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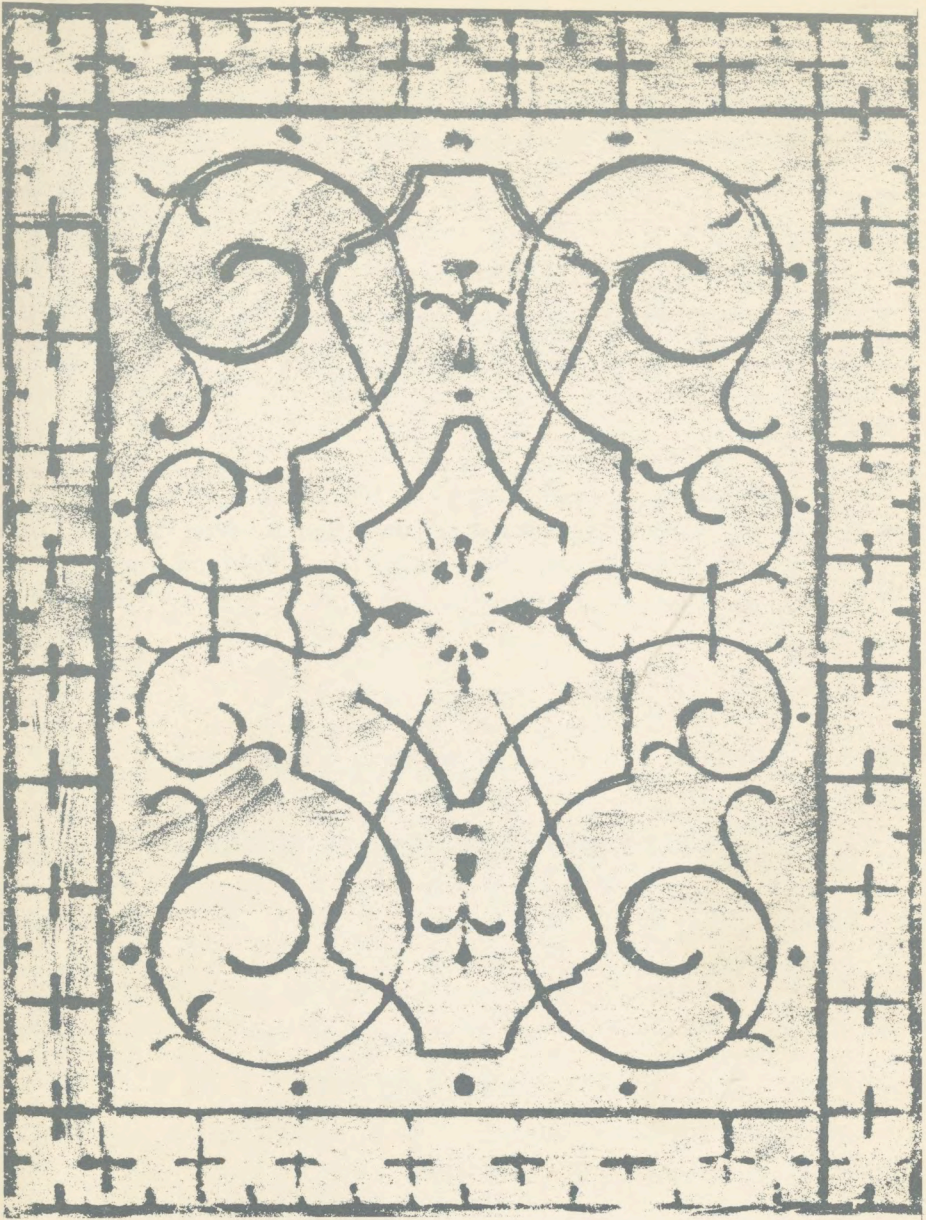
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MAY 10 1972



Pendulum 1972

*Pendulum '72 is dedicated to Dr. Leslie Oliver.
In his roles of advisor and professor he has
given guidance and friendship. He will be missed
by all who have known him.*

PENDULUM 1972

Lesley College
Cambridge, Massachusetts

cover by Christine Banks

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Pendulum, founded by the Friends of the Livingston Stebbins Library, is published once a year, and contains prose, verse, photography, and graphic art by undergraduates, alumnae, and friends of Lesley College. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per issue, \$3.50 for two issues.

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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 bodyless 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

POETRY
PROSE
ART

Toni Brodax
Margaret Tyler
Amy Rudolph

Pendulum awards for excellence were chosen by: Dr. Leslie M. Oliver, prose and poetry; Mr. Donald Ogier, art and photography.

