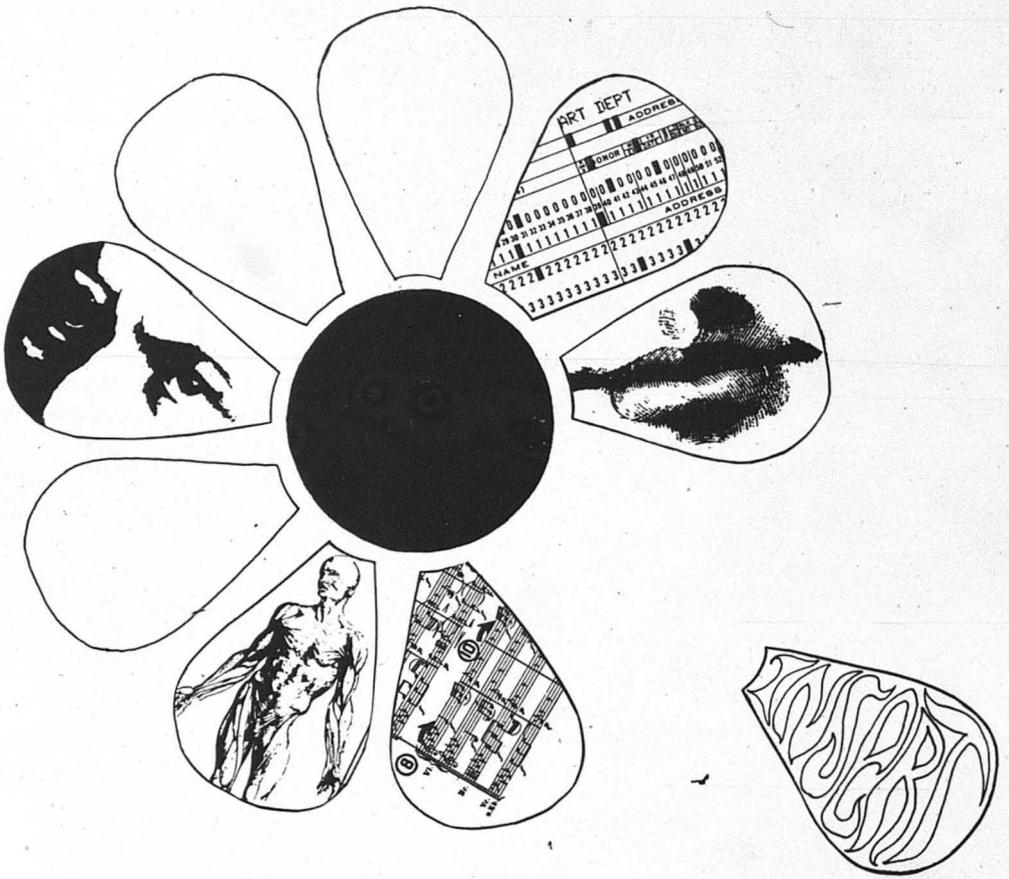


JAN. 1968



Young writers, whether in Stevens Point or Paris, have to begin somewhere, which means that they have to see their work in print. So welcome to **Insert**, which will be good for its contributors, good for all of us who wish the young well. There must be very few writers around who do not recall with wonderment still those first steps down the road, whose best leg was the earliest. In many cases it was in a campus magazine, or newspaper insert, that they began, and they were soon to find out that out there, beyond the university walls, the chances for that kind of exposure were extremely limited. Need one add that a thick skin is as important as talent to a writer, and that the sooner one starts growing it the better? Which leads me to this: may **Insert** be the best it can possibly be, bold, bright and even a little — yes — careless, for only if it becomes and stays that will it last longer than the writing which surrounds it. I wish it a stimulating life.

