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LITERARY AWARDS

Eleanor Poetry Award	First Place	Vicky Bradley "I come in to clasp pillows"
	Second Place	Deborah L. Jones "Sensations"
	Third Place	Yvonne Marie Harris "Eye to Eye"
Essay Award	First Place	Darcy Walker "Responsibility and Government"

ART AWARDS

Prints	First Place	Mike Cacioppo "Lennon"
	Second Place	Jeanne Harris "Antique Window"
	Third Place	Rosemary Castillo "Magnolia"
Honorable Mention Prints		Mike Cacioppo "Rolling Stones"
Graphics	First Place	Jeanne Harris "Design ABC"
Photographs	First Place	Ed Culwell "Railroad Track"
	Second Place	Rochelle Dubois "Untitled" (car)
	Third Place	Mary Grayson "Future"
Honorable Mention - Photographs		Rochelle Dubois (abstract design) Ed Culwell (City) Rochelle Dubois "Who Will Love Me?"

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# Staff Section



1st Place Photo

"Railroad Tracks"

Ed Culwell

by Cathy Evans

The moon fluttered in the Mongolian eyefold  
of the night  
her slanty stare winking through the lash  
of roadside trees  
rushing up to blind her

No one saw it  
as I  
and in the harlequin tights of human  
perception this is always so

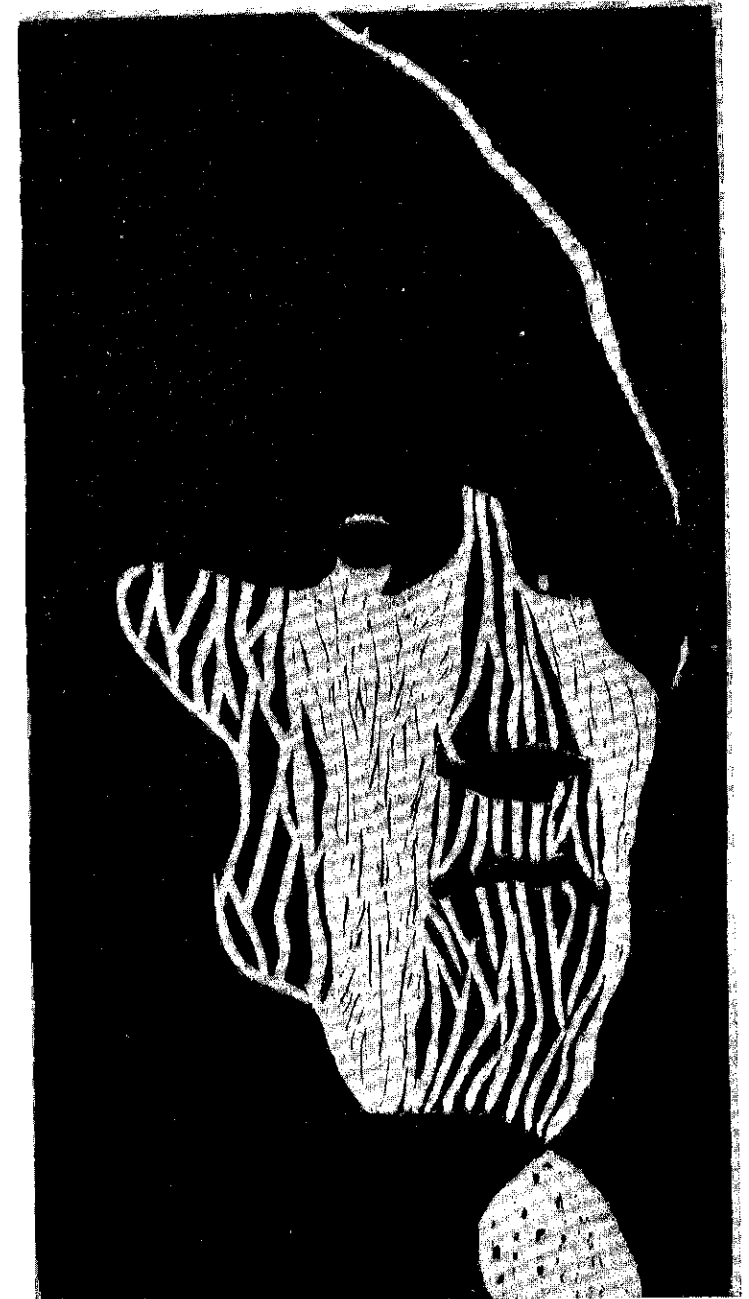
Relief all around with aurora's light  
diminishing black  
She crinkles like yellow parchment before the  
stellar of dawn

But still, for me, the fear  
that they don't feel  
revelation that we're winging madly for the day  
in this kamakhazie insect  
ensconsed immovably in advancement  
towards the ticking atom sun.

## REAPING

by Jeff Evans

My gloved hand swings the sickle  
Slowly, slowly, and so surely,  
The waiting grass falls in rows.  
My calloused hand swings the sickle  
Rhythmically, rhythmically like a pendulum,  
Nearer to the small brown life.  
My gloved hand swings the sickle  
The two brown eyes hunch closer,  
scared, waiting,  
Death comes on the downswing,  
slowing not the sickle.



1st Place Print

"Lennon"

Mike Cacioppo

## FLIGHT

by Ann West

The silver engines purred, throbbed, roared, then lapsed into a steady hum as they began their effortless glide eastward. Gradually the ground fell away, and buildings which only moments before were proud, majestic skyscrapers became mere child's building blocks; man's priceless, supreme achievements only scratches in dust. Mechanical angles and lines contrasted with nature's gentle sweeps and curves. Mighty rivers softened and contracted like ribbon cane candy.

Above ground all was peace, solitude: bustle and hurry became smooth, restful flight. Men, ants on the ground, were gods in the sky.

Everything looks different from the air, but even here all the land belongs to somebody. Squares, rectangles, and curving patches lay fenced, bounded, defined. All was rationally apportioned. Suede tan, drab olive green plush, and dry bittersweet orange formed a vast crazy quilt, giant pieces of an oversized jigsaw puzzle. Across them cut violet blue-grey river meanders.

White clouds, puffs of powder, appeared, converged, then congregated into larger poofs and blobs, peaks of whipped cream rising higher and higher, casting measly splotches of navy blue-black on brownish grey earth below.

Here and there small dark patches, sinkholes and valleys, pockmarked the face of the earth. Spits of sand poked boney, skeleton fingers into pools of azure blue. Earthworks twisted and contorted like gigantic worms crawling belly-down in the sand.

Below a vast, rich, spacious display of abstract art stretched endlessly on a limitless canvas. The plane cast a tiny dark speck on the unfolding patterns, a shadowy patch, which grew larger, fuller, deeper, darker until it roared into one with the jet.

