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PENDULUM 1978

To
Michael Fosberg and Leslie Aiken, who have given us inspiration.

cover by Sue Chase '78

Cathi Cherry, *Editor*

Helene Maltzman, *Poetry Editor*

Brenda Shanley and Diane Shulklapper, *Prose Co-Editors*

Beckey Bailey, Mary Lou Bartholomew and Kim Su Mandly, *Art Co-Editors*

Sue Chase and Laurie Nota, *Photography Co-Editors*

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 the undergraduate and graduate students, faculty, alumni, and friends of Lesley College.

VOLUME NINETEEN

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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	JEAN AMMON
PROSE	LYNELLE SURPRENANT
ARTWORK	JEAN AMMON
PHOTOGRAPHY	LESLEY DEEB

Pendulum awards for excellence were chosen by the Editorial Staff.

I had just been accepted
to my college
my mother came to me,
held me and cried—
She told me stories of
broken dolls—
nights of waiting
first days of school
and encapsulated within
each word was love.
The night grew older as we
reminisced.
We then spoke of careers,
and marriages which
had not yet occurred.
We held each other tighter,
Mother wept—
But for what reason?
the loss of a child?
the passage of time?
Then, for whatever reason
—I wept also.

Denise DelDuca '81

Spellbound

On wings of juniper flitting by
I saw a delightful daydream
Resting there

peacefully.

Enticing with its slender tendrils
Of color reaching out to tempt—

I'm captured.

Donna Kazounis '79



Kathy Derda '78

Forever is the winter,
Forever is the snow,
Forever is the wild wind,
whichever way it blows.

Forever is the icicle,
Forever is the chill,
Forever is the child waiting,
at the window sill.

Forever is a fever,
Forever is wet clothes,
Forever is a baby's cough,
along with runny nose.

Forever is endless waiting,
Forever has no end,
Forever gives us joy and sorrow,
but each a special friend.

Alice Yong '79

You said
a
river
ran
between
us
we
 stood
 on
opposite banks
afraid to get our feet wet
I couldn't tell you
I was
totally
i
 m
 m
 e
 r
 r
 s
 e
 d
 !

Donna Hopson '81



Minimizing the Max

I used to smoke my Max half-way,
Partly for my health—be it mental
or otherwise . . .
But after tonight . . . as I saw the
brown hold the brown inside the white,
You light the butt;
You smoke it and drag
SO deep it burns my soul
(and makes the stick so hot)
until the end.

Well, I've decided that by compromising
half-way
I've been cheating myself.
I am going to suck in *all* the insides
and ponder the way I take it all in
—and then give part of it up.
I'm going to enjoy sacrificing the pretty swirls
I don't want and watching it
tantalize *you* across the table.

I'm dedicated to the fact that now it will be
dragged through and through,
Til the end—
when *I* choose to extinguish it . . .
Watching the embers fade,
yet still loving
All the dragging and swirling and heat, we
(me and my Max)
have been through;

Fully realizing since its purchase that it was
Hazardous to my Health.

The Smile

A Fairy Tale

by

Hannah Probst '78

Once upon a time, not so very long ago or far away, there lived a little boy called Marcus. He was just about your age, and lived with his mother and father in a secluded little hut at the edge of a thick forest.

Although his family was very poor, Marcus was always happy. They lived far from the village, and because of this Marcus had few playmates. So, he befriended the forest animals, and contented himself with the little joys of living such as friendship, happiness, and nature. Marcus never complained about the many hardships he endured—going hungry and cold and the like.

There was one thing though that sometimes worried Marcus. For deep in the thick wood lived an Evil Gnome. He was a hideous creature with long matted hair, fiery eyes, and sharp jagged teeth. And protruding from his head were two pointed scaly horns.

Marcus himself had never seen the Gnome. He had only heard stories of him from his father, or from an occasional wayfarer who happened to stop for a meal or lodging at Marcus' house. Still, his fear of this horrid creature cast a dark shadow over Marcus' life.

One spring day, while the golden sun shimmered through the treetops, Marcus wandered into the forest in search of his friends, the animals. Little did he know that the Evil Gnome had heard about the happy little boy, and had come in search of him.

