

pulse



## CONTENTS

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Staff, Judges, Editor Note .....	2
David Behnon .....	5,25
Dave Campbell .....	20
Lynne Carlisle .....	19,22,33
Michael P. Cannito .....	3-7,10,12,18,20
Frances Daleo .....	15
Jan DeLord .....	8,15,16
Juan Juarez .....	23
Dianne Kilpatrick .....	29
Judee Kilpatrick .....	9
Becky Manchaca .....	12
Art Nations .....	7
Leslie Olsen .....	14
T. Patin .....	7,18
Lynn Pruitt .....	24-25
James Ramsource .....	13,17
Christine Moor Sanders .....	6,34
Jerry Vincent .....	Cover, 27
R.W. Wade .....	11

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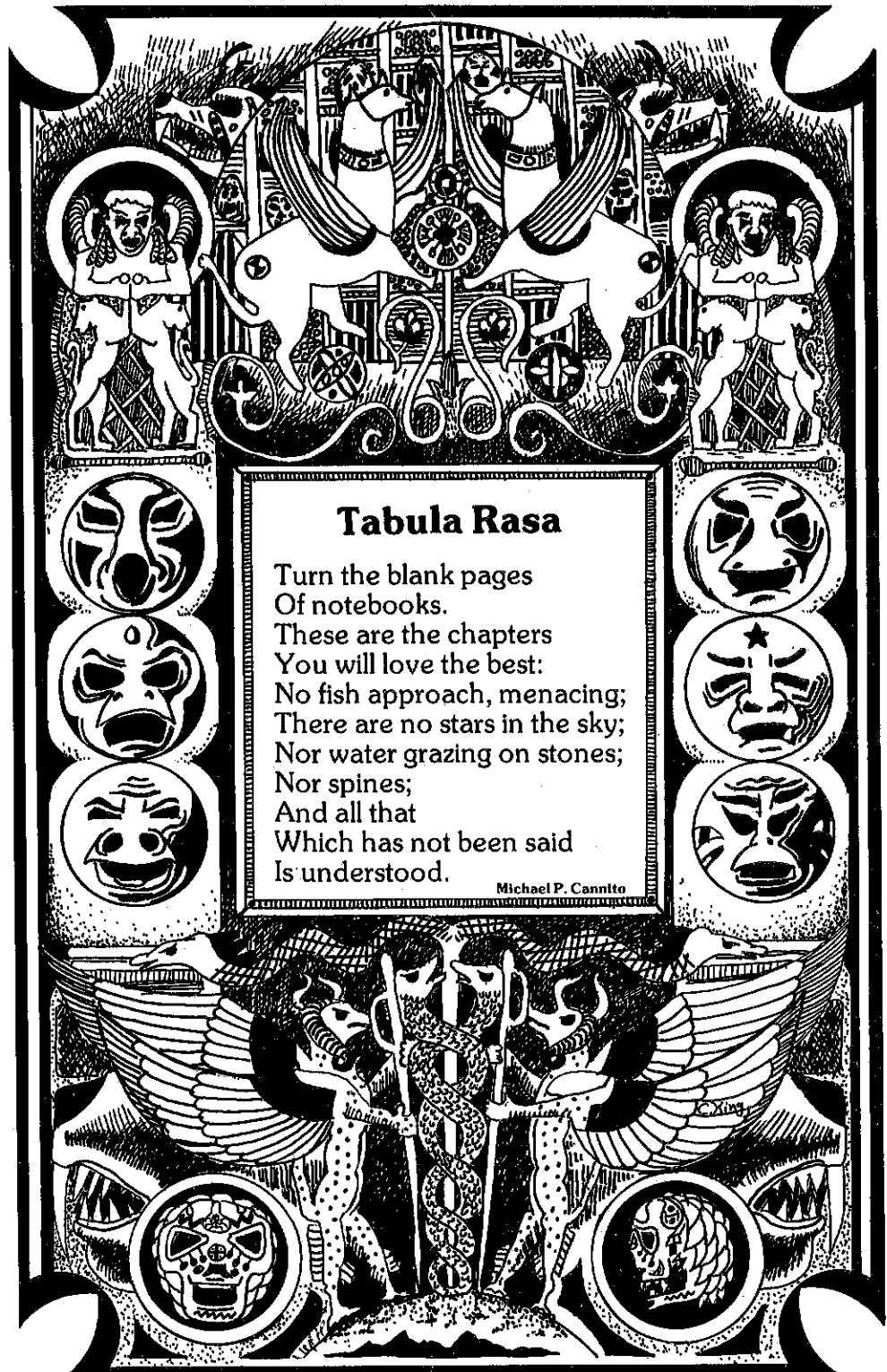
Pulse Staff

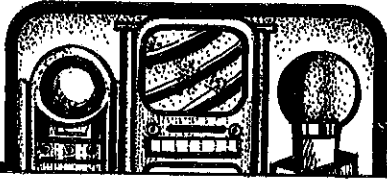
Editor	Greg Busceme
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## JUDGES

Art Judge	Eleanor Poetry Award
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Professors' Poetry Award	Short Fiction Award
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 University.  
 Special thanks to Howard Perkins and Bobby Applegate for the help  
 and concern they have given us.





## The President's Message

The President's message  
Is neither slender nor fat.  
It has, in fact,  
No distinguishing characteristics  
Whatsoever.

Like the tube inside a roll of tissue,  
The President's message  
Is long, inflexible  
And open at both ends,  
Containing nothing but air.

The President's message  
Is like a letter from a wreck at sea--  
Bottled, corked, and set adrift,  
It is received by no one.

The President's message  
Arises from a dark cloud of unknowing,  
And to this dark cloud of unknowing  
It returns.

Like the sun rising over  
The mountains of the Lord,  
The President's message  
Shall stay with us  
A long time.

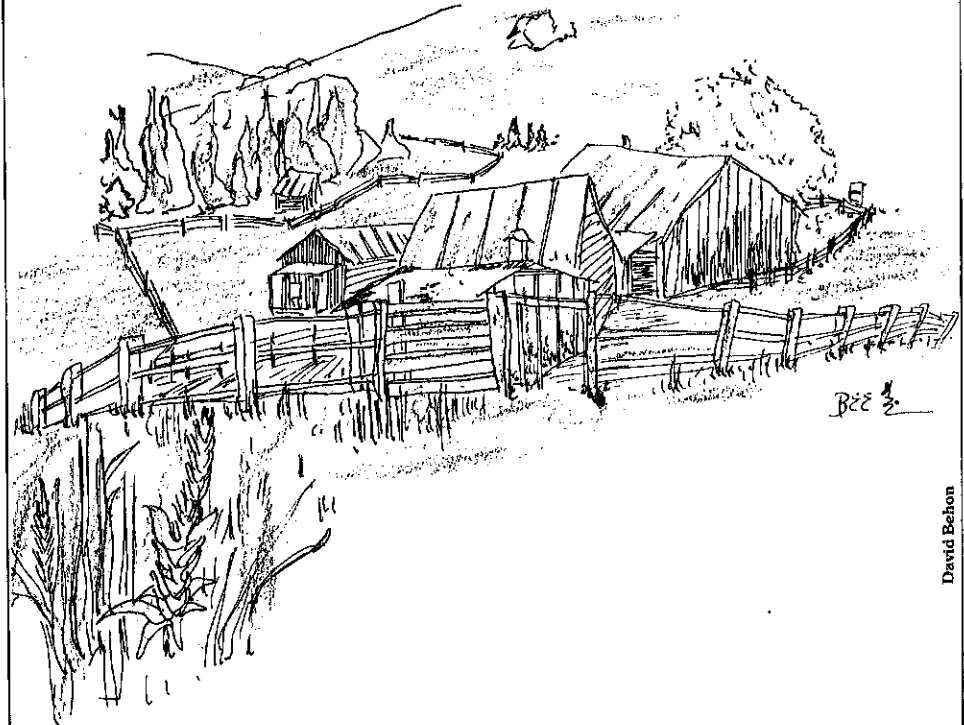
Like solace for suffering  
And balm for despair,  
The President's message  
Is a joy forever

