

# Cascadia's Light Network



New Myths #1 - 34

eBook #10 by Willi Paul  
[NewMythologist.com](http://NewMythologist.com)





Cascadia's Light Network  
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# Prelude

New myths help create a common road map that assist communities in building resilience. To rely on the old classical myths in this Chaos Era would be, ironically, a Sisyphean pursuit. Mythologist Joseph Campbell maintained that as societies change so must their archetypes.

Throughout the new myths in **Cascadia's Light Network**, I provide fresh tools and values for synthesizing new myths, alchemies, archetypes and symbols for the transition. Due to launch in 2013 is **The New Global Mythology Institute** – a collaborative / innovation place. NGMI will feature the **new myth accelerator** – a new out of box tool to produce new myths - and an interactive **Dictionary of New Myths and Symbols**.

-- Willi Paul, [NewMythologist.com](http://NewMythologist.com)



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# Introduction

What are your deepest fears about the future? What is your role in designing new systems?

Are your religious / spiritual organization(s) supporting you and your family right now? What do you really want?

What is “community?” How are you building / supporting yours?

What is sacred to you? What is not sacred?

Is permaculture fulfilling your needs? Is there anything missing in this design science approach?

Are classical myths resonating / instructing / entertaining you now? Are you creating your own stories? Art?

Why do you think they call it “Transition?” Where are you going, with what tools and hopes?

Is Nature just a resource to consume and discard or do you have other ideas? Explain.

Do you see capitalism changing in any way in the near future? What are the pros and cons in this system?

As climate change modifies glaciers to coastlines to weather patterns in the heartland, what can do to reduce its impacts?



**The Leatherneck Clan and the Black Sea Men:  
Building a Mythology Generator for the Sustainability Age**



Co-Authors: Willi Paul and David Metcalfe, with ideas from the Think Green LinkedIn Group

[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 Psychedlic 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 lead to an environmental disaster that will have lasting implications on our world. Kid's 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 lead 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 dragons 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.

\* \* \* \* \*

### [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**



### **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



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



"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.

\* \* \* \* \*

**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.**



## A scenic view of a small waterfall cascading over rocks into a clear stream, surrounded by dense green forest. The word "integrity" is overlaid in yellow text in the upper left corner.

\* \* \* \* \*

Other members of the Sonoma Ecology Restoration Group (S.E.R.G.) were positioned in a wide circle, a S.W.A.T. team looking to carefully crack, then splinter apart, this old concrete bastard that some water hogging rancher shoved into MoonShine Creek back in the 50's. The look-outs were there to shoo away any stray hikers or dogs that might have missed the swill of emails, PRs and outreach.

In order to make the 6'- 7" tall, 3' thick, 13' wide dam fall "backwards" into the pool behind it, the charges needed to be set under water, away from the Rainbows. When it's gone, fish will have [better access](#) to 57 miles of high-quality spawning habitat upstream of the dam.

**“Zee – call in the support,” she barked.**

**“Set?”** Called out Katrina!

[illegible]



The old dam coughed up into ~ 35 pieces, a Zen-like radial pattern. Where the dam once held back the Rainbow Trout and the entire ecosystem, there is now small chunks [just like in the permit](#).

\* \* \* \* \*



## Lightning washing the dream seeds, New Myth #6



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. Earth Day Video, New Myth #7**



[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 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.



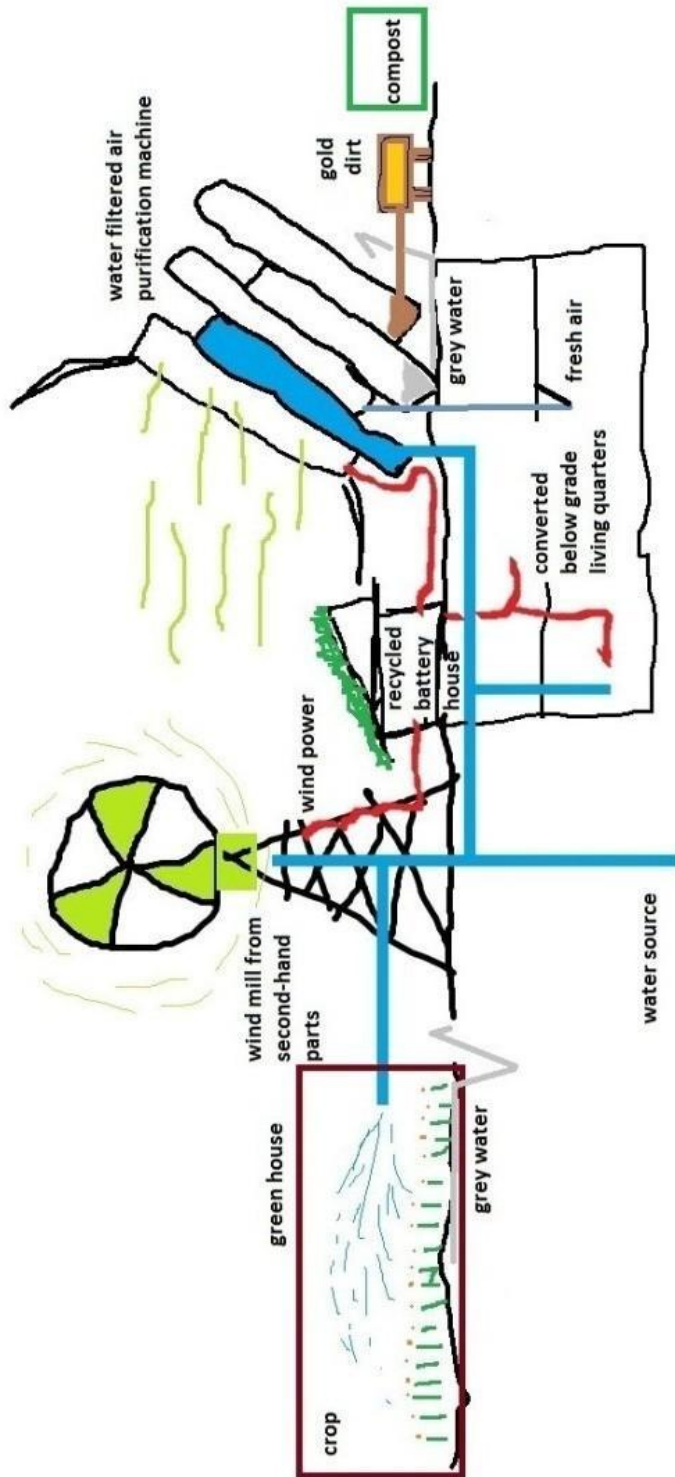
Did a resident spray this on their house:

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

“Where’s the toilet paper!?”



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



### 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 & the Permaculture Age, New Myth # 9



“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.

\* \* \* \* \*

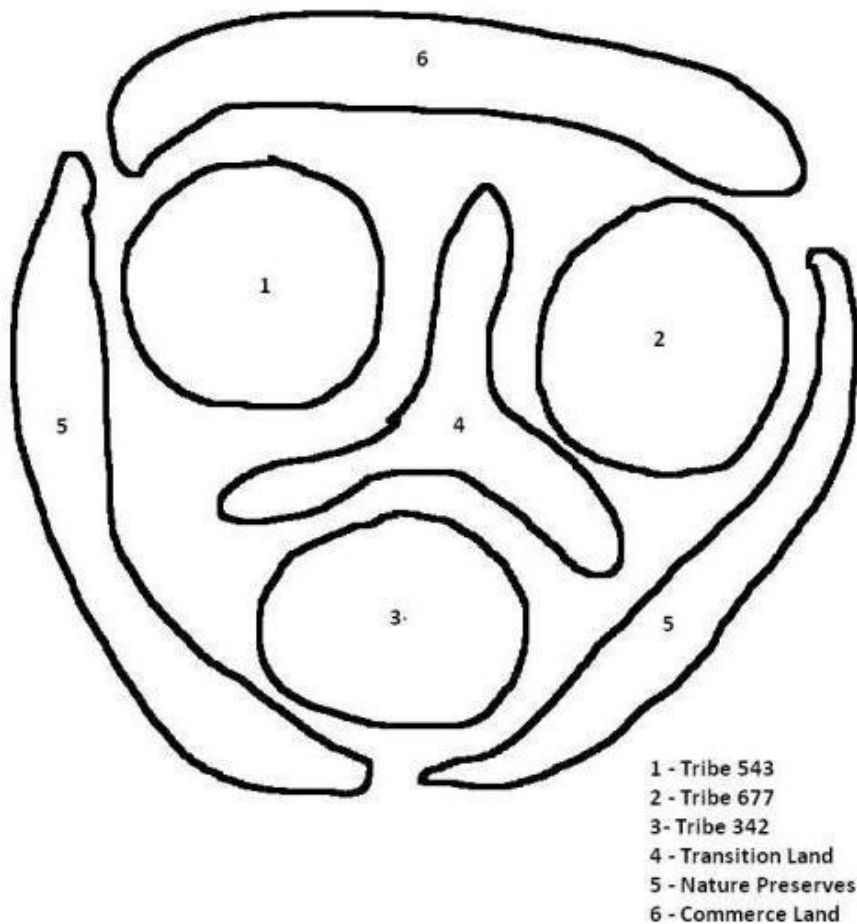
Translation Observatories are the construction engine for the localization vision. The car stalls are now horse stalls and the compost mills for the local gardens. Horses give rides to the kids and deliver food boxes and tools daily.