Now aside from being evil, this particular Gnome hated happiness. He took great pride in causing people grief and misery. When he spied little Marcus playing merrily with the forest animals he became enraged. He jumped out of the hollow tree in which he had been hiding and crept up behind the little boy.

The animals of the forest (being capable of such things) sensed that danger was close at hand, and ran quickly away, panic-stricken. The evil creature then touched Marcus from behind with one of his horns, making him unable to move, and cried out in his deep scratchy voice,

“Ah yes! Ah well!
You’re now enchanted by my spell!
You’ll never again be happy,
Indeed!
For evil governs your thought and deed!!!!”

The Gnome then cackled in a horrid manner, sprinkled some strangely scented powder over Marcus, chanted some unknown words, and with that was gone in a puff of blackened smoke.

From that day forward Marcus was a wicked child. Things in his life which had formerly brought him joy now brought evil thoughts and deeds just as the Gnome had predicted. He set all sorts of snares and traps for the very same animals who had once been his friends. Upon catching one of them, he would roast the helpless thing over an open fire, and immediately devour him. And that wasn’t the half of it.

Marcus began behaving in an insolent and rude manner toward his parents, refusing to obey even their slightest commands. He even went so far as to undo the work which they had done. No sooner would Marcus’ mother finish sweeping out the hut, then he would cover the floor with dust, dirt, and dried leaves. When his father would chop wood for the fire, Marcus would drag it deep into the forest, and burn it to cook the forest animals which he had caught that day.

As you may well imagine, Marcus’ parents wondered at their son’s unusual behavior, and soon came to realize that he had been captured by the Evil Gnome and put under his spell. Unfortunately, they knew not what to do, for many a time it was that one or another of their friends had been cursed by the Evil Gnome. Even the men of greatest wisdom in the village had been consulted, but were unable to discover the secret of how to break the spell.

This went on for months, until one day, one of Marcus’ old friends, a squirrel (who, by the way, still considered himself a friend of Marcus, even though he had recently been treated cruelly by him) came by chance upon the hut of the Evil Gnome. He stopped to listen to the gruff chanting coming from inside, and this is what he heard:

“Ah yes! Ah well!
No one yet can break the spell!
If only they knew
How simple indeed,
A little smile is all you need!!!”

At first the little squirrel was a bit puzzled. Then he thought of Marcus. Without hesitating for even a moment he flew to the little boy's door (for some squirrels can fly, you know). He found Marcus inside, sitting at the hearth. He was picking the legs off of flies and throwing them into the broth that his mother had prepared for dinner. The little squirrel tried frantically to explain to Marcus what had happened, but the boy stubbornly refused to listen. Realizing that he must somehow get Marcus to smile, he began telling silly jokes. Marcus only glared at him, and threatened to eat him. At this the squirrel became somewhat fearful, but, being a true friend, he was determined to help the boy. Mustering up every bit of strength and courage he had left he ran toward Marcus, leaped upon him, and began dancing round and round on his stomach. Marcus could not help but laugh, because, as we all know, little boys are very ticklish. And with this laughter came a smile!

At that very instant all of the people under the Evil Gnome's spell became happy again. And on the very next day the King himself paid a visit to Marcus and his family. For breaking the curse of the Evil Gnome, Marcus was knighted, and to this day he is known in the village as Sir Marcus the Happy. The squirrel too, was rewarded. He became an official member of the King's court, and a great marble statue was erected in his honor.

As for the Evil Gnome (for you surely must wonder what became of him), he was never heard from again. Some say he turned to stone the very minute that the spell was broken. Others claim that he vanished in a puff of blackened smoke.



Kim Su Mandly '78

Nadine

You lie there
all dressed up
They say you are at peace
I know that you are not
Your face
beneath the make-up
shows a struggle
as it always did
when you did not get your own way

Donna Hopson '81



Jean Ammon '78

March is—

The March wind feels like a hard snow-storm
blowing against you.
March comes in like a lamb and out like a lion.
The March wind twirls like a whirlpool.
March is as colorful as a rainbow.
March is gentle as a cat.
The March sun is sunny like a lit candle.
March sheds white like a lamb then turns green
like a snake.
March is cold like ice.
March is wild like a tiger.
March is as warm as a toasted marshmallow.
The March wind blows like a fan.
March is green like a summer yard.
March is sunny like leprechaun's gold.
March is wet like a stream.
The March snow will go away quickly like a cheetah.
March ends winter like a plow then brings winds that howl.
The March clouds are soft like cotton.
March is cold like the North Pole.
March is wet like a giant's tear.

