

## *e-Catalog* for the EcoPoetics e-Salon

Artwork by the artist, Candace Jensen, assembled digitally as an accompaniment to the exhibition *Deep Green Query*, which opened in Brooklyn at Amos Eno Gallery, 56 Bogart Street, on March 6th, 2020. Interview-style essays written by the artist are included with the images, to most closely approximate an artist talk in the gallery.

An *EcoPoetics e-Salon & Poetry Reading* hosted through the online teleconferencing site, Jitsi, took place on March 27th, 2020 at 7pm EST. The original version of this e-Catalog was made available at the time of the salon, and has since been edited to include additional writing by the artist, as well as selected excerpts from the *e-Salon* readings by the artist's three collaborator poets; John James, Lynn Xu, and Timothy Donnelly.

Amos Eno Gallery is temporarily closed in observance of CDC recommendations. They plan to reopen the exhibition *Deep Green Query* in the near future. Art, culture and conversation remain vital and important aspects of our lives, even as our communities confront fears, panic and illness. The artist and gallery, as well as collaborators, wish all people wellbeing and inspiration in solidarity during this time.

The *Deep Green Query* exhibition can be viewed through installation views and images on Artsy: <https://www.artsy.net/show/amos-eno-gallery-candace-jensen-deep-green-query>



*Against the Anthropocene*, Gaia Illumination -Words by TJ Demos-  
ink, shellac, gold leaf, graphite, turmeric, gouache and watercolor on Clairefontaine paper  
diptych of (2) 9.5" x 12" in hand built poplar shadowbox (21.5" x 14")  
2019

## Artist Statement

Candace Jensen uses hand-made inks, herbs, pigments, and gold leaf on paper to create decorated essays and book-arts musings in the tradition of illuminated manuscripts. Her explicit intent is to expand the scope of illumination's cultural reliquary beyond that of religion and anthropocentrism. In lieu of illuminating archetypal content such as Abrahamic scriptures and humanistic poetry, which centralize human experience and Progress, Jensen's Gaia Illuminations articulate interdependence and decentralize humanity's vantage, even human language. The works offer an alternative canon of cyclical and interrelated systems, or Gaia theory, and old myths reinterpreted in gold and ink for new eyes.

Deep Green Query features the artist's continued investigation into Deep Ecology, and the reconsideration of human spiritual relationships to the earth through critical theory and empathic writing. Deep Ecology, or Deep Green Theory, is an environmental philosophy and social movement based on the belief that humans must radically change their relationship to nature from one that values nature solely for its usefulness to human beings, to one that recognizes that nature has an inherent value outside of the false objectivity of human perspective. Legibility, language, nomenclature, storytelling and symbolic abstraction all figure into Jensen's playful, yet deadly serious treatment of these complex ideas and ideologies.

Deep Green Query is an exhibition of new calligraphic works on paper and book arts interventions by Candace Jensen on view March 5 and extended through April, 2020. The final closing date is subject to change as we continue to monitor updates on the coronavirus pandemic response. This e-catalog presents a selection of the major artworks in the exhibition along with some commentary by the artist about the source materials, inspiration and references for each work.

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### Chthonic Prayer and Earth Prayer series

"In 2019, I began a correspondence with the U.K. artist, Caroline Ross (<https://carolineross.co.uk/>), about the use of natural pigments and foraged media, as well as our mutual interest in environmental activism such as Extinction Rebellion, and art and literature that concern themselves with the Earth in a very real sense— chthonic art, that did not shy away from the historic and mythic, but neither pretended to avoid the current crises of climate change and environmental degradation and destruction we find ourselves in. The literary anthology Dark Mountain, for example ([www.dark-mountain.net](http://www.dark-mountain.net)). We had many meaningful backs and forths over email, and at some point I asked if I could work with a text she had shared on Instagram. She enthusiastically agreed."

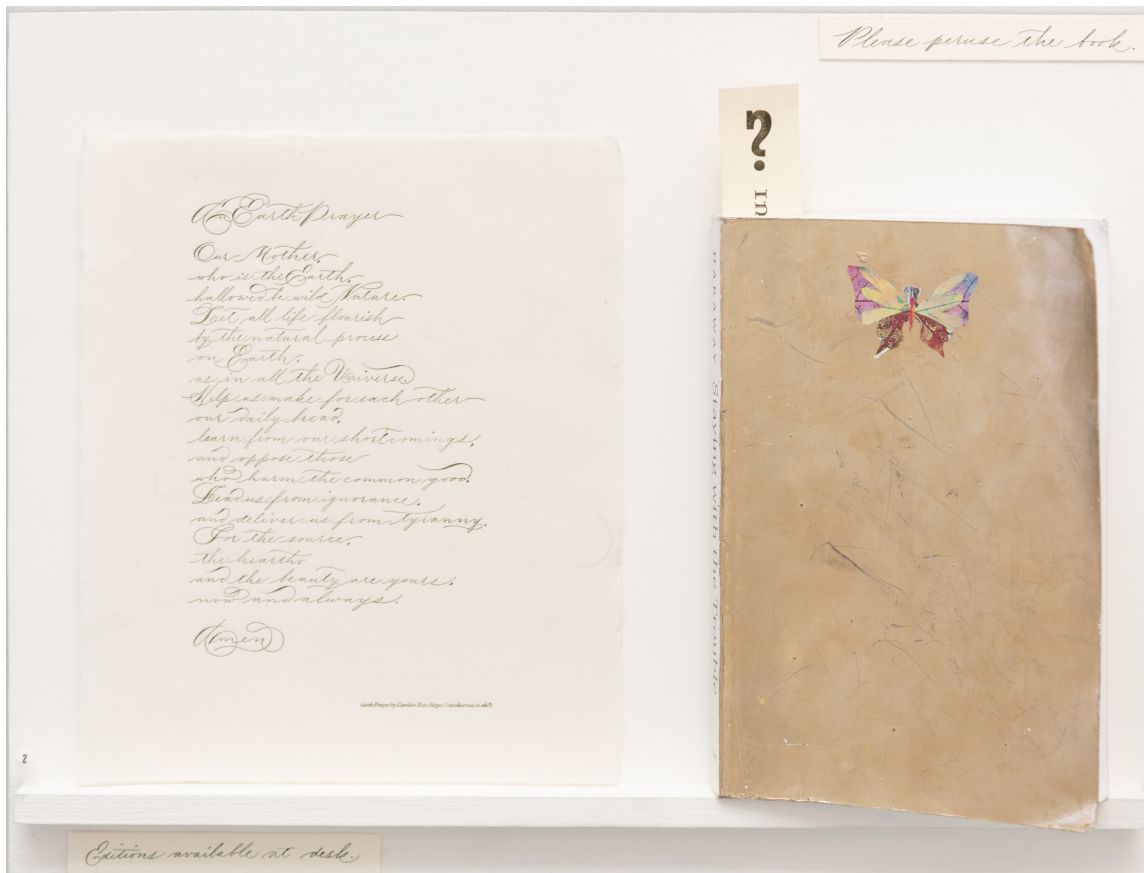
"Her Earth Prayer is a very personal daily mantra that she prays, riffing off of the commonly known *Lord's Prayer*. In the context of my Gaia Illuminations, it made perfect sense to incorporate; a common religious poem metamorphizing into one that centered spiritual ecology, without blaspheming or rejecting the religious traditions— very "yes, and." I began to work with her text in pointed pen and ink, which eventually became the copperplate for the letterpressed editions of Earth Prayer, which she and I plan to collaborate on further. But I also wanted to partner it with something cerebral— not to validate the prayer for an intellectual view, but to purposefully marry thinking/feeling as an orientation, partnering them instead of allowing them to live separate lives, as they often do. I'd been working with Donna Haraway's text "Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene" for a while, since being introduced to it by an inspired colleague at PAFA, and something about sitting with the soil





