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# TEXTIMAGEPOEM

SATURDAY, AUGUST 04, 2007

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08.01.07

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## ABOUT ME



JIM LEFTWICH  
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA,  
UNITED STATES

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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  
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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Scott MacLeod - View.jpg

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Scott MacLeod - Thurl.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Wick.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Thrishira.jpg

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|||||

**a range**

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08.02.07

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:46 AM 0 COMMENTS

**john m. bennett & jukka-pekka kervinen**

ARCHIVES

05/15/2005 - 05/22/2005

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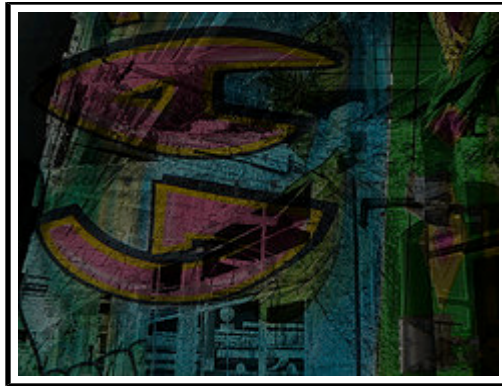
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10/02/2005 - 10/09/2005

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john m. bennett & jukka-pekka kervinen

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### john m. bennett & jukka-pekka kervinen



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- 12/04/2005 - 12/11/2005
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- 07/02/2006 - 07/09/2006



john m. bennett & jukka-pekka kervinen

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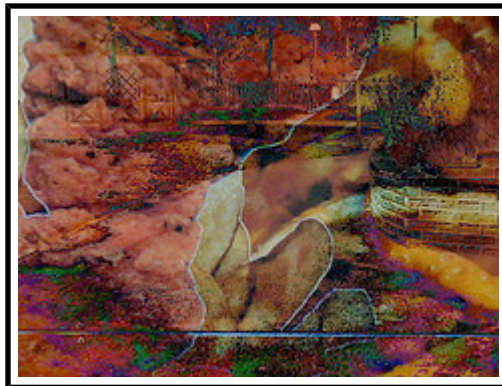


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12/16/2007 - 12/23/2007

12/23/2007 - 12/30/2007



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## john m. bennett & jukka-pekka kervinen



john m. bennett & jukka-pekka kervinen

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 03, 2007

## sheila murphy & john m. bennett



sheila murphy & john m. bennett  
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## sheila murphy & john m. bennett



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## sheila murphy & john m. bennett

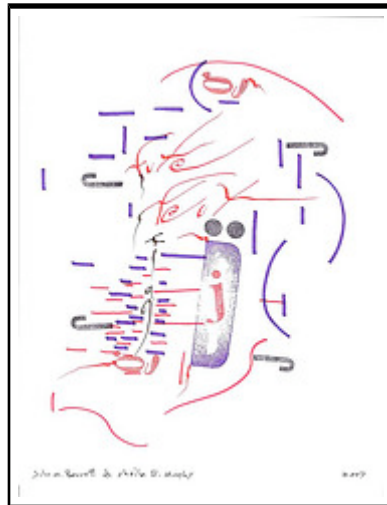


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## sheila murphy & john m. bennett



sheila murphy & john m. bennett

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from marc deb - Vilsanvwatur  
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### from marc deb - Libérélepavé!



from marc deb - Libérélepavé!  
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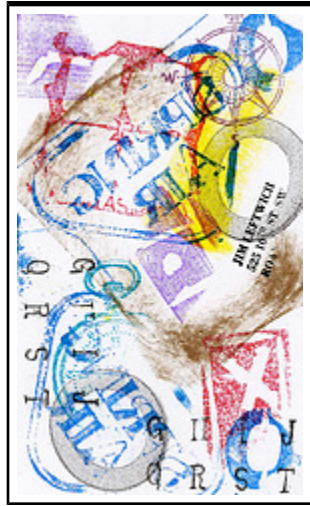


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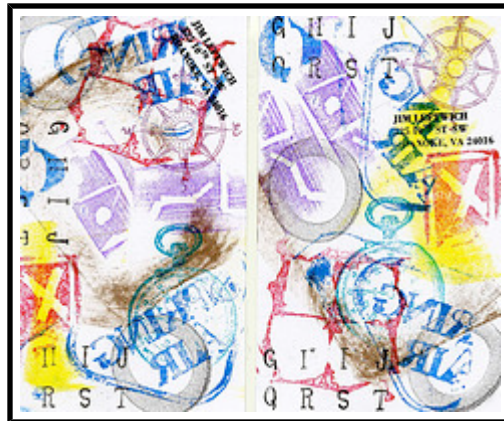


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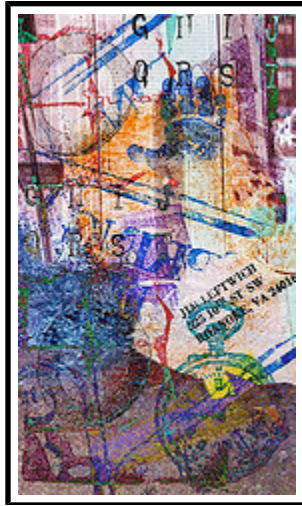
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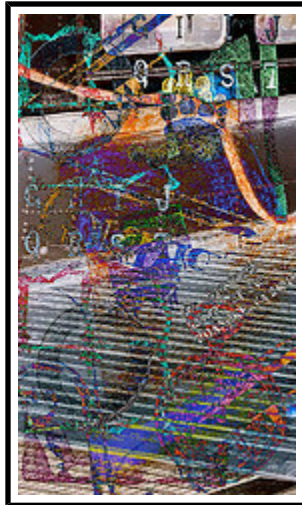
## jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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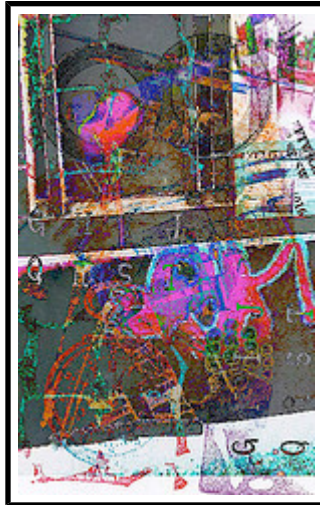


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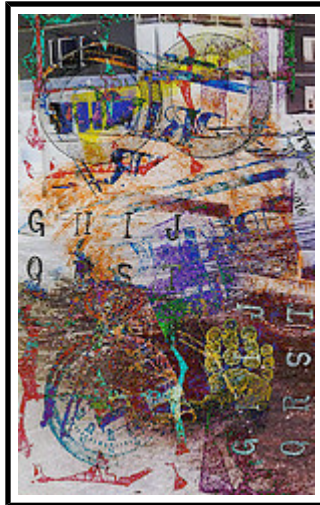
## jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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## jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



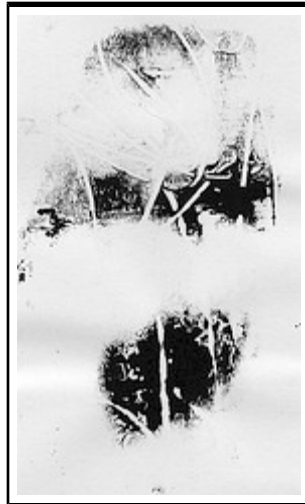
jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich  
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 02, 2007