*Seach School, Weymouth
Mr. Duffy
Grade 5*

Beachglass

On my windowsill
sits a bottle filled with beachglass
The light shines through
illuminating
 brown, green, white and blue.
It was the first of many special days,
that day,
walking on the beach with you
I found a piece of blue.
No longer were its edges jagged.
Loved and polished by the sea,
it was cast upon the shore.
What will you do with me
 when you are through?

Donna Hopson '81

The snow falls gently upon
the infant's bed,
and within every snowflake
there is sorrow.

This is not the first snow
to fall upon the
sweet babe's
head.

and it will
not be the
last.

Her peaceful slumber is
undisturbed——
the strong rays of the sun
do not bother her eyes,
nor, does the sweet strain of
the snowbirds touch
her ears.

She simply lies there,
under her eternal
blanket,

as her mother
gently, tearfully
brushes the
powdered snow
away.

Denise DelDuca '81



Bronwyn Dillon '78

Looking but not seeing,
Breathing but not smelling,
Eating but not tasting,
Hearing but not understanding,
Touching but not feeling,
Walking but not skipping,
Smiling outside but not within—

 This is loneliness.

Sleeping but not dreaming,
Wanting but not receiving,
Growing but not young,
Talking but not with others,
Crippled but not defective,
Existing but not living—

 This is loneliness.

Alice Yong '79



Luanne Witkowski '80

Friend

Listening to the torrent of words,
Emotions spilling forth into silence.
You're always there,
Listening and sensing
Never letting me down,
Never letting me get down.

Linda Kipper '80

Rehearsal

it wasn't until yesterday
i realized what had happened.
we all turned against each other
and played our movie roles.
i rehearsed several parts
but found none particularly fitting.
so, i opted for "director",
and hid behind the screen.

Joan Greenberg '81



Julie O'Neil
Undergraduate Faculty

And Then

To have a desire . . . and then
realize it

To have a love . . . and then
treasure it

To have a child . . . and then
teach it

To have a goal . . . and then
reach it

To have a happy moment . . . and then
end it . . .

