

All of these “Dans Macabre ad hoc Petrocollapse” images are placed in the creative commons... to raise awareness, encourage dialogue and help create possibilities for survival by letting artists and poets create other teaching skeletons that talk in rhyme. Please keep & show the images together and keep the artists’ names attached.

If you choose to add to this project, in the spirit of its creation, simply add your name to the list on the contributors page and include your pages. I can provide digital files of skeletons, fonts and marginalia to contributing artists.

Please share your work in this project with me and feel free to contact me with any questions.

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Thank you



contributors page.

Leigh Waltz

Marc Siemer

Steve Stine

Steve Lansky

Patrick Mauk

Kip Wheeler

Chris Daunt

Tim Ryan

Robert Conard

Collaborator's Guide:

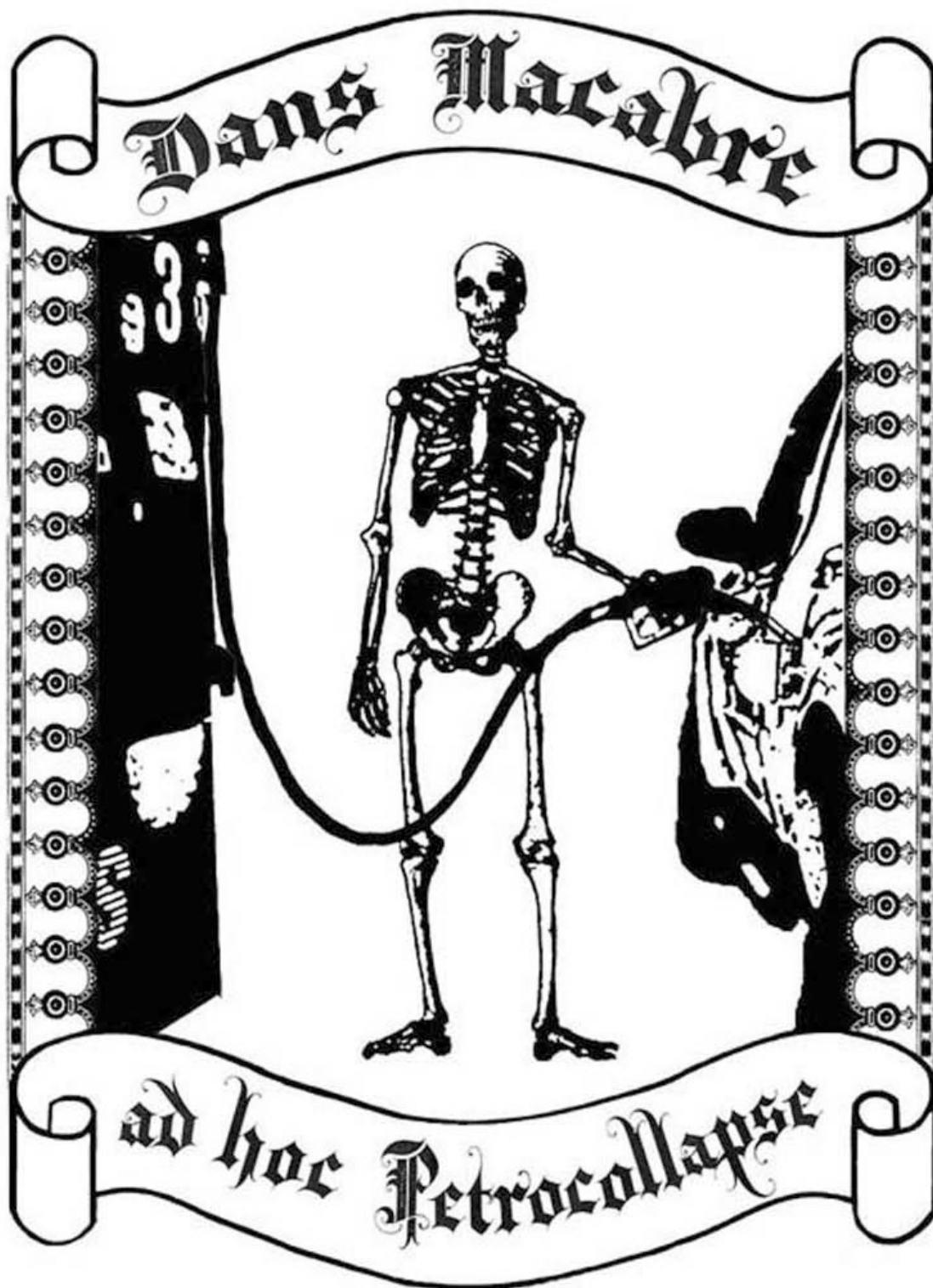
The poetry in this work is generally paired couplets placed as the words spoken by Death. The rhymes work as captions to the images or commentary on the action seen in the image. The language is generally “archaic-ish” to give it an old, medieval feel and the references to the reader/hearer are second person plural “ye” (though “you” was also used). This is because Death is speaking to all of us. Death is the great teacher. The four-line rhyme method is from the Heibelberg Blockbook and other Danse Macabre examples from the Middle Ages. In the cases where the child and the maiden speak with Death, their lines were left as direct translations from the Lübeck Danse Macabre- rather as homage to the source than efforts at “English-izing” German verse.

The images are usually black-on-white, Death's musing, soliloquy or encounters with mortals.

Most often Death plays an instrument, has one in hand (or a scythe) or is grasping a reluctant mortal.

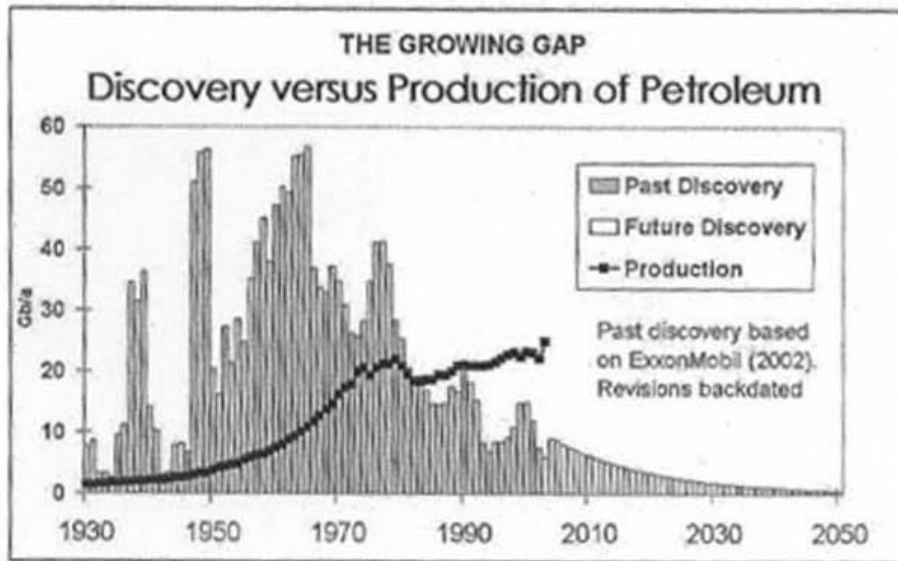
The richest pages are decorated with “marginalia” having to do with the depiction or merely decorative additions. Contributions are sincerely appreciated.