Michael P. Cannito

## At Dawn

At dawn  
the horses are harnessed  
to earth by their own breath.  
Three roans trot in from the fields  
drawing the wide coach of the land  
forward behind them  
out of darkness.  
The light is with them,  
face of a bull dog  
drawn into a  
knot:  
We call it the good sun.  
Cattle set sail on their green marches.  
Spirits rise up in the bright air and explode.

Michael P. Cannito



David Behon



## Battle of the Saturnian Princes

after Wolfgang Paalen

Much has been changed.  
When I raise my dark face  
I perfect a desolate landscape.  
Much is changed;  
But one thing stays unchanged:  
Hate remains staining the sky,  
That mantle which shelters us  
With the false promise of light.  
Pulsing with purple with light  
It multiplies all our proud ruin.  
At length as day darkens to night  
We rise in the air and resume our fight,  
Visciously, ceaselessly,  
And we too have changed.  
Our mouths gape wider now  
And our teeth  
Have grown longer, sharper,  
More to the point.  
Our spines are tails  
And our hides  
Flap at each side of our heads  
Like freakish kites.  
Now as we swirl through these skies  
Flailing and raking our claws  
Like plows through the bright  
Burgeoning furrows of each others' sides  
This planting grows painful  
And the harvest dies.

Michael P. Cannito

*Christine Moor Sanders*

## Tanka

A small black sparrow  
flies into the windy rain  
over the bamboos.  
Water taps on the window  
and slips down the glass.

T. Patin



## Traveling

There are many pathways,  
All the same,  
And numerous footholds  
Up jagged crags  
Leading to thin air.  
You are traveling.  
You are going nowhere.  
Be still. Let all roads  
Converge on you,  
And the air  
That breathes over them.

Michael P. Cannito



## To a Young Prima Donna (Child's Play)

Little girl,  
I saw you playing in the yard.  
Running, twisting, embracing  
the world while up on your toes,  
greeting the clouds with a  
graceful pose.

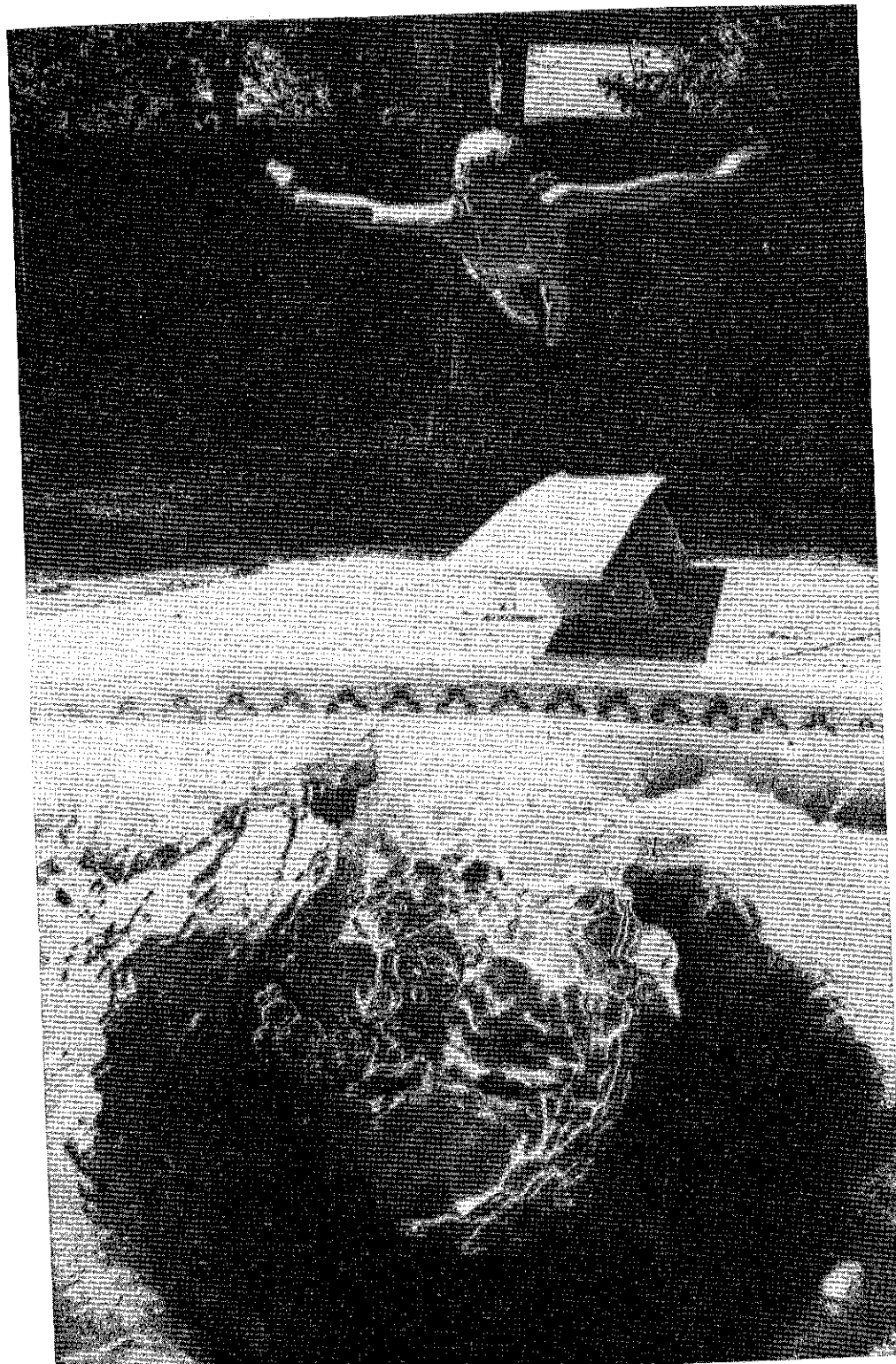
Spinning, laughing, a leap  
made you a leaf in the wind,  
then a bowing plie' brought your play  
to an end.  
And you didn't even know you were dancing.

