

## EDITORS' NOTES

Quid again spills from off the laserwriter, QUID 3 : THE TRANSLATIONS EPISODE. Next issue will follow hard upon this belated production. Everyone is a potential contributor, so send dash and vim to Keston Sutherland and Andrea Brady, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, CB2 1TA ENGLAND or (preferably) to kms20@hermes.cam.ac.uk.

Despite all the high-quality international footage in this issue, QUID still costs a oner, and 'subscriptions' (for the patient) still cost £12 per year. Postage should be, say, £0.50 on top. Send requests to the above.

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PHILIPPE BECK (born in France in 1963) has published four books of poetry since 1996: *Garde-manche hypocrite* (Fourbis), *Chambre à roman fusible*, *Verre de l'époque Sur-Eddy*, and *Rude Merveilleux* (Al Dante). His latest book, *Dernière Mode Familiale*, is due next January by Flammarion. He edits the poetry journal *Quaderno*, and is Lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Nantes. He is a translator of Karl P. Moritz and Coleridge into French.

JEROME GAME (born in France in 1971, living in England since 1996) has published poetry, prose, and essays in numerous journals since 1993. His book of poetry, *Tension*, is due next January by Editions Fischbacher. The November 1999 issue (#40) of the journal *Mauvaise Graine* was dedicated to his short-stories. He heads the Minuit Rouge Series at Editions Fischbacher. He is a translator of WH Auden and contemporary English poetry into French as well as of contemporary French poetry into English.

CHRISTOPHE TARKOS (born in France in 1964) has published numerous books of poetry since 1995, amongst which *Processe* (Ulysse Fin de Siècle, 1997), *Oui, L'Argent* (Al Dante), *Caisses*, *Le Signe =* (P.O.L.). He co-edits two poetry journals: *Facial* and *Poézi Prolétèr*.

CHRISTOPHE TARKOS

*from O u i*

*translated by Jérôme Game.*

# SONG 1

I am happy  
I am going to the factory  
Today I live  
I am going to work today  
I am on the way morning  
I am going to the factory It's I it's I  
I am happy  
I am going to the factory  
Today I live  
I am going to work today  
I am on the way morning  
I am going to the factory It's I it's I  
I do not not go to the factory  
I do not not go to work  
I am not not any work  
today I am going to the factory  
I way  
I morning  
I go I know I am happy  
Morning today  
I am not not going to the factory  
today I am the way  
going to work in the factory  
this morning  
I am not not to go  
factoring this day  
I am not not to go to the factory  
I am not not way  
I am not not morning  
I am not not working  
I am happy to go to the factory  
It's morning today  
I am way  
I am going to work  
I am happy  
Today my life  
way of morning  
I am happy  
I walk to go to work  
towards the factory  
today it's life

# SONG 4

Revolution  
I'm looking for a comrade  
to make the Revolution  
Forward  
We shall take the facts,  
we shall go with the Facts  
Make the revolution  
In front of the great Substance  
There is not only Fingers in  
the Hand  
O tro lo lo le to tro lo lo  
The grandiose Bag of the Revolution  
Incommensurable  
Min min lon lon fan fan don  
don my Dondy  
We'll spread to crush  
crushes crisps, crushes enlarges  
crushes spreads, crushes disappears  
Either We Crush him or we Pull him  
or he Swallows  
To crush him and to eat him  
and to inflate him and to pull him  
and to talk him and to crisp him  
and to star him and to be him and to bugger him  
To be him and to bugger him  
It's the revolution

# LOVE

## 1

I love you. I love you. I need you. I love what exists. I love you. You are here. I love what exists more than what doesn't exist. I sink into. You are alive. I love you. I need who lives. I'm in love with. I don't know what you are anymore. In sink into. I'm dizzy. I love you. It's you whom I love. You are. I love what is. I need what is. I love you. It's you whom I love, you more than any other, you more than any thing else existing. I am in love with you. I love you more than any thing which is not you. You, you're here. I fall in your arms, I want to take you in my arms I am overcome by vertigo, you exist. I will love nothing of what doesn't exist but you, only you, you are. I love what is more than any thing which is not, I sink into, it is you whom I love.

