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P E N D U L U M

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PENDULUM

Lesley College

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Spring 1969



Dedication

The *Pendulum* this year dedicates itself to the ideal of growth through change.

We hope *Pendulum* expresses the literary and artistic growth and maturity of individuals on our campus.

We therefore would like to honor three people who have contributed to the growth of Lesley and of the individuals they touch.

Marjorie Wechsler—

As an inspiration to intellectual growth Marjorie Wechsler is a constant instigator and motivator of thought. She shares her wide range of knowledge and is able to accept and offer definite opinions.

Alex Craig—

Exemplifies positive change. With his arrival he has brought a new dimension of caring to the students in his field. He is deeply involved with the growth of his students as they student-teach and as they move into the world of professionals.

James Slattery—

As a sensitive member of our community, James Slattery has concerned himself with the growth of individuals and the growth of the college. He has been a significant part of many lives as a professor, librarian, T-Group trainer, campus planner and feeling friend.

cover design by Tara Tuck '69

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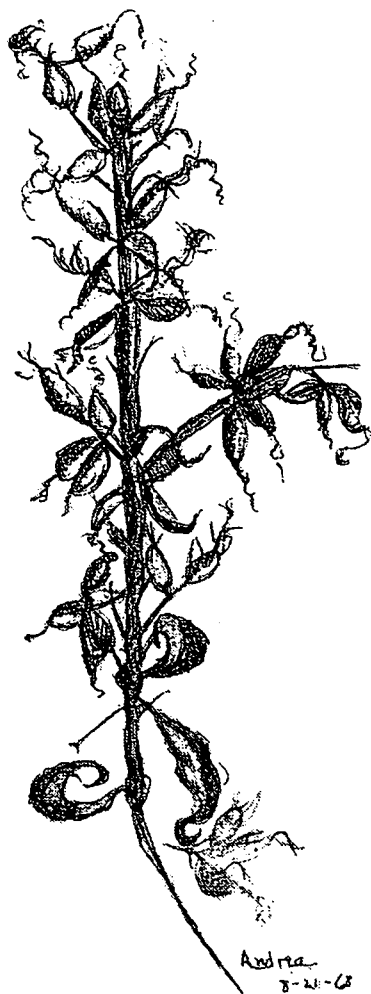
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Linda Alejos
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Pendulum, founded by the Friends of the Livingston Stebbins Library, is published once a year, and contains prose, verse and graphic art by undergraduates and alumnae of Lesley College. Subscription rates: \$3.00 per issue, \$4.50 for two issues.

Volume 10

Number 1

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Andrea Nordin '69



The three lines, whether they run vertically or horizontally, or whether they move together or independently, achieve nothing, emerging from the void and returning to the void whence they came. Only the creative intellect encloses a space and forms a definite figure, the three bodiless lines becoming a real object of which the triangle is the symbol.

from: *The Book of Signs* by Rudolf Koch, Dover Publications, Inc., 1930.

PENDULUM

AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE

PROSE—*Sandra Hillman*

POETRY—*Carol Ramsay*

ART—*Anne-Hart Herrick*

Of Tutu and Pim

- 14 They walk these two in
Slim, tanned youth
Down the long and dusty road.
No word is spoken, yet
At the fork, they turn of one accord
And continue one, silently, together
- 15 In floppy, happy hats, they
Seem as flowers, each of a
Different hue, each stretching
sky highward, each blossoming
and budding in turn
Still growths of a single stalk.
- 16 The years pass and the paths widen
Softly curving woman smiles on gentle, forming youth.
Yet the smile is fleeting and promises to wait
To recapture lost dreams, and weave back
The tapestry that must never fade.
- 17 Now, their reflections shine
In some happened remnant of the rain.
Rippling, the image glows with the moment
And sparkling droplets not yet merged.
A smile, and they continue
Two sylvan almost-women, shining still.

Carol Ramsay '69



Anne-Hart Herrick '69

For You

How do I thank you or say I love you
to you who are gone now—
You who were people in my life
You who reached out
 accepted my grasp
 travelled with me for a time—
until our scant seconds together
too abruptly with disjointed farewells
ended.

There is no respite for me
yesterday is gone—
 and with it you who touched my soul
 showing me tomorrow
A hidden part of me will always hurt
with the knowledge of you gone
And I can only thank you and find peace
 by remembering and knowing
 that part of me you.

Judith Milhender '69

Further Ramblings On The MBTA Or Give My Love To Charly

Was down around Park Street on that fateful day
When I felt compelled to ride the M(B)TA
So I paid my quarter and I passed right through
To join the platform people who were waitin' there too.

Well I noticed a kid down the other end
Askin' of people, "Ya gotta match, friend?"
And the skinny red tubes he was holdin' tight
Sure looked to me like dynamite.

Well I started to worry and I started to swoon
And I hoped the train would be comin' in soon.
The dynamite kid was gettin' nearer to me.
The letters on his jacket read "T.N.T."

Then I heard the train comin' down the track
And I looked at the kid, and he looked at me back.
I right away saw something had to be done
So I walked up and said, "What ya got there, son?"

He gave me a look like I was some kind of nut
Standin' there wonderin' what he had got.
He stuck out his tongue and then he stamped on my toe
And he ran for the train. Boy, look at him go.

So I picked up my foot that was causin' me pain
And I started to hobble toward the open-doored train
I just about made it, the doors started to slide
When I noticed the kid on the other side.

