

J. B. W.

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Typography & design: Nancy Foote/By Design

Thanks to Charles Brown for the photos of John Barton Wolgamot.

ISBN 0-9679974-1-0 (paper)

Published by Lovely Music
10 Beach Street
New York, NY 10013
www.lovely.com

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*“—What’s in a name.
—Everything.”*

GERTRUDE STEIN



JOHN BARTON WOLGAMOT

by Keith Waldrop

ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 23RD, 1973, Robert Ashley and I went to see John Barton Wolgamot. We met and talked to him in the lobby of the Little Carnegie Cinema, of which he was the manager. I hold on to this date, because so many moments I would like to pin down are imprecise or uncertain.

For instance, I do not know when Wolgamot was born. At the time we met, I got the impression he was in his sixties. Tall and thin, in a black suit with a velvet collar. He was an old-fashioned spiffy dresser, a bit too aristocratic to look right on fifty-seventh street—except, perhaps, down at the end of the block, in Carnegie Hall.

Sometime in the summer of 1957, I had stumbled onto his book, *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women*.

I am given to scratching around in second-hand book stores. My brothers had recently started a used car lot in Danville, Illinois, and a crony of theirs ran a second-hand book store. Naturally, I scratched around in it.

As I went along the shelves, Wolgamot's book—odd-shaped, wider than tall—caught my eye. The publisher's name, like the author's, was John Barton

Wolgamot. At a glance, I could make nothing of it. I put it back.

I went away. But it stuck in my mind, the book with the odd shape, and I went back and (actually on my third visit) I bought the book. It was, after all, only fifty cents.

Blue cloth binding: four and three-quarter inches tall by seven and three-quarter inches wide. Published in 1944. The right margin is unjustified in a way that suggests verse—but it is clearly prose.

The first thing one notices, opening the book, is clusters of names—names of men and women, most of them writers, many well known. But then, even more striking, it becomes obvious that each page contains only one sentence, and it is always—except for the names—*almost* the same sentence.

From that summer, through some rather unsettled years, as other books came in and out of my hands, I held on to Wolgamot, unsure if it was good or bad, wonderful or ridiculous. The question gradually faded. After all, it appealed to me and, since I never really believed in a “canon” and never insisted that anyone share my appreciation, there was no problem.

I occasionally showed the book to other people, a few other people, mostly—when I went to graduate school at the University of Michigan—fellow students.

Mostly, but not all. My first friend in Ann Arbor (a clerk in a local bookstore) was Gordon Mumma, who introduced me to Robert Ashley. The two of them later, with Roger Reynolds, George Cacciopo, and Don Scavarda, founded the music festival called Once.

“Wolgamot” became a society (it would be a bit too much to say organization) when several friends and I wanted to give events—theatrical, we

called them—on campus and had to give our group a name. We gave *Ubu Roi* (translating it as *Gopotty Rex*); we gave Grabbe's *Comedy, Satire, Irony and Deeper Meaning*; *The Talking Ass* by John Heath-Stubbs; Paul Goodman's *Jonah*. (Ashley and Mumma supplied music for *Jonah*.)

We tried our best then—we were, after all, supposed to be scholars—to locate our hero, the author of *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women*. It had been published by the author, no place of publication mentioned, but I found a reference that gave an address where, some fifteen years before, it had been advertised as available, an address in New York.

Unfortunately, at that address—a building housing several printers—no one recalled the name Wolgamot.

From another source, I found listed—for 1943, one year before our text—a book by the same author, called *In Sara Haardt Were Men and Women*. It had been published by Richard R. Smith, a vanity press, then in the Village. A little research yielded a new address for Smith in Peterborough, N.H., and I ordered, from Richard R. Smith directly, two copies of the book—listed (back then) as selling for two dollars.

The publisher answered (which I had not altogether expected), saying that there was in fact only one copy left. For this survivor, he demanded four dollars—which I sent immediately.

The book I then received was the same shape as the one I already had (but a bit larger). The striking thing was that the two texts, except for the title page, were identical. It seemed, indeed, to have been printed from the same plates.

Now the Mencken Bibliography, I found, revealed that Wolgamot had

sent both books to Mencken, whose copies had been left to the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, along with the rest of the late critic's library.

As in many of his books, Mencken had jotted into them his reactions. In one, he complained that Wolgamot "was writing this balderdash even before Sara died." This had prompted him to get on the phone and demand to know,

"Wolgamot, are you crazy?" To which the author had replied (as Mencken put it, "unpreturbed"),

"No. I am quite sane. I just like to write that way."

About Wolgamot and his work, everybody who looked at the book seemed to have a theory. A psychoanalyst (local, but with roots in Vienna) was sure the author must be schizophrenic, probably in an institution, certainly unable to function in any job at all.

D. C. Hope caused some disturbance by claiming, in a public lecture at Wayne State University, that Wolgamot was the reincarnation of Doctor Johnson.

Robert Ashley, at first glance, seemed dazzled and declared that here was the book he had always wanted to write.

Mary Ashley called it a "festival of names" and proceeded to make her own festival with *Truck: a Dance*.

I got into the act with at least two harebrained claims. One was simple: I maintained that the volumes I had found so far were the first two of a trilogy, which would be completed with one more volume—with, again, the same text, from the same plates. A trilogy of great formal unity.

My second theory, more complicated, was based on the fact that although every page of the book contains one and the same (and only one) sentence, there are certain irregularities. The very first page refers to the

“cruelly ancestral death of Sara Powell Haardt.” The last page mentions the Second Coming. There is also, elsewhere, “Wolgamot as God,” and what could be taken as an identification of Mencken and Beethoven. Mencken, I found, had married Sara Powell Haardt, knowing she was about to die. (She lived, in fact, after marriage, five more years, which no one had expected.) I claimed that the work was a funeral piece for Sara Powell Haardt, intimating, however, that while Sara was Mencken’s on earth, she was Wolgamot’s in eternity.

It was generally conceded that my theories were the unlikeliest.

Looking back, it seems to me that the crazier the reading, the more likely it was to have some relevance, whereas the psychoanalyst (and, perhaps, Hope—if taken literally) were wrong.

At one point, we cast toothpicks to determine hexagrams, with which to consult the *I Ching*. Our question: was Wolgamot still alive?

The answer, given at length, we found unequivocal. Wolgamot was alive, *but in decline*.

Rosmarie and I visited an old friend in Urbana and mentioned the establishment of the John Barton Wolgamot Society. My friend said,

“I know somebody named Wolgamot.”

“Really? What’s his first name?”

“Bart.” Though he was obviously too young to be *our* Wolgamot, I insisted that she find out if he was related.

A week later—we were back in Michigan—she wrote that she had quizzed this Bart, a music student at the University of Michigan, and found that John Barton Wolgamot was his uncle. And—he had added—

“...not my favorite one.”

Thus, after long and fruitless search, we found, quite by accident, Wolgamot's address, a hotel in New York, on Broadway at a Hundred and Fourth Street. James Camp and X. J. Kennedy were taking a trip to New York. I charged them to visit Wolgamot.

They got to the door of the hotel . . . and turned back, deciding (in, I suppose, a truly great manner) that—as they put it—he should “remain a legend.”

Then, at a party at Ingo Seidler's house, Wolgamot's name came up and I admitted I knew his phone number: *Monument six one thousand*. Ingo immediately put the phone by me and said, “Call him. Invite him to come and read.” I called person-to-person, heard the clerk answer, and heard the operator say, “There's a call for Mr. John Wolgamot.” And the hotel clerk said: “Wolgamot?! Is it paid for?”



I hadn't realized how late it was—I had awakened him—and I asked if he would come read his work at the University of Michigan, to which he replied, "Work? What work?" I said *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women*. He said, "Ohhhh" and then, "I thought that book had died the death." He declined our invitation. Later it became clear he didn't believe in readings.

Soon after I came to Providence, Bob Ashley wrote from Mills College, where he had spent several years building an electronic music studio. He told me he had written no music for a long time because—his letter said—he had been purifying himself. Now, he said, "I am pure." And ready to write his masterpiece. But the one text he had to have was lacking. The work could only be based on Wolgamot.

I sent him the text.

The premiere of Ashley's *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women* took place in Bremen. He later performed it here and there on the West Coast. When it was scheduled for New York, it occurred to him that he had never asked Wolgamot—or anybody, except me!—for permission to use the text.

The composition includes, in fact, the entire text of Wolgamot's book. Finding that he could speak any one page without taking a breath, he recorded a page, took a breath, recorded another . . . When the whole book was on tape, he went back and cut out every between-page breath.

Before a performance in Southern California, a woman appeared, to ask if that title—which she had seen on a poster—might possibly refer to a book by John Barton Wolgamot.

Ashley was startled, but stammered an affirmative.

The woman was delighted. She revealed that, at the very time the book was being written, she had been an intimate of the author—in fact his “only confidante.” When she learned that the piece was going to New York, Bob must, she insisted, make contact with Wolgamot. She was sure Wolgamot would be pleased.

Now that she thought of it, Wolgamot must already be aware, subliminally, of the piece’s existence. (This did not make Bob less nervous.) Yes—the remembrance animated her—when, just a few weeks ago, she had lunch with Wolgamot, in New York, he said (these, absolutely, his exact words) he did believe something was “in the wind.”

And she, for her part, figured that he—Wolgamot—might now, “after years of self-imposed obscurity,” be “ready for a little fame.”

Ashley, relieved, saw that she was going. But, the door open, her hand on the knob, she turned again, to say how happy she was to know that Ashley was going to contact Wolgamot. And, just before disappearing, closing the door behind her,

“Oh—and, by the way . . .

“You’d better bone up on the *Eroica*.”

A bit later, he gave me a frantic call, because he *had* gotten in contact with Wolgamot, and had made an appointment to see him. And, he said, “I can’t go alone!” So I said, “All right, I’ll come to New York and go with you.”

