♫

**\**The American Tour* \***

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/sousa.mp3)

***(1882)***

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***Prologue***

***London Debut***

[*1879-1881, a brash young ‘Professor of Aesthetics’*]

1. *.*

Whither, goddess Career? I clutch

♫

The hem of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Rossetti and Morris are the lights

That guide me. I have the light touch.

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/patience.mp3)

I am the man Fate singled out

To lay down lilies for a Lillie,  *Langtry.*

Man-about-town down Piccadilly

Walking, Him the town talks about.

(*There goes that bloody fool, that blithe*

*Young idiot, Oscar Wilde!* No harm. *Words overheard whilst walking down*

No harm. Why, I could even charm *Oxford Street… I am getting known in this city.*

Death to lay down his rusty scythe. )



Armfuls of lilies do I bring

For Sarah Bernhardt the Divine,

The eternal Phèdre! and in fine

Bad verses I her praises sing.

(I filch her golden voice, of course,

Add it to my *ensemble*. Sir

Or madam, *hypocrite Lecteur*,

How much of what *you* are is yours?) *I write a sonnet extolling Ellen’s performance*

*as Henrietta Maria in* King Charles, *written*

And Ellen Terry to a wan *by my cousin William Gorman Wills.*

Lily I liken in her scene

 In the lone tent, a noble Queen

True to her doomed King and her man.

To this great artist, kindest, most

Gifted of actresses to grace

Our stage, I often raised (and raise

Again, with ghostly hand) a toast.



As for her partner, Henry Irving

(Her lover, as well): whom do I more

Admire? Ah, how his dark eyes bore

Into you! It is quite unnerving.)

2.

As London goes, so goes the nation…

I circulate from street to street

My epigram *cartes de visite*,

Polished express for circulation.

(Du Maurier’s using me as model

For his *Punch* caricature, Maudle,

Who sprawls on couches talking twaddle

With a chin that has grown a wattle.

**

Svengali of pretentious nescience,

A tissue of pose and adipose?

I’m hardly fat—not yet! Who knows

Where he gets such disturbing prescience?)

In spite, *because* of such hilarity,

I’m famous, if for nothing else

Than *being* famous, which foretells,

Perhaps, my fate among Posterity.

3.

As fashion-god I set up shop, *An authority, on women’s fashion, the other arts*

Godsend indeed to D’Oyly Carte *having been spoken for by sundry Pre-Raphaelites.*

Who chooses me to puff the part

Of Bunthorne, the aesthetic fop,

Promoting *Patience* to our cousins

Across the sea. Publicity!

I know an opportunity

When it waves bank-notes by the dozens.

For it seems Sullivan has set me

To music, whilst Gilbert has made me

A clown. It’s time that someone paid me!

(They mock, but will not soon forget me.)

*[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/foster.mp3)*[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/foster.mp3)**I.** ***Declaring my Genius***

♫

1.

*Hey, Bob, look, isn’t that the Grand*

*Apostle of Art, you know, that silly*

*Guy in the opera, with the lily*

*In his, what, ‘mediaeval hand’?*

A genius of my own anointing,

I reach New York. They gather round,

The press; and claim I said I found

The Atlantic Ocean ‘disappointing’—

Fulfilling their own expectations.

If ‘nothing is, but all things seem,’ *Shelley, ‘The Sensitive Plant’.*

Then be an interesting theme; —[Mr V]

Let othersplay the variations.

Fashion advice and compliments

Enchant the ladies. In knee-breeches

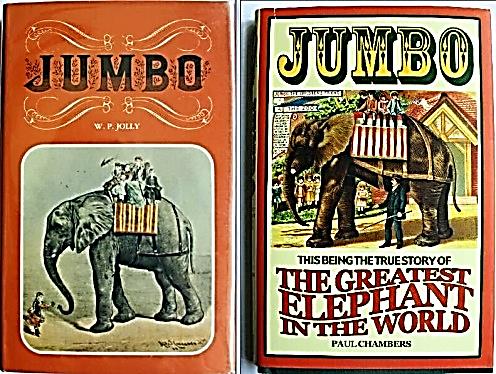
I venture into the far reaches

Of the too-utterly intense.

