

The writer's participation in the whatness of the townsfolk's response to the Lewises as actor, to the why of their coming together with them, to the agency of the urn, to the agent in the person of Dr. Lewis, who, of course, was once one of them but from whom they are, in this action, separated, to the entire act of the wake, the burial rites, to all that is and makes the scene, is communicated directly, and indirectly, by and through the entire essay. No one part achieves this identification with the whatness of the characters alone. Whatever it is that produces this appeal was in no way a conscious manipulation by the writer. That it is there can be tested by an oral reading of the essay to an audience. (In my case, several of my dorm mates at Patterson Hall)

The strategic positioning of "Doctor Lewis went to the table, picked up the urn, and dropped it into his pocket." with the drop pitch and the voiceless stops /p, k,t/ in pocket, a sentence which ends one thing and begins another, yet is intimately bound with all that comes before and after, invites a response from an audience which is the whatness of the response made by the townspeople. They, too, gape awkwardly, and, because there is no one to bring them beer and pretzels, resort to just moving about, uncomfortable.

Reciprocity

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER 1890 - 1969

By WILLIAM D. ELLIOTT

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Lament, for priests of life have sprung,
Turned on him; yet he cries, yet blind can see.
Call us a country of deathless corresponding;
Dry Normandy, door of cliffs, strike open
Uplift the temples of our declining North
Strike beggar-like to fathom new routes West
Upset time coming South
Lament the fiction of the concrete universe.
Lost allegory, our lives
Test in court for North America
Try us a country of young men
Who see the fracture of the hour
And Seers, die in winter, sleep,
Pin on the temples of our soul
The fusion of the galaxy.