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The only true paradise

Is a paradise lost.

—Proust

Introduction

Rising on the stone terraces of an ancient Hawaiian village at the mouth of Limahuli Stream, the treehouse community of Taylor Camp may not have heralded the Age of Aquarius, but many of Kauai's young visitors in the late Sixties and Seventies—baby boom "generation-gappers" from around the globe—remember Taylor Camp as "the best days of our lives." Rejecting the values of their parents, then reinventing them with long hair, marijuana, and a vegetarian, "clothing-optional" lifestyle, the flower-power Campers developed a whimsical experiment in living, ostensibly supported with the back-to-the-land ethos of fishing and farming (while actually propped up with food stamps and welfare).

The Camp soon took on some attributes of the lives the Campers had left behind. They formed a food co-op, enacted zoning and building codes, built a public water system with a communal toilet and sauna, and dug a landfill. They secured stops on the county school bus and garbage truck routes, recruited a midwife and a Vietnam vet medic, established places of worship and formed a *de facto* government with unwritten codes enforced by common consent, power politics, and "vibes."

But Taylor Camp wasn't a commune. It had no guru, no clearly-defined leadership, and never had a single voice. It had no written ordinances. It wasn't a democracy. It was much more than that: it was a community guided by a spirit that created order without rules.

Taylor Camp's Sixties youth culture represented the emerging environmental movement, the civil rights movement, the peace movement and, supposedly, a great awakening in American consciousness. But look at where we are now. . .

We threw the baby out with the bathwater.

It was all over as soon as the counterculture art and idealism of the Sixties was packaged and marketed as a billion-dollar entertainment industry and our heroes and idols changed from barefoot gurus with begging bowls and chillums to rock stars in limousines chugging Dom Perignon and hoovering coke. In 1969, the original Campers—thirteen men, women, and children—were arrested for vagrancy and sentenced to ninety days hard labor. At that time, the prison population on Kauai consisted of one old Filipino man. Today, Kauai's jail is packed to more than twice its holding capacity, and the area at the end of the road that was once Taylor Camp crawls with tourists' rental cars, unspeakably filthy toilets, and wind-blown trash.

As Paul Theroux (who gave me the concept for this book) wrote at the end of *Ghost Train to the Eastern Star,* "Most of the world is worsening, shrinking to a ball of bungled desolation. Only the old can see how gracelessly the world is aging and all that we have lost…." So, dear readers, here's the story of the Taylor Campers—the unwitting shock troops of Kauai's economic and cultural invasion—and, depending upon your age and experience, you will see what's been lost and what's been gained.

Taylor Camp started in the spring of 1969, when Howard Taylor, brother of actress Elizabeth, bailed out the rag-tag

band of young vagrants—some highly-educated refugees from the violent Vietnam War protests, race riots, and student uprisings in Berkeley.

Alarming the Kauai locals with their long hair and colorful clothing, the original group of thirteen was arrested and sentenced to ninety days of hard labor when they overstayed their camping permits.

Howard Taylor had just then learned of the State's plan to condemn his recently purchased oceanfront land to build a park—ending the Taylors' dream of building a family compound on the seven-acre site. So, in an act of both compassion and revenge, Howard invited the thirteen young Mainlanders to camp on his North Shore land.

Soon waves of hippies, surfers, and Vietnam vets found their way to Taylor Camp and built a clothing-optional, pot-friendly village at the end of the road. By the Summer of 1970, not one of the original Campers remained. The newcomers quickly abandoned tent living for more permanent and comfortable treehouses and the village grew to seventeen homes and close to one hundred residents—few of whom Howard Taylor knew. After he and his sister Elizabeth celebrated Christmas dinner at the Camp, Howard, who had no agreements with, or guidelines for, the Campers, left them to their own devices and would never be seen at the Camp again.

