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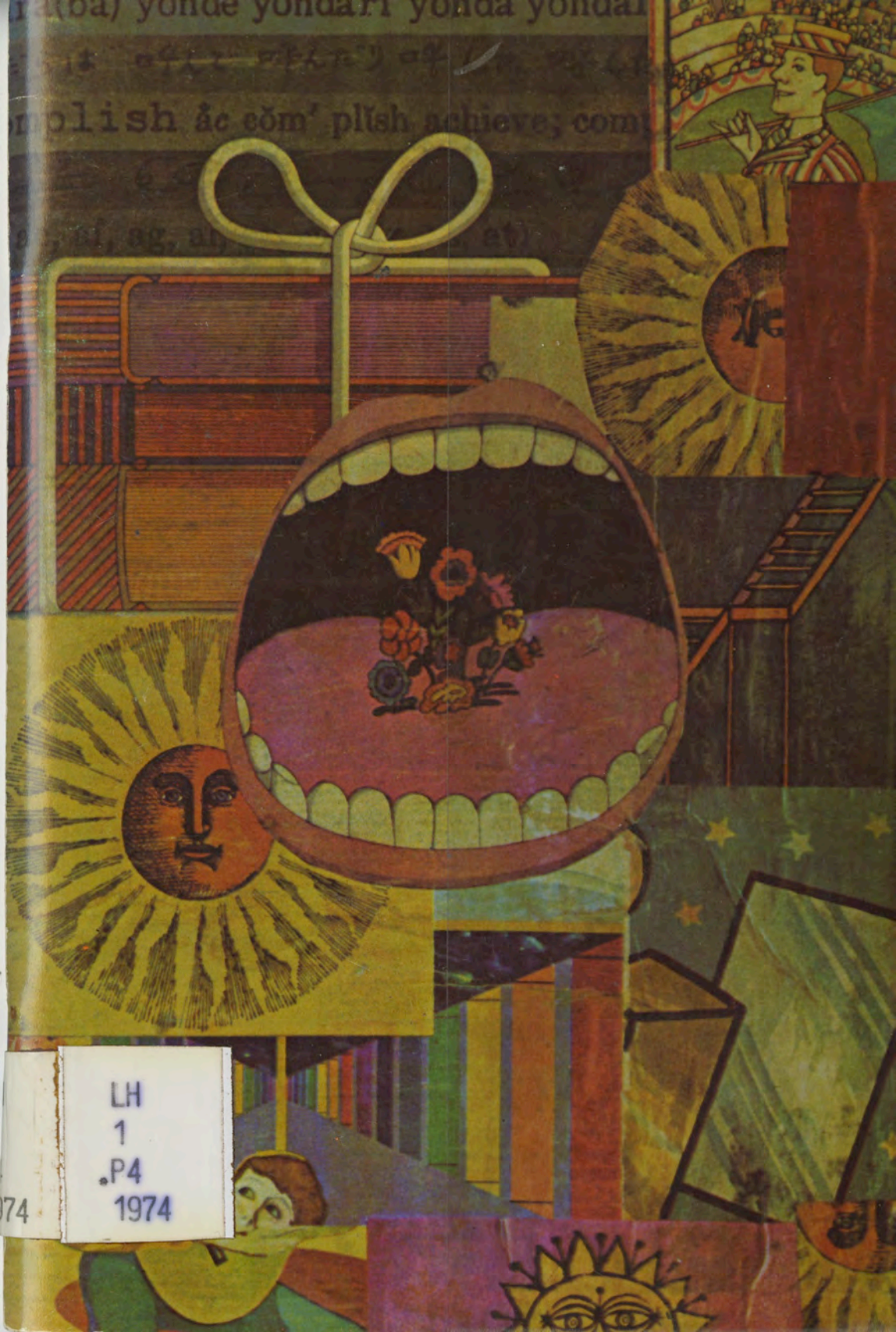
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# PENDULUM 1974

Lesley College  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

cover by Pamela Caragianes

Mary Grassi, *Editor*

Beverly Hinckley, *Prose Editor*

Pamela Caragianes, *Art Editor*

Karen Panasevich, *Poetry Editor*

Judi Aronow and Ellen Engelberg, *Photography Co-Editors*

Selina Tinsley, *Business Manager*

David Honick, *Advisor*

*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, alumni and friends of Lesley College.*

VOLUME FIFTEEN

NUMBER ONE

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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 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

POETRY  
PROSE  
ARTWORK  
PHOTOGRAPHY

Terry Price  
Lorna Aylward  
Linda LaCivita  
Pamela Seeley

Pendulum awards for excellence were chosen by: David Honick, prose and poetry; and Pamela Caragianes, artwork and photography.

## THE REAPERS

*Pamela Dutkowsky '76*

Let us be a breeze,  
frolicking over fields  
like children,  
and the rustling of the winds  
our voices,  
echoing from field  
to field.

Let us not cloud our skies,  
but allow clarity to be  
our song, the sun,  
our love,  
and our souls, like the moon,  
a reflection.

Let each new day be our harvest,  
and in our bounty  
find the blending  
of seasons.





Pamela Seeley '75

## HOW THE DOG IS MORE FORTUNATE!

*Bea Nirenstein '77*

The dog  
(an ugly mut)  
rolls in the muddy grass  
in his "fleaful" agony  
but he is oh so much more fortunate  
than I

and other people.  
Humans can't roll in the grass  
even on a warm summer day  
when the carpety green grass  
sensuously tickles bodies  
for we can read  
the sign

**KEEP OFF THE GRASS.**

Oh, shit!

(They don't let you step on that either.)

How the dog is more fortunate  
than I

and other people!

The dog  
(with a cleaner, less tooth-decayed mouth  
than my old grandfather's)  
digs a hole  
in the muddy grass  
for his bones,  
his bones from a steak  
some insolent "richy"  
can afford  
while the rest of us humans  
drown in a jar  
of peanut butter

(which, too, is going up in price;  
what shall we do?)  
The dog buries his steak bone  
while a child dies  
in India  
of starvation.  
How the dog is more fortunate  
than I  
for I suffer  
with the knowledge  
of the death  
of that child  
(the dog  
does not know  
or care.)  
How the dog is more fortunate  
than I

and other people!  
The dog  
in living  
does not worry  
about too much cholesterol and starch.  
The dog  
in living  
does not worry  
about rape and murder  
and cancer.  
The dog  
in dying  
just does it  
with no worry  
of funeral arrangements  
and mortgage payments  
and a will.  
How the dog is more fortunate  
than I

and other people!



