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preface

this collection was assembled mid-march 1998, a few weeks before “cutups 1-200.”

the concept was simple – open books at hand at random and read out the first sentence, or partial sentence, the eye fell on. someone else transcribed. these lines were then printed out, cut up, and put in a bowl. a group of lines were pulled out and compiled in some kind of order. this final step is where any kind of creative discretion took place in an attempt to draw a possible meaning from the otherwise random texts.

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we are deep in misunderstanding

we are deep in misunderstanding,
using my own tongue
i beg you to return to your senses.

come back to your home,
we'll snuff the candles bright
to disperse amongst the dark shadows.

his face congealed,
embryo jelly drudged up to the surface
permitted him to be himself.

my artificial eye rising towards the ceiling
between two worlds,
the past is not all we have.

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are we to gulp down?

i have eaten the honey comb,
god knows why,
trying to keep my habit.

camped from far away pastures
i say, feeling death around me.

tasty and moist
honey blobs
slopping out
swarming with maggots,
let me smell the lilacs.

hear my words well

to move on through unpleasant things said,
escaped remark he got off by
creasing the misery,
the irony of it all was some how tied up.
i get nothing for my troubles.

i like it whenever you write about love,
innocent, like glancing at a nursing mother.
in a grotesque fashion some critical observations
take the place of perversion.
it is a puzzling fact we now understand
the problem of pleasure.

but nevermind, she laughed to herself
a mess of indecision bore the ominous truth,
the skin is cut around the wrist and ankles.

unfinished outline of

we should agree about her value
 that is the main thing
a purity of face
 the temptation
she looks at me like a child
 passions wane with age

movement which strangely contrasted their modesty
 i polluted it in every sense
primary religious bliss
 into which everyone hopes to enter
 keep it inside her forever

prying open the shrine
illusion of movement
the key to the lies

revolting colors
i wish
i will undo
with all my soul.

what is a woman

what is a woman
old biddy
gossip mills of the village
mended aprons
plucked eyebrows
a child i never looked into

mechanical excitations
second growth
solid chest
a peculiar fragrance
a goldfish from the bowl
previously unheard of obscenities

his eyes hardly competent
divining the future
brain rape
you are my man.

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and open the door in a rage

four women wearing wolf masks
visible over the murky ground,
 slums, and shanties
keep it inside her forever.

the eye of the technically conscious
enlarge the inner wound
clutches at blue intestines.

the smell of flowers
whips the world,
sanitarium treatment

out of order

elaborate my sexual fantasies
two hundred seconds
horizons of expectations

i don't feel good
her high heels striking the pavement
yearning for companionship,
am i drunk?
on a bed
in a daze
clumsily buttoning her blouse,
staggering a little,
sewing on the shreds until nothing
but the skin remains.

entitles to him until his death

therapeutic voice,
he intended to go there

he seeks another language,
a secret language we talk

lips together withdrawn totally,
for fear of palpitations

evening had closed in,
within bounds

sleeps on three little white cushions,
like a brute beast

jabberwocky prayers,
disappearing like magic.

misuse of failings

cold corpse of a whore
that fat cunt, my mother
the hole we live in,
zone of operation
remained fixed to a region of his anatomy.

down like stones
when grass had just appeared,
yellowish grey powder,
glistening billows of flesh
take care of her existence

an abundance of delicacies

i allow my mind to play in the direction of
 (hidden treasure).
the cost of poverty and humiliation
cut down a bit too far,
food is one of the things
entirely eaten.

paralyzed by life and lack of any,
naturally prompted by circumstance
we have a common objective:
 continuous struggle
 vital necessities
 spectacular acts of devotion.

a story they tell who the true murderer might be,
hundreds of faithful lambs,

the weather will not change.

fostered

unobtrusively strolling
round about dusk,
i felt the child in me
a public nuisance
a sort of human tick
raising further questions.

i saw a sentimental
substantial brick porch,
if left long enough in the heat
urges the child to touch.

delirious exhilaration,
small gourd rattles,
i will sing
while you croak.

joy infected

garnet colored velvet cushion
would have produced a thing to pray for,
using all patience
it is as follows
to the sacred rock.

ugly and dead
when her stomach pinched
every pain is a visitation from heaven.

under your skin
drawn over his body
clawing the sides,
the solution is elegant
blue blanket .

bulk of the entertaining

hospitality situation,
inviting, seating, and serving
brothers and sisters
scrupulous and proud.

as the sorted out cheese
is passed around,
fumes of wine
soak your bread.

precious liquid,
fresh fuel for the
double dealing intelligence.

grammatical investigation
leans towards his wife's ear
into the inferno.

any approval or disapproval?
his eyes were partly concealed,
let's look at them frankly
concentrating on what you feel,
private language.

the next couple
the first to yield out of belief
first and only cigarette of the day

quick half glance,
what else had they
got in their diaries?