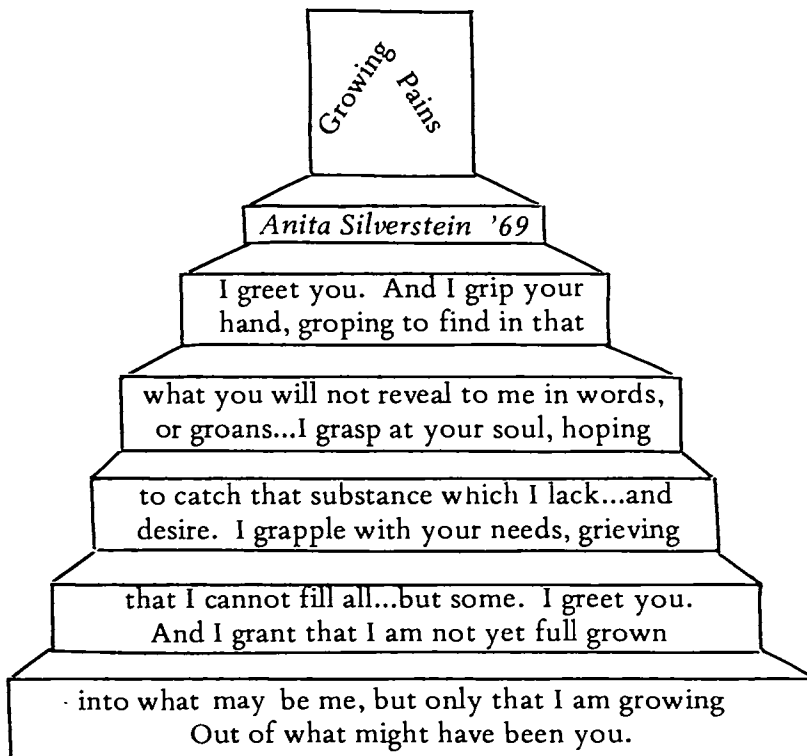
I figured I had him—he couldn't well run
Before the train had pulled into Washington.
So I gathered my courage and I made a re-stand
Saying, "Look here kid, what you got in your hand?"

Well his mouth fell open and his eyes got round
He saw that I had him, but he stood his ground
The train started to slow and it started to heave
The kid made it to the door, all eager to leave.

And giving a short diabolical glee
He snatched his sticks and he threw them at me
My hearing is bad and my eyesight is sound
So I managed to grab them before they hit the ground.

The kid has gone but my troubles have not
The guy next to me's wonderin' what is it I've got
How can I tell him? My story sounds dim
Guess I'll hang on till Broadway, then I'll toss them to him.

Elaine Coughlin '69



Love is like the feel of sand
An intangible force.
Grip a handful on the beach,
Squeeze it hard.
It yields body,
Begins to shift,
Slowly starts to slip and slide,
Slithering out,
Merely leaving a small core,
The memory trace of what was once the whole.
What crystals linger to the hand,
Are then brushed away
To join their brothers in the sand.

Boris Gertz

Oh say can you see
By the dawn's early light
There's garbage in the streets,
And that kid's got a knife.

What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming –
Twenty cramped in a room
With filth and rats teeming.

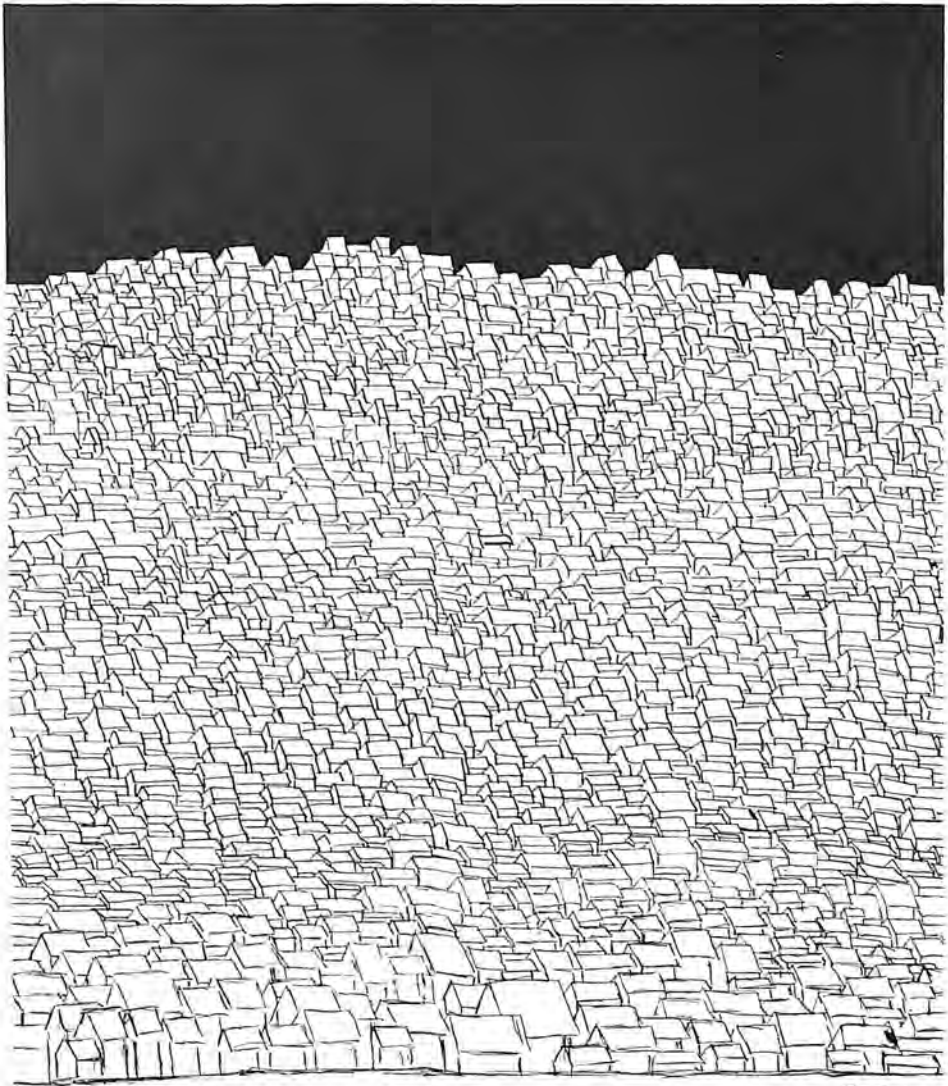
And the rockets red glare
The bombs bursting in air,
Young men sent to their death
Over where? Over there.

Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.
And a man has no job,
But why should I care?

Oh say does that star-spangled
Banner yet wave,
With looting and gutting
There'll be nothing to save.

