

The trouble with you birds over in America is that youre all getting too all-fired European with your ten-cents stores, etc., which was a Russian idea in the first place gotten out by Strawinsky as long ago as Petroushka.

Coming back to the niggers, any American can catch the hang of their rhythms. Seems to belong to us more'en them.

Geniuses, Bawls yes! but so were the gypsies of Russia and Hungaria. But whoever heard of a great gypsy composer in the long run. These people are to damn full of improvised music to compose it. They aint got the right temperaments to be composers. They get paralyzed with paper and pencil. They're improvisors and not composers . . . and dont forget it, these gypsies and later the niggers. Jane told me youre now holding your hand under them awaiting them to lay the egg. Muriel take the advice of an expert. Its no go. The niggers will turn out the same as the gypsies . . . as composers.

You ought to waste your time doing something better than that.

Today a man must be a funny temperament to be an organizer, a composer. I got it. I aint no improvisor, at best I'm a sharper, but I know whats what.

Do you know what Leo Ornstein is, and why he is a cuck-coo? Because he is a sprawler . . . an improvisor. Y'get tired of 'im quick. Strawinsky was no improvisor, nor Debussy. Them's composers!!! But dead on the field of honor. Take 'im out.

Leo Ornstein is all fulla talent, like a kid spews its milk. Hes all fulla tradgedy and weeps. Slams his stuff around with his eyes shut. Take 'em out! I dont want to see no mad house. I dont want to see his soul. Dont wanna, dont wanna. Improvisor, gue-musher, get the hell out.

You birds in America take improvisation too often for something worth while. Funny . . . (?).

Now if you aint mad, Muriel, lets bury the hatchet. I used to have the greatest respect for you, but I didnt expect you to schoolmarm me. I aint got no time to reform. My god, things are bad enough here let alone America where everything is so expensive . . . I cant rely on no help over there . . . I guess you see that. Why should I come back and starve worst'en I do here. Who the hell knows anything about music over there, and who the hell would help me if they did. All Id gett'be knocks. Dont be ridiculous. Always try to be sensible when writing letters to drowning people. They wont see the joke. Only I could see such a joke.

Dont get amd that a score dont accompany this . . . as per direction. How could I send you a score not knowing your present condition of morals. Would you try to place it if you could . . . thats all.

I cant stay long amd, can you, Muriel. Love to you,

GEORGE ANTHEIL.



G. A. Mathéy

(Rad.)