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## Pendulum (1983)

Pendulum Staff

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The

# Pendulum

1983

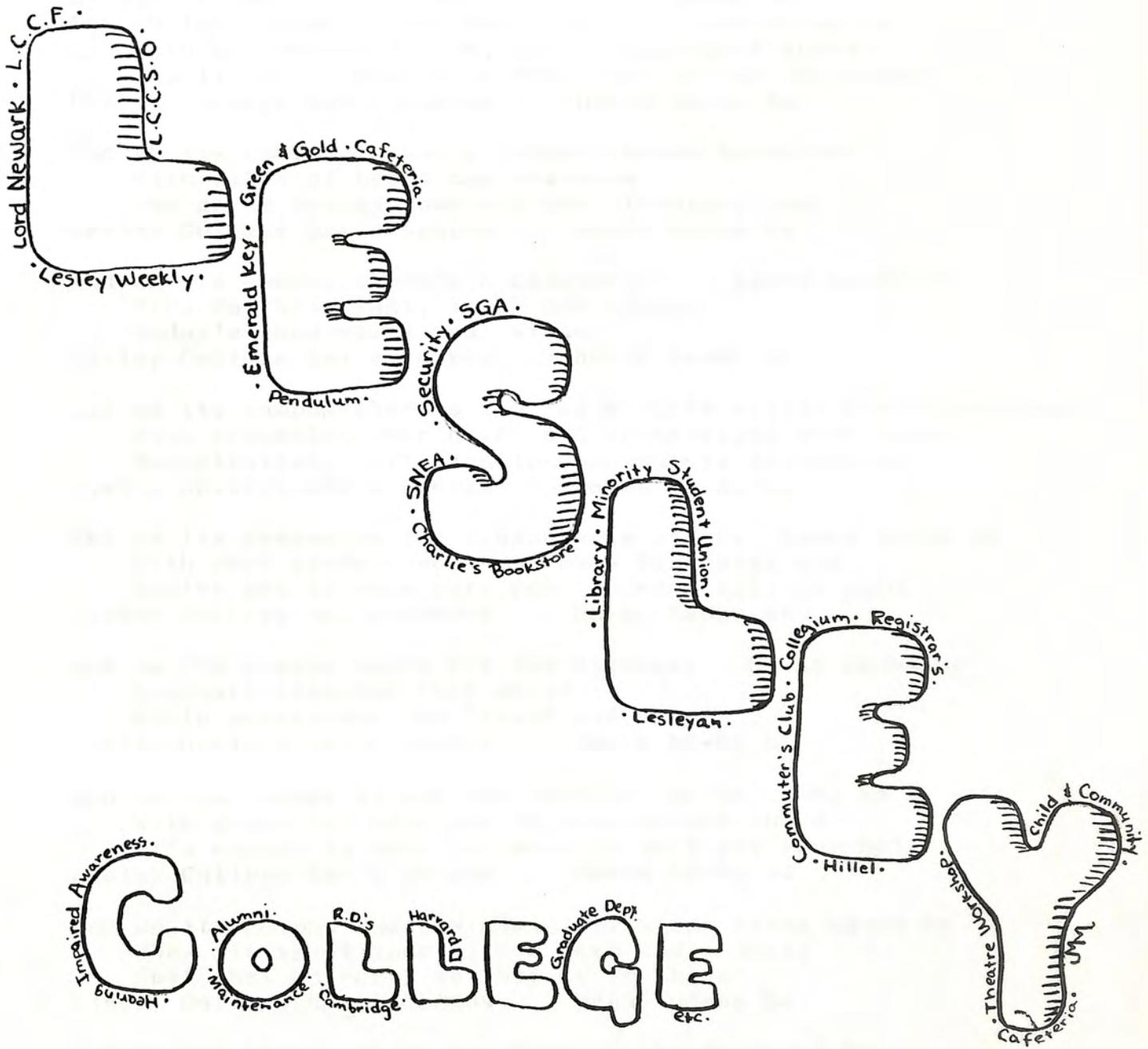
LESLEY COLLEGE

Jeanne Merrill . . . . . Co-editor  
Kelly Day . . . . . Co-editor

Lynda Roseman . . . . . Advisor

Dedicated to those who helped so much  
to make this possible!

COLLEGES



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 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

HA-HA

HA!

