

POEMS BY E.E. CUMMINGS

however.

A SUITE OF PORTRAITS BY CURIUM

22 | no time ago | Adrian Mercier
21 | it may not alwyas be so; i say | Jairo Jose Vega
20 | i shall imagine life | Onnie Lea Bernstein
19 | anyone lived in a pretty how town | Patrick O'Connor
18 | plant Magic dust | Olivia Coseboom
17 | o by the by | Amadon Hadley
16 | now is a ship | Chloe Pantel
15 | o purple finch/ please tell me why | Ariel Chang
14 | i carry your heart with me/i carry it in | Eyan Sorinstein
13 | all ignorance toboggans into know | Peter Mallan
12 | may my heart always be open to little | Bert Dodson
11 | i will wade out | Kimara Mercier
10 | wild!at our first! beasts uttered human words | Dannie DeVos
09 | mr youse needn't be so spry | Dana Stokes
08 | when god decided to invent | Chris Evans
07 | now air is air- and thing is thing:no bliss | John Barron
06 | yes is a pleasant country: | Fontia Hadley
05 | who are you,little i | Zane Johnson
04 | love is a place | Giuseppe Sircana
03 | a great | Thomas Lamprecht
02 | in spite of everything | Motra Sorinstein
01 | seeker of truth | Victoria Macintosh



This suite came about quite spontaneously, but took the longest I've ever spent. After finishing a 20 minute piece, my friend C.M. Evans said: "why don't you just do a bunch of 1 minute pieces". It soon occurred to me then to start a suite of pieces using my favorite poet, introduced to me by my father, when I was a child. E.E. Cummings was and is the most inspirational work to me, and at a very early age in my life, set the stage for all creative things in my life. I set out by choosing a poem to correspond to different readers, then recorded them and set the readings to music. I was interested in the different ways people speak, so I chose old and young, and from different parts of the world. It became such a fascinating accent study that I kept going and going. I wanted to do so many more poems, since I barely even touched on some of my favourite E.E.Cummings poems as well as interesting accents.

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Evan Sornstein, 2005

adrian mercier houston, tx, usa
no time ago
or else a life
walking in the dark
i met Christ

jesus) my heart
flopped over
and lay still
while he passed (as

close I'm to you
yes closer
made of nothing
except loneliness

Onnie Lea Bernstein dortmund, germany
i shall imagine life
is not worth dying, if
(and when) roses complain
their beauties are in vain

but though mankind persuades
itself that every weed's
a rose, roses (you feel
certain) will only smile

dana stokes charlotte, nc, usa
mr youse needn't be so spry
concerning questions arty

each has his tastes but i
i likes a certain party

gimme the he-man's solid bliss
for youse ideas i'll match youse

a pretty girl who naked is
is worth a million statues

chloe pantel cendras, france
[translation by chloe pantel]

now is a ship
which captain am
sails out of sleep
steering for dream

moira sornstein glasgow, uk

in spite of everything
which breaths and moves since Doom
(with white longest hands
neatening each crease)
will smooth entirely our minds

—before leaving my room
i turn, and (stooping
through the morning) kiss
this pillow, dear
where our heads lived and were.

dannie delvos, gieraath, germany
translation by dannie delvos

wild[at our first]beasts uttered human words
—our second coming made stones sing like birds—
but o the starhushed silence which our third's

seeker of truth
follow no path
all paths lead where
truth is here

vicki macintosh cupertino, ca, usa

thomas lamprecht warsaw, poland
a great
man
is
gone.
Tall as the truth
was who:and
wore his(mountains
understand
how)life

like a|now
with
one sweet sun

in it, now with a
million
flaming billion kinds
of nameless
silence|sky

amador hadley west newbury, vt, usa
o by the by
has anybody seen
little you-i
who stood on a green
hill and threw
his wish at blue

with a spoon and a dart
out flew his wish
(it dived like a fish
but it climbed like a dream)
throbbing like a heart
singing like a flame

blue took it my
far beyond far
and high beyond high
bluer took it your
but bluest took it our
away beyond where

what a wonderful thing
is the end of a string
(murmurs little you-i
as the hill becomes nil)
and will somebody tell
me why people let go

olivia cosboom san rafael, ca, usa

plant Magic dust
expect hope doubt
(wonder mistrust)
despair
and right
where soulless our
(with all their minds)
eyes blindly stare
life herself stands

artel chang taipei, taiwan
(translation by janet ru)

