

THE GREEN MAN



Merlyn Peter, MA

Self-printed by
South London Permaculture
A YellowBooks
Production

ABRIDGED VERSION
SELF-PUBLISHED NOVEMBER, 2022,
THIS BOOK IS NOT THE PRODUCT OF ANY
LEGAL ENTITY, BUT OF AN AMBASSADOR TO
GOD, A HUMAN BEING. PERMISSION SHOULD
BE SOUGHT FROM THE AUTHOR FOR ITS
FURTHER ELICITATION.

In purchasing this book you are agreeing to support its cause towards its further publication and any related works. If the material contained therein is wilfully used antagonistically and offensively for the dissolution of the organisations responsible for its publication, and towards the integrity and respect of the individuals who uphold its cause, you will be contravening natural law. The author cannot be held responsible for your demise in such a case.

South London Permaculture
PO Box 24991
London SE23 3YT
info@southlondonpermaculture.com

THE GREEN MAN



Merlyn Peter, MA



Chap. 8 El Perelló: putas, punks, pedophiles, poofs, but no police

'Tis difficult to know where to start, nearly 20 years since I let off writing this book. Nothing has changed personally; I still have the same outlook on life. El Perelló, the local village in Spain, became a center for vice in the manner that any Roman town fell into debauchery. And I am probably hitting the nail on the head here. Urbanizations go hand in hand with seedy hide-outs, wanton waitresses, back-stabbing, or laundered money. Even emperors will disguise themselves in order to taste the fetish for corruption, a bodyguard or two not far behind when things get a little risky. In my case there are no bodyguards but an invisible protection. Priding myself on being outside culture gives me the vantage of an unaccountable presence so that I don't have to endeavor in any depredation of my soul. Rather, I would just ignore the decadence as if I see the greater reality, and I do. I realized from my efforts 20 years ago that making a public accusation in an immoral society is like fishing for stones that don't want to move. They like being submerged in their muddy cultures, worn down by time to look just like their neighbor

does, wallowing in the mud. And of course, once your best friend takes a handful of dirty money then it feels much easier to join them than to oppose their morality. I certainly reject a lot of my friends on the basis of their moral stance. Of recent there have been a spate of severances, all for different reasons yet all for one common denominator - they treated me like crap, viz., "don't stick around, we don't want to know your problems." That's what a seedy Roman town was like, a materialistic cluster of foreign personalities getting high on the incoming flux and concentration of energy, wealth and prestige whilst ignoring the basic stuff. People should learn to wash their own arses in clean water and not use the same butt cleaner as their best friends do whilst they engage in camaraderie and pretentious back slapping. I mean, obviously not all towns are like that, just those that fester on tourism and increased money flows as a Roman town does.

El Perelló was also a day's fast march from *Tarraco*, the Roman Iberian capital, about 30 miles away, which makes sense for its importance to the Romans. The *Via Augusta* passed through here and parts of it can still be seen although it looks quite abandoned as does many other areas. Originally the town was located in an area known as *Trajacapita*, which is uncanny for the sound of its terminology. It gathers importance after Caesar and Augustus had the road rebuilt providing the necessary trade links to Iberia and ultimately Mauritanian Africa. El Perelló is also known for its fonts. Once a year they celebrate its Roman heritage with a festival which I have yet to see. I could imagine those few Roman soldiers guarding the aqueducts and bridges that spanned some very uncomfortable terrain, gambling with a set of die in the meanwhile among a largely domesticated tribe. Its conquest went back to at least 200BCE. It wasn't until *pax Romana* granted legal protection under Vespasian that we come to understand the need for citizenship and the pride that the indigenous folk attributed to their new-found wealth. Not least they would have enjoyed Roman inventions like the sewers they have discovered under a part of the *Via Augusta*.

We take a lot for granted nowadays, so much so that even a small population of a few hundred people can radically alter the environment;

I can compare it to the amount of dog shit that just my five dogs produce. As such dry-river beds would have been useful places to avoid until the rains came, but there was probably a lot more rain then than there is today. But heavens, whilst the climate has changed a lot today so has the landscape that doesn't require so many people living in it. I advised a friend of mine in the council that the Font de l'Abeurador will dry up and there is a need to redirect a part of the River Ebro in order to recharge the ground water. It probably fell on deaf ears. The signs are obvious; this year was another successive drought with extreme flooding in Tarragona. The life of El Perelló is based on that font and it will die otherwise.

But other than some monuments of the Middle-ages it seems that time has stood still here. The Sant Cristófol hermitage would have been on the old road to Tortosa, the next big city favored by the Muslims. The views from here to the delta are spectacular; again it was Nero who implemented the development of this area towards its food production. And then in the other direction further inland is Miravet, a picturesque Knights Temple village, banking the River Ebro, all within a day's travelling.

When I first came to El Perelló it just looked like a new adventure; a quaint, not particularly attractive cluster of old and new buildings, an indication of its agricultural status as a center for olive oil production. Of recent it has become the Catalanian capital of apiculture, and that is where I believe I have had the natural foresight to choose my occupation and learn it thoroughly in a place where I can get all the advice and resources I need. It's an indigenous stance that bypasses all the rules and regulations. I don't mind the odd bee eyeballing me from a distance, but don't show me the police who are looking for the extra buck. They are quite useless. My guide is the invisible hand of God, theirs the invisible hand of the market, a materialistic affair that overplays its own importance. I wonder what they thought of those Moroccan olive pickers, illegals undoubtedly, who just happened to be in the vicinity of my caravan when somebody stole my Bluetooth speaker? It went missing along with a cigarette lighter. Last year it was my

guitar but I didn't bother informing them of that. It seems the small luxuries I have are gradually being eroded.

I am an anarchist, and spiritual at that. So it vexes me why anyone would have to tell me that using money makes me a capitalist also unless, of course, they really don't know how deep they are in it. Surely it is the context that money is used within that decides your political philosophy of life. And besides, we are products of our social history; the fascist, communist, anarchist and socialist all lie in the same coffin. I could have been a socialist, but I find that capitalism has drowned something of its true spirit by targeting its adherents who are always absconding to the material individualism in the way that money can tempt you. I've seen how, working a single day in the olive mill, labor rights are binned in favor of mass production at this hectic time of the season. I didn't work legally or for too long either. I instead bartered my hours to offset my own olive oil costs, which was less than I pay a Moroccan to clean our other land. However, I did get a fabulous return of oil from the lovely owners at Cal Viudo and who were genuinely concerned about my illness and loss of weight. This is the mill where I used to tinkle a few songs on a Saturday morning for a glass of wine and anything on the retail shelf. Having walked out after breakfast I merely told the owner that yes, he was truly a capitalist. As for anarchy, there just aren't enough of us around to carry any political or economic threat to the status quo. And so it appears that spiritual anarchy goes no further than subsistence farming. There have been so many instances where I see no general support for an equal and just society, rather one in which if you get rich then you deserve a pat on the back, however pretentious. Let me give you some key examples.

For years I was just the spectator when it came to the farm's crop. Any opinions I may have harbored would be ungraciously ignored by the old man. He was little more than a silent conformist who never questions the validity of his own decisions, that if my mother raised any issues it counted for very little also. For instance, she told me stories of one of the local buyers, a lesson I would come to learn very quickly, how in pressing for olive oil the quantities are altered. To the naïve one-timer the excitement of producing your own oil overrides any conscious

realization that you might just have been robbed. My mother explains that when the 25 liter containers were being filled up the taps were prematurely turned off, and so she would go and turn them back on so that all the oil gets siphoned in. I've seen it with my own eyes.