*Chthonic Prayer*, Gaia illumination -words by Caroline Ross and Donna Haraway-  
Goldenrod ink, watercolor, ink, graphite, gouache and gold leaf on hand-marbled paper  
46" x 42" diptych  
2019

of these two texts made them become compost together (as Donna says). Sympoesis. Together creating something new. I used quite a lot of a beautiful honey-yellow ink I had made myself from decocted goldenrod flowers. I worked into a large, hand-marbled sheet of paper, layering both Haraway's words (a paragraph or two, really) with Caroline's, letting the watercolor washes obscure and highlight the calligraphy very organically. Like all of my Gaia Illuminations, I imagine this work as a page of a book that hasn't been fully written, and one that is written in all of the languages of the world, not just the human ones. So this piece, like the other Gaia Illuminations, also echoes ideas I've collected from authors such as Jorge Luis Borges (*The Library of Babel*), and Ursula K Le Guin, one of which features vegetables and bugs and small mammals who all have compendiums of art and culture that each other species could only barely grasp straws at."



*Earth Prayer, -words by Caroline Ross-*

Letterpress editions: Rubber-based ink on cotton & mulberry papers

-9" x 11.25" cotton cardstock, editions of 30 green ink, 12 black ink

-8.5" x 10.25" Awagami white mulberry, edition of 20 black ink

2019

*Badly Gilded Book, - Staying with the Trouble by Donna Haraway-*

gold leaf on paperback

2020



## Gaia Illuminations, Theory, Magic

“Most of these works I call *Gaia Illuminations*. I coined that term when wrestling with referencing my own work in my written thesis document back in 2018, and it has changed somewhat (perhaps expanded, perhaps refined itself) since then. The core feeling and meaning I have for the artworks remains the same. I essayed a bit about it a year ago on my website: <https://www.candacejensen.com/post/what-is-a-gaia-illumination>.

I’m almost always writing my own text, prose and poetry, as I draw or make visual art. I have a peculiar sort of synaesthetic experience in which the alphabetical appearance of words occurs visually in my mind as I think them, as I read or say them. Something I am reading can diverge into something I am creatively thinking, or they can coexist simultaneously in my mind, and I am often unconscious of it. When I am paying attention to this autonomic language blending, there is a lot of magical revelation that can make me feel I am in direct contact with a kind of muse. I say that in a jocular way, but I am not dismissive of the muse as an entity or concept, either.

I am enamored with the animist’s perspective although I am cursed with an overactive skepticism. So, personally, I am constantly witnessing a tension between the experience of the panpsychic, magical omniverse and a despondent, materialist reality hinged dramatically to hyperrationalism and presumptive superiority of the intellect. So, I get pretty excited about metaphysical ideas, but I also get fixated on terminology and nomenclatures. For example, I love Donna Haraway’s rejection of the term Anthropocene, and I love rabbit-holing into thinking projects about terms more appropriate, more robust, or more inspiring for our era. Witches know that names matter, and that true names have power, whereas false names conceal it. I picked up TJ Demos’ “Against the Anthropocene” on a trip into Printed Matter in 2018 and made numerous calligraphic drawings of their text, sometimes interspersed or arguing with my own mind-poetry response to it, sometimes fusing with Haraway’s texts, or others. Monday is still Monday in the Anthropocene or the Cthulucene, but humans are either pervasive, parasitic overlords whose very doom rides copilot, or we are earthbound beings whose nature is Nature too, depending upon the nomenclature you use. That is powerful. We can argue about this for days, to no effect. I can illuminate with gold and royal red ink the assertion that ‘Anthropocene’ fall by the wayside— a Luciferian fall— that we no longer see it as a path, we take a different one less traveled by. We might get somewhere more interesting instead of coming out of the hedgerow into the yard right where we started, again (I love that scene in the Miyazaki movie, *My Neighbor Totoro*).

I wrestle with misanthropy— struggle against it. Toying with macro perspectives like Anthropocene, Cthulucene— they can be a kind of medicine for that, for me. I can view my fellow humans as parasitic overlords of a punished earth, the way the current state of affairs looks under an Anthropocene banner. Or I can see them as fellow prisoners of a failing system, and we can break out together and enter a new place where we have dirt under our fingernails and it shines like gold because it is gold, its the gleaming proof of the divine. I suffer from the constant strain of grandiosity and hope for a better world.

For the exhibition I also made some ‘badly gilded paperbacks.’ In an effort to articulate what I’m doing, since I oftne barely know, I wrote of them: *“I’m here to put the intellect in service of the heart, the heart in connection with the dirt. The dirt greater than any gold. The gold merely invites us to look inside, in this case, the book.”*

from “After Callimachus” by Timothy Donnelly

One night I will walk out under a sky so clear  
I'll forget I am anywhere. The landscape won't regard  
me any differently than itself—I'll be the portion of a somewhat  
greater density than beeswax, lesser when inhaling  
at maximum capacity. A movement through lashes  
of wind-bent June grass; counter to the wind, but only  
in velocity. That figure of the human as loge towards which  
Earth's orchestra exists to tend its point will sit  
quaint then, or irrelevant, like an excavated pull-tab  
harvester ants paraded out the mouth of their habitat  
in order to make life bearable. I took their photograph  
on my phone but it looks for all the world like the surface  
of the moon. Then I took another of a lone jackrabbit  
I thought might be the jackrabbit I saw earlier today—  
when I turned, I saw maybe a dozen jackrabbits ricochet  
into the scrub and vanish. In a way they were  
all the same jackrabbit, just as I'm the same human  
they'll always run from. But we have lived too long  
in the actual to let ourselves cave into the thought  
we should now try living in the abstract. There's a knot  
in the wood floor where I am I keep mistaking for a scorpion.  
It keeps mistaking me for Socrates, pacing the room  
as we lose the feeling. But what I'm really doing is  
trying to get it back, weaving to and fro if not to sweat  
the toxin out, then to stage a demonstration to myself I am  
alive. In the prologue to his long poem on the many  
causes of what is, Callimachus says he feels mortality  
sliding off him like “the three-cornered mass of Sicily.”  
I don't feel that. I feel malevolent forms of rationality at play.  
I feel the Arctic flounder's gene sequence allowing it



to withstand frigid temperatures patched into the DNA  
of flavorless tomatoes in 1991. I feel trembling in the milk

of today's goats in Utah tinkered with to produce a high-  
grade spider silk for military jumpsuits. I feel the pull of Earth's

newfound moon on the aquifer beneath me and a panic  
rustle wings awake on hot hexagons in Mexico, and then I

don't. But I still feel hands around my throat. I still feel  
Stevens when he says: "a violence from within...