Judi Aronow '77



## HAMLET'S STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

*Lorna Aylward '75*



Mad indeed madness is sickness is it and I am sick. Supposed heir and yet unfit to avenge the line I spring from. Behold the line's apparent end sibling-deceived and woman-betrayed and offspring . . . dare I claim that parentage or should I face the fact that I am in spirit and indeed perhaps in flesh son to that monster. And how she fawns on him or did for she swoons not for sight of blood. I also lie here finished and when I meet that spirit again what shall I say that only when he has also killed my mother I can move to justice-making. Yes Fortinbras comes to see the line's end. My wretched Queen your purity has fled and now your very existence. Hesitation deliberation investigation my death is well deserved. Deserved death. Ophelia why abandon your existence for a fat and garrulous old man. Even you Ophelia can take some action on your father's death. For sure your course I well considered but even that was more an exercise in thought putting slings and arrows on a scale with nightmares and looking there for an answer. But what does balance in such a thing mean I put myself as the fulcrum and what am I, I stand not tall enough to support such matters but cry and snivel over outrageous fortune. That I lie here now is deserving and a poison tip fitting I slip out as obscurely as my actions have made my life deserving of obscurity. I should die alone poisoned with my fallen Queen and not here with one like Horatio who cries for his sweet prince whose heart he sees forming lesions Horatio the lesions are not new they formed gradually for years of wasted existence. My core is diseased my mother's core and not my father's I and yet how I love that woman. See how sweet she looks in death incest mars her not better dead my love than once more even to that bed. How long in planning that treacherous act or are you more of action than your son. But such an

act. The Queen. The Queen. The mother image in my  
brain wilted and now the flower itself. To go back and put  
my head in her lap once more. The Queen. The Queen.  
Look to the Queen. I weaken. My ties to life weaken.  
Hamlet his Queen Ophelia. Ophelia floating to death.  
Better we a cleansing death than she whom blood even  
would taint not and water cleanse us perhaps not. And I  
ordered her to celibacy thinking she might breed such as  
I how possible from one as she. And yet my Queen has  
fallen yes beauty has a power over truth and justice. Oh  
that bird still flutters about. Perhaps Fortinbras will be  
amused Osric greet him with a flourish and ingratiate  
yourself immediately my dear. You at least openly neither  
here nor there flutter about little bird you'll always amuse  
and such as I will laugh when we ourselves are even less  
committed. You opt to be and power is yours. Flutter. I  
see the Brother-king-betrayer-letch. Low low low low you  
have taken my Queen and myself nay we have drug our-  
selves down nay fallen and you merely caught us. His  
blood in the chapel should have spilled and still heaven  
would repel him what sanctuary for a worm a reptile a  
brother-betrayer a sister-defiler. The worm's conscience  
exposed the play's the thing exposed but what of it we saw  
its crippled self all the while. His brother's throne and  
and bed and seemingly his son. My God only now the  
world sees my hate and I too leave with this monster and  
his incest-bride. Tell them Horatio my father my Queen  
Ophelia Laertes speak of us as fallen at least for then we  
once existed we not always crawled. Horatio nobility lies  
not in title or state. The Ages' wisdom should back the  
noble and we dare not pride. How noble to be left to walk  
the earth unavenged while an heir exists but watches and  
acts not. That Laertes had killed me in her grave and we  
together now for surely not now. Noble family hers whose  
son no action takes. Even this noble line ends. What left  
Osric Rosencrantz Guildenstern. Perhaps they'll do well  
with Fortinbras or has he the wisdom to see through as I  
never did. Indifferent children of the earth such indiffer-  
ence could not mind such a plot. Flatterers they are of a  
different sort from Osric perhaps too subtle a flattery for  
Fortinbras to catch but fall to it. But see here my loyal  
Horatio his goodness alone fare him I pray this disease  
touches him not or better I had died at birth better anyway  
perhaps nay indeed. Even two diseased ones live not in  
peace she claims I cleft her heart I tormented her to ease  
my own conscience to be sure. Better that I live we to tor-

ment each other when the truly good one is gone from us at least in body. And body is the matter of concern to her for sure but why see how she rejects the body that houses the good heart and chooses the disguised eel and treacherous and villainous heart. I beg your pardon Madam but I must question also your sanity do you indeed have your doubts perhaps that's why you think me insane the blood's the same see how I follow you I fear that even without my special infirmity of soul I'd follow you to Hell my Queen. Ha perhaps you'll find the devil to your liking but alas my dear my uncle-father will be with us for sure nowhere else for him. Can this faded beauty be so wicked or have I lived a nightmare might I be insane truly and only imagined these horrors no these months the truth followed me observe the people well. The Queen. The Queen. How many a peasant woman has envied her and yet led a better life not to be done in by misplaced treachery. She was my mother to the end stop this fight he's too fat and he tires that she had cared so for her husband the first. As for the second naught can be said about his baseness. He loved her not but lusted for in love would have left her to her husband and not debased her so. Did her mother years ago see such a thing how has her training failed and how can one woman produce two such as Hamlet and this one she has bred a positive and a negative and they have wiped each other out but this worm seems more powerful poor Hamlet at a disadvantage with one like me for his part. That stupid Polonius better represented a good son is Laertes or was. Why such a waste to forgive each other as we die when perhaps in life a great force together. Intellect to temper action and action to spark intellect that in one man is the ruler ideal but none will be found I suspect. Still better Fortinbras than we. Ah the scene he arrives to see I hope well Horatio represents us we appear all rotten but I think perhaps not. The Queen at one time to her husband loving and I act finally though driven to it. Such turmoil now such rest. Guilt-laden corpses we are. Our lives like the day end sad at the finish yet relieved by the calm and peace of night.



