

P: I was born in Youngstown, Ohio, on July 18, 1945. A baby boomer. My father, back from Europe after serving in the U.S.

Army during WWII, worked in a steel mill.

When I was five my family moved to the then beautiful Santa Clara Valley. I went to school in Campbell—Los Gatos area, and I started hitchhiking over to Santa Cruz when I was about 11, by myself.

R: When would that be?

P: That was probably 1956 or 7 I think? I don't know. 1945, I was about eleven—I was coming over before, but that's when I **started** coming over to surf on weekends and holidays. I would leave my surfboard with friends at Pleasure Point and hitchhike over until I was able to get my first car, looking back it seems kinda dangerous.

And then, after graduating high school, I went to San Jose State College or University, whatever they call it now, I was an art major, and I went there for two years, got pretty good grades, and quit because I felt they were making me even more

stupid, and you know, I had other things I wanted to do,

and I didn't really respect the degree very much, obviously, and probably I made a big career mistake. But before that, while still in high school, I had married my high school sweetheart, Nancy Garthwaite.

When we were just 17 years old, and

We've been married all these years, it's been about 53 years now, and we've had seven kids, and 14 grandkids so far. She has been through it all with me, and is my strongest supporter.

We were buying a new house in San Jose at that time, and I gave it to my brother. Then we moved over here to the Twin Lakes

Beach area— and we rented a beautiful little beach

house with a cabin studio in the back. This is where Steve Sprague and I created the original manuscript for

“The Madjic Trip.” children's book about the five basic senses.

Tandy Beale, the beautiful dancer, and John, the guitar virtuoso, moved in next door, behind us. Then Sharon Cadwalder, who wrote "The Whole Earth Cookbook," and Max Hartstein, the psychic alchemist, moved into another cottage there. Tony Maggi, the artist/fisherman, Joe Lysowski, artist become saint, Gary Dunn, large sculpture mover and musician, Phil Hefferton, One of the original N.Y. pop artists and heavy musician on the harmonica and trombone, Ron Boise, master metal sculptor, Stan Fullerton, great artist and master painter, Charlie Nothing, musician, artist, writer, and Tox Drohard, master drummer- all these very creative individuals, and so many more great spirits were around the neighborhood and active at this time.

R: *** around 1965 when ***** retired

P:

So, around 1964 we were living in this two bedroom house on the beach for \$70. a month, right across the street from the beach and Schwann Lake, that little lagoon there. And there was a studio cabin behind a row of these other cabins, and I got that for an extra \$5 a month, and so that became my art studio, where I worked on "The Madjic Trip." graphics, and that was the project I was working on at the time, and then, let's see . Max had come up from Mexico, he had a house in Mexico that was his painting studio, and so he had come from there, from Mexico up to Santa Cruz, and that's where and when I met him , he was developing his Paradise Pageant idea, in fact he had me involved in that project for a many years, . He was also making movies, and I helped him make "Beach Head in Paradise." Filmed on the 4th of July at the Santa Cruz Boardwalk.

Ralph: You don't have copies of any of those movies, do you?

Pat: No. He had copies. He had them all on 16mm, mostly with the soundtracks still on separate tapes. It all has to be digitalized and transferred to modern media.

Ralph: I've got that.

Pat: You've got the Boardwalk movie? Okay! That was the first one made in Santa Cruz. That was a lot of fun. Not much of a storyline, more of a social adventure. We shot it all in one day. Later, I started working on "The Space Bass." Max started "The Space Bass Movie, an excellent documentary about the creation of this time/space machine that actually was able to manipulate time and space and transcend third dimensional reality. The creation process took a couple years, and was filmed outdoors.

We were having regular like barbecue dinner get togethers in the neighborhood. Some of our friends were fishermen, and so they would provide fresh fish, other people would bring some kind of dish, or a bottle of wine or whatever. You know, a potluck kind of thing, and so that's how some of us met. Very mellow neighborhood kind of dinner gatherings with pleasant conversations about everything.

Ron Boise had just caused a huge disturbance in the art world with his Kama Sutra Sculptures at The Vorpall Gallery in San Francisco.

and gotten a lot of press, and was chilling out in Santa Cruz. He was living in his van and working out of that, and we were kind of helping him with some of the shows.

He put a show on at The Steam Beer Brewery in San Francisco, during that time, and Gary Dunn and a few of us helped get his large pieces there and set up the show. Shortly after that Ron took his sculptures to Texas for a show, and he got sick, and he died. Very unexpected and sad.