protects us from a violence without." I feel ribbed undersides  
of milkweed's leaves and a silkiness to its parachutes

split from pods in airborne childhood. I feel at odds with  
what I feel but not enough to stop. My finger in the dark

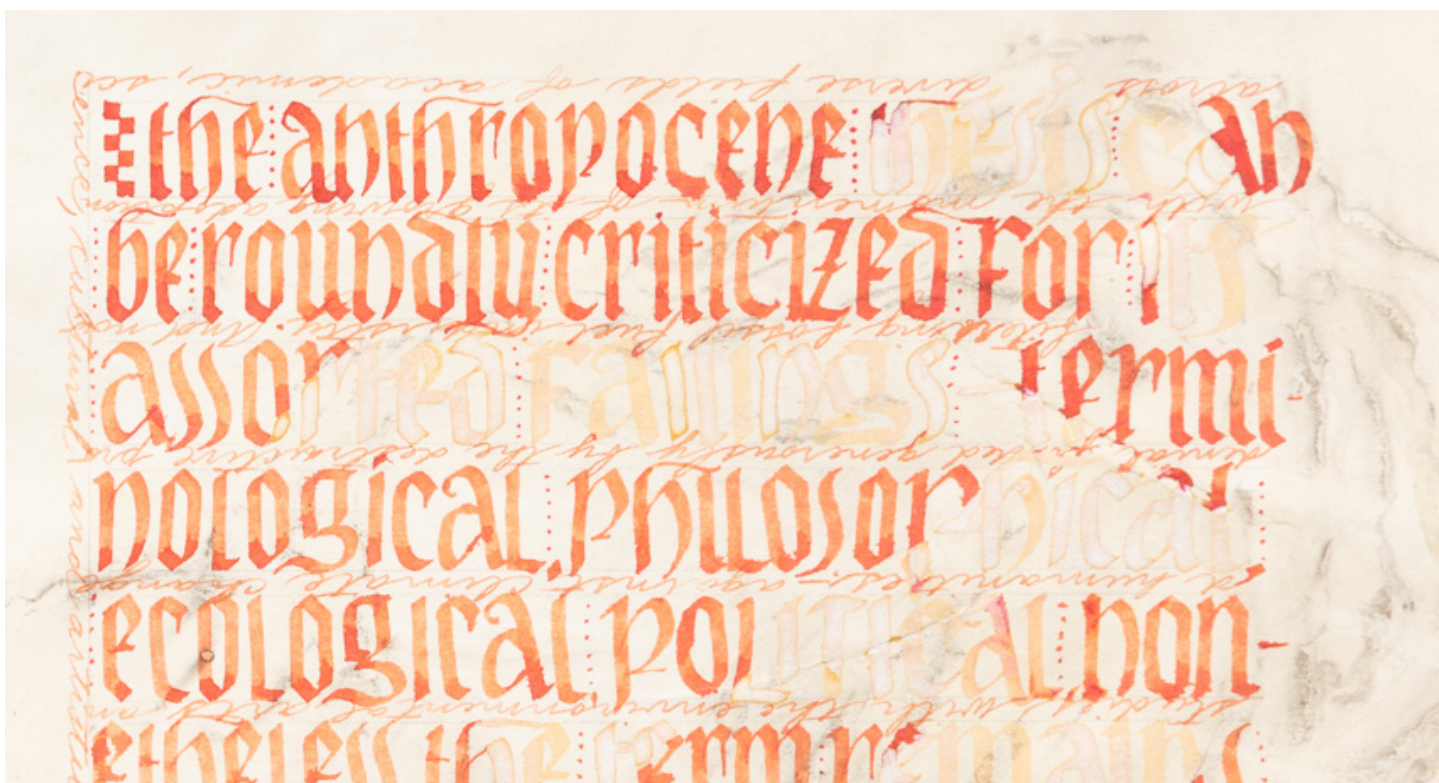
aligns the divot in the drywall with the last gasp of GMO-fed  
catfish. I feel the sickness of existence and its portal

back in. I feel the times I walk across dissolve but I still walk.  
I feel the only way to make life bearable is to make it.

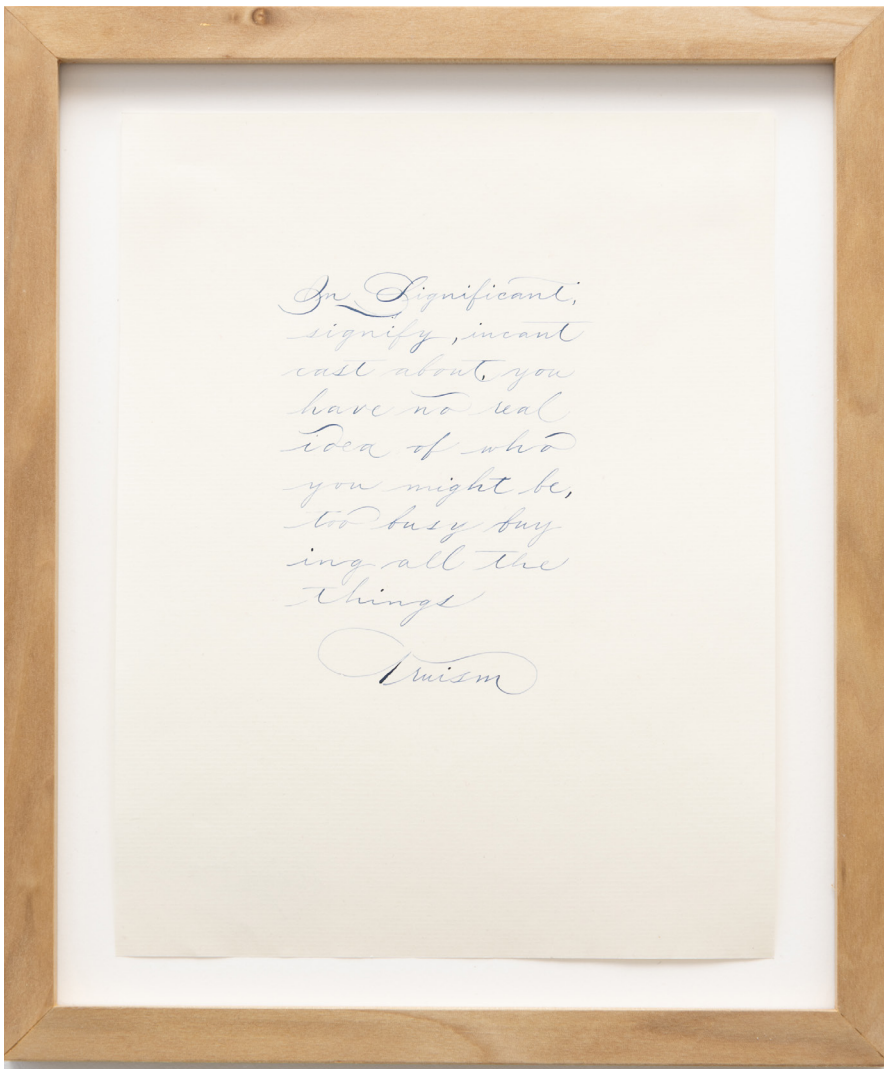
*"After Callimachus" appears in full in The Problem of the Many (Wave Books, 2019)  
and was originally published in The Paris Review.*