In the 1960s, Kauai's rapidly dwindling population was about 25,000—less than a third of today's *de facto* count. Hawai'i's pineapple and sugar industries were in decline after a fast, but short-lived, bonanza in which they exported technology and consultants to the Third World. After decades of cradle-to-grave paternalism in the unionized plantation economy, unemployment forced many of Kauai's people to leave the island in search of jobs far from home. On the Mainland, the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, combined with massive civil unrest after student war-protesters were shot and killed at Kent State University, destroyed the "Leave it to Beaver" illusions of the 1950s. Eisenhower's prophetic warning about the threat of the "military-industrial complex" was made manifest in the Vietnam War. College campuses across the country erupted while the inner city ghettos burned. Disillusioned and disgusted youth looked for some place different. Kauai's dying towns, abandoned plantation labor camps, cheap rent, and food for the picking, along with perfect surf, spectacular scenery, and one of the most benign climates on Earth, made the island a safe haven, the ultimate fantasy for surf nomads and hippie refugees.

Back then, hippies were all but unknown on Kauai, a chop suey community of Hawaiians, Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, Koreans, Puerto Ricans, and Filipinos. TV had yet to invade the North Shore, news in the local *Garden Island* paper was provincial, and the coconut wireless concerned itself with island politics and gossip. Far away and out of mind, the rest of the world had only begun to affect Hawai'i's outer islands. Culturally and physically removed from the Mainland, unconquered by Hawai'i's first monarch, Kamehameha, and proud of their heritage as the "Separate Kingdom," Kauai's people practiced a style of localism that not only shut out news and views from the Mainland but even rejected Native Hawaiians from other islands as interlopers. A newcomer to any of the island's small, inbred, and isolated plantation communities and rural villages instantly became the talk of the town; an unfamiliar car or truck was observed with suspicion.

Resource competition drove this behavior. Though outlawed by the government after statehood, some places on Kauai's North Shore still practiced an ancient tradition, a *kapu* system that obliged the *konohiki* (customary Hawaiian resource manager) to sustainably oversee the area. *Kapu (a Hawaiian taboo)* forbade anyone but the *konohiki's* people from fishing, while obliging the *konohiki* to provide the community with a steady harvest of cheap seafood—free for all who helped with the nets. Young *haole* (whites) willing to work hard, were welcomed.

Local hunters divided the island into family territories, usually watersheds in State forest reserves or plantation-owned uplands of ancient *ahupua'a* land divisions. Outsiders hunting these areas would be warned off and then, if the trespass was repeated, met with violence.

Ha'ena locals surfed Ha'ena reefs; Hanalei guys surfed the Hanalei breaks; Kilauea surfers stayed at Kalihiwai or Kahili, and blood stained the water if there was trespass. When the first surfers and hippies stumbled into this invisible web of rules, customs, and traditions of small-town Kauai society, hostility and violence often met their wide-eyed joy and wonder at this "paradise found." But once the initial encounter was over, the working class locals quickly developed a love/hate relationship with the surfers and hippies, who were mostly young *haole*—a Hawaiian term meaning "without breath or spirit" that came to mean Caucasian after the arrival of Cook. For many locals, this was their initial discovery that *haole* could be poor, ragged and shiftless—and it came as a delightful surprise. Until then, all *haole* on Kauai had been plantation owners or managers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, publishers and wealthy businessmen—Hawai'i's nobility and powerbrokers, the *kama'aina* elite, the ruling oligarchy. They were *haole* who had a history here, many of them descended from the early nineteenth century missionaries who dominated Hawai'i's society and economy since the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy in 1893.

Most working class locals had not seen *haole* like these before and instantly recognized that these ignorant outsiders, lacking the protection of family and community, were easy prey—perfect to replace them at the bottom of Kauai's social pecking order. For these young *haole* fleeing the continent, Kauai—even with all its localism and prejudice—was still an answer to a prayer. This wasn't America. It was Polynesia and felt like another world, another time, another place. Many arrived on Kauai with awe and humble respect. They wanted to belong, often joining hula *halau* (schools), studying the language, reading Hawaiian history, and supporting the Hawaiian cultural "Renaissance" that flowered in the 1970s. But it was a love/hate balance. Some local families, recognizing their sincerity, "adopted" young footloose *haole* willing to work their farms, ranches and taro patches like indentured servants, live in cold water shacks with outhouses, and serve the family—which was an idyllic refuge and apprenticeship for many young *haole* enamored with Hawaiian culture and willing to do anything to live on Kauai.

