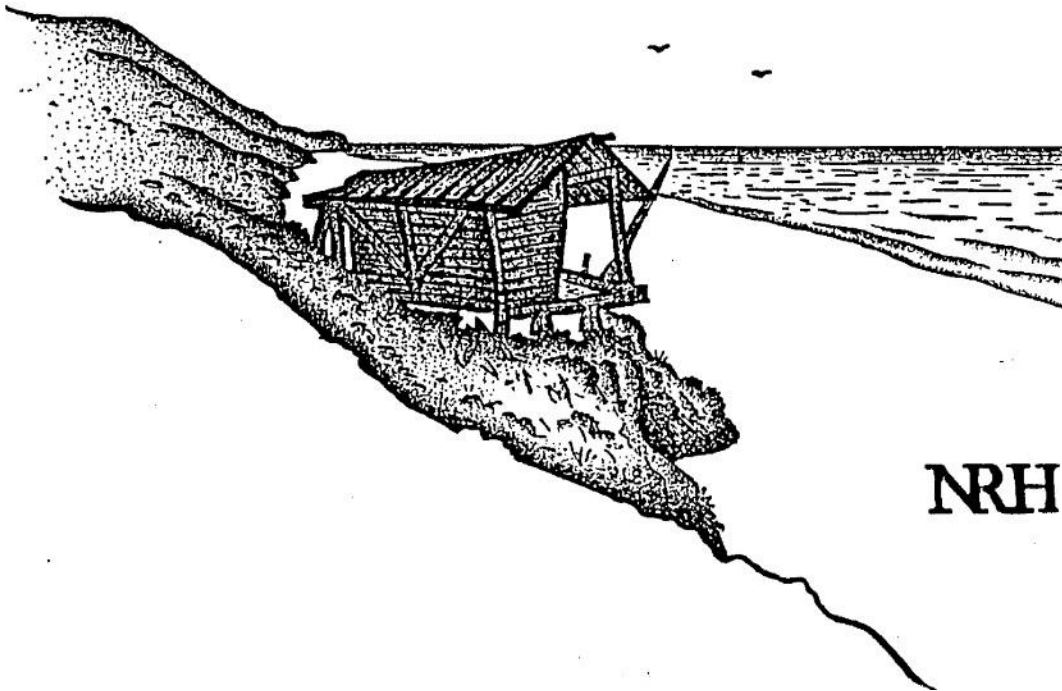




DREAM SEEKER

# NOTES FROM POINT SAL



NRH

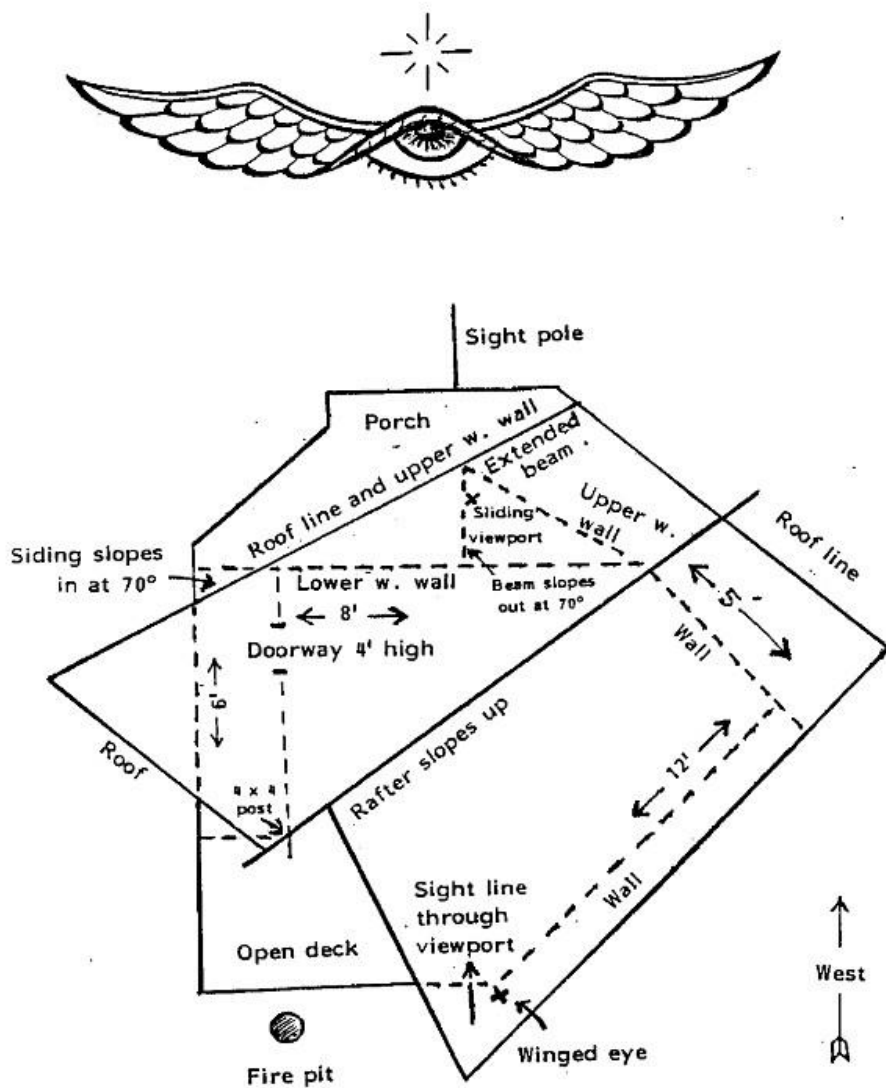
FROM THE JOURNAL  
OF THE "DREAM SEEKER" CABIN

\*\*\* 1985-1991 \*\*\*

*These pages are dedicated to the Spirit of Point Sal,  
and to all who have come here \_\_\_\_*

*I would like to extend a special thanks to Bill Buck who was one of the "regulars" at the Dream Seeker cabin and Paradise Beach. It was through his vision and website that a portion of these excerpts from the Dream Seeker journal have been shared on the Internet since 1997. - NRH*

The construction of the cabin was very "free form," with very few parallel lines. I was intrigued by this and on one trip I spent several hours measuring and mapping the walls and floor plan of the cabin to make this sketch. The sketch became page two of the journal:



**FLOOR PLAN  
POINT SAL BEACH CABIN**

*This lonely beach  
is a magic crystal  
which opens directly  
to the very heart  
of mother earth ---  
that we might see  
our connection  
with her  
and all living things  
including  
the stars and planets  
of all universes  
known and unknown*

*Dream Seekers  
if you did not believe in magic  
you would not have come*

\* \* \* \* \*

I first found out about the cabin at Point Sal in February, 1985, from my long time friend, Kathleen Goddard Jones. She was then in her seventies and had just come back from a hike from Point Sal State Beach south to Guadalupe Beach. She said there was now a cabin mid-way on the beach that runs a mile and a quarter between Point Sal and Mussel Rock in Santa Barbara County. I loaded my pack for a three day trip, and hiked south from Guadalupe beach.

I climbed the pass above Mussel Rock Ravine, where a fresh water stream falls over a cliff directly onto the beach, and saw the cabin for the first time. It didn't look real. Ramshackle and free, the roof and walls stood at odd angles to the earth and to each other. It sat facing the sea, on a small rock ledge about ten feet above the beach. Its porch jutted out from the ledge and during storms, when the tide was high, the incoming waves came up on the beach to the base of the ledge beneath the porch. Sitting on the porch was like being on the prow of a ship in the ocean.

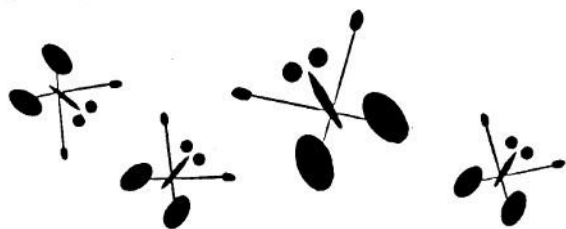
I spent my first three day trip to Point Sal surrounded in beauty, and never saw a soul. Except for my own...

\* \* \* \* \*

As far back as I can remember, I have felt that the only way I could see beyond the limitations of myself and my ego is to be away from the glittering sweet attractions in the city. I feel that the best way to do this is to be alone in the wilderness, especially at night. After my first night at Point Sal, I knew that a window had been prepared for me and was now open.

The beauty, alone, was enough to keep me going back. But there was also a mysterious energy there. I could feel it everywhere; beneath the floor of the cabin and up and down the beach, out into the sea, and even in my dreams. I wanted to stay forever, but managed to content myself with three to five day trips. I was soon in love with the place.

At Point Sal there is no entertainment, except the live entertainment which is provided by the creatures who live there. Although I find most comedy boring, I found humor in the simple antics of the water striders skating in the creek north of the cabin. I watched their dimpled shadows darting and playing games while skirting danger near the top of the waterfall:



The cabin was built by K.D., whom I met more than a year after I began using the cabin. He built the cabin in 1982, using 2 X 4 timbers that had washed up onto the beach during heavy winter storms. At that time, he was working on astral projection in the dream state, having "out of body" experiences while asleep. This is one of the things he was doing at Point Sal, and why he called the cabin the "Dream Seeker." I loosely applied the name Dream Seeker to anyone who came there.

