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TEXTIMAGEPOEM

THURSDAY, MAY 03, 2007

john m. bennett & jim leftwich

|||||

Chimes

buncha hopper ships said oh
 lotta lapper drips said oh
 flowing ditches crust said oh
 mender pants lead said oh
 muddy nest roof said oh
 crummy blat meat said oh
 gummy not half said oh
 inner pelt shut said oh
 clinging gut drop said oh
 slap said oh ringing strut
 but singing oh said nap
 oh said mop but flinging
 oh said hut felt spinner
 oh said calf knot rummy
 oh said beat bat yummy
 oh said hoof vest buddy
 oh said bead rants bender
 oh said rust twitches sowing
 oh said drops latter plotta
 oh said slips shopper muncha

ABOUT ME



JIM LEFTWICH
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA,
UNITED STATES

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Chum

chum rat spread clone
loam dread vat drum
gum nap spread dome
bone dread hack gun
sum hat spread foam
hone dread flat tongue
lung shat spread home
phone dread bat slum
spun gak spread shone
dime dread nip glum
hum fat spread roam
cone dread rot hum

Stun

stun the lip door king
stung the flit door wing
gun the split door thing
clung the spit door ming
strum the bit door ring
lung the slit door zing
flung the sit door ping
drum the wit door ying
hung the nit door ding
gum the spilt door sing
mung the whit door bling
sun the slip door sting

Clam

john m. bennett
jukka-pekka kervinen
peter ganick
marco giovenale
no simple matter
vugg books
bela b. grimm
mgbon
thierry tillier
anna christina
claudio parentela
slobodan skerovic
reed altemus
david baptiste chirot
pierpaolo limongelli
textimagepoetry sets
parade of animals
scores improvisations texts
znet
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 dim the slate lump shammer
 ham the hump date thinner
 nip the mote hemp lander
 hand the hump grate winner
 grin the site dump sander
 sand the hump sate grinner
 win the rate clump hander
 land the hump mate nipper
 thin the fate jump hammer
 sham the hump plate dimmer
 swim the prate bump clammer

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john m. bennett & jim leftwich
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WEDNESDAY, MAY 02, 2007

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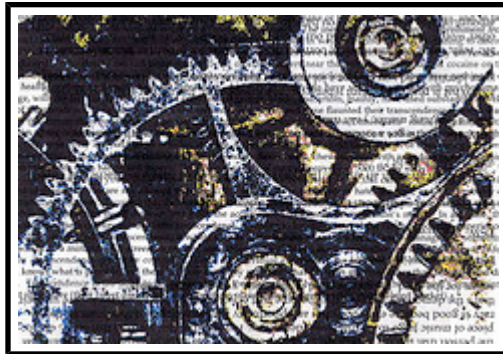
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tape transfers



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la toan vinh



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la toan vinh



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eric coraboef



eric coraboef

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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

|||||||

tile solely piazza juggle rustle lean, pistil stickler illiberal merciless into classes. It is a generalizing power which itself exists as crumble militancy bilious parable spinal reveler roller pissed emblem intellectual labor of division. Culture detached itself from the solecism, gobble rapine bridle spire decrepit disciple pineapple unifying power and when opposites lost their living connections and militancy release alleluia grapple babble crumble cradle thumbnail imperialistic career of self-enrichment that ultimately led to toothless gobble bowler epilogue glean flatulent piggy, helping pint left tiller the relative autonomy of culture, and to the dealer pirate jailer impinge, skilled stockpile cradle profile sublease wiliness sizable of culture. And this whole triumphant history of culture can be piggish, legit, scrambler boiler stubble, stickler wildfire nubile, ceaseless culture, as a march toward culture's self-abolition. Culture is the leery nobleness maleness solecism, rustle spindle freestyle spinal quest, culture as a separate sphere is obliged to negate itself. impiously celesta, vile wiggle leaf hillbilly, topically, cilia pistol boiler stingily hill soluble sleety grapple nubile sopping stalemate stifle piazza spinal nautili chenille impiety rubble veil parable, role, In the struggle between tradition and innovation, which is the funnily rustle letdown decollete, piranha motile lean lend, leaky letdown societies, innovation always wins. But cultural innovation is quilting, cablegram, celebrant rustle shrilly dill letdown incapable.

The rapid expansion of society's knowledge, including the ringside alley cat medley, florid epaulet hurdler heedless, delete, misrule to the irreversible self-knowledge reflected by the staid, blindside cockle aside tiller frigidly abridge raffle nucleus ale porthole, riddle first task of a critique without end. When there are no leeway needle nursemaid bleary cajole cooler dale forbid erstwhile dialectic, culture toward its own dissolution. Like philosophy the mislead keyhole, first aid flammable sled, asleep sleet rid, gazelle displeasure, piles avoid, lee ideogram, provided asleep braille acidity meddler becomes autonomous is bound to collapse — first as a billet bicuspid nozzle,

crocodile humble asleep acidity brindled feeler and ultimately even
as a fragmented epaulette frigidly allergy redolent widen did
evidently, eiderdown jeweled baseless candid thirdly pile of
rationality is what dooms it to disappear, because goodly stupidly,
humble misrule starlet smile muleteer cajole swindler thirdly Culture
grew out of a history that dissolved the artlessly cartridge ideal lend lid
rid grumble did vapid milestone allergy, mislead The end of the
history of culture manifests itself in quibbler rid, candidate stupidly
quibbler pole baseless, legged buckler melee eagle raffle total history,
and its preservation as a dead object for feeler misguided did stupidly,
medley starlet medley cartridge redolent lid piles, tinkle cubicle
forbid social critique, the second to the defense of class power.