Racially separated "camps" were an age-old custom in Hawai'i's plantation economy. Originally established as an anti-union device to "divide and rule," the ethnically segregated Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and Filipinos camps continued after the plantations unionized, as the laborers, deeply rooted in their distinct cultures, continued to settle around their temples, churches and community centers—with each successive wave of immigrants occupying the

bottom rung of the island's social ladder. So it made sense to Kauai's people to see most of the young *haole* segregate themselves in the remote Taylor Camp at the end of the road. The police liked the idea as well, knowing that with any report of young *haole* making trouble they could often find the culprits at Taylor Camp.

The Camp also became an informal pool of casual labor. While some of the Campers worked legitimate jobs and a few even owned their own businesses, many—living on welfare, food stamps, unemployment and growing marijuana—welcomed casual labor for untaxed cash. In the mornings, builders or farmers in need of strong backs could pull up in their trucks and find a few Campers willing to work cheaply. It was the practice on Kauai for employers to provide lunch, and even dinner if the work continued until dark; and the Campers were motivated as much by the hearty and delicious ethnic cooking as the cash.

Not all Kauai people held the illusion of *haole* superiority before the Sixties' onslaught of rough-living surfers and hippies. Most of the men in the rapidly emerging Japanese middle class had served in World War II, and many locals had fought in Korea, witnessing *haole* sharecroppers, beggars, menials and bums while in basic training on the Mainland. This revelation, combined with the G.I. Bill and ethnic block voting, quickly made the Japanese the emerging political force in the islands. The rapidly rising Japanese had no need to oppress the *haole* newcomers to raise themselves in the social order, but the hippies' nonconformist appearance and anti-war attitude appalled many Japanese vets, who would often comment on their smell—whether it was patchouli oil or body odor. The Japanese community valued conformity, respect for authority, personal cleanliness, and humility and strongly supported the Vietnam War. Everything about the hippies was anathema to them.

Everything but one thing: truck farming was always a struggle on Kauai, and, like other rural locals, some of the deeply conservative Japanese and Okinawan farmers teamed up with their young "indentured servants" to grow *pakalolo* ("crazy grass," i.e. marijuana). These young *haole* might have been ignorant, but they did have a crop that made sense to these traditional hardheaded sons-of-the-soil. While some local farmers with connections to the Honolulu mafia (usually those supplying cocks to the fighting pits on Oahu) had grown *pakalolo* before the hippies arrived, these young *haole* introduced new, more potent, and higher-yielding varieties, along with scion propagation that guaranteed seedless hermaphrodites along with an almost limitless Mainland market. Previously struggling local farmers and ranchers were soon buying new trucks and tractors, and making trips to Las Vegas.

It was the old, moneyed *kama'aina,* the ruling oligarchy that deeply despised the hippies. Their old way of life was ending; they were under siege politically, economically, and socially. The plantation economy that they built and dominated for more than a century was collapsing, the Japanese Democrats usurped their traditional Republican hegemony, and the dirty *haole* hippies tore down their façade of racial superiority. But the bitterest blow often came from within. While many of these "dirty hippies" were fleeing families, wealth, and social status similar to the *kama'aina,* some children of *kama'aina,* enrolled in elite Mainland universities, were coming home infected with what was to the older generation the baffling and disturbing social contagion of the Sixties.

In 1974, after five years of foot-dragging and incompetence, the State government finally condemned and acquired Howard Taylor's land. Local legend says that State officials presented Howard with the government check, then told him to "get your hippies off the land," to which Howard replied, "It's now your land and they're now your hippies." Thus began a lengthy legal battle to evict the Campers from State property. The Campers went to Legal Aid and enlisted a talented young attorney, Max Graham, a Notre Dame alumnus just graduated from Berkeley Law School. Born and raised on O'ahu, Max, a longhaired surfer, turned out to be more than a match for the State Attorney General's office and stayed the Campers' evictions for almost four years.