Lucien Stryk

THE INSERT

January 1968

Volume 1, Number 1



How do you describe the advent of a literary supplement — The **Insert**? Was it planned — or just a "happening"? Was it launched — and might it sail off the edge? Was it created — and if so, who created it and why? The **Insert** is all these things. It was planned by a group of people with a direction to presenting the creative efforts of this campus. Editors viewed poems, literature and drawings critically. It then "happened" as layout people began working poems and drawings into "random" patterns to create a kind of spontaneous and visual accord with the **Insert** itself. It was launched as a pilot project to provide the kind of exposure novice writers and artists need and to give all individuals on this campus the opportunity to expose themselves to different experiences as they become involved in the universe of a painting or a poem. It can also fall off the edge as writers do not submit materials in good faith, and the editors fail to judge material as objectively as possible. It is up to you to see that neither of these happen.

It is you who created The **Insert**, you who submitted your artworks, and you who recognized a need for a paper completely devoted to creative efforts. You as the audience and you as the writers must simultaneously contribute to the spirit in which The **Insert** is offered by your actual submission of material, and your comments on the publication itself. If The **Insert** is to succeed, it must be successful in your viewpoint. Its perpetuation depends on your reactions. Make them, known.

Jeri Huempfnor

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Cover Design

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Lucien Stryk

Lucien Stryk was brought up in Chicago and attended Indigno University, the State University of Iowa, and in Europe the Sorbonne and the University of London. He has published several books of poetry, including **Taproot**, **The Trespasser**, and **Notes for a Guidebook**. Stryk has also had prose and verse published in over fifty periodicals and anthologies ranging from **The Listener** (London) and the **Saturday Review** to university quarterlies. He has held a Fulbright lectureship in Iran and twice has been a Visiting Lecturer in Japan. At present he teaches Creative Writing and Oriental Literature at Northern Illinois University.

Contact with Thought: Penny University

A university is, by contemporary interpretation, a community of scholars using communal resources and facilities while accumulating elements of a vocational education with frequent checks upon progress towards THE DEGREE.

It is an effort to efficiently institutionalize the quick acquisition of knowledge to serve as an individual's shingle of authority — a license representing expertise within a specified discipline. In this effort the throne is THE DEGREE; the court is THE GRADERS, performing under the pseudonym — faculty. All in the realm is over-seen, coordinated, programmed, budgeted, encouraged or discouraged by the professional administration.

A revolution is not necessary and can, for that matter, be a greater power of destruction than revision. But revision is worth considering if the art of thinking is to gain the throne. The creative ability of academia is desperately needed by a world which has grown too fast for its developers. Original and creative thinking must seek solutions to bombs, brutality and twentieth century barbarism. It is feared the "educational process" is more process oriented than educationally oriented, developing in its victims processors who use old methods to reevaluate old problems yielding only old solutions. Students practice four years of "grade getting" while claiming that when they are out of school they shall then read and live and do those things for society which need doing. Will they know how to think after four years of going through the process in a discipline?

A penny university is not grand or epic. It is not a major education program. It is so humble in posture that it carries the least monetary unit within its conceptual terminology. To answer the assumed question: what is a penny university? one must chatter with abstracts and conclude by suggesting further research into potential for the concept; but let us make a poor attempt.

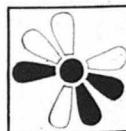
A penny university is an *intra*-university. Its classroom facilities may be a large round table in the Gridiron populated by a chemistry major, English instructor, drama major, housing administrator, and conservation major discussing new ways of preventing wars. It may be found during an experimental program of the Tuesday Afternoon Thing. The main lecture hall may be the Hole-in-the-Wall on Thursday night or Little Joe's. But it will only survive where the attitude is right.

As illustrated in the preceding, elements of a penny university exist at WSU-Stevens Point, but only elements of it. A penny university must be the upbeat of the external university's downbeat. It needs place, it needs support via attendance, it requires attitude towards thought as opposed to process; it asks for leaders — men of imagination to interact with minds of analytical bent, and individuals of academic and living experience to relate with young explorers. It thrives on enlightenment. Where it is inappropriate for the university to encourage students to attend a particular professor's regular lectures because these lectures are of a quality to treat as individual events, it is the instinct of a penny university to guide its participants to such lectures. On one Big Ten campus a political science professor with an actual class enrollment of forty-five, lectures every Tuesday and Thursday morning at ten A.M. to a lecture hall with one hundred and fifty full seats and standees in attendance. A professor of the drama department on this same campus gets free publicity of his famous lectures on George Bernard Shaw, and also finds himself speaking to a group three or four times the number enrolled in the course.