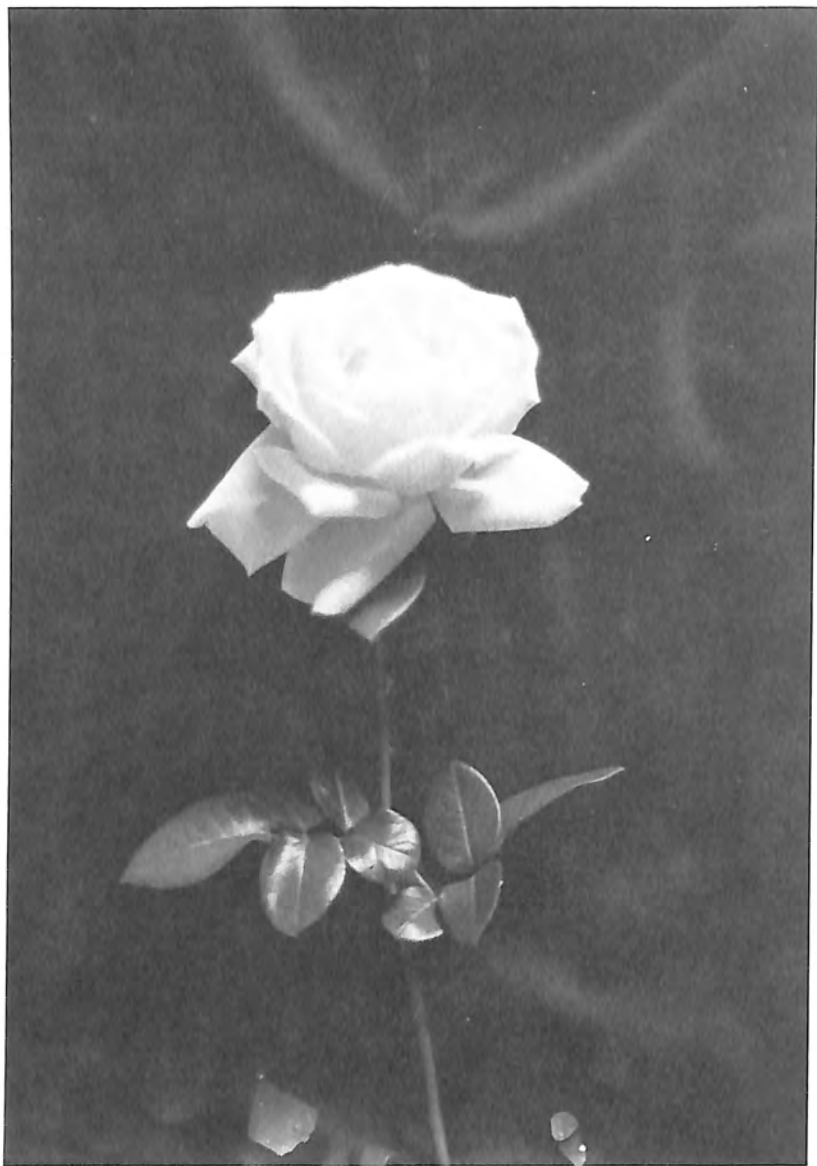
a satisfied human being

Dimitra Caris '80

“Wee Angus of Scott Drive”

petition, a
 peaceful unhurried
 existence.
 EYE
 Ten year old Scottish Terrier, c
 furry-faced four-footed creature, sleeps all day, plays with his
 toys, begs for food, begs for food, begs for . . . eats,
 takes walks with Mommy, sits in his doghouse, barks at the neighbors, nothing
 to think about, nothing to do,
 CO
 LL
 A
 R
 h
 u
 b
 b
 y
 old dog, lazy little animal.

Ellen S. Kalman '81



Kathy Derda '78

Sonnet

You are my wine, the sweetness that I drink
The dessert of life's completed courses
Fermented and divine, my guide, my link
To spirited bliss, I toast your sources.
 For if my mortal branches waver low
 And my fruits touch earthen hell's foundation
 Celestial conjures from yonder flow
 Blossoming canopies of elation.
At what time doubt o'erwhelms, I look to you
And find amidst your clovers four, the rule
Of wisdom dwelling. The word, your word True
In harmony with Nature's founded jewel.
 Your sweet ambrosia is bestowed upon
 Received like Nature's visioned gift of dawn.

Cathi Cherry '78



Becky Bailey '79

Now You See Me

I'm not the woman that you want
I guess I never was—
The kind to bear your every cross
And bear my own as well—

Believe me when I say I tried
God only knows—
The nights I lay beside you and
Cried myself to sleep—

It's not that I don't love you still
I guess I really do
But there's just so much one woman
can take
And I think I've had my fill

I guess that I'm not
the proverbial rock that you thought
you had got from the start
And I guess that I'm not made of
wood and stone
And I think that I still have a heart

Now you see me, now you don't
Close your eyes and I'll be gone
First you love me, then you won't
I'll take my bags and I'll be gone.

Jeanne Amaral '78



Kathy Derda '78

Home

Shivering with the chill of the empty house
You built a fire,
I pour the wine,
Jazz and the blues fill the background.
Talking, catching up, echoing laughter.
Warmed by the wine and your presence,
I feel wanted.
Why did I stay away so long?

Linda Kipper '80

I used to be _____ but now _____

I used to be selfish but now I am nice.

I used to be mean but now I am nice.

I used to be a first grader but now I am
a fifth grader.

I used to hate teachers because they are so mean
but now they're alright.

I used to be a good boy but now I am a devil.

I used to be young but now I'm older.

I used to fish but now I box.

I used to be a pretty fourth grader but now

I'm 1½ years away from a teenager.

I used to be a collector but now I am on a team.

I used to be a country girl but now I am a city girl.

I used to be very small but now I am very tall.

I used to be sad but now I am happy.

I used to be shy but now I am bold.

I used to be an angel but now I am a devil.

I used to be a terrible skater but now I am a good skater.

I used to be a baby but now I am a young lady.

I used to be a drawer but now I'm a music man.

I used to be skinny but now I'm fat.

*Seach School, Weymouth
Mr. Duffy
Grade 5*



Laurie Nota '79



“Is It Time Yet?”