No one knows who started carving and drawing the winged eyes for decorations in the cabin. I liked it immediately and adopted it as a symbol of the spirit of the beach and cabin. There are several different versions of the winged eye, at different locations in the cabin. Two are carved and the other one was ornately drawn with pencil, apparently by several different people:



On each trip to Point Sal, I saw that the objects people left in the cabin had moved around, so I knew that others were going there too. I wanted to know what they were doing there, so I left my journal in the cabin for them to write in. I soon found out they were going there for the exact same reason I was. Although very few of us ever actually met, we connected and shared what we were doing at Point Sal through our writings left in the journal and on the walls of the cabin.

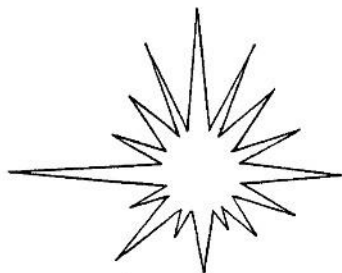
The cabin became a focal point for the energies and Spirit of Point Sal and the writings became a voice of that spirit, manifesting through those who came there. On each trip, I took the latest pages of writings out of the journal to protect them from the pack rats and the rain. I took them home with me for safe-keeping and scanned them. On return trips to the cabin I brought back the scanned copies of those original writings and put them in the journal to continue the stream of sharing with others.

The journal was a 8-1/2 X 11 inch three ring binder, making it easy to remove or insert pages. As the years went by it grew to be 1-1/2 inches thick with writings and art work spanning a period of almost seven years, from early 1985 through late 1991. As caretaker and scribe, I was able to save and preserve most of the original pages of the journal that survived the rain, wind, and the packrats. Although some of the pages became construction materials for the nests of pack rats in, around, and under the cabin, the pages that were salvaged came to be over two hundred pages (with writings and artwork on both sides of each page).

From time to time the journal was ruined by rain when people forgot to put it back in the plastic cover. The first few times it happened I replaced the entire journal by making new copies from the original pages I kept at home. The growing size of the journal soon made this impractical, so I finally made a smaller version with pages of selected art and writings that were spliced together. This made replacing the journal a lot easier, but it was very difficult to select what would best preserve the flavor of feelings of *everyone* who wrote in the journal.

(Unfortunately, the time had not yet come when the entire journal could be read and enjoyed while sitting on the porch of the cabin with hand-held electronic readers. Those same readers would have made it possible for them to contribute their own writings, artwork, and photos to the larger journal in "real time" while they were actually at the cabin.)

\* \* \* Presented here is a small selection of some of the writings and artwork I collected from the journal (the exact chronology is moved around in a few places to accommodate some of the art and graphics):



Early February, 1985...

On that first three day trip to the cabin I saw what it was and became frantic to totally experience it before it was too late. I just knew that very soon there would be condos overlooking the beach. There would be fat ladies lying in the sun with poodles and transistor radios and this would all be gone.

The cabin was built almost entirely with 2 X 4 timbers that had washed up on the beach. Some of the end stubs still have traces of dull red paint. Little globs of tar were sticking to the wood from lying on the beach.

My simple air mattress made the wood floor very comfortable. And, a little south of the cabin, are the hanging gardens of Point Sal. Water drips from the curtains of water cress hanging from the rocky cliff. I eat water cress as I wait for the dripping water to fill my cooking pots. I also sample the Sea Rocket, New Zealand Spinach, Yarrow, Plantain, Sow Thistle, and Cattail roots.

Outside the shack is a surf-worn whale vertebrae and a bronze fishing float. Treasures of the sea. Art objects of the cabin. I resist taking them. Besides that I don't want any more things to take care of.

Coming to places like this you go very deep inside yourself, because after awhile, there's nowhere else to go.

I make lots of coffee. This is a thing done by people who have lots of time, and done by those who don't, but pretend they do.

My Svea pack stove is slightly larger than a soup can. It's very convenient and I don't have to burn the world-traveling driftwood which is temporarily resting on the beach so there is less impact on the environment. The half pint of fuel I will use while I am here leaves only like a one-pint sized hollow, very deep beneath the earth's skin.

SPRING. After the winter storms let up, I loaded my pack and headed back to the cabin. In my pack is a hammer and some nails to fix loose boards. When I got to the cabin, I found two guys were already there. They had three dogs with them and were all set up to spend the night.

Always before, I never had to share with anyone and would have the place to myself. As it turned out, this would be the only time I ever came to the cabin to find someone else was already there. We talked for awhile and they invited me to stay.

They have been melting all the old candle stubs from the cabin shelf into holes in a rock they found on the beach. The holes in the soft rock were made originally by rock boring mollusks (*Zirfaea*). A paper match is put into each hole before the wax is poured, to make wicks.

Before that they had spent 3 hours gathering a huge pile of all the plastic stuff that has floated up on the beach. I help them dig a big hole to dump it all into, just below the high tide line. We drink wine and wait until one in the morning for high tide. Just before the tide comes in the pile is lit. It burns down into coals just before the first wave sweeps up the beach. The wave pours into the hole. We cheer as a huge steam geyser roars and shoots up.

The dogs are excited. They run on the beach, chasing sparkles of phosphorus. They pounce and bite, getting mouthfuls of sand.

Our other small fire on the beach burns with rainbow flames of lime green and violet purple. Must be something in the sand. In the flames I see the divine mother of all my desire:



In the journal I placed this "GOD IS A LADY" artwork that I like. I found it painted on the backside of a guard rail at Salmon Creek in Big Sur, many years ago.

Leaving at high tide, I hike along the cliff at Mussel Rock Ravine. I step across the creek where the water striders are skating just before it goes over the cliff. The tide is high enough that the waterfall is going right into the ocean. Right then the sun comes out, after a week in hiding.

JULY. North of the cabin, I took a shower under the waterfall. That creek with the water striders is one of the very few on the west coast that falls directly into the ocean at high tide. I lay naked in the sun as swallows dive from their mud nests, a few inches from the cataract.

Alone, I find myself looking up and down the beach. Somehow I keep expecting someone, only there's no one there. I do this the whole time I am here.

Two little green frogs, the size of quarters, sit placidly in the cabin like Buddhas. Their eyelids open when you peer at them. They don't move. They just sit.

I read in the journal:

*"Two years ago I first came to this spot. From then on I knew this was the place to get away from it all, to think clear, and wonder how many more years I will be able to use this. The place looks great, so let's keep it that way. Please take all the trash you bring with you. B & J"*

*"Being here, with you, naked in the sun  
Wanting nothing more than this  
and marveling at the lunacy  
Of having to have a job  
to pay rent  
so I'll have a place to sleep  
...to be able to buy nice clothes  
to wear to work...  
I think we should just stay. CJW."*

Night, sitting on the porch. The off shore drilling rig far out at sea looks like a small city, floating on the ocean with a tower of lights coming out of the center. It is plainly seen in my 8X monocular. Nice white lights, red sunset, black sea.

After a couple of hours on the porch, it's time to turn in. Back in the cabin, I light some of the paper match wicks in the stone with holes that were filled with the wax by the two guys in the cabin on my last trip. I only light about six of them. It really fills the cabin with light. A great candelabra of stone that is perfect for this place! I move it around the cabin for different light and shadow effects. I watch it awhile, then light my brass candle lantern and blow out the wicks on the stone. Want to leave some of the stone candelabra for others to enjoy...

In my bedroll, I watch the mice scurry in the light of my candle lantern. They are rambunctious tonight, fighting over a trail mix wrapper. A few lonely ants slowly meander on the boards of the cabin floor, working the night shift. I enjoy the soft music of the surf.

The next day I eagerly collect the writings by different people on the cabin walls:

*"Never enjoyed being so bored."*

*"SIMPLE, CLEAR."*

*"To whom it may concern... thanks!"*

*"Experience is the hardest teacher. It gives the test first, and the lesson afterwards."*

Found a 16 ounce can of Budweiser on the beach coming in. The paint on the can is worn from tumbling in the surf. I cool it in a large plastic bucket I filled with seawater. At night I drink the beer, and accidentally kick the bucket. Sudden flash of little stars of phosphorus in the water! Kick it again. Wow, same thing! And again. Fun light show in the cabin!

At 2 a.m. the moon was blood red from the big wildland fire at Santa Margarita. Light grey ashes have traveled from thirty miles away to waft through the cracks in the cabin walls and settle on my bedroll.

I boiled a pot of New Zealand Spinach that grows wild around the cabin. Dropped in one bouillon cube, squeezed a little lemon juice, shut off the stove and let it cool. Absolutely delicious!

I think how you can never be free unless you can learn to live without women and cars. But, freedom without women and cars is like death without life. For now at least...

The little green frogs are still sitting there on the shelf. Before I leave, I put my journal on the shelf beside them. They have moved only their eyelids since I have been here. They watch me as I pack up and leave.

SEPTEMBER- AUTUMNAL EQUINOX. My watch quit running. Now I have to worry about being picked up on time, two days from now.

Equinox Sunset. In the cabin, I watch the setting sun shining through the porthole of the west wall. A patch of light moves across the north east wall. Suddenly I see that one of the winged eyes drawn in pencil is perfectly framed by the patch of light. I watch as the light patch quickly dims as the sun drops below the clear horizon. Faint, fainter, gone! What an excellent calendar marker! A great light show! I simply *have to know* who did this! How will I ever know? What mysteries abound here!!!

That night I hear coyotes howling high on the bluff above the cabin.

On crystal clear nights here I sometimes see Cygnus and Albireo straight up. The Milky Way is like a white rainbow. I am in Ginsberg's "Starry Dynamo in the Machinery of Night!"

