

# 100 Scanned Quotations



Bleeding Heart (*Dicentra spectabilis*)

Kenneth Hemmerick

This writing has been a labour of love. It brings together my profound respect for flowers, the writing about flowers by others, and technology in a simple format.

In the Spring of 2004, I began to scan fresh-picked flowers from my garden, located in Montréal, Canada. The garden was created by my partner, Harry Turnbull, in 1973. The scanner I used was an Epson Perfection 1250.

Years previously, we had started experimenting with drying flowers in a microwave and had some fantastic results. A friend of ours was celebrating a birthday and we decided to give her a card made with dried Violets (*Viola papilionacea*). The idea came, why not scan the dried Violets to make the card? The results of this experiment were stunning, and thus this project was born.

Shortly thereafter, I began to scan “fresh” flowers as opposed to dried ones. I soon created a canopy so that I could scan flowers without having to compromise their shapes or forms by using the scanner lid.

The original works of this *Scanner Art* series are 4 x 6 photographs and were created using Adobe PhotoShop. The works are this size because the flowers themselves are within this size format.

The idea of adding quotations to this collection of 100 images came as I was thinking about how much this floral life means to me and wondering what other people have said about a flower or flowers in general.

Drawing from a variety of sources such as *The Penguin Dictionary of Quotations*, *The Columbia Book of Quotations*, Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, *Simpson's Contemporary Quotations*, *Respectfully Quoted: A Dictionary of Quotations* and others, I amassed a collection of over 700 quotations that contained the words “flower” or “flowers,” and did not contain the name of a specific flower.

Selecting 100 quotes from this compilation was done intuitively, in the sense that if a quotation aroused in me a sentiment of experience close to my own, then I would choose it

The selected quotations were then arranged as a *visual libretto*. This work can be read as a continuous text. It tells the story of

It could be said of me in this book I have only made up  
a bunch of other men's flowers, providing of my own  
the string that ties them together.

Michel de Montaigne (1533-92)



Violets (*Viola papilionacea*)

Read my little fable:  
He that runs may read.  
Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)



Silver Dollar Money Plant (*Lunaria annua*)

When you take a flower in your hand and really look at it, it's your world for the moment. I want to give that world to someone else. Most people in the city rush around so, they have no time to look at a flower. I want them to see it whether they want to or not.

Georgia O'Keeffe (1887–1986)



Forget-Me-Not (*Myositis*)

Flowers are words which even a baby can understand.

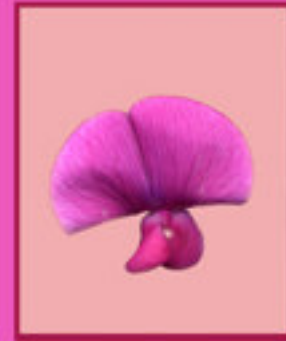
Arthur C. Coxe (1818-96)



Bethlehem Sage (*Monarda didyma*)

Flowers have spoken to me more than I can tell in written words. They are the hieroglyphics of angels, loved by all men for the beauty of the character, though few can decipher even fragments of their meaning.

Lydia M. Child (1802–1880)



Perennial Sweet Pea (*Lathyrus odoratus*)

We must remain as close to the flowers, the grass, and the butterflies as the child is who is not yet so much taller than they are. We adults, on the other hand, have outgrown them and have to lower ourselves to stoop down to them. It seems to me that the grass hates us when we confess our love for it. Whoever would partake of all good things must understand how to be small at times.

Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900)

