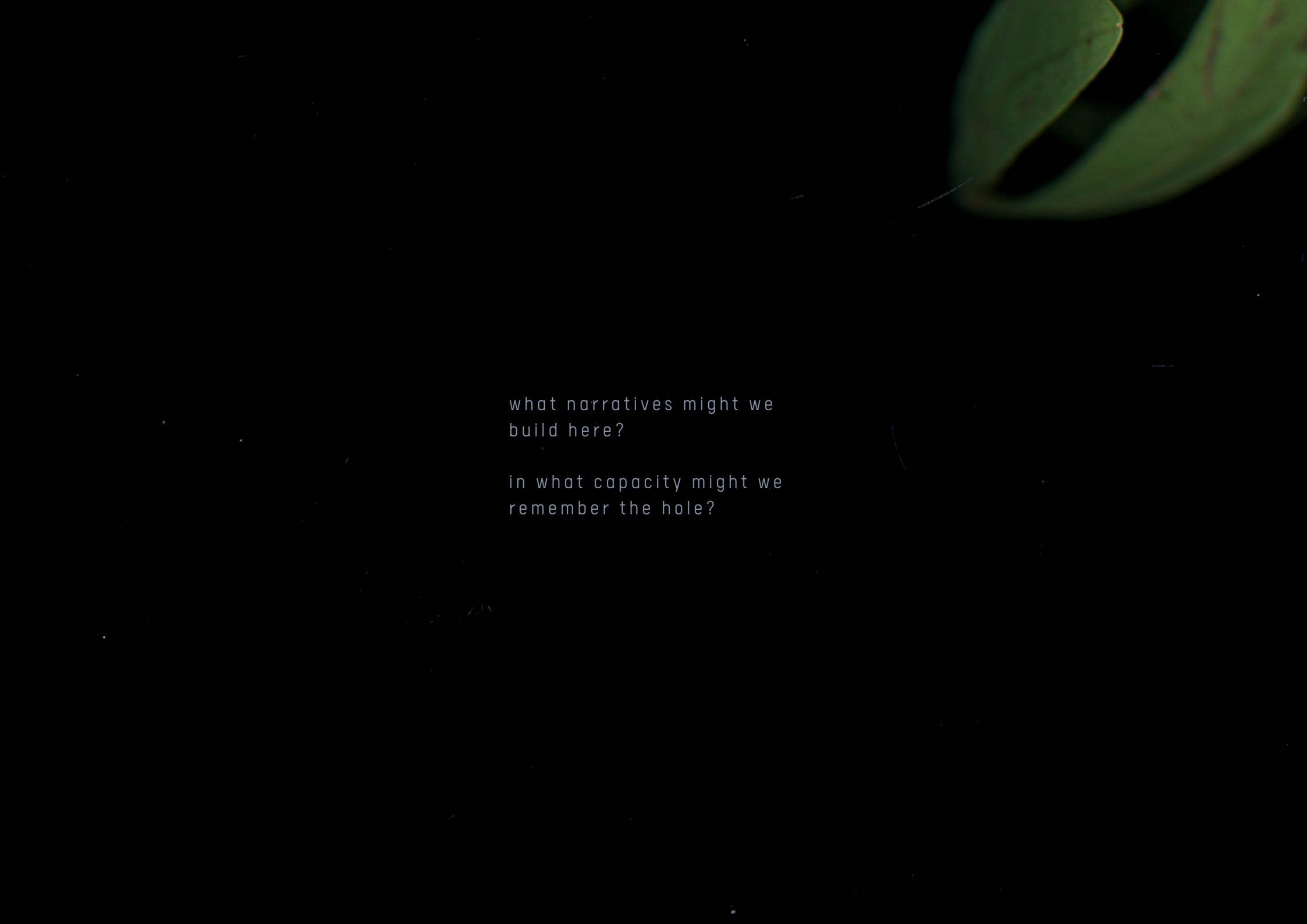
in visualizing the hole
and what might come after
i seek ways in which i might
degrade/distort/contort
canonized temporal patterns of
montage.

Sightbeener

Is there a necessary emotion?
Do we cling to it out of
necessity or out of fear?
dreamer, we are together
my fingers touch your
A and



when we emerge from the hole,
we are not 'out'.
the world we come into is vague,
esoteric, fantastic; an imitation
of reality.

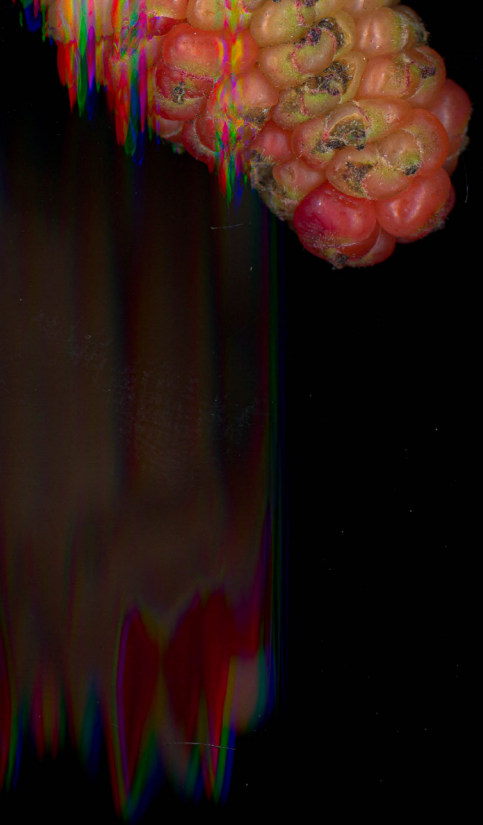


what narratives might we
build here?

in what capacity might we
remember the hole?