After the farm production was later transferred into my hands I went back to this same buyer with my carobs. Those and almonds, as well as honey, make up the four main crops of El Perelló. I work very hard and so could frequent the same depot most or every other, day. The olives I began to take elsewhere as there were only two cold-pressing *molinos* in town. Once upon a time El Perelló used to have 200 small-scale stone mills before the age of industrialization took its toll. Anyhow, when the price of carobs went up rapidly it was almost an unconscious trigger for the greedy capitalist to take even more. Pinyols was no exception. You couldn't have a conversation with this guy because he always gave you the impression that he was entrenched in guilt. I wonder how many people took their complaint to him, only to be waved away because, once you have unloaded your bags there is no way of telling whether the scales are correct. His smileless face spoke volumes as he gave you the receipt confirming the totals that one had to sign for before receiving any money. And so I would start to question it, my original excitement subsiding into a measured approach. I would fill the car up. The first load was always correct, later realizing that is the trick to get you to bring the rest. So you return, but the second and subsequent loads measure a bag or so less. You add another bag to your car for good measure but the indicated weight amounts are exactly the same. When I saw the same weights consistently coming up, no matter how much extra I put in the back of the car, I knew then I was being robbed. At over a euro a kilo it is a lot of money. I had a cunning plan...

I weighed in, but instead of offloading I went to the next buyer at the end of the road explaining that Pinyols was robbing me. That was probably a mistake. It is highly unlikely that the two operators didn't act in league together. So anyhow, I didn't have any paperwork but he allowed a friendly pass. I offloaded and got paid and, knowing Pinyols was a common cheat, went back to his depot to offload for a second time. Only this time I took out the remaining 5 or 6 single carobs left in

the back of the car and threw them into the warehouse. What did it matter going back to his weighbridge if the true weights never really count? Obviously the figures are fictional, but if he wants to pay me for 5 or 6 carobs at whatever weights he quotes then that's all fine with me. My adrenalin was racing a little at this moment because I was waiting for the physical encounter with him since I was the last person of the day and he could have done little more than stare at his video footage from the cameras pointing in various directions. They have to for good reason. One could be offloading horse shit or stones and get away with it if the attendant is not in the warehouse at the same time. Such said then, on returning to the office I got paid a second time, by cheque.

I proved a moral point and he would have no defense against it - he was the architect of his own theft. Even a week later that cheque wasn't cashed in because I was expecting some sort of retribution. In fact, he weighed in my load at 10kg less than the next depot. In retrospect I thought maybe he knew I had gone on to the other place, or maybe even to the DIY store around the corner, not to offload but to check the weights, because I was a whole 30 minutes from first checking in. Whatever, I wonder at how many disgruntled customers he has had to deal with. And so I continued to go to the new buyers in hope that I could strike up a friendship and not be cheated anymore. I started by averaging at least the true weight of a bag more than Pinyols had been offering me. As usual the first weight is always correct, and maybe the second one too. But that scenario quickly subsided also. Here the theft was more professional.

It could have been the Facebook post eliciting the details of my *coup de grace*. But I discovered some interesting things about weighbridges and carobs in general. The owner at Fruit Secs was a friendly bloke. So friendly that I wondered if he knew what was going on, hiring the old hands who knew how to run this game and who wouldn't be budged from their pilfering. He took time to explain to me how the weighing system works, the extreme circumstances that measurements have to be down-weighted as in spoiled cargos, the effect of heavy lorries on the scales, the volatility of the market at different times of the year, etc. Outside his office though, sat Billy Goat Gruff on his

chair. He was mafia without any doubts. And I wondered at the rackets they got up to with the gypsies and Moroccans who rarely owned land or their crops. Such said, the size of the carob mountain is a testament to the amount of money they paid out in cash from behind the desk. As carob prices began to rocket so it would be easy to embezzle a fortune at the end of the day. Consider that there are no available public weighing bridges. Many of these laborers don't have a clue as to the weights they are carrying, driving in with vehicles fit for the scrap heap. The rule appears to be: if you are foreign then you are stupid. The Catalans have thrived on this tenet. Worse off are the English who don't know how to drink or speak the language, or the French - that old rivalry.

So I would watch these vehicles coming in. An electronic display doesn't work, 'conveniently'. You back out and are directed to one of two carob mountains. I was pulling out anything from 150 to 200€ a day, I work that hard and fast. I could see how excited these foreigners were now that the paying price had doubled from the year before. But maybe I came too often. I tried to explain to the friendly owner that I had debts to pay (of which I paid off) and that all this money must be making him a millionaire; for what price does he sell at? It took a while to realize that the same phenomenon that had happened at Pinyols was occurring here. They came up with a story that the weights are reduced as the season grows long because the fruit dries. Really? In fact the owner explained to me that their paying prices may be higher than the cooperative whilst the cooperative tests for moisture content with a special machine that grinds up a sample into powder. They alter the weights accordingly by 10%. He also iterated that the large weighbridge adjusts to the nearest 10kg, a possible explanation for the discrepancy I had with Pinyol's weight. Some weighbridges adjust for 20kg margins of error even. When I questioned why 8 bags started weighing in at 25kg each, it was soon afterwards that I discovered a small weighing scales for those who bring in just a handful of bags. So I tested it on 3 bags on a few occasions and consistently go averages of 30kg per full bag. I knew what my car could hold - 210kg. They stopped me from using those scales when I raised this issue. It was obvious that the mafia boss

didn't like me questioning his little scam; he was the voice that had authority outside and no-one questioned it usually. But I did, and I pissed him off. Now it was a battle.

I wondered too how much the police knew. Apparently gypsies were blindly robbing people at knife point so the police had to step in. They had cordoned roads off to check loads and introduced a system where you had to declare to GenCat, the council, your farm's location. Obviously this is a service you have to pay for. But what I came to understand is that gypsies are easy to recognize. The buyers have no discretion here and so probably knew who they were and what they were getting up to. The question is: why didn't the gypsies just rob the buyers at knifepoint instead? This looks like a protection racket. Fruit Secs and Pinyols must have gone to the bank every morning to pull out at least 50,000€ cash to pay the punters. Gypsies are as stupid as they are bold. They are not registered tenants and are usually invisible in the landscape. Even the Moroccans have to use another person's ID in order to sell carobs now. Fed up with all this thieving, on average about 30 kg or one bagful per car load, I came up with another cunning plan...

I wrote a letter in advance. It indicated my feelings and lack of confidence in greedy capitalists. On my final visit I would enter Fruit Secs with a lot of water bottles, as usually I did the water run after offloading. But on this occasion a few of them were already full. After offloading the carobs I advertently left the full bottles in plain view next to the carob mountain. Had I gone to the weighbridge I would have gained an extra 100kg added to my weight, 'justice' for the discrepancies I had endured before. And I wanted God to judge me. But I was noticed leaving them behind. Immediately I was accused of trying to steal by the mafia boss. Obviously my previous admonitions about the mafia man must have been getting through to the owner. And now I gave the mafia boss everything he needed to obfuscate his corrupt methods. I gave it to him on a plate. I went back, picked up my bottles in the hazy night light, got paid, and handed the prepared letter to the young man at the desk for the owner when he returned. It told him that I thought my gift of water would make up any lost differences. I didn't react to the accusations I had received. I was overjoyed in fact

when, in vindication of my prophetic nature, the heavens poured down the following day and probably wiped out thousands of euros worth of profit. I heard nothing more; I am not even sure if the owner received that letter. But now I had enemies. I needed people talking about this in the street. The more he mouthed off about me the better. All the Catalans I knew on an intimate level told me that they have always been robbing the people. But no-one does anything about it because carobs had been ignored in the past as a profitable crop. There are no agencies, no watchdogs here in Spain; one has to go to the police. I was spreading the news on Facebook and to all those foreigners who have second homes here in Spain that thieving is prevalent and that we must act against them. So where to go now? The cooperatives seemed like a breath of fresh air.