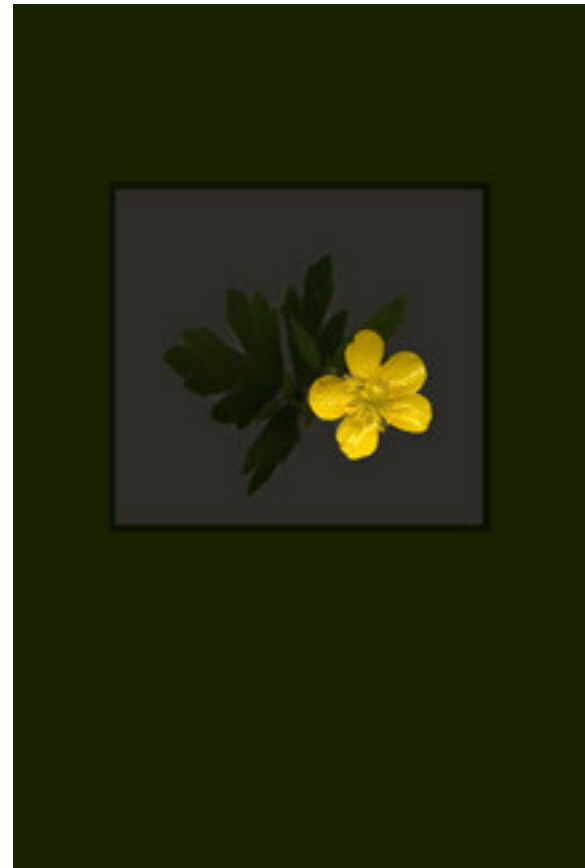


Seeded Lawn Grass



To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

William Blake (1757-1827)



Buttercup (*Ranunculus bulbosus*)

The cloning of humans is on most lists of things to worry about from Science along with behavioral control, genetic engineering, transplanted heads, computer poetry and the unrestrained growth of plastic flowers.

Lewis Thomas (1913-93)



Chinese Lantern (*Abutilon x hybridum*)

The flower is the poetry of reproduction. It is an example of the eternal seductiveness of life.

Jean Giraudoux (1882-1944)



Silver Dollar Money Plant Pod (*Lunaria annua*)

Being perfect artists and ingenuous poets, the Chinese have piously preserved the love and holy cult of flowers; one of the very rare and most ancient traditions which has survived their decadence. And since flowers had to be distinguished from each other, they have attributed graceful analogies to them, dreamy images, pure and passionate names which perpetuate and harmonize in our minds the sensations of gentle charm and violent intoxication with which they inspire us.

Octave Mirbeau (1848-1917)



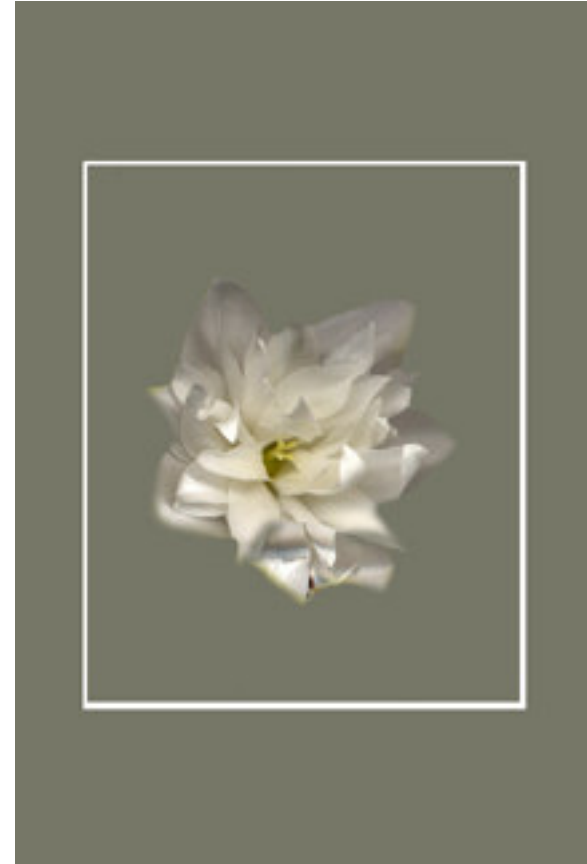
White Columbine (*Aquilegia*)

Flowers,  
fine delicate, ephemeral.

Subjected to deluge and hale  
and still surviving.

Such refined things  
are the anchor of my life  
in stormy times.