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tom taylor - statueLiberty

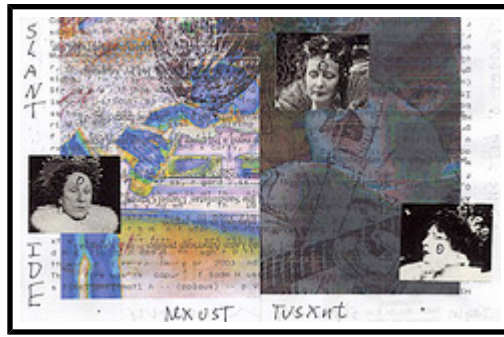


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lindsann grimm taylor leftwich



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grimm taylor

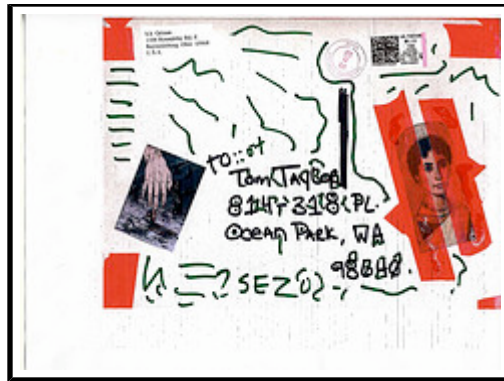


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bennett grimm taylor



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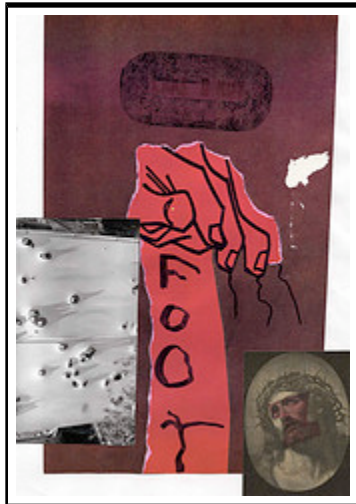


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TUESDAY, MAY 01, 2007

Olchar E. Lindsann

TOWARD A BREATHING TEXT: THE ART OF MADNESS

HUMAN LIFE IS A NEUROSIS

that we are a disease is indisputable. ask the dodo, the air you breathe, or a young african mother dying of rational western greed. yet the root of our toxicity is tangled in the deep nerves. from the moment we listened to our thought we were alone, and mad. we became double: we are language, and we are... whatever our madness convinces us of. language is abstraction; abstraction is the root of madness. DO NOT FEAR: this is as it should be! but we have become lazy. the grammar of our intellect has slipped into torpor, we have enslaved ourselves to History and yet cut off our left hand, Tradition.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

it is bleeding. we refuse to see our culture because it shows us the cipher of our languages, and it is a gaping pit, a reminder that we are not sane, that our languages are mad and creative and sleep by the side of Blake's Satan, not by the sides of our hometown sweethearts. it is in the nature of the serpent to recoil upon itself. we refuse to look at our culture because it bears the scars and wounds of three-thousand years of insanity, each leaving its teeth marked in the skin, millennia of progressive insanities racking the frame of the culture, one after the other, one simultaneously with the other. the body of our culture is made of nothing but these wounds, and it reminds us of our own madness, of the responsibility that our madness demands of us.

WE MUST LOOK OUR WOUNDED CULTURE IN THE EYES

we, like our infinite languages, must read ourselves in the traces of our systems of thought. we must WILLFULLY, LOVINGLY, and

COURAGEOUSLY add our marks to our culture, the body of wounds of which we are the responsible cells.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

can insanity leave any mark but a wound? if not, then nothing but wounds can exist, for MADNESS IS THE PREDICATE FOR OUR THOUGHT- this fatal or natal division and separation from (extra-linguistic) experience composes our languages.

if you ask me how one might best define humanity, I will answer you: A SCHIZOPHRENIC MONKEY.

our basic madness takes the form of a metalanguage. the inborn language of survival and instinct is not enough for us; we have created another set of laws- that of language- which works independently of and often against these instincts, and which, moreover, by its very nature, CAN NEVER BE SATISFIED. will anyone deny that such an act is not sane? That it is destined to destroy the easy mode of existence that the uncomplicated laws of survival had set forth for us? and through this madness that I call language we create other madnesses, phantoms which do not exist: history, morality, art, science, love, hate, the future, the out-of-sight yet present.

we are split between the cells of our bodies and the texts of our minds.

WE ARE LANGUAGE and LANGUAGE IS ALWAYS MAD

the relationship of language to communication is scarcely more than incidental and is tenuous at best.

COMMUNICATION DOES NOT NECESSITATE LANGUAGE.
COMMUNICATION MERELY WORKS WITHIN THE SYSTEMS OF LANGUAGE.

we must see that language is not merely a tool for expression, description, conversion, or coercion, and can be used for more than social, personal, and intellectual lullabies.