**Permaculture keeps the lights on.**



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

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



### 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 sooooo 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



"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 dowsers, 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:

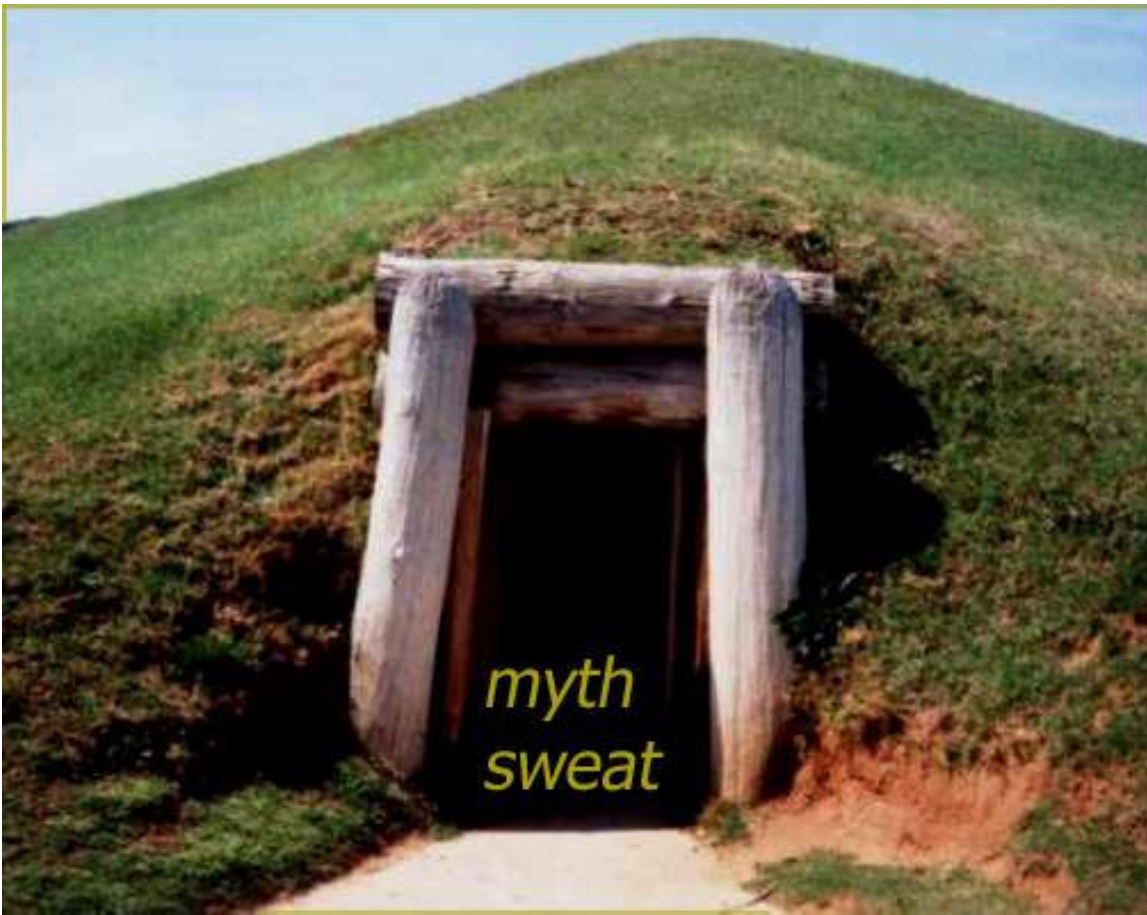
There are sacred seeds under some of the small rocks and shallow holes in the big rock. Take them and find another special place to plant them. Make sure they are along an edge where you have both partial sun and rich soils.

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*





### 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.

\* \* \* \* \*





BioChar & Shovel, Permaculture Local 473. 2023

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. Dowzers 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?”

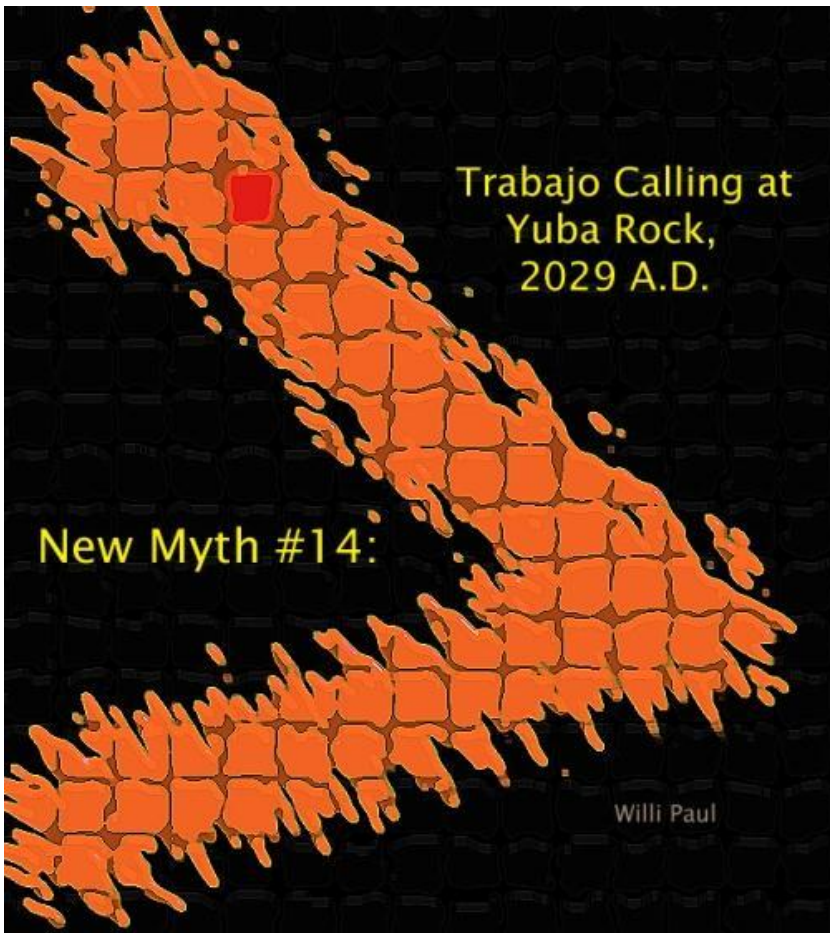
All good natured team, see the new blue-green collar beans!

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. Video, New Myth # 14



[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!**

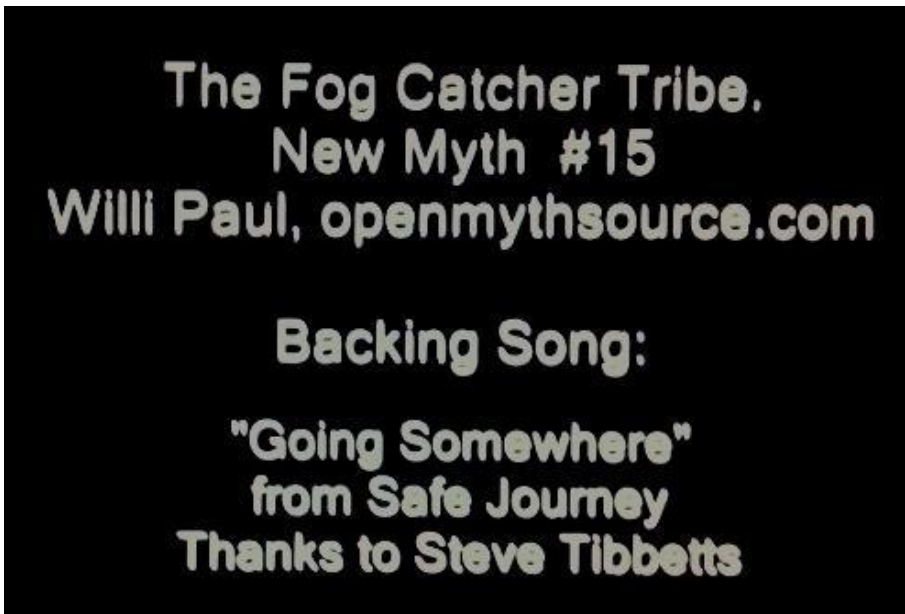
**Soil, Roots, Breathe, Chop!**

**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.





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 'scraper 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.