My train was an hour late, so when I got to the movie house—the Little Carnegie—Ashley was already there, and the first thing Wolgamot had said to him was, “Are you the person who called me in the middle of the night ten years ago?” And Ashley said, “Oh, no, no no—that was Keith Waldrop!”

Ashley had done a formal analysis of the book, in an elaborate chart,

showing that the book is in four movements—there was no sign of this, no markings—four movements of equal length. I was not entirely convinced. But the first thing Wolgamot said was, “You realize, this is in four movements.” And Ashley immediately brought out his chart, which Wolgamot wouldn’t look at. Just as he had no interest at all in hearing the composition.

He said it was hard to imagine reading his book out loud. “I suppose,” he said, “it would have to be a sort of”—he hesitated, considered—“well, a breathless reading.”

He had written two books, he told us, and was working on a third. “My first book was a complete failure.” He had had the edition destroyed. “The second began to gallop.” And then he murmured, “But wait till you see the next.”

He had been working for thirty-odd years on his third book.

I asked, hesitantly, if the third would have . . . for text . . . ?

“Oh,” he said, “same text, same text.” But a brand new title page.

In 1929, Wolgamot said, he heard for the first time Beethoven’s *Eroica* Symphony. He was bowled over. And as he listened, rapt, he heard, somehow, within the rhythms themselves, names—names that meant nothing to him, foreign names. It was these names, he realized, that created the rhythm, bearing the melody into existence.

He checked out from the library a large biography of Beethoven. And in that tome, he found, one after another, all the names he had heard ringing through the symphony.

And it dawned on him that, as rhythm is the basis of all things, names are the basis of rhythm.

Names determine character, settle destiny. “You can see that in the

great novels,” he says. “Take Tolstoy. What does this remind you of: *Annaka rennina annaka rennina*?—it’s a train, of course. That’s why she’s killed by a train.”

“That’s why,” he said, “when a woman marries and gives up her name, she gives up her personality.”

Wolgamot decided—about 1930—to write a book.

He wrote one name to a page.

But he knew it could be richer. Names react to one another. He made long lists of names and held the list next to the pages of his projected book. When certain names came near each other, there was, he said, “a spark,” and that was how he knew they went together. In this way, three names gathered on each page, and then around those three clustered multitudes of names.

And still something was lacking. Each page rhythmically complete, there was no impulse to go from one page to the next. There had to be a matrix, a sentence, to envelop the names. So far, he had spent a year or two composing his book. The sentence, a sentence to be repeated, more or less identically, on each page—this sentence took him ten years to write.

“It’s harder than you think,” he said, “to write a sentence that doesn’t say anything.”

I asked him if he had ever met Mencken. He said he hadn’t but, “I talked to him on the phone once.” I said I supposed, then, he had never met Sara Powell Haardt, and I could see Ashley was remembering my silly theory. And Wolgamot said, “No, I never met Sara Powell Haardt. I used her name, because her last name’s Haardt and my middle name’s Bart.” But he went

on, “Of course, in the book, I represent myself as having an illicit relation with her. In a book like this, there has to be some love interest.”

I kept telling him I was a printer. He never responded. He said his third book, he thought probably should be published by a commercial press, and asked if I knew anything about October House. “It’s not a communist front, is it?” Since it was obvious he knew nothing about this (by then already defunct) press, I asked him how he had chanced on it. He seemed to think it perfectly obvious: “October’s the tenth month, but it means eight. And ‘house’ has five letters. 1805—that’s the year of the *Eroica!*”

He said he had had both books destroyed. He was sure there could not be more than a couple dozen copies all told. (Besides the two mentioned above, I had found a second copy of the later book, the one I sent to Ashley.)

After the interview, Ashley tried to keep in touch with Wolgamot, who did visit a few times, and once took Ashley and Mimi Johnson to the Russian Tea Room. But the Little Carnegie was torn down, and working for a different movie house, somewhere in the suburbs, Wolgamot became less sociable.

So it was rather unexpected to find, when Wolgamot died, that in his will he had appointed Ashley his literary executor. Ashley was supposed to receive the contents of a safety-deposit box, which we assumed would contain the plates for the book—since Wolgamot had told us he still had the plates. After some legal folderol, the contents of the box were delivered. It contained nothing but stamping for the title of a book: the title, *Beacons of Ancestryship*. This we took to refer to the third book, but I now run across a letter from 1980, where he seems to be abandoning that book for a completely new project:

I'm doing a piece of fiction that embodies the ancestral theme and think well of it so far as it's gone. This is pretty far—the current draft has only six pages to go.

As far as I know, nothing of this fiction survives.

Wolgamot was certainly never satisfied with any of his books. He told Ashley that in *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women* there were two names he would like to change: Pissarro and Thespis—apparently because he was bothered by the first syllable of one and the second syllable of the other.

He had impossibly high standards. Every page had to give him the experience that he had once gotten in reading his own text (this is from the same letter):

Near the very end, at the bottom of the Corot page, you could hear Beethoven speak. Loud and clear and in English.



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JOHN BARTON WOLGAMOT

by Robert Ashley

BECAUSE KEITH WALDROP introduced me to *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women*, and because Keith and John Barton Wolgamot are in many mysterious ways inseparable in my imagination, I should start these remarks with a few additions to or commentaries on Keith's story.

I have to start with anecdotes, putting my analysis of the work at the end, because my analysis of the work is inadequate. And because I must leave the analysis open-ended, in case some future cryptographer comes up with the answer I could never find.

Where Keith says that Wolgamot said that he "had had both books destroyed," I distinctly remember that Wolgamot said he had sold (or somehow got rid of) twelve copies of the first book and two copies of the second. (As one of the many, many bizarre events surrounding my relationship to Wolgamot and his book, I met a man some ten years later who claimed that he had bought and still had a copy of the book I had used in the recording. He was a music-business person, who knew of my work. I never saw his

copy, but I had no reason not to believe him, even though we were in the middle of a martini lunch at the time. He must have bought one of the two of those that Mr. Smith was selling in his shop in Greenwich Village at the time.)

Going backwards a bit, Wolgamot at some point in our relationship told me that he had had the “inspiration” for the book while standing in his mother’s bedroom and that he had immediately jotted down “the plan” on a scrap of paper while standing at his mother’s chest of drawers—the plan that took up the rest of his life. I should suppose this was the plan for the names, but it *might* have been the plan for the great sentence that, as Keith remembers, took him ten years to write.

Keith says that Wolgamot seemed to be in his sixties when the three of us met at the Little Carnegie Cinema. This must be right, considering the reality of his job and all. But I must add that the more times I met with Wolgamot over the next three or four years, the more difficult an estimation of his age became for me. He was a deeply mysterious man. Like no man I have ever known. Almost “unreal.” Almost ageless, although old. And so when I tried to do the calculations of the age and the “inspiration,” I came up with the “inspiration” coming to him in his mid teens. His mother’s bedroom, remember.

After our first meeting I visited Wolgamot two or three times in his tiny office at the Little Carnegie Cinema, always with specific questions about the structure of the book. It seemed inappropriate to take a tape recorder, so I asked the questions and then tried to take notes. But I always failed to bring home anything that made any sense.

Wolgamot had about him not a trace of evasiveness. In fact, he seemed

eager to explain. The problem was that I never understood what he had said or what he was talking about. It was as though I had asked Einstein about time or space. We inhabited different universes.

Of course, the obvious reason for my problem is that the book is so immensely complicated structurally, and it probably never occurred to him, nor could he have done it, to begin from the beginning. (Since then I have had meetings with students who want information about music and who know not one thing about music, and in those situations there is no beginning to begin from. There is just vast ignorance on the one part and a sense of impossibility on the other. I was the student. I was vastly ignorant. Wolgamot had never taught, so he had none of the diplomatic tricks to explain that what was going on was impossible.)

Finally, I got up the courage to invite him to dinner at the loft that Mimi Johnson and I shared. The loft was in “early artists’ style”—that is, with very little heat and almost nothing of anything else. He arrived stunningly, as if the most successful man on Wall Street: a beautiful and perfectly fitting, fine wool suit, dazzling patent leather shoes, white silk scarf and a flawless, dark cashmere coat. (I knew by this time that he lived in a single-room “residential” hotel on far upper-Broadway in Manhattan. Beyond the pale. In a suburban frame of mind you wouldn’t go there.) This was the first of the mysteries.

Wolgamot was a ladies’ man. In this matter, age is meaningless. He was much more interested in Mimi than he was in me. They both came from central Illinois, a very special place, unknowable to outsiders. He obviously enjoyed the macaroni and cheese and succotash combination, probably followed by apple pie. (I forget.) I don’t have notes from that night. I was in a

state of disbelief. The disciple (me) was simply an aside. Wolgamot was interested in Mimi.

This was the first of four or five dinners at our loft. Always the same mystery, the impeccable dress, the total indifference to our dour situation, the flattering appreciation of the meal (Mimi is a very good cook, but the kitchen left something to be desired), the generous and confident talk, the deepening mystery of his age—he seemed always to become a younger man, as if at the power of his creativity.

On each occasion I would have prepared a list of questions about the book. Every question was answered directly and without impatience. I wrote as fast as I could. When he had left Mimi and I would discuss the answers, each of us remembering different details. Then I would look at my notes and realize again that I had nothing.

This was, of course, a few years after I had spent a year analyzing the book in the only way I knew how—as if it were a piece of music or as if it were a poem. So, I had a lot of questions. But even now, I have no answers. Just notes that I don't understand, or in some cases ideas that are not confirmed in my analysis. More of this later.

Then, he invited us to dinner—at The Russian Tea Room. (For readers not familiar with New York I should say that The Russian Tea Room, was then—and maybe still is—*the* place to be, at least for artists and musicians. Corporate ambition has since made eating fancy in New York something like a part of the national budget, but I think the Tea Room is still going strong.) We were seated in the central, red-leather banquette. A few steps down below, the main floor was jammed with tables filled with obvious celebrities, some known and most unknown to me. (On a trip to the men's room

I had to slide by a world-famous novelist, wildly engaged in some deal, whose chair was banged every time the men's room door opened. He probably thought himself lucky to be there. The Russian Tea Room.)

