

# Real Musician

by Norbert Sullivan (Saturday Evening Post, 1938)

Abgedruckt in Mike ZWERIN (1988) La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Swing unter den Nazis – Wien, Österreich (hannibal), 196 S. + 16 Bildtafeln, ISBN: 3-85445-039-7, S. 195-196

## **Are you a musician, Mr. Snipeworthy?**

Yes, I'm a gate with a ...

## **A gate?**

Yeah, I can swing way out wide. I'm a gate with a solid send of jive.

## **A solid send of what?**

Jive. The stuff that's mellow. It sends you right out of this world if you've got an alligator ear.

## **Not so fast, Mr. Snipeworthy, I don't understand.**

An alligator ear is what the hep-cats have got. It means you know good music, you're not an icky.

## **And why were you speeding on Main Street?**

I was going after a dotmaker to keep a date to make a platter.

## **Stop! Confine yourself to English. What is a dotmaker?**

A guy who writes musical arrangements. We was hurryin' to make a platter -I mean to cut the wax - that is, make a record. Well, just then the solid-beat man...

## **Hold on! The solid-beat man?**

The drummer. He looked at his watch and saw we was late. We'd been to a little E-flat meetin'...

## **An E-flat meetin'. What is that?**

Just a little unimportant engagement, your honour. Where the band can't ride because it's mostly paper-men.

## **What are they?**

Guys who just play the notes. Some of 'em can play maybe an honest trumpet, but not a go trumpet, see? Not real dixieland.

## **You are a member of a good band?**

Oh sure, we can really send. We really get ridin' and lick our whiskers. We go right into it and jubit.

## **Jubit?**

Yeah, kick it, break it down. We're murderistic. We beat you right down to your socks, send you swing-happy. Your honour, we just dream it up.

**Well, I'm letting you go, but don't do any more speeding in this town. I realize you probably couldn't read our road signs written in English. Case dismissed.**