**Laughter**

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

Jennifer Dobrowolski  
'83

## LIFE'S ADVENTURE

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

"86"

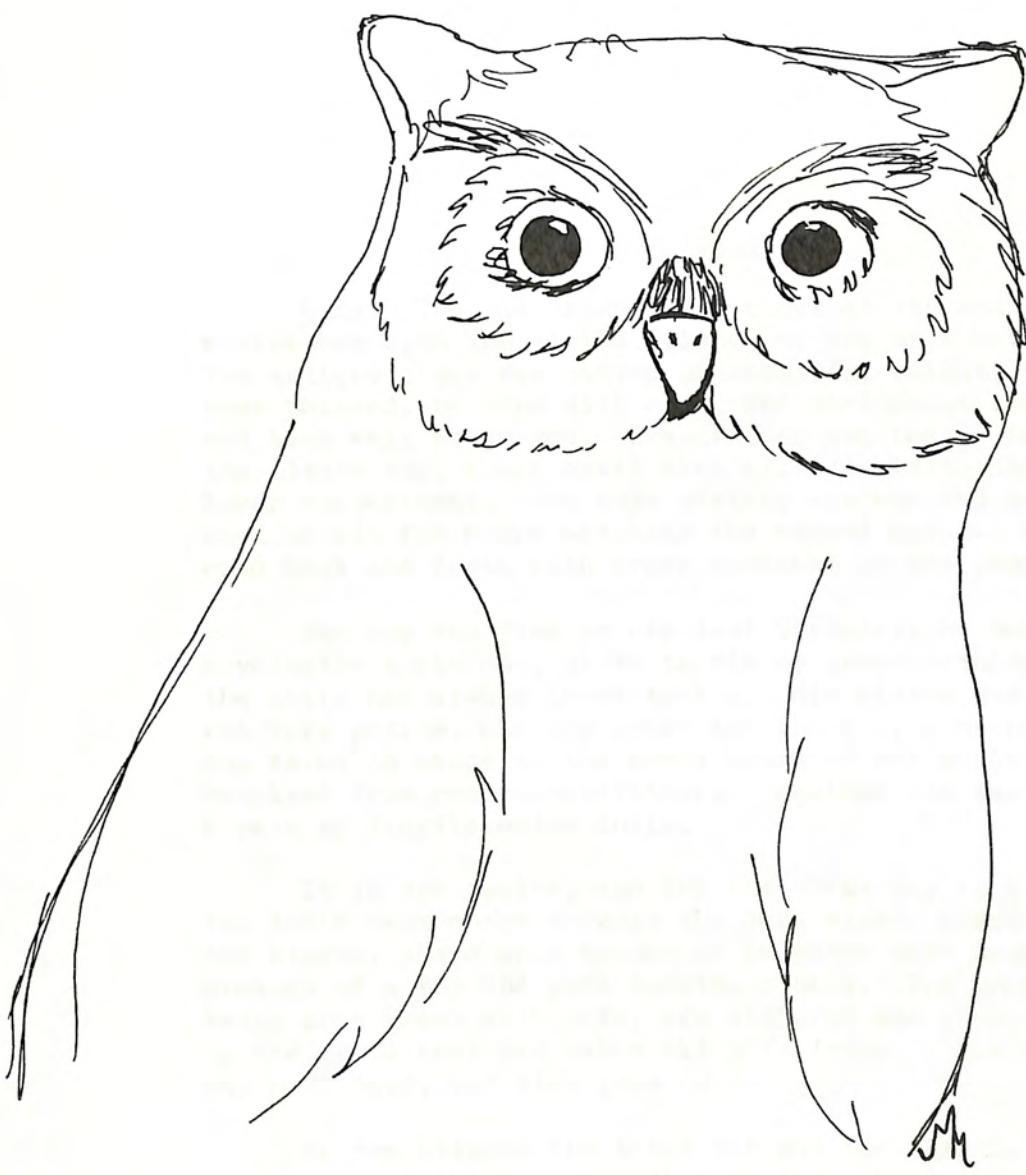
Friendship...  
Once just a word I knew,  
just a simple fragment  
without any of the beautiful meaning  
it now has for me.  
Now that there is you.

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



2-4-83

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 euphemous 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, eventthough 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.