Gail Battista

The Pendulum counts
and Time becomes a movement.
Minutemen quickly invade.
Steadily, they rush upon us.
Their March is endless.

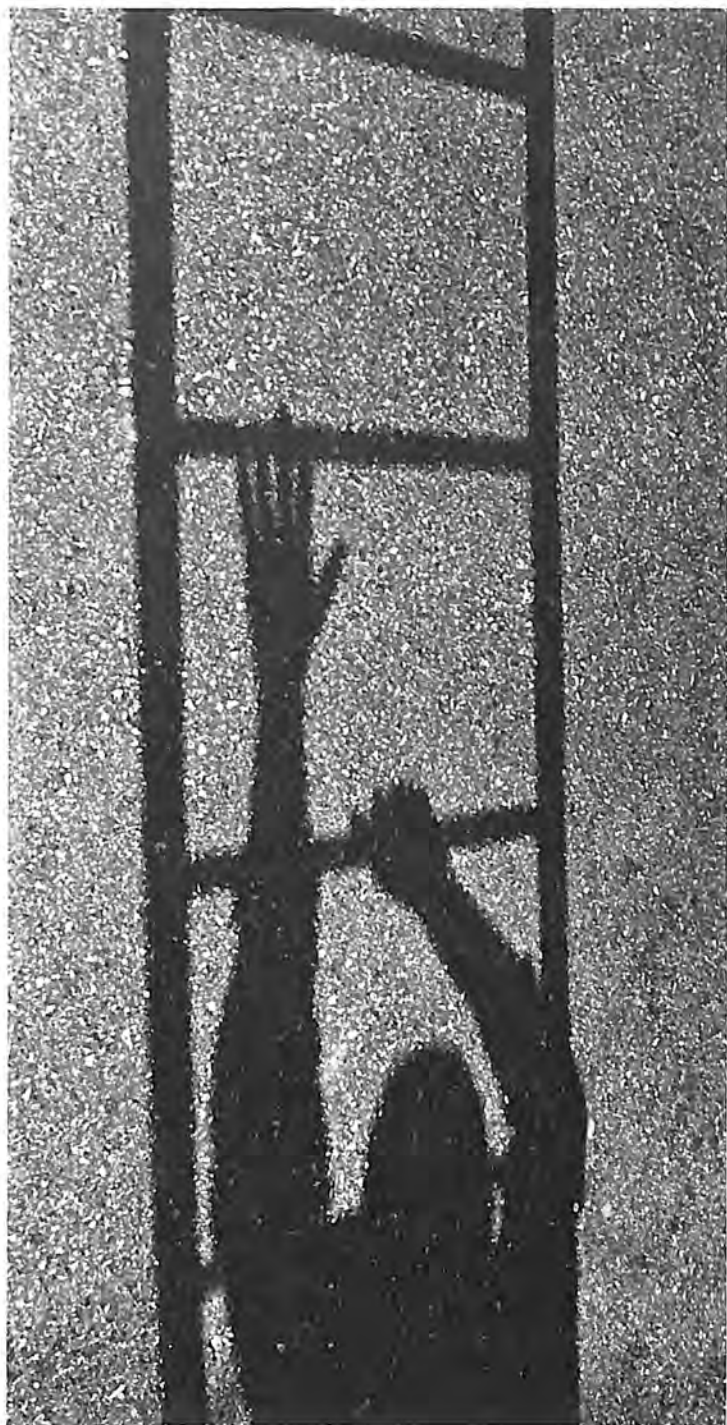
Its restless arm swings
and Time becomes a sound.
Only a fool does not heed the Alarm.
Or, is it the wise who are deaf
to such futile concern?

Ellen Bosinoff

Inside one of the mountainous
gullies formed by the upbuilding
processes of bulldozers
on Mellen St.
was a little boat.

The little boat chugged along.
Big feet stepped beside it, and over it.
Car tires missed it by a millionth of an inch.
It stopped here and there,
And went courageously onward
On a steady course
Slowly through the turbulent waters.

All of the crew being quite excited
at the prospect
of their own personalized Chinese Taylored Custom Suit
at the Holiday Inn.



LIMBO'S LIMERICK

Martha Soule

The rhythmic silence rushes on eardrums
The rhythmic silence weaving a tune
For unhearing listeners.
The heart beats the tempo,
Yet knows not the music,
Leaving the listener in Limbo

This Limbo has sound, this Limbo has color
Yet ears miss the lyrics, and eyes miss the spectrum.
The sounds and the colors
All surge from the mind,
To sing for the deaf,
And parade for the blind.