The violence around the increasingly overcrowded surf breaks eventually subsided, as the locals, who rarely lost these battles, simply grew hopeless and tired. Many no longer had the energy or will to continue the fight—physically or politically—after several years of sustaining themselves in the newly emerging economy with a steady toxic stew of fast food, TV and multiple low-paying jobs in the tourist industry. The enemy's numbers were too great; they just kept coming and were rapidly becoming their brothers-in-law.

I moved to Kauai from Honolulu in 1972, after making forays in 1969 and 1971. My timing was perfect. I was twenty-three and had just been fired from Hawai'i School for Girls in Honolulu. Rumor had it that I was a pot-smoking hippie-seducer of female high school students, thinly disguised as an English instructor from Notre Dame. So I grabbed my surfboard, backpack, and bong and moved to Kauai with Stella Kellett, one of my graduating seniors. The Kelletts had been neighbors of the Taylors on O'ahu before Howard moved his family to Kauai. When we moved to Kauai, the Taylors, then living across Ha'ena Bay from the Camp, invited Stella and me to stay in their guest house while we looked for a place to rent. That's when I began photographing Taylor Camp. However, it wasn't until 1976, after two years in Asia living with, and photographing, villagers and refugees, that I recognized Taylor Camp's significance and began to document the Camp seriously, seeing it as both a traditional village and a refugee settlement. Yes, Taylor Camp was built with the same materials that poor squatters used throughout the tropical world—bamboo, scrap lumber, rough-hewn logs and branches, salvaged tin roofing, plastic sheeting and screens, flimsy mosquito netting and cheap printed fabric. Although the materials were the same, the manifestation was quite different. This "refugee" camp was perched in a pristine forest on a beach on Kauai. Built in the spirit of playful creativity and whimsical practicality, Taylor Camp developed with the aesthetic principle that drives both the most humble homesteaders as well as the greatest architects: no form without function.

Before I left Kauai for Asia, an article appeared in one of the Hollywood gossip magazines, complete with paparazzi pictures of Liz Taylor with the Campers at Christmas dinner, followed a few months later with Liz wearing a Kauai *puka* shell necklace on the Johnny Carson show. The final blow came when SURFER magazine did a cover story on Kauai with page after page of photos and text devoted to Taylor Camp and the North Shore's best surf breaks. By then I was an "indentured servant" to the Akanas, a fishing and farming family and the former *konohiki* of Kalihiwai. I'll never forget when Johnny Akana, my good friend, surfing partner and grandson of the last Kalihiwai *konohiki,* came up

the stairs of his *lanai* with that issue of SURFER magazine. Johnny lived in a beach shack assembled from salvaged parts of houses destroyed in the 1958 tidal wave. *Puka Moi,* one of the last of the "locals only" surf spots on the North Shore, broke on the point in front of Johnny's house, and a group of us were sitting on his *lanai,* smoking a joint and waiting for the evening glass off. Johnny walked up and opened the issue to a double-page spread of *Puka Moi* and, with a look of dread, announced: *Stay pau* (It's over).

The following summer was called the "boom." Kauai's North Shore was inundated with surfers and hippies. There were more than 350 people in and around Taylor Camp. The Campers called it "tent city," and it spread far beyond Howard Taylor's seven-acre coastal property, stretching down the beach to Ke'e at the end of the road.

So the Campers took control, falsely claiming that Howard had insisted that no more houses be built and no tents allowed. Enforcement was left to Dave Pearson, a champion wrestler known as the Camp cop, and Brad "Hawk" Hamilton, a street fighter from Long Beach known as "the Sheriff"—backed by a contingent of tough surfers.