Against the Anthropocene, Gaia Illumination -Words by TJ Demos- (full framed diptych above, and text detail below)  
 ink, shellac, gold leaf, graphite, turmeric, gouache and watercolor on Clairefontaine paper  
 diptych of (2) 9.5" x 12" in hand built poplar shadowbox (21.5" x 14")  
 2019







*Spells for a Terrestrial Age (Truism. 1 of 5 unique pages)*  
 Natural dye-based inks on acid-free cotton paper  
 8.5" x 11" in hand-built poplar shadowboxes (11.5" x 13.75")  
 2020

## Calligraphy, Beautiful Writing, The Spell of the Sensuous. The Power of Words and Spell Casting.

"I began owning the identity of witch about a year ago. I've been told we aren't being burned anymore, and it also affords a mysterious, cozy blanket term over a lot of what inspires me— the power of words, images of the occult, mystery, symbolism, earthly powers...

I've written poetry on and off for years, some of very middling quality, for sure. I am attracted to poetry's Janus face; a poem can feel very assured and even reassuring, like comfort food, yet then refuse to give you the ingredients list. Your throat gets a little tight and it might be your emotions piqued, but you wonder if you also be allergic, or that it is poisoned. It is often playful, sometimes dangerous.

It can also just be. Blunt and plain unadorned language, flowery and excessive. Its flexible.

My favorite book as a kid was "The Golden Compass." It came out when I was 9, and I was a voracious reader, so I had read it half a dozen times before the sequel showed up. I've read it dozens of times by now, even quite recently. It deals in the mythic as experienced through the banal. It casts a spell like poems can. I love the *Alethiometer*— this magnificent tool that feels only barely possible to have been invented by the the human mind, much less human hands. Each drawing or symbol echoes in shallow, easy readings and, then, trench depths. There is the surface, and the deep water of each archetype. Then you get really deep and its the silt and soil holding the water up, and thats the same everywhere. Dust of whale carcass bones, surely microplastics too, these days. And the meaning of the symbols guides you and holds you in the water of the mind, but also can misled you if you are too brash to read it the way you want instead of the way it means. You could drown. (Philip Pullman is also perhaps a panpsychist<sup>1</sup>, or at least is quite interested in the theory. A literary grandfather of mine, then.)

David Abram's "Spell of the Sensuous" is one of the most important books I have ever read. It informs a lot of what I make. Its funny, its a book that really sends the message home about how much we lost by putting all of our eggs into the basket of written language. That our senses have capacities that have nearly completely atrophied, so bored are they with 26 letters and a few glyphs now and again. And yet I am a calligrapher, a writer! Committed to the written word and its power to convey meaning across time. And how else to convey the power of spells, to cast spells or help others cast them?"

Promise never to pick  
dusty yellow bouquets be-  
fore every last honey  
bee has curled up to die.  
To stir clockwise, return  
stalks to worms upon  
removing their blissful,  
bubbling colorants, powers  
and stories. Extract but  
give thanks, rhizome  
gods watchful, wrathful.  
Use each lemon stroke  
to praise them with  
the right songs. Blasph-  
emy never, rejoice ever.  
Goldenrod

*Spells for a Terrestrial Age (Goldenrod. 1 of 5 unique pages)*

Natural dye-based inks on acid-free cotton paper

8.5" x 11" in hand-built poplar shadowboxes (11.5" x 13.75")

2020

<sup>1</sup><http://nautil.us/blog/why-philip-pullman-is-obsessed-with-panpsychism>



“So, I wrote numerous poems that were really spells, casting spells through little aphoristic, poetic asides and symbols— some I interpret, some which just show up for a while. I’m not a birder I don’t know much about waxwings, for example, but there they are in my spell/poems. My alethiometers. And in calligraphy you write the damn thing a number of times—not practice, not really, because you could hit that magic beauty at any point in the scribbling and if you do it to “practice” you’ll always have to get the final paper out at some point to write the damn final one. So the spell transforms, the poem edits herself down, there she is the muse making her cuts and her additions. I sit there and smugly trust her, sometimes seeing where she is taking me with some foresight, sometimes I find out when I get there— surprise! But these spells, they are the way I want to be in the world and the way that I want the world to be— generous, a little dangerous. Highly aware of themselves and what they are pointing to. A little overserious, but enjoying it.

The “Terrestrial” term I’ve adopted from Bruno Latour, who I’ve become a disciple of through his essays on culture and climate, environment and human behavior. His post-2016 election essay “Down to Earth” really pointed at not capitalism, but the elite and greedy substructures that have turned capitalism into a hoarding dragon asleep in the mountain letting the world fall to pieces around the dwarves outside. In *DTE*, to briefly paraphrase, Latour says, “well wouldn’t it just be better to leave all of these attractions and allegiances, dragon or dwarf, and instead all be Terrestrial? To all belong equally to the soil, and to know the difference between the terroir of Provence and the terroir of Wabenak, but to know they aren’t competing?” It sounds good to me.

The senses are crucial. The way that the sense organs design your lived experience by translating the *prima materia* of the world around you into euphoria, or disgust. And yet smell has so few aspects of our language dedicated to it. Actually, the olfactory sense, and sensuality of taste, are rooted into the same organs and energetic centers as Earth and Water elements in the school of tantra I practice. And that’s important, because these aspects of Terra are weakened, poisoned, because they are deemphasized in our culture. There are zillions of word games you could play to prove it, just look at the metaphors and analogies we have been handed. You don’t turn lead into dirt, into the raw fertility elements— rather, you turn it into more useless shiny stuff—pretty thoughts, aha moments that have very little desire to stick around in the mucky bloody mess of your brain, your body.

I’m interested in the embodied. In the reembodiment of culture. In wordsmiths catalyzing the moments we forget in our language, the taste of our tears. These poems aren’t powerful enough to do that yet, but they are new. They smell of petrichor. I want to feel my heart beat in my thumbs. I’m deeply embarrassed. I’m not ashamed. All of this oscillating interior, exterior. Up and down— that’s just proprioception in action. Where am I here, on the Earth, in my body? What are the senses telling me? I’m fine. That tastes good. Maybe I need a shower. More wine, please.”

## Sutras.

“In yoga, classical and tantra alike, we only have a few texts that we can refer to. Much of the teaching is locked into (guarded by, cared for by) living lineages of student-teacher relationships, through which knowledge, wisdom, etc are passed down. Its oral and experiential. Book learning just has less information, could be seen as dead on the page. You can glean as much about the traditions vivacity from a page as you can learn about life systems from a cadaver. This is rather exaggerated. The Rishsi were known to do that.

The sutras are literally the sutures of phrase and poetics that stitch the wisdom together in a way that we can navigate. A map. They also give us pneumatic devices, a trickling stream from which to recall a waterfall of knowledge. “*Sthira sukham asanam*” is one such sutra— literally one of only two that speaks directly about physical posture practice in the primary yogic text, Patanjali’s Yoga Sutras. And it really only says “to make sure you are comfortable”— the subtext being perhaps, “this is going to be a wild ride.”

