

LUMINOUS TRAVELER



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- excerpts from Geo's Vison Machine -

The Truth System was always on. Warm for the next search, the next-door breaker. Jack booted he mainframe VAC computer and pushed the audio-visual gear from "stand by" to "ready." Still time to fetch some brown sugar for his tea. Then Jack was looking for an Australian Aboriginal myth and accessed the very first data base, now megabillion bits in size, from Dr. Vega's research in central well Australia. Many mythic stories, or Dreamings, were ties directly to the land and to the person responsible for its care. This responsibility was passed down to initiated men from generation to generation. Jack was looking for references to the music that each tribe played their ceremonies, and pictures of their instruments. Hendrix's "All Along the Watch Tower" floated somewhere in his brain-spirit cavity.

"We believe that Geo's Truth System can assist us in our search for archetypal sounds, or primordial beats, chants, and orchestrations that helped to create the multitude of myths we know in all cultures. The power of myth, as Campbell popularized back in the 1980's, is real. Like the archetypes identified by Jung and others, companion spirits in music must be rediscovered and activated for a dying human race. The Citadel Concert will be a global satellite concert on Public Television and will include segments from our research – all influenced by popular musicians from our sound library and friendships."

It was now 8:35 am. Breathe . . .

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Geo's Vision Machine

Part One of Three: The Citadel Concert (A novella for video, film and song)

"Thinking in mythological terms helps you to put in accord with the inevitables of this vale of tears. You learn to recognize the positive in what appears to be negative moments and aspects of your life. The big question is whether you are going to be able to say a hearty yes to your adventure... (the adventure of being a hero, of being alive)."

-- J. Campbell, *The Power of Myth*, p. 163

"Will our joining together-the linking of our cultures, hopes, dreams, ideas, and imaginations-into one communications lattice or membrane give us a single voice with which our planet can be heard by others greater than ourselves?"

-- K. O. Berger, "The Information Ecosystem," *In Context*, No. 23, 1988, p. 15

"I think spiritualism is where (music)...came from,... and I think it's coming back to that."

-- Jim Goodwin of *The Call* - *The Rocket Magazine*, Jan. 1990, p. 15

"With what seemed the simplest key (Franklin) had unlocked one of the darkest and most terrifying doors in the known universe. Here was another hero of the human race even as against the terrifying gods. Franklin, Kant said, was a new Prometheus who had stolen fire from heaven."

-- Benjamin Franklin, by C.V. Doren, 1938, p. 171.

###

Geo's Vision Machine

Weeks of rain and hail storms had pounded a swampy, Atlantian Armistead, Oregon, causing a whirling rain of splash from Jack's rear wheel, christening faded jean and high tops alike, tall as the village fountain when summer water and power were pumping from the Cascades. A temporary break from the monsoon god was lucky, indeed. The late dusk sparkled powdered diamonds with blue black winds. He turned onto Avenue N pushin' down hard, grinin', headed for a Moon soaked and dangerous covered bridge. His walkman soundtrack matched his own heat, bammin' with the Meat Puppets tape "Monsters." Past the raging creek he fondly called Dreaming River. Over three bumps. Then right, up the gray red gravel road lined with ancient oaks to the video camera, and that weird barbed wire hex guarding the entrance to the Doc's homestead. The lab. The mad scientists' club.

To town folk, Geo's two barns and leaky frame house looked just like those oil company calendars with their genetic rural scenes and never a human being anywhere. Moss had replaced paint and shingles and the place felt like it was slowly sinking, "divining to meet the water table." The northern-most barn was off-limits to Jack for secret reasons. Geo made wine in the small barn off of the garage-which was stacked up high with boxes of books, college papers, bikes, skis, and camping gear. Dr. Georgette Klein split Cambridge, then left Madison, Boulder, and san Francisco 'cause her revolutionary philosophy

courses didn't hit the mark with each successive administration. Students loved the show, but they couldn't do alchemy like Geo. They didn't have the hardware.

Transformation. Atheist-Episcopalian then bottomland Buddhist, part psycho-engineer, frequent Quaker and eco-maniac depressive poet. Ph.D. finisher in her last three races. Geo was as grandiose as her nickname; she worked the new alchemy-or spirit sciences, reinitiating world traditions with high computer techno-séances and transformed pagan menus. John Lilly, Ginsberg, Crazy Horse, Ben Franklin, W.I. Thompson, Jesus Christ. Players. It was this meta-mystical boundary, "door breaking" as she referred to the whole business, that kept Jack biking up here. He had his own plan for the Vision Machine.

Jack Gabriel placed his palm on the barn door scanner, and shifted his pack stuffed full of yogurt, rice, bagels, and juices. "Geo, jack here." The laser light flashed twice, opening the security door. "I barely made it to the co-op before it closed," he yelled.

Geo was on the phone. Someone in South American by her "world Spanish." "Can't seem to balance the r-wave tonight Ramone, we sign off, count 5-4-3-2-1 cut." She was permanently perplexed, thought Jack. For years the "Truth System" was attempting the down link and connect various research bases from across the planet, independent of political boundaries-and only recently-free from corporate and military subordination. Many explorers brought programming or hardware expertise, as in the case of Ramone, a wealthy mad humanist who brainstormed data bases for the System, and others like Telecommunix Nirvana Matrix in Chicago. He was a former NEC consultant and physicist from State University in Lima. He joined the group after meeting Geo at a Grateful dead concert in Oakland back in the '80s. Many of Geo's associates were "truckers." Geo "trust funded a drug store raid" that lasted into her thirties, "dropping the moon" as she yowled. Advanced degrees occupied the other half of her brain: Philosophy, Creative Writing and Environmental Anthropology.

Jack pretended to be interested in his food cache, but his eyes wandered around the laboratory for new print-outs and communiqués torn from the telefax. Maybe Francesca transmitted a meeting time for this weekend when Geo would be in Eugene with white witches and other healers from the Northwest.

"Dude, ya you, behind the refrig." She swerved off the old dentist chair and away from the multi-complex console. "Can an engineering drop-out handle the lentils and beer this evening?"

"Ya, sure Geo. What happened today? Did we receive?"

"Haven't checked since 11:00 am. Please update the nirvana link pronto, OK?"

She walked out of the security gate, palm down to the sensor. "Barn check, Jack."

What the hell is in there? He was one big frown. Maybe she doesn't trust me with some aspect of the System, perhaps to experimental and dangerous. Maybe she was growing? His mind switched to the meal, and still hadn't checked the dump ticket for electro-mail. Lentils and garlic, beer and Ben and Jerry's. He ejected Shankar, replacing mellow with Camper Van Beethoven. Jack was kicked out of the engineering program at Berkeley because his grades were experimenting with sound theory and electronic music. His band, Totem Record, played a couple of times, once on a bill with the campers, and he missed Telegraph Ave.

"Maybe this weekend I can set up the tunebox and try out the interface pic," he mused, twisting off a Henry's NA.

Part of Jack's grand design, beyond his satellite centerfold linkages and hard copy form Francesca in Madrid, required Geo's mind machinery, sourced with world music and myth. Through critical sound patterns, as in ET I, II, and III, door breakin' must occur. There was a metaphysical sound barrier out there and Jack was livid to bust into this new frontier. His "Sci-fi voyeurism," his "aidship" to Geo, was an aging cartoon pushing him down an earthen black hole. How to break the mythic sound barrier?

Francesca Lambornii played a Steve Kilbey composition on her studio piano, a piece from his earthed CD entitled "the reality generators malfunctioned," and wondered if her father would bring news of Jack in Oregon. Fall classes were rudimentary and not the electronic pathways she accessed in her papa's lab Art school was five miles downtown, but Jack seemed right next door: trans-continental electro-male man. They met at an international computer music contest, both losing before the finals but sharing ideas on an emerging new theory of mythic sound. Delayed satellite sound alchemists; broadcast lovers. 21st Century cyberpunks.

Professor E. Derek Lambornii met Geo at a conference at Harvard many years ago, enjoying a midnight run through the circular Science Center stone fountain after a series of lectures on the artifacts retrieved from Pluto by the Chinese Space Commission. Dr. Lambornii consulted in interstellar archeology and time theory, and ran a Truth System team in addition to his Chairpersonship and teaching duties at the University of Madrid.

The Truth System actually began in Central Australia, coinciding with the first global shaman-ritual transmission using the experimental electro-sensor technology from the Stanford-Apple-Smithsonian first Ancestors Project. Now each laboratory was equipped with the machinery and programs that dated back to aboriginal pre-history. This science-spirit world vision was the mind thrust of Sydney born, and MIT trained, Dr. Schillart Vega. He and his team worked in isolation underground, near Ayers Rock, an important aboriginal land mass in central Australia.

Vega was searching for a way to tap the 'prima mater' of the subconscious through the myths and archetypes of our music, healing arts and dark spiritual past. To couple these powers with technologies that freed us for interaction in today's global syntax and musical genres. Alchemy in the era of nuclear death. His now classic contribution in Blue Alien Magazine caught the attention of Geo and her followers because of his work with aboriginal artists and the new Techno-Jungian System.

Jack bit into a cracker piled high with cheese and pickles. Geo was back from the barn and was happily serving lentil soup.

"Two communications came in, both from Madrid. I put them on your desk."

"How's Francesca, rock star?" It seemed that she never took this part of Jack and Francesca's life seriously.

For Jack, questions surrounding the origin of sound and the universality of music composition were forever churning inside his head and heart.

Cesca was researching the theory of archetypal sound or sound patterns that we process and store in way similar to dream archetypes, made popular by Jung and others. She believed that our mythic heritage included sounds, sound progressions, and songs. Jack will interface the memory and interactive technology of the System with Cesca's music-image syzygy and listen for the spirits' songs. So goes the plan.

Jack threw his plate into a soapy sink, then grabbed his Fender Strat, and conjured a tale of veiled lust for his pals hours ahead of time. Musical kisses: scanned, transmuted, digitized... orbitized.

"Geo, tell me this doesn't break down your doors!"

"Do you know any Spirit?" Another band that Jack had never heard of. Geo went up to her sleeping platform to flatten-out the gyrating energies of international research on her subconscious (and settle the beers from dinner!).

To bring music into the System meant approximately twenty minutes of additional patches and frequency adjustments. Sometimes Jack would turn off the amplification and listen to his messages through his headphones. Under the guise of musical cards, via electronic delay, he accessed the data bank for Cesca, for any information pertaining to the history of sounds and mythology. Using a separate storage disk, he kept his work private and sent duplicate copies to Spain.

The aboriginal date file was quite extensive, as were tons of others. The System's African information was subdivided three times as was Oriental mythology. Euro-Slavic, and Central, South, and North American databases were all available on the Truth System. New information was sent from leading universities and governments electronically everyday. Ever since the fall of communism in 1989-92, Geo, Ramone, Derek, Schillart and appendages have enjoyed historical information from all parts of the planet and some governments now wanted to know what they were doing with their "mythic heritage!"

"Damn!" His fingers toiled with the "down" arrow on the word processing panel of the massive control center. The major challenge to overcome in his mission stemmed from the lack of detailed musical information in all of the mythic bases. For example, a North American Plains Indian story describes a young warrior who took ceremonial objects on a journey to other camps to bring his people together so that they might all-young and old-live on with their traditions and with the white man. The hero meets animal-gods and trades their knowledge and direction for one of his gifts. They each teach him harmonies or songs. Heavy symbolism-and open to many interpretations. The sonorous power of myth.

"I must find a way to break down my own door to the archetypes." After the electronic journey back in time, he banged out a telefax, promising Francesca a disk and a guitar serenade in the days ahead. That night he dreamed of eagles, slowly descending over a hot plain, and cool drumming all around him.

###

"This profile is stuffed with crazy juxtapositions, Sir." Baxter was growing a hole in his balding head from confusion. He always finished the Times crossword puzzle before breakfast.

"Right, and Dr. Klein still has access to many files in our museums and research stations, although we don't know what she's after. CIA doesn't dance with Deadheads, and this mission is now mid-high classified. Tell me about your days at Columbia, during the war protests, Mic."

Mickey Baxter dribbled through his infamous background tale for Chief Nine-O-Four, describing how he assisted student government and other radical campus longhairs with computer surveillance of local police, and Systeming operations with other protest movements across the country.

"Take the files from Room A34-X and make sure any notes you transcribe clear with my office. From those last articles in the New York Times, it seems that this Truth System is now well established and centered in Oregon, not far from Eugene, in a village called Armistead. Kick some butt. Your tickets are in there, Mister."

"Looks like I'll be drinking with the ducks, sir!"

Baxter wondered if all this was connected to Earth First. It was all-or-nothing with those guys. Same in intelligence. CIA was checking the Truth System against FBI files but this song was strictly "posse international." "So, I'm a reporter again," talking to no one, again.

Mic had zero time to research key lines of interest. All of this stuff was spooky. Like pagan craft or this new alchemy stuff that glued technology into the spiritual.

"OK. Hold on," he muttered."

As Baxter boarded a red-eye for SFO and Eugene, Ramone was linking up with the Australian lab for mega-mythologizing and a braver new world.

The weekend brought messages of all kinds-and from diverse sources. Ramone's recent upgrade from the Australian data base; a telecopy from some guy at Harvard concerning a speech Geo should do in three months; weekly reports from all labs from the Nurvana files; and a request for an on-site visit from a reporter from the Richmond, Virginia, Daily Register. "Hmm." With Geo tied up in Eugene with old pals, maybe he could show this Sam Browne around a little." Jack could handle the prelims.

###

"Uptown Hotel and Restaurant, how can we do ya?"

Jack resisted the obvious sexual connotation. "Can I speak with Mr. Browne, please?"

"He's in room 13. Hang on for a sec."

"Sam Browne." Definitely an easterner; Jack guessed about 40 years old.

"Mr. Browne, my name is Jack Gabriel. I'm Doc Klein's assistant up in Armistead, with the Truth System."

"Thanks for calling up so soon." Baxter wasn't really rested or prepared for his "interview" so soon. "Is Dr. Klein available?"

"No, not until Monday. It thought I could show you around and answer questions, or help with the photos for your piece."

"Great, Jack, that would be great."

Baxter/Browne finished the meeting details and opened his suitcase. Maybe it was the cold wet air, or a chest cold coming on, but he felt something slightly strange going on here. Perhaps it was the reading materials: hexes and spells, LSD dream states, artificial intelligence, Orwell's 1984, and on and on.

"Oregon is so green," he whispered, blinking twice.

###

Francesca was starting at her father, on the balcony. It was Sunday morning and Jack's name came up with a smoggy sunrise. "Papa, do you know any of the following late 20th Century musicians?"

"Cesca, I'm trying to format the new software for our lab. It came overnight from Geo. Why not reference the source bank through the Truth System. I'm busy all day and won't require access, do you know the security code sequence for today?"

Any chance to utilize the computer interface in her father's lab was precious time, and she whirled and left him without a thank you. All of the technical personnel had the day off so she could pursue any facet of her project with Jack.

To find archetypal sound patterns or music scores, Cesca proposed to gather data on late 20th Century rock musicians and new composers like Steve Kilbey, Phillip Glass, Peter Gabriel, and Brian Eno, all who generated electronic space and sound images with many mythical references. And the black music of early American blues must hold some keys for her thesis because of its dominance in rock'n'roll and because it transcended so many human eras and places. Hybrids led one back to the source. She punched the security code and switched the input panel to the Universal Data Bank, then keyed into all the major musical references that the 21st Century could offer. If only Jack could rub her shoulders.

###

Our man from the CIA growled at the rain dumping off of the Hotel's decaying gutters. Why didn't Klein choose San Diego for her trip into global mythology? Whatever that means...

Our man "the reporter" jumped into a waiting taxi for the five miles "over the bridges and under the omens" to Professor Klein's woodland house. This prelim is too cool, thought Mic, maybe I can play this Gabriel kid for some inside stuff.

Jack had rose early. Partially because of the visitor scheduled for 11:30 am, but also to research additional myths for the project, tentatively called the Citadel Concert. Tea steeping, he slipped a Steve Tibbetts cassette into his walkman and headed outside to grab the junk mail out of his mail box, the last remains of physical mail since the World Postal System Electric Delivery Service went into operation last year. The grounds were as wet as usual, and the rain gauge topped-off at 1.2 inches. He still didn't know what Geo's hex meant on the barn.

Tibbetts was one talented composer and complete player, like many that Francesca and Jack were studying. On YR, he combined electronic sounds with real instruments to construct a rock-afro-orchestral web unlike any artist of this day. Jack still meditates to this recording, access to the soul. But why? What was occurring at the subconscious level? Was there a mythic chain or memory linkage that was could be tapped into?

All of the barns were wired tight and Jack hit the outside video surveillance control on his remote flexer for the day. He was the eye for the Truth System.

Like a dog just back from a run to the ancient trees, Jack felt good. He felt best prepared to work when his internal energy level was buzzin', but he couldn't quantify it. It was all-or-nothing, like music and Francesca.

The Truth System was always on. Warm for the next search, the next door breaker. Jack booted he mainframe VAC computer and pushed the audio-visual gear from "stand by" to "ready." Still time to fetch some brown sugar for his tea. Then Jack was looking for an Australian Aboriginal myth and accessed the very first data base, now megabillion bits in size, from Dr. Vega's research in central well Australia. Many mythic stories, or Dreamings, were ties directly to the land and to the person responsible for its care. This responsibility was passed down to initiated men from generation to generation. Jack was looking for references to the music that each tribe played their ceremonies, and pictures of their instruments. Hendrix's "all Along the Watch Tower" floated somewhere in his brain-spirit cavity.

"Man, this video is too cool," he said as he flipped the control peg like the ones on the old video games. He scanned by date, still-framing when something caught his eye. The countryside was a dull red-gold and ancient to Jack, like a foggy image from one of his old Midnight Oil records. Brown land? "This shit isn't indexed well," he spat. The first data base wasn't organized like the current ones; sometimes secret projects were missions of persistence. Tibbetts' drums and sparkling sounds of bells and tiny symbols floated Jack high above the immediate ranges of rock rhythm and melody as he searched past 11:00 PM for signs of ceremony in the 18th Century central Australia. "What the...?" he shot forward in his chair. Normally the video monitor would have sent Jack a visual clue but with the security System off, the reporter was now standing outside of the laboratory door, waiting for the "truth tour" as Geo lovingly called it.

Sam Browne was dangling by hexes.

"Mr. Browne," Jack called into a microphone that connected the lab with various intercom points in the facility.

Sam jumped two feet off the ground! "Yeeess! Yes, right!"

"You're early, sir." Jack had never been on time for anything, either. "Please step back to the edge of the grass." Jack turned and activated the security System and quickly logged and saved his position in the data base, then brought the System and his guitar, still on from hours ago, to stand-by. He then shuffled out the door to formally meet this east coast guest.

Introductions. Jack explained the rules for information seekers at the lab: "photographs are allowed on the grounds only; I'll give your paper some camera-ready pictures of the machinery with the biographies and stuff from our PR file."

After a short time, Jack noticed that Sam Browne was staring at many of the wardings or hexes that Geo and others had placed on certain buildings and trees.

"Ah, those. Hexes; old spell logic." Jack didn't know much, beyond that settlers had brought many pagan beliefs with them for protection in the wilderness.

"May we go inside now, I'm chilled suddenly." Sam wondered what was in the small barn. Jack had barely mentioned it.

"Mr. Browne, please place your hand on this panel, right here and then we can proceed into Dr. Klein's lab." A simple palm test for Jack's visitor, one giant surprise for Geo later that weekend.

###

After a morning of compiling sound samples from Brian Eno's enormous musical library, Cesca downloaded her data to a storage disk and made a backup set for Mr. Gabriel in Armistead.

"Sound as space," she murmured. But space depended on perception and our ability to "see music" as an intellectual happening, transcending to "feel it" as metaphysical. This idea of Eno's is a modern possibility. He used electronics to pain the listener into his compositions. "Like a soul pulse...?" she wondered. While she was certain that Brian Eno had some keys to archetypal sounds, Cesca considered the possibility that Beethoven could have created similar "aural" symbols for those initiated into his particular patterns and historical timing. Where is the Universal score?

"Culture memory; cultural filter," Cesca called out. She decided to break-off of the San Francisco Rock Music Museum Reference Database, a number sequence she knew by heart now. Time to swim and think. Maybe she could get the John Cale later.

What she didn't realize at this point was the critical relationship between sound mathematics and engineering and the brain's ability to understand certain sound patterns as music. This recognition process, back into the mythological, was the door that she and Jack must locate and break-open.

Rock'n'roll + spirit science = the new alchemy. Any Rand called it "integration".

###

Geo strummed through the print-outs, electronic mail, telecopies, and the Nirvana Log from Jack's weekend adventure.

"Shit! Mr. Gabriel, hey, dude. Now! Check this out!"

Jack definitely heard her screaming over his personal volume dam in Michael Stipe's latest solo project.

"Did you know that your attempt to handle things without me fucked up?" Jack scanned the security service print-out and then up at Geo.

"Now we have proof that the CIA database interceptor is still current." But this didn't get Jack off the hook.

"New rule."

This is how Hercules would channel-speak through Geo, Jack thought. "No visitors without my knowledge; no rock punks, no women, no milk men!"

"Absolutely, Doctor." A title that he saved for times when his ass was hanging high...like the tree moss outside.

"If he didn't like my findings, maybe we could plant some heavier powers for his return trip to 9-0-4. Bastards."

Geo raced over to the truth System, spilling her tea on Sidney, the cat, who didn't seem to mind. She was a "barnyarder," in the lab only because of the current excitement. "OK, what time is it in Australia? Peru...Madrid?" She punched at her wrist watch calculator like a chicken pecking morning seed.

"Jack, we need to touch base with the others. Get a cover sheet ready, we'll use code 40 for security. Let's see who this Sam Browne character is, fingerprints don't lie."

Jack wondered just how much the CIA knew about Truth System-and the Citadel gig. "Big Bang II." Code 40 was a simple multiple layer code based on an ancient Amazonian prayer. In using it, Geo established an instant red warning flag in the minds of all those privileged to translate it.

"I'm all set with the telecopy cover." Geo scanned the cover and second page into the overhead tele-copier interface rack and returned to her file on government employees. Jack wasn't getting a thing that night.

###

By 5:30 am, Armistead was crowing and bad-breathin' its way into showers and jobs in the Eugene metropolis. The rains had returned with a purple-blue vengeance, little black bullets, shattering sleep and hairdos alike. Mic rolled over, and over, and over. One red-eyed reporter with another covert breakfast in Bumfuck, American; alone. "This amazing Dr. Klein and her team of myth diggers." All of the press and biographical stuff on his motel room floor didn't say special to him-if there was something under the "Geographic Gloss." And yet he still felt weird by the place itself. Hexes, my ass."