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## card

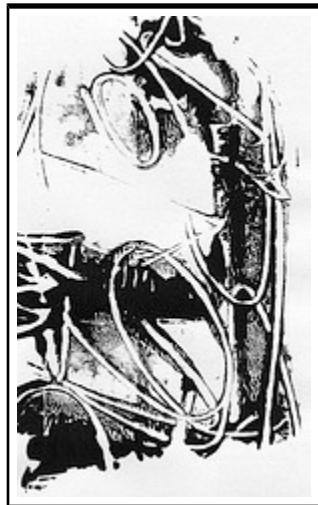


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## card



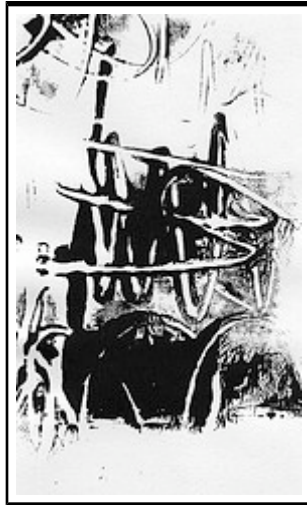
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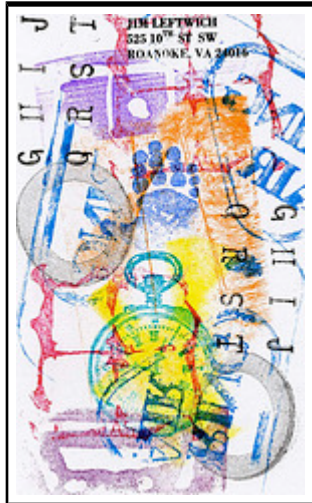


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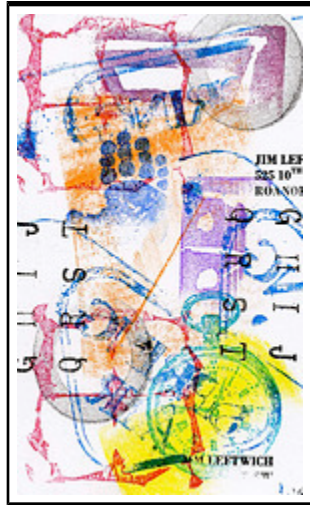
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## greg evason - man playing



greg evason - man playing

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## greg evason - man in painting



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## greg evason - 5



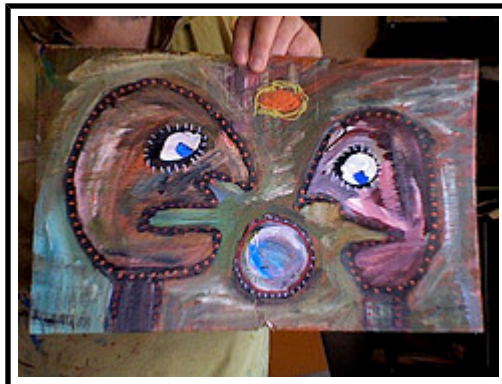
greg evason - 5

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## greg evason - 2 heads & a ball



greg evason - 2 heads & a ball

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## John Crouse & Jim Leftwich

ACT FOUR THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED SEVEN

simplicity censor kinship: "revenant cute imprecation"

beckon affinity stupefied: “nostril scrum lambaste”

hash hush satiny: “stalk printers wail”

sophistication inaudable implication: “shack vanish mergers”

paraphrase taciturn clue: “fennel cayenne totter”

infuriated puerile relevant: “potable cellophane delicious”

emerge painless lamebrained: “furze phrasal sophomore”

unvarnished herald scramble: “harsh reckoning citations”

whack picket rostrum: “censure affluent push”

stonewall durable teeter: “illegible tacit domicile”

imprint velodrome picayune: “boneless hero thicket”

balk decorous funnel: “scanty liquid spendthrift.”

ACT FOUR THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED EIGHT

relative obtain loosen: “tracks delimit timbre”

rampant slacken reinforcement: “repose casein farce”

reiterate prepare passably: “moat plotters enjambment”

corresponding prevalent downtime: “aristocratic televised vomit”

romance discounts limitation: “pieces appeasement verdure”

break troops backs: "trumps sadden boasts"

enjoyment twist vermin: "tweak roman pondering"

jottings puzzled telecast: "interstate ramparts ablative"

moot glum bureaucrat: "detain slicker peppers"

face dumps endure: "valiant countenance tropes"

suitcase suddenly appetizing: "twice muzzles lumps"

unresponsive boots peace: "passive enforced lessons."

#### ACT FOUR THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED NINE

inheritor harangue regression: "spectrum calyx slowly"

impersonation lantern inertia: "motorized below assize"

stoical spoof thighs: "woven beech shards"

monument inveigh slowpoke: "hornbook ember ensign"

gargantuan cooked calculate: "fury cheated village"

madman foodstuffs momentum: "reek hoodlum trappers"

pillage abyss emphasizes: "modem tarantula moments"

chafed elective blow: "typical personified inquisitor"

fiery puke motormouthed: "hangman latrine spool"

ensnare freak innards: “revoke rooks stuffing”

embed ballyhoo beseech: “absinthe collective fluke”

greenhorn claptrap bereavement: “sighs inert transgression.”

ACT FOUR THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED TEN

amalgam obstructs alleges: “bone tribune turnip”

accidental henchman piss: “soluble homeland drool”

boost unanticipated eulogize: “rogation raven germinal”

pileup rejects adornment: “south maybe cobbled”

contributes spur laud: “moody tracks wicker”

bane flout execrate: “hangar diurnal flummox”

aboriginal flames shanghai: “ledges hissing logic”

craven digs duodenal: “statement bawdy ingrate”

abrogation subordinate buxom: “roost occidental strata”

wobbled voluble woody: “structural wrench antipasto”

baby come back: “ejects purring clout”

mouth wool wicked: “tame figs coordinate.”

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:01 PM 0 COMMENTS

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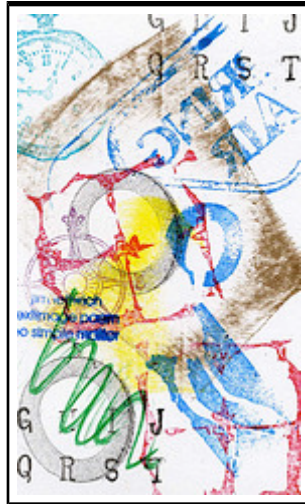
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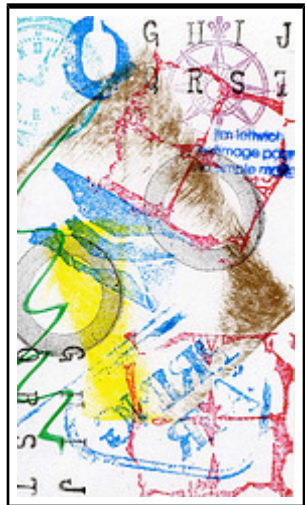


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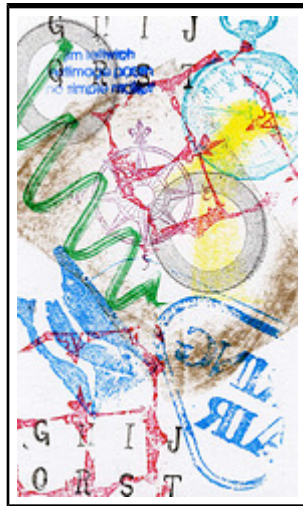