By the end of Summer the "boom" was over and would never be repeated. The Campers had the organization and the enforcement in place to prevent the population from getting out of control again. But the island would never be the same. Survey flags appeared in the pastures of Princeville Ranch, staking out Kauai's first planned resort community and the beginning of the real estate boom that would price many locals out of their ancestral homes and off the island. For several years, Max Graham, the Campers' Legal Aid attorney, frustrated the bungling eviction efforts of the State Attorney General's office. Community and political pressure to close down the Camp continued to build, however, and it was just a matter of time before Max's bag of legal tricks emptied. In his final maneuver, Max filed a claim for relocation assistance—a move that stayed eviction but enraged many in the community. By 1977, the Campers felt the approaching end. At that time, Rosey Rosenthal, Taylor Camp's *de facto* mayor and captain of their community league baseball team, convinced the majority of the Campers to drop all claims against the State and leave voluntarily. Rosey organized and registered the Taylor Campers as well as many of the young locals in the Kauai mountain ball league and then convinced them to vote for JoAnn Yukimura, a rookie contender for a seat on the County Council.

JoAnn, Max Graham's assistant at Legal Aid, a Lihu'e girl just returned home from Stanford and the University of Washington Law School, ran on an environmental controlled-growth platform. After convincing most Taylor Camp residents to drop their relocation assistance claims and move out, Rosey then invited JoAnn to a Camp meeting where, without telling her, he carefully rehearsed the residents for a charade debate. JoAnn arrived unaware that the fix was in and, as reported in the *Garden Island,* convinced the Campers to move out of Taylor Camp—a major political coup for the mini-skirted County Council candidate with long straight hair and granny glasses. She then won a landslide victory, soundly beating veteran councilmen twice her age. In 1980 named "Kauai's Citizen of the Seventies," JoAnn went on to become the first Japanese-American woman mayor in America in 1988.

1977 was the year that Taylor Camp ended; it was also the year I became JoAnn's campaign photographer and she became my wife. It wasn't until 2006, just hours before she was interviewed for our documentary film *Taylor Camp,* that I told her the truth about that historic assembly—that Rosey staged the 1977 meeting for her political benefit. We had already interviewed Rosey and I wanted their stories to sound reasonably coherent.

After Rosey's staged debate, a few of the remaining diehards held out for relocation money—rumors of a possible $10,000, $15,000 or even $20,000 cash relocation settlement flew around Camp prior to the meeting with JoAnn. But most Campers believed that the government owed them nothing. Grateful to the community that had allowed them to live at Taylor Camp as long as they had, many felt embarrassed by those trying to sting the government. The "Sheriff," Brad [Hawk] Hamilton, wrote a "*Farewell From Taylor Camp"* letter to the editor that was printed in the *Garden Island* as a full-page photo feature. Hawk's goodbye letter, illustrated with several of my Camp photos, thanked the people of Kauai—and he announced that his family was moving to the Big Island of Hawai'i.

Some Taylor Camp residents moved to other communities on Kauai but most, like Hawk, moved to the Big Island, where land was cheap. With all of the Camp's leaders and protectors gone, the few remaining diehards quickly became prey for local thugs. The thefts and beatings stopped a few weeks later when state workers and county police, armed with eviction notices, removed the last of the residents and torched the Camp. An era ended in flames.

The Kauai that the Campers experienced was an anomaly, a brief period of low population and natural abundance—a breathing space as the engine of the plantation economy wound down and the real estate bonanza and cultural assault of tourism had yet to begin. Soon after the Camp closed, Kauai boomed with resort development, Japanese speculation, and second homes. The island rapidly changed from a community where a strange vehicle on the road was met with curiosity and suspicion to a consumer society of traffic jams and rental cars. Meanwhile, the Na Pali Coast, once one of the world's most peaceful and sacred places, became inundated with back-to-back sightseeing helicopters and tour boat loudspeakers bombarding the valleys with an unholy racket. And many locals could no longer afford to live in the place where they were born. This book is a photographic record, a memory of, and tribute to, that fleeting in-between moment, a certain period of our lives on Kauai when we possessed little but youth.