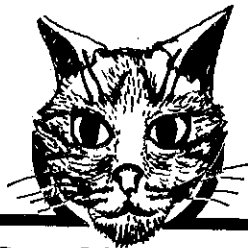
T. Patin

## Foretaste

When you were sixteen and he said "If you loved me, you'd let me"  
I knew as the sweet warmth melted onto your new short shorts  
your nipples crinkled so tightly that your stomach hurt, that if you  
him the next day you would walk into class and all your clothes  
ould fall away and there you would stand branded begging please  
please let me have it back, but all you would see was his face from  
oss the room with a neon grin.

Jan DeLord





## Cat Sleeping

Twitch.  
Your white whiskers twitch  
like tiny fishing poles  
with moon-eyed perch  
jerking the cat-gut lines.

If I wake you,  
will you tell me  
you mated  
the sister of a fisherman's  
Calico?

Deborah Lynn Hollister

## Letter To Anyone

When Ma and Pa cranked up the ancient Olds  
And drove away, they left me here  
With a wife, no money and so many books  
You'd think I know it all. I've never read.  
The child, sweet clock, circles endlessly.  
Once more some cardinal, red as lust, flies back  
And beats his dull skull up against our glass,  
That clear paned window he can't crack.  
He wants in and he cannot understand.  
Neither can I. The cats still fight.  
And at night as I lie in my hot, humid bed  
Surrounded by the green and breathing trees,  
My dreams are of watching bright water  
Rising through the stems of the same trees--  
Like cylinders of fire, high,  
To steam out through the leaves and light the sky.  
Then, only sometimes, as the stars blaze red  
I hear an old Olds backfire overhead.

Michael P. Cannito

## Originals

I believe it was from your rib  
of deep sleep  
that I was imagined.

When you awoke  
you felt the presence of  
one whose breasts rose  
and fell with the  
rhythm of your heart.

You swayed with the  
rhythm of my love.

But if our garden  
does not always bring forth  
the first golden green,  
the magic fruit,

I will accept the season.  
You will change and understand.

And we will pass through  
each gate as a separate unity,

for we have a different knowledge.

Deborah Lynn Hollister



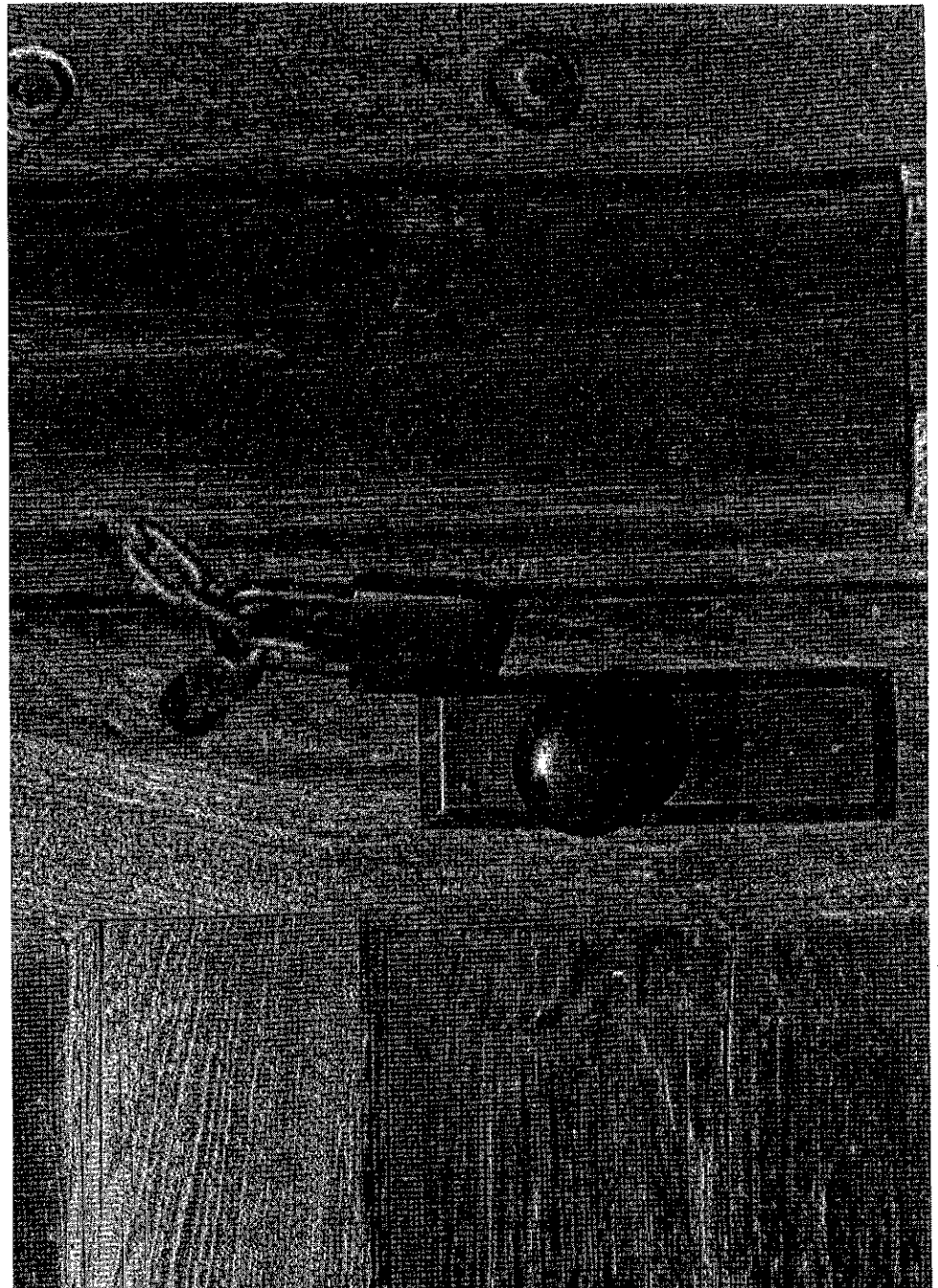
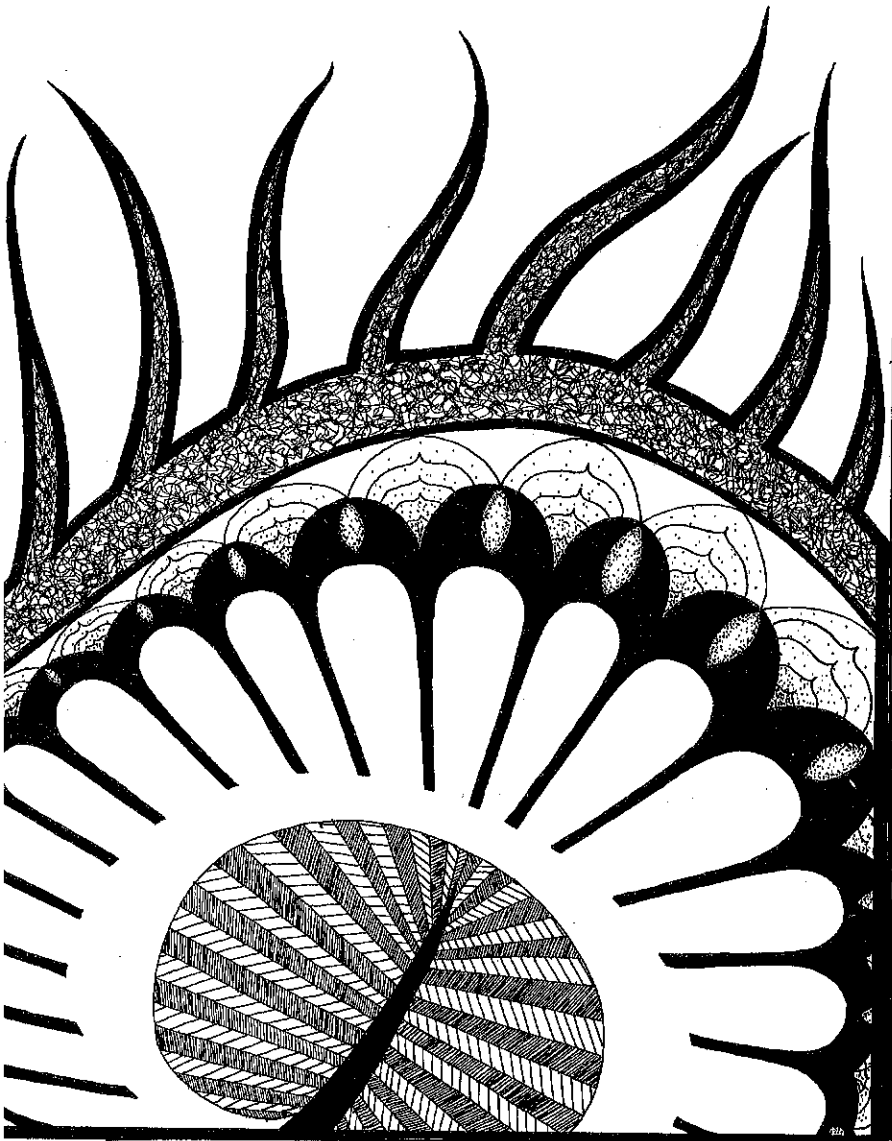
R.W. Wade