Now come detractors, fans, and followers

And every Barnum-and-Bailey gawker

♫

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/calliope.mp3) Who’d just as soon spectate a talker

As bearded ladies and sword-swallowers.

Calliope, your day has passed.

Descend to play the calliope

And lend this circus epic scope

With your train-whistles’ mighty blast!

2.

Tall at the centre of the whirl

Of agents, secretaries, admirers

And the idiot-questioning inquirers

From the Press, tossing them a pearl

Or two of comment, like spare change,

Crumpling a love-note, signed one ‘Hortense’,

I am a man of some importance—

But it all seems a little strange.

3. *Risking the Wrath of Canada*

For the first time in my young life

I am arrested! Well, a writ

Is issued for some breach: to wit,

Of contract. (Ah, the petty strife

Of commerce wears one down!) The great

Y.M.C.A. of Moncton say

I have ‘stood them up’. A check will pay *D’Oyly Carte.*

Away the looming legal threat.

4. *An Apparition*

Once in Nebraska I was taken

To see a prison. The men seemed

A ghost-crew Coleridge might have dreamed,

Dressed in their hideous striped garb. Shaken



A little, I looked into a cell

And saw a *Divine Comedy*

Upon the table. Suddenly,

As if by some fantastic spell,

From the book rose an apparition *.*

Saying, *You* *will read my works in Hell!*

I knew that face, I knew it well:

Dante had damned me to Perdition.

Did it happen? Why should I doubt it?

I quickly hid my consternation,

Joined my companions’ conversation

And never spoke a word about it.



**II. *North and South***

*The old poet recalls the encounter,*

*which took place at his home in*

1*. Meeting Walt Whitman Camden, New Jersey.*

*You honored me with your pilgrimage,*

*For you were of the poets’ guild.*

*I understood your need to build*

*A profile and a public image.*

*I largely talked about myself,*

*Mused on the horrors of the War,*

*Showed you my house—were they a bore,*

*Those odd mementoes from the shelf?*

*You asked my ‘prosody’. ‘I write*

*Till I run out of margin, then*

*Drop down a line and start again’.*  *That* *is, a type-setter’s prosody!*

*It made a man like you take fright,*

*This ‘method,’ but you didn’t dare*

*Grimace, or find the slightest fault*

*With kindly, venerable Walt.*

*Dandy and prophet—what a pair!*

*Before we parted I took down*

*A bottle of elderberry wine,*

*Reserved for special friends of mine;*

*That’s how familiar we had grown.*

*We drank our fill—no dainty sips!*

*But at the door, young camerado,*

*I think it pierced your fine bravado*

*When old Walt kissed you on the lips.*

2. *Charleston, South Carolina*

*After dinner in a stately mansion.*

The scars of war are slow in healing.

My charming hostess has no doubt

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/gottschalk.mp3) That my remark, when looking out

The window, must be full of feeling:

♫

*How lovely is the moon!* I sigh.

(Well, I suppose I rather mean it.)

*Ah, Mr. Wilde, you should have seen it*

*Before the war!* is her reply.

**III. *Introducing the Lecturer***

*Tonight I relive in delirium a moment from the lecture in Baltimore that I never gave. The theatre*

*manager, who with his high forehead, moustache, pallid complexion and melancholy eyes bears*

*an unsettling and slightly macabre resemblance to the long-dead Edgar Allan Poe, takes it upon*

*himself to offer some introductory remarks. A strange fugue state comes over me as I listen, and*

*the words he speaks become uncanny, and darkly prophetic, and directed at me… I believe it is*

*actually Hermes in a droll and somewhat malicious disguise who puts on this scene for me.*

*The House Beautiful.*

1.