Somehow, I inherited his welding gauges and tools. His leather welding gloves had holes burned in every finger tip.

(After making the Space Bass, I past Ron's metal tools onto Charlie Nothing, having taught him to weld, and he began making his "Dingulators.")

So, I had started working on this Space Bass, which I made out of a WWII bomber gas tank that was of good resonating steel. I had been kind of inspired by Ron's "VoidHarp", but he was making his instruments out of copper, and copper really doesn't resonate very well, it has a dull sound compared to American automobile steel, before The 1960's anyway, and before 1950's is even better. I was welding sculptures out of metal things I recycled, cars, metal appliances, etc. My family being from Youngstown, Ohio, were from the steel mills, and so my uncles, and father were in the steel business, and they came to the Santa Clara Valley in the 1950's, and were involved in San Jose Steel, and Des Moines Steel Company and they were very busy building up the Santa Clara Valley, all the schools, freeway overpasses, big buildings and things. Therefore, I was kind of expected to go into something having to do with steel. So in college I took sculpture classes learning how to weld sculpture. Then I ended up with Ron's gear, and I started working on the Space Bass, and that turned out to be a two-year project, and Max was filming the whole time, and when I finished it, we presented it at a big party at the old Holiday Lodge, the hippie commune that was in Felton, and he filmed that as part of the movie, and also part of another movie he made about the commune.

R: The commune was an organic farm.

P: Yeah, and it was right on the river there, near Felton off Highway 9. Of course, Max was making a documentary movie of that. And we presented the Space Bass, (The very first base in inner space, which is the same as outer space), which was kind of cool. And eventually, later we had the World Premiere at The Straight Theater, on Haight Street, San Francisco. It was at the height of the Flower Children Bloom... And so we had one or two busloads of Santa Cruz folks coming up there, and they were all in the band. We had a complete light show.

So we started playing music and lights, and the thing really took off in a heavenly way..... everybody was dancing and playing music, then all of a sudden FLASH, after 10 or 15 minutes all the bright house-lights went on, and the cops came in from everywhere and pushed us up against the wall and effectively shut us down. I guess somebody had stolen somebody's guitar and, or something—I don't even know, cause it wasn't one of us who had a guitar stolen or stole a guitar—but it kind of killed our thing.

And that was the way The World Premier of the Space Bass turned out. The Space Bass Movie was designed to be shown in a light show on one screen while the commune movie was shown next to it on another screen.

Two movies shown simultaneously side by side in the middle of all these liquid projections. And at one point in time they both became the same movie. One was about the “hippie commune”, and the other- one was about the Space Bass, except for that section where they merged into the same scene, on the same screen. After that they split again back into two movies, but now the movie that had been on the left screen was on the right screen, and the movie that had been on the right screen was on the left screen.

Both movies end at the same time in a mind blowing strobe light explosion, and light show.

We were probably a little ahead of the curve in movie making back then, before computers and digital cameras.

When we presented this at the Fillmore Auditorium with "Love Lights", under the direction of Dr. Dick Smith , they told us it was the best light show they'd ever seen there.

But it was all designed to be part of the Paradise Pageant.

We had recorded this mind fugue Max wrote called "The Proclamation Of Paradise" explaining how we're living in Paradise, and that we should take care of it. This was before there was any real environmental consciousness, or environmental movement to speak of. Anyway, it took us several years to go through that period, and then Max moved up to Boulder Creek, and I moved up the street in

Boulder Creek, and we shared a studio on the San Lorenzo River for a couple more years, I guess, and we worked on several projects individually, and together.

I made a series of Kalimba's and bamboo flutes and metal sculptures there.

R: Was that around '67?

P: Yes. 67, 68, 69 ...and we did music under the name "The Twenty Fifth Century Ensemble" playing "Perfect Music", where there are no wrong notes.

Max's explanation was that we were brought here now from the 25th century in a time bubble, to remind mortals that this planet is paradise and to harmonize with it.

Every Thursday night the studio was open to the public to play music together.

Many different people from different places would show up, always new faces mixed with the usual suspects. Always spontaneous free expression.

I remember the nights during the winter storms best. Max recorded every session, and built a large tape collection of these sociological events. You know I think one of the best things we did was, and I suppose he has the tapes, but the one that I recall the best is titled **"The Legend of The Indian Dogman"** which was with Futzy Nutzle and Max and Fred McPhearson, and me and a few others, I'm not sure who the other people were. But I would like to see that tape produced, that album, that music, you know... I think that piece was exceptional.