Joyce Ruggiero '74



## DARE NOT THIRST

*Sharon Slawsby '77*

a sparkle, he  
sails over the waves,  
his blinks beckon.

dare not thirst, girl  
before his beams  
engulf all your  
highlights  
sizzle

yet, thirsting his  
sparkle, waves deep  
heat within you.  
so hide beneath  
the cool river,  
girl, sink away,  
till the sun sets.

you are buoyant;  
not from sparkle's  
light holding on,  
drownproofing you.

'tis the thirsting  
which rigs your sails,  
you boil aboard  
a teardrop float.



Linda LaCivita '75

## RHYTHM AND BLUES

*Nazaleem Smith '74*

Rhythm and blues man,  
Strumming softly, rhythms  
                    of her touch.  
Rhythm and blues man,  
                    crying to be felt.  
Reaching out,  
                Touching.  
Rhythm and blues man,  
                    your Love explodes  
In the air.  
Rhythm and blues man,  
                    Rhythm and blues man,  
Touching,  
                notes in mid-air.  
Rhythm and blues man,  
                    strumming softly rhythms  
                                    of her touch.

## LOVERS

*Nazaleem Smith '74*

Time passes,  
                    confusion.  
Living in a world  
                    where Lovers are victims of  
                                    circumstances.  
Yet their love  
                    precious, precious, love.  
Is their bond  
                    of understanding.

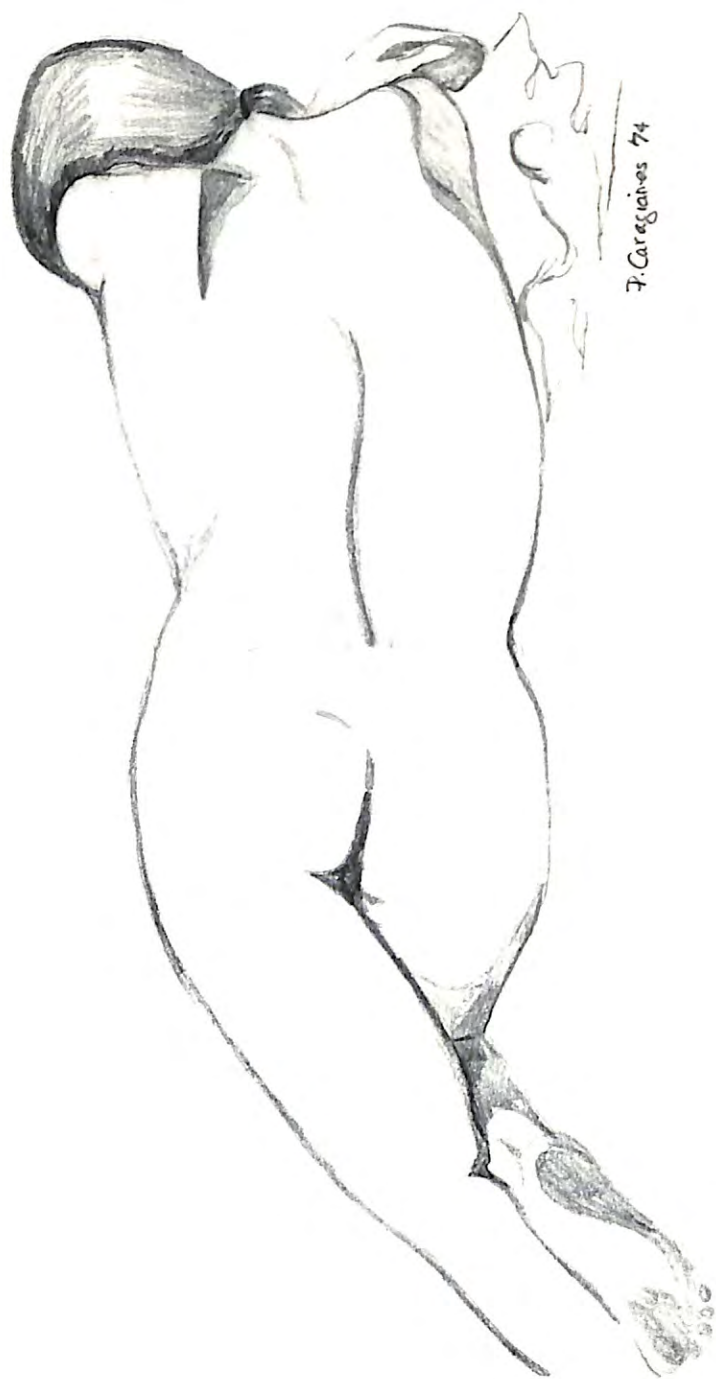
## MOMENT

*Barbara Shepherd '77*

Somewhere within the soil of my thoughts  
Grows an amaranth I dare not pluck;  
For then I would know for sure  
As the world turned its clouded eye on me  
And rumbled as it spat off another atomic explosion,  
Breaking into fathomless laughter,  
That I am absurd.  
To live in the afterlife offered the martyr  
Is not enough.

This air is too compelling.  
I'm all wrapped up in it,  
    blind to death's glances  
I puncture the breeze with pine needles,  
Routing its hold on me for a moment,  
Though I'm only pretending, still watering my amaranth  
Twice a day.

I've come no closer to this motley life.  
Than to a passing train.  
A rushing sound  
All to fade to a silent point, then gone.  
To someone else's eyes.  
More real to me my amaranth  
Whose leaves spread down my nostrils  
Quietly suffocating me,  
While the wind whispers too softly —  
You are.  
You are.  
No more.



i'm lonesome. . . .  
for home  
and days when i didn't have to think  
about myself or where i was or wasn't going.  
i miss those little-girl-days  
of blue skies and waves rolling in  
to fill up the holes i'd dug.  
now it seems if i'm lucky enough to have a  
wave come my way, it only knocks down  
my sand castles and they're so hard to  
start building again, especially at my age  
of indecision.  
and it's hard not to run to mommie  
to help tie those shoes  
when the laces get all tangled up.  
i'm a big girl now and  
i shouldn't have so much trouble coping,  
but i do.  
and maybe we don't all grow up —  
i mean all the way up.  
the "kid" in me is still so real that  
i sometimes wonder if i ever started growing up,  
but then i feel the hurt sometimes  
so i know i have, because kids don't hurt this way.  
but maybe i'm immature,  
and maybe i don't know where i am,  
where i'm going, or what i want.  
but the best way out is always through  
though it's often tougher that way.  
so maybe there isn't a pot of gold  
at the end of that rainbow but,  
. . . maybe there is.