This Limbo is vast, this Limbo's immeasurable;
It stretches from sleep to the point of awakening.
The Limbo's the mind;
And the mind is the man;
The man in the Limbo
Falls far as he can.

The man in the Limbo falls through spectrums of color;
The man in the Limbo falls through scales of sweet sound.
Yet falls as a deaf man;
Yet falls as a mute man,
Can't speak when he lands.

Limbo, Limbo, the listener's in Limbo,
Falling through Limbo in long, lonely time.
The listener's in Limbo;
The Limbo's in listeners.
The Limbo and listeners
Merge in color and sound.

They merge and they mingle until he is naught
Naught but a note on the score sheet of Limbo,
Naught but a hue
In the painting of Limbo,
Naught but a man
On a dark, lonely night.



Christine Banks

CONTEMPLATION



Margaret Tyler

why do we have to die- why can't we live forever-
how do you die- Pops died Gramps is dying Ralphie almost
died
someday Richie will xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx i can't think of that
The WATER
nice to soak privacy so quiet I wonder where everyone
is- - this is my body- - sacrareligious or what- bloom in a tub
like the wafer in the Chalice absurd Joyce - - when I lift
my knees then splash them down in the water I flood myself-
I can't move - every muscle in my body is paralyzed- - no
I'm still breathing I can hear my heart Heart is a muscle
paralyzed people breathe what stops the heart what starts
the heart God God is in all of us soul - soul music-
God Music- people music life music - - the water is dripping
- can I plug it with my toe no better not remember that girl in
the movie what was the name of that Doris day - - - - -
some left in the pipe - isolated water -a single drop
plunks into the tub water - not single anymore can't be
distinguished
from other drops loss of identity but you need many drops
to take a bath - - - a bath in a drop HAHAHAHAHAAAA
my fingers are white and shrivalled up now - time to wash
and get out - - soon end of my peace then - back to
the rush rush world - - I can hear them downstairs -
everyone yells around here - if we didn't yell we wouldn't
really care - - - yes we all love each other - the three
of us have been through so much together - - there's no
way to explain love when it's there here but you know when
you don't have love - - afraid lonely restless sorry people
who aren't loved and don't love- they're not complete people
that's what Life is all about _____

God loves Us Us loves other Us
some of Us don't love other Us
some of Us don't try
some of Us don't care
some of Us are afraid

----glad I'm one of Us that loves
the water is getting cold now - - this must be how a baby
feels in a wet diaper - I was a baby once it's funny that
the mind can't remember that wet diaper feeling - I wonder
if somewhere in my mind I remember what it felt like
to be born - was i thinking then----Boy what's happening
everything is starting to m o v e - i don't wanna m o v e yet
oooh i'm leaking the warmth is falling away - what's going on
something is pushing my bottom

my bottom is pushing my head

my

head

is

heading

d

o

w

n

where am i being pushed why am i being pushed

who is pushing me - - no one ever pushed me before---

tight and damp here now

tight squeeze everything is moving

w

h

e

r

e

a

m

I

OOOOOOOOOOhhhhhhhhhhh

cold things on me - afraid ahahahahahahahahaha

was that from me - my mouth - - updown inout updown inout

I'm throbbing - my chest my mouth my chest my mouth

my chest

my mouth ahahahahahaha what's this ahahahahahaha
girl what's a girl - where am I - long things on me
-----ALIVE - A LIFE - A BABY -

It happened to me - it will happen to me -----

I AM SO VERY *****

if anyone someone somebody anybody asked me why - could
I explain - - mmmmmmmmmmm-my smile- my nickname Sunny
his Sunny his sunshine - - I can't even help smiling -- Richie--
he's so far a way yet I still feel content and happy and loved -
boundless infinite LOVE I'm glad and thankful - - June 12
starts a whole a new life for us for me wife mother our house-
home our home- home sounds warm and full HOMMMM
no more just me - me and him- he and me- me and he-
him and me--

US we-them-they-our-US

God made woman separate from man - marriage puts us back
together again - - - it's the only time when $1+1=1$

God's arithmetic - - good system of COMEON GET OUT
OF THAT

BATHROOM YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE LINE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

hahahahahahaha

Love (I have it and give it)

I AM TRULY ALIFE - -----!



Gwyn Brown

POEM 1

Vicki Simons

sing the song
that cries
your tone

Life is only a song

As the last measure
means as much
as the first

And the final
words
fall into
poems

With love
carried in
the rhythm
and
happiness in
the beat

We shall always be singers.

