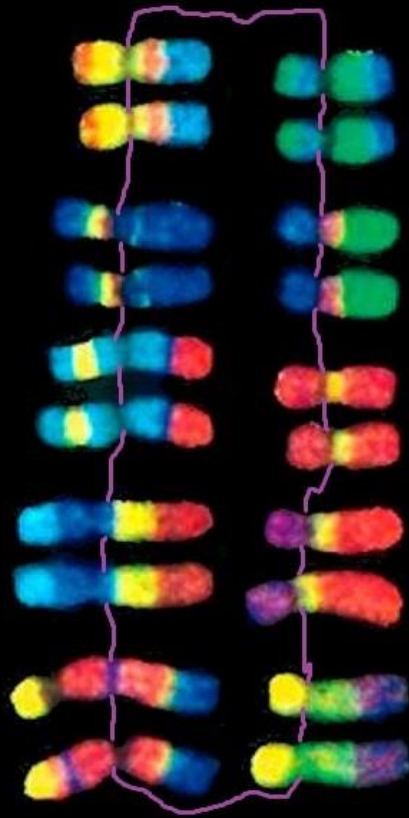


CASCADIA:

Community Mythology in Global Transition



2014 Online Roundtable Reader

Willi Paul, NewMythologist.com

eBook #19

"In 2015, Northern CA, Oregon & Washington seceded from the United States of America in a sacred coup d'état fueled by a feverish localism bent, new agriculture values and Transition spirits. That same year the new Union, called Cascadia, created a network for the protection of non-GMO seeds and other food sources, using decommissioned bomb shelters, root cellars and other protected underground spaces. Only a select few saw the coast to coast civil war with Monsanto Corp. ripping through the rest of the country the following year.

This mythic place and creative augur finds voice in the new myths and hearts of each era to come. It is here that you will find me. In my sacred garden - and at the weekend swaps." ([Source](#))

- WOX

12 Sources from Cascadia

The Bee Cave Spirits

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Lightning Washing the Dream Seeds

St. Francis Wood Permaculture Tribe, Post-Crash San Francisco, 2022

Owl Dance Energy and Permaculture Training Station, San Francisco - 2034

Trabajo Calling at Yuba Rock, 2029 A.D.

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Noah's Honey Rust Fortress ("junk yard permaculture")

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Halo and Kat Wing of Caledonia Alley

The Permaculture Grid. A Prototype for the Post-Chaos Era



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.



The Permaculture King

"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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

*"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 transmuting 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?

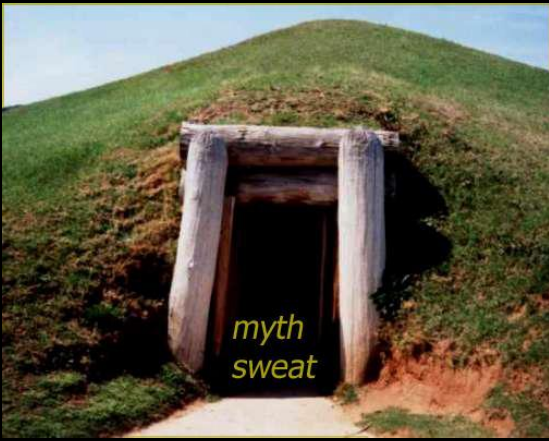
Can the Tribe create a new sacred relationship on their crumpled land and relationships?

"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!?"



Owl Dance Energy and Permaculture Training Station, San Francisco - 2034

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 Tribl 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.

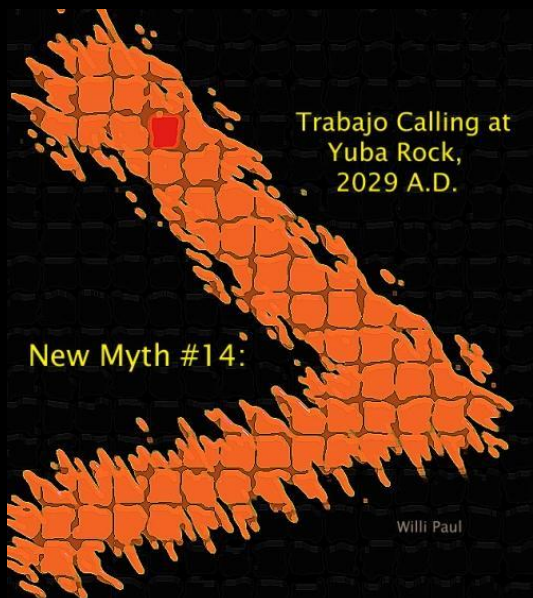
"Is this your first inclusion with the book?"

