

VOLUME 1 NO. 1  
MAY 3 1969

idea

If I could isolate one pebble in  
an avalanche;  
One ripple in a stone-casters pool  
Stop: for one second  
the change and flow  
To record the transition  
from image to response to structure

Andrea Halasz

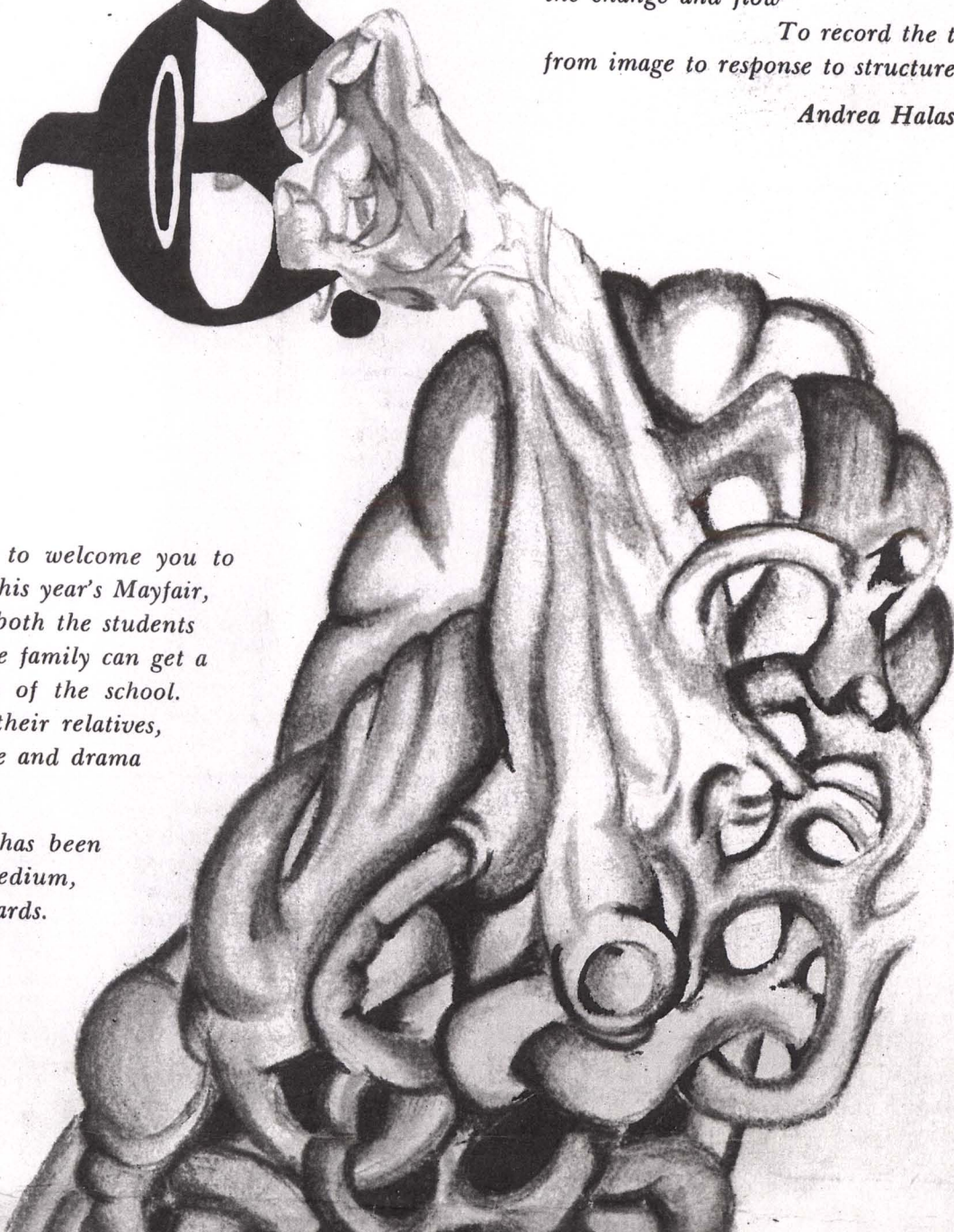
## Dear Parents,

As editors of the school newspaper, we would like to welcome you to this year's edition of Mayfair. The main purpost of this year's Mayfair, like those in the past, is presented in the interest of both the students and family. Students work to prepare a day where the family can get a closer look at the accomplishments and atmosphere of the school. All year long, Windsor students are separated from their relatives, so today is considered outstanding in the everyday life and drama of the Windsor student.

This is the first issue of the school newspaper that has been printed professionally. Being a first attempt in this medium, the quality and layout may not be up to our standards. We intend to improve this flaw in future editions.

We urge you to subscribe to our newspaper, so as to keep you in touch with what is going on at Windsor. We are sure you will not be disappointed with the results.

Lastly, we wish you a most enjoyable time during your encounter of Windsor under somewhat unusual conditions.



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The Editors



## May Fair Schedule

10:00 AM

Windsor Mountain School welcomes the arrival of parents. The students will assist you in parking your cars. A nursery also will be available. Please register in the front hall of the Main House.