At first everything was hunky dory. You could read the weight going in on an outdoor digital display, and then weigh off. As usual my first loads were very high. I talked with them explaining that the private buyers are thieves. They openly received me. That registered, the cooperative, as previously mentioned, may adjust for moisture content and I was fine with that. However, I realized that the social disease of capitalism had already infected particular members, and maybe I was just being made an exception of. What other explanation was there? The last load was significantly underweight probably because of the greed of one individual. Oh God, I'd love to smash these cretins. It was my last load of the year and I knew I would seek an alternative future. El Perelló was a rotten core, infiltrated by its avaricious desire for unaccountability that the fallen Catalans were party to. Maybe it goes back to the days of corrupt mayors who took back-handers from foreigners wanting to build illegal structures, and many of them were charged and went to jail years later; maybe from the 'loss' of independence and the vote. If this is the way they run a social collective then God help the world. Give me Muslim economics anytime. My point would be vindicated the following year when they fobbed me off after I refused to use one of their colleagues to get my paperwork in order. Instead I had gone down to the council in person and sorted out everything without having to pay a fee. I was now avoiding El

Perelló, but not just for this single reason. No, where there is money there is tourism and foreign influences. I felt like I was being accused of the Covid virus or something because my alienating prophetic nature tends to naturally repel evil people. In fact, I was often chatting with Ivan the local priest as a genuine call for help. He helped me to the lyrics of my current song in order to improve its grammar. Not that many people listened to my music in the streets of El Perelló. I still only had a Facebook following of about 150 persons.

At that time I was peaking in my musical abilities. I was writing the best songs of an unknown career; a chapter was certainly closing in my *book of life*. I didn't perform *EL Profeta* that many times, but there was a certain dynamic about it. My final recording said it all, a twenty minute enlightened rant about the need for a world savior, clouded in obscurantist lyrics. The biblical themes were apparent as usual, as they were in many of my songs.

El Profeta

Un barco me espere en la vida futura, quizás
 Como demoro en el muerte de los héroes
 Una visión de llamas lentamente estar extinguido
 Veo la cultura muriendo mientras estoy en pie al lado de ella
 La raza de seres humanos hunde de unir con las civilizaciones perdidas de antigua

Una sombra lanza mas lejos que como hace mi brazo extendido
 Ni pueden los dedos míos tocan los ángeles ardientes
 Necesito devolver a dar la cara al sol
 Y mis labios necesitan vibrar como una caña en los vientos
 Sino mis pies siguen chapotear en las mareas subidos

Puedo nadar solamente tan lejos como vea yo
 Antes lucho a mantener la cabeza sobre la mar
 Y encontrar a los demás que ya han hundidos
 Que esperan la caída del héroe
 Para que no se sintieran solas en sus fracasas

Dios es un pescador
 La mano Suya me jala siempre

Dios es un marinero
 Sus redes me lavan con el resto

Estoy rozado junto con los sedimentos del tiempo
 Me pican la superficie a dejar la piel cruda
 Pero el lavase es profundo y significativa
 Me prepara para la ascensión mía
 Hacia la boca de edades antiguas

Allí canto con miles de voces
 Soy la voz del futuro
 De la vida que debes seguir
 El profeta asciende otra vez
 Con puños llenados de los perdidos

Don't worry too much about the Spanish, it may even add clarity to the song if you consider it an unconscious tool. Friends had come up to me and asked for my thoughts on this epiphanic time in history, the public announcements regularly counting the viral dead. Obviously some people had observed the reclusive yet giving nature of this mysterious person who was difficult to understand. This was not a cause for language differences, rather the conceptual gulf between myself and the common man required that I have followers who could translate on behalf of me the meanings of life. Isn't that the way of the spiritual; my music, each song a captured moment in time? I couldn't play every song when the fancy took me. They all had a place in history. If I played a song out of *sync* I would normally abandon it as it bored me too much. But there is a dynamic around the moment of writing, a new representation of everything gone before. I remember playing at Fleca Ferré on two occasions the last time of which I belted out a 10-minute version of the song I had just written entitled *When the Guitar Meets Islam*. I don't think they appreciated my Muslim sentiments; the owners were deeply Christian.

This bakery come restaurant was one of my favorite places; you didn't have to enter the town proper in order to get a cheap coffee or a delicious meal. The food was so good that when the boss allowed me to perform a gig there I only asked for a meal in exchange. It was a little

embarrassing actually because even though the gig was billed, only two persons turned up, one of which was this unsavory character who may have been better placed on the door telling everyone not to come in. I met him again after that and even invited this man fallen out with life to my farm for a meal. When he doomed a structure I was building to the wind and which was soon uncannily torn down from its scaffolding, I at first blamed the old man. But I didn't realize then that I had other enemies. To sum up this point, it was not doubted that people kept a rational distance from me.

There was also some additional phenomena occurring around the time of the Covid. The increase of feminine attraction was accompanied by an increase in nocturnal emissions. And with this I believe I went grey quite fast, indicating some sort genetic culmination of my cycles; the voices in my head were mere personifications of my intuition. They were trying to tell me that I was flowering and any chance of raising a family was to happen now. However, when in a state of growth, what I have previously referred to as transcendence, I naturally gravitate towards the creative arts. In days of old one would have accused me of sorcery. From past experience it is so much better than sexual copulation with a woman who has no more to offer. That is the thing about transcendence in the male, a function of its growth hormones, everything is connected in spiritual evolution. The materialist perverts I met, the young girls in the bars, especially Romanians, the small encounters with genuine persons, the proximity to nature, the flux of development in one's life, the new moral outlook on life, the loss and gain of friends, the crystallization of ideas, all go hand in hand with how conscious one is of their own personal development. You can bundle through life as if it is pure joy, or you can take a conscious view. That is where antagonism happens. The lack of truth or the lack of empathy is a violation of our natural state. People need feedback. You can fool the unconscious person with a certain amount of freedom and licentious behavior which results usually in the abuse of their bodies, or you can take life face-on with a sense of destiny. I have crafted my own life. A conscious man like me who writes what he sees can, with skill, design the distance between him and the rest of the world. If I saw a person

acting towards me unconsciously and I knew they were ignorant of their behavior, for instance I recall the idiot who bought me a drink and said that "today was the day I would get laid," wondering where that came from as I never knew who he was but that I categorized him with those other idiots who think they know best for me or who quite plainly have received a 'bung' of sorts from a hidden third party, then I generally ignored them. That includes the stupid girls who know no better. That is what El Perelló became to me - the sexualisation of young girls straight out of church and towards the peddling of sex.

If the theme did not continue to reoccur as it does then I would probably not write this chapter. But I remember meeting one or two in the bar, nothing special, blatantly trying to 'integrate into the man's world', whilst potential petitioners looked on ready to prey on the easy meat. Bohemia and L'Ambigú were their main haunts. I looked at their pretty young faces and bare legs and wondered if any could see beyond the flesh. They were definitely being pimped. Even some of the bar maids that came in you could hire from the Cat Walk. I would strum my guitar occasionally to them but these empty vessels would put penises before parley, unable to utter more than a croak. Not a single girl has ever decently petitioned me in this debauched town other than Mariona who I met when I first arrived here as part of a singing choral group that sang Christmas carols. Maybe I should write a chapter on all the Mary's and its variations I have met (the name etymologically represents a teacher of sorts), but I have no desire to do so. Mariona wasn't my type even though she was a political activist, but we kept in touch for years afterward.

