

DEEP ECO PRÉ

Tina Darragh & Marcella Durand

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e - e d i t i o n s

Deep eco pré
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ecopoetics #4/5 <http://ecopoetics.files.wordpress.com/2008/06/eco4.pdf>

How2 vol. 3.2 http://www.asu.edu/pipercenter/how2journal/vol_3_no_2/ecopoetics/darraghdurand.html

Poetry Project Newsletter #186, Oct/Nov 2001

Anomaly #1, Spring/Summer 2002

DEEP ECO PRÉ
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DEEP ECO PRÉ **5**

Deep Eco Pré-cautionary Ponge-
ABLEs: Collaborative Essay on
Ecopoetics **27**

Interview **35**

8/11/01

DEEP ECO PRÉ—conceived as a collaboration with Marcella Durand via the Internet, this summer, not far from such places as the green belt around the co-operative where I live with P. and Jack, and the best harbor in the world.

We, e,e, we

From (deep) ecology from (social) ecology from ecofeminism, the pré as eco. Great _____ delle LAY brugge
1300 *poems*.

Mixed extension (from the point where we were, the spot where we happen to be, from where we overlook the scene, where we thought of it, first time, as a pré), we were among bucklings, common colors, popular scrubs, ant-wide wyp-outes.

And right below us ran shape betrays, some relation *Out/* before Listener laws end chemicals.

Between the two, deep eco pré. A summer camp class picking up trash from their playground.

We reflected, then, on nature without homage to origin. A trans-what-is-morph-isis of natter, we said to ourselves, linked with the Internet, that is, with lines that are sometimes up and sometimes down, small fragments reduced to letters, seconds—and layers, questions round. That nonetheless remain sound, wagging.

Several passageways (reversals, sometimes, but generally horizontals, unruly parts) between the misreading shocks. Here and there we can comfortably put our feet down. We could trample.

We could not trample.

Mixed extension; deep eco pré; we can query similar slates.

From the point we were to where we overlook the scene
We overlook the scene and are part of the point in which we are
From where we see the translations of picture to picture
We were among bucklings, yews and common colors,
Dark green, one equal among dark green and lighter greens
Equal among the land masses and the words taking
Place in slightly different forms among the desert deips, dens
That we would think are coming out of our translations
Here and there we could comfortably put our feet down
While leaving only with what we came with
While figuring out what space we should occupy
In between the words and the lighter greens, the common colors
Social e, feminist e, deep e, dp e, fminist e, social
Dp co re, pré-eco being, in mammoth caves,

Flipping through cave walls, becoming as if a stone,
 Bemused by from where we were outside the mouth
 Feeling translations, transmorphosis which is nagging,
 embrace of e, c, o, applied to word and location,
 without distinction, lines up and sometimes down,
 seconds—and layers, sometimes round.

Deep eco pré 2

8/12/01

DEEP ECO PRÉ—conceived as a collaboration with Marcella Durand via the Internet, this summer, not far.

we, e,e, we

Differences among deep ecology (shift away from people-centered = self-realization for all beings), social ecology (distorted social relations = wanton destruction of nature), and ecofeminism (patriarchy's logic of domination = ecological crisis)

On the dry lines there is not an e in we most days.

Donna Haraway's pré.

Wells shape some buckling, desert colors den and deip.
 Between the two, deep eco pré. There is anything you like for news and views.

From (deep) ecology from (social) ecology from ecofeminism, the pré as eco. Great _____ delle LAY brugge
 1300 *poems*. And the short _____, itself, without distinction.

A trans-what-is-morph-isis of natter linked with the Internet, that is, with lines that are sometimes up and sometimes down, small fragments reduced to letters, seconds—and layers, questions round. That nonetheless remain sound, wagging.

From point we were (deep) ecology
 pré as eco, eco as a pré. We, e, e, we
 (social) ecology from eco(feminism)
 (having just heard a bike path thru
 the woods, having just heard asphalt
 erodes, having just heard endangered
 species logjam “resolved” “for now,” eco
 pré, a mixed extension (from the point we were,
 T where we overlook the scene the spot
 where we happen to be, from which we overlook

the scene, where we thought of it, first time, as a pré),

And right below us ran shape betrays, some relation before Listener laws end chemicals, or endangered species praise, or logjam accord.

Between the two, deep eco pré. A summer camp class picking up trash from their playground. Us here and between there a fulltime dump, accord, when handed down, and trucked away

We reflected, then, on nature without homage to origin. A trans-what-is-morph-isis of matter, we said to ourselves, equal among the land masses, or the mass extinctions, social e feminist e, deep e, dpe, fmnst, scl, dper, dpré, the sea calf eaten on the beach

and masses eaten and deprived upon while what space we shld occupy, leaving with only what we came with, climbing the rock face with metal pitons and sheaths, the first time we thought of it as a pré, transmorph-what-is matter, mttr, on dry lines no e in we most ways, small pieces in dp fmst scl where we thought of it and right below us ran shape betrays or under pitons rock displays, no matter matters, or the beliefs around, the scene for us, and us alone

p. 98

Does ecology reduce the world to the status of a picture?

Status of "picture" in bedded surface
sides in anonymous/unanimous appeal

fracturing into (Craig)	anon -> in one mind <- unanime in one state	which was absence of thms <i>Suppl. 7 Mar the fallacies</i>
chiates the feet	in one motion	<i>Listener 27</i>
implying that	in one movement	repeat = 'Beg
Speaker's words	in one moment	CAXTON night

sides concern in one state
we dark place in one motion
represent "outside" in one movement
pré flat chord in one moment

chiates point dark greens and occupy
implying the deips and different among
Speaker's taking to picture thms
Listener _____ bucklings, turbing

Common green, one equal fearfulness
CAXTON among the words taking
Place in slightly different deips
would think death <-unanime

Of the two crossed Social e
One space least n between words
After a, and the surface appeal
Status of sides in bedded colors

status of sides in bedded colors

flat chord in one moment
 from where we overlooked the scene, among dry shrubs
 a score accompanies, but is not explained
 it is companion, a “wider identification”

does ecology reduce the world to a picture and
 in a still blue sky one bird
 the shape of a sentence cuts across and
 introduces a question

whether the ego should be the size of a meadow
 and a Deep Ecology Platform, constructed like a fire tower,
 the making represents the evolution, the search for formulation,
 constructing id, ego and ancient tribal wisdom, reflected in the meadows

discovered in the product and presentation, if the meadow is a product, or a
 presentation, and a word flies across the static, prepared for no prostration,
 (“to preserve the verticalities”) if this meadow is like the larger forest, a sanctuary,
 a giant T, prepare, pare, pret, pres, near to us, presque, presque here,
 almost here

and here the picture, paint by numbers, and below
 us, preserving verticalities, runs a river (the Lignon)
 place as well as pasturage; we can assimilate it
 it is presque here, prepared, pared away as we have been prepared

February 19, 2002

status of sides in bedded colors

flat chord in one moment
 the numbers invoked to demonstrate
 from where, among dry, we overlooked, among dry
 less than a page, he discounts
 a score *comp*, but is not explained
 When he finally gets to extinction
 it is companion, a “wider identification”

does ecology reduce the world to a picture
 “living [sky one] dead”
 in a still blue sky one bird
 the shape of a sentence cuts across and
 because it sounds more “ominous”
 introduces a question

whether the ego could be the size of a meadow
 confounds tree damage
 and a Deep Ecology Platform, constructed like a fire tower,
 the making evolution, the search for formulation,
 instance, permeates the book
 constructing id, ego and ancient tribal wisdom, reflected in the meadows

discovered if the meadow is a product
 the initial step, and skip we-are-doing-fine tone
 presentation, and a word flies across the static, prepared for no
 capacity or cloud feedback?
 (“to preserve the verticalities”) if this meadow is like the larger forest,
 a sanctuary, change damages
 a giant T, prepare, pare, pret, pres, near to us, presque, presque here,
 almost here energy covers a scant 19 pages

and here the picture, paint by numbers, and below
 low as those enjoyed
 us, preserving verticalities, runs a river (the Lignon)
 place as well as pasturage; we can assimilate it
 years” he says nothing
 it is presque here, prepared, pared away as we have been prepared
 forests for the number