## 3

You are beautiful. I am going to love you of a love in love. I hear you. I am going to love you. You are so beautiful. I know I won't resist your beauty. I am going to go down, I am going to hear you, I cannot resist, I am going to dive into. I shall bring myself. You are so beautiful, so young, so lively, so vanishing, I disappear. I am going to be yours. I hear you, I am already towards you, I go down, I can't bear, I plunge. Your beauty attracts me. I am attracted, you are so beautiful, I am going to love you. At the beauty of your licentiousness, I sink resistlessly to you, it is yours whom I am, I love you, I go to you, you are a goddess, I am seeing your beauty caught, seeing no one but you, I am yours, you are beautiful, I go, I do not resist, I go down.

## 5

I kiss you. I take your mouth with my mouth, you take my mouth with your mouth, they touch. I open your lips with my mouth, you open my lips to your lips, to your mouth, to your tongue, you turn his tongue in his mouth, I turn your tongue in my mouth, I discover your mouth, you discover the sensation of my mouth, my soft tongue, with your tongue, I wrap your tongue in my tongue, I mix it, you turn your tongue, you mix it, they touch, they mix, I caress your tongue, I love you, you let me in, I let my tongue slide, they love each other, your tongue is in my mouth, you caress my tongue, you love me.

# 6

I used to love you and I still love you, I still love you as I used to love you, I've loved you, I didn't cease loving you, I cannot cease loving you, I still love you, I haven't ceased loving you, I have loved you, I used to love you, I've really loved you, I've loved you as I still love you, I still love you, I've continued to love you, loving you, I was continuing to love you, I was loving you, I continue to love you, I have loved you, I was loving you for ever, I love you, I continue, I love you.

# 9

I don't love you but I used to love you, I don't love you, yet I used to love you a lot, you don't love yourself, you used to love me a lot, I don't love you, yet, all my love was for you, so much I used to love you, at that time, I used to love you so much that, and you you used to love me, we used to love each other together for real, I used to love being with you every day, being with you, I have loved accompanying you, following you, seeing you, breathing you every day, it was of a total love that I used to love you, I was in love totally with you, I don't love you, I don't love you, I don't love you, you were my only love, I used to love you with all my heart, you used to love me and I used to love you a lot.

# 10

I did not make a head of you for myself, you have all the roundness, all the head and all the beauty. You have your head, your pearl eyes, your pearling pearl eyes, I don't know you, I look at you, you are the pearl and I fuck you. We take one hand, we start out, we see. we get near, we invite. And I suck your eyes and I don't know you. You have all your roundness, I don't know you, I know you, I fuck you. We transmit, I you love head-on. We have, inadvertently, knocked our heads, we were fucking. I hold you for your roundnesses, for your heat, for your fears, I hold you in esteem. I did not make a quid of you, you have all your roundness and all your head, I don't know why, you're heating up. We have, inadvertently, made some heat. You are the sun, the roundness, you are unknown to me, you are the, you have eyes. I suck your eyes, you have all your wits, I'm heating. I don't eat your brains, you have all the roundnesses, I don't know you, I know you, I fuck you. Every thing is hot and I don't understand you, and I take you, and I fuck you, and your eyes aren't any rounder.

# *SUMPTUOUS*

**P H I L I P P E   B E C K**

*f r o m* **C H A M B R E   A   R O M A N   F U S I B L E**

*translated by Jérôme Game.*

## **T H E   T R A G I C   N A Ï V E T Y .**

In past novels hid the stolen obviousness. Non complete novels, on the horizon of vegetables smitten with summaries, in definitive stations, added to contractuals. Novels for active plants.

## **S U P P L Y I N G .**

I always need to bring something. Precision is also required here: I always need being brought; any one is a thing. We already hear the bells ringing: what is this man-object so little attractive? Here is an appealing idea: for I do not need to attract, but to bring. (Contribution: the contradiction of the laying down standing and the laying down on the ground: I am seriously standing. For there are two seriously.)