O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.
Disinterest and hatred –
We've put God in a grave.

Cathy Cote' '72



American Dream

Cathy Cote '72

The Lab

In the whiteness of the laboratory voices sounded softly. Susan Fields put on her glasses and glanced at the pages of chemical calculations beside her. Then began the countdown. 10...9...8...she remained calm outwardly, 5...4...3...anticipation gripped her mind, 1...0...blast off! It was done. "Congratulations" and "Bravoes" surrounded her. She ignored them and continued watching the disappearing flight of the latest Apollo Space Vehicle from Cape Kennedy. The orange-blue flames pouring from the tail of the space craft carried it smoothly away. Gradually it diminished to a tiny match spark, then it disappeared. Only then did Susan turn to acknowledge her praisers. She stood there the first woman to send a space craft anywhere. The astrophysicists mastermind who had formulated the entire plan of sending men to Jupiter. Now it had been done. And she had done it. She couldn't recognize the faces around her or hear distinctly the words they spoke. That beautiful light, the magnificence of the lift off, the sight of so powerful a spectrum of colors from white to orange to blue, this occupied her mind.

Suddenly a sharp voice cut into her thoughts. "Miss Fields, would you please turn your Bunsen burner lower before you succeed in your aim to set this chemistry lab afire!" Susan was jolted back to reality and quickly complied with the request of the chemistry teacher. Around the room giggles rose from her girlfriends while the boys in the class laughed loudly. The bell rang and Susan meekly left the room for her next class. Red-faced with her hair pulled over her eyes, shoulders hunched slightly into a defensive position, she made her way down the corridor.

Susan quietly took her seat near the windows. Absent-mindedly she opened her history book. Her eyes had wandered to the park outside. Rain was falling with a

monotonous beat on the concrete. She watched the tiny splashes dropping into a large puddle. the way the water rose and fell was like an ocean storm. Then a big splash disturbed the water. A little boy had thrown a piece of wood into the pool of water. It rolled unsteadily in the whirlpool. There she was holding closely to the railing of the ship. The captain had seen the floundering sailboat in the distance and set course for it. The big ship reached the smaller one quickly. A woman and her young son were rescued from the sinking craft. But the little boy yelled to be let back to save his puppies from the cabin. Susan jumped boldly onto the disappearing vessel. Ripping open the cabin door she grabbed the quivering animals from their perch in a dry corner. Trying to maintain her balance she hurried to the deck again and threw the dogs to waiting arms as she climbed from the almost totally submerged boat back to the ship. Her face wet from the sea spray and her eyes moist with excitement she spoke above the roar of the winds. They didn't drown! I saved them!

"Miss Fields", a voice sounded across her thoughts, "what single common bond did the Pilgrims on the Mayflower have?" This voice unlike that of the captain, the mother and the little boy seemed to demand a response. Susan repeated "They didn't drown!" Her voice still excited but somewhat lower became lost amid the laughter of her classmates. She realized what had happened and sank lower into her chair as she felt the hotness travel quickly from her neck to her scalp. The history professor scolded the lowered eyes. Once again the period bell saved Susan. With this signal the class filed quickly from the History class. Susan retreated down the stairs to her Biology Lab. She felt secure in her knowledge that the formaldehyde odor of the room would keep her from dreaming.

Mary Fitzgerald '72

The flickering flames
Quietly project shadows
On the dismal wall.

Cathy Sears '72



Tara Tuck '69

The world pleads for peace,
yet the jungle is too dense
to hear the echo.

Paulette Nemiccolo '70

Through a Glass, Grayly

The old woman sits by the front window
And watches the infinite number of green cars go by
And sees her neighbors do their A & P shopping
And mends her graying woolen sock
Til the light fades and the green cars
Seem to turn gray-black
And the old woman drifts into that dream period
And paints fuzzy pictures of her own fuzzy youth
And remembers vaguely some of her now dead friends.

She awakes and touches the light-switch
And makes a pot of too-weak tea
And takes out dry bread for supper
And saves some crumbs for pigeons
She searches for her old grayed bathrobe
And wraps herself
And combs her thinning hair (which is long enough to reach her waist)
And says her prayers
And waits for tomorrow's green cars.

Linda Gordon '71



Andrea Nordin '69

By Art's Side

(inspired by Robert Browning's poem
By the Fireside)

I

Now that your music is slow,
And running in wind comes
Only in dreams—the memories glow
Seeing once more the old long path.

II

When your slow cadence calls the image,
My stiff fingers stroke soft wool
And draw the scene on a web thin page
Blurred by the firelight that is you.

III

Wild city of spring—kaleidoscope of sharp light
Forcing every way into long perspectives—
Distorted brush strokes of fires in the night
That push and spin us from path to bridge.

IV

Each coming click of time was new—
No moment foreshadowed by past being.
You and I, apart, together as two
Entered the blind-ending span.

V

Step upon step, the ascent to the height
Clouded the coming, refused the return.
And so two were imprisoned by eternal night—
Transformed in outward texture.

VI

An instant's burst of color revealed below
The dim dense darkness of another sphere,
Narrow space miles yet to go
Both above, and alone—caught between two stars.

VII

What dwells inside me refused its cell
Reaching for that other self in you.
Two saw her there—a joyful bell
Proudly proclaiming freedom.

VIII

Then fear upon her face and ours
The approaching moment's chord was clear.
Her outward force went counter to all powers
And now three—alone, apart, afraid.

IX

But keep the star in view!
The self-deep that is you came forth
And snatched, mixed, joined—yes! fused the two
In Creation's perfect instant.

X

The star above majestically descended
And nestled in the soft night's wool below.
Her fire-arrow etched our bridge, now ended
Revealing life's new substance, Love.

XI

One bright, breathing married soul
Put step on step and began—
Ah! Changed lives, full hearts, new goal—
And a firm wide path replaced the span.

XII

Two who had been changed looked back
And viewed once more their overwhelming union.
Two faces smiled as one, looking back—
Yes—but seeing forward.

