LAMAR UNIVERSITY
Pulse
VOLUME XVIV

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"Magnolia"

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"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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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 kamakazie insect
ensconced immovably in advancement
towards the ticking atom sun.

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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.

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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 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 are fenced, bounded, defined. All was rationally apportioned. Suede tan, 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 pools and blobs, peaks of whipped cream rising higher and higher, casting mealy splotches of navy blue-black on brownish grey earth below.

Here and there small dark patches, sinkholes and valleys, poomed the face of the earth. Spits of sand poked bony, 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 showing, calculating and plotting. Demands were insistent and deadlines unyielding. Our hitherto life resumed.

I am living proof of failures profound presence; a thoughtless, senseless pile of dung with nothing better to do but scribble aninine 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 prar'e in August. Which is nothing to say of the pungent display of double meanings and clich' metaphor that seems to reek of some thick, sweet, sticky substance not indifferent to the over concentration of reconstituted cyclodates.
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 willfully 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.
That day on the shore was a grey, wintry day, the kind most beachgoers would avoid. The water heaved itself into 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 dune. 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 aerial 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 slovenly 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 steet, 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.
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,
Bitterness.
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.

MOON THOUGHTS
by 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.

INDIVIDUALITY
by Joan Letulle

Golden sunlight, frothy waves,
winds 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 unfeathorable chasm exists which cannot be bridged.

THE RULER
by Joan Letulle

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

CAN I

Went down to Lou-za-na
Saw a colored man there
Dressed in rugged pants
With wiry unkept hair
Saw a dingo 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-za-na
Where sirrup fills the air
Saw a bunch of colored folks
Saw a lotta despair.

CAN II

Went down to Lou-zi-a
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 Lou-zi-a
Where whites live across the street
Went down to Lou-za-na
Where lines never seem to meet.

HUNGRY SHADOWS
by Kayrn Deles Harris

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

Honorable Mention Photo
"Untitllted"
Rochelle Dubois

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.

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.
Their 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.

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

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 intelligence
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"

by Mary Grayson

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 force,
A pretense shown by dawn and dusk.

Dusk, who cools the earth
Beneath black wings.
"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 tumultuous 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 prior restraint.

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Southern Spring  
by Dolores Whitney

The stage is set, backdrop purple,  
violet, urgent purple Azaleas overwhelm the eyes;  
Amaryllis blaze red trumpets,  
clash against petunias who blush into the sun,  
upstage effete winter pansies  
who crane their stems,  
and stars from velvet faces  
at heights, plus 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.

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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,  
Screening 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.

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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.

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"Untitled"  
by Michael Welton

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"Untitled"  
by 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

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 warned 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"
Rochelle Dubois
TO MYSELF

by Kayrn Dalea 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.

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 fixed,
taking hostage
the reluctant moon.
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 stereo
Boiling entanglements
And the eternal revised editions
Of the requirement fulfillers
That guarantee a remote possibility
Of letting you live your dreams.

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

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Ed Culwell is a senior mass communications major from Beaumont.

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