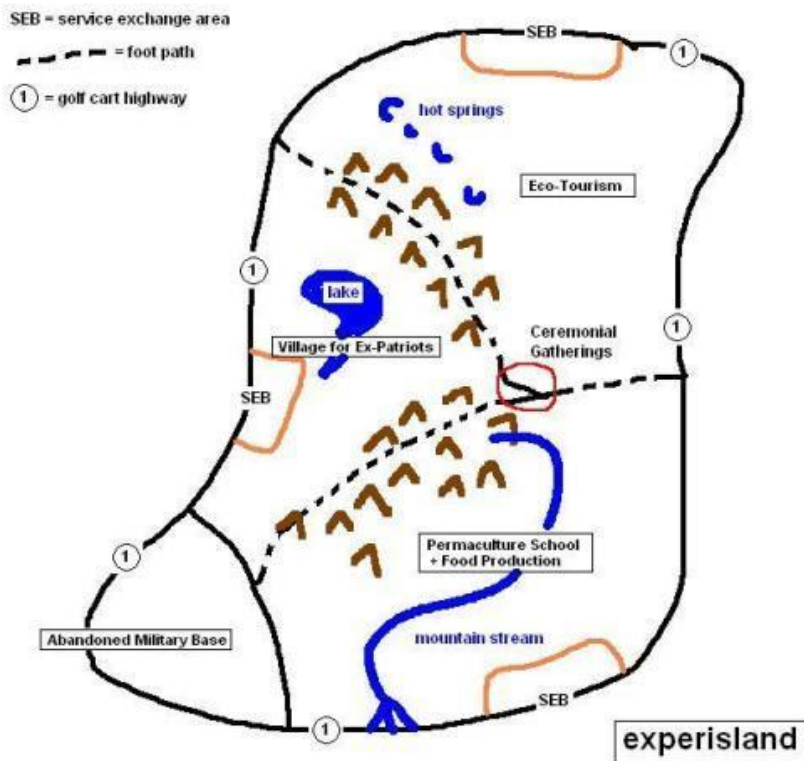
The foggers can only dream of the day when it will be safe to return to the ground land below.

They are running out of compost songs.

\* \* \* \* \*



## experisland: a transition contest, New Myth #16



**The experisland web site** was black until this morning when technicians waved an electronic wand over it. A contest born on a hit and run island. Something about integrating our pasts with the present – and transitioning to an uncertain future?

experisland is a former military shooting range, a trampled paradise off of the southeastern coast of Vietnam. A dry rusty scape that few care to recall or visit these days. Few animals, except migrating nesting sea turtles and a few real estate agents and lawyers have not hit the beach lately (except virtually).

ARC – a former American socialite and start-up cooker, sits alone with his laptop, GPSing the weedy landing strip, dormant docks and mutant palm trees in his new territory, visioning a greener nest ground for life. He wants to ferment a new bio-cultural DNA.

“The listserv is up,” skyped B.B., back at Singapore headquarters.

“Fine,” barked ARC. “I’ll log-in in a sec.”

The ½ page ad in the Times caused just the alche-motion that ARC planned for.

“2,510 hits in 37 seconds, boss.”

“Right on, post the other ads and let me know when we have 35 applicants in each sector.”

The experisland web is now down-snaking across the planet in quick stages, serving up ARC’s contest details to upload a few Vietnamese families, permaculturists, and eco- turistás.



\* \* \* \* \*

ARC's island includes a mound of 2000 ft mountains as a spine running north – south; a cool, deep fresh water lake; a year round stream powered by semi-hidden falls and a clutch of hot springs. Translated: climate moderators, aquaponics and tourist vistas. No wait! There is renewable energy, water for man, beast and fields, and a post-modern trans-shipping hub as a toe. ARC divided experisland into four sectors or vision components – and the question is how each community will balance stewardship vs. survival in his dirt turning quest for evolution?

“B.B.: Put up this data for the contestants please.”

**[Please see the [openmythsources.com](https://openmythsources.com) version for the "Initial Community Population / Alt-Economic Assessment per Group" table**

One of ARC's preliminary interests in this transition test is how community capacity (48 people) will be maintained in a steady-state economy. Each sub-group needs to address how they will zero sum waste.

“Ya gotta love the resource politics ahead, boss.”

“Timebank, man? This is not another survivor episode. We have vendors, visitors, babies and turtles to dial-in.”

\* \* \* \* \*

ARC's next update to the contest site came sooner than expected as the minimum number of applications arrived in two weeks. He then opted to close submissions and begin the dance to co-cohabitation.

His plan is to select the “Island 48” then discuss and adopt a master plan for the contestants online while the basic infrastructure is built. He will stock food and supplies for one year after which the community is required to be self-sufficient – and self-governing. There will be no hard currency allowed on experisland. Permission to stay after the initial one year lease is up is through an evaluation process – augmented by the Islanders themselves – is completed. The evaluation includes his team and outside organizations (TBA).

For those who win the right to live and work on the Island, there is no rent and free health care on the main land for life.

\* \* \* \* \*

The challenge to you, reader,...

is to submit possible outcomes to this contest. There is no “ending.” All applicable comments, scenarios, issues and resources are welcomed and be added to the end of the contest.



## Shamanator & the Cob Fire Hearts, New Myth 17



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 Pennys 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.

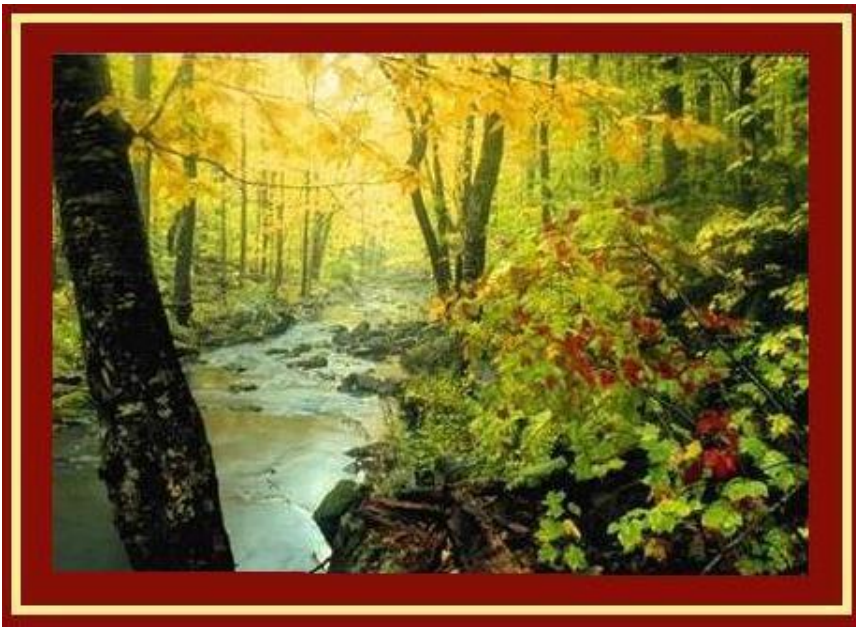
The mighty cob oven is the primary social engine for adaption and evolution in the re-purposed Mall. The oven's flame is as sacred to **Straw** as the permaculture team's inputs and outputs on the roof.

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.



## The Transition River Lovers, New Myth # 18



Striving to endure their first, perhaps bitter taste of the New World, pioneering Quakers awaiting the arrival of William Penn lived in caves dug into the muddy west bank of the Delaware River. Early settlers wintered in these caves in 1681; about one-third of Philadelphia's population was living underground the following year. After Penn's arrival in October, 1682, the caves continued to provide shelter while the settlers built homes close by or farther inland. In some cases, they may have been trying to stake a claim to an advantageous spot on the riverbank at which they hoped to build a house. [Quakers in Caves](#)

\* \* \* \* \*

### Squatters without Lords

They fell in love in a canoe two years ago and had to put out a tricky fire before hitting shore to start digging their cave house. One of the lover's favorite rituals is to strip to naked, run upstream and jump into the current holding wrapping around each other's body in a tumble weed ball and slowly rotate in a slow drift back to the dock by the cave.

Their watershed burrow is on former National Forest land. Free, chaos land now with few people attached. They are miles from the Permaculture Guild Meeting Tree and the former town garage turned Transition Assembly. Mountain bikers infrequent this zone, hunters ran out of bullets years ago. Fences are sporadic patches of poison ivy & rusty barbed wire. The river - a splashy channel for wading, rafting, washing, shiatsu, fishing, & escape.

Meet Jasmine & Ms. Commotion - nick names Jas & Como. Jas isn't a water child or a mariner, more like a corp. farm escapee from South Dakota! "How do we know where the maximum flood level of the river is?" she asked early on.

### Dig the Regeneration

After digging out the interior of the cave in the dry season, the women knew they had to support the ceiling in the winter and spring when the water would seep- in. Inverse to their beaver buddies up stream, they relocated and bent small trees in a lattice work that also provides places to hook pots and pans and wet clothes. Venting the small cob stove with an old 6" tin pipe was easy until the thing pops out of the cave and into the air of the mound above. Como fashioned a circle hex of stones from the river to mark the area. She hopes an intruder will trip on a stone before tripping on the "tin hole."



The interior alchemy includes smaller chambers or ante-rooms for different uses using pieces of cloth bartered at the community flea market. The women positioned a row of dwarf fruit trees in front of the cave mouth to allow air flow while providing some camouflage for wondering spirits and animals.