"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.



Trabajo Calling at Yuba Rock, 2029 A.D.

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. Alfonso-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.



Shamanator & the Cob Fire Hearts

Unstable condition, a symptom of life,
Of mental and environmental change
Atmospheric disturbance, the feverish flux
Of human interface and interchange

Leave out the fiction, the fact is, this friction
Will only be won by persistence
Leave out conditions, courageous convictions
Will drag the dream into existence
"Vital Signs" (edited) - **RUSH**

Introduction

The 24' octagonal community cob oven bears up, a statue on a reshuffled stone base in the middle of center court. The daily alchemy of the Tribe is energized by the cooking, meeting / planning, education, ritualizing, and yoga play around the oven. It serves as central heat, bread cruster and fire spirit.

* * * * *

Straw was born into the bone crunching water crisis in Sacramento back in 2015 and tie-dyed her jeans cutting buds in a Salinas pot farm way back in 2020. A green tea Cali girl who rides a dinged-up 4 foot, mind warped skateboard. History to her boils down to the occupy-fueled NORCAL econo-crash and the firestorm at the Chevron refinery that buried the City Richmond and the telescope folks in the surrounding hills.

In 2020, currency is your word. Tribe labor feeds the collective soul.

In 2021, the Tribe occupied the JP Penny Mall.

The old Penny's Mall lost all of its bargains, security guards and petroleum tentacles long ago and no one cares that the **TransPerm** Tribe explorers took over the center court area in what some call an "eco-observatory." **Straw** keeps inside the Mall property all of the time, relishing the few skylights covered in barbed wire; there are crops to tend on the roof and predators to scan in the militarized zone that once was a parking lot.

Straw's day to day schedule is been fueled by the big cob oven and her continuous initiation by the **Shamanator**:

- **Mornings** – Baking / Study
- **Afternoons** – Yoga / Farming
- **Evenings** - Community Meal / Tribe Meetings
- **Late Nights** – Singing/ Dancing / Myth Writing

The Tribal member who takes the role of the **Shamanator** is debated and elected every seven months and no one can repeat the role unless they there no other interested people. The **Shamanator** is the fire wood captain for the cob oven. He/she is responsible for heating the center court and family places, for the daily bread, warming the young and old muscles at yoga and tickling the sky lights at the late evening rituals.

Inserted into the side of the great cob oven is a plague that references one of the three original permaculture ethics:

“Care of People.”

Care of People is about ensuring the well-being of both individuals and communities. As individuals, we need to look after ourselves and each other so that as a community we can develop environmentally friendly lifestyles. In the poorest parts of the world, this is still about helping people access enough food and clean water, within a safe society. In the post-crash world, it means redesigning our unsustainable systems and replacing them with sustainable ones. This could mean working together to provide efficient energy sources or providing shelter. When people come together, friendships are formed and sustainability becomes possible.

Straw watches **Shamanator** stir the glowing wood inside the oven with ease, as the smoke wisps up and out the covered vent in the roof. This process, often called community alchemy by the Tribe, symbolizes the transmutation of wood, fire and oxygen into local energy and the recycling of elements when burned. It is through transmutations of this sort – physical to chemical to spiritual – that alchemy supports growth in consciousness. As a community, the Tribe participates in all phases of activity and feedback, including honest evaluation.

The mighty cob oven is the primary social engine for adaption and evolution in the re-purposed Mall. The oven's flame is as sacred to **Straw** as the permaculture team's inputs and outputs on the roof.

There are few parents and fewer babies in the Tribe. Mentors and friends work with **Shamanator** and the Council to re-write the social codes and psycho-babble from the creaking demise of capitalism. Nature is now guide and value-generator; health care, crop engineering and the arts are heavily influenced by Biomimcry. Songs about composting and pesticide-free grains often fill the cob oven arena doing ritualizing. The Mall is the transmutation chamber and the great oven the soul fire.

Straw is rising, the new soulbread from the community heart – in a quest for love and justice in the Permaculture Age.