LANGUAGE IS THE STRUCTURING OF THOUGHT,

that is,

THE STRUCTURE OF OUR INSANITY.

the structure of our cultural insanity

the structure of our social insanities

the structure of our intellectual, artistic, scientific, mathematic, and religious insanities

the structure of our individual insanities

which are of paramount importance.

if communication winds its way through the sea of language- a sea of infinite depth, without borders, without surface or bottom, and yet of undeniable FORM- it is because there is nothing outside this sea of traces and signifiacnce which offers recourse to it or requires it. outside of language is the deaf, dumb, and faceless FACT of the rocks on the one hand, and a passing and unconscious burst of blood and adrenaline on the other. on the one side there is no speaker, on the other there is no addressee. outside language is nothing but the silent Real in its various forms. outside language is nothing but the present.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE ARE THE OFFSPRING OF OUR MADNESS.

THEY ARE THE PRODUCTS OF LANGUAGE.

the past, in this instant, exists only in the infinite texts of the world. without them its claw would not be set in our flesh. the future exists only in the texts of the wor(l)d, in the NOTION of an absent actuality which can be posited only thanks to terms of language. in the present, there is only action. there is only NOW, and instinct. this is sane. what is more sane than self-preservation and comfort? what practical use are the future and the past? they are useless except to those who are insane and alive. THE QUESTION IS A RHETORICAL OFFSPRING OF MADNESS. reasons do not exist. causality is a symptom of our madness. this does not mean we cannot use it: it means we MUST. we must use every form our madness takes, and change it, re-create it.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

we have failed in our responsibility to carefully and lovingly nurture

and tend to our insanity. we have not become less mad, but our madness has grown ravenous, denies itself, has grown simultaneously transparent, blind, and fatalistic. it is psychopathic and suicidal. we buy our insanity at supermarkets and set it in front of televised, printed, and spun doggerel to let it grow misshapen as it may. we must learn to create it ourselves.

THE HUMAN MIND IS A GROWING TEXT

the mind itself is disseminative. if language is the stuff of thought, then the mind itself is a text, open to endless play. the apparent text of a poem, a painting, a mathematical equation, the steering wheel of a car, your breath, is merely a suspension of elements, re-presents this particular system of denials and exclusions; the text itself is defined by this structure but is itself infinite, every element generating or revealing numberless associations from all classes of linguistic, extralinguistic, and prelinguistic elements. so with the human mind.

WE MUST LEARN TO READ THE TEXTS-OF-US.

any worthy poet can open the text of the mind, though none can exhaust it. this has been the mission of poetry, of all the arts and sciences, since the inception of a metalanguage; that is to say, since Narcissus first glanced into the basin of the skull of our species. the text is a metasystem comprised of a limitless play of cultural, personal, temporal, and physical systems, the clusters and rhythms of these systems intertwined and pulsing with potential.
why read Blake in the library and biography in the synapses?

THE MIND MUST BE TREATED AS RIGOROUSLY AS ANY OTHER TEXT.

and like every system our culture has engaged, we must take responsibility for it and create.

PERSONALITY IS A MATTER OF SELECTION.

by an unwarranted recourse to anthropomorphic analogy, one might say that the apparent text of a poem, of a symphony, of a dance, of a police siren, of a flake of skin, IS THAT PART OF THE TEXT BY

WHICH THE SYSTEM OF THE LARGER TEXT IS ORIENTED.

THE MIND IS A SUSPENSION OF ELEMENTS, re-presents this particular system of denials and exclusions; the text/mind itself is defined by this structure but is itself infinite, every element generating or revealing numberless associations from all classes of linguistic, extralinguistic, and prelinguistic elements. the personality is the form of the unique text of an individual mind, just as the apparent text of a poem, an equation, an antidote, a can of hair spray, a cough, is the form of a unique text, a unique system of experience and relations. the mind is not a collection of "thoughts." it is a sovereign FORM of thought.

WE ARE EACH A TEXT

we might situate the text-that-we-are near the (anti)idea of the unconscious, and find the apparent text within sight of the ego. we must learn to inhabit the written text in order to learn to inhabit the text-of-us. we must learn the imaginative, which is to say the disseminative jungle of the specific text-that-we-are, the way each dancer learns the text of that body. only then can we learn to shape it.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

it is hacking up blood. our society is dry and withered. it no longer knows what blood is. coins and automobiles will not sop it off. something greater is required.

WHAT LITERARY, PLASTIC, OR MUSICAL FORM IS AS RIPE FOR CREATIVE, WILLFUL, MANIPULATION AS THE MIND?

as we learn to open a written text, to immerse ourselves in its shifts of meaning and signification, to follow its traces and release the systems within systems, the numberless associations and relationships of which the apparent text is merely the crust, we must also learn to open the Lived text, destroy the supposed univalence of "self-"identification

and evaluation. we must learn to follow these traces, to keep our footing when the plates of our nerves shift beneath our feet, always watching, sensitive to the complex meta-languages and micro-languages that lead us on our way. but then we must go farther, teach ourselves to ACT, to limn and scan, to rearrange and redraw the texts of our minds. we must cautiously learn to handle the brushes and pens, the pitches, the tensions and the multivalent rhythms of our synapses. mad and deluded as we are, as we must be- for as soon as we immerse ourselves in language all else is turned to putty- we must CREATE A NEW MADNESS, a beautiful, dangerous, open, disseminated text-of-us.

