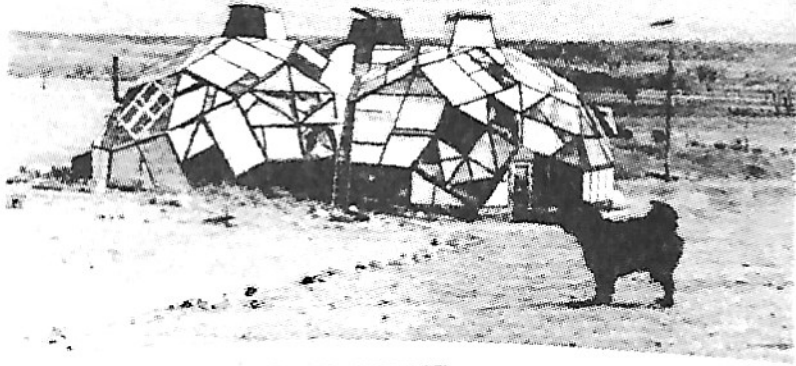




FREE VIEW

A bus load of Methodist youth from Indiana come to see and work with the people at Drop City. Ed hauled them down to the river to collect rocks. The woman in charge talked to me while they were gone.

Fisher's Peak - 9000 ft. mountain due south of D.C. "My that's a beautiful mountain." I mentioned that it is owned by the Rockefellers. She said "My, he certainly provides the people here with a wonderful free view."

All these thought about gravity, free fall, bubbles, up and down. It seems now (Aug. '68) as if Drop City has crash landed - hit bottom, end of free fall.

The triple cluster complex is finished. It is filled with flies. No one has any money. They are eating wilted vegetables thrown out from the supermarket. People puttering around listlessly - like an old age home. I chip in for food but meals never seem to be prepared. The hell with it! Go into town, eat at Bea's Cafe - sausages, eggs, two cups of coffee.

The hottest days in August an awful scene. Then it cools a little. It rains and I start to see a harmony. The flies die off. At dusk as we put away the hammers and shovels - there is one complex and the geodesic theater, multi-colored car tops. The buildings glow - beauty shines forth. Each evening more strongly. Peggy cooks a great meal of venison.

ROCKS, CLOUDS, TREES, RIVER, SUN, SUN

Loading rocks into a truck, under the sun, under the cumulus clouds, beside the river, beside the road, beside the ditch, under the cottonwood leaves, among the cottonwood trunks, above the roots.

Hauling rocks in the truck up the road and into the bin. Burning gas in the truck - sunshine stored from 1,000,000 years ago. Lifting the rocks with our arms and with our backs. Hauling rocks till the sun goes down, the world cools off, the clouds collapse and we go back and eat.

THE EDITOR

We use rocks in a bin behind the collector to store the heat collected during the day. We need 5 x 6 x 10 300 cubic feet of rocks. First sized rocks. People crashing at Drop City collected the rocks. Fat Fred from Tennessee and a little text book editor from N.Y. The editor flew to Denver from N.Y. then took a bus to Trinidad. The bus arrived at 4 A.M. He walked the six miles, arriving at the multicolored domes at dawn. He worked hard, wasn't used to the altitude - passed out in the weeds the first day collecting rocks.

Drop City is not moving along with the modern world. Drop City is too heavy, it is falling, following a geodesic through the many dimensioned space we live in - and being in free fall new things happen. You can leap 1000 feet, propel yourself across a continent, by pissing on what you want to leave behind - a gently moving rocket. First you must overcome the queasy feeling and stop clutching at objects and habits.

Hasn't it been basic shortages, the absence of necessities that has created the bubble in our social surveying equipment? The bubble people keep their eye on to tell up from down, top from bottom? Now there need be no such absence of necessities. Drop City is invading the bubble. There is no lack. There are no shortages. Everyone is doing fine.