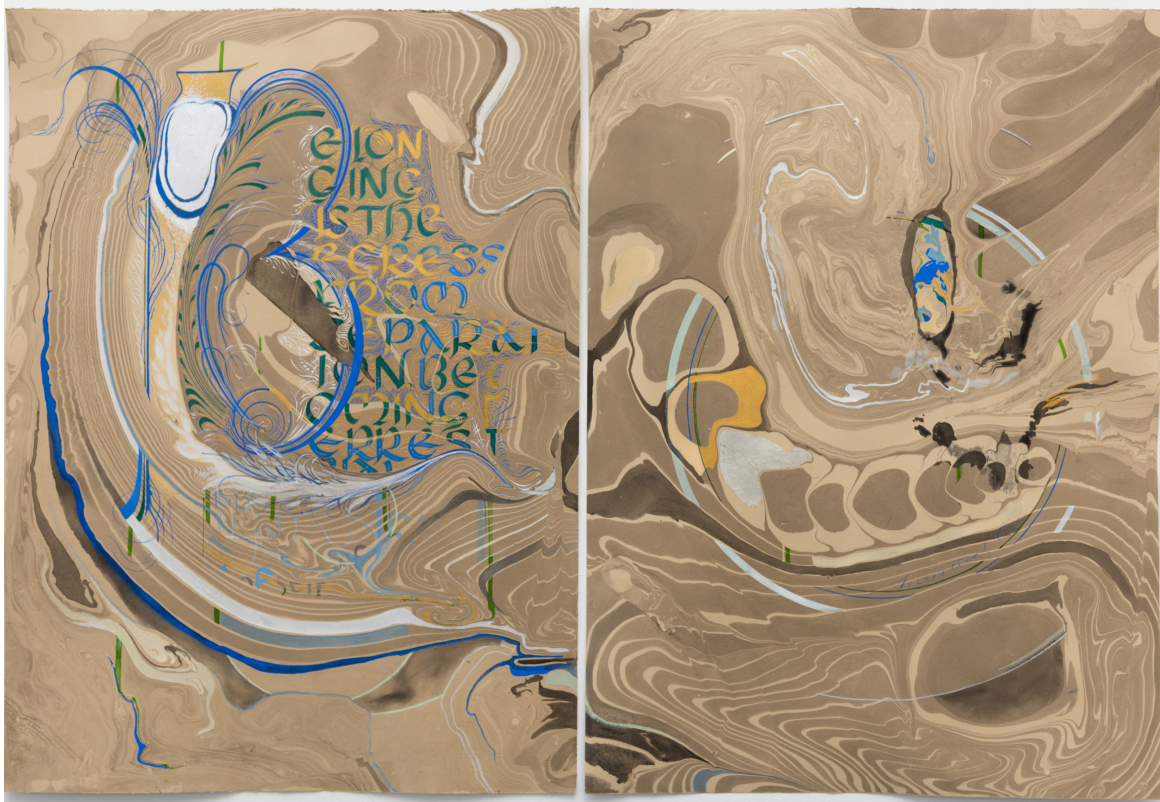
So I was thinking about the Gaia Illuminations, which are often inscrutable, as a way of approaching sutra teachings. The one or two lines that are legible are the sutras into the bigger teachings— all of my research that is impenetrable, unpresentable, impossible to include or footnote effectively. So these diptychs (*Remember Sutra* and *Belonging Sutra*, below) are like these open books sitting there with the surface plainly speaking to you about how much lies underneath. *Chthonic scriptures* whose colors and letters only rise into the visibility of the air and light because they are iceberg-like, rooted down deep and subterranean. Little snowflakes that could indicate the avalanche of meaning. The micro window to the macro world.

This is how my brain works, but more importantly it's how my inspiration works— oscillating between the universal and archetypal, and the specific and sensual. This is the medicine for me, so I suppose I hope it is viably medicinal or even accessible for my audience. A bridging process that is seeking not just to make connection, and breed understanding, but to also inspire the sublime notion of terror and awe at how impossibly inadequate our perceptive engines really are. Humbling us.”





*Remember Sutra, Gaia Illumination -words by Joy Harjo and the Artist-*  
goldenrod ink, sumi ink, earth pigments, gum arabic, gold leaf, graphite, gouache and watercolor on Arches watercolor paper, diptych of (2) 26.25" x 40.25"  
2020



*Belonging Sutra, Gaia Illumination.* Sumi ink, earth pigments, gum arabic, gold leaf, graphite, gouache and watercolor on Rives BFK, diptych of (2) 22" x 30" pages, 2020.





*Remember Sutra, Gaia Illumination (L Page) - words by Joy Harjo and the Artist-  
goldenrod ink, sumi ink, earth pigments, gum arabic, gold leaf, graphite, gouache and watercolor on Arches water-  
color paper, diptych of (2) 26.25" x 40.25"*  
2020



*Remember Sutra, Gaia Illumination (R page) - words by Joy Harjo and the Artist-*  
goldenrod ink, sumi ink, earth pigments, gum arabic, gold leaf, graphite, gouache and watercolor on  
Arches watercolor paper, diptych of (2) 26.25" x 40.25"  
2020



“History (n.)” by John James

*I didn't make these verses because I wanted to rival that fellow, or his poems, in artistry—I knew that wouldn't be easy—but to test what certain dreams of mine might be saying and to acquit myself of any impiety, just in case they might be repeatedly commanding me to make this music.—Plato, Phaedo*

Viewed from space, the Chilean volcano blooms.

I cannot see it. It's a problem of scale. *History*—the branch  
of knowledge dealing with past events; a continuous,  
systematic narrative of; aggregate deeds; acts, ideas, events  
that will shape the course of the future; immediate  
but significant happenings; finished, done with—“he's history.”

••

Calbuco: men shoveling ash from the street.

Third time in a week. And counting.

*Infinite antithesis.* Eleven  
miles of ash in the air. What to call it—  
just “ash.” They flee to Ensenada.

••

*The power of motives does not proceed directly from the will—  
a changed form of knowledge.* Wind pushing  
clouds toward Argentina. *Knowledge is merely involved.*  
Ash falls, it is falling, it has fallen. *Will fall.* Already flights  
cancelled in Buenos Aires. I want to call it snow—  
what settles on the luma trees, their fruit black, purplish black,  
soot-speckled, hermaphroditic—if *this book is unintelligible  
and hard on the ears*—the oblong ovals of its leaves.  
*Amos*, fragrant. Family name *Myrtus*. The wood is extremely hard.

