

# TRIBES



15 Illustrated New Myths for the  
Permaculture Age - by Willi Paul

An [openmythsources.com](http://openmythsources.com) freeBook

# Intro

One of the (key) concepts today is that of a “myth gap.” Myth is defined as the combination of Explanation + Meaning + Story. Historically, myths are the vehicles of culture. They provide a context and framework for the world, hopefully imparting wisdom, insight and guidance as to how we should live our lives. (i.e. – myth of Genesis). But sometimes, society falls in a myth gap. Like now. Another way of saying this is that the cultural narrative is broken. Most of us are acutely aware of this current state of affairs, especially in the broader context of systemic change. We see that our institutions (education, finance, politics, economy) are not equipped to serve us any longer, and we’re clawing around for a story (or stories) to describe the “new way of doing things” that can be agreed upon by society so we can move forward. As Jonah notes in the video, its marketers and designers who are closing this myth gap and infusing our culture with the new stories we can choose about how to live our lives and exist in the world. It’s a powerful message, and one that seems pretty accurate to me. People are disillusioned and lacking trust, and a new story infused with simplicity, aesthetics, beauty and grace will go far. I think many of us are looking for something resonant to believe in and stand behind, something that is in alignment with our deep desires, passions, values and principles.

Essential Skills for 21st Century Survival (Part 6), Venessa Miemis

<http://www.innovationexcellence.com/blog/2011/12/18/essential-skills-for-21st-century-survival-part-6-storytelling/>

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The Leatherneck Clan and the Black Sea Men:  
Building a Mythology Generator for the Sustainability Age by Willi Paul and David Metcalfe

<http://www.planetshifter.com/node/1612> [Picture Source](#)

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Primer

What are some of the social and cultural impacts from the BP oil spill?

This environmental catastrophe has been a big wake up call for many people. Questions about our oil consumption and fossil fuel dependency have trickled into the mainstream conversation. People are questioning why are we drilling so deep in a sensitive and

fragile ecosystem, and whether there might be other cleaner, greener sources of energy. That these questions are being increasingly debated in our public discourse is a silver lining on an otherwise extremely black and ominous storm cloud.

While it's far too early to tell what the impacts will be from the BP oil spill, they will most certainly be far reaching. Some of them will be potentially devastating, particularly for the coastal communities of the Gulf of Mexico. One third of America's seafood is produced by these communities. The indigenous tribe of [Atakap](#) have depended on the Gulf for hundreds of years. The economies of these communities are also heavily dependent on tourism. How will these people cope with the loss of their livelihoods?

Yet, in every crisis there is opportunity. Perhaps this is the time for these people to begin to build resilience back into their communities, to create a more vibrant and fulfilling localized culture that is not dependent on a global, oil-based economy.

Raven Gray, President & Co-Founder, Transition US Interview - [PlanetShifter.com](#), 6/22/10

## I. Introduction by David Metcalfe

This article demonstrates the power of the Web to bring together disparate voices to build a single, multi-faceted, story. I had some intimations of what this kind of information hub could be during the 2008 election. There were a lot of independent websites where people could write up and submit their dreams about Obama. It seemed to me that beyond the curiosity factor, this could be a powerful litmus test for the nation's collective psyche. The [Arlington Institute](#) was one step ahead of me, they host a dream database that serves as a sort of collective dream journal. When I saw that A.I. was already monitoring humanity's dreamscape in order to drive forecasting reports I realized "Whoa...that's an amazing resource..." Princeton has another program called the Global Consciousness Project based on experiments which have shown that changes in human consciousness seem to have an effect on Random Number Generators. They've placed RNG's across the globe, they call them eggs, and they monitor these for abnormal patterns in an attempt to gauge changes in the "Global Consciousness". Even Google is in on the game; using data from Google Trends, researchers Hyunyoung Choi and [Hal Varian](#) were able to produce more accurate forecasting reports in [a number of areas](#). During the H1N1 scare researchers showed that it was possible to track the development and movement of the flu based on search patterns related to flu symptoms, medications and information.

All that is a side note to what I'm seeing here with Planetshifter, here you've got this litmus test for what folks in the sustainability field are thinking, through interviews, now through the LI group. Bring that together in a directed way and that's a really nice tool for change. You want to build a Mythology Generator for the Sustainability Age? This is a great way to start.

So how do we build a story machine?

We've heard again and again that stories are the lifeblood of change. They give shape to the issues at hand, present powerful heroes and villains whose relationships help us coordinate our response to the situation and they allow us a safe place to work out solutions. Kids consume stories. Just look at what Jim Henson did with Sesame Street. He created stories dealing with everyday life that everyone could enjoy. He went from being [an ad man for IBM](#) to changing the way we relate to each other, just by telling a good story.

So where's the machine?

Some people believe that the age of myth is over. Mass media has done a very effective job of redirecting humanities innate need to share experience through stories. Using the same techniques that were once used to bind society, Mass Media strips out the meaning for pure efficiency. There is rarely any altruistic or culturally relevant message being spread, and when there is it's usually just a bit of spice to hide the bitter flavor of consumerism. With so many additives it's tempting to idealize the raw reality of pure information, to idealize the "real".

In a situation like the BP disaster it's easy to think that simply showing the reality of the situation is an effective way to bring about change. The problem with this is that real life examples provide no direction for answers. A deep analysis requires more effort than most people are willing to put forward. Rather than finding solutions they look at pictures of oil soaked sea life and get angry.

Stories encapsulate meaning, they give a structure that can not only demonstrate the problem, but a way to explore solutions as well. While there's no official group of "storytellers" these days, there is the ubiquitous proliferation of digital media platforms that allow everyone who has the slightest creative inkling to share in the task.

While reading a transcript from a talk given by Baba Rampuri at the 2008 World Psychedelic Forum in Basel this process was given a broader context. Rampuri talks about the role of the pilgrim, and the responsibility of the pilgrimage, in a way that shows how each of us traveling the course of our lives can share our stories to bring about meaningful change.

"Those who go on a pilgrimage become witnesses of mirrors. The main reason for pilgrimage is for darshan, The Beholding, and the resulting blessings. Darshan derives from drsh, 'to see', and is The Beholding, not 'the looking', as a tourist might do, but The Seeing. And, as the mirrors continue to reflect images deeper and deeper within, Analogy operates reflecting the macrocosm and the microcosm.

The World must benefit from his pilgrimage, so having had darshan, the pilgrim brings something back to his village. Pilgrims return with more than memories, something auspicious that brings magic and prosperity home."

A website like Planetshifter focuses real events, insight from thought leaders, and an intermixing of classic myths to bring this powerful process into the hands of kids who are already hungry for answers. Tools like Google Search, the real time web and social media help bring this process into immediate play.

Teaching kids how to grab a hold of these resources can help change the way we approach building a sustainable future. Down in the gulf of Mexico BP's negligence has led to an environmental disaster that will have lasting implications on our world. Kids need a way to build these events into mythologies and stories that can lead the world forward into the future.

What were the myths that we grew up with? The stories that shaped our lives?

How did we share these, build on them, create the future? Stories generate emotion, but they don't stop there. They direct that emotion into patterns of behavior, new beliefs, archetypal examples. A story gives context to the event.

When people are faced with something as monumental as the Gulf situation it's easy for the mind to put it on par with a natural disaster. The human actions that lead up to the event are overshadowed by the sheer magnitude of damage. This is where stories are best suited to act as guideposts. They take the reality of a situation, where technical details blur the ability to move forward, and bring it down to bite sized pieces that are able to be realigned towards actionable solutions.

William Gibson's [Neuromancer](#) inspired a generation of computer scientists to go further than they had imagined in their development of the internet. They were limited by technical details, Gibson was free to use his imagination. His dreams became their reality as they worked to build the technologies and possibilities he described.

This process needs to become inherent in kids lives. Building advanced communications technology has led us to a situation where we can easily reach across the globe with our ideas, but the physical reality of the world we are living in requires immediate attention. How will kids digest the BP oil spill? A round about foray of arguments, blame, finger pointing and regret? This will be based on the stories that they build for themselves around the event; even more so it will be built around the stories they are told about the event.

Delving into our mythic heritage

The BP oil spill can be seen as the many headed hydra that Hercules faces, Hercules as Campbell's 'hero with a thousand faces' becomes Siegfried slaying the dragon. Siegfried, who having bathed in dragon's blood becomes immortal, the teeth of the dragon become his army. The outrage and gnashing of teeth is an impetus for all of us to raise up our collective voice to rebuild our society on a more permanent and lasting ground.