But just of recent, a young girl did come up to me. I scrolled my memory as to where we had met before; she was definitely familiar. Having been rarely invited to a bar by a group of Dutch friends to sample the new vibe at Pacha Mama, formerly Bohemia, there I was, farting and having a drink with this joyous lot. I had my hands folded behind my back whilst I was engaged in conversation. As she returned from the toilet and exited the bar she grabbed my hands and passed on by. I mentioned it to my Dutch friends who joked that she was no more than 16 years old. The following day I went to the cinema to watch,

appropriately named, *La Chica Salvaje*. I saw my friend's bicycles locked up outside. I looked around for them whilst the doors were still closed. As I ambled up to a bar to grab a quick coffee, there approaching me from the other side of an empty street was this very same girl accompanied by a friend. She totally blanked me; I was impossible to miss. What is the point? I asked my friends if they put her up to it. But they didn't know her as far as I knew. But as if to add spice to the coffee, as I lingered outside the cinema and turned in the direction of the bar again, there was this man standing like a half-built Roman archway, arms flung outwards as if to ready flight. He was looking directly at me, no more than about 15 meters away, in the direction of an empty road. I turned round to see if there was anybody behind me. No, it was Sunday and everything was closed. Unfortunately, this troll was on the wrong side of the bridge directly ahead. I ignored the Roman ruin and parked my bicycle before entering the cinema to watch the film. I think I would prefer the literary version of the story. But this sort of stuff has gone on for a long while now. It is emotional abuse of sorts.

Weeks later I scrolled my memory again and then I had the sudden realization that she just might be the girlfriend of a guy I met all those years ago on the first night of cycling the *Camino de Santiago*. I had camped at the Font de l'Abeurador in a hammock, as I do, and I strolled up the hill towards the church with a guitar. It was late, maybe around midnight. Her boyfriend, who had just played a gig at the local bar, accompanied her; he was a really talented guitarist, and so we jammed an hour or so outside the local church. She was on my Facebook then, and she'd had a crush on me, that was indisputable. As usually happens communication promptly broke off and she disappeared into the ether as did every other girl. But of a telling note my music did make an impression with the both of them. That was 4 years ago now, which makes her about 19 years old today.

The course of events were such that during the last 4 years I have retired from music, declared myself a monk, severed links with Africa, and developed the perfect companionship with 5 dogs, my bees, and the occasional new face in my travelling life, but not in that order. A couple

of those would have been perfect partners. And as for the rest they were just too footloose. Most of them had lovers elsewhere, and I have never coveted the neighbor's 'wife'. Irma spotted me playing in the streets of L'Ametlla, attracted to the sound of my music. She was a traveler but my Spanish was quite poor then as we conversed. She looked dirty and worn from the road, her hair a shambles. I found out later she was also a musician and on a special journey of personal discovery with her boyfriend. In 2015 I looked more her age and I saw how she looked at me, maybe as a means for escape. She and her partner lived 6 months on my farm whilst I travelled to the Gambia on a loaded bicycle. That was a life-threatening journey across the Sahara that galvanized my objectives somewhat, returning to my own farm with a mission to nestle in. Whilst I was away they got on with some creative projects. Her boyfriend was very impressive, but possessive and jealous too. He never made that so obvious to me but he hardly ever let her out of his site. She looked like a gypsy girl on a leash who would have fitted in like one of my dogs. During that time the farm could have swayed her over to me. Unfortunately though, she was always, or it seemed, under his cosh. It was easy to see why. On the one occasion I saw her naked in the sea it could have been Aphrodite. But they both also highly respected me and my own deep passion for the journey of life. Their relationship went back years, having walked across Portugal together. This time they had come with bicycles, trailers and dogs. Had I resided on the farm alone they would have made perfect residents, looking after my dogs during my own soul-searching, and our relationship would have stayed as it was, respectful. As it goes, they were also good company for my mother who occasionally gave them some food. I was too much of a Stoic to realize that I could have offered them much more.

On my return I encouraged them to quickly move on if they wanted to travel in the same vein - roughing it - as Winter was around the corner. This seemed to destroy the platonic bonds we had, and they were never eager to return again. Quite frankly, I had less available money than they did, and I couldn't have people hanging around. But as a seasoned traveler myself I understood that they were undoubtedly phenomenal individuals, learning from the land and being very

streetwise. But it was my own headstrong ambitions that failed to see their true potential; Africa had made a very deep cut into my soul. Maybe I thought they would come back afterwards but I am eternally grateful for their commitment to me.

The other girls I met were of various origins. I can ditto my experiences with some of them too, only that they all seemed to be trying to let go of something. For sure I am not referring to their material needs; passers-by soon learn that I don't seek material comfort and this can be off-putting. Like Anna of the previous chapters many girls air that make-believe milieu that they are, or had been, abused by their partners and wish to be swept off their feet, and so look for the savior-type figure. I am too clued up to know that such unconscious women are stereotypical and notoriously bad at acting. Their superficial beauty was never a match for the likes and *duende* of Irma.

In between I am still developing the relationship with my parents, which fluctuates between letting them get on with their own mistakes, and feeling like I am interfering in the nadir of their lives. As for many other persons, suffice to say, I have enforced my discrimination against idiots, including old friends and those who judge me in the context of their materialistic milieus. The beauty of my approach to life is how mundane authority appears to peel away like a snake's skin, including the interaction of police and any abiding legal structures. Yes, that is crafted freedom. That is true anarchism. All I need in order to be able to fill the final puzzlepiece is that displaced orphan who doesn't stupidly ask my age and has no-where to go back to. If she is God-given then she will be a pure spirit, something I was acclaimed myself to be in younger days. And understand me please, I need only what is coming my way. That is my approach to life. My partner, like my dog, will not be a gold digger; she would rather sleep with her head on my foot. She will be an innocent farm hand. And she will want to see the rest of the world as an extension of her home through the lens of a gypsy's eyes. Unfortunately I wouldn't be endeavoring too much longer on a bike but I do think I have one more journey to make as such, to Egypt and Jordan. And that would be my lot in life, maybe a journey of Death of sorts.

On looking back I wonder about my 'invisible hand'. I have written some great literature and music in sacrifice of my sexual relations. The thing about sex is that after a few times with the same girl it begins to feel like habit - a sensate experience meaning less and less to me. I have to admit, I have had some good sex with Catalans, one of those in the UK. The village girls, on the other hand, are like a herd of sheep going round. But even my Dora shows more venture and initiative than these 'grass eaters'. In little time they will produce big buttocks and tits in prep for the *allocated* male. Had their groupie boyfriends not lambasted them of any thoughts of breaking from the village 'merry-go-round' I may have been able to prise off one of those lasses. It's all about cultivating one's individuality and adding a little spice in one's life. The following account then, seems incongruous to proceedings.