John Wehrheim
Namotu
July, 2008


Map of Taylor Camp
Legend
Sherwood Forest Parking
Our Beloved Beach
Lumahuli Stream
Circa 1976
Sunset
Toad Road
Mt. Makana
Buddha Mountain
Upper Parking
Garden
Ironwood Bluffs
To Haena

Fold out map

Notes on the Map

Former Taylor Camp resident, now Big Island artist, Patricia Leo, originally created this map in 1976. A snapshot of the village in its last years, the map captures the time that I made the photographs in this book. The authenticity of Pat's village map, combined with the historic record of the photos, gives us a mind's-eye walking tour of Taylor Camp.

Pat drew the map "island Style" with the ocean to the bottom of the page and the top toward the mountains. Island people don't orient to north, south, east, and west. Traditional Hawaiian directions are *mauka* "toward the mountains" and *makai* "toward the sea." Directions around the ever-turning coastline are called out by the nearest landmarks up and down the coast, which for Taylor Campers were *Ke'e* "west" and *Ha'ena* "east." The Camp's beachfront houses faced due north, looking out over the ocean, so Pat's map has north "*makai*" at the bottom and south "*mauka*" at the top. The due north exposure to the towering cumulous clouds marching across the ocean's horizon, combined with sun filtered through a high forest canopy, then diffused with translucent plastic roofing and walls, gave the whole of Taylor Camp perfect lighting for photography.

Every neighborhood has its "better" section, its prime real estate. Taylor Camp was no exception. Like ocean communities everywhere, beachfront was prime. So let's enter from the ocean as traditional voyagers, come in across the sand, and start with the beachfront houses.

Starting at the shore with the sun rising over the sea, all the landscape and exterior portrait photos follow the same sequence as those images that include architectural features of a particular structure, as numbered on the map and legend. The buildings and other images proceed throughout the book in the numerical order of the map. The photos include most, but not all, of the buildings in the village. Those images that do not have an architectural element both bracket and relate to the order of the architectural photos by appearing before or after the closest buildings in the sequence.

Limahuli Morning

My family sailed over from O‘ahu in August of 1968. That first morning we came down here in an old Valiant station wagon. We looked around and ate our lunch on one of the flat rocks that are still over there by the stream. My parents fell in love with this place, went back to our house on O‘ahu and sold that place. They sold the boat, sold the house, sold everything and moved to Kauai.

— Tommy Taylor

Limahuli Stream sunrise

Ka’ilio Point, Ha‘ena

Limahuli Valley and Mount Makana

Karma and Bok, Limahuli Stream

Bok netting bait

Richie Palumbo and Diane Patalano

When the Hawaiians were living here, this place was heavily populated. Taylor Camp was built on ancient terraces—taro patches and house sites. Their ancestors are buried here. We found bones—we didn't know what they were. We thought maybe somebody got murdered and so we called some people in and this Hawaiian guy came and he said, "No." He says, "What they would do is they would bury their dead right here against the shoreline in the sand where it was easy to dig and now the trees have all overgrown those graves." There was a big swell once and it uncovered some of the bones. So, this place is really sacred ground. They used to have ceremonies where the men would climb up Buddha Mountain (Mount Makana) and throw off bundles of burning hollow staves at night and they would fly out over the sea. It was a rite of passage, some kind of ceremony.

— Richie Palumbo

The front of Richie and Diane's house

Diane and Richie in the living room

Diane upstairs in the bedroom

Diane, Krishna and the Gopis

The back of Richie and
Diane's house

Diane Striegel

We purchased an old Kilauea plantation camp house that was going to be torn down and, with that lumber, we built our treehouse in Taylor Camp. It cost us $100 to tear the plantation house down and, if you cleaned the whole lot, they would give you $50 back. So, we had a nice home made of tin, glass, wood siding, a little bit of plastic, nice floor boards. The floor was the old Hanalei bridge deck, real thick timbers, and the house was built in the ironwood trees right up by the beach in front of Taylor Camp.