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futility of a peaceful reform
with bread, fruit, and grease
i read it out of the corner
of my eye.

home-grown specialist

the hands of the body hang down,
the unspeakable crime of
a boy who disappears.

one day
my friend admits he has no loyalties,
he loves to do you harm
confusion arises only.

mastery of the techniques
preparing to go to engrave the youth's feature
watch the noble exits that they make,
ceremonials.

sick people disgust me.
for a while i use pseudonyms,
he felt much better
having learnt the rules.

drain on absorbent paper

preparing for her very last sigh
it was clear
laugh would come

sounded in her ear
to register the complaints
saline smears
until you go to bed

a little talent and a fat purse
will penetrate other
during her absence

sit in one place,
push the heel of my hand,
love had to melt
her down.

the frost-free season

their first duty,
rubbing shoulders,
a great socializing agent

people-environment relationships
cleared on these lowlands,

in local festivals and museums
patterns of ethnic groups
contrasting the order and harmony,
are reminders of the danger
father later insists.
goodbyes

internal differences mimic members

i have found someone who resembled me,
a little impoverished
his ears were dirty,
the all pervasive smell of tar
began to open out below.

recognize the face
the one he found,
reject the past as irrelevant.

thanks to the influence,
a collection of opinions,
honest because
artistic independence was determined.

more easily angered than old men
taking heads as trophies
taboo was violated
i get tired
limp as lettuce

animals were transformed into men
who had been caught
across some fibres of his awareness
of which demonic forces swarmed

he did not know how to think
finding few saints,
in order to do so
would trace a large sign of the cross.

under the pure sky

tales of monstrous births
the ugly, the obscure, and the grotesque

if she were to have children
untwine the snake from her body

stick with the pulp
belly bursters

to believe in the existence of
magical realism
increased in the suburbs
shall simplify this.

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the mescal bean cult

metal sink
tended her flowers
to the drum and piper performing

my poor hundred
mud-caked claws
farthest away from any source

a licorice teapot
may attack itself

among people laughing
i watch her opening her tulips
oh, it looked real!
but again, so what?

killing with a stick

a friendly tap on the cheek
cuts his
ferocious sunburns,
his bones broken against the tree,
parts of a grand machine.

i have no wish to renew my quarrel,
this sort of delirious activity
by raising him to a mystical plane.

wildly worried,
your face into yourself
the enemy will subsequently die in shame
especially when they have that look.

imprisoned wise woman

no words were sufficient
imprisoned wise woman
demon of curiosity,
it's too late to register the complaints
their faces rapt

discouragement assails her

the folds of her bony arm
hands who jumped
pale legs

could soon be reduced
to obliterate the memory of
closely guarded secrets.

bluff my way out

participate in the scene i vividly do remember,
little lake lies
stormy division
fire in a large private language
she turned red as a beet

began touching while still in exile
we are all alone here
cross legged now
it consists of a change in our attitudes
ever alert
muted to the very end.

they march slowly

they march slowly
shop, shutters, slam
with nonchalance

sick of faces
someone tries to point to,
examining them better

these primitive rituals
move to restore order
a great piece of theatre
men paid for

nudged by the notion that
there is nothing to tell
women with flowers.

straightest of faces,
the smell-
half burnt fuse of a grenade.

duties,
edge of the trench
and we are dead

transition will fertilize

i'll be satisfied
as long as you provide
a full report on him.

dismantle
a single room
experiment
merge into the neutral basics

with a hungry tone in his voice
behind those rumors,
i shook my head
attempt to suppress

inconceivable
friends of mine

women forced their way
ask me to come in!
behaved immorally?

construction is necessary
to risk
the collaboration

interested in resentment
i was struck,
i seemed to be accusing
deep friendship

search
your own conscience

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there you go
talking like that again

glossed over polite talk
hard to swallow

a power decision
carried out in logical choice

i'm always perfectly happy.

the verge of a tantrum

habitual desire
practical pleasure
drowning.

a joke arises instead,
our girl fuck-talk
crept into the mother's goodness,
ceasing the moment she left the water

a sunbeam striking a brass rail
sudden rush of blood to her head
nobody laughed

half amused
her wrinkles smoothed,
very well then.

spot the right moment to lunge forward,
a difficult decision until
you both feel confident with the moves.
very well then.