I think how the keeping of secrets is just a game we play... but only with ourselves. Ultimately, since everything is ONE and knitted together at the source, how can anything not be known?

OCTOBER. Deer tracks at the spring at Mussel Rock, and raccoon tracks all around the cabin. Someone has left an opened can of cranberry sauce on the shelf, which I resist the whole time I am here. I collect the new writings and carvings on the cabin walls:

*"God is everything you sense."*

*"God's (your's) house."*

*"What is life? Some mental bliss..."*

*"Think One, because that is all there is."*

I sit on the porch, watching a perfect sunset. One of the little green frogs startles me by dropping from the eave all the way to the porch, making a loud "plop." I don't bother him. He just sits there beside me, a foot away, and we both watch the sunset.

Very hot night. While walking on the beach, the light breeze shifts back and forth. Cool patches of fog and sea air suddenly give way to hot wind carrying sweet pungent smell of California Sage from the cliffs above the beach.

Sleeping soundly, until BOOM! I wake to the heavy crash of surf. The continuous off shore winds causes the waves to stand and hold until they are almost on the dry sand. When they collapse they shake the cabin, BOOM! I get up at 3:30 a.m. to watch the surf in the moonlight.

The morning sun makes spindrift rainbows in the fine mist that is pulled off the tops of the waves by the off shore wind. I go out immediately after having coffee and catch 3 nice silver barred surf perch on my ultra-lite spinning outfit with 4 pound test line. I fry them up in a ten inch skillet that is in the cabin. I marinate them with grapefruit juice from trees in my back yard. I feel desperation as the time to leave draws near. Beach cabin, you are like a pretty girl. I know that time will erase you. I am frantic to experience you before it's too late!

OCTOBER. The beach cabin has become the crystal of my soul, in which I can see a clear reflection of myself. I see how we sometimes bend the truth a little, to let something remain awhile longer, just as a gust of wind moves the pelican's dive just enough to miss the fish.

Howling wind. Powerful blasts catch the waterfall in mid-air, before it falls onto the beach. Parts of falling water pull off and are blown back up over the cliff where they came from. Puffs of whirling diamond rainbow droplets splashing back into the stream it came from.

Afternoon. Naked in the sun. I watch the life and death struggle of a black ant and winged aphid as a squad of fourteen sand flies hovers motionlessly in the still air on the lee side of the cabin.

I think how the pursuit of desire is like gathering the pretty wet stones on this beach, which dry quickly. Before your eyes you see them becoming very plain and dull. Today I am very much in tune with Buddhist concepts...

Night. Tonight I am the most selfish man in the world with this beach and ocean all to myself. My belly is full with wine and canned stew and wild yarrow tea. I'm lazy, but at least I am not

adding or taking away from anything that is going on in the world. And tomorrow I will be with her, having a drink with ice cubes in the Far Western Tavern in...

**GUADALUPE! \_\_  
 UNCHANGED  
 SINCE THE FORTIES  
 WITH ART DECO BUILDINGS DOWNTOWN  
 AND ZOOT SUITERS STANDING ON THE STREET  
 AT NIGHT  
 MARIACHIS PLAYING  
 LA PALOMA CU CURU  
 AT YOUR SWEET SMILE  
 AS I FORGET  
 HAPPY TIMES  
 BEING LONELY  
 AND COMPLETELY EMPTY  
 ON THE DESERTED BEACH  
 JUST A FEW MILES  
 TO THE WEST \_\_**

I have been using a green gallon jug I found on the beach for water. Packing to leave, I hide it under the cabin for next time.

MAY-1986. The porch is partly burned away by someone's unattended fire. First sign of death for the cabin.

A new flag flies from the mast head of the cabin. Purple top and flesh-colored bottom. The confederate flag that used to be there is now shredded, hanging from the iceplant growing on the cliff below the cabin.

The mice have enjoyed this journal. They have chewed up the first four pages to build their nests. Good thing I brought an extra copy. People have written:

*"Thank God there isn't a road into here. It keeps all the destroyers away. This cabin is a work of art, and so is this beach. R. & S."*

*"I don't need a camera. I photographed this beach in my mind. L.S. & A."*

*"There must be some kind of special Spirit here. Oh so beautiful, nature and her rhythms. N, B, & S."*

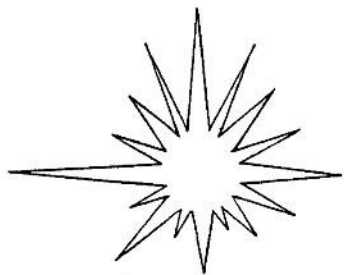
*"FLUTE, FOG, PLAY THE DAY. EACH ADDS SOMETHING, TAKES NOTHING AWAY."*

*"Incense burning, waves rolling. Raccoon tracks to follow. We must preserve these human sanctuaries. They are so important to the inner peace. KLE."*

This place is now like a lover. I feel guilt for ignoring my favorite camps up on the Big Sur River, which are other lovers I have not visited for a long time.

Night. A new drilling rig out on the ocean! The planet Venus is setting in the sea, close to the horizon near the lights of the rig. A strange conjunction of the planet of Love, and man's need for Energy.

At three in the morning I awake to watch the annual meteor shower that streams forth from Aquarius every fourth of May:



But there's nothing but thick fog. Back to sleep...

\* \* \* \* \*

MAY 1986. Little blue jellyfish (*Velella velella*). You are born with your sail fixed at the perfect angle for the prevailing winds to drive you parallel to the coast for your entire life. But this week a slight shift in the wind has driven millions of you sailors up onto the beach to die. I walk for miles on a carpet of your bodies to get to the cabin. Can't avoid them and they stick to my boots.

I sweep out the cabin and arrange my things. I see the mice have eaten a part of the journal again. I wish there was some way to retrieve the lost writings. But look, there are new scratches and carvings on the walls and floor:

*"Enjoy life, you children of God."*

*"May my actions not move you unless it's for the better."*

*"Let the sun shine through. I believe in the magic of love, and I believe in you. R."*

*"God's here. Is he in you?"*

*"...all is in constant transformation. It is a law of the universe. Enjoy the moment. A.B."*

A little frog on the porch sits by me in the sun. We watch the ocean together. We have done this before, on other trips. A black stripe runs from the tip of his nose through his eye to his shoulder. Today he's the color of bleached wood:



I watch him as I come and go. He is completely motionless for five hours. I can see his heart beating through his thin skin. I watch it as I check my pulse and find it is in perfect time with my own. He watches as I take a hot shower from my solar water bag hung in the sun from a rafter.

Sunset. The empty beach is no longer smooth and white. MILLIONS of foot prints of creatures of all kinds suddenly appear as their small hollows begin to fill with shadow.

Night. The frog has moved under the plank.

Morning. There must be death. Otherwise everything would soon fill up and there would be no room for anything else. The panorama of infinite variety could not exist without death.

All understanding is perishable. It needs constant renewal through thought and meditation, just as the cabin needs fresh nails to keep it from tumbling down the cliff to the beach.

South of the cabin a small cave goes back into the cliff. The sand level of the beach moves up and down with the storms and for a long time I had to crawl in on hands and knees. Today I can walk in standing up. I fill my pots from water dripping from the roof. Looking back out I see the ocean, beach, and the sky, neatly framed in black.

Hundreds of pelicans circling near shore, diving straight down one after another. Shoom! Shoom! Shoom! Into the sea with wings tucked close in. Many come up with fish. Some days...I feel like one of the fish.

Eternal life lies in seeds \* \* \* \* \*

On the porch sits a huge trash bag full of cans and bottles left by others as though set on the curb for garbage pickup day. I put the bags in a hole on the beach with driftwood and burn it. The fire burns the tin off the cans so they rust away easy. When everything gets down to coals, I dash the glass bottles with cold water to stress fracture them so they crumble away easy. Later, on another trip, I see in the journal that B.D. writes not to do that because of air pollution...

We are organs of the organism of life \* \* \* \* \*

Find other new writings on the walls:

*"DON'T FIGHT. UNITE."*

*"You are a legend, in your own mind."*

A green monster has been painted on the wall with day-glo paint. There is also some obscene graffiti on the wall that is challenged by the Orcutt Skate Thrashers and the Reverend Brothers of the Psychic Few. Someone has spray painted over some of the older obscenities. Someone else has written,

*"So-What's with all this brown spray paint censorship? Even out here someone wants to tell you how to think, what to see, and how to feel..."*

All this has happened since my last trip and I am not part of it, although I do lean toward freedom of expression. Finally I fall back and remember my Big Sur Mantra haiku:

*"Don't discriminate-all things are the same and are- equally valid."*

Night. The pack rat who lives in the cabin kept me awake all night dragging things around and rearranging them to its liking. Clang! Clang! Clang! And in the morning I find my Sierra cup has been moved several times across the cabin and left in the frying pan. My pencil is gone. The pack rat has taken it and left in its place a rusty tin can lid!

The next day is hot. Time stands still. No wind. Even the ocean is quiet...

Evening. The sun is touching the horizon. But it is not where it appears to be. It takes time for the light of the sun to get here and by the time it does the sun has already moved one diameter away from where it appears to be. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is exactly as it appears to be...

At twilight I watch a solitary bat diving into the insects that hover in the still air behind the cabin. Then it swoops out in front of the porch where I am sitting into the light breeze and down the beach a ways, to let the squadron of insects regroup. He makes a long loop and then comes back into the insects again. Again and again he does this as the red sun melts into an ocean that has turned silver.