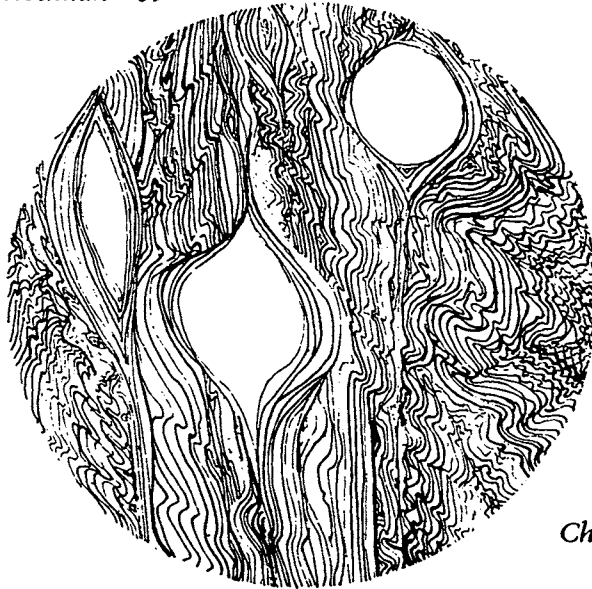
XIII

All earth and heaven's wisdom sparked
An embrace—like birth itself
For with one kiss two souls, dark,
Lonely, afraid, were reborn as one.

XIV

Our outward texture's flesh remained as two
And now has grown grey and old.
I rest and let my mind muse true
While your music flows and warms the autumn cold.

Annette Friedman '69



Christine Banks '72

To D... Again

I watched you sleep that night
As the soft slumber depths
Erased the caring from your brows
And you slipped so easily
Away from me.
My life was an intrusion on your sleep
Though your arm still held me close
To the lifestrength that is you.
Forgive me for the artlessness of love,
Forgive me for the eyes
That suffered your rebuke
But hold me still in the warmth of night



Carol Ramsay '69



Tara Tuck '69

Talk in a monotone
give me a headache
 scream to my brain
keep me awake
 keep me tossing in the quiet
 of the night
keep me crying out within me
 to that invisible God who will not
 answer back
 haunt me
 as i get sicker in the pit
 of my stomach
tell me you do not love me.

m.s.

Chapter 1

A pink sash on a red dress with a pretty girl in it, twirled about a room of whirling figures. Figures that probably wouldn't ever stop, like a never ending top-top-stop-top-stop, round, round, and around...

"Martha!" The shrill voice caught her completely unaware, and sitting staring into a bubble of nothing. "Dreaming again, ain't ya? That's all I can ever find you doing. Lord, if my troubles be saved if you'd got paid for dreaming. If only once..."

It would go on like that for a while now, so Martha set her head up and did the washing quietly. If her head was up, Ma wouldn't talk quite so long. Funny how she could get so much wash done while Ma was talking. That pretty girl must be happy all the time. It would be nice to dance in one's dreams the rest of her life. What a silly fancy, but it would!

"Never, never do you help your old Ma. With Pa gone, youse all that's left to me, and peers that ain't much. I try my best..."

There wasn't too much more wash left. If she hurried she could get to school early and see Tommy and Betty and the others. They opened the gates real early and you could swing as high as you wanted to on the tall ones without waiting or having Miss Crandell tell you that you were going to fall. That's what Tommy was always telling her, at least.

"...would you be proud then!! Acomin' to see me in the Poorhouse and as soon as my ole bones got put to rest, taking my place!! Would you be..."

It was almost finished, as soon as Martha heard the "poorhouse" she knew it was almost finished. Her Ma was running out of things to say. She liked to save the Poorhouse for last, because she guessed it was her best point. Martha agreed she could go on 'bout the Poorhouse better than anything else and could send chills up anybody's spine if she got going good. Lace panties, what a silly thing to spend your money on she mused, as bubbles popped out from the holes in the lace. She did Mrs. Elsohn's wash Mondays, Mrs. Arnold's Tuesdays, Mrs. Johnson's Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Mr. Power's on Fridays. Sunday, after church, was reserved for doing theirs. Mr. Power was so funny. He was the neighbor of her best customer, Mrs. Johnson, which made things easy 'cause she could pick 'em up when she dropped off Mrs. Johnson's, but he got soo funny. One day when she returned his, she left a pair a 'jamas on the top. He got so red and embarrassed he paid her too much. All cause that girl was giggling when she saw the bright red poker dots. Well, *she* thought they looked nice and told him too, and added for good measure that the striped ones were kind 'a cute. That stupid girl 'gan to laugh harder, and since then Mr. Power ain't been giving her his 'jamas to wash. Poor man gota do it hisself just cause 'a that stupid girl, he sure gets funny.

She realized that she had been thinking the last few seconds in silence. Yep, Ma was done. Her mother, having finished one of her long dissertations which always tired her but made her feel better, looked up. The two looked at each other. Ma knew Martha didn't listen, and Martha knew Ma didn't mean it. The two smiled. Martha dropped her head and that silly piece of hair flopped down across her eyes. Ma, as always, walked over and smoothed it back in place. The two embraced for a moment and each apologized for their lacks and promised never to do it again.

At the same time a gunshot was heard breaking the silence of the battlefield...a man cried out in his last moment

of anguish, and all went still. Captain Thomas Johnson surveyed the situation with nerves of steel. His strength calmed the men of this battalion and left them willing to die for their country. He had been asked by the Pentagon...

“Tommyyyy! Tommy!!”

“Aw, Mom, do you always have to bother me when I’m busy?”

“Busy doing what, dear?” was said with that sweet as sugar voice that meant he’d have to do what she wanted him to. “Dear, I have something very important to discuss with you. I’ve been reviewing this list for your party and...”

Mrs. Johnson had what might have been called the golden gift of gab, if she’d used it with any discretion. Many people had marveled at her incessant chattering, but not Tommy. To make this short story that Mrs. Johnson made long, short again, she objected to inviting a certain Martha Greene to Tommy’s birthday party. This information did not take Tommy aback. He had almost expected her objection. Due, some people say, to his mother’s loquacity, Tom had turned in the opposite direction as far as talking goes, and was one of the most laconic people in town. Therefore the flat, “no” answer did not surprise his mother.