Ladies and gentlemen, the man

I am about to introduce

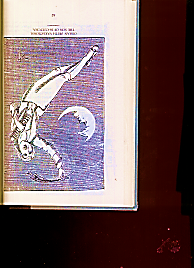
To you tonight puts out of use

Pat definitions. For how *can*

The truth be said of Oscar Wilde

When its own contradictory

Is also true? A mystery

Of opposites unreconciled

Is our young yet distinguished guest,

Whose soul is a House Beautiful

With such dark rooms and questionable

Corners… One makes one’s way as best

One can among the paradoxes

Of such a complicated man

Some think an insolent charlatan,

With his hairdressers and hat-boxes,

Others a genius, a sincere

Apostle of the improving arts;

A man of parts, of many parts—

And he will play them all, this queer,

Ungainly fashion-oracle,

This salesman for an operetta,

This walking *Punch* cartoon, this meta-

Physician of the Beautiful!

(At least a psychical observer

Foresees strange moods and attitudes

And most bizarre vicissitudes

For this ‘ass-thete’ whose languid fervor *An unflattering coinage applied to me in a Chicago newspaper.*

On its behalf touches us all, *The* New York Tribune *gossip*

Ever-so-lightly.) How define *reported this squib: ‘Who was the*

Such an *excessive* man? What line *first aesthete?’ ‘Balaam’s ass, for*

Does he not cross, this one they’ll call *the Lord made him to(o) utter’.*

The talk and talker of his nation,

The wittiest of raconteurs,

The most pretentious of poseurs,

A study in *Degeneration*, *The title of a study of abnormal*

*psychology by Max Nordau, in*

A husband and a family man, *which, of course, I figure largely.*

A gentleman, an Oxford scholar,

A hotel-haunter, rough-trade trawler,

Prospero, Ariel, Caliban?



7

Mayfly of Mayfair. Master of

The West End Revels. A late-riser,

A literary theorizer.

A Lord of Language, Fool of Love.

A throw-back Irish bard, a prophet,

A captivating storyteller

Captured, then a jail-bird best-seller.

A sell-out whom true artists scoff at.

A plagiarizer like no fellow

*‘I learn, by the way, that in America he may…*

*be criminally prosecuted, incarcerated, and*

*made to pick oakum, as he has hitherto picked*

*brains—and pockets!’—*James McNeill Whistler

Before him, with cheek one admires

So much one calls his gas-lamp fires

Promethean, though the flame is yellow.

**The most Augustan of Romantics,

Most decadent of Classicists,

A clown-god from the Celtic mists

Puzzling us with his subtle antics.

A Greek god cast among the Ostro-

Goths, too-too-utterly intense

Hierophant of the Decadence—

A cultivated Cagliostro,

Carlyle might say; poet, or rhymer, *What would he have thought of the fact*

A dedicated Hellenist, *that I inherited his writing desk—and*

A masochistic hedonist *that it ended on the auction block?*

And most rebellious social climber;

Agnostic, though with leanings Roman;

A socialistic snob, a fond

Connoisseur of the demimonde;

An intellectual; a showman.

He’s Bunthorne, or is thought to be.

Postlethwaite, to du Maurier. *‘Apostlethwaite,’ as another*

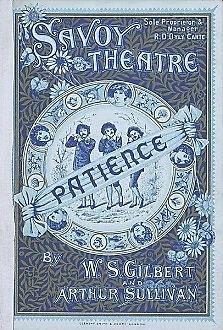
Lord Henry, Basil, Dorian Gray. *American journalist put it.*

To Reading’s Governor, C.3.3.

Ah, who *is* he, *essentially*,

Whom Fate put such a lovely curse on?

Can there be said to *be* a person

Behind the personality?

Or are we looking for the man

When we should really seek the boy

Who plays with danger like a toy

And quite confuses *want* with *can*?

There dawns on us the curious sense

That that which *seems* a self may be

A repertoire of selves that he

Puts on and off; where the pose ends

And the reality commences

 Is anybody’s guess. Who knows

What strange repose he finds in pose

And the avid turmoil of the senses?

