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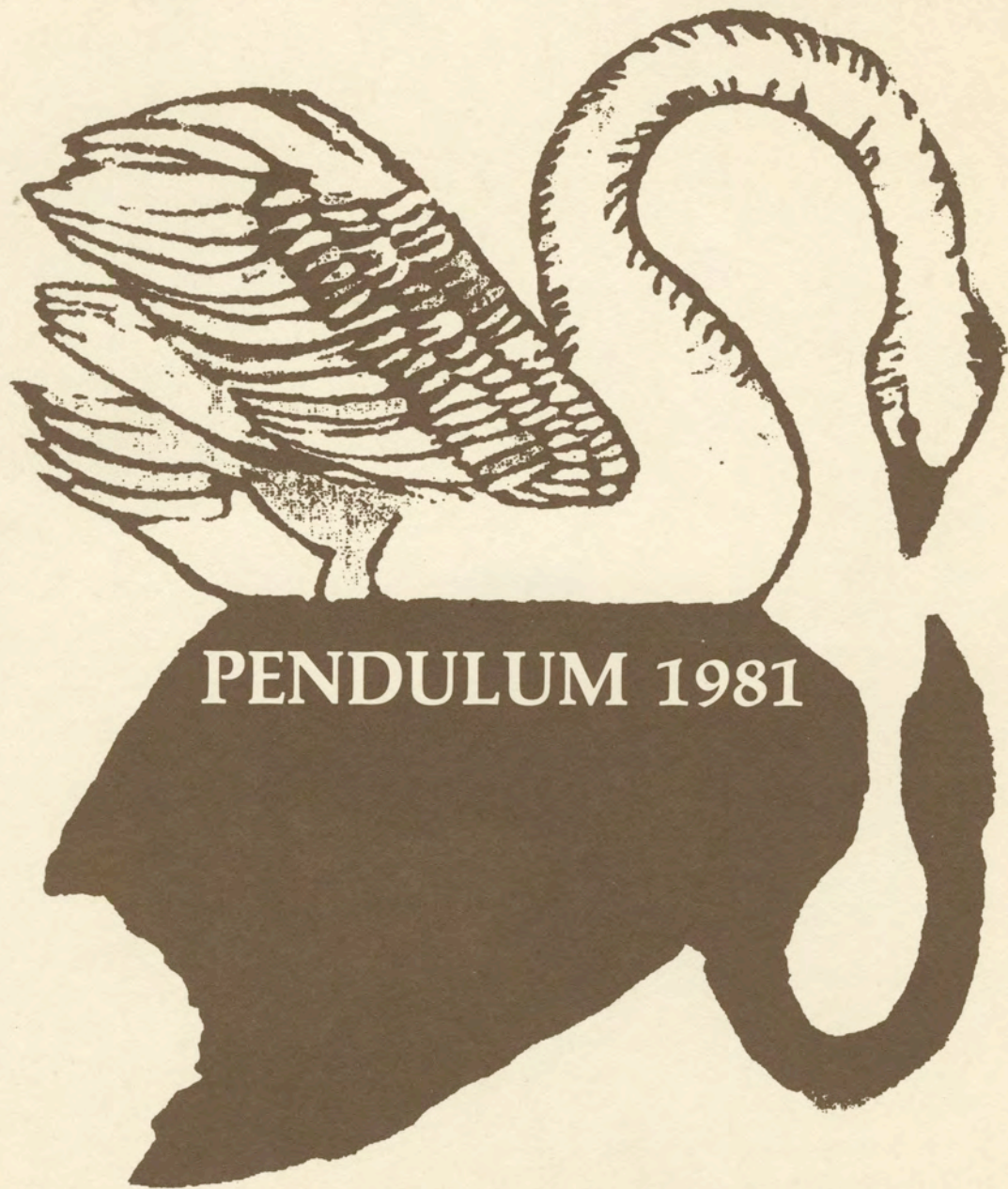


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PENDULUM 1981

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1981

In Dedication
Rosemary Oliva

cover by Georgia Tasoulas '83



Ellen Kalman, Sandi Matthews, *Co-Editors* Carolina Arango, Stacy Brooks,
Lisa Chiat,
Ann Marie Costanza, Lisa Gassner,
Jeanne Merrill, Linda Zarr, *Staff*
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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 the undergraduate students of Lesley College.