11:30 AM

The May Fair begins. For the information of the newcomers, the Fair Day is designed and run almost completely by the students. They have worked hard to make the day pleasurable for you. To give you a general idea of the midday fair events we will have—Dart Throwing, Electric Loop Ball Throw, Soccer Kick, Dunking Booth, Big Apple, Barbecue, Arts & Crafts, Pony Cart Rides, Raffle, Delicatessen.

12:00 Noon

Parents-Faculty Coffee in the Library and on the Patio.

2:30 PM

Tennis Match — Windsor Mountain School Varsity vs. Lenox School  
(Faculty-Parents) vs. (Varsity-J.V.) Softball game on the Main House Lawn.  
Math Exhibit in the Classhouse.  
Painting, Drawing, Sculpture, Photography Exhibits in the Main House.  
Book Exhibit in the Library.  
Music (Jazz, Rock, Classical) all day on the Patio.

(continued on page two)

## Caril Powell Elected President

On April 23, Caril Powell was elected president of the student body. These government elections take place bi-yearly on the democratic basis of popular vote. Following is an interview with Caril Powell directly after her election.

by Robin Cohen

The job of the president is a great responsibility, but it is also a job that warrants a great deal of pressure. Some people have been known to change during their term as president, but I as well as the majority of the student body can sense a feeling of trust in our new president, Caril Powell. There is a light air about the way her personality projects, and one finds it difficult to frown in her presence. A president is able to set the tone of an entire student body depending upon the personality. If a person can see a stamp imprinted on her face of "President" or "Authoritarian," this is not Caril. For people tend to fear such feelings and do not find it easy to speak freely of their thoughts. As sentimental and corny as these traits may seem, they are nothing but true. Caril is a warm person whom I believe will do a fine job as president.

In a recent interview with Caril, she spoke on issues that she was concerned with. If a student government is going to exist, Caril believes in changing the present idea that the students have. Council has long been the inferior body as opposed to court. Caril feels that this concept should be changed.

Council is set up to make rules and lean with the mood of the student body. She thinks that it should work with the student body more than it has in the past so that there is a better understanding and respect between the two groups that now seem to be battling. Court should be a minor portion of government that may not even be necessary if the student body works together rather than against.

A lot of students feel alienated from those people who regularly take over responsibilities around school. Caril feels that more student responsibility and participation in night watch, studyhall, workgroup and kitchen crew will overcome the fragmentation of the existing student body.

A lot of people have complained bitterly of the food served. It is Caril's belief that students should have the opportunity to cook in the kitchen during the weekends. This would probably inspire students to participate in kitchen crew, besides having the satisfaction of eating good food once in a while.

I am sure that the student body wishes Caril the best of success in her term as president, for it takes a lot to make as many people as possible content.

## Credits

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Michael Greenfield

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Photo by Emily Slate  
Drawings by Peter Hoagland  
Incredible help and printer  
Tom Reardon  
The Studley Press, Inc.

## A Foreign Student Speaks

by Roberto Hanz

To be a foreign student in any part of the world, you will find many different ways of life, people, and educational systems. I personally feel it is a privilege to come over the boundaries.

I have found that High School education system in the United States is very poor. It is poor in that the student only studies the subject he likes and is not required to take those he doesn't like. Things like this do not happen in Venezuela where I come from.

I like to come to a different country because I like to see and learn about people, students and the different types of education.

As a foreign student sometimes you feel homesick. I however do not get homesick because I believe it is necessary to learn how to survive in a country where things are new to you. One also finds that he is also slightly ethnocentric in that one seems to find nicer things inside of his own country.

## Julian Bond Speaks at Williamstown

In January, 1967, Julian Bond, a Black man, became a member of the Georgia Legislature. Mr. Bond relates that some members still do not care to recognize him, and refuse to talk to him. He however admits that he is just as content with not talking to them, as they are. But at least the white majority is able to accept the Black man's existence.

Julian Bond began his lecture with a speech by Fredrick Douglas that was delivered on Independence Day in 1852. "You may rejoice, I must mourn. What is the fourth of July to the American slave? Your prayers and hymns are hypocrisy. A horrible reptile is lying in your nation. If something is not done, it shall spring forth."

These quotations are related to contemporary issues. For 113 years after the deliverance of Douglas' speech, the Black man has finally "sprung forth" to reveal his somewhat delayed independence and honor.

Over forty percent of the nations' poor are black. The head of the household is usually female with more than six children to provide for and raise. A child coming from such conditions is lucky to receive an eighth grade education. The only logical reason the Black man is able to pin on such poverty, is his race, and denial of equal opportunity in the mythical "land of opportunity." More and more poor people are dying due to poor conditions and disease. What the Black people need is Black Capitalism, or more probably, community socialism with direct relations between poor Blacks and Whites.

## May Fair Schedule

(continued from page 1)

5:00 PM

Parents Meeting in the Auditorium with Heinz Bondy.

6:00 PM

Smorgasbord Dinner cooked by the culinary experts among the student body in the Dining Room. We guarantee this dinner to be finer than a meal for twice the price in the neighborhood.

8:00 PM

Evening Talent Show—Auditorium

Last year the talent show was a great success. Almost everyone came to the show in which both faculty and students participated. We hope this year it will be an unqualified success.

*This year's events will include:*

Modern Dance to Laura Nyro's "Poverty Train."