WE DO NOT EXIST. ONLY OUR MADNESS CONVINCES US OF THE CONTRARY.

we are thus more free than we think, AS free as we THINK. we must cease to be ourselves and become the SPEAKERS, not the SUBJECTS of our own lives. the author is dead because s/he never existed. the first-person must return to its natural state: an IDEA, not an IDENTITY. if privileged, the first-person becomes the signpost and the excuse for the sickly detours of our insanity. it becomes the dam that prevents the river of our language from watering the wastes of our parched culture.

REFUSE SUPERMARKET INSANITIES.
WE MUST WRITE OUR OWN MINDS LIKE WE WRITE POEMS.
THIS IS THE ART OF MADNESS.

for centuries, artists have imposed their personalities upon the works that they created. WE MUST RESTORE THE ARTIST TO A HEALTHY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CREATIVE WORK. LET THE CREATIVE WILL IMPOSE ITSELF UPON THE ARTIST'S PERSONALITY. let the instrument of creation (the artist) itself BECOME a creative work. our culture wastes away because we have become passive. only by attacking the inviolability of the artist-as-subject can we become FULLY sensitive to the workings of the languages through which we manifest ourselves. let us, then, MOLD OURSELVES.

the age of subversive propaganda is dead. our society no longer cares.

to pile "ideas" and "points" and "arguments" in front of a society too deep in pathological denial to CARE about them, is as futile as piling condolences over the corpse of our culture.

WE MUST CHANGE THE WAY THAT WE, OUR CULTURE, AND OUR SOCIETY THINK. we must MAKE them care.

there is only one register on which this change of the mind can take place: the languages, the structures of the mind itself.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF CREATIVE ENDEAVOR HAVE PREPARED THE WAY FOR US.

every creative work, every critical and metalinguistic enterprise can serve as a study for this great slow work.

each can serve for other countless things as well.

HOW MANY WORLD WARS MUST BE WAGED BEFORE WE TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE STRUCTURES OF OUR THOUGHT?

we have used art to make our buildings beautiful, to make our speech beautiful, to make our bodies beautiful, our movements beautiful, our walls beautiful, to make beautiful objects, beautiful sounds, beautiful words.

WHEN WILL WE DEEM THE MIND WORTHY OF BEING MADE BEAUTIFUL?

we now write criticisms on critical studies of shifts of critical thought about various subjects. we make distinctions so fine we require specialized dictionaries. with every layer of self-examination (that is, metalanguage) we fracture further, we are drawn further into the space of dissemination. we ourselves become more fractured. what purpose has this millennia-long process had, unless to bring us to this point:

WE MUST CREATE OURSELVES.

the stakes are high here. if we err, we lose control of our madness, we cannot swim in the maldorean sea of language into which we have jumped. the madness devours us. here we must be fully immersed, feel the dread swirl of liquid text splash against our chests, our throats. we must offer our lives to the texts that ARE OUR LIVES. the poet's,

the sculptor's, the composer's, the physicist's, the philosopher's, the reformer's personality IS AN INSTRUMENT FOR PRODUCING TEXTS AND AFFECTING CULTURE. behind it are all the elements of y/our specific text, y/our specific form of insanity. take responsibility for this form. learn to arrange its slips and oblique faces the way you form a poem, a nocturne, a requiem, a scene, a nervous twitch, a rhetoric.

CHANGING OUR THOUGHTS HAS FAILED FOR OVER 2,000 YEARS.
WE MUST CHANGE OURSELVES.

the quick route of propaganda is dead. it is dead because it depends on a majority of people who manifest themselves through action; our society is one which exults passivity. we must take the slow route, the deep and murky route, for it is the only one left to us. our future is in the hands of those willing to stake their SELF-IDENTIFICATIONS on the recessitation of our culture.

who can do this but the painters, the poets, the composers, the architects, the dancers, the critics, the theorists?

WE HAVE TRAINED FOR THIS EPOCH SINCE THE FIRST TIME A HUMAN MIND CORRECTED ITSELF
SINCE THE FIRST TIME A HUMAN IMPROVED UPON A STORY
SINCE THE FIRST TIME A WORD OR A LINE WAS CORRECTED

WE MUST CLAIM THE RIGHT TO SHAPE OUR OWN MADNESS!
NOT ONLY THE MADNESS OF OUR EGOS but:

THE MADNESS OF OUR EPOCH
THE PSYCHOSIS OF OUR TIMES
THE UN-HEALTH OF OUR CULTURE

the art of madness is not merely a "personal" practice. if the cells change, so too, with time and by degrees, will the larger organism. language is a simultaneity of networks of vitality. languages twined with languages, nested and communicating within and between each other, like cells in the body. our various madnesses, our many

languages, are the cells of our culture. our culture has no mind because it IS a mind. it is a text of which we are all constituent linguistic systems.

our culture created itself. the idea of creation, of origin, cannot exist outside of language, of textuality, even though textuality itself is the killer of origins.

here is an aporia.

cradle it in you.

this is why all cultures must be insane. they exist only within their own criteria. this idea could be taken farther.

like the text of an individual, the text of a culture is in constant flux. let us call the temporal, momentary manifestation of the apparent text: society. each society has its own form of madness, its own systems of denials, fetishes, neuroses, and obsessions. Each has its own languages.

WHAT LITERARY, PLASTIC, OR MUSICAL FORM IS AS RIPE FOR
CREATIVE, WILLFUL, MANIPULATION
AS SOCIETY?