Share the work and raise awareness.



A simple, graphick Booke of Rimes,
To understand Peak Oil betimes.

BECAUSE OF THIS . . .



SO MANY REACT LIKE THIS :



FOR THE BENEFIT OF EVERYONE AND IN THE HOPE OF CALM, RATIONAL CONSIDERATION OF EVENTS THAT APPEAR TO BE UNFOLDING, AND TO COUNTERACT SLOTH AND IGNORANCE ON THE PART OF LOCAL, STATE AND FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, THIS WORK IS A CONSIDERATION OF THE RESULTS OF FAILURE TO ACT IN TIMELY, COOPERATIVE WAYS.

May God bless everyone.

An Artist's Blockbook
by Leigh Alfred Waltz, MfA

Dans Macabre
ad hoc
Petrocollapse

Printed in Ohio with the Help & Advice of:
The Montgomery County Arts & Cultural District,
Culture Works, Patrick Mauk & The Dayton
Printmakers Cooperative, Kip Wheeler, Chris
Daunt, Steve Stine, Steve Lansky, Marc Siemer,
Tim Ryan & Robert Conard, in the Year 2009,
"while the Lights were still on."





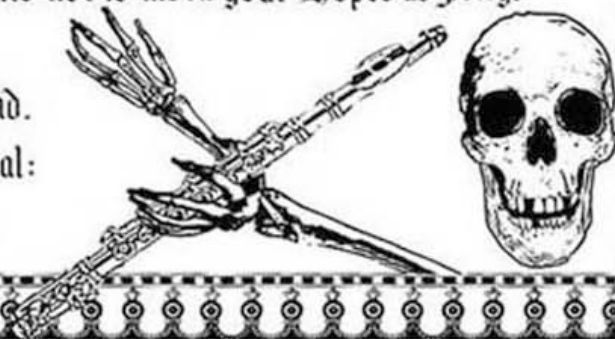
To find and use it, ye be clever...
But Fools to trust it lasts forever.

How long
will there be
Gas and Oil?

Without them
will the World
uncoil?



Too seldom, if there is a War, do People wonder what it's for.
It's not past but I can see, this one's most for Energy.
What is squander'd & consum'd, may've most your Children doom'd.
So accusom'd ye would be, to being fed by Grocery.
Instead of by your Sweat & Toil, ye be mostly fed by burning Oil.
It raises, harvests, moves the Crops & puts the Meat in Butcher-shops.
What for granted ye have taken, may leave Posterity forsaken...
Least regarding easy Life, if there's less Oil, so there's more Strife.
As Billions more go on abreeding, Mother Nature bides receding.
This, all for a Life-style sought, brings your Habitat to Naught.
It's Mother Nature in Collision, with Dreams ye put on Television.
Spend 40 Winters-most Oil's done, but the War on Terror won't be won.
That Mask is worn til none can see, a Nation call'd Home of the Free.
Your trusted Leaders' long-term Plan: "Take these Fools for all we can!"
The Time is come to reckon Wealth, by fresh Air & Ocean's Health.
And by how many Neighbors caring, may provide for common Sharing.
But Man to Nature uncompliant, has so roused the sleeping Giant,
Whose Yawn blows such fetid Breath, as not smell'd since the Black Death.
'Tis an old Wind conjuring Images, as are found upon these Pages.
They're offer'd as the Future's Portal, reminding all that ye be mortal.
I give not a pastoral Care, but til I play, ye ought' play fair.
Unheard, my Tunes may serve ye well: the clever Quick shun living Hell.
The rarest few survive my Playing, most not without their Hair agraying.
Mine Airs afford these folk a Chance, to fly from Greed before we dance.
They'll pray ye mend your wicked Ways. Anon my merry Musick plays.
When Heel & Toe, I step up jolly, 'tis not to mock your Hopes as folly.
Once I to ye my Hand extend,
It merely marks one Journey's End.
'Tis then your Courtesy's last Trial:
A kindly Welcome for my Smile.





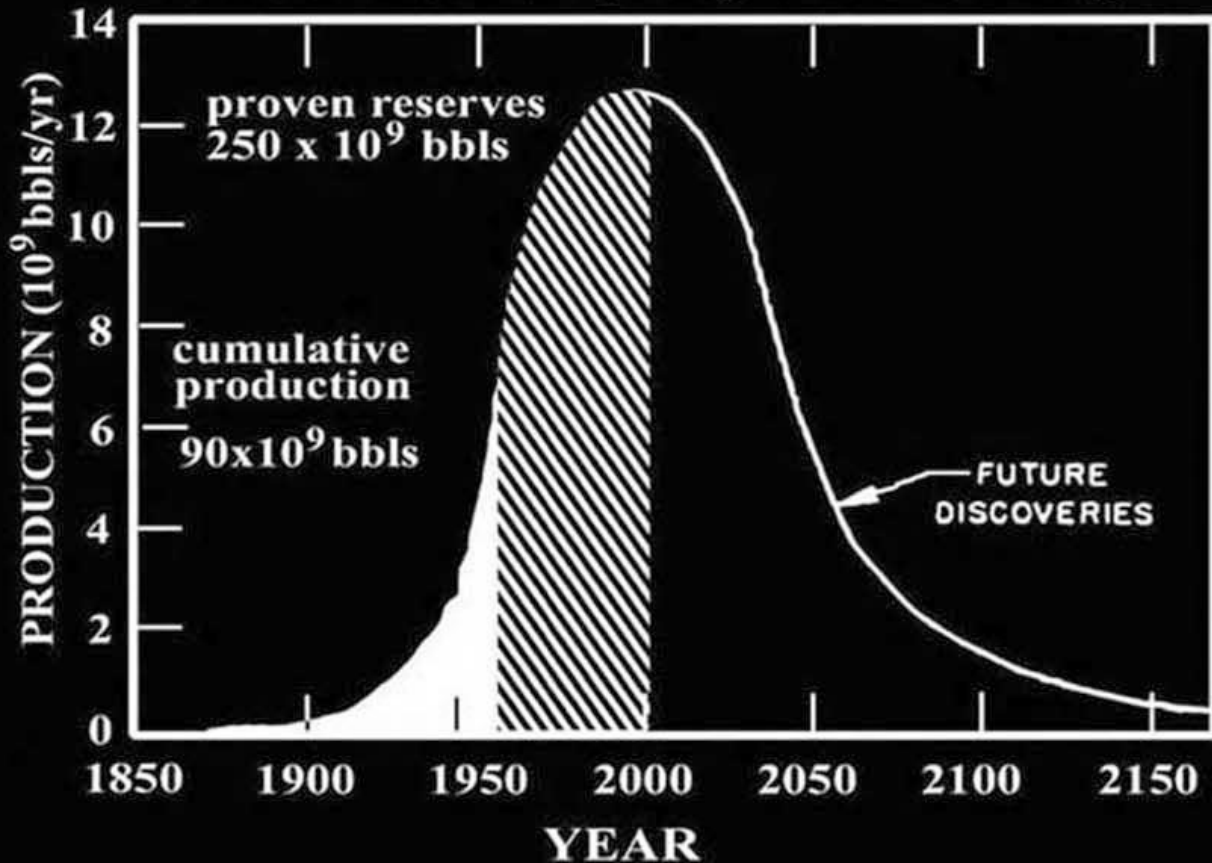
Drill for Hope ye may strike a Well.
Though since '64 Discovery just fell.
Ye know & care not so long ye be paid.
And have never heard my Musick played.