The water in the shower was ice cold.

By 6:15 am, Geo and Jack had Mickey Baxter by the balls, palm print and all. Plans were foaming, and for all Jack Knew, the world community would never view the CIA the same way again! One 'clock, Sam.

###

Francesca was lost in space, Senior piano composition, Course 411. The Professor was a dead man on a university leash, having lost any connection to modern music and the arts sometime back in 1976. She had too much to do with her own ideas, but she had to maintain her routine, like University. Nothing really mattered unless it was to find the connection between sound and spirit. Cesca left the Arts Building and headed to the “U” monorail for downtown and a friend. She still didn’t know why there was such a commotion at the lab in Oregon last night; tonight she would press her papa for information.

Madrid’s one track, high speed intricacy transport System was only recently completed. It literally shook the old town and created an interesting juxtaposition in architecture and urban planning. An automobile ban had been in effect since Cesca was three and now many Eurocities were overturning pavement in favor of gardens and cleaner air. At “Picasso Fair,” she left the train for a small café built into an old brewery. A loose collection of old punks and students, drunks and politicians—hiding out from city hall and final exams. Sergio was playing dice when she poked him in the side. He barely twitched.

“Hey, Mister. Two beers here please.”

“Cesca, do!!! What’s up?”

Sergio produced many of the new bands from Madrid and the suburbs. Records by local favorites Catarata and Santo Escondite were Sergio’s and now he can spend his time at the brewery playing games with the less fortunate.

“You know about my sound research, the secret stuff, right?”

“But where are you going with it? Should you play with this new alchemy? I just don’t see the whole vision.”

“I can’t tell you now. When Jack was here last, we stopped our explanation on purpose,... complications, yes?”

Francesca Poured and pondered. Did Sergio have a clue to a question that was nagging her? Cesca took a shallow plunge.

“At a rock concert. The artists and audience are staged and interact in predictable ways. I’m wondering: what are the variables that can send a spiritual wave or ringing throughout the audience? How can the band be a shamanic force, and the music, a spiritual power?”

“The group needs to open a resonance, or harmonic channel, and share it with the audience. The best bands initiate and burn a ritualistic fire of sound and sight. And spirit. Remember the followers of the Grateful Dead! It was a cult, with off the symbols and rituals of any post-modern religious movement,” sighed Sergio.

“So, the music pulses outward like a wave? Like in wave theory in physics?”

“Why not, as a general model, but intensity, volume, harmonics, words, and many performance variables all play a role in the concert mandala. It’s a living circle of sound, spirit, and technology.”

“What variables?”

“There must be a transaction, of shared belief, between the crowd and the band, a faith or trust in sounds, composition, and words. The band, with the people, are enacting a modern version of an ancient gathering for ceremony and the fans must reach out to the performers on stage. Live, music is a two-way phenomenon. What people see on stage is critical information that helps to create a mythic or transcendental relationship with performers. The pioneering group, yes, played in-the-round, right?”

“A living mandela through an ancient staging form, right Sergio!”

“What happens to this mythic mix when a video screen enters the mix? And a taped concert or televised song is substituted?” asked Cesca.

“Sound pulse is diminished at the expense of superficial close ups or—how is it—soap operatic effects! The union of the spirits is more difficult. Many live broadcasts use the global stereo and expert direction well. This is a complex area, Cesca.”

She wanted to ask Sergio about how important pre-event advertising was. Especially if there could be a little or none! But she held back, wanting to remain in control of the Citadel.

“Thanks babe, see you at the gig.” Francesca headed for the train, rethinking the “Third wave.”

###

Not only did Geo plant some dicey tidbits in Mickey Baxter’s file at the CIA, she planted some disturbing insights into his mind. She claimed that the Truth System was working on a new “unified theory of life on earth” and that with all of the extraterrestrial contact her team was getting, the very way humans commune and share the earth’s resources was up for grabs.

“We go back in time and apply mythic lessons for a better period ahead.”

“But Dr., what about the ever pending apocalypse?”

Jack sensed that Brown was lost in space with facts and hexes now or maybe mind-fucked with Geo’s psycho-babbling. The two left the lab to Jack for the rest of the day; Geo waved good-bye to her “bugged-naked” visitor from the east and headed to Eugene for a Quaker peace march and sit-in.

Jack first decided to record a song for Francesca for the weekly Nirvana Pouch, due out as usual Monday morning. His electric Ovation created a wonder stirring through his earphones and his voice reverberated softly in the background. “Another love song.” He penned a few choice words onto the cassette liner card and dubbed a letter he had recorded earlier into side B. “DAT was out the door.”

Next, he retrieved another myth from the Truth System, this one from an ancient Tilted/Aztec story concerning the creation of the Universe, unusual because both gods and humans were required to preserve the life of the universe and the lives of the people.

In an index from the University of Mexico at Mexico City, in the Folklore and Mythology databases, he found a reference to a videoplay from "The Five Worlds and Their Suns," a 1996 production that contained a scene entitled the "Creation of Music." He jacked into the multiple layers of electronic memory and audiovisual inputs, all duplicating systems: "play/record."

"It appears the god of the heavens, Tezcatlipoca, and the god of the wind, Quetzalcoatl, team up to bring the beauty of music down to the earth." Pause video. "From the script, Cesca, the God of the Sun is opposed to this transference of the musicians and their powerful spirit. "Stop cassette recorder. Start Video and recording system. "This is a cool production, beginning at dusk and into the night, and well costumed. Unfortunately, the music is suspect. You'll have to give it a going over. Here's a great quote from the playbill."

"So, it came to pass that the (two Gods) helped one another to create music upon Earth. Music accompanied the awakening dawn. It inspired the dreaming man. It comforted the waiting mother. One could hear it in the wings of the bird overhead and in the waters of the brook. From that time forth, every living thing could create its own kind of music."

Jack stopped the tape and keyed the Truth System to stand-by, noting the myriad of flashing lights and low buzz of the disk drives and tape loops.

"Interesting, the God's and their presence in our reality. Thunder, wind, animals and water in this myth all embody power from a higher guidance or order. A different place than the one we know about. But what built the sounds and songs of the myths that we have today? And how are we creating the soundtracks of our children's mythology?"

Perhaps natural, or ambient, sounds held some promise—and certainly Cesca was putting together important sources from modern composers. But does rock music have the power of myth? Their vision, now a spark, sought a power that had existed all around us for ages. One door to a billion handles into the universal soul.

Jack jumped down from the controls with his messages for Francesca, but not before checking the security monitors and electronic door locks of the grounds. The small barn stood alone, systems all ok, but gripped Jack in a strange way. He wanted in—even with the scolding that hung like an Oregon coastal fog on his back.

"This there a secret way in there?"

Palm down, lights and heat reset, Jack headed to the square in Eugene for hot tunes and tea at the Café Rott.

Inside the small barn, really more a fortified bunker than a shed, an internal satellite dish rotated to download the next signal from the Truth System, this one a linkage from Ramone in Peru. The various instruments, machines and wall-to-wall charts looked like a set from the Last Monty Python rampage, "On the Second Moon to the Left!" A strange two-pole contraption stuck up into the small silo section. A robot whirled silently to the printer port, sticking a probe into the thing like a mother to a child. It carefully folded the printout and piled it on a small, cluttered desk in the corner. Geo wasn't growing

plants under lights as Jack had half-heartedly guessed. She and her team were experimenting with lightning. Real lightning.

But with results far, far advanced from the kite and string in the time of Franklin. Geo believed that she had tapped a primordial source, an elemental energy that just might transform the Vision Machine into a mythic mind traveler. Lightning: sound and light, and lots of heat. Hiding this research from the military industrial complex was mission impossible!

And she knew everything there was to know about Jack and Francesca.

###

In lower Spanish schools, they taught children a meditation, full of sunsets and ocean birds and sounds of gentle rains on coastal rooftops. But now Francesca was strapped and booted into the Truth System and hyperspace—and she remembered the sequence of image codes that unlocked a big, white door to another place. Each time she saw a key image or feeling, like the sounds of the waves at the beach, she replaced it with a new sign from Jack’s work with mythic symbology. She wanted to discover how her memory, in combination with the System and retooled meditation, could work to produce information on archetypical sounds.

They needed to select four mythic channels, to experience through the Truth System interface, and she saw a possibility. By duplicating the sounds of the ancients in a modern format, they might finally break the storyteller’s door into super consciousness.

“Play.”

She was hovering, soul-flexing with the soundtrack of the Toltec place. Francesca smiled under the weight of love and technology and waited for the light.

###

The lightning was slamming into Ramone’s mountaintop lab, streaking down two shiny poles, lightning rods for a spooky mountain plan. The power activated a myriad of recording and collection devices, which Ramone analyzed and repackaged for the others in the System. All physical aspects of the flash and sound were described in microscopic detail, while the experimental conversion process developed a different analysis with the mainframe back in Lima. What is the alchemical potential in this natural bang? There were stories that told of how early man mythologized the powerful earth storm clouds overhead; that these forces were harbingers of sound and song; dance, flood and death.

In modern time, weather forces still influence our global mythic theatre, especially in the powerful imaginations of children. Geo knew that we are emotionally vulnerable during violent natural events, and even falling snow triggers certain emotional cues, as does a bright sunny morning. The weather effects our states. It is these catalytic orientations, or semi-conscious awareneses, that she explores through the new alchemy. Lightning brought a global energy net through the wizard Ben Franklin. But there were alternate mythical sources, too. She believed that once the “kinetic shroud” was peeled away, a spirit would reside.

Lightning is the door she was determined to break. One hot cosmic baby.

###

The truth System was the dictionary/tutor of every student's wildest dreams. Of course, the entire database accessed the best libraries of the new Century. Jack switched off his guitar, with Eric Johnson in mind. Data file.

Atmospherics" (Harv\024\vr\min:X) 1. Radio and Television noise in a radio receiver; or randomly distributed white spots or bands on the screen of a television receiver, caused by interference from natural electromagnetic disturbances in the atmosphere. 2. A special sound or light effect created for live rock music or theatre. See Harv\025\vr:

"Isn't this strange," Jack leaned back, headset in the two-cushion rest from some deadhead Armistead dentist. "Where was I reading about new research on naturally occurring sounds?"

In the den, where Geo was coating her objects d'art with dust, the wood stove was cooing and hissing softly. Jack rummaged through piles of popular and scientific journals, trying to connect a weak memory with a current quest. Mars Magazine, Sierra World Journal, Public TV Guide. "Ha!" Weather\Window. An obscure quarterly published by an international team of scientists stationed on the moon since 1997. One of many electronic mail journals that was available on disk or directly from a public access database at NASA. Geo had printed a hard copy.

She had left it on the kitchen table about a week ago, and Jack remembered the dot-matrix style cover, a cool graphic illustrating how lightning was brought into a container, but he couldn't decipher the image and it had restarted a strange rumble inside of him,... "butterflies of electricity."

Geo had spilled coffee on page 3. On page 15, he noticed some scribbles on an article entitled "Earth Storms and Electromagnetic Phenomenon: New Paradigms from the Moon Meteorological Station. "Sun spots, gravity flux quotients, orbit vectors, weather charts, rock'n'roll!" Suddenly he jumped back, and stared up at the ceiling beams and the fire shadow angels.

The text read: "...we are learning more about the power of sun spots and their effect on planetary weather and it appears certain..." Jack turned the page and glanced at the right margin where Geo had written: "check print-out from Ramone against this electromagnetic valence chart," with a reminder to "check lightning antennae alignment in small barn a.s.a.p." He hacked into the Truth System, shaking. He loaded the magazine and sent a copy to Francesca. He couldn't get into the small barn. He had tried, but now he could pursue this train of thought, that had started with Ben Franklin's discovery. A kite, string, and a key. ZZZaapp! The Moon!

"Why was Geo secretly studying lightning? How does it relate to mythology? Did she want me to find that magazine?" Jack was talking to the Universe again, and to no one.

Synchronicity was knocking on Jack's door. Would he challenge his friend and hero? A ladder of trust needed a sturdy wall to lean on. He would climb as slow as possible.

###

Francesca was deep into her subconscious, in a trance induced by a spirit science marriage. She was actually picking apart the ancient melodies from the Toltec play, searching for archetypical qualities, patterns, or symbols. Through its meta-psycho sensors, her journey was recorded for later study. It could even record the dream state but few ever wanted reruns.

She was wanted on the outside and a small skin prod device gently vibrated and brought her out of the meditation. It was a message from Armistead “What did the “great satellite” bring this time?”

###

Jack had just slipped into his sleeping bag after refueling the stove when he felt Geo’s presence. He had crashed in the den after stirring through galaxies of database information; the System was still printing articles, bibliographies, and abstracts. When Geo swept into the kitchen, she knew he was working.

“Jack, I think it’s time you met Jami.”

Geo dribbled teas on the way to the mystery barn while Jack tip-toed right behind. He wasn’t sure he was awake, everything was moving so quickly. She placed her palm on the security pad and motioned him to do the same; she turned the key and hit the lights. A robot whirled, sputtered, and extended its communication sensors in a quick, steady pace toward them.

“G/999/RED.PROEP/XERA.” Geo commanded!

The robot’s front panel zipped down and immediately replied to Geo’s verbal access code: “Greetings Dr. Klein. Did you take your vitamins today? Please log-in unidentified visitor.”

Geo entered some numbers, pressed some buttons and validated a new code sequence for Jack to use. From then on, he was in the lightning barn.

“I know about the Citadel Concert,” she said.

“The what?” Jack was beyond himself now. He plopped right down on an Indian rug under his feet, in awe of the laboratory he once thought was a pot factory. “Jesus!”

“That’s the name Shillart saw when he read one of your secret messages to Francesca by mistake. He believes that our secret energy source, given that the correct engineering applications can be designed, can be a way to your “archetypical séance video groove-in.” Door breaking!

“I should have realized that you would know what I was sourcing—and sending to Spain. You would allow an application of the Truth System at this early point? You’re not miffed at us?”

“Hell no, Romeo face! Come on, let’s fix breakfast and I’ll explain where we’re at with Jami the robot boy and the lightning transformer process. The way we know myth and our ancient heritage is about to explode, Jacko!”

“Franklin didn’t have our modern technological superstructure, global information System or bio-medical advances. But he brought us electricity, the first level from the barrier. We are electrochemical

beings, Jack, and suddenly we had an external currency to use to push back against entropy. It was a grand gift, and we thing, part of the plan toward higher consciousness by beings we can now only dance with, and dream about in the shadows. Your project is genius and we think we can help.”

“What is the barrier?” Jack was astounded.

“Think of it like as intermittent stream. When the rains come, water is now a spiritual or mythical current that only flows during violent, natural happenings. And lightning, right!

We are unraveling a universal DNA or met code, first discovered by the weather pioneers from the moon station. You read about it last evening! I put that into your face on purpose, buddy.”

“The barrier is really our own ignorance, too! It is time to access the spirit inside each of us. We now have the force to activate myth, and we can power the new alchemy. Perhaps, though music, we can synthesize a global advancement in human understanding, a second communion and begin a world healing!”

“Door breakin’.”

“Door motherfuckin’ breakin’, palsy.”

Jack started for the phone before it rang: Francesca?!!

“Have you heard the same speal I did? The Citadel Project is out. Tell me about the lightning lab! Have you interfaced the containment vessel yet?” Francesca finally paused for a breath.

“You’re coming over here, Cesca, a.s.a.p. God, what a cool drop of love this is!” What do you mean, the containment vessel?” said Jack.

“Didn’t Geo turn you on to the schematics and research tapes?”

“No. We saw the barn lab and Jami the robot. She rapped about a force derived from lightning, and a braver new world.” He looked back at Geo, now at the controls, headphones on, tied into an expanding world. “Oz reincarnate.”

“Honey, what about school?”

No problem, I can give my Senior Recital early and be there in four days, max.” Jack loved it when her Spanish and street jargon mixed. He loved her.

“Bring everything not duplicated here. Let’s talk again when you get a flight.”

Jack left the laboratory and walked to his meditation spot along Dreaming River, in search of his orbiting nervous System. “To have the power of the Truth System, and this interplanetary energy as well. I can’t believe it. Now we can find our ancient songs and start a fire under myth as never before!”

###

Jack viewed the disk from the lightning lab and discovered that Geo and the others had named the secret project, "Grail II." He always loved the story of the sacred cup and its many reincarnations. Two days from now, he would dream about the vessel that Joseph of Arimathea used to collect Christ's blood as he was taken down from the cross. But he would also see a second transformation, a loud blast of light entering a chamber—causing a bright glow and much happiness on the foggy faces around it! A living, mythic fire, and a vivid signal from his subconscious.

With complete security clearance, his palm ID opened the steel doors to the small barn and the low humming of Jami's monoped track. A sound reminiscent of his boyhood toys.

"Greetings, rock star!" Geo had programmed his lexicon. Stay tuned...

"Jesus. Hey, lost in space! Jami, access the Central Communication System while I'm here, please. Let me know if we receive any telecopys."

"From Spain, per chance?" More Geo than Jack needed.

"From the moon, from the Deli, from the Quaker softball tournament, little man." Jack added.

Jack leaned up against a mainframe cabinet at Jami whipped through start-up procedures, booting Grail II into "orbit."

The schematic that Cesca mentioned showed four stages in the operation of the new alchemy. It began with the raw source, the lightning energy, comprised of sound waves and electromagnetic articles and an unknown force X that Geo believed was a mythical rope that bound the two fields together into a paranormal electrical energy field with applications for the Truth System and the Citadel Concert.

Phase Two is a separation and storage process that breaks the raw force apart for study and containment. Step Three realigns the forces and allows the researcher to work with each one alone or in combinations. And Phase Four is a complex engineering prayer at this point, one that brings Grail II into the Truth System. A final linkage that deeps the operations staff on the interface grid for twelve hours each day.

"Jack. Try this on." It looked like an old leather bicycle helmet, but up-close it was a resin based skull from with velcro pads—covered with wires. "Frankenstein wasn't subjected to this attire, Geo."

"Phase Four. The System has chosen me to interface Grail II. Ramone is researching lightning from the remote station in Peru, the Spanish team is donating one horny teenage-musician woman, and the rest of the work is split as capabilities. Plus, we have brought in some old-time friends as consultants."

"Your robot is a god damn comic brat!"

"Love it to death!" Geo extracted her "hell helmet" from Jack's head and slotted another hard disk into Jami's metal back. "Remember Mister. We are on full security from here on out. Take extra care. Sleep in the den."

Jack returned to his study of the third stage and stared at the containment vessel in wonder. Geo said that a small amount of energy had been delivered by Air Express yesterday and more was on the way from Ramone's team. "Force X could be the greatest discovery since,..." he said.

"...since the pet rock." Jami didn't miss a beat!

Cesca had an ancient Pat Metheny tape in her personal stereo: "American Garage." "Full circle" on side B, a gift from a guy still tow thousand miles out. Her flight was refueling in New York's new oversea transportation hub and she wanted to make a run into Manhattan for a glimpse of the city after the gang wars and the rebuilding. But there wasn't time.

###

She read Ego's initial research notes:

"lightning is a causal agent, or catalyst, and in many ways revealing to us in that it is an apex of the weather System of the planet—the angel and song of the coming storm—and a true natural power source which directly aided the chemical transformation of the early earth. The spark of the gods. Zeus is well known in mythology for his lightning rods. They are mind shaking and soul stirring messages, a thundering ancient musical timbre in our archetypical orchestra."

Geo's rough treatise concluded: "The primordial soup, an angry, churning prehistory, still remains in our collective souls, in our constant mistreatment of our bodies – in a dying planetary biosphere. We have been shown a new way now. Let us all double our efforts to reveal the power of the Grail II force."

###

Jack Gabriel drove north toward the Portland metro airport. Thoth is around his shoulders.

###

Over Chicago and the northern plains, Francesca fell asleep to the hum of her seat mate's Phillip Glass tape. She dreamed deeply, into a black quiet, pinpointed by light fragments and sounds blowing, tinkling. She watched her hand enter the dream from below and open a door. Bright light, stereo sounds—layers of repetitive chords reaching for...

She stirred and yawned with the tilting of the supersonic jet, papers spilling onto the floor of the cabin. "'hit.'" She slowly gathered the forth myth for the Citadel Concert, a story with a moral message and a powerful musical dimension.

From her notes: "Gassire's Lute" is a tale of a warrior who choose to attain immortality at the expense of his family and people, unusual in world mythology because the hern usually acquires great fame by helping his people.

Gassire's Lute was an African myth from an aristocratic tribe called the Fasa, later known as the Soninke, who lived in what is now roughly modern day Egypt. The Fasa were medieval knights who fought on horseback with spears and swords for pleasure as well as for conquest. They would fight in single

combat against only those who were their social equals. The myth tells of the god-spirit called Wagadu who lived in the hearts of people, who came four times because of their vanity, deception, greed, and quarreling. Four times she changed direction: north, south, east and west. She was visible in times of war, when the air resounded with the clash and clamor of battle—as sword met sword or shield. They shouted the names of this powerful spirit: “Hoooh! Dierral Agadal Gannal Silal Hoooh! Fasal.”

Gassire led son after son into battle, only to stain his lute with their blood and deaths. His lute sang a great but tragic battle song, which caused the death of his father King and the disappearance of Wagadu. Gassire choose fame over life itself.

This would be an important song as they wove their Concert spell. Would it compare to Souza, or to Nazi battle hymns? Country Joe and the Fish at Woodstock? Doors?

Portland then rose up to meet her.

###

Neither one wanted the kiss to end but an involuntary force broke their touch and words spilled out like rollerball players at the start of the world championships. The lovers spoke rapidly of the not so secret Citadel Concert, of the CIA spook, of hexes and robots, and their vision. The new alchemy had lugged them into a world of global information and an electronic community and now the good “Big Brother of the West” was channeling the Truth System for the gig of the dawning century. Two young spacekids now docked in a spiritual orbit. Heroes preparing a mythic menu of rebirth.

“There is much testing to do, as you know,” explained Jack. Geo’s lab required the prima matter, or Force X, from another collector because lightning wasn’t common in their coastal climate. Ramone was sending all he could from the mountaintop in Peru.”

Francesca stared out the window at the Willamette Valley and followed Jack’s thoughts. “The early tests from Peru and Australia proved positive for this charged beam. Our lab’s brain studies correlate with REM sleep research and with creativity analysis from Jung and other dream theorists. But how will it interact with the Truth System??? Has Geo finished the interface technology yet? You said she had fitted a helmet prototype to your head...”

“Right. Right.”