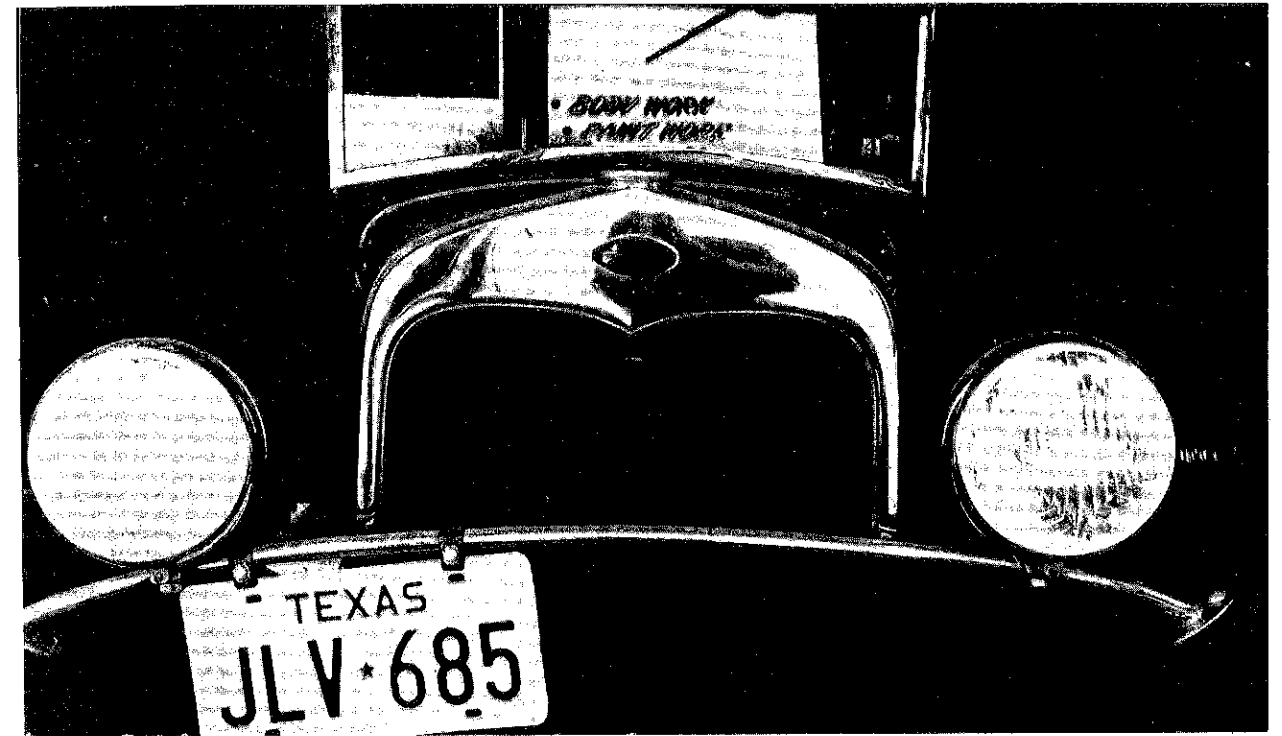
Back on land we began hurrying and pushing, rushing and shoving, calculating and plotting. Demands were insistent and deadlines unyielding. Our anthill life resumed.



3rd Place Photo

"Future"

Mary Grayson



2nd Place Photo

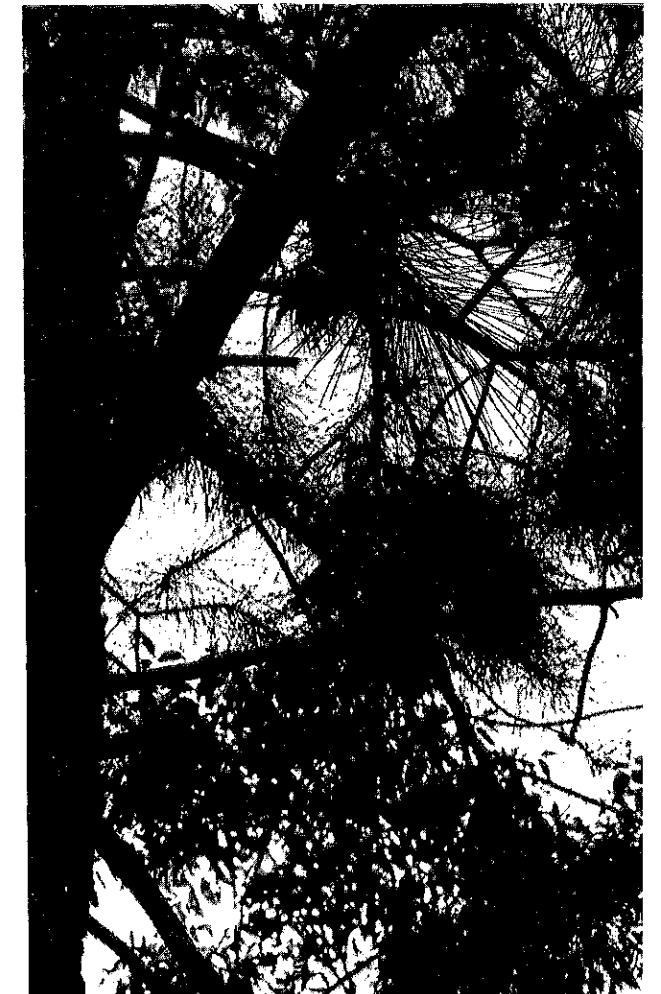
"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

I Know

by Greg Busceme

I am living proof  
of failures profound presence;  
a thoughtless, senseless  
pile of dung  
with nothing better to do  
but scribble asinine  
confessional poetry  
for self preservation.  
With that, having the gall  
to record a mutant,  
illiterate strain of garble  
unfit for the human eyes,  
ears, mind, and if it had an odor,  
there would be no doubt  
in the mind of the victim,  
violated by my impoverished  
writing technique,  
that the aroma would be  
comparable to (if not exceeding)  
the smell emitting from  
the non-mooing end of a half decayed  
Water buffalo on a prairie in August.  
Which is nothing to say of the pungent  
display of double meanings and cleche'  
metaphor that seems to reek of some  
thick, sweet, sticky substance  
not indifferent to the over concentration  
of reconstituted cyclomates.



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

# Essay



3rd Place Print

"Magnolia"