R: It may not exist. I have a very small box that arrived, apparently when Max died, his daughter-in-law, I forget her name, collected all his stuff, and she was sort of derelict, going around the country in a van and selling the stuff in cities for money to live on, and it ended

up with this very small box that Holly Harmon saved when this woman, I forget her name, passed through Santa Rosa where Holly lives. And there are four or five 16mm movie rolls, but they're all labeled "protest in San Jose," so that was probably not an art event. So I didn't pay to have them digitized. And there were some audiotapes, I did, maybe three or four of them, *** audiotapes, I had them digitized, so I have that saved. And then there are two drawings. There was a sketchbook with line drawings by Max in it. That's all that survived, as far as I know.

P: Yes, Max was very involved in Civil Rights issues, and was a World Peace activist. He just recorded and filmed everything for years, actually. He had made shelves in his studio full of tapes, and the studio was set up as a sound studio, so all he had to do was turn on the tape machine to capture the set.

R: I know.

P: I don't know if Nutzle would have ever got a copy of The Indian Dogman, I don't think anybody ever got copies of anything. But Futzy did a great illustration for the album with hopes it might get produced.

R: I talked to Fred MacPherson about it, but he didn't have any copies.

P: Fred was very involved in many of the projects and performances. He is the original environmentalist.

R: So that was lost. So much is lost.

P: Yeah. So much is lost or forgotten, but still there is more information than we can handle.

Then, Nancy and I bought a little cabin in Zayante, and I kind of spaced out on Max and the Twenty-fifth Century Ensemble, and took a somewhat different direction.

I started playing music with Charlie Nothing, and he was living up on Empire Grade, on what they called The Bump, which was the Lingerman property, and I was living in Zayante which is deep in the mountains of Felton..

We used to play at the Zayante Club sunday afternoon, for food and drink, and that went on for several years, and other places also- then I was given an art grant to live free in what had been- the main house on the Lingerman property. John Lingerman moved farther up the mountain into many different dwellings, which he made over the years. One of his homes was carved into the white sandstone, like a cave with a panoramic view of the Monterey Bay. It was actually Troubled times, because there was all these wars going on between Lingerman and some of his kids, over the land and the water and stuff. Originally it was a 160-acre piece of property, and Lingerman had just divided it and gave each of his kids 20 acres and he gave Charlie 20 acres, and Gary Dunn 20, and Joe Klein, and Phil Hefferton. But there was only one spring on the property that provided all the water, and that piece was saved as community property, so everybody would have water, and I guess one of his kids somehow deeded it to himself, and sold it to a doctor, who built a big house, and cut the water off to everybody else. He had the water and he cut it off. And that started a series of negative behavior as a result of everybody not having water for their animals and gardens, etc.

On top of that John Lingerman was like *the* well driller of Santa Cruz, a super well driller, and all his kids were professional well drillers, also. So the 160 acres was covered with holes. These guys had drilled holes, but no water, and the funny thing is, the property is right next to where Santa Cruz gets all its water, right on the side next to this property. So we're living on this property that has no water, and it is right next to where most of the water Santa Cruz gets comes from. And then you've got well drilling machines everywhere in the bushes everywhere, all kinds. He made

one out of a Volkswagen engine that two guys can carry up the hill, and there was a giant WWII half track, that you can drive anywhere, got this big huge buick engine on it. Plus, all the other rigs, because his boys had their own well drilling companies. and no water for us. All that going on, and then you got Curly, that's what we called Linger-man—and at one time he got so upset with his sons, he actually dug an open grave in the middle of the road up the mountain, hard work for an old man, and he waited there with a shotgun for them to come home, so somebody called the cops, I'm not sure what happened next, but serious trouble was avoided.

. And that was the kind of things we dealt with. His kids would shoot up all his equipment and then he would shoot up theirs.

Everybody had guns. So there was this feud thing kind of going on. And at the same time they were fighting the county, because nobody ever got any buiding permits for anything. So they formed this religion called Kargachi ogi, to which they deeded the land. Kargachi ogi, so they could get around the building permits and stuff, because Kar gotchiogi had this belief system, and one of them is that you can't put a floor in your house because it cuts off the good vibes from mother earth, so forget the foundations and floors. And then Curly actually built a house, a big one, that had a foundation all the way around, but he didn't build the house on the foundation. He didn't build the walls connected to the foundation, and it was, very funny.