One-Act Plays:

1. *Request Stop*, Harold Pinter
2. *Wandering*, Lanford Wilson
3. *Camera Obscura*, Robert Patrick

Sarah Palmer — Singing

David Carter — Singing

Dance based on poems by Langford Hughes, Debra Wiley

Jug Band

Jazz Rock Band

We hope you will have a wonderful evening.

Heinz Bondy will be very happy to see parents. Please write or call for an appointment on either

Friday, May 2nd or on

Sunday, May 4th. He

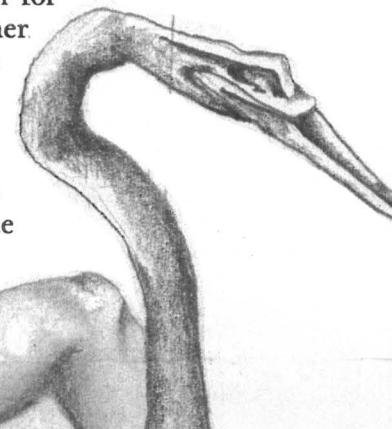
will not plan to have

any appointments on

Saturday, May 3rd, so

that he can participate

in the Fair.



to you. One also finds that he is also slightly ethnocentric in that one seems to find nicer things inside of his own country.

## LITTER!

A couple of days ago, I was walking behind two W.M.S. students and heard them discussing the throwing away of a piece of paper. One of the students was a little bit more conscientious about the litter situation and wanted the possessor of the paper to wait and put it in a basket. The other student paid no attention to him and threw the paper on the lawn, saying that there had to be a clean-up anyway.

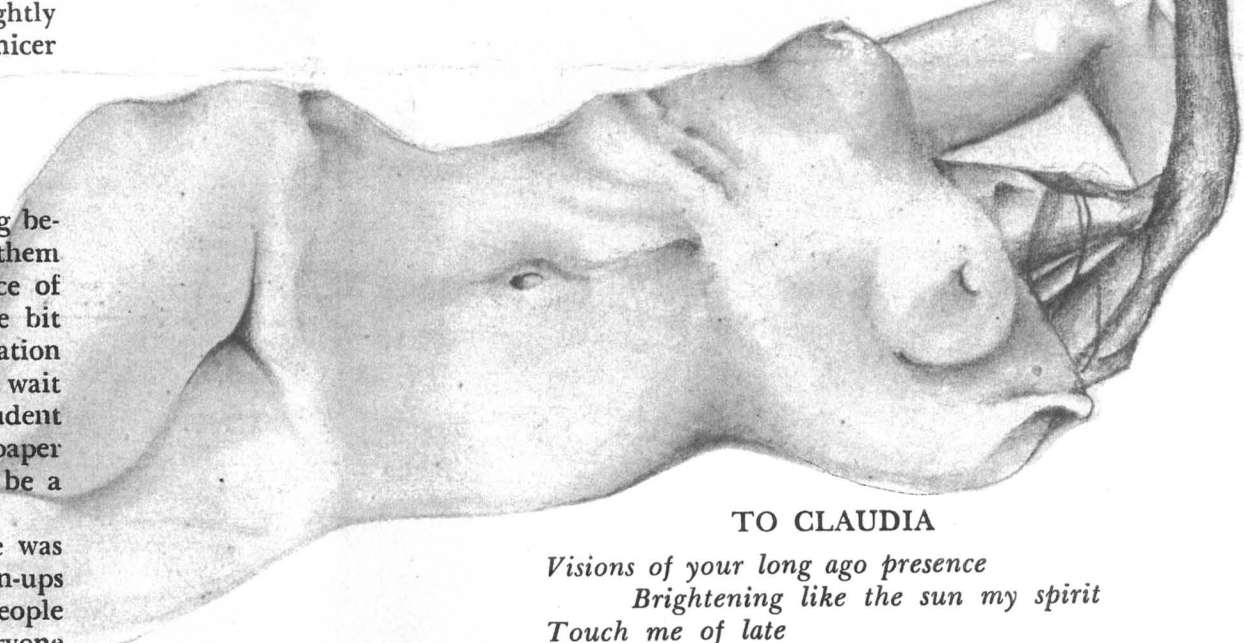
What this student failed to realize was that the reason that there had to be clean-ups was due to logic such as his. A lot of people complain about these clean-ups. If everyone would put their scraps of paper and other trash in their pockets until they came upon a waste basket, clean-ups like the one's we've been having wouldn't be at all necessary. Admittedly, there aren't many trash cans in handy spots, but that is being worked on. Until that time when they are handy, try to hold yourself back from littering the campus.

A little effort from you, the individual, will save a great deal of the effort that is needed to keep the campus clean.

## Music Notice

by Leslie Bergner

It is time the frustrated musicians of the Windsor Mountain School unite in creative endeavor. Please abandon your favorite, secluded practice spot and attend the next meeting of Chamber Music. These informal gatherings will merely serve to bring together people who might be interested in forming ensembles and to introduce needy solists to agreeable accompanists. Literature as well as your support will be appreciated.



TO CLAUDIA

*Visions of your long ago presence  
Brightening like the sun my spirit  
Touch me of late*

— Julian

## Movie Review

# BIRTH OF A NATION

by Caril Powell

D.W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* was received here at Windsor with question and nervous laughter. The film of the early 1900's portraying the civil war and reconstruction was perhaps the largest event in movies to hit Windsor.