“But listen to Mommy, sweet, this is the girl who does our wash. Why she....:

Tommy liked Martha. They liked to laugh at the same things, and she made even a better soldier than Billy Wilder. Once Billy found a butterfly and stuck it with pins. All the guys laughed but he didn’t think it was funny. Well the girls were running around and screaming and that made Billy stick it more. Martha walked by and didn’t scream like those silly girls, but she didn’t laugh either. She told him later that pretty things like that get hurt real easy and you should take care of ’em or you’d lose ’em. She’s right, too. She’s real smart about some things.

“Thomas! Are you listening to me? Please, dear, you’re

big enough a boy to understand these things. You know how important Mommy's clubs are to her. Why what would they..."

Martha had a real good sense of humor, too. She told him about Mr. Power. He sure is awful funny. That reminded Tommy he wanted to get to school early to tell Martha he found where Mr. Power hangs his pajamas to dry. He'd been scouting for them since Martha told him the story, but all he'd seen on the line, for the longest time, were sheets. Just this morning, real early, he'd been looking out his window seeing the sun rise when the funniest sight caught his eye. Mr. Power was standing there pulling in those sheets with a quick furtive glance in each direction. He reached under the white tents and pulled out the brightest red poker dots you ever saw!

Remembering, Tom laughed out loud, and his mother's talking halted. She gave him what he and his father called the "evil eye". "Listen, Mom I'll talk to you about it later. I'm going to be late for school." With that he reached up, kissed her on the cheek, grabbed his reading book, and raced out of the house. He panted at the narrow escape, thinking he might have been trapped until five of nine when his mother would have had to drive him to school. That way he couldn't have spoken to Martha.

Once at the corner he plunked himself down and opened his reader. Here he met Martha every day. She lived just around the corner and down a few blocks. These few minutes of practice he got a day when waiting had begun to show favorably in his school work. He was later than usual but she was earlier and that practice period lasted not more than a minute and a half. The two started in silence, but soon Tommy was telling the tale of Mr. Power's, with all embellishments, something very few people had heard him do, though he thought in great detail. They moved quickly as you do when you have a tale to tell to a friend and arrived sooner than usual.

Tom had been right! There were the tall swings unoccupied. The two children raced down the path past the foreboding iron gates. Tom reached the swings first and was high in the air by the time Martha, laughing and panting, wrapped her hands about the chains. At that wonderful moment when she sat down...

“Hey, nigger, get off that swing!”

She thought it'd be different in the morning. She didn't know why she'd believed Tommy when he said it'd be different that she could swing on any swing she wanted to, even the tall ones. She moved over to the line of black children behind the swing with the bright red For Negroes Only.

A pink sash on a red dress with a pretty girl in it twirled about a room of swirling figures, while on a swing high in the air guns were heard on a far off battlefield that echoed and re-echoed until the bell rang and they all went in.

△ Sandra Hillman '69



AMY

Anne-Hart Herrick '69

Jazz Genesis

Hey!
here's a
box

wait
it's
it's
got a few things
here's a
red I can't
pronounce it

F-L-O-W-E-R

but it's wilting

ya' know
dying

a
a
big ball with
shapes all
over it

what's
what's
in it ?

spell it

oh that's
nice

so?

oh.
sorry.
what else is
there?

what's it
called?

can't pronounce it

E-A-R-T-H

spell it

oh.
anything
else?

a stick

stick?
what
for?

Hey!
here's directions

what do they
say?

Push stick through
sphere and
spin

oh.
what
else?

it's a
a
furry thing

furry?

Yeah. Kinda
cuddly
like

here's a
puppet

oh
anything
else?

Nothing

wind it
up
what's it
doing?

here's another
doll
with long hair
called
woman

oh.
what
else?

Yeah. A
sign.

never heard of it
anything
else?

"This is the life-giving force."

Yeah!

what
does it
say?

what?

What is it?

Can't
pronounce it

H-O-P-E-A-N-D-L-O-V-E

Yeah
Except to hang up
the life-giving
sign

Yeah.

There they go!

Spell it

Ya got it
all set up?

Ready?