Maybe before that time when I had returned from Africa, as I strain to chronologize events, I met an English woman who worked as a DJ in El Perelló. She is still around actually, working as an upholsterer. At that stage I was already trying to make a name for myself, playing my music in and out of bars. It turned out she was gay. What hit me below the belt though were her off-comments. I would drink with anyone on market day, Saturday morning. All the foreigners gathered there, pre-Covid. In this instance there were a couple of aging rock stars; Crock would occasionally tinkle on my guitar. These English were continually drunk though. However, on one late afternoon the English woman sat at my table and made a comment that they were pedophiles but she said it in a way to suggest that this was the reason why I socialized with them. I reprimanded her for gossiping, and she wormed herself away and out of my life forever it seemed. Now, had there not been an occasion around that time concerning my antics in another town I may have let the situation rest. It's too long ago now to know which incident came first, but elsewhere I have documented these experiences concerning the pimping of young girls in my life. When it concerns young Muslim girls too then I know that I'm dealing with an anti-religious institution. It was no coincidence then, that this English woman was already involved in some sort of clique. In fact, I believe it included a fair number of English and other foreign persons who were

running a mafia show of their own, a part of which included the involvement of my stepfather who appeared to be ringing ahead to notify somebody of my arrival. You have to remember, we live in a culture of lies. Those involved only have to be witless to be complicit. This happened on numerous occasions; he often wanted to know where I would be going in lieu of this pimping happening around me, elsewhere documented in my other books.

I think a lot of individual lives were ruined because of it. It is not the first time I have antagonized the police to get them to investigate. And so, when I 'serenaded' a young under-age girl in this other town I knew exactly what I was doing. I had met her in the dark the day before taking the dog for a walk. In fact she looked much older from my position crouching down. I needed to test the situation as I had done occasionally in Britain. Knowing her mother was home, I rang the door buzzer and invited her to meet me outside the olive press where duly the police would be waiting for me that evening. I told them that I just wanted to influence them with my music as I did in many towns to both adults and children. In fact it is an innate prophetic ability of mine as my bike rides around the world vindicate. And that was the last I heard of the police who warned me not to play my music around here again. But I took no notice, of course.

As such then, any chance of a normal relationship with the populace was probably doomed by this stage as the police would likely have been involved already as they were in Britain; the Catalans love to gossip. The English were still around, but the market square had become a deathly spot for those same foreigners by the end of the decade. Many sold up, some died, and others went in to hiding more because of the imposed Brexit rules. I was fine. I looked Spanish and do what I want. I didn't play too often anymore in the street because nobody was around most of time. And besides, I was being ignored in general although I could still manage to win over genuine people. Strangely though, volunteers continued to come and go. Most didn't stay longer than a few days and my guitar activities were confined to the odd decent one who gave something extra to the farm. In general though, the majority was junk, the female company letting me down the most.

To be honest, I think I laid out too much of the red carpet for them. I met one German girl who was bold enough to actually sleep in the same caravan as me. She woke up late, as they usually do, and had to clean herself of her period. She asked me if I could get any tampons. It was a Sunday. She'd arrived the day before and was supposed to help me at a local festival in el Perelló which was due to end that evening. Considering she had use of the caravan I can't help think that her blood-stained undies, which she left on the wall outside the door for me to discover, were her way of scorning me. Of course, everything was closed. We managed to pass by a gas station and found some overpriced stock. She had practically brought no money and less so any common sense. It is hard to believe that it didn't occur to her that her period was due! Having shown her the sights including a lovely walk along the coast with the dogs she decided to head back to Barcelona having contributed practically nothing.

But maybe that whole experience was topped by the Czech girl who booked online even. Her motive was to get out of the UK where she worked as a freelance photographer. The Covid restrictions opened up a short window. She came through a project I used to volunteer at called Evelyn Community Gardens. I used to have strong links with Malcolm the manager there. But we all doubted his abilities and finance. And what surprised me even more was the fact that this Czech girl got through the net. That made me suspicious straight away. Nobody from the UK visits me unless I accompany them. So I wondered if she was a plant.

It was a few weeks before her arrival that I spoke to her for the first time on the phone. She sounded nice enough. She was to pass through Paris first and stay with a boyfriend. But it all went wrong. Considering my workload she was suddenly on the phone asking to come 3 days early, now arriving just before the new moon. She'd been robbed on the busy metro at rush-hour carrying a phone worth 1000GBP around her neck on a lace. The poor guy she was with took her to the police station where they spent hours filling in forms; she couldn't speak a word of French. When she told me he was some kind of hero I was wary of her and for good reason too. I had 6 days of her anxious pleading to check for her new sim card at the post office, and worse still, to use

our house WIFI. I would send her off to El Perelló to use the WIFI in one of the cafeterias when it got too much, that's if they were open during lockdown. Unfortunately she didn't see the opportunity to let go of her addiction and pestered me every day either to use my phone or the house WIFI. Her excuse was always about work even though she had a laptop. I tried to give a complete permaculture experience but her whole life revolved around the phone, and besides, it was the olive-picking season. I had 145 trees to crop; she couldn't finish a single one of the five she worked on by herself in the 9 days she stayed. She was a neurotic. I wasn't impressed. Worse still the old man was running daily into the local town to check the mail for her sim card. Her game though, was even more estranging. When on the second day I was showing her how to use the shower she took down her knickers in front of me. I believe she was attempting to 'buy' my future assistance. Well, she died to me at that moment. What an unbelievable fake. Had she stayed the full 10 days for what she had paid for she would have received her sim card which cost her 40GBP to send in the post from the UK. As it goes she left the day before it arrived and good riddance. The miracle of her stolen phone was the insurance she had taken out on it which had started on the day it got stolen. And then whilst in Paris she managed to pick up a second-hand one almost instantly for 400euros, an exact replica of the one she used to own! No matter, she would leave and go on to her Portuguese retreat with her 'mission' unaccomplished. I say 'mission' because that is the only explanation for the amount of sex peddling going on in my life.

My outlook on life was seriously changing now. I saw myself from the high moral spiritual ground and the prospect of creating a project only for like-minded persons, i.e. celibates. I discriminated more and more on the basis of perceived abuse from the people I was mingling with. Hence it was such a welcome breath of fresh air to see new neighbors move in and who were willing to commit to some kind of community spirit. At last we had persons interested in repairing the road, improving security, coming round for dinner. I got nothing of the sorts from the previous occupants who tended to attach the farm to my parents. Under their regime the only area worth considering is the

space around the house. The rest goes to pot because they just couldn't be bothered. Good for the bees when everything went over to bush but without a love of the land it is also prone to dumping. And their personalities reflect this.

There was another phenomenon that the whole Covid crisis initiated in me. That was this intense inner anger for humanity per se. I started gritting my teeth a lot and imagining the death of the human race and anybody who had done any wrong to me. I wondered if it had anything to do with the proximity of my dogs who bond with me on human levels. Their aggression at times was almost taken for granted. Day by day my imagination started running rampant. To ameliorate it I was profoundly sinking into my consciousness to such depths that it gave rise to probably the best book I had ever written, *My Confessions*. It was, what I would believe, a real-life scenario of what holy people go through when the materialistic corruption of our planetary stewards want to drag down its saviors too. The book leans heavily on Christian history and its mythical backdrop. It is exactly what our forefathers and saints had to endure, only this had all the graphic detail that Augustine failed to include in his own works. As such it was my experiences of failed sexual relationships in the UK that provided a lot of the material I needed, and that combined with my intense desire to know the truth set off a diatribe against the human race. I was the prophet, and knowing that comes with power. It blessed me with success on the land. I was Mother Nature's consort and she was not happy with the mess that the human race had got into. Least was the abandonment of ecological principles, since maintaining the political status quo is more usually put forward by the world leaders at the cost of the environment. In fact, you didn't hear much from the environmental movement during those days. Nobody was shouting from the tree tops anymore. The curfews, bar restrictions, and government-imposed rules on wearing masks were beginning to take their toll on many businesses and individuals to the effect of creating a psychological disorder in society. The world was falling apart but too often the message was 'business as usual' as different countries went through waves of infections and resource-juggling. On one level there were people frightened to break

the rules, sucking in the news reports and resenting their loss of freedom. On another level there were others relishing the freedom of the road, the lack of integration, the deep apocalyptic sentiment that finally Man will pay for its mistakes.