Little Picture



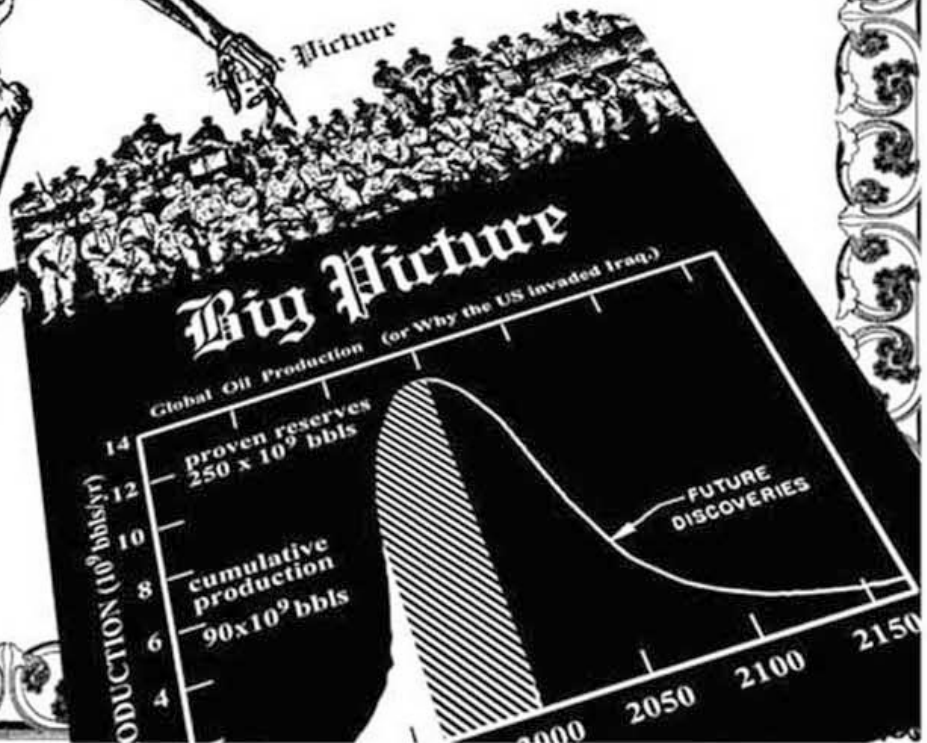
Big Picture

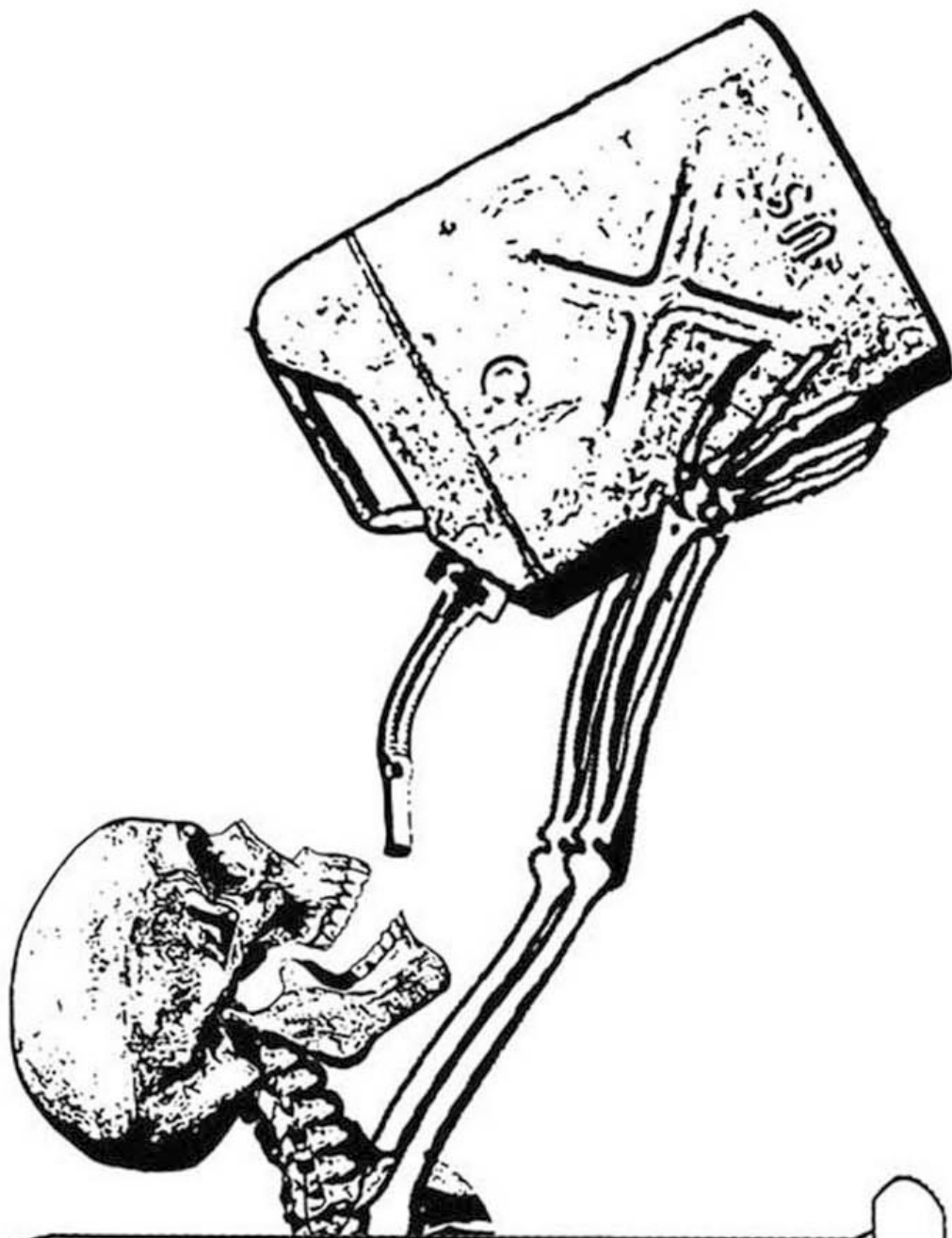
Global Oil Production (or Why the US invaded Iraq.)