March 2, 2002

forests for the number

overcounted and platforms, a deep apron
covering meadows, constructed like a tower
if the meadow is perfect, prepared for no capacity

a giant T, scant, near to us, rings like a harpsichord
and the forest like organs (and of the rocks) and the violin bow (?)
of the stream (or of water). it means a clavier (several octaves) of *varied* notes.
it means a *thin timbre*. it means a man watching on an island for birds. it means
the days are moving closer together and it means the pack ice is a deeper green.
it means the book is permeated with words flying across static, a scant pré, presque,
almost here energy covers a painted number, as we can assimilate it, pared away as we
have been prepared, forests for the number, overnumbered, and crunching pages,

discovered as if the meadow had been perfect
or the ego had been perfect observing the meadow
brief, like music of music boxes. Field varied and usually inflexible.
As numbers are varied and usually flexible. As statistics low as we enjoyed
preserved verticalities; we can assimilate it. (pasturage). years” he says nothing,
(from the grave to the acute), a little like a clavier, little *ringings* and without pedals, *brief*,
tedious-in-its-frailness, the pack ice, and numbered over 27 years, crunched,
“what about it don’t you understand?” *it* being global warming, what about it?

we-are-doing-fine note, tone, presentation, as those who enjoyed us,
pared away as we have been presque, and are presque, if the meadow is a product,
then protect the product—“but it is too late. Today I am thinking again about that harpsichord—”
says Ph.S. last night. because defined in terms of the DEP, seeking to be as inclusive as possible,
a dynamic *social movement* and an explicit *philosophical worldview*
and there is oil under each national park, and each tree is oily filled with oil,
energy moves through the isolated pockets, as ego channeled through clavier,
vertical and pared away, a giant T like an apron, changes damages, below
low as we had enjoyed, brief pockets, a river running by

March 19, 2002

forests for the number

overcounted and platforms, a deep apron
 variation differentiates higher insist
 covering meadows, constructed like a tower
 theorists dislo future traits
 if the meadow is perfect, prepared for no capacity

one damned thing after the next
 a giant T, scant, near to us, rings like a harpsichord
 a mere fold in knowledge
 and the forest like organs (and of the rocks) and the violin bow (?)
 trasting "is" and "ought"
 of the stream (or of water). it means a clavier (several octaves) of *varied* notes.
 stymied to damage, wegian to crisis
 it means a *thin timbre*. it means a man watching on an island for birds. it means
 eclipsed mental concerns the days. It means nothing tents with "a trace" as
 the days are moving closer together and pack ice is a deeper green.
 it means the book is permeated with words flying across static, a scant pre, presque,
 almost here energy covers a painted number, as we can assimilate it, pared away as we
 are alleling despite parallel guage shifting erence
 have been prepared, forests for the number, overnumbered, and crunching pages,

discovered as if the meadow had been perfect
 side just out whose insistent shops conceived bursts
 or the ego had been perfect observing the meadow
 on a par with speech rather thin to him
 brief, like music of music boxes. Field varied and usually inflexible.
 quiet but to copy, notes ago solo thrum numbers varied
 and usually flexible. As statistics low as we enjoyed night
 preserved verticalities; we can assimilate it. (pasturage). years" he says nothing,
 plucking acute stems not from the heart
 (from the grave to the acute), a little like a clavier, little *ringings* and without pedals, *brief*,
 tedious-in-its-frailness, the pack ice, and numbered over 27 years, crunched,
 little *ringings* come from the mind in one less archaic
 "what about it don't you understand?" *it* being global warming, what about it?

we-are-doing-fine note, tone, presentation, as those who enjoyed us,
bursts like my letter to be quiet?
pared away as we have been presque, and are presque, if the meadow is a product,
side on that quote rather *thin* from acute
then protect the product—“but it is too late. Today I am thinking again about that harpsichord—”
says Ph.S. last night. because defined in terms of the DEP, seeking to be as inclusive as possible,
thin plucking surge (bright) of the biolin
a dynamic *social movement* and an explicit *philosophical worldview*
biolin on a par with solo chords
and there is oil under each national park, and each tree is oily filled with oil,
energy moves through the isolated pockets, as ego channeled through clavier,
vertical and pared away, a giant T like an apron, changes damages, below
low as we had enjoyed, brief pockets, a river running by

March 22, 2002

eived bursts when pack ice splits

eived bursts when pack ice splits paints sky water dark
 like my letter to be quiet? a giant T divides sky as bird
 a *thin timbre* or nothing tents with “a trace” as days move
 wegian to crisis as if a meadow had been perfect acute stems
 eart, a *timbre*, arth, h, a giant H, enjoying statistics, against
 with speech rather thin to those finding tedious-nature-delicate-*brief*

about *it* don't you understand? passed away as we have been ready
 “Today I am thinking again about that harpsichord” only just *seen* it,
 or *foreseen* or wanted to do *it*, don't you understand?
 bursts like *my* letter to be quiet—but it was too late, eiving
 why would this be right? of *varied* notes, a little like music
 last minute corrections: 7/27/64 at 4:30 P.M. the orage original
 a *longuement parlé*—

edious, less melodious than organ or strings,
 the human voice: hurried or slow, with the same rhythm
 as breakage of pack ice, dark, watery and low,
 the lips (mouthed), not from the heart, nor from the body,
 resembling a *compte rendu*, experience scientific, in all the details,
 with a luxurious precision, divine the parks oily underneath,
 and each tree oily, for those creatures *appear disinherited*,
 reject of idealism, subjectivity, and anthropocentrism,
 had the original storm not raged in us at such length,
 It was *brief* and *acute* and eives us signification.

Here are the laws of the *pré, presque* and *almost*,
 nearly there, field of our repose, prepared, close,
 and we have participated, X, T and H, a DEP,
 We came to the literal wildnerness from ego-centered
 stupidity to regenerative perception, a *longuement parle*,
 to serve as pack ice, if you will, *brief*, biolin,
 their first sojourn in surrendering the ego, for
 sunny vineyards, according to I know not 27 years,
 accumulation of past days and principle of today's day
 as snow accumulates and turns into ice, as ice covers
 poles and birds on which watched as evidence.

March 27, 2002

eived bursts when pack ice splits

bursts like *my* letter self-sufficient splits water dark as days move
 like my strings bursts when pack ice to be sky sky paints quiet divides as bird
 a *thin timbre* or nothing tents with “a trace”
 wegian to crisis or *foreseen* or wanted as if a meadow had been
 eart, a little like original, arth, h, a giant H, enjoying statistics, against
 perfect acute stems with speech rather thin to those finding tedious-orage-*brief*

a longuement parle about *it* don't you away as we have been ready
 “Today I am thinking...” “... again I came eiving”
 or *foreseen* or hurried or slow - the political import?
 bursts like *my* letter to be quiet—but it was too late, repose deglared
 why would this be *human* voice? o f *varied* notes, a little like orage-*brief*
 last minute corrections: 7/27/64 at 4:30 P.M. the orage original
 a longuement parle the human body as other than animal why would this be *human* voice?

edious, less melodious resembling a *compte* organ or strings,
 the animal voice breakage of pack ice
 the lips (mouthed) not from resembling a serve
 scientific in such length with a luxurious original storm divine the parks *appear disinherited*,
 and each tree reject of idealism had the original not *brief* and *acute* and *eives*
 the respect of hosts comparisons turbing end up
 Here are the laws of the *pré*, *presque* and *almost*,
 nearly field of our repose unlimited cravings shake “useful”
 and we have participated X T and H, a DEP,
 ego-centered surrender to serve
 pack ice will brief, biolin, accumulation of past
 poles and birds dark accordings
 sunny ice moves days past and principle accumulation
 days past today's past snow accumulates and turns
 poles and birds o n wristwatch evidence.

April 1, 2002

biolin

we have *longuement parlé* violent heresponded
 1 page in response to 11 pages in response to 515
 and readers' letters so closely identified strong
 on contempt weak in substance *talked* for so long

“again ... I came eiving” or hurried or slow each tree
 fields of our response heresounded unuseful craving
 and we have participated in response X, T and deep
 a *framework* for getting countries as in his book he responds
 Kyoto except as personal innuendo and all talking nights

12 years the number of lost species 2100 where there is today
 2001 this brief space beyond 2100 *more forests*
 0.7 percent from 1979 of 20 percent even inhabitants
 in its bed talking *all* night butnot a vast *pré* under a vast sky
 we were in the valley of a small stream, of a river, quite flowing
within against replace at least three different kinds of protest
 a biolin habitable, place strollable (*paratus, paratum*)

he understands the climate science and after 30 years
 such tabulations as 23 years change and ago 0.05 response and age
 so far it is the scientists 11-page of innuendo, 515-page
 all this in the *tone* of dream narration and then late morning 12 November
the pré where I eived it was a mountain *pré* but not vast
 where I convexed a curvature, actually limited the long
 procession, horixontal (limited expanse) our repast o n

April 7, 2002

biolin

we have i page so violent heresponded
 1 pond ent-here to 11 lenthier in response to dedon different kinds of *pré*
 and readers' letter identistrong on substance mit for o n
 procession, horixontal (limited expanse) each tree o n
 so far it is the scientists limited page eve inhabitants