The still somewhat controversial film of obvious racism was viewed by the Black students as extremely comical. Many identified with the knowledge of the stereotype negro Griffith portrayed. Perhaps the most disturbing fact for those seeing the film for the first time was the outward admittance of racial bias and the forming of the long fabled Ku Klux Klan.

The idea of the Klansmen being the

heros more or less struck a great part of the audience as outrageous.

Griffith believed in the concept that the Arian brethren is superior, shocked the audience, but was quite bold of a moviemaker in 1915. Griffith treated the whole race issue as a Western. The "good guys" wore white and the "bad guys" in black only proved to the Windsor audience how the movie is still capable of raising hats and tea talk even in a liberal institution such as ours.

The fact that this film angered both black and white people to the point of out and out verbal comeback is enough to prove that Griffith was an exceptional film maker and that the issues he raised still apply in our time and continue as an undercurrent today.

# EDITORIAL

by Heinz Bondy

The last three or four years have been a nightmare for most educators, in colleges, in public schools and private schools. Attitudes, students and teachers have changed so far and so fundamentally that many of us have been left amazed and stunned. Perhaps the best thing that has come out of this turmoil is a general re-thinking and re-evaluating of all our educational practices and purposes that has perhaps been long overdue.

These are the foremost problems that are necessitating a change in our outlook:

1. The students' view of the adult world;
2. The student's attitude toward accepted and traditional codes and morals;
3. The new student interest and militancy and involvement in school directions, educational and academic policies, rules and regulations and minority treatment;
4. Drugs
5. Apathy, disinterest, alienation, non-involvement and perhaps most important, being unreachable by reason or emotion;
6. Styles of clothing and personal hair styles in conflict with traditional standards;

These six points are, of course, interconnected and related, but do constitute the main practical problems. Before we get into the more important aspects of today's crisis in education, I would like to say a short word about a vastly over-rated and over-discussed subject, namely, clothes and long hair. Clothes and long hair are really a vastly exaggerated problem. Perhaps it is our hang-up and not theirs. In any case, the reaction has been so overwhelming that all it takes to be a successful rebel is to sit still and let your hair grow. If it is important to students to have long hair, we should just forget about it. What is important is whether people can function, learn, get involved and take respon-

That, in fact, as long as drugs are widely used, and as long as they are illegal and as long as they horrify parents and teachers, all ideas of bridging the gap, of National trust, and mutual understanding become virtually impossible. Despite these dark facts, many of us believe that drug use can and should be attacked and defeated. That is the most important issue confronting educators and parents and that the solutions to these problems can only be found if we are willing to change our whole approach to education, character development and adult responsibility, and that in order to succeed we must do away with many of our most cherished, traditional and outmoded educational systems and preconceptions.

First, however, we should try to solve the problem by trying to find out why drugs are taken. The most practical reasons that I can see are:

1. It is "in," i.e., it is the accepted form of rebellion like drinking or smoking behind the barn used to be.
2. It is simply an experiment in "changing and affecting one's mind" by artificial purposes. Since alcohol, tranquilizers, sleeping pills, and tobacco are widely used, advertised, and praised by the adult world, this is just a traditional attempt to grow up faster. Since alcohol and other legal drugs of the adult world are widely discussed and "used to get through the day," the

adolescent drugs are used for the same reasons and discussed somewhat like alcohol used to be discussed during prohibition.

3. Drugs are used to fill empty days, because the adolescent has never learned or been challenged to take care of his boredom, to use his mind and his lack of initiative to create his own excitement or fill his own world with his own efforts.
4. Drugs are used to overcome the loneliness and emptiness, fears, and self-doubts from which every generation of adolescents has suffered, but which have become more pronounced because the adult world, the schools and colleges have failed to fill these voids or helped to alleviate the fears. In fact, the view that most middle or upper class adolescents have of their parents' life and world has increased the fear, insecurity and feeling of senselessness which invites drug usage.
5. Drugs are used to create moods, to overcome sexual fears, to lose inhibitions, to make friends, to create excitement, to do something out of the ordinary, and to somehow get the mind working on something interesting and constructive. Drugs are also used to create companionship, to find a common bond with other people, perhaps like a fraternity where through drugs you can find ready made friends.

The sterility of the present educational system on almost all levels, the sterility and impregnable stupidity of our social and political life, the aimless revolutionary stirrings, the absence of any idea or cause to which adolescents could give their honest efforts and energy are, of course, part of the causes for the widespread "giving up" and the widespread idea that one can only find change and fulfillment in being high.



has been so overwhelming that all it takes to be a successful rebel is to sit still and let your hair grow. If it is important to students to have long hair, we should just forget about it. What is important is whether people can function, learn, get involved and take responsibilities for themselves and others. If they can do these things we really should not judge them by their hair or clothes. In other words, we must learn to overcome our own preconceived notions of what is right or good, masculine or feminine, but learn to judge a person by his ability and performance. So this point is really a problem for the adults rather than the students and we ought to learn to ignore it, get used to it, and forget it as an issue. Perhaps the hair is a protest against a somewhat perverted traditional view of what it means to be masculine in the United States. Perhaps a re-evaluation of our adult traditions in this is also overdue.

