

isely along the wheel  
raze for hours or for  
n." (The latter poem  
the finer, being not

without the witty  
Because the subject  
of numbers, which  
metaphorically, and  
at a clarifying of our  
tions. [C.H.]

52. Cloth, \$14.95;  
this small book is  
re, it was written  
and H.D. has allowed  
s term it; why such  
ror combined with  
s willy-nilly partici-  
th a crazed cracked  
cracks. Here is a  
m's Cabin, another  
n to cohere. Nor is  
der, is H.D. to get  
od in Pennsylvania  
, very simply. She  
ry, everything has  
arresting opening  
nt to death at the  
ir grandfather was  
book to the final  
"And there you  
be burnt to death  
girl could not be  
ire; no one could

Mamalie?"  
at shoot down

SABETRIEB

1982

And in the final section on the bombs, which remind the mature H.D. of the thunderstorms of her childhood, the attack "wasn't a thunderstorm, no, it was a star that was going to fall on the house. It was a shooting star that was going to fall on the house and burn us all to death."

So at least we perceive, instead of the cracks, the mirror. An extraordinary and beautiful book, with a graceful introduction by H.D.'s daughter, Perdita Schaffner. It is, in a way, H.D.'s *Moments of Being*. [C.H.]

*CONTROLLING INTERESTS*, by Charles Bernstein, Roof, 1980. \$4.00. 80 pages. Anyone who thinks that the "language poets" are merely playing games with us, that their indifference (or should I say, their aggressive hostility?) toward "communication" implies a mere contempt for any reader who still wants to "get something out of" a poem, could do worse than to begin with this book. I find here a conviction that "meaning" is always a trap, combined with a meticulous precision in the selection of words. Since the precision does not serve "meaning," it becomes an end in itself: and precision as an end in itself might be taken, could it not, as a definition of ELEGANCE? Yes, Bernstein is an elegant poet, and his work suggests to me that it is precisely a tradition of elegance which we can see evolving as we pass from Zukofsky to Creeley to, now, Bernstein. Twenty-five years ago, it was possible to imagine that Wilbur was an elegant poet. But by now it seems clear that Zukofsky, our most careful reader of Mallarmé and Apollinaire, is also our most stylish poet, the true heir of Baudelairian "dandyism." Wilbur was—is?—just flash. But true elegance demands of us, as readers, a total attention, a willingness to move on into the new. And that is precisely what is (I would like to think) happening to me as I read a poem like

LIVE ACTS

Impossible outside you want always the other. A continual recapitulation, & capture all that, against which our redaction of sundry, promise, another person, fills all the conversion of that into, which intersects a continual revulsion of, against, concepts, encounter, in which I hold you, a passion made of cups, amidst frowns. Crayons of immaculate warmth ensnare our somnambulance to this purpose alone. The closer we look, the greater the distance from which we look back. Essentially a hypnotic referral, like I can't get with you on that, buzzes by real fast, shoots up from some one or other aquafloral hideaway,

emerging into air. Or what we can't, the gentleman who prefers a Soviet flag, floats, pigeoning the answer which never owns what it's really about. Gum sole shoes. The one that's there all the time. An arbitrary policy, filled with noise, & yet believable all the same. These projects alone contain the person, binding up in an unlimited way what otherwise goes unexpressed.

I couldn't tell you what this "means." But I know that I *do* want to read on, that my relationship to each of these successive words is, in some small way, new. [B.H.]

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