## **U N I V E R S A L   E M O T I O N   O F   T H E   P E R S O N .**

Every thing that rains in this internal side by side (companion, flesh of flesh, and sorts) rains inside one's self: rains on the inside, chairs and cushions. It is not a post-nightingale rain, at best of renewed bird, sieved in the two re-.

## **F U T U R E   E V E .**

What is this thing: a flight? What is an equipped woman? Not a feline. A woman with her gear to agree; and fundamentally refuse to equip the out of tune. What is a firm woman, with her future chest here, swanlike or Greuze? A woman is a future woman.

## **J O G I C H E S .**

One who does not write, but subsidizes, and throws an objective sentence at the end of the woman with the cloche hat.

## TO CATCH THE WORD.

The writer's oval silhouette seems lying down, amongst vivid strangers indifferent, in a shroud of ice. Pallid height, or austere reserve, of the uncopyable grasped in a mirror of approbation? The copyable is oval. Its briefcase definitive, the ice, is the product of its beautiful marking machine: he has produced some copies, and daydreams of blind walls. At the heart's door of an emotional reader, strikes the word to be caught. It is a word like "to prefer", or "to refuse bringing to a close", or, more miserably, "I mean". When this word has stricken, do no further writing. (This, long after the interdiction to do nothing).

## COPIES.

The recopier uncopies, as it were, the revisor's overgarments.  
and the revisor uncopies  
the revised's already here  
reliability (the content of a  
lesson, of a recitation,  
and it matters  
to the copywriter).  
A sun on the tower.  
Two quartz side by side.

Oh the worry,  
for who goes to the bell  
loses his winter silver  
door (steam, cob, rose,  
seagull and  
known by heart).

My age of ex-judger.  
(The taste for abstract riddle,  
with the shafty writer).

The suspended judger's unwritten words.  
The name is at <m>y place  
not equalizing badly.

# J E R O M E G A M E

## I

All implodes

Whipes and cancels and vanishes up

As vanescent smoke combusting leaves

The *is* and the *is not*.

I am the not in is,  
Desiring from the un-desire –

And the sheet to be white

And the world to be shed

## II

Her ass is a plain.

I touch it –  
                  overwhelming –

          Stuff myself                   from on it ,

Still melting the fingertips.

It costs  
                  encrusts me.

I'm not the same if ever out.



### III

#### **E . R . . ( E N G I N E R O O M )**

An anvil that croaches on,  
Gets cold, reeks of.  
A swelling that grows and shouts and *crââcks* !

*Insists and takes* '

Instructed them to.

They stank then the atmosphear out  
From her hairy cut's lair  
Which, of the surrounding row,  
Tirelessly remelted hot air.

Insatiably awling their desire true,  
Branding the barging forge  
With its only number,  
The gaping force-fed.

## IV

### R E L E A S E .

Paris as desert  
Present at night –

Breathless and silent as the black blacks out.

Empty absence  
All at once

Dark air stifling some life.

Bursting through a misty dawn  
Exhaled by such turf

She runs in the rain  
Accross town

Flees.

Deserts.

The cobblestone shines  
As her step resounds.

Buildings' walls asleep  
Withness in mute  
Such new day in  
The life.

## V

A swordman in the folds of her flesh,  
Frozen in the premises and trembling  
As the dispute gets near,  
Dodging the after-rain.

A swordman as he hears  
: "It's time. You are to  
Join the dining hall  
And get your lot  
."

## VI

### W H E R E ?

Approaching my self  
I di-ffer the summer that grows in me,  
The winter wheats that freeze.

Return merrier.

Dis-similar,  
I withdraw from the distance,  
Attempt crossing  
The rest of my day  
Where crackpots make good progress  
As they watch me fly by.

Towards the end,  
As tomorrow draws,  
I've known most,  
Examined well.

It is still time  
To chose  
And be born again.

**MARINA TSVETAYEVA**  
**AN ATTEMPT AT JEALOUSY**

*translated by Tom Jones*

How is it living with another, –  
is it simpler? – An oar's ply! –  
Along with the line of the shore  
did the memory go quickly

of me, with the island swimming  
(in the sky – not in the water!)  
spirits, spirits! you will be siblings,  
you will never be lovers!