POEM 2

Vicki Simons

Moon
is the love
of the lover
who loves others
as others
waxing and waning.

Sun
is the love
of the lover
who is beloved
and lover
in one
consuming, eternal.

Moon's light
is but a reflection
of Sun's love.
Sun is the source
of all warmth
of all light.


Gwyn Brown

i have no wish
to step inside
your singular reverie.
it is with no intent
or malice aforethought
that i disturb your dream.

it is the laughing ivy,
choking the red brick with irony
that drives me to your side.

i only want
to sit inside
your isolation.



Amy Rudolph 

**I'LL SEE YOU THERE
Or
WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?**

Cathy Cote

The world began,
The world will end,
And what have we to show?
What will we say on Judgement Day
Of our Immoral Souls?

When God appears on center stage,
And all the lights are dimmed,
He'll tell a joke, to break the ice,
(At Lucifer's expense).

Posi-Positively!
Abso-Absolutely!
This is the way we see it
This is the way we view it.

"We are gathered here,"
He will intone,
"To speak of many things.
Of Me and You,
And You and Me,
Of him and her and them."

He'll clear His throat,
And blow His nose.
He'll wipe His brow,
And read His notes.

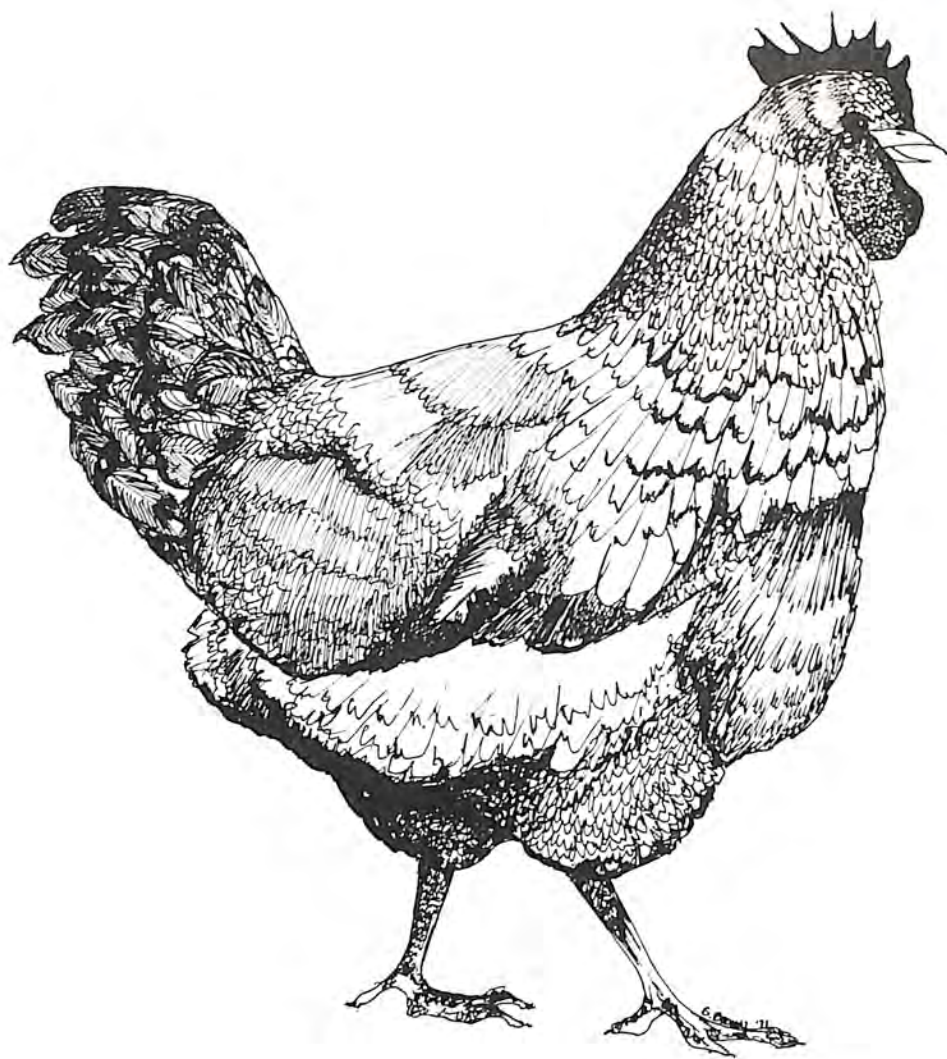
Posi-Positively!
Abso-Absolutely!
This is the way we see it
This is the way we view it.