A cluster of raspberries is shown against a black background. The raspberries are in various stages of ripeness, with some appearing more yellowish-orange and others more red. The entire image has a digital glitch or chromatic aberration effect, with vertical lines of red, green, and blue appearing over the raspberries and leaves. The text is overlaid on the lower-left portion of the raspberries.

VII. "QUID QUID
NOX AUFERT"



VII. "WHATSOEVER
NIGHT GRABS"

"whatever night grabs"

carson's translation work
holds me. sweeps me up.

i feel a kinship with her -
another woman exploring
loss through scans.

(i must remember to thank
emily again for the book)

quid quid - whatever

nox - night, also darkness

aufert - grabs, also
separates

i suppose one might read
the latin as:

"whatever darkness
separates"

15 June

NOX

> "Always comforting to assume there is a secret behind what torments you"

> "quidquid nox aufert" - whatever night grabs

↳ Lightbeener

↳ Night as a method, as something that can take / grab / drop / stop / render impossible

June 17

LORD NOTES

> "with beauty, something is always at stake"

> NOTE 113: A REPRISE

↳ "I went looking for her"

↳ What does SEARCHING as an act require?

SEARCHING + ←
close looking

↳ what responsibility?

what is all of this scanning?

this way of image and impression making?

as a cinematographer, I
must separate and join
simultaneously.





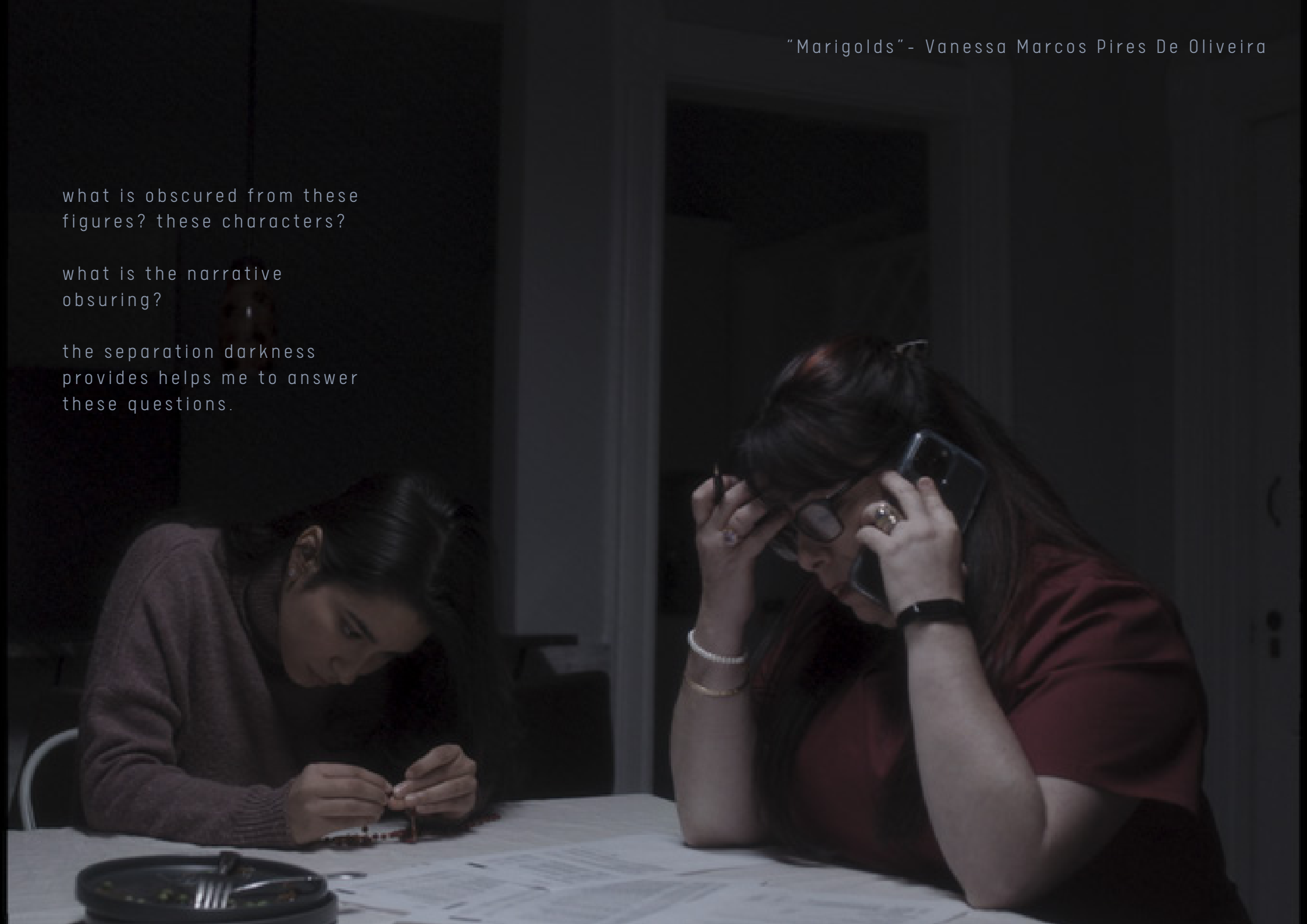
i imagine darkness might be
my partner in that process.




what is obscured from these
figures? these characters?

what is the narrative
obsuring?

the separation darkness
provides helps me to answer
these questions.





i think often of bernie's last moments. how his eyes were open but darkness was likely the last thing he saw.

"Marigolds" - Vanessa Marcos Pires De Oliveira





although jacob disagrees. he
says i was sitting in front of
bernie's head. he said the last
thing he saw was me.

perhaps it's both.