I also had my personal battles with the police force and won them on the basis that I am a free spirit. On both occasions I refused to cooperate beyond a certain point. On both occasions I was cycling. The first for carrying water bottles filled from a fountain during the lockdown. The second from returning back from the city where I had gone to buy car parts. If on the first occasion the officer was having a bad day and there was nobody else around to take it out on one can forgive him for getting aggressive after I refused to give him my date of birth. The truncheon pin told the story and I was forced into the police station which just happened to be opposite where 6 or 7 officers were staring down at me. I got a ticket for that which nestled in the tool bags of my bike for the rest of its life. Damp and fading I refused to read it ever. But that ticket played a key role during the second altercation. It was about 11pm and I had already missed the train so instead I decided to hang around Tortosa playing my guitar in the street. I had had a conversation with a Moroccan who insisted that, in spite of working like a slave illegally as did many of his understudies, he felt it appropriate to give me one euro for busking. It didn't make sense but the conversation did highlight the real possibility of a protection racket. I wondered who was watching me. I had left for the 35km night journey but at around 3am two officers pulled me over on the highway and asked me to wear my reflector jacket outside the guitar on my back. They also asked me to relocate the back light where it could be seen more clearly. I was totally legal. Having cooperated so far the next request really bugged me. I was asked to breathalyze because I smelt of booze. I hadn't been drinking, so that was news to me. Maybe the filthy face mask had something to do with it, a germ-infested piece of material that was about as relevant as all the rest of the propaganda that follows the Western fascist front on a dog lead. In fact a dog would have better perceptions in this case. I refused, naturally. I refused presentation of ID. Two more officers were called. They

searched my bike and found the old fine; it had my mother's address on it. God knows how they could read the faded writing in the dark. But it must have occurred to the recent officer that something wasn't right. Why had this guy been fined for carrying water bottles?

When I don't cooperate there is a reason for it. My intuition kicks in when I feel the situation is totally unnecessary. In both situations I had conversed. It should have sufficed that a man on a bike just wants to get home. The initial fine was not for carrying water, but for going beyond the curfew. Whilst Catalonia was slow to enforce regulations they had now suddenly got hard on drivers because it was a source of income for them. Indeed, I heard that the far-right political party Vox won an important decision in the courts that Covid-19 lockdown measures imposed from March to June 2020 were unconstitutional, by exceeding the remit of the state of alarm. And in fact, I think that date-range was extended. That said, the police had to reimburse fines implemented during the period. The police were emboldened by their new powers and probably over-zealous. Whilst I always get amnestic in my speech with them I tried to explain that the bicycle is a spiritual tool and that I like to cycle late at night as I do in my spiritual journeys. They mocked me; now two more officers had joined the pack at 3am in the morning. It's amazing how many types of police services there are here. I still wasn't going to do a breathalyzer though. So they locked up my bike to the crash barriers, gave me a ticket and told me that it would cost 500€ to release it. Then they abandoned me right there on a dual carriageway all alone. I still have those unpaid tickets as a testament of my beliefs.

I think God is my invisible hand in moments just like this. After they had gone I went back to the bike and took out the mole grips. In 20 minutes a section of the crash barrier was unbolted, the bike slid off with the police lock still hanging off the crossbar, and then the piece re-bolted back on. I was gone; the biggest smile on my champion face you could ever imagine. Knowing that two of the officers normally do driver checks at

the following roundabout, I sidled off to a quiet drive-in restaurant, closed of course, and waited for the police cars to pass me from the opposite direction. I knew all the B-roads around here. I was soon in L'Ampolla going for a very early morning swim. The placidity of the water reflected my state of outward achievement.

When I cycled across Europe it was with a view that I was a true prophet leading the way and showing people that they should renounce their urban way of life. I was the true messenger. Worse still, how many lonely people must there have been during the Covid, wanting individuals lacking their normal casual sex? When the virus eventually subsided and some degree of freedom ensued some women must have relished their increased attraction to the sex-deprived male. And yet others saw me as a threat, maybe because word had got out that I was truly a prophet.

In order to express this sentiment I went to Church, I think it was a Sunday as it was mass. I often played outside on the benches so I was already well-known to the priest. It is one of the best locations in town, quaint and often peaceful although on a number of occasions my recordings have been spoilt by vehicle traffic as I drift beyond the *siesta* period after 5pm. On this occasion I had a gift for the priest. It was a small carved totem stick that was made in Senegal. I didn't carve the African face on it but I was there taking instruction from the would-be vendor as he masterfully needled the wood. It lay on my caravan shelf for 2 years before I decided to finish it. It was an opportune moment; the upper part of the totem I shaped into flames symbolizing the Holy Spirit. In the center I scribed the initials 'INRI' since he was a Catholic priest.

He was a lovely man; full black beard with a vibrant voice within it. I often went just to be in his spiritual company and remember once how he allowed me to play my own version of *La Sequencia del Espiritu Santo*. There were a bunch of young virgin children there rehearsing for Confirmation. We would hope that they were virgin but there would be no surprises here to the contrary. In fact, one of the girls would frequent Bohemia where she would often be seen in very tight shorts showing off her fantastic legs. It was obvious to see that she was

intensely sexualized. Her motives are not hidden to me; she was part of a clique who was there to bring in more tourism. There isn't much to say about Bohemia but the owner was a drummer for a local band, and when I had narrated the story about getting my guitar stolen during the Camino de Santiago he promptly gave me a replacement explaining that when he bought one online a glitch in the system sent him six through the post by accident. It was with that guitar that I wrote the best songs of my unknown career, *El Profeta* I have already mentioned. He sold up after the Covid, being closed most of the time during it. But that followed an incident in which I stopped going there. I went up to Roger and told him that some over-friendly gay people had laced my beer, a phenomenon that still haunts me today. More will be said on the homosexual contingency of El Perelló later but more importantly, the continued doping of my drinks.

To carry on in the theme of the priest though, as I came up to him to receive the Eucharist offering I handed over the totem. I don't think it is encouraged to make discussion with the priest in that moment. But such was his character that he seemed flattered because on the back of it I burned his name into it. I think it was around his birthday if I recall. We later met and discussed the object; the coming together of the indigenous with the cultured, these great syncretisms of history as were the Celtic Christian, the Roman and the Greek. In fact, I had made a laurel wreath of olive twigs to represent Christ's headdress. It had slipped off the totem whilst I stored it in my pocket. It was the alternative Hellenistic version of the crown of thorns - the suffering servant and his diadem. Here now was the champion of culture that the Greeks assimilated into their orthodoxy. I don't know if a Catholic priest would have appreciated my adaptation, in any case I didn't get another opportunity to replace the wreath before he brought the totem to his own house.