The digits on the clock claim the number 12:43. Four sombreros down at a secluded booth, including three hours of conversation about evolution, career goals, and abortion. Work tomorrow in eleven hours, six hundred and sixty minutes relating to harlequin women. The temperature reads sixty-two degrees. Time to wear a sweater over the browned parts of my body that lay absorbing the sun's rays for three hours. The hour it took to make dinner tonight is extinct. After all, it took ten minutes to erase the evidence. Exactly forty-three hours ago, you took a few seconds to dial ten digits to speak with me. The date is the seventh month in the year of 1977, and the day is number twenty-one. Last night around 12:30 A.M., I saw a man thrown off of his motorcycle and realized that had the car that hit him been going at a faster speed, time would be standing still for him. And my friend asked me tonight if it was better to tell feelings through prose or in a verbal manner. I said, "it depends on the time." Yet again, to depend on time means involving time. And I thought, it's sad that people who are involved with each other, hesitate to tell each other how they feel about one another in fear of getting hurt at what the other might do. I look at the unwound antique clock on the kitchen wall, and feel the tranquility that the stillness of its hands reflect through its glass covering. But at 1:22, I'm not afraid to tell you that I love you, because I'm willing to take the risks of what 1:23 will bring for you and I.

Diane Shulklapper '79

Words and Feelings I

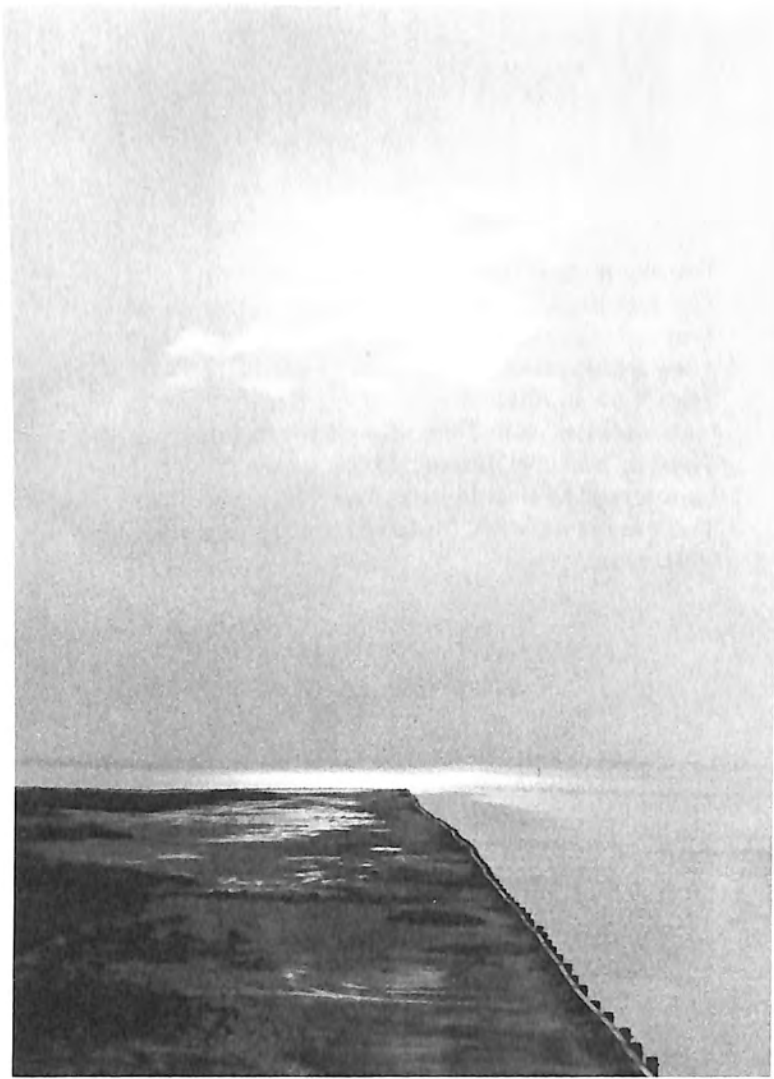
I was just thinking,
just sitting and thinking,
looking out the window.
I can't see the snow,
(it's there I know, but)
all I can see is the sun.
All I can think of is you.
I can feel your lips,
your kiss
your arms
your love.
I smile,
all I can do is smile,
but a tear is forming,
it falls—
it's all a day dream.