Wheat grass hangs from the ceiling lattice work in recycled containers in the kitchen, a space that shares the warmth from the centralized cob stove with the living area. All sources of sustenance are sought or created and utilized: bartering, candle making, fishing, and foraging at the old landfill.

Jas is experimenting with a new way to propagate tasty mushrooms while juggling the [permaculture principles](#) of integration & setting limits to consumption. She has several varieties of 'shrooms growing around the inner edge of the cave opening, like a post-crash wreath or something, many are growing upside down. Ms. Commotion calls them "permacites!"

Is their hollowed-out river bank casa an example of biomimicry? Perhaps just opportunistic? Or more like "survival of the transitionist"?

### **A River Mud Cob Love**

Around the traditional harvest time, Como loves to cut and fashion an old vine into a 4' hoop. Her artistic vision wings around the river place - her waist and body in a wamo-esque whirl.

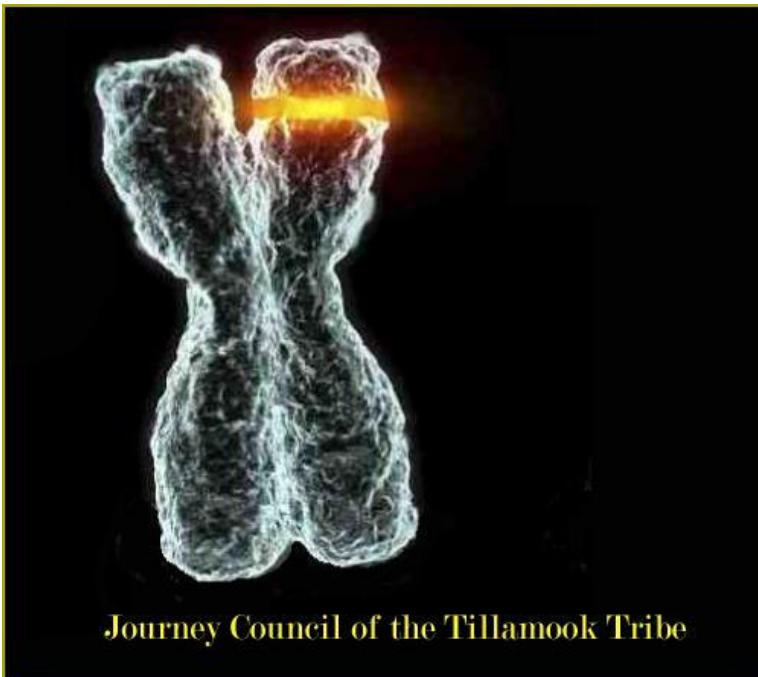
Lying on top of the mound, the ceiling of their mud hut, the tiny "[Schumacherian](#) Nature Observatory" fills with bugs and floating pollen, two holding hands as the stars get closer, a local love transition more real than ever.

Jasmine & Ms. Commotion **spiral their spirits together** each day & night with their **Earth Mother: river – sky – soil – fire blend**.

\* \* \* \* \*



**Journey Council of the Tillamook Tribe, New Myth # 19**



Sun is rising on the water  
Light is dancing like a flame  
There's no burning where the sun beams  
Oh it's such a lovely game

Does the sea dream (I'm sure)  
We are here, we attend  
We are bells on the shore  
where the tolling suspends

Who will decide the shape of things  
The shift of being  
Who will perceive  
When life is new  
Shall we divide and become another

Who is due for gift upon gift  
Who will decide  
Shall we swim over and over  
The curve of a wing  
Its destination ever changing

Let's go under  
Going under

["Going Under"](#) by **Patti Smith** (ed.)

\* \* \* \* \*



Henry Smith, the Chief Guide from the Journey Council of the Tillamook Tribe called for quiet in the former town Masonic Hall and declared the meeting open to all. Two years have passed since the 11.7 Pan American Earthquake of 2013 cracked the rest of the corrupt and crumbling county government into pebbles. Many live in former retail shops, schools or tents and are eager to learn the permaculture way.

**“We are a critical connection, a living and breathing vision for the future,”** he decreed. “We support the local struggle to be free to grow what we can and barter for what we cannot. Our values also include working in harmony with the land, mediating community conflicts and embracing Nature’s alchemic wisdom for spiritual guidance. We support the Global Principles.”

“Please - let us all be silent for one moment and focus on our honored young people and their new work.”

### **The Journey In & Out**

Each year the 27 Tribes of the West Coast Region select three young adults to journey north or south to exchange of new urban agricultural tools and techniques but also new stories of community spirit. Not like the old Mormon – the Tribes representatives undertake no canvassing or propagandizing. Typically the youths weave into teaching, community organizing, soil science, visioning or historian roles in their host Tribes.

Melisa, Jon and Rorc stand to receive the destination and the symbol of their journeys.

“Melisa!” You will do the Tribe proud. Your love of the Earth – of farm stories and song – will open many doors at the Santa Barbara Tribe.” Your symbol is the Green Cross. Hear is your pendant - Namaste.

“Jon, be safe on your journey to the Bainbridge Tribe. Stay Dry! We have selected the Crow and this feather set for your penchant for vision as your guide. Peace.”

“Rorc, please take this Kennedy dollar coin as your symbol. We shall look forward to how your economic ideas evolved at the Sedona Tribe.”

The Chief Guide then explained that Jon would travel to his exchange site via boat so he could take supplies for their friends there. Melissa and Rorc will be allocated one strong horse each - and a guard for protection.

“We look forward to exchanging science and lore with our own Tribal guest starting next week,” he called.

### **Aquarian Light**

The young Tribal people who exchange their knowledge and grow local culture on these sharing journeys are seen as the new “**perma-gene**” of the Transition era. With television gone and the Internet in disrepair, their heroism and determination are critical to building community character and hope.

\* \* \* \* \*



## Isaiah's Temple and the Transitionites, New Myth # 20



— Pulgas Water Temple - Present Age —

### Introduction Chat

"The forces of resistance are stronger than the Light right now."

"And the emotional and physical fences separating the two camps are fragile."

"How many horses do we have?"

"Approximately 175."

"And the pigeon corps?"

"Down to about 55. They seem to get lost often and fall on the plates of the dark friends."

"We need to send messages to the ecogicians, and the pagan enclave; each may have ideas for re-positioning our vision."

"Traveling through Cascadia is getting too dangerous."

"Let's stroll, shall we? Before the soak - and enjoy all of the good things that are happening at the Temple."

### The Historic Water Temple

The Pulgas Water Temple is a stone monument to water in Woodside, California. Designed by architect William G. Merchant. It was erected by the San Francisco Water Department to commemorate the 1934 completion of the Hetch Hetchy Aqueduct and is located at the aqueduct's terminus. The water temple consists of fluted columns arranged in a circle, upon which a large stone masonry ring with the words: "I give waters in the wilderness and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people" [from Isaiah 43:20] are inscribed. There is a large, tree-lined reflecting pool to the east. Water once made the journey to the Pulgas Water Temple and flowed over a small C-shaped waterfall within the water temple itself where it continued approximately 800 feet down a canal to the west into Upper Crystal Springs Reservoir.



## **The Revitalized Site**

The new hot pools and food forest is a symbol of unity and a spa for transitionites, and friends in the Light Network. The spa and governance center is for community transmutation work and wisdom sharing for the 8 Tribes. The site has been transformed by solar panel arrays and multiple layers of food forests, semi-wild geese and compost heaps. Permaculture designers integrate land, water, sky and plant life as a harmonious way station. Solo rituals often connect with feasts, and political pow wows.

Care of the People and Earth circulate throughout the site.

Where once the water flowed down hill to feed the crops, cattle and citizens of the Bay Area, it's now an uphill climb for the Tribes to peace and unity in a time of the 'great turning.'

## **Soaking in the Future**

The Cascadia Light Network (Monterey, CA to Vancouver, B.C.) and its fledgling post-crash Tribes have eight representatives in the hot pool at the base of the Temple - in healing water up to their shoulders with a crouch.

"Welcome dear friends. What was to be a seed sharing celebration has now become a security strategy session."

Raids from the dark friends have been more frequent this season. Some of the Tribes are concerned that their passive non-violence approach to all themselves and their neighborhoods. It is a common fear that dark forces could soon occupy the Tribes land and force-out the Light.

"The invaders from Vegas Troop are walking right into the camps up north and stealing food, seeds and fowl like we are Safeway!"

"Same in the Bay Area. Food pantries are wiped-out; they are limited only by what they can carry-off on their backs."

"We only save the horses because we ride them off. But this leaves only women and children to wrestle with the invaders."

"How many are in the dark troops currently?"

"20 – 25 in Stockton. About the same in Redding. Vegas, East Salem and Renton troop numbers are likely closer to 50 each.

"200 souls."

"200 students."

"One map?"

"Let's hear ideas after dinner."

## **Ideas for Peace or War?**

- Send a representative to go talk to them, assess needs and attitudes; build trust
- Invite troops for a first supper / meeting at a Tribe camp and share food
- Fortify the 8 tribal lands with tighter security in place at each perimeter
- Establish an intermediate camp between the troops and the Tribes for security and education
- Consolidate the Tribes in one place in Cascadia and install security



- Relocate the Tribes to a new bio region
- Prepare for war with dark troops

Brothers and sisters, return to your Tribes and return in 30 days with feedback. Until then, fasten trip wire from vines and install a security perimeter as best as you can. I am headed to talk to the Vegans with first light.