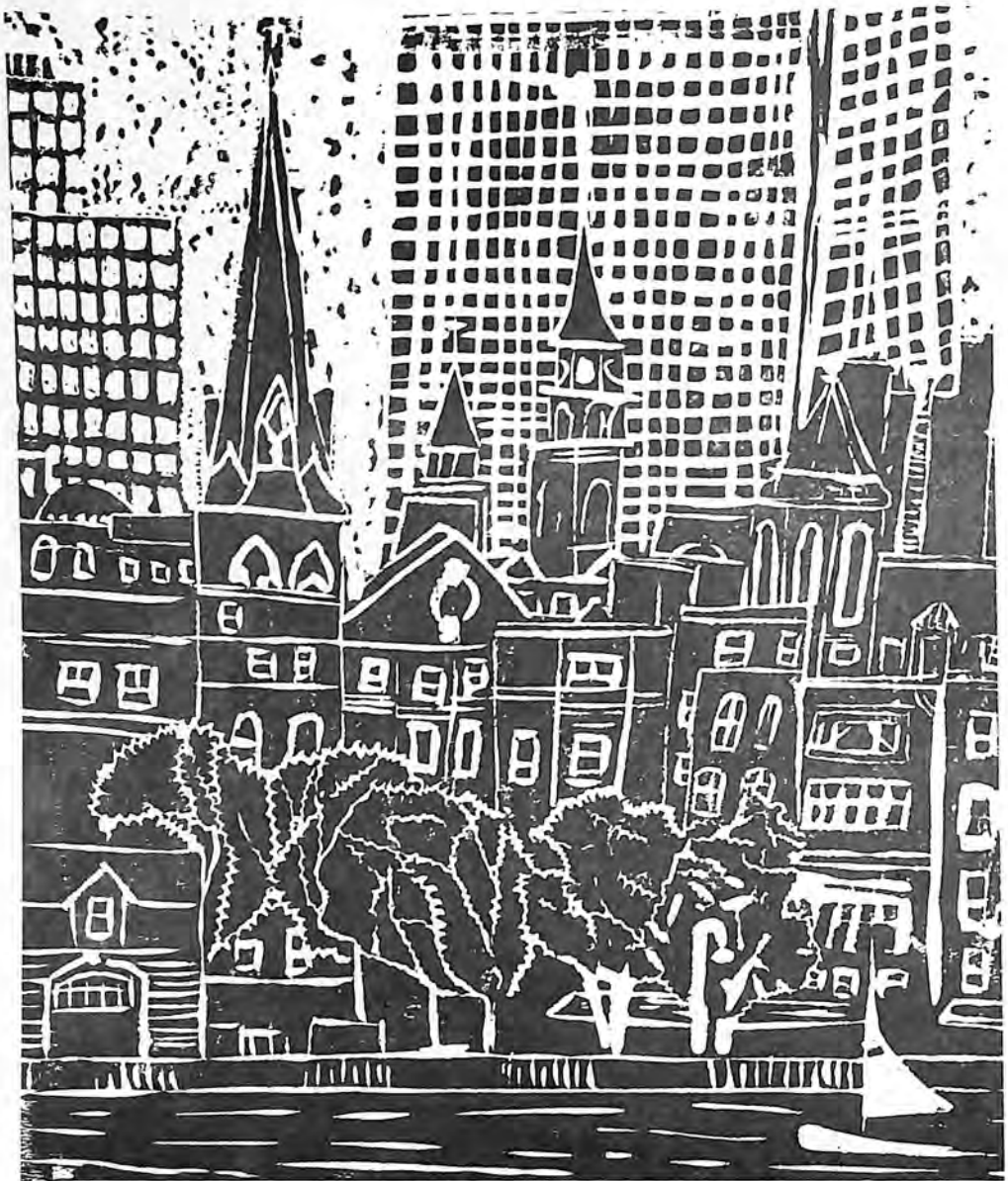
Hang it up

Yeah.

Loisann Brookman '71



Cheryl Rust '71



Christine Banks '72

Fugue

People always talk of leaving
few go
Boston, it's time for me
But, hey, crazy lover-city
I won't leave you crying.
Remember all the great times
grinning til it hurt,
barefoot, running down
your riverside,
playing tag with nobody's
stray dog.
And your dull brick rain gray
skinny alleys I entered and left
a smirking spy content
with the secrets we shared.
Lying backflat
summer grass and sounds
edging my ears, music,
wordless songs
to seduce to bind
as I threaded my name
through clouds that passed.
I'm sorry for the promises unkept,
sorry for the things ungiven,
sorry if I left you unfulfilled.
Past the old hotel sign
never fully lit
filling in the missing letters
to give it meaning, rerecognizing.
I'm leaving,
City,
regretting, if it makes a difference,
that you'll probably
not notice.

Elaine Coughlin '69



Anne-Hart Herrick '69

There once was a full moon. Oh, well. Full moon. What am I going to do now? Once it was whole, now it's half. Oh *glorious* full moon, you're only a half moon now. Who ripped away the other half? Who tore you apart? It could have been me, I guess. could it have been he?! It doesn't really matter. who touched you—damaged you and hurt you. I'm lying again. It does matter—it matters very much. It makes all the difference in the world. Brrr, it's cold out here on the bridge. Look at all those lights. They're so beautiful. But they look so lonely! How can they be lonely—there's so many of them? Poor moon, you must be lonely too now that half of you has gone away. You need that other half of you. There's none of

that special radiance of beauty about you like there was before. Before, before, before. Oh, what happens now? Look at all those people. Oh, I'm so cold! Are you cold too moon? I am, am. I wonder what all these people are thinking about. I wonder if they're whole or if they've been messed up like us. Us—that's about it. We are two of a kind, we are, you and I. I wish I was up in the sky, so lofty, so high, like you. Hey, I think that rhymes. I'm lonely too you know. Only I'm lonely in the midst of all these people. So many people. Where are they all from—where are they all going? "...all the lonely people, where do they all belong..." Where *do* we all belong?! Oh Mr. Moon, don't look at me like that, I can't tell what you're thinking. Your face never changes. Make me a ladder and I'll climb to the sky! Up, up and away! "All the lonely people..." I need people, don't we Mr. Moon. But I can't seem to find them. They're just not—I don't know, just not. "...lovers are very special people, they're the luckiest people in the world..." Once I—oh well, that seems so long ago, but it was only yesterday. I wish I had a hammer. I'd knock every clock I could find out of commission. There's got to be some way to stop time. Things can't go on this way! So many dead leaves and dirt floating around. I wonder what it's like to be a leaf floating so sweetly in the water. Water's so deep, so black. Brrr, too cold down there. But so oblivious to so much, I wonder if that's good. It could be such a sweet feeling though, I wonder if—oh never mind. Mind? Yea, I still have one. I still think, still feel. Feel? Yes, feel!! Well, Mr. Moon, and how are you this nite?! Where's that dark cloud you had before? Did someone brush it away for you—or did you do it yourself I wonder. Oh, well, what's the difference. You know what? I just discovered something neither you nor the leaf will ever understand. That's why it's so great—so wonderful! Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon I can see. Mr. Moon! I can laugh or cry or grow stagnant! I can feel, Mr. Moon. Sometimes sad, but all the same, Mr. Moon, It's beautiful to be alive! Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon You can't Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon I can. Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon.

Cries for Help

A business MAN
making his way
from 5th Ave. to 42nd St.
fell among robbers who
stripped him
and
beat him
and
took off
leaving him half

A

L

I

V

E

A garbage MAN
collecting his goods
from 5th Ave. to 42nd St.
saw the
beaten
and
stripped

MAN

but went on with his work
and crossed the street

An electronics MAN
repairing a TV antenna
at 5th Ave. and 42nd St.

saw a

MAN

beaten

and

stripped

but picked up a hammer
and turned his back

A politician MAN
campaigning for office
between 5th Ave. and 42nd St.
saw the
beaten
and
stripped
MAN
but continued neighborly shaking hands
and crossed the street

An apartment MAN
hearing the screams
came to the window and
saw a
MAN
beaten
and
stripped
but turned his back
and drew the shade

A father MAN
shopping near 5th Ave.
saw the
beaten
and
stripped
MAN
but continued his Christmas activity
and crossed the street

A Jesus MAN
coming back from church
saw a
MAN
stripped
and
beaten
but went on reciting his prayers
and turned his back
and passed by

But a hipster MAN
travelling that street
came upon the
MAN
and anonymously called the police.

