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

Poets' Poetry Award  Short Fiction Award
Robert S. Gwynn  Dr. Donald E. Palumbo
Dr. Winfred S. Emmons  Dr. Robert J. Barnes
Dr. Harry L. Frissell  Harvey R. Brown, Jr.

Tabula Rasa

Turn the blank pages
Of notebooks.
These are the chapters
You will love the best:
No fish approach, menacing;
There are no stars in the sky;
Nor water grazing on stones;
Nor spines;
And all that
Which has not been said
Is understood.

Note: Magazine is a journal, sponsored by the English Dept., giving students the chance to have their art work or writing published in a university publication. We invite students interested in writing on the staff of Pulse to contact English Dept. #03.

I would like to thank Dr. Arney Strickland English Dept. Head, with Audrey Wynn, English Dept. secretary for their valuable help in the production and life of this magazine.

Deep appreciation is extended to Eleanor P. Weinbaum for her help in the development of Fine and Liberal arts on the campus of 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
Whatever.

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

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
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,
Viciously, 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.

Tanka

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

T. Path

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 plié brought your play
to an end.
And you didn’t even know you were dancing.

T. Pulin

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
would 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
pass 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 pane 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
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. Caniff
Reformation

All you wanted was silence.
The priest's 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 altar 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 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..."

. steady whine emits from the cereal. "I don't
want it. I had it yesterday. Judy's mother makes
macaroons 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.
(BREATHELESS) 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

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.

Lynna Cuttle

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,
As with, and in a dark seclusion cowled,
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 cowled and faceless night.
Might needs not be made needless, all shade lit,
Fears foiled and child fed by love requit

Michael P. Cannito
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

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 forsake 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 DeLard
Thirty Winters
(in memory of S.P. 1932-1963 from Mass.)

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.

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.)
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
"many do we have now?"
"...er than half a bushel."

"call it a day. I’ll pick the meat out of the big ones this afternoon."

I had invited Aunt Sue for Sunday dinner, and she loves stuffed shrimp. Would you like a shrimp and crab gumbo made with smaller prawns good."

"let’s stop by Chloe’s and see if she has any fresh shrimp today."

After returning the chicken-neck meat to the water, I dumped the nets into the trunk of the bushel basket went in, too, and Sharon held the handle of the dip net along the side of the car while I drove. On the way we circled by a modest concrete-block structure neatly painted white, with a sign outside, “Fresh Seafood”.

The old oak tree shaded the building; a lanky spotted hunting dog was in the shade of the tree, twitching her nose in her sleep. She used to dreaming of past glorious hunts, for the hair around her was gray, and she didn’t even awaken until our car doors were open. Always a soft touch for a dog, Sharon had to stoop and pet the hunting dog bit before we went into the shop. While we were petting the dog, a bundle of energy bounded around the corner of the shop. It was a younger dog, about a year old. She was covered with mud running through a swampy area nearby, probably after a marsh duck. Her teeth gave her mouth the appearance of a grin as she came for her share of petting.

The door to the shop, fishing tackle lined one wall by the door, and a glass display case, scale, and cash register faced the door. Several older men stared at us out of the shop. The smell of fish was in the air. The aroma of fresh seafood assailed our nostrils. The concrete floor had been washed and was not quite dry.

"Good morning. Any shrimp today?" I asked the woman behind the counter.

"Our 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 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 store." After the usual exchange of pleasantries, Sharon and I left home. Later. I had not seen Chloe’s daughter in several years, but some reason I found myself remembering Mellie as a child.

The first time I saw her she was five years old -- a blonde, peremptory child. Her parents had bought her a large blue dress from the department store on the corner. She was so excited to see the new dress, and ran back and forth in triumph. Later, in the shop, she was not quite so happy to see her mother. She had wanted a large blue dress, not a blue dress at all. "She's not happy," Her mother said. "She thought she was going to get a new dress today."
restaurant-bar on the beach front, and the child played all day in the sand and water; she would have laughed at the folly concern about child-care centers. Who needed them? She had grown up with a constantly-shifting variety of playmates right in her door.