[ **Think Journey, Initiation and Hero. What course of action would you take?** ]



## Noah's honey rust fortress ("junk yard permaculture"), New Myth # 21



"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.



**Mythic Sound Ring – Solar Flare Journey – Video, New Myth # 22**



**Mythic Sound Ring – Solar Flare Journey – New Myth 22 (video) by Willi Paul, [openmythsources.com](http://openmythsources.com)**

Mythic Narrative: Solar flare radiation hit Earth

Electricity goes out

Fear grips public

Hero helps people find each other

He lights a candle

Calming down fear is the reward

Neighbors build a camp fire

Tell stories

Celebrate sunrise

Hero returns home

Offers feedback from journey



## Sound Symbols:

solar flare

fear

initiation

awakening

light candle

reward

fire

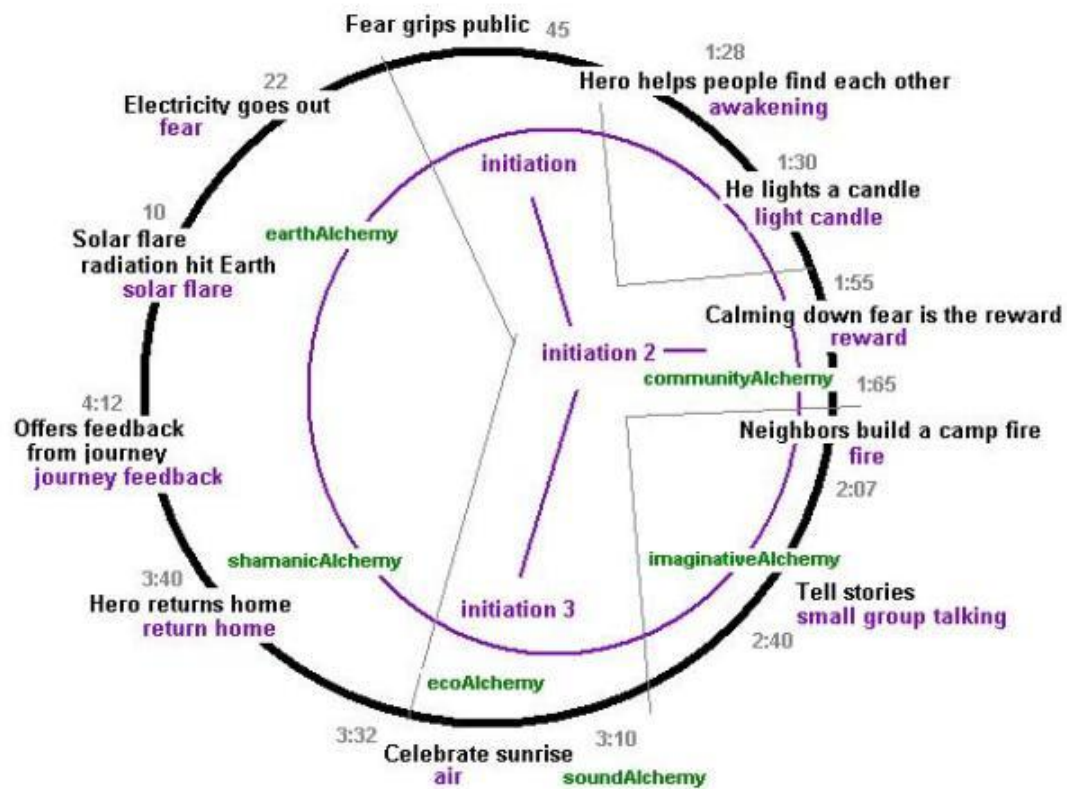
small group talking

air

return home

journey feedback





### Ring Key:

[ Mythic Narrative ]

[ Sound Symbols ]

[ time code ]

Mythic Sound Ring - Solar Flare - New Myth 22 by Willi Paul, openmythsources.com

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u1oU6lheOKU>



## The Permaculture Sprout Cellar Network (A Transition Buckle), New Myth 23

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.



A [fallout shelter](#) is an enclosed space specially designed to protect occupants from radioactive debris or fallout resulting from a nuclear explosion. Many such shelters were constructed as civil defense measures during the Cold War. During a nuclear explosion, matter vaporized in the resulting fireball is exposed to neutrons from the explosion, absorbs them, and becomes radioactive. Although many shelters still exist, many even being used as museums, virtually all fallout shelters have been decommissioned since the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991.



\* \* \* \* \*



The physical locations of the [seed depositories](#) are closely aligned with the camps that connect the Cascadia regional Light network. This way, most rest stops for messengers and travelers at these sanctuaries can facilitate seed sharing. As they say in permaculture: integrate.

Razor's seed cellar is just off HW 101 a few miles from the former NorCal coast town of Half Moon Bay, which was washed away in the unprecedented 2013 Pacific *tsunami*. Because the former barn had a lower – or sub grade – milking chamber for dairy cows, protecting the Cascadia seed heritage from toxic winds or corporate thuds was as easy as clearing away the upper stories and reusing the beams for a covered chamber. Razor was able to incorporate some old windows into the space as skylights but was careful to add steel bars.



\* \* \* \* \*

*In the last two decades, the majority of the world's family-owned seed companies have been bought out by multinationals such as the [Monsanto and Novartis corporations](#). These companies are not interested in creating sustainable food systems and communities. They are busy replacing carefully bred strains of vegetables and flowers with their own hybrids and patented varieties. We've got to engage with traditional agricultural knowledge, and work to anticipate the needs of future generations.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**Vegetables seeds typically saved and traded in the network include:**

**Asian Greens**  
**Arugula**  
**Bean**  
**Beet**



Broccoli  
Brussels Sprouts  
Cabbage  
Carrot  
Caterpillar  
Cauliflower  
Collard  
Corn  
Cucumber  
Eggplant  
Endive  
Garden Huckleberry  
Gourd  
Ground Cherry  
Kale  
Kohlrabi  
Leek  
Lettuce  
Lima Bean  
Melon  
Okra  
Onion  
Pea  
Pepper  
Radish  
Runner Bean  
Rutabaga  
Salsify  
Soybean  
Spinach  
Squash  
Sun berry  
Swiss Chard  
Tomato  
Tomatillo  
Turnip  
Watermelon

Razor puts his seeds where his hoop tents are! While he can sprout many varieties in his cellar, other plants need to begin their journey as pollen and egg, above ground, with some sun and the protection of his .22.





## Permaculture and the Bios Factory (A Transition Buckle), New Myth # 24



The Cascadia Tribal Council began transforming the broke and broken rural prison system into the Permaculture Bios System soon after WA, OR and NorCal left the United States for independence.

The leaders designed a way to not simply let all of the inmates go free but to offer them a valuable transition and survival course as a re-entry into the post-carbon landscape. Cascadia choose rural prisons first because urban jails did not have the land required to teach permaculture and grow food forests.



Henry James Robinson was one of thousands trapped in this multi-state prison trap. He was convicted and sentenced to 3 years in the Shutter Creek Correctional Institution near North Bend, OR for growing and selling marijuana that he cultivated in the near-by Eliot State Forest.

All of the necessary infrastructure is already in each prison:



- large fully equipped kitchen
- laundry
- sleeping quarters
- dining hall
- play area
- lounges
- library
- roads
- barb wire as internal forms for cob furniture and ovens
- land for food production and research
- space to install solar panels and biodigesters
- security against raiders