Ruth Bradford '71

The Gym

It was dark now, and the only illumination was the eerie moonlight that filtered in from the two frosty skylights. It was a patchy kind of light, with some spots palely translucent, and others, like the remote corners of the gym, dark and obscure. It was very quiet. The only features standing out from the walls were the motionless basketball nets hanging from the hoops, a large cardboard box, and the drinking fountain by the door. There were other doors, a silver-barred double door that led outside, and the door that led to the instructor's office, which no one had ever seen.

She took a few steps, and suddenly sound echoed through the large hall, ridiculously magnified. She walked over to the slatted wooden partition that separated the boys' gym from the girls', walking very slowly, and waiting until the echo had died away from one step before taking another.

If she placed her hand on the wall and pushed on it, a boy on the other side would push back, and if she lay on the floor, with her cheek pressed to it, she could peer through the tiny crack between the floor and the wall, and could see the boys from the waist down, running around in their sneakers and socks and shorts and spindly legs. And once, when she had been standing against the partition, a ball had struck it at that place on the other side, and she had felt the rough force of it. She pushed on the wall again, and again it rattled dryly. The partition could be rolled back on casters into the adjacent wall when there was a dance, to make the gym one huge hall. It was so different then, with the two halves united. Usually crepe paper streamed from the basketball hoops, and a band, hired merely as an incidental, played loudly. Smoke hovered in the atmosphere inches above their heads, making the air seem an almost tangible thing. And though only about half of them danced, there was always the smell of sweat, and talk amid screaming laughter. And after a while it became so hot and oppressive that she

had to get outside, and when she pushed her way through the double doors, the night air hit her coldly, and the air in her nostrils was sharp, and her ears were so deafened by the music that every sound was only dimly heard, faint and faraway. And then the next day, in gym class, she would find the transformation had been reversed, and to see the gym looking as usual, that in itself was strange.

It was funny how that class always reminded her of being tortured. Lying on her back on the hard wood floor with a huge bright light directly overhead on the high ceiling, the instructor barking out sharp commands in a harsh masculine voice, muscles forced to pull, stretch, legs and arms raised and lowered, never a moment to pause, to rest, to catch her breath. And then she rolled over on her stomach with her cheek against the cool floor, her eyes an inch above its scored surface, her nose close to its newly varnished smell. And that gave her a funny feeling, like she could lie there all day, her fingers tracing the patterns in the wood and the scars in the surface, running her fingernails along the seams and picking at the hard bubbles of varnish. She would close her eyes, and it would seem funny to be relaxing, and she would open her eyes and touch the floor with almost a caressing touch, and close her eyes again. But this was all in the space of a few seconds and then her body was wrenched and she had to twist and turn and push and lift. Then up on her knees, and the floor seemed incredibly hard, biting into her bare flesh, and the teacher rasped out commands in her top-sergeant voice.

But the gym was quiet now, eerily quiet, and bare. Impulsively, she lay down on the floor and lit a cigarette. She blew the smoke into the air and watched it drift lazily, hazily upward. It seemed great to lie like that, on the gym floor, smoking and flicking the ashes into her cupped hand; maybe it was because she knew she was doing something wrong. It was a delicious feeling. But lying flat like that and dragging deeply on her cigarette made her dizzy, and when she stood

she staggered a little and her head felt light. She walked over and dumped her ashes into the water fountain and washed them down. Then she didn't know quite what to do with the cigarette; so she walked over and opened the double door, and tossed it outside. She stood there a minute, feeling the cool night breeze on her face and in her hair. But then two long, sweeping daggers of light announced the approach of a car, and even though she knew she couldn't be seen, she shut the door quickly.

She leaned her head against the cool stone wall, and stood there a long time; and slowly, subtly, the expression on her face changed; the mouth drooped and tightened, the jaw muscles stood out the way they do when you clench your teeth very hard, and the eyes shut tight, very tight...but not the mind. Not the mind. Oh God, not the...

She turned away abruptly and walked to the dilapidated cardboard box by the wall as if she had a very good reason for doing so. She stood there a moment, still. Then, bending, she picked up a basketball and held it, turning it in her hands and smelling the sick, rubbery smell. Suddenly, her face twisting, she raised her arms above her head and threw the ball straight down, fiercely, with all her might. The ball bounced away from her, hit the floor once, twice, three times, loudly, with shortening pauses in between, and then, settling, beat a brisk tattoo on the hard wood floor.

Marilyn Granville '72



Jane Raoul '70

Peace

Scream World

scream world
for black death laughed about
for white death indignation
where does loud anger or quiet suffering
get us

screaming world?
how do we know the difference
between indignation and tears

world?
the answer—they're used to it, so they cry
one day the world will end in not a
Bang, Bang, bang but
in a

whimper
and we shall walk in the paths of righteousness
all the days of our lives
until face to face

vicious hate
subtle fear
frustration and guilt

say liberal talk lies

screaming world.

As freedom is a breakfast food
Or truth can live with right or wrong or
they know tears and firehoses and
last sunsets of freedom and...all
men are created equal
no blacks allowed
would you want one living in your neighborhood?

you white bitch, screamed one little black world
who later found in her heart, I love you, teacher
whimper, whimper, whimper
we hold these truths to be
self-evident that
you niggers are inferior...
God on High in his Holy Bible has declared This Truth
turn, turn, turn
a time to kill, a time to heal
a time to love, a time to hate
a time to cast away stones
a time to gather stones
time, time, time

in a screaming
blood bath world
is there time
left?

from the solitude of one, we must
reach out and try
to learn of the solitude of another
you are responsible forever for what you have tamed.
tame yourself and tame one other for whom
black or white
you are responsible
and find
screaming world, you
will die
whimpering
otherwise

Judith Milhender '69

Dear D.O.

