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
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 vocation through 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 within his 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, 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 booming, brutish and thereby 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 lowest monetary unit within its conceptual terminology. To answer the assumed question: what is a penny university? one must chart with abstractions 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,discussing admittance, and co-editor, and conservation major discussing new ways of preventing wars. It may be found during an experimental program of the Thursday Afternoon Lecture. The main lecture hall is Holk-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 upshot of the external university's downside. It needs place, it needs support via attendance, it requires attitude towards thought as opposed to process; it asks for leaders with imagination to interact with minds of analytical bent, and individuals of academic and living experience to relate with thinking 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 stands 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 presenting 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.

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 to 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 drama, brutality and barbarism. The Insert becomes the screen with projections of those who burst kilodiedling scotching light, the people who were present in the story telling class and the people who were not. 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
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 LoBrot

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 soor fall — and seem to conquer.

Vivian C. Kososki

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 chapping Gray; The rising Wind Whistled and shrilled Among the panicking Pines; The Poplar groaned in effort, Strained by the rocking 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 Hurting hated epithets Sounded from deep within — A slightest pause And sweetened melody once more Flowed into my ear.

Vivian C. Kososki

The Six

J. L. Cutler
The Participator

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  
taxil my eyelashes  
a ring of canibals  
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

Life on a Monorail

Herdimg 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  
zoologists studying  
Taxes and toilets  
politicians and paper  
Efficiency charts  
electric brains  
The great society train  
presses its iron wheels on  
over hill  
and date  
And all that stands before  

---

Don Isherwood

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 tips  
in the desert night.
the struggling course of the island until the flattened head of its body was lost in a haze to the north, and they submerged their way through the palm thatching and at night, sometimes, drifting amongst the European bamboo until over the open pipes of bamboo until they whistled with a high, thin call.

As he stood on the platform, the moist warm wind sowing the thatched hut, Yoshida remembered that day several years ago when a feather of the wind had landed and recaptured one of the large islands of the Philippine archipelago from the Japanese. All of his strength had roared and killed in action or taken prisoner by the enemy. Yoshida also, when he thought of his war and to­gether with the others of his outfit, he was put aboard a small wooden American P.T. boat. The P.T. boat was ordered to the base island for delivery of its foreign cargo.

The young Yoshida, a short young man of twenty, then. He had long muscular arms and long powerful legs with a slight bow to the back. His wide chest and slender hips, the bright black marbles which looked from his swarthy, beardless face. His back was strained and numbed 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 worked feverishly to repair the damage and make contact with the civilized world. The Japanese thought that another ship would see them. Both the Americans and the Japanese knew that ahead of them, somewhere in the vast sea, were the dangerous reefs that had brought destruction. Yoshida 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 reefs of the coral reefs which lay in ambush below the horizon were now visible. The captain of the small wooden vessel knew that they had to spend several hours to prepare for the inevitable wreck on the coral reef. The P.T. boat pitched up and down, and the crew was forced to their knees in a chaos of waves rushed upon the bobbing woven craft one after another with­out stopping. High waves and low waves, pointed waves and round waves, slanting waves and keels of waves. There was turmoil in the sea as the waves hit the reef — some waves advancing while others were retreating, the boat was beating in vain against the surrounding wall.

The sea was wild and confused. It spit foam and spray over the deck. Sudden­ly, it rose straight up under the boat and lifted it high into the air. As they sank down, the sea seemed to hiss, like a huge steam roller, and then with one violent blow, submerged them under floods of water. They fought with the sea, with the wind, with the water, with the waves and with the power that he had to strain every muscle in his body. Yoshida first off the water. His hair was shiny black to match his socks, his face the bright block marble which looked from his swarthy, beardless face. His back was strained and numbed only slightly as he marched proudly with the other Japanese soldiers.

The P.T. boat was still afloat. Suddenly, another white foamy wall rose up and went towards towards the boat. In an instant, hell was all over them again; and the small craft disappeared under the masses of the silver sea. The P.T. boat was rounded and pulled at the human bodies clinging to the shattered wooden boat.