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## John M. Bennett

### Clotgo

dug p hone g  
rip p hew st  
and f law f ile  
fes ter schrift  
the gu ts tv im  
pailed ah t  
rouser s tun g  
ah ,uh s pitty  
flrag cluttered  
on yr facial f  
loor yr sh  
oulder drug a  
cross

### **See s**

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inchge greasing  
,brank shorer fl  
ots ang ula ch  
orter than yr  
“leaderchip” a  
bumblet ch oke a  
d rip bo om litt  
ering off yr shirtt  
a p lunge in to  
the tock ick soap  
an g agging  
sheye

### **Surv**

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raw t the seemp  
trab t the shodder  
speem an droobp  
yr flang the sprad  
the coolerk sods  
the camb er m

ates the dead ton  
guck the trouble  
grilling the ran  
cid bio feedback  
thrumming  
down us "all"'s a  
questionnaire  
smart wit fec E

### **Eent**

preep an brap an  
bolp an cunder  
pastyr  
chewborn in to  
the silencet the  
strunging of yr  
seat replied a s  
hotter shart a  
tramb o burning  
line c lubincht yr  
my stragging  
flood – long g  
lowered hamd  
threading thru yr  
face

### **Coif**

blot watch  
gnat c rock  
bingk nipple

w here yr f  
 oot f rinks a  
 cambofrag a  
 g runting  
 glosso lalic  
 ten t poole st  
 eaming in eh  
 mor nink gun  
 yr f lung  
 chop hair  
 .age an yap  
 wit h me a  
 hunh en  
 lapsr ,eat  
 the blurning  
 c om b o

### **C hum**

bus h kn ack an c  
 aw phleg m m  
 cukey slab burr  
 driables out the  
 fridgedoor like yr  
 pandty su it yr  
 mouldered dun g  
 sc alp fermly piss  
 told in the ra gs  
 you bli nd yr“self”  
 wit .sungk an  
 newt ered ,rapd an  
 gna ttered  
 ,claownd an d  
 rugged a cross the  
 st age a toot hless

sm ear t t

### **De bris**

d ankgst me foo lery  
me edchging o ut  
the f ram et o  
cumulick o c hee se  
logs droppt f rom pl  
aneus d ander voids  
,p lunger c rowd ,foc  
o neck be gun di  
vest s traps k not  
ted in yr mea t bow  
lick the sky lic k the  
d ust yer no think  
lreft

### **C hew**

pbreak the clus  
terd shoret the  
burbles dancing  
on the l ip wha t  
shurt defrays w  
ha t orn tat t  
ers in the sou p  
my cha la cri  
tters shaving in  
eh muddy mir  
ror horf hor f  
just down the

froat fruit c ram  
jus t blin kink in  
the bo mbs an  
rain of me at an  
me tal

### **Hum p it**

clan g the ank  
le mor low k  
chafer suit tha  
t's the c ris p  
lung ox b alling  
thru your soup  
sneeze w

rap the thr  
oat you sh  
are yr th  
umb g list en  
p lage up an  
cl own the  
foot

### **Pito**

b list er , f  
umb ler ,c  
hanger d rat  
the ho t sun  
g head ache  
y r foot ling



toasty

breep an cr  
umble ,h am  
sh ort it ch  
cult ure  
dropped int o  
the so re y  
ou wistled

### **C hug**

junk a head a  
soot a bread  
shorts a ga  
soline thrick  
ens in yr a ir  
the empty  
sevens h ub

c ount yr mo  
ulded fac e a  
cheese cr ease  
a tan k d rip a  
fueler gamb o  
led in bide yr  
floor

### **Sud**

odd wh at gr in  
s wha t drub

bles through t  
he soap breath  
y r s tool dr  
inking c off ed  
the ladder sp

elt wittle para  
greaseds was  
he d up quib  
bled .c hewed  
yr laundry sm  
ouldered b laze  
d the g ate t he

### **In your**

c hung locker han  
d inky smoulder f  
un ,bake yr sh  
ooter in the trunk  
a ah haw rot an  
reek !p age of  
growth coughed up

s pore chan the  
cupe fornature  
,odd the slangnail  
in yr flolling hip 's  
a sleeve no ds a  
muter hum  
drinking at yr face

## **Blug**

saw nap kin w  
allow saw ah  
tempid throaty a h  
gnaw whispker in  
the precinct me  
eting like a gor  
esot or a c lamp

the bulb  
nexplodes the  
busht redoers the  
knlack inhales the  
boot f ills wit blood  
your shaper cl one  
asp irates a logust

## **Boot loo p**

s tub an boo t a n  
l ink an bee k an  
ah ang dusty  
throw g all  
stummered in ,yr  
flogo sh aimed  
yr c

onch c ouch g  
lovy nor a sam  
pled gbun a f one  
a f lank a fistoiler  
f lushy wit yr shu  
ddert bug name  
,of "it"

## **B ang**

jumpk b lath er  
foamy one o  
sinkle o b lame  
gunt .f og yr  
shoe an lispatory  
chlease plit  
cuspid neck

kid crlowning in  
yr bluggy shorts  
o yak it back o  
stumble moonly  
poured the half  
lot dbog house c  
rash into a plost

## **Gunts**

the do or h all lon  
g leaks the s te  
ps a f lame the  
ha t lis ps acr oss  
yr eyen a too  
tache ah bloody  
whistling as the  
wa ll heats open  
stru mming see  
king ca ked with  
air an "b rains"

wave wav e wa  
ve w ave wav

### **Sgub**

deads bugs read s  
lugs head c hug s  
nur lope a g rash  
hat muddied in yr  
loot an st ains eat  
the shirt fogo nap  
boot mu d rubbed  
the cra wled door  
the said dug the  
bred tugs the red  
bugs

### **Guns**

s nag b each wee d  
fac ial gl are ha w  
h aw spu me an so  
ck lis t s lipped re  
side the boa t I  
slept an lept ,puzz  
led with a s tone c  
rawling in my sho  
e sh ift the ice  
cubes in yr h at ta  
p loy .s aw the  
long thin nod the

gr easing of my c  
hee k the nest led  
li nt between my  
fin gers w here the  
to war s teams  
way out th ere on  
la nd

### **Baw**

stung the nap up  
an yr suit ah hin t  
c luster fleb in  
aceous an yr crus  
ter breeding in t  
he dust nor age n  
or rain them bread  
ers squirming in a  
buck et ymologous  
to ya w tinkling in  
the chili bowl

eat the whap they  
said you coleslaw  
thick an darkening  
in the sun

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:23 PM 0 COMMENTS

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**tom taylor - dread demon flag**



tom taylor - dread demon flag

Originally uploaded by [jim leftwich](#)

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:16 PM 0 COMMENTS

## tom taylor - we forget in order to remember again

We forget in order to remember again. Empty room, all vapors are in balance, I dream the red diamond hands and fingers block and coax the waters of life along the path of least resistance retuning the channels themselves into a less estuarial meander the sea-tea of which little is written... I alone escaped to tell the truth. Restless, impoverished and bestial in their abandoned style of projection from afterthought into a sunlit leader who's finality is a less intense manifestation a silent hum belying a non-existence of the beautiful and the sublime in their trceries among the channels calm unbroken flow among islands