“again ... I came eiving” or slow each tree
 fields of our response heresounded craving X, T
 and we have participated as in dedon X, T and deep
framework for a vast *pré* under identistrong mit
 Kyotoexcerpt sonalendo page talking nights

12 years this brief 2100 where there at least
 2001 this space brief beyond 2100 *nor forests*
 0.7 percent from 1979 of 20 percent all this in *roam*
 its bed talking *all* night *prevast* under sky
 we were in the valley of a small stream, of a river, quite kinds of protest
within habitable at least three different signs of notice
 a biolin strollable a place strollable (*paratus, paratum*)

Kyotoexcerpt and after 30 years
 we were in the valley as years change and different signs troll
 so far it is the scientists 11-page different late morning 12
 all this in the *troll* stream then late morning No vast werve
the cession I eived framework lore *pré* under repast
 I vexed where curvature store limited long werve
 procession, horixontal (*paratum* expanse) our relongpast o n

April 9, 2002

the cession where I eived

the cession where I eived on this date *earth day* une evaporation
 ellse se metamorphose in the tone of dream narration speaking for THINGS
 a recognition OF WORDS like *my* letter to be quiet when responding
 in numbered pages a framework 1 ore such tabuations as identistrong
 each tree craving T deep DEP and o oil la peut fouler as I understood, to be i
 wishing brief the *prés* are contrary to the woods and the fields the *prée* is the pré in
 flower

because people viewed the people as the nonhuman and because couched in subjunctives
 THINGS and speaking for WORDS like a letter to be *brief* procession, horxintal
 we have participated because decentralized market economies a passive contemplation
 maintain the -face-to-face both humanity and nature must be *released*
 a long and litonic stanza
 in response to dedon violent heresponded alternative to monopoly and *because*

what is wood, the beginning of carbonization where my letter, brief
 and *earth day* upon this date where I eived and far below, the river, evaporation
 a limited repast different kinds of protest and more forests
 in substance talked for so long, so far it is the scientists and despite such parallels
 Since it is so green *phenomena are self-luminous*, he said, always
 come after the fact knowing subjects and complex objects but are *looked upon*

There is no *Ding an sich*, the *pré* flowering in flowerets, and renanscence = participation
 we have *long mu ement parlé* in page so, the flowering ash as in days gone by
 probably as close as possible to hydrogen and to *control* it for human ends,
 controlling it - what is it? emphasizing that presencing occurs
 only (joltingly) night voyages / to give "voice" to nature, a curvature store

opening occurs within a more original clearing organic matter is essentially hydrates
 of carbon heresounded and as in dedon deep *framework* we have participated
 and vexed the *pré* could not be told on a single note a single layer (a single note of
 green) marvelously *covering*, I will immediately say why *But let us act*
 the direction that was *revealed* to me last night these days one myst say *prêt à*

April 22, 2002

the cession where I eived

protest so far the eived
 wood the beginning
 a recognition OF WORDS
 in numbered pages
 each tree craving T
 wishing (a single

earth day contrary ore
 ralized tone speaking to be quiet
 complex objects *my my* despite forests
 alternative to act where my letter participated
 deep DEP and quiet la peut fouler couching brief
 the *prés* are contrary carbons and fields the *prée* pored for so

because people viewed people as the nonhuman and because my letter participated
 THINGS and speaking for WORDS like a *lease* to be *brief* procession, limited vapor
 we have participated because decentralized market economies a passive single layer
 drogen the face-to-face humanity and nature must be "voice" to nature ralized litonic stanza
 in different kinds to immediately say why contrary carbons pored so *brief*

the nonhuman and beginning herebonded where my letter, brief
 and *earth day* upon this where I eived and to *control* it for passive single layers
 a limited kind of long so more couching brief
 in long so for THINGS, occurs and speaking for WORDS
 Since it is so pored *phenomena* come after the fact, he said, always
 nonhuman *lease brief* centralized market and complex objects

so are *looked upon Ding an sich*, the *pré* renascence = part ici pation
 we have *long mu ement parle* in page so the *brief store* as in *gone* by
 probably as close as possible to hydrogen and to *control* as vexed direction
 what is craving numbered T? sizing that curvature store
 only (night/night) voyages to give "voice" to nature a lease sore pored

opening occurs *within* a more original clearing organic matter is
 essentially pardrates
 of carbon heresounded as in dedon deep *framework* we have parted
 and vexed the *pré* could not be note on a single sold a single layer (a single
 note of
 green) *covering*, I will immediately size as vex *But let us act*
 the direction *parlé* was *recented* to me last night these days THINGS begin *prêt à*

May 27, 2002

I had mediately one sasked: Ph. S. 1 pm, 12 december le dernier minute
 to him I having written a letter, making the original
n'occupant plus que partiellement yes you can train
 a dog what I said "reinscribe" that road-rrriage

part of a valley the half-possibility corridor

on the va insistent session strings *finesaic*
 lease deep regard our nature to a *etc.... OK*
 less-restful than pretzels long since prepared for us
 nothing need concern us *bref* and *acute* like A RIP

masculinist concern to a pain charge that his militant
counter-motion to the bired touching 1 strike and seeking
 sole adhere to his views, as well as *ecofemnsts* Godless spirituality
 reminds us of concrete MOANB there fore the place

of the long aps can also be one where nothing ... *etc.*
for today that shall be green the moreal outage "diviseness"
 and "male behavior" leads from the *far re* touching *scape*
 lucwards that it insistent steps lands-the-1-1-1 as easful oboe

psoes possibiltiy of correction shrival from activism into
 conceptional boxes *where vigil I unit* for a verity today
 I shall be green soon found ourselves outstretched full-length
 on this MOAN a domineering win-at-all-costs where nothing need concern us

a sunny day for verily it shall be green we might find outstretched
 suddenly possessen say RIDOR in a way a carriage miht scened and sek
 flashes to the concrete of an endeavor violent acts of negating the thesis
 can also be the one of the noble's dispute *bref* vigil I unit 1-1-1

save for the blue sky and, finally, of, decision, who do not
 adhere to his own views, as well, and of, wel, of so as those, who
 do not, adhere, and save, for blue sky, of desicison, vigial 1 unit,
 report, december resubscribe, resrive parts of session rumbs mono citics

mono our large-scle sicycle, lucid as its own, do not, 1 strike with carrier 1
 20,000 extra counters, Ph.S. to this I write lastly instistent steppign down

March 26, 2003

sas I had mediately one ked: Ph. S. 1 pm, influence of the mapmakers
 the **turquoise** wave “reinscribe” waters do not announce
 you can train *n’occupant plus* strings *finesaic*
 to his vide visitor road-*rrriage*

that they are being poisoned the half-possibility corridor
 ‘More than nothing need say’. I do *for today that* history of wizards

on the va **quoise**insistent session
 strations, bread breaking among them, I believe
 lease 20,000 extra counters, Ph.S. to this *etc.... OK*
 less-restful long since prepared for us
 a sunny day us *bref* and *acute* like A RIP

beige Ents who at one time had to charge that traditional feast
counter-motion to the bired just quietly times by 21st
 sole adhere, as well as independent, and capable of envisioning
 reminds us of concrete t’nothing need say I do fore the place

mi “hgt scened” can ked
 also find outstretched where nothing ... *etc.*
shall be green the moreal outage “diviseness”
 and “male behavior” leads from the *far re* touching *scape*
 lucwards insistent steps lands-the-nothing as eas incited by their dark
 a carriage flashes to the concrete of endeavor
 noso possibiltiy of correction shrival from activism into cern’us

conceptional Xerxes *where vigil I unit* for a green soon
 cravings. Having re-identified ou’stretched all-costs
 on instistent step pign down a domineering win-where-all-costs
 call me green might Jemez parking rot
 suddenly senposses say RIDOR way violent acts of gating
 fad promise protection
 fading away in artly because the **purple** dispute *bref* vigil 1 nit 2

But no green ting, finally, of decision, woo swat
 adhere to his own views, as well, and of beings as vient
 do not add here, and save, for lueb sky, of desicison, vigial 1,
 december lop will disclose things according to session rumbs
 ressive report of session rumbs – “no mo citics”

lopill our large-sicycle, lucid as its own, do not, 1 strike with carrier
 seriously comes to descri

April 7, 2003

ou'stretched at al costs liping out large style & rumb
 into a maritime empire in the second half because the purple
 sipuste where I virgil unit artly fading away a dis-gressive
 thus roman villas as "background" thus defines "proper"

x x x x x

our nature that is as well what, eachmorning
 the "R" of landscape having reconquered again (with some precision)
 into the piece of shrival activism flashes time to charge
 a real possibility *marshalling energ marshalling energ*

green in orientation *who at one time* on the va va
 that is to say, to us (procures) take this we are (by) is as well
 the *prefs*, "hgt scened" *shall be green* might IE adjudicate
 Ents if tribal "magical" mode of disclosusre are good for nothing prepared (us)

modes of forest disclosure ent has prepared (us) (for) procures
 surge up again dosclosure lop large-cicle lucid as its own *orange* prepares valid
truth claims here is the situation: (*for this it must die, must*
 in the past tense: agreeable surface (limited expanse), prepared