So that was what that was like.

At the same time we were all very into gardening, goats, chickens, and horses. Except Curly, he was into cows. Milk cows and bulls. We had some really good horses, some arabs, and spent much time training horses and riding.

Charlie and I were hooked up with The Front Porch Gallery in Venice, California, that became the Zeneta Kertiz Art Gallery, and so we were doing a lot of things in Venice and L.A. with art shows and musical performances, and that went on for a long time. Living on a remote mountaintop off the

grid, and doing art things in the busy modern world which we were not apart of kind of endeared us to a small group of fans.

And then I went to Seven Sanctuaries Gallery, that was run by, or owned by Carol Cole and her husband John Ernsdorf, he is a really good guy, and she was once Charlie's wife and they were still friends, and she was Nat King Cole's daughter, and a very creative person herself.

It was a very nice gallery in a good location, and I had a successful one man show there, sold a lot of things, was held over for a month because it got a very good review in the Los Angeles Times, but I don't know, I decided I had enough of the big city, and wanted to just spend more time in my studio, and with my family, so I pulled out of L. A.

. And now Carol is passed, and Natalie, her sister is passed, and Charlie's passed, and Max, and Sharon, Phil and Gary, and so many others. John and Zeneta Kertiz sold their Venice Gallery, and moved to Ojai.

John was kind of the poet laureate of Venice, California for a time. He and Zeneta are fun to be around, and we're still sort of in touch, he and I are the last of the original "The Superfabulous Dingulators". (google that)

While we were living on The Bump, I was looking for a place for just my family, without the drama, and we finally found a place in La Selva Beach.

We bought a 10 acre horse ranch at Whiskey Hill Ranch, and raised our seven kids in a modern home my brother designed for us.

That was a fun time. I had a large 1200-square-foot studio and it was set up to do everything: metal work, stone work, painting, music, anything I wanted to do. I could make noise, and run heavy equipment. I did a lot of stone carving here. And then, when the kids grew up, Nancy and I moved to Kauai, because I was really into surfing and had fazed out the horses.

We moved to the north shore, Hanalei, and that was fantastic, I lived my dream, surfing and painting, on Hawaiian time. After a few years Nancy and I started missing the kids, as they were all on the mainland, and we were flying back and forth a lot, so we moved back.

We moved to Wave Avenue in Pismo Beach—a very nice area of the central coast, but the surf was terrible, and most of our children and grandchildren were in Santa Cruz, so we moved back, and we have been living in Aptos/Seascape area by the beach.

R: But you and ** supported everything all these years with your art?

P: Well, I tried to, that was my impossible goal, but I had a growing family that required a decent cash flow and the art world is way too flakey, and I am way too lazy when it comes to outreach and promotion. So between art shows, I ended up doing all kinds of part time work whatever I could to make money, anything that was legal, to pay the bills. I mean every kind of odd job I could get, you know, day laborer, truck driver, all phases of construction. landscaping, lumberjack, maintenance man, substitute school custodian, house painter, sign painter, Busboy, waiter, dishwasher, floral designer, horse trainer, art director, mechanic, anything really. Nothing too steady, because I was committed to my art projects. I prefer working shit jobs in the real world to hanging around art galleries. Plus wierd work has helped tremendously to shape my art.

When we moved to La Selva Beach, I accidently and luckily got a job as custodian for the City of Watsonville, working at City Hall. I was the head of the night crew that took care of all the city buildings, and I did that until I was able to retire, which I did at the first opportunity, The people there treated me really well.

It worked out nice because I had all day to do my artwork free from outside restrictions and poverty stress, and I could surf and work with my horses, and it provided a steady income, and I could practice meditation while working, which I was able to do because of years of zazen practice. I like working meditation more than sitting meditation.

I wish I could have done more for the kids, but they have all turned out to be amazing people, inspite of the hardships They are each very exceptional individuals with good lives and bright futures. If the future turns out to be bright.

R: Wow.

P: They're all incredible.

But anyway, I keep working and doing, you know, art. I gave up having shows, basically, pretty much. I'd never really think about it, although I have enough artwork to put on several shows at once if forced to do it. I realized a long time ago that I do not create art for money, or fame, or ego, or even to exhibit, or for pleasure (although I do enjoy doing it), or for escape. For me it is simply a personal devotion to self exploration and revelation through the spontaneous creative processes.