We were treated like royalty. At the end of the meal, when I expected the check to come, I naively offered to contribute something. But no. At some secret signal the waiter appeared with our coats and we were royally escorted to the door. (The check had never come.) Outside we walked to the corner and waited for the bus, which was to take Wolgamot to his hotel. Mimi and I took the subway home.

That was the last time I saw Wolgamot. I phoned a few more times to meet him again, but his excuse was always that now he was again fully engaged in the book, and because he had only one day off from work he was simply too pressed for time.

In one of those conversations, which were friendly, even jovial, he told me how happy he was to have found names to replace the two names that had bothered him in the version of the book I have. I think he said he got the names from the *New York Times*.

He wanted to replace "Camille Pissarro" with "Peter Cornelius" and he wanted to replace "Thespis" with "Ruth Page."

I need to elaborate somewhat on Keith's story about the woman in Los Angeles. She said, actually, after the concert, that she had been ironing when she heard Wolgamot's name in a public-service announcement on the radio. She called the station to find out about the concert, and that is how we met. Her name is Joyce Brenner. (I am not sure that this is right for me to tell, but names are what it's all about.)

She said that she had called Wolgamot that day to tell him about the

concert and that he seemed happy that I was working on the book. But we didn't have much time to talk, so I made a trip to Los Angeles a few weeks later to have lunch with her, to find out more.

She said that when she was a teenager in New York she had had to go, after school, to the lunchroom in the hotel where she lived with her parents, to wait for her parents to return from work. In the lunch room at the same time there was always this (middle-aged) man, who, she learned when they became friends, had just returned from his day at the New York Public Library. They became friends. (As unlikely as this story seems, I think Wolgamot had to tell *somebody*.) Gradually she came to understand what he was doing at the library. He tried to explain. Then he, in turn, had to go to work (probably at the Little Carnegie; I got the idea somewhere in our conversations that he and Walter Reade, the owner of the movie theater, were friends and that he had worked at the Little Carnegie a long time).

She described to me a folder of pages of names that he worked with. She got the vague idea that he was working on an enormous project, but that was all she understood. Somehow the way she told this to me was a premonition of the way I would feel when he talked to me. She described him with great affection. He was generous with his time and ideas, even though the ideas were impossible to understand. He was kind and patient, but obsessed. (What a blessing for a young person! They were still in contact thirty years later.)

His obsession is important. Wolgamot told Mimi and me that his "inspiration" (for what?) came during a concert at Damrosch Park. (Damrosch Park is in New York City, so obviously Wolgamot was in New York well before the publication of the first version of the book in 1941. The chronology of

these anecdotes is impossible to reconcile.) A New York orchestra was playing Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony in an outdoor summer concert. While the symphony was being played Wolgamot "saw" the image of Beethoven (was this the familiar torso image?) in an astral light above the orchestra. They didn't have light-shows in those days. This was Wolgamot's vision.

For those of you who have not read the lives of the poets, this is the time to laugh. I would caution you against that. Things are bad enough in the world of the imagination as it is.



For Wolgamot this vision was a reality that sustained him. In some way it "caused" one of the great art works of the twentieth century.

Keith's two "harebrained" claims both seem right to me. The first, that the book I had and the earlier version that Keith has are part of a trilogy, was, in some way, confirmed by the fact that Wolgamot told me, in so many words (I don't have them written down), that the "book" was, essentially, the *title page*! After an elaborate explanation of the physical lay-out of the book (the fact that conceptually you could look "through" the book, as though through a group of 128 transparencies, and that the lines of each page would fall exactly upon the lines of all of the others and that the names would be some-

how “interleaved” to give the book yet another, deeper meaning), Wolgamot said that one should consider the title page to be “the body” of the book, and that the 128 pages of names should be considered as “the blood flowing through the body.”

Another confirmation of the “trilogy” idea is that, when I was named in Wolgamot’s will as his “publisher” and the will said that I was to receive all of the “plates” for the printing of the book as he had explained his intentions to me (I expected, with dread, that I would get boxes of lead plates—and that my life would be ruined), I got simply a title-plate, *Beacons of Ancestry*, with the subtitle, “A Symphonic Study of the Rejuvenation in the Grain.”

Keith is right. This is the *perfect* trilogy: *In Sara Haardt Were Men and Women; In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women; Beacons of Ancestry, A Symphonic Study of the Rejuvenation in the Grain*. When I become a millionaire and can publish all three books exactly according to Wolgamot’s dream, the reader will be able to read the three books, in order, and find a different meaning in each. And find the thrill of “A Symphonic Study of the Rejuvenation in the Grain.”

Keith’s other theory, “that while Sara was Mencken’s on earth, she was Wolgamot’s in eternity” was confirmed in not quite the same words by Wolgamot to me. I have only yet to decide whether the book is a eulogy or an amazing love letter. I am inclined toward the latter interpretation, since the book was “inspired” while Sara was still alive.

We can hardly understand today the depth of a commitment to such a project. It makes Wolgamot seem a mad man. Wolgamot was not a mad man. He was one of the sanest and most visionary persons I have ever met.

But he lived and worked during a time and in a place where such a commitment was the only possible expression of his genius. All over America, before we became homogenized by the media (and by the ability to travel!), people lived in loneliness and dreams. This was a new people. And especially in the vast (endless) Midwest, where the European-Americans were cut off from their roots, a “civilization”—that is, a collection of memories that make sense of the present—had to be invented.

I have seen this invention in many forms, and indeed most of the forms were a form of madness: the “collectors.” (Example 1: A tiny town in Wisconsin where my car broke down and I spent a few hours in the “museum”—admission 25 cents. A huge shed, probably formerly a commercial chicken coop, filled with hand-made boxes about 18 inches in each dimension, with a glass front, stacked six feet high, each box containing every kind of thing the collector had collected in his life—matchbook folders, safety pins, pieces of broken glass, breathtaking banalities—each item elaborately labeled and dated. Hundreds of boxes. A history of civilization. Example 2: A woman with a house *full* of cheap ceramic carnival prizes—Mickey Mouse, vases, dinosaurs, etceteras, which were put out on the lawn every morning in a new display, a new configuration, and taken in every night and cleaned and polished.) These museums existed in the hundreds. Everybody could tell me about their favorite one. I thought for a moment that I should specialize in this history of America, and make a museum of museums. But of course I couldn't. I think they are all gone now. Still we do not have a civilization, but the museums of memories are gone.

At this point I would recommend Keith Waldrop's novel, *Light While There is Light* (Sun and Moon Press, Los Angeles, 1993.) It is a great book.

It is about the desperate Midwest of the first half of this century. It explains things that you didn't know needed explanation to know who you are. Proust in the Midwest of America.

The difference between *Beacons of Ancestry* and the “museums” is that Wolgamot was not driven to madness by loneliness and that he was a genius. But the impulse is the same. He had to create a civilization that immortalized his love for Sara. And he had to do it beginning in Danville, Illinois.

Although Wolgamot was well-educated (two years at Notre Dame followed by two years at Princeton—without graduating, I think) I never got the impression that he understood how the form of his work related to traditional forms in music, for instance, the *Eroica*. (People educated in music almost invariably resort to some sort of musical jargon to explain an idea. I never heard this from Wolgamot.) I suspect he knew nothing about musical form, except in the general sense of form-titles and section-titles: “symphony,” “scherzo,” etceteras. I suspect he knew nothing, and cared nothing, about modernism in writing. I think that he invented what *had to be* invented and that, because he was a genius, he made something that was perfect and that is without a precedent.

One more anecdote. When I had finished studying the book for many months and when I had decided to “propose” an opera-for-television based on the book that, in honor of the book, would be as unlikely to be produced as the book had been unlikely to be published, I asked my friend, Paul DeMarinis, a wonderful composer and a brilliant electronic designer to collaborate with me on a “pilot-project” tape recording that would present the text of *In Sara, Mencken, Christ and Beethoven There Were Men and Women*

in a manner that could be produced only on television—that is, with the speed of television editing and with scene settings and scene changes that could only be accomplished electronically. I explained the form of the text as best I could to Paul—especially the idea that the form of the text is governed by the reappearance throughout of seven pairs of names, seven women and seven men (Paul remarked that 128 pages is 2 to the seventh power), and that the text seemed to me to represent a “performable” musical composition—and Paul designed a set of synthesizer configurations that represented the comings and goings of these special names in the text.

The technical plan was that the singing of the text (pre-recorded and edited) would be on one track of an eight-track tape, and that Paul and I would “perform” (insert) the special synthesizer configurations as any one of the seven pairs of names appeared, and that each of these seven pairs would be on a separate track of the tape. Thus, we would make a rudimentary eight-track tape that later would be subjected to an elaborate mixing and processing plan in order to finish a stereo “master.” This work took weeks of our time in the studio.

We finished the rudimentary tape on a Thursday night, probably very late. The next day I had an afternoon seminar to teach (at the Center for Contemporary Music, Mills College.) Having nothing else to talk about I decided to come to the studio in the morning and make a crude, “flat” mix of the eight tracks to a stereo tape; that is, all of the tracks were set at the same level, with no processing, no mixing, none of the subtleties of a finished product that Paul and I had planned.

On Saturday I was supposed to leave for a couple of weeks to give some concerts. I didn’t own a good suitcase, so I asked a friend at the

studio if I could borrow a suitcase for the tour.

Irrationally (I'm not sure now whether this is the word), I decided after the seminar to take home all of the work that Paul and I had done over the past weeks—to “safeguard” the tapes; they were so precious to me. It took me at least two trips from the studio to my car to take away the dozens of master tapes we had accumulated.

I drove to my friend's house to pick up the suitcase. By this time it was totally dark. My friend lived on one of the back streets in the Berkeley “flats.” The streetlights, such as they were, were a long way apart. My car was in almost total darkness.