Noah's Honey Rust Fortress ("junk yard permaculture")

"Have you ever sat near a roaring brook and felt refreshed, been cheered by the vibrant song of a thrush or renewed by a sea breeze? Does a wildflower's fragrance bring you joy, a whale or snow-capped peak charge your senses? You did not take a class to learn to feel these innate joys. We are born with them. As natural beings, that is how we are designed to know life and our life. Dramatically, new sensory nature activities culturally support and reinforce those intelligent, feelingful natural relationships. In natural areas, backyard to back country, the activities create **thoughtful nature-connected moments**. In these enjoyable non-language instants our natural attraction senses safely awaken, play and intensify. Additional activities immediately validate and reinforce each natural sensation as it comes into consciousness. Still other activities guide us to speak from these feelings and thereby create nature-connected stories. These stories become part of our conscious thinking."

— [On Connecting with nature: An Interview with Mike Cohen](#)

* * * * *

"Are you the resistance or the enforcer?"

"Depends on what you have to loose, girl."

"Up periscope, Noah?"

"Yepper. Now where is that darn critter?"

* * * * *

A circuit of safe huts

Noah's shinny green donut hole of rusting cars and trucks from the occupation world now rings his psyche and permaculture visions like a boa constrictor wrapping around a freaked-out chipmunk. Some folks call the place "D-Troi."

His particular version of the safe hut concept is just one of many designs that were established to help keep leaders and vendors safe as the Transitionites continue rebuilding the people and towns in Cascadia. Zeek and Molly's tree house and vertical garden is next on the path, 12 miles north, fit with pulleys to get up and the across the Blue river.

"None of them dark light bastards can get into my place but that raccoon sure can, he is an egg thief to beat all."

"There he is!"

Noah never meant to be part of the Transition, it just sorta fell on his head. Strange people just started showing up with food and seeds and he bartered his security. He had to make a choice between bad times and better values. His junk car collection is now a 14' high ring of old gas guzzlers, tires and dead chrome. One has to know where the tunnel is to access the place. He considers himself the king of sheet mulch. The soil in the space is long gone toxic from the rust of old times and technologies.

He trades in honey, wire and hub caps, batteries, fabrics, wind shields, tires and salty stories.

Noah's camp is more like an ameba, built with multiple rings: gnarly steel and mashed-down upholstery; a food forest ring, junk cars, then the commons. A semi-chaotic, semi-integrated / biodegraded ecosystem with bees and honey.

Herbs dangle in old pots and starter plants are snuck into tires. The cob oven smokes up on one end of the commons and solo tents ring the other. Noah can pull a patch work awning over the space if rain wets the place.

Junk yard permaculture – with a sacred twist.

* * * * *

Tires are beat drums, hub caps percussion

While the coon waddled back to his own hole in the woods, other humanoid creatures arrive around dusk for the new Moon ritual. The cob oven is repurposed this night as the heart torch for Nature visions.

The center space is kickin' with dust and whirling ankles.

Chanting, arms entwined in a circle, the howls and imaginations of the dancers boil into One.

A time to revolve, give thanks and spin some Love.

To share the story of future now.



Reckoning at the 2043 Cascadia Shaman's Convergence

Resilience is best understood as a process. It is often mistakenly assumed to be a trait of the individual, an idea more typically referred to as "resiliency". Most research now shows that resilience is the result of individuals being able to interact with their environments and the processes that either promote well-being or protect them against the overwhelming influence of risk factors. These processes can be individual coping strategies, or may be helped along by good families, schools, communities, and social policies that make resilience more likely to occur. Commonly used terms, which are closely related within psychology, are "psychological resilience", "emotional resilience", "hardiness", "resourcefulness", and "mental toughness".

* * * * *

The men and women spirit channels hived at a secret crossing along the American River northeast of Auburn, CA. Only Shaman of the Light Network are aware of this geomantic location. A few mature trees that remain in the post-Chaos Era welcome and shelter them. A look-out schedule is posted as they must keep all eyes for the out-stretch hands of the dark troops mutating in the east. One of the rituals in the Shaman's Convergence is the sharing of new songs, poems or myths from their territories in Cascadia. Zephyr Canon took-up his turn by showing the group how to use a quartz crystal to refract and dance the fire light to help illustrate the times before the Chaos Era finally ended the founding fathers greed, global aggression, and in-sustainability joy ride.

"The year is 2021, people," he called.