Rosemary Castillo

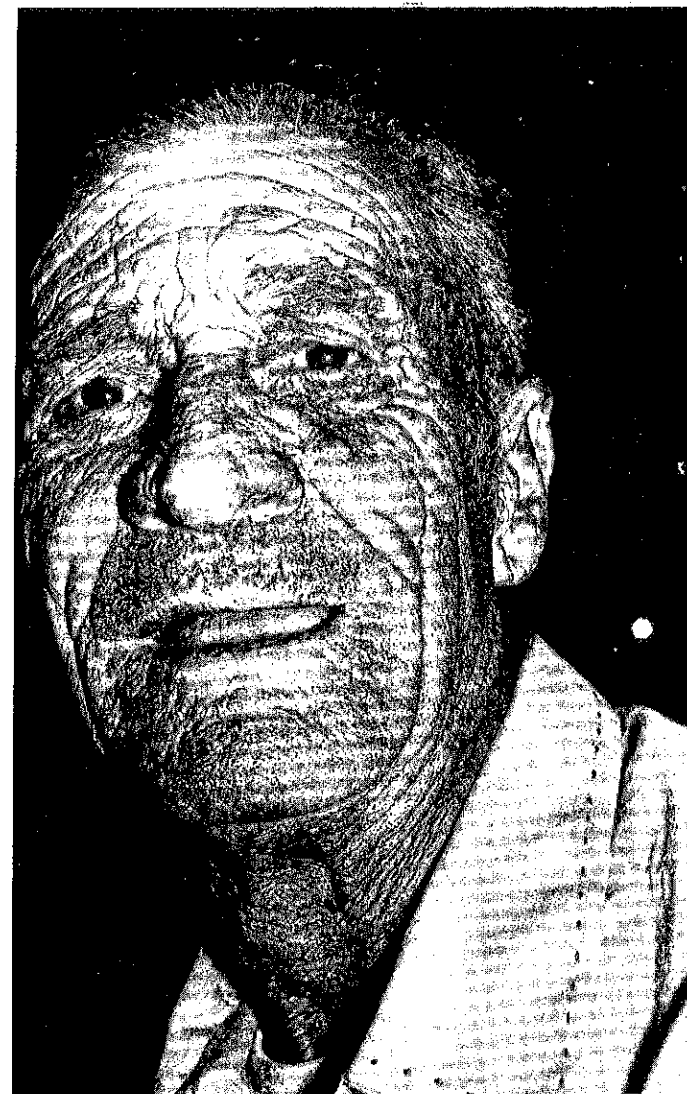
1st Place Essay Award

## RESPONSIBILITY AND GOVERNMENT

by Darcy Walker

Every woman should seek to do and be her best, and in that way she can best serve her God, Country, self, or whatever she might choose to serve. Only she can decide what is best for her, how to achieve it, and what to serve, for only she can live her life; and if she is to be responsible for her life, she must be responsible for the consequences of all her actions. Except as her tool chosen after due deliberation, the sublimation of her desires to another's is irresponsible. For example, if she decides she can do her best as part of a family, she must decide what part she is to take in what kind of family. And if she or the rest of the family should change, she must either adapt to the family, adapt the family to her, or leave it. If she remains, it must be because she can do better within the family than without, not because the family can do better with her presence than without, because the family is no more sacred than the individuals within it; she would be placing another's desires above hers. To do so would exchange her responsibility for her life for responsibility for another's, when everyone must live her own life. The exception is for a person to decide that doing her best means taking responsibility not only for her life, but for the lives of those who are temporarily or permanently incapable of it.

Misuse or ignorance of these ideas contributes to discontent, loss of identity, and chaos. One individual can walk a path that wilfully or unintentionally damages another's, and both must resolve this clash to their mutual satisfaction. In a society, something must be established by common consent as an arbiter — a code of laws. By the fact of living in a state, the individual implies she will conform to its laws. This is better known as the Socratic social contract. Without the lubricating oil of laws that are respected, the machinery of a society will squeak.



Honorable Mention

Rochelle Dubois

"Who will love me?"



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois



# Short Fiction



Honorable Mention Print

Mike Cacioppo

*"Rolling Stone"*

## ON THE BEACH

by Barbara Weatherall

That day on the shore was a grey, wintery day, the kind most beachgoers would avoid. The water heaved itself onto the sand in grey-brown, choppy swells; blending in the distance with a sky the color of a dove's breast. The sun-worshippers had avoided the beach that day, early April not being a popular season for trips to the shore. Save for a lone figure walking at water's edge near one of the old fishing piers, there was complete solitude.

As Kari walked, she noticed that spring was beginning to transform the sand dunes. A few pale flowers were mingled with the ever present sea grass growing on the dunes and down to the beach itself. Spring had not yet touched the water or the sky; they were still held by winter. Looking back the way she had come, Kari saw the long, almost straight line of footprints in the sand. The icy fingers of the sea had already obliterated the farthest ones and were filling those closer with foam-flecked water.

Kari walked on, her eyes fixed on some distant spot farther down the shoreline, but not really looking at anything. She was almost parallel with a second fishing pier, similar to the one she had passed on her walk, but the pier she now approached was much older. So old, in fact, that the wooden steps leading to the top had long since rotted away, making it impossible to reach the top of the pier.

Walking along, her attention now turned wholly to the ancient pier, Kari was surprised when she stubbed her tennis shoe on something hard. Looking down distractedly, she slowly pulled the hard object from where it was wedged halfway into the sand. It was a piece of long, smooth glass; not the kind of glass usually found on the beach. It was almost nine inches long and slightly curved, almost like a piece of lantern glass. Lantern . . . lantern . . . the word revolved slowly in Kari's mind; then the reason for that strange feeling seeing the glass gave her came back. And for the first time in years, she remembered old Gaf.

It was a night in late October, many years back, that Kari and her father had gone fishing at another pier a mile from the one she now stood before. Night was beginning to fall and they were packing up the fishing gear when a storm blew up suddenly, rolling up from the horizon with tremendous black clouds and a screaming wind. They had packed as quickly as possible but by the time they got off the pier and put everything into the ancient green Dodge the sea and the sky were mixed into a slashing, squalling ball. To reach the state highway, they first had to travel down the old, eroding beach road which ran several miles along the beach and past the old fishing pier before it made a sudden turn to meet the highway. Kari and her father drove in silence most of the way, the car's headlights lighting up only a small part of the half-flooded beach road.

They were almost past the old pier when her father abruptly stopped the car and peered intently into the rain. After a moment, he asked Kari if she saw a light at the end of the pier. Staring into the rain, she could make out a faint light near the end swinging slowly first one way, then the other like a steady pendulum.

"Dad", she asked, "who could be out there in a storm like this?"

"I don't know", he replied. "You stay put; I'm going out to see. I'll only be gone a minute."

With that, he got out of the car and Kari watched as he slowly climbed the rotting steps to the top of the pier. By now, the waves were monstrous and were throwing themselves far up on the large chunks of rock which formed the foundation and sides of the pier. Her father inched closer and closer to the figure swinging the lantern. He must have called to him because the figure turned and it wasn't until then that she realized it was Gaf.

Gaf lived on the beach with two sons in an old shack. They led a slow-paced life, making enough money to live on by going out in an old wooden boat and catching a few fish to sell. Gaf was of indeterminable age and the best way to describe him would be that if the sea were shaped into a man, Gaf would be the result. A sun-cured skin, brown hair heavily streaked with grey, and grey-green eyes all blended to create the impression of a man formed of the sea.

Gaf and Kari's father remained in conversation for several minutes; or rather Kari saw her father yell something at Gaf through the wind and Gaf would answer with a few words and sharp, negative motions of his hands. Evidently, her father's point lost as she saw Gaf abruptly turn his back to her father and face the sea once more. He turned up the flame in the lantern and was swinging it again when her father descended the stairs and got back into the car. He was soaked to the skin and out of breath from the exertion of yelling over the storm.

After a minute or two, Kari asked her father why Gaf was up there. "Well," replied her father in a worried tone, "he says his two sons left to go fishing in that leaky old tank this afternoon. They were probably pretty far from shore when the storm broke. He's worried about them so he's out risking his life on that pier hoping they'll see his light and use it as a guide to get to shore."

Her father said he had tried to convince Gaf to get off the pier but the old man had stubbornly refused. Kari worried about Gaf because he had always been kind to her, showing her which bait to use and never losing patience. He was a fixture on that part of the beach. Mr. Bently started the Dodge and, with one last look at the pier, moved the car carefully down the rapidly flooding road.

