

A lot of energy in the west in spring 1968. Alloy in New Mexico, Whole Earth Catalog beginning to click. A bunch of rock freaks dreamed up the Wild West Festival for S. F. summer 1968—rented an old Victorian house as headquarters, started coordinating with the mayor, Airplane, Greatful Dead, Panthers for a weekend of rock music in Golden Gate Park, night concerts in Kezar. We were going to build a 70' dome framework of conduit, put it up in a glen near the polo grounds, use it for concerts. Cameramen would be able to climb up and film from 40' in the air, hang speakers from it. Green paint outside, blue inside, so it would blend with trees, or sky depending on whether you were in or out.

We were going in and out of S. F. from Big Sur, getting materials ready for the dome. I'd met Jay, who'd spent a lot of time with Fuller and had dome building experience, and we were going to work together on the Wild West dome. On the way back to Big Sur, carrying a dome model in the bus, we met people from the school at Nepenthe, a lot of things in common, excitement, shelter's needed, here's a model. Later five people come to visit us in Big Sur, see the dome there, we decide to build some, we start driving back and forth to the school. Martin and kids make a conduit frame dome, put together on a hot day with funky ladder and beer. School meetings are held outside, under that dome framework. It's a symbol of what's in our heads. Sarah and I getting more and more attached to the people and the place, despite no place to live, no water, hot and dusty dry climate. We pitched a tent on the ridge, looking about 20 miles through rolling hills to the summer ocean fog. Martin lived about 50' away in a pup tent, reading late each night by kerosene lantern. Fresh ground coffee and schemes at Mark's house each morning, swimming in the lake on hot afternoons. Problems seemed insurmountable, but we had nothing to lose. No water, no money, no unifying principles.

Lingerman bros, sympathetic neighbors brought their drilling rig over, started drilling for water a few weeks before school began. At 180 ft still no water, Martin threw I Ching which suggested we keep going, and John hit water at 200'—20 gallons per minute, jubilation!

The school was blindly on its way to becoming a boarding school. Not much was ever planned, things just happened with some kind of hazy group steering. It was too much of a hassle bringing kids up in buses from the valley each day and Mark and Michael started accepting students for boarding even though we had no place for them to live. All along, I'm telling them that domes can be built in a day—the Bucky hype.

Kids and lumber for the first domes arrived about the same time. Fantastic vitality. Energy, movement. We walked around, picked out dome sites. We held an impromptu dome class; everyone came. We went through the D stick model thing, Bucky's trip showing the instability of the cube unless it has a tetrahedron inside. Started building platforms, not even enough time to sit down and work out a radial floor, lot of mistakes, but things were moving. Many people got in on the building, if they wanted to build a dome they'd come around and watch. We went into operation in an old tin building that had housed a horse, and was full of horseshit. We cleaned it out, ran in electricity, saws and drill press went into operation. As struts were being cut, kids would look in to see how. Everyone rushing to get their dome built. Things moving along of their own accord, no one directing. When I look back I see that what happened was a community forming itself, created with no real plan other than the need to live together. No grand design, no master plan. Joys, tensions, both with the vitality implicit in beginnings.

We somehow governed ourselves enough to jointly survive. Community more economical way to live than single family. One sink, washing machine, kitchen for 50 people. An exercise in expanded awareness. Many problems. Your consciousness will change, or you'll leave the group. Your consciousness may change and then you'll leave the group, but if you can ride with it for a while, you'll learn a fantastic amount about yourself, and others. So different from anything you've done in the white middle class trip with all roads open to you from birth, color and poverty not wrecking your chances to do something.

The first dome was built for Steve and Sky, due to arrive momentarily from New Mexico. All our mistakes converged on the first dome. We never did get it sealed, and ended up shingling it with tarpaper and red composition shingles.



Great deal of raw energy, many people have passed through the land over the years. It's a romantic place, blue jays, woods, roads back into the hills. A half mile walk from the school buildings is the ridge. Walk along a dirt road, trees high above view down to the sea, three long ridges running down to the Pacific, the air shows the city's southward drifting poison air in the summer, but on a clear cold day after a storm blew in from Alaska fresh December's early rain green grass overtaking last summer's wheat straw. Clouds moving in large segments suns rays shining thru clouds, streaming down around trees on the next ridge out.