The oil spill is the beast at the initiatory gate of this century, the monster that needs to be slain, with many heads, of lies, bad business practices, inept management, political dissonance holding up the cleaning process, greedy lobbyists, etc. all the heads of the beast that have to be cauterized.

Siegfried plants the teeth of the dragon, the teeth are what bites, what kills, the issues that lead to the oil spill. These can also be "planted" to raise a new crop of heroes to face and defeat the monster itself.

The philanthropists are like the kings and princes, they must set out a bounty to kill the beast, a hall in which the heroes can gather (website/forum/events/etc.) and offer up a prize. Greek drama is accompanied by the voice of the Chorus, and here with the power of advanced communication technology, that Chorus is being realized.

## II. Selected LinkedIn and other contributions

"Among our major tasks is the creation of ecologically derived human support systems—renewable energy, agriculture aquaculture, housing and landscapes. The strategies we research emphasize a minimal reliance on fossil fuels and operate on a scale accessible to individuals, families and small groups. It is our belief that ecological and social transformations must take place at the lowest functional levels of society if humankind is to direct its course towards a greener, saner world."

"Our programs are geared to produce not riches, but rich and stable lives, independent of world fashion and the vagaries of international economics. The New Alchemists work at the lowest functional level of society on the premise that society, like the planet itself, can be no healthier than the components of which it is constructed. The urgency of our efforts is based on our belief that the industrial societies which now dominate the world are in the process of destroying it."

### [Fall 1970 Bulletin of the New Alchemists](#)

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A good myth needs heroes, and right now this tragedy lacks heroes... either that or they've signed non-disclosure agreements with BP. There's only the oil.

I don't think we need to frame the Macondo Blowout in mythical terms. Its power lies in cold, sober reality. This thing is really happening. We made it happen. It will affect us. It will happen again somewhere else. It will probably get worse too, if there is damage to the well casings and the BOP collapses into the well bore.

This should be a time of profound introspection for all of us. You can't make it larger than life, it's already far too big for that. Absolute truth is a scary thing in our society. Catharsis is a frightening concept in a world where every problem is supposed to have a quick fix.

The most powerful way to use these events is to learn all you can and make sure others know the gravity of the situation, but is a lesson we must learn first before sharing it with others.

I honestly don't think stories will save us. I think that we will only wake up, only really get it, when large numbers of people suffer. That will come, possibly within our lifetimes, when we start going to war over resources. It will come when desertification, topsoil erosion, and other factors force huge populations of hungry people into urban centers that can't handle the influx. Already tenuous social orders will crumble and pressure will be put on larger nations to intervene, ostensibly for humanitarian purposes. This, of course, will provide an opportunity for them to manage the resources of their client states.

Americans, and other first worlders, will predictably insulate us, constructing elaborate cultural cysts to protect our quality of life, denying the problem until our own walls start to fall to the Malthusian firestorm.

I foresee either a massive die off or a profound shift in the quality of life for most of the world's population before 2050. This seems to be the direction we're heading unless we figure out how to live within our means with the world we're given. I say we make painful choices now so we can avoid ghastly choices later.

The myth is a bygone concept in a world lacking a storyteller class, where ideas bounce around millions of minds in nanoseconds and corporate marketing takes the place of cultural discourse. There is no historical precedent for the way we communicate now. We're moving so fast that it is becoming more and more difficult to process the rapid changes our culture is undergoing. You can't have myths in a world with Google.

Instead, I look to real life examples to describe what I see happening. Watching the rig sink and the oil pour into the Gulf is like watching a drug addict choke on his own vomit. I worked with addicts at a homeless shelter, and you don't beat an addiction by finding a closer, friendlier, more reasonable dealer. Overcoming addiction is a grueling process of introspection and self discipline.

We are all addicts to oil. As long as we keep our dealers close, we're not going to look seriously at alternatives. Like citing the disaster in the Gulf as an example of the consequences of our collective addiction to oil? Well, first, you need to make it personal. As a Floridian, I see this thing as a crime. I feel personally wronged that my beaches will be ruined, fresh seafood will be a memory, and my state will most likely slip back into a recession. Naturally, I feel threatened, violated, and downright mad. The fact that it has no end in sight makes it worse every day.

Emotion is key. Nobody cares about a story if there's no heart in it. With one's emotion, if it be true and compelling, comes empathy from another. No matter where you live in the US, you look down South and you see our lives being ruined, and you share our sorrow, our helplessness, and our anger. You recognize that what is happening is wrong on so many levels, and you share our pain.

So, what to do with all that emotion and empathy? Where does the story go now? If you can direct it towards a task, you can accomplish great things. Thomas Paine could tell you about that. Of course, read up on Joseph Goebbels to see the dark side of mass communication.

Getting back to my example, will people view the oil spill as some sort of natural disaster, an inescapable by-product of modern life, or as a senseless waste that reflects the ugly side of modern energy policy? Will we finally wake up to the unsustainable nature of our consumption? In the span of 4 days in 1979, the nuclear power industry evaporated because of an accident resulting in zero loss of life. I'd say Three Mile Island is the best example, and one whose results I would like to see replicated.

Think Green LI Group - "How can we collaborate and transform critical events into contemporary, universal stories (myths)?" ( W. Paul) 6/10

Posted by Chris Robinson

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I certainly believe stories can help ordinary people to understand complex problems and climate change is both an extra-ordinarily complex and extremely simple problem at the same time. Solving it strikes right at the very heart of what it is to be human and requires us to decide whether to listen to our animalistic greed instincts or our human traits of love and co-operation.

To explain where I see the possible solution, I used the myth of Hercules to provide 12 "Labours" (or "Labors") for individuals to engage with to reclaim a safe climate. You can see an outline at <http://www.hksuperh.com>

Posted by Harold Forbes

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The Native Americans used stories and myths to pass on their knowledge and values. I often refer to things as "illusions" because that makes impossible for people to disagree without agreeing.

Posted by John Crockett

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I was taught that 'Cowboys and Indians' is the all American myth that underpins American attitudes of 'go getting', 'fight for the prize', 'every man for themselves'. That would need a major rewrite to teach 'Together Everybody Achieves More' and 'We value the Earth more than consumer items'

Posted by Sydney Charles

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What's the difference between a story and a myth? Stories have very specific characters and plot. Myths are larger than life, easier to find analogies to lots of other situations. Or myths are about larger-than-life stakes--they're particularly powerful for giving meaning to everyday events.



I disagree with the idea that modern myths have no power. People are hungry for myths--why else so many new and resurgent religious movements, or so many popular movies focusing on larger than life heroes? The fast pace of information just makes people more desperate for something that feels like a solid foundation. And modern life should be easy to mythologize, because the stakes are so much higher than they've ever been before \*outside\* of myths.

Posted by Ruthanna Gordon

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None are so blind as those who refuse to see. Lessons of history, stories, myths and legends will never 'save' the like of these. Maybe that is a good thing - kind of a literary Darwinism?

Meanwhile embedded within the roughly 7000 disappearing languages spoken around the world today that are not derived from a Latin/Celtic root is a rich verbal history. Contained within this is plenty of myth, some surprisingly consistent despite vast geographical isolation, and lots of knowledge that never makes it into a Google search or appears on You Tube.

If we really want some answers it is time to take the blinkers off folks. To quote Einstein (warning, history content): "The intuitive mind is a sacred gift and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant and has forgotten the gift."

Chris - I hear you. As you point out the message, the moral of the story if you like, has to resonate with an audience far distant from your neighborhood. With Three Mile Island (and other nuclear accidents) there is a powerful invisible menace that can sneak into our homes and steal the lives of our loved ones while they sleep. What better mythic bogey man could you want? Trouble is, the oil spill doesn't conjure up the same kind of bogey man (though I agree it should) as the silent invisible horrible death of radiation - specially not for folks far away from the Gulf who can drive their SUV across town to buy fresh seafood flown in from... you name it. See where I'm going?

I've been trolling the dusty vaults of memory searching for a template myth for the Gulf disaster.

Posted by John Cameron

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III. Examples of related Stories, Songs, Symbols, Spirits?