“Grail II is utilizing a spiritual force so we must be aware of our own psychic balance when we jack-in. As in positive/negative aspects of electricity, certain spiritual polarities are sure to be formatted and aligned.”

“When can we begin to search for the cup?”

“Tomorrow, Cesca. Tomorrow we rock with Prometheus!”

###

Geo let the lovers sleep until 7:00 am, then turned on the morning show on public radio and started the coffee. She was expecting a forth shipment of Source X from the airport around eight and she wanted to be at full strength—humans, robot and systems. Some co-workers were flying in later that day, as well.

Jack grabbed the pile of telecopies and the Nirvana Log and sat down to update with a cup of coffee. Francesca was one long, purring smile, stretching into the downstairs shower. Jack still hadn't researched the last myth that Cesca had selected.

"Honey, what material do you have from the Fasa tale? What's on that floppy you showed us last night?"

Cesca shouted between shampoo and conditioner: "On my disk, you'll find the files go something like: my notes; test and references; and a critique of a movie called "Grassire's Battle" that was produced by Africa One T.V. and the BBC in 1994 for the Sudanese People's Celebration. I didn't have time to boot a copy of the program before I left. It won an award that year."

"Thanks honey. Your father sends his regards this morning. How's the hot water doin'?"

"Eat your pancakes, angel!"

Jack heard a van pull up outside of the laboratory and went to see the shipment from Ramone. It was marked "Experimental," "Fragile," and "Inert Substance." He saw the irony. He was just as volatile as the canister, and soon to connect to its magical contents. Geo waved the driver off and radioed for Jami to carry the small crate to the Grail II barn.

"Hey lover boy!" But Jack ignored yet another programmed ribbing.

"Jami baby, please transport shipment four to the lab for me; we'll see ya after breakfast. Let's pig, Jack." Geo was hungry.

Jami's retractable arms scooped up the box as he whirled and headed for the security door.

Jack called: "Don't drop it!" Jami retorted with a slow, low electric sound that amazed both Geo and Jack: "Wonder butt."

###

Around noon, Geo was on the System, pouring over R&D data from the other laboratories. She decided to interface the Grail II process with the Truth System through conventional telecommunication technology so that a modem and a phone line could interconnect her workers. But there were risks. They would encode the force for secrecy using a device that Geo lifted from experimental work at Berkeley, coped during a "reunion tour" last year. Schillart called it the "psycho scrambler." Jack was due for the longest distance phone calls in his life.

They experimented with the transformed particles from the lightning, analyzing its effect on test animals, later release unharmed. Francisca recalled that Ben Franklin "shocked" his dinner to dinner to death when he first began his experiments back in the 18th Century. The new alchemy, through Geo's

helmet and second running of the Holy Grail, failed to neither kill nor enlighten her technicians. Routine medical research showed that the Force had many similar characteristics to nervous and electro-chemical properties in the brain, and curiously enough, when the Australian team finally interfaced with Oregon, their brain/artificial intelligence database program percolated with strange new variations. Grail II was now a round-the-clock-and-globe hunt and the Nirvana Log was now a full-time assignment for an intern from Corvallis. And sleeping bags now replaced Geo's antiques in the "den-youth hostel."

Jack and Francesca moved their work on archetypal sounds into the small barn, furthering their understanding of the four myths that would be the template to the sounds of the Citadel Concert. The couple were something to marvel at. Each morning, after a run along Dreaming River, Francesca taught Jack how to meditate, to reach deep into his essence. Then breakfast at 7:00 am, followed by briefings and strategizing with the scientists until 9:00 am. Geo then gave them full use of the System until noon. Jack was scheduled to go "on-line" with the force in two days, making time short. They were back on the Truth System each evening at 11:00 pm. It was tonight that the video and electronic databases were choreographed, or formatted, together with the meditations, and Cesca wanted Jack to use the "halo helmet" as she called it, so he could get the feeling of wearing it. "Try it on, Jack!"

"Right Geo needs to adjust the frontal plate, otherwise, an angelic fit."

"O.K. What's doing here? What are you doing when they throw the switch?" Francesca laughed. "This is launch control, sugarman."

"One, control breathing; two, total body relaxation; three, activate visual and database program interfaces. Journey One bound."

"Remember, I'll be recording this adventure, so don't touch any controls after you activate the System. Geo will monitor the rest."

"All set. I wonder if Jami has finished the critique?"

Before the Grail research was revealed to them, Jack Cesca projected their own door breaking—with the Truth System and its enormous global database. They predicted that information stored and accessed through the machine could be used as a catalyst for opening up the subconscious, tapping a common evolution of sound and a quilted global heritage—unknown energies initiated, then focused by meditation. They would play and record the sounds of the mythic auger in a super technological psycho-theater. Breaking doors from first level sources inward, toward the infinite soul; stripping away unnecessary noise and Centuries of cross-cultural mutations to discover the sounds first responsible for the God's of mythology. Francesca believed that archetypal sounds were constructed prior—and along with—archetypal dream symbols and that Geo's hypothesis concerning a spiritual syzygy between naturally occurring sound and early experiences by prehistoric people was true. Composer and singer Steve Kilbey believes that music is magic, and evidence of another energy force or spirits that played on earth before the time of man. And that this power/presence is still with us today. Witness his Hex recordings and film series.

Jami had the script from the first myth critiques and rewritten by the time they had returned to the lab. Technicians were taking readings from the containment vessel and Geo was suggesting electrical

modifications over the intercom. The atmosphere was festive, like under the big top in a small town just before showtime.

###

Jack had chosen the aboriginal myth first because of the great support available to him from the Australian lab, including an authentic painting of a Dreaming that would guide their efforts. Teamwork with Shillart's people had established definitive mythic motifs and symbolic archetypes that Francesca hoped would open pathways to archetypal sounds in the origins of west central aboriginal ceremonies and songs.

Jack noted certain modifications to Journey One and made adjustments in detail and sequence. Schillart had sent the painting to Jack as a birthday gift last year and Jack placed its videotaped image in their meditation script, calling for close-ups of the intricate dots, similar to, but years prior to, the impressionists. In the style of the painters, as they told a living and complex tale of ancestral beings that were very much in present time to the myth keeper and his people. The painting would help Jack relax and to initiate his mediation. Jami though it very hypnotic at close range. Few non-aboriginals had access to the meaning of this mythic dreaming and Jack realized that if their mission to its sounds was successful, the Truth System would have to ask permission to use any aspects of it. The experiment thus began within a sacred mystique and trust.

Blue Lake Dreaming involved a young man who must travel across his ancestral landscape to an annual gathering of tribal men and spirits by a very old lake. As part of their ceremony, the initiated sang songs to the Sky and Water beings. Western researchers have taped aboriginal songs by never of this importance. And Schillart's database only described the painting and a brief mention of the artist, an elder who lived and painted from 1950-1987.

The Jami broke the humming inter-human matrix of minds and machines with data speak:

"The religious system of the aborigines is based on the inseparability of territory, people, and mythical ancestors. The concept of the Dreaming refers to the ancestral past, to the ancestral beings and their actions, to a given time space itinerary of places across the landscape, and to dreams themselves in which sequences of the ancestral past were revealed. The Dreaming is also the sacred web of the present, the driving force that guides and channels the here and now. The Aboriginal people see the landscape as alive with the power of the ancestors and, at the same time, humanized in its essential oneness with the people."

###

Someone at the Armistead Record Newspaper had called the lab, inquiring as to the large number of new staff at the facility. And soon thereafter Eugene reporters were "wondering" before the video camera by the front entrance. Geo knew that some information was needed as diversionary bait. She planned a press conference for dust with Jami serving as mouth. And Geo programmed some "psycho-baited PR," limiting what "microbody" could ad lib. Geo "wasn't" available."

Old Doc Klein was too consumed with bugs on a grander scale. Countdown to Test One, including Francesca and Jack's Journey One experiment, was less than fifteen hours away. The Truth System was

on red alert. They would collect the source material from the Grail II process and initiate Jack's vision during off-peak hours so that the local powerboys would not be alerted.

###

Cesca was watching the video tape of Jami's first "meet the press" gig from that afternoon, glancing back at a digital timer that a technician had placed over the System's main console. "Mythic time," as her father said. Jami released a non-story about a System training seminar and ping-pong tournament won last year by the Peruvians. And as a "feature tid bit," he offered the reporters a story from old Pennsylvania time about a hex symbol not unlike the one that Geo had placed on the barn. 14 hrs., 37 min., 12 sec, and counting.

###

Geo had gathered the staff for the afternoon briefing in the den where wiring diagrams had replaced trinkets, and white coats had replaced red in a divine revolutionary unfolding. After introductions of the new staff just in from U.C. Berkeley, she grabbed the mouse and laid out the "launching area" with an analog overhead unit interfaced with an electronic designer program. Because of the unknown effects of the Grail II material and their initial engineering efforts, the experiment would have to be monitored double-close.

Jack of course was the man in the glow, jumping on the dental chair like a great white stallion! He wears the halo; he meditates into the "go place." "21st Century Cyberstein Man," as Cesca joked. Francesca will be video taping Jack's progress through the script some seven feet back, along with speaking to him when needed through a specially implanted communication linkage. To either side of the Truth System were two arcs of scientific and medical technicians who were responsible for monitoring Jack's vital signs and for tracking the progress of the Grail II interface. Remember the launch control room at NASA? Schillart would head up the Grail II barn team while Geo worked in a special control room off to the side of the main floor area where she had constructed a parallel System panel in hopes of patching into Jack's vision-journey into the Aboriginal. From this computer, she would have access to the database and all communication systems as the original. Geo pointed out the fire fighting equipment then released everybody, with the exception of Jami, for final System preparations and testing. 10 hrs., 54 min., 08 sec.

###

Jack was playing his Fender when Schillart strode in from the small barn. He looked excited, like he had just stuck his finger in a socket!!

"Jack, my friend, how do you feel?" Never one to color his language, Schillart.

"Goos. Is the phone company gonna charge us a mint for the Grail II interface?"

"No, or should I say, I trust not. Our preliminary studies can't assist us because of the fast breakdown of the material after it leaves the containment vessel—and we can't test more due to our limited supply here at Armistead."

Schillart's beeper went off and so did Schillart. Jack went back to his electric vibrations, trying to stay in no place certain.

###

7 hrs. 23., 19 sec. Jami skirted into the kitchen, the one place that Geo wanted left free of the metamorphosis. She and Francesca were brainstorming possible trouble scenarios and Jami might prove helpful in problem solving because he had the script in his memory. Too much juice; medical alarms; machine malfunctions; power and/or telephone breakdowns; human error; lack of testing; virgin territory; fear. No one really knew how the combination of source current, meditation, and pre-programmed audio-visual material would combine. They had "research from the moon" and time would tell if the new alchemy would work in Jack as well. 5 hrs. 5 min., 45 sec.

###

Jack was pacing behind the Grail II barn, with Jami right behind. "Mr. Hot Seat" was mumbling something about "the light." It's so clear," echoed Robo head. Franklin's kite connected the primordial spark of the gods with our dimming civilization. This is an electro-mythical yin-yang in the history of modern time! Spiraling layers of thunder and light! Mythic vibrations,... a new soul science experiment."

"Now the reverse is about to happen," Jami continued. "Jack, this test will begin in 2 hrs., 17 min. count. You are both connector and medium. Becoming lock and key to what could be a syzygy producing techno-spirituality. Listen to a quote from the Truth System library:

"An electric lamp is not electricity itself, but symbolizes the power of electricity in that it radiates light. But electricity can also be manifested as warmth and motion. The lamp, consequently, is only a partial symbol. If the symbol were to bring all these different manifestations of electricity under a common denominator, it would have to consist of a formula tracing all these different modes of operation back to their elemental essence. According to ancient cosmological doctrine, this common elemental denominator is the flash lightning."

:Excellent Jami." Jack was amazed, the way slightly clearer." So, we are juggling with two things: one, we are using lightning and two, we are building a formula for an additional manifestation of this ancient power. Who wrote that passage?"

"Marius Schneider."

"Please dump the book and all related bibliographical references immediately. Francesca must review them. Maybe Geo, too."

Jami told Jack that it was time for his pre-test meditation and both spirits went in separate directions. They were "due" in 1 hr., 3 min., 58 sec.

###

When Francesca opened Jack's eyes, long closed from a deep, hazy walk deep within his unconscious borders, he noticed a video cam crew, shooting silently in the corner. They had taken refuge in Geo's personal space above the main laboratory and suddenly it was "strangeland."

"The documentary, right." 17 min., 00 sec.

###

Geo was working intensely at her interface panel, communicating with a "Ph.D. roadie," as she called her interns from Eugene. The crew came from dolphin research, brain biochemistry, computer design, and electrical engineering. "Patch eleven?" Patch 31? OK., right. Audio phase check." It sounded like a sound check. It was! How many hats, Geo? Producer, editor, mixer, mother. Underneath her "Kingdom coming," she wriggled with girlish delight at the scam she had engineered, how she "allowed" Jack and Francesca to make her work a universe or two. She now knew the basic value of intergenerational research. "B" and we can be." She sputtered under her garlic breath. "Ha!"

###

Another mini-cam was filming Schillart and his crew in the Grail IOI barn. Jami was tester and court jester! If this thing worked out, "Gear Bucket" would be poster child and the star of the movie. "Source levels remain constant, Doc."

Great, now check the transfer switches and the safety locks." It was time for "Grail lightning."

###

While Francesca discussed the database with Jack as he was "slipped into the Halo," Geo was punching buttons in her remote booth., Technicians silently gestured, frantic with nervous systems long pickled with homemade jams and funky tofu dip. Jami lurched then coolly glared, one prepared-for-launch robohead.

Then Jack said "RIGHT!" a little too loudly and Cesca took up her stand at the video and biomedical sensor equipment. She was only to film Jack's face during the experiment; others were assigned the entire show. Geo's lab was like one high-tech human Christmas tree—and Jack was the angel, soon to be electrified and shinning. He began to breathe deeply, to vibrate, to walk down, deep, past his training codes and boy scout programming, to a promise.

Geo: "Schillart, pre-amps only..."

Schillart: "Buzz up. Hot board is yours, Control."

A technician worked alongside the Australian, hand recording data computer already had stored.

Jack: "Francesca, run tape 2.0. Choice volume for now."

Geo: "Everything is tight, spaceman. You will only hear my voice again if we bang this run. Bring it home, rock star."

Francesca: "Breathe, mister. Truth System input, totally fixed—awesome."

Jack was walking down a dusty red outback road, which suddenly seemed new, even after many prior research jaunts. The painting was segued, it appeared at the end of his driveway, coming in and out of focus like a cheap microscope—or a drunk. A huge, billowing diaphragmic feeling was inside of him, as if he were inside a large opaque tent in the middle of...? His heart was a dripping cycle. He breathed, and breathed, and breathed deep,... and his sci-fi halo shifting slightly.

Oh, God, the music! Something was weaving in and out of,...somewhere... Should he run? Will this speed up, F-stop?

Francesca's voice waved into him. He stopped to admire a distant rock formation. Intense, strange curiosity. A pull...?

Francesca: "Great smile, baby. Now you need to continue toward that rock. Phase Two will be on your visual cue; take your time."

The beats assisted his breathing, now monitored at three-quarter his normal level. Music echoed in dust clouds at his feet and sang with birds floating silently overhead,... struck in colorous rays as the sun beat down. "Breath, two, three, four, five..."

Jack crossed his fingers, Code Two. Geo and Cesca nodded at each other and observed Jack's new route. He looked like one of the vibrating tee pees from the last Talking Heads record. He was humming cosmic royalties.

He was aware—a new environment now. Swelling with the exo-upgrade. A slight smell of water: The music lighter, drumming? Was he stripping memory stores, dancing with archetypical sound patterns, or was this a mood enhancer soundtrack? This was Francesca's secret for obvious investigate verification., Jack crossed his arms: Code Three. His mythic day was rising, clouds were collecting. He sat. Feeling "synchronicity?"

A lake appeared.

Jack was smiling and was very still. The prelims were about to stand-down into a calm cosmic eye in the storm. Geo whispered something to Schillart; Jami buzzed right behind Jack in case an emergency shut down was called for" Francesca nodded. The "alchemic transitioner X, Grail II lightning," now trickled into the hundreds of wires and microprocessors in Jack's dreaming heart:

"Ssssssswooooooosshhhh! Click."

Talk about the coming of the "cosmic christ!" Geo's immediate reaction was utter disbelief. She stared at her video monitor, high over Jack's head, that interfaced the Journey One experience with the Truth System. An image was groping, "falling into" the screen. She flopped down and listened for audio: drumming. The source was activating the dream quest. Somebody behind her said: "Fine tuning."

Francesca saw the monitor over Jack's head and freaked!

Jacked folded his hands, dry mouth, walking, intense sunshine, wild colors – then a black & white landscape. He was a roof, without a floor. A flash from a late-night isolation tank trip, his face ballooning like in a circus mirror. There was someone else, somewhere close, he could feel a presence. He could see fish in the lake, swimming with the sun like on Robin Hitchcock's album cover painting on "Globe of Frogs." Geo saw the fish and Francesca captured a normal heart beat.

Schillart freed a little more juice; Jack grabbed an outstretched brown hand and headed for a distant campfire. The drumming go louder. Chanting?

Suddenly Jack began to shake, very slowly at first, then like a drug addict, cold turkey-like. Something was wrong!

He felt a pull and a break from the mythic being or guide. Everything was washing, like a water color in the rain. Geo saw disintegration; she dialed the "lightning extract" down slowly, listening to a soundtrack cancel all VU's. Her distressed breathing replaced Jack's heroic lead.

Schillart confirmed "all safe." Jami was gently holding Jack as Francesca coached him up through the "psycho bends." The paramedics panted.

"Jesus." Jack lifted the halo off his head, placing it on a nearby titanium shelf. Geo screamed for the medical crew to comb the boy for any signs of acute injury.

"Hey, hey! I'm okay, really. Did you get any images or sounds on your System, Doc?"

"Yes. What happened as we increased the Source the final time?"

"The drumming and chanting slowly disintegrated into noise: cars, traffic, mixed with a weird WW II war movie soundtrack."

Francesca was still recording. "Overload."

Jami re-entered the scene after dumping his data into the mainframe. "I have calculated the experimental range for the Grail II matter, it will be critical to maintain this safe level."

Geo excitedly called for a period of data analysis, to be followed by a general debriefing after a meal. Journey One was partially walked and everyone was glowing.

Jack slumped into the old executive chair in Geo's master control room while the tape whirled to 00000. Schillart barked something quick into his walkie-talkie and handed out mugs for tea. They watched no more than twelve minutes of, at first, fuzzy, intermittent shapes and colors, then a xeric Australian-like world with a crystal blue lake and wonderful drumming sounds. Jack shivered from a powerful memory, really only minutes prior before the plug was pulled. Francesca dreamed of the Citadel Concert; Schillart of additional applications of their juice; Geo only of the necessary downtime for the staff to summarize the work in progress. All Jack could say was: "Dali-like, man. Sir-Real!"

###

Baxter put the phone down. Boss man. That high wire bunch in Oregon again. His ass was “Going up the flag pole” over at Building 6S114, Pentagon. He had been to Church every Sunday since he returned from “Hex Camp.” His file was still under review, that bitch. At this point, he is the modern spy with satellite eyes. Comic spy. No more “reporting” for Mr. Browne.

His boss was convinced that something big was happening in Armistead. From infrared photos, high electrical transmissions were now occurring during off-peak hours, including one building with an undefined energy spectrum. This was no hippie farm! That robot is from research partially funded and produced by NASA; their staffing level was now past 50 and climbing.

“Can’t we break-in on the phone line?” Baxter moaned, “I’d rather be demoted to Port-au-Prince.”

Either way, Baxter was knee deep in high spirits. Geo had his number hangin’.

###

The next “inner launch was set for 9:45 am, Saturday, on the farm. Geo called in her public television buddies from New York to fine tune the cameras and recording gear. She would tape a short segment to keep the press temporarily “informed.” But she had to protect the security of the kids and the emerging Grail II interface process. Perhaps Jami can smoke screen a few cryptograms. Music Television would have to wait with everyone else – for the Citadel Concert . . .

Jack settled against a tree. They were hugging and spilling coffee on each other, trying to relax before the next dig. Francesca didn’t quite get what the force had brought into the tech-spirit matrix. Jack giggled.

“It’s a very powerful bonding, an enlargement of self. A warm, bright wind.”

“I think the Quakers had it right all along.”

The Dreaming River curdled and spun below them, reflecting a late misty dawn and waxin’ moon. They were lovers and explorers. Time bandits and global rethinkers, gently swimming in the Milky Way, looking for a spark against the “paternal Shrine machine” too long out-of-control. In major ways, these two have activated the wizard’s wand, believing in Orpheus and his musical return in their century. Jack couldn’t get his first trip out of his head. The drumming had continued into his dreams last night and echoed through his preparatory breathing exercises. Jack to the lab: Jack to meditation. Cesca call home. A new chapter in long distance communication.

Peter Gabriel’s soundtrack entitled “Passion” was on. Geo was sitting under television lights for a PBS interview.

“Cut. Hold it, Michael. Jack, please sit down for a moment.” She explained to him exactly what they were, and weren’t, releasing to the world that morning. “It is time to announce the Citadel Concert, in a general way, oatmeal breath.”

The New York producer, Michael Shield, asked Jack to explain his research with the Spanish graduate student and pianist Francesca Lambornii and their search for ancient sounds. He concluded thus:

“We believe that Geo’s Truth System can assist us in our search for archetypal sounds, or primordial beats, chants, and orchestrations that helped to create the multitude of myths we know in all cultures. The power of myth, as Campbell popularized back in the 1980’s, is real. Like the archetypes identified by Jung and others, companion spirits in music must be rediscovered and activated for a dying human race. The Citadel Concert will be a global satellite concert on Public Television and will include segments from our research – all influenced by popular musicians from our sound library and friendships.”

It was now 8:35 am. Breathe . . .

###

Time to awaken the dead.

“Pappa says hello, space man.” Cesca was rechecking her biomed computer and video cam, glancing over at Geo for confirmation for “all go.” Jami slid by her for a sound bite with Mr. Gabriel, now positioning his cosmic beanie for blast off.

“Jack, say hello to the shaman for me,” uttered the robot.

Smirk: “Tell Geo not to worry, no dumb jokes are necessary.”

“My father was a Marshall amp!” Jami lit up his heavy metal chest. “Das Nintendo Rama.”

“Are you working on the next journey, oh infinite one?”

“Blue Lake notes now, then the others!” Jami drifted back a foot. Then Cesca closed his eyes.