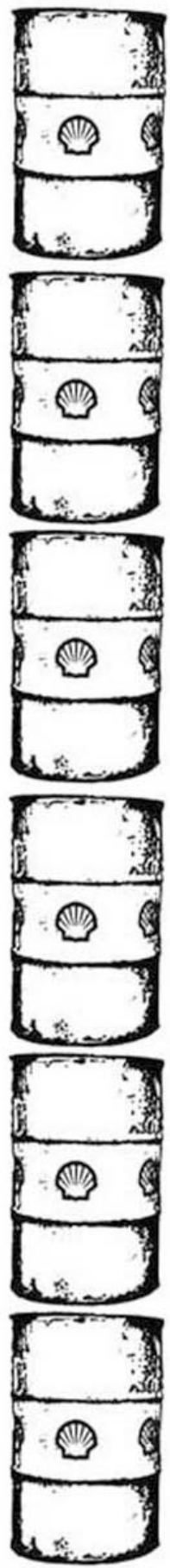
Earth's Populaton grows because of Oil, each one knows.
 If there be a big Decline, 4 Billion Souls may then be mine.
 And they who'll have to watch us caper, may wish they'd
 seen this Work on Paper. 'Tis likely then they'll have to
 see how not to squander Energy. If ye become then
 less demanding, no need to fight to last Man standing.

Dread ye that bleakest Hour to see,
 And put your Hope in Community.
 If each to other does his Best,
 then shall I have a well-earnd Rest.





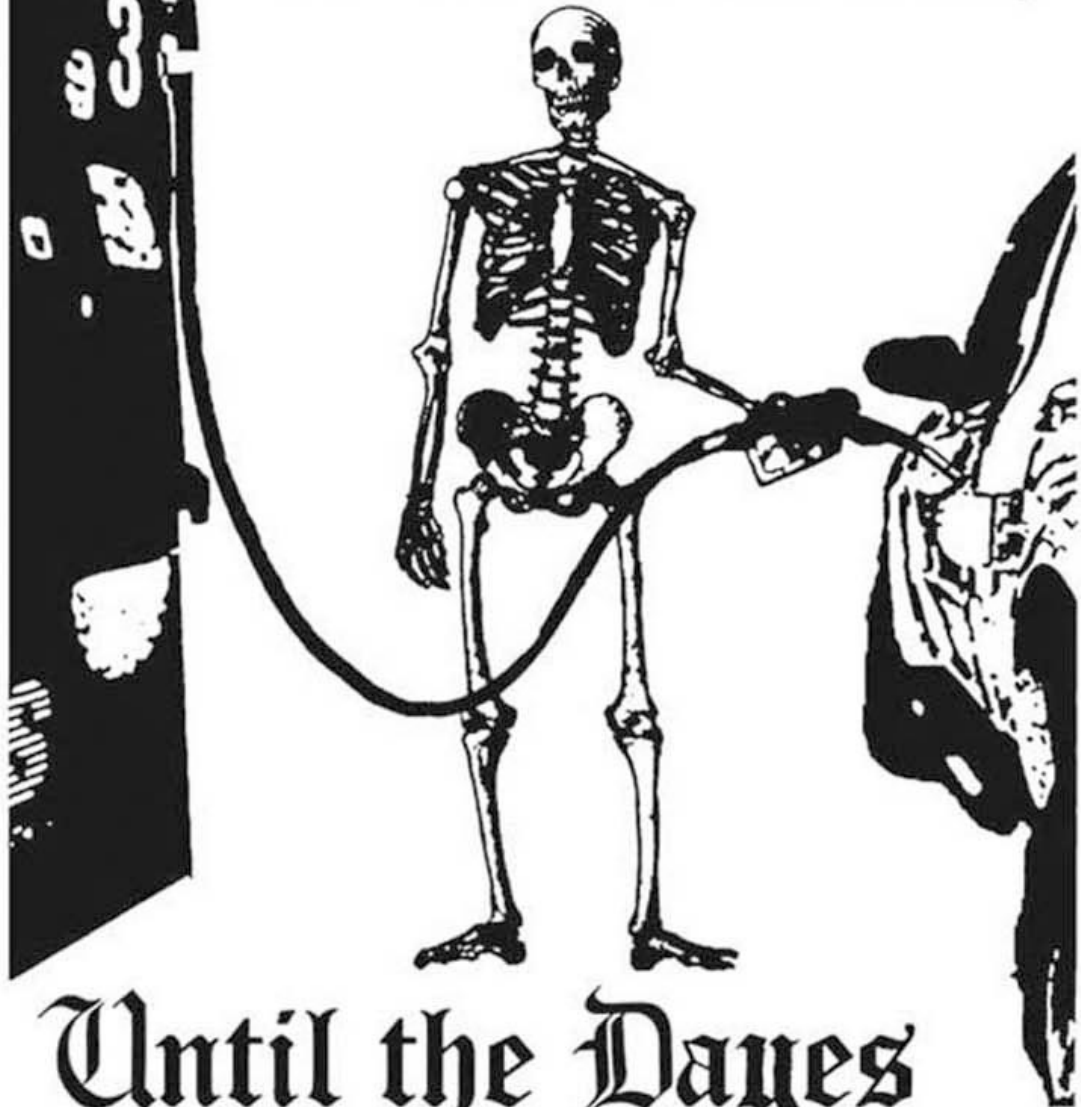
If ye shoulde want
to thirst like me, forget
Sustainabilitee.



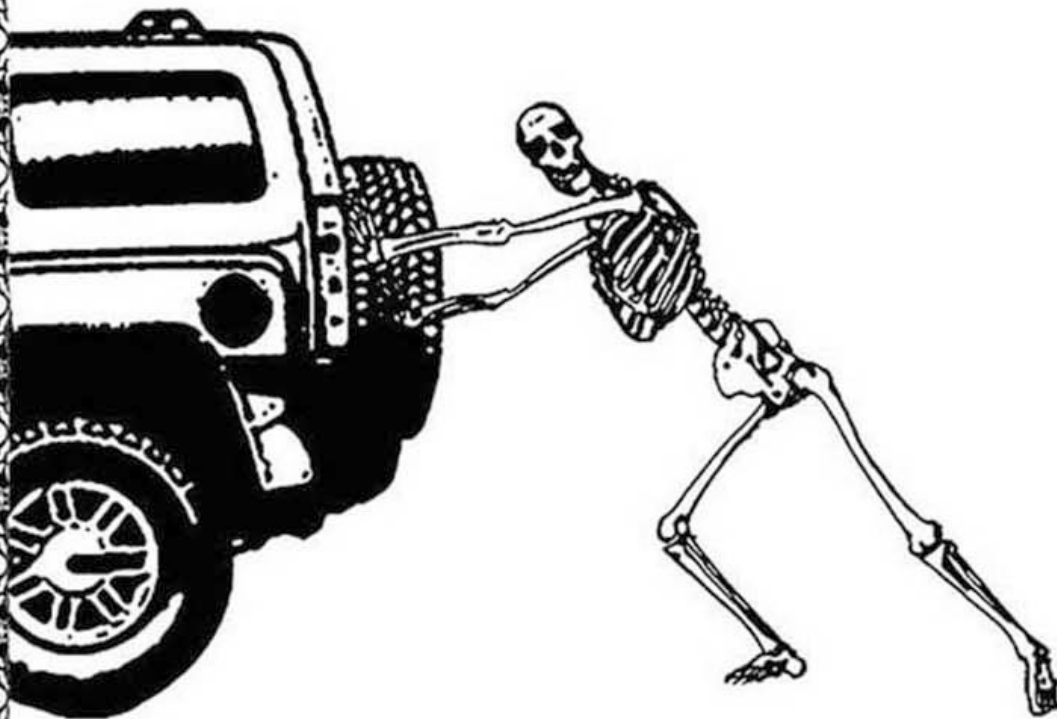
Ye have counted but not seen,
So-called Wealth on a Computer Screen.
I ne'er took Miser's Gold away,
But I am come to dance and play.