“The time has come
(It always does)
To choose Eternal Teams.
We'll toss a coin
To see who'll start,
And then we will proceed.”

(The Devil wins) “At last!” He'll cry.
He'll study us with care.
He'll make his choice (would you have guessed?)
“Dan Webster come you here!”

Posi-Positively!
Abso-Absolutely!
This is the way we see it
This is the way we view it.

I'll see you there on Judgement Day,
Row 5, Seat 9, I'll be.
I'll see you there — now don't forget,
He wants us for His team.



Susan Brown

Joyce Ruggerio

Mr. Modern Un-Man
Proud of your enterprises
You have reached the moon,
The stock market is up.
Your business has just merged.
You have created a machine,
but now you are the machine.

Poor Modern Un-Man
You complain of your progress,
Pollution is closing in,
You can not breathe the air,
Crime once more is the issue,
And war is now a business.
Have you said your prayers today
Mr. Modern Un-Man

Sad, Mr. Modern Un-Man
Hope is but a razor's edge,
Have you seen your children grow today?
Did you smile at the young couple in love?
Did you defy the electron tube and
Love by big Mother on the screen?

Yes, Mr. Modern Un-Man,
Yours is the same sad story everywhere
But Mr. Un-Man,
If you but realize your folly,
And love and demechanize,
Then possibly, Mister Modern Un-Man
Your laurel will read Mr. ModernMan



Christine Banks

Ellen Bosinoff

A return to hometown, family
And the certain seat under the window
Sleeping in an old bed that
Shared with me no-one.

Breathing in the same room that I used to
look in the mirror and pretend I was
Elizabeth Taylor or throw a blanket around
and take my baton and walk down the aisle
between twin beds while Miss America
on a late Saturday night did the same.

I used to cry for Miss America

I was so happy for her.

All of the old bulletin boards and
high school keepsakes
it's not even nostalgia
but something stronger
that feeling that
she still lives here
and doesn't want me here
messing over her things.

I can feel her cringe
every time I read one of her
red letters, or look through her
drawers.

They are hers
not mine. So it's not nostalgia
Just an insistence
on her past
for me to leave her
and all I left her . . .
alone.

Toni Brodax



Fighting for his
meaningless life
in a pool
of water.
Using the full strength
of his wings
to lift him
out
of the
well of death.
Helped by
understanding
of a loner —
left to dry
his wings
from the wet,
yet,
he is found dead
in his own pool
of survival,
nevermore having
to vie,
The moth will
soon die.

WHO NEEDS US?

Patricia Karasick

Tender, inquisitive individuals, growing up to be adults.
Clever, courageous warriors, battling to survive in school.
Bold, sensitive, adventurers, risking to impress others
Energetic, exuberant scientists, noticing the world around
them.
Young, organized teachers pushing education?
or allowing it to happen?



Dani Ligett

Another long day of running was in front of him. It had been quiet for a few days, but now it was time to run again. He saw it reflected in the grey skies and formation of the looming clouds. He sensed it all, even before those first waves of confirmation sounded. Yes, it was to be a day of running, hard running.

The fugitive wasted little time in contemplation of the prescribed events of the day. Breakfast was impossible, there was no time for food. He heard his pursuers, and starting immediately, headed for the thick set formation of the trees to the right. It was the pattern he always followed, it was the pattern everyone followed when being chased. Heading for the woods seemed to deter the speed of the chasers. It was the best strategy he knew.

He was small in stature, and agile, but worried about his short legs which could make the difference of precious seconds. True, his size made it easy to hide, but hiding was impossible now, running was the answer. Running was a way of life. Still, he had not been caught, and that was something positive to think about.

He found himself well into the depths of the forest by this time. Rest time. Time to catch his breath and choose his next direction of escape. The sounds from his seekers seemed close, yet he knew they were still quite far away. Although he had always had weak eyes, he had sensitive ears that could gauge pursuit. And yet, there was no sense in getting confident, after all, they had caught the others. One never knew when luck would run out.

His sense of direction told him that the loose, pebbly stream was not far away from the direction that he faced. That was the second part of his escape, for water was such a natural way to cover and confuse. Breathing deeply, he sipped some cool fresh water and moved on.

The water seemed low today, probably because of the hot weather the country had seen. He waded in the stream, enjoying the cool sensation, and yet not being able to relax and soothe himself in its depths as he had once in his life. Once he had not been pursued, now it was a way of life. He splashed a final spray of water on the rocks and climbed onto the bank of the stream.