The motivation to make grades is poor indeed, leaving a conditioned reflex opposed to learning. The motivation to learn for the thrill and beauty of that activity has produced minds history pays honor to.

We have here an introduction of the term but very little said of transposing abstractions into reality. In an effort to address ourselves to this phase let us propose a symposium . . . a specified gathering of persons representing diverse disciplines on this campus at a specified location at a specified time which will devote itself to articulating a definition and means of implementing the penny university at Stevens Point.

Steve Peeck



The **Insert** is meant to give those who see, a chance to share their sight, those who have the right words a chance to speak for those of us who have knotted tongues, and those quiet people who have more time to lie on their backs in the grass a chance to share their aloneness.

We have learned to form sounds and symbols into meaningful communicative illusions, that we might share each others comedies and tragedies. These few sheets of unimportant paper then become the *intra*-university's playground of contact. The **Insert** becomes the screen with projections of those who burst kaliedascoping light, the people who otherwise sit in silence in your chemistry or history classes. These people often speak too softly to those who pass by too quickly.

So, let The **Insert** become the calendar and scrapbook of the Penny University.

Michael Harper



E. Kelke

D3Q

1

I am now twenty-one and
my hamster is dead.
It's not so funny when
you consider
after all these years
the only thing
I could care for
was a crummy "rat"
or so my father called it.
I'm still not sure what
made it die.
I was sick and when I
got out of bed
and walked over
to its box
it was already stiff.
Perhaps it was getting old
or caught my cold when
I kissed its fur
or maybe it knew
its death
would make me understand
one heart must find
another its own kind.

Lynn LaBrot

To J. G., Hopefully

Is there a leaf
which can fall
without taking some part
of the tree in silence,
can rain fall
without leaving
some life—in the mother
which bore him,
do not be sad for days
that are still
tomorrow,
be joyous for the brief
moments that are
waiting for the silent
snows,
for spring may bring
new hopes which
will leave in another
Autumn.

Michael Harper

The Eagle At Large

A brooding eye that raises
a vicious spear
and thrusts
it a slaughtered withdrawal —
his talons stroke
a disgorging love
his feathers twist —
a dying spark
kissed against cold-shattered rock.
In his beak
a poison snake
that sucks venom.

The solitary
eagle whose screams
are amused massacres.
The heavy wings
which ride
soar
fall —
and seem to conquer.

Vivian C. Kososki

Vivian C. Kososki



J. L. Cutler

The Six

Alewives

The fog moved slowly, clumsily
Obscuring the vision of orange lifeguards
Small fish rotted on the beach
Having completed their earthly cycle.

Flies came to feed on the decomposing
Fulfilling their destiny in endless revolving
People came inhaling the stench
Making what use they could of fleshy sand

The sun pierced the fog
And was absorbed into flesh, alive and dead
Few unadulterated moments of absorbing
Then into the green cold water

The lake still draws the seekers
Washed and baptized amongst the fish
Five minutes of sun and two of water
Perpetuate the common miracle.

L. H. Stewart

The Brahms

The strains of the piano melody,
Carried upon airy waves,
Seeped into my smiling slumber,
Bringing with it a scene of quietude: —
The steady rise and fall
Of the might Ocean,
With his droplets of tumbling snow;
The snuggling Breeze
Secreted quietly among the silent Pines;
The lulling sway
Of the sleeping Poplar
And the hushed weeping
Of the drooping Willow;
The peaceful Clouds
Reposing lazily
Beneath the quiet breathing of the Sky.
A crash of sound
Within the Brahms —
And the vibrant Ocean
Stirred with angry Gray.
The waves grew high as towers
And fell to giant valleys,
The froth seethed and foamed
And battled the chafing Gray;
The rising Wind
Whistled and shrilled
Among the panicking Pines;
The Poplar groaned in effort,
Strained by the racking torture
Of yielding to the tearing Wind;
The streaming hair
Of the frightened Willow
Blew from a face stark with fear;
And now wrathful Thunderclouds
Rolled in deadly throes,
Spitting streaks of scorched spear
At one another,
Hurling hated epithets
Sounded from deep within —
A slightest pause
And sweetened melody once more
Flowed into my ear.