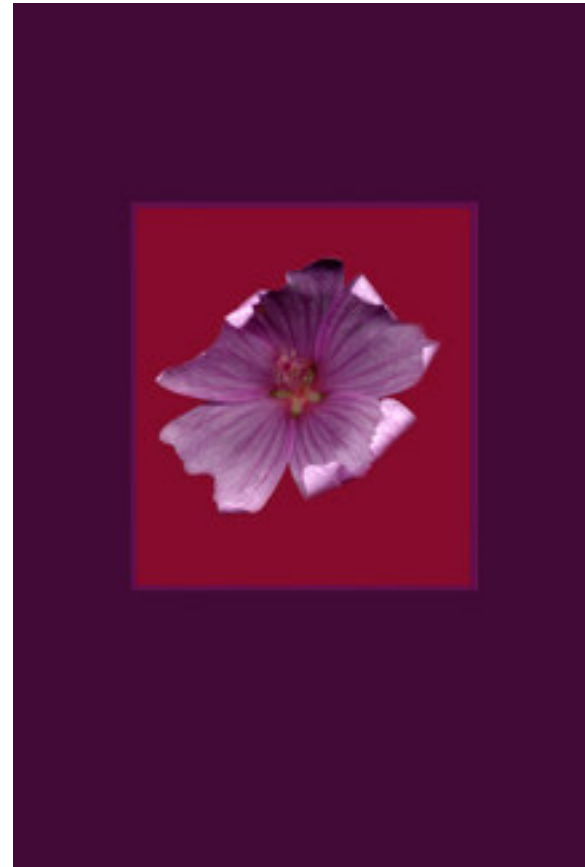
Henry Jackson Turnbull (1939-)



Mock-orange (*Philadelphus lewisii*)

I perhaps owe having become a painter to flowers.

Claude Monet (1840-1926)



Perennial Mallow (*Malva moschata*)

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,  
To make us see we are but flowers that glide.

Which when we once can finde and prove,  
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.

George Herbert (1593-1633)



Cornflower (*Centaurea cyanus*)

Yes, in the poor man' s garden grow  
Far more than herbs and flowers—  
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,  
And joy for weary hours.

Mary Howitt (1804-1888)



Blue Angel (*Salvia patens*)



There is an old proverb much in evidence now at the [National Opera]: If you want the flowers in your garden to be glorious and to smell good, you must risk an occasional stink.

Lord Harewood (George Henry Hubert Lascelles (1923 -)



Sweet William (*Dianthus barbatus*)

Scent is the soul of flowers, and sea flowers, as splendid as they may be, have no soul!

Jules Verne (1828-1905)



'Christophii' Allium

All florists praise the fragrance of their own flowers.

Chinese Proverb



Flowering Almond (*Prunus triloba*)

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air.

Francis Bacon (1591-1626)



Honeysuckle (*Lonicera*)

Flowers laugh before thee upon their beds  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh  
and strong.

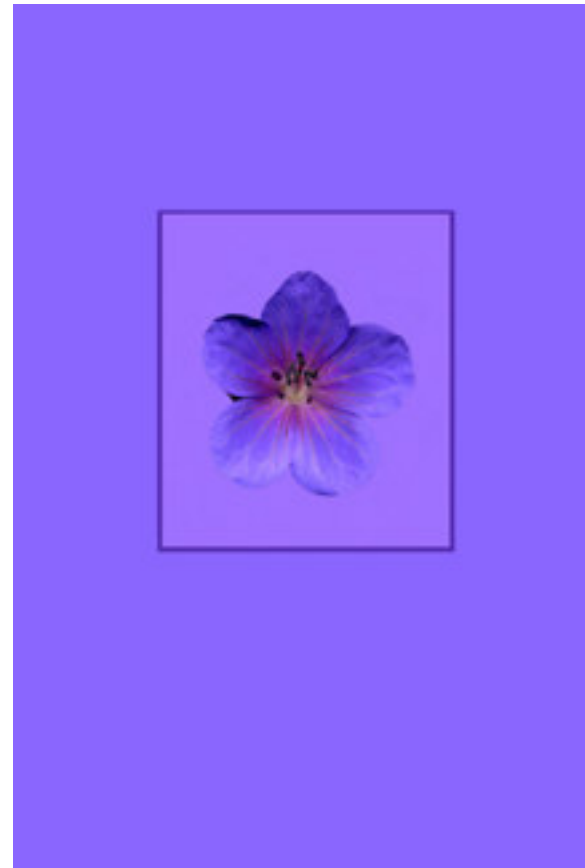
William Wordsworth (1770–1850)



Pink Phlox (*Phlox arendsii*)

Would you sell the colors of your sunset and the fragrance  
Of your flowers, and the passionate wonder of your forest  
For a creed that will not let you dance?