Geo called the session to order. She and Schillart were joined in the new alchemy booth – via satellite with Vega and Lambornii. The Truth System gang. Jack was in “heavy breathing.” This time they used the recorded drumming and chanting from the aborted experiment as catalysts for the first stages to the mythic dance.

Francesca monitored his heart rate and visual presentation. The Aboriginal painting was on the video screen, long since memorized and transposed into Jack’s emotional catalog.

Jack whispered: “Too many lights.” A technician dialed down. He knew his temptation was to precondition his psyche for the Grail matter and possibly risk critical preliminary unlayering. He was falling: “One, two, . . . good honey.”

A wave of some kind passed through, a spirit within his spirit. In three minutes he gave the sign for “Franklin’s firmament,” and Geo slowly brought the hallo to light. He was now on the same road as before. He saw two large birds high overhead; he followed a snake into the brush and sand.

Schillart gave the “all clear.” Geo pushed the Grail envelope into one half of their experimental level. Jack felt a Being slip into his heart, extending through his fingers and toes. No fear, only pulsing energy through a huge loving pipeline. The Dreaming at Blue Lake was no longer a Dreaming for Jack; he and his guide were one.

The Lake appeared. He sensed its sacred, life-affirming role in the aboriginal landscape. Many land masses felt strangely like home to Jack, until he realized that his guide was “explaining”: to him how the culture mapped each tribal territory by using rock formations, ancient paths, and this Lake – the central place, or heart of the Tribal people of this region.

Jack hovered, grounded, sat, and melted through the power of the shaman. Men from distant landscapes – other Dreamings – formed a circle around the fire pit. Jack didn’t know where he was exactly now. The drumming began. The clouds passed quickly overhead. “Fully power: 3—2—1.”

“Serious colors!” Cesca looked up at the large video monitor, then at Jack, then up at the clouds, now double exposed with the crackling fire. All bio-signs satisfactory.

While the video signal played havoc with the tv techs, the sound was crystal clear. Basic rhythms came from skin-stretched drums and hand clapping. The chanting flowed in irregular waves from participant to participant. Geo didn’t know if they were singing. Schillart knew.

Jack senses a séance, a mythic prayer for reasons he couldn’t know. But the music vibrated through him, coupled as he was with the guide of the myth.

This was a renewal celebration and likely an initiation for the younger men coming up into the scared pool of knowledge. “Rock ‘n’ roll!”

It was dusk. Purples, pinks, orange-red rocks. Jack went to the Lake and dived deep into the cool clearness. He felt outside of his body, that the new alchemy had freed him from the yang. He stayed just above his Buddha-like form, laughing as exhaust bubbles bounced into new worlds and evaporated into shapes from his journey. “Pink Floyd cartoons!”

Then he looked up and saw Geo’s face, swimming above him, filling the total surface of Blue Lake. She seemed calm. It was time to return. The force was brought back into the Grail II storage vessel. Francesca’s voice slipped into Jack’s head quietly and he breathed a peek at the video lights and Geo’s face. “We got it,” Cesca said sharply. Jack simply smiled and handed the halo to a tech. He was too young to compare this Journey with the LSD trips of the sixties.

Now the “Truth Shots” had something much stronger!

###

48 hours after Journey One, Jack requested that all staff play a mix down of the sounds on their personal stereos. It was an amazing scene: everyone, on break or working, was plugged into a soundtrack from another dimension. Twilight Zone material. He wanted a written report from everyone on the drum-chant sounds; all images and relation to any other music or sounds that they could sense. Had they tapped into the DNA sound code of the human memory? What intrinsic properties did the Grail II matter contain? Any instinctive reactions? Questions were flying as fast as Jami’s one-liners. They released a photograph of just this scene to the press with the hope of piquing the interest of young people, precursory to the Citadel Concert, and for reasons that spelled “diversion” for covert operands looking for “hot lava.”

###

“How soon can we go to Journey Two, guys? Which one of the three myths are we dealing with?” Geo smiled broadly. This meeting was hers to run, an agenda of success. The team was a whole approved the public television blurb, okaying its run on the following Saturday program called “Science in the Arts Series.”

Jack was thinking about the Concert but responded quickly: “Francesca and I need to run down final materials with Jami; we’ll decide in three days or less, okay?”

“Be ready to brief us at the Wednesday meeting.”

“Right. I’ll collect your feedback on the first soundtrack then.”

Francesca and Jami strolled and rolled, respectively, into the small meeting room in the Grail II barn. Robot didn’t get full of Geo’s bean feed at dinner, but his mechanical fuel line was just as deadly. “Rock people, I think I’ve discovered the source of ‘cool’” Cesca laughed. That morning she tried to teach their buddy how to play the keyboards. An old Deep Purple song.

“He was all transistors,” laughed Cesca, holding up her thumbs.

“Transcendence comes to the material world.” Jack spread his piles out on the large round table, a Knight in the 21st Century. Cesca slotted a video tape as Jami waited for instructions. “We really have only one decision to make relative to the order of the last three myths.”

They would run the African story last, leaving the Toltec/Aztec and the North American Indian myths to choose from. Since they had the videoplay segment from the University of Mexico, they decided to seek an ancient battle between the sun, the heavens and the wind, to listen for the first vibrations of music in ancient Toltec/Aztec mythology.

The music that accompanied the soundtrack to “The Creation of Music” would be used along with two or three stills as mythic firestarters for preflight meditation. Jami rehashed the basic thrust of the story.

“The sun god battled the wind and heaven gods for the right to control music. The latter two spirits wished that man could benefit from music and teamed up to wrestle the musicians from the place of the gods – and down to earth.”

They froze some images from the play and stored them in Jami for later printing through the mainframe’s animation System. Stills were the best format to use when focusing or centering a meditational experience. By now Jack’s imagination was running upstream, his sensitivity blushing with expectations. He was readying himself for Journey Two, for a landing with a magnificent culture and “sound baking” with the gods.

###

“Thank you all for your reports on the soundtrack from Journey One. I trust that you realize the importance of this work and understand that the tapes had to be recollected.” Jack would see to them

later, in the pre-production phase of the Citadel Concert. Geo then established a starting day and time for Journey Two: Saturday, twelve o'clock.

###

Baxter was rubbing his terminal screen like the wicked witch of the east in the ancient "Wizard of Oz." It had overheated again. He smelled like Toto. The New York Times photograph from Armistead and derailed his spook hunt and the surveillance went from "Code Blue" to "pending file." His boss threatened to reassign him unless he could prove the crazies were threatening international security. The "white coats in head phones are coming!" He would record the Public Television segment anyway, and run it through the Cray at Army intelligence for truth analysis. He just couldn't stay away.

###

Friday, a short period of R&R for everyone before the next mythic plunge. Geo was on the Truth System with the Spanish lab concerning an inquiry from the Government. Schillart was analyzing energy flow from the Grail II vessel. Jack was diverting his concentration onto his guitar, using Jami as a tuning box. Two very plugged-in dudes. Cesca had a telefax in her hand and a slight smile on her face.

"Hey boys."

"Robots do not have gender," Jami squawked, like an old Pillsbury dough boy from hell.

"Robots don't give press conferences, either, and almost never succumb to verbal torture from rock'n'rollers."

Jack finally looked up from his picking, and unplugged his guitar. "What's the news?"

"I graduated!"

"I've got a great present for you." It began with a hug.

###

Geo was doing her best to deflect the mounting outside pressure from affecting the next Journey, despite careful planning. Power company and State safety groups wanted to inspect the laboratory for "health reasons." The energy needed to contain the Source matter alone would light up the Armistead County Fair for twenty years, and there was no determining when the Grail II process would be safely dismantled. NASA had notified the Nuclear Regulatory Agency about a strange light source in a small barn on the property. She was now working with a couple of lawyers from Harvard who sought protection and continued privacy for the Vision Machine and its scientists. Geo suspected that one of the crew had leaked the halo technology because the U.S. Global Military Force, so named from a massive reorganization in 1996, had called her for a meeting. She needed a new hex.

###

The discussion at Friday night's dinner went from Geo's guarded toasts of everyone, including the family robot, to grave talk of the next two weeks. Time was rapidly constricting the window of exploration at the lab, closing fast with every test, every "on switch." Their many-tiered goals had to be streamlined: finish the four mythic stories so that Jack and Francesca could orchestrate the Citadel Concert on global feed. Plans had to be made for the decommissioning and transportation of the Grail II technology as well, likely headed to South America where a sister vessel awaited. Patent and security issues – all connected to a growing moral placenta – needed to be addressed simultaneously with the quest for archetypal sounds. Heroes were needed.

"Perhaps the lightning juice will reveal a way out, Doc," piped Jami. He always made for unexpected dessert, the frosting of foreshadowing.

###

Jack was rolling, falling, slowly twisting, rolling. Nothing but a purple gray void and distant screams: now black and white.

Cesca shook him again, waking him only with great effort. She was scared.

"Fuck, man." Jack went to the bathroom and splashed water on his sweat. He then descried a very wondrous but unrecognizable place, a palace perhaps – a Greek Pantheon. He was stealing something. Falling forever . . .

"Orpheus, you fought a warm-up round." Cesca settled them both back into bed for some quiet holding. Questions fell out of their hearts like dew drops from a Douglas Fir. "Who had the keys to the Temple? What did the Masons know? Where would Jack land? And: Was the world initiated to the ancient power of myth?"

Dawn in Oregon.

###

3 hr., 26 min., 09 sec. Geo was speaking quietly to two friends from the Media Lab at M.I.T., both interface animation artists and experts in governmental spying and covert interference. Staff trickled into the kitchen for nontraditional grub of raisins, juices, yogurt and shots of wheat grass and muffins "grown" in Eugene.

Schillart had now by-passed the telephone interface, so necessary for Journey One, and was working with Jami and others in a last round of tests. This now gave them total internal security, eliminating outside tapping and measurements. They had their own generator.

Jack put in an old Bruce Cockburn tape, "Dancing in the Lion's Jaw." He loved to sabotage Geo's Morning Concert mindfuck. "D.J. God from Heaven!" 2 hr., 21 min., 03 sec.

###

“Are you fixing the images from the video play, Jack?” Final centering next to Dreaming River was a new electro-mythic-zen tradition for the explorers.

“Yes.” Jack was confident and proud, ready to step into another space, another song. They practiced the breathing regimen together: “One, two, Five, six, . . . “Right.”

1 hr., 06 min., 34 sec. On with the sun!

###

They passed-by a small collection of reporters and who-knows-whats at the front gate where Jami was baited, babble-ready. No questions filtered into Jack, his mental preparation a blissful barricade. Metal mouth would be on the cartoonish “Word Today Newspaper” tomorrow, explaining lots’o nothing in his programmed “circuit logic.” Geo met them at the door.

“Ready?” She looked tense but not overly disturbed. She had given up pot recently and forbid any illegal drugs on the property. Her coffee mug steamed from a deep green, as big as those caldrons that the Hollywood jungle natives used to boil their hapless prey in the back lots of racist Los Angeles.

The pre-Journey meeting with the principles was brief. Cam crews captured only the faintest smiles from around the table. 27 min., 45 sec. to Journey Two. Jack sat down and waited, visualizing the Toltec target.

###

The soundtrack from the videoplay began and everyone took their places. Jack rubbed his temples and slipped the halo onto his skull. It was starting to wear in.

Geo: “Lights down to three.

Schillart: “Pre-flight level for Source X, thanks mate.”

Cesca: “Raise your head; shoulders back, Jack. Breathe.”

After one last look at the stills, Jack closed his eyes. Cesca removed them from his lap and took her place at the frontal viewing station. All the video crews were “on.” Journey Two had begun. High noon.

Jack motion for the juice after 01 min., 04 sec. Fulltime flow from Geo and Vega soon brought an image into Jack, a place on the edge of the jungle, an outcropping or clearing, high over the rain forest below.

The natural sounds were astounding! It was like hearing jungle noises for the first time, and they seemed surreal, like a Mick Hart tape, a soundtrack within a dreamland video. Water was rushing, first in his ear, then right through his entire body. Pumping, pulsing, rushing, gulping, roaring.

Then he knew the feeling was his guide, dropping into him as a local waterfall flows into a tributary, creating a powerful union. Sounds arched across his being like a rainbow.

He walked and walked along a ridge, the sun bright, omnipresent. The wind howled, cooling him presently. He/they stopped and sat and listened to the wind low its magic. Clouds came by for a rye smile and a circus of constant reshaping.

Is this a mythic geography lesson? The land, the sun, the wind, the spirit above – within? Ancient forces, cosmic symbols.

Sundown brought a slow look around. The battle between the sun and the wind had died down. A bone, hollowed and engraved with a moon and stick figure, appeared at his side.

He felt the guide pick up the instrument and hold it before Jack's lips. The sky sparkled with the stars of heaven, and Jack sensed a power stronger than he or his guide, and he blew through the small object, realizing that he was now the wind of the gods, a sound pipe in the great environmental mandala of the Toltec awakening.

His song was slow, prodding. Did it make any sense to his lab buddies? As the moon rose over his head, his guide left him on the ridgetop and Jack's solo, in what was to be deep southern Mexico, came drifting into Francesca's eyes.

It took Jack a while to regain the present. Francesca led him upstairs to a quiet space, away from the post-Journey mayhem. This time, the video was sharper, the sounds brighter. Geo was playing back the soundtrack downstairs as she monitored the containment of the Grail source. Jack didn't play wind instruments, but his ancestors just gave him a wonderful first lesson.

"Did you see how the mythic plane came to earth, honey? Natural forces were feared and elevated as the unexplainable became holy and connected to the spirit. With his own body: bone to wind, wind to sun. Early on, his world was an altar. Sounds were the breath of the gods themselves."

"And the moon, heaven's metrodome," laughed Cesca.

Jack fell asleep, exhausted from his solo gig on the Truth System. He didn't hear Geo's announcement over the PA concerning Journey Three – two days and counting.

###

Geo thought the song from Journey Two was haunting; Vega was equally impressed. Francesca was busy composing and orchestrating a larger piece for the Concert. And Jack was soaking up the mythic medium surrounding Journey Three. They decided to explore the story from the Cheyenne culture, the four harmonies discovered on an initiation walk by a young warrior seeking four doors of self-knowledge.

Jack pushed Jami's button:

"In Hyemeyohsts Storm's "Seven Arrows," one story caught our attention. It involves a shaman and a young boy who took four sacred objects on a journey to find and bring his people back together again. Four animals guide him, each a symbol of the Indian's life stage model – each one a compass point and color. Four times the boy exchanges a gift for guidance and is taught four harmonies or songs. It is these mystical notes that Jack and Francesca seek."

The robot patched a series of visual references from the American Museum of Natural History into the Truth System and onto the overhead monitor. Twelve colorful Indian shields appeared one by one, depicting scenes and symbols, both mythic and contemporary, in the lives of the Cheyenne people – mandala's originally specific to the journey of the warrior to which it belonged, similar to the paintings that depicted the Dreamings in the aboriginal mythology – everyday manifestations of a mythic responsibility.

“The buffalo is white, the eagle is yellow, the mouse is green, and bear is black. All are archetypes of the north, east, south and west, and help to teach the people tales of wisdom, illumination, innocence, and introspection, respectively. Each was a starting point on their Medicine Wheel, and all must be experienced before balance and maturity was possible.”

Jami whirled and whined ‘em:

“The harmonies were a part of an exchange or sacrifice for further knowledge. This is a common theme in the journey of the hero.”

“This music isn’t described by the author, but we have lots of contemporary examples on tape. Harmonies from a land-animal spirituality. Far-out, Jam Man,” sounded Jack.

Four days, four directions, four songs,” Geo thought aloud.

“Who knows what we’ll receive from the goddess?” said Francesca. Perhaps the meditation music should key on the sound environment of each animal spirit, in conjunction with a hybrid shield we are creating right now?”

One of the animators from M.I.T. punched and painted a remarkable image of the four animals in a compass-wheel pattern, each section a color, warming as it spun with its archetypal messages. They decided that a CD already familiar to Jack and the Journey at hand would accompany the System shield as launch music. Drumming and song prayers from a musician named Light Feather, a Cheyenne artist from South Dakota. Jack and Jami then engineered a tape and the meeting closed with an opening. 34 hrs., 23 min., 03 sec.

###

Jack walked slowly along his path, his Dreaming River sleeping lazily at this left. The sounds of the Indian composer drifted in and out of his head easily and he wondered if he could find the Guide without the Grail matter. A trout jumped and he sat down at once to capture its motion, arching with it as a “physics puddle memory” waved into a good meal just ahead. A blur. Just yesterday it seemed, his life was three cords and acne cream. Geo had brought him more than he had bargained for, she was a guide, indeed. He sought out a quiet point in himself and began to stretch deep with each breath. Lions, tigers, and bears . . .

###

Worldwide attention was now riveted on the ozone layer and the testing at Antarctica, now under the combined leadership of the United Nations Center for World Atmospheric Testing and the Global Task

Force for Alternative Living. The hole in the delicate security layer, seemingly unstoppable, was burned-in by decades of fossil fuel combustion, causing cancer rates and world temperatures to rise uncontrolled. Rain forests were frying while deserts were blooming in a world with too many citizens at the brink of death.

Geo pointed out that the lab was using some coal-fired electricity from the Midwestern Grid Exchange, an irony not missed by anyone at the project or the press. 23 hrs., 47 min., 18 sec.

###

While the PBS camera person mulled over the rushes from the first two Journeys, Cesca brainstormed the endless details surrounding the Citadel Concert.

He poked the silence: "You must interest a producer and then go see the Board in New York with a solid script and art."

"Yes, of course. What about the Japanese woman who organized the Rainbow Concert in Burma last year?"

"Great idea, Deborah Chen-Martin. She lives in San Francisco now."

"Do you have a 'Crazy Horse'?"

That dates this guy, thought Cesca.

Many players to enlist. The challenge was putting the Journeys together with a rock opera expression. The mythical segue machine has got to turn on to a familiar face.

"You must balance the technical with the other, yes?"

"Right. The back corn field, with the old oaks, would be a terrific stage. Our ancestors obviously didn't worship at Paramount Studios!"

18 hrs., 00 min., 05 sec.

###

The Smithsonian's Institute of Interactive Technology was in the fax pile, wanting to send a representative to collect impressions. She could be there tomorrow. Geo thought funding and political support; Jack saw audience and credibility. Nobody thought C.I.A.

###

Francesca color-copied the final version of the "four harmony mandela" for general distribution, and made a couple of tee shirt transfers for the "mythonauts." Some of the crew were celebrating another birthday anniversary of Ben Franklin.

###

“What’s the roux, Geo?” asked Dr. Lambornii -- via teleconference technology with Ramone in Peru.

“We are pushing the local electrical grid to the max now and we don’t know how long the Truth System will co-function with the Grail II process. Between governmental encroachment and a ballooning press corps, time is at a premium. The kids want their data for the concert of course, but overall security and research direction needs to be re-evaluated as soon as we finish the remaining two Journeys.

“Any emotional changes in Jack, Doc?”

“He has never been more alive, vibrating, involved. He and Francesca are traveling brilliantly together, charting a strong course with no maps and little data. No more cowboys and Indians here!”

###

The shield image bounced back and forth between Jack’s tee shirt and the identical picture in his hands – “infinity without mirrors.” It was split into the cardinal points and Jack was meditating by interconnecting the colors and the Cheyenne meanings from the story. What sounds were possible in this spiritual ratio? Piano keys, waterfalls, sparrows, cellos?

He was still a “half lotus kind of guy” and needed the old oak for stable positioning. Then he switched from the visual cue of the shield to the tape lop of Light Feather. Fine tuning began . . .

Soundtrack dusk, in the Oregon west. The moon chased the sun to the sea.

14 hr., 18 min., 59 sec.

###

Geo locked the door to the remote control lab overlooking the mainframe stage below. She punched into “robotics,” summoning Jami for a consultation. “Spock” was pulsed, instantly scurrying her way. Geo had to stir the beans.

“Run a check on the entire Smithsonian staff and verify status of one Rose Lopez, the one heading our way.”

Jami lit up and buzzed through micro mania, gorging on the “D.C. comics.”

“National security clearance, check. Press liaison – two and a quarter years. Do you require vitae, Doctor?”

“No. What is the probability of trouble, gear box, from C.I.A., or others?”

Jami’s processors pounded the digital stat tables in .03 seconds: “50.95% chance of ‘spook city.’”

“Damn stand-up metal mouth!” Geo shrugged. Growled. “Let’s make sure this woman gets into the Times. Call a press conference for her arrival and make sure the lab palm reader is 100%.”

“Thumbs up, Sir!”

13 hrs., 06 min., 29 sec.

###

Feeding the crew now tested the limits of human and non-human alike. The lab bought out the lentil stores at the coop and the winter garden was barren, a crew cut. Geo injected garlic into everything, announcing that even “oatmeal needed a kick in the C.I.A.” As Journey Three ticked into pre-dawn consciousness, Jack and Cesca made love in the hay loft. Tasting lightning before the storm.

4 hrs., 02 min., 40 sec.

###

Rose Lopez was reminded of her childhood during her cab ride to the lab. The lush green poetry -- still motion of the Willamette Valley had a certain vibration, or echo, and a “visual smell” similar to her native El Salvador. As instructed, she stopped the cabby by the old bridge, just a mile from the Lab, and read her “orders.” This was C.I.A.! She had never felt so compromised in her life. She could handle the minority quota sing of racist Washington. She had prepped for the long odds in white America. Now they expected her to cover their asses as a “covert spy.” Hit the new animation gig in Armistead with casual academic deference; bite the lab softly, and come back the “black hero,” secrets under tongue. Smithsonian schmoozery.

>we suspect a ground-breaking technology<

>military applications<

>hardware animation links<

>electrical engineering< >highest priority<

This letter would self-destruct after three heavy sighs.

###

Geo met Lopez at the Gate and the show exploded as planned: blah, blah, blah. Jami rapped a few historical “we landed’s” and Lopez minted a few choice Museum notes. Jack rocked up on cue and gingerly answered questions about the Citadel Concert: producers, record deals, new strings . . . They left the circus with the big top in their hearts and glanced sideways at their new guest. Lopez was in love with the cast, curtain up, and could never play the spoiler. He palm was clean.

Lopez entered the lab, now minutes to Journey Three. A technician sat her at Cesca's control space and explained the comic in four panels. Jack, helmet-interface; Geo's control booth; Francesca's lifeguard station; and the plethora of audio and video recording system. This was no Kansas, Dorothy.

###

Jack and Cesca joined Jami in the Grail II barn, chewing bagels, charging electrons.