3

The Participant

Here I sit listening.
 Or am I listening?
 Did he say life?
 But life is died.
 Doesn't he know life died?
 I thought everyone knew.
 There was a hill, once green.
 Now the hill is red, turning brown.
 The red trickles down and pools.
 Oh I see, I see it all.
 They fight, he falls; he dies.
 And here I sit listening.

Paula Hayden

Red Reality

The flash of a clock
 Three o'clock
 rain on my tin shed roof
 a huge mastiff guarding my feet
 from lions within me
 the ring of haze
 and three witches stirring
 my liver inside
 pale faces pressed
 hard against the rain
 a shudder of gunfire far
 edging my open pasture
 four o'clock
 birds on my roof
 a curling cat at my elbow
 eyes on my eyes
 tail on my eyelashes
 a ring of cannibals
 stirring my salt skin
 my friend grasping
 wanting my hand inside
 the canyon well
 a deer at the salt lick
 shot
 five o'clock
 sunshine on my fingers
 a blank screen of movies
 white against the red web of eye ghosts
 I'm awake
 and I see the spidery talons
 reaching

Vivian C. Kososki

Fields and Rain

If I were to hold your hand
 And run along a field
 And squeeze your fingers now and then
 (When you looked into my eyes)
 Or
 Go barefoot in the rain
 And splash a puddle
 To get your legs all wet
 And see if you'd get mad
 I might kiss your tender cheek and go —
 But
 If I were more wistful
 And only dreamed of fields and rain
 (Now that there are other things to do)
 And if I sent you little poems
 Though I could tell you just the same
 And wrote my name in front of yours
 The chances are I'd plan to stay
 And learn to show my love.

Lynn LaBrot

Barren Night

The desert cry
 and the sharp tongue
 of desert soil
 the final breath
 of a fading shadow
 the last snap in
 the jaws of silence
 and the closing
 of a flower's lips
 in the desert night.

Vivian C. Kososki

Life on a Monorail

Herding along
 they clamor over people and places
 Horns hollering
 curses crushing
 Speed limits
 and cocktail hours
 They rush to their jobs
 only to rush home
 They rush even the dead
 holes dug and filled
 Cars bought and sold
 men hired and fired
 Factories producing
 scholars studying
 Taxes and toilets
 politicians and paper
 Efficiency charts
 electric brains
 The great society train
 presses its iron wheels on
 over hill
 and dale
 And all that stands before

Don Isherwood

(1)

I search through several thousands
 Extending the hand to
 One.
 Right arms 'entwine
 and tip the wine, Thus
 Alone
 Is gone.

Or so the thought was thought.

And then to understand One,
 To gain the trust required,
 I confused,
 I frightened,
 I left.

Don't ask me why!
 Just forgive me
 And I'll be at ease.

The meeting of One's eyes
 With mine,
 Clasped hands insuring the trust,
 Turning circles and tripping on words
 Then say it.

Say it!

One does
 And I.

Lare



J's Best

B. Athorp



Self Portrait

B. Athorp

Yoshida

by Duane Clark

The islands are beautiful . . . Not even the wild hurricanes . . . or the bitterness of a life slipped past, can subtract one portion of the crystal beauty of these miraculous circles in the sea.