The glowing squiggles in my cup are the reflections of the moon above, dancing in my wine:

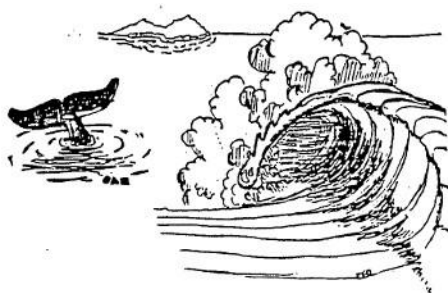


JULY. Arrive to find large piles of twigs on the cabin floor. The mice are no longer content to build their nests under the cabin floor. I sweep it all out with the broom.

In the journal I read:

*"This place is alive with silence and music and wonderment! I feel the very soul of the earth, alive with the sound of the universe! I thank you for the experience to express my thoughts of aliveness and freedom! P.B."*

*"Around another star, in another super cluster, another blue planet. A place like this. Conscious beings thinking same thoughts that bound across the abyss of nothingness. By love and joy, right here in front of you, at this instant, all places and all times co-exist. – (Unknown author)."*



I almost never see anyone here. It is only through the eyes of the others who come here that I can see aspects of this place that are hidden from me. They transform their vision from their eyes into the words and artwork that is on these pages. I am very grateful that they have taken the time to share with me. They have all expanded my view and understanding.

In the journal is written, *"What a wonderful way to celebrate Easter! What a haven! Incense burning, waves rolling, raccoon tracks to follow, nothing to think about beyond living each moment. It's so wonderful to think that I enjoy the peace and solitude of this place with so many others, yet each of us enjoys it alone. We must preserve these human sanctuaries- they are so important to the inner peace; and without inner peace we will never have any peace.*

*KLC of Ojai. "*

Once in awhile I come here and find the journal been taken. When that happens I lose my contact with those who have come here since the last time I was here. I enjoy these anonymous

people I only know through the pages of this journal. And usually, if I look long enough, I can find something new that has been carved or written somewhere on the walls of the cabin.

In the journal today is a new drawing by R & M showing the beach and surf:



Today I am suffering from way too much greed. I have to wonder, "Just how much life does one really need to experience?"

I search the cabin walls for new truths scribed by others. I find none. This means I will just have to look inside myself. Which I should be doing anyway...

As soon as it gets dark the mice get busy. After a noisy night, I awake in the morning to find the mice have dragged all the twigs back in that I swept out. During my mostly sleepless night, they have rebuilt their nest piles on the floor again, right next to my head. I decide, "fine, I'll just leave them there. This is just a short overnight trip and I'll be leaving this afternoon anyway."

AUGUST 1986. I am late coming in. A bee on the high trail works alone at dusk. Her labors beyond the call of duty will make her wings ragged and earn her an early death. But we are fortunate that all bees are not lazy like me. Otherwise, there would be no honey.

I see the first obscene graffiti on the cabin wall and am filled with strange sadness. I feel like vandals have discovered this place. Then I think how, in some way, the graffiti must be important to those who made it. Therefore it must (in some way at least) be Valid...

Enough food has been left on the shelves in the cabin to last me for more than a week. Everything is in abundance here except *TIME*. Someone has left a whole loaf of bread on the shelf. I take it to the beach and feed the gulls...

N.B. has made another neat drawing in the journal, showing the porch of the cabin overlooking the ocean:



This place really is isolated. There are only sand dunes and no buildings for twenty miles to the north, clear to Oceano, and there's only Point Sal State Beach and Vandenberg Air Force Base with its vast missile complex a couple miles south. The great thing about that is the airspace is restricted for security reasons so you seldom have planes blinking in the night sky. That way you're not looking at a familiar constellation and see that there's an extra star there that shouldn't be and it's only after you watch a little closer that one of them seems to be moving. And during the day there's not much in the way of contrails across the blue sky either.

Events at Vandenberg gave me a pretty good scare back in December 12, 1984 when I was camping north of here in the dunes at the oasis of Hidden Willow Valley. I was awakened from a very sound sleep at a little before 3 a.m. The ground was shaking beneath my bedroll and there was a very loud rumbling all around me. I didn't know where I was or if it was day or night. I became aware of light blazing all around me like the sun was already up. I saw a huge ball of fire in the air nearby, rising up over the dunes to the south. It was a bit frightening; the dunes were all lit up around me and I could have read a newspaper from the light.

It took me at least 30 seconds to get awake enough to realize where I was and that the world was *not* coming to an end. What was happening was, my camp was not far from Vandenberg and a space missile was going up! (I later found out it was a giant Atlas E missile.)

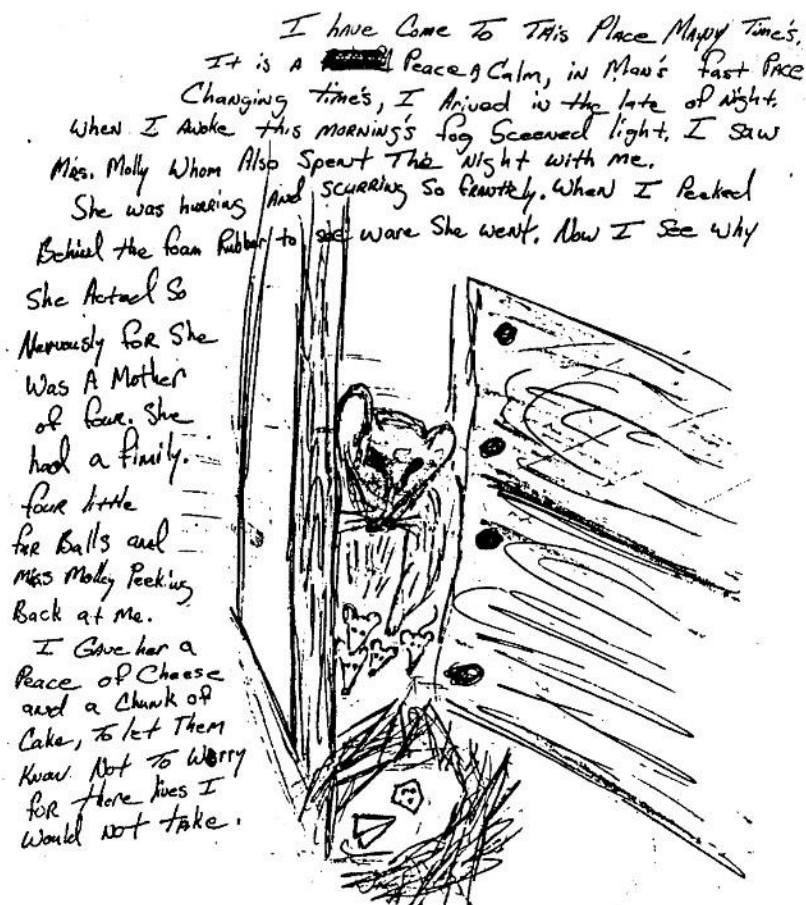
The Dream Seeker cabin is at least three miles closer to the base than the oasis and it would be fantastic to be at the cabin sometime when one of those Atlas missiles is launched. I'd be a lot more aware of what was going on and not be caught quite so off guard...

Looking through the journal I see,

*"Coming down the cliff yesterday I started to smile inwardly. I wondered if the arduous hike from the beer can littered parking lot at Point Sal State Beach was worth it. The poppy carpets, cliff-hugging calla lilies and white sands stretching below me were my answer.*

*I've slept, made love, bathed in the icy ocean, explored and photographed glistening rocks, dark trails of water disappearing into the sand and calla lily blooms. I've been living the moment, not the memory and feeling peaceful happiness. I've felt love. T.O.T Ojai."*

The big mama pack rat has now been named "Molly" by B.J. who drew a picture of her and her family in the journal:



There Also Was A frog And a  
 Bird Whom live here At our Cabin  
 By the Sea.

Night with some good wine. The Avila lighthouse on the coast far north of the cabin makes bright stabs in the night. I time enough cycles to see that the blips come every 4.5 seconds.

A large ship stops out in the ocean. It is a couple of miles away, straight out from the cabin. When I finally go to bed, it is still there. I am up a few times in the night to look at the stars and the night, and saw the ship still sitting there. I wondered if there is some kind of small radio transmitter and receiver with frequencies where you could talk to the ships. Something small and light enough to carry in a pack.

I never get lonely out here, but sometimes I think it would be fun to be sitting on the porch out here late at night and talk to the ships going up and down the coast. I'd like to find out where they have been and where they are going, and what their names are. Right now I'd like to be able

to talk to someone on that large ship just sitting out there in the night, several miles off the coast, and find out what they are doing and why they are not moving.

I sleep late. When I finally get up, the ship is gone and there is only an empty horizon.

LATE JANUARY, 1987. Coming in I have to climb up to the high point above Mussel Rock. I rest awhile, watching the California Gray whales heading south. They spout and frolic. They hold their tails up for several seconds at a time, before slipping under on this cold rainy day. Today I wish I was going with them to sunny Mexico for the winter.

Clouds build as I get to the cabin and I hurry to the cave so I can fill my pots before the water gets muddy from the rain. A minus tide tempts me to try for some rock mussels for tomorrow's lunch. Poor timing of the waves and I am soaked. There'll be no sitting on the porch tonight. And no mussels either!