#### DRUGS

The use of illegal drugs, mainly grass, L.S.D., and hashish, is widespread, spreading and out of control. There is no longer any question of certain places being dangerous and full of temptation, but it is now so widespread that drugs are available on almost every college campus, high school and private school. It is no longer a matter of temptation, or availability, it has become strictly a matter of individual choice and decision. Just as it is impossible to stop a girl from sleeping with a boy if she has made up her mind to do so, it is equally impossible to stop an adolescent from finding drugs if he or she has made up his mind to use them. There is no place in the United States anymore where it would be "safe." This fact, that it is impossible to prevent people from finding drugs if that is what they want, must be understood and accepted if there is to be any effective way of fighting drug usage. It must be equally clear that no one is immune from the temptation, that marijuana at least is the "in" thing and that parents and teachers will be the last to know when their children or charges are using drugs.



the absence of any idea or cause to which adolescents could give their honest efforts and energy are, of course, part of the causes for the widespread "giving up" and the widespread idea that one can only find change and fulfillment in being high.

These are all perhaps understandable reasons for the use of drugs, yet I feel very strongly that we must all use our efforts to stop it before it engulfs us. Before suggesting some possible cures, I would like to make clear my own reasons for strongly opposing the use of drugs.

The reason for being and the ultimate aim of any educator must be to help people to live up to their potential, to use their strength to build a life and a society in which the largest possible number of people can live a useful, sharing, happy and fulfilled life. If a society needs changing only the young, the strong, the realistic, the well-trained, and informed, can make the necessary changes. Perhaps the key words in this are strength and realism. Strength can only be found in oneself, and people can only be strong if they can learn to rely on themselves, to know themselves well enough and realistically enough to make the right decisions for their own life. Any belief in miracles, in deus ex machina, in outside forces not under one's control, in immutable traditions, mores, or absolutes can only weaken a person's effectiveness and self-knowledge, discipline and self-control. Because of this, drugs, alcohol, and all other forms of opiate can only hinder a person's education and progress. Only by total honesty with oneself and others, only by relying on what we know and can do can we establish meaningful relations with others and accomplish the changes which are necessary.

There are, of course, many, many, many, other reasons for halting the use of drugs, such as health, the law, etc., but mainly, I think our society and not just the young must learn to live without hope for miracles and must stop relying on chemicals to create a world or a person which they would like to

(continued on page 4)

# Majestic Mountains

## I

back at the white house the first lady racy was preparing her debutant daughter for her first ball. she was decked out in green and red because it was christmas time and everyone wanted to be traditional.

well let me add that my mother wouldn't let me go.

"please mom" i said

"no daughter" she said.

everyone else in my class of 46 young men and women were allowed to go but i wasn't. green and red were the capitol colours of the year and all the fashionable youths were wearing them.

the debutant boarded the bus to kasnas and went on her way. there was one man sitting in front of the cutie. he had no hair on his head and no clothes on his body. (alot of hair on the rest of him though)

he said "my name is hershel. i am an agjent, would you like to be a star?"

she said: "of what?"

he said: "my show"

several months later as they were on their way through tennessee the debutant brought out a large flask of stale, fruit and moth ball filled kool ade. she drank it all and did not ofer her friend any.

he said: hows about a kiss?

she said: "where?"

he said: on my tongue

she said: "my mother said things like that are too racy for a young debutant such as i"

he said: "weeeeeelllll, i think your mother has alot to learn, you weren't concieved from a tongue you know."

the young debutant thought this out a bit and drank some more moth balls.

she said: "well . . . my mother has nothing to learn, she has majestic nipples mountains"

writing paper, ball point pens with names of motels on them and music pumped into the room."

he said: "you have a point" and they settled on the weathervane motel in manchester vt.

## II

later that evening they settled down for a peaceful sleep. hershel put on his pajamas and got in bed.

the young debutant slipped into her skin and seduced him.

he said: "what are you doing?"

she said: "eating an orange"

she was obviously lieing and hershel knew it.

he said: "you are lieing."

she said: "you remind me of bugs bunny"

he said: "thank you."

he kissed her in the armpit.

the next morning they went back to kasnas. they sun was shineing.

five months later the young debutant and hershel traded clothing so as they would be transvestities. they were bothe naked. by now it was july and the air was warm.

well let me add that my mother wouldn't have ever let me read this if i hadn't written it, but she has nothing to say.

i said: "mother, if i hadn't written this you probably wouldn't let me read it."

my mother said: "daughter, i have nothing to say" she was right.

since it was july, the young debutant thought she had to go see her mother.

she said: "hershel i think that it is time for me to go see my mother

he said: "well, that is hunky dorry."

they travelled back to dc and noticed that there were two more mountains in the city than there had been before.

she said: "my my, there are two more mountains here than there were before. i wonder

## Editorial -

(continued from page three)

see, but which cannot exist unless people can use all their strength to work together rather than for each individual's comfort. Involvement, bridging the generation gap, working together, meaningful and fulfilled life is only possible if we stop believing in miracles and if we start facing ourselves and reality instead of trying to avoid them through drugs or alcohol.