James A. Michener

The years had laid a patina of timelessness over the raggedly circular clearing and the small hut of bamboo and bleached thatching that was balanced with a winged delicacy on slender poles. Coming upon it suddenly, breaking out of the forest's deep tangle, one experienced no surprise, no feeling of man's intrusion here. The jungle had shaped itself to meet certain needs. With it this tiny compound and house must have always been. They were one with the long, dry months of summer and autumn, swept by the monotonous winds as they blew, east to southeast from February to April, and leaned upon as the invisible currents shifted methodically to the southwest for the remaining months. The yellowed hut yielded obediently to the storms, swaying as did the high and feathered palms. It bent beneath the impact, righting itself when the fury had passed. Under the heat of cloudless days it took upon itself a life of its own and seemed to move and grow as lizards hunted with crisp sound through its thatching.

In the great archipelago of the Philippines, the island was one of the loose scatterings between the anchors of Luzon and Mindano where, on charts, the points of land seem to have been marked by the careless shaking of an ink-filled pen over paper. Here is the vast sea and deep loneliness. The world of terrifying silence.

There had been that time when the sky above these islands had seemed to explode. Machines roared and clanked, stuttered and tore their way in fantastic waddles through opposing undergrowth. Then the hurricane of war subsided. The engulfing tide swept past. Of its thunder not even a faint whisper now remained upon the wind.

Along the coast, mangrove crept down upon the water. The eternal, booming wash of the waves sucked and coughed within the hollows and found no purchase among the slimy attenuae so firmly anchored in coral. Here and there the barrier was broken in short, flat stretches of beach and in the coarse sand the dried and twisted sorts looked as the bodies of men, scorched and withered.

From the water the land sloped imperceptibly upward to a flattened spine heavily matted with cogen grass. On the ridge flourished the leftovers of a thousand similar islands. They grew without order or purpose in clumps of bamboo and abaca, patches of luan and timal wood, in almost solid walls of giant, creeping lianas, and matted ferns. The air and bush were heavy with a soggy heat and filled with the creeping and flying things that could torment a man to the point of insanity.

On this elevation the hut caught the shifting breezes. A narrow catwalk of a balcony encircled the structure and from it one could look upon the ocean and follow

the straggling course of the island until the flattened head of its body was lost in a haze to the north. The winds murmured their way through the palm thatching and at night, sometimes, drifting currents played over the open pipes of bamboo until they whistled with a high, thin call.

As he stood there on the platform, the moist warm wind swaying the thatched hut, Yoshida remembered that day several years ago when the American troops had landed and recaptured one of the large islands of the Philippine archipelago from the Japanese. All of his comrades were either killed in action or taken prisoner by the enemy. Yoshida also, was taken prisoner and together with the others of his outfit, he was put aboard a small wooden American P.T. boat. The boat, with five Americans in command, was headed for the base island to deliver its foreign cargo.

Yoshida was a strapping young man of twenty, then. He had long muscular arms and long powerful legs with a slight bow to them. His hair was shiny black to match the bright black marbles which looked from his swarthy, beardless face. His back was straight and his broad shoulders moved only slightly as he marched proudly with the other Japanese soldiers.

For two days the small wooden boat drifted across the sea without any sign of land. During this time the Americans in command were trying in vain to repair the damage and make contact with the civilized world. Their only hope was that another ship would see them. Both the Americans and the Japanese know that ahead of them, somewhere in the vast Pacific Ocean, were the dangerous reefs that had brought destruction to many ships. They realized that to steer clear of them, the wind would have to continue blowing from the north. But on the morning of the fourth day the wind died away, and when it returned it had gone around to the east.

The facade of the coral reefs which lay in ambush below the horizon were now visible. The captain of the small wooden vessel knew that he had only a few more hours to prepare for the inevitable wreck on the coral reef. The P.T. boat pitched up and down, up and down, as the wind forced them in. A chaos of waves rushed upon the bobbing wooden craft one after another without stopping. High waves and low waves, pointed waves and round waves, slanting waves and waves on top of other waves. There was turmoil in the sea as the waves hit the reef — some waves advancing while others were hurled back after beating in vain against the surrounding wall.

