ESSAY, MAN, ON MR. FOUNTAIN'S DIXIE

A. L. LAZARUS

If what they say about Dixie isn't true enough, Pete Fountain's statement is a coup to send collective unconscious back to class and make New Orleans truly worth a mass. No need to freeze one's entrails under lock and stock when Bourbon St. toasts Plymouth Rock. (Let drummer skip a beat, then double-sock.) Look away while Peter parses tense and age: the opus on the piper's lips melts rage; once conjugated by his clarinet, the tune explains Antoine to Antoinette; the palsies of dark knees and knuckles cease when Pete's heroic coupling with the piece is made. To paraphrase Yeats' accolade, we cannot tell the player from the played. Forget the lovelorn bigots' hunting-horn. Rejoice! Hand clap foot stamp religion's born again. Let fingers snap and knees bend native, breaking, bruegheling, in a récitative. Glory be to God right on this sphere; repeal the scare and repossess the air!

Purdue University