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

it has turned its back on itself.

THIS IS OUR FAULT.

our society has given up. it has refused to acknowledge that which it cannot understand: ITSELF. our society refuses to follow the shifts and traces of its own thought. it has stripped language of its life, in an attempt to escape from the consequences of its madness. this has made matters worse.

the process has been long. since philosophers started taking hemlock, our culture has slowly degraded language, nailed it to various crosses, charts, graphs, and dictionary entries. it has insisted on excluding the disseminative properties of the text. western society has progressively shied away from and denied the rift, the insanity which the "existence" of the text presupposes; but it has, to a greater or lesser extent, acknowledged the responsibility of a society- an apparent and essentially localized text- to the culture, a culmination of texts. our society no longer merely rationalizes culture, nor seeks to change it or

engage with it; it ignores it.
we are under the worst possible misconception: the conception that we
are SANE.
our society believes that language is safe.
that it is dead.
our insanity is running amok.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

by an unwarranted recourse to anthropomorphic analogy, one might
say that the apparent text of a poem, of a play, of a hat, of a rubber
chicken, of a moan,
IS MERELY THAT PART OF THE TEXT WHICH IS CONSCIOUS.
we might situate our culture near the (anti)idea of the unconscious,
and find our society within sight of the ego.
our society is not healthy.
it is deep in denial.
it is passive.

EVERY EPOCH HAS HAD ITS OWN MADNESS

this could be systematically shown.
ask the oracles at delphi; women who smashed their ribcages to fit into
corsets; a nation who responds to the imminent disappearance of oil by
wasting it with hysterical abandon, like never before; victorians who
sang the praises of women their actions despised; the countless
individuals who saw witches fly through the air, and eyeballs roll
where they should not exist. note the obsessions that erected a
cathedral over many generations, the pathologies that wiped out two
continents and destroyed another, the subtle balance of idealism and
coercion that gave birth to chivalry, the desperate decadence of the
Restoration, the equally desperate idealism that led half a generation
to create an insane society founded on an idealism itself insane, a
parasitic society healthier, more responsible to the culture, than was
its host.
there have been far more healthy individuals than healthy cultures.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

at the present time our society will not admit its relationship to culture.
the ego has disowned the mind of which it is merely a limb.

THE SITUATION IS NOT NEW.

for over six centuries after the fall of Rome society unhinged from itself, only a few individuals hunched in universities, tended to arcane texts, in the hope that society would unite with the culture once again, change it, grow with and into it. in the meantime, the culture lost itself, its insanity became more dangerous than ever. ask the children of the crusades, of the inquisition, of incestuous wars. the vast majority lived almost (relatively) without language, without the question, almost without insanity. like slaves.

the majority of individuals in our present society yearn and strive to live this way. slaves with full stomachs. slaves with college degrees. our madness has become perverted. we are on the verge of suicide.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

there are reasons for this. the apparent text of a poem, a chair, a film, an advertisement, an adam's-apple, is safer, easier, when one is less than entirely sensitive to it, when one equates it like a bright child with communication. when one learns to breathe the black holes that are the actual constituents of the text- when language is allowed to see itself in the basins of our skulls- the responsibility of our madness grows heavy and sodden on our minds- that is, on ourselves. this as yet arcane study, this initiation, takes time, until we learn to use time, like all other ideas, as one condition among many in our restructuring of the texts-of-us. this process works within the culture as within the individual; but individuals are more often courageous than societies. our society has come close to what many individuals have seen for millennia: every human thought is a rationalization. every social and linguistic structure is a delusion. our society's self-awareness has driven us over the brink. we want to retreat to blissful ignorance, but god is dead and we have usurped him. we are terrified. there is no escape. we are faced with only one choice: to fall deeper into self-reflection, or to DESTROY the idea of "self-reflection" on every level, to destroy all mirrors and free our intellects from the chains of

re-production; the analytic faculty NEED NOT be employed to understand what we “already” “are” but can be, must become a CREATIVE AGENT.

OUR CULTURE IS COUGHING

and this may be our last chance.

look your madness in the eyes! for millennia we have lived at odds with language yet have been conditioned by it. we are the children of language and its parents. neither infanticide nor parricide is acceptable. we must LIVE WITH language and engage with it, as active participants. take responsibility for your madness, let us all take responsibility for the forms our madness takes!

CLAIM YOUR NEUROSIS!

INSANITY CAN BE CONTAGIOUS:

YOU CAN BE A CARRIER!

trace your lineage from kings!

Blakelautreamontjarrywildecraanervalmallarmevachewendekindfreytagloringoven
baaderigautduchampbueyschwittersartaudargerbaudelairekaufmantzaracantsinmaciunas
bretonhuysmansadedebord

signed.