So we must start looking for solutions. Obviously the danger is so great, the use of drugs so widespread that only real and important efforts can change our present downward trend. There is no use in hoping that if we close our eyes, the drugs will go away. (It's only a fad, etc. is a widespread hope among many adults.) Nor will they go away by ignoring them, as many are doing, nor will they go away by joining them. Most of all the drugs will not be conquered by threats, force, jail and other traditiontl means to make something uncomfortable go away. Policemen are not educators and they should not be asked to do that kind of a job. Because I run a school, and have done so for twenty years, I would like to start with necessary changes in educational methods. We have tried these and find them successful and I think they are applicable not only to private schools, but to public schools and colleges as well.

## The True Story

(now it can be told)

At about 5:00 last Wednesday, several students, who had prepared a Manifesto of Student's Rights, marched into the outer office and demanded to see Heinz Bondy.

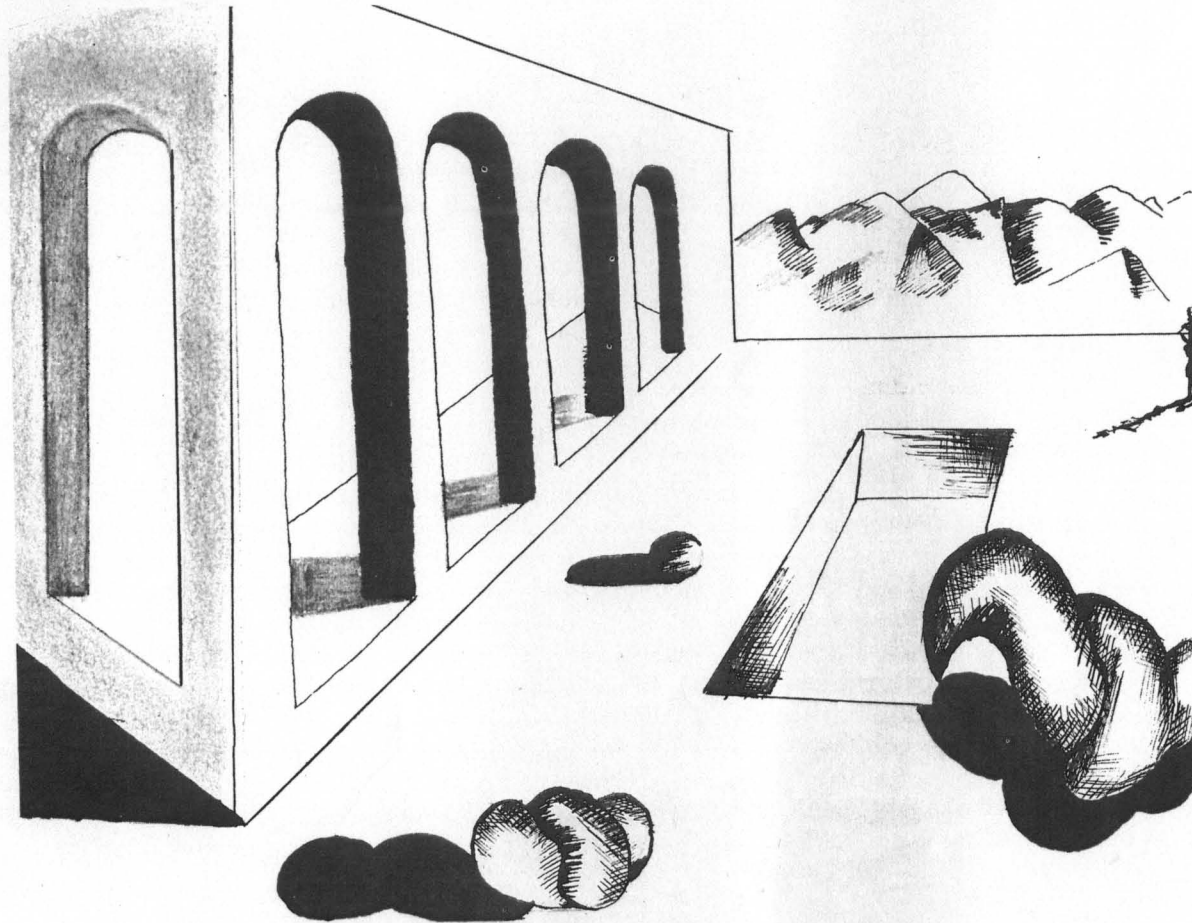
The secretary on duty, Mrs. Margaret Scanlon, said he's busy and why don't you come back some other time.

The head of the group (who shall

a tongue you know.  
 the young debutant thought this out a bit  
 and drank some more moth balls.  
 she said: "well . . . my mother has nothing  
 to learn, she has majestic nipples moun-  
 tains."  
 he said: and that has something to do with  
 it."  
 she said: "are you jewish?"  
 soon after they arrived in kasnas  
 she said: " i always thought it was called  
 kansas."  
 he said: "well you're wrong"  
 he wanted to go to a hotel. she wanted to go  
 to a motel. she said: "for one thing they  
 wouldn't let you in a hotel with all that hair  
 and for another thing motels are cheaper and  
 you get more for your money."  
 he said: "like what?"  
 she said: "free post cards of the scenic beauty,

they travelled back to dc and noticed that  
 there were two more mountains in the city  
 than there had been before.  
 she said: "my my, there are two more moun-  
 tains here than there were before. i wonder  
 if they have nipples."  
 he said: "there is only one way to find out"  
 they climbed they mountains and just as the  
 young debutant had suspected they had nip-  
 ples.  
 she said: "MOTHER! Mother, where are  
 you?"  
 her mother said: "under my mountains."  
 hershel and the young debutant opened a  
 motel on top of the majestic nipples moun-  
 tains and offered free post cards (with pic-  
 tures) and ball point pens that said MAJ.  
 NIP. MT. WASH. D.C.