"They had to hightail themselves out of the cages of the ruling class and toward local circles of resistance and honest barter."

"The future is of little concern for the poor, the homeless and the ill."

"Quite so."

"Many spoke and marched and broke store windows back then but too few took real actions to build a more egalitarian and localized system."

"Permaculture is fractionized; marginalized by old boy egos and profit-taking."

"On the surface, many were "acting collectively" but were actually just small businesses preaching sustainable collectivism. Like so many GMO-corrupt farmers markets. "Latino, Asia, Jamaica, African-America, and White neighbors set-up their own booths to take their profit from the community while forced to pay a percentage - taking authority for the right to locate there for the day."

"Fewer and fewer ate healthy, were safe and had access to tools to build local systems."

"Who wrote the new myths in the Transition and Chaos eras?"

"The Shamen."

"Here then is a fundamental paradox: who really needs a new story or vision? And by default: who keeps getting the old ones shoved into their ears?"

"Our challenge is to continue to satisfy the "universal" mandate of myth building – even with so many misplaced souls and twisted spines."

"The end of the Transition meant that the rich were out of resources and the poor finally understood the value of their gold. The Chaos on all levels was unavoidable.

"Fire is as fundamental to our history, sisters and brothers – and to our Post-Transition future – as Nature herself."

Zephyr Canon dropped his magic quartz piece into the hands of the next sharer and went to relieve a sister on the perimeter.



Halo and Kat Wing of Caledonia Alley

In 2042 the San Francisco Mission District is in bloom with organic cafes', food forests and walking paths. The streets are all gone, as are the cars and trucks that once clogged Valencia and 16th and the alleys with dark smoke and pesky horns. The fear from gentrification – a community diversity killer – has now been implemented **in reverse**. The Transition Movement arrived as the people's hero, killing the evil high rise developers, gated supermarkets chains and pirated water goons hiding in the High Sierra with a localized sword!

Sharing and bartering is the economic way in this land. The eco- confederacy called Cascadia. Repair and can, sprout and send.

This is a revolution of the spirit, Brother with Sister, Mother with Father. The people declared their neighborhood as a Holy Place and protected their seeds with the same vigor as the vision for the neighborhood. It was not an easy path to social and environmental justice. After the permaculture committee ripped-up the intersection at 24th and Mission Street, all hell broke loose! The last bus line was stopped here; a new bicycle path network sprang up in its place – and almost over nite.

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Since everybody has a mask on, the flick-lickey flames from the backyard fire pit took on another role on this clear July nite in the Mission. Somebody twirled and yelped; a young boy jumped over the flames like a wolf with a reason. As the sparks flew away, up into the nite sky, the drummers began.

Fires always give people a weird warmth – an out of body experience, right? A power boost of shaman juice and pagan thrust. Since the soil returned from the concrete makers, magic has returned to the hearts and hands of the Mission Tribe. Compost is the best money a farmer can buy.

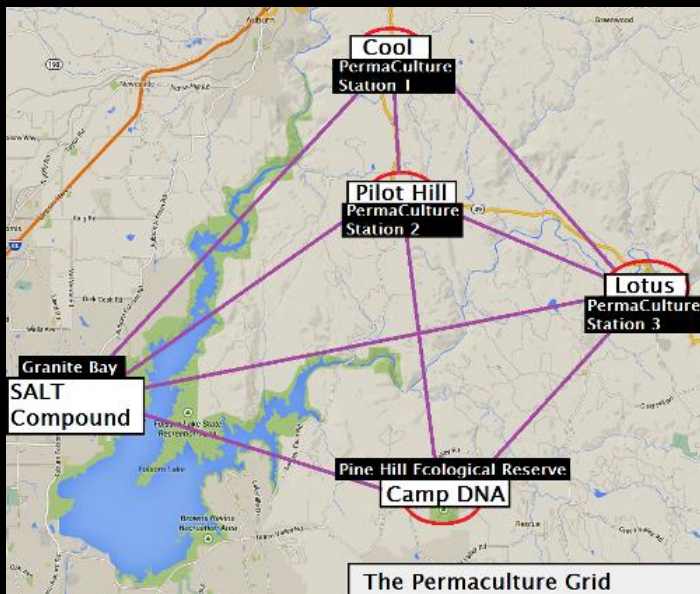
"Here, let me paint your body with blue henna hatching," cooed Halo.

