



Juan Gris

Stilleben

Zeichnung (Clidé Galerie Simon)

## SAMPLE OF AMERICAN

Answer of an American musician in Europe writing back to America in the American language so as not to be misunderstood, to a lady whose patriotism is unquestioned (who has archly doubted his motives, his European criticism, and his ability to write a certain Jazz-opera she wants.)

*12 rue de l'Odeon, Paris, France.*

Dear Muriel,

Well here I am again, to the face of your warning.

Only I aint come after no money. Living up to all of the high ideals that America has implanted in me I am working for my living and not being no parasite upon society by going around borrowing money and trying to hood-wink people into believing all the things I think of myself.

But they put it into me. Them, . . . them Europeans. They think all of them things and even go so far as to print them in the papers and make me swell-headed, I mean them lies that I sent you as newspaper clippings like the bum I must have been then. Excuse me.

Well, what I want to know now is how the lands lays for me to send a score over to you. Words by James Joyce, music by George Antheil. Sounds like musical comedy.

Just shoot the word across and you get the score. I warn you it aint no nigger-music and maybe you wont be intersted. It aint even American, only the music in a cockeyed way.

In dont believe in no art music, but I dont believe in no fashionable nigger-music either. I've been down to Africa to get a line on them. Wild music awfully interesting, but its nothing like jazz like all them guys in the Musical Courier who been down there once said. God! American jazz must be the influence of America on the niggers, dont you think. The thing got my goat and I went down to Africa to see about it. Been back now about five months.