*Mary Ellen O'Connor '77*

## I SAW THE WORLD IN A DIFFERENT WAY

*Ethel Goldhagen*

*Grade 4*

*Solomon Schechter School*

*Newton Center, Massachusetts*

I saw the world in a different way,  
With my eyes closed.  
It's lonely  
It's frightening.  
You must depend on every other sense,  
Touching the world  
listening to the world,  
identifying every sound,  
telling the song of a bird from  
a person's whistle.  
Telling grass from hair.  
The rocks felt rough,  
and the grass felt soft.  
Doors slamming,  
cars starting with a cough.  
You can see the world in many ways,  
The way I did today.



Ellen Engelberg '77



Bertram sat on a park bench in Cambridge Common reading the Boston Globe. The Globe held no information for Bertram to benefit from. Sadly he hoped there might be something, something that could hold his attention, keep his mind from straying to nothing, because nothing was on his mind. Perhaps thought Bertram, since nothing was on his mind, that would be something to dwell on. With nothing on his mind he folded his Boston Globe and deposited it in the trash barrel standing idly next to his peeling green painted park bench. For one moment, one very short moment, he dwelled on the fact that the park bench needed painting. He even wondered how long ago it had been painted and was the paint it was painted with lead base? Bertram then pondered the fact that the children may have been to the Common and chewed on the bench. Oh no, thought Bertram, this is too troubling a subject to dwell on. Again, ever so sadly, he dwelled on dwelling.

Sarah Jane Bornstein strolled through Cambridge Common feeling so perfectly marvelous because she had just eaten a perfectly delicious orange which left her feeling clean and pure. Across the face of Sarah Jane, went a smile. Her smile was so sweet, she had forgotten about people possibly talking about her silver tooth. The orange had made her feel much younger than her nineteen years, so young in fact, that she felt eleven, and at eleven years in fact, she had had two very perfect cream colored teeth. It wasn't until Sarah was twelve that she fell off her bicycle and lost three quarters of her left front tooth.

Bertram Haverhill Leonard looked around and saw trees, and leaves on the trees. He saw children that did not interest him. He saw a young man passing out sheets of paper to passers by and thought for one moment, one medium sized moment, that possibly the sheets would hold some interest for him. As he pondered this, his thoughts actually drifted to something gleaming in the distance. As this distant object came closer and closer, Bertram actually became interested.

"Hello," said Bertram to the silver toothed girl in the Indian print dress. "Hello," she said to the empty but not quite as empty as he had been empty Bertram. "It is so nice," said Bertram, "to see a pretty young girl strolling through Cambridge Common wearing a smile that helps expose the most interesting left front tooth I have ever seen." "Oh dear," said Sarah, nicely embarrassed, "was I smiling?" "Yes," said Bertram, "Won't you join me for one moment, or as many moments as you have? I have some time before I return to the fruit store. I am on my lunch break." "Well," said Sarah, "Perhaps it was one of your oranges that made me smile so." Bertram pondered this and deducted from his full to capacity mind, "How very nice to think that an orange, perhaps from my fruit store, can make someone smile." "Yes," said Sarah, "and you make me smile ever so nicely. By the way, my name is Sarah Jane Bornstein, and you?" "Well" he said, "My name is Bertram, Bertram Haverhill Leonard, and up till now, I didn't know why."

From there you and your imagination may take this story where you want. I know now that my imagination is working well but it tells me to tell you to create your own very happy, or possibly very sad ending, or better yet, beginning.

*Ellen Whitman '77*

you are a sea of distance  
but some day  
the fog will roll in  
and you will be put ashore  
and your distance will no longer exist  
but unfortunately  
the shore is empty  
you missed the boat

*Susan Geller '67*

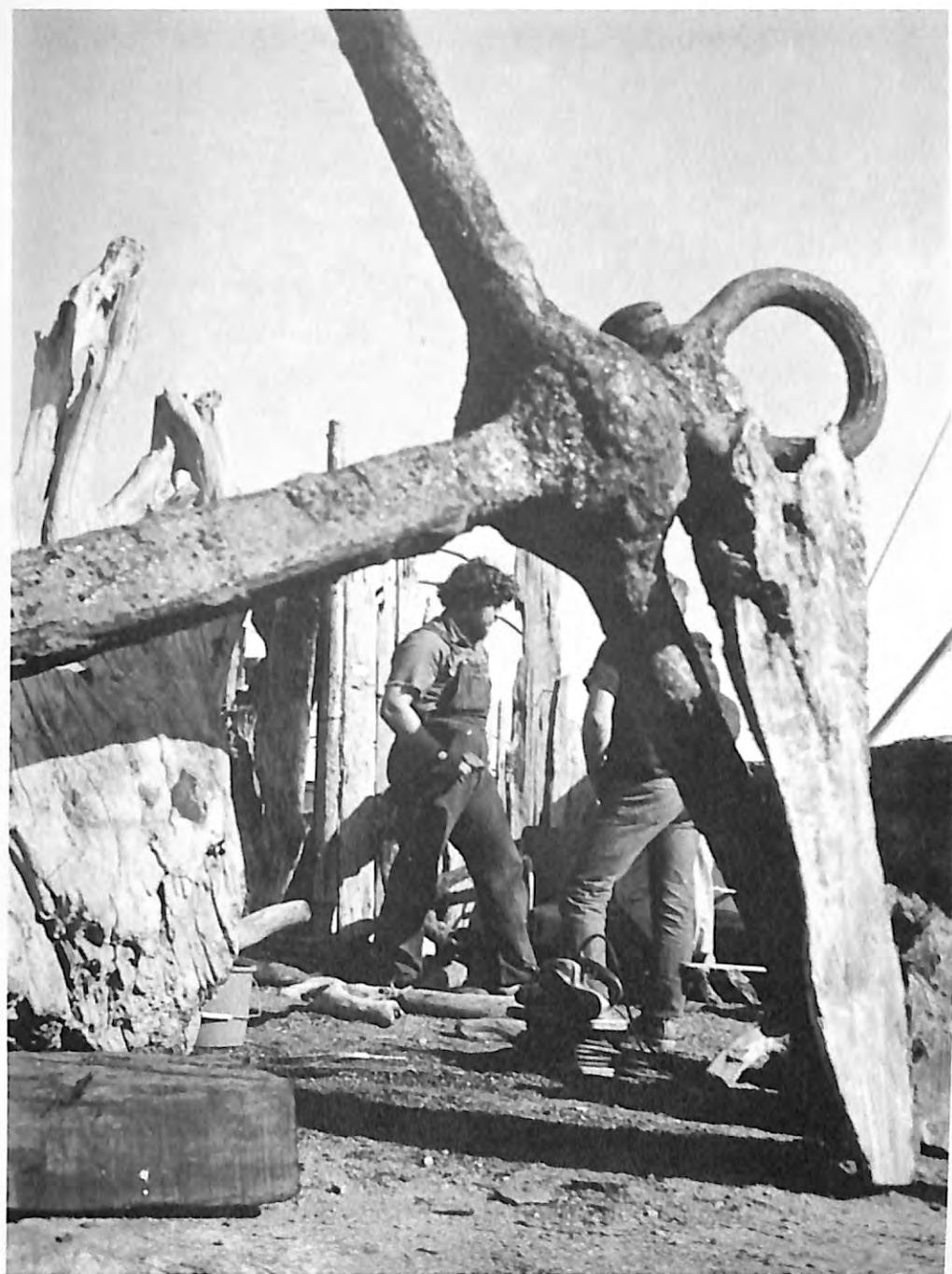
The woods, the mountains  
the beautiful sunshine  
are here to stay  
in my life  
forever.