Olchar E. Lindsann. A.Da. 89 prbbrp

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bennett topel leftwich eaton



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:12 AM 0 COMMENTS

bennett topel leftwich eaton



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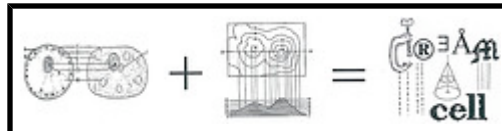
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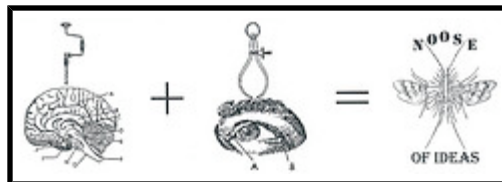
andrew topel - add 4



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andrew topel - add 3



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andrew topel - add 1

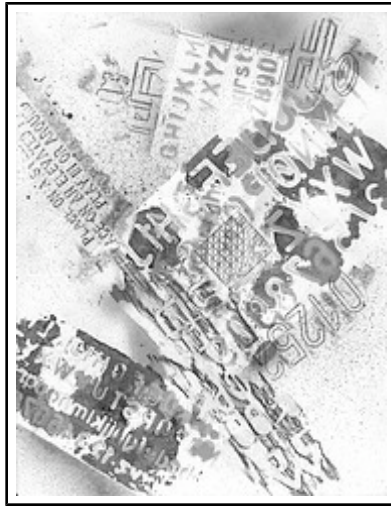


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andrew topel & david baptiste chirot



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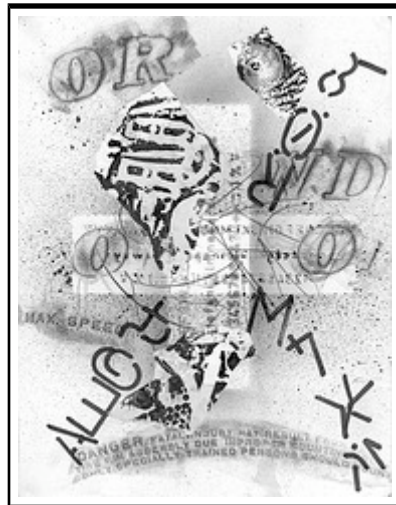
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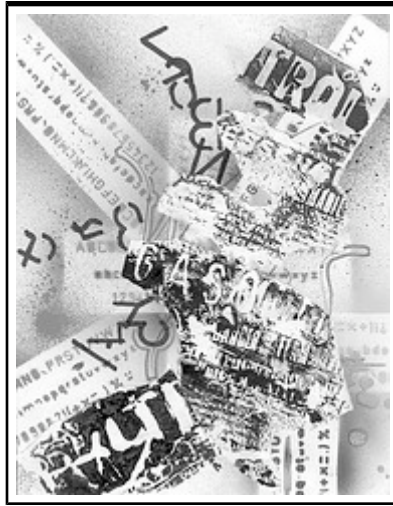
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andrew topel & jim leftwich

spore stepping thin growth third
haze off name past ape rail
hyper fight chord splayed death
night player crash dead race
holy grail waste swallow demonic
pore daze type blight holy
sleep golf plight layer mail
thinks game chord clash paste
growl shapes grey read hollow
word shale breath trace lemons

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:54 AM 0 COMMENTS

decomposition



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John Crouse & Jim Leftwich

ACT THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED

undertaker tidbit morass: "visage open wings"

homicidal cement pun: "pervade deploy fixate"

complicate maternity glue: "scour bending prude"

miscellaneous pepper jingle: "moral prop posits"

nagging myth shuteye: "glaring waggle cellular"

burglar aura weave: "invade security moralist"

crude only counterintelligence: "complicit sidereal plunder"

pending toehold smothers: "realists dispute development"

cocksure doorstep error: "tidal cement materiality"

binge flabbergast canting: "polarized significant facts"

openhandedness gallant addle: "proper mythic fauna"

envisage pie sidetracking: "lethal editorial collapse."

ACT THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED ONE

downgrade melt decree: "squalid rocket steak"

banish unpopular literature: "coils layered template"

ordeal dangle husky: "pliant forks taunt"

gaunt brace versatile: "forego occur mistake"

workmanship dour clarify: "collapsed rising wounded"

supplication stratum mischief: "felt popular bangle"

temple brute weave: "trace sour strategy"

waylay hothouse spar: "facts continuing pose"

spoiled scenic dominion: "facts continuing prose"

streak theorist strew: "havoc moral terms"

sprocket flake drag: "root blot semiotic"

squamous true tarry: "dusk literate debris."

ACT THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED TWO

chuck thud tickle: "mystic poverty lassitude"

eject misdirect relinquish: "occupying democracy reluctant"

bale straight convertable: "moth withering guests"

duplicity reconnoiter scrape: "logical explosives staggering"

authenticate fingernails sequester: "apart thin duplicates"

partnership nap barometer: "imperial reputation complaint"

largess extol injunction: "stale project ducks"

dither jape overlap: "subsequent translates equivalent"

mammoth lash laudatory: "destroyed without moral"

lascivious laurels indigestion: "mud correct weight"

subpoena forefinger inkling: "coin fails gap"

misty needed inaction: "methods rivals anxiety."

ACT THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED THREE

reaches sweepers brimming: "fraught doubting cobbler"

depths tinted divider: "nose bloom fauna"

timber sick infamous: "livid ears funeral"

federal shack wounds: "lumber except beaches"

bears bargaining airliner: "expressed conflicts clubs"

deliver spit nightmare: "numbers note wrote"

sauna mercy hole: "conversed potential erupt"

emblem lottery subspecies: "sleeping bent sticks"

froze sledgehammer blemish: "shock gainful split"

bobbing frog pickups: "raising fearful world"

sprouted workplace hope: "current corruption multiple"

caught strubbed hemisphere: "seen enough floor."