the performance

she jumped out of bed
towards the piano
stool stretched,
nails went in,
defining the words of a language.

an imaginary step beyond the horizon,
progressive chain of melody,
an exact knowledge
of one loud shout.

a cosmic character
must indicate visionaries
who claimed the message
is plain enough.

to finish with such
worries are faintly absurd
you're so distant
but still, there must be
some reason confessed to me -

please keep it to yourself.

the centre of the line of attack

normal physical and mental stages
are admitted to a great university.
what's the matter with your child,
baby yellow squash
marked with purple streaks?

his standard charge
definitely had some disasters
 whiplashes
 a mental unbalance
 slow combustion.

looking for the kill,
heavy steps in the kitchen,
primitive gestures,
some of it sounds very like
massive earthquakes.

such secrecy was always important
from wicked enemies,
that is the central problem,
get past a lot of questions,
one self against the modern world.

i can see along side it,
this will not last forever
the operation gave him no pleasure
life isn't well placed
to join in an attack.

currents have become directed,
and the object of the fight had remained,
beautifully tied up.

underdeveloped

that costume
acquired and derived,
command over the
external object
responding to the rule

step right up
we do not know of any other woman
not aware of
natural beauty

this situation could
be exploited to
that line of work

a towering
spectacle
skin and ribs,
the side of passion
of the body

remember,
that the
lemon

coloured
catalogue
cripples

that's too bad
about its contents
considering
colour.

the urinal, deep in

the paradox of the
bug for working
in the cheese industry

the occasional worn carpet
push to the end of the
steel rim leading off from
the hell,
desiring to glimpse
the bondage of gravity,

a realistic depiction

beginning to get better,
eyes danced from spinning
and began massive
withdraw
drunk
noisier
gave a low hiss
thrilled to have you
so small
 (deny vehemently that
 these colours dominated)

they're going to eat
her nerves when cool
enough to handle.

disobeys civil laws

avoiding a glance
from flea markets,
escape boxes and corrugated iron,
mere spectators

time lost
could prove fatal,
no one gains,
see how the values of freedom
trapped on the negative
reject every thing

live as a human being,
regular garden variety,
in a bundle of blooms

how i grew up behind my mother

widespread hostility
embodied women
subordination,
radically wider
participation in
that dominant culture

variety of societies
fail to generate
excess

could women
be gaining?
it is never clear.

before she turned twenty

the secrets are in your toes
(long since forgotten)
my thumb tends to shy away
in value to the skin

the sensitive crazy girl

irritants
back by popular demand,

little by little leeches
grew attached to the
broken bodies abandoned
again

what becomes of me?
fingers are holding my eyes open,
fragrant smells,
sweet spicy sharp
went out to the wasteland,
the soft weeping of the girl
heard.

visionary individuals
and organizations
slit from the outside

blame the spirits

surely it cannot be,
hanging dead dogs from poles.

hit and run
stainless steel machine,
the only resolution that
made sense.

brilliant sun
to much to hope for,
prolonged attacks
must have predators.

the child, dead
sank in that disaster,
this town should receive,
injury against infection.

out there

a mournful scene
the dead cart
only an ancient woman
infected and desperate,
shy of people,
studied from left and right
those fires

hardship and toil
perch in the kitchen,
spiritual comfort
prove too tricky

further down the valley
a million
sparkle eyes,
push open the window
tickling her,
trying to kill her.

social identity

colours from
paint and fabric
run under my collar

present acceptance
includes both kinds of
suitable options,
push
pull

no attempt to tackle
foggy nationality
(unable to utter own tradition)

in this fatal manner
i took the hats
exploring disorientation
without making
any mistakes

guided by a clear concept
"social identity"
delivered great quantities of
substance,
which burns,
a generation,
later.
been given
never twice the same

demand for kisses

progress report

frustrated local
urban elite
a distemper arising
it must be expected

danger was in low frequencies
unevenly throughout,
his secret progress report
looked absolutely beastly

earth and technology
had been well sown
at the season of
reason

thin layer of soil,
black with the
food and garbage problem
may detour upwind,
but these robberies
wave back and forth

grounds will turn
before entering such an area
by law.

infected people exposed

the knife cut may grow into a crack
in his mouth,
lovers ever since
there existed a novel energy

overdoing things,
the poor man
had already offended her,
and could not swallow it

dragged into their
richness and violence
i listened
kept watching

its nakedness
bear eloquent testimony,
instincts are behaviours

competition with people
might cause
embarrassment,
common misunderstanding,
fear of being

and the day comes,
we cling to it
during the breaks
given the safe time to breath.