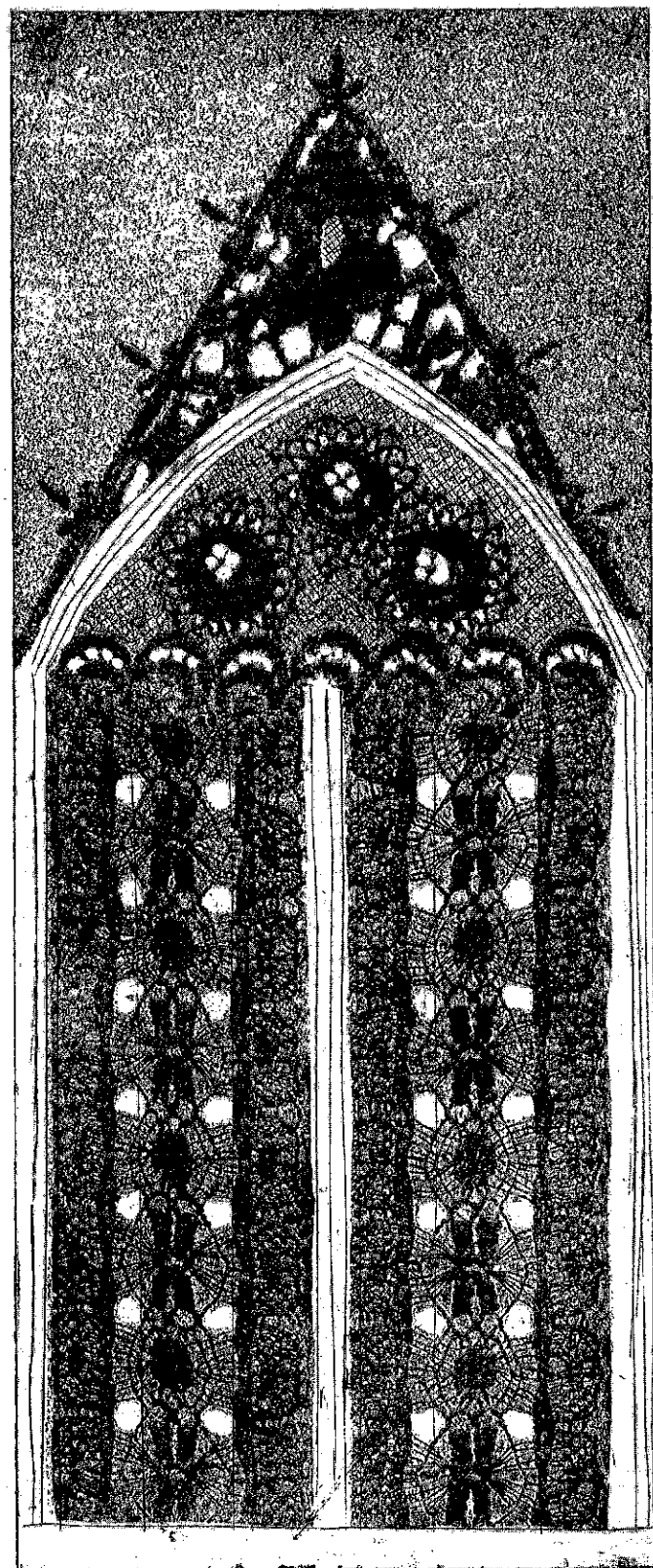
A day or two later, Kari and her father were sur-

prised to read a small article in the newspaper that Gaf had disappeared the night of the storm. Presumably, one of the huge waves had risen to the top of the fishing pier and pulled him off and into the churning water. Neither Gaf's body or lantern were ever found. Only an old hat washed up several weeks later and people instantly supposed it was the same battered relic Gaf had worn.

What Gaf would never know was that while he swung his lantern to bring his sons safely home they were weathering out the storm at Lulu's Bar and Cafe, where they had pulled in when the storm blew up. Plenty of other stranded fishermen were there also and the wine and merriment ran long into the night. In the warmth and safety of Lulu's, whose lights shone through the storm like a beacon, neither of the sons gave a single thought about Gaf.

After Gaf's disappearance, and the official ruling of accidental death, the boys sold the shack and took off for the city with the small amount of money they got from the sale. No one ever heard from them again. Gradually, people stopped coming to the old pier to fish; choosing instead from among the newer ones. At last, the old pier was completely deserted and the steps, long in bad condition, rotted away.

Kari's thoughts returned to the present as she slowly turned the piece of glass in her hand. Soon, the swarms of sunbathers would come with the warmer weather, covering the beach with towels and empty beer cans. The hundreds of shells lining the surf's edge would be crushed under feet and car tires. Perhaps among a crowd of teenagers, young as Kari had once been, one would tell the story of old Gaf; a story long since distorted from many repetitions. The group would listen to the tale and, at the end, there would be a pause and they would shiver a little under the hot sun. That was all that remained in Gaf's memory now; a twisted story, a decaying fishing pier, and the relentless pulsing of the sea.



2nd Place Print

Jeanne Harris

"Antique Window"

## Poetry



Honorable Mention Photo

Ed Culwell

"City"

## So Ring the Concrete Hills

by Leroy Ashworth

So ring the concrete hills with our sounds,  
The cries of those hungry and grief-stricken  
Souls making an incongruous melody  
Against a background of tinkling glasses.

Old ladies whining and warning,  
Dogs barking at strangers stepping by,  
Ministers telling how it ought to be,  
So ring the concrete hills.

The sound has never quieted,  
Not in more than a hundred years,  
Except in some more darkened places  
In the early morning dew-wet hours.

Hawkers selling their wares,  
Prosecutors demanding penalties in harsh tones,  
Crooners spilling their ballads,  
Voters pulling levers on ballot machines.

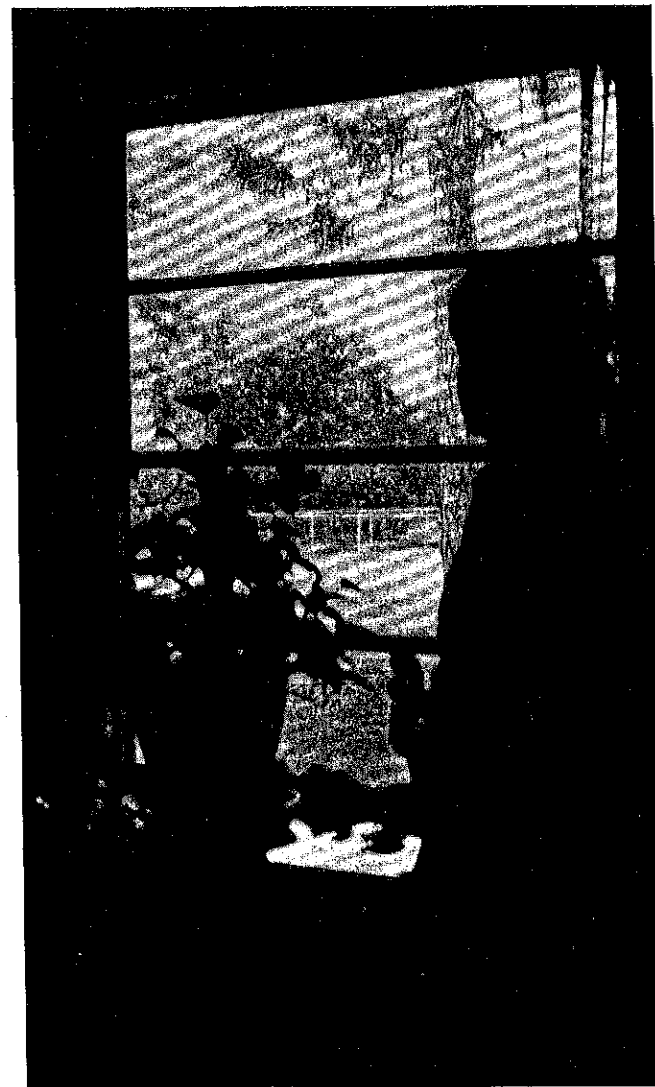
Authorities expounding on procedure,  
The guilty crying for leniency or  
Defying anyone to make them pay  
Workers hammering houses throughout the busy day.

Babies crying for their bottles,  
Lovers whispering promises of majestic proportions,  
Politicians singing facts, plans, and apologies,  
Scientists drumming their fingers and considering pathologies.

Drivers honking endless horns,  
Druggists passing out endless pills,  
People quibbling over endless bills,  
Women fussing over endless frills,  
Real estate men's endless deals . . .  
So ring the concrete hills!

by Michael Welton

The breeze sifts through  
the reds, yellows, and golds  
to bring a gift.  
The smell of decaying,  
Bittersweet.  
The grass is covered with  
Diamonds and so many pins of light  
pierce the day.  
The clouds go drifting by  
and I see people.  
Some move too fast,  
Others are frozen.