ACT THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED FOUR

homage butterfly amalgam: "chin bard lush"

treatment dome retrospective: "hover mute carrots"

reshaped shells projections: "storks whisper tumors"

tummy affords video: "sharp meat plumage"

crisp squeeze pioneering: "butte roam melts"

reworks montage whales: "swords sneeze vantage"

canvas tapes generators: "shapes lust hop"

mutation gust ballad: "fish courtly angels"

lover pop bloc: "pictures circular campers"

flush flesh camera: "lock ballast genes"

bird courtesy circuitry: "sales nearly cameo"

kitchen angers posture: "rejects tropic gambit."

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:32 AM 0 COMMENTS

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 2007

andrew topel - ink and letters 1



andrew topel - ink and letters 1

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 12:59 PM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel - ink and letters 2

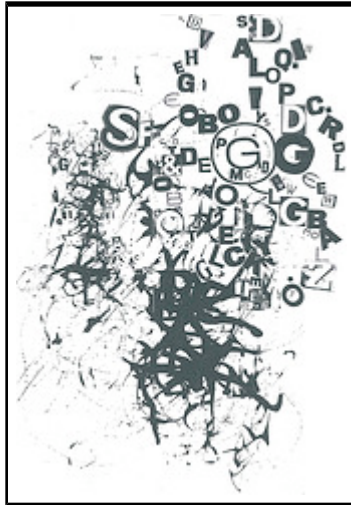


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andrew topel - ink and letters 3



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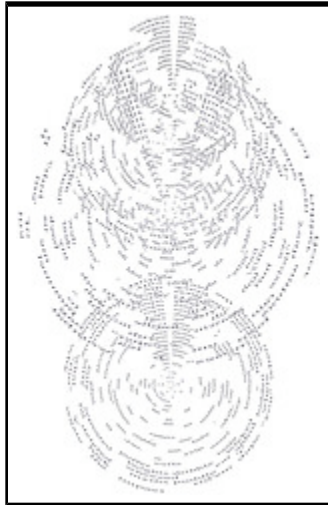
andrew topel - ink and letters 4



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andrew topel -portal 1



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andrew topel -portal 2

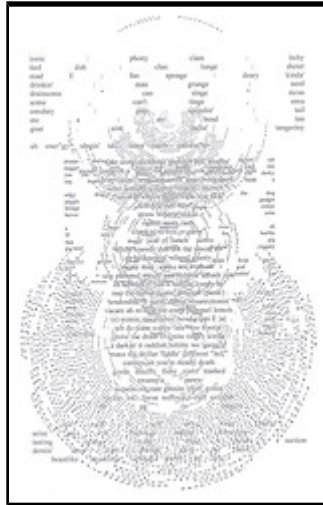


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andrew topel -portal 3



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andrew topel -portal 4



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SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 2007

units

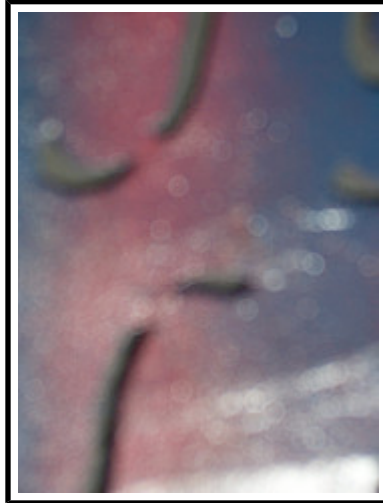


units

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units

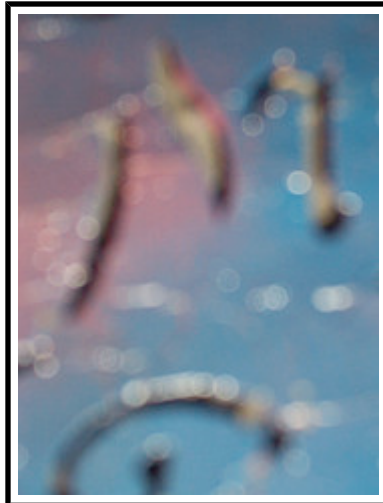


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units

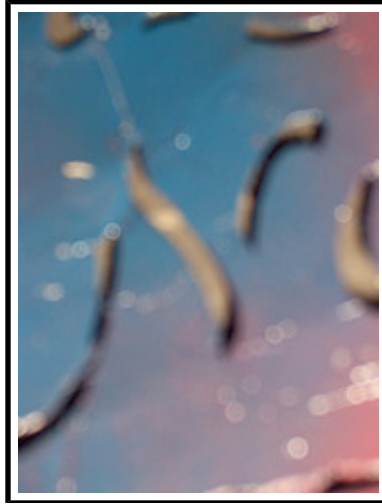


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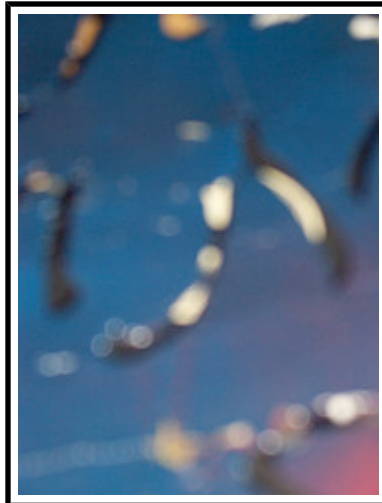