"Just as long as I retain my warrior status," laughed Kat Wing.

Their masks and costumes are an attempt to relive the tribal tale of good and bad times in the hood from the beloved garage painting still preserved in the former Caledonia Alley.

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The Light Network crew visits each fire dance, every seed sourcing party, keeping watchful eyes on the Children of the Sun.



The Permaculture Grid. A Prototype for the Post-Chaos Era

"American utility companies are responsible for running approximately 5,800 power plants and about 450,000 high-voltage transmission lines, controlled by various devices which have been put into place over the past decades. Some of the utility companies which oversee the power grid reportedly use "antique computer protocols" which are "probably" safe from cyber hackers," The New York Times reported.

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After the final twist, moan and arc weld of the United States electric grid in 2076 due to lightning and thunder storms and poor maintenance, the country faces rich on poor unrest, acute food shortages and evil footed darkness. Most ran to the cities, hoping for a sustainable re-gathering, abandoning their towns for the false security in equally broken state troopers and green technology.

The grid will never be repaired. It's localization or nothing.

No electricity means no gas pumps, no truck transport, and no cars. No world wide web. Roads are now traversed on foot and horse and wagon, and go un-repaired.

One of the many unforeseen of many consequences in this human-born tragedy is that super rich Asians, Europeans and South Americans left their versions of black holes with their body guards, barter dreams and intestinal fortitude, came to America to re-cave and start a new global crisis chapter. With so many formal languages colliding into the muck of the blackout, a fellow in San Francisco invented a new global symbolic language especially in support of instructional permaculture.

Electronic notebooks are still working. The symbolic language incorporates many communication formats, including a rich sound sample collection, a graphic language called "PermaGram", photographic and video libraries and a new alphabet.

New global stories and myths emerged are emerging!

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Each station in the new permaculture grid has a small scale LAN (local area network) powered by a solar panel and storage battery system with its own specialized product or service to avoid duplication:

SALT Compound (Granite Bay, CA)

FOCUS:

1. Solar farm for small-scale electricity production and storage
2. Battery recharging
3. Mechanical repair
4. Medical Clinic

[Historical Brief:](#) Before it was Granite Bay, it was called Allen's District. Plum, peach, olives, and pear orchards were the agricultural mainstays.

PermaCulture Station 1 (Cool, CA)

FOCUS:

1. Water Purification and Transport
2. Winery

[Historical Brief:](#) Some locals believe that a beatnik named Todd Hausman coined the name "Cool" in early 1947 on a cross country road trip, and appended it to the town. However, some local historians claim that the town was named during the days of the Gold Rush after a man named Aaron Cool.

PermaCulture Station 2 (Pilot Hill, CA)

FOCUS:

1. Food production and distribution
2. Horse breeding

[Historical Brief:](#) In 1849, mining commenced at Pilot Hill. Originally, Centerville, Pilot Hill, and Pittsfield were separate nearby mining camps that unified under the name Centerville. Lavender, Olives and Grapes were once farmed here.

PermaCulture 3 (Lotus, CA)

FOCUS:

1. Clothing
2. Permaculture Training Site

[Historical Brief:](#) The settlement was established in 1849 and named for James W. Marshall, discoverer of gold. The name was changed to Lotus with the arrival of the post office in 1881.

Camp DNA (Pine Hill Ecological Reserve)

FOCUS:

1. Regional Farmer's Market
2. Agriculture research

[Historical Brief:](#) The Pine Hill Ecological Reserve was one unit of the much larger Pine Hill Preserve system that protected eight rare plants and their gabbro soil habitat. It was jointly managed by several local, state and federal agencies through a Cooperative Management Agreement.

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Willi: We need to create new myths that are based in today's struggle. Ancient heroes and myths are simply that!

Shari Tarbet: In you view Willi, in what way(s) are today's struggles different or unique to today? More and more the struggle I see are repeats of struggles of past eras. I see struggles today that seem straight out of the Middle Ages and the rise of NAZIs.

Willi: Hi Shari! Take the Climate Change issue. Floods and drought are now on an un-before seen scale. Unique. Or the 1000's of species that are dying off each quarter. Unique to this Chaos Era? Yes. But just as many global dangers are new, so is the potential to respond as a human race. We will work on these new global dangers in my Nov 18th workshop.

LinkedIn Discussion (ed.) - Mythology Group (Oct '04)