

- 11 Rascoe, *op. cit.*
 12 Hamlin Garland, Companions on the Trail (New York, 1931), 457.
 13 "Chronicle and Comment," Bookman, xlvii (May, 1918), 312.
 14 Letter to present writer, August 23, 1958.
 15 "F. H.," New Republic, xvi (October 12, 1918), 309.
 16 Oliver Wendell Holmes and Frederick Pollock, Holmes-Pollock Letters, ed., Mark De Wolfe Howe (Cambridge, Mass., 1941), 96.
 17 Oliver Wendell Holmes and Harold Laski, Holmes-Laski Letters, ed., Mark De Wolfe Howe (Cambridge, Mass., 1953), I, 36.

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! Handclap footstamp religion's born
 again. Let fingers snap and knees bend native,
 breaking, bruegheling, in a *récitativo*.
 Glory be to God right on this sphere;
 repeal the scare and repossess the air!

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