[Pilgrimage, story, community renewal through storytelling - Baba Rampuri](#)

[The Story of the Hummingbird](#)

[Transmedia Practice: Theorising the Practice of Expressing a Fictional World across Distinct Media and Environments](#)

[Pervasive Games: Gaming in Physical Space](#)

[Partners in Play: "the trend of the future is experience economy"](#)

[King Midas](#)

[Leonard Cohen - There is a War](#)

[Leonard Cohen - The Old Revolution](#)

IV. Search engines and web sites

[Joseph Campbell Foundation](#)

[PlanetShifter.com Magazine](#)

[Society for Storytelling](#)

[Rock music and mythology](#)

[Encyclopedia of Myths](#)

## V. Mythology Generator for the Sustainability Age

Process steps or menu:

1. Define current event, players, short and long-term impacts, artistic, religious, ecological, political, spiritual implications
2. ID historic, literary, mythic precedents that relate to event
3. Chart all possible paths and outcomes from event
4. List universal lessons
6. Draft myth story line using new names, place(s) and symbols from world mythology
7. Check piece for universal not local or real reference(s)
8. Simplify and finalize myth

## VI. The Oil Spill Myth – “The Leatherneck Clan and the Black Sea Men”

For as long as the Sea was clean clear and full of life, the sea turtle clan and their spirit guide Slena swam and birthed for their young on sandy beaches without concern.

The turtles lived along side their ocean brothers and sisters in peace for eons, taking what the sea offered and blessing the ecosystem with the wisdom of birth cycle, stewardship and unselfishness. They often saw the land boil-up and slide hot molten rocks into the shoreline, and understand the land and sea are working together in the great building process.

A one year-old sea turtle, a from the leatherneck clan named Grassie, lives in what humans call The Gulf of Mexico. Her Mother insists that man is not their enemy and shows her the way to the white sand beaches that will one day be the birth place of her young.

A few turtle years ago, huge man-made steel skeletons with hoses penetrating the sea bed came and Grassie was confused. “This is not the way of the clan or the sea, Slena!” she said.

“This is the way of the Black Sea Men,” relayed Slena. It was not long before the leatherneck clan witnessed the pollution from the oil mining in the Gulf. Black globs of pre-fuel started killing the corral beds and choking her fish friends.

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Then Death came to the ocean and took the life and breath from the creatures. The Black Sea Men set the water on fire and tar balls coated the shores of the Gulf. Thick killing oil hangs under the surface like an iron curtain.

Slena asked the planet to remain calm as the devastation wrenched control over the beautiful balance.

Grassie paddled south to One Island to work on a solution. Other turtle clans were already there, safe for now from the Gulf stream now toxic with human folly.

"We need to plug that damn leak," she cried!

The turtles decided to travel under the sea floor and find the end of the drill pipe at the source. Then twist the end of the pipe to stop the upward flow of the pre-fuel. Very dangerous but time was not to be lost. Some clan will not return from this hero's task.

"May Slena be with you," one old green sea turtle cried.

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The crack at the bottom of the earth is now bubbling black when once it was gentle wave. Grassie's rescue team entered the cavern and headed to the north channel. They carried strong cord made from sea wheat for the rodeo of their lives.

As fate would have it, there was an air pocket above the extended pipe and the turtles wasted no time in fixing multiple lines to the sucking pipe. Then all of the turtles swam in a counter clock wise in a slow, painful twisting motion. They could not break-off the end of the pipe!

Finally suffocated but victorious, the turtle engineers closed the pipe of the Black Sea Men and slowly swam back to One Island.

It took men 15 years to clean up their Gulf and the eastern seaboard but the turtles are the stewards.

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### [Neil Young: Love and Only Love](#)

Long ago in the book of old, before the chapter where dreams unfold

A battle raged on the open page

Love was a winner there overcoming hate

Like a little girl who couldn't wait

Love and only love will endure

Hate is everything you think it is

Love and only love will break it down

Love and only love.



The bee cave spirits - New Myth 2

<http://www.planetshifter.com/node/1638>

[Mythology Generator for the Sustainability Age](#)

Process steps or menu:

1. Define current event, players, short and long-term impacts, artistic, religious, ecological, political, spiritual implications
2. ID historic, literary, mythic precedents that relate to event
3. Chart all possible paths and outcomes from event
4. List universal lessons
6. Draft myth story line using new names, place(s) and symbols from world mythology
7. Check piece for universal not local or real reference(s)
8. Simplify and finalize myth

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"The bee cave spirits"

After the Great Organic War when the oil corporations fought and lost the fight for energy resources to the planet's food coops and sustainability communities, the honey bees suddenly disappeared. Few flowers were pollinated and plantation crops that needed the bees went without fruit.

All bee members from all North and South American hives flew into hiding under the fertile Kentucky soil, half a mile deep in an ancient cave – far away from the wireless and honey-less above.

Buzzing bodies and shaking wings. The Four Winds danced the bees to the conclave.

Many bees needed to be cleaned at the mouth of the cave by trained workers that recognized the pesticides on their thoraxes from home works or during the many rest stops along the way.

The queen bees perched on a high ledge in the back of the conclave together, enjoying the humming discourse all around them, a permaculture sound-vision in full bloom.

This cave is a scared vessel and has sponsored all kinds of evolution for species since the fire cracked and opened the earth back in pre-history. There are human and animal markings.

The honey makers need a super gene.

The Queens announced that a cross fertilizing would begin with some of them and some of the cleaner bees.

Feeding on the warm, filtered nutrients dripping from above, the Moon dancers loved the succession of baby bee generations, watching each herd come and go.

It took years to produce young bees with pesticide shielded genes.

The bee cave spirits are ever ready to heal the next alchemic creature that needs a soft, dark belly.

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Cortezia and the Green Apple Chamber - New Myth 3

<http://www.planetshifter.com/node/1648>

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!

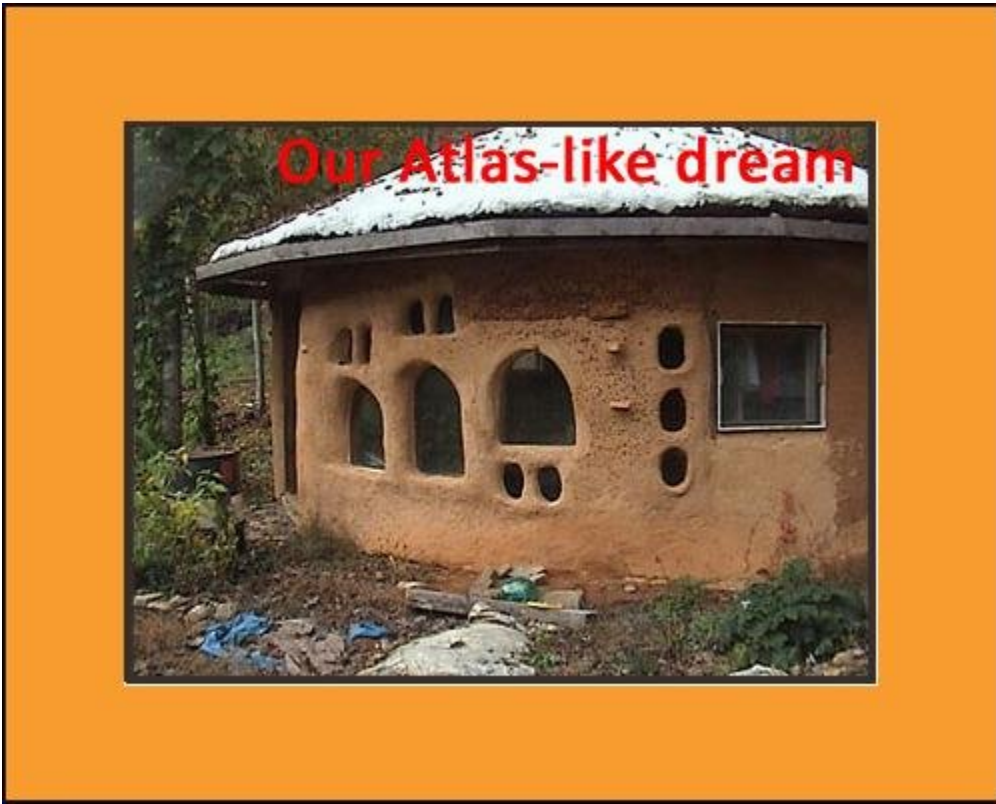
There is one Mother Tree living on the land that stands taller than the rest - too big to hug completely like the others - and the one that always bears more fruit than the others.

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?