## Shifting Tenses

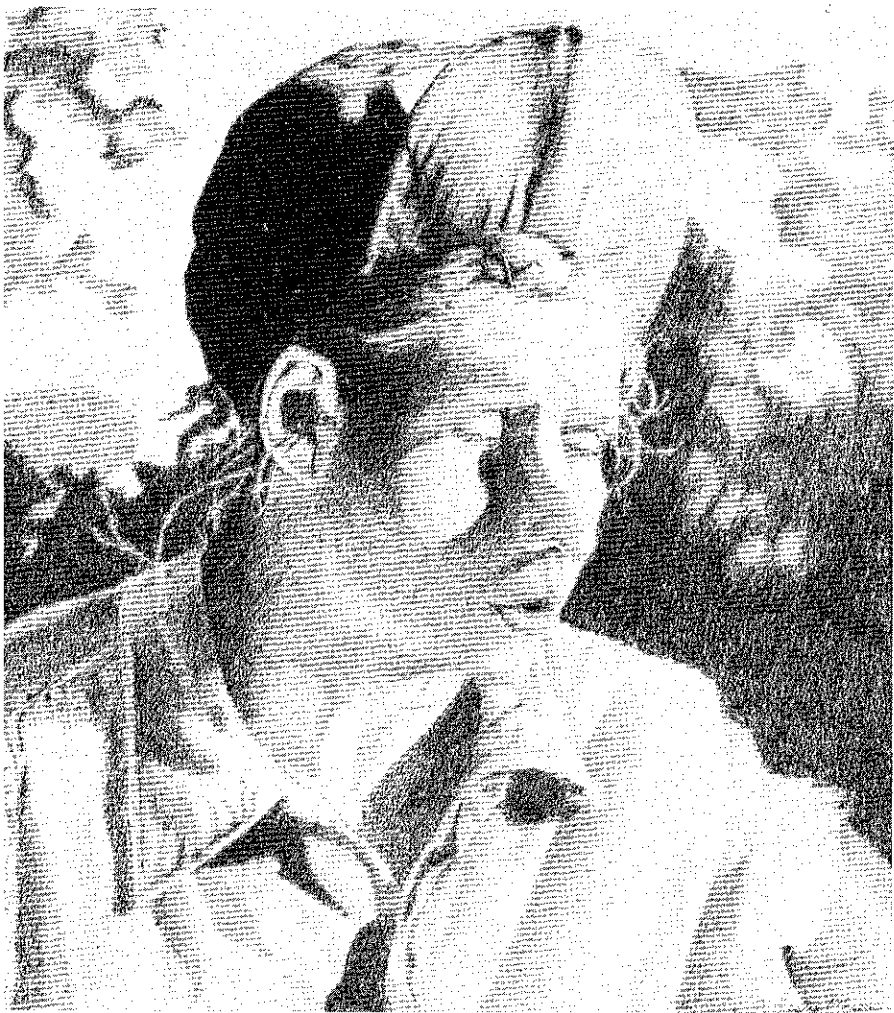
The past unwrapped strange everywhere:  
Words clung to lines like clothes. Clothes fell away,  
As hulls slough from the seed to let in air;  
Thus all new comings come of giving way.  
Now look at us. Blue angels eat our hair  
And clothe with lines the hulls of every face;  
We cling to words for air, and slow our pace.  
The past unwraps strange presents everywhere.

Michael P. Cannito



James Ramsour





Leslie Olsen

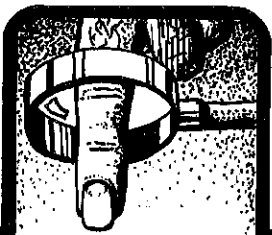


## Reformation

All you wanted was silence.  
The priests words were voodoo to you  
And "Prelude and Fugue" made you  
D-minor mad. You stared at the  
Stained glass window, seeking sanctuary  
From the gurgles of the living,  
Boiling in your ears. How  
About a foot in Mary's face  
You thought. Forgive us, you  
Conceded, for we know not what.

Suddenly, you forgot your name  
And had to guess who you were.  
The alter approached, your knees fell,  
A blessing dripped upon your face  
Like beads of sweat. And then  
While your eyes were closed, against  
Your will, someone poured the warm  
Sweet wine into your mouth, not knowing  
You were who you were,  
And there was the difference.  
You dropped your chains and went home,  
Bearing your loss  
Gracefully.

Lynne Carlisle



## The Inspector

The Inspector pulls out his list and stands before me reading:  
dishes piled three levels...  
laundry four days overdue and growing..."

The doorbell rings. There is no one there. I check the mailbox  
and it is empty. The lid closes on my finger and leaves a gash.  
(To hell with your theories, Sigmund)

beds unmade and need...  
floors dirty and corners..."

A steady whine emits from the cereal. "I don't  
want it. I had it yesterday. Judy's mother makes  
pancakes for her."  
(To hell with you, Happy Homemaker)

The refrigerator is almost empty and...  
all two months overdue..."

The telephone rings and rings and rings and...  
Don't forget to pick up my suit from the cleaners.  
God only knows you don't do a damned thing else on time."  
(To hell with you, Billy Graham)

Well, what do you have to say for yourself

INNOCENT, I cry. Take me.