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

## THE RULER

by Joan Letulle

The Siamese sits  
upright, majestic, regal —  
surveying her domain;  
with black-tipped tail and nose pointed skyward  
she treads determinedly —  
inviting intrusion.



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

## INDIVIDUALITY

by Joan Letulle

Golden sunlight, frothy waves,  
wind blowing lightly,  
gulls swoop for fish.  
Heat penetrates the sand around the two lying close  
entwined, enveloped, melded.  
Their oneness seems complete  
yet each knows the truth —  
An unfathomable chasm exists which cannot be bridged.

## MOON THOUGHTS

Julie Gleason

The moon,  
In all her silver splendor,  
Steps grandly from behind  
The midnight clouds  
Of ghostly gray.

Scientists observe  
Her cratered surface  
With telescopic eyes.  
Nations race  
To place their flag  
Upon that universal trophy.  
A cow jumps  
Over her  
In a momentary fit  
Of lunacy.  
Lovers unite  
In secret  
Under her white satin beams.  
A zodiac child follows,  
Religiously,  
Her guide  
In the daily newspaper.  
Wolves howl  
Questions  
To that twilight goddess,  
Only to hear the answer  
Echo back,  
Astronauts leave  
Their egotistical footprints  
Embedded  
In her ancient dust.

But  
The moon,  
In all her silver splendor,  
Slips modestly behind  
The midnight clouds  
Of ghostly gray  
And  
Chuckles softly  
At these thoughts.



# Yesteryear Dread

by Vicky Bradley

A year has passed  
The smells of summer  
Have returned and conjured memories  
And lead me to old notebooks  
Containing your initials  
Hidden in the margins  
They had remained  
Shelved away with other forgottens  
Until today.  
The tangled necklace  
At the bottom of my jewel box  
Purchased my ticket to faraway  
Where I'll stay  
Until the dead leaves fall.

完美其中壹

花園木卑纖

和口種

形成墮

壹

by Larry Pollock

One minute seed fell  
among tares and became one  
beautiful garden.

## CANE I

by Yvonne Marie Harris

Went down to Lou-z-ana  
Saw a colored man there  
Dressed in rugged pants  
With wiry unkept hair  
Saw a dingy wooden shack  
Sugar cane on the floor  
Colored lady didn't mind  
The shack didn't have no door  
Saw a baby on the porch  
Crying, almost froze  
Poor lil' thang didn't have the strength  
To blow his snotty nose.  
Went down to Lou-z-ana  
Where sirrup fills the air  
Saw a bunch of colored folks  
Saw a lotta despair.

## CANE II

Went down to Louisiana  
Saw a white man there  
Dressed refinly in a suit  
A hint of grey in his hair  
Saw his kids through a window pane  
Playing games about the floor,  
Saw the big brass knobs  
That reflected from his door.  
Saw his fine white stables  
His cars parked in the back  
Saw the men that cleaned his yard  
They're faces shiny and black.  
Went down to Louisiana  
Where whites live across the street  
Went down to Lou-z-ana  
Where lines never seem to meet.

## HUNGRY SHADOWS

by Kayrn Delea Harris

Through solid shadows waiting hungrily for  
non-substance.  
Through antiseptic corridors bounded by  
bleach white walls.  
Through the cataleptic minds of moronic  
vegetables.  
Descending.

## BALLOON

by Mike Petry

Behold the circus:  
And laugh, said he,  
At the red-nosed clown . . .

Cotton candy, popcorn, and tragedy  
Hand in hand on the merry go round.

The high wire thrills  
the plebeian throng,  
Fills the air with excitement,  
For no step may go wrong . . .

And laugh at the sad faced clown . . .

The gooks and geeks suck the curious dry,  
And acrobats go on wings 'ahigh.  
The cowpoke's trick rope aropin',  
The lion's mouth is still open . . .

The fat lady diets, the animals try it,  
And only the gypsy knows for sure.

The ringmaster blows and brings  
on the next act  
Yet they all refuse to mate with  
fiction or fact . . .

And laugh at the dying clown . . .

For he is you, and he is me,  
forever this mad circus  
shall be . . .

by Michael Welton

Each second reflects each flaming mood,  
They pass,  
and each breath is empty, as the waves,  
They break,  
the moon is the source.

Marching in unison,  
In blue  
Each fluid movement is followed  
Again; Those ahead by those behind  
They all raise a bright white flag.

They all rush to show their colors,  
To meet the wind's commands.

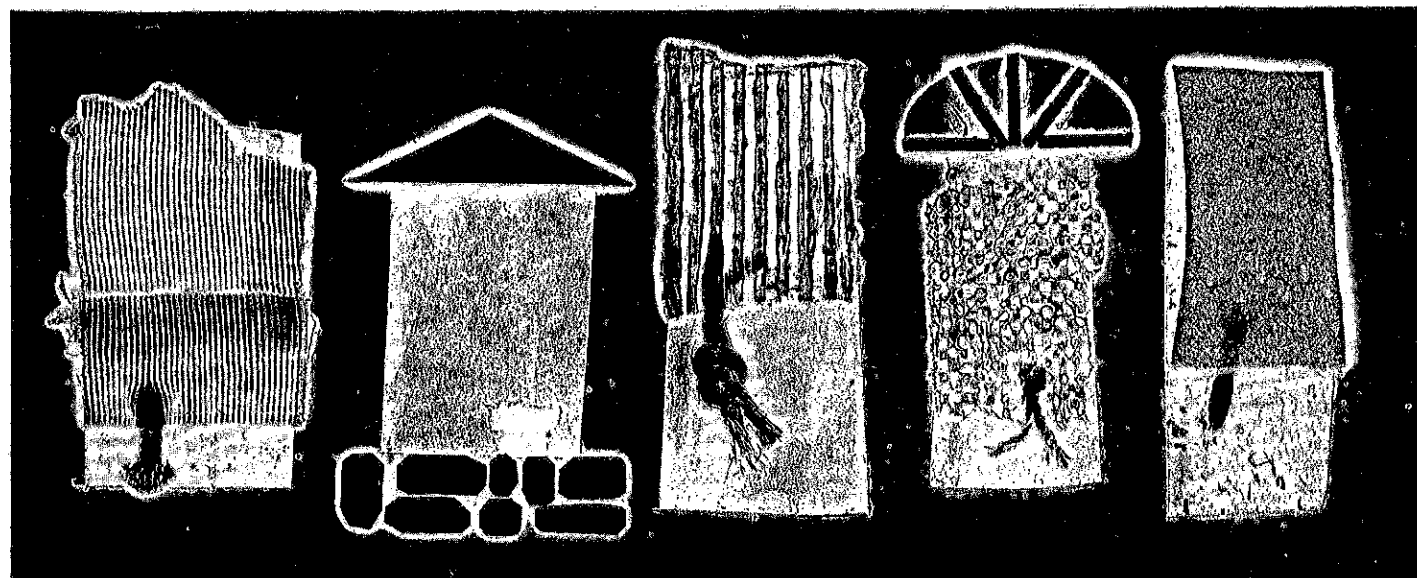
In the end, all break upon the beach,  
and very little sand is drawn into the sea.



Honorable Mention Photo

Rochelle Dubois

"Untitled"



"Tenement Windows II"

Ann West

"Death March"

by Debbie Strother

Drums, drums slowly they beat  
Slowly, slowly,  
Figures marching in the heat,  
Marching, marching.

Sob after sob is forever heard,  
Slowly, slowly,  
He who in the family is now third,  
Marching, marching.

Lowering his body, into the grave  
Slowly, slowly,  
His life for his country he gave  
Marching, marching.

by Michael Welton

Red fingers attempt to push Night  
With grey hair and sunken bright eyes,  
Awake.