I didn't lock the car. Why should I? (But I remember some strange feeling in that decision even now.) The tapes were in the back seat of a two-door car, virtually out of sight.

I went to my friend's door to get the suitcase. I declined a drink and a chat. I couldn't have been in his house more than five minutes—the time it took him to dig the suitcase out of a closet.

When I returned to the car, the tapes were gone. I was crazed. I drove around the blocks madly. It would have taken four people to carry away the tapes in hand. I looked in every corner trash basket. Who would want these used tapes? How could this be? It made no sense. But they were gone.

I was broken-hearted and totally unnerved by the impossible circumstances. Weeks of work were gone. I knew it would never be done again.

I thought everything was lost. I thought there was some curse on me that was a warning about my presumption in taking on the Wolgamot project. I was not in a good frame of mind.

When I returned from the concert tour I found the crude, Friday morning

mix still sitting on the shelf of the mixing console. (So much for safe-guarding.) So this CD is that tape, that has since been processed many times in the newest digital programs to clean it up.

My apologies to Paul DeMarinis. My presumption undid us.

ANALYSIS

First, a note about this booklet packaged with the compact disc.

Because of the proportions of the original book, which is not square, it is not possible to reproduce the book itself. (Or rather, it is hopelessly impractical, considering the way CD packages are displayed in stores.) So I will simply describe the book as an object, because the book as an object was important to John Barton Wolgamot.

The book is $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, with a spine $1\frac{3}{16}$ inches deep. The pages are $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide, by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. The book comprises the title page (“the body”) followed by 128 pages of text (“the blood”). There are no extra pages: e.g., copyright page, inscription page, extra pages at the end.

On the title page the first line of the title is $1\frac{1}{16}$ inches from the top. John Barton Wolgamot’s name, as publisher, is $\frac{9}{16}$ inch from the bottom. The publication date (1944) is $\frac{3}{16}$ inch from the bottom. These are all in bold.

On the lower half of the title page is the author’s name, “By John Barton Wolgamot,” $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the bottom.

Everything on the title page is centered.

The first line of the text itself is $1^{15}/_{16}$ inches from the top. The last line of the text on the longest page (page 128) is $3/4$ inch from the bottom.

On the title page, the title, “IN SARA, ...”, begins $7/8$ inch from the left margin (the binding). The text itself is justified at $3/4$ inch from the left margin (the binding),

One meaning of these measurements (if anybody cares to draw them out) is that, with the exception of the author’s name, nothing on the title page intrudes upon the space allotted to the text. Thus, with the exception of the author’s name, the title page and text can be imagined as “the body” *containing* 128 pages of “the blood.” I would think that Wolgamot must have regretted the position of the author’s name, but probably couldn’t figure out anywhere else to put it. (Or maybe, if one could “see through” the 128 pages, it is in exactly the right place.)

Another feature of the CD booklet that differs from the book-as-object is that it was impractical to try to replicate the relative line lengths of the text of the book. It was possible to find a font that resembled the book font, but on every page of the book there is an elaborate kerning (that is, a spacing between letters) that makes the first line longer than or equal to the length of any other line on the page of the text and gives a special spacing to the names. Of course, that kerning could be done on a computer (and in fact, is done in the CD booklet to make the first line the longest), but to *match* the spacing of the text, which I think would be a major aesthetic consideration for Wolgamot, if we were publishing the book-as-object, would be labor and cost intensive beyond our means.

Finally, the text-as-object is 128 pages, single sided (right side), which

would make the CD booklet too large to be packaged. It seemed the most important decision was to give the listener the text, whatever compromises had to be made to accomplish this.

The pages of the book-as-object are unnumbered, so they are unnumbered in the CD booklet. In the CD booklet the pages read top to bottom and left to right page.

So, Wolgamot's plan for the book-as-object are somewhat obscured by the very practical considerations of giving the CD listener the text.

But every other aspect of the text, in particular the line breaks, is retained. I believe the "coding" of the book—the choice of names, the choice of adverbs, the line breaks—is clear in the CD booklet.

The text could be described as a poem of 128 stanzas, each stanza the same sentence with four variables, three of which are names or name groups or name constructions; the fourth is the adverb of the active verb. To my mind one of the most unusual and most wonderful (and memory-defying) sentences in English. Wolgamot was being modest, facetious, self-deprecating, whatever, when he said to Keith, "It's harder than you think to write a sentence that doesn't say anything." The whatever may have included something even sarcastic to a well-tuned ear. I often felt I was in the presence of this kind of intelligence.

Keith says the text is prose. I am not sure I agree with this. I think it is neither prose nor poetry. I believe, from my discussions with Wolgamot, that he regarded each page as a "scene"—as if in a "film storyboard" or as if a "picture" (perhaps a photograph)—representing a grouping of persons, who had "something in common" (the commonness based on the sounds of the names, the "meaning" of the names—what those persons did—and the

visual structure of the scene based on the lay-out of the words on the page).

I will quote the first page (with computer kerning) to illustrate the four variables, underlining those four variables to be discussed below.

In its very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically the very cruelly ancestral death of Sara Powell Haardt had very ironically come amongst his very really great men and women to Rafael Sabatini, George Ade, Margaret Storm Jameson, Ford Madox Hueffer, Jean-Jacques Bernard, Louis Bromfield, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche and Helen Brown Norden very titanically.

- 1) Ludwig van Beethoven (name)
- 2) cruelly ancestral death of Sara Powell Haardt (name construction)
- 3) ironically (adverb)
- 4) Rafael Sabatini ... and Helen Brown Norden (name group)

These four elements change in successive stanzas in obviously intentional patterns to give form to the whole. Most often the single name is one of the seven pairs of names mentioned above (but not always.) The name-construction is almost always “dramatic” (as in the example), suggesting a relationship among the characters or a “plot.” The adverb is almost always equally dramatic (sometimes shocking) and to the same purpose. But, with the exception that certain adverbs—particularly “ironically”—recur frequently, one has the sense that the adverb is chosen for its sound value as well as for its meaning. In the name groups one finds most of the great names of Western culture, with the list becoming more illusive and enigmatic as it comes to include the American literary (and musical) culture of the early

20th century. This set of patterns—the rotation of the four elements—is what needs to be “decoded” in order to understand the work.

The fourteen key names of the “plot”—seven men and seven women—I have not been able to understand, except that Wolgamot seems to “identify with” or be interchangeable with the other six men. So one might assume that a similar relationship exists for Sara Powell Haardt and the other six women.

John Barton Wolgamot	Sara Powell Haardt
Henry Louis Mencken	Helen Brown Norden
Ludwig van Beethoven	Willa Sibert Cather
Jesus Christ	Berenice Anne Bonner
William Shakespeare	Ruth Maxine Martin
Ringgold Wilmer Lardner	Frances Gertrude Fiedler
Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy	Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady

I have listed these names in no particular order or pairing, but simply as they “appear” to be important in their occurrence.

There are a few other names that appear more than once, but do not seem to me to be of first importance in the structure of the book. (Or, at least, I cannot discover their importance.)

I intend to finish this set of clues to an analysis by describing two pages of the text that Wolgamot described to me. But first I should make a few remarks about what appear to be these “key-names.”

All of the “key-names”—in fact, almost all of the names in the text—appear in most biographical dictionaries, with the exception of the last four names in the list of women. I have assumed, on no evidence, that these

women were friends of Wolgamot, who represented in some way the idea of the book or, personally, played a part in the plot.

With regard to Wolgamot's fear of being associated with the political "left," as mentioned in Keith's essay, Helen Brown Norden is almost certainly a pseudonym for Helen Lawrenson (1904–1982), who was an editor of *Vanity Fair*, who was a part of the early phase of the women's liberation movement and who was married to a Jack Lawrenson—a union organizer in the 1930's (and who, curiously, comes down in family to Abbie Hoffman). What can one say?

The biographical dictionary on the Internet says that Sara Powell Haardt was committed to the earliest phase of the women's liberation movement.

Any biographical information on Berenice Anne Bonner, Ruth Maxine Martin, Frances Gertrude Fiedler and Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady could not be found.

(In re-studying this analysis and after recent phone calls to members of the Wolgamot family I have come to believe that Frances Gertrude Fiedler was the name of Wolgamot's wife, from whom he was divorced. Wolgamot himself told me that Jack Edward Swift, who appears on the 64th page of the text (that is, on the last page of the "second movement" and exactly at the middle of the text, was Wolgamot's former wife's second husband.)

(This all sounds like small-town gossip of the worst sort, but it has to be said, if someone is to decipher how these names fit into the plan of the text—the "plot.")

Wolgamot described the construction of the page that begins with George Meredith and that contains the names Paul Gauguin, Margaret Kennedy,

Oland Russell, Harley Granville-Barker, Pieter Breughel, Benedetto Croce and William Somerset Maugham (this is the 60th page of the text) as follows—with many omissions, because I could not keep up: “Somerset has both summer and set as in sun-set, and Maugham sounds like the name of a South Pacific Island, and Maugham wrote a biography of Gauguin, which name has both ‘go’ and ‘again’ in it, and Oland could be ‘Oh, land,’ a sailor’s cry, and Granville sounds French for a big city, which Gauguin left to go to the South Pacific . . . etceteras.” I couldn’t keep track of how the other names worked.

This kind of quotation makes Wolgamot sound half-crazed, but, in fact, it made sense when he told it, because it was a combination of sounds and meanings that conjured up the image of an island in the South Pacific as a kind of paradise, as if a scene from a movie. What this had to do with Wolgamot’s love of Sara Powell Haardt I wouldn’t dare guess. But it was a beautiful and vivid scene as he told it.

Wolgamot said the form (of the sentence and key names?) came with the “Shakespeare” page (wherever that is) and that all of the pages are based on that form, except for the “Hemingway” page (which is five pages from the end, and which, curiously, has Hemingway buried in the middle of the name-group), which he said “just worked out better the way it is.”