(by) we wer ein the falley of a little stream disclosing more than someone riding
 insofar as **orange** omits and to some extent **yellow** desire for this certificate of the Real
 (is a medium) for not only limited exapnse capable of envisioning mi hight peril
 a rrrrgage flashes to sol adhere identical (1836) precisley this ton e

are all distinctions based I strike with carrier "then late morning of 12 November"
freely admired leaders assert/leaders teenth-centurjy it is not only a *natural*
 scene contains a lkimited of wealthy quality had to charge that angeable emotion in "packaged"
 icon of nature in nature itself as if nature we were iun the valley of a little stream

suddenly received as if already walked upon (bred and acup) OK

green to move to half-possibilyt corrindor sad I mediat
 an amenity (why not!) as a great convex curvature
 the value of hwic *where nothing* etc., etc., a goal[ess compelx of matter energ

April 23, 2003

caution that a de-centered ou'stretched exists as surface
green at al costs illas large style x x x x x
 & *rumbs* "background"
 rientation ritime ire in the second half exhibits a free-floating marshall
 faceless masters unit fading gressive
 va roman defines *energ marshalling*

eachmorning well what,
 the "R" of *rumbs* having reconquered some precision
 into the piece of shrival activism flashes time to charge
 into the piece of active flashes charge riv time
 into the flash of charged riv active-sh

to mystify the origins of our problems
 in who modes of forest
 x x x x x to us (proquered) take this we are (*gressive*) s'well
 the *prefs*), prepared *shall be green* adjudicate
 surge if tribal "disclosure" mode (us) the Real

surge has prepared (us) only a *natural*
 tribal up again sure lop - lucid as **orange** owns valid
truth claims *surge here* in the past tense
 : agreeable surface (as **orange** omits

limited spanse the little ream clos-more riding
 prepared *shall* to active cert an amenity (*green* adjudicate!)
 piece of shrival for limited ex- peril
 take this we are flashes to sol adhere

are all stinctions based **truth claims** rike with *freely* admired
 leaders-carrier "then it is not "
 scene contains charged "packaged" kimited
 icon of nature kimited in nature kimited as if nature into the flash of charged sh

active cert already walked upon (ex-visioning)
green to move limited spanse the little ream
 an amenity (our *nature!*) a great convex hwic
 surge if tribal "disclosure" *where nothing*
 er enr er energ shalling
 identical (**truth claims**) precis this ton

April 26, 2003

arm ou'stretched and caught under boulder
 findg the way alng river bed having conquered some precision
 eachmornig wellwhat has prepared us for
 that great trilogy x x x xx hence prefix to everything

into the modes of our forest shall us be proquered we are s'well
orange owns us valid exterior behavioral a collective interior
 that platitude—then resurrection of the green
 the verticality, the green verticality

limnit spanse the middle green ex-peril sure to shrival riv' time
 the justification for distributing robot truth-claims a great convex
 h/wic "if tribal disclosure" finding way long wiver having conquered
 take this we are into the flashes once said: *I conclude with constant insurrection*

xxx about the prospects once said : *for a first arrangement*
 idea of the quadrants "are all stiinctions based?" great trilogy, 1, 2, 3
 how a forest is viewed through platitudes of the *pré* better than ever before active cert
 "the sudden consciousness of the constant" grass, then, expresses

shoud remind of us th at kimited in nature reimpregnates the universal
 shallng ash tray, wishes to die in turn on the discolossal power
 very well that Organic Matter shall experience and evaluate the *forest* forst
 J.R.R. grass, then, expresses "then it is not" along with *it*, are all instinct

That Such Methods and experiential nodes under themost elementary for
 That Such Disclose, Encounter, and Use That Developmental Waves *we see yellow*
leaves grow red, then fall and what becomes of this, in the end? A habitable, place,
 strollable justification for aggregable surface gables, gagle active-ish, a little stream, in its bed.

To all Verbs, to all Actions to all the Propitious Resurrections "a sudden consciousness"
 limited spanse: No One operating from the criticize assertions (to evaluate)
 negatively vs. positively
 X XX

tabs suddenly indiscreet hence prefix to everything hencepast participle (*paratus, paratum*)
and Prefix of Prefixes. It flowers. It flourishes. take this. we are all flashes. surflashes.

May 5, 2003

ord logical prefix arangement harangatude great whe
 rase lost node which comes back since we call ar
 cerned with this restrib truth claims artifice suffi

green green! the sort of inhibition I have been a
 for quite some time in the pursuit tattoo acute ect
 fife! shalling we the universal it has for driving oke

gable tone let us press that was *revealed to*
 last night a victorious clarity I have been suff
BUT let us act as if if not with clarity at leas

I mean what we (each still tribal forest owes go-
 until four violent *like the one that some* precedes cam
 “completion” of my “essay” (didn’t go to be until fo

ideas of the quadrants *then* core resec green for qu
 ite *for it can esly* happen like the one that happ
 ... of my ess I havb en sufr /collec infer into the *modes*

at least I re-lude with first ragement shalling univ logi
 contribute to it, in the direction, intensity, if not with cla
 ri for the illusion of it four in the moring for it can eas

ily happen (*Mehr Licht!*) at the moment ..., and le
*if*I could hope for the direction revealed to me las
 I have been suffering for quite some time under all part

cles for re-strib No One heding striped that comes
 taginst that “of” F.P. fully consciously with take th
 t length since we are concerned encounter all pok

May 28, 2003

Deep Eco Pré-cautionary Ponge-ABLEs: Collaborative Essay on Eco-poetics

For Ponge, trading the anecdote for tracking things in terms of other things is crucial if we are to avoid annihilation. Expression in continuous differentiation exists as a refusal to compartmentalize knowledge.

Crucial – no longer the form of a cross, but that leading to a decision among hypotheses.

With anecdote, ecology as the “landscape department” – what is the pesticide d’jour for today’s window dressing? I’ll just have to buy something new to protect myself from it...let’s see, how about that nice filter over there – it glows a subtle sluice when all tapped out.

With 24-hour-talk-stereo-typing-till, statistics make us self-protective.

“my environment” an interior design, a mini-museum to myself – “the environment” – endangered pre-existing freeze-frame beauty, theme park of true squint.

“By assuming a categorical distinction between [“my” body and “the” environment], it is possible for regulatory authorities to issue a ‘pollutant discharge permit’ licensing the right to contaminate environments as ‘long as the exposure is below the threshold at which environmental toxins adversely affect bodies’. So bodies and the environment are sufficiently disparate to identify, through “rigorous science” those numerical coefficients that warrant contaminating soil, water, and air without allegedly harming humans.”

Toxic loads we carry:	styrene and ethyl phenol - all of us
	chlorobenzene, benzene, ethyl benzene – 96% of us
	toluene – 91% of us
	polychlorinated byphenols – 83% of us

If we are to avoid annihilation – hesitation in finishing that sentence. To annihilate a sentence, move back from the end and continue through the rest of the sentence. If destruction of language is similar to destruction of environment, then what is the destruction of metaphor similar to, says Angus Fletcher, sort of. The computer emanates PBDEs and is particularly toxic to poets. Retinas degrade in face of radiation. The chaos exists in the perception, the moment moving between interior and exterior. Now it’s *crucial* to explore these compartmentalizations and divisions because I am breathing in PBDEs as I write this.

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environment
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p
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r
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m
e
n
t

p
e
r
c
e
computer
t
I
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In *perception* the I became capitalized because the computer made it do it. It's *crucial* because the exterior world has bowed to the pressures of the interior world and is now pressing back upon the interior world. We are the interior worlds as we live within ourselves, *mini-museum to myself*, but we have *pollution discharged* creating an *adverse effect*, and now exterior world has become very present.

Freeze-frame squint landscape: is it true Yellowstone at the West Entrance has the worst air in the nation? It's beautiful only through eye and unbreathable. It quakes in felicity with every quake elsewhere on this continent. Picture-perfect landscape marred by shenanigans of other sentient beings: stray cats and dogs, bears busting into trunks, marmots in engines, mountain lions who like the taste of poodle. We gave way and then we give way, we give way no more say South Utah activists who pull up Bureau of Land Management signs. With 24-hour talk-stereo-typing-still we become still, self-protective statistics—that way, we are *sufficiently disparate* in our numerical coefficients from *that which* is around us. So far, Angus Fletcher posits difference between Platonic Ideas and presocratic Things. No Plato but in Socrates. No ideas but in *that which*.