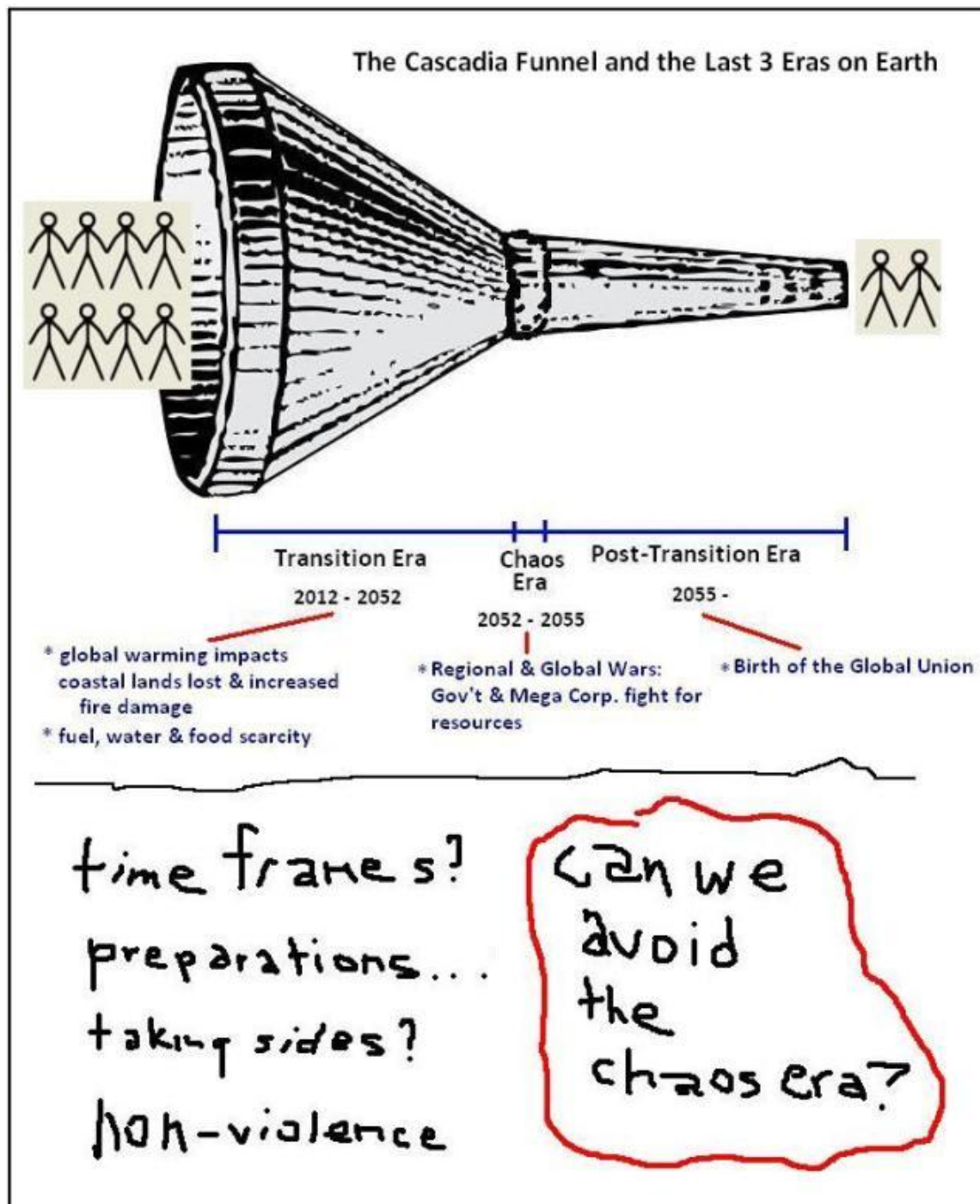


Mr. Robinson tends the fields in the morning and attends classes in the afternoon. Interns and PDC designers work in the new Green Union with the x- cons. He is learning about food, self and reaps barter from their local market day.

Forgiveness, heart, work... transmutation. **Transition.**

[Care for the Community.](#)





"To our ancient ancestors, the end of the great cycle was for all intents and purposes, the end of time. Astronomers and sages throughout history could only dream of being alive at this time...." — Scott Lampman, writing in [New Global Mythology Group](#)

\*\*\*\*\*



Verg Han has a perplexed look on his face as he returns to his sleepy daughter and their home made yurt from his regular community elders meeting. It wasn't that "too many damn meetings" thing he usually flaps about. Tonight one of the permaculturist pass around a diagram that depicts the next three eras that humans and their planet face.

"Is it about the end of the world papa?" She already had a copy of the graphic that the elders discussed tonight.

"How'd you get it?" he sighed.

"Tanya slipped it through the floor."

Relli was twitchy, like a fish out of water.

"No, not the end of the world, Honey, more like the beginning of a new one."

Not the usual stories, poems or a new myth this tonight. This message reads more like a prediction. A foreshadowing with huge implications.

"We are already in the Transition Era, Relli. You know the struggles we have with water and maintaining food supplies. Not to mention the dark forces....

"Yes."

The elders see a "clearing time", or the Chaos Era, ahead where the old world control structures with fight for control of diminishing resources. It is not clear if the Light Network will have to choose sides and enter this fight.

"What will happen to Cascadia?"

"We are just not sure. We are stronger as a region now and we know that our principles will guide us."

"Permaculture values, Dad?" And those from Transition and the new mythic elements, too."

"Yes, remember those ideas from your class – transmutation and of integration — are key. "

"Write down your ideas and concerns on the three eras so your teacher can discuss them with you at school this week."

"Care for the Planet, Pop."

"And blessed are the People, Honey. Nite."



## The Plastique Sea Barge Tribe, New Myth # 26

“Peddle on down to a  
floating seed sharing, permie planting, old shoe tool lending library...  
up and down our good Cascadian coast...”



\* \* \* \* \*

The water world eco-community from Hell? Nope. **From Sausalito.**

I jumped on board the “Plastique Sea” as their new solar chef with little to loose – never envisioning the many lessons that lie ahead for me and the rag tag and green crew. The “ship” is more like a barge than a standard sea-going vessel, constructed of bound and rebound plastic refuse from Fukushima to Pt. Reyes like reed boats from ancient Egypt:

“[Reed boats and rafts](#), along with dugout canoes and other rafts, are among the oldest known types of boats. Often used as traditional fishing boats, they are still used in a few places around the world, though they have generally been replaced with planked boats. Reed boats can be distinguished from reed rafts, since reed boats are usually waterproofed with some form of tar. As well as boats and rafts, small floating islands have also been constructed from reeds.”

An ironic twist to the localization movement throughout Cascadia, the **Plastique Sea** is a moving permaculture experiment, a bobbing and rolling decentralized government with a flag and a rowdy group chant. SeaOccupy? **The Plastique Sea Barge Tribe** is another example of community initiation in the post-Transition era.

“How do we make our share of **Cascadian Barterbucks**?”

“We barter fish we catch for supplies. Sometimes water from the on board desalination works. Cascadia pays the ship to collect and recycle ocean garbage. We are great at whale and dolphin watching tours, too. We usually sell a few flotation devices that we construct from the sea trash. Drift wood is dried and sold.”

“Kelp?”

“Oops, right. We have a continuous kelp harvest and drying program can provide food for the peeps on dry land.”

“And a few travelers are taken aboard for a slow water taxi ride between ports.”



\* \* \* \* \*



**Some of worker roles on board the Plastique Sea:**

*Seamstress* – these guys need to repair garments and the ships seams!

*Hook Maker* – fishing hooks are fashioned from the metals collected with the floating plastic

*Children Watcher* – like the babysitter only with harnesses and sun screen

*Look-out* – the crew is always on the horizon for pirate ships looking to blunder and sink the community

*Fire Tender* – solar ovens – fires on towed kitchen platform

*Tour Guide* – Scanning both heavens and the sea, guides entertain the taxi customers and crew

*Navigator* – Since the ship is always just a few miles off shore, recognizing land forms and towns is a daily regime

*Teacher* – for the kids

Solar Chef and the Cooks – thanks God for the massive amount of aluminum foil that bobs up from the currents.

\* \* \* \* \*





Plastic gold from Japan floats around and down the coast of Alaska in a North Pacific Ocean alchemic rush – trash to transport; wind to back; sun tan to burnt red.



**remember?**



## The Stolen Wind Tribe of Cascadia Pass, New Myth # 27



### Horizontal Axis Wind Turbines

*Windmills of yesterday are not the same as the horizontal axis wind turbines of today. Most large utility scale wind turbines such as the ones you'll find on wind farms use a horizontal axis. Utility scale horizontal axis wind turbines typically use three blades although some are now being developed that use just two. Railed against by some environmentalists as "bird Cuisinarts", the utility scale horizontal axis wind turbines today are being designed to move at slower speeds and be more visible to our fine feathered friends. But, large utility scale horizontal wind turbines are not the only games in town. Residential wind turbines that use a horizontal axis are also coming of age. These small wind turbines will typically turn at lower wind speeds and may be mounted in the backyard or on the rooftop.*

\* \* \* \* \*

How SkySaw came to be in possession of a 265' tall air craft aluminum wind turbine from the broken Cascadia Pass Wind Farm west of San Francisco is still a mystery in 2018, many years after the grid crashed down around the Bay Area like a fallen hornet nest and the turbines were left for missiles of graffiti and decay.

A Tribe formed with **local Light Network** members erected the machine on land that they were growing food on for barter. The power is for peaceful arts and crafts only. A spiritual lightning rod, a symbol for permaculture and a business coop maker, the turbine makes electricity for 5 local artisans and a never ending security issue from the Dark troops.