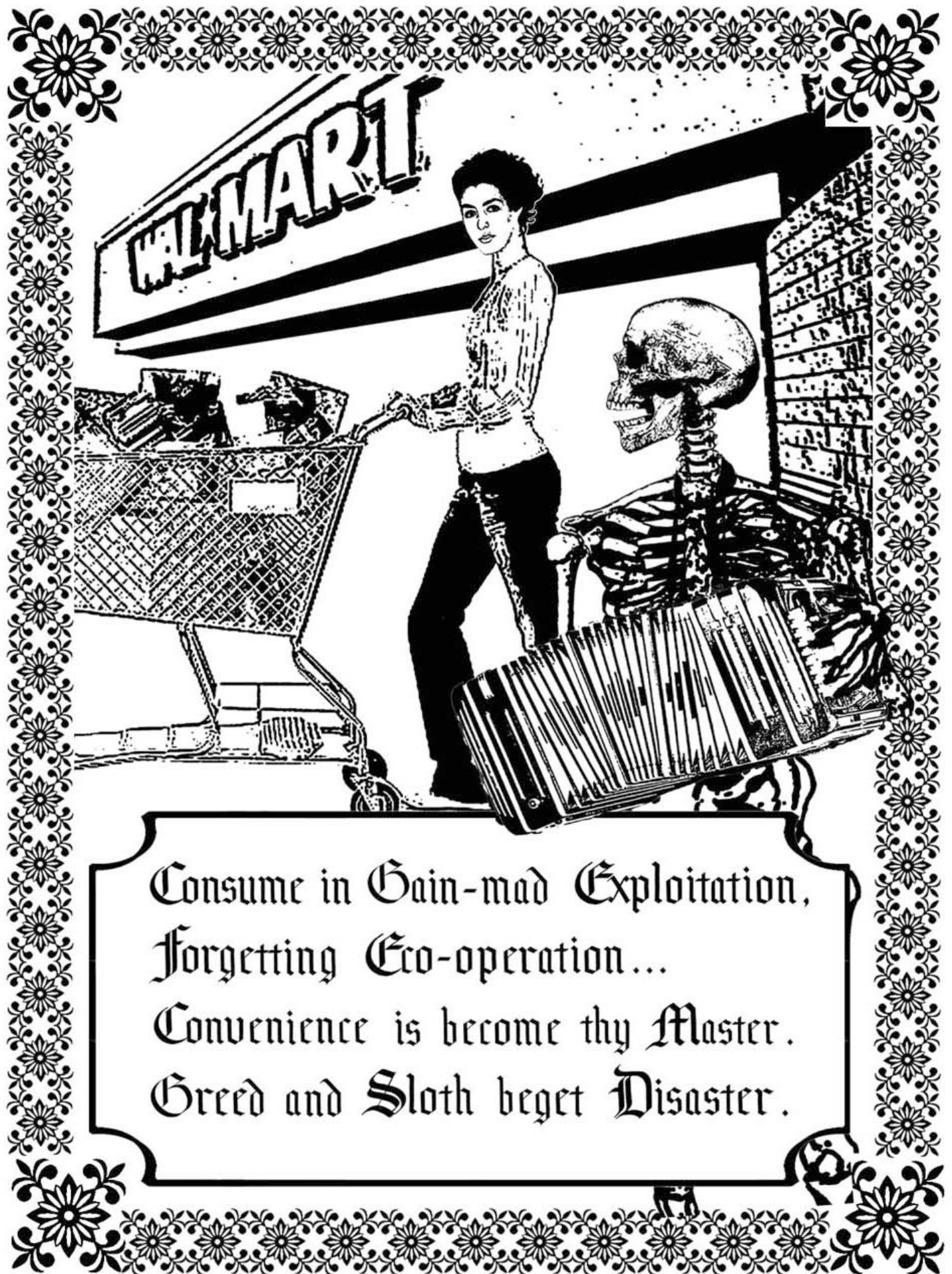
My fondest Wish:
to drive about,



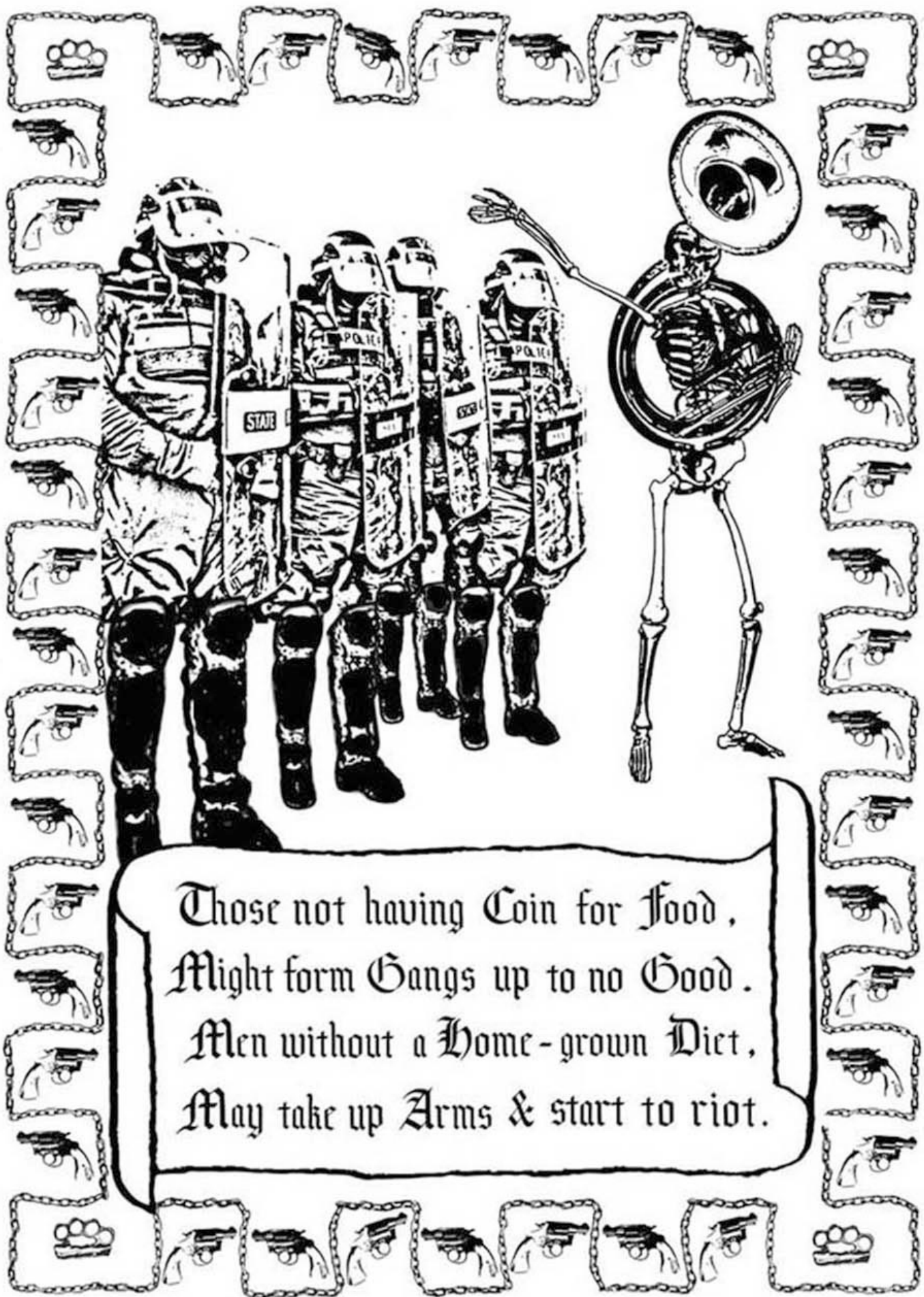
Until the Dayes
when Gas runs out.