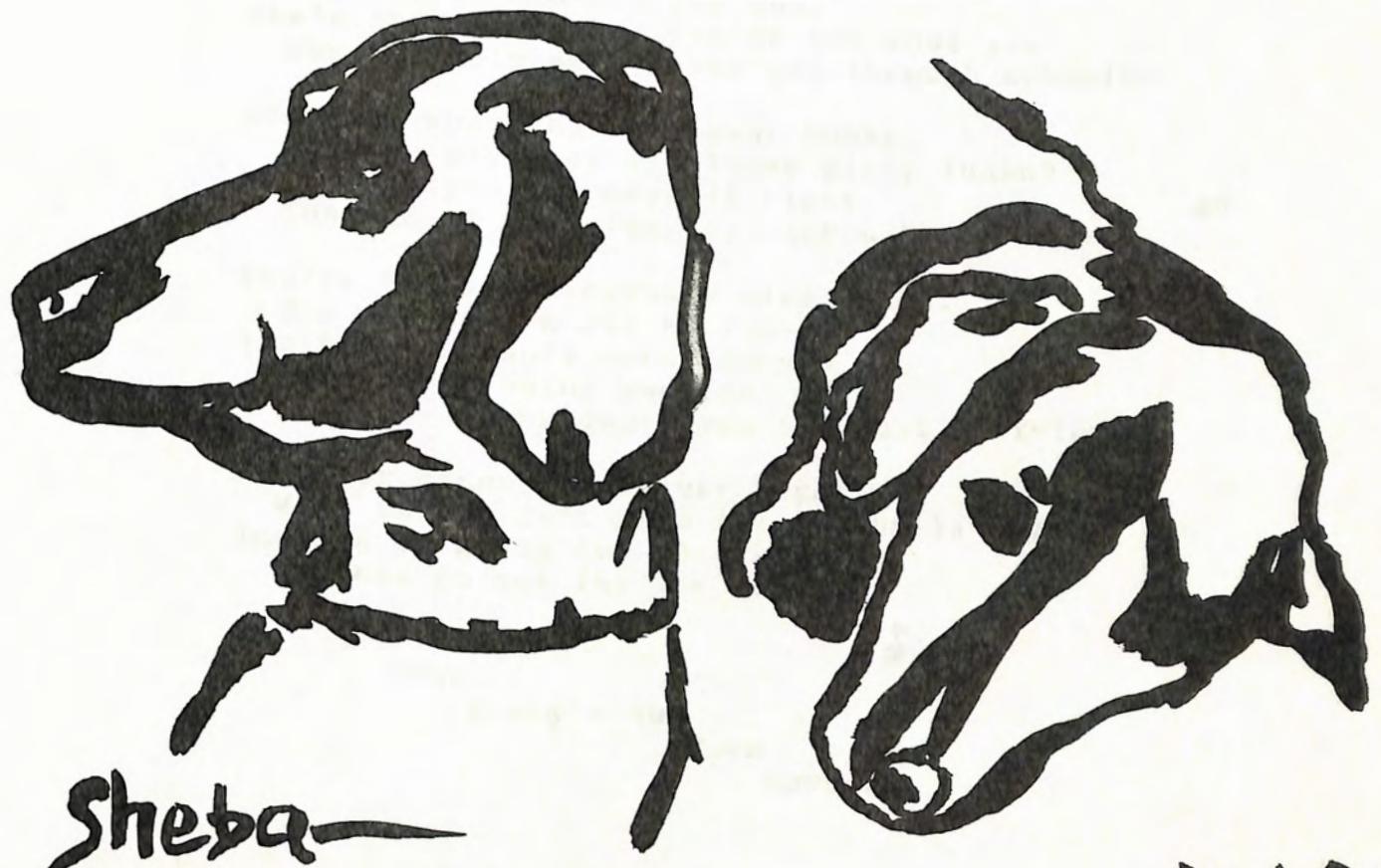
Sometimes you learn something interesting and by  
listening to you I learn it also.

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  
        trip  
            trip  
                trip  
    Drops of tears  
        drip  
            drip  
                drip  
Canvas cloppers, rubber stoppers  
Squeak, squeak - shimmy, shimmy  
Lose it as you use it, like one size fits all  
    fall  
        fall  
            fall in love.