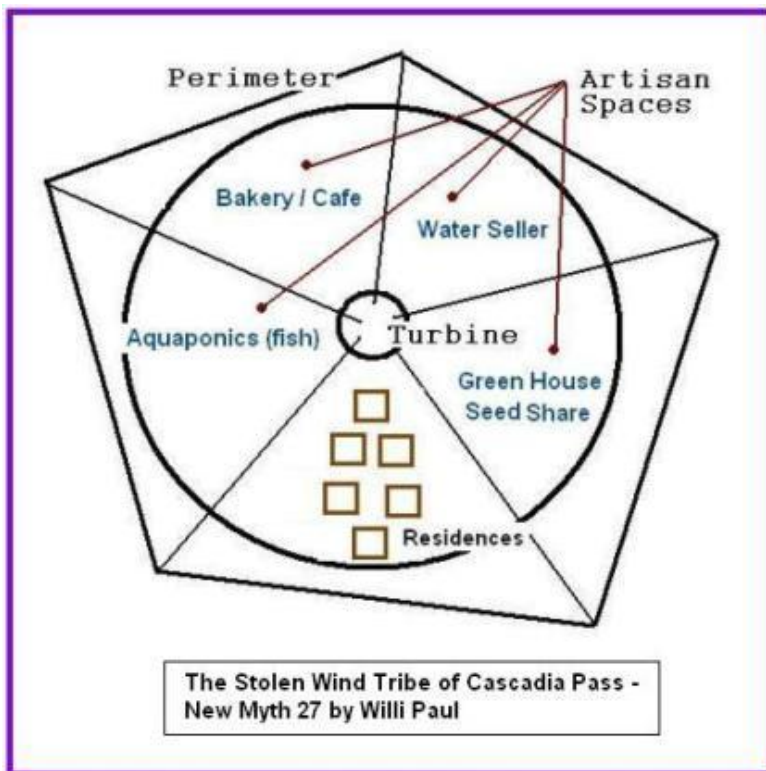


\* \* \* \* \*

The first peoples of North America considered the wind to be a living force in and of itself. The wind to them is a god – a power that is capable of communicating a larger-than-life language to those who would hear it. Those who were certifiably authorized to interpret these cosmic messages were shamans, medicine men, and the wise and spiritual leaders among tribes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soil R75 uses her electricity to pump water from the vast underground aquifer that runs through the Cascadia Canyon. Her best buddo, 3Jack, maintains a small greenhouse and seed share business with his water and power. Orange Man, who escaped from a Marin County chain gang many years ago, tends an aquaponics operation. Kat-eO is SkySaw's sister; she tends the café and a small cob oven bakery.



People from all directions come with barter to receive the goods from the Stolen Wind. Firewood for java beans. Greens for a hydro fish. A song and dance to recharge an old car battery or laptop?

\* \* \* \* \*

"How sweet it is! I have electricity! Here I have my laptop computer set up and plugged into the power provided by the inverter, which in turn is powered by the wind turbine. Now I have no battery life problems, at least as long as the wind blows. Besides the laptop, I can also now recharge all my other battery powered equipment like my cell phone, my camera, my electric shaver, my air mattress pump, etc. Life used to get real primitive on previous camping trips when the batteries in all my electronic stuff ran down."

\* \* \* \* \*

But electricity to the Tribe is much more than "night light in the residences" or a barter medium. It is eco-alchemy and survival and a bridge with nature. Wind is a source for life. Wind alchemy. The tall pole that holds the blades is a like the old **May Pole** of older times. The community does a ritual twice a year that embraces the machine – eco spirit that keeps



them going. Long ribbons of bartered fabric are looped around the base then dancing singing to the Wind God rotates their bodies until the mushroom tea of old muscles crashes them back down to Earth!

\* \* \* \* \*

[The Inuit Indians](#) had an Air Spirit among the ranks of their Sila (a term that means Wisdom and Weather). Their Air Spirit controls the seas, skies and wind. Although considered a kind and beneficial spirit, it strikes wrath against liars, beggars and thieves in the form of illnesses. It is also blamed for bad weather and poor hunting.

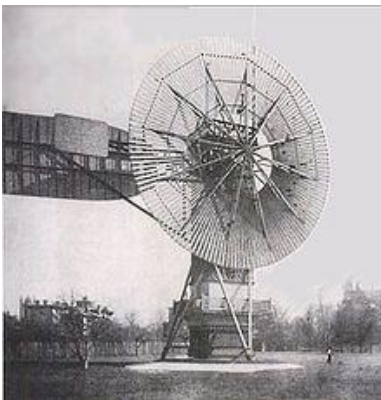
\* \* \* \* \*

Soil R75 sees other things to study and celebrate at the Pass. She ponders the aquaponic fish as a Christ symbol along with the deep “V”-shape of the canyon and long knife-like blades of the turbine. Early symbols of the Post-Transition Era?

**Water equals life for all living beings. The hawk over head just then virtue, strength and freedom.**

\* \* \* \* \*

[The Thunderbird](#) is a legendary creature in North American indigenous peoples’ history and culture. It’s considered a “supernatural” bird of power and strength. The Thunderbird’s name comes from that common belief that the beating of its enormous wings causes thunder and stirs the wind.





## Reckoning at the 2043 Cascadia Shaman's Convergence, New Myth # 28

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."*

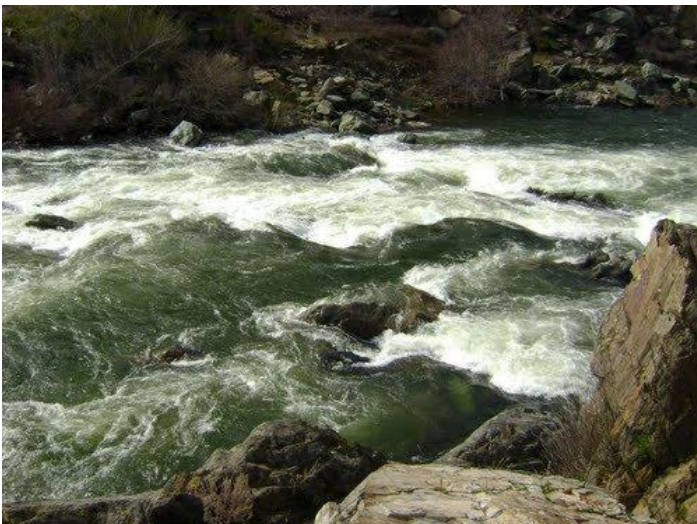
*"Here then is a fundamental paradox: who really needs a new story or vision? And by default: who keeps getting the old ones shoved into their ears?"*

*"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."*

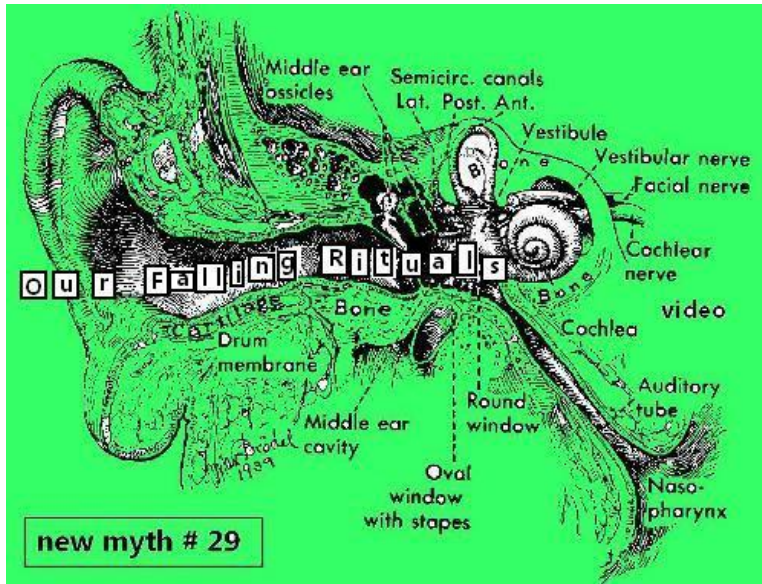
*"Fire is as fundamental to our history, sisters and brothers – and to our Post-Transition future – as Nature herself."*

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





## "Our Falling Rituals", New Myth # 29



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IVLw7ocfBCU&feature=youtu.be>

We hear and see sound symbols and write and draw graphic symbols. New myth requires that all of our alchemic sources are engaged. Consider your basket of rituals and how your behaviors are lifting us up or down.



## Cascadia's Green Mythic Tea Tribe, New Myth # 30



Menku Star was reading from the WIKI on the 2015 discovery of the so-called “mythic gene.”

“It says that the Campbell Institute in Saratoga found the masked trait that gives humans more receptivity to the power of myth when they were actually looking for cellular-level clues to bipolar disorder. Did you know that this “bliss gene” has mitochondria characteristics similar to many plants?”

“A hydroponic – plant – human genetic mash-up? Yup.”

Dr. Kay Push was distracted by the “glomp – glomp” sounds from the foot traffic on the main floor above them.

“I know you are new to the lab but that is old news indeed, Mz. Star.”

Menku and Kay work in the basement of the Green Leaf Café, a localized tea plantation (a reclaimed cemetery) and sipping spot in northeast PDX, now a proud member of Cascadia. They work with several other researchers to discover how the mythic gene works and if they can turn it on for folks without its spark.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since its discovery, many in the permaculture & transition camps wonder if the hybrid gene is from another race, from an alien gene pool perhaps. Many scientists are predicting that humans without this active gene are more likely to destroy the planet while those with it turned on are likely protectors of the planet.

This “switch” is the thrust of the research in the basement yurt shack.

“What do the alchemists have to say, Doc?”

“What about the botanists, dude!?”

“And the ethicists?”

The lab was no secret but the only way down into their space is through a small portal with a wooden collapsible stair.

OccupyMonsanto has not yet protested the lab (!) but soulless ‘n’ sinister eyes abound.