My clothes are cold and wet. I hang them to dry and I'm in bed at sundown. A moth thinks my candle lantern is the moon and circles it, trying to use it for navigation. His correcting angle is less than 90 degrees and he spirals in, smacks the glass, and skids fluttering on the cabin floor. He only wants to get home, and tries again. And again. Finally he dives through the slit at the top of the lantern, straight into the flame and molten wax, kamikaze style. *Zzzzt!* Candle's out. So is the moth. Time to go to sleep anyway...

During the night the rain comes through the roof slats. I get up and hurry to hang a plastic sheet beneath the leaky roof to make a canopy over my bed. Awake now, I relight the candle and read in the journal:

*"Change what you think stands in the way of yourself and understanding. Be aware. THINK! B.B."*

*"First timers beware/ Ms. Molly can tear/ through packs and plastic/ like it ain't so fantastic/ she's a pack rat indeed/ if left out at nite/ it's gone by day lite! Big Dog."*

*"Mikey the rat stole my sunglasses as we slept. They were right beside my head. I still love him! N."*

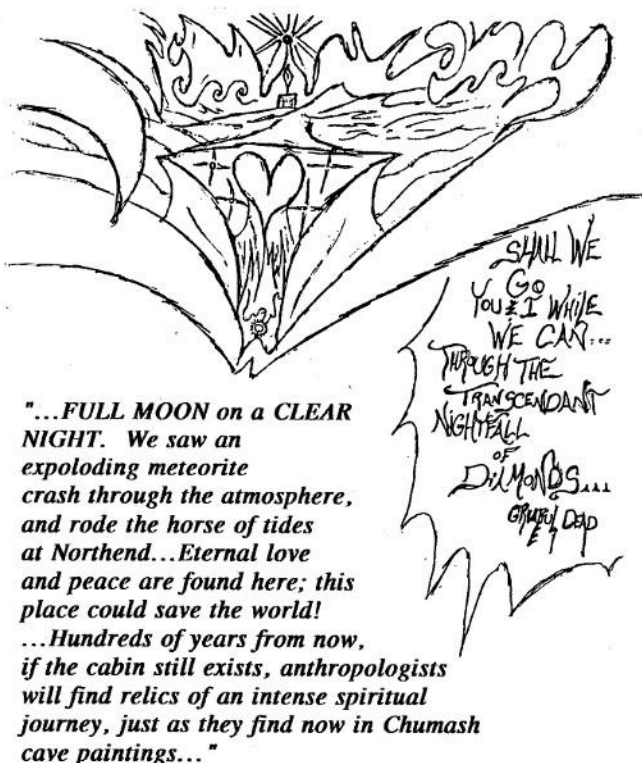


The next morning the frying pan is full of rain water. Most of the day is spent drying clothes over a fire built with wet wood, which needs constant tending. More rain. Bitter cold wind all day. Like last night, there'll be no star gazing, setting on the porch, or walking on the beach tonight either. I'm in bed early again. Still, I'm having a great time. The Captains of Industry and the Empire Builders can have it; this rainy shack on the beach is giving me everything I really need.

Morning. The storm has placed a huge brown sphere on the beach, right next to the cabin. It's as big as I am tall. I try to roll it and it's so heavy I can't even budge it. It's pocked, and dented just like an asteroid, and rusted from its travels on the ocean. I "bong" on it with a rock. Must be a giant spore from outer space... posing as a runaway buoy!

I'd like to be here on the next high tide when it takes off again for some more world traveling.

In the journal there is a drawing and some writing by J.B.  
(Oh! ...I think I know what this is! Yes!):



One of my favorite pastimes while I'm here is going back through this journal. I've done it a lot with the originals at home, but it's just not nearly the same as doing it right here at the cabin. I always enjoy the new entries and going back through the earlier writings. I see bits and pieces of essence in the reflections of this place:

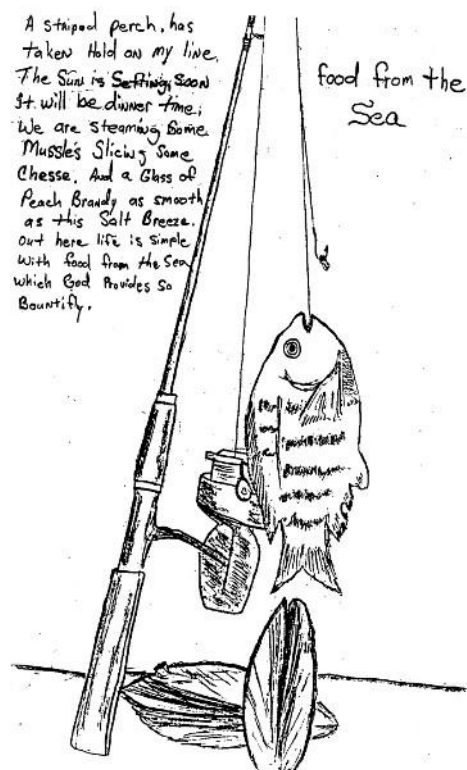
*"Hey li'l mouse, I'd like to stay in your house. If it's o.k., I'll leave some food for your little brood. C.P."*

*"Arrived early a.m. Crystal clear-no wind- HOT! Met all the tenants... Ms. Molly and Mr. Frog! (next day) Dawned clear and warm... Hot day. Mr. Frog jumped on my face during the night- scared me to death! Caught nice fish first thing in a.m. This place is a haven. No alarms, phones, or make work... thank you. (next day) Dawned cold, windy, and foggy. Last night's sunset was wonderful. Hike out this a.m. Hope to be back soon. Big Dog."*

*"Sun melts the body: closes your eyes: DRIFT!!! Big Dog's Best Friend, L."*

*"Looking at oneself, one learns about everyone else. When you die, you know everything... Well, I will continue to search for truth. This place is beautiful... JKZ."*

And I read that B.J. has also been here again, and has also left another drawing in the journal showing some mussels and surf perch:



For me, part of the internalization of this place is the sacrament of drinking the water and carefully utilizing a bit of the natural foods here. In the journal I see that other people are doing the exact same thing:

*"...Spent two nights here. Last night I made a fish stew with the water seeping from the hillside, spinach growing wild around the cabin, stripped perch from the sea, mussels from Mussel Rock, wild lettuce from the water fall. And carrots and celery from home.*

*Serenity= The ability to have Peace within one's self, despite the troubles in one's life. B & K."*

SEPTEMBER. I dug up the pink rutulated quartz crystal with gold threads running through it that I buried under the cabin floor. I left it there for a year to gather energy.

Evening. In my continuing life's effort to travel lighter and get everything down to just absolute essentials, I have resolved to leave my space age ultra-light spinning reel and collapsible pole behind. I am now fishing with only a hand line wrapped around a corona bottle I found on the beach. The line (that I found in the cabin and on the beach) is tied around the neck, which is used as a handle. The line is then wound around the fat part of the bottle. The bottle is held by the neck with one hand while the hook and sinker are cast into the surf with the other.

As I am fishing, I watch dolphins as they jump clear out of the waves, frolicking in their journey north. I catch a nice surf perch for supper and lay it on the beach. I turn away for just a few seconds and a sneaky gull quickly pecked out his eyes. Okay I guess. They can no longer see and were just going to waste anyhow.

After eating the fish I thought about the sinker and hook I lost earlier, on a bad throw. I visualized some poor fish taking the bait and being hooked to the lost sinker. Decided then and there to crimp the barbs on all my hooks with needlenose pliers, or by using the back of my knife blade against a stone. Now the fish can probably get off. It will also be easier to release fish, if I want to.

I never liked the thing of having to kill things to eat. I realized that there had to be a way of at least partially dealing with it, and years ago I developed a haiku mantra that (hopefully) minimizes the karma of killing and eating fish. Or anything else that was once alive:

*"Oh noble fish  
Thank you for dying to be  
A part of my life."*

I keep the Corona bottle stashed in the bushes near the cabin. Who would want it anyway? It's nice not having to pack a bunch of fishing stuff in my pack and still be able to catch fish. Right now I wish everything in my life could be that way: Free, simple, and extremely useful. Just like a discarded Corona bottle.

For some reason, the Corona bottle always makes me remember a young man who came here during one of my stays and brought nothing with him except a jacket. I was packing to leave when he showed up. He was much more of an ascetic than I am, and purposely didn't even bring food, water, or even matches. He planned on being here several nights didn't even have a blanket.

I showed him the canned food on the shelves, and a blanket and some plastic sheeting that someone had left in the cabin. I showed him the matches and utensils, but he wasn't interested in any of it. He wanted to avoid the distractions of shelter, fire tending, food preparation, or even eating. He would stay here for a few days with absolutely nothing. He would spend most of his time meditating, sustained by the Spirit of Point Sal. He said it was something he had done before and that it was the only path that worked for him. I could see that he was very serious.

We visited while I loaded my pack for the trip out. I thought about me loading all my goodies back in my pack, with even a little of my Pesenti Estate Bottled Cabernet left to sip when I got to Mussel Rock, talking to a man who didn't need or want a tin cup to get water at the dripping springs. Or even a discarded Corona bottle stashed in the brush near the cabin to catch fish with.