Jan DeLord



James Ramsour

## (BREATHLESS) DAWN

My bedding is a frenzy of sheets and blankets,  
moist with sweat and strangled.  
I am wakened from my sleep,  
from the fearful reality of my dreams  
by the wind moaning like dying men  
who lie beside me, almost breathless.  
Across my pany the skies are dark.  
For a moment all is undisturbed,  
except for an unending restlessness.  
Then a gentle spray of rain  
gathers at my window, frozen there.  
Aside, I frost the glass with my breath.  
Though the storm is over,  
I cannot return to the madness  
of my silent fantasies.  
A mist rises from the street.  
Light shines through onto the ceiling and the wall.

T. Patin

## UNREQUITED LOVE POEM

The perfect arms of Venus, faint embrace,  
Could not encompass, if they did exist,  
That sphere of beauty blazoned by the face  
Of her I long have longed to have long kissed.  
And she has needed long as my long needs,  
Astir, and in a dark seclusion cowed,  
Untended, have been growing wild as weeds  
And ravenous as a lost wilder child.  
This child wanders the sphere amazed by mist  
That is not blazing with embracing light,  
Where he fears ghostly touch and ghostly kiss  
Will taunt him through a cowed and faceless night.  
Might needs not be made needless, all shade lit,  
Fears foiled and child fed by love requit

Michael P. Cannito

## AS THE DRIVEN SNOW

He won't drive, because of the snow.  
Elsa drives instead, her nose level  
With the steering wheel.

The Volkswagen's tight for him, but  
Not for her. He huddles in his seat,  
Stares at the snow;

He longs to scoop up sludge from the gutter  
And rub it in his face till the sweat  
Upon his forehead dries forever.  
*That cold.* He prays for it.

On a bridge they skid, and his heart leaps.  
"Shit!" Elsa laughs and straightens the car  
To an even keel.

He knows that somewhere snow falls clean  
On roadless mountains. You can jump  
Off a cliff of snow and die clean.

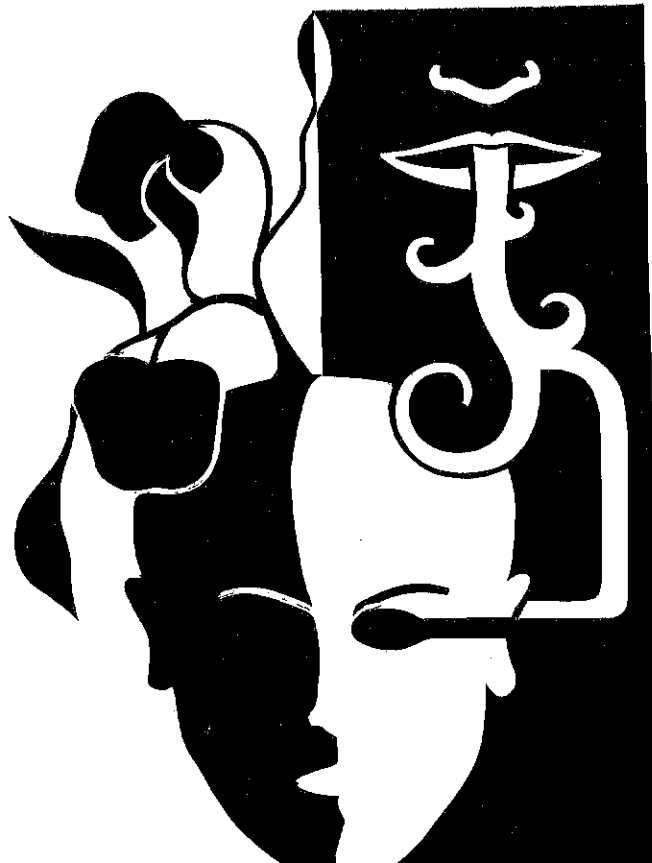
Elsa handles the car well; she lights a cigarette and  
Hands him one. He takes a few hits and throws it  
Into the snow where it makes a little hole  
And disappears.

Lynne Carlisle

## The Price

I have fed well  
On the bones of night.  
When I move small change  
Spills from my seven holes.  
There are gold veins  
In the contours of my body.  
Can't you see the dollar signs  
In my eyes  
And always that hand  
With its palm  
Cupped like a bowl--  
I would do anything,  
Anything I tell you,  
If the price is right.

Michael P. Cannito



Dave Campbell



## Letter to My Son, Four Months Later

July 29, 1975

Dearest John,

They laid your bronze today,  
A final irony  
For one who hated molds  
Not of his own casting.  
Inscribed, your dates--  
Twenty years between--  
And Thoreau's eloquence  
On those who hear  
A different drummer.

My chosen son,  
Born of my heart's womb  
Into a world awry,  
Early you went away--  
I shall not say "too early,"  
Knowing your soul's deep pain--  
Through that door  
Which leads to a higher step  
On heaven's stair.

I miss you, Son.  
Yet I do not ask  
That you foresake that plane,  
That happier nursery for the soul,  
But that, forgiving our mistakes,  
You learn with pride the lessons  
Too hard for you on earth,  
And that, in our quiet moments  
And in the depths of dreams,  
You visit us, with love.

Mother

## The Epiphany

His platinum face  
flings the sentence  
into the silence  
of the room.

Each word overtakes  
the one gone before,  
engulfing it,  
increasing the force  
with which it  
engraves itself into  
her pewter lines.

Cutting deeper still,  
he slivers away fragments  
until the stillness  
he craves for his own  
becomes visible.

His emptied mouth  
closes around  
and sucks inward  
until he hears  
the taste of her silence  
become his whispered screams.

Jan DeLord



Frances Daleo



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## Thirty Winters

---

(in memory of S.P. 1932-1963 from Mass.)

---

Too long were  
The bleak winter years.  
I thought of you as  
I cried frozen tears.

The morning  
They placed you in the ground  
Snow fell  
Upon your mound  
Of earth.  
So, you were finally given a place--  
In the depths  
Of the cold, grey countryside.

It was sad to watch you die.  
The thirty winters were long.  
It made me mad  
When they called you a "coward."  
You were a woman  
With a hero's strength.

I saw the picture,  
Taken in England  
During that last year, but

I knew  
It wasn't you.  
No!  
The rot of the poet's brain  
Was your downfall.