R: Do psychedelics play any role in your story?

P: Well, you know, I took a lot of psychedelics back in the day, even before it was made illegal. I also ingested some peyote and mescaline, and other things that I can't spell.

When I was young, I was looking for some believable answers to life's mysteries.

I tried a lot of different types of substances, luckily I never got hooked on any of them, except maybe, herb. I am only hooked on pot like I am hooked on lettuce. I use them and enjoy them both regularly for health reasons, but I can easily do without them if they are not available. You can't say that about real drugs like tobacco, booze, coffee, coke, crack, etc. The thing that I have been addicted to most is surfing, because I don't see myself quitting or thirsting for another session, even now in my old age.

And acid, can be good, because it can take you beyond ego, which is really a big breakthrough or revelation.

But, you never know what's going to happen once you take the acid.

It is **not** predictable. I would never promote it.

However, I got lucky,

and was able to work out a lot of stuff that was hanging me up.

Inaccurate attitudes, and thoughts about things, so it was good in that respect.

The bad thing is so many good people get burned out and burned up on drugs and alcohol. Addiction is a very tough thing. Acid isn't habit forming, but it can sometimes have negative damaging effects psychologically.

I hardly smoke at all now. Usually, just a couple of puffs in a pipe now and then, usually in the evening.

I have a medical pot card, so I am legal, and it helps with anxiety attacks. I haven't smoked tobacco or drank alcohol in many many years. When I was younger I had a lot of wild-goose type thoughts and emotions, and the herb seemed to help organize them a little bit, so I could function better.

And now,

I'm pretty much, I don't know, I've had some breakthroughs I guess, and with diet and exercise, and rest and meditation everything seems more unified and flowing. But I'd say, about LSD I don't know. once I took it every day for a month to try to figure out what was going on, and I found the only thing that happens is, it doesn't have much effect after a month. Very much, anyway. But if you only take it once in a while, it is most powerful, and people can have very bad trips more often than good ones.

It is a very serious substance, a holy sacrament, not to be used as a recreational drug. It is not a short cut to enlightenment, although it is definitely mind bending and conscious expanding. I am glad I did all that, but I would not want to do it now.

R: ** trying meditation, yoga, or something like that?

P: Yeah, I do a lot of that. I regularly meditate, do Chi Gong, Yoga, I do a lot of that everyday, and I took classes in Tai Chi, plus I do a few floor exercises,

and regular long walks on the beach, and of course surfing.

I'm pretty much a recluse. I don't really go anywhere or do too much, and I'm quite happy with that. I like being in my nest a pattering around. And uh, you know, I do some reading,

not novels usually, but mostly books about things I am interested in knowing more about.

In my everyday life I try to help people who are in need of help as much as possible without going out of my way to encounter those people that need help. Whenever it comes along, then I'll help,

I'm not a person that needs to help people, but I think that philosophically that's a good way to deal with society.

Compassion is an important thing. I realize the value in being more compassionate and how it's pretty much opposite to my natural way of actually behaving. So I have to work at it, you know.

Like when somebody does something bad to me, my natural human response is to do something even

worse to them, and so I've learned not to do that, except in some instances where I might have to prevent them from hurting other people.

I try to deal with my own personal rage factor and anger and stuff, you know? Because it's a simple trap to fall into, being really pissed off all the time, it becomes a part of one's personality. Not a healthy thing.

Because there's so much bad stuff outside of your control.

It doesn't matter what's outside of your control, you're really only responsible for yourself, and controlling yourself, and when you do that, you pretty much change everything else, sort of.

I have a lot of desire for everybody to succeed at everything they're doing, unless it is a really dumb, bad, evil thing. And I try to stay out of people's way.

I took a kind of vow of poverty about 30 years ago. I realize that I still need and use money, of course, but it's not an obsession or central motivator.

And since I decided that, I've lived well compared to before, in that my finances take care of themselves somehow, though I live at what is called the poverty level.

R: You're still surfing, obviously.

P: Yea, I still surf a short board. I live within walking distance of a few surf breaks. I'm not very good anymore, but I still have fun.

R: And you're still making various kinds of artwork in your studio.

P: I'm still painting and sculpting. I'm working in clay and stone and wood, and casting bronze. Uh, I'm set up at home to do many kinds of projects in different mediums. I've got all the brushes, canvases, and paints everything ready to go in one studio, and sculpture things in another studio, and several other areas for clay work and drawing. I am working more with hand tools and less with power tools, which is harder and slower, but I enjoy the process more because it is peaceful and I can hear the birds and the ocean while I work and I feel more unified with the cosmic pulsations.