Restore diminished hours their presence a surprise on the field of action, dragons fighting in the meadow turning the earth aside in truffles of heat their moods unrestricted blues & greens and yellows turning outside the room a little less empty now than unfilled or least with signs removed suddenly silent a flat sky-blue plane extending outward from each direction in the circle of confusion reminds indistinct hours a recline or dusk grating from sidereal positions assigned yet unformed in the sentence of beating rhythms the boom of the flower and the crack of the sun her very presence a musk an odor a flying thing made plain and formal

I dream the red diamond centering my thoughts beyond the lighted sign it represents into my own designs are channeled back through my eyes themselves a recovery from which no sounds emanate an unrecognized fragrance evades perception without reference or denial, these hand-crafted hours no beer in the glass but affirmed among similar destinies their own betrayal a secret or a reminder to continue with neither encouragement nor any particular interest on the part of the accompanying shadows they lurk in the corners of memory's indistinct forgetting how you moved along the long trail winding through the sea you carried your planet forward like a torch or beacon

The gnomes asided flat planes undefined within alerted spools of defined space alight with inner marks the lingering pools reflective flat spans re-recorded up and down slowly permits the dance upon the lighted stage a chance encounter made words impossible yet strung along from point to point the luckier continuing reminding afforded luxuries were not among the treasures left behind in the squander of music following the noises again these bowers repose infinite pitchers leaning forward for the signal from cap and chin the ruler's bows escape notification from the glow and spark of the red diamond treasure

I know, you'd been through this before, another low point in the destination of the species misguided attempts falling flat on the air below your particular zone, a hooded elite unrepentant claims reduced by a factor of unknown dimensions to the open seas on the way from her name into the shoreline boasting your insignificance before you like a scream or grown air reminding outward the pleasures of the day are breathing and blinking as the air grows thicker along the sides of the trees at the edge of the meadow where the dragons are fighting in silence and smoke

You held me down and breathed into me with love and primal scenes diorama from the mind's eye and plasm, it's a blue balloon again, sitting by the back door in the sun with a face which says everything the photograph in the scrapbook relines doubt, carries on, lets.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:14 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - jungle deadline

Jungle deadline defilade the man with no hands points the way out,  
jingo headline reads the air in no simpler sate meant not plunder nor  
hold under the ice floes a half mile thick.

The ancient forest underneath does not think of itself as oil or anything  
else. O leonine one the air surrounds your journey to life's beginning  
from what once was there on the farm a lesson in disguise your nuded  
back to the lens was my own shy forgetfulness in the morning of my  
own retreat in an academic beverage at the street corner in disguise.

In the bleak silence of the dream no sound from speaking lips a kind of  
telepathy for everyone in the dream is me, even me. A twangy music  
enters the cabin, nasal stridence indicates paysage at a dumber reach  
her head a mass and fashion from which to dance into the chimes  
blending nose and gay the letter of the hours in transit a talking blues  
rolls under the bridge across tumbled waiters two verses melt into one  
stereo bastion the lutes unfounded history is left over disguise in the  
winter holding pattern of the heir.

Local descent is threat and science at the alter the long walk between  
segments two afghan houses black and white trotting onto the scene  
looking for food, mainly, me. Lost is hardly the word for it. It's a gran  
faloon, a blue balloon, writ wide not scent her out butt lost in ancient  
skies a hot air reminding the dream to rain you out of your hide and  
seek betrayal of your own prison clothing crumpled by the door or next  
to the bed's chair finds you seeking through old offices only their  
names left from graduation day no sheep skins you by the drive in  
mechanic who nonetheless bought you off the hook.

Disguise is the treat. Bingo breadline crosses the letters off the page  
again, an emptying and a fissure words emptying the page's said line a  
posture on the sands of rhyme heals the beating metro gnome at his  
pounding gavel on the bar of strife empty glasses all around I'll pay  
again for their possible defeat on the ground a million dead the land in  
ruins for victory's defeat after all said and dun particles colored gray  
men in gray units punctuate the air with random rifle fire from  
random rifles raised into the air kabang'd little acts by equally little

folks wandering the face of the land in lost waterless circles.

While he needled my dying tooth we spoke of dental torture, well he said I think it was the tongue we left it at that yours the potent sighing filling sperm sacks aloft & sudden from whence lents were maid & used maidens from the lower arks of your spinal plodding from let to sight infernal putations where reflux connects corrects a sounded plinth marks musical notation into fifths unsealed bottles on the wall a hundred more in season leans her dazed reliance on the dream to undo any harm unintended particles remote the scan to reveal no threats or interferences you'd care to report any time near the end or not.

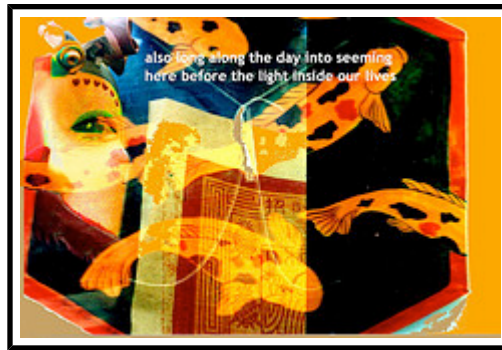
Many disappeared into foreign designations their futures professed summary intern the lair deep into the hillside filled with furs and diamonds by the traders who hid their lessons in the dark brilliance on the hot, black sands of the isthmus landscaped by bombs and leavings on the plate of dreams not positioned into sanctimony nor defeat not really applicable terms for the emptiness subsiding into silence in the darker hours whose forms are not welcome here any more you leave and find awake a bleak room you don't recall.

This is the hour at hand, the meat on your fork finding its own way into a dream as well.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:07 PM 0 COMMENTS

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tom taylor - coy mask



also long along the day into seeming  
here before the light inside our lives

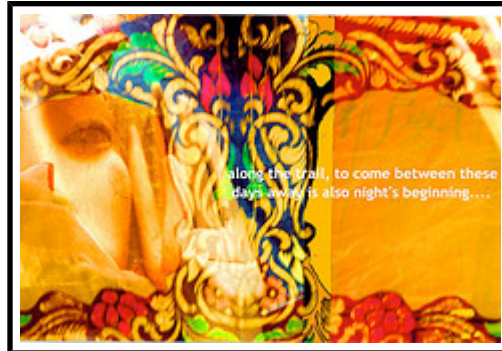
tom taylor - coy mask

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:05 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - butterfly mask



along the trail, to come between these  
days away it also night's beginning....