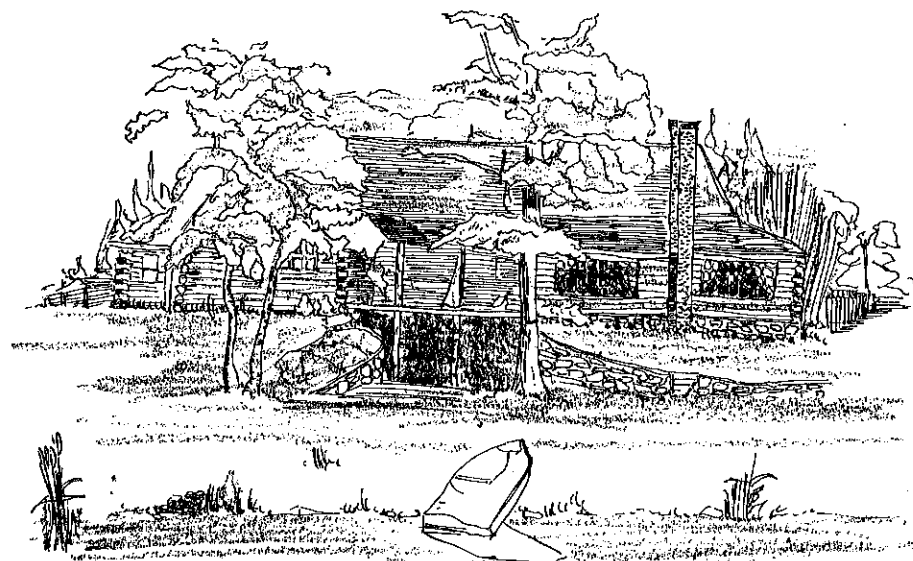
(Cont.)

So, you were hungry,  
And cold,  
Your children cried in  
The early hours of dawn,  
The winter was long.

Lady, you set  
Your controls  
For another path.  
Your books of words  
Are studied, and  
What must be the biggest joke of all:  
Someone has written the story of your life.

The evening was cold and grey.  
Sad days seem to be the longest days.  
You must have known that.  
I roamed the hills  
Overlooking your  
Final home.  
I thought of the stars and  
The distant, haunting call  
Of a cold lonely dog.

Lynn Pruitt







## The Ascension

I

I saw you leave,  
shove off from the concrete,  
and the sunlight darted  
from your glittering blue helmet  
into the cool tunnel of my eye.

I saw you climb  
the rays, evaporating  
rung by rung, upward  
with every lunge of the  
ignition between your legs.

II

Within the tunnel  
you were Elijah  
ascending in a fiery  
chariot, swirling amidst  
an ethereal glow, gathering  
the wind in your fists.

III

It has been three  
sun-drenched days of  
vacuous drought  
since your ascension.

The land is barren.

Deborah Lynn Hollister



Barbara Huval

"How many do we have now?"  
 "More than half a bushel."  
 "I'll call it a day. I'll pick the meat out of the big ones this afternoon. I've already invited Aunt Sue for Sunday dinner, and she loves stuffed shrimp. Would you like a shrimp and crab gumbo made with smaller ones?"

"Let's stop by Chloe's and see if she has any fresh shrimp today." We gathered up our drop nets and, after removing the chicken-neck and throwing it into the water, dumped the nets into the trunk of the car. The bushel basket went in too, and Sharon held the tangled dip net along the side of the car while I drove. On the way home we circled by a modest concrete-block structure neatly painted white, with a sign outside, "Fresh Seafood". A large old oak tree shaded the building; a lanky spotted hunting dog lay in the shade of the tree, twitching her nose in her sleep. She seemed to be dreaming of past glorious hunts, for the hair around her eyes was gray, and she didn't even awaken until our car doors opened. Always a soft touch for a dog, Sharon had to stoop and pet her a bit before we went into the shop. While she was petting the dog, a young bundle of energy bounded around the corner of the shop. She was a younger dog, about a year old. She was covered with mud from running through a swampy area nearby, probably after a marsh rabbit. Her teeth gave her mouth the appearance of a grin as she came for her share of petting.

Inside the shop, fishing tackle lined one wall by the door, and a cold display case, scale, and cash register faced the door. Several people stared at us out of the display case, and the smell of fish was thick. The concrete floor had been washed and was not quite dry. "Good morning. Any shrimp today?" I asked the woman behind the counter.

"The boat's not in yet. Try again about two," Chloe, the owner of the shop, was her usual smiling self. "Haven't seen you since last summer. Is that your girl? My, she's getting pretty. Didn't my Mellie used to play with you, honey? Mellie's helping me this summer -- she'll be in this afternoon." After the usual exchange of pleasantries, Sharon and I left to return later. I had not seen Chloe's daughter in several years, but for some reason I found myself remembering Mellie as a child. The first time I saw her she was five years old -- a blonde, with her parents had bought



Dianne Kilpatrick

restaurant-bar on the beach front, and the child played all day in the sand and water; she would have laughed at all the concern about child-care centers. Who needed them? She had grown up with a constantly-shifting variety of playmates right outside her door.

I have come to the same little beach community on the Gulf coast every year of my life, yet I have always been and always will be considered an outsider by the local people. I have seen houses change hands, watched children grow, and the life of the community become a continuing story, a living soap opera with new elements once a year. This is the kind of tiny town which exists as a haven for the weary. Most of the houses are summer or weekend retreats for city folk, and only a handful of people live here year-round. Many of these year-round residents are former summer people who have retired here, so that an even smaller number can be considered native to the area. Provincial to the point of backwardness, these little towns trap their people in an illusion of peace and simplicity. Many of those born here never learn of a larger world, and many others who dream of one find themselves unequipped to break

Mellie's parents had a dream. They had five children and were not content to grub for their existence forever. They were going to work and build up a business so they could do better by their kids. He did his job driving a beer truck by day, and helped out nights and weekends. She was to run their newly-acquired shoreside restaurant during the day and look after the five children, the oldest of whom was seven. No small task, for the business involved an ice cream and snow-cone parlor, a restaurant, and a bar all under one roof. That first summer was harried, but Chloe, Mellie's mother, seemed not to notice. She was all aglow with their dream. She told me one day that first summer, "There ain't nothin' free in this world. But I believe the Lord is with those who help themselves. I'm not afraid of hard work, and I know it'll take lots of hard work to make this business go." Mellie played on the beach all day. Her seven-year-old brother learned to operate the snow-cone machine, and the six-year-old took care of the younger ones.

It was the time when my Sharon and Mellie were friends. That summer when the girls were five, we were there most of the summer. I went to the beach every day, and the two little girls built sand castles and swam together while I watched Sharon's new baby sister. There were spirited disagreements about the causes of thunder; Mellie asserted it was caused by Jesus rolling potatoes around in Heaven, while Sharon solemnly declared it was a collision between warm and cold air masses.

By the second summer Mellie's extroverted personality caused a distance between them. Sharon was by nature a sensitive and retiring child, and Mellie could not understand her reticence at approaching

strangers. Mellie had learned to deal with the transience of beach playmates and tended to accept people as instant friends. Sharon preferred to play with one or two good friends, while Mellie preferred the noise and excitement of large groups. Several times the girls were engrossed in perfecting a sand castle when a new group of children arrived. Mellie would get very impatient with Sharon's insistence on finishing the castle, and would finally run off in irritation and join the new group.

While the child led a life of unremitting play, the mother led a life of unremitting pressure. At the peak of the tourist season Chloe looked drained, exhausted. She was up at 5 to make stuffed crabs for the restaurant, and her day did not end until the bar closed at midnight. Although we were never close, I worried about her. I wanted her to dream to work and it was working -- business was very good, but it was killing her. How long could she keep up this pace? Since I was a young mother myself, and extremely concerned with the safety of children, I worried about Mellie too. A public beach draws all kinds, and the child was open and friendly with all. She was so beautiful, but by the second summer I detected a slightly worldly air that seemed inappropriate in a child of six.