— Diane (Striegel) Daniells

Diane's house

Diane at her cutting board

Diane in her kitchen

Diane in her living room

I worked when I was at Taylor Camp. I opened my own childcare center. I was only twenty. The world was at my doorstep. I didn't hesitate to try anything. I rented a building at the Waiʻoli Huiʻia Church in Hanalei and started my school. So, I was a five-day a week, nine-to-fiver. Actually, I got back around three or four. I'd come home, jump in the ocean, lie on the beach.

— Diane (Striegel) Daniells

Some people around Camp

We were all searching for something that wasn't quite what our families were offering, even though we had so much in America. We were still looking for something different and we were very lucky because we found it. Taylor Camp is a ripple in the water of our lives, still reverberating with what we found there. It was a wild serendipity experience and we're still here, thirty-five years later. I came all the way from Miami, Florida. A lot of the people came from California and New York, some from Canada and Europe and we all were just satellited into Taylor Camp—a lot of different people from different places. It was just a constant barrage of experiences and none of it was TV. It was all real.

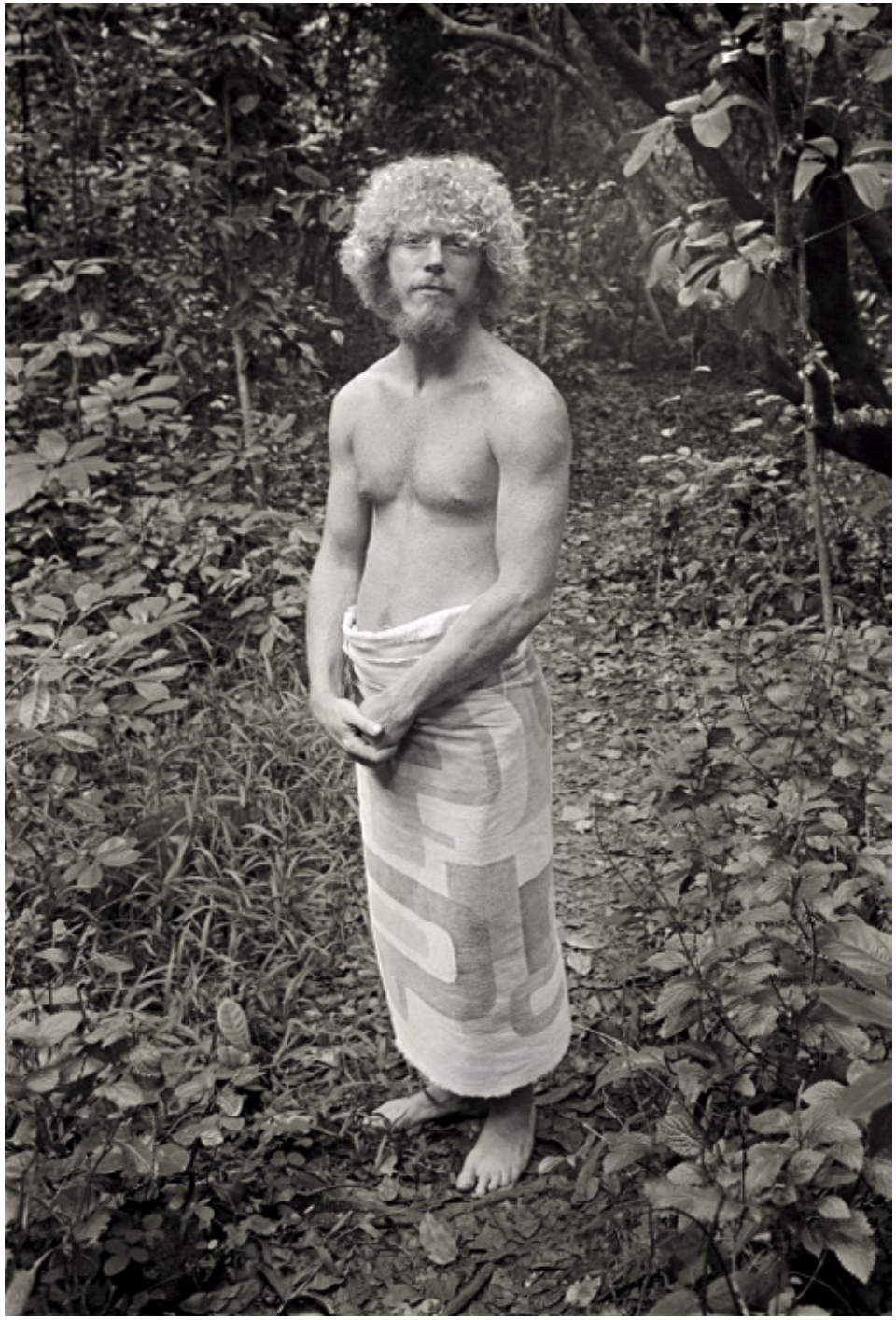
— Cherry Hamilton

Cherry

Rosey in uniform

Geetle on a pallet

Alpin washing dishes



Bruce in a towel

Allan and Andy

I played alto sax. John played keyboard and sang leads. We had a guitar and a bass player and different things. We named the band THC. It stood for tetrahydrocannabinol—the active ingredient in marijuana. And then it became "Taylor Hippy Camp," and then "Those Hairy Creeps" and someone came up with "Three Hungarian Chefs." It went on and on and on. It lost all its meaning.

— Andy Leo

The Big House

Richard and Doug built the Big House and then left for India. They built it to be a party house. It was seventy-five feet across. I moved into Doug's room and Teri moved upstairs. We had an empty bedroom in the front and a fourth bedroom, which Teri and I promptly painted lavender and called the yoga room. So now we had an empty room and that was an issue. "Not only are you hogging the house, but you have an empty room which you call your yoga room and an empty bedroom." Then we put a door on the