

## Three Poems · *James Laughlin*

### SOME MEMORIES OF E.P. (DRAFTS & FRAGMENTS)

#### *Rapallo (1934)*

So I came to Rapallo, I was eighteen then  
and you accepted me into your Eziversity  
where there was no tuition, the best beanery since Bologna.  
Literachoor, you said, is news that stays news  
and quoting from some bloke named Rodolphus Agricola,  
“ut doceat ut moveat ut delectet.”  
You taught me and you moved me and you gave me great delight.  
Your conversation was the best show in town,  
whatever you'd ever heard or read as fresh as when it first got in  
your head.  
The books you loaned me were filled with caustic marginalia.  
To keep from losing them you hung your glasses and your pens and  
scissors from strings over your desk.  
You read my poems and crossed out half the words, saying I didn't  
need them.  
You told me not to bother writing stories because Flaubert  
and Stendhal and James and Joyce had done all that could be done  
with fiction.  
They say you were cranky, maybe so, but only with people who  
deserved it,  
stupid professors busy killing poetry and international bankers  
making usury and *i mercanti di cannoni* selling arms to both sides  
of a war.  
You elucidated the Mysteries, all about *dromena* and *epopte*, and how  
it was *epopte* that sent the sperm up into a man's brain to make  
him smart.  
You loved cats and the cats loved you.  
Some days we would walk up the stoney salite on the mountainside  
behind town  
through the olive groves and the little peasant farms where the cats  
were perched on the stone walls.

They were waiting for you, they knew you would bring them a packet of scraps from the lunch table.  
You would call to the cats, "Micci, micci, micci, vieni qua, c'è da mangiare."  
And one day when we were feeding the cats near San Pantaleone we discussed what you would do with your Nobel Prize money when you finally got it  
and you thought that a chef would be the best thing since you were tired of the food at the Albuggero Rapallo.  
And when Henghes the sculptor (id est Heinz Winterfeld Klusmann) walked all the way down from Hamburg to see you  
because he had heard you had known Gaugier, and he arrived half-starved,  
you fed him and let him sleep in the big dog kennel on the terrace (since there were no extra beds in the penthouse apartment)  
and you took him to the yard of the man who made gravestones and got him credit for a block of marble  
from which he carved his sitting-down centaur, and you sold it for him to Signora Agnelli, the Fiat lady, in Torino.  
And that was the beginning of Henghes' good fortune and fame (and the drawing for the centaur became the colophon for New Directions).  
You said I was such a terrible poet I had better become a publisher, a profession you inferred which required no talent and only limited intelligence.  
And after lunch you would stretch out on your bed with your cowboy hat shielding the sea light from the window  
with the big Chinese dictionary on a pillow on your stomach  
and you stared at the characters, searching for the glyph of meaning in the calligraphy.  
(And years later the professor asked your daughter to define your ideogrammic method  
and she thought for a moment and replied that you looked deep into the characters to find the truth,  
which was a properly Confucian answer.)  
And Kung said: "Anyone can run to excesses, it is easy to shoot past the mark, it is hard to stand fast in the middle."

And as “Deer Bull” (“Dear Old Hugger-scrunch”) loved to say in his  
*Paterson*,  
SO BE IT!

*Austria (1936)*

And one year we left the Sieneese to stew in the Marshes  
(since the price offered by Bartolomeo was not high enough to make  
it worthwhile to slug them)

and we called on the Princess Maria at Gais to check on the progress  
of her education

(and you remarked that Herr Marker was a man of sound principles  
because he hung his pants on the crucifix).

Then up over the Brenner into the Tyrol, you and I and the Lady,  
to call on Herr Unterguggenberger, the mayor of Woergel, to learn  
the facts of how Vienna had clamped down on the circulation of  
*Schwungeld*.

And in Salzburg we put up at the Goldener Adler, on the wrong side  
of the river for economy, where there were bedbugs,

and you came close to blows with Professor X of Haavud  
who was frantic to become president of that institution

but was hindered by a little problem of concubinage, which is *mal vu*  
in the town where H. James is interred.

He resented your comments on the curriculum of the world’s greatest  
university,

and you didn’t see eye to eye on literachoor.

You loved the Mozart and the Vivaldi at the festival

but when we went to the *Festspielhaus* to hear *Fidelio* (Toscanini  
conducting)

you began to squirm in fifteen minutes and rose up from your seat to  
sing out:

“Well, what can you expect, the man had syphillis?”

And all this was part of my instruction.