As he explained the “Hemingway” page, which has John Keats just before Ernest Hemingway, he said Ernest had in it “Urn,” as in “Ode to a Grecian Urn” and that it also had in it “her nest hemming away.” I don’t know what this means, but it has the same sound and meaning structure as the Maugham page.

I think these are examples of what Wolgamot meant when he said to Keith that a certain combination of names caused a “spark.”

Imagine doing this for 128 pages and hundreds and hundreds of names. No wonder the book took him twenty years to write. No wonder that Mencken, who was a literary powerhouse in his time (but seems more than boring now) thought that Wolgamot was crazy. Wolgamot was clearly playing to immortality for himself and his beloved Sara.

A thorough musical analysis demands that one can account for every aspect of every note. A thorough analysis of Wolgamot’s work demands the same. Obviously, I failed. So, I am simply passing on what little I learned in spending a few hours with Wolgamot and what little I learned in my attempt at analysis.

I insist that such an analysis is important, because it will teach us the way a great organizing mind works. I am certain that we learn in this way.

Wolgamot said that the text was in four movements of 32 pages each, and this in a way is confirmed by the pairing of key-names on pages 32, 64, 96 and 128. He gave me the names of the four characters who are central to the four movements: (I) Sara; (II) Mencken; (III) Christ; (IV) Beethoven. (Note that this is the order of the names in the title of the text that I worked with.)

He said that Section IV (Beethoven) had the form of a “finale” based on a fugue or scherzo. I haven’t been able to confirm this, except that there are probably more names in the last 32 pages than in the previous three sections. Also, note that there are 18 names on the final page and there are 18 letters in Beethoven’s name. Is this a coincidence?

Wolgamot said that the structure of the text comes from the last name

in the name groups and that the text can be analyzed from that. I have not found that to be true. Maybe I got this information wrong. Maybe he meant the last name of the page.

I can understand vaguely why Wolgamot would change “Camille Pissarro” to Peter Cornelius, although the syllable count is different (which might rule out syllable count as a factor in analysis.) As to the change of “Thespis” to Ruth Page, I can only diagram what Wolgamot told me on the phone: *Thespis* = *Ruth Page*.

I have finished telling what Wolgamot told me—or as much as I could understand.

Before I met Wolgamot, and after months of various kinds of analysis, I had decided that the text represented a three-part “sonata” form, with an “exposition” (pages 1–42) embodying two or three “themes”; a “development” section (pages 43–85), expressing the notion of the recurrence of “themes” as a formal device (for instance, on page 82 of the text, all of the names in the name-group are African-American writers—this could hardly be an accident); and a “recapitulation” (pages 86–128), with the appearance of the names of Russian writers from before and after the 1917 revolution and with the adverbs becoming (in some undecipherable pattern) less pleasant or less abstract. There are other aspects of my analysis that seemed to confirm this musical form, but that are too complicated to explain here.

This three-part form (exposition, development, recapitulation) is common (almost standard) in the first movement of 18th and 19th century symphonies. I thought I had the text figured out to a degree.

Obviously, my analysis was not confirmed when Wolgamot explained the text to me. (And even now I cannot find this three-part form in what

Wolgamot told me was the “first movement.”) But there is something peculiarly (accidentally?) meaningful in it for me. Do “forms” really exist in our imagination—when we begin to organize things—forms that govern our imagination in ways we are unaware of?

I will never understand the Wolgamot text, because it is too complicated, because it is too personal, because I have not time (a life-time) to give to the analysis, because I am not smart enough to have seen the organization on first sight. It will remain a mystery to me until some genius of cryptography can make sense of every word.

I do know that for Wolgamot there was a reason, a logic, for the choice of every name, for the grouping of those names and for the choice of every adverb.

I believe that the absolute formality of the text touches in us a fact that is as deep as our humanity: the fact is that everything in our speech and in our thinking is elaborately organized, even before we get to it. To have an idea is to have a thought about how to refine that organized material, to make it more beautiful.



ROBERT ASHLEY is known for his work in new forms of opera and multi-disciplinary projects. He was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1930 and was educated at the University of Michigan and the Manhattan School of Music. In the 1960s, Ashley organized Ann Arbor's legendary ONCE Festival and directed the ONCE Group. During the 1970s, he directed the Center for Contemporary Music at Mills College, toured with the Sonic Arts Union, and produced and directed *Music with Roots in the Aether*, a 14-hour television opera/documentary about the work and ideas of seven American composers. Ashley wrote and produced *Perfect Lives*, an opera for television widely considered to be the precursor of "music-television." Staged versions of *Perfect Lives* and *Atalanta (Acts of God)* and the monumental opera tetralogy, *Now Eleanor's Idea*, have toured throughout Europe, Asia, and the United States. More recently, he has completed *Balseros* for Florida Grand Opera, *When Famous Last Words Fail You*, for the American Composers Orchestra, *Your Money My Life Good-bye* for Bayerischer Rundfunk, and *Dust* for the Kanagawa Prefectural Concert Hall in Yokohama.

**IN SARA, MENCKEN, CHRIST AND BEETHOVEN THERE
WERE MEN AND WOMEN**

By John Barton Wolgamot

JOHN BARTON WOLGAMOT

1944

In its very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically the very cruelly ancestral death of Sara Powell Haardt had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Rafael Sabatini, George Ade, Margaret Storm Jameson, Ford Madox Hueffer, Jean-Jacques Bernard, Louis Bromfield, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche and Helen Brown Norden very titanicly.

In her very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Helen Brown Norden had very originally come amongst his very really grand men and women to Lodovico Ariosto, Solon, Matteo Maria Bojardo, Philo Judaeus, Roger Bacon, Longus, Simeon Strunsky and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe very titanicly.

In their very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Thomas Stearns Eliot, Robert Southey, Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett Dunsany, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, Arthur Schopenhauer, Blaise Pascal, Georg Morris Cohen Brandes and Jonathan Swift had very sarcastically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Wolgamot as god had very magnificently come amongst her very really grand men and women to Gaius Plinius Secundus, Bion, Origines Adamantius, Democritus, Phidias, Zeuxis, Pietro Aretino and Michelangelo Buonarroti very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Johannes Brahms very heroically Sara Powell Haardt had very allegorically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Clarence Day, Jr., John Donne, Ruggerio Leoncavallo, James Owen Hannay, Gustav Frenssen, Thomas Beer, Joris Karl Huysmans and Franz Peter Schubert very titanically.



In their very truly great manners of Willa Sibert Cather very heroically William Sydney Porter, Laurence Sterne, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Gray, Tobias George Smollett and Helen Brown Norden had very ironically come amongst her very really grand men and women to William Shakespeare very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Wilhelm Richard Wagner very heroically Sara Powell Haardt had very allegorically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Jakob Liebmann Beer, Ernst Toller, John William Thomason, Jr., Winifred Ashton, Herbert Asbury, Wilson Follett, Morley Callaghan and Johann-Sebastian Bach very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski very heroically Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady and John Barton Wolgamot had very sardonically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Gamaliel Bradford, Anne Green, William Hervey Allen, Jr., Washington Irving, Pierre Corneille, Arthur Schnitzler, Mari Sandoz, St. John Greer Ervine and Herman Melville very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Hans Christian Andersen, Henri Bergson, Niccolò di Bernardo Machiavelli, Kenneth Grahame, Charles William Beebe, Thomas Dixon, George Edward Bateman Saintsbury and Beethoven as God had very maliciously come amongst her very really grand men and women to John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.



In his very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically Thomas Hardy had very sarcastically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Arthur Stuart-Menteth Hutchinson, Charles Reade, Edmée Elizabeth Monica de la Pasture, James Brander Matthews, Emil Ludwig, Anne Parrish, Pierre Augustin Caron and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Berenice Anne Bonner very heroically John Barton Wolgamot had very wonderfully come amongst her very really grand men and women to Thomas Lovell Beddoes, George Grove, James Justinian Morier, Emily Price, Jean Cocteau, Alcaeus, Sturlason Snorri and Helen Brown Norden very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Archimedes, Plato, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Aristotle, Epicurus, Anacreon, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pericles, Socrates, Euripides and Sara Powell Haardt had very ironically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Aristophanes very titanically.

In its very truly great manners of Romain Rolland very heroically the very ancestrally inevitable performance of Jean Baptiste Poquelin had very symbolically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Aldous Leonard Huxley, James Boyd, Vittorio Alfieri, Lion Feuchtwanger, Harold Lenoir Davis and Helen Brown Norden very titanically.



In her very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Helen Brown Norden had very sincerely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Jerome Klapka Jerome, Conrad Richter, Alfred Victor de Vigny, David Ricardo, Rémy de Gourmont and Jacques-Anatole Thibault very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically John Greenleaf Whittier, Frank Wedekind, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, Charles Perrault, Knut Pedersen Hamsun and Samuel Langhorne Clemens had very gayly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Ruth Maxine Martin very titanically.



In his very truly great manners of Ruth Suckow very heroically Edgar Allan Poe had very sinisterly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Claude Gernade Bowers, Thomas Kyd, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Stella Embree, Truman Jesse Moon and Henry Fielding very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Gustave Flaubert very heroically Helen Brown Norden had very altruistically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Benjamin Jonson, Franz Werfel, Grazia Deledda, Jean Giono, Richard Dehmel and Christopher Marlowe very titanically.



In their very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Henrik Johan Ibsen, William Wordsworth, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, Eleanor Gwyn, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine and Pearl Sydenstricker had very sensitively come amongst her very really grand men and women to George Moore very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Rolland as Beethoven had very bullishly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Wystan Hugh Auden, Phaedrus, Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, Babette Deutsch, Duncan Aikman and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.



In his very truly great manners of Ruth Maxine Martin very heroically Benvenuto Cellini had very imaginatively come amongst her very really grand men and women to Peadar O'Donnell, Anne O'Hare, Lloyd Cassel Douglas, William James, Albert Jay Nock and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Elinor Hoyt very heroically Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Congreve, Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan, George Gordon Byron, James Russell Lowell and John Barton Wolgamot had very unquestionably come amongst her very really grand men and women to Berenice Anne Bonner very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Jean Baptiste Poquelin had very homogeneously come amongst her very really grand men and women to Gladys Bronwyn Stern, Arnold Zweig, Louis Marie Julien Viaud, Martha Ostenso, Manuel Komroff and Walter Scott very titanically.