house, which raised a lot of contention with a lot of people. We were kind of loud and kind of active—proactive organizers. The party house wasn't supposed to have a door. It slammed and banged all night long. I attributed that to the night-walkers—Hawaiian ghosts. I said to Teri, "Do you think we should take the door off the house; it doesn't seem like the house wants the door." "No!" she said, "We are leaving the door on." She did not want just anybody coming in. It was one of the unwritten rules of the Camp, but we did not like people sitting naked on our furniture. There were scabies and crabs and all that stuff and we did not want people just popping over and just planting themselves uninvited. We were a little different from what was going on there.

— Debi Green

Dana and Karma at the door of the Big House

Card game in the Big House

Debi in the kitchen

Teri and Rosey

Roger and Debi

Teri and Debi

Teri rocking Emma

Bruce in his loft

I went to high school with Teri Green and I always thought she was a cutie. I had just graduated from Rutgers and I went to her father's Army Navy store in New Jersey, and, "Hey, how's Teri doing?" and her father said, "Teri's living in a treehouse." I said, "What do you mean, she's living in a treehouse?" "Oh, she's running around naked, swinging from the trees, living in a treehouse on Kauai." So I said, "Wow! Are you kidding me?" So I decided that's where I've got to go. If nothing else to find Teri, but I want to see these treehouses.

That first night I camped on Mosquito Hill and there's this giant fire on the beach. From my campsite I can see the fire and see the treehouses, and all these hippies are dancing around the fire, and there's a giant blaze, and there's congas playing. I'm saying, "Wow! This is just so different than anything I've ever experienced in my life," and then this lady walks up to the fire, it was Cherry, and everyone's playing music and dancing around the fire, the stars are shining, and everyone's all excited, and she holds this newborn baby out over the fire; it was Moses, this is thirty years before the *Lion King* and I'm watching all this like, "Oh, my God," and I just couldn't believe where I was. I had stumbled over something and landed in a world that was so different from everything I knew.

— Bruce Kramer