1983

Pendulum (1983)

Pendulum Staff

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The Pendulum

1983

Lesley College
Jeanne Merrill . . . . Co-editor
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Dedicated to those who helped so much to make this possible!
LESLEY COLLEGE HAS A CAMPUS

(Sung to the tune: "Old MacDonald Has A Farm")

Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha
And on its campus it has security ha-ha ha-ha ha
With a "lock-out" here, and a "lock-out" there
You'll get in your room when they get up the stairs
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus it has a library ha-ha ha-ha ha
With piles of books and overdues
The xerox breaks down and the elevator, too
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus there's a cafeteria ha-ha ha-ha ha
Eggs for breakfast, lunch and dinner
Today's menu was a real winner
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus there's the registrar's office ha-ha ha-ha ha
With schedules over here, and transcripts over there
Registration, certification and papers everywhere
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus it is the treasurer's office ha-ha ha-ha ha
With work study checks and much financial aid
You've got to make sure your tuition bill is paid
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus there are the students ha-ha ha-ha ha
Graduate students flit about
While undergrads run 'round and shout
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus it has the faculty ha-ha ha-ha ha
With goals set here and objectives met there
It's enough to make you want to pull out your hair
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus there's administration ha-ha ha-ha ha
They sit in offices with a desk and a chair
Just what on earth do they do in there
Lesley College has a campus ha-ha ha-ha ha

And on its campus we do our best ha-ha ha-ha ha
To work and play and have a ball
Overall, we're "phen-om-en-al"!!!
Lesley College has a campus HA-HA

K.C. AND M&M
Laughter

Joyous, contagious, secretive laughter
healer of the blues
come forth and let us share
your spirit of lightheartedness

Jennifer Dobrowolski
'83
Life is a great adventure. Each day is a new surprise, so sweep the cobwebs from your heart, and open your eyes. Sorrow flees the sunlight, so throw the windows wide open, and watch the brightness flow in, for it will warm everything inside.

Life is a great adventure, for those who would explore adventure; for those who would explore, the road winds upward and the wind taps lightly at the door. And should the day be cloudy, no one to complain, when trees along the avenue are singing in the rain.

Roni

"36"
Friendship...
Once just a word I knew,
just a simple fragment
without any of the beautiful meaning
it now has for me.
Now that there is you.

Whenever I feel at a dead end
on the street map that I have chosen,
Whenever I feel that there is no place
left to go, left to hide
and I feel like I am going nowhere,
You are there.
You are my friend.

You listen with such ease
to all of my feelings, to all of my fears
with an open heart
and with open arms
to hold me like a child and
to carefully wipe away my tears.
You are my friend.

All I can do in return
is to say that I love you
more than anyone will ever know
more than I could even show.
During these dark and difficult times
I will always remember
that you have given me
the strength and wisdom
to help me feel free.

Lisa Yates '84
Tick...

Bong! The old Grandfather clock at the end of the hall encroaches upon the sacred silence of the once active household. The antique clock was carved of beautiful walnut; its face had been painted, by hand with care, and throughout the years it had been well preserved. Grandfather had been a favorite of the little boy, whose small size allowed him to hide in its lower compartment. The boy's sister, who was two years older, used to sit for hours watching the carved eyes as they flickered back and forth with every movement of the pendulum.

The boy was five on his last birthday; he had received a valuable train set, given to him by great-grandfather, for the child had always loved trains. His sister was seven; she was very petite, had the grace and charm of a princess and how she loved to dance to the sweet sound of her music box, also received from great-grandfather. Together the two were like a pair of fragile china dolls.

It is now twelve, and for the first day in a long time the sun's rays shone through the dark atomic clouds. Outside the window, where once sounds of laughter were heard, are only shadows of a boy and girl tossing a ball. The grass and shrubbery, once green with life, are withered and grey, destroyed by the force that had taken all life forms. "How sad," some may have said, but time goes on.

In the kitchen the table was set for summer, awaiting the return of the long departed family. Dust gathers on the Victorian furniture in the sitting room and the old coals in the fireplace need to be swept away. Upstairs one can hear haunting sounds of the past. In one room an electric train continuously rides around a track, once put together with tiny caring fingers, its journey never ending.

In the next room the euphenic sounds of an open music box play for a lifeless ear. The tune will continue to play for the lifespan of its energy source, the battery. The room represents its mistress with its delicate ballet-pink curtains and matching canopy bed, arrayed with satin sheets and ruffled spread. No signs of laughter or gala events are present; the clock in the hall bongs faithfully each infinite hour.
Yes, time goes on, eventhough life has ceased to exist. Time continues because it is measured with a machine. Machines continue until the spring unwinds or the energy dies, I know because I am a machine. We machines continue working even though life around us ceases to exist, destroyed because man has programmed us to do so.