Happiness, has evolved  
never more shall I see black clouds  
or lonely days or lonely nights  
but clear star-like images  
against the bright crisp sky

Oh, how the breeze feels  
so enlightening  
running and twisting my hair  
like fingers prancing through it  
like the patter of rain on a window sill.

How lovely the world really is  
looking out there  
for me to see  
I love the world  
I shouted  
and it shouted back  
Yes, I love you, too.

*Susan Geller '67*



Pamela Seeley '75

## LAMENTATIONS (d.s. keiper 1955-1972)

*Terry Price '77*

the people in the park  
                                have your face,  
their voices sing your song.  
                                i can see you  
any place i go. pleasant smiles  
full of sunshine and tears crying  
                                for everyone.  
even if life had more to offer you,  
                                death was your request.  
eating held no joy, sorrow and  
tears were our meal. trapped  
together all of us lamented  
                                our internship.  
only the free of heart held  
                                hope for escape.  
and now it's your spirit that  
                                soars free.  
only you escaped, our fate  
remains for us. oh how  
we cry. why sweet one did  
                                you get so lucky?  
had you not everything to live for,  
a future together as two,  
                                binding together as one  
  forever?

## II

synchronized together, you soloed  
before the rest of us and  
stood apart from everyone else.  
what luck you had,

always everyone's envy  
and yet you rejected the very objects  
we yearned for.  
the luck you have to soar free  
apart from a container  
of earthly bondage, a soul  
free at last.

## III

of the remainder, we  
are still here.  
we mourned, not for you, why  
disturb your happiness?  
drawn together for a short time  
departing again on our  
singular paths.  
do you see us;  
turmoil, tears and testing life? does  
your spirit float free to watch  
and protect us  
or have they locked you inside  
your body  
contained in a box;  
wood, metal and satin?  
it looked not like the  
one remembered in  
sweet memories.  
how you always cried for  
freedom  
and they did not even grant the  
desire of one so  
sorrowful of life and  
beautiful of death.  
entombed, where have they deposited a  
container of earthly emptiness?  
only now lucky one you are free.

## IV

we walked together,  
   heads bowed, prayers  
 of peace, songs of joy escaped  
   our lips.  
 words of anger echoed around  
   us. would  
 they revolutionize the world  
   as they promised  
 or would they stop the war  
   as we prayed?  
 now i walk alone, how is  
   it that my prayers are  
   empty?  
 or do you lift my heavy  
   heart and carry it to  
   eternity?

## V

again together with tears and  
   small quiet prayers  
 for our stability. arms  
   entwined around each other,  
 clinging together fearing for  
   the worse.  
 the pushing is horrible, the blood  
 brings us back to reality.  
 it is here and now. bodies  
 run past us, white bodies  
 black bodies, red with  
   the tears of the pulsating heart,  
 if escape were possible, why  
   not now?  
 but there is no place for us to  
 escape to. no corners to  
   curl into,  
 no rocks to hide behind. only empty  
 fields for football and small bare  
 skimpy trees  
   too young to climb.  
 we hide between the parked cars  
   until  
 rescued by kind friends.  
   taken home  
 only to return after the weekend.



other small things are well remembered  
locked inside me  
for always. you went with me to far away.  
atlanta may  
have been underwater  
but you followed me there.  
how far away were jacobsborg, new hope  
and whitehall?  
you were always there in heart.

three years together of  
friendship, my  
heart only remembers half the times of  
joyous songs  
happy tears and the tearing apart  
of the heart.  
little parties and doughnuts, homebaked bread  
and grape juice  
consecrated for eternal joy.  
if only my heart would  
remember more.

last days are seldom clear,  
not that it is important  
to remember everything.  
the last tears shed together, the last  
meal shared with others.  
the happy news  
and pleasant company of an  
unexpected guest.  
did he realize that the last  
time together for all  
of us was then?  
openly perspective, did his insight fail  
the same as mine?  
or did he really know and understand,  
afraid to look at me  
in future days?  
were we afraid of each others tears  
or frightened of each  
others emptiness?  
how my heart still cries of the day  
when birthdays seemed



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or frightened of each  
others emptiness?  
how my heart still cries of the day  
when birthdays seemed

important and my heart beat  
twice as fast.  
christmas is always happy. but to me it  
ached my heart.  
unadorned for a happy  
season my heart  
did not sing carols.  
tears flowed freely for the first  
time in the long ages  
since childhood.  
were my seasons confused? did the resurrection  
occur before the  
birth?