The Permaculture King. New Myth 4

<http://www.planetshifter.com/node/1670>

"I wish it would rain again," bumbled the King – his hairy feet dangling, and dripping then toe laughing in the old cistern behind his [cob house](#). "Yes, feet can laugh and even tell the lady bugs where to go! The roof panels need a watering."

Water nourishes the plants and animals in his tiny urban garden kingdom like the blood pushing through his heart. But the soil gets long rows of shallow ditches that collect and percol water to the corn and squash and beets and the all of the green beans and pole peas in 6" deep thumb pressed canals or arteries.

The King grows his metaphor patch, too, and routinely speaks of the many interconnected systems that makes up his sun powered biosphere when children and adults come round.

Truth is, some of the neighborhood peeps snicker when the King rolls up his jeans and prances on his compost pile, but they buy the goop ASAP when the old bio-chemistry professor bags the stinky slue for their roses and lemon trees.

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One thing the King always wanted to tattoo to his forehead: "This is not gardening." His little neighborhood permie ranch is better experienced as a year round sustainability map. Each season means new plants and new mulch, fruits come and go. Meals race with the Sun while the compost just keeps on kissing the soil.

Teachers and their kids from area schools with their rubber gloves and digital cameras, looking for easy Earth Worms and complicating easy eco-concepts. A sign dangling on the cob house dissects permaculture as unique among alternative farming systems (e.g., organic, sustainable, eco-agriculture, biodynamic) in that it works with a set of ethics that suggest we think and act responsibly in relation to each other and the earth.

The ethics of permaculture provide a sense of place in the larger scheme of things, and serve as a guidepost to right livelihood in concert with the global community and the environment, rather than individualism and indifference.

The King always grabs a serious tone when relaying the ethics of permaculture with his subjects:

- \* Care of the Earth - includes all living and non-living things - plants, animals, land, water and air
- \* Care of People - promotes self-reliance and community responsibility & access to necessary resources for existence
- \* Setting Limits to Population & Consumption - gives away surplus - contribution of surplus time, labor, money, information, and energy to achieve the aims of earth and people care.

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Permaculture is great fun. There are many festivals and workshops for all ages: The bi-annual [Seed Swap](#) helps to safeguard against GMO or toxic seeds from the bad corporations.

The Lattice Tie Party to tie-up creeping vegetables like snap peas and beans. Come on, lets' pruning the apple trees and then eat through the berry patch and take home a quart for Mom!

The King and his older friends are constantly fidgeting with the [grey water pipes](#) - filtering and watering the crops with little City reserves.

The Permaculture King loves his [solar topped cob hut](#), the seasons and the compost stains on his feet and legs. His challenge isn't in the constant weeding and planting and harvests but the struggle to get the word out, to get out of the garden and tell the planet's peeps how to do the permaculture!

Alas, we are all like the King – shining; running round and round in our local days with an Atlas-like dream.







Lightning washing the dream seeds – New Myth 6

<http://www.planetshifter.com/node/1696>

walking in  
indian summer souls  
'round the block

nobody else believes me

falling from the tree  
i was born up here

burning old quarter moons  
solar flares

unplugging holes in your heart  
tiny mythic mix-ups

lightning washing  
the dream seeds

\* \* \* \* \*

lightning washing the dream seeds

The day was heart thumping. Rising mists from the west way coast and a climbing faceful of sun over east. Muir pumped her mountain bike on Nature's back, admiring.

Slam-bang burst of green white lightning! threw her against the ground. Dazed. Guacamole and water bottles flying! The massive Redwood not 25 yards from her was split in two. A weird yellow smoke mingled in the midst with a confused Sun.

"Hey Missey!" Shouted something near the smoldering crack. "We meet again!" A filthy little human was waving his stick, his beard on fire. "Water, quick!"

Muir raced over to the knob of a man, dousing him with her Sierra Club canteen. The filtered water from her Haight Ashbury walk-up had a second, wondrous effect.

"Oh my, oh my, bejeezers," the wizard cried! Hidden in the root mass below the ground, exposed by the lightning, was a small cave full of bones, feathers and old pots and pans. And his ancient Redwood seeds.

"My seeds!" he is now way confused, like a child trying to make solar energy at night. Muir ran around and around his needle and soil encrusted alchemy ruin in awe.

"You are not the comet and this is not the year 2112!"

"We must plant the dream seeds now, her vision is clear," he said shaking. 1000 baby tree sprouts are already snaking in and around each other - weaving a bright white green mass of young roots that are now rising out of the root cave.

From the Redwoods an army of black squirrels came into the clearing, tails wagging, ready to re-forest the hillside from rocky outcrop to ocean side.

"Spirit speed to the Blackies!"

Muir had no doubt that these new trees would play a critical role in the survival of the planet.

But that's another dream....



St. Francis Wood Permaculture Tribe, Post-Crash San Francisco, 2022 A.D. - New Myth 7

<http://www.planetshifter.com/node/1854>

[Click here to watch the video](#) and follow along with the myth text below...

\* \* \* \* \*

"But this is the end  
This is the end of the innocence  
O' beautiful, for spacious skies  
But now those skies are threatening  
They're beating plowshares into swords  
For this tired old man that we elected king  
Armchair warriors often fail  
And we've been poisoned by these fairy tales  
The lawyers clean up all details  
Since daddy had to lie  
Offer up your best defense  
But this is the end  
This is the end of the innocence"

The End of the Innocence by Don Henley

\* \* \* \* \*

I don't know what alchemy to expect from this Tribe. The invitation reached me via horseback express and took 27 days to reach me in Southern Oregon where my last training ended. My name is Buck Randi Robertson. In their favor, the St. Francis Wood Tribe in what was considered a rich, quiet, monoculture San Francisco neighborhood up until the Global Crash of 2017. Now the rich are no longer rich as the dollar is gone as is most of the oil-based economy. How to describe this mash-up of gardens where pavement once steamed after the rain? Perhaps one un-top-down, un-intentional but good intentioned retro-technology community of former bankers, BMW drivers and green tea parties? This papered left-over from a long-dead Tribe refrigerator:

"Long one of San Francisco's most affluent neighborhoods, the charming enclave of St. Francis Wood still benefits from the efforts of the city planners, architects and landscapers who set out to create one of the country's first true residential parks back in 1912. Inspired by the ideals of the City Beautiful movement, spearheaded by famed architect Daniel Burnham, homes in St. Francis Wood are still coveted for their views, harmony with the surrounding environment and classical designs. When it comes to pride of

ownership, St. Francis Wood dwellers are in a class by themselves. Community standards set over a century ago dictated not only such quality of life issues as where one could park a horse, but also established a ban on businesses that continues today.”

A refugee camp? A landing pad? A new zoo & sustainability reserve! Or a surround fence compound filled with anti-astronauts. Let’s just go with “permaculture tribe.” Why call it a tribe? Because they’re a new family now, paying homage to both real and filmic ancestors, and amends to Nature and the GreenTech weave.

But no Chief Officer.

\* \* \* \* \*

The old neighborhood association and library branch were never the same after the 13.7 earthquake, aftershocks and Bay Area fire back in 2015. The global currency bomb in 2017 – when the US dollar was ousted as the international standard currency prior to the quakes, was a near fatal stab that caused a run on the banks and a level of panic unforeseen on the planet. The populous was then divided as follows: dead and missing, the high way 101 marchers to coastal Mexico and Central America, and the folks who elected to stay and create a sustainable future; the new criminals, homeless and the insane.

Permaculture and a barter system are transmuted the old St. Francis Boulevard round-a-bout social in ways never imagined, a community alchemy galore even as the re-purposed historic fountain sits dry at the San Anselmo Avenue edge. A fountain for flowing people.

As a certified permaculture instructor, my vision and skills are prized in this new epoch on Earth. I am part Goddess and part soil tech; sustainability ghost and Jesus eraser.

\* \* \* \* \*

Profit.

Waste.

Future.

Peace.

Saturday morning, partly cloudy. Dumpy blue milk crates are semi-circled at the fountain with what is left of the St. Francis Wood Homeowners Association. An odd school of shaman-seekers who are finally looking at their land as a spirit and savior - not a BMW sales lot. Sweat is the new fuel.

“Henry?” I call to a guy that is constantly walking the new fenced-in Tribe perimeter in a trance.

“Yo man,” he sputters. He is obviously missing a gadget or two.

“Can you please write down the brainstorm on this piece of plywood?”