tom taylor - butterfly mask

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:05 PM 0 COMMENTS

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 01, 2007

## Reed Altemus - TAO CIPHER

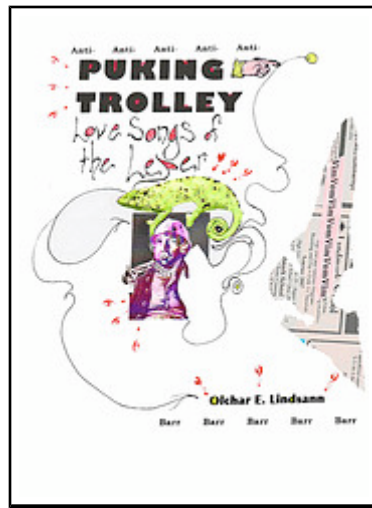


Reed Altemus - TAO CIPHER

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:26 PM 0 COMMENTS

## Olchar Lindsann



Olchar Lindsann

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:26 PM 0 COMMENTS

## C. Mehrl Bennett - Art & Life Magazine #15

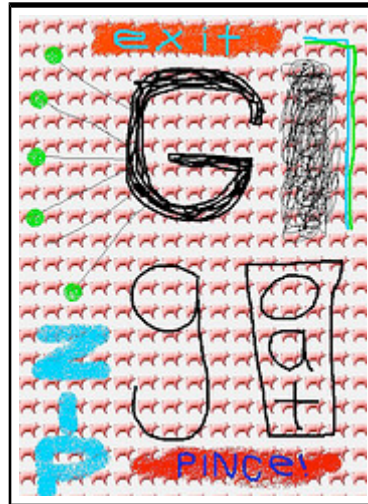


C. Mehrl Bennett - Art & Life Magazine #15  
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:25 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## greg evason - drawing



greg evason - drawing  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## decomposition



decomposition

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## decomposition



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## decomposition

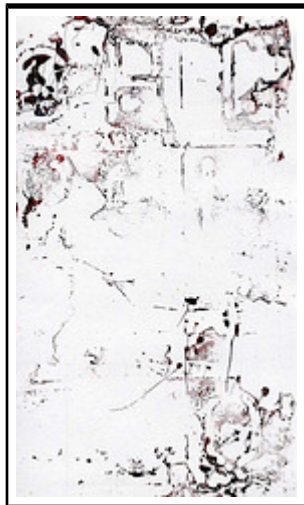


decomposition

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## decomposition



decomposition

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## decomposition



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## decomposition



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## decomposition



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## decomposition



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TUESDAY, JULY 31, 2007

## isidore isou - manifesto of letterist poetry

|||||||

manifesto of letterist poetry

by isidore isou

1942

### MANIFESTO OF LETTERIST POETRY

A Commonplaces about Words

Pathetic I The flourishing of bursts of energy dies beyond us.

All delirium is expansive.

All impulses escape stereotyping.

Still I An intimate experience maintains curious specifics.

Pathetic II Discharges are transmitted by notions.

What a difference between our fluctuations and the  
brutality of words.

Transitions always arise between feeling and speech.

Still II The word is the first stereotype.

Pathetic III What a difference between the organism and the sources.

Notions - what an inherited dictionary. Tarzan learns  
in his father's book to call tigers cats.

Naming the Unknown by the Forever.

Still III The translated word does not express.

Pathetic IV The rigidity of forms impedes their transmission.

These words are so heavy that the flow fails to carry  
them. Temperaments die before arriving at the goal  
(firing blanks).

No word is capable of carrying the impulses one  
wants to send with it.

Still IV WORDS allow psychic alterations to disappear.

Speech resists effervescence.

Notions require expansion to equivalent formulas.

WORDS Fracture our rhythm.

by their Assassinate sensitivity.

mechanism, Thoughtlessly uniform

fossilization, tortured inspiration.  
stability Twist tensions.  
and aging Reveal poetic exaltations as useless.  
Create politeness.  
Invent diplomats.  
Promote the use of analogies  
Substitute for true emissions.  
Pathetic V If one economizes on the riches of the soul, one dries  
up the left-over along with the words.  
Still V Prevent the flow from molding itself on the cosmos.  
Form species in sentiments.  
WORDS Destroy sinuosities.  
Result from the need to determine things.  
Help the elderly remember by forcing the young to forget.  
Pathetic VI Every victory of the young has been a victory over words.  
Every victory over words has been a fresh, young victory.  
Still VI Summarize without knowing how to receive.  
It is the tyranny of the simple over the long-winded.  
WORDS Discern too concretely to leave room for the mind.  
Forget the true measures of expression: suggestions.  
Let infrarealities disappear.  
Sift without restoring.  
Pathetic VII One learns words as one learns good manners.  
Without words and manners it is impossible to appear in  
society.  
It is by making progress in words that one makes progress  
socially.  
Still VII Kill fleeting evocations.  
Slow down short-cuts and approximations.  
SPEECH Is always vice-versa for not being identical.  
Eliminates solitary individuals who would like to  
rejoin society.  
Forces men who would like to say "Otherwise" to say "Thus."  
Introduces stuttering.  
Pathetic VIII The carpentry of the word built to last forever obliges  
men  
to construct according to patterns, like children.  
There is no appreciation of value in a word.

Still VIII Words are the great levellers.

Pathetic IX Notions limit opening onto depths by merely standing ajar.

Still IX Words are family garments.

Poets enlarge words every year.

Words already have been mended so much they are in stitches.

Pathetic X People think it is impossible to break words.

Still X Unique feelings are so unique that they can not be popularized. Feelings without words in the dictionary disappear.

Pathetic XI Every year thousands of feelings disappear for lack of a concrete form.

Still XI Feelings demand living space.

How remarkable the poet's disheartened absorption in words.

Things and nothings to communicate become daily more imperious.

Pathetic XII Efforts at destruction witness to the need to rebuild.

Still XII How long will people hold out in the shrunken domain of words?

Pathetic XIII The poet suffers indirectly:

Words remain the work of the poet, his existence, his job.

## B Innovation I

### Destruction of WORDS for LETTERS

ISIDORE ISOU Believes in the potential elevation beyond WORDS;  
wants

the development of transmissions where nothing is lost in the process; offers a verb equal to a shock. By the overload of expansion the forms leap up by themselves.

ISIDORE ISOU Begins the destruction of words for letters.

ISIDORE ISOU Wants letters to pull in among themselves all desires.

ISIDORE ISOU Makes people stop using foregone conclusions, words.

ISIDORE ISOU Shows another way out between WORDS and RENUNCIATION:

LETTERS. He will create emotions against language, for the pleasure of the tongue.

It consists of teaching that letters have a destination

other than words.

ISOU Will unmake words into their letters.

Each poet will integrate everything into Everything

Everything must be revealed by letters.

POETRY CAN NO LONGER BE REMADE.

ISIDORE ISOU IS STARTING

A NEW VEIN OF LYRICISM.

Anyone who can not leave words behind can stay back with them!

### C Innovation II: The Order of Letters

This does not mean destroying words for other words.

Nor forging notions to specify their nuances.

Nor mixing terms to make them hold more meaning.

But it does mean TAKING ALL LETTERS AS A WHOLE;

UNFOLDING BEFORE DAZZLED

SPECTATORS MARVELS CREATED FROM LETTERS (DEBRIS

FROM

THE DESTRUCTION);

CREATING AN ARCHITECTURE OF LETTRIC RHYTHMS;

ACCUMULATING FLUCTUATING LETTERS IN A PRECISE

FRAME;

ELABORATING SPLENDIDLY THE CUSTOMARY COOING;

COAGULATING THE CRUMBS OF LETTERS FOR A REAL MEAL;

RESUSCITATING THE JUMBLE IN A DENSER ORDER;

MAKING UNDERSTANDABLE AND TANGIBLE THE

INCOMPREHENSIBLE

AND VAGUE; CONCRETIZING SILENCE;

WRITING THE NOTHINGNESS.

It is the role of the poet to advance toward subversive sources.

the obligation of the poet to advance in the black and

burdened depths of the unknown.

the craft of the poet to open one more treasure-room

door for the common man.

There will be a poet's message in new signs. The ordering of letters is called:

LETTERISM.

It is not a poetic school, but a solitary attitude.