Crystal C. Haynes '79

The sky is dark now—the stars have gone.
The snowflakes land on my face, mingling with
Tears.
They are supposed to be individual;
They look so alike.
I am walking away from everything behind.
There is nothing in front of me.
I am a void of nothingness.
There is no horizon, no separation of earth and sky.
Oblivion.

Solitude

Judy Strauss '79



Lesley Deeb '79

Eternity

An eternity
in one perfect moment
of height.

A wave
silently risen
to crest and curl

A symphony
of shells and sea
framed with foam

Curling

Swirling

Crashed.

Echoes etching
line the sand
in silver shadows

An eternity
in one perfect moment
of height.

Donna Kazounis '79

Wasting Time in the City

Wasting time in the city
Take my hand, make me fly
Sing my life, make it pretty
And then show me the reason why.
Now I've sung songs, I've my lovers,
And I've been rich on my dreams.
But with you here I've discovered
That life ain't as bad as it seems.
And so I'll think of my life
And the things that I have had
And I'll try to live in this world
With the good and the bad.
And I'll sing,
And please don't make me miss you
And if you can, don't let me cry
For all I have to do is kiss you
And I know you'll see that I've tried.

Judy Gersten '81



Julie O'Neil
Undergraduate Faculty



I am a bird flying freely. With my wings I soar through the dusty blue sky. From sunrise, as the rays beam through the morning's freshness until sunset as the sky glistens with iridescence. When I pass by clouds, gliding my way, escaping and abandoning into the clear crispness of the sky, my mind is serene and I feel the freedom of my body and thoughts. I flutter peacefully as the sunset covers the city while night tucks us away.

Helene Maltzman '79

Rainy Reflections

Rainy day rainy street
 watching out my window
People slipping dripping by
 hurrying home to warm and dry

Shiny street with dancing droplets
 hopping out of muddy puddlets
Branches swaying in the breeze
 glossy green and silver leaves

Marching briskly quickly on
 no one stops to linger long
Flickering feet swiftly go
 as lights of dusk begin to glow

Window's cold against my nose
 water trickles past my eyes—

As I watch those in their shiny slickers
 rushing to the light that flickers
In *their* window.

Donna Kazounis '79

The Trip Home

The icy wind blows down upon the sullen school yard wall;
The echoes of the children sound throughout the cold gray halls;
The dust upon the desk tops has been gathering for years,
and
There's nothing left, seems like there never was
And I guess I just won't stay.

The house has been repainted and the shutters been repaired;
The willow tree from out in back is gone,
You never figure when you're young, that things will ever change;
And by the time you realize, there's nothing left but memories,
and
There's nothing left, seems like there never was
And I guess I just won't stay.

The people that I used to know have upped and gone away
New faces greet me everywhere I turn
It's so hard to feel the stranger in the town where you were born
But I shouldn't let it bother 'cause tomorrow I'll be gone
'cause there's nothing left, seems like there never was
And I guess I just won't stay.

Jeanne Amaral '78





Wash Day?

Jean Ammon '78



The Mobile

I lie here alone, insomnia setting in . . .
staring up at you in my loneliness . . .
you amuse me with your symmetry
. . . Damn your revolving, gliding,
dangling bliss!

to be in a sphere of suspension,
never to exceed the limits of your ties
far above the burdens below you
where a restless mind once
knew the simplicity of yours.

Jean Ammon '78



“Heidi in the Fire Engine”

Lesley Deeb '78



There are many kinds of trees, each type unique within itself, each with its own appearance and special needs.

I would not expect a sumac to grow on dry land, nor an oak to grow on the banks of a swamp, for each would surely die.

In the same way, if these trees could talk, I would not be more apt to listen to one as opposed to another—there would be no reason to. Each tree is a creation of God and each lives in a way which is most appropriate for its growth.

Why then should I expect to be like another, for people are certainly more unique and of greater variety than trees. With such differences there are bound to be different ways of growing, each of which is necessary for the individual.

If one lives by means which are more appropriate to another, death will surely result.

And since a forest is only as healthy as the trees within it, a people can only be as good as the individuals it consists of. And an individual can only be, if it lives in a way which is innately best for itself.

Lynelle Surprenant '79