Time goes on, and on, and on...
    Tick, tock, tick...

Laurie Baker '86
Harvard Square — the mecca of Cambridge

Just a short walk from Lesley College, past Harvard Yard, you will find the only true cultural experience in Cambridge.

So it's not sociology at Lesley or philosophy at MIT or Harvard. But the Square, and of course the people who live and visit there.

Take a close look at them all ... Philosophers, artists, cultists, musicians, students, beggars, punk rockers, writers, actors, political activists, dreamers, and the fixtures, those who are part of the Square forever.

It is crammed full of people because it thrives, it breathes, and it tries so very hard to make a statement ...

Leaving here, I know I will miss it dearly, but it will always be my favorite cultural experience.

Jennifer Dobrowolski '83
Because

Because our relationship is based on honesty and fairness, there is no need to test each other.

It is so wonderful to find someone whom I don't need to play games with and who lives up to everything that I consider important, and most of all beautiful.

Member of the class of '86
SOMETIMES

Sometimes you do not say anything
and I know exactly what you are thinking.

Sometimes you see something beautiful and it
is as though I see it, too.

Sometimes you touch something and by holding your
hand, I feel like I touched it also.

Sometimes you learn something interesting and by
listening to you I learn it also.

Always when you are happy, I am happy
because you are a part of me, and my life
is intermingled with your life.

"Irish Lass"
Red sneakers on four paws
Beat a walk - two step, shuffle shuffle
Pitter patter - break and shatter
"Elmer's glue, I think," he said
Somewhere from inside his head
"Great stuff, always does the trick."

Tie those laces or

Drops of tears

Canvas cloppers, rubber stoppers
Squeak, squeak - shimmy, shimmy
Lose it as you use it, like one size fits all

Francine Mannuzza
'83
Sheba

-Kel 82
LESLEY COLLEGE ROOMMATES

(Sung to the tune of "Breaking Up is Hard to Do.")

Being roommates is fun to do,
Fun for me and fun for you,
She's the flake, but you're the fool ... Why not help each other get through school?!

Remember when she used your books,
And you gave her all those dirty looks?
Why don't you two make it right,
Instead of hollering all through the night.

You're keeping everybody else awake.
Now you have a lot at stake,
Too bad you can't make amends....
Instead of being enemies
why don't you two just be friends.

Remember dinner the other night -
When they didn't make the meatballs right?
Instead of going out to scream,
Why not go out for ice cream?!!

down

dooby - doo
down
down ...

by
K.C. and M&M
'83
We are friends,
Growing separately together
And whether far or whether near,
We are friends.

Through happiness and sorrow,
Through laughter and through tears,
Through the ups and through the downs,
We are friends.

Through the troubles and the joys,
Through the problems this life brings,
Through the bad times and the good,
We are friends.

Sharing with . . .
Caring for . . .
Helping . . .
    one another;
We are friends.

jmm
'83
The Weeper

Above the misted sodden moon
The Weeper sings her quiet tune.
The flowing tears rushing down her cheeks,
Flood the sunrise in her eyes.
She hums with echoing unfurber
Her shaken chords begin to gurber.

Why does she weep?

For fields of golden honey wheat
For flowers sprung beneath her feet
Because of days lost in her past
They moved too quickly and too fast
She weeps because they did not last and
Now she must aside them cast
For what is done has passed in past.

Francine Mannuzza
'83
HAPPINESS

Happiness is like a crystal, fair and exquisite and clear. Broken into a trillion pieces, shattered, scattered far and near. Now and then, along life's pathway comes a low! Some shining fragments fall, but there are so many pieces, no one ever finds them all. You may find a bit of beauty or an honest share of wealth, while another just beside you gathers honor, love or health.

Vain to choose or grasp unduly
Broken is the perfect ball;
And there are so many pieces,
No one ever finds them all.

Roni
"86"
Dreams of Innocence

Hush, hush sweet child
dream peaceful dreams
and feel safe.

In the world of your future,
you will face the decisions and
struggles, that you now are free of.

There will also be joys and fulfillments.
Life will come soon enough.

So dream of golden melodies and
enchanted song
And I will hold you when you awake.

feel safe and dream.

Dawn Quyle '85
PARTING
(to the B.J.'s and all my friends)

"Goodbye"
I never liked the word,
it's too final
and you
are not someone who
I want to say goodbye to
but what words can I say ...
We are going to leave one another soon
Yet, I know, you will always be there for me
and I will always be there for you
So,
let's not say "it"
Instead let's say we'll see each other, tomorrow ...

And if by chance we don't
then let me tell you now how much you mean to me,
how much I'll miss you, and how much I've enjoyed
our times together

And please, remember
I'll be wanting to see you, again,
tomorrow.

Jennifer Dobrowolski
'83
Enjoy our dreams continue to soar...

KU93