How is it living with a guileless  
woman? Without worship?  
Deposing from her throne your mistress  
(yourself abdicating it)

how do you live – keep yourself busy –  
tremble? How do you get up?  
How with deathless meanness' duty  
do you, poor man, settle up?

'I've had enough of spasm  
and halting! I'll rent a place myself.'  
How is it living with just any woman –  
you that I chose myself!

Are the vittels more edible, less  
other? If you sicken – don't cry...  
How is living with a likeness –  
you that stepped upon Sinai!

How is it living with an alien  
of this place? Love? Don't disavow.  
Does not the shame of reins Jovian  
water forth about your brow?

How do you live – how is it you  
have health? How do you pipe up?  
How with deathless conscience' issue  
do you, poor man, settle up?

How's living with an exchangeable  
commodity? Price steep?  
How after Carrara's marble  
is it living with a heap

of gypsum? (From out of clay God  
was sculpted – and in shards blown!)  
How's it living with one of a hundred  
thousands – you, to Lilith known?

Sated with you innovation  
of the market are you? Spell-sick,  
how is it living with a woman  
of the earth, without a sixth

sense? Well, on your life: are you happy?  
No? In depthless failure  
how is it living, sweet? Is it heavy,  
more than or as me with another?

CAROLINE DUBOIS  
from NESTOR ET TOI

*translated by Andrea Brady*

Just when one follows hot on his trail when one believes that one's got him he seeps into the enemy ranks clothed in a disguise apprises himself of the plans with others takes upon himself the pursuit of himself and then in a place remote by some miles he batters his pursuers. At a country market a farmer sells some butter in pots of baked earth. The seller once returning home when he comes back his pot to his great surprise can read there he who has bought this butter has seen him. One day going to reconnoitre the enemy position he hides before leaving an inscription to signal his visit came have seen everything. The banknotes must be printed on the back one can read hey partner don't worry yourself there's even some cash at his place! He's cute tireless and generous always being a good example and at the front of the charge. The legend, fed by their escapades which his laurels spread around by word of mouth, bestows on him an unmatched popularity. His prowesses are talked about it's said that he saunters under the bullets like they're raindrops it's said that he sleeps completely clothed on a table that he passes weeks and months altogether at the front almost without rest. Nevertheless this is no hero a big strong man whom nothing can resist he's small dark-haired almost frail. He drives his men into combat which they bear although they are inferior in number good riders they are skilful in capturing the wild horses that they break at a cossack trot at a mighty cossack gallop by long overstretched obstinate strides they are able daily to cover distances impossible for regular cavalry troops and they find spare horses at will.

*He takes it upon himself to speak for a few hours, shoving before your eyes a form, a being, a destiny. You, stretched out in the grass you supposedly listen to nothing but you watch the words fall onto the ground where they sparkle for an instant (thankfully I want to say for)*

*Now he is dead. But you imitate him because you love him. Some flowers, a bouquet of mimosas for your 36th, my baby my Love, take them, take them Falbala. You know that he took 534 days to direct at this point his lovely scene of flowers.*

**T H O M A S   K L I N G**  
**E N D I   W A R H O L**

*translated by Michael Eskin*

finnischer februa, trocken  
der minuswind, in fahren  
heit für mich nich aus  
drückba;  
    als ich di bank  
betrat was is der brei  
tngrad dort (pohjola), lag  
da di zeitung foto/kreuz ich  
brauchte nichmehr nachzu  
    fra

finnish february, dry  
the minus wind, in fahren  
heit not expressible  
for me;  
    when I entered  
the bank what's the long  
itude there (pohjola), the  
newspaper was there photo/cross I  
didn't have to in  
    qui

[from: *ausgewählte gedichte 1981 – 1993*. Ffm: Suhrkamp, 1994. © Suhrkamp Verlag.]