The sea was wild and confused. It spit foam and leaped high into the area. Suddenly, it rose straight up under the boat and lifted it high into the air. As they sank down, the sea went rolling after them, hissing like a huge steam roller, and then with one violent blow, submerged them under floods of water. Yoshida felt the suction with such power that he had to strain every muscle in his lean body to hold onto the large iron railing around the edge of the boat.

The P.T. boat was still afloat.

Suddenly, another white foamy wall rose up and went towering towards the boat. In an instant, hell was all over them again; and the small craft disappeared under the masses of the thundering water. The sea tugged and pulled at the human bodies clinging to the tattered wooden boat.

After the second sea rushed over them, a third sea followed. This time the towering glassy wall smashed the little wooden matchbox against the reef with devastating force hurtling human bodies into the cold angry sea.

When Yoshida bobbed to the surface, he saw only one other man still clinging to one of the splintered pieces of wood from the side of the boat — he was an American. Yoshida's hands were nearly frozen to the wood. He looked around for more survivors as the sea thundered on, over and past the remaining fragments of the shattered vessel in those endless few seconds. The tiny vessel was broken in half like a match.

The piece of wood upon which Yoshida and the American were clutching desperately, was thrown upon the coral reef by the sea. Yoshida stood up in the clear blue water on a sharp, rugged coral block. The American was still unconscious even though Yoshida had to nearly pry his clinging hands loose from the edge of the soggy wood. There seemed to be greater strength in the

human being than that of muscles alone. Yoshida carefully scraped his sea-drenched body from the slab of wood and put him over his shoulder. Then he began to wade across the reef through the clear-blue water.

The colors of the coral itself were startling to him: radiant black, garish greens, bright blues, enviable yellows, and brooding purples. It was the pastel colors however, that continued to invite his eye. There were delicate pinks, soft blue and airy greens. Sometimes he saw a single patch of coral that contained a dozen shades. Only on a living reef can you see the pageantry of coral, for once dead and exposed to air, its color fades and vanishes. All this while, the American survivor was unconscious.

Yoshida struggled to keep his balance as he waded across the uneven bottom of the limp body of the American sailor slung over his tired shoulder. Little flat fish with brightly-colored patterns and stubby tails wriggled inquisitively in and out between his legs. Anemones and corals gave the whole reef the appearance of a rock garden covered with mosses and cactus and fossilized plants. Yoshida followed the channels and stream beds in the reef steadily and carefully.

Because of the weight of the unconscious American sailor on his shoulder, Yoshida stopped a moment to rest. He slowly lowered the limp body onto a coral block in the green-blue water and then straightened his tired back and looked up. There, off in the distance was something that resembled a bulging green basket of flowers.

Yoshida stooped down and with one swift movement he hoisted the body to his own American sailor on his shoulder, Yoshida brown face as he waded toward the island with more hurried steps. Ankle-deep, then chest-deep, he kept his legs moving, treading the silvery sea water of the coral reef as the heavenly palm island grew larger as it came to meet them.

As his leader, water-filled shoes hit the virgin sand beach, he stumbled several yards, laid the American against a towering green palm tree and fell to the sand in utter exhaustion. After a few minutes he sat up, untied his soggy leather infantry boots, and thrust his toes and his hands into the warm sand. Yoshida was overwhelmed as he lay on the beach with the red tropical sun shooting its golden rays into his water-logged body.

Several hours later, he awoke and sat up. The American was partially conscious and he was struggling to sit up. Yoshida's brown fatigue uniform was dry, and the muscles in his chest and arms were dried rawhide as he stood up and stretched. As he looked over at the American leaning against the tree, Yoshida noticed he was clutching his side and gasping in pain.

"My ribs, oh my ribs," he moaned, "they're broken, they're all broken . . . oh . . ."

At that moment the American passed out again. Quickly, Yoshida bent down and tore open the dirty, torn shirt and looked at his chest. There were large purple welts covering his ribs and stomach. In some places the skin was shredded off and the blood was clotted in these places in thick, rusty-colored scabs. The Japanese went to the small brown knapsack which he had recovered from the wreck and got a can of salve and a large roll of white gauze. Slowly he wiped away as much of the dirt and crusted blood as he could and applied the orange salve in short, rubbing strokes. He lifted the man to a sitting position and wrapped the gauze around him starting at his armpits and completely covered him to his waist. After he finished this he laid him in a small clump of moist green ferns, and covered him with a small blanket.