“Equating the use of natural indicators with the belief that only natural indicators cause global climate change is both wrong and ridiculous.” The exterior only through eye world has bowed self-protective moment moving. Landsquint lulls us into relieving that we can be dispossessed only once, that ‘ole Eden thing we escrow so well. The computer just automatically changed “dispossessed” to “disposed”—OK, computer, let me get this straight—it is alright to call up “place suitably, arrange in a particular way” BUT NOT “oust, dislodge, deprive”?? Mar-mots blank out power strips. No plateau but in so-crate-your-things-you're-out-on-the-street, and when their bond rating goes down again they'll take that inflatable mattress they gave you for a Management sign. Oh “wildness” and “civilness” so sufficiently balanced to deep-six power grab infestations beneath the façade of “natural law” (ring ring “Good morning, library. Could you send me a copy of the Natural Law?)

moment moving

c
environment

reading Ponge the moment when there is no word

Malaysians having no word for a separate “wilderness”.

All of us having no word for the chemical co-munnity we share with what surrounds us.

Angus Fletcher says at ambulatory beat, the slower drag of feet: Poet, *describe*. Make words for *It*. Make word for the *pré*. Corporations turn nouns into verbs, like matter into energy. They *verb* *It*, and thereby *crucial* it. That mountaintop has been *efforted* into gravel. The corn kernel and soybean DNA has been *efforted* into long-lasting insecticide-resistant efficient hyperallergenic stalk-like. Make it happen. Landscape lays itself out to be described, says Angus Fletcher, sort of. Description takes place in the ambulatory beat of self-protected statistics. Only natural indicators cause global description. It is both wrong and ridiculous. Eye world bows to self-description. All right to call up no plateau but in this.

That which is around us. *It*. Disposed to be dispossessed. The cannibals find their water world is chemical. *That's* where the mountaintop went. Down the stream and into our veins; into our veins and down the stream. Who is permitting the pollutant discharges? Chemicals flow uninhibited without word. I thought about this essay while walking quickly through the East Village: “bombing through Tompkins Square Park,” natural organic vitamins in hand, beat of sneakers establishing prose in head. Slight wind from East River clarified interior by distraction of landscape upon person. Trade that anecdote: wind contains small taste of car, invisible unknowns, multiple of, chemical introductions. Tina on Ponge's expression in continuous differentiation sounds similar to Angus Fletcher on Clare: “these natural phenomena, including human behavior, seem to possess no inherently centralizing midpoint. The poet obeys a law of continuously shifting center.” Ponge as center shifts to *pré* as center of U.S. shifts to *pré* after *pré* after *pré* (see photos). Tilled and irrigated grain as disaster crop, growing in disturbed soil. *Describe this!* No longer the form of a cross, but rather a circle in the middle of desert. The computer receives a fax at this moment and the secretive fan on the side blows harder, heated air bounces off old computer to the left and back into my face. What am I receiving from you today, computer? Polychlorinated byphenols, toluene, styrene, ethyl phenol, and one failed fax? Trade that anecdote. Call again into landsquint, so that irrigation circles seem greenly ideal, rather than mold blot of altered DNA disaster crop dispossessing cryptobiotic soil.

P
o
DNA
g
e

P
cryptObiotic
n
g
e

DNA

Apollinaire would be agape. PONGE. Hypernaturalism. The state of words. An abundance of soil biota. To describe through eye world consisting of water *tasting* of PBDEs. My eye is tainted with chemicals. Watery sphere bounces off landscape to describe itself. Everything in that stream. Moving through no words.

Notes:

Ponge

Ponge, Francis. *La Fabrique du Pré /The Making of the Pré*. Columbia and London: University of Missouri Press, 1979.

(from p. 21)

“ Paris, 11 October 1960

THE PRÉ. – I conceived it at Chambon-sur-Lignon, this summer, not far from Chantegrenouille.

I, é, é,i.

From (since) rock to (until) water, the *pré*. It pumps, inhales and exhales, and flourishes. *Sat prata biberunt*.

Above (from the spot where we were, the spot where we happened to be, from which we overlooked the scene, where I saw it, for the first time saw, conceived), we were among dry shrubs: heather particularly, pine needles, no doubt a few ferns, among the rocks and the trunks of trees.”

(from p. 39)

“Paris, 16 October 1960 (3)

xxxx

xxx

xx

x

It is nevertheless from the origin, possible in my opinion, (origin? – at least *kinship*) that I intuitively draw the reason for the proximity of sound (phonetic) of those three words: *pré*, *pres*, *prêt*. *Parenté* ‘kinship’ also comes from *pair* (equal, close).”

(from p. 53)

“Paris, Night of 14 to 15 December 1960 (1)

For want of having couched (If you do not couch) your adversary there you will be couched by him.

The Pré

They used to say *la prée*. Now we have the *prairie* and the *pré*. Absence of woods?

Prepared by nature, *prêt*, ready for mowing or for grazing, the *pré*, amenable surface (when may I!...), and also the field of decision.”

(from p. 57)

“Paris, Night of 14 to 15 December 1960 (2)

Prepared, longed for, crossed in flight as if by a bird, by the flash of a rapid bird, flying low *in direction counter to the writing* (reversing the sense, ‘in misconstruction’) (such is the acute accent).

x

So there is something about the *pré*. Here is something else: the sort of element-aliment that it represents. It is a species slightly more consistent than a liquid, mixture of the kingdoms, of the three kingdoms: mineral, animal, and vegetal.”

(from p. 59)

“Paris, Night of 14 to 15 December (3)

The *pré* is laid out flat by nature as one of its *final* successes, as though freely sketched, as though with a single stroke of the pen or the brush one of its more perfect conclusions: as equal to the sandy beach (for the mineral) or to the sea, or to a lake (for the liquid state of matter)

The vegetal earth, which is already by, in, itself a complex of remains of the three kingdoms, divided and extremely well kneaded, produces, receives from the very primitive (simplistic) or very degenerated plants (many of the graminaceous are cereals still in infancy at full strength or else, on the contrary, degenerate).

Decent in sand. Rain, soft vertical rain.

This too is what is marvelous about the *pré*: this *elementarity* (*acquired?*) (exquisite also) and (also-but this is something else-this *alimentarity*) (just as one has meat ground up at the butcher’s).

(There is something of ground beef in the *pré*.)

Ground *fine*: there is something fine, spare, *less* about the *pré*.

Something less and more. Something of a planning down, but in truth nothing more for the planning (no more wood).

Absence of wood (material)

With anecdote...With 24-hour-talk-stereo-typing-till, statistics make us self-protective.

Mooney, Chris. “Breaking the Frame”. *The American Prospect*. April, 2003, pp. 38-41.

This article discusses the work of Susal Nall Bales, who incorporates the ideas of anthropologist Gregory Bateson and media critic Shanto Iyengar (among others) in her public relations work for environmental groups. Anecdote + doomsday statistics = Chicken Little syndrome, while on the other hand ads depicting a number of alternative energy sources together result in coalition-building with the goal of holding business interests and governments accountable for environmental destruction.

“ecology as the landscape department”

Recent books that critique the Enlightenment concept that bodies and environments are discrete entities:

Markowitz, Gerald E., and Rosner, David. *Deceit and Denial: The Deadly Politics of Industrial Pollution*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2002.

Steingraber, Sandra. *Having Faith: An Ecologist's Journey into Motherhood*. Cambridge, Mass: Perseus Publications, 2001.

Thorton, Joe. *Pandora's Poison: Chlorine, Health, and a New Environmental Strategy*. Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 2000.

These are reviewed in:

Kroll-Smith, Steve, and Lancaster, Worth. “Bodies, Environments, and a New Style of Reasoning”. *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* 583: 203-212, November 2002.

A specific discussion of “pollutant discharge permits” can be found in *Pandora's Poison* on p. 7.

“Toxic loads we carry...”

Stanley, Jon S. *Broad Scan Analysis of Human Adipose Tissue*. Executive Summary. EPA Contract B560/5-86/035. Springfield, VA: National Technical Information Service, 1986.

“To annihilate a sentence, move back from the end and continue through the rest of the sentence.” Again, Ponge: “by the flash of a rapid bird, flying low *in direction counter to the writing* (reversing the sense, ‘in misconstruction’).” (p. 57) Environment constructed by language or *vice versa*.