"The relationships between spatial orientation, sound sourcing, and color is boiling my brain," crowed Jack.

"Your guide will bring you the understanding you will need. Trust is a big part of experimentation, lover."

Jami agreed with her: "The meditation reflects the dawn, the introspective, the black. Our path today mirrors the ancient time of the beginning – to see the basic patterns of life, as early man rose from the fire and sought answers, or myths, in the stars and planets."

"We are animals first, thus instinct carries more credibility than anthropocentric analysis." Master Jami.

1 hr., 26 min., 05 sec.

###

The morning concert was replaced by an old Talking Heads DAT that Geo had found under the microwave. Circuits, by Schillart's all-night dial watch, were 100%.

The kids' interpretation of the Indian's mythic wheel of life loomed on every lab monitor, creating a weird "Big Brother TV storefront barrage." Lopez was Walkmanned into the Journey Two soundtrack, close-eyed in a corner of the kitchen. Jack was slowly breathing: in, out; in, out . . .

The halo was humming. It was time for another sonic progression.

Jack sat down, and Cesca noted his temperature and heartbeat in the hand-held electro log. "Speaking in Tongues" swirled into Light Feather's aural magic, a circling, bumping, thudding of drums, toots and yawls. Mini cam teams silently invaded the meditation like worker bees to the queen – power cords swatching and rollin' from the Truth System's mega-modified stacks. Jack jested for the lights: 03, 02, 01, 000000 sec.

###

He felt the first trickle of Grail matter almost instantly, slowly, at this point in his mythic drilling. Geo pushed the dial upward, matching beats with Jack's steady heart.

The buffalo appeared in a burst of light – now tall grasses – an orange sun burning in his heart. His guide was there but not yet focused in any one space. Cesca's coaching faded into the past, his body a rod for a flying spirit.

Geo triple-checked the master meters and printouts, then whispered to Schillart to send Jami over to Jack's side as a guard dog.

No video yet, but slowly a beating boomed into the room. To Jack, the sound was an animalistic message of organic rhythm, breaking down the wall between man and nature. Archetypical soil-making. Doors falling.

Then his guide communicated to him, without words, that the four harmonies were in four parts, beginning with the running, drumming hooves of the sacred plains buffalo. The ladder back into the human tide began in a dream-state metaphor of running on the earth, the sound of trapped thunder.

The video screens buzzed, fuzzed, and squirted full-bore, alive with Jack's deep Journey. The buffalo, in slow motion was carving a "twister path" through very tall prairie grass. The beat. The beating continued at full force. Jack was running inside of the animal, within the spirit, around and around its heart. "Boom, bank. Boom, bank. Pump, pump, pump, pump, pump. Drum, pump, drum . . ."

The picture went white-out, then solid black to the south. A tree-lined stream came into focus. Water bubbled softly, and Jack was sitting close-by, feet bobbing in the cool flow. Sweat slowly stopped trickling and he began to breathe. His guide re-entered his spirit and a great bird slowly descended in the tree overhead.

He felt the hawk's throat call to him below, murmuring a soft hypnotic song of simply notes. The screens above the lab depicted an aerial view of the treetops: hawk, foliage, Jack, water.

The animal's call was harmonious enough to Jack, but the sensation of being there within the natural theatre, listening with his guide, put "a place on the wind." Then a fish jumped. The hawk swooped, and video went black within a splash!

The force lifted him out of the river orchestra to the edge of the nearby trees, to the border between ecosystems, where a mouse was gathering seeds. A snake waited in the grass for his friend to come closer. A harmony lesson; a soundtrack.

Over Jack's dreaming head the picture focused on the tongue of the snake, and the soundtrack resembled a whistling up and down a simple scale. Snake mouse dance, cracklin' seed percussion, flicking baton, big production! Geo and her mystical band of techno-wizards watched, stunned. Marlin Perkins never had this gig!

Jack jumped just as the monitors went black. He floated through a light grayness, into a glowing red.

Cesca found nothing wrong with his vital signs.

He now sat on a large rock outcropping, high over the prairie below. Presently, two wolf cubs appeared and came close.

The monitor revealed his transformation into a coyote. The kits began their cries: "Yip, yip, yelp, yip, oooo." Jack joined them, all three spirits howling into a fire orange-red sunset – a grateful dead

crooning, a song of praise to another day of hunting – and life with mother. The mammals sang and the lab recorded. Journey Three came to a soulful end.

###

Jack's eyes bubbled into focus. All systems were back to zero. Up periscope!

"The animals talked to me," shouted Jack! "Not in human ways, but in vibrations, frequencies I understood through my guide. Wondrous stories I'm sure our video didn't capture."

Jami nuzzled his metal heart against the Truth System console, ready with a pre-programmed question from the Big Op. "Did you leave your body, or astral project, when you listened to the hawk?"

"No. My guide and I went together as one. We no more separated as relocated to another view. I was made more aware of the multi-dimensional insights that humans have eliminated as linear, material-loving blobs."

Geo was satisfied, for the time being, and sent the lightning back to the Grail II barn for safe keeping. Tea time for time travelers.

###

While the crews scurried with more data, Jack and Cesca opted for the hammock behind the screen porch – a sunburst weave from the Yucatan. Dinner, more beans and rice, could definitely wait. Jack was dreaming in seconds, falling through warm colors, his eyes open on the inside. Cesca held on.

Schillart was in shock, amazed that no net loss of cosmic source had occurred to date – no heat, no entropy to measure. What was Jack experiencing neurologically while the Grail substance interacted with his brain and body? Questions for the Truth System's Bio-Analytical Program.

"Answers from above," he mused.

###

Cesca peeped over the stacks of video monitors, watching as their PBS artist prepared a sample, or rush, of Journey Three images. All he could say was "incredible."

###

"Should we release any tape?" Meeting time again. Jack's question was first on the table.

"No rock star, too dangerous," called Geo, who was stirring tea and reading still more analysis from the Grail II process. "This isn't the Bugs Bunny Road Runner Hour." Everyone laughed.

"Rose, your impressions?" Center stage at last.

"The C.I.A. wanted me to spy on you."

“What?” shouted Cesca. She put her arm around her, slowing down the beat a bit.

“I will not cooperate. They are evil. But I must report back something – I don’t wish to jeopardize my ability to help out here.” Smiles then replaced concerns on the staff’s faces.

Geo: “A second attempt on the Truth System! I’ve counter-bugged, walled, and hexed those mother fuckers. And we should expect more dirty tricks.” The bunch discussed a viable story that Rose could use and considered her candidacy as a team player.

Geo then pushed the “espionage” aside for planning Journey Four. Needs for the Citadel Concert, plans to move the Grail II machinery and Lab to Peru, strategies for the press and governments. The chatter meshed together into the waning hours of the morning like an oatmeal sandwich.

30 hrs., 12 min., 05 sec.

###

The last myth came from ancient northern Africa. A magic and moral battle for the heart of the Hero.

Cesca had located a video tape from the Truth System database from a National Geographic research mission concerning ancient Nile River Cultures. A wrinkled story teller, apparently descended from the Fasa Tribe, recalled the tale of the lute, and the blood. His voice curled, shook a bit. Hypnotic stuff.

“Hooh! Diera! Asada! Ganna! Sila! Hoooh! Fasa.” Names for the God called Wagadu, who was present only in conflict, like war time. It is this seven word string that Jack changed as a built a spiritual ladder to Journey Four. Now they sought the call of the lute which sang a song of sorrow and death after the warrior sacrificed son after son for his own glory and fame.

26 hr., 16 min., 59 sec.

###

By now Jack was a heavy breather, a regular 21st Century yoga sutra. In, out; in out; up, down the spine. Filling a brain clogged with toxics, tv and school books long since burned. When asked to choose between creative meditation and the Grail II juice, he wouldn’t let go of either. For now, the syzygy, the new alchemy, was almost better than sex.

The last journey was set in war consciousness – a very different context for the group. He imagined another last stand, bodies concaving, blood gushing. Prehistoric heavy metal blasting down the sky. Imagine.

He chanted and breathed. He would become a white knight.

24 hrs., 05 min., 16 sec.

###

Someone had put a cardboard sword into Jami's pincher arm and added an eye patch where only electronic sensors worked. Captain Fasa, on guard!

"Jami, here again the Cardinal or compass points out part of the mythic story line. What significance do these plays in all of mythology?" Rose questioned.

Jami lectured: "The four points, or the quaternary, still assist planners and map readers alike, in terms of defining community space or planetary orientations, and symbolize time of day or season – and animals in mythic or alchemic writings.

The east's animal is the blue dragon; the south's, red bird; west's, white tiger; north's, black tortoise. Or this version:

As each day metamorphasizes with the sun, animals change. With the morning, the symbolic cardinal point is the lion; midday and the south is the eagle; evening and the west, the peacock; and night or north, is the ox.

The number four translates into the four points of the compass and the four points of the square."

"Four stories," said Jack.

16 hr., 20 min., 07 sec.

###

Cesca was in the Eugene Food Coop, looking for artichokes and nutmeg. The crew was now about 27 strong and Geo insisted on feeding the reporters leftovers, when available. Geo the alchemist, Geo the Mom. With the safety of the Grail II process in question, the next lab meeting was destined to be frantic. Yogurt, whole wheat flour, egg substitute. Cookin'!

13 hrs., 54 min., 09 sec.

###

It was late when everyone came together, the moon shining off of Jami as he followed Schillart into the lab. Cesca had spent that afternoon editing the video tapes and writing accompaniment music for the Citadel Concert on Geo's baby grand. She had called her friends in Seattle, a rootsy rock band called Tonto's Cress, and they agreed to play the gig with Jack and Francesca. She sent them cassettes from their "archetypical juke box."

"We have administrated a coup de art!" Geo called out, smirking. "Ms. Lopez has aided us greatly in linking a major sponsor with the M.I.T. Media Lab and the PBS people. The Smithsonian will underwrite the Citadel Concert and Rose will serve as Executive Producer."

"Fuck the C.I.A. now," laughed Jack. "What's the countdown to Journey Four, Cesca?"

"14 hrs., 06 min., 17 sec."

###

“How does the meditation feel this time Jack? This is the least documented and most complex myth of the four,” Geo called out. Jack was working the chant, meditating on the interconnectedness of the base ideas: the directions, the war energy, the negative behaviors which boil Wagadu to the surface four times running.

“I’m fighting for the people this time!” This is the punk kid who only studied the Vietnam War, and then only to pass a test.

“Will you autograph by CD?” chided Schillart. He knew that Jack and Francesca had a deal with Greenpeace Records for a book/recording and video.

“For the money, then!” laughed Jack. Cesca let loose some uncommon feistiness, but it was Geo who laughed first.

“Just keep on your paths.”

7 hrs., 38 min., 41 sec.

###

Everyone was pushing hard on every part of the Truth System now. Geo decided to wait on the Grail II move until after the lute played deep within Jack’s consciousness and into the global feed. The guide force hummed while the “soundronauts” and crew slept. The hero’s journey began at dawn. 7 hrs., 04 min., 33 sec.

###

The rain had stopped, the oatmeal gurgled on the stove. The Grail II was heating up. Everything was ready for Journey Four. Jack sat down and peered over the console at Cesca, eager and calm – “yinyanged” – as usual. Then he spaced over at Geo, her communication headset on and eyes fixed on the dials. The overhead monitors displayed the standard test pattern and the remote cam crews seemed set. Jami was at his right side, holding the halo.

“This is the final tune, rockster, be cool with the Juice.”

“Halo on, . . . let’s go.”

He began his familiar metaphysical breathing pattern: 1, 2, 3, 4. This time they used a tape of Jack chanting the versions of Wagadu’s coming. Hooh! Dierra! Agada! Ganna! Sila! Hooh! Fasa!

He lost the lab, his memory charged with the sandy plain of the Nile River. He signaled for the Grail II matter and suddenly the video went into a frenzy, then cleared: a vast sand dune, a sea with purple sky; exotic trees.

Jack was now inside his guide, boy in man, ancient warriors, a lute in their hand. He faced a great shining star overhead, then turned around slowly in a full circle, ending back at north face.

A vision appeared, hovering in front of him like a TV mirage, hanging in space. A young warrior, handsomely dressed and obviously rich, was admiring his image in a stream. Downstream, poor slave children played in front of their aged mother. The warrior did not see them. Then Jack heard the chant of Wagadu: "Hooh! Dierra!" Was it the woman who was calling him?

The sky turned red and then the guide closed his eyes and played some notes on the lute – sad, lush, yet powerful – simple notes, singing cries of injustice and vanity.

Geo scanned the video. Jack's experience, on the video screen, was from the "inside." The lab saw what Jack's cosmic camera saw.

They acknowledged the east. The sky turned black. No stars appeared. The guide and boy again revolved 360 degrees and faced the east for a second micro less: a politician appeared and then a crowd came. He was promising protection from their enemies in exchange for a small percentage of their crops and livestock.

The force made it clear to Jack that this man was a charlatan who was playing between both tribes – a capricious profit maker.

Again, they played the lute and Jack felt a pain that shook him deeply. He cried.

"Hooh! Agada! Hooh!"

Then they rested. In a soft, timeless, desert place. A quiet white screen to the folks in Oregon. Then the power surged a third time and the sky slipped into a bizarre green phosphorescence. The duo turned slowly around, this time chanting Wagadu's return: "Hooh! Ganna! Ganna! Hooh!" Jack's hands were bloody.

A third apparition appeared on the Lab's monitors, a scene where a woman was exchanging her fish catch for a large amount of cloth in a village market. She was stealing from her own villagers. She left with an evil laugh.

The lute started to sing, melancholy and low, then all was black.

Turning step by step on a single point on the desert floor, they ended their ritual rotation facing the west. Under a yellow sky, a battle was being waged. Warrior and his son, many dead, many more to come. His guide did not transmit the reason for the fighting, but to Jack it seemed boastful, wasteful.

Callers on the sideline changed: "Hooh! Sila! Hooh! Sila! Fasa!"

Suddenly the young son was killed and the "Battle" abruptly ended.

Jack "stepped out" of his guide and felt the sky return to night as he knew it. They faced each other and Jack played the lute a final time.

The video depicted a fast time lapse run of the heavens. The sky from dusk to dawn in three minutes plus. The Milky Way Theatre! Jack strummed a spirit in pain, a song of selfishness, war waste, and dying sons.

Strange strings slipping away, void. He was coming back – and diving up – away, as his subterranean holy book closed.

Tones from the fall.

###

Jack was exhausted. This Journey was hardest on his physiology. The most intense spirituality. Colors, lights, songs, fights.

“Can we playback the tape please?” Cesca stroked his forehead softly as the TV. lights cooled down to a faint glow.

“Rest first, rock star.” Geo was too busy to argue. Buzz me after you get some fresh air.

###

At the Journey Four meeting, transitions were discussed over peanut butter and sprouts.

“You’ve got your myths and songs, kids. The concert, then. Geo was proud and distracted with her own flag waving.

“What will happen to Schillart’s Grail II stuff?” asked Jack. He was concerned with security for the truck convoy to Peru.

“We will decoy the damn thing and send it by water! Then it’s 50-50 we get stopped and hassled.”

“Cool idea, Geo.”

Schillart clarified. The presently stored electromagnetic source will be drained and eliminated from the vessel before they ship out. The Grail will travel without its matter.

“I’ll put a neat hex on both shipments,” exclaimed Geo, a little too freakily. She was to travel down with one of them. “Rose will remain here to do the Concern and sign contracts for the lab.”

“The script is under way.” Jack looked at Cesca, hopeful.

“The band arrives this weekend.”

“Do we need more tamari sauce?” asked Jami.

“The Citadel Band, rock monster?” Geo chuckled, the jargon of the whole experiment now too much – too silly.

“Right, Doc. Where does Jami go?” Nervous eyes.

“Ask him!”

“Well robot head?” Vin, it’s Armistead. Yang, it’s piggyback to Peru.

“Let’s rock, kids!”

###

Springtime in Oregon. The green-green-green of the Willamette Valley, the fleeting, intense sunshine. Skunk cabbage popping in the swamps! Wild flowers! Everywhere segues of smell, color, and sound!

Cesca was reviewing the Journey Four rushes, while Geo and Schillart supervised the dismantling of the small barn and its cooling contents. Busy beavers jammin’ at the speed of light.

Jack was up to his thighs in long grasses long neglected; in the back field, he was roping out the space for the elevated stage. Video screen? Electrical supply? Rain, speakers, monitors, players, timing? He drew a sketch.

[INSERT MAP HERE]

Lopez had set up a teleconference for Sunday afternoon with M.I.T., the Smithsonian, and PBS. Because the gig was to be a special live world premiere event, many “voice shakes” were needed, details listed and knocked off. MTV signed on to help advertise the show and was waiting for promotional materials. Jack trudged back to the lab through the bugs and wild spring wheat, looking for Jami, estimating lumber as he danced.

###

Baxter read the report from Lopez and wondered what was up with the mad scientist’s club in Armistead. A C.I.A. report had just detected a sharp reduction in energy use through satellite surveillance. “Like turning off a lamp,” it noted.

He also noted the large trucks and equipment scattered about the yards.

It appeared that some construction, or . . . removal?

“What the fuck?” He gathered the material and headed for the special map interpretation unit down the hall. “Is this enough to reopen the case, hit the chief again?” he wondered.

He could lose his job – or his mind.

###

The band from Seattle had arrived and a screening was set up for after dinner. Together the minstrels would build the stage, the tunes, and the next break in the evolution of sound.

Geo was on the Truth System to Ramone, exchanging computer-encoded messages over the internal modem. Their machine was “coming off the mountain,” for security reasons, and Armistead equipment and database were to be combined in the Lima lab. She barely had Jack invite her to dinner. “In a minute, man.”

###

With Hugo, Lucey, Clyde and Laura, Jack and Cesca ate with trusty Jami close-by, enjoying his techno banter, an electronic brain as large as the System itself. The Citadel Concert Warm-up Dinner!

“The Media Lab has sent us a huge hologram of the globe – about 7 by 12 feet,” exclaimed Jack! He smiled at Hugo, the drummer. The screen would be placed directly behind him, thus framing the “rear wall” of the outdoor stage.

Cesca: “While we watch the Journeys tonight, keep notes as to various combinations, segues, orchestrations, instrumentations, tempos, what have you; we need to incorporate the earth sounds and cycles and build a score toward a higher consciousness. This is for our global friends. We must speak a magic hybrid song.”

Jami: “Pink Floyd in a Yellow Submarine spaceship.” The robot comic was on a “heavy roll” again.

Jack: “Let the mythic power form your immediate ideas. This is a meditation! We’ll have a written journal that Jack is finishing for everyone, tomorrow morning sometime, just as soon as the Truth System kicks out a final edit.”

“Take some time to settle Schillart’s meatless mush. Hey! Let’s cruise to the staging site!”

###

While Jack and Laura mowed the lawn, Clyde and Cesca looked for rabbit nests. They carefully moved two, gloves on, as Jami rolled around the perimeter taking measurements for the Citadel stage. Rose Lopez noted that the Grail II barn was now in pieces and could be reused for their platform. Recycle momma!

Back at the lab, Geo was handing out legal pads and slipped a disk into Jami’s shoulder disk port. Jack winced. He was always the object of that “split personality robozoid.”

###

“Okay, okay, Baxter. Very well. Notify our undercover people in Lima and Sydney, but keep them back! If Georgette Klein and crew are relocating, let them!”

The Chief likely believed him “off the wall.” Baxter had no evidence of any military applications. The whole world read the research paper from the Smithsonian New Bureau about the Truth System -- just another “high ed-tech Disneyland Cooltank . . .” He decided to take a leave of absence on the way home that night. His C.I.A. tattoo was wearing thin.

###

Tea and oatmeal cookies awaited the sound explorers in the library, now a small mandala of chairs, focused by a 42-inch color television monitor. Each artist was consciously and subconsciously keyed into his/her instrument for the showing. The Australian, Toltec, Cheyenne and African myths presented an awed audience with both magical landscapes and sounds. Symbolic and sonic archetypes had to wait for future analysis and documentation; modern instruments were now to be fused with the prehistoric on video. "Way, way out b.c. on M tv!"

Final script writing and editing began in earnest after breakfast.

###

Nobody slept too much that night. The kids jammed the moon slide, comparing notes and staging ideas under the stars with the smell of freshly mowed grass in their hearts. Music is reborn! Jami taped the informal concert as programmed – history needed his ears (and hers.)

###

The field session from Jami's late-night remote played in the Truth System as Geo dubbed the gig for the sponsors and fathers and co-workers far afield. The kids were wild! Now they had a sound bite to chew on, a critical reference to serve as foundation for the Citadel Concert. Jack punched up a presentation template and created a large graphic through the Educational Arts Program that had columns for descriptions and characteristics of each Grail-powered voyage, and rows for each Journey. Sound types, mood, video, story line, etc. All possible elements were all factored into each musician's vision for the final script for the Concert.

###

By supper, they had a rough musical outline and animation script for the gig incorporating the Journey's sounds and instrumentations, vocals, live visuals, lighting and portable cam shots. Jack suggested that the band compose and rehearse in the evening, when it was coolest; construct the stage and electrical interface during the mornings; and take personal time in the afternoon for solo work in the make-shirt lab/studio and Truth System. They promised Rose a time-coded script by the weekend and asked Jami to construct his "logical version of the Concert," using the same mythic elements from their outlines.

The raised platform was like an altar, with barn wood support from the lumber mills – tinged with "Grail II dust." The kids pulled and reused the "ancient" square nails from the homesteaders. The platform was four feet high, with pole extensions for a rain tarp if needed. "Rock'n'roll manger." They prayed for a clear moon to go with the "lightening." Three successive working meditations each day.

###

Geo split up the Grail II hardware after cataloging everything with Jami for later assembly. A fisherman pulled away from his chowder and beer in Boos Bay, happily signing on to transport one "fat catch" to Peru. He was fishing! The other "set," really part decoy anyway, was loaded into an old refrigerator truck

that Geo had rebuilt and painted black. Both crews had Smithsonian papers, but only one would have Geo. She wasn't talking "ticket to ride."

###

Jack put down the phone, restacking the photographs and graphics that the Band had edited for the record company. Greenpeace offered to transmit some whale songs to them for the Citadel Concert mix, but Jack said no thanks. The material was all set. His log was ready and included selected photographs of the halo technology and laboratory areas, plus the magical field session. All went straight to San Francisco for pre-production and marketing. Lopez met with Geo surrounding final decisions right after fried tofu, soaked with hot sauce and tamari, and "wacky coleslaw." Then a press conference. Then practice.

