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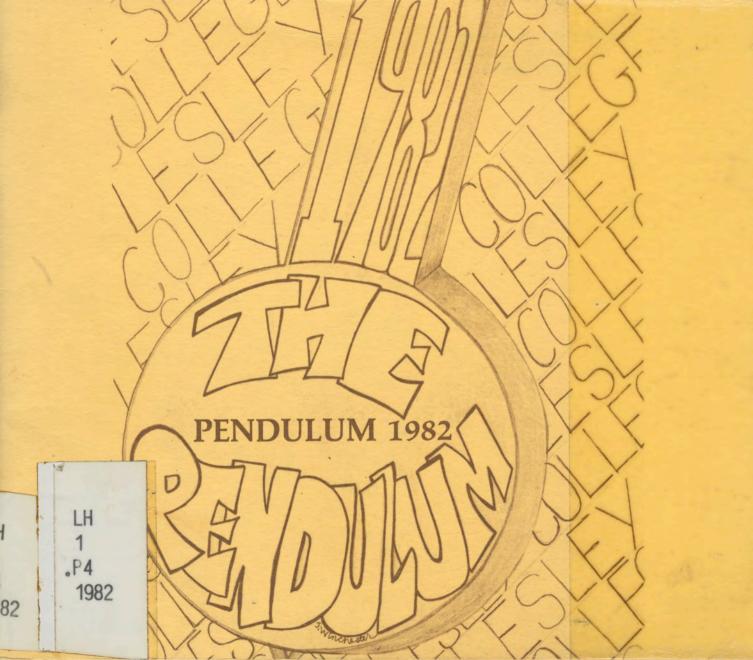
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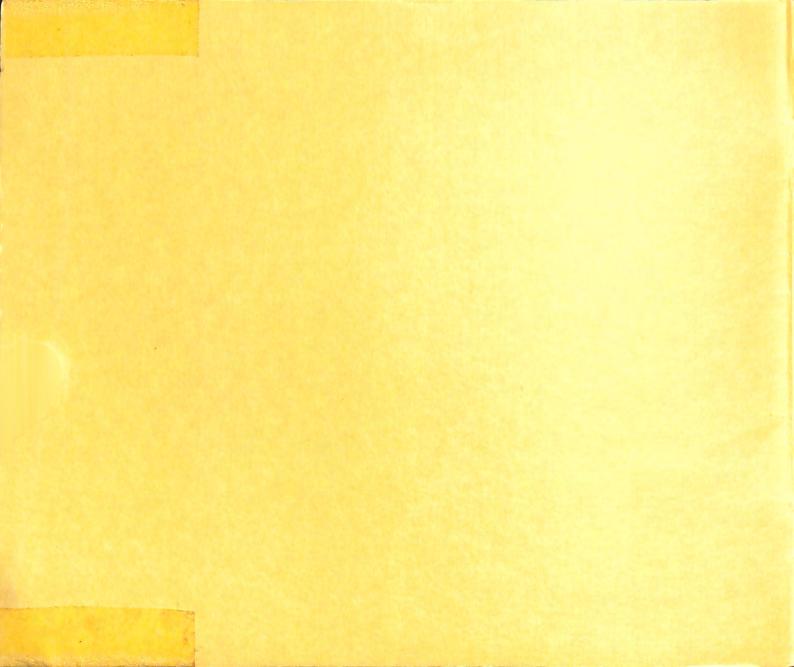
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Pendulum

Dedicated to Mary Williams



Sandi Matthews, Editor Kelly Day, Stacy Brooks, Mary Dick, Sue-Anne LoManto, Sarah-Ellen Semple, Linda Savanaskas, Staff Lynda Roseman, Advisor Barbara Wrenn, Book Design

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.

**VOLUME TWENTY-THREE** 

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 Rudolph Koch, Dover Publications, Inc. 1930

### PENDULUM AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE

POETRY
ARTWORK
PHOTOGRAPHY
SHORT STORY
COVER

Laurie Pignataro '82 Kelly Day '83 Sarah-Ellen Semple '82 Joy Scoppettuolo '85 Jodi Winchester '83

Pendulum awards for excellence were chosen by the Editorial Staff.





Kelly Day '83

#### Sunbeams Are Warm!

Shadows of sun, echo throughout
the halls, the dust dances in
the air with glee! We must try to
dance with the dust even when it is not
swirling around. Or we
too will be limp and motionless, when
there is no warmth to stir it.