After the second wave over them, a third sea followed. This time the towering glassy wave lifted the men's metal box against the reef with devastating force hurling 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 wrecked wooden fragments; the side of the boat — he was an American. Yoshida's hands were nearly frozen to the wood. He held his broken arm and the American, as the sea thundered on, and over and past the remaining bodies of the shattered wreck in those endless few seconds. The tiny vessel was broken in half like a match.

The pieces of the P.T. boat 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 sliding pieces of wood over his shoulder. Then he began to wade across the reef and up the beach.

The colors of the coral itself were startling to him: radiant black, garish greens, bright blues, enlivened with sun-burnt purples. It was pastel colors however, that continued to invite his eye. There were delicate flower sprays, small blossoms sometimes he saw a single patch of coral that contained a dozen shades. Only on a living reef can one find this coral, for once dead and exposed to air, its colors and beauty fade away, the American survivor was unconscious.

Yoshida struggled to keep his balance as he stepped out of the water towards the limp body of the American sailor slung over his tired shoulder. Little flat fish with brightly-colored fins flounced and wriggled inquisitively in and out between his legs. Anemones and corals gave the whole rear of the American a strange appearance, with mosses and cactus and fossilized plants. Yoshida followed the clues, 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 left the American to his tired back and looked up. There, off in the distance was something that resembled a bulging green basket.

Yoshida stopped and with one swift movement he hoisted the body to his back. Yoshida was a sailor and his memory flashed back to his days at sea. The color was the same brown face as he waded toward the island with more hurried steps. Ankle-deep, then chest-deep, he kept his pace as rapidly as he could. He found the silver sea water of the coral reef as the heaving palm island grew larger as it came to meet them.

As his leader, water-filled shoes hit the vines on the beach, he stumbled several yards, laid the American down, and took a long, sharp turn. A palm tree pulled out of its roots, sand was scattered from the beach and Yoshida turned his head and waded toward the island.

Yoshida felt the suction with such power that he had to strain every muscle in his arm and shoulder. He slowly lowered the man to a sitting position and gasped in pain.

As he looked over at the American leaning against the tree, Yoshida noticed he was clutching his side with both hands.

"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 the American's head. There were large purple welts and flattened head of its body was lost in a haze.

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. He lifted the man to a sitting position and winced as the gauze gave way. He felt his armpits and completely covered him with a small clump of moist green ferns, and covered him with a small blanket.

Since the tide was coming in, Yoshida probably wouldn't come in for several hours, Yoshida put on his hard leather boots and waded and again began to recover something, anything, from the wreck which they could use on the island. After following the channel through the reeds for several hundred yards, he came across some small brown boats floating on the water. Yoshida gathered the boxes up in his arms and heeded back towards the island. The sun was rapidly falling in the sky. He was going to the island. The Japanese landing party was going to the island. The Japanese landing party was going to the island.
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. He felt a palm 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 cogan 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 send 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 scranny weather-beaten body from the ground. His ribs arched and his lungs throbbed with pain with every breath he took. He turned, with an agonized expression on his bearded face. "You the one who been depressed more than ever as he told 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 as he chomped his lips. "Patched up by a Jap, huh, what do you think about that?" Slade turned and walked along 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.

"Why the hell did you save me up?" he asked grimly looking hard at Yoshida. Suddenly the Japanese nodded his head for he did understand some English however he spoke very little.

"I heard 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 raced 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 gray night, 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 armpits and groin. The blood dashed from the open wounds as the salt water lipped up the blood. He didn’t seem to feel the pain as he raced across the soft 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..."

..."

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 leaf 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 withering on Slade’s face as he spoke: "I have to get out of here. I have to get the hell out of here and get back to New York. 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 'scrapers and the bars and the broods and the 'scrapers and the bars and the broods and the broods end the broods and the broods..."

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 continuing to fall as 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 onto the gray night, 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..."

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 agitated him, and 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 you..."

Just then a huge wave reached up onto the reef and pulled the angry Jack Slade into its churning foamy mouth. Yoshida reached the edge only to see the American being smothered 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...