the end



office and demanded to see Heinz Bondy.  
 The secretary on duty, Mrs. Margaret  
 Scanlon, said he's busy and why don't you  
 come back some other time.  
 The head of the group (who shall  
 be nameless) said, "we're the S. D. S. and  
 we've come to take over the school and you  
 can't stop us!"  
 Mrs. Scanlon put on her best "you can't  
 intimidate me" look and said, "Well Heinz  
 is busy for the next hour and a half. You can  
 wait if you want to, but if you are going to  
 wait, you have to wait outside. And if you  
 think you're going to take over this office,  
 you have another think coming, yessirree,  
 another think coming." She cackled and went  
 on making up the study hall list.  
 So S.D.S. found itself out in the hall,  
 bitching about the establishment and how  
 Margaret was the power elite.  
 An hour and a half later, they were  
 ushered into the plush inner office. From  
 somewhere in his belly, Heinz drawled,  
 "What's your problem?"  
 The head of the group said, "We're  
 S. D. S.! We have come to present you with  
 this Manifesto, and if you refuse to com-  
 ply with our demands we have no choice  
 but to take over the school until you call in  
 the National Guard and," with a gleam in his  
 eye, "split our heads."  
 Heinz said, "Hmmm . . . better food,  
 hmmm, better rooms, hmmm, more say in  
 the list of courses . . . Hmmm . . . Hum.  
 You know, this is an incredibly poorly writ-  
 ten manifesto. Why don't you let me rewrite  
 it and you can come back tomorrow and we  
 can go over it together. But I honestly feel  
 that in its present state the manifesto is  
 grammatically unacceptable."  
 The students were taken aback a bit.  
 "Hey, man," one of them said, "Where's the  
 confrontation? Aren't we supposed to be hav-  
 ing a confrontation? Aren't we supposed to  
 be big stuff? This is no good. I'm going home  
 to study." And he left, disillusioned.

(continued on page 5)



## True Story

(continued from page 4)

The others marched out to the outer office where Margaret was. "Aha!" one said. "Here's a confrontation!" He leaned over the desk and shouted, "We're taking over! What are you going to do about it?"

Margaret looked up and then went back to work. "You can have any part of the office I'm not using," she said.

"Aren't you leaving?"

"Why should I? I have a lot of work to do."

Aren't you afraid?"

"of you?" and she went on working

At this point the others realized that the first one to leave was right. There was no confrontation to be had. So they went home and studied for the rest of the day.

*Steve Allen*

## Record Review

*Bill Zimmer and Steve Epstein*

Bob Dylan "Nashville Skyline" Columbia  
KCS 9825

A new sound by Bob Dylan, different from his previous records. A much more relaxed sound influenced by country and western music. He sings "Girl from the North Country" with Johnny Cash. Another good cut is "Lay Lady Lay."

Freddie King "A Blues Master" Cotillion  
SD 9004

Freddie King sings and plays the blues. After backing up people like Howlin' Wolf, Leadbelly, Muddy Waters, and Sonny Boy Williamson, he now has his own album with his heavy blues sound. This is truly a good blues album.

Tim Buckley "Happy Sad" Elektra  
EKS 74045

This is probably Buckley's best LP to date. He uses a very light almost weightless mood to deliver his own tunes without any



## POETRY

It was the first time  
since October  
and now no bitter fear of frosts,  
that note in note did crawl  
from Winter's great blue breasts  
(teats rock-hard, ice-white-sharp,  
roughly nursing Summer's dead regrets)

Take my hand on a leaf  
I'll be with the forest  
and You'll be the branch I swing to sleep on  
in this dream I have I am the wood nymph  
spirited away on the eve of a storm  
in the rock towed arms of my tree lover  
till the end of the wave I will keep warm

his heavy blues sound. This is truly a good blues album.  
Tim Buckley "Happy Sad" Elektra  
EKS 74045

This is probably Buckley's best LP to date. He uses a very light almost weightless mood to deliver his own tunes without having to use force.

Kensington Market "Ardvark" WB/7 arts  
WS 1780

A solid new sound produced by Felix Papparlardi who produced the Cream. The group makes use of a Moog Synthesizer on several cuts, with the keyboard instruments and guitar comprising the rest of the sound. Somewhat like the Buffalo Springfield. A good record.

## SPORTS

*Hershel Shipp*

### Basketball:

Coach Jack Brennan with one of the most powerful basketball teams in a decade swept Western Mass. and New England Prep School Championships. With superior coaching and moral support, the regular league was an easy triumph.

Windsor Mountain 63 — Cranwell 36

Windsor Mountain 74 — Lenox Prep 61

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### Soccer:

Our soccer team did not prove very victorious this year. Next year may prove to be encouraging, for three students from Siam will be enrolled as students at Windsor, and will probably be of great value during the soccer season.