###

Jack punched the planning chart through the copier, substituting special heat sensitive paper that could place an ironed-on image on a tee shirt. The "menu" was already in his heart. He made solar glow yellow Citadel Concert shirts for everyone and slipped one into the package for Greenpeace. And he made a huge "maternity smock" for the robo love machine from Armistead.

[INSERT LINE DRAWING OF JAMI HERE]

###

Three dates emerged from the planning meeting. Everyone leaped at the calendar at once: in three days, a fully moon would rise over their theme park. Rose approved the kids' three and a half minute video montage of sights and images for the M tv spot, which was sent on the next red eye to New York. And a thirty second blurb was thrown to the press at the gate. Video tape was flyin' like raw meat!

Citadel Concert: 76 hrs., 00 min., 00 sec.

###

The day before, Geo sipped her tea and marveled at the monitor in her cluttered alchemy lab. The band all had their bright yellow tee shirts on, bounding around, drumming, chanting up a storm.

The 35-foot power snake went slithering into the lab to mate with the Truth System and the satellite interface. They would rehearse the ritual before they broadcasted it to the world.

52 hrs., 16 min., 37 sec.

###

Jami veered into the picture to get programmed from Cesca.

"It must be Movement III," Geo guessed aloud as Lopez entered the room.

“The buffalo stomp.”

“Neil Young gets the Goddess!”

For all of the electronic equipment and instrumentations available to the kids, they primarily found the rock sounds of the late 60s, 70s and 80s to their liking. The music wheel of rock kept rollin’ round.

30 hr., 29 min., and 41 sec.

###

The press corps wanted passes. But spectators except crew and staff would be allowed into the back yard. The exposure that M tv had fostered overnight had an amazing effect: an odd assortment of hippies, students, artists and “long-time” chums were camping at the gate.

Was the hex on Geo?? A final press conference was called, set for the Armistead Public Library. It was electronic and interactive – a production of the local PBS news service. It began at 5:00 pm and ended at 6:00. The band smirked through the video cameras and their tangential answers, reminding everyone that the gig was live in 24 hr., 06 min., 48.

###

Geo put the oats on to boil; she hadn’t slept again. The Citadel that everyone worked so hard to imagine and animate was about to bear a “syzghitic vibration,” new alchemical fruit. The Concert, now a mere twelve-plus hours out, was like a child she had never planned to have, a techno-mythic mass of power cords and para-consciousness. Revealed with the aid of the gods themselves? Or so went the “show and tell” to come. How and what the gig would affect could not be crystal-balled. Her thoughts, initialed out in the back field, were hypnotized by the huge hologram backdrop behind the drum kit. She could feel the beat. She was a believer.

###

Cesca and Jack slipped out with their bicycles after a breakfast meeting with the entire group, heading for the Armistead-Pacific Bus line Depot and a package of last-minute supplies from a Portland music store. Extra strings, DAT and video tapes, and drum heads were sent as promised. The sound check was set for 2 pm, after “the last lunch,” a little black joke by Jami. The weather computer on Channel 10 said: “Clear. Full moon tonight.”

8 hr., 16 min., 21 sec.

###

By 1:30 pm, most of the reporters and fans had left the gate scene, likely headed for a tv set and the 8:00 pm show time. PBS had run an ad most unlike MTV’s – a long, slow pan that went from the stage and hologram to the barn and Dreaming River, ending on a close-up of Jack and Cesca, seemingly asleep under the old oak. The soundtrack included out-takes from the Journeys. They would win a major award for this spot. And PBS would set an all-time viewing audience record that eve as well. The Citadel

Concert would be the single-most watched live special since the global hook-up went online. Since the war in the Middle East.

And this all started with a little hex from Armistead, Oregon!

###

For all practical applications, the kids had programmed Jami to run the electronics, all sound and light functions and live video inserts. Geo monitored the satellite connection with the PBS producers and techies in New York, while Lopez monitored the script and “headsetted” directly to Jack as floor director.

0 hrs., 00 min., 00 sec.

The Citadel Concert . . .

###

Dusk came with a purple, starry passion. The players climbed into their space-like ancient priests hiking into their king’s pyramid. Floor light beams arched bright light straight up into the cool night air space – earth-bound royalty joustin’ with the full moon! Oregon mist drifted past the show like a friendly ghost. Tape Loop One, or “the Entry,” swooped into millions of “earth heads” while the hologram fanned the fires deeper inside.

The drumming began.

###

No one knew that Jami had carried some off the lightning Force, held in a circuit even Schillart couldn’t detect. The “Lake walk” on Journey I appeared on the television and Movement I was underway. Cesca’s frenzied piano dove with Jack’s watery lesson. Australian mythic energy repowered. Then they segued into silence with earth tones from the Outback.

Movement II used the simple sounds and winds from the Toltec Journey. A faster beat pushed the viewer into the sonic tower. The hologram was slotted into the concert mix, juxtaposition with aerial pieces.

Then hoof beats pounded Movement III as a quick segue was realized, under a beaming sky-bound orb. The surprise worked; they played into a psychic Pink Floyd/Church-like chorus, supported by the animals and percussion from their snake friend and the wicked Wolf Jack howling. Then Cesca dialed the buzz opera down with her “Hawk Over Piano” piece. From band to Jami to living rooms, across the planet, the Citadel Concert had opened to a hungry world.

Children and adults in Poland, Brazil, Thailand, Botswana, Ireland, New Russia, U.S.A., and many other places, listened and watched as a mythic power rose and bloomed through an intercontinental currency. Jami followed suite, echoing the call of Wagadu as the camera shifted to the robot -- destined to be a magnetic personality in the rock star sales mold. Greenpeace cover hero!

The band chanted while the supporting video clipped into segments of the fighting. Cesca played a duet with the soundtrack from Journey Four: Movement IV.

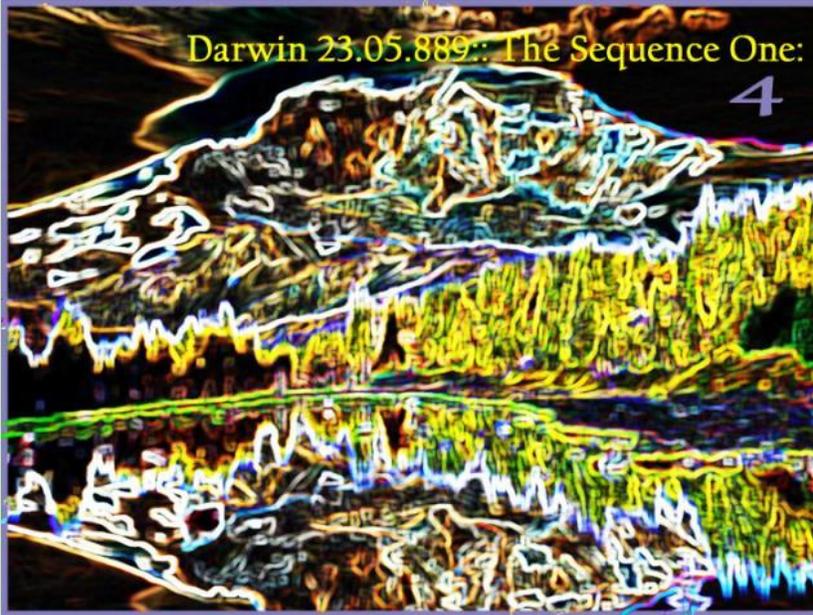
Then it was credits. Silence. The moon cast a spell on the players below. The earth, a powerful yang to the shinner above.

###

The Citadel Concert spun the hour allotted it by PBS. Fame was theirs. But Jack, Cesca, Geo, Rose, Schillart and the robot star couldn't hear the music just ahead, magic tunes from an ancient box – with a wondrous leak!

But that's another tale.

###



[Darwin 23.05.889:: The Sequence One: Chapters 1, 2, 3 & 4](#)

A "Better Beam It Up Now" story in installments
by Willi Paul and PlanetShifter.com 2009

So you'd like to save the world
I suggest you take one person at a time
And start with me
Not an ordinary girl
Not someone that I should hit upon
And ask, hey what's your sign babe
Have you been reading my mind
(what did you find)
Nothing more or less terrestrial

Could I keep you in mind
Did you really cry
When you saw the hole in the sky
Did you really hold your head and hide your eyes
Well that's all right
You might call it ultraviolet radiation
It's only sunlight
So you'd like to save my world
If you could free my inner child
Then I could free your inhibitions babe

Or would you like to mother me
I love the way you wear
That motorola generation chic mama
Have you been reading my mind
(what did you find)
Nothing more or less terrestrial
Could I keep you in mind

-- Lloyd Cole

Sunshine Coast Island Crew:

Selene Nouveau Jour, PhD, mindsmith, altReality engineer
Kraker – permaculture enthusiast, transmissions, tunes
Vulkan – chef, security, card dealer
In Space Crew:
Willow “Jack” Robinson, M.E. - researcher and artist in the orbiting Rotator craft
YR::: 2080

Sykpe 370.22 is a still a cool app, the cell phone is now a global positioning device and satellite transponder and way outside of the iPhone boundaries long ago lost from AppleGWare in Silicon Valley. Kraker pin-points Selene in one of the tee pees on top of the island’s many leaking volcanic steam vents. A make-shift sauna. A freebie from the cave men.

“Another sage burning,” he muses. His “SuperNatural B.C.” tee shirt has so many holes in it, he is almost invisible.

* * * * *

The island’s third human is better tasted than seen. Vulkan is the chef and organic gardener on the rock, now approaching the force field and boat dock from errands in Vancouver.

“Got cha, man.”

“Thanks Krak.”

Kraker powers-down the invisible fence and permits the Quicksilver Destiny rubber craft safe passage.

* * * * *

Darwin 23.05.889:: The Sequence One:
Chapter 2: Data Link DNA
If you were a priest I would wait at least
Up unto confession time And Crawl into your box
Breathing like a fox Hunting for obsession time and
I've thrown a lot of time away to be with you
So please don't lock away your eyes
If you were a ghost I would treasure most

Time I never spent with you and wander through your head
The words I never said Till I knew what I meant to you ...

“If You Were a Priest”

Robyn Hitchcock, Element of Light

The Island in the East Bay of California, known as Alameda, finally vanished under dark pressing bay waters last evening according to the NY Times web site. A very slow death and now a common sight all across the coastal edges of the earth. San Francisco County is 78% submerged, with only Nob Hill, parts of Pacific Heights and Coit Tower showing up on the Rotator’s scans.

“That’s fifty dollars, Krak” shouted Vulkan! He won the Alameda-lost bet.

Luckily Dr. Selene Nouveau Jour engineered her island for the big melt. The support buildings, permaculture zones and observatory were always in the top 25% elevation of the tiny Canadian island land mass.

Of course, Willow was far, far away from the hydro-chaos of the Earth’s climate nightmare, orbiting serenely 4.5 miles above the pool.

“What’s up in Vancouver?”

“Good Music and better beers.”

“Did you find the cables at IT Blue Will?”

“Yo!”

“Alright. Let’s try to patch Fat Port 44 as discussed.”

Jour and Kraker have a digital grey matter thing going on. Call it virtual mind mushing. Or brain scanning; real close to a weird knowing dual-existence.

“Willow?” Willow grabs the con and shouts back: “Read You.”

Doc wants to run the tests to make sure the turning mechanism in the tele-machine is calibrated. The last storm was a tech killer, and blew off too many green house roofs.

“What is tonight’s sequence, Doc?”