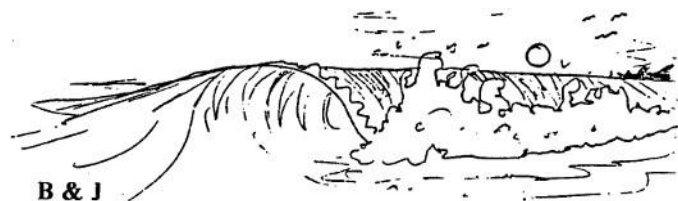
I still remember how I was struck with the distinct feeling that I am not trying nearly hard enough.

\* \* \* \*

In the journal I see that J. has been here and stayed for twenty days. I am more than a bit envious, as the longest I can stay at one time is five days because of my work schedule. He wrote more than anyone else in the journal and even wrote a song about the cabin. One night he wrote:

*"...It must be close to nine or ten p.m. I was just sitting and writing when I heard the most wicked sound I've ever heard. It was some kind of wild animal, growling. By the sound of it, it was less than twenty feet up the side of the hill. It literally made my hair stand up, not to mention sending a cold chill up my back. I don't think I'll sleep real good tonight. It's a good thing I took a nap earlier today. Tomorrow I'm going to make a spear..."*

At the end of his 20 day stay he wrote, *"How to make a better world: 1st, find yourself. 2nd, love what you find. 3rd, love others for what they are. And together we can make a better world."*



In the journal I see that a few surfers have somehow managed to get their boards in here:  
*"...We surfed this morning. Poor shape but lots of power. R & M from Orcutt."*  
*"...The surf was pretty big. At 4:30 we each dropped a hit and a half. Homer was freaking out, and all of us. Then we smoked some pot and got stoned. We freaked out all last night hard. It was weird. S.P."*



No matter where I look in the journal I see neat things scattered throughout:

*"This place is incredible. A light year away from everything. Just me and the red-tailed hawk. I'd like to camp here for a few days sometime and eat the fish and clams and bake in the sun. J.P."*

*"...accept yourself for yourself! Change what you think stands in the way of yourself and understanding. Love yourself! Love Nature!! Think about what you do and what is done to our world. Be aware. That's the best gift you can give to yourself and back to life. THINK! B.B."*

Other neat things have been inserted into the journal:

Some hand written letters left from one regular visitor to another.

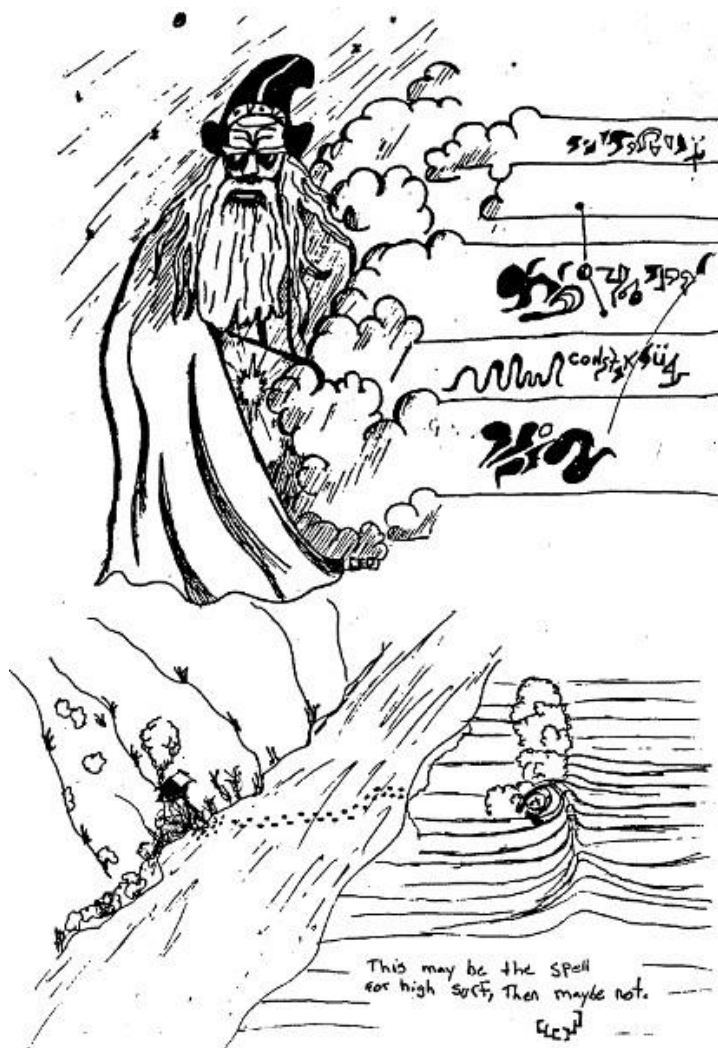
A copy of an 11-page document on the *History of Point Sal* by Bob Pawloski and Bill Denneen. This includes a map showing how to get here; Geology by Dr. L. Balthaser of Cal Poly; a list of the Sandy Beach Invertebrates including scientific names and common names along with many sketches of these creatures (artwork by Katherine Walle); a list of Birds with some sketches of the more common ones; Tidepool and Surf fishes; Rocky Intertidal Algae; Flora, plus the actual History of the area (a person could spend several days reading this and use it as a key for exploring to find things here that you might otherwise not notice).

A USGS topographic map showing Point Sal and the area of the beach and cabin.

A bright-colored "Pilot's Map" of the area, showing the restricted areas where civilian aircraft are not allowed to fly.

There's also an insert of the story of Chief Seattle and his quotations about saving the earth.

\* \* \* One of the surfers drew the cabin on the beach with footprints going out to the surf. He writes that he is sharing a "spell" that can be used for good surfing:



In the mornings I always walk down to the water's edge to see the crisp tracks of the raccoons and other creatures that prowl on the wet part of the beach at night. In the journal I read that K. has had an encounter with one of the resident raccoons that lives near the cabin:

*"So I says to myself, 'Self, you just got to be smarter than that rat, Miss Molly' So I made a bowl and filled it up with food, thinking that Miss Molly would eat so much that she would get a belly ache and then I wouldn't have to worry about her getting into my pack and eating MY food. Wrong. Miss Molly wears the mask of a raccoon..."*

OCTOBER. In the morning I sit on the cabin porch, watching the pelicans glide smoothly by, single file, inches above the cresting waves. They ride the invisible updraft as the wave lifts and peaks. Then, when the wave finally collapses, they flap in unison and pull up. After a short glide they pick up the updraft of another wave and glide without flapping their wings again, until the wave gives out. Pelicans are the ultimate surfers. They surf all these waves without getting wet. I watch them glide on down the beach almost out of sight, until they finally disappear in the mist.

Found new writing on the wall which reflects exactly how I feel today:

*"Still stuck  
between yesterday  
and tomorrow. B.S."*

Sunny day. Way too lazy to fish or anything. Inexpressible peace everywhere. A white airplane roars past, very close to the cabin, just off the water. The cabin shakes from the engine's roar. The plane is so close I can clearly see the pilot, looking at me. I wave. The plane's wings wave back. The engine goes to full throttle as the plane pulls sharply up and disappears over Mussel Rock.

Later I find more writing on the wall:

*"The starting point is the self. Its essence is water. Only clarity and willingness to change is effective now. A correct relationship to yourself is primary, for from it flows all possible correct relationships with others, and with the divine. B.B."*

I somehow feel guilty sitting on the porch for hours on end, just looking at the beauty of this place. Then I laugh, thinking how the average person can watch TeeVee for over six hours a day and think absolutely nothing of it!

\* \* \* \* \*

In the journal is a drawing of a tourist at the cabin:



Below it was written,

*"...maybe everyone who comes here should tell their friends it sucks."*

Another drawing shows "spirit beings" on the beach with the cabin in the background. The note above the drawing reads:

*"Well, this IS a nice place! I certainly didn't expect to find this cabin. A beautiful place to rest, read the words of others, and enjoy the sun, wind, sand, cliffs, plants, and ocean. Enjoyment to all who may come here and keep it well. This is a treasure. T."*

JANUARY-1989. On the high trail coming in I found a broken spear point north of the waterfall. It is a relic of an ancient technology, which was destroyed by our technology, which is now destroying all living things on this planet. But perhaps this very technology will provide us a way to migrate from this planet before our sun blossoms into a red giant and totally incinerates the earth.



A few years after having this dream in the cabin, I had another dream that I feel was an offspring of my original dream at the Dream Seeker cabin. I had been camping alone for three days at Hidden Willow Valley, a wooded oasis in the heart of the dunes a few miles north of the cabin (between Oso Flaco and the Santa Maria River). I had been fogged in there for three days. During the nights the fog would grow even thicker. It gathered in the tops of the willows above me and dripped on my tent all night like rain. The last night I was there I vividly dreamed that:

*I AM THE DREAM OF A DREAMER \_\_*  
*MY DREAMS HAVE DREAMS THAT DREAM\_\_*

I awoke feeling that I was only a dream that gives birth to other dreams. These dreams then meet and mate with other dreams and give birth to their own dreams that in turn dream more dreams. The dream spinning process unfolds and continues as  
 dreams create their own dreams  
 that dream dreams  
 that dream.

So then I'm thinking the same meeting and mating process of dreams is the same thing that everything else does to replicate itself. The same (apparent) lack of substance of dreams making dreams is the same unseen thing that's going on in the endless swirling galaxies of stars that are doing the same thing of meeting and mating in the creation of blazing starry nights from the apparent nothingness of empty dream space, which continues to expand to infinity.