So the Tribe called out their visions for a green future and intentional community on a planet permanently on tilt; a trickle of solar power and a ton of pavement. Population control is an instant reality as everything medical is strained to the limit. The average age of the tribe members is 54 years.

“Who has an idea for us?”

“Collective gardens, + passive solar power.”

“Rip up the streets and plant gardens!”

“Consolidate households into collaboratives.”

"Tear-down older homes for lumber – greenhouses, fire wood."

"Build wind mills."

"Make a school."

"No pesticides, no Monsanto. Local seeds for local needs!"

"Dig up old oil storage tanks and make bioreactors."

"Use cars parts for green tech parts + compost bins."

"Barter for goats from Marin Tribe 2."

"Barter for bees and honey from Napa Tribe 33."

"Working with nature!"

"What are our common needs & interests?"

"We need grey water systems."

"Rain water catchment."

"Swimming pools are algae + fish farms + manure for soil."

"Chickens are cool in my back yard."

"Start a Seed Lending Library!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The meeting ended with a sense of focus and a myriad of next tasks. Here governance is participatory not top-down and behind a balance sheet. The crashes and quakes mean no more nations, states or taxes. No buses and no police. The new tribes recall the colonies of the early American days: Tribe (former neighborhood), Regional Council – (former City).

Buck walked past the Fredrickson's mansion on his way to his guest tent: "How much land is needed to feed each Tribe? How to create a new global barter system?"

What are they gonna barter with the other Tribes as the "new green economy" roars into a world of dead head lights, horse whips and an acute fear of starvation?

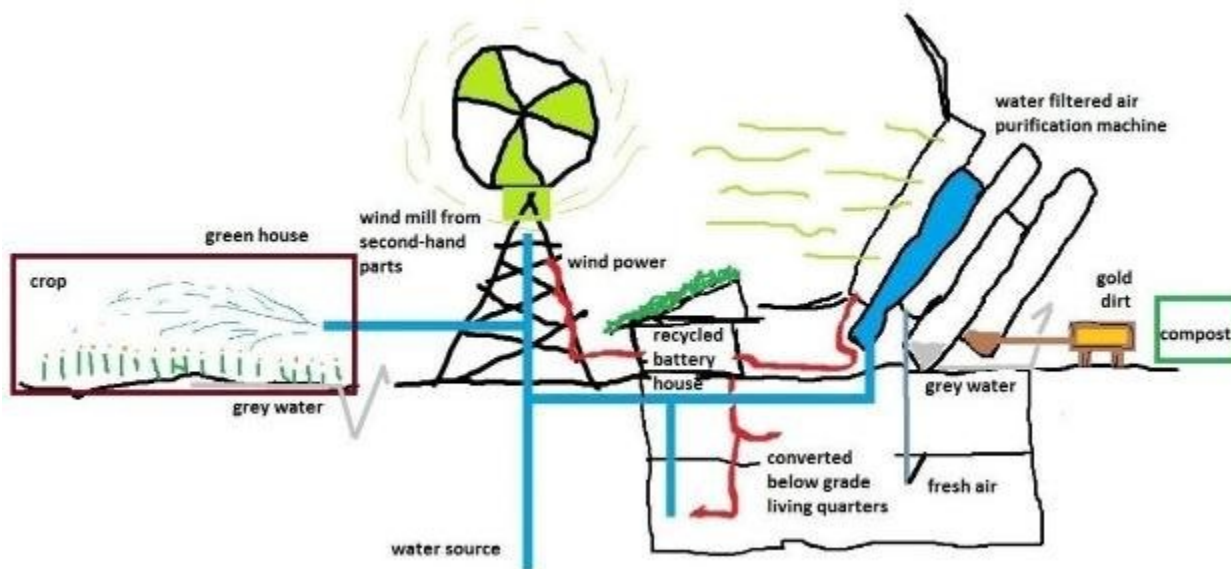
Can the Tribe create a new sacred relationship on their crumpled land and relationships?

"Does the post-crash mean more time for creative pursuits? A Peace?" he laments.

Did a resident spray this on their house:

"Can the evil of self-absorbed luxury evolve into a community sacredness?"

"Where's the toilet paper!?"



Che-Lou's Black Bricks & the First Supper - New Myth 8

<http://www.planetshifter.com/node/1876>

Out thru the Cave Door

Che-Lou never had a solid sense of direction, his internal compass shows counter-clock wise. Living in the basement of a skeletonized downtown parking garage wasn't helping his view either. Skylights? Never gonna happen. Underground, it is dark to shadows, 24/7. This is his cave. The lay-out starts with the drive-way down, into two sub-floors. A rusting steel frame-surround-skeleton cage above.

A San Jose techie turned community permie press man. A peeling metal & wood printing press from another Century was lifted from a water-logged 17th Street warehouse. In 2045, fresh paper is endangered.

After the gas wars, which we all lost; after the final cars and jets crumpled and the SF Bay flooded then lost to hydro thieves; after the suicide of the corporate grid and the re-birth of the windmill on the parcel above him, catastrophes galore overwhelmed Oakland and sank the rest of the Bay coast that depended on the goods and services it once provided.

The temporary construction fence around his parcel has come in handy. Che-Lou has to untangle and release harried climbers often in his barbed wire. The place is a post-urban treasure, a permaculture drive-by spectacle where the burning man tribes circle him with nation-sized hunger.

These transparent strangers & neighbors alike come gawking to his compound daily, their flakey belly laughs & hungry smiles desperate for the "dirt."

\* \* \* \* \*

Re-Use Anything Man

Che-Lou steals aircraft aluminum, plastic jugs, dishes - anything he might need to keep the "farm" twirling, late at night, with his home-made three wheel bicycle and a crinkly two-wheel trailer. There are no street lights or cops so a bike light would make him easy prey for roving residents.

Here is his permaculture-rigged system that keeps him fed, bathed and high on the community barter totem (see graphic).

Che-Lou's Green Machine -

Wind Mill - powers multiple battery power source

Fresh Water - pumped up from SF Bay Aquifer by wind mill

Grey Water System – secondary water system that re-uses water from crops in greenhouses and sub-grade cooking & bathing for the air purification machine

Battery House – re-furbished multi-battery array collects and stores power derived from wind mill

Air Purification Machine – purified air supply for green houses and sub-grade quarters, unfiltered residue is the printing press ink; processed residue is the highly prized gold soil extractant

Green Houses (2) – air tight space capsules for food production, seed propagation and fruit ripening

Compost – garden soil helper combined from meal scraps and garden pruning

Gold Dirt –final nutrient extractant from air purification process, rich in nutrients

\* \* \* \* \*

Black Bricks

The 37' goodwill wind mill swirls, scoops and directs concentrated dirty air from the East Bay Tribal zone into the interconnected bowels of Che-Lou's Air Purification Machine. Grey water circulates and filters the air, powered by the battery house. Che-Lou cleans the unfiltered residue from wing #5 to make printing ink for the community paper.

At the base of wing #6 the so-called gold soil dumps out of the system at the rate of 2 cups per day. A super compost and a highly prized eco-alchemic stew by the gardeners around him, Che-Lou forms bricks of this material for the local barter fairies and coop groceries in Berkeley and SF. He also makes extra barter by charging folks batteries through a special station in the corner of the compound.

Here "sustainability" is secured only with a high barb-wire fence and a slow electrical drip. Sacred... just a memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

The First Supper

The rag tag survivors of the Costco take-overs and Nature disasters try to gather at a former playground down the street from the gold soil compound. The steel pole equipment is long gone, stolen for tee-pees and other re-use projects. Somebody tagged the dinner and the barter gig "The First Supper" after a dusty Christian story – long forgotten by 99% of the territory. Food is prepared and shared, blankets made and bartered. Che-Lou gives out his black bricks and gets whatever he can in return. No one eats animals anymore. Prized for fur or milk, the last mammals of the Bay Area are highly protected, almost God-like.

A seed exchange and circle group meditation complete the First Supper gig each week - a faint rainbow community ritual, blessed and propelled by a kind of bruised pagan dream.





Translation Observatory #128 - New Myth 9

<http://planetshifter.com/node/1895> [Image Credit](#)

"It seems to me that you're tapping into the idea that the planet itself is telling us its own story, and we are all, of course, part of that mythic narrative. You seem to be issuing something like a call to adventure to rally young people (especially) to the cause. Thanks again, and my best wishes to you and your important project."