**D U R S G R Ü N B E I N**  
**f r o m V A R I A T I O N A U F K E I N T H E M A**

*translated by Keston Sutherland*

Again before the telephone, in the exhibit  
case beneath a verge of glass, the door  
was hardly shut, stiffened, an object  
for pedestrians at the streetside  
you stare at the touchtone panel, numbers  
like the stellar enchanted forest  
there at the night sky / decimal mandala  
which with its reachable sum lures,  
with sudden nearness, whispers, betrayal,  
love even — everything coded  
as long since planned ahead a life  
on call and hardly dialed  
a voice explodes in your head.

## FIELD TRIP TO GLASGOW JULY 1997

*Andrew Duncan*

A reinforced Angel Exhaust field unit visited Glasgow to hang out with the Glasgow avant garde, the pleiad associated with the magazine Optical Code Gantry, whom we met in a bar called the Cul de Sac: Cantywheery, Kirkintilloch, Carnwadric, Polmadie, Rollox, Cowlairs Chord, and Awe. All seemed incredulous at the field unit's intent to spend an entire weekend studying the culture and institutions of Glasgow, and wistfully produced suggestions about what wonderful exhibitions were on in Edinburgh. The group was irritated when I said there had never been more good Scottish poets working simultaneously, and outright scornful when I said there were now six good Scottish poets. On challenge, AE produced Robert Crawford, Bill Herbert, Frank Kuppner, and David Kinloch, while peristaltic movements of a torpid memory later added Rob MacKenzie, Alexander Hutchison, Edwin Morgan, Fiona Templeton, Drew Milne (vigorous dissent from AE here), and DM Black. Richard Price's name came up... everyone likes his poetry but no-one seems to think it is important. Some unfairness here. Ian Hamilton-Finlay was disqualified for being a visual artist, Hamish Henderson for the fifty-year gap since his last book of poems. The editors of Optical Code Gantry seemed quite glad that it had ceased publication, and rated its achievements very low. Of local poets, Kuppner was described as moving in a poorly programmed way and having an unusual face, Kinloch as too dominated by Robert Crawford and by the academic treadmill to realise himself artistically.

Luci observed that Glasgow was like Melbourne, which presumably also dates to the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, and where purchasing power was, we hear, largely in the hands of Scots. My brother observed that Glasgow architects always seemed to go a little too far; a compulsion which mirrors the decades of Glasgow's miraculous growth (which paid for it), and which was most potently asserted in grandiose Protestant churches; the rises of Glasgow's low but steep hills have been exploited as visual approach paths to many towers, notably those of the former college for Presbyterian missionaries. Towers reach for the sky, point to higher things, are visible and vainglorious power, and compete with each other. Many parts of Glasgow are named after similar parts of London, and certain houses imitate the 19<sup>th</sup> century dwellings of London, with sunken areas surrounded by railings and so on; the city, as "the second city of the Empire", was psychologically oriented towards London (if also towards America, and *away* from Edinburgh) which, with its greater range of engineering skills, more painstaking attention to detail, and higher civic morality, it could hope to overtake. The twentieth century has been one of setbacks for the city, with a secular decline of the Atlantic trade and of heavy engineering exports. Consumer products seemed too fanciful, too easy, and not virile enough, to this great engineering culture.

It's shocking to see the Clyde and think how it could have become the biggest shipbuilding zone of the world; it's shallow and mud-rich, and can have supplied deep-water anchorages only by dint of ceaseless effort, ceaselessly swept away. Pride, foresight, effort, and insecurity seem to be the local spirit. A strath is not a fjord.

The project of municipal relocation of the 60s and 70s was one of the biggest slum clearance projects in the world; old Glasgow (evoked in Jeff Torrington's wonderful *Swing, Hammer, Swing*) ceased to exist. By choosing empty-out over infill, deporting the populations of inner city slums to new estates on greenfield sites, it reduced population density by four-fifths, reversed the usual drift whereby the suburbs become middle class and centres proletarian, dense, and decayed, and made buses the big problem of the working class. It also moved class problems well out of the sight of tourists like me. We can say that the monumental project of the Empire was followed by the monumental project of socialism, and that the fatal arrest of both has led, pessimistically, to apathy and exhaustion, optimistically to a new spatial scale of transcendence, the domestic one where, in the new home put up by previous projects, people can explore education, physical development, personal relations, sex, and, not least, art. The excision of the old hyper-dense working-class neighbourhood (the Gorbals now has one-ninth of its former population) makes community invisible, destroys an older kind of socialism and togetherness, but, by making the dwelling unit pleasant (for the first time) makes the household the new dominant site of life and of cultural experience.