2.

What makes him, then, so negatively

Capable of himself, his *selves*,

That like Shakespeare’s midsummer elves

Trip through his soul so ghostly-lively?

(He carries in himself the cast

Of a lost Shakespeare drama, tragic

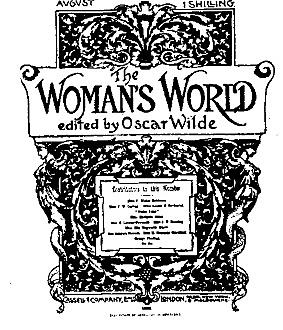
And witty, full of myth and magic,

Bad lines unblotted, thick-and-fast

Plot complications, arch asides,

Stagy soliloquies with mixed  
 Motives and metaphors, unfixed

Meanings and morals, and those tides

Of fortune washing in or out

To sea heroes and villains, Lear’s

Madness and Richard’s guilty fears,

Paulina’s faith and Hamlet’s doubt…

(In thinking’s inmost, silent sessions

He still performs before a mirror,

As if there were an overhearer,

A play of infinite regressions.))

3. *Hermes charts my future, begin-*

He goes to Paris, and returns *ning with my trip to Paris soon*

Resplendent in Neronian curls. *after my return from America.*

His wit darkens. He dips his pearls

In poisoned wine, and now he burns

With a more gem-like flame, and harder:

A youth has introduced him to *Robbie Ross, Nov 1887.*

The Love Uranian. With a true

Artist’s indifference and ardour



He holds an emerald to his eye

That dyes the tragic human scene

An interesting shade of green:

A glaucous sea-change. Now, to die

Seems more than ever to be rich

And strange, for Beauty, anodyne,

Weaves Death into its rare design

So curiously, he knows not which

*‘Prison has had an admirable effect on Mr. Wilfrid Blunt as a poet’.* From m review of his *In Vinculis,* Pall Mall Gazette, 1889.

Is realer, Life-in-Death or Death-

In-Life, when Eros, with a brain

For a heart, draws the sword of Pain

And Pleasure from its jeweled sheath.

He edits, for a while, a High

Society woman’s magazine,

Becoming of the fashion scene

*Arbiter elegantiae.*

Successful playwright then, he enters

A subtly undiscriminating

New Period: swaggering, dissipating

His eloquence on Cockney renters,

He makes himself, at last, a slave

To appetite. Then falls the ban,  
 And many think him but a man

Who would not, could not quite *behave*.

*Oscar, the brightest of the bright. A dancing chorus*

*Oscar, the picker of the tar. performs this stanza.*

*Oscar, the rising, falling star.*

*Oscar, the posing so(m)domite.*

Even his friends admit he’s given

To fibbing. ‘Not honest,’ is Shaw’s

Opinion—one with moral flaws

That win no Firsts with God in Heaven.

(But when said Shaw goes on a mission

To save a group of anarchists, *Those charged and convicted in connection*

One colleague only he enlists: *with the Chicago Haymarket Riot of 1886.*

Oscar alone signs the petition.)

‘A tenth-rate cad,’ says Henry James,

 Sophisticated Innocent

Abroad… *This* Oscar never meant

A word he said, played frivolous games

With loved ones’ hearts and destinies,

Showed carelessness more cruel than malice,

Installed a brothel in the Palace

Of Art, made Beauty a disease.

4.

It dulls and narrows him, the pressure

Of lust; he riots, concentrated

On evil, with soul consecrated

To the pursuit of its own pleasure,

*Ruat caelum*… And fall it does,

The sky, and walls close in on one

So hungry for rebellion

*And* for acceptance that he was,

Finally, the victim of his own

Paradoxes; they paralyzed

And at the same time galvanized

The will that raised and brought him down,

Leaving him with the shabby bliss

Of freedom to chase after street

Arabs—completed in defeat.