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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 Rudolph Koch, Dover Publications, Inc. 1930

PENDULUM AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE

POETRY	Denise DelDuca '81
PROSE	Robin Berman '81
ARTWORK	Paulla Louise Allen '81
PHOTOGRAPHY	Rachel Curran '81
COVER	Georgia Tasoulas '83

Pendulum awards for excellence were chosen by the Editorial Staff.

There's Something Beyond

There's something beyond this world of mine
its calling never ceases
And though I cannot see it
it is still there

I can sense it
in the gentle falling of the rain
Or in the splendid wondrousness
of life anew in spring

There's something beyond my imagination
waiting there for me
I hear it now, and follow
I turn to walk with you.

Jeanne Merrill '83



Rachel Curran '81



Tell me———

What do you see?

Do you see the rest of us?

Sometimes I doubt it.

Do you realize where the center lies?

Who matters most?

As I watch you gaze into the glass.

I wonder if you are aware of my reflection behind you.

Your world evolves upon a single axis,
with a single focus.

You must learn of others and realize
the center lies millions of miles
from you.

As I watch you gaze into the world,

I wonder if you are aware of the
reflections around you.

Denise DelDuca '81

as the dawn breaks
darkness fades into light
and the sun applauds the
silent earth
rejoice,
for a new day
a new beginning.

Sandi Matthews '82

Fire Drill

'Twas the night before teaching
And all through the dorm
Not a student was stirring,
Which is far from the norm!

The homework was placed on the desktops with care,
In hopes that good grades soon would be theirs!
Yes, the students were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of third-graders danced in their heads.

Though some wore Lanz nightgowns, and others p.j.'s,
We had all settled in for a long evening's daze.

When from the corridor there arose such a clatter!
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter!
"A fire drill! Hurry!" said a dorm-mate.
"Why are they always scheduled so late?"

We filed outside to the street covered with snow.
Harvard Law guys took a study break
to look down on us below!

We waited outside until we were counted by R. D's.
Then we hurried back in before anyone would freeze!

I stumbled my way to my room; what a sight!
"More sleep", someone said, "And to all a good night!"

Mary Dick '82



A Friend Like You

You're always so sweet
And a good friend of mine
A friend like you, well. . .
There can be no other kind.

We have good times together
And some sad times too
No Matter what it is,
I'm always with you.

You've always got time to talk
We understand each others feelings
It's friendships like these
That can be so reveiling.

Helping each other out
It's all worth the while
Because it really makes my day
When we can both smile.

I hope the future days to come
Will be days just like these
Because being friends with you
Can leave such memories.

Susan Marlowe '82

Dragonfly

Once upon a time
there used to live not far away
this beautiful dragonfly
it roamed all lands
all skies all universes
its destiny was to travel among worlds.
This dragonfly was made of crystal
it sparkled in the light
and shone in the dark
brighter than the purest diamond
its speed was faster than a beam of light
no rays could surpass it.
No gold, monies or any wealth
could bring about its presence
and due to its wide traveling
despite its swiftness
one would rarely observe its appearance
among the skies and lands.
When privilege prevailed
its sight was said to be overwhelming
through its many facets
light would separate in untold colors
its spectrums of light covered those
not even known to our universe.
Although it could be said
that it had magical powers
one will never quite know
for its return has not been seen
since many centuries ago
when man and woman denied its existence.

Nicole A. Cote '81



For You

It means so much to know
that I can tell you anything and you will listen

Who else can I completely share
thoughts of the past, present, and future with?

Who else understands
my frequent crazy moods, along with,
my need for reflection?

The time we spend together
should never be measured in years or months, instead. . .

Measure our relationship
by the tears we have cried,
the laughs we have had, and
the love, that we, are lucky enough to share.

Jennifer Dubrowski '83

Blue Hours

In the rusky dusky hours
of late-night or early-morn
a girl sits at a desk
alone
in the silence
of the world's sleep.

No one else is awake
or stirring up molecules
but her.
There she sits with one electric candle
lighting her thoughts.

She is worried.
Can she give this battered bloody heart
up once more?
Will he accept
such used merchandise?
She will try
or at least offer it.