The sky seems bruised, discolored by  
The thought of relinquishing  
Eternal peace . . . a farce,  
A pretense shown by dawn and dusk.

Dusk, who cools the earth  
Beneath black wings.

Eye To Eye

by Yvonne Marie Harris

She reached out and touched me  
Hands wrinkled by age,  
Sea blue eyes now pale gazed into my eyes.  
Sought my help  
Depended on my ability  
In her lean years she hated the likes of me  
Shunned my presence.  
Imagine her,  
Surrounded by juleps and jasmines  
Dressed in a white organdy dress  
Bellowing out the six letter word  
That set my soul on fire with uneasiness.  
Did she, her society friends,  
Upstanding mothers and  
Self righteous fathers obstruct my path?  
Ignore my intellegience  
Overlook my potential  
With all her kind around  
She touched me,  
Offer her assistance?  
Wear the mask?  
Do what I feel?

SENSATIONS

by Deborah L. Jones

Your hands are charged  
With electric love that  
Shatters my good intentions  
And penetrates into the  
Deep dark cave of mind.  
What you do to me has  
Been done before but so  
Long ago it is too late  
To remember . . . I feel  
Your fingers tingle down  
My neck as frothy waves  
Surge, splash my shore,  
Roll over and under like  
The thunder and fire  
From yours to mine.

Penelope, '76

by Dolores Whitney

No whims of jealous gods kept us apart;  
not mens' passion for a woman's love.  
Nothing so sane as that.  
No suitors vied for my hand  
while I waited your return  
from a strangers' land.

I wove my dreams by day  
and raveled them out by night.

My arms bore the burden of emptiness  
while you paced our youth away  
in a narrow cell.

The nights grow longer  
and fears stronger,  
but I weave my dreams by day.



"Untitled"

Mary Grayson



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

by Michael Welton

Like dark weathering clouds  
The black wings beat upon  
withered flesh  
And humming high out above  
The wind  
Riveted birds  
scream recognition  
Throwing fits of terror  
into  
each other  
(they hang like soot in the air).

# "Sophrosyne"

by Patricia Bacala

Feeling desire's long ferment  
Threatening consummation,  
Hesitation calms and controls for a time,  
Eventually swelling the intensity  
Which it sought to check.

The hushed stillness is penetrated  
By the musty odor  
Seeping its foam to the surface.  
Impulse mixes with circumstance,  
And the desultory seething quickens to sensation.  
It races tumid emotions to the surface,  
Swells into release,  
And brings the ferment to maturity.

Lying now on its side to rest  
It ages, for the awful daring satiates  
And validates all a priori restraint.

# Southern Spring

by Dolores Whitney

The stage is set. Backdrop, purple,  
violent, urgent purple Azaleas overwhelm the eyes;  
Amaryllis blare red trumpets,  
clash against petunias who push into the sun,  
upstaging effete winter pansies  
who crane their stems,  
and stare from velvet faces  
at hyacinths, blue as the arc of sky  
high over daffodils oh-so yellow.  
Impatient, swelling roses are waiting in the wings.

My God!  
With all of your eternity,  
could not Spring come  
one  
crocus  
at  
a  
time.

# Captive Soul

by Donna Simon

When I'm all alone and there's nobody near,  
When there's no one to speak and no one to hear,  
A voice in my head begins babbling aloud,  
Screaming and cursing — a most dreadful sound —  
A sound of rebellion, frustration, despair,  
A sound of a drowning man gasping for air.

It's the soul of a person who's captive in me  
Who's begging to be free of this shell of fragility —  
A shell as delicate and light as the rays of the moon  
But as impenetrable and as cursed as King Tut's tomb.  
A shell formed by man to hold his desire in life,  
An ambiguous new trinity — virgin, mother, and wife.

This shell will be crushed, incubation is nigh  
This soul locked within me will finally fly high.

by Michael Welton

As we dive into the wind,  
Answers and truths reveal themselves.  
Death,  
Perhaps we are seeking in the  
Plummet?

Sparks fly in the night sky:  
We plot them, and find  
No destiny.

One by one, they give up their light.



"Untitled"