How to make sense of one who *is*

The genius that he pretends

To be, and yet *pretends* to be *. The Screaming Scarlet Marquis, as*

The genius that he is? Is he, *limned by the pencil of Max Beerbohm.*

Then, in an almost mystic sense,

The Ontological Sublime,

An irreducible, a surd,

Anomalous as *purple*, a word

For which the language has no rhyme?



5.

My friends, one of Style’s epic heroes,

The prophet of the Momentary,

Worshipper of a fritillary

And Magus of forbidden Eros—

A man of perfect verbal pitch, *An Ideal Husband?*

Musician of the word, the boast

Of his dear mother and the toast

Of every gathering to which

He manages to cadge an entry,

The darling and the spoil of Fate,

The deathbed joker and the great

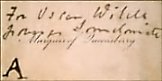
Comedian of the nineteenth century,

I give you the to-be-reviled,

Incarcerated-and-exiled

Continent-wandering self-styled

Sebastian Melmoth, Oscar Wilde!

**IV. *East and West***

*[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/patti.mp3)*

♫

1. *The East Coast*

When in my lectures I extolled

The workman’s honourable craft

The robber barons surely laughed:

Weren’t they the ones who had ‘bank-rolled’

The victory in the Civil War?

The Union was the prize they bought,

And it was rightly theirs, they thought,

Congress included. What a bore

Were my *passé* pre-Raphaelite

Homilies to the ones who owned

The James Gang-harried trains that groaned

With freight and hooted day and night!

Captains of Industry, who’d captured

For the monotonous factory

The craftsmen their machinery

Put out of work were not enraptured

By my reformist program, which *Garfield assassinated by Guiteau.*

I slowly learned was actually

An unintended elegy

For a gone way of life. The rich

Were only interested in getting

Richer. The Northern Cause had sold

 Its soul. Midas had turned to gold

The crimson of the war’s blood-letting.

So East Coast journalists, spokesmen

For the tycoons, wrote scurrilous lies

About me, mocked my clothes, my size,

Accent, message. With acid pen

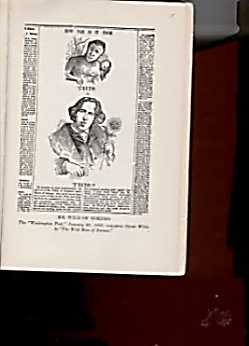
They drew cartoons and caricatures

That showed me as a wilting sort

*George Grossmith.*

Of Bunthorne. One hack had his sport

Comparing me to the Wild Man

Of Borneo, with a sneer, no doubt,

At the Irishness I shared with poor

Immigrants. (All felt free to pour

Scorn on the primitive cartoon lout

They chose to think the typical

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/wild_irish22.mp3) Irishman was.) Why brand *me*, though,

So highly evolved, as a mere throw-

Back to the prehistorical?

♫

Caliban, thou see’st thine own face

In my mirror, and call it mine:

Thou canst not bear that it is thine.

I am quite weary of this place.

A rival lecturer wages war *Archibald Forbes, British war correspondant.*

Against me, making many a slur;

The Press work up a libellous stir

About my charging money for

My presence at a dinner in *All this unpleasantness made me the subject*

My honour, and snubbing hostesses, *of comment among Baltimore’s High Society.*

And… Oh how tedious all this is!

Let a new, better phase begin!

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/dvorak.mp3)

2. *The Great West*

♫

Out here I leave behind the mean-

Spirited gentility of the East.

A change of scenery, at least…

Their flag should be red, white and green,

The Americans’, and what am I

 If not another salesman, chasing

Dollars? Depressing thought. The bracing

Winds of the prairie, by and by,

May lift my spirits. So we make

Our way by train (far, far too slow)

To hog-butchering Chic-ago,

The waterworks and the great lake.

*The Chicago Water Tower, possibly*

(The Mississippi in flood? Oh my! *the ugliest building in the world.*

No well-bred river should behave

That way, and so uncouthly rave.