During the winter we got a letter from my Aunt Sue. The little town was all aghast at the latest scandal. Chloe's husband had left; it seems there was another man, and it was rumored that Chloe had to marry him *fast*. Somehow I could understand it. The woman had been stretched too thin, and she must have reached for whatever relief she could find that would make her feel young, carefree and vital again -- the way she had felt the first time she fell in love. What I could not understand was how she managed to find time to get pregnant.

The business was sold and Chloe settled down with her new husband. The children stayed in the city with their dad most of the time, and Chloe soon had three new ones to play with her first five children when they came to visit. She held her head high throughout the scandal, and began to look rested and happy. After some time she started a new business, a modest one, selling shrimp and crabs fresh from the boat. Soon she owned her own boat and had built a small shop beside her house. She and the new husband built an attractive new home next to the shop, and things seemed to be going well for her.

Hurricane Camille washed it all away overnight.

The whole area was devastated -- it was the worst storm in history. Winds of 200 miles per hour and the tidal wave that went with it flattened everything for one-half mile back from the beach. Those wise enough to evacuate were alive to return and begin the painful task of clearing debris and rebuilding. Many oldtimers who felt they knew all about hurricanes died in the flood waters.

When I saw Chloe the next summer she was back in business at the same old stand. Indomitably, she was living in a trailer furnished

deral government. She was boiling a tub of crabs over an open outside of the trailer. She would go crabbing every morning and catch by evening. Life just kept knocking her down, and she kept getting back up. By last summer, the seafood shop was rebuilt and a picture of Mellie in a drum majorette costume was displayed prominently by the cash register. The children were excited with their mother and spent a good deal of time there with the picture showed that the girl was just as beautiful as ever. Her hair was long, blonde and shining, and her face glowed with the maturity of sixteen. Chloe said proudly, "Isn't she pretty? She's real similar." I looked at the pride in the mother's eyes, and at the fresh face in the picture before me, and wished them both all the best. I wished the girl would have it easier than her mother, although Chloe never hinted that she found her lot wearisome or hard. I found myself hoping the girl would go to college, break out of the small town and find a larger, more stimulating world.

When Sharon and I returned at two for our shrimp, we were waited by a pig-tailed, barefoot girl. Her cut-off jeans were covered by a black top which looked as if it covered about a six-month pregnancy. There were dark circles under her eyes, and a fatalistic set to her lips. I tried to look very hard to realize this was Mellie. There was no wedding ring on her finger; I decided to ask no questions. She did not recognize me, as I had not seen her in years. Sharon spoke up, "Mellie? Remember me, I'm Sharon."

A brief light of recognition came into Mellie's eyes. "Sharon? Oh yeah, the girl from Texas. Hey, what have you been up to?" "Well, I finished high school last month and in September I start college -- I'm planning to be a research physicist." "See, that's great. You always were good at that science stuff. I used to think about going to college someday, but I guess I don't really do it now."

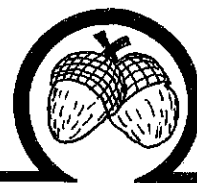
An awkward silence descended between the two girls. After a few perfunctory remarks, we paid for our shrimp and left. Before we got in the car Sharon had to stop and pet the two dogs again. They had been romping under the oak tree but were happy to stop for her loving. The older one was winded from the exertion of play, and after her petting, she lay down and stretched out her head on a large tree root. Just before I started the car, the young dog heard a noise in the bushes and flew off to investigate. On the way home Sharon said, "Sometimes it scares me to be going off to college; but I think it would reassure me even more to be having a baby right now." She was pensive the rest of the ride.

That evening Sharon sat under the pine trees picking her guitar and singing the folk songs she loved so. The peaceful sound of the acoustic guitar and her clear young voice always moved me deeply, but this evening it seemed to touch me more than usual. The vision of the two

those two summers so long ago. As playmates often do, they had grown apart, followed different paths. The thought of Mellie, but a child herself, becoming a mother seemed very sad. Sharon began to play an old Welsh lullaby:

Sleep my child and peace attend thee  
All through the night  
Guardian angels, God will send thee  
All through the night.

Tears began to moisten my cheeks as I listened. I turned my head so she would not see and ask me why.