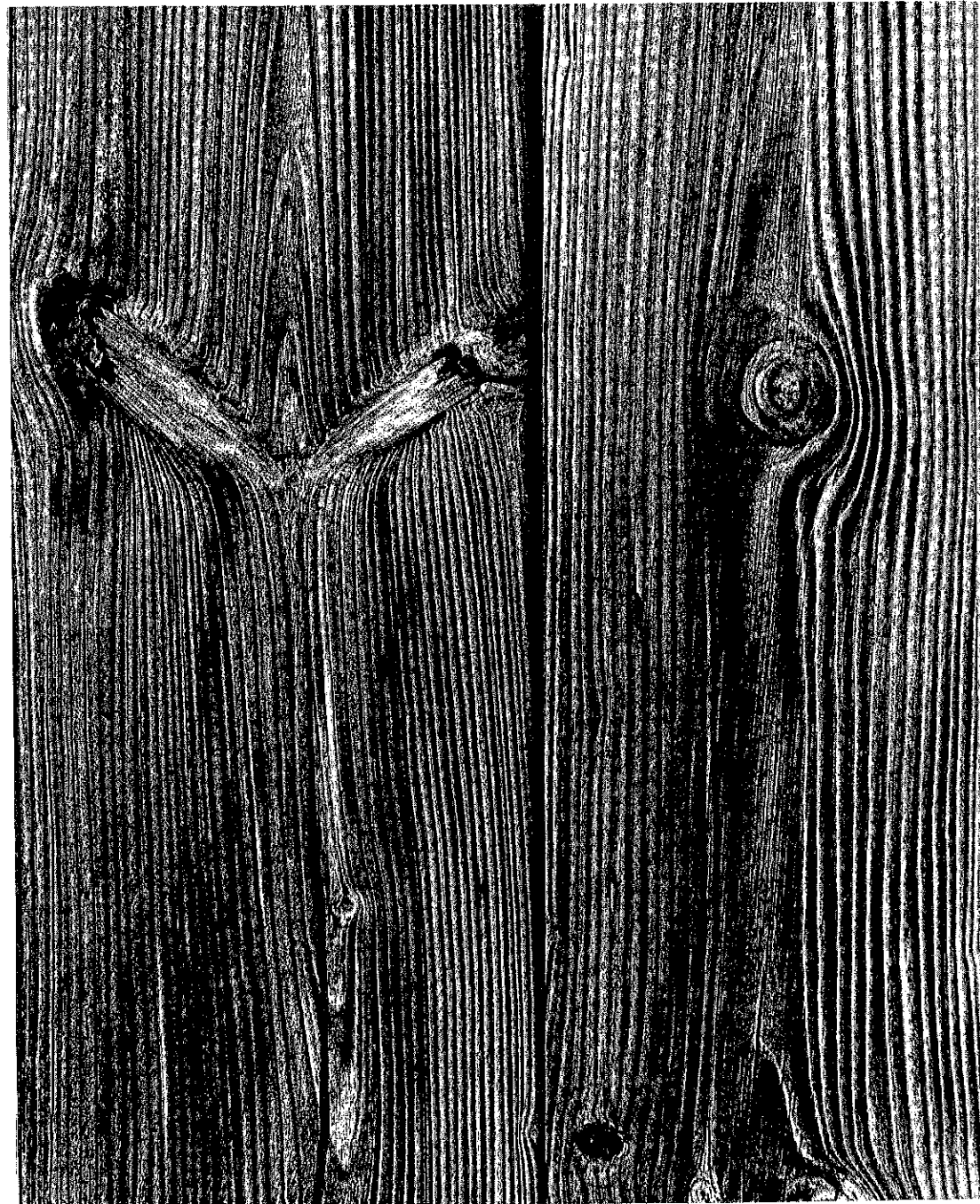
Ed Culwell



# That Old Lady

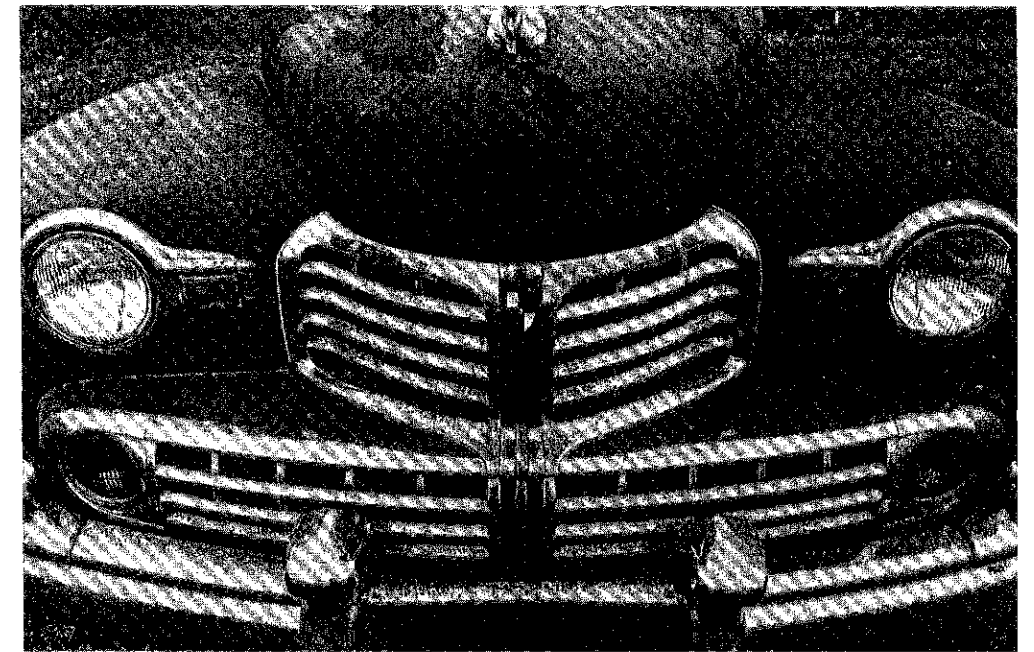
by Vicky Bradley

What did you see  
When you inhaled and shut your eyes  
And gave away the day  
For an ashtray full of butts?  
I could pretend enough blindness  
To leave you slumped in that chair  
Forever  
If I hadn't heard you laugh  
Just a day ago.



"Wood"

Ann West



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois



"Untitled"

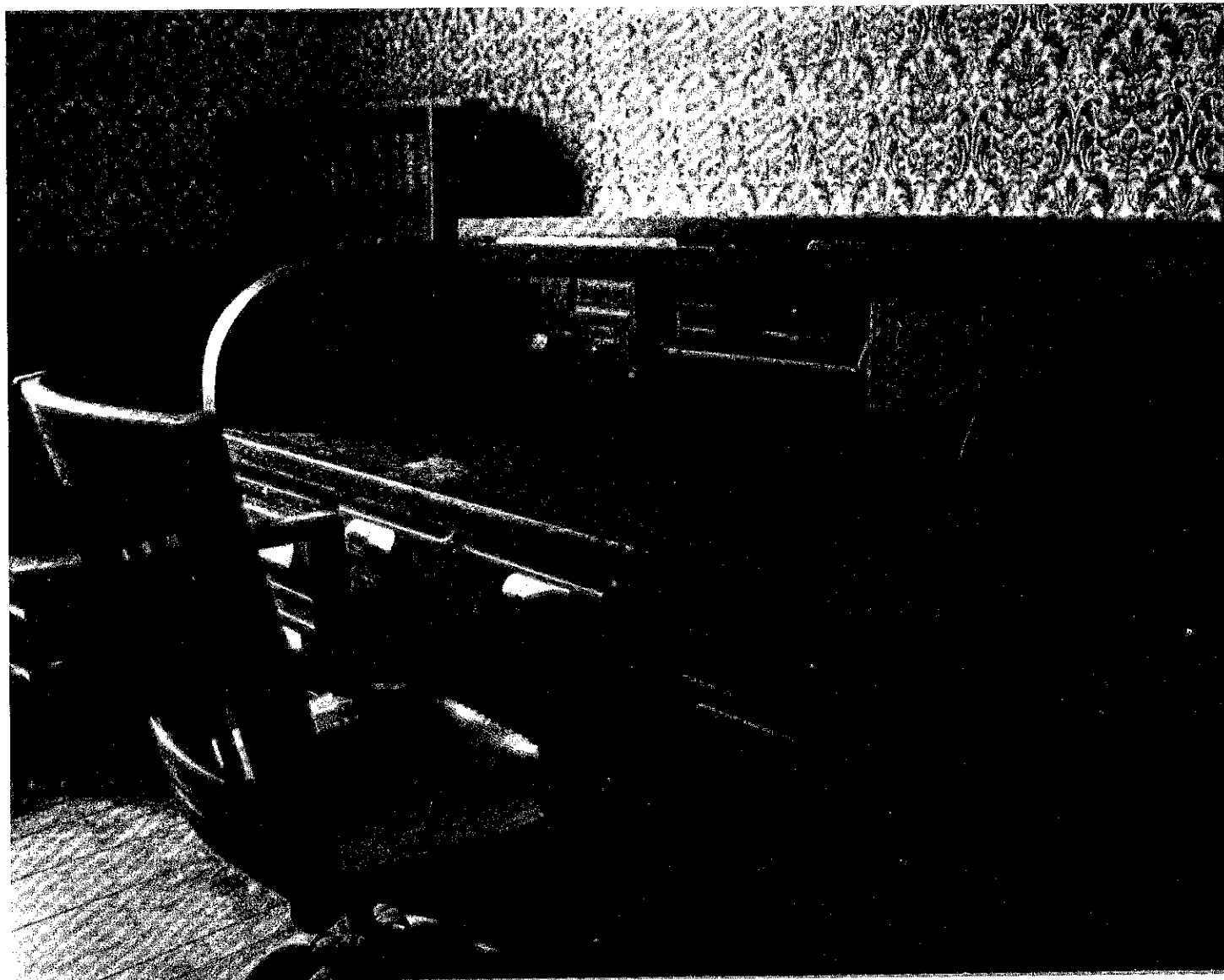
Rochelle Dubois

# Up From The Pit

by Vicky Bradley

Resistance held me whole  
At the bottom of her stomach  
Engulfed and paralysed.  
Noncommitments had me strangled  
Security warmed me at all versions of imperfection  
Until you slapped her on the back  
And choked her as she tried to keep me in.  
I'm lodged in a white-knuckled position  
Gagged with a scream for freedom  
While my back begins to mourn  
For that endless empty pit  
Where only strangers stay  
Yearning for tomorrow every today.





"Untitled"

Ed Culwell

# TO MYSELF

*by Kayrn Delea Harris*

When madness strips the soul of sensibility  
And anger rots the inner fibers of joy  
Creating, medusa-like, a beast of writhing  
Emotions in death struggle with one another  
Shed tears for loss of self.

Through agonistic self-appraisal coupled  
With self-deception  
Tread warily.  
Inner truths may enlighten in the process of  
Irremedial Pain.