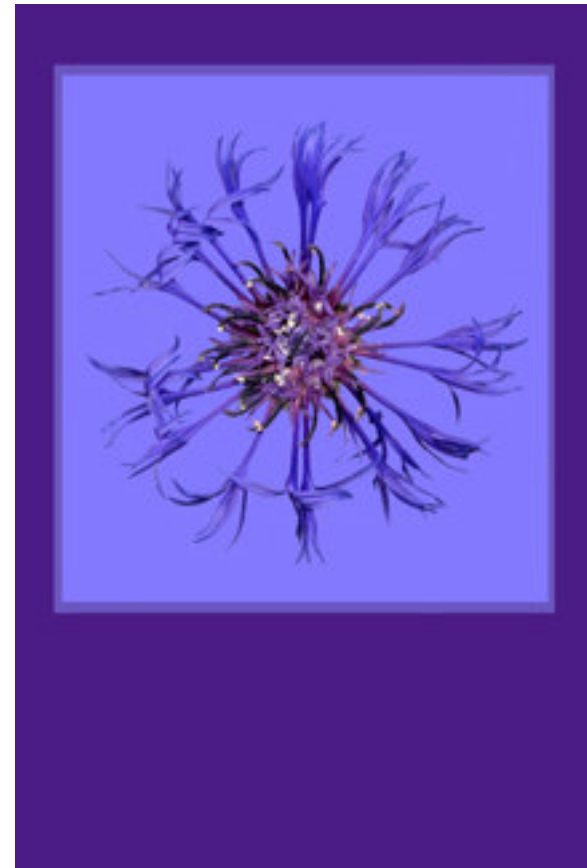
Helene Johnson (1907-1995)



Wild Geranium (*Geranium maculatum* L.)

When I am finishing a picture, I hold some God-made object up to it – a rock, a flower, the branch of a tree or my hand – as a final test. If the painting stands up beside a thing man cannot make, the painting is authentic. If there is a clash between the two, it's bad art.

Marc Chagall (1887-1985)



Mountain Bluet (*Centaurea montana*)

If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this: in portrait painting to put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that one day; to paint the man, in short, as well as his features.

James McNeill Whistler (1834–1903)

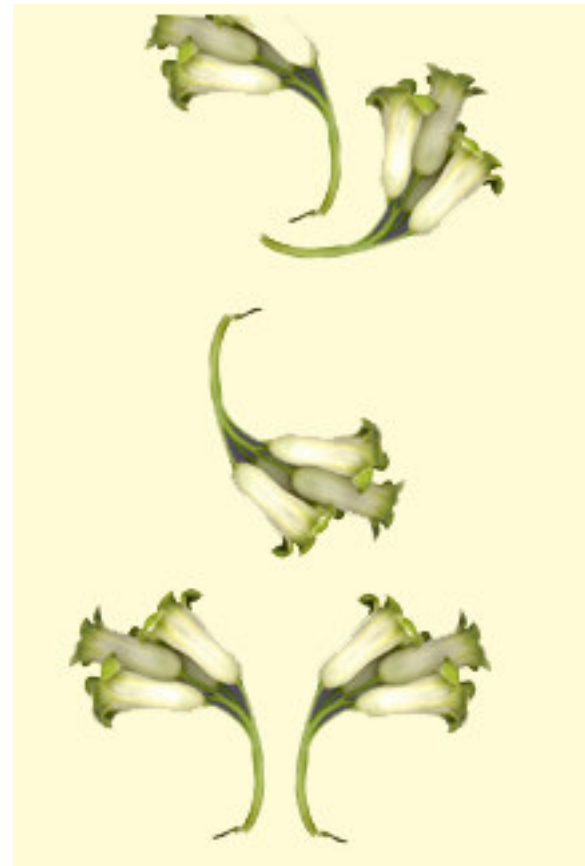


Cranebill (*Geranium sanguineum* 'Alpenglow' )



The most precious gift we can offer others is our presence. When mindfulness embraces those we love, they will bloom like flowers.

Thich Nhat Hanh (1926- )



Solomon's Seal (*Polygonatum*)

To see a world in a grain of sand  
And a heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand  
And eternity in an hour.

William Blake (1757–1827)



Wild Rose (*Rosa canina*)

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)



Mayflower (*Geranium sylvaticum* ' Mayflower' )