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

lie's parents had a dream. They had five children and were not ant 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 job driving a beer truck by day, and helped out nights and ends. She was to run their newly-acquired shoreside restaurant the day and look after the five children, the oldest of whom seven. No small task, for the business involved an ice cream and cone parlor, a restaurant, and a bar all under one roof. That first were married, but Chloe, Mellie's mother, seemed not to notice re was all aglow with their dream. She told me one day that first mer, "There ain't nothin' free in this world. But I believe the Lord is those who help themselves. I'm not afraid of hard work, and I'll take lots of hard work to make this business go." Mellie hed the beach all day. Her seven-year-old brother learned to rate the snow-cone machine, and the six-year-old took care of the y a lot.

is was the time when my Sharon and Mellie were friends. That time when the girls were five, we were there most of the summer, went to the beach every day, and the two little girls built sandles and swam together while I watched Sharon's new baby sister. We were spirited disagreements about the causes of thunder; Mellie 1ted it was caused by Jesus rolling potatoes around in Heaven, le Sharon solemnly declared it was a collision between warm and air masses.

the second summer Mellie's extroverted personality caused a ntance between them. Sharon was by nature a sensitive and retiring ed, 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 ne 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 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. Indefatigably, she was living in a trailer furnished by the relief organizations. Yet she had a smile on her face. It was the same smile that had been there all along. She had learned to laugh at the folly of the world. She had learned to laugh at the transience of friends. She had learned to laugh at the pressure of life. She had learned to laugh at the storms of life. She had learned to laugh at the floods of life.

And she was happy.
eral government. She was boiling a tub of crabs over an open
outside of the trailer. She would go cranking 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
used prominently by the cash register. The children were
called 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
was long, blonde and shining, and her face glowed with the
of sixteen. Chloe said proudly, “Isn’t she pretty? She’s real
ilar.” I looked at the pride in the mother’s eyes, and at the fresh
in the picture before me, and wished them both all the best. I
and the girl would have it easier than her mother, although Chloe
never hinted that she found her lot wearisome or hard. I found
hoping the girl would go to college, break out of the small town
and find a larger, more stimulating world.

On 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
pink top which looked as if it covered about a six-month pregnancy.
were dark circles under her eyes, and a fatalistic set to her lips. I
to look very hard to realize this was Mellie. There was no wedding
on her finger; I decided to ask no questions. She did not
give me, as I had not seen her in years. Sharon spoke up,
lie? Remember me, I’m Sharon.”
brief light of recognition came into Mellie’s eyes. “Sharon? Oh yeah,
girl from Texas. Hey, what have you been up to?”
well, I finished high school last month and in September I start
age -- I’m planning to be a research physicist.”
very great. You always were good at that science stuff. I used
think about going to college someday, but I guess I don’t really
d it now.”
awkward silence descended between the two girls. After a few
were perfunctory remarks, we paid for our shrimp and left. Before we
in the car Sharon had to stop and pet the two dogs again. They
been romping under the oak tree but were happy to stop for the
loving. The older one was winded from the exertion of play, and
her petting, she lay down and stretched out her head on a large
root. Just before I started the car, the young dog heard a noise in
bushes and flew off to investigate. On the way home Sharon said,
metimes it scares me to be going off to college; but I think it would
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
tar and her clear young voice always moved me deeply, but this
ing it seemed to touch me more than usual. The vision of the two
knew. She playmates for

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

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 taught 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
ten, it had been three years since he’d made any effort to get

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.
t 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!
"and human guts," she said, "are a whole different ball game. No
an love guts. They’re not lovable."
"why I’ve got a fetish," Karl said. He caught himself smiling and didn’t stop it. Speaking of guts, he thought.
"oh, 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.
I 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 loose change. "I’ve got five dollars,” he said. “We can get k,
ugo,” Pony-tail said. "I’ve got three. That’ll buy four pitchers together. What’s your name?"
url,” Karl said, grinning. "My name’s Karl. Do you mind if we?
’it would last longer if they walked.
not a bit,” Pony-tail said.
It 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 by-to-nothing.
ddenly, he stopped and looked down at her round eyes and bow bangs. He looked at her barbeque apron with the white stuff on
have you ever eaten acorns?” he asked her.
Jell, of course I have," Pony-tail said and walked off. It only took I 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**

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