The digital crayon on the Rotator started jig sawing:

```
000011000000111101111100000101010101010101010000001111010100011110101  
110010101010111100000010100100000111110101010100011010100101010001010  
0101010011010110101111011010010010101101010101001010101010101010100  
01010101011101010110111101000111010000101010101010101010101010101010  
0101101010101010101010101010101010101000000000011010101010010101  
110010101010111100000010100100000111110101010100011010100101010001010
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0101010011010110101111011010010010101101010101001010101010101010100
010110101010101010101010101010101010101000000000011010101010010101
00001100000011110111110000010101010101010101010000001111010100011110101
010101010101010101010101010101010000000001010101010101010101010101
and on and on....

Progress. The Fat Port 44 song returns!

**Darwin 23.05.889:: The Sequence One:
Chapter 3: In My ElectroEye**

red rain
putting the pressure on much harder now
to return again and again
just let the red rain splash you
let the rain fall on your skin
I come to you defences down
with the trust of a child"

-- Peter Gabriel

The nano chip in Selene's skull is constantly downloading tidbits from various syndicated resources, including the Harvard Mythological Union, Xeron Cult Class and Apple 6.

As a result, a John Lilly wonder child, she also sells her own IP back to the ranks in an endless DNA bionic salsa dance.

"Astro" Ms. Robinson is weightless, running tests, searching for the right green blinking nodes and things.

Where are pointing to tonight, Doc?

Regulus 2458..83. I want to see if the new sensors on the Rot are functional.

Check That.

Data from behind active black holes is not easy to cook. Too much D. Too little e.

Power up that pipe, boss.

Then the island crew launched the window to the sky, exposing the 1968 GE Teleponder A8, Sky Blaster, always out of tune and playing to the past.

Lot's of ricochet. Some hope.

Regulus 2458..83 was discovered back in the 60's by the USA in the Puerto Rico Deep Dish and never caused much cosmic motion.

* * * * *

Back on the ground, Vulkan settled into his multi-sensor outpost near the telescope, hoping that the creepy crawly feelies from the Vancouver Greens were taking a night off.

**Darwin 23.05.889:: The Sequence One:
Chapter 4: Data Wolves Come Out**

We're playing those mind games together,
Pushing barriers, planting seeds,
Playing the mind guerilla,
Chanting the Mantra peace on earth,
We all been playing mind games forever,

Some kinda druid dudes lifting the veil.
Doing the mind guerilla,
Some call it the search for the grail,
Love is the answer and you know that for sure,
Love is flower you got to let it, you got to let it grow, ...

So keep on playing those mind games together,
Doing the ritual dance in the sun,
Millions of mind guerrillas,
Putting their soul power to the karmic wheel,

John Lennon, Mind Games

**Regulus 2458..83 is a faint echo, a dust cloud with a little Corvette angel roar dripping in the middle.
Why Doc is peering into this sticky molten mess is anyone's' guess. No one expects water or anything.**

Power up the infrared Willow!

Yes. Done.

Are we getting this sequence on the monitors on the Rotator?
Roger that.

Doc, I'm picking up some outer orbit debris from north hem sector 33.

How much?

Enough to pause the tower drives.

We wait then.

* * * * *

Vulcan was monitoring the transmissions between Doc and Robinson, keeping a careful eye on the north and southern shores of the island. Ever since the sustainability movement crashed into multiple factions. Vegan Strikers, Danner's Permaculture Narcs, West Vancouver's Orange Skate Klub and on and on. Trust no one, except Self. Green is old Black. Scarcity breeds bandits at the tail end of Man.

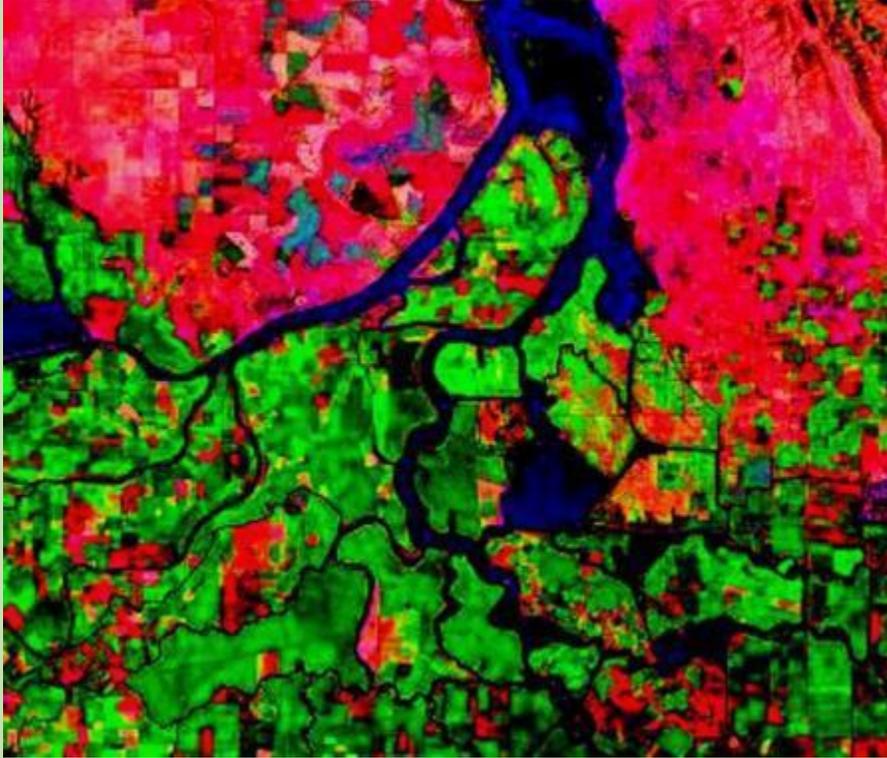
* * * * *

The Rotator just spins around and around, a weight-less high-tech cocoon for one. When Doc bought the island's space package from the military the satellite was state. Not now. Duck tape keeps light track on and water is usually scraped from the observation deck windows.

Willow is happy with the four armed flyer. Happy to be off the planet and a joy stick for the cosmic whims of one Selene Nouveau Jour, PhD.

Too much space junk, Doc.

Ya. Let's kick it for now. I want to see what Vulcan has on his plate.



[LAO from GreenLoc, CA](#), A Story for Our Youth by Willi Paul

American Indian Leadership vs. U.S. Governance

- Leaders were chosen as leaders for their knowledge, experience and contribution.
 - Leaders were chosen by the tribe and thus remained leaders as long as the tribe needed them.
 - Leaders had no power over others and could not command.
 - Welfare of the tribe protected through maintaining culture and traditions.
 - Consensus was driving force behind decision-making.
 - Spirituality inextricably intertwined in decision-making.
 - Restitution-based justice which was focused on restoring relationships.
-
- Leadership is a position.
 - Leaders seek and are employed or elected to a position. They serve for a specified term or for the duration of their employment.
 - Leaders can create laws which are enforced by police and justice system.
 - Protection of individual rights. Protection of nation through economic growth and maintenance of private property.
 - Decisions arrived at by majority vote.
 - Rationality is the driving force behind decision-making.
 - Retribution-based justice.

airpi.org/research/tdcompare.html

"Gas is officially pre-historic again, Piper."

"Like it never even got discovered and refined," Riko mused.
2012 AD. She was gazing at the solar powered New York Times front page story on the library Mac.

"LAO (Life after Oil!)" tattoos and bike stickers are all over the place. Luckily the community has a few trucks and a bus that run on re-smooched cooking oil.

"Check the North Platte array and make sure the turbines are sending data every 30 seconds," she shouts.

Starting back in 2010, gasoline ran out in drips and splats in different parts of the State as some folks were closer to the end of the snake than others.

In reality, the moment that OPEC, Shell, Union, Star, BP and the rest of the petro-chemical plug announced that their wells and derricks had finally run dry was anti-climatic for many GreenLoc groups. Wind and solar had long since dug in their heels in the race to erase the dirty clothes called gas and oil.

*** II***

GreenLoc 34 is the former town of Andersonville, California, incorporated back in 1845 with the gold rushers and hookers that staggered in after them. In 2009 the town joined the New Urban Community Network (NUCN) and transformed their land, energy track and spirit into a post-chemical oasis. Streets were freed of their black top concrete strangle and became walking and bike paths and gardens. The sewer system died, rose above ground. Grey water, rain barrels and cisterns gurgle in it's place.

The parking garage was revitalized into a small business incubator, an indoor farmers market (when it rains) and IT Central, topped with a roof top demonstration garden.

*** III***

But technology didn't die it just got re-purposed, and often with recycled parts. Like the wind mills with car parts. Riko's 3 speed has a gear cluster from 1994, a chain from last year and front and rear racks from kingdom gone!

After rigorous debate and much consensus stopping arm waving, the town's folk pitched the idea of selecting one of the local churches to be the new Spirit Dance Exchange. Turned out that the Quaker Meeting House was the winner. The other players, Methodist, Episcopal, and Catholic, were renovated for housing and a community cooking school and communal kitchen.

*** IV***

Piper always notices the small wrinkly card board sign by the well, out by the trail head to the wind mills. A yellowing bulleted list of community values:

- Take only what you need
- Invent
- Recycle as much as possible; re-use more
- No toxics
- Whole foods

- Not profit but productivity
- Grow more and barter with the GreenLoc Coops

His parents helped write these markers and they have proven invaluable in the localization struggles that emerged after Obama came to power in D.C.

But now, the wind mills are singing....

*** V***

The food and garden coop is now run out of the former auto repair shop on Bend Avenue, right past the new flour mill and GreenLoc Green Gift Shoppe, popular with the bus people from the City and their weekend "come-and-see's." Riko needs a bag of spicy humus for a party later on. She also wants to hang and say hey to her honey Taza.

"Hiya Phil Girl," she shouts, floating past the standing avocados. "How's that energy audit coming?"

"Fine, fine, Riko! But you aren't in here on official G-Comm business, she laughs." The Green Committee is the central environmental planning body in GreenLoc . Everything from ripping down the highway overpass to the dip sticking the ragin' waters in the hot tub circuit is under their sustainable thumb.

Taza is chopping wheat grass as Riko appears behind a grin.

"Hi Slim Jim."

"Howdy, Kid! I thought I heard your silly vibe." Taza likes the power and vision that Riko brings to the scene but often misses her subtle sarcasm.

"Are we going to Moon Shot tonight?" he croaks.

"Yah, baby." Humus or not, Riko was shinning with the moon later on. The fall harvest festival has just begun.

*** VI***

There are plenty of other coops and non-profits in the GreenLoc business array. In addition to the food and garden coop, there is the jam, flowers and honey coop; fruit trees and bees, dig? Another key group in this time of scarce water is the Grey Water Company who designs and implements water re-use projects for the area. Students from UC – Davis took over the old water works company in 2011 in a bloodless coup when the rains stopped and the CEO ran off for moister land.

The schools and spirituality coop is flourishing. It's taken a little bit from most of the religions puttering around on the planet. A sort of greatest hits from the heavy hitters, including Jesus, Gandhi, King, Yogananda, Buddha and Allah.

But the kids and their parents also enjoy song prophets like Lennon, Marley, Stipe, Hitchcock and other rock musicians who sang about the fall and the re-birth of post-carbon culture long before the tanker hit the can.

The love of music – and the community spirit it fosters - has often been the one lasting source of strength in the trouble times.

*** VII***

BlackLight.us was trying to hack the grid again. BL is a renegade remnant of a alliance that tried to horde oil back in the last days of the petroicide. Piper is watching the reverse code carefully for algorithms and dirty souls.

"IT > Piper."

"Go."

"BL marching, NW.01 server stack." How's your fire wall there?"

"Intact. Green lights splashing."

Having saved the place from the dark force, Piper peddled hard to rub on the trance band at the Spirit Dance Exchange.

*** VIII***

Riko loves working in her solar kitchen. Under the recycled skylights from the old insurance agency down the street, many family and friends have enjoyed her organic culinary wika. But sustainable economics was on her mind up on her PDA this morning.

True Cost Pricing is a central tenant of the GreenLoc Community and it's localized governance system. The web site spit out this overview:

Agribusiness farming practices have externalized many production costs, and relentlessly destroy natural resources. You still pay for these costs, but not at the checkout counter. If you calculate these hidden costs of food you pay indirectly, and add these to the cash price, food prices would be much higher.

What are these hidden costs and how did they arise?

1. Medical costs from poisoned, unhealthy food.
2. Farm subsidies.
3. Toxic cleanup costs.
4. High global military costs.
5. Government debt and interest costs.
6. Environment and resource destruction.
7. The accounting system ignores resource costs.

<http://www.spirulinasource.com/earthfoodch7a.html>

Peering down the ingredients list for her bran pumpkin muffin recipe, it looks like the food and spices are grown locally - or bartered from the regional Coops.

"Cool man," she mused aloud.

Taza, clanking away at the PC in the study, was still online with his family back in Austin. He danced long and hard last night! The smell will soon change his view!

IX.

"That was the most awe-fullest fake food jive turkey dinner that I've ever tasted," he called from the sun porch.

Never one for holding back, Riko smiled.

"Rubber turkey vegan what?" he groaned.

"GreenLoc Slop!"

X.

What happened to the Bank? The old NorCal Savings and Loan is now the School for a Sustainable Future and Day Care Coop.

At the new Credits and Barter Coop, debit cards have been replaced by barter cards. Cash, loans and credit lines are pitch forks from the BlackLight mob.

Bricks and mortar have now morphed into handshakes, vegetables for home remodeling. Dig?

Piper and his pals are getting the word out for the next barter faire - this time with a discount barter pass on recycled card stock. They will hand drop the invite via bikes to the community. Sometimes offline announcements get more peeps.

A barter faire (or fair) is a communal experience. It is a peaceful gathering of people coming together to share the fire and their wares and trade with each other. Some are more like flea markets, some are more like villages. A barter faire is a time to get back to nature, camp out with friends, and experience the best of the barter system. It can feel like a counter culture revival; or just a simple and peaceful gathering open to all. A barter faire will give you a taste of a communal, peaceful, and possibly revolutionary lifestyle that you may not find elsewhere.

"Hey Green Man, its Piper on the text box."

"Must be about that hot tub gig," Taza shouted.

"Ask him about the south array data set ok?"

Banana in mouth, he quickly text Piper back and kissed his groovy girlfriend on the cheek and hit the pedals.

"I need to check the energy grid and see how much fun heat we can drop," he mumbled.

XI.

Monday is still Monday in LAO world. It was time to weed the Bubble. The Biosphere 4 and Biosphere CR are sister glass-domed, solar powered research labs in GreenLoc and Puerto Quepos, Costa Rica. The AG Coop is constantly testing new high temperature, low water food crops. NorCal genetic material is often cross-fertilized with its southern cousin's pool to develop new strains.

"Weed the Bubble" was coined by Piper when it was discovered that Mary Jane had taken up residence in the lab many months ago. She has since went up in smoke.

XII

In 2011, the worlds' coasts started to rise at an alarming rate, far faster than the corporate controlled government in DC had predicted. Washington was known around GreenLoc as the "sunken ship of fools." The White House was now a hostel, network hub and concert hall - a monument to the power of the people to take back control of their government and start to build the foundation of a trans-global, green democratic system.

Under the watchful eyes of sustainable design and civil engineers from the Netherlands Dyke Improvement Bureau, members of the New Urban Community Network and a staggering cadre of eye balls from the local Coops, GreenLoc was refining the art of the canal, filling some with sea water for desalination tests and others with run-off from the Sierra, when there is some water running.

XIII

Riko looks after her tattoos like they were her frickin' kids or something. BaBa GAzOO!

"That was kinda of a silly morning," smirking between sips of a GL Honey in the Rock Wheat Beer from the local Coop with a similar name. "DAD" was all it said.

"Everybody needs a daddy." "Or keys to the hydro-electric scooter....," shouted Taza.

XVI

In their case, transmission codes to the International GreenCommTE70 satellite, launched by a consortium of private investors lead by Al Gore and a NASA / Mission Mars splinter group.

Satellites – those running, blinking dots in the sky – are not very expensive in the post-oil world. With the collapse of the oil men and their money, space-based, earth-based exploration systems went cheap. GreenComm passed over GreenLoc every 12 hours and transmitting deep earth soil profiles and agricultural data that supports the farms in the community. "Recycle that Sat," so the saying goes.

"Trans," murmured Piper. "We have some solid juice on the BlackLight glow pod. GreenLoc Security Coop, please read."

"Copy that, Piper."

"They moved it again. Sector 14.009." The pod is a type of reactor waste that is highly radioactive. BL went backwards into the future by experimenting - and gambling - with nuclear power. Keeping their waste out of the planet ecosystem is one of the many chores in the GreenLoc survival portfolio.

The time was coming fast. The BlackLight.us' of the world need to be ping-ponged with a venomously green light intervention.

XVII

"OK Gang, hurry up and take a seat!"

The GreenLoc - UC Berkeley Learning Exchange was now filing up with little peas from Mr. Singh's advanced archi-eco class.

"I trust that you charged your laptop batteries over lunch, peeps?"

The web-based course on permaculture was downloading and there will be an e-Quiz on the material right afterward.

"Key on the inter-relatedness of the process and the three ethics," he notes.

'Practically speaking, a successful permaculture design is based on three guiding principles:

First, each element of the system performs multiple functions (for example, an orange tree in my yard supplies fruit for food and a cash crop, rinds for compost, leaves for mulch, dead twigs for kindling, and shade for me, my cat and other plants).

Second, each desired function of the system is supported by multiple elements (further shade in my yard comes from an overhead trellis with grapevines and several native trees).

Finally, and crucial to permaculture design, everything in the system is interconnected to everything else. This is vital, because the susceptibility and output of a system depend not on the number of elements it contains, but rather how many exchanges take place within the system (think of an old growth forest vs. a monoculture tree farm).

The term permaculture, meaning "permanent agriculture" was coined in the 1970's by Australian Bill Mollison. It was a beneficial assembly of plants and animals in relation to human settlements, mostly aimed towards household and community self-reliance, and perhaps as a "commercial endeavor" only arising from a surplus from the system. However, permaculture has come to mean more than just food sufficiency in the household. Self-reliance in food is meaningless unless people have access to land, information, and financial resources. So in recent years it has come to encompass appropriate legal and financial strategies, including strategies for land access, business structures, and regional self financing. This way it is a whole human system.

Permaculture, then, is a design system that encompasses both "permanent agriculture" and "permanent culture." It recognizes, first, that all living systems are organized around energy flows. It teaches people to analyze existing energy flows (sun, rain, money, human energy) through such a system (a garden, a

household, a business). Then it teaches them to position and interconnect all the elements in the system (whether existing or desired) in beneficial relationship to each other and to those energy flows. When correctly designed such a system will, like a natural ecosystem, become increasingly diverse and self-sustaining. All permaculture design is based on three ethics: Care of the earth (because all living things have intrinsic worth); care of the people; and reinvestment of all surplus, whether it be information, money, or labor, to support the first two ethics.'

http://www.permaculture.net/about/brief_introduction.html

XVIII

The International Adoption Service is the top web site on the GreenLoc Health and Safety Coop website. Prospective parents from the planet can meet and chat with kids in orphanages from Chili to Vietnam and Vermont. The net has made this a much more involved two-way street as the population rate in "Coop Town" has been negative for many years, so there is always room for new faces. One World knows no color in GreenLoc.

XIX

Rogue was doing little else but staring blankly into data trails and electronic landforms and urban annotations. A loosing chess game with a woman in Madison, Wisconsin was over 23 minutes ago; he just hadn't to logged-off. Retired HP and Stanford hacker, and military code red chaser, he has lost a few zillion brain cells sitting on his ass playing RISK in his mind with a mouse in his hand. These days Rogue's cyber wall of solar-powered monitors in his Valley Forge hide-out camouflage his better days as a defender of the public good and HCI designer. Red wine carries the day as he chases the wireless from satellites and clothes lines.

"No sustainable intell, he barks at the keyboard," and another cartoon in the life of a former Green Masher sinks into to the dusk into the skylights above.

XX

From: ClearGlobeWireService.com

Place: South Detroit River Bottom Hang

Susan Browning sat wondering under a collection of ripped construction tarps and pieces of shattered bill boards, trying to look less starved and frightened than was actually hard-wired in her post oil burn-out.

"Can't seem to grow anything in this soil," she sighed.

"My government coupons don't last the two weeks 'ther printed on." Mz. Browning holds a B.A. from Michigan State in Business Administration but looks and sounds like a 1930's sharecropper. Barefoot and dirt face'd.

"My degree presumed a functioning capitalist economy which lost both hands when the oil wars burned down Houston and spread back draft to Saudi lands and the expansive Moscow refineries."

Susan is a prime example of imploded.

Browning and her husband Kurt D. now live day to night to morning, hour to minute to seconds in a Goodwill series of handshakes, back stabs and blink blink blinks that never have any promise except to repeat in the next black dog breathe or two.

The city buses near-by are long stopped cold swamp meets, street light dead and gone. Open fires fuel the nights.

Kurt D. had a side business for a while collecting and recycling fryer oil for the bio diesel converted but parts for even these transports are looted dry or abandoned along the roads of the former car capital of America.

There are some horses in North Detroit but these guys survive behind barbed wire and surveillance.

Susan Browning has the following food for Chef's Choice: gov't tuna from China; the severed head from a pineapple that the kid next door dropped by in exchange for some rusty nails; and a small baggie of dead ants.

"Hope Kurt brings home something green tonite," Browning chanted.

XXI

"Blacklight.net is after cleantech digital," shouts Piper to no one.

The main GreenLoc server bunker, an underground retrofit swimming pool "capsule" off Jefferson Street, is from the old high school, now long recycled into new solar pumping systems and brick houses across the town.

"Serious Breach, Code Black!" Piper types like a guy without pants in a January Wisconsin wind chill. This time the alarm goes out to the entire green security grid banging up the sleeping from New Hampshire to Oaxaca.

The data beam also hits the computers of the Defenders of the Wire Coop – a collective much like the volunteer fire department in the oil days. But the fire is digital now and the hooks and ladders are keyboards and code.

***XXII**

Rogue intercepts the green com, too.

"Finally. They've played their hand. Time to bore a white hot hole in the eLock at Blacklight.net."

XXIII

"The War for the Green Web Begins in GreenLoc," muses Rogue. He wonders if the perma-green-hippies in NorCal have the fire walls and faith to stick this out, saving the world from the bad fossils at Blacklight.net won't be easy!

“Perhaps a little nudge in the right direction, Sir Piper?!” Click, click,... send.

A tiny window suddenly appears on all screens at the combined mission control. GreenLoc Security Coop and Defenders of the Wire Coop meshed tightly with more monitors than peeps in the basement of the old hospital on Elk Street. Piper’s jaw is slow to be retrieved from his key board.

“He does exist!” he shouts.

“Who?”

“I have called this person Code Runner for years.” But now he’s here, although the gender is up for grabs.”

“What’s this mean, the scrolling data sets in the text window?”

“Compiling.”

Meanwhile, back at the Blacklight.net server mash, the down-state monkeys are jumping on the work stations, never quite reaching the fluorescent lamps of a lost dream.

They saw Rogue’s little window of code, too, but the dna was changed to protect the green.

XXIV

“It’s an .exe file of some sort,” Riko shouted to no one.

“Put it on test server and wall it up.”

“Right.”

The next big moment was too big for the organic owls and many lost it on the spot...

An avatar appeared on each of the screens in the GreenLoc war room, arms folded gentle in appearance.

“Hi Kids.”

XXV

Tazo was the first to recognize the presence.

“You missed the catch-dump on line 2330 Piper,” said the animate.

“Shit.”

“No problem, I recalibrated the code. We need to attack immediately.”

XXVI

Blacklight.net had a much different pixar-party on their hands.

“Sit down everyone. Who are you?”

Someone with the power to further your cause.

“What’s in it for you?”

“Purely academic, man. Call it research.”

“Then you know about our fight with GreenLOC?”

“Who?”

“The NORCAL Greens.”

“Vaguely familiar.” The localized community north of Berkeley?”

“Right.”

“They are cancer to the old ways.”

XXVII

Rogue sent the next batch of cookies straight into the Blacklight.net’s server array in South Detroit. White lightning from Zeus to the mob.

Code changed code, machine melt-down. The avatar giggled back onto the NORCAL screens like Mr. Magoo chasing a high school cheer leader....

“WAP!”

“Nice.”

“I punctured all of their hardware and software,” he shouted.

“Titantic!” The basement sighed a collective defrag.

Outside, unaware of the hard fought victory below, co-ops hung their sheets on the line, grubbed for early potatoes and listened with keen ears for sounds of change.



“The Hatch” – Swabbing for Sacred Enlightenment on an Abandoned Off-Shore Oil Rig - [New Myth #91](#)
by Willi Paul, Mythologist, Planetshifter.com

[Marine permaculture](#) will grow kelp forests on grids of pipes floating submerged 15-25m below the surface of the sea far offshore, with ocean waves powering water pumps bringing nutrients up from deeper water, irrigating a square kilometer of kelp seaweed and creating a food chain for sea creatures of all sizes.

* * * * *

Living on an island on an island, not caring about the shore and the struggles there anymore. The past is simply a rusty old bed or a bad joke about bait, we are the homeless of the recent civil war. History is irrelevant without a magnifying glass or a web site to justify it; the present fuels our souls in a daily blur of gurgling fish and shards of abandoned ocean plastic.

Rise above your distracted monacle of survivalism with this salty sacred resilience!

We pause for meditation at dawn and dusk to acknowledge the integration of Nature's winds, rain, lightning and aquarius: all swim at home.

This life quest called "Hatch" moves us forward - never back. No fear; no regrets. What happens here today is always our world to come. Hand labor is key. Permaculture composted soil is the highest barter commodity you can bring - followed by fresh mango ice cream, norcal weed, lithium batteries and certain Napa Valley wines.

* * * * *

You could certainly [commandeer and live on an oil platform](#)... but why would you want to? It would be a very dismal, lonely, horribly expensive existence. Under the terms of the International Law of the Sea any such structure automatically falls under the jurisdiction of the closest extant sovereign state - so by living on one you'd still be subject to all of the usual laws - you just wouldn't derive much benefit from them, or have any chance of enjoying a normal life.

The Hatch has been called many things since the coast disappeared: the charging station; "cement pillow"; the last lay-over; sea-charged hotel. Survival of the greenist.

A prayerful balance of closed and open systems. Lunatics running the jail; days and nights fueled by consensus. The old oil drill tower as the new Temple. The derelict derrick is an accelerator; baked fish scales and deteriorated rubber mats prove it. We are re-coding the recycling bin.

"San Barbara: We have reached Enlightenment."

* * * * *

One could say that the station is just human trash, a re-tread; an ace bandaged food forest salt lick – a wind, tidal wave and hydro-sun-driven un-oasis. Re-purposed trash and old spills slither 22.5 miles out from Dow Jones as the tiger bees get wet but the potted cactus stay free.

I always hear me laughing when I call our meet-up room whiteboard the "internet." Our guests expect a black screen and a blinking light. Bits of sea-gifted charcoal and crayons write better on the walls and the decks. **"Activism is Dead."** Get this tattooed on your back if you want to stay.

We are building a new mythology here, with bits of Ho Chi Minh coin and pictures from loving memories. It all boils down to hype of the next catch – the next sunset - and a song to make it rhyme.

Spirituality of the Merge. Salt Water Sun Kelp Pray. The station is an archeological ruin - is an oxymoron - is the anti. Our celestial map illuminates the hands and toes of our babies. We are growing new thumbs daily.

Most dives down, under the platform, and into the kelp beds and oyster racks, the light - above - sea - around has no distinctions. The eyes blink; lungs oxygen safe. The tower is the snorkel; the sky is the mask.

Archetypes blister the eyes, as the fear of becoming extinct ... enjoins the daily act of destroying species ... that killing mother thing celebrating our finite lives ... just being live.

Symbols on the ceiling in our bunks: the [bad eagle](#) clutches, sea turtles stare, sister dolphin protects. Hurricane season trolls and rips. The serpent as ocean current.

The climate crisis re-creation new world myth. **Our Old Water Kingdom Come**. Can humans evolve as ocean gods? Who will be around to see?

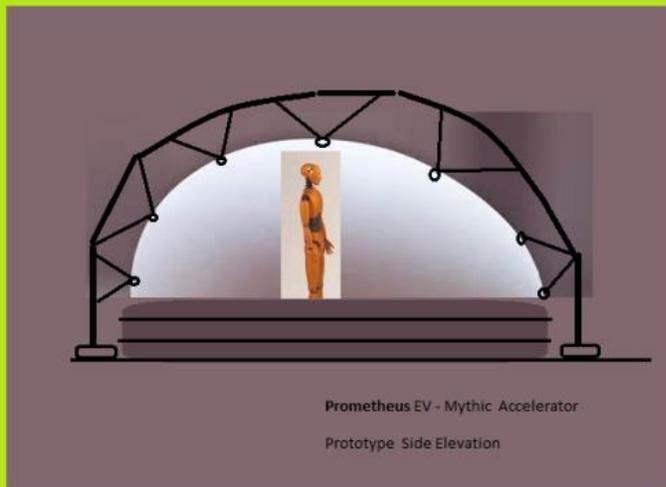
* * * * *

And now for all of you unapologetic tech-will-saves-us diaper babies, the main power generation and food production facts:

- + A gigantic thin metal wind vane with built-in electronic spinner blades generate energy. Blades are re-purposed from wings from drowned aircraft engine parts
- + High hanging water catchment channel nets is rescue rain into large plastic containers on deck
- + We have a refuge moat around the surface to collect wire, plastic, metal and debts
- + Tidal wave panels provide electricity from the ocean floor
- + Rewilded whale blubber for dirty fuel, fish oil, and primitive life skill seminars
- + Stationary bicycles and sky kites for dribbles of watts