In its very truly great manners of Jesus Christ very heroically the very wantonly pitiless carnage of Ringgold Wilmer Lardner had very freely come amongst His very really grand men and women to Madeleine de Scudéry, John Fletcher, Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, Mary Borden, William Langland and Berenice Anne Bonner very titanically.



In her very truly great manners of Ringgold Wilmer Lardner very heroically Berenice Anne Bonner had very happily come amongst his very really grand men and women to Eugène Marin Labiche, Maude Howe, William Temple Hornaday, Richard Wright, Alexis Carrel and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Jesus Christ very heroically Marie Rosalie Bonheur, Joseph Hergesheimer, Anne Louise Germaine Necker, James Branch Cabell, August Wilhelm von Schlegel and Frances Gertrude Fiedler had very ironically come amongst His very really grand men and women to James Fenimore Cooper very titanically.



In His very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Jesus Christ had very intolerably come amongst her very really grand men and women to Torquato Tasso, Menander, Claude Henri de Saint-Simon, Samuel Smiles, Caroline Beach and Katherine Jane Lightbody very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Berenice Anne Bonner had very ironically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Henry Seidel Canby, William McFee, Pietro di Donato, Eleanor Mercein, Johann David Wyss and Helen Brown Norden very titanically.



In their very truly great manners of Berenice Anne Bonner very heroically Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, Heinrich Heine, Publius Ovidius Naso, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Charles Erskine Scott Wood and John Barton Wolgamot had very altruistically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Jesus Christ very titanically.

In His very truly great manners of Berenice Anne Bonner very heroically Christ as Son had very proudly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Benito Pérez Galdós, Carleton Beals, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Louise Jordan, Pelham Grenville Wodehouse and Ringgold Wilmer Lardner very titanicly.



In His very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Jesus Christ had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Richard Henry Dana, Padraic Colum, Alfred Damon Runyon, George Frisbie Whicher, Harry Leon Wilson and Ringgold Wilmer Lardner very titanicly.

In their very truly great manners of Jesus Christ very heroically Geoffrey Chaucer, Rupert Brooke, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald, John Milton, William Henry Hudson and Ruth Maxine Martin had very extraordinarily come amongst His very really grand men and women to Berenice Anne Bonner very titanically.



In her very truly great manners of Berenice Anne Bonner very heroically Elinor Hoyt had very beautifully come amongst her very really grand men and women to Moses Mendel, John Ford, Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch, Ruth Feiner, Alfred Noyes and Jesus Christ very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Dante Alighieri had very superbly come amongst her very really grand men and women to George Edward Woodberry, Charles Angoff, Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux, Pietro Mascagni, John Addington Symonds and Henry Louis Mencken very titanically.



In his very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Henry Louis Mencken had very sinisterly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Richard Le Gallienne, Zane Grey, Martha Ellis Gellhorn, Francis Hackett, Jacques Louis David and Kathleen Beauchamp very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Mencken as Beethoven had very hypocritically come amongst her very really grand men and women to David Leslie Murray, Charles Kingsley, Tiziano Vecellio, Oliver Goldsmith, James Thomas Farrell and Henry James very titanicly.

In their very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically Henry Brooks Adams, Francis Bacon, Giuseppe Fortunino Francesco Verdi, James Boswell, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. and William Cullen Bryant had very merrily come amongst his very really grand men and women to Sara Powell Haardt very titanicly.

In his very truly great manners of Willa Sibert Cather very heroically James Joyce had very analytically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Philip Guedalla, Apelles, Federico García Lorca, Olav Duun, Pare Lorentz and Homer very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Florence Nightingale very heroically Sara Powell Haardt had very generously come amongst her very really grand men and women to Shane John Randolph Leslie, Nancy Hale, Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle, Julia Mood, Jacob van Ruysdael and Hugh Seymour Walpole very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically John Barton Wolgamot had very playfully come amongst her very really grand men and women to Walter Lionel George, Sholom Asch, Domenico Zampieri, Alfred Tennyson, Granville Stanley Hall and Henry Louis Mencken very titanically.



In their very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically William Butler Yeats, Hermann Sudermann, Claude Achille Debussy, Joseph Addison, Elizabeth Barrett and Willa Sibert Cather had very proudly come amongst his very really grand men and women to John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Emily Jane Brontë very heroically Sara Powell Haardt had very merrily come amongst her very really grand men and women to Eduard Meyer, Thomas Moore, Samuel Hopkins Adams, André Derain, Michael Sadler and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.



In its very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically the very brutally exigent name of Sara Powell Haardt had very genuinely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Hendrik Willem van Loon, Karel Čapek, Percival Christopher Wren, Leonard Miller, Stephen Vincent Benét and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Armantine Lucile Aurore Dupin had very errantly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Frank Hamilton Spearman, Whit Burnett, Charles Grandison Finney, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Dalton Trumbo, Edward Elgar, John Singer Sargent and Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Thomas Mann had very strongly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Harold Joseph Laski, Nora Waln, Amédée Simon Dominique Thierry, Richard Henry Horne, Samuel Lover, Jan van Eyck, Frederick Delius and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Zola as Christian had very practically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Wladyslas Stanislaw Reymont, Joel Sayre, Alessandro di Mariano dei Filipepi, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Sidney Lanier, Elias Howe, Anthony Trollope and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Charlotte Brontë very heroically Verner von Heidenstam, Hans Otto Storm, Robert Alexander Schumann, Jan van der Meer, Samuel Richardson, Herbert Spencer, Henry Major Tomlinson and Theodore Dreiser had very proudly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Helen Brown Norden very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Jean François Marie Arouet very heroically Armantine Lucile Aurore Dupin had very fiercely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Manuel de Falla, Jane Porter, Teresa de Cepeda, Georges Duhamel, Heliodorus, Jakob Jordaens, Prosper Mérimée and Honoré Balzac very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Mary Ann Evans very heroically Sara Powell Haardt and John Barton Wolgamot had very conveniently come amongst her very really grand men and women to Erik Leslie Satie, Vicki Baum, Francis Charles Claypon Yeats-Brown, Flavius Josephus, Rudolf Ditzen, John Rowlands, Camille Pissarro and William Makepeace Thackeray very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of John Galsworthy very heroically Armantine Lucile Aurore Dupin had very interpretively come amongst his very really grand men and women to Baruch de Spinoza, William Blake, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, Edgar Lee Masters, David Ross Locke, Paul Vialar, César Auguste Franck and Charles John Huffham Dickens very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Eugene Gladstone O'Neill very heroically William Vaughn Moody, Edward Lear, Charles Camille Saint-Saëns, Archie Binns, Isabel Bowler, John Dryden, Frank Arthur Swinnerton and Victor Marie Hugo had very gallantly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Leonardo di Ser Piero d'Antonio di Ser Piero di Ser Guido da Vinci very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Wolgamot as man had very disillusionedly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Richard Doddridge Blackmore, Denis Diderot, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, Gustave Charpentier, Thomas Clayton Wolfe, James Mallahan Cain, Susan Bogert Warner and Marie-Henri Beyle very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Charles Langbridge Morgan, Guido Reni, Jean Julius Christian Sibelius, Robert Burness, Maxwell Anderson, Theophrastus, Jacinto Benavente and Sinclair Lewis had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Sara Powell Haardt very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Helen Brown Norden had very sinisterly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Alfred Perceval Graves, Ethel Mannin, Giacomo da Vignola, Engelbert Humperdinck, Oribasius, Clinton Scollard, André Marie Ampère and François Rabelais very titanically.

In its very truly great manners of Émile Édouard Charles Antoine Zola very heroically the very meditatively companionable mood of Armantine Lucile Aurore Dupin had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to John Barton Wolgamot, Laurence Stallings, Paul Cézanne, François René de Chateaubriand, Henry Purcell, Richard Mansfield and Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Frances Gertrude Fiedler had very politely come amongst her very really grand men and women to Frank Lucius Packard, Eugène Brioux, Roark Whitney Wickliffe Bradford, Carl Lamson Carmer, Friedrich von Flotow and Alexandre Dumas-Davy de la Pailleterie very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically Mooris Mäterlinck had very coquettishly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Eric Philbrook Kelly, Martha Foley, Hermann Eduard von Holst, Nicolas Poussin, Pierre van Paassen and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Swift as Wolgamot had very logically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Antoine François Prévost, Julian Green, Joseph Mallord William Turner, Lewis Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Kathleen Beauchamp very heroically Alan Alexander Milne, Richard Steele, Gioachino Antonio Rossini, Charles Lamb, Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant and William Dean Howells had very proudly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Helen Brown Norden very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Ruth Maxine Martin very heroically Frances Gertrude Fiedler had very ironically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Eugene Victor Debs, Pindar, Baldassare Castiglione, Karl Goldmark, John Drinkwater and George Bernard Shaw very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of George Meredith very heroically Paul Gauguin had very wildly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Margaret Kennedy, Oland Russell, Harley Granville-Barker, Pieter Breughel, Benedetto Croce and William Somerset Maugham very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Helen Brown Norden very heroically Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady and John Barton Wolgamot had very originally come amongst her very really grand men and women to Henri Benjamin de Constant, Francis Beaumont, Il Beato Fra Guido Angelico, Joseph Lincoln Steffens, Gilbert Keith Chesterton and Enoch Arnold Bennett very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Herbert George Wells very heroically Maurice Henry Hewlett, Alphonse Daudet, Frédéric François Chopin, Mary Lamb, Luigi Pirandello and Jane Austen had very subtly come amongst his very really grand men and women to David Herbert Lawrence very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Helen Brown Norden had very coquettishly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Georges Seurat, Thales, Alessandro Manzoni, Élie Faure, Jules Renard and Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very titanically.