Linda Savanaskus '82



Maria Qualtere '85

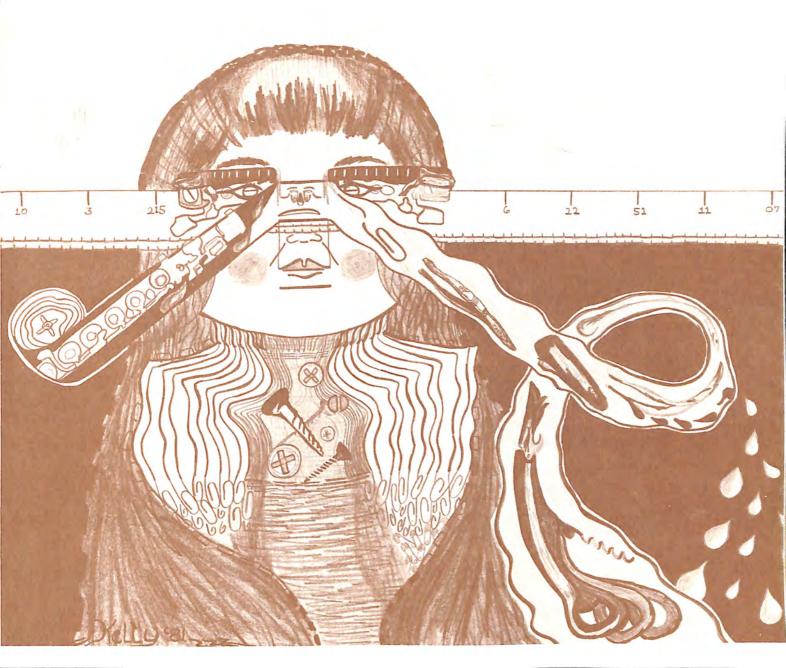


#### Fantasy

```
daydream in a bubble slowly turning over-around floating, bobbing —caught by a passing current, keeping time with an unknown rhythm—
```

```
thoughts interweave
leaving tissues of delicious colours
blending and muted,
fading,
and then focusing
into one
picture
frame
of thought— my mind.
```

Laurie A. Pignaturo '82



#### Somber Reality

As I opened up the big, tinted glass doors and walked into the overly elaborate foyer, I braced myself for what was about to come. Positioned in front of me was a stiff, black, magnetic board framed in gold. The letters on it spelled out my grandmother's name, DIONISIA SPINAZZOLA, and the room she was in, PARLOR 2.

I walked down the hall past one empty room until I saw some familiar faces. Outside the boldly arched doorway were three or four of my cousins sitting in straight-backed, wooden chairs. The wallpaper in back of them, a small, flowery print, was curling at the edges. I made little effort to acknowledge them as I stared around at the unwelcoming at-

mosphere.

I moved a bit further until I was just inside the doorway. The wallpaper in here was the same as in the hall. The somber, dusty pink lights, however, gave it a different tone. It was as if these lights were trying to give the worn-out, curling wallpaper a touch of warmth. Warmth it could never give off. I noticed more of the stiff, wooden chairs my cousins were sitting on, all facing a wall straight ahead. Along the side were different chairs in which my mother and aunts sat. They were large, stuffed arm chairs in which even a very big person would look lost.

I gazed around a bit more until my eyes fell upon a tall, wooden podium on which a book lay open. The dark brown wood of the podium was in contrast with the whitish vinyl book. I picked it up in my hands to read the inscription on the front cover. VISITORS was plainly spelled out in bold letters. I flipped through the book to see pages and pages of names I had never seen before. Probably more people like the ones who had been dropping by the house. People whom my grandmother hadn't seen for years before she died. I slammed the book down rather loudly but no one heard me, for there were groups of people huddled together engaged in conversation.