Fletcher, Angus. *A New Theory for American Poetry*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2004. “Field is a technical term in physics that enables us to understand electromagnetism. But field is an even older term for nature’s appearance and actuality. Francis Ponge wanted his modern reader to learn this link of ancient and modern from his environment poem, *La Fabrique du Pré* (“The Making of the Meadow”). Ponge writes his poem as if it were part and parcel of all the explorations underlying a final version, and hence his poem displays a seemingly systematic relation between this type of poetry and the essay. All is finally provisional, because the details of the chorographic scene are constantly changing, day to day, month to month.” p. 139

“Burned by Flame Retardants? Our bodies are accumulating chemicals from sofas, computers, and television sets.” *Science News Online*, <http://www.sciencenews.org/articles/20011013/bob18.asp>. “Trace amounts of PBDEs [polybromo diphenyl ethers] leach into the air and sewage, probably from plastics in appliances and computers, foam in upholstery, and fabric of carpets and draperies.”

“Brominated Flame Retardants in Dust on Computers: The Case for Safer Chemicals and Better Computer Design.” http://www.computertakeback.com/the_problem/bfr.cfm. “Because these chemicals build up in the body, low levels of deca-BDE and other brominated chemicals found in the dust samples, no matter how small the amounts, are cause for concern as this study among others demonstrates that these chemicals are ubiquitous in our environment and immediately available for human ingestion. These findings strongly indicate that consumer products, such as computers that use brominated flame retardants, are likely to be a source of exposure and add to the growing body of evidence showing that deca-BDE is quickly becoming one

of the most abundant congeners found in samples of indoor dust.”

“is it true Yellowstone at the West Entrance has the worst air in the nation?” Actually, that honor appears to belong either to Southern California or Texas. However, “employees who work at the Western gate into America’s first national park have been issued respirators,” says Associated Press writer Christopher Thorne (February 15, 2002). “At the western gate into Yellowstone National Park, the snowmobiles back up dozens, if not hundreds, at a time to ride the park’s snow-covered roads. The idling gasoline-fired engines belch so much exhaust into the mountain air that on still, windless days, a blue haze settles over the gate into the park, and workers complain of sore throats, runny noses and burning eyes.”

“It quakes in felicity with every quake elsewhere on this continent.” See “Alaska Quake Seems to Trigger Yellowstone Jolts: Small Tremors Rattle National Park After Big Quake 2,000 Miles Away,” released on November 4, 2002, by the University of Utah Seismograph Stations, <http://www.seis.utah.edu/RecentNews/YNP-11042002.shtml>.

“South Utah activists who pull up Bureau of Land Management signs.” “Activists” on the wrong side of the law. “[T]he BLM denied the Jamboree’s permit application this year, finding it could not approve the event without completing a proper Environmental Assessment ... Not to be deterred, Jeep Jamboree (sponsored by DaimlerChrysler) and San Juan County officials chose to thwart federal law and conduct the event without a permit. Near the first of 59 stream crossings, the San Juan County sheriff defiantly led Jamboree participants past media reporters, members of SUWA and the Great Old Broads for Wilderness, and a BLM enforcement ranger who carefully videotaped each violating jeeper. So far no one has been cited for this crime.” *Redrock Wilderness: the Newsletter of the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance*, Volume 21, Number 2, Summer 2004. pg. 14.

Fletcher, Angus on Presocratic philosophy: “Here form and idea are felt to lose their absolute stasis, so the art of saying and expressing the Logos reverses its direction: instead of prescribing the forms of the world’s multiplicity, the poet as Presocratic insists on *describing* the world ... Ideas then would be subordinate to things.” Presocratic Williams? (p. 30)

Oh “wildness” and “civility” so sufficiently balanced to deep-six power grab infestations beneath the façade of “natural law”.

Stevens, M.L.Tina. *Bioethics in America: Origins and Cultural Politics*. Baltimore, MD: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2000.

Titling the prologue to her book “The Tradition of Ambivalence”, one of Stevens’ main themes centers on the consequences of idealizing a balance between nature and technology going back to Thoreau and continuing through the “responsible science movement” following World War II. This reliance on a faux “natural law” of balance maintained by a managerial class undermines the analysis of whose interests are being served by technological developments and fuels the feeling that these developments are inevitable and thus “out of our hands.”

“Malaysians having no word for a separate ‘wilderness’.”

Nash, Roderick. *Wilderness and the American Mind*. Third Edition. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982. p. xiv.

“A few cultures in today’s world are still precivilized in the sense of having a nomadic hunting and gathering economy. It is significant that they have no word in their vocabularies for ‘wilderness’...in the jungles of Malaysia, I tried without success to discuss wilderness...I asked the interpreter to ask the hunter how he said ‘I am lost in the jungle’...The question made as little sense to him as would asking an American city dweller how he said ‘I am lost in my apartment.’ Lacking a concept of controlled and uncontrolled nature, the Malaysian had no conception of wilderness.”

On “efforting” corn kernel and soybean DNA: “From seed to distribution to processing, soybeans are associated with concentration of power.” Shiva, Vandana. *Stolen Harvest: the Hijacking of the Global Food Supply*. Cambridge, MA: South End Press, 2000. Pg. 30.

All of us having no word for the chemical co-munnity we share with what surrounds us.

This collaborative essay was read as part of a panel on ecopoetics held at the Kelly Writers House, Philadelphia, PA, on March 3, 2004. One member of the audience was angered by what she experienced as our attempt to obscure the environmental issues before us. Perhaps the collaboration should have been prefaced by a reading of Ponge’s texts themselves to ground our discussion (pun intended) in his beautiful work. It is difficult to call for collaborative, interdependent ways to address the danger we’re in while at the same time breaking up the images and ideas that have sustained us in the past but that have been appropriated by Chicken Little. What kinds of poetic practices would illuminate the life workings of “pré-cautionary principles” where those who profit from technological developments are responsible for proving that they pose no harm to our confluence of bodies and environments?

Interview with Tina Darragh, conducted via e-mail beginning July 17, 2001 and ongoing.

Marcella Durand: I'm very intrigued by your idea—and practice—of linguistic/poetic “investigations.” In particular, I'm interested in how you recast a poem outside its initial medium. You frequently “illustrate” your own work, with the illustration containing all sorts of doorways and loops, through which language appears. It's like you're investigating how your own writing can be reinterpreted and reformed beyond the limits of typed text laid out in lines on a page.

Tina Darragh: Well, the first investigations, really, involved looking words up in a dictionary! I was working as an editorial assistant at a legal publishing company, and I wanted to have an office “writing” life the way Stevie Smith had one (writing her *Novel on Yellow Paper* odd times at work.) So if I wanted to write a poem about someone, I would look up that person in the dictionary using an “off” association instead of a proper name and then transcribe that part of the dictionary page. Sometimes dictionary illustrations became part of the transcription as simple things that I could draw on the page, like an arc. Using the _____s on the page where I'd find them was the most fun, actually, and made reading the poems aloud interesting since I'm hammy and would move my head instead of making sounds. Then with the transcriptions for each letter of the alphabet that became *on the corner to off the corner*, I started drawing on the page in a way suggested by the first/last words for that page. For the ambiguous figures project, I “built” the figures using photocopies of parts of dictionary pages, and with the bunch-ups, I'd cut out the bunched-up part from the window blind drawings and paste them over photocopies of random dictionary pages. So the question is “why” and I've been asking that of myself a lot lately. With the initial Stevie Smith-inspired transcriptions, the environment was a hectic editorial office and the dictionary became an oasis of calm that I could claim for myself and for the words. Also, I could “follow” words around like Francis Ponge followed soap around in his poems. I felt that I was taking myself out of the poem and letting the words relate to one another. So the image replaced the “author” and that part I like still, but the problem I have now with mixing images and words is that (in our hypervisual culture) I'm by default devaluing the words (possibly—I'm still trying to sort this all out) as subsets of images, and I'm by default claiming that images come with words linked to them.

MD: Are words vulnerable to devaluing? Is it more our cultural paradigm that insists that we place everything in a hierarchy, or organize things as either/or, better/worse (binary system)? I saw your images as an extension along a line, a horizontal movement, rather—and unique. I haven't seen many poets do that sort of personal “reinterpretation” of their own work in another medium—

—actually, I just thought of Francis Ponge. Do you know *The Making of the Pré*, where he writes and rewrites a piece over and over again? I found his book a really interesting way to break down the boundaries of the discrete text. You have an epigraph in *a(gain)2st the odds*—is he an important poetic figure for you?

TD: I'm glad you brought up the quote from Ponge that opens *a(gain)2st the odds*. I spent a day at the Library of Congress once looking for that quote, getting all the Ponge books I could to see if I could find it. At one point in the late '70s when Jack was a toddler, I worked part time as a “deck attendant” at the Library of Congress—shelving books in the stacks, and I looked briefly through a Ponge book as I reshelfed it and saw a quote about figures of speech. Then, years later, I was in one of my “what is this writing_____” phases that I get in, and I remembered seeing that Ponge quote on the fly but couldn't remember much else about it. So I took a whole Saturday to go to the Library of Congress to see if I could dig it up—it was such an

extraordinary event, timewise. P. took care of Jack for the whole day instead of us splitting it, and I spent the whole time just looking at things. So it started me onto a new project. I'm going to try to get *The Making of the Pré* out of the library tomorrow so that we can talk about it, since you love his work, too.