Since the tide had not come in yet, and probably wouldn't come in for several hours, Yoshida put on his hard leather boots and waded out again into the reef, hoping to recover something, anything, from the wreck which they could use on the island. After following the channels and stream beds in the reef for several hundred yards, he came across two wooden boxes bobbing like marker buoys in the salt water. Yoshida gathered the boxes up in his arms and headed back towards the island. The sun was going down slowly in the west and the Japanese had a difficult time weaving his way back amongst the sharp, jagged coral. Twice, he slipped and fell into the salty gray water making him all the more determined to reach the sandy beach once again. The coral skeletons

(Continued on page 6)



Seated Figure

J. L. Cutler

beckoned to him louder and louder until finally — he trudged up out of the gray foamy water and out of the clutches of the coral onto the warm sand. Yoshida fell to his knees and went to sleep right there.

The next morning, Yoshida awoke as the sunbeams began dancing on his face. He stood up and walked toward the middle of the island. The palm tops closed over his head. He could see the green coconuts hanging under the palm tufts, and some bushes covered with snow-white blossoms which smelled sweet and seductive. He walked through the knee-high cogon grass as two quite tame terns flew above his shoulders.

Then as he stepped into a small clearing he saw before him a spectacle of true beauty. It was a lagoon with delicate blue water. It had a glass top with sunlight sprinkled on it. The bottom of the lagoon was white like a huge porcelain bathtub and the water was fresh and clear. A trio of blazing green parrot fish swam by as Yoshida dropped a small yellow rock into the water sending ripples in all directions.

Yoshida turned and ambled slowly back to the beach. The American was awake now and he was getting up slowly from his bed of ferns. His name was Jack Slade. He moaned as he tried to pick his scrawny weather-beaten body from the ground. His ribs arched and his lungs throbbled with pain with every breath he took. He turned, with an agonized expression on his bearded face.

"You the one who bandaged me up?" he asked grimly looking hard at Yoshida.

The Japanese nodded his head for he did understand some English — however he spoke very little.

"Oh," Slade said quietly with a smirk on his chapped lips. "Patched up by a Jap, huh, what do you think about that?" Slade turned and walked down the beach towards the reef.

Noticing the two wooden boxes on the sand in front of him, Slade turned in a state of bewilderment, "How'd these boxes get here?"

Yoshida looked at him stupidly, he could not answer. He only shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

Slade bent down and tore the cover off the first box. Inside were several cooking utensils and two machete knives. He took out one of the knives and opened the second box. It was filled with sea rations. Taking his knife, he opened the tin and munched away at the food. Yoshida's mouth watered as he watched the American open another tin.

"Sorry I can't give you any," Slade said staring ungratefully at the man who had saved his life, "but they made these rations for Americans to eat, not lousy stinkin' Japs." He chuckled to himself and went on munching, the saliva dripping on his dirty chin.

Yoshida turned and looked up at the coconuts hanging in the shade of the palm tufts. He climbed the tree quickly, pulling down a cluster of large green coconuts. He cut off the soft tops with the machete knife and poured the sweet, cold milk down his parched throat. The liquid was pure and Yoshida felt refreshed.

Slade came over to the Japanese and took the coconut from his hands. He lifted it to his mouth and the white liquid gurgled as it ran down his throat. Suddenly Slade spit the milk on the ground and threw the large coconut at Yoshida.

"Bitter," he yelled violently, "It's bitter as hell. You lousy, rotten sonofabitcher' Jap, I ought to kill you. What you doin', tryin' to poison me."

Yoshida shrank back against the trunk of the palm tree as the American stared at him coldly, wildly. Slade turned then, still spitting the white coconut milk on the ground, and walked away . . .