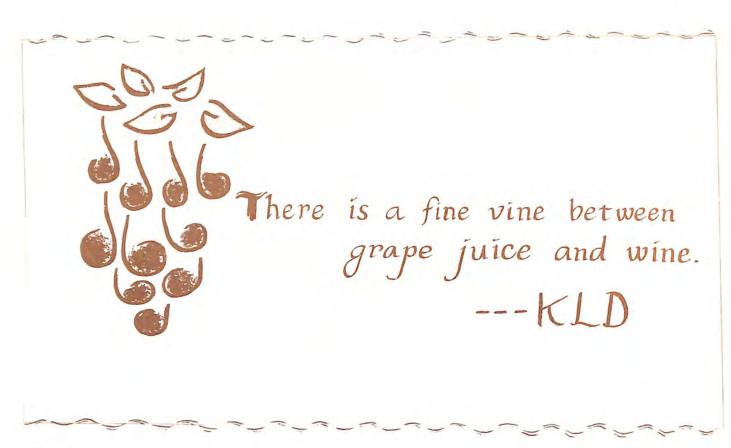


I moved closer toward my parents, as I was overcome by the sweet, pungent aroma of the various floral arrangements. There were roses in a variety of hues. Lilies, carnations, and giant mums crowded all together. The liveliness of the flowers seemed to strike such a contrast to the somberness of the occasion. The atmosphere in the room was eerie, musty, and so unreal. As the people thinned out, the stillness was broken by only an occasional hushed whisper among the remaining visitors.

Since this seemed like a more private time, I knelt gingerly on the padded platform, I raised my eyes from the dark bronze casket to gaze upon the still, waxy figure. This certainly wasn't my grandmother! She was always so plain and humble. Why then, was she wearing such an elegant, pale blue dress surrounded by the stark white, silk lining of the casket? Her once soft hair-do now seemed stiff and unreal as it lay on the fancy, lace pillow. The painted face made the whole ordeal even more unbelievable— she never used make-up.

Suddenly, my eyes caught the familiar sight of her brooch, a large flower cameo brooch. The brooch grandma had always worn brought the reality of her death back into focus. I was now able to make my way out of the tomb-like room and into the fresh air of the cool night, able to remember my grandmother as I always knew her.





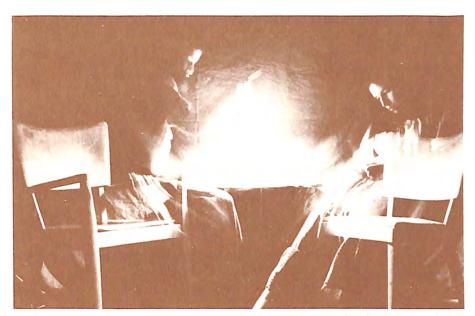
Kelly Day '83

drinker
thinker
student
teacher
idealist
realist
instigator
mediator
impulsive
reflective
unconventional
traditional
in a word?
unsettled,

Regis Mary English '82

```
My life
        like a spiral staircase
        going round and round
        full of ups and downs. . .
Reaching upwards
        each stair representing
        a step of life
        so many stairs, so many choices. . .
Will
    ever
      reach
         the
            last
              and
                final
                  step?
```





Sarah-Ellen Semple '82

# That's Just the Way It Is

"But why must I give him my number Without also asking for <u>his?</u>" "Because, my dear," said Mother, "That's just the way it is."

"Men hate pushy women And that is just what you'd be If you got his number and called him first. It's better to wait, you'll see."

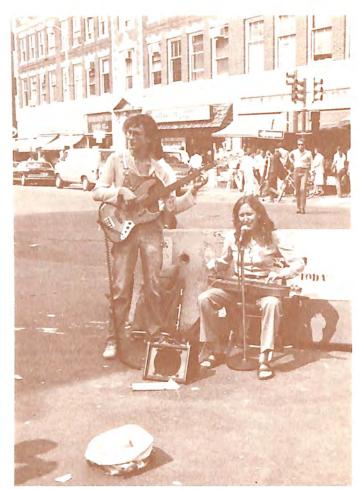
"But times have changed!
Women are liberated now!"
"You can do more than I could at your age,
But tradition still stands; don't ask why or how."

"Why waste your worry and wonder? Just accept it as it is. Kindly give out your number when it is asked of you, But don't ever ask him for his."

Mury Dick '82

Willy went walking when the weather became windy, When the wind began whistling Willy wondered whether the wind was whistling words of wisdom or whether it was whistling just to hear itself whistle. Well. Willy walked and wondered and then wondered and walked. All the while wondering whether the whistling wind was whistling wisdom or whether the windy whistle was just whistling wind. While wondering about the whistling wind Willy began to whistle with the wind. Willy would wait while the wind whistled and then Will would answer the whistling wind with his own whistle. While playing the whistling game with the wind Willy stopped wondering whether the whistling wind was whistling wisdom or the windy whistle was just whistling to whistle. So we will never know and always wonder what kind of whistle the windy wind whistles.