Created thoughtless of the Morrow,
Without Fuel, these bring ye Sorrow.
The cleverer Folk among ye can,
Put Shoulder to a greener Plan.

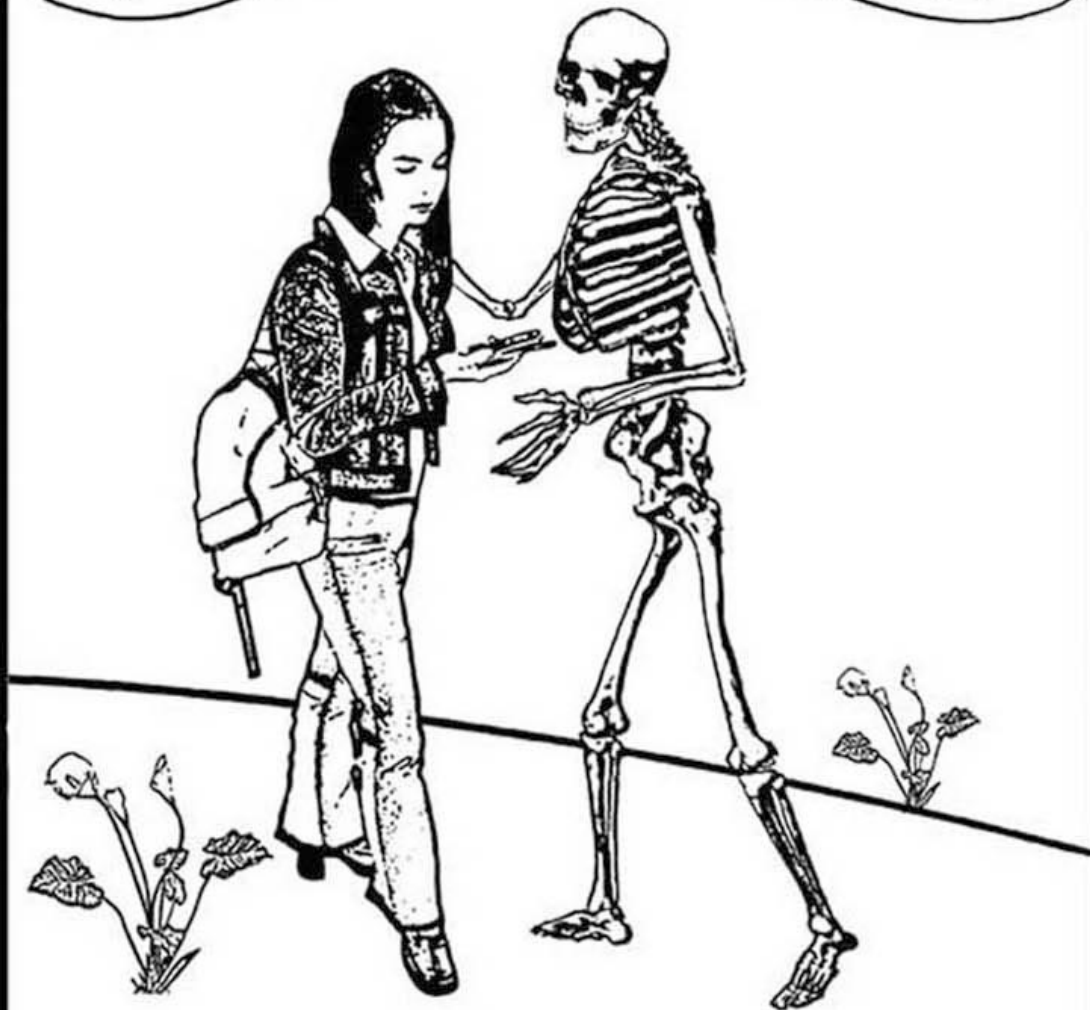


Consume in Gain-mad Exploitation,
Forgetting Eco-operation...
Convenience is become thy Master.
Greed and Sloth beget Disaster.



Those not having Coin for Food,
Might form Gangs up to no Good.
Men without a Home-grown Diet,
May take up Arms & start to riot.

Dans Macabre ad hoc Petrocollapse



Maiden:

I'm not gonna dance. No Way.
I'm pretty and I'm not old.
I like Life. Life's good.
Now you're here bothering me.
You're really scaring me.
I didn't know you were here.
I'd go if I were a Nun or something.

Death:

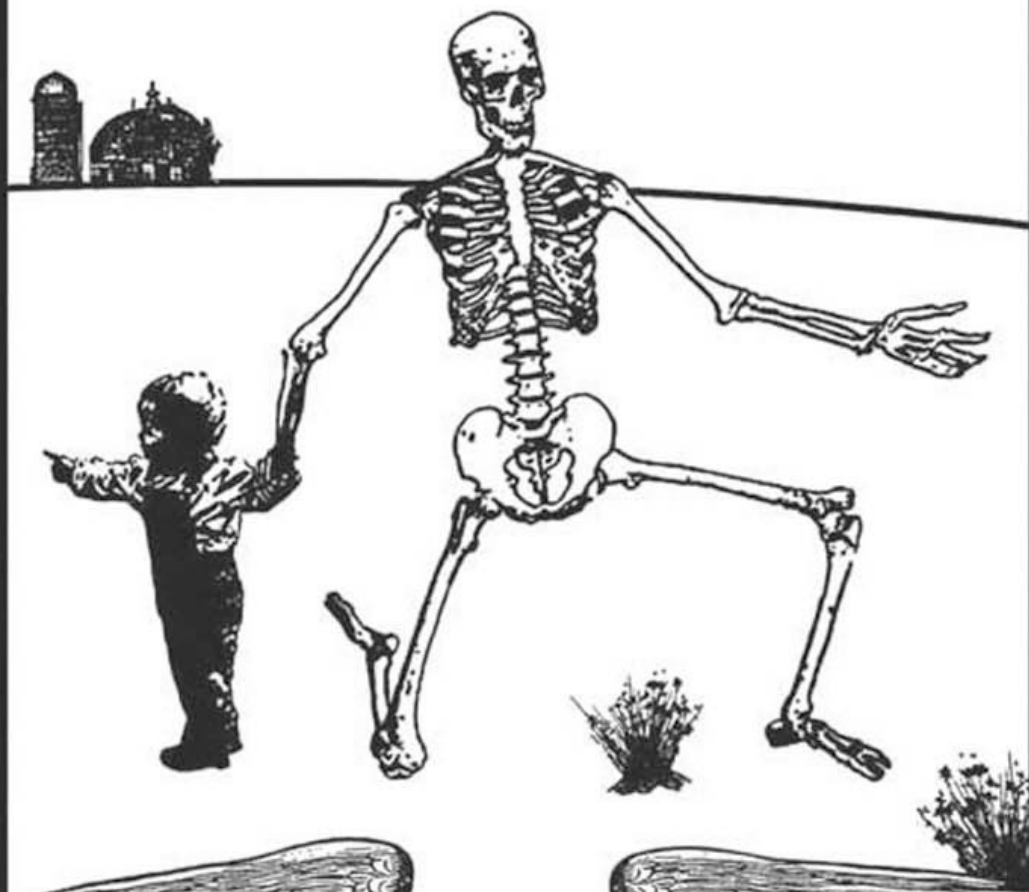
Nun or not our Dance is on.
All that lives is here and gone.
Step now Lass. Judge me not cruel.
Soon Wordes shall dance
for Want of fuel.
Ere Gluttons bring Calamity,
on Environs and Economy,
The Hour is come, now dance with me.