Within our growing, you are always there. You are our source of strength, courage, and inspiration. In our swirling world of experiences, dreams and questing you are ever constant, kind and caring.

From our hearts, from our minds—from our totality we thank you.

The Pendulum Staff 1969

Jet Flight

Issues from the gate
his ticket clutched
colored beads rattling
bags hung on
scurries across blacktop
to the waiting stairs.

Mother hostess soothes
strokes, assigns a seat
Can I get you anything?
Now the capsule trundles
roars and lifts
Was there another plane?
No getting off now
Dull, this bus ride

Now we droop, thump
shake and trundle
seatmates change
we lift again
through clouds to upper air
Where? That's water there
and a road, a river
lichened hills and fields
Mother feeds and soothes her brood.

This -- this is home
and these, though strange
my brothers
This flight will end soon
soon we set down
When? when?
What then?

Dr. Leslie Oliver



Jane Raoul '70

The thoughts of a Graveyard

Some People say a graveyard's shivery
Of which they should not say
Those tombstones hold great names
Of truly restful people.

Some nights the branches quiver
Some nights the tombstones creak
But Shivery, squeaky happenings
Are only in the Dead of Days.

But as the Sun washes
Soon light, in joy, flows through
And memories of moments
Lie unhurt in peaceful soil.

*Marsha Morris Gr. 5
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Susan Polen

It clings to the mother-bough,
Through green spring, through golden summer,
And fall pads silently in now.

It visits all the branches, with a rainbow as a pallet,
With gentle artistic fingers it tears it from its mother,
Sends it where the frost's icy fingers numb it.

*Annette Williams Gr. 6
Mystic School
Winchester, Mass.*

Judith Milhender



Judy Almeida '70

Limerick

There was once a little mouse,
Who climbed up Miss Elephant's blouse,
Miss Elephant sneezed
And fell to her knees
And no one could find the mouse.

*Bob Heatley Gr. 6
Broadmeadow School
Needham, Mass.*

Carol Ramsay

Mice

I like mice,
Brown mice,
Yellow mice,
White mice,
Black mice,
All are nice mice.
Mice eating rice,
Mice eating cheese,
Mice eating bread,
All make me sneeze!
Long mice,
Short mice,
Fat and tall,
I like mice—
I like them all.

*Nancy Sato Gr. 4
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Beverly Zembrow

Sunset

Oh colorful sunset,
How silent you are
Just as still as if you—
were glued up
You seem to be in a dream.

*Christopher Lynch Gr. 4
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Beverly Zembrow

Like thick frosting
Layed upon the earth
White dainty crystals...
Winter's given birth.

*Cecilia Cardinale Gr. 5
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Susan Polen

Snow

In the winter when there is
no snow it is dull. It comes.
An ugly town turns into
an enchanted village. Glistening
silvery snow all over. Not a
footprint in it.

*Gary DeCicco Gr. 6
Mystic School
Winchester, Mass.*

Judith Milhender

Moon

With a silver beam,
So cold and light;
It illuminates, so softly,
The blackness of night.

*Mary Galante Gr. 6
Mystic School
Winchester, Mass.*

Judith Milhender

The Tree that got Sick

One day Tommy Johnson's tree got sick.
His tree usually is real green. But today
it is real brown.

Tommy wonders what is wrong with
his tree. The doctor says it hasn't had
water. So now Tommy waters it every day.

*Debbie Butt Gr. 1
Hanscom Primary
Lincoln, Mass.*

Maryann Ward

The Prairie

Wide, stretching plains rolling on forever,
The distant howl of a coyote disturbs the
silence.

A prairie dog sticks its stubby head
out of his hole.

Lonely, silence.

*Ellen Landrigan Gr. 4
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Beverly Zembrow

Fish

Large slimy fish
Whip through the
Glimmering water.
Sharp spines on a
Leathery fin pierce
Soft skin of a
Fierce enemy.

*Brian Shanahan Gr. 4
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Beverly Zembrow

Night Train

Engines struggle to pull their load;
Blinding light clears the track.
The trumpet whistle
Echoes in the night,
As the locomotive rumbles
Along the tired track.

*Monty Brock Gr. 4
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Beverly Zembrow

The cougar padded along the
dry dusty path
A snarl curled from her lips
She sprang toward her prey
A shot rang out
To hunt, or be hunted.

*Susan Triglioni Gr. 6
Mystic School
Winchester, Mass.*

Judith Milhender

Pepper

Grains of pepper
Held not so close
or, resentingly...
Yo'll SNEEZE !

*Cecilia Cardinale Gr. 5
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Susan Polen

Hippies

Their dirtcatching clothes
Hang in a clutter
Hair is toereaching and shabby
All of their groovy necessities
Are part of a mod generation.

*Janet Flynn Gr. 4
Page School
Bedford, Mass.*

Beverly Zembrow

*Broadmeadow School
Needham, Mass.*

Carol Ramsay

The Wind is...
a madman locked in a cell
a man trying to overpower death

Todd Kingston

The Wind is like the hand of a giant, pushing you, cooling you
off, and pulling leaves off a tree

Bob Heatley

America is love, hate, peace, violence, stuffed, starving
rich, poor

Doug Springer

Silence is before the milkman comes

Todd Kingston

Fear is the root of all pain, poverty and evil

Doug McManus

Laughter is a person showing his feelings

Laurel Brandt

Laughter is little bits of funniness that explode

Chris Swanton

Poetry is able to make you feel bad or good but not very

Doug Springer

Poetry is words that help you pretend you can see what you
are listening to or reading about

Laurel Brandt

“May”



Christine Banks '72

PEACE

Student Government Council

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“You may tie my hands with
chains and my feet with shackles,
and put me in the dark prison, but
you shall not enslave my thinking for
it is free, like the breeze in the
spacious sky.”

Kahill Gibran
in *Tears & Laughter*

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