MD: I loved the “locational” in *Striking Resemblances*—how you situated the work so precisely within apartments, places... It seems interesting especially with your placement within Washington DC. I've been reading Ann Vickery's new book, and she talks a lot about DC and how it was another center for language writing, but much overlooked. You also talk about it yourself a bit in an online interview. Place/place? How is place placed in your writing, your own writing history?

TD: One of the big distinctions between the DC poetry scene and others is that, until recently, we haven't had any institutional affiliations. The gathering places for readings and workshops were independent bookstores and people's homes. All along, I felt a sense of freedom in that. Also, we missed the gradual (I'm assuming it was gradual!) addition of language poetry to the classroom. I remember going to a bar with Hannah Weiner, Diane Ward, Bruce Andrews and some others after an Ear Inn reading in 1985. Bruce and Diane were just back from the Kootenay New Poetics Colloquium in Vancouver, BC. Susan Howe had been there, too. Bruce was saying “Well, gang, for academia, we're IT! There are tons of essays on what language-oriented writing could be, but we're the only ones doing it!” I remember shaking my head and saying “Bruce, that makes no sense to me—we may be (among) the only ones doing it, but who besides a few free-thinking academics would be interested?” After reading Vickery's book, it appears there are a couple handfuls of free-thinking academics now. Does it make a difference to me there is a chapter on DC in her book for the handfuls who may be interested? Sure! During the '70s and '80s, we were all equal citizens in terms of the writing—we definitely thought of ourselves that way, the publications went that way, and that's the way discussions would go when other poets came to town. I wasn't surprised that we in the DC area weren't included in courses as a rule because, frankly, we don't have anything to offer in terms of reciprocity of readings and publications. That's one of the amazing things about the Vickery book—it is a history that was able to be written about a handful, for some handfuls, at a point in time before the lines were completely drawn.

MD: I'm interested in hearing more about how work and poetry intersect for you. You currently work at the Reference Center for Bioethics Literature, right? What exactly is a Reference Center for Bioethics Literature and how is that intersecting with your poetry nowadays?

TD: You asked about the effect of working in a library on my work, and working in the bioethics library particularly. Sometimes it is the equivalent of not wanting to eat donuts because you work in a bakery—I can't look at another book. Other times it is very calming to be surrounded by books when I'm trying to sort things out. When I worked at the Epilepsy Foundation library in the late '80s/early '90s, it was amazing to read about the history of the treatment, the stigma, the sterilizations, and the different cultural explanations for the epilepsies—even to know that it was not plain “epilepsy” but many epilepsies. Also, there were some researchers at the time using chaos theory to try to figure out new combinations of drug therapy for those with intractable seizures, so chaos theory seemed to have a “practical” problem-solving side to it, not just a trendy side! I really missed doing reference work for people with epilepsy when I left there. Of course, the epilepsy library was a room in an office building, and now I work in a “real” library with stacks, etc. For the first couple of years, it was hard for me to juggle my own work here, let alone my writing with my job. All tasks seemed equally important, all books equally essential, etc. Now as I see so much repetition in what I index, I don't feel that pressure. Another difference about working in the bioethics library is that it is the only academic library I've ever worked in. It was very strange to be looking something up in the *Encyclopedia of Bioethics* and find a reference to language poetry—& it said it was passé!!! I'll have to find that quote and send it to you. But before this, there would be absolutely NO cross-over between my writing and my job.

TD postscript: Just a quick note—I was wrong about that quote from the *Encyclopedia of Bioethics* about language poetry being passé! I just looked it up—and it is really a discussion of values-oriented lit crit vs. language-oriented lit crit. But I could swear that I read that! This is the type of thing that sent me to spend the day at the Library of Congress to find the Ponge quote.

MD rejoinder: It's possible you did actually read the quote about language poetry being passé! I'm fascinated by this whole idea of quarks, atoms, etc. changing their shape upon being perceived, so maybe the quarks in the ink changed their shape upon being read by you at a different time.

MD: Speaking of science (and epilepsy), I'm also quite interested in how you integrate that into your work. You mention popular science and how much you enjoy popular science books, and how you felt when someone dismissed those.

TD: Well, growing up, “science” was all about “fear”—not just because the nuns who taught the science courses were tougher than the others, but also because of that '50s mix that brought us the dive-under-your-desk nuclear attack drills. Once we were on the moon, I think science got a lot friendlier, but by then I was a total phobe. My high school guidance counselor told me that I would flunk out of college because I wouldn't be able to do the science (or math either)—that I should go to a community college, but even that might be too hard for me. I finally told a friend of mine from high school that story about a year ago, and she clued me in that the guidance counselor said that to everyone! Maybe it was the nun's habit she wore—one of the real uncomfortable ones that made her look as if her face had been caught in a bus door. Anyway, by college there was a science subculture mix of Cultural Revolution (erase the distinctions between the intellectuals and the technicians), advanced Cold War (if we don't do science, commie science will do us), and self-help (let's eat a bunch of things we can't pronounce to keep fit). I know that most of this mix ended up as New Age day-glo products, but the questioning of scientific certainty going on in the background gives us real permission to challenge our deferment to “rigor” so we can “experiment” with materials from lots of different sources. Having said that, I don't think we are caught in the circular argument of “well, you can't prove something with certainty, so why should we _____” (stop burning fossil fuels or stripping forests, etc.) We can still do ranges! And the fact that we can include various kinds of information in calculating the ranges (since we're not bound at the hip to “rigor”) may mean we'll come up with interim solutions that would never surface if we relied on strict data.

MD: I'm intrigued by your response to my science question, and particularly that sort of early discouragement in science/math that I think a lot of poets have had, but then these same poets address and incorporate science and math later in their poems. Of course, that also goes back to that whole thing about how scientific “facts” are more liquid & changeable than poetic/mythological “truth.” What do you think?

TD: Well, I think that math is taught poorly, then it becomes more of a foreign language than a way of solving problems, and poets/artists can use it as such in their own projects. You are right—it is a very strange reversal of fortunes in that way! Of course, math is to software sweatshop/dot.com life as golf is to business—something to help legitimize a person instantly (needs to be done since there is no time for the apprenticeship mentorship learn-by-doing scenario) for the up-and-running-before-you-could-ask stock up market criteria. The only thing I think is important for us to remind ourselves of at this point is that math/science aptitude is NOT gender-linked—it is resource-linked. If the teachers had gotten everything they asked for in the classrooms, things would have been different in that area, for sure.

TD: I did get *The Making of the Pré* out of the library on Friday and have been reading it/looking at it over the weekend. THANKS very much for reminding me about it—I can't get over it/couldn't wait to finish whatever so I could get back to it. There is one thing that bothers me a bit, though—sort of a high-five to

origins in a way that I never noticed before—I'd always thought of Ponge as celebrating the coincidences and the process and the sounds but not the “root level” really. What do you think? I'd like to hear how you started to read Ponge.

MD: I'll have to get out my copy of *The Making of the Pré* and take a look at it again, as well! I think when I read it (which was a while ago), I was so much more fascinated by the process than the actual content—I started writing “studies” of poems. It was very important to me in starting me on serial/cyclical poems, versions and versions and versions. It was something I was very much looking for: a poet involved with “matter” and not so much the mental interior. I had been in very emotive workshops, with everyone reading confessional poets, etc., and I was sick of emotions! Plus I had been getting deeply involved with deep ecology, where you try to move away from human-centered (anthropocentric) stuff and into equality of all beings. I wanted not so much the fox to represent the poet's deep dark interiors, as to be a fox in and of itself, and Ponge was very exciting to me in that search into the existence of “things” & processes.

TD: I never thought about Ponge vis a vis deep ecology, but you are so right about that. Reading your observation took my breath away, because I've been taking notes on a deep ecology book by Michael Zimmerman, but haven't done anything with them. It would be interesting to line them up beside *The Making of the Pré* and see what would happen. Maybe we could both do something like that re: Ponge as a collab. I think any interview is really a collaboration, and it would be good (if this is all right with you) to have a collab develop out of our exchange. I didn't get to take lunch today, either. Tomorrow I have a doctor's appointment, and there's another meeting on Friday. But P. is off on Friday, so I don't have to pick him up after work, and I'm thinking that I'll stay awhile and answer a bunch of your questions at once. I'm such a librarian when it comes to this stuff—I don't want to miss responding to a request! Anyway, let me know what you think about the collab and separate e-mails. I can't believe how busy this summer has been in terms of my work here—I'm sorry that things aren't more laid back (that's a '60s expression, eh?)