There would be no peace today, he thought as he listened to the echoing sound of pounding hoofs on the ground. They are out in full force today, and perhaps even more determined that today will be his last day of freedom. It seemed like his whole life had been spent in running and escaping. It was hard to remember how it had been before. He had forgotten the feeling of peace and livelihood. Now all he knew was pursuit. He could understand why he was being hunted, but why so desperately, compulsively, and never giving up? But he tried not to think about that anymore. His energy had to be spent on saving himself, there wasn't usually time to think why these days. There was only time to know that's the way it was.

The sickening animal noises winging through the trees seemed to him anxious in their tracking. But it only made sense. He had alluded their traps on numerous occasions. They had been humiliated by his escapes, and now they were after revenge. There was nothing to do but run. Run, and keep running for as long as it lasted.

To his left stretched the woods, to his right the thinner brush leading to the fields and the walls. He continued to follow the stream along its muddy edges, and then veered toward the right. He knew he would have to take it quietly from now on, and stop often to listen for them. If they headed for the open fields he would have to back track, or hide near the walls. He knew they chose a different path every time, it was just a matter of outsmarting them.

Swiftly he turned toward the clear view by the fields. By the position of the sun he knew the pursuit for the day to be half over. This knowledge instinctively gave him a surge of strength and he followed his path diagonally toward the fields. But damn. Barbed wire. He had miscalculated. That hidden wire fence was supposed to be further

away. Too late. His right foot had been scratched deeply enough to cause concern. That would slow him up. But there was not time to stop and aid his wound. The pursuers were heavily on his trail. He forced himself not to think about the cut, and pushed himself into a slow run along the length of the barbed wire fence. There could be no pain. There was not time for pain now. Later, at the end of the day when they had gone home he could go back to the stream and bathe his foot. Later, when he had led them astray for another day.

There was no doubt. His injury had slowed him up. It was frustrating. He knew he was a fast runner, he had outrun the best many a time. It was now that he needed to run fast, yet his own physical being was failing him. Don't think about it. Put it out of your mind. Just run, run, run.

His mind racing as furiously as his body, he charged among the trees and finally reached the edge of the tall grass field. Where, where are they now? Where, where do I go to escape them? They had the dogs out today. He knew it was a sign that they meant business. They were finished playing games with him. Today they meant to finish their capture.

He crept along the edge of the woods, crouching as low as possible below the top of the high grass. The chasers were deep in the woods now, perhaps approaching the scene of his accident. Yes, that's where they were. He knew the hungry cries of the hounds, bloodthirsty after the scent of the pursued. And he was the pursued. Sought after, tracked down, never left to peace but always harassed. He was tired of that kind of life. No matter where he hid they found him. No matter how many times he moved on, they were on his heels. Yes, he was tired. But he forced himself ahead. As long as they were tracking him he had to move ahead.

Ahead, he decided, had to be along the nearest stone wall. Still creeping beneath the grass, dragging his throbbing leg, he made it to the safety of the wall. Keeping his body close to the rocks, he slid over the wall and onto the ground on the opposite side. He lay close to the wall, and rubbed his still bleeding foot on the clean grass around

him. It hurt. But remember, do not think about it. You must escape. There is no time for pain. Think. Escape. Run. That is what you must do.

The dogs were following the scent of his blood. Unconsciously he tried harder to wipe away the blood and pain on his foot. Survival, he thought, now is the time that proves or disproves survival. He had reached this level of life many times during his various escapes. Always he had proven survival, but he also knew there was no way to predict. You attempt to survive, and that is as much as you can do. The outcome is never your decision to make.

Attempt for survival pushed him away from the wall and across the field. Running for survival, he crept over the second stone wall. The pursuers were close behind, and it seemed to him only a matter of a few seconds until his fate would be determined. His mind flashed images of former escapes. He headed for the next wall, running faster. He knew they were only moments away. The dogs and horses were approaching the nearest wall.

He leaped into the air, thrusting his weight forward, head down, waiting for the fall. But for what seemed an impossible time to be suspended in the air he was overcome by the sensation of escaping the element of panic, exhaustion, of being hunted so desperately and fleeing so successfully, of running and overcoming once again victorious. Now down for the solid landing, the firmness of ground below him. But no, something was different. The land had split apart under him. He was being smothered by moving tentacles reaching out for him, pulling and covering him on all sides. No firmness of ground, but a thicket swallowed his body, crushed his mind.

In the short time that it took for the horses, men and dogs to jump the three walls, life had dwindled with spirit. Unjustly, the dogs were upon him, tearing at him, for what? For sport? How could they ever justly defend this act in conversation to society, in history? How would it read, "Successful Hunt Today — Hounds Seize Fox"?