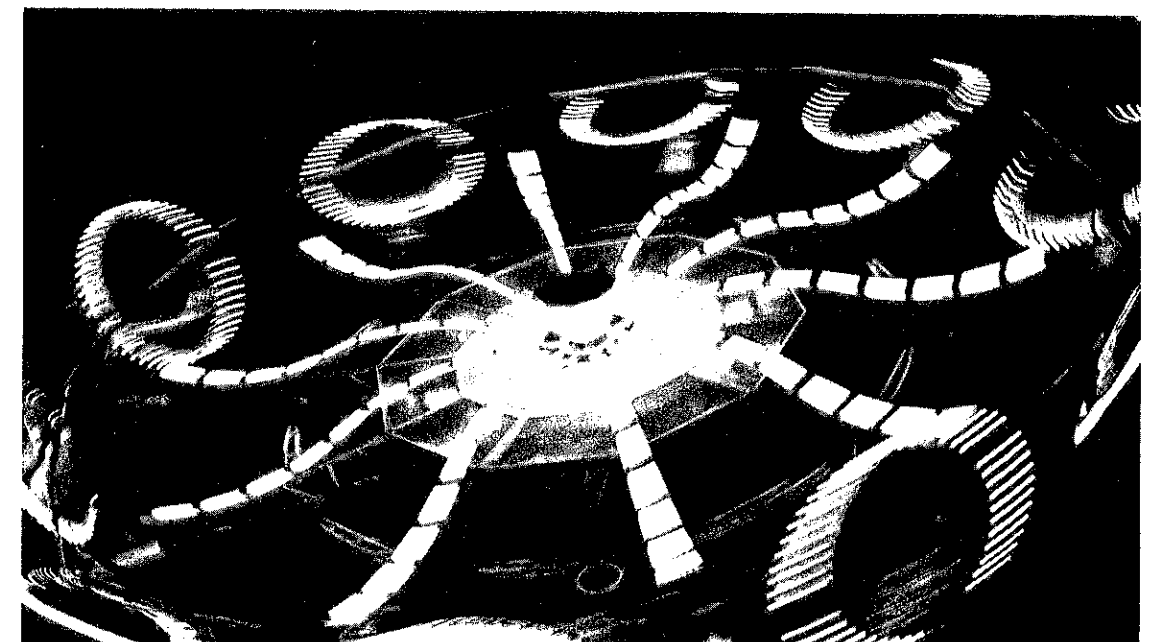
"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

# The First Dawn

*by Dolores Whitney*

Up the Eastern edge  
the brightness flamed,  
and frightened Night  
fell back in swift retreat  
from slashing swords of light.  
Herding hordes of stars  
for one brief stand in the West,  
He paled, then fled,  
taking hostage  
the reluctant moon.



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

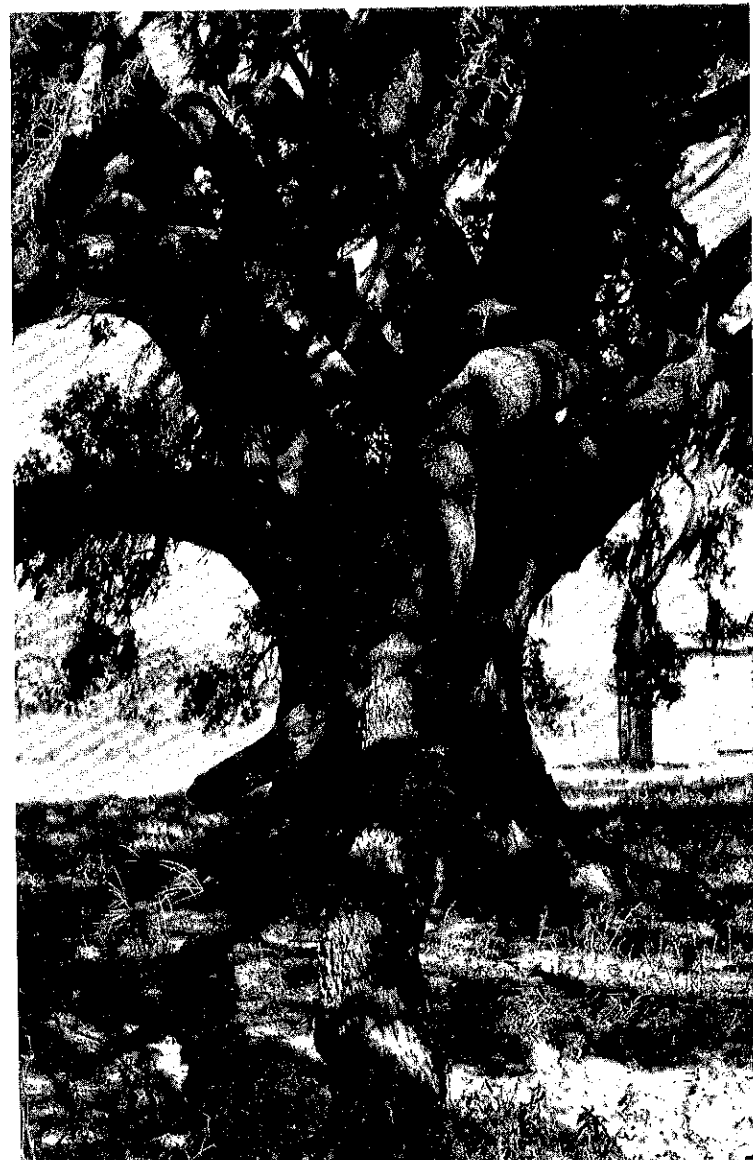
by Vicky Bradley

I come in to clasp pillows  
Letting loose my lungs  
Screaming loudly answers nothing  
I'm climbing your ladder Jacob  
Don't tell me it's a dream  
With each step upward  
It's harder to look down  
Before I say for sure  
It's destiny I've found  
Jacob won't you tell me  
Was it better on the ground?

### My Silent Plea

by Vicky Bradley

The comprehension of wordless sentences  
Projected in a glance  
Has become mutual  
I only wish your soul heard my plea  
To come away from pulsating stereos  
Bodily entanglements  
And the eternal revised editions  
Of the requirement fulfillers  
That guarantee a remote possibility  
Of letting you live your dreams.



"Untitled"

Rochelle Dubois

## PULSE LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS

Leroy Ashworth is a graduate student of Lamar, who received first place in the Professor's Poetry category in the fall '75 edition of *Pulse*.

Patricia Bacala is a freshman majoring in Mechanical Engineering.

Vicky Bradley, a sophomore Elementary Education major, has been published in *In - Perspective*, and the *South Western University Literary Magazine*.

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Cathy Evans is a senior English major.

Jeff Evans is a junior majoring in History at Lamar University.

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Kayrn Delea Harris is a junior Sociology major from Silsbee.

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Mike Petry, a senior English major, has been published in Thomas Jefferson's *Ebbtide*, *Pulse* (fall '75), and St. Thomas University's *Everyman*.

Donna Simon, a senior, majors in English at Lamar University.

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Darcy Walker, a freshman English major, has been published in *Pulse* (fall '75), won the 1975 first place in the College Level of Youth Contest, and is a member of the Poetry Society of Texas.

Barbara Weatherall is a senior English major at Lamar University.

Michael Welton, an English major, attends the Lamar Extension in Orange.

Ann West, the first place winner of *Pulse* '75 Vignette award, is a senior Mass Communications major.

Dolores Whitney, presently teaching on a graduate fellowship, has been published in previous issues of *Pulse*.

Larry Pollack is a sophomore English major.

## CONTRIBUTOR LIST - ART

Mike Cacioppo is a junior fine arts major from Beaumont.

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