So there she sits
sewing it back together with aged strength,
glueing it with watered down confidence,
and washing it with tears of shame.
Can she stand to have her fears reopened?
Can she bear the pain of fresh blood
flowing from the old wound of rejection?

Or is her fear of
his hatred of her past romances
all just a fabrication
she made out of that endless bolt of cloth
standing in that naked corner
better known as
insecurity?



Karen Valins '81

day breaking
sun shining
dust, dancing
on
the
rainbow.

Amy Tague Woodburn '81

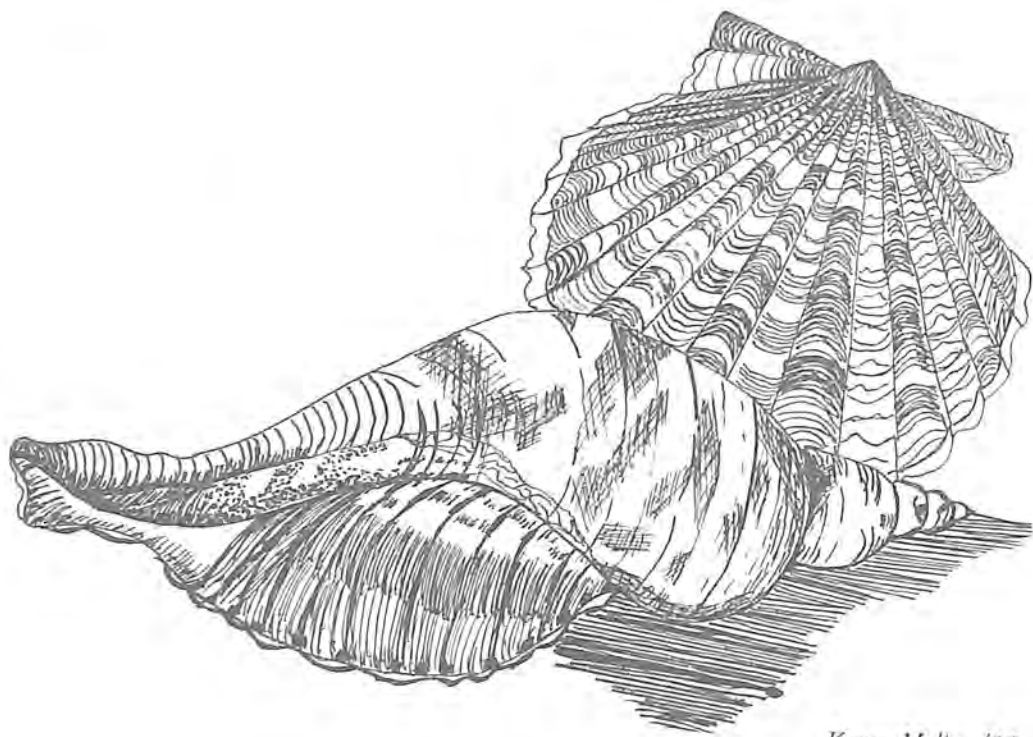


Love not to depend and rely; nor to receive and acquire; nor to find assurance and security; but to mature and develop. Some relationships are to be endeavored, others to be pursued, and some few to be engaged and consummated; that is, some relationships are to be only to occupy one's self, some are to be attempted but not achieved; and some few are to be undertaken with promise and enterprise. Some relationships also may be acquired by fortune, and something gotten through them by fate; but that would only be the scarce few, and the unlikely for growth; else the chanced relationships are like the toss of the dice, an accident. Love maketh a complete man; caring a sensitive man; and trusting a vulnerable man. And therefore, if a man trust little, he had need have great confidence; if he cares little, he had need have an independent spirit, and if he loves little, he had need have much egotism, to compensate for that not given.

Robin Berman '82



Karen Dworman '81



Karen Valins '81

Today follows a day of destruction
a day of remorse and despair.
Today relieved the anguish,
a day of seclusion and airs.

The beauty of the wet grass,
the morning sun,
and the smell of yellow tea roses. . .
Makes the sensation of beauty last
and the feeling of newness
surrounds the space in between
beauty and self.

Linda S. Savanaukas '82

Bank Loan

(to be sung to the tune of "Street Life")

Bank Loan,
You're the only life I know.
To college
You are helping me to go!

Bank Loan,
'though your interest will accrue,
You bet
I need you to help me through!