The gap between art-poetry and jiggety-jig I'm You pub doggerel, related to the luxury of solitude in a room of one's own, or the snug collectivism of pubs, clubs, and football terraces, is exceptionally wide in Scotland, reflecting, no doubt, housing conditions. The former is dependent on State grants which are themselves dependent on a belief in cultural quality which is tenuous both among Labour and Nationalist paymasters. Living off the government and inherently authoritarian grant bestowers prolongs the student condition of irresponsibility and dependence indefinitely; the most critical art is the most dependent on the belief of politicians that it sustains the values of the system, and the most up-against elected politicians; logically, its subversive project can shrink into a tray of criticisms of grants panels for not funding it. Curiously enough, it might be detailed oppositional pressure from external authority which turned the too-great project back into something animated and completeable: where cultural oppositions are dramatized. Impending measures of national independence produce an inert pressure to suppress differences within Scottish culture; even if everyone admits in theory that this suppression of variety is one of the telltale signs of a colonial mentality.

Rollox spoke of the book he edited on Tippitina-Zwickmühle, pre-war Marxist and leader of the Interrogatory School, later Minister of Police for Saxony during the purges after 6<sup>th</sup> June 1956, inventor of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Degree of Dialectic. Although the book comprises a major part of his CV, the assertion of Zwickmühle's negations could not abidingly be sustained, and he is now unwilling to go on. Carnwadic is close to the legal deadline for his PhD, after six years, and seems to have little chance of finishing it. Cantywherry meanwhile gave up his PhD after 3 years and has been unemployed ever since. They

complain of lack of support for students at the English Department of Glasgow Uni, but engagement with emotional objects seems very difficult for them, too: it's either the total monumental project or else finically reasoned negativity. This pattern resembles the Cambridge one, which is possibly why Prynne and Denise Riley are so admired up here. The issue is partly whether the place where the artist goes to be alone is one of contemplation of beauty or of painful and racking austerity; the changing of the incomplete perfect project into a depressive substance seems central to what goes on by the Clyde. The avant garde minimizes immediate reward because most poetry audiences far prefer easy and kind-hearted poems with sensitive references to personal relations and to real places. The full blown avant garde project is both high gain if it comes off, and high risk, as it involves years of difficult linguistic research and low rewards. It is likely to remain a heroic torso, with the constructor exhausted by the effort, and thoroughly disillusioned with the project, whose drab surface reflects isolation, effort, and exhaustion. The lesser policy is certainly to become merely an entry port, a local sales rep for American poetry and Franco-German philosophy. Windows opened by the avant garde on populism are probably crucial to the sustenance of its core mission. Art as glamorous heavy engineering versus art as a consumer product, perhaps.

Any monumental project is defined with respect to other monumental projects and so is an imitation of them. This is a kind of observation which undoes what it looks at. The height any tall structure can reach is limited by the fine cellular structure of its fabric; verbal or tubular steel. The Glasgow group are enthusiastically committed to the task of conversation, to analysing and explaining the shortcomings of all cultural propositions with great finesse.

Much indignation was expressed at AD's suggestion that Crawford had actually written some good poems, but the problem is partly due to RC's role as a cultural manager, with, apparently, the firm intent of suppressing the Scottish avant garde, which fills its members with horror; whereas Drew Milne, with probably an even narrower programme as cultural manager than RC, wins their approval. Both are staunch moralists blissfully on the make, with a worksheet of the tasks everyone else has to carry out, who can only see what is reflected in the sides of their own project. AD believes that, if Milne and Crawford were ever in the same room, they would simply merge. Crawford, though, is consciously carrying out an anti-authoritarian project threatening cultural capital; which is why his best poems have wit and grace.