In its very truly great manners of Jack Edward Swift very heroically the very memorably devoted attention of Frances Gertrude Fiedler had very savagely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Rudyard Kipling, Firmin Auguste Renoir, Frank Norris and Stephen Crane very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Edith Newbold Jones very heroically Sara Powell Haardt had very excitingly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Mary Findlater, John Masefield, James Abbott McNeill Whistler, Vardis Fisher, Kenneth Roberts and Nathaniel Hathorne very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of John Roderigo Dos Passos very heroically Nathaniel Hathorne had very exquisitely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Isabella Augusta Persse, Zeno, Cécile Louise Stéphanie Chaminade, Frank Case, Robert Ranke Graves and James Gibbons Huneker very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Edith Newbold Jones very heroically John Robinson Jeffers, René Descartes, Ferdinand Victor Eugène Delacroix, Sean O'Casey, Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde and Hathorne as New England Puritan had very proudly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Henry Hazlitt very titanically.



In her very truly great manners of Nathaniel Hathorne very heroically Dorothea Frances Canfield had very imperturbably come amongst his very really grand men and women to Thomas Hart Benton, Mary Johnston, René Fülöp-Miller, James Norman Hall, Charles Austin Beard and Edith Newbold Jones very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Mary Hunter very heroically Henry Louis Mencken had very inventively come amongst her very really grand men and women to Samuel Guy Endore, Homer Grunn, John Orley Allen Tate, Rachel Crothers, Caradoc Evans and Ole Edvart Rølvaag very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Erich Maria Cramer very heroically William Bliss Carman, Hamlin Garland, Alexandre César Léopold Bizet, Ernest Renan, Francis Marion Crawford and Edith Newbold Jones had very deplorably come amongst his very really grand men and women to Louis Hémon very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Edith Newbold Jones very heroically Newton Booth Tarkington had very exactly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Richard Harding Davis, Andrew Lang, Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, Ray Stannard Baker, Edvard Hagerup Grieg and Nathaniel Hathorne very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Nathaniel Hathorne very heroically Van Wyck Brooks had very gravely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Rabindranath Tagore, John La Farge, Julian Sorrell Huxley, Marie Joseph Sue, Herasmus Gerardus and William Clark Russell very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Charles Robert Darwin very heroically Edith Newbold Jones had very bravely come amongst his very really grand men and women to André Tridon, Thespis, Angelo Ambrogini, Franz Lehár, Percy Marks and George Jean Nathan very titanically.



In its very truly great manners of Nathaniel Hathorne very heroically the very incomparably gracious conduct of James Gibbons Huneker had very richly come amongst his very really grand men and women to James Stephens, Sigmund Freud, Mary Cassatt, Albert Einstein and Louis Pasteur very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Jesus Christ very heroically Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady had very defenselessly come amongst His very really grand men and women to Roger Martin du Gard, Lucy Stone, Édouard Victor Antoine Lalo, William James Durant, Phyllis Bentley, Millen Brand, George Wesley Bellows and Ottilia Lovisa Selma Lagerlöf very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Adeline Virginia Stephen very heroically Titus Lucretius Carus had very decently come amongst her very really grand men and women to Marcus Tullius Cicero, Phaedo, Gaius Sallustius Crispus, Michael William Balfe, Gheeraert Davit, Max Bruch, Karl Wilhelm von Humboldt and Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Jesus Christ very heroically Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn, Frank Harris, Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn, Rose Macaulay, Henryk Sienkiewicz, Plutarch, Jules Alfred Huot de Goncourt and Berenice as devotee had very magnificently come amongst His very really grand men and women to John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Emily Dickinson very heroically John Barton Wolgamot had very majestically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Pierre Charles Baudelaire, Aesop, Clarence Budington Kelland, Giles Lytton Strachey, Lyman Frank Baum, Albrecht Dürer, Alfredo Casella and Jesus Christ very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of David Graham Phillips very heroically Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady had very proudly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Opie Percival Read, Aelfric, Joel Elias Spingarn, Selim Palmgren, Athenaeus, Douglas Hyde, Alexander Brook and Ralph Waldo Emerson very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Claude Monet very heroically Frances Gertrude Fiedler and John Barton Wolgamot had very gradually come amongst his very really grand men and women to Ottorino Respighi, Paul Morand, Aurelius Augustinus, Alfred Sisley, Grace Zaring, Will Rogers, Charles Farrar Browne and Helene Böhlau very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of John Griffith London very heroically Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady had very wildly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Margaretta Wade Campbell, Ben Hecht, François Adrian Boieldieu, Thomas Gainsborough, Edmund Spenser, Stella Benson, Thames Ross Williamson and Winston Churchill very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Arthur Burton Rascoe very heroically James Weldon Johnson, Claude McKay, Booker Taliaferro Washington, Countée Cullen, Zora Neale Hurston, Jean Toomer, Walter Francis White and James Langston Hughes had very excellently come amongst his very really grand men and women to Domenicos Theotocopoulos very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Jesus Christ very heroically Mencken as papa had very ironically come amongst His very really grand men and women to Helen Maria Fiske, Frans Hals, Victoria Mary Sackville, John Albert Macy, George Gershwin, Stark Young, Hector Hugh Munro and Floyd Dell very titanicly.

In their very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically Liam O'Flaherty, Joseph Joubert, Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobia Salvatore Cherubini, Jean Antoine Watteau, Robert Smythe Hichens, Sappho, Marguerite d'Angoulême and Titus Lucretius Carus had very fairly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Viña Croter very titanicly.

In His very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically Jesus Christ had very benevolently come amongst his very really grand men and women to Michel de Notredame, Myron, Theodor Woldsen Storm, David Diamond, Irving Babbitt, Asa Gray, Eric Temple Bell and Randolph Silliman Bourne very titanically.



In its very truly great manners of Berenice Anne Bonner very heroically the very tempestuously scriptural wedding of Sara Powell Haardt and Henry Louis Mencken had very ironically come amongst her very really grand men and women to John Barton Wolgamot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Anna Wickham, Jules Émile Frédéric Massenet, Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne, Rachel Lyman Field, William Saroyan, Erskine Caldwell, Jacques Maritain, Charles Louis de Secondat and Helen Brown Norden very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically François de Montcorbier had very clearly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Upton Beall Sinclair, Victor Herbert, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Thomas Lawrence, Elliot Harold Paul and Sara Powell Haardt very titanically.



In her very truly great manners of Willa Sibert Cather very heroically Sara Powell Haardt had very perfectly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Clément Philibert Léo Delibes, Plotinus, Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, Praxiteles, Susanna Haswell and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically Cosmo Hamilton Gibbs, Thomas Malory, Christoph Willibald von Gluck, George Romney, Siegfried Loraine Sassoon and Sara as Intended had very horribly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Sherwood Anderson very titanically.



In her very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Zona Gale had very energetically come amongst her very really grand men and women to Friedrich Smetana, Grant Wood, Margaret Frances Halsey, Arthur Symons, Benjamin Stolberg and Henry Louis Mencken very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Mary Cassatt very heroically Publius Vergilius Maro had very anarchistically come amongst very really grand men and women to Pierre Cécile Puvis de Chavannes, John Dewey, Alexis Emanuel Chabrier, Elbert Green Hubbard, Elizabeth Garver Jordan and Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow very titanically.



In their very truly great manners of Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson very heroically Thornton Niven Wilder, George Santayana, Karl Maria Friedrich Ernest von Weber, Alexander Pope, Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres and Henry Louis Mencken had very acrimoniously come amongst his very really grand men and women to Susan Ertz very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically Willa Sibert Cather had very extemporaneously come amongst his very really grand men and women to Donald Robert Perry Marquis, Hans Holbein, François René Auguste Mallarmé, John Phillips Marquand, Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Sara Powell Haardt very titanically.



In his very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Frederick Marryat had very horribly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Joan Mary Fieldwick-Platt, James Hilton, Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc, Johann Strauss, Andrea Mantegna and Willa Sibert Cather very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Thyra Samter very heroically Henry Louis Mencken had very brilliantly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Stephen Collins Foster, Jan Havicksz Steen, Douglas Southall Freeman, Joseph Auslander, Hermann Joachim Bang and Willa Sibert Cather very titanically.

In its very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically the very brutally exigent name of Henry Louis Mencken had very sculpturally come amongst her very really grand men and women to Konrad Bercovici, Walter Duranty, Augustin Eugène Scribe, Dorothy Thompson, George William Russell and John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In its very truly great manners of William Shakespeare very heroically the very coarsely vulgar Puritanism of Ludwig van Beethoven had very femininely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham, Jules Verne, Sidonie Gabrielle Claudine Colette, Percy Aldridge Grainger, Jacopo Robusti, Arthur Machen, Francis Richard Stockton and Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy had very tragically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Augusta Mary Anne Holmes, Childe Hassam, Victoria Endicott Lincoln, Armine von Tempski, Benjamin Franklin, Leslie Stephen, Alice Caldwell Hegan and Sara Powell Haardt very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of William Shakespeare very heroically Giacomo Puccini, Camilo Mori, Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, Samuel Johnson, Thomas Henry Huxley, Eve Curie, Giovanni Boccaccio and Iván Sergyéevitch Turgénieff had very cruelly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Matilde Serao very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Cecily Isabel Fairfield very heroically William Shakespeare had very cadaverously come amongst her very really grand men and women to Andrea Palladio, Maurice Walsh, Elizabeth Dorothea Cole Bowen, Henrik Pontoppidan, Joseph Deems Taylor, Rebecca Yancey, Wolfram von Eschenbach and May Sinclair very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Samuel Butler very heroically John Bunniann had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Giorgio Barbarelli, Rose Wilder, Alexander Nikolayevitch Scriabin, Susan Glaspell, Edward Gibbon, Thomas Hobbes, Stéphane Mallarmé and Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkov very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy very heroically Alfred Edward Housman, Ludwig Thoma, Francisco de Goya y Lucientes, Matthew Arnold, Théophile Gautier, Henry George, Giovanni Battista Lulli and Ivan Alexeyevitch Bunin had very admirably come amongst his very really grand, men and women to John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy very heroically Tolstoy as Beethoven and Shakespeare had very critically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Violet Florence Martin, Bruno Traven, Jean Baptiste Armand Louis Léonce Elie de Beaumont, Honoré Daumier, Thomas Chatterton, Oscar Levant, Alessandro Scarlatti and Ludwig van Beethoven very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Ricarda Octavia Huch very heroically Anthony Hope Hawkins, Helen Rose Hull, Edward Alexander MacDowell, Jakob Wassermann, George Warwick Deeping, Hans Memling, Charles Gordon MacArthur and William Shakespeare had very proudly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Ludwig van Beethoven very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of William Shakespeare very heroically Karl Heinrich Marx had very extremely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Eugene Field, Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky, Augustus Edwin John, Arthur Conan Doyle, Norman Douglas, Thorstein Bunde Veblen and Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy very heroically Charles Gilman Norris, Roland Pertwee, Mary Augusta Arnold, Carl Van Vechten, Jean François Millet, Maurice Ravel, Edward Morgan Forster and Sara Powell Haardt had very simply come amongst his very really grand men and women to William Shakespeare very titanically.