Bank Loan,
I will pay back throughout time
Lots more
Than a nickel or a dime!

Bank Loan,
Every year I take out more!
This year
I don't know quite just what's in store!

Bank Loan,
Other students need you, too.
I pray
Ronald Reagan won't cut you!

Mary Dick '82



Paula Allen '81



Linda Zarr '82



Neglective mothers in their tennis whites
to whom "love" means nothing
and is merely a term,

While at home their children stay
imprisoned within their expensive homes—
with everything a child could ever want
to occupy their lives.

Older children roam through isles
of expensive merchandise
secretly hiding anything small enough
to be undetected.

Until discovered by some onlooker
who decides to do the only right thing
and calls his parents.

The parent, disgusted with these interruptions,
hands the child a fifty so there
is no more need to steal.

Later in years the child turned adult,
clouds his mind with smoke and dust
until the little left of a one-perfect mind
is now oblivious.

Denise DelDuca '81



He Came!

He came to greet me this morning!
I was surprised to see him.
It's been sooo long.

He walked along with me to school
and then again to work.
I won't see him tonight,
but I wait impatiently to see him tomorrow.

His warm touch sends such happy feelings
through me.
He makes me smile.
Because of him the flowers will bloom
and the long, cold winter days will disappear.

I won't be lonely, if only he'll stay.
He comes and goes with the days,
but will always remain my friend.

He is the Sun.

AM '81

The Flawless Mirror

Pulling on my white leather skates, a few seasons old,
I am filled with anticipation. . .

I can already imagine that first clean cut of my blade,
on the flawless iced surface

A familiar lake awaits me, like a mirror
of glass, seeking a reflection

Quickly, tightening the strong white laces,
I throw my skate guards on the frozen earth

A crackling noise,
my right blade sharply creates a precise cut
on the surface of this mirror

Holding the stroke,
and feeling, the physical pull with my entire being,
my mind is at rest, and
I, know no other world.

Jennifer Dubrovski '83

My tears are of joy not sadness
My thoughts and prayers are answered
You had the courage to stab the night,
Which I so long desired.

The love which we shared, so special it was,
Has gone to the sea, as do the stars up above.
The songs which we sang, so happy they were,
Have drifted away, as does the snow in a storm.
The wine which we never did share,
Has quenched my thirst, as does the snow in the spring
And so my dear friend, I say with a smile
So long, Farewell, Good bye, for now.

Deane J. Creamer '82



Christine Kuhn '81

Interview

My tailored blazer
Matches my fashionable skirt.
Both of which
Coordinate
With my carefully-chosen blouse.
My silver jewelry
Is quiet
And unobtrusive.
My newly-done hair
Is perfectly in place.
My black pumps
Add a professional touch.
I am "dressed for success";
But will success follow?

Ellen Kalman '81



Rachel Curran '81

The Tree

Thinking how beautiful
the slender and soft raindrops
fall on the hard and tired tree.
Its arms are held out
to capture the world of nature
as it passes by;
with pollution and hatred
and violence
standing in its background,
awaiting to find a chance
to show themselves.
Must they prove that they are there?
How scared a child is
when being reprimanded
and how scared a man
when he walks his path in life.
Curious though,
how bad mixes with beauty.
How things change,
without ever feeling the difference.
So much love I have to give.
But to whom?
People?
No, to love.
To a tree
which stands in the midst of raindrops.
And to God,
for he is my tree.
I may lean and kick
and yell at him,
but what reply would there be?
Nothing; but love,
coming from that tree.
AM '81

You Are Always With Me

There's no way to describe it
no way to make you see
I can't put you in my heart
or behind my eyes.
Somewhere between my mind
and your ears it all gets
lost.

I can only tell you all
the old well used phrases
you've already heard.
But I can tell you that
I have you with me always
you're in my head.
And every once in a great while
a little bit of you seeps out
into a small smile
the whole world can benefit from.

You never run out like
fine wine, good times, or old friends.
You are always replenished
by the magic of a voice, touch, look,
or memory.

You are wind wisps, bird songs,
and early morning silences,
You are all good, all bad
you are my heart.
Nothing not even our sometimes
ruthless god
can take you from me.

For you are always with me
always in my head.
You are the light, the dark
a tear, a sigh,
but most of all you are
the smile in the soul
of a young girl.



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