-- [Keiron Le Grice](#) email to Willi

\* \* \* \* \*

Tesla and LittleWing first met at Translation Observatory #128 (TO #128) many months ago when their Tribe employed horses and winches to rip-out the old underground gasoline storage tank at the corner of Maple and 12th. That tank is now reborn as the biodigester at the main compound down the block. TO #128 is one of over two thousand revitalized gas stations in a new global localization system.

TO #128, like most neighborhood edu-centers in 2077, is a mash-up of solar roof panels, a tool lending library and a space out front for the weekly farmers market. The metal awning that once stood guard over the pumps was re-tooled for the wind mill blades. Nothing goes to the dump.

There is no dump.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tonight LittleWing finds Tesla at the back corner bench in the station house, sipping tea and pulling up his socks.

"Hey Man!"

"Hi Wing Nut!"

"Who is speaking tonight?" She called-out.

"Narr."

While the free de-programming class series is often dull as the edge of an old CD, Competition Anonymous nite is never without a little yeast.

Then Narr tore into the vision of a non-competitive world, hoping to end the rich and poor thing, mega-waste capitalism et al. and the blighted remains of the traditional religions.

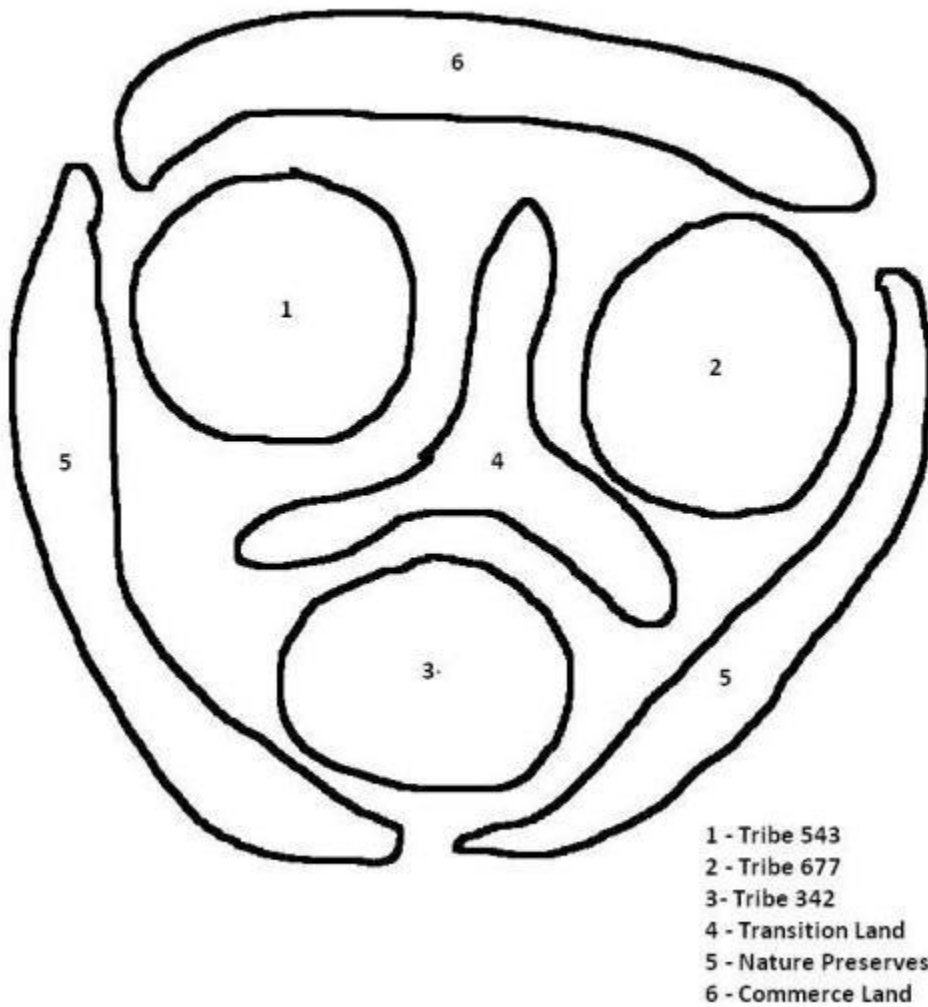
The churches buildings were transferred to the local Tribe 25 years ago when they lost their flock. Most structures are now medical clinics and green tech incubators for the permaculture age.

\* \* \* \* \*

Translation Observatories are the construction engine for the localization vision. The car stalls are now horse stalls and the compost mills for the local gardens. Horses give rides to the kids and deliver food boxes and tools daily.

Permaculture keeps the lights on.

New Myth 10: Fears Council, Tribe 543.  
It's 2019 in the Permaculture Age. By Willi Paul.



Fears Council, Tribe 543. It's 2019 A.D. in the Permaculture Age - New Myth 10

<http://planetshifter.com/node/1902>

Sampling from Mollison's vision for permaculture:

- "Positivistic, integrated and global outreach..."
- "Everybody is free to act as an individual, to form a small group..."
- 'Individually-driven at base, but envisioned to work collaboratively, communally...'
- "... a sustainable earth care system."
- "... a million villages to replace the nation-states is the only safe future for the preservation of the biosphere."
- "Interdependence and personal responsibility be our aims."

(Design Manual by Bill Morrison, p. ix)

\* \* \* \* \*

The Fears Council is a rag-tag remnant of a south central Oregon electronic listserv created before the power companies collective suicide in 2018, evaporated by their own greed and decayed profited brains – torched by the global money bash. No more email. Dead hard drives. Just the occasional group quiver and red hot human crow howls.

The electronic perimeter fence is toast, too. On the upside, with the government gone, the pot crop is the permaculture champ by far, getting the Tribe and friends high 24/7 and providing a barter crop for the commerce land fairs.

Wood is a way valuable commodity now, baby. Someone brought a few sticks and teepeed up a small flame for the pow wow.

The attendees at tonight's Fears Council:

Chunc

is a carpenter from Bend that was voted into the Tribe with high hopes. They got that right.

Billy Sam Sam is a guess. Some say he crawled under the wire, got shocked and emerged a compost salesman. He lives under the old RV with...

Artic – another lost tradesman, a fisherman by trade and the grey water mechanic at 543.

DShell holds the only permaculture certification in the Tribe and rides shot gun from her yurt up by the latrine.

"Thanks the wood. A fire is soooo slow," injected DogRay, the last to crouch on a butt stained boat cushion.

Who's gotta fear to jump?" says Artic

.

Chunc says: "Tribe 677 has some killer peaches to barter but what the fuck are we gonna offer them in return?"

DShell: "Maybe we can build cob blaster there and get some food credits? Play the short and the long!"

"I am down with increasing the grave yard patrol team," shuffles Billy Sam Sam.

"Why?"

"Some new road kill in the transition." 342 has seen 'em milling around the northern edge. They look grey and hungry."

OK, I'll do that," DogRay.

"So should we keep the Nature Preserve now with so little wood around for fuel ?" Artic.

Well, that's the big question, tonight, eh? We risk war with 677 & 342 if we take resources from there." DShell.

To much to digest on empty stomach. The Fears Council hangs up.

\* \* \* \* \*

Maybe Mollison knew this post-transition human / nature dive & design was possible but no one wanted to write about it then.

Nothing sacred, nothing loved...

there is no future generation.



Great Mother Redwood's Prayer Seeds - New Myth 11

<http://planetshifter.com/node/1914>

"Ancient peoples the world over have long recognized the nature beings of the spiritual dimensions of landscape. Denied recognition in most mainstream religions, today the devic presences are being reaffirmed as a new generation of sensitive people, including dowzers, confirm their existence." p. 42

"Getting together to celebrate the bounty of the land is no doubt a primeval yearning for sharing that lies deep within us. Neolithic standing stones were often present." p. 129

-- Source: [Sensitive Permaculture](#) by Alanna Moore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Over there, in the stream, Great Mother Redwood stands 321 feet tall, guarding the crows, squirrels and butterflies with equal love and care deep in the British Columbia forest.

Her roots twirl and dance around a huge single rock at her base that once served the native people as a swim sunny spot, harvest seed separator and ritual round.

It has many small impressions sprinkled around the top that locals used to grind corn and display their seeds during trading.

With each season, Moon Man fills or depletes the water in the stream, exposing or hiding Mother's secret chair.

Karn loves to be in Nature. She feels blessed here, a part of the trees integrated roots, and a deep warmth inside when she sits by the Redwood in the early morning or after school.