"o purple finch
please tell me why
this summer world (and you and i who
love to live)
must die"
"if i
should tell you anything"
(that eagerly sweet carolling
self answers me)
"i could not sing"

kimara mercier, philly, pa, usa

i will wade out
till my thighs are steeped in burning flowers
I will take the sun in my mouth
and leap into the ripe air
Alive
with closed eyes
to dash against darkness
in the sleeping curves of my body
Shall enter fingers of smooth mastery
with chasteness of sea-girls
Will i complete the mystery
of my flesh
I will rise
After a thousand years
ipping
flowers
And set my teeth in the silver of the moon

beppe siracana sardinia, italy
(translation by beppe siracana)

love is a place
& through this place of
love move
(with brightness of peace)
all places
yes is a world
& in this world of
yes live
(skillfully curled)
all worlds

evan sornstein san francisco, ca, usa

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)
i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you
here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than a soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart
i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

zane johnson alameda, ca, usa

who are you little I
(five or six years old)
peering from some high
window;at the gold
of november sunset
(and feeling: that if day
has to become night
this is a beautiful way)

jairo jose veiga maragua, nicaragua
translation by jairo jose veiga

it may not always be so;and i say
that if your lips,which i have loved,should touch
another's,and your dear strong fingers clutch
his heart,as mine in time not far away;
if on another's face your sweet hair lay
in such a silence as i know,or such
great writhing words as,uttering overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

if this should be,i say if this should be-
you of my heart,send me a little word;
that i may go unto him,and take his hands,
saying,Accept all happiness from me.
Then shall i turn my face,and hear one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

bert dodson bradford, vt, usa

may my heart always be open to little birds
who are the secrets of living
whatever they sing is better to know
and if men should not hear them men are old

may my mind stroll about hungry and fearless
and thirsty and supple
and even if it's sunday may i be wrong
for whenever men are right they are not young

and may myself do nothing usefully
and love yourself so more than true
there's never been quite such a fool
who could fail pulling all the sky
over him with one smile

patrick o'connor portlaoise, ireland
(excerpt)

anyone lived in a pretty how town
(with up so floating many bells down)
spring summer autumn winter
he sang his didn't he danced his did

Women and men(both little and small)
cared for anyone not at all
they sowed their isn't they reaped their same
sun moon stars rain

children guessed(but only a few
and down they forgot as up they grew
autumn winter spring summer)
that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf
she laughed his joy she cried his grief
bird by snow and stir by still
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones
laughed their cryings and did their dance
(sleep wake hope and then)they
said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon
(and only the snow can begin to explain
how children are apt to forget to remember
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess
(and noone stooped to kiss his face)
busy folk buried them side by side
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep
and more by more they dream their sleep
noone and anyone earth by april
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding)
summer autumn winter spring
reaped their sowing and went their came
sun moon stars rain

fonta hadley 7th gate, heaven
yes is a pleasant country:
if's wintry
(my lovely)
let's open the year

both is the very weather
(not either)
my treasure,
when violets appear

love is a deeper season
than reason;
my sweet one
(and april's where we're)

peter malan glasgow, uk
[excerpt]
all ignorance toboggans into know
and trudges up to ignorance again:
but winter's not forever, even snow
melts; and if spring should spoil the game, what then?

all history's a winter sport of three:
but were it five, i'd still insist that all
history is too small for even me,
for me and you, exceedingly too small.

swoop! shrill collective myth! into thy grave
merely to toil the scale to shrillerness
per every madge and mabel dick and dave
—tomorrow is our permanent address

and there they'll scarcely find us (if they do,
we'll move away still further: into now

chris evans salf picket maun, b612
when god decided to invent
everything he took one
breath bigger than a circustent
and everything began

when man determined to destroy
himself he picked the was
of shall and finding only why
smashed it into because

john barron london, uk
now air is air and thing is thing: no bliss

of heavenly earth beguiles our spirits, whose
miraculously disenchanted eyes

live the magnificent honesty of space.

Mountains are mountains now; skies now are skies
and such a sharpening freedom lifts our blood
as if whole supreme this complete doubtless

universe we'd (and we alone had) made

—yes; or as if our souls, awakened from
summer's green trance, would not adventure soon
a deeper magic: that white sleep wherein
all human curiosity we'll spend
(gladly, as lovers must) immortal and

the courage to receive time's mightiest dream