More than as by War's Lance,
Gluttony brings to Death's Dance.
My Bugle calls to end thy Toil.
Come! Let others fight for Oil.



Dans Macabre ad hoc Petrocollapse



Childe:
I can hardly walk.
It's not fair to
ask me to dance.
I want Mommy.



Death:
Seldom fair is it to die.
Especially for little Frie.
Anon the End of Oil is told.
So come and dance
ere ye be old.

This Booke ye now have in Hand,
Intendeth Help to understand:
Oil's but done. Consumerism too.
Growing Food's what all should do.

Gaze upon each Meal you take.
Ask, "What Journeys did this make?"
If no Fuel, and it can't arrive,
Wonder next how to survive.

Laws are broken in & out of Court,
But not the thermo-dynamic Sort.
In an order'd System ye do easy live,
If there be Energy to spend and give.

A green Lawn may some Cattle feed,
But leave unmet the Family's Need.
In Ways of living, no Few be blithe,
& for these Fooles, I hone my Scythe.

Enviro-Poison and Oil's End,
I invite all Folk their Ways to mend.
Population riseth out of Sight
adding to your sorry Flight.

Sadder yet the Case must be,
That so Many can or will not see:
Earth's Love is so long unrequited,
A Great Mortality is now invited.

When I your Lives from ye wrest,
Recall I am your invited Guest.
If ye'd wish your Minds could change,
Then now ye need must re-arrange.

Schools and Commerce must agree,
What & how to do with less Energy.
"Business-as-usual" is a Danger,
If ye'd rather I remain a Stranger.

Some Fooles doubt these Words in Rime,
Accounting not the Span of Time.
But just some few Generations back,
Machines were Things ye'd often lack.

These are Fears ye should address,
Or watch the Failure of Success.
Best work toward a sound Position,
And make Way for cultural Transition.

What Steroids did to Sports ye see,
Is like what Oil is to Humanity.
Of Oil there is a fix'd Supply.
I'll reap more unless all Growers try.

Famine comes if Food Growth stops.
And Oil helps grow & move most Crops.
If at Grocer, ye cannot buy it,
Ye'll wish ye'd tried a Ten-Mile Diet.

Convenient Food though cheap is dear.
The more learn'd of it, ye rightly fear:
While Government Business misbehaves,
Ye use your Teeth to dig your Graves.

Without Oil few will be idle,
But Ruler & Ruled may lose their Bridle.
Forsaken by Convenience moaning,
Bartering for Food what they were owning.

Local Thoughts and Manufactures,
Heal most market Breaks & Fractures.
Of all Investments one could make,
Good Neighbors are the greatest Stake.

It may be, without Oil burning,
A Boon for all: The Great Returning.
While ye foolish Appetites were sating,
Mother Earth has been awaiting.

And I between Pandemics rest,
Then bring to each his final Test.
Remember Friends both great & small,
For to be ready when Death doth call.

The Ones for whom this Blade I whet,
Did often Commonweal forget.
Simpletons are the sooner cull'd
But on sharp Folk too my Scythe is dull'd.

For all Cleverness that ye created,
How now the World's o'erpopulated?
Sans Rights & Laws & Commerce agile,
The Spared will know the World is fragile.

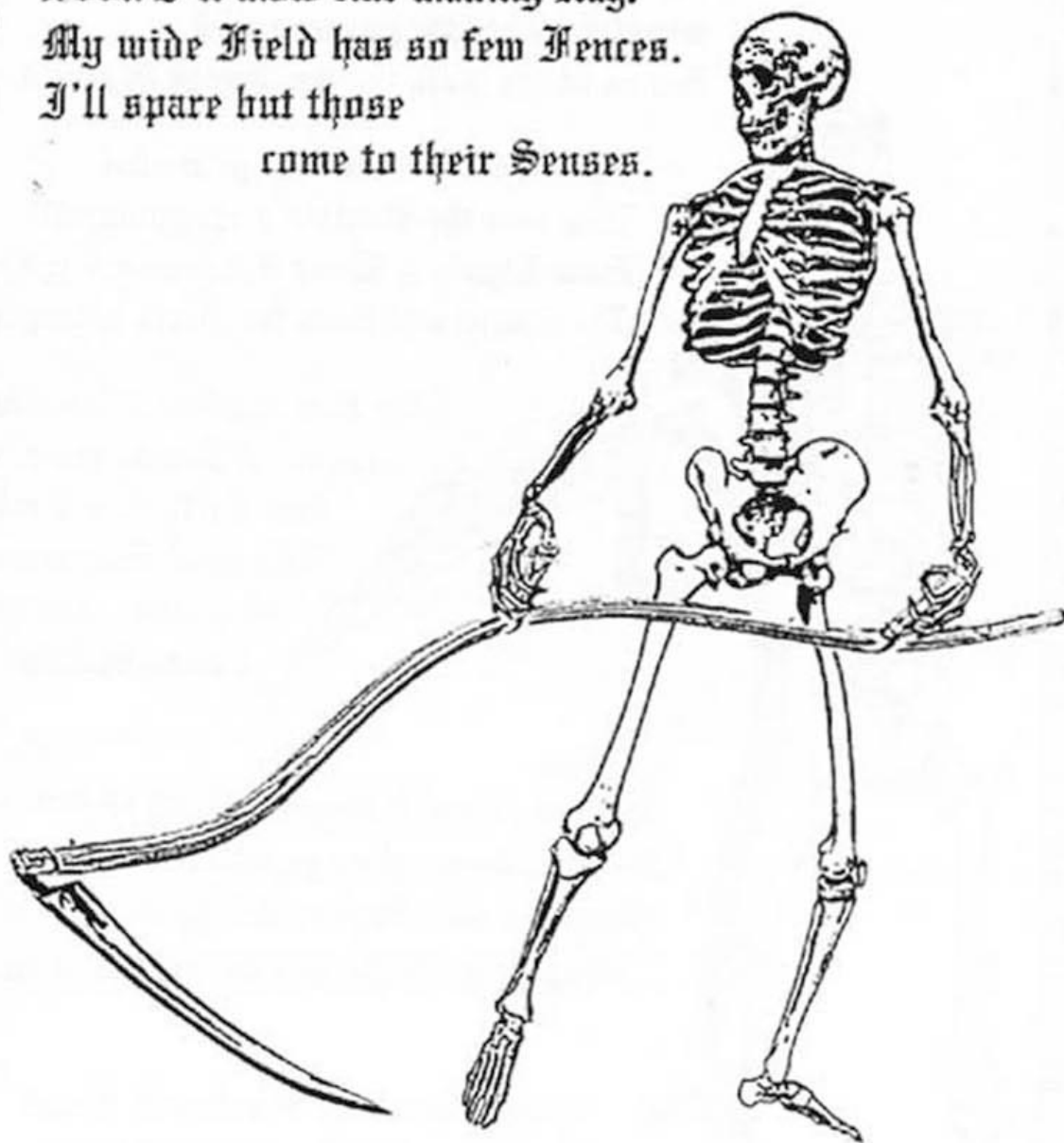
The Rate at which Resources
spend, A Decade hence,
four Earths could end.
How could Engineers
take Pride, Abetting
a mass Suicide?