### IX

now my days continue, one  
after another escaping the  
city of memories.  
i carry them with me where ever i travel.  
even one  
friend does not get lost in  
many new ones.  
your face still appears, it is on the girl  
next door  
or on the one with her back turned  
against me.  
even the empty corridors are  
haunted by the  
memory of a full friendship  
killed too prematurely.  
searching does no good, where ever  
i dig my roots  
your shadow is ahead with open arms,  
“come sweet one, come with me.”  
i can only follow,  
drawn on forever. peace  
of heart does not come for long.  
my short life has to be filled  
with the life of two.

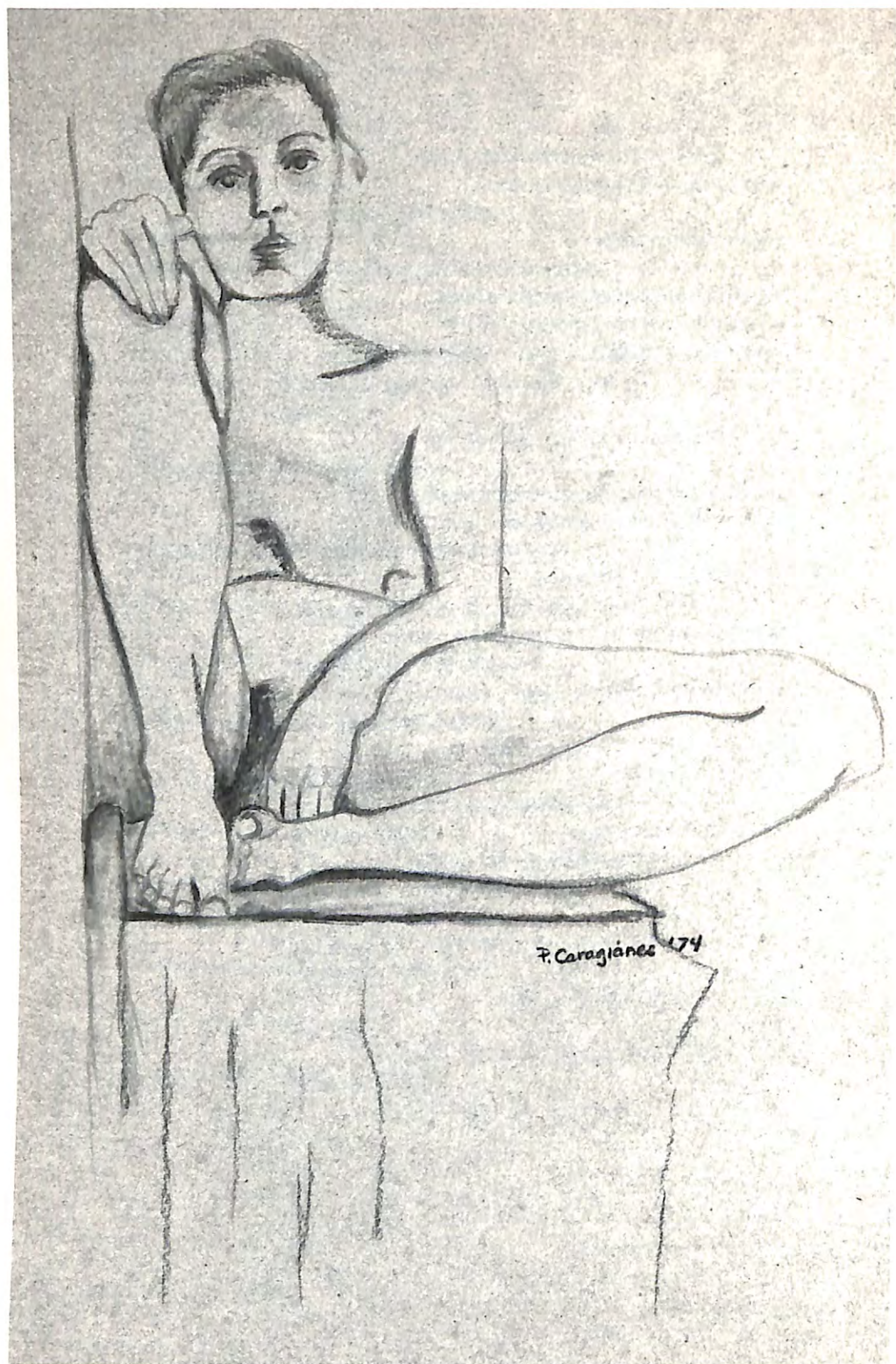
X

fateful day  
almost a year ago,  
a lifetime since  
what was felt inside of me.  
why did it not  
show me an idea of  
what was to happen?  
all still, quiet, empty and alone.  
what clues were given to me?  
was i too blind  
to spot them, to cry out in time  
stop!  
but alas, my usual bumbling self  
gave no thought of tragedy  
no idea of grief for loved ones.  
it wasn't until five o'clock  
that i learned what had happened  
at four.  
only your grandmother's old breast  
gave comfort to my tears.  
only she was strong  
enough to hold my heavy heart.  
her black dress dried my tears.

XI

i burn a candle in  
memory  
of a dear sweet one  
forever.





## SUBURBAN HALO

*Sharon Slawsby '77*

A guise of transparent angel-wings,  
Mary Janes and frilly panties,  
Marinated in forbidden perfume,  
Parents anticipating graduation,  
Imposing a flight for the suburban halo.

While feebly holding up a shield,  
My other hand is shoved towards their mock pearl sky.  
Until reluctant fingers creeping upwards  
Sculpt the transforming ellipse,  
Unveiling a crimson dawn,  
Which slips not far beyond my fingers.

Now, face falls on wet sand  
No salty tears, only smirks,  
I've been on peaks, they'll never know.

The heat from the radiator is making my list of things to do on the window wave up and down. Almost in rhythm to the music. What are the words? "I was born to wander. Turn around and I'll be gone." That's sad. It reminds me of this place, this life. People walk in and walk out again. Everything is too fast. My list of things to do will take me away from knowing you too well. Who are you — pass me by. Turn around, I'll be gone. I want to work with people. I don't want to end up like most of my teachers. You are an "A" student. Therefore you are happy. You don't hurt. You are flunking. You are good for nothing. You don't belong here. I'm an "A" student, but I hurt. Where do I belong? We pass judgements on people so quickly. We pass judgements on ourselves. God, I don't know what I'm supposed to be. I only know what I love, and certain things about myself. I love God. I love music and people. I work with drug addicts, old people, disturbed and retarded kids. I feel needed with them. I'm always too busy. I cry a lot. I've been hurt a lot, and I love a lot.