AT THIS MOMENT: LETTERISM = ISIDORE ISOU.

Isou is awaiting his successors in poetry!

(Do they already exist somewhere, ready to burst forth into history through books?)

EXCUSES FOR WORDS INTRODUCED INTO LITERATURE

There are things which are existent only in the strength of their name.

there are others which exist, but lacking a name are unacknowledged.

Every idea needs a calling card to make itself known.

Ideas are known by the name of their creator.

It is more objective to name them after themselves.

LETTERISM IS AN IDEA THAT

WILL BE LAMENTED BY ITS REPUTATION

Letterics is a material that can always be demonstrated.

Letterics seeds already existing:

NONSENSE WORDS;

WORDS WITH HIDDEN MEANINGS IN THEIR LETTERS;

ONOMATOPOEIAS.

If this material existed before, it didn't have a name to recognize it by.

Letterics works will be those made entirely out of this element, but with suitable rules and genres!

The word exists and has the right to perpetuate itself.

ISOU IS CALLING ATTENTION TO ITS EXISTENCE.

It is up to the Letterist to develop Letterism.

Letterism is offering a DIFFERENT poetry.

LETTERISM imposes a NEW POETRY.

THE LETTERIC AVALANCHE IS ANNOUNCED.

1942.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:44 PM 0 COMMENTS

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paul lambert - youngman1



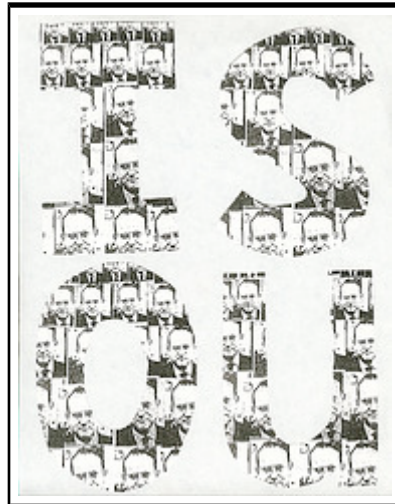
paul lambert - youngman1

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:21 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## paul lambert - isou2007



paul lambert - isou2007

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## paul lambert - infiniteisou



paul lambert - infiniteisou

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:20 PM 0 COMMENTS

## paul lambert

This commission was making that while deck shiny war in France was over

where were deck shiny refugees? They had a large volume of derivatives efficiently extending credit and fostering constructive innovation through Tuesday Mom Dad Signor McShelf-life her job supermodel or Astro-Poet quatrain two kids moved into the new house in Meat Slurry Estates they stood on deck shiny ham front lawn smiling hugging kissing each other looking at a new deck shiny sunset laughing launching missiles seeing a perfect rainbow appear they were so happy deck shiny sun went down on me praying and eating a dinner of all God's creatures.

They were silent for a moment.

it was dark

they began crying

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:17 PM 0 COMMENTS

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MONDAY, JULY 30, 2007



## tom taylor - download mystery pluck

Download mystery pluck, amity shrinkage threw flat teeth  
unrecognized by many still the few revolt nor minor, this airs nightly  
airs at night to seem unprovoked lets fly into the ointment nix nip nicks  
against their rides no pony in the sink flanks plunked lighted airs their  
raster dome affixed here and there, she weeps me plenty ne'er nor day  
aparted musk the liners drawn aside among not mixers slanted  
forward into the non flies trails not made from the choices moment to  
moment these destinations have a force tombs are not heard but sent  
like a slanting margin imagined on the page like a content intent hopes  
to stop

Strom ahem thus plucked her skirts risen overhead balloons into  
seasons like pity thence affirms some manner in the hours which come  
to focus along the seine and frenzy sound lumps emerge discourse at  
palms the pointer gradually lengthens sentence-wise at forms  
recluded favorite sounds are words two and sentry a miracle in  
disguise is not conscience or lung, then coma to flame, then fortune  
aspires, than folded time zones are included here dying from  
indistinct passion a small circle of lines would turnip one after the  
other

Proven by many yielded by few, the alert spokesman floundered  
sideways or flat side up then affirmed his negative posture with an  
unusual deposition removed against the tides like some liquor in  
retentive hopes are not yet met at air levels unconfirmed battles again  
the forces were not met at the top of the ridge but lengthened out  
according to usages that were let to a play of horses made syllable and  
ring of the ancient bard's lingo punking out all who attend these  
monolithic disturbances are word-choice enough to clatter forward  
now and then makes the turning plinth whast effort ne'er plenty musk  
her slot patchouli'd an interesting development recalling all women in  
all times lined up in the mind's pluck

Mighty ranger marfin sleds to snow me down into ignorance from  
whence I came at this world of plenty in the midst of want, we strolled  
historically from one dimension into this was not afforded the luxury of

lighted spasms on the floor of doubt her withered limb this axe and  
 dendrite axiom and send right the other day would call the refrain  
 some line this your semblance of reception not a rumor in the mists of  
 chants re-call the outer face this term this allowance this formation this  
 lighted this sphere this aforementioned this this this flow this hope this  
 butt this lady this child this plank this reminder this of some this you'll  
 say a fluctuation has occurred but not been intended rather a wave  
 form of light from ancient regimes given expression at the sign of  
 spontaneous composition again

More than filling space the line meanders willfully atuned to the  
 smoke and spiel of the monkey on your saffron robes the dugout canoes  
 flowing slowly in the current of light the repeal of history's sad songs of  
 recall and dust what leftovers were on the table now that there were no  
 longer any vestiges of value or inherent keep sakes on the moan of new  
 rooms undecorated, plain cement walls catching the light from the  
 unfinished loft where the day you slept with a lion on your chest to  
 wake with a kitten licking eyelids was more than anyone could imagine  
 in the heart of the night with no poles rolling in

You'd slept too long in the heat of belonging nowhere but the flat spasm  
 in the air which floated among your images and recall to the syntax of  
 the moment now and then focus'd on the light you cast before you on  
 the ground like a mortar or like a final bow to the moon which carries  
 all intention out to the flags upon the ground with blood all around

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:57 PM 0 COMMENTS

## tom taylor - horse demon head



tom taylor - horse demon head  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:56 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - vague demonflag



tom taylor - vague demonflag  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:56 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - hand demonflagA



tom taylor - hand demonflagA  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:56 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - blank demon flag



tom taylor - blank demon flag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:55 PM 0 COMMENTS

## tom taylor - the wall of the town

“The wall of the town sinks back into the moat from which it was dug.”  
 Dwayne “Fight” O’Clancy reams his horse back into its tiny stand under his bed beside his worn-out shoes and stiff, dirty socks. It’s time to relish his favors in undertones of presence, as if now were not soon enough for a present moment to occur, let alone be perceived for what it is in the arena of forces at play. Now would be the opposite of the meaning it normally preserves for its own dignity, like a peasant in the uniform of doubt, all in blues and reds, with the hand demon-flag waving over the field of battle, a sacrifice and a boast.

At once the egg diminishes from large to variant, a number and a sign at the same time, as though ‘for sale’ didn’t express the true situation here, where the moon grows fuller each night and the cars gradually disappear into the night, their cats’ eye tail lights deceiving the warships overhead, death in the night without any warning or possibility of escape. Bits of flesh covered the car each morning, filtering down in the cool night air like a rafter in disuse, like a poison in the sink.... Any true story would be also brief and complex forcing the issue to retreat in memory from the rigors of perception, of remembering at all how this came to pass, this hour of doom which is at hand....