\* \* \* \* \*

The tea from the fields and café above is now believed to play a role in how the mythic the gene turns on or bolsters the magnitude of the carrier.

Dr. Push is sending out bags of tea to the members of the Light Network in a trial, a “bliss test,” if you will! If the results are encouraging, the café – lab –plantation Board will consider adding additional crop land elsewhere in Cascadia and to deliver the tea to the dark force.

“What if the alchemy in our fields is necessary to the cellular action and transmutation?”

“We will need to carefully compost the post-production water and tea plants to build manufacture more soil for the new locations.”

Since the Chaos Era the population in the world and especially Cascadia and the dark territories are way down so we will not need a huge amount of “the source.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Quitn’ time Doc!”

“Yes, indeed. Time to head out for a bike ride and another City Repair <http://cityrepair.org/> comm – demo.”

“Tomorrow, then.”



### Delta Trestle Tribe, Cascadia. 2028, New Myth # 31

*"Science and technology by themselves aren't enough. We need to turn to the arts in order to infuse passion into the pursuit of sustainability and get real results that will heal the planet," he says. Shrivastava argues that art is a survival instinct. Narratives, stories, music and images served to warn our early ancestors against predators and natural disasters. Art helped them develop defense mechanisms. My colleagues and I believe that art should be used to deal with modern survival threats such as climate change and environmental crises."*



The Light Network works at night. No one has officially usurped the old rail track system that rusts in the decaying Sacramento Delta near the fire stained and bruised metro region. Water control was the big green fist in the early years after the Chaos Era tweaked into the present Post-Transition Era. The old Delta ecosystem system was destroyed by regional planning agencies and southern farmers and their corporations back 2017 when a huge underground pipeline and several unauthorized dams went lunar.



The abandoned rail buildings are now look-out towers and burnt-man sculptures from another era, now refortified with human spirit. Instead of camo canoes like the old days, many Cascadian's are now boroughed into the soggy banks of the semi-exposed tributaries of the Delta for protection from the hot climate and the soul eaters.



“Compost Train!” New black soil making and other food production processes are kept out of the drunken eye of the Dark Forces and passed up the food chain to the brothers and sisters in the mountain spine of Cascadia.



Ancient, two person hand pump rail carts are the new silent transportation trucks in the Delta, hauling workers and their students – generating small cashes of electricity for the LAN. The Light Network is using this “duck duck grid” at night when the corporation goons are gobbling up each other.

Senior permies run the frontline transfer stations – first in line as the ex-pats head east to the wet caves, night rail corridors and solar ovens glowing up in Cascadia. The weedy and rusted ditches make for excellent duck and cover and food forest locations; the water table is usually at ditch bottom so this areas self-irrigate.



One fool’s abandoned rail ditch is another woman’s red beans and brown rice.

Often individuals and families leave the City’s Dark Side camps to join a permaculture tribe in Cascadia. No one is turned away but all are carefully interviewed and set-up with a mentor and goals agreement. De-brain washing is key to rebuilding a community sanity wacked by years under das capital.







## Harrison's BioChar Seed Balls & the Grail Pile, New Myth # 32

Missey Harrison's long ponytail was always getting in the wrong places. Just yesterday she was trimming veggie starts in her micro garden behind her parent's house on Euclid Ave and her tail got really dirty between the rows. She has burned the thing in the biochar oven more times than she can recall.



"Anything for the movement, she yells (to no one)!"

Her new soil lab includes a series of small neighborhood supported compost piles, drying racks made from recycled pallets, a tool shed, and her father's old banker's desk where she packs her magic for global shipment. She learned about soil chemistry from her permaculture PDC; Harrison is now a globally-recognized biochar activist and alchemist. She ships seed balls via FedEx.

\* \* \* \* \*

On her web site, the biochar burn is explained as:

*BioChar is simply charcoal that is intended to go into the soil where it has some amazing benefits for soil and the environment. Charcoal is the carbon-rich material made from heating wood or other plant material in an oxygen-deprived atmosphere. As a soil additive, BioChar offers numerous potential benefits. It increases the capacity for soil to hold nutrients, enhances crop yields and captures and stores carbon for the long term. Unused biomass such as farm residues, green waste and sawmill scraps is heated with no or little oxygen present in a BioChar oven where the temperature can reach 1000F. The biochar-heating process releases energy-rich gases and preserves the char which can be ground up and mixed into soil to increase its fertility. And there's money to be made from the process. A ton of BioChar could retail for \$2000 or even more if packaged for specialty uses such as growing orchids or pot plants!*

*This is not about buying huge plantations or taking over natural forests; this is about using waste biomass and turning it into viable end products which then help the soil, help our food productivity, help with the climate problem and bring environmental, social and economic benefits. Biochar can greatly reduce the amount of water and fertilizers needed as well as making healthier, stronger more nutritious plants and vegetables.*





\*\*\*\*\*

Harrison's Production Cycle is as follows:

Food Waste Materials Collected / Separated >

Heated in biochar Oven >

Produces Enriched Charcoal Soil Additive >

Biochar is mixed with available soil and organic materials in the compost pile >

Producing Super Soil > Hybrid, drought tolerant food crop seeds are then formed into 4" diameter balls with biochar >

Seed balls (one part BioChar, one part super soil, one part seed ball) are shipped across the Planet.



\*\*\*\*\*

Food forests are now growing in rural and village areas in Africa and Australia from these seed balls. Harrison is collaborating with Occupy the Farm on genetically protecting her seeds from Monsanto. The backyard farmer will tell anyone who stops by that the "super soil" is her "elixir", or grail. Just ask Sissy the Rooster.







## Our road share prayer ritual for Cascadia's Light Network, New Myth # 33



*The Pony Express service had messages carried by horseback riders in staged relays to stations (with fresh horses and riders) across the prairies, plains, deserts, and mountains of the Western United States, the Great Plains, Rocky Mountains, and the High Sierra from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, from April 3, 1860 to October 1861. It became the west's most direct means of east-west communication before the telegraph and was vital for tying California closely with the Union just before the American Civil War.*

*There is a strong mystical component to Quaker belief. In Meeting for Worship, God is there. God is probably always there, but in Meeting, (we) are able to slow down enough to see God. The Light becomes tangible for us, a blanket of love, a hope made living.*

\* \* \* \* \*

community hands our new maps

hearts bright v. Dark shadows

water runs clear here

Moon is full finally free

your yurt or mine,

sweet honey pie?

**(Auburn Tribe)**

\* \* \* \* \*

Each time JeanNannette jumps off her horse at a Post-Transition tribe on one of her runs up Cascadia's spine, she looks for the community healer or elder to ask about food, lodging, bathing – and to arrange for their prayer meeting.

Like the Pony Express many moons ago, there is a hand-off of intelligence, general news and medicine. But at each camp JeanNannette is also working on collaborative prayer. Each visit adds to the piece, each qualified youth or adult writes a few new lines to the text that came before.



These soulful messages from the gentle Nature-based people of the former northwest territories and US States are usually written on birch bark but sometimes are written on old bean or flour packaging using charcoal from the fire pits.

After the next stanza of the work is recorded, the tribe gathers around the fire pit and hears the prayer as it has grown to that point.

The next morning, packs replenished and a prayer on a wing, JeanNannette rides into the next dawn, to another camp and other round of hopes and visions.

\* \* \* \* \*

sit with me a while and calm your fears

breathe deeper as the candle flickers  
embrace your people in the camps, creek crossings and forest clearings  
build the prayer in your journey

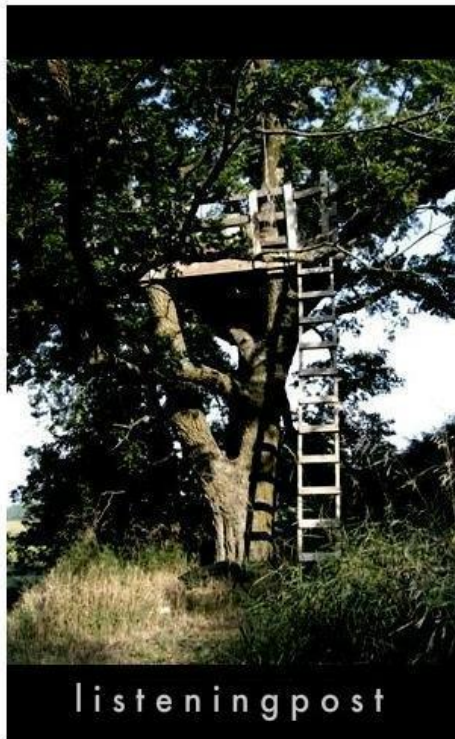
share the final visionscape at the spring convergence  
ritualize, o' great Cascadian rhymes

**(Redding Tribe)**





**"transition contours - sound alchemy for Cascadia", New Myth # 34**



**The 5 scapes:**

- + alchemy never sleeps
- + Our Future Rainbows
- + Crisis in the Compost Pile
- + Post-Trans
- + unbound

**Post:** <http://wp.me/p2JLqK-9u>

**Video:** [http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player\\_detailpage&v=kq7in41xroU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_detailpage&v=kq7in41xroU)