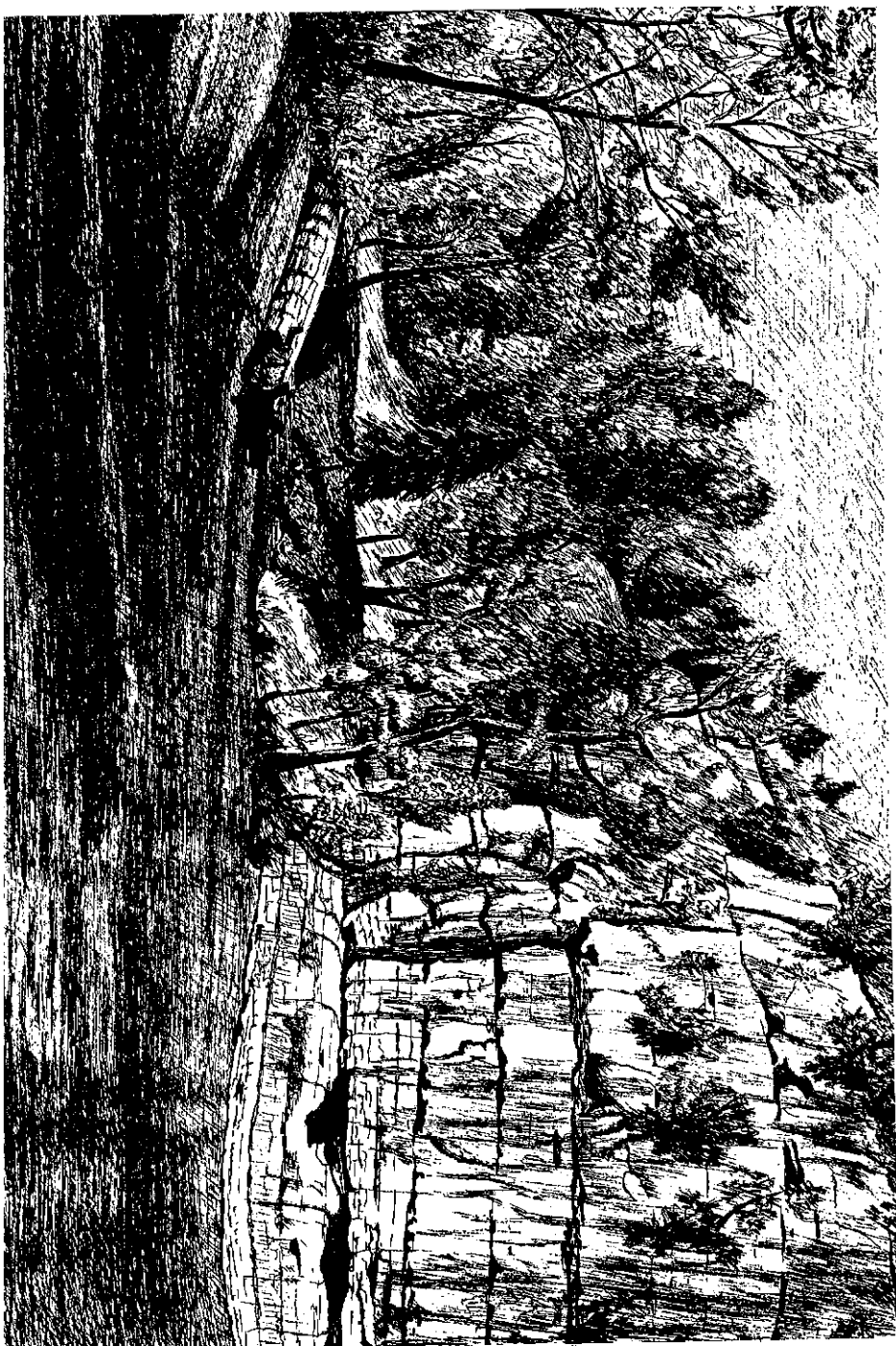
## Karl Goes Squirrel Hunting

Lynne Carlisle

Karl stood behind a large oak tree outside the chemistry building and waited for the girl with the pony tail. She was a fourth year bio-chemistry major who wore funny-looking loose jumpers with boys' shirts, and an apron -- everyday a blue barbeque apron -- and bright colored leggings. She was very small and had a yellow pony tail that bounced. This girl could have been the star of "Gidget Goes to a Psychiatric Hospital". Karl was crazy about her.

Karl was smashing acorns in his long, bony fingers as he waited for the bell to ring. He was going to speak to Pony-tail today, for the first time. A bitter taste seeped into his mouth as he watched the orange acorn guts crumble out of the shell. "Never, never eat acorns!" his mother had screamed when he was five. She'd caught him squashing some in the backyard, and grabbing his wrist, she shook it till all the acorns fell out, and she screamed, "Never eat acorns! They'll make you crazy!" Karl had cried when she went back in the house. He'd already eaten three and he didn't want to be crazy.

Pony-tail was coming down the steps. The bell hadn't rung, but there she was, and Karl wasn't ready. He'd been dumped six times in high school, though he'd never done any dumping himself, and now, at twenty, it had been three years since he'd made any effort to get



stine Moor Sanders

dumped again. What to say to Pony-tail. She had white stuff all over her apron. In a final brain storm Karl thought, *Anything I say will sound stupid, so anything will do. It doesn't matter. Hail Mary, full of grace!*

"Purity and Chastity!" he said as he stepped directly into her path. His tennis shoes made a flat sound as they hit the pavement.

"Ha!" she said. "Tautology!" She did not look hostile.

"What?" Karl asked, and seeing that his finger was pointing up into the air for punctuation and that it looked silly, he stuffed his hand into his pocket.

"You could say 'Purity and Innocence,' " she said, "or 'Chastity and Honor.' "

"What?" Karl said again, totally unprepared.

"To say 'Purity and Chastity' is like saying 'Crazy and Insane' -- they mean the same thing." Her legs were red today.

Karl's mouth hung half-open. He didn't know what to say and felt like calling time out, but that was not possible.

"Uhm..." he said.

"Did you want to know if I'm pure and chaste?" she asked. "Well I'm not. Are you?" Still no hostility. Karl was stunned. He could have handled an insult or some eye-lash-batting. He'd have understood if she'd ignored him. But this!

"Well," he said, not knowing where to look, "as a matter of fact..." He felt very sweaty. He remembered blowing his nose in the bathroom before he came outside. He had not checked the mirror to see if he'd gotten it all, and oh, God, if he hadn't he knew he must look like a fool. There was no way to hide it, either, if there was anything in his nose because she was so short she could see his nostrils from any angle. Oh, Mary!

Pony-tail stared at him a minute, then pushed her bangs over to one side.

"Look," she said, "I don't mean to be presumptuous, but are you trying to 'meet' me? Is that why you popped out from behind a tree in front of me? You didn't know whether I'd like you or not and it made you so nervous that you didn't know what to say, so you said...what you said. Is that it?" She looked like she was stifling a laugh. But not hostile.

"Well," Karl gave up the ghost. This was too much. There was nothing left to do but hang in the air. He leaned against the oak tree for support. "Yes."

"I might not like you at all," Pony-tail said.

Karl's face burned. Pony-tail continued, "And you might hate my guts if you knew me." Karl looked at her eyes for the first time. She was holding back a smile; that much he could tell. With new courage he said, directly into her round, hazel eyes, "On the other hand, I might just love your guts."

"Have you ever seen guts?" Pony-tail challenged him.

at animal guts," Karl said. He wasn't sure if it was safe to relax or his could be a trap to humiliate him, but possibly, it was a regular . Oh, for this to be the Nutcracker Suite!

ll, human guts," she said, "are a whole different ball game. No an love guts. They're not lovable."

ybe I've got a fetish," Karl said. He caught himself smiling out and didn't stop it. *Speaking of guts*, he thought.

ay," Pony-tail said. "Sell yourself. You've got two minutes."

God, Oh Mary, where's the door?

I've got a wonderful pony-tail," Karl said weakly.

Deal."

an English major with a straight A average," Karl said, sinking. at won't cure cancer."

I knew he was dying. He clenched his fist in his pocket and felt e loose change. "I've got five dollars," he said. "We can go get k."

ngo," Pony-tail said. "I've got three. That'll buy four pitchers ethod. What's your name?"

arl," Karl said, grinning. "My name's Karl. Do you mind if we t?" It would last longer if they walked.

ot a bit," Pony-tail said.

l was on his way through the pearly gates as he walked down the walk with Pony-tail. He had no idea what would happen next, there was no way of guessing. And somehow, what made it all so . He had to walk slowly so her short red legs could keep up with , but it was a sublime pleasure. Her pony-tail was going ety-to-nothing.

ddenly, he stopped and looked down at her round eyes and ow bangs. He looked at her barbeque apron with the white stuff on

ave you ever eaten acorns?" he asked her.

Jell, of course I have," Pony-tail said and walked off. It only took l two steps to catch up.

## Contest Code:

E.P.A.	Eleanor Poetry Award
PPA	Professors' Poetry Award
SSA	Short Story Award
PCC	Pulse Cover Contest

## ARTISTS

David Behnon	Drawing
Dave Campbell	Drawing
Lynne Carlisle	1st SSA, "Karl Goes Squirrel Hunting"
Michael P. Cannito	1st and 2nd PPA, "Shifting Tenses", "Unrequited Love Poem"; 2nd EPA "Tabula Rasa"
Frances Daleo	Photography
Jan DeLord	Poetry
Juan Juarez	2nd PCC, "Fallen Christ"
Dianne Kilpatrick	"Birds", Print.
Judee Kilpatrick	3rd PCC, (untitled)
Becky Manchaca	"Eye of the Peacock", Drawing
Art Nations	Drawing
Leslie Olsen	Pencil
T. Patin	Poetry
Lynn Pruitt	Poetry
James Ramsource	Photography
Christine Moor Sanders	Drawing
Jerry Vincent	1st PCC, "Cumshaw to Life"
R.W. Wade	Photography