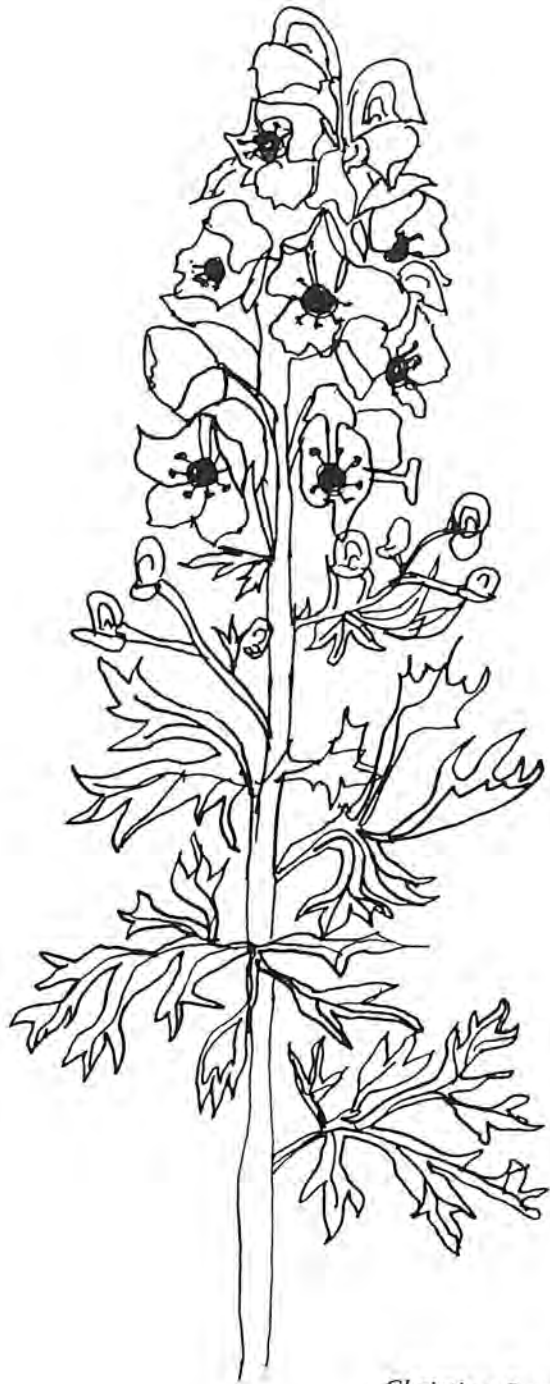
Laurie Abeles

LIFE-DEATH

Laurie Abeles

What has Death done to me?
It has taken away a most meaningful part of my life
But in its place, shown me the way to be strong.
For I could not have cried had I not discovered laughter
And I could not have found the heart of life had I not known
death.

“Wear not the black of mourning,
But rejoice with me in white raiment.
Speak not in sorrow of my going,
But close your eyes and you shall see me among you,
Now and forever more.”
For when I cry I cannot help but smile through the tears
And remember all the beautiful times gone by.
For I could not have cried had I not discovered laughter
And I could not have found the heart of life had I not
known death.



Christine Banks

A SIGN OF SPRING

Gail Battista

Lovely bits of
purple, white and orange
many many little cups
spreading along the ground.
Very quietly sneaking up
always bringing spring.

Time, what is it?
Each moment we spend a little
without much thought.
Until a tiny mark
reminds us to consider.

The crocuses
always come so quietly
I wonder
how long they've been there.
Each spring — always.

Donna Ross

Black umbrella headed creatures plod along.
Neckless, shapeless sticks extend beneath the fullness.
What is hiding under there — minds or vacuums?

Some tilt at odd angles, some are straight,
Few are colors.
Dull and conforming people,
Black silk forms for identities.

Umbrella headed creatures can't see.
Busy with their own thoughts, protected by the
 over blown black covering.
Black stops light and other things from entering.
Creating a darkroom to be selfishly alone.

Gwyn Brown

it was after last night's rain

i looked out the window
and noticed
that the moon had melted
and dripped all over
the trees
the houses
fences
in fact
all over everything

i watched the rivulets glowing down the windows
shining in the sewers
dripping from the rain gutter

i thought awhile
and decided that
like the aftermath
of a late party or seven-course meal
the mess could wait
until morning



Dani Ligett

ADVENTURES

Jane Keary

Everyone come and listen to my song.
It tells of my adventures far and wide,
And of the most enchanted life I lived.
I could run along the sunstained shores
And feel my soul and mind parting to 'bide
The days. Oh, but the days were like the tide —
They rose and fell, excitement in the air.
The nights were deep and dark, so much to hide.
But then my being turned round and round and down,
Yes, down, where I could feel God by my side.