Sandi Matthews '82



Linda Zarr '82



#### First Sonnet

Is love a heart's desire to be slaked,
Sought, as hunger seems to fill its need?
Or an emotion sparked, not freely to partake—
A call at will, to which we only heed?
What e're it be for which my heart does yearn,
Your caring and your love, they do provide.
A want or spark— why trouble to discern?
If left up to our hearts they would decide
Love in itself is all we need to know
Soul and heart will answer riddles of the mind.
Faith in love, as faith in God, will grow
Strong and binding given time.
My willingness and time I do devote to thee
And all my love for eternity.

Laurie A. Pignataro '83

#### **Smiles**

The flaming smile was that of blood.

Its deepness of power smelled the opposite of birth.

The rusty atmosphere teased the wind. In the broken silence the purpose of car wheels was near.

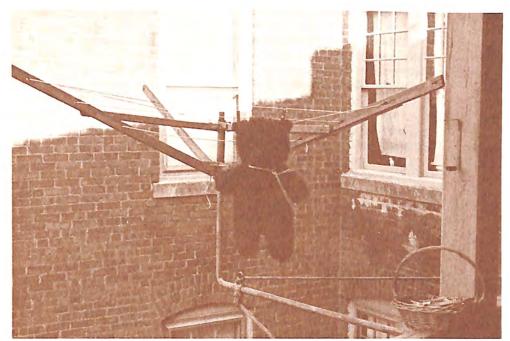
The flurry of anger grew to a certain angle of fear.

Quietly and quickly the race to capture the victim was near.

Quickly the race became as silent as a swan lying on a velvet cushion of thorns and crowns.

The cold end of the smile was here.

Linda Savanaskas '82



Linda Zarr '82

#### Windows

A young woman is standing in a strange bathroom. She is in her slip because it is too hot for anything else. The light doesn't work too well which frustrates her. She opens the medicine chest, it's a dirty mess inside. A bad sign for a man to have a messy medicine chest. "Unorganized," she thought, "half these bottles are older than I am." She glances out the window. There is an apartment building across the street and an abandoned alley below. There is little sign of life at three in the morning. She pushes her strap back on her shoulder, sighs and puts her hands on the window sill. Pressing her face against the cool pane she remembers back to a time when things seemed easier to her. There weren't as many decisions then. Life, especially hers, didn't seem so difficult. She scans the adjacent apartment building. All the windows are dark except for a few bedroom windows which emit a dull blue light of the late show. She sighs again and then shivers. There is a sudden strange feeling of nakedness, almost as if someone is watching her.

This thought stirs her memory; she returns to when she was nine and a night when she could not sleep. That night, as all other nights when she was unable to sleep, she had pressed her face against the window to look out at the view of her neighbor's backyard. The scene always seemed dull, a hedge, a driveway, the side of the house, and the bathroom window. There were two sons in that house, of great age, at least eighteen or nineteen years old. This night the light to the bathroom flickered on and a strange boy walked in. He must be a guest she thought. How nice to have something to watch. He moved about the bathroom freely. She was tired



and rested her head for a time. When she looked up she realized the guest was showering and had neglected to pull the shade all the way down. She had only been able to see his waist. The shade covered his head and the sill came up to his thigh. She was quite awake now. Would she see a nude man? With no brothers, a man's anatomy was very interesting to her. But what if the window steamed up? What if he took a long shower? The anticipation began to frustrate her. Then he stepped out. He was careless, he didn't pull the shade or step out of view. Now that she had seen him it didn't seem so wonderful anymore. What was all the fuss about with her friends and parents about this subject? It didn't seem that fascinating to her. Even her sister had a vested interest in boys. Why? They were different, very different, she could see why and where through that window. She pouted, disappointed and confused she returned to bed.

Looking out that bathroom window now it seemed funny to her. She was approaching a new discovery which had more than its share of hype. This time she didn't want to be disappointed. Nor did she want to be attached. There would be less chance of failure or hurt this way. She hoped she didn't make a mistake. She turned to the mirror and smiled sadly at her reflection. "You can be so dumb sometimes," she thought. "It's too late now, there's no backing out." She pulled her hair from its confinement of hair pins. Then in one sweeping movement, she let her slip fall to the floor. She turned to the door and stepped out into the dark passageway known as the livingroom. She saw the faint light of the bedroom, where a warmth was waiting for her. Somewhere in the city of New York a young boy could not sleep.

Sarah-Ellen Semple '82





The sky shall hug its motherearth and let down its dark curtain of hair earth rising meets sky with leafy fingertips to gently close the day. a pond implies a circle; no horizon line existsonly a blending of earth to sky to earth. cycles of time, space that hold all that has been and all that will be and is now.

Laurie A. Pignataro '82

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