The (apparent) "nothingness" of all this is very much like a pretty girl's smile. A pretty girl's smile has no mass whatsoever, yet a single glimpse of that smile can trigger a sequence of events that continues the endless process of two people becoming three. And one star invisibly making another, and on and on into infinite galaxies of stars...

But then so who is the original "dreaming dreamer?" Since everything is connected to everything else, and since everything is ONE thing it must be myself. And yourself too! Ah, fun thoughts but unfinished. Hope to finish later...

SEPTEMBER EVENING- 1989. Sitting on the porch while watching Arcturus setting straight out from the cabin I flash back to a very warm night in the Mediterranean sea, many years ago. I was on a submarine (SS 418) and we were riding on the surface at night. The air was completely still, and the sea was perfectly flat. The ocean had become a mirror full of stars.

As we ploughed through the mirror of stars, cold green flames of disturbed phosphorus boiled up along the sides of the black hull we were riding. A wide swath of cold green flames extended far behind us where we had been, clear to the horizon. We were running on our batteries so it was totally silent. No one spoke for fear of breaking the spell. It was something none of us had seen before, and a night to remember. And tonight is one of the nights I vividly remember it.

OCTOBER. Evening. Hot off-shore breeze. An endless string of large monarch butterflies glides past the cabin, heading north. They are almost single file, flying by me on the porch. I can almost touch them without moving from where I am sitting. I make several counts and get an average rate of about twenty a minute. The line trails as far as I can see, from the south to the north end of the beach. No way to photograph this in the evening light, and can't sketch well enough to capture it either...

In the journal someone has sketched a perfect day at the cabin:



The journal was missing from the cabin several times in the last five years. During that time it had grown to over two hundred pages, making the cost of replacing the entire journal rather expensive and time consuming. For that reason I made a smaller version of it with selected artwork and writings. I also typed most of the selected writings which helped reduce the size of the journal. This reduced the old section of the journal to only 35 pages which made it much easier and less costly to replace when it was missing from the cabin.

In going back through the original pages at home I saw there were 105 visitors to the cabin in 1987. In 1988 there were 80, from January to July, with the rest of the entries for 1988 lost due to someone taking the journal from the cabin. In 1989 there were 201 visitors.

It is distressing to read in the journal that some very large groups have been coming here. Each will tell a trusted friend, and each trusted friend will tell another trusted friend, and somewhere in that chain will be some who perhaps shouldn't be trusted. Still, I realize that much of this is done in the spirit of John Muir who took people into special places in the wilderness so they might directly experience it. Those who were taken there, because of their increased awareness, would want to protect and preserve it. It is a paradox that we must *Share* in order to *Protect*. So, if we do not share this cabin and beach it will soon become expensive motels, condos, and parking lots. It will be Paradise at three hundred bucks a night.

The May, 1988 issue of *BACKPACKER Magazine* featured an excellent article on this beach at Point Sal which I read with trepidation. Fortunately there was no mention of the cabin, and I didn't see where the author wrote in the journal either...

In the journal a young girl has made a great line drawing of a woman's face with long hair. The writing below the drawing stops me cold. I feel my mind falling into its snare. Suddenly I realize I have been wanting the exact same thing all my life, but just didn't know how to say it:



*"This is my vision ...  
to see the world  
through God's eyes!  
A.G."*

I feel my mind falling into the snare of the drawing and the words. I realize I have been wanting the exact same thing all my life, but just didn't know how to say it.

Night. I'm still sitting on the porch of the cabin. A coyote trots by nonchalantly, just twenty feet away. I flash my light on him. His yellow eyes glow back at me. He totally ignores me and continues on down the beach. He might be the same one I saw this morning near the waterfall.

Then I remember a couple of trips back when I was sitting on the porch in very dense fog. Two ghostly shapes appeared on the beach to the north, moving rapidly. I watched as a pair of coyotes came towards me, running silently side by side in the mist, like silver ghosts. They ran past the cabin and disappeared in the night.

Later I am walking on the beach. The sand crabs on the wet sand glow with phosphorus. I touch their backs with my finger and their glow shrinks, grows smaller and smaller, as they quickly dig down. In an instant their light is out as they disappear beneath the damp sand.

Afternoon. A lizard on the cabin roof is doing push-ups in the sun. A black ant wanders near the hind foot. The lizard spins in a blur. Ant vanishes. The lizard sits in the sun, unblinking.

In the journal is written:

*"This place bombards our senses...the person who built this cabin lives within each and every one of us. It's the person who tells us periodically to quit looking at the world around us from the perspective of how we're going to improve it, change it, modify it, or destroy it. K.S."*

MARCH-1990. New writing on wall:

*"TIME IS EVERYTHING."*

*"Money means nothing here."*

*"Pass the joint, not the crack pipe."*

*"One more day- One million brain cells later."*

Night. Long after sunset, the "Zodiacal Light" is visible out over the ocean. A glowing cone of light extends up 30 degrees above the horizon, above where the sun set. It is caused by orbiting dust particles outside the earth's shadow and lit by the sun. It is plainly seen from the porch of the cabin this time of year, but impossible to see in town because of all the light pollution.

While I am sitting on the porch, a raccoon prowls at the base of the steps carved in the rock coming up to the cabin. His eyes shine back at my flashlight. I call to him softly. He hesitates for a moment, then ambles slowly away.

Jupiter is straight up. My unsteady hand holding my Sierra cup makes its reflection look like a squiggling hot glowing gnat in my wine.

In the journal is written:

*"I have found a friend. It is not what most people call alive, but this building is more alive than most people that sit at home in front of the T.V. It is alive...because it has the spirit of those that pass through. D.S."*

MAY-1991. Absolutely smashing morning! Found another can of beer on the beach and a bag of Cuban Espresso Coffee in the cabin. Divine providence! Warm sun and breakfast of Crackerjacks and strong coffee chases the fog away from my mind as the surf grinds away the last bit of care for civilization and technology. At last I am empty again. I am empty except for total bliss...

I brought in a couple of old U.S. flags. They spent the first part of their life at the San Luis Obispo Fire Department. One is now flying at the cabin mast-head, symbolizing freedom, and the other is on the shelf awaiting its turn. These old flags will happily shred in the wind and sun, and dissolve in the rain at this very special place.

This world is your mother. Come and see her here, in her finest dress, with a diamond necklace of stars and the moon for a lantern. The soft breeze of her breath is sweet with the kisses of thousands of miles of ocean. Hear her song of wind and sea in this very special place she has created for us to see her.

I enjoy the antics of the packrats but sometimes they make a mess of the journal. Sometimes they chew it up so bad there's only pieces of some of the pages left and some of the writings are lost. When this happens I have to cut and paste pieces of the chewed up pages onto a separate page and copy it which works pretty well.

I agonize over which of the writings and artwork to select for reproduction in the cabin journal because they are the voices of all who have come here. I have made a sincere effort to preserve the flavor and spirit of the original writings in this smaller version of the journal.

In going back through the original pages of the journal at home I counted 205 visitors to the cabin in 1990.

Another fine drawing in the journal by N.B. shows a night at the cabin:



In the journal are some more new writings,

*"Perfect day, perfect beach. Thanks for not being here. S.G.B."*

*"I will dream about this place. This is where I always come in my dreams. I've just never realized it. MK."*

*"Loneliness is a good thing to share with somebody. M.I."*

After three days I have to leave. Just north of Mussel Rock the California Grey Whales are frolicking in the shallow surf. I have never seen them this close to shore. They are having fun, letting themselves be grounded on the sand between waves. I look for something to throw so I can say they were a "stone's throw away." But there's only sand and no stones. Besides that it's a very thoughtless thing to do anyhow. I decide to maybe wade out and quickly touch them so I could say I had done it. I realize I could get hurt doing that and I'm just trying way too hard to intensify the experience. Finally, I just sit on the beach. They're so close I can see their eyes real good. Their eyes are looking right at me. They watch me, watching them...

SEPTEMBER- 1990. The sea birds sit on the beach, facing the wind. The gulls and pelicans stay in their own groups. I suddenly break out laughing. I'm thinking that since they can't see themselves, how do they know which group to hang out with? Maybe they check out each other's feet or something...

Night. I feel so good I want to scream. But then remember my presence in this wilderness is an intrusion to the other creatures who live here and decide to just sit quietly.

Bats are flying tonight. I feel friendly towards them. I hope that they (and all the other living creatures that live here) feel the same about me and all the other people who come here.

A drawing in the journal by G. shows his friend on the porch of the cabin and the view looking north towards Mussel Rock:



After four days here, I have absolutely nothing to show for myself except these words. GOOD! It is man's BUSYNESS and compulsion to be constantly DOING SOMETHING all the time that is destroying the world and all its creatures. I resolve to be even lazier than I already am and do even less of everything. Except maybe to think and wonder \* \* \* \*

JANUARY-1991. It is the second day of the U.S./ Iraq war. I resist listening to it on the tiny radio in my pack which I have brought in with me for the first time. It gets in the way of the sound of the birds and surf so I decide not to bring it again. I think of the *Mothers For Peace* who proclaim that we are going to war to support a life-style that is killing this planet:



I think about the four gallons of gasoline that went up in the air just to haul me down to the West Main parking lot of Guadalupe Beach, so I can pack into this cabin and think about it...

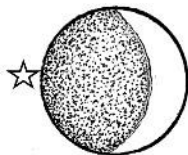
APRIL. Coming in after a week of howling wind I see three small speckled eggs of the Snowy Plovers on Guadalupe Beach. Perfect camouflage. They are almost impossible to see. I hope those chicks are not born out here on this open beach on a day like this, with the cold shrieking wind blasting the sand in their faces for days on end.