In its very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically the very beautifully simple funeral of Sara Powell Haardt had very mirthfully come amongst her very really grand men and women to Christopher Darlington Morley, Alan Seeger, Paul-Marie-Théodore-Vincent d'Indy, John Davys Beresford, Andrea d'Agnolo, Louis Farigoule, Edward Garnett, Zoë Akins, Giulietta Guicciardi and Ludwig van Beethoven very titanicly.

In his very truly great manners of Jim Tully very heroically Ludwig van Beethoven had very Continentally come amongst his very really grand men and women to Robert Russell Bennett, Jules Laforgue, Lucretia Peabody Hale, Philip Morton Shand, Henry Wheeler Shaw, David William Bone, Gustave Courbet, Emerson Hough, Louisa May Alcott and Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb very titanicly.

In their very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically Georg Friedrich Händel, Kay Boyle, Lope Félix de Vega, Thomas Paine, Edna Ferber, John Ernst Steinbeck, Peter Paul Rubens, Rex Beach, Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve and Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov had very abundantly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Sigrid Undset very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Clara Viebig very heroically Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov had very proudly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Luca della Robbia, Sidney Dark, Domenico Cimarosa, Constance Mayfield Rourke, Lewis Stiles Gannett, Edith Lovejoy Pierce, Mary Ritter, Polybius, Alfred Edgar Coppard and Alexander Sergyéevitch Pushkin very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol-Yanovsky very heroically Ludwig van Beethoven had very demonstratively come amongst his very really grand men and women to William Wymark Jacobs, Arthur Train, Johan August Strindberg, Irving Tennenbaum, Leucadia Hearn, Arnold Schönberg, Rearden Conner, David Teniers, Minderhout Hobbema and Vincent van Gogh very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Browning, Marie-Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne, Oswald Spengler, John Collings Squire, Charles François Gounod, Arthur Wing Pinero, Thomas Carlyle, Hilaire Germain Edgard Degas and Leonid Nikolaievitch Andrieff had very harshly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically Allain as Lysistrata had very stupendously come amongst his very really grand men and women to Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, Adam Smith, Isidore Auguste Marie François Xavier Comte, Walter Horatio Pater, Louis Zara Rosenfeld, Maurice Barrès, George Chapman, Anne Brontë, Nicholas Konstantinovitch Roerich and Henry Havelock Ellis very titanicly.

In their very truly great manners of John Ruskin very heroically Baccio della Porta, Charles Bernard Nordhoff, Jean Baptiste Pierre Antoine de Monet de Lamarck, Isadora Duncan, John Barton Wolgamot, Henry Noel Brailsford, William Brown Meloney, Jacques Offenbach, Francesco di Petrarco and Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady had very divinely come amongst his very really grand men and women to Pedro Calderón de la Barca very titanicly.

In his very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically Feodor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky had very invigoratingly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Igor Fedorovitch Strawinsky, George Berkeley, Edmond Louis Antoine Huot de Goncourt, Cincinnatus Heine Miller, William Wycherley, Francis Bret Harte, John Silas Reed, Richard Crashaw, Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot and Ludwig van Beethoven very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically Archibald Joseph Cronin, Harvey Fergusson, Antonio Allegri da Correggio, James Truslow Adams, Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, Thomas Henry Hall Caine, Edward Frederic Benson, Charles Major, Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky and Sara Powell Haardt had very ravishingly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very titanically.

In His very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically Jesus Christ had very pitiably come amongst her very really grand men and women to Nicholas Kalashnikoff, Jane Addams, Giovanni Jacopo Casanova de Seingalt, John Barry Benefield, Edison Marshall, Joshua Reynolds, Lewis Mumford, Richard Strauss, Marquis James, Ernest Poole, Karl Adolf Gjellerup and William Faulkner very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Edmond Eugène Alexis Rostand very heroically Anita Loos had very fancily come amongst his very really grand men and women to Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, Munro Leaf, Sergei Vasilievitch Rachmaninoff, Mary Annette Beauchamp, Philip Hamilton Gibbs, Marcus Cook Connelly, Richard Llewellyn, John Butler Yeats, Francis Parkman, Leonard Ehrlich, George Washington Cable and Gerhart Johann Robert Hauptmann very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically Bertrand Arthur William Russell, Carl Van Doren, Guillaume Victor Émile Augier, Finley Peter Dunne, Franz Joseph Haydn, Janet Taylor Caldwell, Melville Davisson Post, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Owen Wister, Diego Rodríguez de Silva and Helen as Mrs. Norden had very duly come amongst her very really grand men and women to John Barton Wolgamot very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Willa Sibert Cather very heroically Henry Louis Mencken had very sombrely come amongst her very really grand men and women to Pablo Ruiz Picasso, Ferenc Molnar, Thomas Sigismund Stribling, Willard Huntington Wright, Daphne du Maurier, James Floyd Stevens, Nicolas Boileau, Anton Dvořák, John Stuart Mill, Margery Sharp, Maria Louise Ramé and Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very titanically.

In His very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt very heroically Jesus Christ had very rememberably come amongst her very really grand men and women to Anton Stepanovitch Arensky, Lola Ridge, Edith Anna Oenone Somerville, Frederic Ridgely Torrence, Harold Augustus Sinclair, Joseph Percival Pollard, Giosuè Carducci, Peter Courtney Quennell, John James Audubon, Walter Bagehot, Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen and Katherine Jane Lightbody very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Sara Powell Haardt and Henry Louis Mencken very heroically Berenice Anne Bonner, Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady and John Barton Wolgamot had very simultaneously come amongst their very really grand men and women to Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Sophie Kerr, Alexander Porfiryévitch Borodin, Walter John de la Mare, Jean de La Fontaine, Alfred Joyce Kilmer, Anthony Van Dyck, Dorothy Rothschild, Frances Newman, Robert Nathan, William Friend De Morgan and Helen Brown Norden very titanically.

In His very truly great manners of Édouard Manet very heroically Jesus Christ had very exorbitantly come amongst his very really grand men and women to Otto Julius Bierbaum, Sean Whelan, Nikolai Andryéevitch Rimsky-Korsakov, Philip Duffield Stong, Paul Vincent Carroll, Ludwig Lewisohn, William Hogarth, Robert Bridges, Henri Matisse, Isaac Newton, Charles Edwin Markham and Raffaello Sanzio very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of Ruth Maxine Martin very heroically Michael Gold, Walter Whitman, Henry David Thoreau, John Keats, Ernest Hemingway, Stefan Zweig, Clyde Brion Davis, Françoise-Auguste-René Rodin, Fannie Hurst, Elmer Reizenstein, Arturo Toscanini and Helen Brown Norden had very staggeringly come amongst her very really grand men and women to Frances Gertrude Fiedler very titanically.

In his very truly great manners of Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very heroically Mencken as bachelor had very frustratedly come amongst her very really grand men and women to René François Nicolas Marie Bazin, Clifford Odets, George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier, William Wilkie Collins, Joseph Joachim Raff, Conrad Potter Aiken, John Henry O'Hara, Frederick O'Brien, Robert Lee Frost, Paul Rosenfeld, Giotto di Bondone and Daniel Foe very titanically.

In their very truly great manners of John Barton Wolgamot very heroically Thomas Babington Macaulay, Carl Sandburg, Maria Konstantinova Bashkirtseff, Victorien Sardou, James Matthew Barrie, Jean Baptiste Racine, Margaret Mitchell, Marjorie Kinnan, Maxwell Beerbohm, Emile Herzog, Louis Hector Berlioz and Anita Loos had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Ambrose Gwinnett Bierce very titanically.

In her very truly great manners of Henry Louis Mencken very heroically Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady had very unworthily come amongst his very really grand men and women to Mikhail Petrovitch Artzibashev, Harry Hansen, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, Jean Baptiste Joseph Delambre, Léonard Sylvain Jules Sandeau, Will Levington Comfort, Amos Bronson Alcox, Mateo Alemán, Tomaso Guidi, Lella Warren, Serafin Álvarez Quintero and John Millington Synge very titanically.

In its very truly great manners of Ludwig van Beethoven very heroically the very distinguishably Second Coming of Jesus Christ had very ironically come amongst his very really grand men and women to Gregorio Martínez Sierra, Franz Liszt, Oliver Hazard Perry La Farge II, Jean Baptiste Siméon Chardin, Madison Julius Cawein, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, Edgar Evertson Saltus, André Paul Guillaume Gide, John Van Alstyn Weaver, Richard Henry Stoddard, Walter Dumaux Edmonds, Katherine Anne Porter, Ernest Augustus Boyd, Émile Gaboriau, Felix Salten, Marcel Proust, Diego María Rivera and Gertrude Allain Mary McBrady very titanically.