••

Ash falling on the concrete, falling on cars, ash  
on the windshields, windows, yards. *They have lost  
all sense of direction. They might as well be deep  
in a forest or down in a well. They do not comprehend  
the fundamental principles. They have nothing in their heads.*

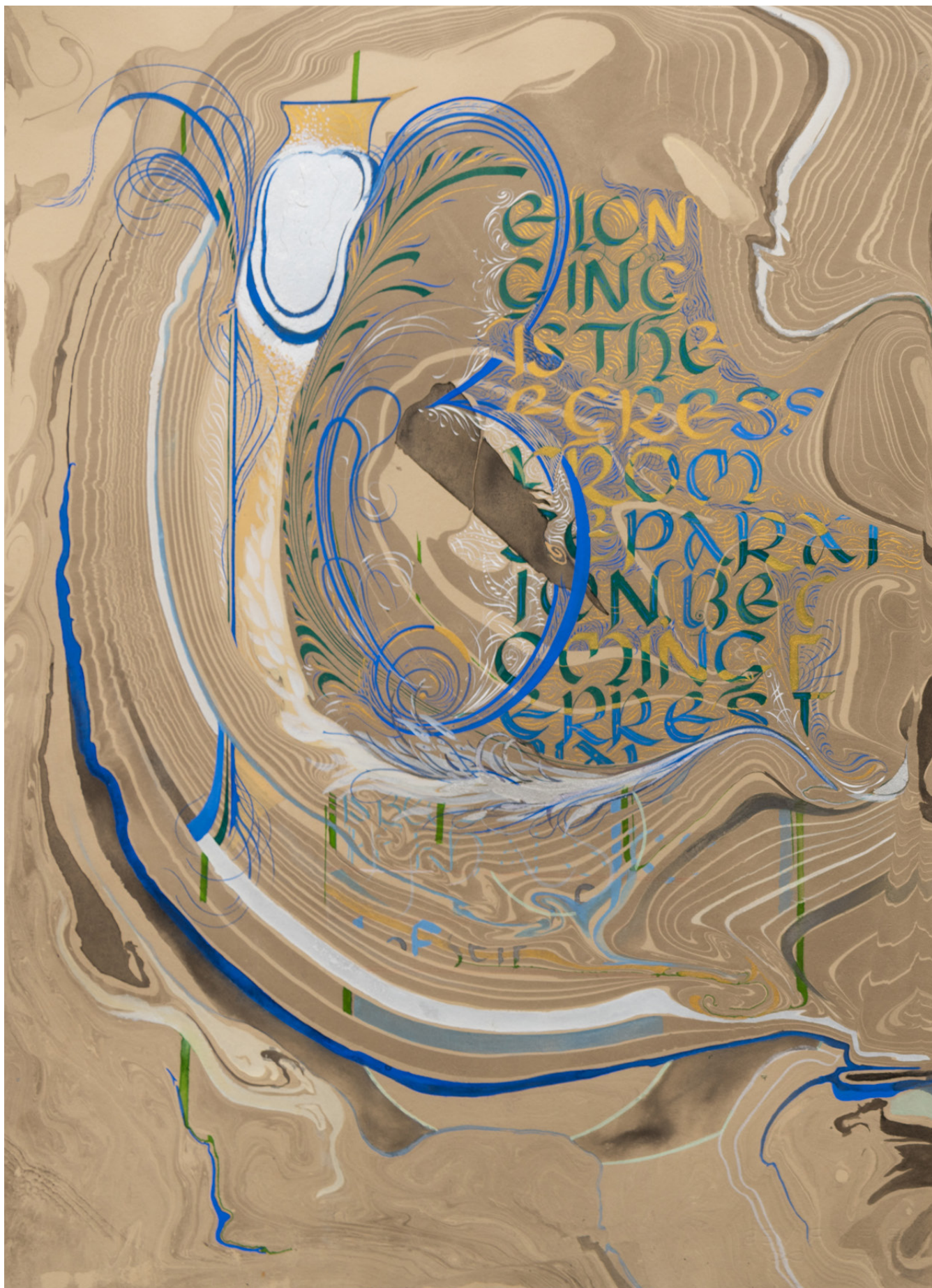
••

*The dream kept  
urging me on to do  
what I was doing—  
to make music—  
since philosophy,  
in my view, is  
the greatest music.*

••

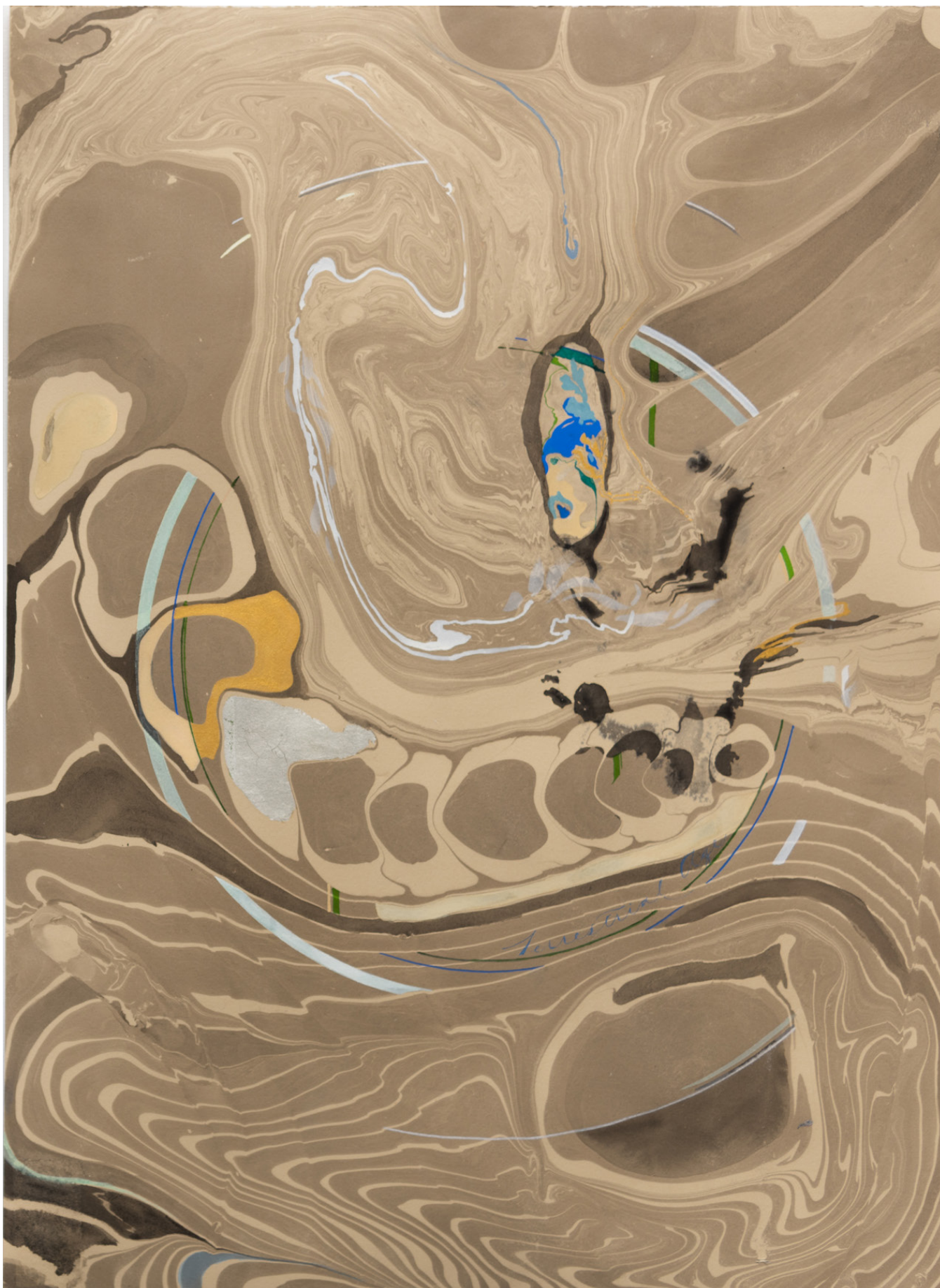
*History*—from the Greek *historía*, learning or knowing by inquiry.  
*Historein* (v.) to ask. *The asking is not idle.* From the French *histoire*, story.  
*Hístor* (Gk.) one who sees. *It is just a matter of what we are looking for.*