So without comment I pass by.)

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/jesse.mp3)Sioux City, Cincinnati and

Racine, Saints Paul and Louis… Then

On to towns full of mining men

Whose simple manners are quite grand,

No questions asked, few jaundiced eyes.

I’d make a model desperado,

I think—and oh, great Colorado

Whose mountains soar into the skies!

The Royal Gorge, for the first time,

Silences me. Such scenery

Beggars the powers of poetry.

It is excessively sublime.

\*

*Leadville, Colorado.*

Sombrero and loose corduroys.

Around my neck, a handkerchief.

No whisky is for me too stiff

And all the miners and cowboys

Are much impressed that ‘some art guy’

Can drink them all beneath the table,

My powers become a Western fable:

‘A bully boy and no glass eye’.

Apart from England, the great West

Is where I should most like to live.

In San Francisco I arrive

To find myself an honoured guest.

By far the best state in the land,

This golden Californ-eye-ay,

As the prospectors like to say;

It reaches out to shake your hand.

♫

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/jesse.mp3)

**V. *Coda***

***Back in London***

What wicked god shot me this barb?

Back in London, I have just seen

A cartoon in a magazine

That shows me dressed in prison garb.

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/melba.mp3)

♫

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/laredo.mp3)***The Critic as Artist as Cowboy***

♫

[*Somewhere in the Panhandle. In the wake of my American*

*lecture tour of 1882, a curious cult of cowboy-aesthetes*

*has sprung up here and there in the great Southwest.*]

It’s night. The campfire glows. They dine.—

*Hey, Bill, pass me a sweet pertater.*

*Say, what you doon there?* Readin’ Pater.

*Who?* Don’t be such a Philistine!

No point discussin’ Wilde, I guess.

I bet you ain’t read *Salomé*.

*Salami? Had some t’other day…*

*Lord but I miss my girlfriend Bess!*

*You got a girl, a Sue, a Jill?*

Look how the pallid moon doth beckon!

She is a courtesan. *I reckon.*

*Pass me the beans there, could ya, Bill?*

*What* are *you readin’? What’s there to it?*

It’s criticism*. Criti-what?*

Well now, remember when you shot

That piano player ‘cause he blew it

Smack in the best part of the song?

*So?* You were criticizin’ him,

Somethin’ severe. (Was his name Slim?)

*Well, he was playin’ it all wrong!*

*But who’s this Wilde hombre ya jaw*

*About from dawn to dusk*? I met him

In Leadville. I won’t soon forget him.

*What was he? Some sort o’ outlaw?*

How sickly seems the moon tonight…

*P’shaw, it’s just the moon there, feller.*

It is a sickly shade of yeller.

Now she is shinin’ ghostly-white.

*This talk of yers is downright queer.*

Let me kiss your mouth, Jokanaan.

*My name’s not Jokanaan, it’s John.*

Soft! Overhead, I think I hear

The beatin’ o’ the wings o’ Fate!

*Hey there now, don’t ya be like that!*

*You know it’s just a goll-durn bat.*

*Let’s get some shut-eye, Bill. It’s late.*

\*

*At roughly two o’clock in the small hours, under the twinkliest Southwestern stars…*

*Hey, what ya doon? Move over, will*

*Ya?* Aren’t you cold? *You got yer own*

*Blanket!* Don’t you feel so alone,

Sometimes*,* John? *Well, but gentle, Bill.*

**

***The American Byron***

***Hommage à Joaquin Miller***

1.

Joaquin Miller, I salute

The noble Wild West chivalry

You showed when you defended me

Against the ones who tried to shoot

Me down. You scorned the ‘stiff-neck’ set;

For one who’d done so much, and seen

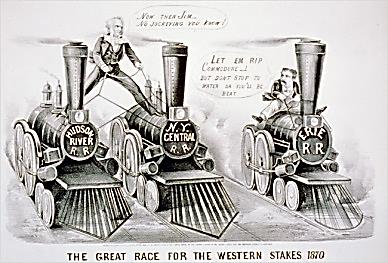
So much, how trifling seemed their mean

Gentility! They’d never met

And Indian, let alone *been* one,

As you had been a real squaw-man.

