



**AMERICAN HISTORY:** We talked about the Depression, World War II, Roosevelt and John Birch. Some people are reading *Hard Times* by Studs Terkel. This class was like classes we had in our old schools, because it was the teacher talking and the kids absorbing instead of everyone talking and everyone absorbing, which is what usually happens in this school.

**GUERRILLA THEATER:** We decided to try to act out as realistically as possible a normal classroom scene. We put all the furniture in neat rows (the furniture being armchairs and barstools!). Then everyone sat down in perfect formation, and we started it going. We alluded to David and Jane as Mr. Nasaw and Miss Macramé, the assistant teacher. People started getting into the same routines that they used to get into in their old schools—raising hands, etc. We decided to stop before it got dangerous.

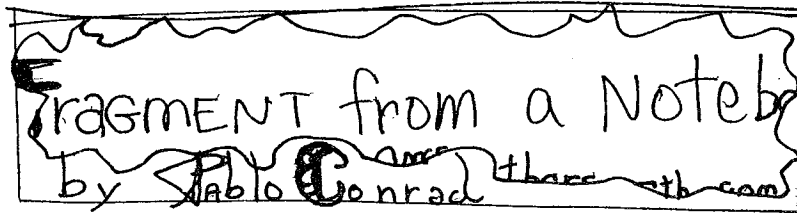
**INDIAN STUDY GROUP:** We discussed what to do in a study group—read books, go to exhibits, etc. Everyone read aloud part of an article about Indians in *The Green Revolution*, an underground newspaper, and then we discussed the article. We will be reading *Black Elk Speaks*. This class was good, but it never really got anywhere; everyone just sat around looking sort of bored.

**PSYCHOLOGY:** We talked about Wilhelm Reich and some of his ideas, such as: making the patient sit naked and talk to the psychiatrist (because Reich thought that clothing was used to cover up one's true feelings); telling the patient to vomit (Steve demonstrated this) or scream or breath heavily. Reich also invented the orgone box. After the class Steve spoke to some people separately. Everyone seemed very interested in the subject of Wilhelm Reich.

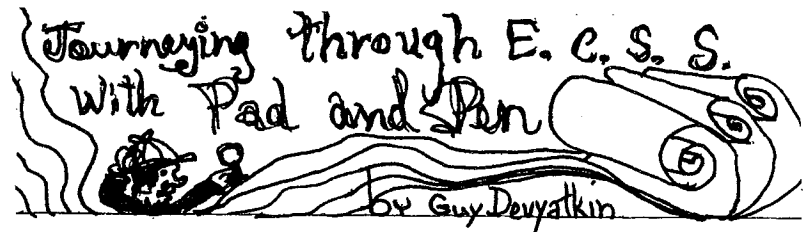
KENNEDY CLASS: We discussed two Kennedy books: *Robert F. Kennedy, the Myth and the Man* (which is against Kennedy and shows the bad things about him) and *Robert Kennedy, A Memoir* (which is for Kennedy and shows the good things about him). I found out a lot in this class, because I never really knew who Robert Kennedy was.

PEOPLE'S CLASS: I taught a class on wolves, all about how they howl, etc. Everyone seemed very interested, and I enjoyed it. I hadn't really decided how I was going to teach it, so it was a good experience. In most schools, kids don't get to teach classes, and even in this school, we started depending on David and Jane and all the other teachers to teach us. So we decided to have kids teach also.

TRIPS TO CITY COLLEGE: We told a group of City College students about the school. Once in a while one of them would ask a question. Lisa and Cathy told about New Lincoln, and Andy told about Music and Art (the schools where they used to go). They were all very impressed that I was only twelve and already going to an alternate school. One or two of them were interested in finding out where the school is so that they could visit or write us.



This year I grew up about twice as much as usual. I learned more about human nature in ECSS than I could ever learn in any standard school. And I learned something new about schools: that there can be a state where you aren't "attending" or "going to" a school but are really being a functional part of it, where someone else doesn't set up the school for you—as in the case of so many "free" schools—but where you made it for yourself and you are using your own creation. Hopefully ECSS will stay this way.



a schedule reflecting the hopes and aspirations of the students that dwell in this school sits smugly on the wall, behind its making a fair amount of thought which came from the dissipated energy of many consciousnesses developing

a bar stool stands broken: it has borne the weight of broken hearts and drunks and fools alike, unknowing while the beer dripped dripped down and the money went round

and the bar polished from the weight of sodden elbows, merry men and broken dreams

but go back forty or fifty years fresh planks lying down in the grass with the sap still dripping and the whisp of the rasp as it is formed into that which stands black and forlorn in this strange place, and perhaps it dreams of times long gone

and where are the squirrels that played and the birds that sang in the branches of the tree of its existence?

from what forest of delight did this tree go? Were there bombs exploding then as now in this world of less trees?

*FORGET* it dwell on something new which is not something old

something new new

I closed my eyes and felt movement all around me, not only from people but from every object every atom in constant motion and change

as the old passes away

In comes the "new."