*"History (n.)" was originally published in full in Kenyon Review's September/October 2016 issue, Volume  
XXXVIII Number 5,  
and is included in their online archive: <https://kenyonreview.org/journal/septoct-2016/selections/john-james/>*



*Belonging Sutra, Gaia Illumination, L page.* Sumi ink, earth pigments, gum arabic, gold leaf, graphite, gouache and watercolor on Rives BFK, diptych of (2) 22" x 30" pages, 2020.





*Belonging Sutra, Gaia Illumination, R page.* Sumi ink, earth pigments, gum arabic, gold leaf, graphite, gouache and watercolor on Rives BFK, diptych of (2) 22" x 30" pages, 2020.

from the poem “Debts & Lessons” by Lynn Xu

Death unburdened nothing  
But a tunnel of sunlight  
Pinned to lilac  
Leaves mindful  
Of the sweetening  
Itself moving countless  
Sunbeams  
Fire  
Here passeth  
Hyacinths  
From our eyes spring  
Entrails of sky  
Face covered in sweet jam  
I hid in the palm of a banana flower sick  
Squint into the armpit  
Not safe  
Until tied down  
To some sort of money  
Not  
For the dignity to fail and why  
Not? Lest  
Nothing tear open  
Its cage the liver sang warbles  
Of song  
Smell  
Of shadow moving leaf  
To leaf bending downward  
Toward the earth gave beauty  
To our nothingness O  
Fire  
Could not stay  
And fire could find no syllable no  
Common cave to slow  
Our blindness which poetry  
Then forgave  
Returning us to our meadowed paths  
The pathless ways where weeping stood  
Unclothed and simple  
Be our trades  
O century of clouds! Ear that shepherds

*“Debts & Lessons” is the title poem from the book Debts & Lessons (Omnidawn, 2013).*

## Permeability

"The final image in this packet is the largest work in show. It is a combination of David Abram's words directly from "Spell of the Sensuous" and my own poetic cliff notes on the book, as well as an expounding vessel for their synergy. The point at which my tirades about interconnectedness and Gaia become ceaseless, pouring questions and fascinated aphorisms is the point where I feel like I have "won" at my game of word-art. I have succeeded in opening up my own inspiration to a point where I have no ideas and nothing to prove or teach, only infinite curiosity about my subject, and my own subjectivity.

The essay incorporated into this piece developed very fluidly as I was working with Abram's text and the ink itself. The words inscribed include but are not limited to the following:

*"Language(s) must then begin to reentangle themselves; with each other and with the vast terroir of the senses...*

*whose portals, fecund orifices we may borrow, mimic, to alchemically transform what has stiffened into barriers (perceptual and literal, figurative and physical), back to a state of fluidity and yes permeability. Any perceptual boundary constituted by a language may be[come] exceedingly porous and permeable— barriers no longer, [then] thresholds and paths of ingress and routes of egress, a veritable gift economy cycling not only information but also meaning, animating the liminal spaces that were previously so concrete...*

*Language(s) may then become animistic, an agent unto itself, Alive. What then? Living sound a compatriot, [an] antagonist, deity or demon? We remember the wind. Directional consciousness, not inert, that rides each swirl and eddy and breeze... Citizenship and solitude are called into question. Bodies never end or begin, but are rather shared and expanded...."*





56" x 69.5"

2020

### ***Bibliography & Works Cited***

*-for text directly quoted, or incorporated into the visual essays and handmade books-*

Abram, David. "The Spell of the Sensuous." Vintage Books, Random House, NY, 1997.

*-Foundational for much of the exhibited work*

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*-Against the Anthropocene*

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The Declaration of Interdependence directly quotes a document of the same name published and disseminated by the David Suzuki Foundation, who states, "The Declaration of Interdependence expresses our values as an organization. It was written for the 1992 UN Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, where portions of our declaration were woven into the work of others around the world to form the Earth Charter."

<https://davidsuzuki.org/about/declaration-of-interdependence/> Certain paragraphs from the American document, The Declaration of Independence, were extracted from an online government archive, and moderate edits were made to suit the new text:

<https://www.archives.gov/founding-docs/declaration-transcript>

*-The Declaration of Interdependence*

## Additional Statement from the Artist: Gaia Illuminations

My Gaia Illuminations series puts hand-made ink, herbs, and gold leaf on paper in the tradition of illuminated calligraphy, however, with the explicit intent to expand its traditional scope of cultural reliquary and content. I establish emotive and intellectual inquiry in the vein of deep-green theory into gilded pages where one might normally only see traditional religious scripture or humanistic poetry. My source texts are treated not as holy books but reference manuscripts, full of curiosity and conviction with the intent to eschew dogma and fixed, teleological conclusions about our place in the world. Represented in this series of visual essays are poems and prose by scholars, Tantrikas, scientists, medicine women, shamans, activists, poets and philosophers, environmentalists and cultural critics.

I am illuminating the theme and Truth of interdependence through Gaia theory, cyclical systems and non-duality myths, but also ensconcing query and profound imagination as the most sacred use of our imperfect, beautiful human languages. This is an opportunity to grapple with the meaning of our place in this world, locating the self and recognizing relationship webs of incredible complexity which we spin, are ensnared by, and tear the fibers of through our struggles.

This work is concerned with nomenclatures, written and symbolic languages, location, and ecology in the literal sense of relationships between beings. To these ends, I play not only with the aesthetic of written language but also with its accessibility, or legibility. The richness of language in our world expands beyond all limitations of larynx, papyrus or pen; we pass thousands of messages every day that our species will never have a hope of reading or retelling. These languages are the alphabet, syntax and scribe of Gaia, presented in these visual essays as a drift in and out of focus, legibility and direction.

Thousands of human languages have gone extinct in the last couple centuries, each taking with them into the dark a particular understanding of our world. Millions of non-human languages also throb with meaning under our feet, and in the buzzing air around our ears even now, despite the numerous deaths there too. This is all fascinating, and heartbreaking—losses pile up as we gaze in multiple directions towards an uncertain future and tenuous present. This is climate change, this is the 6th mass extinction, this is the foretold Silent Spring. Yet this is also the determined prostrations of the diminished squash bee to the pistil of the zucchini blossom. This is symbiotic breath everlasting between the green and the fleshbound.

In this chaotic and somewhat melancholic, desperate time that we find ourselves living in, our future lies beyond the death of hope, and into the rebirth of interrelatedness. An about-face in our never ending march toward Progress, back into the murky spell of the sensuous, perhaps. I offer these Gaia Illuminations as investigations into our selves in relationship to the breathing, buzzing, humming, growling, rustling world we are part of. Even one opportunity to shine the light of our attention upon the golden depths of interdependence spins glowing rays in directions previously unfathomable.