AN ACT OF MERCY

Cathy Cote

Sister Mary Agnes, her lips moving in prayer, descends the steps of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. Clutching her rosary, she makes her way to the bus stop.

* * *

Hail Mary full of grace they had no right to send me I went last time it's not my turn knew what she was doing the Lord is with thee the Lord is with me too why doesn't He do something those bitches think they're holier than holy sit around all day and make me work good for my soul I'll be first in line at the gates blessed art thou among women that's me Mary the wonderwoman with healing hands and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus where is the fruit of my womb took it away and stuck me here prison without bars just looks whispers hell Jesus Holy Mary mother of God God's mother He'll save His mother where is he now God save me pray for us sinners and sinned against now and at the hour of our death deaddyingssicksighing bodies lined up in a row stinking-yellingmoaning Pray For Me Sister who'll pray for me????? amenbmen

* * *

Sister M. Aggie reaches the bus stop and nods smiling to all who await. She stands memorizing the pavement, her arms hugging her body within her sleeves.

* * *

they're all staring I can feel their fishpigcow eyes why did she become a nun ask them a dream God begged me to be his wife penguin nuns made such an impression upon me in school wanna see the marks I'll lift my dress body underneath surprise surprise April Fool was I a fool forfeit the remainder of my days do not pass go or collect what's due go directly to jail hot in here rip it all off what will I say to those bodies read a book no conversation don't look in their eyes death in the eyes avoid supper and how was your day I saved 9½ souls collect the other ½ Monday lower eyes mumble humble Sister Superior head of the table best chair best food best everything fight over Sister Luke's share where is she til death do us part not dead smart dropped out could she could I found my perfume Sister Ruth snitched jealous no one gave her any penance tonight kneel and repent rough wood scars knees splinters lecture on my sins repent and be saved o ye of little faith

* * *

At the bus' arrival all stand back, parting the Red Sea for Sister Mamie Agnes to pass before them.

* * *

and they suffered me to come forth this halloween getup comes in handy who'll get up and give me a seat usually a woman with a bless you here and a bless you there he leered at me I saw his look no respect bus drivers God's apostles rule the road and the load closer closer Lord help me survive run away not go back what would that do no money only carfare must make sure we come back preserve the order at all costs to mind and body for we are the sisters of mercy and we'll take care of you Percy I can see the stampede sun in my eyes no sunshades improper if God wanted you to wear them you would have been born with them on child pointing laughing funnylookingnuninthesunjustforfun houses grass cars mommy mommy I don't like it here take me home please daddy kiddies dog watering tree make it grow fertilizer no dogs allowed dirty cats too no no mustn't not people once through the door hospital smell scrubrubbubpub use a drink priests have the life wine everyday new one young such a

waste Father Robert J. Donahue RobbieBobRobBobby must
get for confession see what happens watch that elbow could
get killed never get there not that lucky doors open new group
pay now and forever last stop soon help GodLordChristJesus
someone BlessPressDress Father for I have sinned will you
???? sirens screaming lights flashing out of the way pull
over stop crime criminal I didn't do it mommy I'll be good
don't tell the nuns here they come catchshootkill pray for
soul of one of our sisters who needs help to avoid temptation
get into Heaven too hot down here all out hit head when
stopped amnesia forgot can I ever forget where going forget
forgot forgot the driver is reading smut purgatory for sure
see you there cutie

* * *

Sister Maggie leaves the bus and stands uncertainly near
the curb. At her right is a door on which a sign reads St.
Clair's Hospital for the Poor. On her left is Dolly's Place.
She turns finally and enters.

* * *

Hail Mary full of . . .

*



Amy Rudolph

Jane Keary

How long the day is, how strange it seems,
To be sitting here thinking in tenderwoven dreams.
Oh, but my mind can flit and flutter,
Never really coming to a firm stand.
And it's then that my dreams burst like tiny bubbles
Caught upon the rubble of my overcrowded mind.

Alas! Reality comes flooding back and with it comes
All the joy and sorrow, love and hate, peace and conflict,
That can destroy one's inner self and build the world.

But dawn still rises and darkness still follows,
And time has worn itself out.
When heaven finally clashes with hell, I
Will see what dreams are really all about,
And maybe then I can let myself go.