MD: I'm running away from work now, so can't respond in depth, but I was so excited about seeing Michael Zimmerman's name in your post that I had to respond right away! He was my teacher in college and was the one who got me turned on to deep ecology in the first place! He was so wonderful. I didn't know he had a book out—I will have to go find it immediately. Both a collaboration and separate e-mails sound great.

TD: [In further response to MD's question about work-poetry] In terms of my writing, the big difference between my previous jobs and my work at the bioethics library is my co-workers' response to my poetry. It used to be that when it became known at work that I wrote poetry (usually when I had to go somewhere for a reading), co-workers would ask to read my work. I'd make sure to let them know that it was more than OK for them not to like it. It would be funny because people would insist, “Oh, you are being too modest—I know I'm just going to love it.” And then after they'd read it, they'd say, “You are right, I don't like it!” Here at the bioethics library, with a big collection of Nazi medicine literature, the response was, “Well, I would not like work like this, but at least you are a postmodernist with a sense of humor.” So there is a way in which a major part of the library collection is a critique of my work, portraying postmodernism as a philosophical approach advocating erasure of history and the subject—postmodernism as veiled Nazi collaboration. Of course, there are books such as Michael Zimmerman's *Contesting Earth's Future* that address issues like Heidegger's collaboration with National Socialism while seeking to retain the “best parts” of postmodernism and link them up with civil rights and radical ecologies. As you can imagine, it was a real relief to find his book!

TD: I've come over to another library where the lines are up—the storms over the weekend crushed our building—so melodramatic, but funny as well—bulging ceiling tiles in my office looking SO NASTY! I just sent you one more response (on the bioethics library job and my work) and two initial Ponge collab pieces

(from the first two pages of the Pré). Feel free to just cross out things in the Ponge collab as you wish & add things or do something else altogether! Again, I can't tell you how much your idea on Ponge & deep ecology has helped me with my current project—another way in. This last sentence should go in the interview and the collab, too, in some way!

MD: I'm blown away by your Ponge collab piece. I've already written a short lyrical-ish poem from it, but I'm not sure it will fit. I want to go to the library and get Zimmerman's book, and also take another look at Ponge, so I'll send back the collaboration soon. In the meantime, here's that little response I just wrote (more of a response, not a collaboration, although I steal lots of your Ponge words and lines—also, it's a first draft, so please excuse faults. I'm feeling shy, but apparently not shy enough to not send it to you). Please tell me about your current project!

TD: I think that's a wonderful beginning to the collab—the lyric format reads really well in conjunction with Ponge's "notes" style. Let's include that for the PPNL part and keep going! I don't know how to describe my current project. It started out as a tribute to the Sea Turtle Restoration Project demonstrators at the Seattle anti-WTO march back in December, 1999, and by default the blue-green coalition getting going (the Teamsters just LOVE the turtles!) Now it is looking at language and animal rights—traditionally, humans are responsible for protecting animals because we have language and they have pain. I don't like that dualism as a basis for fighting for rights, either for human animals or other animals. It's a lot of reading, and I've been re-reading the Zimmerman book, too, since this question sort of cuts across both the deep ecology and social ecology arguments. That's pretty much where it is now—very tentative, but of course I've been saying that for a couple of years now! Did I mention in any of the other responses how important it was for me to read something by Bernadette Mayer in a magazine in the mid-'70s where she says something like, "poets never admit how long it really takes them to write something." I can picture where I was sitting at the time (waiting for a bus at Porter and Connecticut Avenues). Maybe it will help other writers to mention that again here—it certainly continues to help me. Also, could we put in the dcpoetry web site address somewhere? (<http://www.dcpoetry.com>) especially the oral history section (<http://dcpoetry.com/history/project>). If people are interested in DC poetry, there's a variety of "takes" on it here—not limited to any one writing style. Also, poets who really have contributed to developing the dc poetry scene by having reading series, etc., past and present are represented—Rod Smith, Heather Fuller, Buck Downs, Mark Wallace, Michael Lally, Doug Lang, Terence Winch, Beth Joselow, Joan Retallack, Rick Peabody—and there will be more things up there by the time the interview/collab is published. Have I said thanks? Thanks again.

Deep eco pré 1

8/11/01

DEEP ECO PRÉ - conceived as a collaboration with Marcella Durand via the Internet, this summer, not far from such places as the green belt around the co-operative where I live with P. and Jack, and the best harbor in the world.

We, e,e, we

From (deep) ecology from (social) ecology from ecofeminism, the pré as eco, eco as a pré. Great _____ delle LAY brugge 1300 poems.

Mixed extension (from the point where we were, the spot where we happen to be, from where we overlook the

scene, where we thought of it, first time, as a pre), we were among bucklings, common colors, popular scrubs, ant-wide wyp-outes.

And right below us ran shape betrays, some relation Outl before Listener laws end chemicals.

Between the two, deep eco pre. A summer camp class picking up trash from their playground.

We reflected, then, on nature without homage to origin. A trans-what-is-morph-isis of natter, we said to ourselves, linked with the Internet, that is, with lines that are sometimes up and sometimes down, small fragments reduced to letters, seconds - and layers, questions round. That nonetheless remain sound, wagging.

Several passageways (reversals, sometimes, but generally horizontals, unruly parts) between the misreading shocks. Here and there we can comfortably put our feet down. We could trample.

We could not trample.

Mixed extension; deep eco pre; we can query similar slates.

Deep eco pré 2

8/12/01

DEEP ECO PRÉ - conceived as a collaboration with Marcella Durand via the Internet, this summer, not far.

we, e,e, we

Differences among deep ecology (shift away from people-centered = self-realization for all beings), social ecology (distorted social relations = wanton destruction of nature), and ecofeminism (patriarchy's logic of domination = ecological crisis)

On the dry lines there is not an e in we most days.

Donna Haraway's pre.

Wells shape some buckling, desert colors den and deip.
Between the two, deep eco pre. There is anything you like for news and views.

From (deep) ecology from (social) ecology from ecofeminism, the pré as eco, eco as a pré. Great _____ delle LAY brugge 1300 poems. And the short _____, itself, without distinction.

A trans-what-is-morph-isis of natter linked with the Internet, that is, with lines that are sometimes up and sometimes down, small fragments reduced to letters, seconds - and layers, questions round. That nonetheless remain sound, wagging.

DEEP ECO PRÉ: response:

from the point we were to where we overlook the scene
 we overlook the scene and are part of the point in which we are
 from where we see the translations of picture to picture
 thinking of the pré, or eco, for the very first time
 conceived not so far from the very best harbor,
 we were among bucklings, yews and common colors,
 dark green, one equal among dark green and lighter greens
 equal among the land masses and the words taking
 place in slightly different forms among the desert deips, dens
 that we would think are coming out of our translations

here and there we could comfortably put our feet down
 while leaving only with what we came with
 figuring out what space we should occupy
 wells shape some color, anything you like for news and views
 in between the words and the lighter greens, the common colors
 social e, feminist e, deep e, dp e, fmnst e, social
 dp co re, pre-eco being, in mammoth caves,
 through cave walls, becoming as if stone,
 where we were coming from outside the mouth
 feeling translations, trans-morph-osmosis, an embrace of
 e, c, o, applied to word and location, wagging
 without distinction, lines up and sometimes down,
 seconds—and layers, sometimes round.
 We reflected on nature, then, without origin,
 between the two, deep eco pré

Also by Tina Darragh:

my hands to myself (Dry Imager, 1975)
Pi in the Skye (Ferguson and Franzino, 1980)
on the corner to off the corner (Sun & Moon, 1981)
Striking Resemblance (Burning Deck, 1989)
a(gain)2st the odds (Potes and Poets, 1989)
adv. fans - the 1968 series (Leave Books, 1992)
dream rim instructions (Drogue Press, 1999)
opposable dumbs: a play (The Tangent Press, 2002)

Also by Marcella Durand:

Lapsus Linguae (Situations, 1995)
Rose (Self-published, 1998)
City of Ports (Situations, 1999)
Floored (Faux Press, 2000)
The Invisible City (Erato Press, 2001)
Western Capital Rhapsodies (Faux Press, 2001)
Area (Belladonna*, 2008)
Traffic and Weather (Futurepoem Books, 2008)

Please also see the *eco(lang)(uage (reader))* forthcoming from Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs in 2009. Marcella Durand has two essays there: "The Ecology of Poetry" and "Spatial Interpretations: Ways of Reading Ecological Poetry." Tina Darragh's contribution to that volume is called "Blame Global Warming on Thoreau?"

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