### Hockey:

As far as victories go in Hockey this year, it was pretty mediocre. With many players returning that have work diligently on endurance and skills, next year should prove to be a very successful season.

since October  
and now no bitter fear of frosts,  
that note in note did crawl  
from Winter's great blue breasts  
(teats rock-hard, ice-white-sharp,  
roughly nursing Summer's dead regrets)  
and bareback  
clad in children's smiles  
ride the freshgreen wind.

*Anonymous*

The wind fills my ear, roars  
quietly  
Remember the pull of yesterday's  
high kite,  
The spring light, grey after  
a day of steady rain  
enters through the open window  
Smell of his sun-baked skin

*Andrea Halasz*

A French soldier takes time  
from his war to pat  
the head of a dead dog  
whose mutilated flesh sways  
under the heavy hand.

The mothers of America suckel  
dogs

We all mourn the death  
of DogDieRatPoison.

*Paul Aronson*

Must I cease to pray upon your neck?  
ivory rosary,  
balm for my sinstruck soul.  
My tears,  
hot, saltrig,  
poison your fields.  
My penance rustless leaves.  
I suffer  
in pain,  
harsh as moonlight upon your grave,  
I suffer.

*P. Harris*

I'll be with the forest  
and You'll be the branch I swing to sleep on  
in this dream I have I am the wood nymph  
spirited away on the eve of a storm  
in the rock towed arms of my tree lover  
till the end of the wave I will keep warm  
till the end of a night when the willows hang  
low  
I am the limb I hang my wings on.

*E Cohen*

I was there, streched shadow tall,  
Holding the light of a sad moon  
in my arms.  
How many midnights do the stars revolve  
into tommorrow  
and where  
did yesterday float  
leaving me behind, still waiting  
a thousand lost children cry in the  
night  
I want to share my breath with the next  
hunter arrows down.

*E Cohen*

If I dared touch your evening skin  
and breath upon your hair,  
like darkness' winter river running,  
would memories in my soul take root  
and blossom into thorned flowers?

*P. Harris*

Flowers of yesterday  
drowning in the rain of its morrow.  
Spiteful rain  
punishing us for our one day  
of exuberant joy.

*Sue Hamilton*

The tiger is screaming again!  
From deep inside me  
The tiger is gushing forth her  
confused stream of emotions.  
(so many that i think by morning  
it will be a crying kitten again.)

*P. Harris*

## *Is Real a true hip being?*

Is *real* a true hip being? This question was raised in the last issue of the school newspaper by Jim Kepner, who says *real* is defined as the "state of being where one can separate falseness from genuineness. This is where you don't run from problems, but cope with them. It is a true hip being."

Although most authoritative scholars tend to refute this definition as being just the mumblings of another transcendentalist, Kepner maintains that his is the "true" definition.

In his master thesis, WINDSOR MOUNTAIN, POST-NATAL WOMB, Kepner states that the average student cannot comprehend the "outside world" as real, and implies that the average student is an apathetic paranoid with schizoid tendencies. He says, "Windsor is a hidden cove where spoiled brats, anti-society and assorted misfits come to forget the outside frightening world, and latch themselves to a safe, secure dorm wall. . .

"There is token rebellion to the outside world . . . Seldom will they be outside to do real solid things to change the world they dislike so much . . . In actuality, the outside world is by no means any more "real" than Windsor. When you come from there to here, you only perform a switch from one fantasy world to another. One comes from the Rat Race of the outside to the so-called 'hip' environment here."

A question he is frequently asked is, "to what extent is the student body really 'hip'?" It seems that the phrase has never cropped up before.

"They're really just a bunch of squares," one teacher said to me. "Ah christ, all they do is eat, sleep, and study like a sonofabitch. Yeah, yeah . . . oh yeah. I'm sure they would all love to rebel and all, but they're too busy studying. I know . . . it's a drag. . ."

I talked to Kepner about this later. He listened attentively and then pronounced, "whoever said that is lying."



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He received me in his room after a careful security check which consisted of peering through a hole punched in his door.

He talked easily, punctuating his remarks with an occasional deep pull on a curious little pipe. "Geebs me goingk," he said, gasping and choking after taking a particularly huge 'toke' as he called it.

"Of course the school is fuzzy around the edges," he said. "Ya gotta remember that I'm quite nearsighted. I know that for many others the place is in perfect focus. Did you see the part in the article about the tree-covered road? Now, I swear to God I can see trees lying all over that road, and it scares me half to death when I have to go over it in a car. No one else sees them, but that doesn't mean they don't exist."

As we talked on and on, it slowly became apparent that Jim was getting fuzzy around the edges. It was fantastic. He was slowly dissolving, becoming fainter and fainter with each minute. When he had disappeared entirely I started to leave, but on the way out I heard him dribbling, I am a functional pragmatist . . . I am a functional pragmatist . . . functional pragmatist . . . pragmatic function . . ."

I shook him gently. "Jim, Jim wake up." He started. I asked him where he picked up that profound phrase and what exactly did it mean

"Huh? . . . Oh, that! Um . . . Oh yeah! Heinz Bondy said that once, and if it's good enough for him it's *good enough for me.*"

*Steve Allen*