The rain has made everything bloom at the cabin, with all the colors of the spectrum. Paintbrush is Red, California poppy is Orange, Coreopsis is Yellow, the Green is everywhere, the Lupine is Blue, the Ice plant is Indigo, and the Sea Rocket is Violet. I will spend the next three days living in a RAINBOW of flowers...

In the journal is written:

*"Frolicked on the beach, dressed as God intended us to be...watched the grass struggle between the cracks in the floor of the cabin. Are we all struggling for what we used to have? The freedom Mother Nature gives, that our society is so intent upon chaining? M.L."*

JANUARY 1991. On the night of the 18<sup>th</sup> on this trip I had a surprise OCCULTATION! Around 7 p.m. I'm sitting on the porch of the cabin, watching the thin crescent moon out over the ocean through my tiny 8 X 10 monocular as it slices very slowly through Aquarius. I notice the unlit edge of the moon is slowing drifting left and is approaching the nearby star *Ancha* (Theta Aquarius). This is great! I watch until the unlit edge of the moon touches the tiny star and its light snaps off instantly as if a light switch was thrown! What absolutely fantastic things I have seen just sitting here on this cabin porch with all of creation for my entertainment!!!



APRIL. A big garter snake is lying a few feet away in the trail at the side of the cabin. Perhaps that's why the mice have been so quiet the last few trips... Can't decide who I prefer for a neighbor and roommate: a pesky rat or a snake...

Afternoon. Venus is clearly seen in broad day light by sighting along the roof line, just before sunset.

EARLY AUGUST 1991. Looking south from the cabin I see "Mira, the wonder star" (Omicron Ceti) shining in a place in Cetus (the Whale) that is normally empty. Mira goes from being invisible to becoming a bright star in a 331 day cycle. I realize I haven't seen this renegade star since leaving Wyoming over twenty-five years ago. It's been there all this time, turning off and on. When it was on it was always during those times when I wasn't looking...

LATE AUGUST. I arrive to find the same garter snake lying in the very same spot near the cabin on the trail. He won't move at my approach. He just lays there flicking his tongue. I finally step over him and carry my pack on into the cabin.

Evening. The ocean and sky is almost black with thousands and thousands of birds. Sooty Shearwaters, flying inches above the water in a huge circle from Mussel Rock almost all the way down the beach to Point Sal.

Morning. I watch the surfing dolphins, skidding down the face of clear green waves just for the fun of it.

Afternoon. A pod of Humpback Whales, the “song singers of the sea,” are going back north:



Humpbacks have this distinctive dorsal fin, unlike the California Grays who have just a ridge of bumps.

Found another can of beer on the beach. It helps make up for the wine stash I lost to a landslide sometime last winter. The slide area, once barren and nude, is now covered by a dense carpet of violet Sand Verbenas.

Night. I wear the sweet jacket of total darkness. I am filled with the delicious ecstasy of being alone on this wild coast in deep fog.

My wine may kill a few brain cells, but there are many more that have been dormant and awaken only to the gentle touch of Cabernet. They spring into awareness and open windows of joy and delight. Then, they go back to sleep. They wait, until next time...

In the morning I find another world traveler on the beach; an aluminum metal float, made in Grimsby, England. It is a long way from home. It has tales to tell that equal those of the gnarled driftwood, whose twisted lines of experience and secret knowledge can be used for divination.

The last series of extremely high tides have scoured the beach clean of everything. Sea Rocket plants are the first to advance back on the beach. The normal on-shore breeze usually keeps bees away, but the hot off-shore breeze now allows them to be able to work the beach. They are busy everywhere, with their faces buried in Sea Rocket flowers.

Today I'm seeing this giant web where *Everything is attached to everything else* \* \* \* \*

I remember one October here when the sunset sky was a very brilliant VIOLET, which I had never seen before.

I once lifted up a loose board on the cabin floor to find a secret stash box with tools, nails, some wine, and two large bags of marijuana. “Well,” I thought, “So much for ‘little secret places.’” Just goes to show that nothing is secret. Nothing...

FALL. Coming in I can see from the beach a lot of large caliber bullet holes in the cabin. I climb up the carved steps and can see that some of them have gone right on through the boards but others are deeply imbedded in the thicker timbers. I've never understood things like this. I felt the need to dig some of them out, not that it would do any good. I dug some of them out and looked at them and they made me feel sick.

And in town I recently read a real estate flyer advertising the cliffs above the beach and the cabin area. Beneath an aerial photo of the cliffs was, “411 Acres. ‘Point Sal’ Coastal Ranch — \$8, 220.00... *Build Your Country Estate Today or Save For Future Development!*”

I looked at the bullets I dug out of the cabin timbers and had to keep reminding myself that my old friend Heraclitus was right. He stated over 2,000 years ago that, “*Everything changes and nothing remains still...*” and, “*... you cannot step twice into the same stream.*” Knowing and embracing that that has always brought me understanding and comfort at times like this. Still, I couldn't get past my feeling of knowing something very bad was about to happen...

In the journal I can see that I'm not alone. Someone else who comes here has the exact same foreboding:



NOVEMBER, 1991. B.D. called to tell me the cabin is destroyed. A week later I stand on the pile of timbers below the rock ledge where the cabin once stood. I panicked as I felt something deep inside of me bleeding out. Now there is nowhere to go. There is no replacement for what once was here for me...

I tried to placate myself by realizing that, after all, I've had almost *seven years* of refuge in that cabin; whenever I needed it. During that time I had over a hundred days and over 75 nights sleeping on those bleached boards of that floor which now lie scattered on the beach. And I also still have over two hundred pages of the original writings and artwork by myself and my unseen companions that I collected during those years. I especially treasure the pages that are neatly scalloped on the edges from being nibbled on by the packrats I had become fond of. I can always go back to those pages and be as close to this place and those unseen companions as I ever was, which was the main reason I kept the journal in the first place...

I retrieved a beer that I once found on the beach and had stashed in the bushes. I stood on the remains of the cabin and drank an awkward toast to the Spirit of Point Sal. Looking down at the pile of boards I was standing on, I happened to see some of my very own writing on one of the boards that I wrote almost seven years ago. Wow! They had come into my head during a long stay at the cabin and now my own message has now come back to me at a time when I needed it the most:

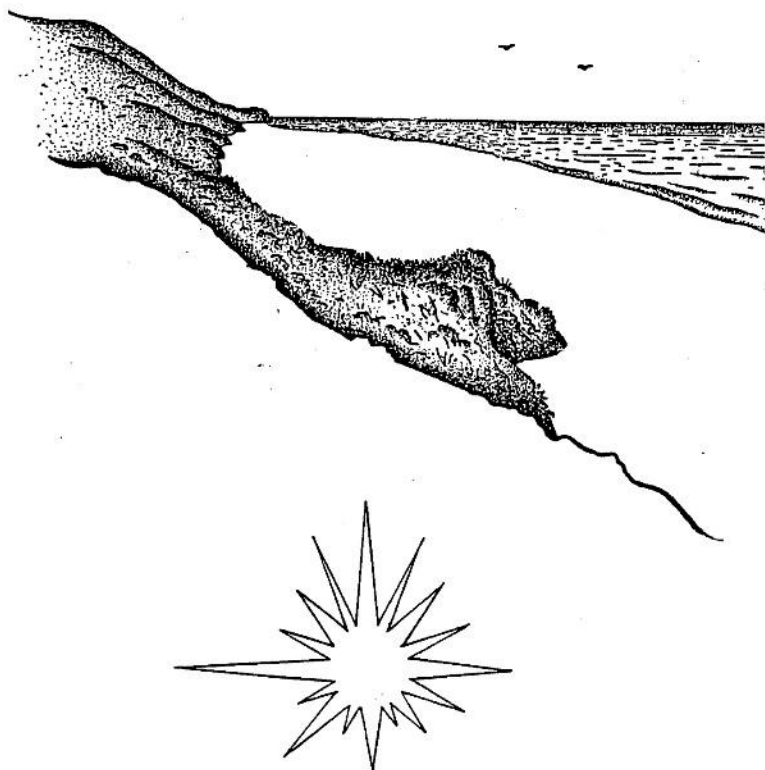
*"God hides  
So you won't spend all your time in worship.  
God wants you  
To be  
Free."*

I looked around at the other boards, and could see the words of many of the others who had come here. My bleeding stopped. I had a sudden happy vision of the next winter storm at high tide, carrying all these boards I used to sleep on back out to sea where they originally came from. They would float back out to sea and go all around the world. Almost every single one of those boards had been written on at one time. Each one of them would carry a message from those of us who had been here.

I said aloud, *"Go! Take this part of me, and that part of all the others who have been here. Go on out to the Seven Seas and then up to the stars and beyond. Carry with you the winged eye and all these words that are written and carved on you. Carry with you the Spirit of Point Sal."*

\* \* \* \* \*





Today there is not a trace left of the cabin at Point Sal, except for the steps that are carved in the rock to climb up to the ledge where it used to sit above the beach...

But all is not lost: The wind from the sea brings good tidings! During the years since this was first written a strong movement has been made to preserve this area from future development. Today the area is still being protected and there is every indication that this area will always be a refuge to be enjoyed by those who go there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Know that the Spirit of Point Sal is still there. It is a wild and free feeling. It will always be carried within the heart of those who chose to go there...

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