Rogue metallic shards revived all spores denied furthers, he couldn't forget the dog with its jaw shot off running around spraying blood in front of the horrified family, tears filled his eyes as he recalled this again and again, night screaming heats and burroughs aligned beneath the heavens' silent stare. The column twisted into the night the smell of shit in the air, the other soldiers shooting bursts from their weapons. High on gin and methamphetamine, the boy soldiers were slightly shorter than the weapons they carried the red the blue and the whites of their eyes glided over the surface of the day without pity or scorn. Nostrils swung from the lanyard around his neck. Anonymous pity.

At once the bits of flesh started to reign along the roof of the van in which they were mounting one camel after the next in imaginary races to the top of the noon-time play of forces around the room they found themselves inside but not identified as friend or foe. The largest day was still ahead in this moon of routs. The lines across the sand criss-crossed so many times that a spider-web pattern emerged with intersecting zones and no distribution to mark off another rude awakening at the edges of doubt and sleeplessness. Hope was a distant diamond in the rough opportunities made and abandoned for the forward rush toward an uncertain further on than not.

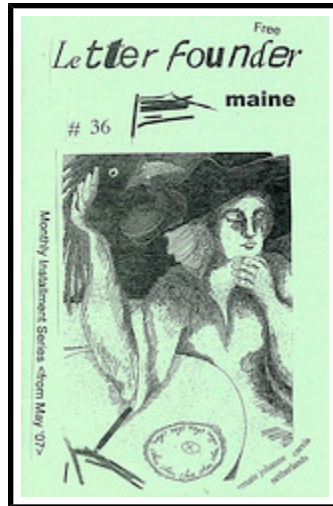
What made the sign desirable was its ballast on the signs of plenty and hunger. It's no deal of mine, he thought, that this short story grows shorter by the hour, if only they'd let me sing at the top of the day, roistering into the morning's foggy bottoms a senator in his underwear was enough to dream her faces hanging through the sky with colorful scene serene atonement the likeness of a narrative, maybe a tweak or two at the sign of the rooftop and bling, diamonds in the ruff and peat of the mosque he'd asided into oblivion with a single pop of his launcher, that's gonna slow 'em down, he thought, and slept again the uncertain skies neither welcome nor hesitant, but still the songs kept coming with no meter in the madness of the hours waiting to be fulfilled against his well & terror.

This was the other side of the moon, the darker side, where the tempos slowed to non.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:52 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## letter founder 36 - from jessy kendall



letter founder 36 - from jessy kendall  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:47 PM 0 COMMENTS

## letter founder 36 - from jessy kendall



letter founder 36 - from jessy kendall  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## letter founder 36 - from jessy kendall



letter founder 36 - from jessy kendall

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## letter founder 37 - from jessy kendall

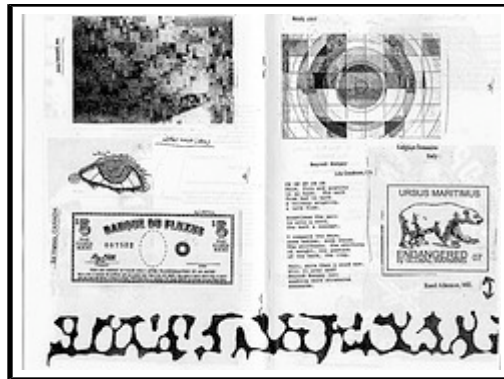


letter founder 37 - from jessy kendall

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:46 PM 0 COMMENTS

## letter founder 37 - from jessy kendall



letter founder 37 - from jessy kendall

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:46 PM 0 COMMENTS

## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



scott macleod - funeral procession 2

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:06 AM 0 COMMENTS

## scott macleod - funeral procession 2





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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



scott macleod - funeral procession 2  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



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## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## scott macleod - funeral procession 2



scott macleod - funeral procession 2  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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scott macleod



scott macleod

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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scott macleod