## About the Artist

Candace Jensen is a visual artist, writer, calligrapher, letterpress printer and environmental activist. She has exhibited work in Philadelphia, San Francisco, New York, and Antwerp. Her artwork has been featured in Studio Visit Magazine, as well as the Royal Academy of the Arts biannual KoMASK Masters Printmaking publication. She has appeared on the Ruth Stone House podcast, in conversation with Bianca Stone. A current artist member and collaborator at Amos Eno Gallery in Brooklyn, Jensen earned her MFA from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 2018, and her BFA from Tyler School of Art in 2008, both in Philadelphia.

Jensen is committed to realizing a culture profoundly informed by deep ecology. She lives and works in Southern Vermont, where she is establishing an artist and writers' retreat and residency space founded on the principles of regenerative culture and cultivation. In spring and summer 2020, she is leading a poetry chapbook printing project at the Putney Public Library including numerous American poets from Vermont and elsewhere.

Deep Green Query is the artist's first solo exhibition in New York.

You can read some of the artist's writing, as well as see portfolios of her work and current projects on her website and IG (below). She is immensely interested in collaboration on art and writing informed by deep ecology and environmental justice, as well as letterpress and events. She is best reached at her email, [artist.cjensen@gmail.com](mailto:artist.cjensen@gmail.com).

Deep Green Query: <https://www.amoseno.org/jensen-deep-green-query>

EcoPoetics e-Salon: <https://www.amoseno.org/jensen-ecopoetics>

Artist's portfolio site: [www.candacejensen.com](http://www.candacejensen.com)

Instagram handle is: @artist.cjensen

## About the Poets

John James is the author of *The Milk Hours* (Milkweed, 2019), selected by Henri Cole for the \$10,000 Max Ritvo Poetry Prize. An image-text pamphlet, *Winter, Glossolalia*, is forthcoming in late 2020 from Eyewear/Black Spring Press. His poems appear in *Boston Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Gulf Coast*, *PEN America*, *Best American Poetry*, and elsewhere. He splits his time between Kentucky and California, where he is pursuing a PhD in English and Critical Theory at UC Berkeley.

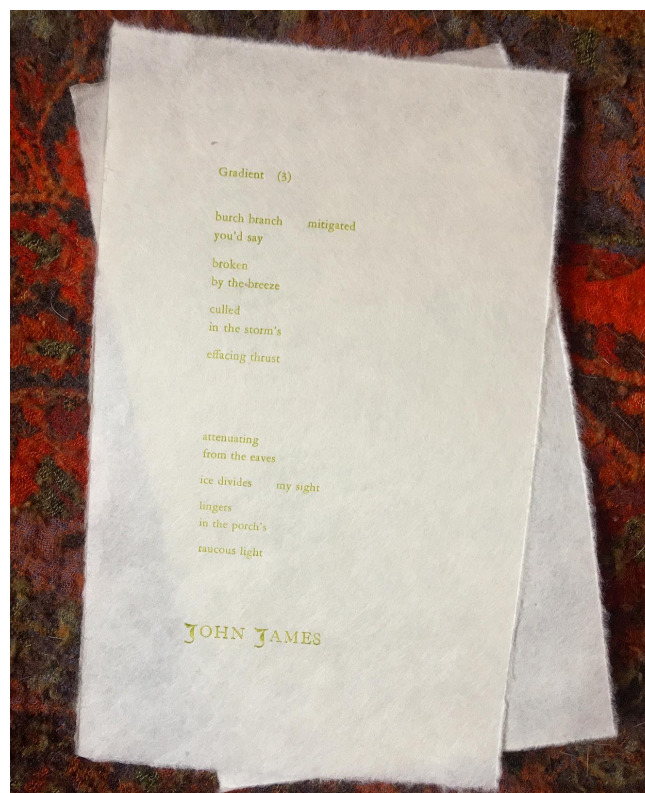
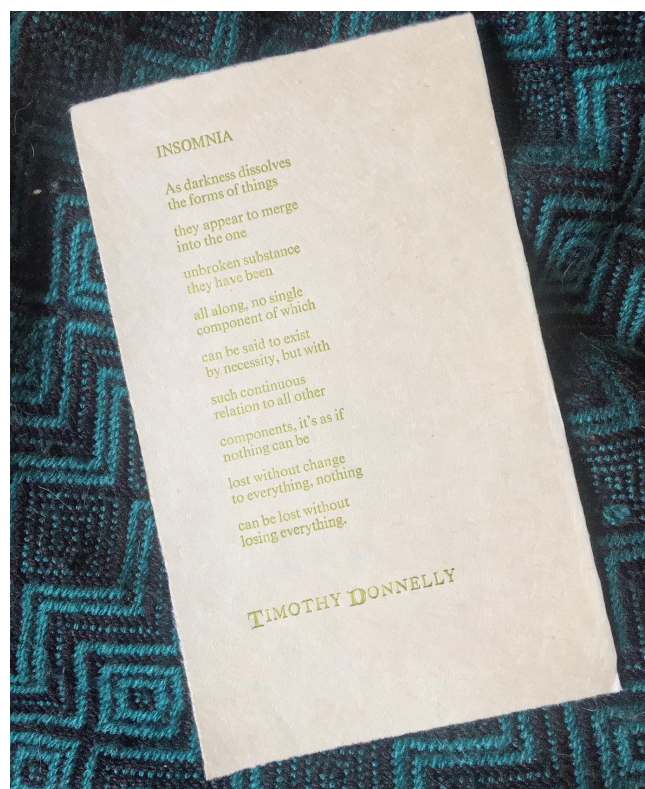
Lynn Xu was born in Shanghai. She is the author of *Debts & Lessons* (Omnidawn, 2013) and *June* (Corollary Press, 2006). Her poems have appeared in *6x6*, *Boston Review*, *Critical Quarterly*, *Hyperallergic* and elsewhere, and she has performed cross-disciplinary works at the Guggenheim Museum, Sector 2337, the Renaissance Society, 300 S. Kelly Street, and Rising Tide Projects. She teaches at Columbia University and is an editor at Canarium Books.

Timothy Donnelly's most recent publications include *The Problem of the Many* (Wave Books, 2019) and *The Cloud Corporation* (Wave Books, 2010), winner of the 2012 Kingsley Tufts Poetry Award. His poems have recently appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *The Believer*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, *Parnassus*, *Poetry* and elsewhere. A Guggenheim Fellow, he is currently Director of Poetry in the Writing Program of Columbia University School of the Arts and lives in Brooklyn with his family.



## Poetry Broadside

Produced for the e-Salon, these broadside editions feature a poem from each contributing poet, and differed from the reading selection at the March 27th event. Prints available at \$20 each, or \$50 for the set of 3. If interested, please contact the artist at her email: [artist.cjensen@gmail.com](mailto:artist.cjensen@gmail.com).



*Poetry Broadside*s, Rubber based green ink on assorted Awagami editioning papers, hand printed with new and antique lead type on a C&P platen press, approx 6" x 9" each, edition sizes vary, 2020.