I often went to Church for its intense aromas and tranquility. If only I wasn't so educated I might have joined its ranks. I mean, I had already told Ivan that I wasn't Christian and yet he allowed me to play my music there. But we had occasionally discussed my project 'Solteriologic Garden', and this broached more than an inkling

of respect and curiosity. It is not Christianity that I follow but rather the lives of extraordinary people. I'd like to think that my project will prove that point one day and draw like-minded people. Many spiritual peoples recognize that I have something deep in my soul. It is very Eastern to utilize this third-eye. It vindicates why I, as well as other members of the Church, have been targeted and tempted into sexual licentiousness. And so I do believe, through my writings, that I have a model for another reformist movement for all world religions and it doesn't bother me that this may happen posthumously. I want to carry on living my life in the meanwhile with the same freedom that only a prophet could have; and a prophet has no religion. It means airing a natural authority from ages past. Seen from a pragmatist's point of view the spiritual is a limitless chasm that humanity is borne out from. Man has spent millennia drawing out its energy into cultural forms of utility. But unfortunately it can now be equated to something like fracking. When culture drops its defenses and fails to see that children are hauled into the material world and its value system earlier and earlier in their lives then it is indicative that the bottom of the barrel has been reached. This is the case for the current political climate, devoid of any spiritual checks. It is cause for greater wars. The children nowadays are so politicized from a young age that they feel inclined to step in and do something about world politics. Some cultures uphold this line of development heaping praise on child prodigies and rational development. The innocence of childhood is being eroded and with it the last vestiges of spiritual development are subjected to aggressive mentalism. Spirituality requires nature to draw the unconscious through play and natural cognition in the child. And this requires exposing the child, not to massive over-refined urban mentalities, but the unconscious greenery of Mother Nature at work. Rudolph Steiner and others were classic advocates and pre-visionaries of this solution. The monsters of today are the result of a lack of cultural recognition for the unconscious.

So the Church, for its antiquity, was founded on this recognition. I never saw anyone in those bars of El Perelló attend Church other than the old ones tugging along the smallest of children. Instead, the bar and

the cafeteria have become the beer of gossip, a complete un-abridgment from the thrones of tradition that are now filled with unconscious monsters. Worst still, somebody like me was seen as a closet homosexual or pedophile. Because I preferred the company of innocents I was all too often targeted by these closed circles. One of the most recent episodes included the identification of homosexuals who liked to invite themselves into my company. Bear in mind that a small town like El Perelló thrives on gossip. But not just here, everywhere where modernization has its material claws scratching at the bottom of the barrel. These types of people thrive on the material corruption of the soul. For them, to be indoctrinated into their sodomite circles is a welcome breeze that they are contributing to culture. And I say 'contributing' because it is nothing new. This is a Greek and Roman inheritance. I gave them all the respect that they deserved. I never discriminated against their friendships. But conversations soon bored me when I discover they have nothing spiritual to offer to the table. My language was not a limiting factor here, but theirs was. To take a classic example, many of them cannot understand what it means to be celibate. It is like complete stupidity on their part.

So I kept my distance intentionally. I needed people who lived off the land, not tourists who need the chatter of the coffee. In the distance I remember seeing a group of colorful persons sharing their own camaraderie. It was a throwback to my punk rock days. Chains, ear and nose piercings, red mohawks and long-laced boots. This was a small enclave of punk anarchists. I never really got to know them. But a few years back word must have got out that I was just a traveler dependent on some sort of donation. They couldn't see my music as a free gift but rather someone who was trying to scratch a living. That's the type of stupid stereotyping that unconscious people elicit. I used to dance a lot then too, and one day a bearded punk gave me a free beer ticket. Those days seem so long ago now. I remember doing our punk thing together as from the time I used to live in New Cross and go to the rough pubs there. It wasn't really dancing, but a mad lunge into the middle of the dance circle with arms flailing left and right. I've always been physically strong and could easily keep my own. This particular guy I saw here and

there once in a while. It was only when he started working in the bee cooperative that I really got to know him a bit more. Here was a true goat and sheep herder as was his father. He gave me a white dog which was a mixed Border collie and Catalan sheepdog. It was a wonderful gift which my own Dora took to like a mother. I checked out his farm and there I saw my vision of the future - a mixture of animals that he and his handful of dogs eye over keeping everything in check. He was also a professional slaughterer. I've seen him do it now. Intestines, blood, guts, liver, kidneys, pancreas, brains, the lot had value. Nobody went hungry. The interesting thing is, I never see him with a woman either. We are the shepherd kings, people of the land. When I mention him to others, everybody knows him. They all say he is a good man. His punk demeanor is not stigmatic. But his respect comes from his father's heritage. Even the Muslims will seek him come their own festivals. Me, I am just starting out; my stepfather has no worthwhile bequest. I believe I am trying to regain a lost Greek life that is written in my blood.

It leads me to the next issue. I may be good at keeping my mouth shut, but what of the young girls in those bars that were dangled like carrots in front of me? Was I to marry one in order to be accepted? Is this third-party interference really that scared of my spirituality and what I am carrying? I know the Romanians and Muslims were flaunting their wares. As I say, a lot of them disappeared with the Covid. I believe the virus destroyed any prevalent sex rings at the time. It was almost as if Mother Nature wanted to protect me. 'God's favorite son' is guided by her invisible hand, and it really does look like an apocalyptic vision which tells me that taking a female is the other way to die. On one side the materialist wants me to give something up; on the other I am the perfect host.

If somebody was lacing your drinks persistently you'd think that eventually news would get out and your friends or family would notify you. I ignored all the nocturnal emissions I was having, the most recent spate happened at the end of my journeys to both Nepal and Scotland, there and here. I remember also, for instance, when my brother's arrival in Spain was preceded by 3 during the week because, as I say,

activity was also concurrent with the movements of my stepfather. And also after taking drinks at specific bars and cafeterias in El Perelló, I name a few here, Bohemia, L'Ambigú, Caballét, Fleca Ferré, El Canyis, Forn Manolo, and Bar Puntaire. The list is indicative of just how many bars, restaurants and cafeterias actually exist. The effect, well, memory loss, greying, hair loss, weight loss, diarrhea, auto-immune, in fact everything associated with aging. If you saw photos of me just 5 years ago you wouldn't believe it other than some type of severe disease even though I still have my strength about me. Indeed, it seems that I know less as to what is going on than the locals. I was informed of one of these locals, an old man who apparently has an aging disease, stooping to and fro to one of my favorite bars, Cal Xic. I think that says something of my ere-superhuman abilities, not just mentally and emotionally, but physically to keep going. When I made those epic bike rides under extreme circumstances I had barely eaten that much food; I am driven by will power. Nearly everything of my life's achievements has been silenced though, and there seems to be reason for it. I appear as little more than an amusing wild animal in a zoo.

It brings up another case in point. Those who have hounded me, destroyed my projects, my career, any capacity to become popular or well known, even save money, followed me across continents and ensured that any close associates were corrupted, corrupted in the sense of what I would call from normal behavior, but then I wasn't normal. The peddling of sex is the story of my life, but I keep going. And I have to ignore it because I don't want to believe that such evil could exist. Who could I turn to but to go inward? I remember that during the height of the anti-Islamic attacks I was labeled as a Muslim fundamentalist by some. If you recall, bushy beards went out of fashion for a while. Persons who had anything to hide, illicit behavior for instance, kept their distance from me, especially environmentalists. Others still, made it their business. The Anna I mention in these memoirs was almost certainly a government informant. She ended up with a top job. So the question lingers: Why not just kill me? Indeed, what will happen if I died? I seem to be the perfect host, a jail of sorts for something trying to get out into the big, wide world. And still the inner voices

inform me, that nothing no less than a fairytale ending and a young virgin girl will suffice as payment for my suffering.

The Belgian neighbors invited me to dinner, it was a 21st birthday party. They asked me to play my guitar but hell, that's one of the things I have retired from after 30 years of song-writing when someone who most certainly watches my movements had it stolen from my caravan. Just recently the same happened to my Bluetooth speaker; the both were gifts from Catalan friends and the police could only say that there is no proof that the Moroccan workers in the next field took it along with a cigarette lighter. Maybe the thefts and sabotage to my infrastructure are all related. I will probably need new batteries soon because the wires were loosened from the switches and caused, what appears to be, permanent damage when they aren't being charged up. Or the brand-new water pump that burned out when a small stone blocked up a connector. Retirement seems to have many dimensions, not least the loss of material luxury and a calling from the wild. There are too many instances to recall here, elsewhere documented, that reflect my travail for the truth.