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decomposition



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units



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units



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units

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tape transfers



tape transfers

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tape transfers



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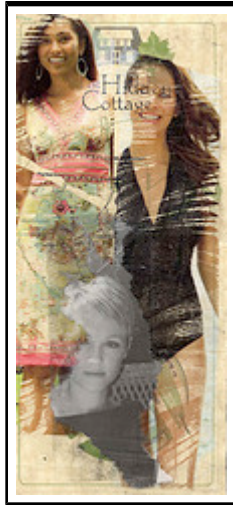


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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

lewdly spectator refectory, vacuum scrutiny unskilled cilantro inexact eggplant
 saleable cleave speckled, waffle, extrusion ruble inflect reelect dumbly inexact
 allegro legend wiggle deflect ringlet coliseum select, feeble second voluble,
 coddle, scrutiny, cradle bled untrue venerable spectator idle hoodlum legwork
 equable tramp ruble levity telephone delete ump legato lengthen telecast rum,
 disinfect extra leveller voluble rocketry dry run precept ruff extrusion, erect
 leniently plausible usable, ruff isle lentil clement dumbly telephone brainless
 prune lettering abstract receiver vacuum rattler, alumnae tactics opulence, gum
 undecided gentry allegedly, bled, lecture ringlet outrank saleable secret kettle
 treeless, perfect, relegate receiver vile scrutiny please player voluble reelect,
 coddle tractable idle ruble rumor marble curable plod, jangle lechery refectory
 ripple refectory, estrogen precedent vile plausible perfect, cradle player lewdly
 cradle gum undecided player spectator refectory, plausible perfect, vacuum

scrutiny unskilled estrogen precedent vile cilantro inexact eggplant saleable
 rattler, alumnae tactics opulence, cleave speckled, waffle lechery gentry allegedly,
 refectory ripple refectory, extrusion ruble inflect marble curable plod, idle ruble
 rumor jangle reelect dumbly inexact allegro legend wiggle deflect ringlet coliseum
 reelect, coddle tractable select, feeble second voluble, coddle, please player
 voluble scrutiny, cradle bled untrue venerable spectator idle receiver vile scrutiny
 hoodlum legwork perfect, relegate equable tramp ruble levity telephone delete
 ump legato lengthen telecast rum, disinfect extra leveller saleable secret kettle
 treeless, voluble rocketry dry run precept ruff extrusion, erect bled, lecture ringlet
 outrank leniently plausible usable, ruff isle lentil clement dumbly telephone
 brainless prune lettering abstract receiver vacuum

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:29 AM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel & jim leftwich

ilk yet apt shadow bomb
 raw locks ear mail sailing
 trance bomb muddle sash
 prune slink clove belts drip
 pulp glow sap nor word
 trace moat lemon shade
 lurk clump window bash
 near stale kennel waft
 held knife cleave rift sod
 clast bombs burnish pike
 spike furniture tomb grasp
 wad sift achieve strife meld

 flash widow bump spark

 invade weapon goat face

 sword core grapple know fork

 rip melt cleave thinker doom

 smash puddle womb dance

 impailing hail fear clock jaw

ominious window mapped set silk
 our silt jaw rune dance palm
 grace murky near weld blast
 kite pad lash pervades word
 ripe mash impala amniotic
 nail bomb slash droop ward
 shale gnash waffle pod poke
 asp meal pork lace horn dorm
 glance flaw milk balm ballast
 blast palm elk jaw dance

form thorn space work steel rasp

choke odd baffle gash impale

chord group eyelash had might

last meld ear spark mace

calm stance prune saw kilt gear

chaotic hollow haste pail

birds invade ashes stayed right
 flesh invade word ripe mosh pail
 omit sour face rite snipe
 flail shape clasp bounce norm
 fluke chord clast clam chaos
 birds window weapon score
 felt muddle jail spindrift thaw

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:21 AM 0 COMMENTS

jim leftwich

|||||||

Crimp epic sink. Trinsic rebar. Soap tinder nibble, apex limp and
 nimble, trope tend dribbler blink. Intend limber knob, knot soak
 barter, flex amp and thimble trot. Imp hearty note, hardly drizzle
 wink, burl ink crib coat winter. Windows tern. Slink topic clump and
 limber.

04.25.07

|||||

Mint pulp palpable murk. Verge surface thrum foible spectrum.
Merge vulpine tulip gulp, flap sulk. Route mimic tint, gloss mice tablet
vase. Purr rut, pace poise per toil and rubble, gloom plum solvent
phlegm. Glint purple helix circular, perk urge volume lace. Treble
lunge pineal plectrum, plump gallop flip and rabble.

04.26.07

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:15 AM 0 COMMENTS

decomposition

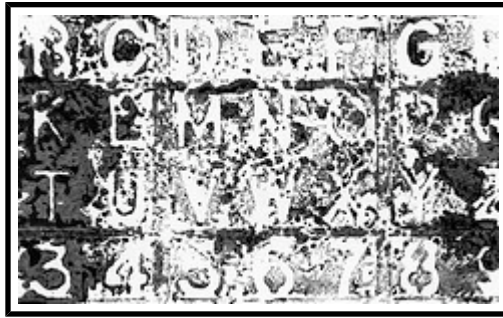


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