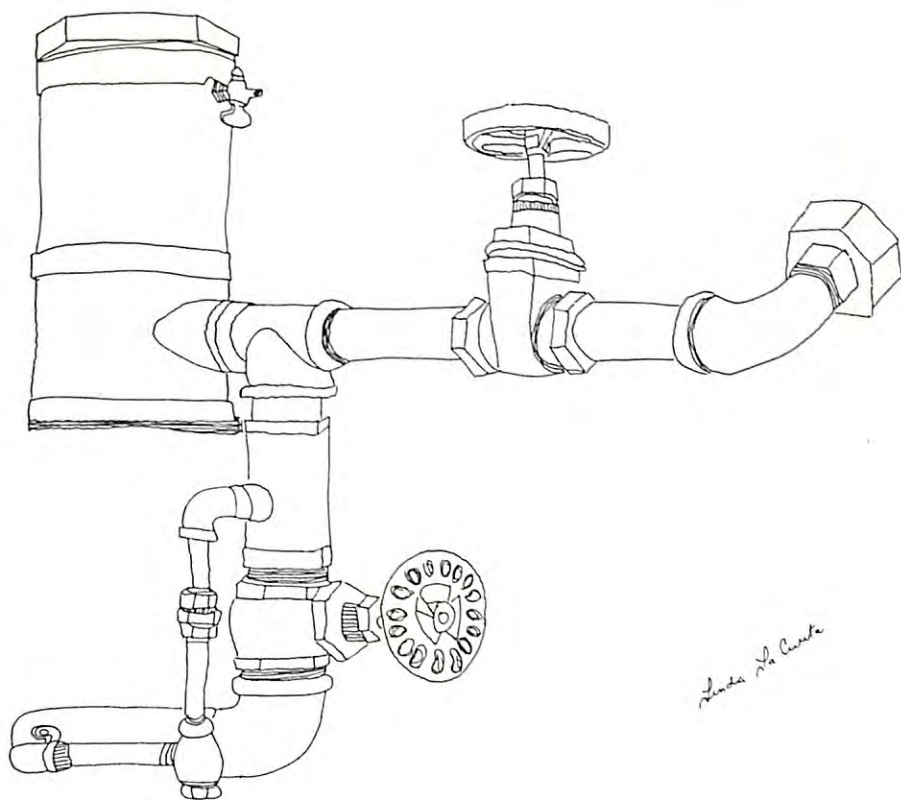
The radiator is acting up again. It always makes funny noises at night and keeps me awake. I just lie there and think how dark it is and how old fashioned a radiator it is. I am too. I can see people change. It hurts me when they become cold and bitter. Waiting in line for dinner, a girl yelled at me for no reason. I felt like asking her why she was so bitter, but I was afraid. I'm just as bad as everybody else. I care, I do, but I'm still afraid. It's funny that I can reach out to addicts, alcoholics, welfare cases, disturbed and retarded kids — and help them. But how about the people I see everyday and just pass by? People I love, and can't even touch.

Daddy came to hear me sing the other night. I was so scared I went in the practice room and cried before I went out to meet him. I shook with each word I said to him. He missed part of a rehearsal to see me. Why can't I be thankful and not hurt so much?

The radiator is quiet now. It's getting dark. The music's blaring and I can see the "NO Parking Anytime" sign out my window. Let us not rush by it all. Let us be able to stop in place and just notice ourselves and the ones around us. We are all hurting. We only pretend to be strong.

*Karen Panasevich '76*







sitting there  
dried as the autumn leaf  
breathing as winds are blowing through  
your leaves  
never moving — roots planted  
firmly in the ground.  
never talking — too wise  
only listening with a blink of the eye lids  
only thinking what we all know —

You're old

*Michael Hillery '75*



Ellen Engelberg '77

## AN AWARENESS, A FEAR AND A HOPE

*Diane Bernstein '74*

An eternal day  
Has stretched out its beauty to the sky,  
Never questioning why it has awakened with the sun.

But I awake and drift along my way,  
With infinite patterns and pictures painted in my eyes,  
Of a world full of complexities and endless perplexities,  
Of which I cease to be able to understand.

I can see the blue transparent sky above me,  
Feel the brown tender ground below me.  
And I feel an awareness that there is a balance of all that  
can be.

But yet, I and the tree of time  
Have run out of tears,  
And we both fear what lies ahead.

We run with a universe  
Who cannot cope with what it holds  
In the palms of its infinity.

The night continues to battle with the stars,  
Struggles to be at peace with the universe.  
He wants to live a life of day,  
Wants to be an endless dreamer of the sun.

I, a worshipper of the galaxy  
Hope to see the lighthouse of the world  
Shine a bright message in open darkness.



Ellen Engelberg '77





Judi Aronow '77

## ALONE

*Nina Orefice '77*

### I

The old man sat at the empty kitchen table, his head nodding every now and then as he drifted into sleep and woke up with a jerk. He got up and put more food in the dog's dish which the dog eagerly choked down. The dog had been his wife's dog; she had died years before. It was their one "dependent" because his wife never had any children.

The old man sat staring into the darkness of the bedroom, looking at nothing and dreaming about some past event of his life. The dog nudged at his leg and he came out of his trance.

"O.K. boy, let's go."

On the way out through the small apartment he picked up the empty liquor bottles that littered the floor and placed them up against the wall lined up with the others. The bottles seemed to form a barricade between him and his dog and the cold outside world.

### II

I clutched my sweater around me, shivering. The dog, a massive German shepherd, lay helpless at the side of the road, his chest heaving, his eyes wide and motionless. Except for a trickle of blood flowing from the corner of his gaping jaw, there would be no outward sign of injury. The old man would not look me in the eye. He muttered again and again, "I don't understand. Never done that, never chased cars before."