One morning last week, she was visited by a small rainbow and green fairie spirit who told her about the special place she calls sacred.

"Many star bursts ago, when the fish knew no dams and the deer were free to roam, the rock was not in the stream because there was not stream in this place.

You feel the Nature vibe here because it is an Eco-Alchemizer for all life, human and animal. A heart beacon or community table for the collective spirits before and after the fracturing by Man.

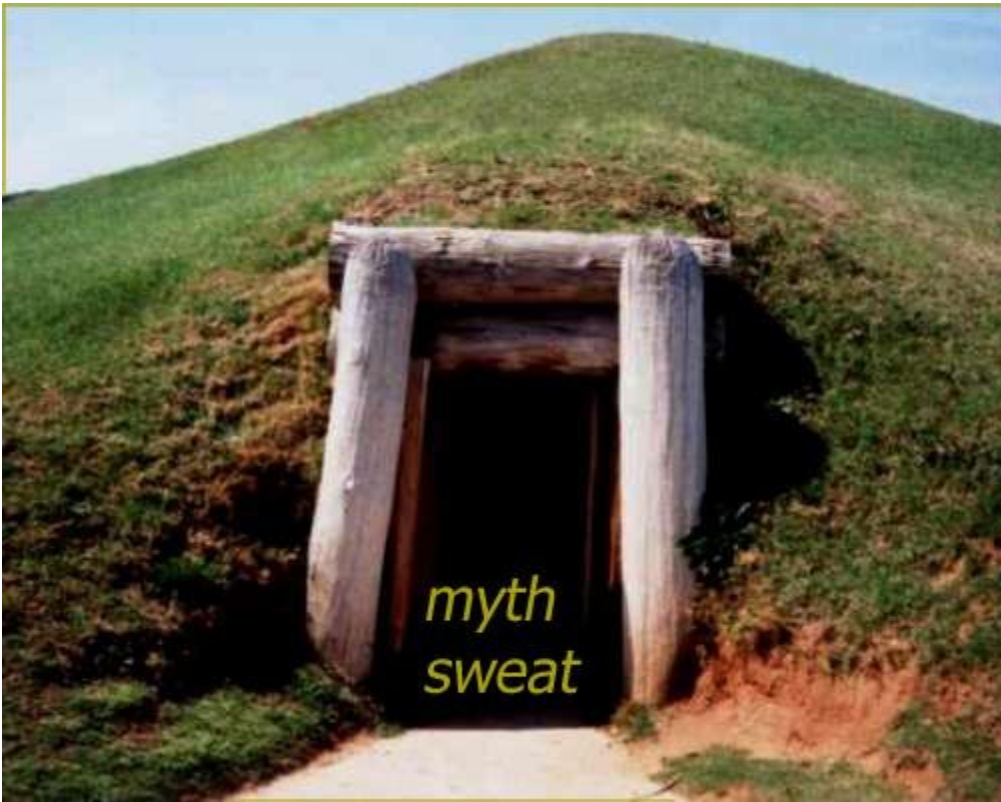
When recent human beings came to cut down the tall trees for boats and houses, they upset the surrounding watershed and pushed a balanced water flow into place so that in dry times the rock appears and in wet months the water table hides it under the big tree.

The green fairie spirit continues her hummingbird-like whisperment:

There are sacred seeds under some of the small rocks and shallow holes in the big rock. Take them and find another special place to plant them. Make sure they are along an edge where you have both partial sun and rich soils.

Find a home for Great Mother Redwood's children!"

The big tree sway and cooed high above her and the crow people swooned.



Owl Dance Energy and Permaculture Training Station, San Francisco, 2034 A.D. - New Myth 12

<http://planetshifter.com/node/1927>

A Permaculture Ethic (1/3) -

1. CARE OF THE EARTH: Make sure that all life systems to continue and multiply.

Permaculture works with Nature, rather than in competition with her. It uses methods that have minimal negative impact on the Earth. In everyday life, this may involve buying local produce, eating foods in season, and cycling rather than driving. We need better choices and better land management. We must oppose the destruction of wild habitats, and the poisoning of soil, water and atmosphere, and design healthy ecosystems.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sectorman is sweating out with the blueberries in the Rub."

Dawn comes early when grey water is leaking again and the Guild is hosting the Tribal Chair from Hopland Council. Some see that dawn, a metaphor coming around, is a 24/7 phenom. The Aquarius Age or the Permaculture Age or the post-compost paper in the compost toilet next to the Community House age. Waste is a broad and gear-turning storyline at the Owl Dance Energy and Permaculture Training Station("Owl Dance").

Dawn. Waste. Dance. Work. Get your feet wet.

"Thanks bud."

"Any extra juice in the array today?"

"You can have 25 minutes on the net this morning."

The solar & biodigester fueled live-work complex is based in part of the former Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. A core staff runs a permaculture course for 12 over 12 days non-stop. Days off are in the earth pit, a form of sweat lodge, to mediate and smooth-out muscles for the next round of gardening and entrepreneuring that starts-up at 5:30 AM tomorrow morning.

Golden Gate Park is now one Mother Garden with windmills for ear rings and cob seats for permie butts.

"Sector?"

"Ya man, over here!"

"What is the agenda for the Guild meet-up?"

"Dream work – we are gathering elements for the Earth Book."

"Nice. Don't forget to put the beans on simmer for me, they are in the iron can stove top."

"Enjoy the beach. See you later."

The Earth Book is a sacred sharing process and collection that Tribes pass amongst themselves to grow symbols, songs, poems and stories for new myths. Not digital, the book is passed in a quasi-formal ceremony with an oral "call-out" or reading by each participant and artifacts collected.

The Earth Book is the end and start of a living rainbow. Yin-yang, like the snake in the permaculture symbol. Part-pagan recipe tomb, definitely charged with post-carbon tales.

"Is this your first inclusion with the book?"

"Yes - I have a cool feathers and poem to offer up today!"

"Can't wait to fell that."

The fogs drips down the water collection pipe providing coffee perks on the community cob stove. There are many forms of yields at the Owl Dance, spiritual to herbs to digital smiles on the machines.

The patterns spring from an integrated, sustainable love.





BioChar & Shovel, Permaculture Local 473. 2023

BioChar & Shovel, Permaculture Union Local 473, 2023 A.D. - New Myth 13

<http://planetshifter.com/node/1938>

Listen to the author [read the work](#) on YouTube and follow along with the text below.

\* \* \* \* \*

The cob slingers always had a thing for the metal mashers. One always seems to stick into the other!

Tonight the contour jockeys and the water shapers are in the back, planning their next marsh mellow attack on the pot throwers dusk-borne fire circle after the hands-up.

The bad smiles from the seed bankers always please. Dowsers and crushed pavement fairies are here tonight, voting on a benefits package from the permie princesses, farmers and school queens who employ them.

The compost league – a funny name for the shit & soil mixers – came to bounce their dark eye balls at the hay balers.

JonnieRoo: "What we want is more beer coupons. Who cares about an extra two fruit portions a month anyway!"

Vernski: "No more volunteering. I have my PDC!"

A feisty crowd getting feistier.

The annual contract "bash" with the land owners and their PC consultants & teachers regime is the same old mixture of cartoonish benefit fights (consider a sixth 3 minute water break for full-time workers per day) and some minor dental ads. Most of the Union have lost their teeth anyway. Any worker caring for a new born can now "enjoy" child care at a "reasonable rate."

The one thing that keeps the horses pulling in this muddy bi-layered human ecosystem is land. And there is mountains of damaged parcels all across the great Guild. A kind of unspoken serfdom creped in with the land-blessed after the final exhale and crash of the capitalist economy in 2022.

From the back: "More paid holidays, more paid holidays."

Sandra Wicker: "The tools cause calluses. We want new gloves on demand!"

The A-Frame Monkeys were doing their crazy line dance on their seats near the stage. These guys have the largest egos of the bunch.