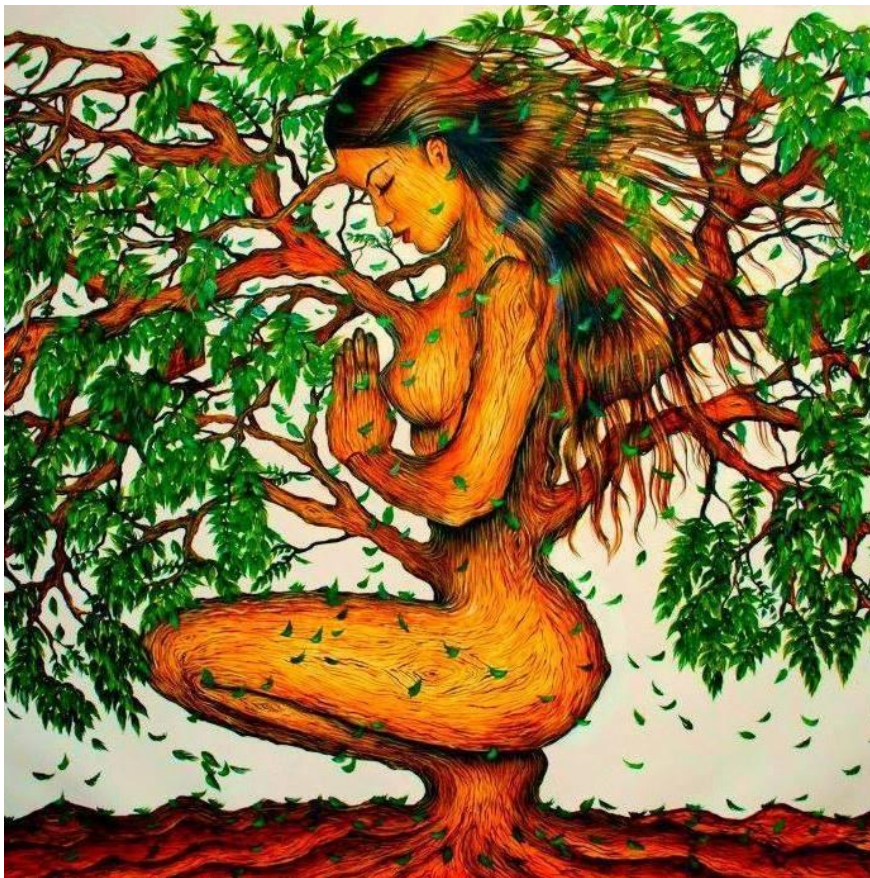
Anyhow, this birthday party was full of teenagers in swimsuits. I was given a beer and instantly I suffered memory loss and speech impediment. Whilst I avoided the pool out of respect, that evening I had a characteristic nocturnal emission. But the greatest attack on my immune system happened within the last few months. This time it was another Belgian who invited me to take a trip on his boat. He and his brother plied me with beers, not many, even though I had my own in a cold-bag. I had just contracted some sort of psoriasis and my ear blocked up for over a month. It made seriously me ill on his yacht, out of balance, vomiting away in the corner whilst I seemed to be ignored by their garrulous gossip. But more recently the clasp on my own fridge door in the caravan hadn't been replaced after returning from the village, so now I keep the caravan door locked too. Whilst I may have threatened my siblings that I would throw the old man off the farm if the food in their own fridge continued to make me ill it produced the miraculous result in which I recuperated instantly. But hell, my mother has aged dramatically too in the last few years so much so that it has

brought on her dementia. We seem to have parallel behavior. I can't put it all down to the Covid; we both refused to be vaccinated. But one thing I am certain of, it seems the planet is coming-of-age and this is payback time for humanity. 'God' favorite son' carries the world on his shoulders awaiting the next great tragedy. Is this what they seek from me, the power that I have to influence events?

Even the Africans who had known me and whom I revisited after 5 years silently disbelieved the change in my looks. Unfortunately they were also plying me with a potential wife. It was only towards the end of that trip that I had a nocturnal emission related to accepting food separately from the staff, because for those who don't know, we usually ate off the same plate. But it is not something I should solely attribute to a bunch of waitresses or a 'gold digger'. Of course, nocturnal emissions would happen at night and then I would fall ill and suffer mild forms of auto-immune disease until my body recuperated, and I always recuperate because I am superhuman; the pattern of decades. Bear in mind that I have had a scant sex life punctuated by one-night stands; I have practically been celibate for 50 years. Today, it has progressed to a disease likened to multiple sclerosis. I still haven't seen a doctor in 30 years though; I juggle my pride with conventional wisdom. It is a condition that disappears with the same rapidity as it develops so that in a same day I could experience an extremity of sensation. My solution had always been to travel, to leave the pack behind, to make my pursuer's work more difficult. And it does work. I reach optimum body health when I eat less and push the physical boundaries. These enclaves of pedophiles, sex peddlers and downright materialists are unconscious products of their monster materialist environments. And now I should include something much more sinister, conspiratorial and international - **the future manipulation of the human genome.**

So it makes me wonder if just any police officer would get ear of these events. Really, has my shadow self been externalized to such an extent that my own unconscious *governs* the response of these blinkered horses? Must I continue to attract the devil in the wilderness? This is the delusion that accompanies evil. Jesus and every other holy spirit understood that to stay on top one had to keep moving.

How much time do I have then, to create my personal space and complete this project, 'Solteriologic Garden', before I go on my final journey - the cycle of Death.



Endnote

I hope you appreciate this book as a piece of literature. You may wonder what my own motives are. Writing was and remains the only form of defense in an unconscious world. My life is both pitted and elevated with miracles. There are many persons out there who know what I am talking about. The succession of meaningful events does not cease all the time we remain outside objective influence. I believe that I live a magical lifestyle with all its *duendes* and angels. The very fact of my reluctance to re-enter mainstream culture means that, as an artist, my realities are very different. It may explain why I see it as a threat and something that will continue to attempt to assimilate me into it. It requires a very powerful force to maintain my position, albeit if I were to re-enter human culture and its unconscious programming it would not be without a fight in which I would need to see justice and judgment upheld in this momentous time in history.

I deliberately kept the original text of the first 7 chapters unmodified albeit with a little editing. I realize there are some very contentious assertions in them. Had I been allowed to live a normal existence for all but 40 years of my life then I doubt that I could have ever written this book. And my skill as a provocateur hasn't diminished for it. But I have improved in my ability to convey my personal reality more objectively. It is the same with musicians and poets, filmmakers or painters, we are not scientists. You may wonder how I have been able to continue, whether I have some form of mental disease, whether I am a saint of sorts, protected, standing above human culture on both moral and spiritual grounds. The secret to my success is abstention from human sexual activity. My sexual cycles are defined by a passive adherence to Mother Nature, what I call an environmental passivity. It conduces to the upholding of the non-self. I haven't masturbated for over 25 years; I have infrequent sexual relations. This type of behavior avoids the development of the male ego, an important observation to make if you want to understand the root of your own problems. Likewise the ability to transcend culture is very different to a female's experience. As such one has to come to terms with this spiritual way of life in a secular society if you need to integrate with it at any level. At first it can be quite a challenge. It is as a child without human comfort; one becomes very protective of their own achievements. With time you will realize how superior this way is of living in a *fallen* human world. I wish you all the best in your own struggles. MPX