



The place is governed by weekly meetings. With so many people, so many trips, there's little coherence. Half of the meetings are shout-outs. As intense as the joys are the problems of living with 60 people. Everyone is alternately loving the place and ready to pack and leave.

We knew we had to deal with the building inspector so invited him up one day. We spent the entire previous day cleaning up, hiding the illegal shower, everyone was hipped to his coming. The place never looked so clean, we showed him Steve's submarine—Steve had been working on it for a year, out of oil drums, yellow with scalloped red fins, Cindy faithfully bringing him food and wrenches, kids with the freedom to build their fantasies.

Told the insp we were going to experiment with domes. Somehow it came out in the conversation that an exception to the bldg codes were organized camps, and tent structures. Some research and we knew this was our only chance to build the domes. No freedom in Calif like in New Mexico, but here's a loophole. We decide to go ahead. We've got seven domes built by the time someone reports us and we get the inevitable call from insp. We're half-way within the law, as we've told them what we were going to do, it's the Pacific High School fait accompli, and through maneuvers over the months, some good human beings in Santa Cruz county departments we somehow become semi-legal. We've stretched the rules, but officials may not be too eager to close down a community of kids who have built their own shelters and are looking after themselves.

I'd started writing a book about dome building in Big Sur, after Alloy, and had stuff written on the sun dome, Big Sur dome, and floors. As we started building at the school I kept notes, on paper bags, anything lying around, throwing them all in folders. Our idea at the school was to have a group watch us build, then they'd know how to do it themselves, and later, they'd teach others—like a relay race, passing the baton.

Probably through the Whole Earth Catalog, dome builders all over the country found out what we were doing, started writing, asking for information, and pressure for a domebuilding book began to mount. Obviously more efficient to take the time to publish, rather than write hundreds of individual letters.

Wayne took over the building of plywood domes, Jay and Kathleen got immersed in building their pillow dome, Alan and Heath worked by floodlights. Martin got into a saga building his pod, kids frantically trying to throw together their own shelters. Seven or eight domes got built, different degrees of funk, in a few months time. As winter came we started writing, trying to pull our experience and everything coming in thru the mail together. No electricity, writing at night by kerosene lanterns. Slogging through the mud in rubber boots (we get over 60" rain each year). Jonathan wrote the Geodesic Geometry section on a crumpled paper bag. Peter Ross was taking photos now and then as we built. Jack Fulton came down for about two days to shoot film, and printed most of the photos in two marathon days in the darkroom, doing the cover at about 3:00 a.m. the last day of printing.

Finally in March we had it as together as it would ever get. Stewart loaned us the Whole Earth production factory, Bob Easton came up to help thinking we were going to do a mimeograph booklet, and in two weeks we put together *Domebook One*.



Summer hot and dusty, a lot of flies, we get the roll of aluminum and begin thinking what to do with it. Peter's returned from England, running around doing three things at once. I think I'll build a pod, no I'll do a triacon, hey think you could stretch a dome think that would work? Jonathan's conducting messy fiberglass experiments, calling Abe Shuster, there aren't many people around, it's relaxed and easy. But fall's coming and 65 kids to live there. Kitchen and dining room remodeling starts, it gets done like everything else, in about two months, half assed and worst of all it's not like the old dining room which looked out on trees. When school starts to my horror I find we've built a mess hall, like the army carry your plate past a counter where food is dumped on it. Too many people on the land, the price of success, Mark who digs farms and the country senses it, feels the heaviness of so many people. The excitement of building isn't there any more, meetings aren't as violent, the juice just doesn't seem to be there. Yet the land is still beautiful, land you walk miles over. It begins to feel like time to move...