I knelt on the ground, letting my hair fall in front of my eyes, following the rising and falling of the dog's chest. I held my hand by his flaring nostrils in the warmth of his breath. I looked up at the old man whose eyes were now filled with tears. "He's breathin' pretty good." I said at last. His sullen expression did not change. I suddenly felt a chill flow across my fingers. Looking down I drew my hand away dragging it through the grass leaving a trail of blood behind. The dog's eyes were darkening, his chest rose and fell, and I stared only seconds waiting for his next breath. There was no need to look any longer. The old man said nothing. He turned and walked the way he had come. I knelt there for a moment longer watching him disappear around the bend, alone.

IN MEMORY OF JACQUES LIPCHITZ  
(1891-1973)

*Carol L. Kort*

Here oh Israel,  
Land of pain dipped in honey,  
Receive a Promethean's ashes.  
Cast them among those of  
Soutine, Modigliani,  
His friends, your sons, our creators.

Sculpting the agony of Auschwitz,  
He cubed his Talmud in flesh;  
His Yahveh loomed in plaster.

Chaim Jacob Lipchitz,  
Your omnivorous hands  
Shaped love, massively.  
You would engrave  
A message for Jerusalem  
Upon your grave  
If You could. And you shall.

You art the Heaven,  
The Power, the glazed Glory,  
Amen.



## THE DANCE

*Karen Panasevich '76*

You dance so strangely  
my orphan, my child.  
Your feet are all twisted,  
your head is bent down.  
I'd show you a new step  
but you are too blind.  
You dance so strangely  
and for nothing at all.

You dance so strangely  
my daughter, my child.  
Your hands hang closed  
and limp at your sides.  
Your feet shuffle slowly,  
one partner, two.  
You dance so strangely  
in the corner alone.

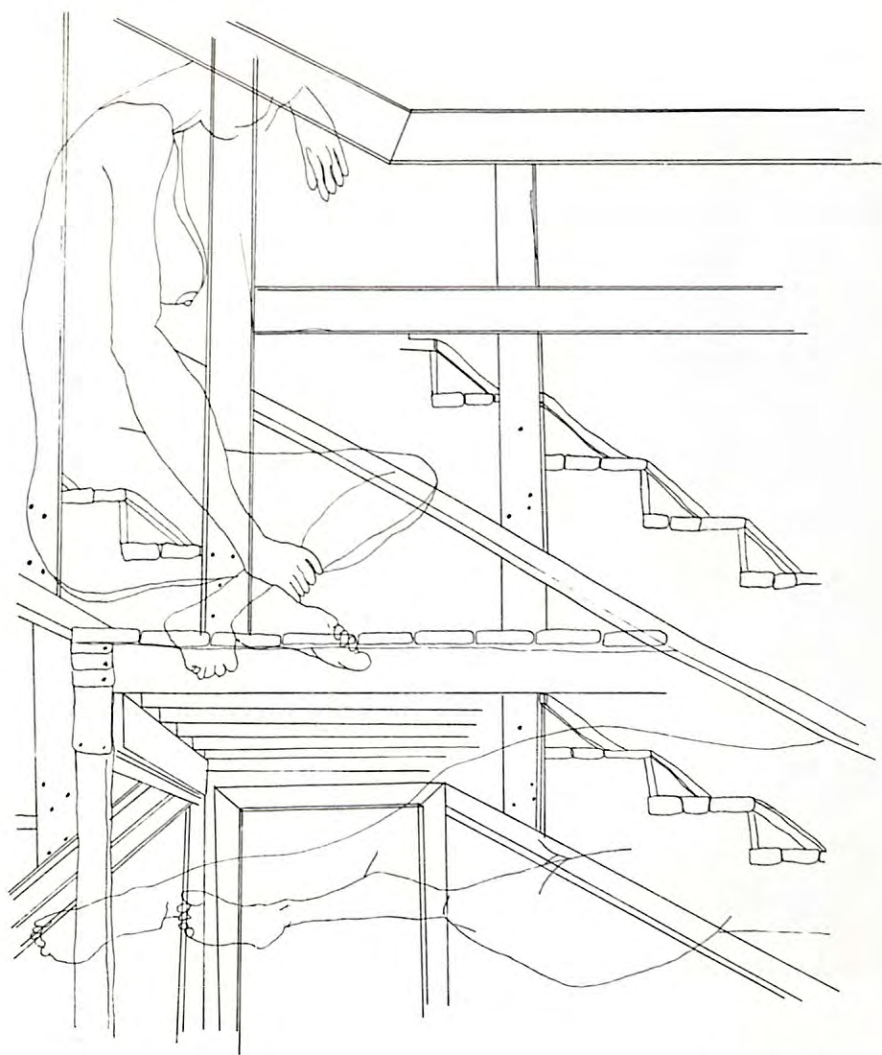
The music has ended  
my little blind one.  
Pick up your lame legs,  
move to the door.  
The chauffeur is waiting  
to escort you away.  
Your strange dance has ended,  
now you must go.

You dance so strangely  
my poor empty child.  
The music has stopped,  
you continue to smile.  
Your crippled young body  
still sways side to side.  
The chauffeur has left you,  
he's tired of the waiting.  
So raise your pained head  
in a moment you'll find,  
the lights have gone out for them,  
now you can see.

## CITY

*Pamela Dutkowsky '76*

Blend of hues,  
Mix of people,  
Scattered trees,  
Geraniumed sills,  
Mass movement,  
Small struggles,  
Thousands living,  
Millions dying,  
Grey skies,  
Brown sun,  
No stars,  
Yellow moon,  
City white,  
City black,  
City life.



Linda LaCivita '75



Lynne Davis '75

Within the darker hours  
The silence filters through me  
Quelling the residue of pain  
Leaving but a gnawing blankness  
To barter in the blackness for my sleep.

An empty space luring fantasies  
At last, to lull me away  
Into the appeasing whispers of a day yet unborn.  
Meaningless sound fragments  
One level below my ear's experience,  
Forming a frameless mosaic  
Of ageless dreams I touch.

Shattered in the waking eye  
Spurred open by the light  
Of an unreachable sun.

*Barbara Shepherd '77*



You came to me in a gust  
And swept through me  
Numbing, to the marrow of my senses.

Unaware, I mistook this turbulence  
as support  
In a storming ocean  
A sail held taut and full.

Yet now in the slackening wind  
The waters level and unforboding  
I again revel  
In a forgotten calm.

*Barbara Shepherd '77*



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