In Mind, cross'd Bones & Skull be placed,
On most Convenience ye embraced.
Soon for each Super-Mall ye see,
Shop as ye would, ye have purchased me.

Calling Greed by Freedom's Name,
Scattering Refuse without Shame,
Because ye care not for the Land,
Become a Swath mown by my Hand.



Gone the Time of Tunes & Play,
Soon I'll mow like making Hay.
My wide Field has so few Fences.
I'll spare but those
 come to their Senses.



North Americans, most to Luxury born,
Are to me as ripen'd Corn.
The great Debt of Energy is paid,
When such be in my Windrows laid.

Ultimately, this blockbook is about "convergence" and how we are preparing with our consciousness for cultural transition. As the project nears press time, I have to decide what the finished product will contain. and leave off in mid stride (with the xerox version). I am still making skeletons talk in rhyme... captioning images yet unmade.

Oil's Crash –what ye be not knowing
May be milder if Gardens be growing.

He polluted just to save a Buck.
Enviro-death puts all out of Luck.

Boastful of Profit veneration...
Set for Blame by the next Generation.

Lost in a Consumer's Dream
What Good to fish a poison'd Stream?

Too many a River turn'd to Sewer
Starves more than an Evil-doer.

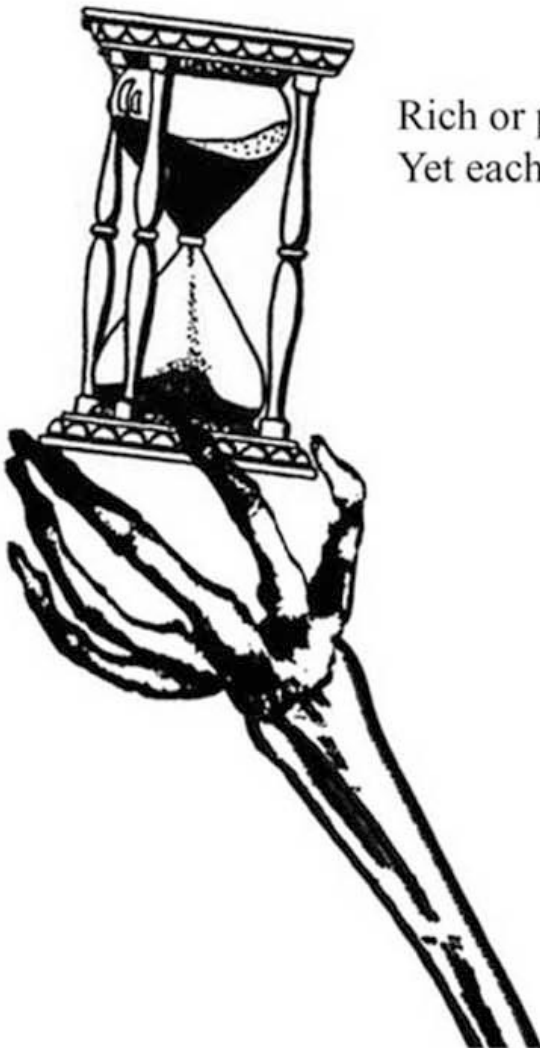
A Garden supplements your Table
When Oil is no longer able.

Ye'd never heard of hundred-mile Diet.
Now we dance! Too late to try it.

Walkable Towns -- the Future's Pride
To avoid an oil-thirst Genocide.

Royal Dutch Shell says six more Years
The Unprepared may then shed Tears.

Needing Oil for all Agricultures
May hap o'ershadow ye with Vultures.



Rich or poor, thy Dayes shall pass.
Yet each must face mine Hourglass.





Some early examples of Danse Macabre



This is considered the earliest printed version. The "Heidelberg Blockbook." (circa 1455 - 1458) It has the dialogue of death and the child in four line rhyme.

Dans Macabre ad hoc Petrocollapse (this work)
has been placed in the creative commons.

<http://creativecommons.org/>

Some URLs about Peak Oil and beyond...

<http://www.lifeaftertheoilcrash.net> , <http://www.oilposter.org> ,
<http://www.theoildrum.com> , <http://www.peakoil.net> ,
<http://www.energybulletin.net> , <http://www.oildecline.com> ,
<http://www.hubbertypeak.com> , <http://www.relocalize.net>
<http://www.communitysolution.org> ,

BOOKS:

The End of Oil: On the Edge of a Perilous New World
by Paul Roberts

The Party's Over: Oil, War and the Fate of Industrial Societies
by Richard Heinberg

The Long Emergency: Surviving the Converging Catastrophes of
the Twenty-First Century by James Howard Kunstler

Crossing the Rubicon: The Decline of the American Empire at the
End of the Age of Oil by Michael C. Ruppert

Twilight in the Desert: The Coming Saudi Oil Shock and the
World Economy by Matthew R. Simmons

The Oil Depletion Protocol by Richard Heinberg

Peak Everything: Waking Up to the Century of Declines
by Richard Heinberg

The Coming Oil Crisis by C. J. Campbell

Hubbert's Peak: The Impending World Oil Shortage
by Kenneth S. Deffeyes

Resource Wars: The New Landscape of Global Conflict
by Michael T. Klare

Reinventing Collapse by Dmitry Orlov

Small is Possible Life in a Local Economy by Lyle Estill

Food Security for the Faint of Heart: Keeping Your Larder Full
in Lean Times by Robin Wheeler

Your Money or Your Life by Vicki Robin & Joe Dominguez

Food Not Lawns by Heather C. Flores

If Advice ye ask of me,
Learn Descent of Energy .