R: The music?

P: Music, I just play music for myself, occasionally I will record something. and I've been studying guitar and ukulele a lot, I have a collection of Shakuhachi flutes in different keys which I made, and am playing. I still like to make musical instruments, or actually auditable sculpture, because they don't usually relate to formal music theory. I am interested in metal and the resonance of metal and how long I can get a vibration to resonate and oscillate acoustically, without amplification or electronics.

I do have an electric guitar and speakers and amps and microphones, but when we played, we more or less didn't use that stuff, except on stages that required it. The Space Bass wasn't very loud in a big room with a lot of people, and so sometimes under those circumstances it would be amplified,

Charlie and I only played our creations, and not traditional musical instruments, to create our sound.

Although privately, we played every musical instrument that exists.

Once, I remember, like we were playing, Charlie and I were playing at a place called "In Your Ear" in Palo Alto, which was a music club and

I could easily blow out any speaker system they hooked me up to.

But that was because the instruments we were making were designed to go where conventional instruments couldn't go. Conventional musical instruments would start coming apart, breaking, as soon as you hit that

magic spot beyond the sound barrier, and all the notes go helter skelter. We played that kind of music, expressed those kind of thoughts in music. Part of what we were doing was pushing that envelope. Charlie and I were very much into that. So that was kind of, my excitement about that.

Eventually, after years of campaigning The Space Bass in galleries and music halls, I didn't want to carry it around anymore, and I couldn't sell it for a million bucks, which was way underpriced, so I just took it to the dump and recycled it. And after that, just before we moved to Kauai, I gave almost everything away, all my tools and large paintings and large sculptures..

R: Do you see any of these old pals these days?

P: You know, I haven't seen many lately, although a few are in touch. I have nothing but the best thoughts for everybody. I don't know if I'd recognize half of them, or them me. Many of my old pals have graduated to the big band in the sky, Are you in touch with Joe?

R: Joe Lysowski ?

P: I know he had health issues last time I saw him.

R: Yeah, his daughter lives is next to him, in Kauai, and he even got married and they're looking after him, that's how it's set up there. And I wanted them to come to Santa Cruz. They told me they were coming to Santa Cruz because their artwork collection is in storage somewhere in somebody's former ranch and ** wanted to save it. And I was setting up the archives for the Santa Cruz Museum of Art and History.

P: Oh good, that's important.

R: So their visit to Santa Cruz has been put off month after month for three or four months,

and I think his health is probably getting worse. For one thing, he's suffering Alzheimer's.

When I spoke with him on the telephone I found him fairly—

P: I'm saddened to hear that, he's a great guy.

R: Yeah. But I think it's getting worse. I wanted to get to him and ask a few questions

before he forgot everything.

P: That would be great. I was thinking,

man, everything in my memory's disappearing, I refer to my memory bank as my Memory Blank

So yeah, I understand...

R: So I'd like to get him here, and if that's impossible, I'd like to go to Kauai—

P: You ought to do that.

R: I ought to do that anyway.

P: You really should. Kauai is really a very spiritual place. Very refreshing.

R: But I have a

normal money problem, so I travel as much as I can, but it's more and more expensive, and because of my age I can't just travel the way I used to travel. I need to

take a rest. So for example going to India is a two-day job.

P: Oh yeah. Of course Kauai is not so far as India. What I often would do, is use a Hawaiian credit card and buy all my gas with it and use it to get enough miles to fly over there to take a vacation—

when I'd go surfing, because I'd go by myself to go surfing, and then I'd just camp out, I'd rent a car from a guy who rents cars to surfers. So he

rents me a Toyota van that the seats had been taken out of it, whereas if you rent from the guys at the airport or rental cars, they don't let you take the seats out, they don't let you sleep in them, and they don't let you go to certain parts of the island, because the road breaks down and they don't want you driving on it, and it's eighty bucks a day or something, and this guy's like twenty or twenty-five dollars a day and you pay three dollars a night to camp,. You can sleep in the car, because you if you set up a campsite, you gotta stay there to guard your possessions, So that was a really inexpensive way to go there. But if I go with my wife, it's hundreds of dollars a day because, you know, it costs way more when you stay in hotels.

[end of interview]

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