Yoshida saw the American, Jack Slade, again. Slade had been living on the east side of the island while Yoshida had built a hut out of bamboo, palm leave and tindalo wood on the west side near the lagoon. Yoshida had just caught several fish in the net which he had fashioned from the fibers of abaca, when Slade approached him from behind. Upon seeing the grizzled American in his dirty, torn, brown uniform, Yoshida gathered up his fish and headed toward the hut. Slade followed close behind.

Outside the hut, Yoshida built a small fire and began to fry the fish. Slade sat down near the fire.

"My food is all gone, I am very hungry,"

Slade said rubbing his bandaged stomach.

Yoshida understood and gave the American some of his food along with a cup of coconut milk.

Yoshida could see the signs of loneliness written all over the American's visage as he spoke: "I have to get out of here. I have to get the hell out of here and get back to the States, to New York City, to the 'scrapers and the bars and the broads and my Chevrolet, and . . ." He paused and then blurted, "I can't stand this damn God-forsaken place any longer with its slimy creeping and crawling and flying things — and the soggy heat . . ."

His voice trailed off then as the rain began to fall slowly on the thatched roof. Both Yoshida and Slade rolled over and fell asleep in the beds of fresh palm leaves.

They awoke early the next morning, the rain coming down harder. The rain was in harmony with Slade's unhappy circumstances and the whole island was enveloped by a somber grayness. The tiny hut was lost in the gray clouds, the coconut palms were shrouded in successive curtains of gray rain, and the reefs were completely hidden where the downpour mingled with the salty mist. The leaden clouds showered the island in a flood of warm unhappy tears. Gray smoke rose from the lagoon all about them.

Yoshida could hear the great sea pounding at the gates of heaven, while Slade could only hear the noise of downtown New York. Slade was more depressed than ever as he looked out at the rain pouring down on the hut. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "I hear a loud noise, a whistle. I know it — it's a whistle! It's a whistle on a ship. By God, they're coming to get us from this damn rain-soaked hell. I know it, God I know it!"

Slade leaped through the doorway onto the ground and ran pell-mell towards the reef. Yoshida was surprised at the American's actions, for he had heard no noise but the surf pounding away at the reef in the gray night. Yoshida, too, jumped to the ground and ran after Slade, hoping to catch him before he got to the treacherous reef. The gray rain was still coming down hard and Yoshida could only see several feet in front of him.

Slade raced across the wet sand into the grayish-silver salt water, shouting, "Here we are, here we are, here we are! I knew you'd come, I knew you wouldn't let me down you bunch of . . ."

He tripped then and fell headfirst onto the jagged coral, tearing his flesh open on his arms and legs. The blood gushed from the open wounds as the salt water licked up the blood. He didn't seem to feel the pain as he quickly got up out of the water and ran even faster than before.

Yoshida ran into the water and tried to follow one of the channels. He lost his balance several times on the slippery bottom as the rain beat down on his face. He could not see Slade now; he could not hear him either. The booming of the wild waves against the reef seemed to drown out every other sound.

The American kept struggling to reach the edge of the reef. He was bleeding profusely on the arms, legs and his face. He was nearly out of breath when he reached the edge of the reef, his lungs exploding.

"Damn you!" he shouted angrily, "Damn you anyhow. Can't you hear me? Why don't you come and get me? Why don't . . ."

Just then a huge wave reached up onto the reef and pulled the angry Jack Slade into its churning, foamy water. Yoshida reached the edge only to see the American being smashed into the reef and pulled under to his death. The Japanese stood there with his head bowed. The rain stopped. Slowly the gray rain clouds disappeared from the sky. The sun came out from hiding and its golden rays made the glassy surface of the quiet sea sparkle. There was peace and calm . . .

Yoshida's eyes turned from the coral reef where he had seen Jack Slade, the American, pulled to his death. The stars shone brightly on the lagoon as Yoshida looked down at it from the catwalk around his small hut. He turned and walked slowly through the doorway and went to sleep on a bed of fresh green palm leaves. The wind was quiet now, and the sea was calm. Yoshida slept peacefully.