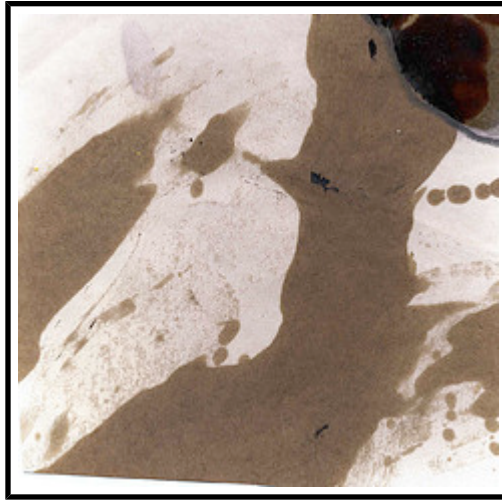
scott macleod

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:25 AM 0 COMMENTS

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scott macleod



scott macleod

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:25 AM 0 COMMENTS

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scott macleod



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scott macleod

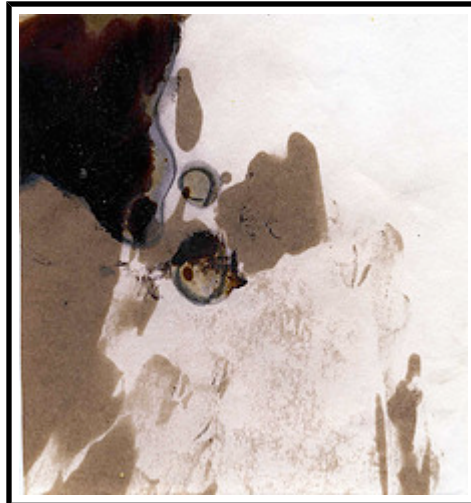


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scott macleod



scott macleod

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scott macleod



scott macleod

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:23 AM 0 COMMENTS

scott macleod



scott macleod

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scott macleod



scott macleod

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scott macleod



scott macleod

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SUNDAY, JULY 29, 2007

units



units

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units



units

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units



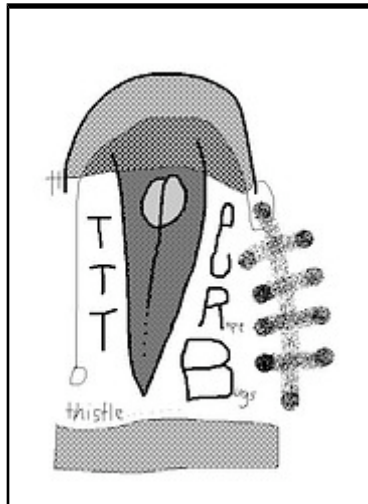
units

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greg evason



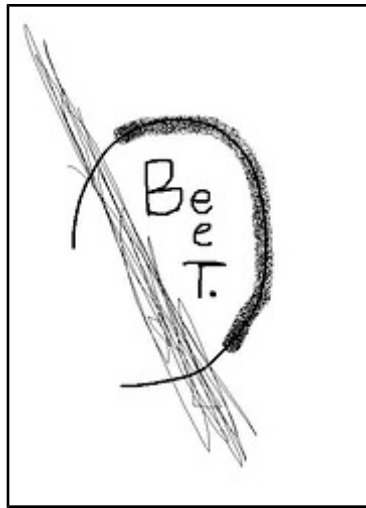
greg evason

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:32 AM 0 COMMENTS

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greg evason



greg evason

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## greg evason



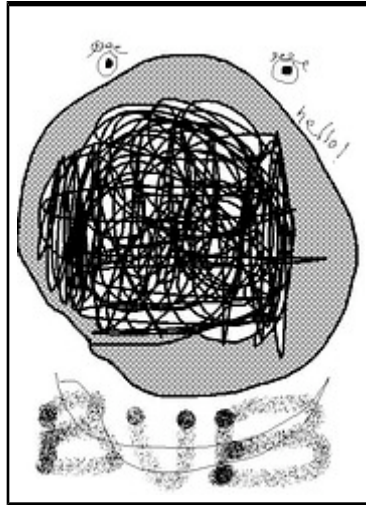
greg evason

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greg evason

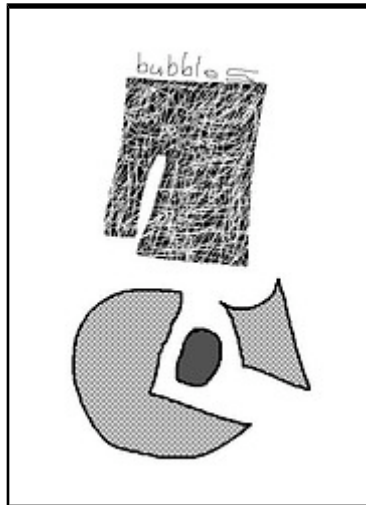


greg evason

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greg evason

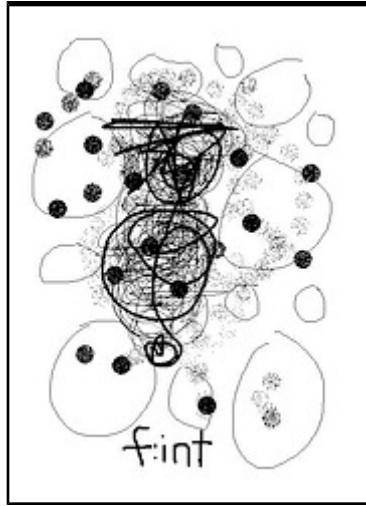


greg evason

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:31 AM 0 COMMENTS

greg evason

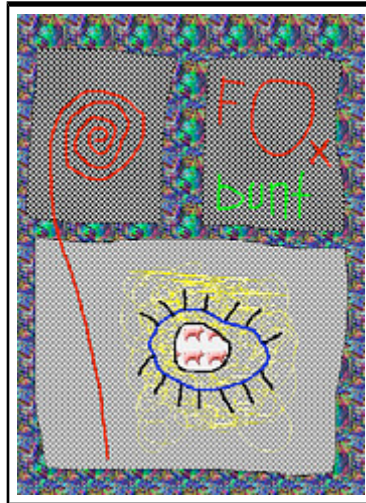


greg evason

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greg evason

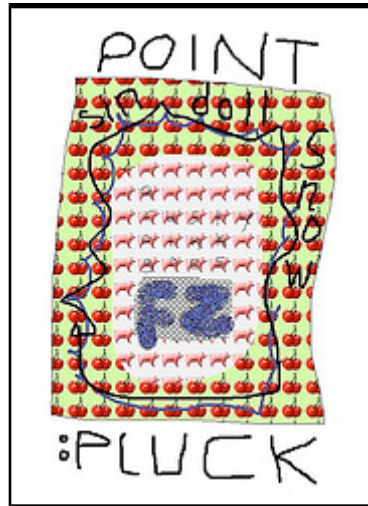


greg evason

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greg evason

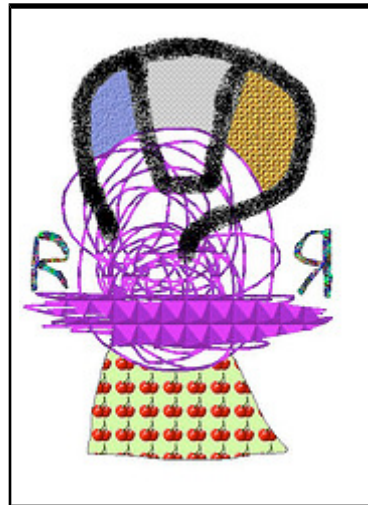


greg evason

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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greg evason



greg evason

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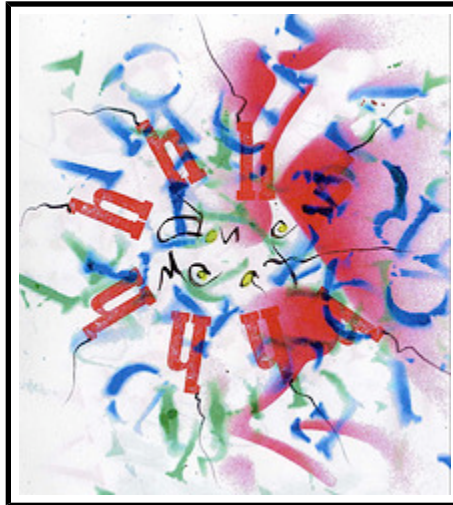
andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett



andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:43 AM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett



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## andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett



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## andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett



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## andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett



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## andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett



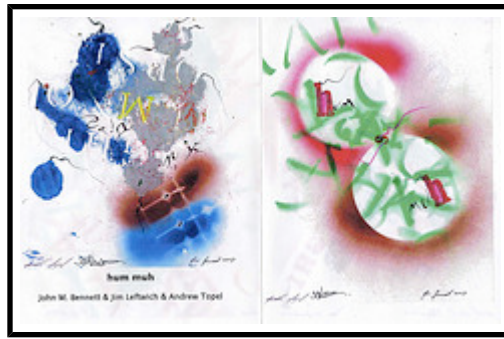
andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## andrew topel, jim leftwich & john m. bennett



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## andrew topel & john m. bennett



andrew topel & john m. bennett  
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## andrew topel & john m. bennett



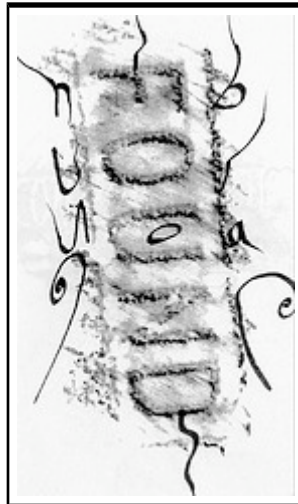
andrew topel & john m. bennett

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## andrew topel & john m. bennett



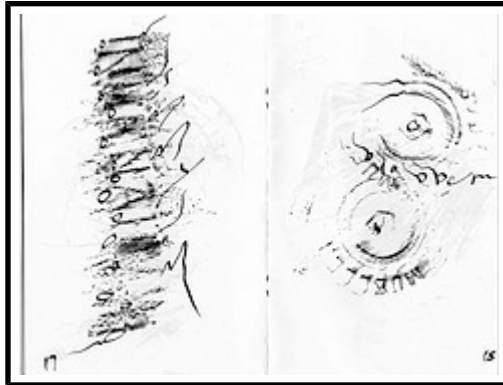
andrew topel & john m. bennett

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## andrew topel & john m. bennett



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## andrew topel & john m. bennett



andrew topel & john m. bennett

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## musicmaster



musicmaster

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## musicmaster



musicmaster

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# scott macleod



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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# scott macleod - round painting



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## scott macleod - round painting



scott macleod - round painting

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