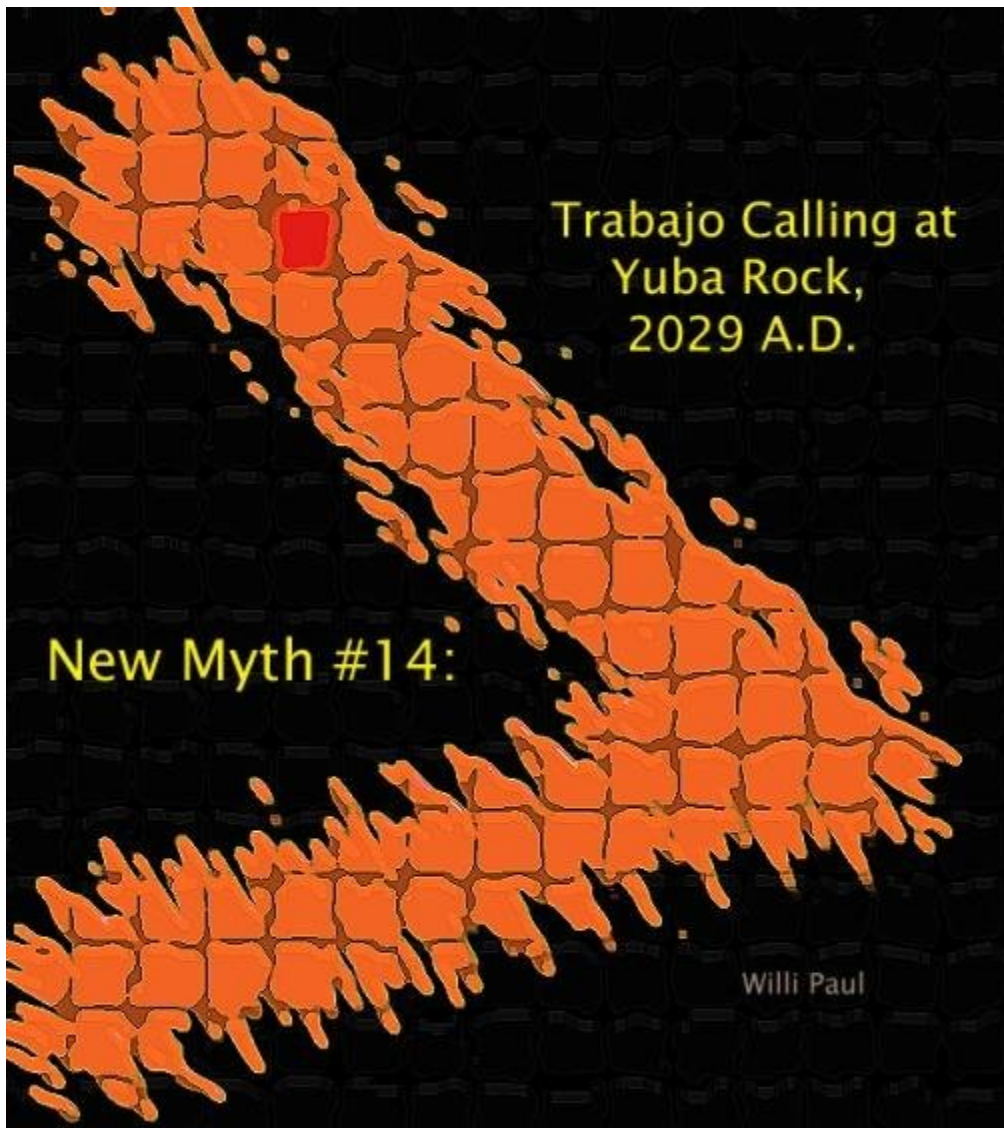
"Sit down already and let's get to the voting!"

Metaphors abound. Are these 76 dirt tired peeps akin to the "permaculture dwarfs"? Santa's dirty little elves? "The Care for the Earth Kids?"

All good natured team, see the new blue-green collar beans!

The yield tonight is an integrated vision with one voice. Diverse and creative; the family One.

"Who needs a ride?"



Trabajo Calling at Yuba Rock, 2029 A.D. - New Myth 14

<http://planetshifter.com/node/1958>

[Watch the video!](#)

\* \* \* \* \*

At 2 o'clock each afternoon, no matter the weather, Tribal Council and work crew leaders mass at Yuba Rock for the day's Calling. Roles and relationships have morphed heavy since the last draught. Water Tech, Seed Holder, Nature Beam, and Sky Healer are gathered yet again, much in demand. Each chosen man or woman in service waits in the dust of the sandals and bare feet that came just 12 hours before.

Email and most electricity-based computing -- including the internet - expired with the last ounce of corp. sponsored electricity back in 2025. Solar panels are tables. Printers are like dinner and dancing black-heels, buried artifacts -- there is no paper left to print on.

Yuba Rock was named for a river that most never drank -- or dipped in. The snake skin shed trace of the bottom course is full now full of tumble weeds and run away beans from the upland Tribe. Getting any water from the ground, air or sky is more prayer than permaculture.

The role of Alchealer is part shaman part cheerleader, part leaf reader. Alfonsio-Black Snake was elected "Alch" to probe and connect tribal resources with the land, neighboring tribes and his people. Sort of "human trading post meets pony express" he finds the odd metal bits and flower pots as resourcer.

"Here Rachel," he calls when his turn comes 'round at the Calling. The current Tribal Manager warms a bit.

"Have any rituals or stories come in from the back lands, Alch?"

"Hmm." Yes, a new morning up-cheer from our friend Moon Crow two Tribes to our south, if you please?"

Dirt, Rock, Soil, Brush, Compost!

Love, Seeds, Roots, Leaves, Fruit!

Lay, Rest, Breathe, Stretch, Run!

Seek, Collect, Chop, Cook, Eat!

Dirt, Love, Lay, Seek!

Rock, Seeds, Rest, Collect!

Soil, Roots, Breathe, Chop!

Brush, Leaves, Stretch, Cook!

Compost, Fruit, Run, Eat!

The Tribe learns the Alchealer's simple round and heads off to find their helpers and evening tasks, his transmuta-trance complete.

The Fog Catcher Tribe.  
New Myth #15  
Willi Paul, [openmythsource.com](http://openmythsource.com)

Backing Song:

"Going Somewhere"  
from Safe Journey  
Thanks to Steve Tibbetts

The Fog Catcher Tribe - New Myth 15

<http://planetshifter.com/node/1969>

Please enjoy the [video version](#).

\* \* \* \* \*

Neosporin skies.

Mechanical winds.

Barb wire and wicker baskets.

After Occupy Wall Street left the park and hit the pavement to wage peace for a redistribution of wealth, rich 1%ers left for El Salvador, Compound Detroit, Cuba and other parachuteable places too fragile to fight back. The corruption that propelled them to leave left a huge emo-fissure in the urban landscapes across the US. Many with urban agri-guerrilla skills barricaded their families and friends on roof tops of abandoned skyscrapers; a mental re-trenching that cannot possibly heal the scars from the last American Revolution.

1243 feet straight up, no stairs, no elevator. All access down / up sealed after the last provisions were lifted to the roof.

The Tribe can travel horizontally to other roof top tribes on market exchange weekends with rope bridges. Fires are dearly feared as water is a premium resource and never to be stored at the level needed to put out the flame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dewgunn was born in the howling winds of the 'scrapers scene, an only child without time for innocence or doll houses. She has never seen the ocean or even a backyard – Dewgunn would not recognize an "island" even if she was looking at her reflection in a mirror.

She is not allowed to play near the edge of the building – or the composting pits or the converted cooling fans that crank 24/7; rapid rising air from within the tower's core that sparks a pagan-age electrical generator. Her domains are the cabin, the vertical food forest and the observatory.

The fog catchers are in play inside zone 0, and don't count into the normal skyscape risk assessment. Constructed with dead soil cob and old chairs during the initial fight and flight of OWS 6, these Easter Island-like domes passively grope and trickle water from the fog into 10 gallon restaurant buckets from a former restaurant on the 25th floor.

To Dewgunn, the sky is the ground and the windows from nearby office towers are stars. Some of her pals have taught her a kind of sign language that offers some human interaction. Tribal elders use flags on rope to speak over the deep chasm between them. Ships rock; buildings wave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little in this rooftop hide-out can be considered sacred. The spiral-down of the collective's DNA is headed for a severe discontinuity. Season's come and go but survival claws down hard. Human births are not permitted, motherhood is uncelebrated. The best example of ritual in this age is the raising of the ropes when contact and barter is allowed between tribes. Dull-point arrows are whipped from one smile to another, twine in chase. In good times, the bridges remain in place for several days. In bad, corrupt tribespeople are exposed and perished with the false promises that brought them to the other side.

The foggers can only dream of the day when it will be safe to return to the ground land below.

They are running out of compost songs.