Francine Mannuzza  
'83



Sheba

Kel 82

- Kelly L. Day '83

## 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 ammends....  
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.

j<sup>m</sup>m

'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

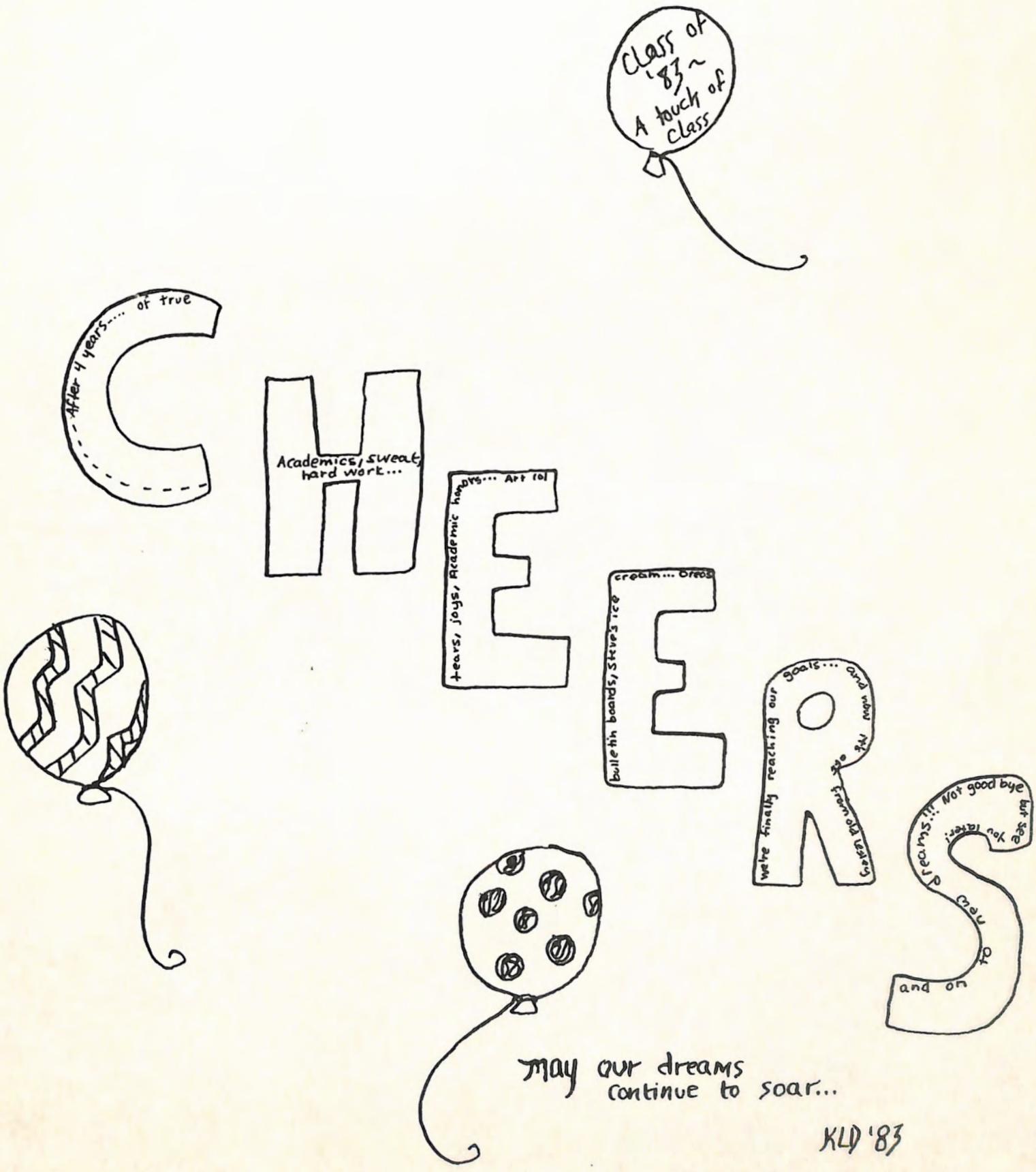
then let me tell you now how much you mean to me,  
how much I'll miss you, and how much I've enjoyed

our times together

And please, remember

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

Jennifer Dobrowolski  
'83



May our dreams continue to soar...

KLD '83