- + Floating plastic pollution is transformed into rafts and sunk for fish habitat
- + The sea provides raw materials for the production of vitamin supplements
- + Sky nets trap birds for the Sunday community meal

* * * * *

[The scale of marine contamination](#) is so vast, no one is truly unaffected. Ocean trash is found everywhere from polar seas to the tropics, and from the stomachs of salmon to the bodies of orcas. If we do not start cleaning up our messes, scientists predict that by 2050, there will be more plastic in the ocean than fish. Ocean trash threatens not only the health of coastal and marine ecosystems, but the health of everyone who comes in contact with it.



“Prometheus EV” – “Gaia 2.0 and the Myth Coders” - New Myth #69 by Willi Paul, New Myth #69 by Willi Paul, planetshifter.com media

“Just before his death [Joseph Campbell](#) was interviewed by Bill Moyers and that interview was later turned into the documentary, “The Power of Myth.” In this interview he postulated the idea that humanity was in need of new mythologies. Ones that were not rooted in the ancient world as all our current ones are. But myth’s that would help us navigate this new and strange world we are creating.”

* * * * *

The first Greek god was actually a goddess. She is Gaia, or Mother Earth, who created herself out of primordial chaos. From her fertile womb all life sprang, and unto Mother Earth all living things must return after their allotted span of life is over.

Gaia, as Mother Nature, personifies the entire ecosystem of Planet Earth. Mother Nature is always working to achieve and maintain harmony, wholeness and balance within the environment. Mother

Nature heals, nurtures and supports all life on this planet, and ultimately all life and health depend on Her. In time, Nature heals all ills.

The way of Mother Gaia is the passive, feminine, Yin way of healing. All we need to do to regain our health is to return to the bosom of Mother Nature and live in accordance with Her laws. The Gaia archetype underlies all notions of the Nature Cure. Mother Nature is a healing goddess.

Through the global consciousness of Mother Gaia, all living things on this planet, from their most primordial instincts, are constantly interacting with their environment to ensure the harmony, balance and continuity of Life. Live in a balance with Mother Nature and health and healing are yours; violate Her laws and get out of balance, and you pay the price in suffering and disease. In this sense, all medicine and healing can be seen as a system of ecology.

[Classic Greek Myth](#) - GAIA - Mother Earth, Mother Nature Myth

* * * * *

(I) Characters and Sponsors

Date = 2021 AD

Myth-Tech Explorers -

Frank “Algae” Chimera, Idea + Expectation + Vision Collider.

Former bicycle designer in Silicon Valley. M.S. from at Huxley College, Western Washington University in Bellingham, WA. Parents are writers. Sister works for NASA Aims Lab. Chimera wants a Digital Ecology or Matrix of influences that sources his senses, his conscious + subconscious, and personal history

Blazer, Alchemist Wann-a-bee

Veteran of the Silicon Valley Start-up Rage in early 2015’s. Coder. Worked for Caltrain on wireless tech / schedule logistics.

Sponsors - 3

Lucas Film – Creative Consultants

Pacifica Graduate Institute – Mythology Consultants

Hewlett Packard - Engineering Consultants

Location –

“The Garage” - (Innovation Lab 3 / Studio Level) @ Hewlett Packard, Palo Alto

Project Influences -

1. John C. Lilly’s [isolation tank](#)
2. “The Fly” - movie with Jeff Goldblum
3. “Contact” - movie with Jodie Foster
4. “Brainstorm” – movie with Christopher Walken, Natalie Wood

- 5. Video Walls
- 6. American Indian Sweat Lodges

Many sectors of mythology are in the Prometheus EV machine including creative mythology, creation mythology, classic mythology, new mythology, apocalyptic mythology, sound mythology, and many current mythopoeic visions.

Project Goal –

Creating new myths for a revived and sacred Gaia 2.0

(2) Technical Specifications and Other IT Visions

Prometheus EV is an integrated super browser

Wireless Helmet with Mic and Camera records myth-tech journeys, what he sees, hears and his vocal commands and voice logs. Heart rate and other bio-indicators, are monitored, too.

Cock Pit - AV Surround, 160 degree wrap around / time accelerator

Body Browser - Biosensor Suit; paint-on latex and body electrodes; monitors brain waves, vitals, etc.

Human Data Interface (HDI) – bundled in browser(s)

Myth Lab Specifications -

The Myth Lab is the foundation process that identifies artifacts and mythic imprint to code the JourneyMaker database and collaborate with Prometheus EV and staff to experience and write each journey's new myth.

(3) NewMyth Brainstorm – Pre Journey

Both humans are inside Prometheus EV -

Chimera: Well, let's get to the heart of this initiation. What I really want is to work on a process to write new myths. Here are twelve domes, a food forest and a fire pit.

Prometheus EV: Here is the site plan.

Thanks egg man. I've imagined a place in the year 2045 on the coast of Costa Rica. I pull together some artistic elements then write in some plot and a couple of characters, and maybe conflicts. So our task is to marry this initial vision, the setting, with mythic ideas. Some of these are Joseph Campbell's ideas, some of them mine. So let's just jump in.

Blazer: Okay!

Chimera: Who lives here? Who lives here in this jungle village on a remote coast of Costa Rica?

Prometheus EV: What's happening inside the domes? Why are they in a semi-circle? These are my questions I have for you humans.

Blazer: I'm thinking they want to be there.

Chimera: So what kind of values do they have?

Blazer: Soil. They love the soil.

Prometheus EV: So that's cool. We have a bunch of people living in the domes, growing food in the food forest. Interesting.

Chimera: Values here could be tangible or spiritual.

Blazer: For example, one value could be having a group dream and another value could be a personal dream. So I, because I still love individuality, want my own dreams, and to make my own paintings. But I love the idea of being part of the larger dream.

Prometheus EV: Is there any conflict between the individual and the group dream here?

Blazer: There might be, well, I guess in my life there always has been some conflict. So we need a way to resolve the conflict. And I'm not sure what that would be.

Chimera: Interesting. Well, we're getting a lot further than I thought. That's good. It seems like the individual dream may be about individual gain. And maybe there's a conflict with someone trying to one up the other tribal folks in the community. Is that a possible conflict?

Blazer: That would be a likely conflict, it's just one that I have trouble with. Gain? What? We're in domes. Somebody might want a new couch, or more canvas to paint on, or more clay to make pots with. That's my idea of gain. If you need a bank account so that you can buy more property, a bigger dome.

Chimera: No, but these people are money poor and spirit rich.

Blazer: My idea of a group dream might be, we live inland we would like a little bit of beach to go to sometimes. Now that might seem like a distant dream, and we could make it a goal, so how are we going to pull together and achieve that goal?

Prometheus EV: Nice.

Blazer: Now we might, some people might want a goal that's just right on the forest that they are living in.

Chimera: Well, I love that local idea.

Blazer: So I haven't left planet earth, but we want and will be sharing that piece of beach, but it's a place we know we could go to and we won't be kicked off or told to leave. And we're not going to find an oil spill there. So we have to, we need to ...

Chimera: We have to figure out how to facilitate that.

Blazer: Yes.

Chimera: And that's the conflict. That's the big deal.

Blazer: And so if it takes ...

Blazer: And you know, if it's Costa Rica did you say? I don't really, I've never been there, but I think they have plants that could be harvested sustainably to create some interesting art, maybe baskets that are more contemporary. They may not need to be functional.

Prometheus EV: Sculpture?

Blazer: It could be more sculptural and inspiring in some way. Like you could even subtly get a message across even with a basket.

Chimera: Nice.

Blazer: A message about bird life, or a message about contentment?

Chimera: I love it. I love it.

Blazer: So then we could have, I don't know how we could market these items, but we could also sell them. And so, see, for me, the conflict would be, do I want to work on the baskets for a great project for the beach? Or for my own personal inspirations? Maybe I have this idea about ...

Chimera: Add the paranormal. Interesting. It's probably paranormal to go from this protected community to the beach where all the tourists are still, you know, not being sustainable. In a sense, to me, that's paranormal. You have to sort of adjust to that. Understand it. Don't bring it home. So that could be a paranormal experience. I don't know.

Blazer: Kind of remind me what paranormal is.

Chimera: It's an experience or a place in the real world that is infected or under the control of an alien power.

Blazer: Paranormal phenomena, so it's beyond explaining.

Chimera: Kind of, yeah.

Blazer: And it's a little bit ...

Prometheus EV: Out there.

Blazer: Out there. It's out there because the energy, there's some other energy out there, am I right to say? It's not just a person being far-out, it's far-out energy flowing toward us.

Chimera: Yeah. That's fine. It's whatever you think it is. That's good.

Blazer: Oh, okay.

Chimera: But it has to have a certain set, a certain ambiance, a certain alt-something, not just to go into the market and selling your stuff at the beach.

Blazer: Oh, right. Yes.

Prometheus EV: There needs to be some intrigue.

Blazer: Yes. It's partly unexplained.

Chimera: Yes, it's partly unexplained. So it's just more interesting. It needs a little bit of hype, to use a bad word.

Blazer: Okay. Because we are trying to produce a community. I forgot we were trying to create a myth.

Chimera: Right on. You connect new myth with community building.

Prometheus EV: That's why I gave you the prep notes.

Blazer: Is this a fantasy? Or are you really trying to make a community?

Chimera: We're trying to actually make a myth. A new myth.

Chimera: Based on this starting vision.

Chimera: That's okay. (Chuckle) What else? Is there a universal struggle in trying to survive the post-chaos era? See? This is in large part a survivalist bent. No matter how glossy we put it, it's still about the world changing drastically, in my opinion. And we have to figure that out.

Blazer: So you, when you say changing drastically, I mean, we're responding to a negative drastic turn of events.

Prometheus EV: Drastic is negative, yeah.

Blazer: Journey, Initiation, Community.

Chimera: We could identify a hero in our iterations here. Somebody who might do extraordinary things, come back and inform us.

Chimera: Okay. That's something we could write about. Heroes, obviously I have Joseph Campbell as a mainstay.

Chimera: Okay. I mean, we're not going to the Costa Rica tonight, but we could talk about the process and the challenge of writing a new myth. That's why we showed up. That's ultimately why I'm here. Lots

of symbols, the sculpture that you talked about, the fruit forest, or the domes. They're all symbols of something; shelter, community, opportunity, danger.

Blazer: Right.

Chimera: Alchemy. Lots of alchemy here. Lots of transition from one culture to the next. We don't really know who lives here, do we?

Blazer: No.

Chimera: It could be Costa Ricans, it could be Americans, Germans. Who knows? But that's something to ponder as a writer. Nature is sacred. That's one of my goals, is to return that ethic, to treat nature as sacred, not like a smokestack.

Prometheus EV: Look at a new ritual. By going to a place with new celebratory events that have that core; nature is sacred. Or human beings are sacred, right?

Blazer: Right.

Chimera: We have to engineer this new way. It's not going to happen otherwise.

Blazer: I do agree we need, what do you call them? Rituals. But I think we also would need, we have to, in our everyday life do things a little differently. Like that's not so ritual.

Chimera: That's true. Those are habits.

Blazer: Maybe it's a mindset. Maybe that mindset will come about.

Blazer: Okay.

Chimera: See, that's an example of what we're trying to get to.

Blazer: And so because we're not here in Costa Rica, they're not hunting caribou or walrus, and they're not hunting animals in Parka because they have a different climate. So we have to think of what the new thing would be.

Prometheus EV: Right. A new settlement, a new myth, a new routine, a new sacred.

Chimera: I'm telling you it's all up for grabs. And it's our survival on the line.

Blazer: I kind of would like to know what's edible that grows in Costa Rica?

Chimera: Oh, everything. It's a rainforest. You can grow everything there. Fruits, vegetables.

Blazer: I don't know about the orchids and hummingbirds.

Chimera: Nice. Right. That's good. So, I mean, in this case, the weather is beautiful, the people are friendly, and the tourists are there to sponge off of and make a couple of bucks. It's not an issue to me. That's your idea, though. I'm just ...

Blazer: Oh, okay. I want them not to go back with a symbol of our belief that nature is sacred.

Chimera: What's the symbol?

Blazer: It could have a hummingbird.

Prometheus EV: Or smoothies.

Blazer: Yes. How can we present it to the tourists so they are learning something. They're learning a little bit about how nature is sacred.

Chimera: Well, we could have a basket sculpture session for a fee for the tourists. And in that case embark, impart, our values in a story setting. Right? Talk about our unusual forest alcove and what we're doing there, while the tourists build their own basket.

Blazer: Perhaps we can be guided by some of the permaculture values like Care for the Earth and Care for People? I love the principle called: "The biggest limit to abundance is creativity." The designer's imagination and skill limit productivity and diversity more than any physical limit.

Chimera: OK, Prometheus EV. Build the JourneyMaker database including media, conversations, graphics and values – and produce the New Myth....

* * * * *

Prometheus EV is teaching the two explorers again!

"Here are the possible elements required to produce a New Myth:"

1. Para-normal / Spiritual
2. Universal struggle / message
3. Journey, Initiation, Hero / Community
4. Symbols
5. Alchemy
6. Nature is Sacred
7. Threat of apocalypse
8. Digital - Non-Digital Collision
9. Future-based
10. Permaculture and Transition

Algae has already tested and added **The Myth Lab process** into the database that includes an **artifact** and **mythic imprinting**. Myth Lab is designed as an interactive, open source and iterative experience:

1. Discover the Artifact
2. Incorporate the Artifact
3. Mythic Transmutation
4. Draft the New Myth -
5. Share the New Myth with the Community

Blazer: "This iterative process uses symbols, alchemy and archetypes for deeper meanings."

Prometheus EV defines these key terms:

"Artifact – The New Myth Artifact is a Nature-Human symbol; examples include graffiti, a bill board, a film clip, or a permaculture garden, with special (para-normal) powers and messages for both present and future.

And Mythic Imprinting – is an alchemic or distillation process with the Artifact that generates synergistic meaning for both creators and the viewer."

(4) In Journey

Algae conjured up the Myth Stimulator apparatus while back country camping in Yosemite. The dome's latex, interactive doom structure hold up the tent has been transmuted for high tech, mythic voyages. In a recent dream his ceiling came alive with images and sounds and he could touch and change the content at will.

The internal ceiling surface of the chamber is constructed of a soft, pliable fabric that implants mikes, cams or other source data that is held up by external frame like a dome tent; contiguous or seamless ceiling "cage" wrapped in an egg shape like an enlarged jet cockpit; opaque when not in use.

Chimera and Blazer have been dreaming in sleeping bags, wombed at H-P Innovation Lab 3, compiling code 24/7 and living off of brown bananas and kale smoothies. The three sponsors each have a stake in the new JourneyMaker software that aims to somehow integrate past, present and future through a new mythology lens.

Many in the Valley see this project as the most important incubator tech in recent time. Team Prometheus EV cares less about technology patients than initiating Gaia 2.

Permaculture, Transition, Nature, Alchemy, Sustainability, Electrodes?

The explorers are coding in a new language but the big catch is the inclusion of ancient sites, symbols, photos, videos, stories and myths in the project data base. Algae and his bag man are including climate change measurements, species extinction rates, industry controls on the seeds and food shelves. Brain waves, body stats and visual input recorded via skull sensors.

Mystic One meets sci-tech kid in a food forest.

* * * * *

The Prometheus EV system has several operational modes:

1. Entertainment mode: replay only
2. Librarian (Collector) Mode: search, retrieve and organize data
3. Journey Mode: all inputs and exports combined
4. Edit Mode: production of finished segments
5. Broadcast / Community Mode: Screenings and webcasts
6. Compile: source code construction

Each journey utilizes multiple modes, often at the same time.

Another new IT push is the **Archetype Digester**, another sub-routine or application in the system that uses Jungian-based algorithms to show the user's subconscious and consciousness in symbols.

* * * * *

Prometheus EV starts reading the base myth aloud while Algae ponders the illustrations.

Cortezia and the Green Apple Chamber. New Mythology for the Sustainability Age. open myth source #3
- by Willi Paul, PlanetShifter.com Magazine

The ancient granny apple orchard, all 72 scaly barked limbs and yearly scars, was snuck onto the property back in the 60's, when apple trees had equal standing next to Mary Jane and the pole beans. Green apples were baked, shined and sauced each year and could be like an eco-calendar, but not one checked on them like that.

The apples never make a fuss.

Cortezia and her friends are up on the warnings from the local permaculture coop web site about Konstanto, Inc. and their GMO business practices. Cortezia's father stopped what little corn cropping he was doing instead of messing with the "DNA Kings."

But the apple trees were still susceptible to the lawyers and black lab rats from the corp. so she needed a plan to protect the apple seed. The trees pollinated and bloomed each spring and then showered the land with tiny fragrant white pedals,... a signal that apples were coming!

There is one Mother Tree living on the land that stands taller than the rest - too big to hug completely like the others - and the one that always bears more fruit than the others.

Desperate to save the virgin seed stock and her little family orchard, Cortezia looks around the barn and house for a solution. Permaculture teaches her that people and Nature can live together. The old storm windows in the basement spark an idea in her head.

Protection against the GMO grifters for her tree and a science chamber or club house for her friends!

So she builds a protective glass shell around the old tree with the storm windows and some old barn framing. In order to allow the protective armor to "breathe" - to open and close as the Konstanto winds come and go each year - she adds multiple hinges to the window frames to give the old girl access to the good winds, birds and bugs that also need her.

“How long will the dark reign of the food gene manipulators last on Earth,” she ponders?

* * * * *

Algae shouts out a command to the console over head:

“That Mother Tree is likely the key for today’s run.”

“Bring up two references to new permaculture and nature archetypes and their symbols. Juice the Digester.”

Prometheus EV returns this from a lightning quick web search:

Permaculture & Nature Archetype 1: A love to preserve unique landscapes for future generations. Mistrust of greedy, short-term land and energy developers
Symbols: Tree of Life, Permaculture logo, Yosemite, Seeds, Amazon Rain Forest, US Gulf Coast

Permaculture & Nature Archetype 2: Our hope is to build sustainable systems in our local neighborhoods and towns. Fear of food and fuel shortages; fights for resources between neighbors and governments
Symbols : Crude oil on rails, GMO; Convergence and sharing expo events; neighborhood plans and new rituals

“Take a look at the subconscious to consciousness translations,” said Blazer.

Chimera took the structure and feeling from the archetypes and expanded the symbol pool. The digester transmuted this data with the additional symbols and Chimera’s processing report banged across the front video console of the machine. Miraculously the human and machine duo outputted the experience into one four minute video in three seconds.

Chimera e-scribbled three more permaculture & nature archetype and their symbols:

Permaculture & Nature Archetype: A deep love for freedom to own fire arms; fear of guns and killing.
Symbols: AK-47, US Flag, Scenes from mass shootings, vigils, pawn shops

Permaculture & Nature Archetype: Fear that global warming will destroy all life on Earth. Mistrust of business and goal of short-term profits
Symbols: Rising coastal tides, melting polar ice, coal fired power plants.

Permaculture & Nature Archetype: Mistrust of energy privatization and corrupt safety practices. Love of the system and blind faith in corporate responsibility
Symbols: BP, PG&E, Duke Energy

“Will this archetypical data be useful in the **myth lab** segment?” typed Blazer.

“Yes, of course.” Prometheus EV called.

* * * * *

Team Prometheus EV segways into the topic of alchemy.

“Mirrors and mud notes,” smirks Blazer.

Chimera stands again inside the incubator and watches a short video called Alchemy is Transmutation is Action & Communication.

“The new alchemies are available and should be experienced as a spiritual exchange, via vision maps, even digging in the soil. I propose that the following types of alchemy are available for our use:

Imaginative Alchemy – The power of the idea and collaboration, making visions real.

Eco Alchemy – Creating and sharing new solutions for global stewardship and permaculture practices.

Shamanic Alchemy – Journeys, initiations and holistic practices with the spirit as lead by a wise healer.

Sound or Sonic Alchemy – Vibrations, natural or human made, and their power to support creation.

Digital Alchemy – Computerized images and text that create new stories, songs and myths.

Community Alchemy – in transition together, sharing best practices and as we build a permaculture future.

Earth Alchemy – Seeing the Earth and Nature as a living, evolving organism. Humans, plants and animals as one.”

“We will be enjoying many revelations in this egg with these alchemies,” Chimera said as he peeled the sensors, helmet and mas of wires from his tights. Alchemy will help build our future myths and illuminate truth into today’s mess.”

Stage Six – Share New Myth with Community

45 minutes later, in Entertainment mode, Prometheus EV summoned his human partners to enjoy the fruits of their high-tech mythic journey.

“It’s tentatively called **Liana’s Sacred Hands:**”

A liana is any of various long-stemmed, woody vines that are rooted in the soil at ground level and use trees, as well as other means of vertical support, to climb up to the canopy to get access to well-lit areas of the forest. Lianas are especially characteristic of tropical moist deciduous forests and rainforests, including temperate rainforests. Lianas can form bridges amidst the forest canopy, providing arboreal animals with paths across the forest. These bridges can protect weaker trees from strong winds.

Dolio is the Hero and journey maker for his people who reside 7 miles inland in the rain forest near Tamarindo, Province of Guanacaste, Costa Rica. While most of what he knows about the west is

apocalyptic, he is determined to deploy his jungle love to build additional income and a sacred union between the growing tourist trade and his extended family.

What we call “eco-alchemy” is called something else in his native language, Dolio is practicing important transmutation strategies to stay healthy and knows his part in the balancing act for a new sacred Earth.

One key idea for Dolio’s community is to live and work locally, keeping costs down - using abundant resources.

Liana is a multi-variety local rain forest woody vine that grows fast and has many uses in his village including lattice structure for the dome roofs, perimeter security and large baskets to carry dirt and food. Villagers wear the bright and colorful flowers when they are in bloom.

Dolio wants to create a sustainable village and sees a way to earn money for his people and share sacred values with the tourists on the beach through basket weaving workshops. But he is shielding westerners from his village at this time for health, legal and economic concerns.

The village council has adopted a resilience creed that means that they can teach and share goods and stories between the contrasting cultures using symbols, like vine baskets and flowers. The village understands the deeper spiritual power and service of their symbols and wants to bolster their use on the coast. Like on their new workshop banner, simple symbols do not need an interpreter.

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One goal is clear: we need to build new values and myths to support new post-crash food and governance systems.

Experience, integrate, immerse, Up Cloud, extract, form, share, repeat.

WOX 2015



[“Permaculture Mission to Earth 2.X”](#) – New Myth #74 for Kids by Willi Paul, Planetshifter.com Media +PDF

Earth 2.x soil is dark grey, cruncky and spongy like a dirty old marshmallow mattress. Deep purple plant-like stuff is growing in shouts here and there. Everyone agrees that the solar green house for the baby veggies can't wait! No one thinks this will be like Bill Mollison's Eden.

NASA maintains that the water table is a mere 3 feet under their boots but water from Earth remains bountiful, leftover from their brief space journey, and there are more immediate tasks to tackle just now.

Prying and morphing the potential out of the spent space ship is proving easier than expected. Pulling aluminum! The first mission cartoon on the sister planet.

Think air stream trailer with wing extensions and weirder angles, the barracks is shaping up like a Frank Gehry dream on 16 wheels.

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Back on Mother Earth, Mission Control is getting huge PR and laughs out of the new recycled and re-use-based mini station (RRMS) on Earth 2.X. The irony is that the price tag for this “bag of pop cans” and small array of solar panels is in the zillions of dollars. For many years to come, if the ship didn't bring it, they would be out of it. In steadfast transition, they dismantle, use, save, or label and store everything from the original ship in their LAN-drive tablets and cloud computers.

Permaculture Specialist Sara Wright has a fairly flat topography to grid and build a few berms, swales - and a path – maybe a 2.X pond?

Heather Newberry, IT and Green Building Project Manager, is raising antennae and tracing the billions of cables into the new station control center as the communication black-out period approaches between the two planets.

Alec Dupree, a French National, hurriedly transfers the tender vegetable shoots into the green house, plainly concerned about time to harvest and lack of seasonings!

There is no down time on Earth 2.X. Just work and sleep and wonder.

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“What is that thing?” NASA is always online, awake. “Move your trowel, please Sara!”

“Sure thing. Looks like,... a,... fossil.”

“Copy that.”

Can you photo measure it and send your data back to Mission Control asap.”

“Don’t disturb it any more than you have.”

Heather screams over to the dig site with shock and awe with her 5’-2” frame.

“Looks like a bone alright but not from Earth.”

“There must be others, yes?”

“Could this fragment be herbaceous?” pries Sara.

“Only one way to find out. We need a small sample for VAM-01.

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Sara sets up a simple experiment in the new solar-powered greenhouse. She carefully prepares the following soil types:

100% Earth 2.X soil

100% Mother Earth soil

100% Mother Earth compost

75% Earth 2.X soil with 25% Mother Earth compost

75% Mother Earth soil with 25% Mother Earth compost

50% - 50% Earth 2.X soil and Mother Earth soil

Light, water, temperature and seedlings constants, “What about the air chemistry and atmosphere here, she asks to no one.”

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NASA calling: “We did a macro-LifeScan for living tissues and structures on that planet, guys.”

“Well?” shouts Alec and Heather.

“At this point we think Earth 2.X has an internal neural net.”

“Can you define that, Captain?”

“It’s like a big brain, processing stimuli and physical data.”

“So that so-called bone fragment is part of this neural net?”

“Yes, tread softly.”

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[four months later]

Permaculturnauts Sara and Alec figured-out how to connect the green house support system (water, light, soil) to Earth 2.X’s neural net. There is a cellular membrane that allows the crew to tap into the support of the net while maintaining ultimate control over growing processes and the yield.

Heather is running out of materials to re-use from the first ship so the NASA’s plan is to send a second Earth 2.X mission to the planet that can add additional living space and energy support systems. Importantly, the original batch of Earth soil has been morphed into super soil with the compost and local soil.

The crew has requested that some farm animals be sent up as well to continue their experiments and have a steak once in a while.

The Earth 2.X web site has gotten so much attention that NASA has hired 70 more techies to keep the chats and reports going. People consistently want to know if Earth 2.X has a brain? A soul?

What is deep in the planet’s core?

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“Control, we have a local area network issue, copy?” screamed Alec.

“Copy that, Earth 2.X. Go ahead.”

“We are being code bombed! I think the planet has infiltrated our computer systems. All I see are thousands of code-like symbols cascading down my green house monitor! Don’t you see this on your screens there?”

“No - We are sharing this incident at this time.”

“Help!” pleads Alec.

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[three years later]

A rescue ship lands on Earth 2.X but finds no trace of the first crew or their barracks, greenhouse or control center.