

2010

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E. E. Cummings

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Recommended Citation

Cummings, E. E. (2010) "An Imaginary Dialogue Between An Author And A Public, printed on the book-jacket of my first play," *Spring: The Journal of the E. E. Cummings Society*: Vol. 17: No. 1, Article 7. Available at: https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/spring_cummings/vol17/iss1/7

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**An Imaginary Dialogue Between An Author
And A Public, printed on the book-jacket
of my first play**

E. E. Cummings

Author: Well?

Public: What is Him about?

Author: Why ask me? Did I or didn't I make the play?

Public: But surely you know what you're making—

Author: Beg pardon, Mr. Public; I surely make what I'm knowing.

Public: So far as I'm concerned, my very dear sir, nonsense isn't everything
in life.

Author: And so far as you're concerned "life" is a verb of two voices—
active, to do, and passive, to dream. Others believe doing to be only
a kind of dreaming. Still others have discovered (in a mirror sur-
rounded with mirrors), something harder than silence but softer
than falling; the third voice of "life", which believes itself and
which cannot mean because it is.

Public: Bravo, but are such persons good for anything in particular?

Author: They are good for nothing but walking upright in the cordial reve-
lation of the fatal reflexive.

Public: And your play is all about one of these persons, Mr. Author?

Author: Perhaps. But (let me tell you a secret) I rather hope my play is one
of these persons.

(qtd. in *i: six nonlectures* 64)

Work Cited

Cummings, E. E. *i: six nonlectures*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1953.