What snob who’d read, on his divan,

Of bison, but had never seen one,

Could ‘buffalo’ a man like you?

The gold mines that you wrote about

You’d *worked*, and earned the right to flout

‘Top hats’ with blood more green than blue,

Not outlaws but above-laws fighting

With stocks and bonds their six-gun duels,

Who broke, because they made, the rules.

And oh, their ‘literary’ writing’!

Weathered of face, with gleams of youth

Still in those eyes, you understood

Life’s a Tall Tale. (Twain said you could

Do anything but tell the truth.)

2. *Jesse James*

Are not all cowboys sometimes known

To land in trouble with the law?

Their awful crimes become the awe

Of law-abiding folk. Renown

In death was Jesse’s consolation,

For crime and fame go hand in hand

And if the atrocities are grand

Enough, they dazzle a whole nation.

You’d think this hombre was a saint

The way they flocked the dead man’s home.

 And some felt blessed if they could come

Away with chips of outhouse paint.

They were like pilgrims on a mission

Prizing the sacred merchandise.

A tintype fetched so high a price

You’d think it was the rarest Titian.

Of Kerry stock was Mr James;

Billy the Kid was Ireland-grown,

As was the man who gunned him down,

Pat Garrett—legendary names!

3. *Jersey Lily and American Byron*

‘The American Byron’ you were called,

For your adventures dazzled London:

It seemed you’d left no exploit undone.

Far from offending, you enthralled

Society, wearing that hat

You never doffed, indoors or out,

And some expected you, no doubt,

To shoot up the saloon (make that

‘Salon’). And yet, how much you prized

Swinburne and the Pre-Raphaelites!

Although of all those leading lights,

‘Twas ‘Lily’ you most idolised,

Goddess to cowboys one and all,

Red-blooded men. Why, not a shack

Out on the Prairie dared to lack

Her picture, tacked up on a wall!

\*

Though you were once a jurist, pray

Don’t judge me harshly, my old friend,

For coming to a grisly end.

Don’t cowboys risk that every day?

♫

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/jesse.mp3)

***Musical Program***

**Page 1, *The American Tour* (title page)**

Sousa, *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. United States Marine Marching Band.

**Page 3, *London Debut***

Gilbert and Sullivan, *Patience*. Act I, No. 7, “Am I Alone and Unobserved?” (George

Baker as Bunthorne). Pro Arte Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent, conductor.

**Page 5, *The American Tour:* I. *Declaring my Genius***

Stephen Foster, *Beautiful Dreamer*. Piano version.

Pneumatic Circus Calliope, ca. 1920.

**Page 14, *The American Tour:* IV. *East and West***

Flotow, *The Last Rose of Summer,* from *Martha* . Adelina Patti, soprano.

**Page 15, *The American Tour:* IV. *East and West***

The Barbershop Singers, *My Wild Irish Rose.*

Dvorak, Symphony No. 9 in e minor, Op. 95 (“New World”). II: Largo. Vienna

Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, conductor.

**Page 45, *The American Tour:* IV. *East and West***

*Jesse James*. Ry Cooder.

**Page 45, *The American Tour:* IV. *East and West***

Gottschalk, *The Banjo*, Op. 15 (*Fantaisie Grotesque)*. Amiram Rigai, piano.

**Page 17, *The American Tour:* V. *Coda: Back in London***

Henry Bishop and John Howard Payne, *Home Sweet Home*. Nellie Melba, soprano.

**Page 18, *The Critic as Artist as Cowboy***

*The Streets of Loredo*. Traditional ballad. Unknown harmonica player.

**Page 21, *The American Byron: Hommage à Joaquin Miller***

*Jesse James*. Ry Cooder.